

DA 916

M28

8

THE

SONS OF THE EMERALD ISLE,

OR

LIVES OF ONE THOUSAND

REMARKABLE IRISHMEN;

INCLUDING

MEMOIRS OF NOTED CHARACTERS

OF

IRISH PARENTAGE OR DESCENT.

BY WILLIAM L. MACKENZIE.

Hail to that land, whatever land it be,
Which, struggling hard, is panting to be free!

Goldsmith.

New-York :

PUBLISHED BY BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY,

222 BROADWAY, CORNER OF ANN STREET.

1844.



This Volume

IS INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF

COLONEL WILLIAM DUANE,
OF PHILADELPHIA,

as a token of regard for the principles which guided his disinterested, manly career—for the sincerity, ability, and fearless independence with which he supported the cause of humanity, truth, and justice, often in situations of great trial, danger, and privation, while successively a resident of Asia, Europe, and America, during the last sixty years of his eventful life.

W. L. MACKENZIE.

122 953

DA 710
M22

INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume contains brief memoirs or notices of over nine hundred natives of Ireland, and one hundred sons and more remote descendants of Irishmen. A compendious index and table of contents will render it useful for reference, as a biographical dictionary, although the names are not arranged in alphabetical order.

There is some novelty in an attempt to afford a brief but accurate record of one thousand remarkable individuals—statesmen, divines, jurists, poets, philosophers, historians, warriors, patriots, eminent scholars, and noted characters, both good and bad, of various religions and shades of politics, all of Ireland or Irish extraction—to show by a multitude of facts how mutually advantageous America and Ireland have been and may be to each other—how deeply indebted the Union is to Irish settlers, Irish literature, and Irish valor, and how foolish or wicked those persons are who seek to proscribe or quarrel with the *natural ally* of our republic, a nation determined to gain that independence which its gallant sons powerfully aided America to attain and preserve.

It would have been desirable to give at greater length the lives of those who had attained to distinction in the various departments of human pursuit, could that have been accomplished without such an increase in the size and cost of the work as would materially lessen its circulation.

These pages afford abundant proofs, that Irishmen and their sons were second to none, in faithfulness to popular institutions, and in efforts, in 1776 and 1812, to uphold the independence of the Union—that they are the liberal friends and patrons of science and the useful arts, everywhere—that they know the value of a government founded on mild and equal laws, and despise those who would barter liberty for worldly wealth or aristocratic connexion—and that on both sides of the Atlantic, and in every quarter of the globe, the sons of the Emerald Isle, have been honorably distinguished for sagacity and courage, learning, skill, and manly enterprise.

The vices and crimes which afflict society are partly caused by ignorance, but more by a lack of integrity in many persons by no means deficient in intelligence. Our most dangerous characters *know too much*; and a repeal of the naturalization laws would but divide us into citizens and aliens, the favored and the proscribed, the slaves and their masters, having separate feelings and interests. The ignorant may be instructed, prejudices removed, and defective laws amended, but how shall we get rid of the incubus brought on by a legion of insincere politicians?

Who were the first settlers in America? Aliens to a man—foreigners—strangers—many of them unlearned—these were the pioneers who acquired a citizenship by cultivating the soil, by retrieving it from barrenness—not by being born on it. The “Native American Associations” of our day are the descendants of those alien strangers, and if we compare their conduct to the emigrants who now reach our shores with that of the savages who were the “Native American Associations” of a former age, it will be seen that the children of the foreigner, who was met on the beach by the red man of the forest, and welcomed to America as a part of the great family of man, are now organized, anxious, earnest, unwearied in their efforts to levy a tax from even the most impoverished of the kindred of their sires, for the privilege of landing on our shores—to denounce the hardy settlers from Europe, as if they were an inferior, degraded race—to obtain legislative provisions for treating them as their serfs and bondmen, to be taxed at their will, governed at their discretion, never admitted as brethren to the exercise of common rights, but

always subject to an order to go into immediate banishment, under a government of proscription, persecution, and prejudice.

It is to make the youth of America ashamed of such associations and such principles, that this volume is published—it is to remind them that the earth is man's heritage, that those who are born under a bad government have a right to leave it and seek a good one, and that as they bear the image of God, it is wicked even to attempt "to turn them away from a portion of that earth which was given by its Maker to all mankind, with no natural marks to designate the limits beyond which they may not freely pass."

England's rulers brought about a pretended union with Scotland in 1707, and with Ireland in 1800, not on terms of equality, but to subject these countries more completely to her power. Escaping from her persecution, Irishmen and Scotchmen prefer a home and freedom here. Who shall stop their ingress? Men born and educated in monarchies or under the colonial yoke achieved the independence of this great republic—eight of the signers of the declaration of independence were Irish or of that descent, and among the warriors who fought that that declaration might be maintained, this volume will show that Hibernia's heroes, who nobly responded to the earnest invitation of a patriot Congress to come hither and help us, in the hour of danger and distress, were neither last nor least. Yet it is a truth that no people, even in free, enlightened, republican America, have borne more abuse and obloquy where they deserved commendation and gratitude, than the countrymen of Burke, Grattan, Curran, Goldsmith, Steele, Sheridan, and Moore, illustrious names, who breathed the national genius of the Emerald Isle, displaying "the sentiment, the deep thought and deeper feeling, the fine imagination and exquisite fancy which belong to the national character."

I am persuaded that the true method by which America may increase the happiness of the whole family of man, is to preserve a sincere, enlightened, upright course of conduct, because this would prove to the satisfaction of the wise and good in every land, that elective institutions are the best means whereby a spirit of christian forbearance and brotherly kindness may be diffused throughout the earth. To conquer worlds, the citizens of the United States have but to take the United Irishmen's oath (for administering which William Orr died on the scaffold), and keep it.

This country has been for centuries the refuge of the oppressed. The pilgrim fathers were self-banished from the pleasant places of their youth, the loved land of their sires—they sought a home and freedom here two hundred years ago—the persecuted Catholic—the proscribed heretic—the outlawed patriot—the bold wanderer, braved the dangers of the ocean and the climate—they sought this soil, all animated by one universal yearning for that heaven-born liberty, that unbounded freedom of thought and opinion, without which our Union would not be worth preserving.

The humble author of these memoirs ventures to introduce himself to the acquaintance of the courteous reader. He is of Celtic origin. His parents were born in the Scottish highlands—the Irish or Gaelic was their native tongue. Both his grandfathers fought at Culloden, side by side with the gallant Mercer, against the house of Brunswick and a Union which had degraded their ancient nation, by reducing it to the condition of an English province, and its elergy to a dependance on aristocratic patrons. In Canada, he endeavored for many years to prove himself a "friend and advocate of liberty," in fulfilment of his pledge to the good Lafayette. For so doing, and aiding in efforts in 1837-'38 to carry into effect the well-known wishes of the congresses of 1775 and 1812, relative to Canadian independence, he was outlawed by monarchy, which *proscribes him to this very hour*, while democracy, in its turn, further impoverished him by a long and severe imprisonment. In the time of trouble and difficulty Irish sympathy was pleasing and acceptable, nor was it withheld—this volume, therefore, is offered to the public, as a token of gratitude and respect for Irish friends, and of long-cherished attachment to free institutions.

NEW YORK, *February 2d*, 1844.

THE

LIVES OF REMARKABLE IRISHMEN, &c.

* ROBERT FULTON.

WHAT has Ireland to do with him? Is the magician of the nineteenth century—he who annihilated, and taught his pupils of every clime to annihilate, as it were, both time and space—he whose genius first conjured up that vast Leviathan of the deep, which the dwellers on the banks of the Indus, the Ganges, and the Amazon, behold with terror and amazement—a power which has already revolutionized the science of war, diminished the distance between Europe and America one half, for all purposes of travel, and bestowed a speed and certainty on sailing which defy the controlling influences even of winds and waves—is he, the master spirit of the age, also of Irish parentage? It is even so.

Mark yonder gallant ship, just issuing from the noble harbor of the chief city of America, prepared by the aid of steam to breast the billows, and accomplish in two weeks, or less, a voyage across the wide Atlantic, heretofore often the work of months! Who planned, built, and navigated the first of her kind? Robert Fulton, the son of an Irish father and an Irish mother. He it was among the sons of men who first established and perfected steam-navigation on the seas, lakes, and rivers of this great globe, who conferred on America benefits of incalculable value.

Mr. Fulton was born at Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1765. His father and mother, like the father and mother of Andrew Jackson, were humble emigrants from old Ireland, with little education and less wealth—persons of that class whom short-sighted politicians, of an age gone by, would have mulcted in ten dollars each, by way of discouraging the humble and industrious from seeking that home and freedom here which an older world denies. Young Robert received a common education at an English school—discovered a taste for drawing and mechanics—went to Philadelphia and painted portraits and landscapes, as a means of living—sailed for London in 1786—resided for several years there, in the house of Benjamin West, the great American painter—took out, in 1794, several patents, and published a work on canal navigation—removed in 1796 to Paris, and there resided for seven years in the house of Joel Barlow, the American Minister, studied the principal European languages, and the higher branches of science, projected the first Panorama exhibited at Paris—and, being encouraged by Chancellor Livingston, who had arrived in France as the representative of the United States, began to make experiments with small steamboats on the river Seine. A larger one was built, which broke asunder—a second, completed in 1803, was successful, and proved the truth of his theory, to his great joy.

The English government invited Mr. Fulton to London in 1804, but his ex-

* Persons not born in Ireland, but of Irish parentage, are distinguished by one star before their names—if of more remote Irish descent, by two stars.

periments with reference to machinery of some sort then required, were not fully successful. In 1806 he returned to the United States—arrived at New York—and with funds supplied by Mr. Livingston (a descendant of a countryman of Watt, the great improver of steam-power), built and navigated on the waters of the Hudson river, a steamboat of considerable size—then another, and another—and finally a frigate, which bore his name. His fame was high and his fortune rapidly progressing, when the patent which Mr. Livingston and himself had taken out was contested, and in a great degree rendered inoperative—the lawyers harassed and worried him, as they did the great Watt, by their quibbles and villanous forms and procedure, invented to impede right, and tolerated only because of the laziness of one part of the people and the ignorance of another, in England and America—and it is said he caught a slight cold. The lawyers fretting him, and the cold, hastened his death, which took place at New York, on the 24th of February [the 23d, according to the N. Y. Evening Post], 1815, in the 44th year of his age. The national demonstrations of unaffected sorrow for the loss of the Washington in Mechanics—he who had drawn the most distant parts of the Union nearer to each other—who had applied a power by means of which the Mississippi and Missouri, the St. Lawrence and the Amazon, the Rhine and the Hudson, could be navigated with ease and certainty—were universal throughout the Union. He sleeps the sleep of death, but his monument will endure for ever—the steamships crossing the Atlantic or Pacific, or stemming the Ohio, the Danube, the Thames, the Scheldt, or the Shannon, will be for ever associated in the mind of man with the name of him who first set them in motion—the son of an humble Hibernian—[our own FULTON.]

Mr. Fulton was tall, well formed, but slender; and gentlemen who were among his most intimate friends in the Union, speak of his memory with enthusiasm. He was amiable, social, and very liberal. President Jefferson, in 1807, wished to connect Mr. Fulton with the military defence of the country, and (says Mr. Duane's *Aurora*) offered him the command of the regiment of light artillery, or a Colonelcy of Engineers, but he declined both situations.

At the time of Mr. Fulton's death, says the *Evening Post*, of February, 1815, "he was engaged, in conjunction with the committee on coast and harbor defence, in constructing a vessel-of-war, to be propelled by steam. This grand engine was within a few weeks of completion, when the news of peace reached the country, and its ingenious and incomparable inventor was called to another world." Cadwallader D. Colden was his biographer. On Thursday, January 7, 1808, Dr. Beach married Mr. Fulton to Miss Harriet Livingston, daughter of Walter Livingston of the Upper Manor.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, son to a counsellor at law, the private secretary to the Duke of Ormond, was born in Dublin, Ireland, 1676, and died in London, 1st Sept., (another account says in Wales.) 1729, aged 53 years. He was the father of the *Periodical Essay*, and was the originator, conductor, and the working and responsible man for the *SPECTATOR*, the *TATLER*, the *GUARDIAN*, and the *ENGLISHMAN*, with some of which he commenced in 1709. He began the *Tatler* at 40 years of age—enlisted as a private soldier when a youth, and got disinherited by a rich relative for so doing—fought a duel when a military officer, and ran his opponent through the body with his sword—wrote the "Christian Hero"—wrote several plays—was a player at Drury Lane, and well paid—became a warm partisan writer while a member of the British Parliament—offended the Tories by his satirical papers in "the *Englishman*" and "the *Crisis*"—they declared them to be seditious libels, and Sir Richard, after an able defence of himself in a three hours' speech, was expelled from the House of Commons, by a vote of 245 against 152. He was a great and most sincere reformer of the vices and follies of the age, and his very faults

taught him how to probe the faults of others, and adapt instruction to their necessities. His works have been often published and are much read in America. Addison was his warm friend, and aided him essentially by writing invaluable essays in the Spectator—Swift, Parnell, Berkeley, Young, Pope, and Gay, were also his coadjutors, or assisted him more or less.

The Spectator is said to be “by Addison,” but two fifths of the papers in the first seven volumes were by Steele. He paid Berkeley a guinea and a dinner for each paper he wrote for the Tatler—the sale was immense. His (Steele's) wife brought him a handsome fortune, public favor shone upon him, his success in life was brilliant, but it was not in his nature to get rich. Like Goldsmith he had a kind, faithful, and affectionate disposition: warm, generous feelings. How tender his remembrance of the happy or affecting scenes of his childhood! How lively his sense of the beauty of a sound, honest heart!

Among Sir Richard's works are, *Love-a-la-Mode*, *The Tender Husband*, *The Lying Lovers*, and *The Conscious Lovers*, plays—*An Account of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World* (1715)—*A Letter to the King from the Earl of Mar*—*The Spinster*—*A Letter to Lord Oxford on the Peerage Bill*—*The Crisis of Property*—*The Nation a Family, or the South Sea Scheme*—*The Theatre*, a periodical, &c.

MAJOR GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY was born in the north of Ireland, in the year 1737—commanded a British regiment under General Wolfe at Quebec in 1759, and earned a high reputation for courage, skill, and military talent—married a daughter of Judge Livingston of New York state—condemned British oppression as exercised toward the colonists—adopted their cause as his own, and America as his country—and, in 1775, became commander-in-chief of the continental forces in Canada.

Irishmen! Although there are great faults in the administration of government in the United States, forget not, I pray you, that the democratic system under which we live, is most favorable to liberty; and that the spread of knowledge, the encouragement of temperance, the cultivation of those benevolent feelings for which you are proverbially distinguished, with an unceasing vigilance in the exercise of your elective rights, will do much to increase the happiness of America, much toward the independence of Ireland. For you, for freedom, and for America, RICHARD MONTGOMERY, your illustrious countryman, was bravely contending 68 years ago, amid the frosts and storms of Canada, when he was, on the night of the 31st of December, 1775, slain before the walls of Quebec, by a discharge of grape-shot, which killed his aids at same time, and, by preventing the capture, essentially changed the destiny of Canada. The bodies of the general and his aids, Macpherson and Cheeseman, were found on the morning of Jan. 1, 1776. On the 16th of June, 1818, the general's remains were removed from Quebec to St. Paul's churchyard, New York, and interred near a monument erected by Congress to his memory. His age-stricken widow lived to see the remains of her hero thus honored, 43 years nearly after his friend, the governor of Canada, had buried his body within the walls of Quebec. His career was truly brilliant. He reduced Fort Chambly, Canada, captured St. John's and Montreal, and would have stormed Quebec, had not the only gun fired from the enemy's battery checked his career, at 38 years of age.

To that numerous class who would proscribe the Irish farmer or mechanic, or admit him only on a principle at war with the Christian rule of equal rights which holds out a warm hope to the oppressed of every land, kindred, and tongue, in the great Declaration of American Independence, I would say—“When all might have been lost by treachery, who was it that sold his country—who was the traitor? Benedict Arnold, a *native* American. Where then were the Irish? Where the Pennsylvania Line? Where the sons and grand-

sons of Irishmen? Turn to the biography of Generals Sullivan, Clinton, Stark, Irvine, Wayne, and Montgomery, of Colonels Fitzgerald, Moylan, Proctor, Stewart, and Campbell, of Commodore Barry, of Majors Croghan, Maedonough, and James: as also of Thornton, Read, Smith, Carroll, Rutledge, McKean, Lynch, and Taylor, whose signatures, with that of Charles Thomson, to the declaration of independence of the 4th of July, 1776, attest our nation's entrance into this breathing world, a glorious republic, the asylum of the oppressed on earth, and as such a type of heaven. Turn also to the names of Vice President Clinton, Andrew Jackson, President McKinly, Dr. Ramsay, Governors Rutledge, Sullivan, and Bryan, John Smilie, and of a hundred other distinguished characters on this side of the water—mark the efforts of Edmund Burke, Colonel Barré, Henry Flood, Henry Grattan, and other liberal and enlightened Irishmen in the British and Irish legislatures—and hasten to dissolve your associations, and blush that any of the children of the revolution should ever have proved ingrates to the memory of the friends and benefactors of their country in the hour of its utmost need. “Your Parliament had done us no wrong,” said the American Congress, in their unanimous address in 1775 to the people of Ireland. “You had ever been friendly to the rights of mankind—and we acknowledge with pleasure and with gratitude, that your nation has produced Patriots who have nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America.”

ROBERT EMMET.

ON the 19th of September, 1803, this youth of talent, character, education, and honorable connexions, was tried in Dublin, before Lord Norbury, and Barons George and Daly, for heading the unfortunate rising in Dublin on the night of the 23d of July, that year. It appeared that Mr. Emmet and his friends were as jealous of French interference as they were of English domination. Emmet was defended by Burrowes, and MacNally—Leonard MacNally, the government pensioner, was his law-agent! John Fleming, an ostler from Kildare, was chief evidence against Emmet, who was the soul of the scheme. Like Frost, in Wales, and others I might *feelingly* mention, he found too late that there was but little reliance to be placed on an undisciplined multitude, hastily collected in a band, and accustomed to be ruled by terror, cruelty, and foreign bayonets. Emmet was arrested a month after the revolt, by Major Sirr, and exhibited much spirit, gallantry, humanity, and love of country. He was found guilty, and hanged on the 20th of September, 1803, beheaded, and his body mutilated. Dowdal, Quigley, Allen, and Stafford, seem to have been his principal aids.

In his “Recollections of Curran,” Counsellor Phillips truly remarks, “that so unprepared was the government for a revolt, that there was not a single ball with which to supply the artillery—and that had the followers of Emmet had common sense or common conduct, the castle of Dublin must have fallen into their possession.” Mr. Emmet was then but 23 years old, had graduated at Dublin University, and “was gifted with abilities and virtues which rendered him an object of universal esteem. Every one loved—every one respected him. The poets of antiquity were his companions—its patriots his models—its republics his admiration.” His trial may be said to have been secret—the public were excluded—the military filled every corner, every avenue; there was not one person in colored clothes allowed to enter the courthouse!

The inspired author of *Lalla Rookh*, the friend and cotemporary of Emmet at college, thus beautifully alludes to him in his *Irish Melodies*:—

O breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade
 Where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid!
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

JUDGE PERRIN.

LOUIS PERRIN, one of the Justices of the King's Bench, Ireland, was a true and tried friend of Robert Emmet; and when the latter was sentenced by the titled buffoon, Lord Norbury, Perrin, then a youthful law-student, stepped from among the spectators and affectionately embraced the martyr. "Honest Louis Perrin" is almost an Irish proverb, and for 40 years has he—though a lawyer—deserved the name he bears. He was the son of poor parents, received his education at Armagh, entered Dublin college as a pensioner in 1790, and was always found under Mr. Emmet's colors, standing up for freedom, intelligence, and the liberties of old Ireland. We, of Canada, like the Irish in 1798 and 1803, found to our cost, that "the most effectual mode to sharpen the sword of the oppressor is the attempt to destroy it, and not to succeed"—and when Emmet failed in a good cause he, too, sharpened that sword and fell by it. Perrin did all he could for his country in a peaceful way—his signature was attached to every petition to strike the fetters from the ulcerated limbs of the Catholics—he was Mr. O'Connell's firm friend, and his leading counsel in all matters of personal difficulty; and the liberator has at all times avowed his belief that a more just and honorable man than Perrin did not exist. In the British parliament he has represented Dublin, Monaghan, and Cashel, and is now over sixty years of age.

REV. ADAM CLARKE, LL. D.

THIS eminent author and preacher, and profound oriental scholar, was born either in 1760, '61, or '62, (he did not know which,) at Moybeg, in the county of Londonderry, Ireland. Some authorities fix the date of his birth at 1763, and no one can wonder that the learned dispute whether Ossian and Fingal were of Irish or Scotch birth, when this learned doctor, who lived over 1000 years after them, could not ascertain how old he was. His mother was from Scotland. Under Wesley, Dr. Clarke became a successful minister of the Methodist connexion, and was a very voluminous writer. Among his works are the *Bibliographical Dictionary*, and a *Commentary on the Bible*. He married Miss Cooke, of Trowbridge, England, 17th April, 1788; was of old whig or liberal politics, leaning toward republicanism, and died of cholera, August 26th, 1832. He was selected by the government of England to superintend the reprinting of Rymer's *Foedera*, with many additions, a most difficult undertaking.

He had twelve children, of whom three sons and three daughters survived his death. One of the last acts of his life was the establishment of some schools in Ulster. He was buried in the Wesleyan Chapel, City Road, London, in the vault next to that in which the ashes of the late John Wesley moulder in repose. He presided on three several occasions in the English Methodist Conference, and thrice in the Irish Conference.

What nation on earth has produced more usefully-learned men than Ireland, considering its numbers? Have some Americans forgotten what this Union owes to Allison and other Irish teachers of an age gone by, from whom so many of the best and bravest of our revolutionary fathers formed their sentiments? Have they heard of Robert Fulton, Maria Edgeworth, Jonathan Swift, Robert Boyle, Richard Kirwan, Adam Clarke, R. B. Sheridan, Sir Richard Steele, Archbishop Usher, James Doyle, Bishop Berkeley, Edmund Burke,

Daniel O'Connell, Sir Philip and Dr. Francis, David Ramsay, Elizabeth and Anthony Hamilton, Sheridan Knowles, Lady Morgan, of Drennan, Roscommon, Denham, Brownson, O'Sullivan, Congreve, Farquhar, Hutchinson, the O'Connors, Lever, Lover, Lardner, Maxwell, Parnell, Phillips, Sloane, Sterne, Williamson, Wood, Shiel, and a thousand other names known to fame? Where is the American not recreant to the principles of '76 who would not feel proud to call the distinguished persons I have named, his countrymen and countrywomen?

DR. DOYLE, BISHOP OF KILDARE.

THE Right Reverend James Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, an eminent, eloquent, truly sincere minister of the Roman Catholic Church—one of Ireland's noblest, purest patriots, and firmest and most disinterested friends—was a native of that country—descended from an ancient and honorable family—and died at Carlow, June 15th, 1834. He was educated at the University of Coimbra in Portugal, and the youngest man who had ever obtained the rank of bishop in his church in Ireland. His able and manly defence of catholicism, in answer to Magee and others, and his anxiety to better the condition, and increase the happiness of his countrymen, endeared him to the Irish, while his great learning, and the noble purposes to which it was applied, entitle him to be regarded as one among the ablest friends of his country. He was a strong advocate for a system of laws, which should compel the rich to maintain the destitute poor, instead of carrying millions of dollars to other lands to be expended in useless luxury. Mr. O'Connell, at one time adopted his views of a poor law, but on mature reflection dissented from them, and in reply to a most severe and sarcastic letter from Dr. Doyle, denounced consistency as a "rascally doctrine." Dr. Doyle never had the command of money, and died not worth a farthing, devoting the greater part of his income to the poor, and his house and books to his successor. How different this course was from that of those protestant Irish bishops who hoard up millions of dollars, plundered from the poor, and devise their ill-gotten wealth, to unprincipled profligates or pampered absentees!

COMMODORE JOHN BARRY.

COMMODORE BARRY was born in Wexford, Ireland, (where his father was a farmer,) and commanded the first war vessel commissioned by the United States Congress. He was a bold and brave man, and a successful officer, and is termed the father of our navy. Lord Howe offered him twenty thousand guineas, and the command of the best frigate in the British navy, if he would leave the Yankees, but an honest Irishman cannot be bought.

In February, 1781, he sailed in the frigate *Alliance* from Boston, carrying Col. Laurens on his embassy to France. On his return he fought the war vessel *Atalanta* and her consort, the brig *Trespass*, and made them both strike their colors. He was dangerously wounded, but soon sailed again for France, with *Lafayette* and Count *Noailles*, and fought an enemy's vessel on his return. Under the elder Adams' administration he superintended the building of the *United States* frigate.

While cruising in the West Indies, he was hailed by a British frigate with "What ship is that?" The revolutionary veteran grasping his trumpet, replied, "The frigate *United States*, commanded by one saucy Jack Barry, half an Irishman, half a Yankee. Who are you?"

Commodore Barry died and was buried in Philadelphia. The inscription on his tomb, which is in St. Mary's (catholic) burial ground, is as follows:

"Let the patriot, the soldier, and the Christian, who visit these mansions of

the dead, view this monument with respect; beneath are deposited the remains of John Barry. He was born in the County of Wexford, in *Ireland*, but America was the object of his patriotism, and the theatre of his usefulness and honor. In the revolutionary war which established the independence of the United States, he bore the commission of a *Captain* in their infant navy; and afterward became its Commander in Chief. He fought often and once bled in the cause of Freedom, but his habits of war did not lessen in him the peaceful virtues which adorn private life. He was gentle, kind, just and charitable, and not less beloved by his family and his friends than by his grateful country. In a full belief of the doctrines of the gospel he calmly resigned his soul into the arms of his Redeemer, on the 13th of September, 1803, in the 59th year of his age. His affectionate widow hath caused this marble to be erected, to perpetuate his name after the hearts of his fellow citizens have ceased to be the living records of his public and private virtues."

Well may the Louisville (Kentucky) Advertiser, as it reviews the past, exclaim, that it was "emigrant blood and the valor of generous foreigners which insured success to our revolution." As a Catholic, Commodore Barry had good reason to dislike the English government, for its laws in his time against Irish Catholics were very cruel indeed. By the 8th of Anne, no Catholic in Ireland was allowed to instruct or educate any other Catholic. By the 7th, William 3d, no papist was permitted to be sent out of Ireland to be educated—by 12th George 1st, any Catholic priest was to be hanged for marrying a Catholic to a Protestant—by 2d Anne, Catholic clergymen coming into Ireland to preach to Catholics were to be hanged—by 7th George 2d, any attorney marrying a Catholic was to be degraded from his profession—by another statute, *no papist was allowed to ride a horse worth over 5l.*—by 29th George 2d, barristers and attorneys were obliged to waive their privilege and betray their clients if Catholics—and by 9th George 2d, papists residing in Ireland were bound to make good to protestants all losses sustained by the privateers of any Catholic king ravaging the Irish coasts!

JUDGE CRAMPTON.

PHILIP CECIL CRAMPTON, one of the justices of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland, was born in Connaught, entered Dublin College in 1797, and was called to the bar in 1810. He has a mild address, a prepossessing appearance, fluency of speech, and was always friendly to "moderate reform" and catholic emancipation. When Lord Grey and the "very moderate" reformers of old abuses called whigs, came into office in England, Mr. Crampton, was made Solicitor General, got a seat in the Commons for an English borough, drew up the Irish Reform bill, (not a very liberal one certainly,) and defended the power who had made him a placeman, against O'Connell and Feargus O'Connor on the one side, and Peel and Wetherell on the other. Of course his situation was uncomfortable, but the whigs rewarded him by a seat on the Bench a day or two before they lost their power. In early life Judge Crampton acquired great distinction in the sciences; but his crowning merit in my opinion, is the fact that he was the originator of the great temperance movement in Ireland—in that glorious field he preceded Father Mathew by many years, and sowed the good seed for that philanthropic reaper.

The state trials in which Mr. O'Connell and some of his friends are defendants, were to take place in January, 1844, before Chief Justice Pennefather, and Judges Burton, Crampton, and Perrin.

REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

This wonderful man is a native of Cork, his place of residence—a sincere friend to the liberties of his country—a pious and truly disinterested minister

of the Roman Catholic faith—as regards slavery, an abolitionist—and the great and very successful apostle of sobriety and temperance in the Emerald Isle. He heartily approves of O'Connell's movements, which he powerfully supports by his exertions to banish intemperance—is an energetic promoter of the efforts recently made to educate the whole people—an active repealer—and opposed to Lord Brougham's scheme for pensioning the Irish Catholic Clergy.

I take the following particulars relative to Father Mathew from Kohl's Tour in Ireland in 1842.

Mr. Kohl saw Father M. at the Temperance Hall, Kilrush—five millions of the Irish had taken the temperance pledge at his hands since he instituted the Irish Temperance Association, April 10, 1838, which was nearly 3,000 a day on the average of the whole five years. He is a handsome man, of imposing appearance, well built and proportioned, and about the same height and figure as Napoleon. His countenance is fresh and beaming with health, his movements and address are simple and unaffected, his features regular and full of mildness with firmness, his forehead is straight, high, and commanding, his nose aquiline; and although fifty-four years old, he is in full possession of mental and bodily vigor. Father Mathew has a fine and delicate hand, dresses elegantly, and is eloquent, with a clear voice, a glowing zeal, and a firm conviction of the sacredness of his cause.

The progress of Irishmen and their descendants, in every land, under every form of government, and in every species of human pursuit, is indeed onward and speedy. We hear a great deal about the Saxon race in the United States Senate. Where or in what are they ahead of their Celtic brethren? Observe the march toward power, trust, and confidence, of such Irishmen as O'Connell, Mathew, Macartney, Kavanagh, the Clarkes, Kilmaine, Kilwarden, Crawford, Dalton, Donoughmore, Dillon, Barry, Brady, Burke, Shelburne, Shiel, Wellington, Wellesley, Parnell, Plunkett, O'Higgins, O'Reilly, Lally, Lawless, and Avonmore, within the last century.

While less manly, less courageous nations, have patiently borne the yoke of the spoiler, Ireland has never ceased to press forward toward independence. The struggles at Aughrim and the Boyne, the terrible days of 1798, the efforts for a repeal of the Union with England, are evidences that Ireland prizes rational liberty, and that she deserves to be free. Where in America do we find more effective friends of free institutions than among our Irish fellow-citizens? We may strive to repudiate the debt America owes to Ireland—we may follow the example of other repudiators, get up native societies, and abuse a generous creditor—but mighty as are our people, strong and powerful if united, it is very unlikely that in the present age they will be able to pay the debt our country owes to Irish Literature, Science, Valor, and improvement in the useful arts.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

This brilliant genius, and enlightened statesman, perhaps the most splendid and effective orator whose wit and eloquence ever adorned the British Senate Chamber, died in London, July 7th, 1816. He was born in Dublin in Sept., 1751, but on what day his biographer, Moore, is unable to tell. His father and grandfather were men of learning and genius—his mother, Frances Sheridan, a fascinating novelist. Mr. S. himself was a brilliant orator, of splendid imaginative power, as were his countrymen Curran, Grattan, Burke, and Plunkett—to the Union he was much opposed, as also to negro slavery—his patriotism was his ruin; had he sincerely joined the tories, like Lord Chancellor Plunkett, a pension and a peerage would have been his. As a statesman, legislator, and author, his name will go down to posterity with honor. His speeches, and his "School for Scandal," "Duenna," "Critic," "Rivals," &c., are deservedly very popular. In his latter years he suffered

great poverty, and died with the bailiff close by ready to drag him to a dungeon. Like Wolsey, he was deserted by George the 4th, the prince he had so faithfully served; and the nobility, of whose hollow circles he had for many years been the ornament, shunned his dying couch. The ignorant mob and vulgar great are alike forgetful of friends and benefactors—Burns learned that before Sheridan; and Moore's lines on the latter's dying moments should be imprinted on the soul of every true friend of the principle of democracy:

Oh it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And friendships so false in the great and high-born—
To think what a long line of Titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow—
How bailiffs may seize the last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by Nobles to-morrow.

JOHN AND HENRY SHEARES.

THESE affectionate brothers, illustrious martyrs for the cause of their country and humanity, were, on the 14th of July, 1798, publicly executed in Dublin. Their father, Mr. H. Sheares, was an eminent banker in Cork, a kinsman of the Earl of Shannon, who had 13 Irish boroughs for sale when the Union took place, which he sold to the British government at \$60,000 each. Henry S. was born in 1753, John in 1766—they were educated at Dublin University, and Henry's estate was worth \$5,000 a year. They were amiable, intelligent men, of unsullied fame, and members of the executive of the United Irishmen, when arrested. Their betrayer was a sworn brother, Captain John Warnford Armstrong, of the militia of King's County, who obtained their plans under the guise of a true patriot, and perfidiously told all to the infamous Castlereagh and the malignant Clare, repeating their every conversation. This mean, mercenary villain, is yet alive, a royal magistrate; and of such stuff, in Ireland and Canada, are magistrates and judges too often made. Here in America it was made very evident, that, in so far as the government at Washington would cherish such wretches, the race would be found far from extinct, when Canada was grasped in 1837-'38, as Ireland had been in 1798-'99. On the 20th of May, Sunday, Armstrong visited the Sheareses for the last time, shared their hospitality, sat beside their aged mother and affectionate sister, and near to the wife of one of them, caressing her children, while one of the ladies played the Irish harp. Thence he hastened to Casteleragh, to urge the arrest of his victims and earn the price of their blood, as an informer. The cloven foot of treachery crossed their threshold no more. The ways of God are unsearchable. This foulest of all spies lives in wealth; Lord Eldon, who was the lickspittle of royalty, and labored unweariedly to accomplish the legal murder of Hardy, Thelwall, and others, died in his bed, of old age. Talk of the torture, the rack, human punishments! Why is it that a creature like Armstrong, so infinitely baser than our worst ideas of a demon, was ever created? Judas Iscariot was but a third-rate villain when compared with Armstrong, who actually visited his victims in prison, to condole with them, and pump them; nor did they once suspect him. He professed to disbelieve in a hereafter. Upon his evidence ALONE, discredited powerfully by other testimony, a packed orange jury found the brothers guilty—they clasped each other in their arms—were ordered for execution—their families shed bitter tears—Henry's ten children had seen their poor father leave his dwelling never to return!—poor innocents!—but Judas Armstrong clutched the gold—Captain Clibborn, his accomplice, had a bribe of £500 from the secret service money—and the sun on July the 14th, saw these hellish monsters rejoicing over the ruin they had caused, while for the noble

brothers Sheares it would rise no more. They were hanged, and then the hangman chopped their heads off, Armstrong looking on. It was in these days, and for loyalty to the heartless Saxon aristocracy who inflicted these cruelties, that James Buchanan's services to the Castlereagh gang were thought worthy of note—they were remembered, by a Consulate. Where is Clibborn? Is he in America?

The brothers Sheares were born in Cork, and were members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. During the trial the elder brother begged hard that his brother might be spared, but Toler (Norbury) urged their execution the day after trial, and it was so ordered. Well might Tone exclaim, "Unhappy is the Man and the Nation whose destiny depends on the will of another!"

* MAJOR GENERAL JAMES CLINTON.

THIS gentleman, the son of Col. Charles, and the brother of Governor George Clinton, was born on the 9th of August, 1736, and died on the 22d of December, 1812, aged 75 years. Both his parents were from Longford, in Ireland—his wife's name was Mary DeWitt, and his third son, DeWitt Clinton, became a candidate for the office of President, immediately before his father's death.

James Clinton accompanied the brave Montgomery to the siege of Quebec, in 1775—fought with courage, skill, and perseverance, on the side of "a country all our own," during the war of the revolution—joined Sullivan in his dangerous campaign of 1779 against the British, and northwestern Indians—attained the rank of Major General in the armies of the Union—and was blessed with long life to see his country become a great and powerful nation.

His eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Spencer, was married to Ambrose Spencer, Chief Justice of the State of New York; she was the mother of Capt. Ambrose Spencer, aid-de-camp to General Brown, who fell gallantly fighting for freedom on the banks of the Niagara, in 1814, and of John C. Spencer, now Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and who has filled many offices of honor and trust in the Union. She died in her 36th year, on the 4th of September, 1808.

EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE, one of the most eminent, deep-thinking men any age or country ever produced, was born at Carlow, Cork County, Ireland, January 1, 1730, and died July 8th, 1797. He was educated at Dublin University—applied for the logic professorship at Glasgow, but was refused; was enthusiastically attached to the cause of 1776; and, but for the entreaties of his aged sire, who was a catholic solicitor in Dublin, would have become an American citizen. His essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, and other works, are well known, and his career in the British Parliament, where he represented Bristol, was brilliant as his genius. He married a daughter of the learned Dr. Nugent, a Catholic Irishman, whose dictionary is in very general use, and who wrote an able essay in favor of Catholic Emancipation, but was no democrat. In early life he nobly advocated the cause of American republicanism—but took office afterwards under the coalition ministry, and got a large pension, and joined the Tories in their abuse of France, Price, Priestley, and liberal institutions, about the same time. Nevertheless, he was a great and good man, with a far-seeing judgment.

Mr. Burke was for a time a member of the British government, and in parliament frequently reminded its members of the loyalty of the Irish Catholics during the American war, and the beneficial influence exercised over them by their prelates. In a letter to Sir H. Langrishe, he truly remarked that the

intention of the laws against their religion "was to reduce the Catholics of Ireland to a miserable populace, without property, without estimation, without education. They divided the nation into two distinct bodies, without common interest, sympathy, or connexion! The old code was a machine of wise contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, degradation, and impoverishment of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

In 1790, Mr. Burke, in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, foretold that it would end, as it did, in a military despotism, and retired to private life in 1794, on a pension of \$5,500. His works are published in 16 vols., 8vo.

CHARLES O'CONNOR, THE IRISH ANTIQUARY.

CHARLES O'CONNOR was born at Balanagare in the County of Roscommon, in 1710, and died in July, 1791, aged eighty-one years. He was descended from Torlogh, the last able sovereign of Ireland; from Cathal Crovedeagh, whose valor and abilities, admitted even in English history, and illustrated in song, went far to compensate for the defects of his brother Roderic; and from Felim, who, with 2000 of his name, fell at Athunree, August 6th, 1316; in which ill-fated struggle, the last hope of the ancient Irish perished. (See Campbell's beautiful poem.) In his youth, the penal laws against Catholics existed in their full rigor; but he, nevertheless, received a liberal education, under the tuition of Bishop O'Rourke, his uncle, in the concealment of a cellar. He became a widower at the age of twenty-eight, and devoted the remaining fifty years of his life to the regeneration of his country. He explored Irish history, and made a valuable collection of ancient books. His abilities as a writer, his pure morals, and great amiability of temper, secured to him the esteem and friendship of Doctors Johnson and Leland, Lord Lyttleton, Colonel Vallancey, and most of the learned men of that bright era in English literature. He accomplished all that the learning and virtue of one man could effect for the fame and literature of his country; and, late in life, in conjunction with Dr. Curry and Mr. Wise, founded the first association ever formed in Ireland, for the purpose of procuring a redress of the grievances under which the Catholics had suffered for centuries. He is admitted, on all hands, to have been a faithful historian, and too sturdy a moralist to prefer even Ireland to truth. His works are therefore a standard reference. His "Dissertation on Irish History," and "Introduction to Curry's Review" have gone through many editions. His memoirs were published in Dublin, by Meehan, but I have been unable to procure the volume. He was of the ancient faith, and has transmitted his opinions, religious and political, to his numerous descendants. Among these are Matthew O'Connor, of Dublin, an able writer on Irish affairs, Thomas O'Connor, of New York, and the O'Connor Don.

DR. CHARLES O'CONNOR.

THIS distinguished Irish historian of the present century, was a grandson of the celebrated antiquary of his name, and brother of the late O'Connor Don, M. P. for the County of Roscommon. He was a Catholic priest, and was for many years chaplain to Lady Buckingham, and librarian of the Duke's magnificent and costly collection at Stowe. His literary labors are numerous and extensive, and evince vast labor and research. Among them are "The Letters of Columbanus," 2 vols. 8vo., "A Narrative of the most interesting events in Modern Irish History," 8vo., and "Bibliotheca Ms. Stowensis," 2 vols., 4to. The last and most important is his "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres," four ponderous quarto volumes in Latin, which throw great light upon the ancient history of Ireland.

His Letters of Columbanus drew down upon him heavy censures from Plowden, who devoted a whole volume to vehement satire and invective against "the most learned doctor," as he styles him. Dr. O'Connor died on the 29th of July, 1828, at his brother's seat at Balanagare.

DEAN SWIFT.

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's Dublin, was born on St. Andrew's day, 30th of Nov., 1667, at Cashel in the county of Tipperary, Ireland—he was descended of a very respectable family, but his father died before his birth, his mother was in indigent circumstances, and he soon tasted of adversity. Dr. Swift was a man of great learning, and infinite wit and humor. His numerous writings are much read and admired. Two years before his death he lost his reason, and died in furious lunacy, Oct. 19th, 1745, aged 78. Dr. Swift was a true friend of his oppressed country, but lacked candor as a politician, and kindness of heart as a man, as his memoirs too truly show. His works were edited by Sir Walter Scott, with an account of his life, and published in 12 octavo volumes, about 1815, or '20. His *Drapier's Letters*—*Gulliver's Travels*—and *Correspondence*, have been extensively read. Originally a whig, in King William's time, he became a tory under Anne; was at one time very unpopular with his countrymen, but lived to be their idol, and had ever been their friend.

In Dr. King's *Anecdotes*, I find it stated that excessive indulgence in drinking wine was the true cause of that lunacy which obscured the latter days of this eminent Irishman. Pope, too, hastened his death by feeding on high seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, a celebrated poet, and miscellaneous writer—the Burns of Ireland—one of the best and kindest of men, and most delightful of authors—was the son of a country clergyman—born at Pallas, (or Elphin,) in Longford, Ireland—educated at the Universities of Dublin, Leyden, and Edinburgh, with a view to his adopting the medical profession. He wandered over the continent of Europe, often penniless, and indebted to his flute for a lodging under the roof of a peasant. His first book appeared in 1759—an *Essay on Polite Literature*. His *Traveller*—*Deserted Village*—*Vicar of Wakefield*—*Citizen of the World*—*Histories of Greece, Rome, England, and Animated Nature*—*She Stoops to Conquer*—and the *Good Natured Man*, are among the many enduring monuments of his fame. He was a true "Citizen of the World," ever ready to cry,

Hail to that land, whatever land it be,
Which struggling hard, is panting to be free!

He died in London, April 4th, 1774—but his poetry, natural, melodious, affecting, and beautifully descriptive, finds an echo in every bosom, and will render his name immortal.

Dr. Goldsmith's works, (like Miss Edgeworth's,) are among the inestimable benefits conferred by the Irish on America. Their author died before he had attained the age of 43, having been born Nov. 29th, 1731. It is said that pecuniary embarrassment shortened his days. It harassed Burns, too, who wrote for £5 to Edinburgh, lest his creditor, a linen draper, should carry him off his death-bed to a jail. Imprisonment, poverty, and want, were, in the last century, too often suffered by the brightest jewels of English literature. Thanks to republican America for that great and humane effort, [] she has abolished imprisonment for debt, and secured the household furniture and utensils of the poor from the grasp of those harpies who dispense law, but forget justice in mercy.

Goldsmith's first residence in London, after his wanderings on the continent, was at a chemist's on Fish-street Hill—he set up as a physician—could not live by it—accepted the ushership of a Classical School at Peckham, that he might have the means of subsistence—returned penniless to London after a

few months—contributed articles for the Monthly Review—rented a miserable lodging near the Old Bailey, the approach to which was by Break-Neck Stairs, where Bishop Percy visited him in a wretched room with one chair—there as a bookseller's hack, he translated, compiled and edited, wrote prefaces and reviews, leading articles and squibs—his labors were incredible. Here he wrote his "Essay on Polite Learning," and many other elegant and graceful things, which (as Bell justly remarks) have embalmed his memory for ever in the grateful hearts of posterity. Years after this, he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Edmund Burke and Bishop Percy were his faithful friends. He soared at last into gay lodgings—gave suppers—and took some comfort. But bailiff's haunted him—small debts oppressed him—the fear of a jail was ever before his eyes—his tailor's bills were terrible as spectres to romance readers—and the innocent, gentle, playful, warm-hearted Oliver Goldsmith found a refuge in—☞ "Death."

Bell remarks, that "perhaps there never was a man who lived in the early part of his life by such an extraordinary variety of ways and means as Goldsmith. He contrived to sustain himself at different times in different places, by playing on the flute—by procuring alms at convents—by disputing for a bed and a dinner at the universities—by assisting a chemist—by practising as a doctor and apothecary—by turning usher—by attempting the stage (if report be true)—by authorship, editorship, translations, and all sorts of literary drudgery; throughout the whole of which fearful struggle he seems never to have been for one month secure of provisions for the next.

These were the trials of a man whose genius, talents, learning, and industry, ought to have been better rewarded. And judging by those principles of truth and justice, implanted by Heaven in the mind of man, the life of Goldsmith affords one other evidence, were it wanted, of a *Hereafter*.

CHIEF JUSTICE THORNTON.

Of the signers of the declaration of American Independence, nine, including the secretary, were of Irish birth or origin, among whom was Dr. Matthew Thornton, a physician.

This gentleman was appointed by the electors to the office of president of the first republican government of New Hampshire, was a member of the revolutionary congress of 1776, and a signer of the declaration of independence, in November of that year. He was born in Ireland in 1714, and died June 24, 1803, in his 89th year. He was truly religious—a protestant dissenter of the most tolerant disposition—and the epitaph on his grave-stone is ☞ "An honest man." Dr. Thornton served in New Hampshire as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and was afterward raised to the bench of the Supreme Court. But he was a good farmer, and far fonder of the plough than of the centre seat on the bench of justice.

As there are two classes of persons in America—one heedless, another ungrateful—who stand ready at any moment in which they may be in a majority, to stop immigration, disfranchise thousands of the adopted citizens, and permit no more of the people from the land of their fathers to be received into the great American family,—I will here endeavor to answer the question, so often asked—"What have the Irish done for America and its Independence?"

1st. They nobly fought to gain and to uphold it. Look at the list of eminent Irishmen, and Irishmen's sons, in this volume, who have deserved well of the Union for their services in the field.

2d. They ably aided in the councils of the republic, at the bar, and on the bench: they were the intelligent advocates of patriotism and just principles of civil and religious freedom.

3d. Look at the very imperfect list of eminent Irish authors, who have left their works a legacy to their country, to America, and to the world—it may

serve to convey an idea of the indebtedness of America to Ireland and Irishmen.

4th. Among the 56 signers of the ever memorable declaration of American Independence, in Congress at Philadelphia, July 4th, 1776, we find three Irishmen, three sons and two grandsons of Irishmen, to whom may be added Charles Thomson, the confidential secretary of Congress. Irishmen not only fought for and sincerely advocated the glorious cause of American Liberty, but they had a place among that faithful band of patriots who declared the Union a nation, the cradle of human freedom in the west, perilled life and property in the issue, and defied George the 3d, with his lords and commons, in the name of the Omnipotent.

5th. Ireland has given to the Union, and gave to the old colonies, a bold, faithful, and industrious population of farmers, mechanics, and laborers, of inestimable value to our country. "The fertile regions of America"—said Congress to the Irish nation, in its fraternal address of 1775—"would afford you a safe asylum from poverty, and in time from oppression also; an asylum in which many thousands of your countrymen have found hospitality, peace, and affluence, and become united to us by all the ties of consanguinity, mutual interest, and affection."

And, 6thly, it is a well-known fact that the arming of the Irish Volunteers in 1782, and the ardent aspirations after independence breathed in their memorable resolutions, tended not less to frighten the English government into an acknowledgment of American freedom and a treaty of peace, than did our own victory at Yorktown and the capture of Cornwallis in 1781. Without peace with America, Ireland was about to pass from under the grip of her ancient oppressors, but the Volunteers could not be permanently successful if the English forces were once disengaged abroad. Of the Burkes, Sheridans, Barrés, and other eminent and eloquent Irishmen who pled the cause of America in the British Senate, and the powerful effect produced by their arguments, I will have occasion to speak in other parts of this work.

Ireland and America have been mutual benefactors—the defeat of the latter would have completed England's means for subjugating the former. American victories were hailed with joy by the Irish. Grattan, in page 287 of the first volume of his father's memoirs, thus discourseth:

"At length, Fate decided in favor of Ireland, and the defeat of General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, opened the eyes of the Minister to the necessity of a change in his policy toward Ireland. A connexion had been formed between Ireland and America; and the Irish, who had left their country in search of land, of habitations, of bread, and for liberty, stood foremost on the side of the Americans. It seemed as if Providence, with a mysterious and final justice, employed those Irish bands whom British government banished from home, to turn back upon her, and take from the arrogance of her brow the palm of empire. The result of this defeat was felt in Ireland, and the Roman Catholic Relief Bill was the first fruit of it."

Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence we find the names of Matthew Thornton, George Smith, and George Taylor, natives of Ireland—as was Charles Thomson; George Read, Thomas M'Kean, and Edward Rutledge, sons of Irishmen; and Thomas Lynch and Charles Carroll, whose grandfathers were from Ireland.

Among the signers were also two Englishmen, fourteen or more descendants of Englishmen, two Welshmen, two descendants of Welshmen, two Scotsmen, and one of French extraction. Nearly the whole were born and bred subjects of the crown of Britain, ten of them were natives of the United Kingdom.

COLONEL JAMES SMITH.

This energetic officer was by profession a lawyer—he was a member of the revolutionary congress—a colonel in its armies—one of the 56 signers of the

declaration of American Independence, and one of the most energetic upholders of the republic. He was a native of Ireland, and died in 1806, aged 93 years. Colonel Smith came to America when very young, with his father, a farmer, who settled on the banks of the Susquehanna. He organized the first company of volunteers in Pennsylvania to oppose foreign government, and they were the nucleus of that band of heroes known as the Pennsylvania Line, nearly 20,000 in number, chiefly Presbyterians and Catholics. Well might Lord Mountjoy affirm, as he did, in the Irish Parliament, 1783, "England lost America through the exertions of Irish emigrants." Some people are anxious to forget that fact now-a-days.

The famous corps known as the Pennsylvania Line in our revolutionary war, were chiefly gallant Irish boys. They fought for freedom while many wealthy Americans made money at home. Pay, wholesome food, and clothing were long withheld, and they mutinied on the 2d of March, 1781. Lord Howe sent them messengers with gold, provisions, and clothing, who made magnificent promises. But there was no Benedict Arnold nor swindling usurious banker among the Irish. They hung Lord Howe's agents, and preferred republican poverty and freedom to British gold. Very few rich men would have acted thus. Christ bids us beware of the covetous class.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

GEORGE TAYLOR, of Pennsylvania—one of the fathers of the great republic—was born in Ireland in 1716. His father was a presbyterian minister, but so very poor, that when George arrived in America, his services were sold to a Mr. Savage for his passage money. Adversity proved an invaluable teacher, and our Irish patriot grew up to manhood a bold, intrepid, intelligent assertor of the rights of the human race—was delegated by the people of Pennsylvania to the revolutionary Congress in August, 1776—signed the declaration of independence in their name, and yielded to none in manly resolution and firmness of purpose to carry it into effect. He died at Easton, February 23d, 1781, in his 66th year.

A part of our Irish and other settlers are disliked by many for their poverty—but it should be remembered that immigrants have brought into the Union with them many millions of dollars in specie—and if the wealthy foreigner is to be welcomed, why should the poor man be denounced! Joseph went into Egypt a poor slave—Robert Fulton's parents were poor Irish emigrants, yet who has done more for America than he?—George Taylor of Pennsylvania was (as it were) sold for a season when he arrived from Ireland, to pay his passage money—yet Joseph was of some service to the Egyptians—and when the gauntlet was thrown down by the old colonists and their title of British subjects disclaimed, it may be questioned whether the name of George Taylor the Irishman shone less conspicuous on the Declaration of Independence than those of the other conscript fathers.

"Take, freedom! take thy radiant round,
When dimmed, revive, when lost, return!
Till not a shrine on earth be found,
On which thy glory shall not burn."

* GEORGE READ.

GEORGE READ, a native of Maryland, and delegate to the Congress of 1776, was one of the signers of American Independence. Both his parents were Irish. He was born in 1734, and was by profession a lawyer. Mr. Read presided at the Convention which formed the first constitution of the State of

Delaware, and was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, of which he became a Senator, was afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Delaware, and died in 1798.

* GOVERNOR EDWARD RUTLEDGE.

THIS gentleman—a younger son of Dr. John Rutledge, an Irish emigrant, who arrived in Carolina about 1735—was born in Charleston, November, 1749, educated for the law in England, and commenced practice as a barrister in his native city, in 1773. He was persuasive and eloquent, though less so than his elder brother, John. Dr. Ramsay gives him the character of a just, generous, upright man, and he had the honor to be one of the four South Carolina members who signed the Declaration of American Independence. He was elected to Congress in 1773, and remained in it three years—took his share in the fighting of the times—was three years in exile a prisoner of war—and in the last year of his life was elected governor of South Carolina. He died on the 23d of January, 1800.

* GOVERNOR M'KEAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THOMAS M'KEAN's history tells well for immigration—his parents were natives of Ireland. He sat as a member of the revolutionary congress was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and for nine years governor of Pennsylvania. Governor M'Kean was born in New London, Pennsylvania, March 19th, 1734; educated by Dr. Allison; became a lawyer; was elected to the congress held in New York, 1765; was president of Delaware in 1781, and for one year President of Congress. He was once a warm friend of President Jefferson, and died at the age of 83, on the 24th of June, 1817. Mr. M'Kean, like his parents, belonged to the Presbyterian church, and was the only member of the revolutionary congress who sat in it from 1774 till 1783. He was for 22 years chief justice of Pennsylvania, 50 years in public life, and may well be styled one of our revolutionary fathers.

* CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

CHARLES CARROLL was born at Annapolis, in Maryland, September 20th, 1737; educated in France; a Catholic; the grandson of an Irishman, and very wealthy. He was a member of the revolutionary congress, a Senator of the United States, and the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He died Nov. 14th, 1832; and the Marquis of Wellesley married his grand-daughter, who thus became the vice-queen of the country from which her forefathers had fled to America to escape religious persecution, 140 years before.

Mr. Carroll did not vote on the question of Independence, not having taken his seat in Congress till July 18th, 1776. No other name than that of Mr. Hancock, was affixed to the great declaration till August 2d, when the engrossed copy was submitted for signature. In politics Mr. Carroll was opposed to Mr. Jefferson and the democratic party.

** THOMAS LYNCH, JR.

THOMAS LYNCH, JR., was born in South Carolina, August 5th, 1749, educated at Cambridge University, England, a protestant, a member of the revolu-

tionary congress, and one of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence. His ancestors were from Ireland; his father was a member of the American Congress up to 1776, in which year he died. The loss of his father affected Mr. Lynch's health; he sailed to France with his wife, but they were never heard of more—it is supposed that the ship foundered at sea.

CHARLES THOMSON.

CHARLES THOMSON, confidential secretary to the revolutionary congress, who declared the United Colonies an independent nation, but whose signature in that capacity is not attached to the Declaration of Independence, was the delegate chosen by the nation to announce to its illustrious defender, Washington, then in retirement on his farm, that he was the unanimous choice of a free and triumphant people, to be the first President of the United States, under the Constitution they had adopted. He was born in 1730; was a gallant, pious, patriotic Irishman; and at the age of eleven, emigrated from Ireland to Pennsylvania, with his three elder brothers—the celebrated Dr. Francis Allison (his countryman) was his teacher in Philadelphia—and when the first continental congress of British subjects panting to become free American citizens was held in 1774, Mr. Thomson was chosen to record their proceedings, and continued in the highly honorable and very arduous post of secretary to the fathers of the great republic, for fifteen years, until July, 1789, when he resigned his office.

Mr. Thomson's translation of the Septuagint, in 4 volumes 8vo., appeared in 1808, and was the result of great learning, and long-continued, deep, and laborious study. He lived to the great age of ninety-four, died at Harrington, Pennsylvania, August 16th, 1824, in the undiminished enjoyment of all his faculties, and calmly exchanged this world (in which his great probity, humble piety, and fervent patriotism built on manly principle, had endeared him to thousands), to join the spirits of the brave and free, the Washingtons, Montgomeries, Sullivans, Waynes, Duanes, Taylors, and other good men, who look down with complacency from a better world on the scenes of former perils and former triumphs, in which they were partakers. Irishmen in America, when taunted by the hirelings of faction, remember Charles Thomson.

There are some Americans who are not aware of the advantages our country has derived from the industry, skill, valor, science, and literature, of Ireland and Irishmen. Let such take for a specimen of Hibernia's sons and daughters, the family of him whom their fathers chose to witness and record their most secret and confidential proceedings in the most trying period of our existence as a people.

Of Mr. Thomson's family, his only sister, Mrs. Mary Thomson, survived him the longest. She died at the residence of her nephew, John Thomson, at Newark, in Delaware, on the 10th of September, 1831, aged 93. This lady was an infant and left in Ireland, at the time of the emigration of her father and brothers. The former died upon the passage, but the latter established themselves with great respectability in the country of their choice, and were joined by their sister when she had grown up. She lived with the secretary after the death of his lady, until his own decease.

The longevity of this family has been remarkable:

- 1st. William, died in Virginia, aged 93 years.
- 2d. Alexander, died in Delaware, aged 80 do.
- 3d. Charles, died at Harrington, Pa., aged 94* do.
- 4th. Matthew, died in Pennsylvania, aged 91 do.
- 5th. John, do. do. do. 79 do.
- 6th. Mary, died in Delaware, aged 93 do.

These men, with the exception of the venerable secretary, were all agricul-

* 93, by another account.

turists, tilled their own lands with their own hands, and were temperate in their habits throughout their long and virtuous lives.

In a copy of the Berks and Schuylkill Journal, many years old, I find the following particulars relative to Mr. Thomson:—

He was about six feet high, erect in his gait, dignified in his deportment, and interesting in his conversation. Dr. Franklin was his warm and intimate friend—they agreed in everything but religion. Mr. T. was the third son of John Thomson, and was born in the county of Derry, Ireland, in the town of Gortede, and parish of Maharaw, in the first week of November, 1731, but the particular day can not be specified. He came to America with his father, when about ten years old, accompanied by his brothers. His father died on board the ship in which they were passengers, after entering the Capes of Delaware: and by an act of injustice, his property, of considerable amount, was withheld from his sons, then in their minority, in a foreign country, without kindred, without friends, without money, left to follow the leadings of Divine Providence: yet they amply experienced the protecting care of Him who is the father of the fatherless. Charles had a great taste for learning, and, under the instruction of that distinguished scholar, Dr. Allison, became a great proficient in Latin, Greek, and French.

The writer in the Berks Journal, gives a most interesting account of his visit to Mr. Thomson's dwelling, an ancient, retired, but spacious mansion, ten miles from Philadelphia. Mr. T's last remark was, "Money, money, is the God of this world"—a truth worth remembering.

CHRISTOPHER COLLES.

THIS truly practical and sagacious engineer arrived in the United States from Ireland, of which country he was a native, nine or ten years before the war of the revolution. He delivered a series of public lectures in 1772, at Philadelphia, says Cadwallader D. Colden, "on the subject of lock-navigation"—and De Witt Clinton bears voluntary testimony that Mr. Colles "was the first person who suggested to the government of the state [of New York] the CANALS and improvements on the Ontario route. Colles was a man of good character—an ingenious mechanician, and well skilled in the mathematics. Unfortunately for him, and perhaps for the public, he was generally considered a visionary projector, and his plans were sometimes treated with ridicule, and frequently viewed with distrust."

"Almost contemporaneously with the personal inspection of some of our water-courses by General Washington," says O'Reilly, "the question of internal improvement was presented to the legislature of New York by Mr. Colles—and in 1784 his plans were referred to a committee, who, as Governor Clinton informs us, were opposed to undertaking the work at the public expense, but willing to allow Mr. Colles and those who might join him in the enterprise, to do so as an incorporated company.

Again, in 1785, Mr. Colles brought the canal-navigation question before the legislature, who appropriated only \$125 in the supply bill to enable him to survey the route, which he did, and published the results in a pamphlet, entitled "*Proposals for the Speedy Settlement of the Waste and Unappropriated Lands on the Western Frontier of New York, and for the Improvement of the Inland Navigation between Albany and Oswego.*" It was printed in 1785, at New York, by Samuel Loudon.

In Colles's pamphlet he tells the legislature that his proposed canal improvement would greatly increase our exports, foreign commerce and inland trade, settle the country, enable it to carry military stores and provisions to distant places on the frontiers, cheapen the conveyance of goods and give the states an inland navigable coast on the five great lakes, five times as large as the whole English coast, and of equal fertility. Col. Troup, who was in the Assembly in 1786, mentions that that year Mr. Colles's petition was referred to

Jeffrey Smith and others, and thinks it probable that Mr. Colles furnished Mr. Smith with the idea of "extending the navigation to Lake Erie." Dr. Hosack also remarks, with respect to Gouverneur Morris's suggestions in 1800, and General Schuyler's in 1797, relative to extending the canal to Lake Erie, that the journals of the legislature show that Jeffrey Smith, in 1786, and probably Christopher Colles, took the same view of this measure before they did. As to the project of uniting the great lakes with the ocean, Colles was far before all others in suggesting it, and in pressing its consideration on the legislature.

Educated, honest, patriotic, and intelligent, Mr Colles struggled long against the prejudices and ignorance of the age in which he lived. "Genius and talents," says Mr. Colden, "much above the sphere in which he seems to have moved in the latter part of his life, could not rescue him from obscurity and poverty; but it would be ungrateful to forget him at this time. No one can say how far we owe the occasion of celebrating the union of the Atlantic with the great lakes to the ability with which he developed the great advantages that would result from opening these communications with the lakes—to the clear views he presented of the facility with which these communications might be made—and to the activity with which he for some time pursued this object."

Colles, an Irishman, was the first who taught in America, by lessons, models, and lectures, the mode of artificial highways, by long levels of water in canals, with locks—he was the projector of the grand western canal, a quarter of a century before it was actually commenced—he was the first to propose, in 1774, to erect a reservoir, and bring water from a distance into and through the city of New York, now carried into effect by means of the Croton Aqueduct—he was also "the projector and attendant of the telegraph erected during the last war on Castle Clinton." Society left him to pine in old age in poverty—but the grand conceptions of his powerful mind are on record in our western canals—Clinton and Colden have done justice to his memory; and if perchance his manly spirit hovers over the scenes of other years, the completion of his plans, and the greatness of the west, so clearly foretold in his able essays, must be a source of real satisfaction. It is to me a ground of unmingled pleasure to be able, even in this brief form, to preserve a memorial of his useful life. His portrait, by Jarvis, is preserved in the gallery of the New York Historical Society, from which it is my intention to procure an engraving to accompany this volume. Colles planned our canals—Clinton, the grandson of an Irishman, with the aid of Young and others, carried out his views, and made many improvements—while Fulton, the son of an Irishman, devised and completed the gigantic scheme of lake, river, and ocean navigation by steam, in connexion with the canals.

My attention was directed to Mr. Colles's great merits—first, by Mr. O'Reilly's invaluable sketches of Rochester and Western New York, to which the reader is directed for more full information—second, by Messrs. De Witt Clinton and C. D. Colden's statements—and, lastly, by Mr. Charles King's Memoir of the Croton Aqueduct, in which he mentions Mr. Colles as the first projector of a reservoir and pipes to carry water into and through New York. In 1798, Judge Cooper, father of the Naval Historian, offered to contract to do what Colles had proposed to carry into effect in 1774. The Manhattan Company also adopted a plan by Colles in their water-works. It is to be regretted, that while hundreds of millions of the national treasure are wasted by and upon our political potentates, Colles and Fulton, and men like them, are too often harassed and impoverished, or go down to the grave unrewarded.

* COMMODORE CHARLES STEWART.

CHARLES STEWART was born at Philadelphia, July 28th, 1778. His parents were Irish immigrants. Capt. Charles Stewart, his father, was a native of Belfast, and his mother, Sarah Stewart, was born in Dublin. The Com-

modore is the youngest of eight children; he went to sea in the merchant service at the age of thirteen, rose to the command of an Indiaman, accepted a commission as lieutenant in the U. S. Navy in his twentieth year, and joined the United States frigate, under Commodore John Barry. In 1800 he was promoted to the command of the schooner *Experiment*, captured the French schooners *Two Friends* and *Diana* of 8 and 14 guns, also the *Louisa Bridger*, carrying 8 nine-pounders. He saved a multitude of Spanish women and children in a tempest in 1801, after the cowardly captain and crew of their schooner had deserted them, and took them in safety to St. Domingo. In 1802 he took command of the brig *Siren*, and received Commodore Preble's thanks for his gallant conduct in an attack on Tripoli, which sustained much damage. In November, 1805, a splendid dinner was given to Captains Stewart and Decatur, by the citizens of Georgetown, at which General Mason presided, assisted by General Eaton, and the song was composed and sung that evening, beginning:—

“ When the warrior returns from the battle afar
To the home and the land he has nobly defended,
O! warm be the welcome to gladden his ear,
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended!
In the full tide of song, let his fame roll along,
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng,
Where mixed with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brow of the brave.”

When war was declared with England, in 1812, Captains Stewart and Bainbridge persuaded President Madison to send the few ships of war the United States then possessed, to sea to seek the enemy, instead of placing them at New York, for its protection. Mr. Madison invited Captain Stewart to become a member of his cabinet, but he declined the honor. In 1813 he took the command of the frigate *Constitution*, of 49 guns, and destroyed the *Picton*, of 16 guns, a merchantman carrying 10 guns, and the brig *Lord Nelson*, and ship *Susan*. On the 20th of February, 1814, the *Constitution* fell in with the British war-ship *Levant*, of 21 guns, and *Cyane* of 34 guns, and after an engagement of forty minutes in the night, the American arms were victorious, and the British ships surrendered.

After giving an account of this important sea-fight, Mr. Cooper, in his *Naval History*, remarks: “ For a night action, the execution on both sides, was unusual, the enemy firing much better than common. The *Constitution* was hulled oftener during this engagement than in both her previous battles, though she suffered less in her crew than in the combat with the *Java*. She had not an officer hurt.

“ The manner in which Captain Stewart handled his ship on this occasion, excited much admiration among nautical men, it being unusual for a single vessel to engage two enemies and escape being raked. So far from this occurring to the *Constitution*, however, she actually raked both her opponents, and the manner in which she backed and filled in the smoke—forcing her two antagonists down to leeward, when they were endeavoring to cross her stern or forefoot—is among the most brilliant manœuvring in naval annals.”

After his return to the United States, the councils of New York honored Captain Stewart with the *freedom of the city*, presented him with a gold snuff-box, and gave him a public dinner. On his arrival in Philadelphia, the legislature of his native state, Pennsylvania, passed a vote of thanks for his brilliant victory, and directed the governor to cause a gold-hilted sword to be presented to him, in testimony of their sense of his distinguished merits in capturing two British ships of war of superior force—the *Cyane* and *Levant*. Congress also voted him a gold medal, commemorative of that brilliant event, and passed a vote of thanks to him and his officers for their valiant conduct.

Commodore Stewart was placed in command of the *Franklin*, 74, in 1816, and next year took charge of the American squadron in the Mediterranean—he was sent to the Pacific in 1820, and in 1837 took command of the Navy

Yard, Philadelphia, and that year launched the great war-ship Pennsylvania. He is now in his 66th year, active, healthy, vigorous, and capable of enduring great fatigue and hardship. His character is that of a benevolent and intelligent man, of much experience, brave but prudent, a gallant officer, and able statesman. At some of the public meetings and by some of the presses of Pennsylvania, he has been nominated a candidate for the Presidency, and well will it be for the country if it never makes a more unwise choice than the heroic son of a patriotic Irish father and mother.

CHARLES LUCAS.

THIS famous Irish patriot, who established in Dublin, as an engine to batter down the strongholds of his country's oppressors, "*The Freeman's Journal*," was born in 1713, in Clare County—was self-educated—of humble origin—an apothecary that he might subsist—and yet, issuing from his shop, he attacked the infamous rulers of Ireland—bade defiance to their enmity, power and malice—asserted the absolute right of Ireland to enjoy the blessings attendant on self-government—and, being possessed of a fine figure, and a grave, respectable bearing, a commanding appearance, and a rich mellow voice, he did more for his country than any other man of his day. He "may be considered as the first that instituted in Ireland that powerful engine of popular rights, the press." Henry Grattan speaks of his efforts as truly wonderful, and hesitates not to name him as the founder of Irish freedom.

Dr. Lucas upheld the people's rights with unequalled boldness—was neither to be bought nor terrified—the citizens of Dublin braved the frowns of their foreign rulers and elected him to parliament—the duration of which he introduced a bill to shorten, which became a law. He lashed corruption so effectually that the culprits found him unendurable. The Dublin Grand Juries ordered his writings to be execrated, and the city hangman was employed to burn them—the Irish Commons voted Lucas an enemy to his country—the Attorney General attacked him for libel—the Lord Lieutenant offered a large sum for his apprehension—the Corporation of Dublin disfranchised him—royalty proclaimed him an outlaw—for ten years he left Ireland—returned in 1760, and was chosen a member of Parliament for Dublin.

In all situations Dr. Lucas was true to his people—when expelled, prosecuted, proscribed, disfranchised, traduced, outlawed, banished, and when elected, cheered, encouraged, re-elected, the doctor was the same unwearied, constant, enlightened friend of humanity. He was honest, upright, sincere to the very last.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, who in his later years, like Burke and Mackintosh, was very cautious when speaking of popular politicians, did not hesitate to declare that Dr. Lucas had been most ungenerously treated. When reviewing Lucas's "Essay on the Bath Waters," a work which added to his high reputation as a physician, Johnson introduced some portion of his Irish history, and said—"Let the man thus driven into exile for having been the friend of his country, be received in every other place as a confessor of liberty, and let the tools of power be taught in time, that they may rob but can not impoverish."

Dr. Lucas died in November, 1771, and the wealthy and the powerful, who had shown no sympathy with nor for him in his lifetime, followed his remains in thousands to the grave. He received a public funeral. The students of Trinity College attended. The supporters were Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Flood, Mr. Hussey Burgh, Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Adderly, Sir Lucius O'Brien, Lord Charlemont, the Marquis of Kildare, and others of the nobles and gentry as mourners; and the mayor and corporation, in their official costume, attended his remains to St. Michael's Church, Dublin.

Like William Leggett, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Oliver Goldsmith, Charles Lucas died in great poverty. His eyes were closed in death upon a family whom he tenderly loved, but whom he was compelled to leave

in want and misery—and it is a curious question whether the carelessness, for I am very unwilling to say “ingratitude” of the millions in every age and country, toward their most deserving advocates and benefactors, does not steel the hearts of many very able men to the sad spectacle of human suffering, and officer the legions of tyranny’s steady supporters, while it discourages the youthful and aspiring patriot, and induces many a noble and generous spirit to prefer the more obscure path of private life to a career under Freedom’s banner, like that of the manly and warm-hearted Lucas, to be followed perhaps, like his, by the unspeakable anguish of witnessing a dearly loved family surrounding his death-bed pillow, thereafter to be exposed to poverty and destitution in a sordid, mercenary age, where the many toil that the few may enjoy.

Dr. Lucas’s widow was pensioned after his death by the city of Dublin.

To tell the sad tale of those great and good men in various ages and climes who have lived and died like Leggett and Lucas, would perhaps cool the ardor of some of these young volunteers for the public press whose services are really needful. We want able and devoted friends to liberty, who can wield the pen, as much as we do Macdonoughs, Munroes, and Montgomeries, to fight our battles. The soldier and sailor receive a pension or other bounty when worn out in the service—but when shall the champion of the press, if pure and uncompromising, find a refuge from the storms of adversity in the gratitude of an intelligent, patriotic, grateful, and united people?

Can we yet say of Lucas, the worthy predecessor of Grattan and O’Connell in the representation of the Irish metropolis—

Thy grave shall be screen’d from the blast and the billow,
 Around it a fence shall posterity raise;
 ERIN’S children shall wet with their tears thy cold pillow,
 Her youth shall lament thee, and carol thy praise!

* LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, the fifth son of Ireland’s only duke, by Emelia Mary, Dutchess of Leinster and daughter of the Duke of Richmond, was born in London, October 15th, 1763. In 1781 he was sent with his regiment—the 19th—to Charleston, South Carolina, and became sincerely attached to American freedom, and zealous to secure Irish independence. For his friendship to the French revolution, he was deprived of his commission in the British army, and died of his wounds in prison, Dublin, June 4th, 1798, during the strike for freedom, which, but for his arrest and death, would probably have succeeded, such was his popularity, judgment, and military skill.

On the 19th of May, 1798, Lord Edward was arrested after a gallant resistance; the wounds he received in which, from Major Sirr, added to hard treatment and vexation of mind, caused his death. and Ireland lost the incalculable advantage of the ablest and most experienced and popular military officer, who was favorable to the nation and the enemy of its oppressors.

Four thousand dollars had been offered for his apprehension, and he was found in Nicholas Murphy’s house. Murphy was kept fifty-five weeks in the dungeon, his house made a barrack, his business ruined, his furniture &c., destroyed, and he had to give heavy bail. Again, in 1803, he was arrested and harassed. He applied to Lord E’s brother, the Duke of Leinster, but got no relief, and died embarrassed. Had he been a Reynolds he might have died worth \$6000 a year. And yet the universalist would give the honest and dishonest one common paradise to all eternity. What a strange receptacle of unclean birds their heaven would be! Reynolds, Armstrong, and Castlereagh, side by side for ever with Lord E. Fitzgerald and honest N. Murphy. The very idea is profanity. One of the informers against Lord Edward was John Hughes, bookseller in Belfast; since, and perhaps now, in business in Charleston, S. C. He sold the life’s blood of many of his gallant countrymen. Lord Edward married a beautiful girl, called Pamela, who was

a ward of Madam de Genlis, and related to a British family of rank. (See Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis.) She died in indigence in Paris, Louis Phillippe, with whom she was educated, taking no notice of her.

The betrayer of his lordship and the Council of the Union, was Thomas Reynolds. Reynolds joined the Union, wormed himself into Lord Edward Fitzgerald's confidence, was a delegate for Leinster, treasurer of Kildare, went to a friend, and for 500 guineas at first, and a promise of 5000 more, authorized him to go to the castle and tell Castlereagh that the Leinster delegates were to meet secretly at Oliver Bond's, on the 12th of March, with their papers, to organise an insurrection. On that memorable night, the thirteen delegates were there arrested, their papers seized, the day of revolt ascertained, and Messrs. Emmet, MacNevin, Boud, Sweetman, and the Jacksons, laid hold of. Lord E. Fitzgerald and Counsellor Sampson escaped. Reynolds remained unsuspected, continued to disclose all he could to the English power, and received from the secret service money £1000, September 29th : other £2000 Nov. 16th—on January 19, 1799, £1000—and March 4th, £1000—also June 14, 1799, £1000—in all, £6000. Another informer was Captain Armstrong, of the King's County militia. These arrests defeated the revolt. The government deferred their measures, as Gosford and Head did in Canada, to encourage and ripen a partial outbreak, and then shed oceans of the blood of their betrayed and injured brethren. Michael Reynolds, a worthy Irishman, warned the Union against Thomas, and would have killed him had they permitted it.

* COMMODORE MACDONOUGH.

CAPTAIN THOMAS MACDONOUGH, the hero of Lake Champlain, is of Irish origin. His worthy Presbyterian ancestors emigrated from Scotland to the north of Ireland in the seventeenth century, to avoid the persecutions of the second Charles, and his profligate court. The commodore's father was a native of Ireland, and an officer of valor and deserved distinction in the war of the revolution. The victory on Lake Champlain, over a superior opposing force, decided the war in that quarter, and stopped and scattered Prevost's 14,000 men for ever.

Congress thanked the commodore for his skill and bravery, and presented him a medal of gold—New York also thanked him, and added a present of an estate of 1000 acres of land.

Well they might ! He taught England a lesson on Lake Champlain, which her statesmen will not soon forget. The brilliant exploits of the war of 1812, were but a foretaste of what might have been expected had it continued ; and will make British lords and commons cautious how they provoke a quarrel with us, now that our numbers, skill, and resources, are immensely increased.

Commodore Macdonough was born in the state of Delaware, but was brought up and educated in New England. During the last ten or twelve years before the war of 1812, he resided in Middletown, Connecticut, where he married into one of the most respectable families in that beautiful village. The next morning after the news of his splendid victory arrived at Middletown, he had a son born. He was a young man of about 28 years of age when he gained a victory on the lakes, intelligent, modest, enterprising, and signally brave. He was with Decatur at Tripoli, and volunteered with that gallant officer in the bold and successful attack on the frigate, which they boarded and afterwards blew up.

CAPTAIN JOHNSTON BLAKELEY.

JOHNSTON BLAKELEY, a captain in the United States Navy during the war with England in 1812, was a native of Ireland, the son of an immigrant to

North Carolina. He entered the navy as a midshipman in 1800—was appointed to command the *Wasp*—fell in with King George's ship *Reindeer*, June 28, 1814—fought and took her in 19 minutes—21 Americans killed or wounded and 67 English. In his next cruise he fell in with ten sail of merchantmen under convoy of a ship of war, and cut off one of them, full of valuable merchandise. On September 1st, 1814, he fell in with four sail, not near each other—the first, King George's brig *Avon*, of 18 guns, he fought and she struck her colors, but he could not take possession, as another enemy was close at hand, and the *Avon* went down soon after. The *Wasp* was afterward spoken off the Western Isles, and has never since been heard of. North Carolina ordered his orphan child to be educated at the expense of the state, as a mark of gratitude, and Congress, in his lifetime, voted him their thanks and a gold medal, for his bravery in the capture of the *Reindeer*.

The following account of the fight between the *Wasp* and *Reindeer*, given in the London papers, will afford the reader some faint idea of the perils of a sea-fight :—

“The conduct of the noble hero, Captain Manners, during the late desperate engagement between the *Reindeer* and *Wasp*, in which he gloriously fell, is the theme of universal praise. After having part of the calves of his legs carried away by a ball, he received another through both thighs, which made him sink for two or three minutes on his knees, but no entreaties could prevail on him to go below ; and recovering himself he headed the boarders, with a full determination to master his antagonist, or perish in the attempt. While climbing into the rigging, two balls from the *Wasp's* top penetrated the top of his skull, and came out beneath his chin. Placing one hand on his forehead, the other convulsively brandishing his sword, he exclaimed, ‘My God! My God!’ and dropped lifeless on his own deck. The *Reindeer* was surrendered by the captain's clerk, no individual of a higher degree being in a state to execute the melancholy office. One of the *Reindeer's* men was wounded on the head by a ramrod. About half of the ramrod passed through his temples, and remained stationary. Before it could be extricated, it became necessary to saw it off close to one of his temples. The man is in a fair way of doing well.”

Irishmen have fought nobly for freedom in America—when will they fight for it in Ireland? In the words of an old song,

God bless the whole land that gave Irishmen birth,
Sweet land of good nature, good humor, and mirth—
May the sons of the Blackwater, Boyne, Suir, and Shannon,
Where Sarsfield the brave once drew up hostile cannon—
Forgetful of feuds—in fraternal embrace,
Now join hand in hand all invaders to chase,
From the flower of all islands, Old Erin the Green!

CAPTAIN JAMES M'KEON.

JAMES M'KEON, a captain of artillery in the American Army, was stationed last war at Fort Niagara, which the U. S. Commander ordered to be abandoned to the royalists. “After this order had been partially executed, (says Charles O'Conor in a recent speech, delivered at the celebration of the Friendly Sons of Erin,) the *hero* of my story, though a subordinate officer, became indignant at what he deemed its pusillanimity. The gallant spirit of the Irish warrior burned in his bosom too fiercely to be repressed : he demanded leave to remain with twenty-five men, promising to defend the fort or die in the attempt. His request was of course granted. With this small force, he kept up so well directed and so steady a fire that the enemy, deceived as to his force, were deterred from attempting to cross the river ; and the post was protected, 500,000 dollars worth of munitions of war were saved, and the whole frontier relieved from devastation by the ruthless mercenaries and savage allies of the enemy.

He went down to his grave, not unhonored but unrewarded; and left to serve his adopted country in another department, a son, (John M'Keon,) from whom that country has often received, and will I doubt not, often again receive, distinguished public service." Mr. O'Connor then gave "*The Memory of Captain James M'Keon*—the gallant Irishman who successfully defended the frontier of our State when assailed by an immensely superior force; and who dying left as the inheritor of his virtues and honorable name, our late distinguished representative in Congress, John M'Keon."

In the New York Columbian of Oct. 31, 1812, I find a letter addressed to the editor from Fort Niagara, and signed by 35 non-commissioned officers and privates. It is an account of the share taken by Capt. M'Keon and his men in the movements on the Niagara river on the day of the battle of Queenston, in which General Brock was killed.

"On the 13th day of October inst., we were ordered to be ready for action at five o'clock in the morning. At half past five, three cannon were discharged from the batteries on the opposite side of the river at us, when we immediately commenced the fire from our fort. The detachment of Captain M'Keon's company, to which we belonged, stationed at the south block-house, commenced the fire with red-hot shot, directed against Newark, opposite the fort; and on the third or fourth shot, we discovered that the court-house was on fire. The magazine at Fort George was once on fire, but extinguished by the enemy's engine. The firing continued, without intermission on either side, for more than seven hours. Our commander, Capt. M'Keon, at the south block-house, of whose bravery, skill and good conduct in the action, too much cannot be said, continued the fire with great effect, considering the size of the piece, being only a six pounder, until our defence was shivered almost into splinters, and would have continued it still longer; but the enemy commencing the fire with bombshells on the fort, and having lost two men by the bursting of a twelve-pound cannon placed on the north block-house—and being left with only a six-pounder—the commanding officer, Capt. Leonard, ordered a retreat from the garrison, rather than expose a handful of men to the danger of shells, against which we had no defence. The retreat was ordered to the woods in the rear of the fort, but hearing that the enemy were preparing boats for the purpose of crossing, Capt. M'Keon, with a guard of twenty men, returned to the fort and tarried during the night, where he was joined by the rest of the detachment next morning. We have to regret, with tender emotion, the loss of twenty-five men of our company, detached to Lewiston on the night of the 12th inst., who were killed, wounded, and made prisoners."

Garrison orders. Extract. *Fort Niagara, Oct. 15, 1812.*

"It is with the greatest satisfaction the commanding officer gives to Capt. M'Keon his full approbation, for his spirited and judicious conduct during the severe cannonading from Fort George and the batteries on the opposite side of the river, against this post for seven hours on the 13th inst."

The following notice of this gallant officer's death is taken from the New York Evening Post of April 1st, 1823.

"Died on Saturday Evening, (March 29th, 1823,) in the 42d year of his age, Capt. James M'Keon, late of the army of the United States, and at the time of his death Inspector of the Customs of this city. In every department of life the deceased fulfilled the relative duties of husband, parent, friend, and citizen, as became the Christian, the man, and the patriot. His courage and success in volunteering for the defence of Fort Niagara, when it was abandoned with a property belonging to the United States exceeding in value one million of dollars, had no parallel in the events which so eminently signalized the last war. To his countrymen of Ireland arriving in the United States, he labored to render free America an asylum worthy of that attachment to good government and liberty, which he knew to be their prevailing sentiment, and of which he was himself an amiable instance.

"The friends of the deceased, and the members of the Hibernian and Shamrock societies, (of both of which he acted as president,) and also the friends of his brother, Lieut. P. M'Keon, are requested to attend his funeral."

THOMAS MOORE.

This celebrated poet, historian, biographer, and political writer, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1780, educated at Trinity College there, and afterward called to the bar as a lawyer in England. He is an elegant, able, and very pleasing writer—full of wit and humor, satirical, as Castlereagh, Eldon, and George the Fourth, had good cause to remember—warm in his feelings and attachments—and true to liberty and the emerald isle. His works are numerous, including Irish melodies, poems, *Lalla Rookh*, the history of Ireland, the *Life of Lord Byron*, a translation of *Anacreon*, the *Life of Sheridan*, &c. &c. For his melodies alone he received the right to an annuity of two thousand four hundred dollars a year for life. His countrymen offered him a seat in the British Parliament for Limerick, but he declined the honor, considering himself, like Southey, too poor in a pecuniary sense to take an effective and independent part there. From the nation, Mr. Moore has a well deserved pension of 1400 dollars a year—he is a repealer if I mistake not, and generally accounted a good whig and true to the party. He is now 63 years of age, married a Miss Dyke many years since, has a large family, and spends the evening of his days in ease and comfort.

The German traveller, Kohl, considers Mr. Moore a more powerful agitator than O'Connell or Father Mathew. He assures us, that "Tom Moore's beautiful and musical verses are written from an Irish heart, and stamped on every Irish brain. They have more power to move than O'Connell's longest speeches, which will be forgotten when the verses of the Irish bard are still sounding on from generation to generation. Thomas Moore is in fact, a more dangerous agitator than O'Connell, although he remains quietly in his comfortable home reposing in his easy chair. His influence extends to the inmost heart of the Irish, and he marches to battle against the Saxon with tears and sighs, with enthusiastic blessings and curses, with the voice and verse of the poet. O'Connell fights in the van, and Moore is the bard who stands by his side. O'Connell, Moore, and Father Mathew—this is the great triumvirate who now stand at the head of all moral movements in Erin, each occupying his own peculiar post. They form the mighty trefoil of the wondrous shamrock, which is verdant and blooming on the mountain top of Irish fame, and to which Erin's people look up with loving and admiring gaze. All three were born in the south of Ireland, and in the neighborhood of the sea—O'Connell in Cahirsiveen in Kerry, Father Mathew in Cork, and Tom Moore in Wexford."

Both his prose and poetry show that Mr. Moore felt disappointed on a near view, many years since, of the politicians of the United States. In a letter to a friend, dated Geneva, N. Y., July 17, 1804, he says, "As to politics, between you and me, my dear Hudson, as the man says in the Critic, the less that's said upon that head the better. From the moment I began to think seriously on the subject, the evil tendency of democracy has become more obvious to me every day. America has completed my conviction. If there still lurked one latent spark of republicanism within my mind, the imbruting effects of such a system in this country has forever extinguished it; and I would rather kiss the feet of a Mogul or Lama, than be the idol of such ignorant, arrogant politicians."

Soon after the achievement of the revolt in Paris, which ended in the exchange of Louis Phillippe for Charles Dix, a great meeting was held in Dublin to express Irish sympathy with the new order of things in France. The Marquis of Westmeath presided, and the conclusion of Mr. Moore's speech was in these words:

" * * * Nor can I help looking upon it as a most auspicious coincidence, that the two proudest thrones of the world should be at this moment, filled by two personages who, though born princes, have been educated as men, and who, not like others of their class, dandled in the lap of royalty from their births, and therefore, continuing children to their graves, have been by mixing

with the crowd of the world, schooled into those sympathies with their fellow-men, which can alone conquer in them that inherent vice of kings—the reigning only for themselves; and while one of them has come to rule over a nation long acquainted with free institutions, (so long, indeed, as to be but too much inclined to slumber over its treasure,) the more brilliant fortune of the other has been to head as it were, in a fresh start of freedom, the people of whom he is the choice, and thus to link his name with the brightest era of their annals forever. (Cheers.) A bright era it may well be called, and glorious the people who are the authors of it. Here indeed is a theme I could expatiate upon forever—for surely if there be a spectacle upon which God himself must look down with peculiar pleasure, it is that of man, social and enlightened man, asserting thus gradually the dignity of that image which the Almighty Workman has impressed upon him, spurning away the rash hand, whether of priest-craft or tyranny, that would deface its lineaments, and doing justice both to his Maker and himself, by standing free and undebased before the world.”

Considering the blots which cover the early history of the Duke of Wellington, it is a pity that undeserved praise is bestowed on him by Mr. Moore in his melodies, but who would desire to chide for one error, the bard who is in truth Ireland's Byron, and whose long life exhibits him the lover of his country, the inspired minstrel of the Celtic race!

“Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?”

After Gerald Griffin carried to Mr. Moore, at Sloperton Cottage near Devizes, England, in March, 1838, the request of the electors of Limerick that he would represent them in the British Parliament, he thus described him in a letter to a friend:

“We found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half open and stuffed with letters, a piano also open at a little distance, and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirit, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. He seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of the ‘Alps in the sunset;’ not handsome perhaps, but something in the whole *cut* of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality; in a word, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be, himself, and disposed to make others so.”

MICHAEL KELLY.

THIS famous composer and singer, was born in Dublin in 1762, where his father was a wine merchant. The family was Roman Catholic. Michael studied at Naples—was received with much approbation as a singer in the Italian theatres—at Vienna—and in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Was appointed by Mr. Sheridan, in 1793, joint director of the Italian Opera, London, with Signor Storace. He composed the music for 60 or 70 pieces, among them, of Monk Lewis's “Castle Spectre,” “Wood Demon,” and “Venoni.” Also for “Blue Beard,” by George Colman—“Pizarro,” by Sheridan—“De Montfort,” by Miss Baillie—Thomas Moore's “Gipsy Prince”—“Algonah,” by Mrs. Billington—“Urania,” by “Hon. John Spencer and himself—Colman's “Love Laughs at Locksmiths”—“Cinderella”—“The Young Hussar”—“The Forty Thieves”—Cumberland's Jew of Mogadore—“Gustavus Vasa”—“The Bride of Abydos”—“Illusion,” &c. When King George 3d was fired at by Hadfield, in Drury Lane Theatre, on the 15th of May, 1800, he

was quite cool. Hadfield was seized, and Mr. Kelly addressed the audience, and restored tranquility.

In Kelly's "Reminiscences," which have been republished in America, the reader will find a fund of entertaining anecdotes of remarkable persons. They were published in 1826, on which year he died, Oct. 9th, at Margate.

* MAJOR-GENERAL SULLIVAN.

JOHN SULLIVAN, LL. D., a Major-General in the armies of the American Revolution, commanding in Canada, was a son of Mr. John Sullivan, a teacher in New England, and native of Ireland, and was brother to Governor Sullivan of Massachusetts—he was in business as a lawyer in New Hampshire before the revolt. In 1774 he sat in Congress—was elected a Major-General by Congress, on the 9th of August, 1776, and commanded the right division of the American army in the battles of Trenton, Brandywine, and Germantown. At the latter he earnestly entreated Washington not to expose his life, and seized the bridle of his horse, when the royalists had nearly surrounded him. He was three years President of New Hampshire, and afterwards United States District Judge there. His last expedition of a military nature was against the Indians. The warriors of the six nations, except the Oneidas, bribed by British gold, clothing, rum, and gewgaws, and impelled perhaps by a thirst of blood, laid waste the western frontier settlements of New York and Pennsylvania; their footsteps were marked with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and all property on which the rifle and the fire-brand could take effect, was destroyed—of which the massacres of Wyoming, Cherry Valley, and the banks of the Mohawk, bore terrific testimony. To stop their career, General Sullivan was sent in 1779, with about five thousand men, under Generals Clinton, Poor, Hand, and Maxwell, who attacked the Indians and British (Butler's Rangers) under Brandt, the Butlers, Grey, and Guy Johnson, drove them before them, destroyed forty Indian villages, with their cattle, horses, corn, and everything that could be useful to them, as far as the army could do so. The result was an effectual protection of the frontiers from further injury.

* DAVID RAMSAY.

THIS eminent American physician and historian, was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on the 2d of April, 1749. His father was a worthy farmer from Ireland. Dr. Ramsay proved himself a true friend to the revolution of 1776, in the legislature and executive council of South Carolina, and with his pen. He was sent to the continental Congress in 1782, and presided in that august body for a year.

His history of the Revolution, and other interesting works, fill 27 vols. In 1801 he published his Life of Washington—in 1808, his History of South Carolina—soon after this he completed a history of the United States, up to 1808. He was assassinated by a maniac, and died May 8th, 1815. His sketch of South Carolina, appeared in 1796. The British Government at one time virtually proscribed Ramsay's account of the revolt, by prosecutions against those who sold it.

* MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CLINTON.

GEORGE CLINTON, uncle to De Witt Clinton, was successively Governor of New York and Vice President of the United States. He was President of the State Convention which met to deliberate on the present constitution of the Union, and left behind him at his death the reputation of a firm, honest, ca-

pable friend of civil and religious freedom. General Clinton, was the first representative governor of New York, and five times re-elected. He was born in Ulster county, July 26, 1739, and died at Washington on the 20th of April, 1812. His father, Charles Clinton, was a native of Ireland, and his great grandmother a Miss Kennedy of Scotland. Cornelia, his daughter, married Citizen Genet, the Minister from France under the Directory, and died in her 35th year, in 1810.

General Clinton was the youngest son of his father, and educated by a Scotch presbyterian minister—he studied law with Chief Justice Smith of Canada, practised in the courts, was appointed clerk of Ulster county, became a member of the colonial parliament, and sat in the congress of 1776 at Philadelphia. He was present at the declaration of independence, which had his hearty assent, but having been appointed a brigadier-general of the army, he had to take the field before the instrument was transcribed for the signatures of members. Under the new constitution of the State of New York, April 1799, he was chosen governor. His gallant defence of Fort Montgomery, with a handful of men, against a powerful force under Sir Henry Clinton, was highly honorable to his skill and valor.

General Clinton was the friend and confidant of Washington, and was designated by him as the chief fittest to command the armies of the revolution should his own life be taken away. He was hostile both to monarchy and anarchy, and as Vice President gave his casting vote in the United States Senate against the renewal of the United States Bank charter, in 1811. It is probable that he would have succeeded Mr. Jefferson as President, but for his great age in 1808, over 70 years. Colonel Duane—deservedly very high authority with many of our oldest and most enlightened republicans—appears to have had great confidence in his capacity, integrity, and patriotism, and to have been friendly to his elevation to the presidency of the Union.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WOLFE TONE.

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE was one of those remarkable characters whose zeal, talent, energy and patriotism were fully called out, by the efforts vainly made, between 1790 and 1800, to free Ireland from her heavy chains, forged by foreign hands. He was born in Dublin, June 20th, 1763, and died in the prison of that city on the 19th of November, 1798, neither wife, child, parent, relative, nor friend near him. His efforts in Ireland, France, and America, by addresses, meetings, associations, schemes, invasions, and in every other possible way by which English domination might be got rid of, were almost superhuman. He was by profession a lawyer, and planned the association of United Irishmen, a most formidable instrument for revolt, and persuaded France to fit out an expedition which, had it not been captured at sea, Oct. 12, 1798, might have changed the fate of the emerald isle. Tone was a general of brigade in the French service, and might have escaped notice after the capture of the fleet, but Ireland's Judas betrayed him. The French officers were invited to dine with Earl Cavan, when Sir George Fitzgerald Hill, of Londonderry, Tone's fellow student at Trinity College, an orange party leader, and afterward an English M. P., agreed with the informer, entered the room followed by police officers, looked narrowly into every prisoner's face, marked Tone, who was one of them, asked him to step into the next room, where he was instantly loaded with irons. In a short time they tried him by court martial—that is, by officers selected from the army of Ireland's enemies, and selected to condemn—death, a violent, painful, and shameful death was their sentence—that is, the sentence of George 3d, whose base instruments they were. Lewelleyn of Wales—the Scottish Wallace—Napoleon—and the Irish Wolfe Tone, were all treated with characteristic cruelty by the successful band of robbers called an English government—but the latter anticipated their sentence—he died by a wound himself had inflicted.

Counsellor Sampson, in his interesting memoirs, gives us the following particulars of Mr. Tone's life :

"His grandfather was a Protestant freeholder in the county of Kildare—his father a coach-maker in Dublin. His infancy gave promise of such talents, that the cultivation of his mind was considered the best fortune his parents could bestow.

He studied in the University of Dublin, where he was early and eminently distinguished ; in the Historical Society he twice carried off the prize of oratory, once that of history ; and the speech he delivered from the chair, when auditor, was deemed the most finished on the records of the society.

During his attendance on the inns of court of London, he had opportunities of comparing the state of the English nation with that of his own ; of perceiving all the advantages of a *national*, and the degradation of a *colonial* government ; and there imbibed that principle which governed him through the remainder of his life, and to which his life was at length a sacrifice.

In the year 1790, on his return from the Temple, he wrote his first pamphlet, under the signature of an "Irish Whig," where he thus declared his principles : "I am no occasional whig ; I am no constitutional tory ; I am addicted to no party but the party of the nation."

This work was republished by the Northern Whig Club, and read with great avidity ; and the writer was called upon to avow himself, which he did, and became a member of that body.

He was complimented also by the whigs of Dublin. They proposed putting him in parliament, and Mr. George Ponsonby employed him professionally on his election and petition.

In the same year he wrote "An Inquiry how far Ireland is bound to support England in the approaching war," wherein he openly broached his favorite question of separation ; and in 1791 the "Argument on behalf of the Catholics," a work of extraordinary merit.

It is remarkable, that at that time he was scarcely acquainted with any one Catholic, so great was the separation which barbarous institutions had created between men of the same nation, formed by nature to befriend and love each other.

The Catholics, struck with admiration at this noble and disinterested effort of a stranger, repaid him by the best compliment in their power to bestow : he was invited to become secretary to their committee, with a salary of two hundred pounds, which he accepted.

He was intrusted to draw up their petition, a mark of liberal distinction, and honorable to the Catholic body, as there were not wanting among themselves men of transcendent talents ; and he accompanied their delegates when they presented it to the king.

The Catholic Convention voted him their thanks—a gold medal, and fifteen hundred pounds !

Being so honorably identified with the great body of his countrymen, his next efforts were directed to the bringing about a union between the Catholics and Dissenters of the North. In this he was seconded by the enlightened of both parties, and succeeded to the extent of his wishes.

The favorite project of the Dissenters was parliamentary reform—that of the Catholics, naturally, their own emancipation. He rallied them both upon the wicked absurdity of their past dissensions—upon the happy prospects of future union—showing that the restoration of the Catholics to the elective franchise was the best security of parliamentary reform ; and how insignificant all reform must be, which excluded four-fifths of a nation !

In 1795, he again accompanied the Delegates with their petition on the subject of the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam ; and, when he resigned his office of Secretary, to retire to America, the society voted him their thanks, with a further compliment of three hundred pounds, for services which they said "no consideration could overrate, no remuneration over-pay."

It was on the 1st of February, 1796, that Mr. Tone arrived at Havre, France, from America, where, with his lady and family, he had been permitted to banish himself by the Irish Executive. He had but 100 guineas in his pocket—

presented himself to the Minister of War, who referred him to General Clarke, the son of an Irishman. Tone could scarcely speak one word of French, yet he went to Carnot, and persuaded the French government to send the great General Hoche, 15,000 French troops, 50,000 stand of arms, and artillery, to invade Ireland. Owing to a storm and Grouchy's mismanagement, the invasion failed. In 1797 he persuaded France to send another expedition to aid Irish liberty, but Fulton had not then his steamboats in use, and it failed. His third effort was also attended to by France, but Humbert its general was rash; Tone was taken. His conduct before the English Court Martial was truly heroic—he defended himself with manly firmness, and gloried in the part he had acted. "Into the service of the French republic," said this virtuous, high-minded patriot, [I quote Belsham,] "I originally entered with the view of serving my country. From that motive I have encountered the toils and terrors of the field of battle; I have braved the dangers of the sea, covered with the triumphant fleets of the power I opposed; I have sacrificed my prospects in life; I have courted poverty; I have left my wife unprotected, and my children fatherless. After doing this for what I thought a good cause, it is but little that I die for it. In such a cause as this success is everything. I have attempted that in which Washington succeeded and Kosciusko failed. What awaits me I am aware of, but I scorn to supplicate or complain. Whatever I have written, spoken, or acted, in relation to this country, and its connexion with Great Britain, which I conceived to be the bane of its prosperity, I here avow, and am now ready to meet the consequence. Having sustained a high rank in the French service, I only wish, if the court possesses such a power, that they will award me the death of a soldier." This request was refused by the Lord Lieutenant, and the pure spirit of Ireland's noblest son ascended to heaven, to plead at the bar of Omnipotence for the land he loved, and await in patience the almighty fiat yet to go forth, that Hibernia's sorrows and sufferings are at an end, and that the yoke of the tyrants of the earth shall oppress her no more.

Sir E. L. Bulwer admits that "two thirds of the army of Great Britain are Irish"—and Mr. Tone explains why this is so—"the army of England is supported by the misery of Ireland"—or, as the Duke of Richmond remarked when Lord Lieutenant, "a high-priced loaf and low wages are the king's best Recruiting Sergeants." Had the mutineers at the Nore, adds Sir Jonah Barrington, chosen to carry the British fleet into an Irish port, no power could have prevented them, and had the insurrection been begun it is probable they would have done so. Transfer the Irish in the British fleet to France, said Mr. Grattan, and where is the British Navy?

WILLIAM MICHAEL BYRNE.

This gentleman was hanged at Dublin, on Wednesday, July 29th, 1798, for the offence of being a United Irishman, on the oaths of paid and perjured informers. He was a fine youth, and but one year married—juries organized—escape impossible. The people often forget and desert their truest friends—when Jesus was on earth they cried, "crucify him, crucify him!" Not so the wealthy and powerful. Reynolds, the betrayer, had from them, \$200,000, with \$100,000 to his family. This apathy of the people is one of the most effectual arguments used by the friends of oppression to those they wish to decoy. They say—"How rarely is it that the people are faithful to those who risk all for their good!"

The day before this noble young Irishman was executed, the English authorities in Dublin, offered him a free pardon if he would sign a paper, saying that Lord Edward Fitzgerald had urged him to join the insurrection—but (see Pieces of Irish History, p. 149) "when the proposal was made known to him, he spurned it with abhorrence." And it is the Byrnes and the Fitzgeralds that the Tories of America would banish if they dared.

Thomas Reynolds and Arthur M'Guinness, or Guinness, of Dublin, hireling

informers, were the witnesses against Mr. Byrne. To my surprise, I find that a person of the name of Guinness has recently been employed on this continent in that line—he is referred to in papers printed by parliament.

Mr. Byrne was 21 or nearly 21 years old, when strangled by royal authority for the crime of loving his country better than life; “and met his fate (says Seward) with a degree of courage perhaps unequalled.”

Counsellor Sampson, in his Memoirs, thus speaks of Byrne's death:—

“One day, as we were all together in the yard of the bridewell, it was announced that the scaffold was erected for the execution of William Byrne, the preservation of whose life had been a principal motive for the signature of many of the prisoners to an agreement [proposed by government]. We were all thunder-struck by such a piece of news: but I was the more affected when I learned that Lord Cornwallis had been desirous of remitting the execution, but that the faction had overborne him in the council. The terrorists surrounded the scaffold, and that brave youth was hurried, undaunted, to his death! This deed filled me with horror. I had never known anything of William Byrne, until I had found means of conversing with him in our common prison. Through favor of Mr. Bush, once my friend, and then employed as his counsel, he obtained leave to consult with me on the subject of his trial; and certainly *whatever can be conceived of noble courage, and pure and perfect heroism, he possessed.* His life was offered him, on condition that he would exculpate himself, at the expense of the reputation of the deceased Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and the scorn with which he treated this offer was truly noble. ‘Go,’ said he, to the herald of that odious proposition, ‘and tell the tempter that sent you, that I have known no man superior to him you would calumniate, nor none more base than him who makes this offer.’ It is not necessary to be a partizan of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, nor acquainted with the sufferings and oppressions of the unfortunate Irish people, to feel the dignity of such a reply. It would be to be dead to the feelings of generosity, sacred even among enemies, not to be touched with it. The more so, when it is known that this young man, who was but one-and-twenty years of age, was married to the woman that he loved, and had, within a few days, received a new pledge of fondness, and a new tie to life, in the birth of a first child. He had been loyally enrolled in a corps of volunteers, until the persecutions and horrors committed upon those of his persuasion, for he was of a Catholic family, drove him from the ranks of the persecutors, into the arms of rebellion. Had there been men less weak, and less wicked, in the government of Ireland, or a system of less inhumanity, he, with thousands now in exile or in the grave, would have been its boast and ornament, and the foremost in virtue and in courage to defend it.”

COLONEL JOHN ALLEN.

This distinguished French officer is a native of Ireland, and took an active part with Theobald Wolfe Tone and others, nearly fifty years ago, to remove its oppressors. On the 7th of June, 1798, he was tried for high treason, at Maidstone, England, along with General Arthur O'Connor, Benjamin P. Binnis, and others. Father Coigley was convicted and executed, but the rest were acquitted. Mr. Allen went immediately to France, entered the army as lieutenant, and advanced to the rank of Colonel solely by his services, which were of the most daring and heroic character. It was he that led the storming party at the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo in Spain, and was severely wounded above the thigh when he had gained the wall. The reward of this was his colonelcy. He was taken prisoner shortly after, and confined with other French officers on an island, I should say a rock, in the neighborhood of Corunna. Luckily for him he had been taken prisoner by the Spanish army. Had he fallen into the hands of the English, or had they known anything of his capture, he would have been transferred to England to suffer the pains and penalties of high treason. He was exchanged, and with others returned

into France, his uniform in rags, and held together by patching and sewing; he had had no other clothing during his imprisonment and exposure on the bleak rock. He came back time enough for the campaign of 1813, which terminated at Leipsic. He was in that retreat, and in the horrible distress and night-battle at Hanau,—re-entered France—was at Montmirail and at Laon, and had still a gleam of hope, when the news of Marmont's defection and the occupation of Paris, crushed everything. He joined the Emperor Napoleon at his return from Elba—**WAS DEMANDED SPECIFICALLY BY THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT**, as its subject, at the second occupation of Paris, that its vengeance might be glutted after a sleep of seventeen years—and was actually arrested and conducted to the frontier—for the Bourbons had still so much shame as not to surrender him on French ground. The gens d'armes who happened to conduct him were soldiers, and he an officer; there was a long struggle between old recollections and their duty; between the memory of times past and the delivery of an old officer to the English guard waiting at the frontier to receive and conduct him to a cruel fate. This did not terminate till they were at the last station of French ground. They lingered on the road, and stopped for the night at a village within a league or two of the frontier. The Mayor provided a strong room for the prisoner, which, in their care for security, they examined scrupulously, locking the door upon themselves. The night came, the last night before an old officer of the empire, covered with honorable wounds, was to be delivered to those that never spare. The gens d'armes asked leave to sup with him, and as they got up to conduct him to his apartment, one of them said, "Monsieur le Colonel, the room in which you are to be confined, is very strong, but one of the iron bars of the window is loose. *We trust you will not escape.*" 'Twas a hint. At eleven at night he was in the street with a bundle, and his own sword, which they left in the room. He made for the Loire, but the army had melted away; and after the foreigners had withdrawn, and France was herself again, he appeared in Paris, claimed his half-pay, and is still living. He has a small sum in the French funds, and thus can live, for half-pay in France is a wretched thing.

A distinguished Irishman, who was with Robert Emmet in the revolt of 1803, was residing in Paris soon after the peace, with his family, and in a letter to the compiler of these sketches, he thus speaks of his intimacy with Colonel Allen:

"Many a long evening he has sat with us while my daughters played for him, but never have I been able to prevail upon him to take a cup of tea or taste anything with us. He made a resolution to accept no dinners, since he can not give one—and to this he adheres so strictly that when we dined together at a Restaurant in Paris, 'twas sous for sous. After our departure he retired for Normandy, having sent for his two sisters, very old ladies, to live on their joint income and his own. I should rather say *went for*, for as one of them is blind and neither able to travel alone, he went to Dublin under a feigned name. Who could recognise a man broken by service and years, fourteen of which were as many campaigns! Strangely enough one of the first faces he met was that of Major Sirr, so infamously notorious during the rebellion, and since as town-major of Dublin—but his mother could not recognise Colonel Allen to-day. He entered Dublin with one packet and left it with the next. His sisters had notice and were prepared. This was the return to his own home of the man who rose up against tyranny forty years before. He found it as he had left it, in the hands of strangers. Everything had changed in Europe—nothing in Ireland."

JOHN O'KEEFE.

THIS celebrated dramatic author, was born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1747, and died at Southampton, February 4, 1833, in his 86th year. His father was a native of King's County, and his mother an O'Connor, of Wexford. He was

educated by Father Austin, a learned Jesuit, but showed an early preference for the stage. His first production was the farce of "Tony Lumpkin,"—his next, "The Son-in-law"—then "The Agreeable Surprise," and "The Banditti," a comic opera. In all he wrote about fifty comedies, farces, and operas—among them, Friar Bacon—Lord Mayor's Day—The Shamrock—Young Quaker—The Birthday—Omai—The Prisoners at Large—The Fugitive—Lie of the Day—Alfred—The Basketmaker—The Doldrum—Positive Man—Castle of Andalusia—Love in a Camp—The Poor Soldier—Le Grenadier—The Wicklow Mountains—Kamtschatka—Peeping Tom, &c. His life has also been published in two volumes, and a volume of his poems. He was a man of wit, humor, and drollery—gladdened the hearts of his auditors, sent them laughing to bed—and in his works was the consistent advocate of sincerity, and a life of virtue. Many of his sketches of character are truly original, and show a careful attention to life and manners.

DANIEL TRACEY, M. D.

This gentleman was born in Roscrea, in the County of Tipperary, Ireland. His family were Irish in feeling, his father being a member of the United Irish society; and although he was only six years of age when a portion of his countrymen struck for freedom, in 1798, the terrible events of that year made a deep and lasting impression on his youthful mind. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, of which he was a graduate, and was for some years in practice in Ireland, as a physician. In 1825 he became a settler in Canada, where he acquired great and deserved popularity, and was elected a member of parliament, of the lower province, in May, 1832, as the colleague of the celebrated Louis Joseph Papineau, for the city of Montreal, after a very warm contest of several weeks, during which his opponent had the undivided support of the colonial government. Vexed at their defeat, the tory magistrates called out the British regular forces, paraded them before the hustings, over against the polling-place, and ordered them to fire upon the citizens in the public square of Montreal, which they did, killed three of them, and wounded many more, causing great excitement, as in Boston, on a similar occasion, before the revolution. A few weeks after Dr. Tracey's election, the cholera broke out, and as he was kind-hearted to a fault, he strove continually to alleviate the dreadful situation of the poor, especially the recent emigrants from Europe, who had suffered terribly. The pestilence soon seized him as its prey—he died early in July. Dr. Tracey was editor and proprietor of the Montreal Vindicator, a journal conducted with great spirit, skill, and talent, and having offended the legislative council, a nest of petty despots, holding fat offices at Quebec, they sent their officers up to Montreal, who arrested the editor, while in bed, on a Sunday night, in the midst of a Canadian winter, as also Mr. Ludger Duvernay, of the French paper, the Minerve, and took them down to Quebec, where they were confined for months in a loathsome jail, presented with gold medals by the people, and received on their release a triumphant entry into Montreal, the streets of which were strewed with flowers on the occasion. Dr. Tracey was of the Catholic persuasion, and left one brother in America (Mr. John Tracey), now a wine-merchant in Albany, and one of the most generous of men, as many of Canada's exiles have had occasion to know of late years. May he live to see Ireland and Canada, free, prosperous, and contented!

CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE.

ENGLAND is a falling power, and her policy requires sometimes the aid of a Toler, a Scott, and a Duigenan. It is pleasant that we have to record intervals of humanity in which her statesmen have elevated to the bench a Bushe,

and a Perrin. Charles Kendal Bushe, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, was born in the county of Kilkenny, where his youthful days were spent. He was a prominent member of the College Historical Society, Dublin, called to the bar (that is, *privileged*) to plead cases and practice law, such as it then was) in 1790, and went heartily with the real reformers of that period. He sat in the old Irish parliament—wrote "*Cease your Funning*," a satirical, acute, and very able pamphlet, in reply to Cooke, the Irish Secretary, and in decided opposition to the Union, which was carried with hard cash, offices, and coronets. At length he took office under the tories, and the Marquis of Wellesley made him Chief Justice, in which situation he was looked up to for many years, as an able, upright administrator of the laws, without political or personal partiality. When Mr. O'Connell, some ten years ago, defended Richard Barrett, editor of the *Pilot*, for publishing one of his (O'Connell's) letters to the Irish people against the Union, from a London paper, Judge Bushe presided at the trial. Mr. O'Connell, after he had quoted many authorities, added: "There was one who stood in the breach of the constitution, and hurled the bolts of his indignant eloquence at our unprincipled oppressors. What did he say? 'Will you give up your country? This measure (the Union,) goes to degrade the country, by saying it is unworthy to govern itself, and to stultify the parliament by saying it is unworthy to govern the country. It is the revival of the odious title of conquest—it is the renewal of the abominable distinctions between the mother country and the colonies—it is a denial of the rights of nature to a great nation, from an intolerance of its prosperity.' Who thus defended Irish liberty?" asked Mr. O'Connell. "The member for Callan—*Charles Kendal Bushe*."

Judge Bushe died recently, and Mr. Pennefather is his successor in the court of king's bench.

JOHN O'NEILL OR O'NEALE.

THIS patriotic citizen was usually known as "the brave O'Neale;" he was a native of Ireland, and had lived at or near Havre de Gras, a town at the mouth of the Susquehannah, in Maryland, for about fifteen years previous to May 1813, on the 3rd of which month, the British fleet, under Sir John Borlace Warren, sent 400 men in boats to Havre to burn it, which they did, after a gallant resistance by a handful of citizens. Among these the most conspicuous was citizen John O'Neale, who thus describes the adventure:

"Havre de Gras, May 10, 1813."

"No doubt before this, you have heard of my *defeat*. On the 3rd inst., we were attacked by fifteen English barges at break of day. They were not discovered by the sentry until they were close to the town. We had a small breast-work erected, with two six and one nine pounder in it; and I was stationed at one of the guns. When the alarm was given I ran to the battery, and found but one man there, and two or three came afterward. After firing a few shots they retreated, and left me alone in the battery. The grape shot flew very thick about me. I loaded the gun myself, without any one to serve the vent, which you know was very dangerous, and fired her, when she recoiled and ran over my thigh. I retreated down town, and joined Mr. Barnes at the nail manufactory, with a musket, and fired on the barges while we had ammunition, and then retreated to the commons, where I kept waving my hat to the militia, who had run away, to come to our assistance; they however proved cowardly, and would not come back. At the same time, an English officer on horseback, followed by the marines, rode up and took me with two muskets in my hand. I was carried on board the Maidstone frigate, where I remained until released, three days since."

When O'Neale was borne off, it caused great excitement all over the country, as it was supposed they would hang him; his family were inconsolable, and the people generally much distressed on his account. He was released, however, on the application of General Miller, who wrote that if the loyalists

lung him, the republicans would instantly execute two British subjects in retaliation. O'Neale's valor was celebrated in verse and prose, and his release gave much satisfaction.

“Farewell to the land where in childhood I wandered,
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave;
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squandered,
And fame has no wreath for the brow of the slave.”

THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, a celebrated poet and wit of the seventeenth century, was a native of Ireland, and died January 17th, 1684. Dr. Samuel Johnson considered him the most correct writer of English verse, before Dryden wrote; remarking, that “he improved taste, if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors of English literature.”

His writings are voluminous—among them are An Essay on Translated Verse—Silenus—Horace's Art of Poetry—Ode on Solitude—The Dream—and the Grove. Bayle says that Usher converted him to protestantism; and Pope, in his Essay on Criticism, thus speaks of him:—

—Roscommon, not more learned than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every Author's merit but his own.

GENERAL HENRY MUNRO.

HENRY MUNRO was a merchant, of the town of Lisburn, brave, patriotic, highly respected by his neighbors, and chosen by the Catholics and Presbyterians of the north of Ireland to command the armies of the Union. He issued a proclamation to the farmers, directing them to pay no rents to disaffected landlords, as all such rent had been confiscated to the use of the people fighting for Ireland's freedom. The Battle of Ballynahinch was fought in the County of Down, on the 12th of June, 1798, the Irish under Munro, the English under Generals Nugent and Barber; the English set fire to the whole country round; Munro had few or no cannon; the English a splendid, well-served park of artillery. The battle continued on the 13th, when the Irish, after displaying the greatest valor, were defeated. The English pursued, and like Colonel Prince, in Canada, gave *no quarter*. The slaughter of Erin's sons was terrible. A young lady of Ards followed her brother and her lover to the field in which they struggled for Old Ireland's independence—she reached Ednavady heights—joined the embattled ranks—love supported her through the perils of the fight—but borne down in the retreat, she was slaughtered by the English, and her gallant lover and her brother fell at her side. The fighting lasted three hours on Tuesday the 12th, and four hours on the 13th. With this battle terminated the revolt in the north. Two days afterwards, General Munro was taken, and tried immediately, by court martial, that is, by a dozen of the enemy selected for the purpose of giving a legal form to cruel, cold-blooded murder, in mockery of justice. “With a quick but a firm step and undaunted composure, he ascended the scaffold, evidently more desirous to meet death than to avoid it. He was executed in the thirty-first year of his age, at the front of his own house in Lisburn, where his wife, his mother, and his sister resided. His head was severed from his body, and exhibited upon the market house on a pike, so situated as to be the first and the last object daily before the eyes of his desolate family.”

But who shall lightly say that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name?
 Where memory of the mighty dead
 To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye,
 The brightest rays of cheering shed,
 That point to immortality.

The United Irishmen rose in Down County on the 9th of June—and in the Battle of Newtonards, on that day, had the best of it. The York fencibles, a royalist regiment, retreated to Comber—took no prisoners—killed all they could—and prepared for the onslaught of Ballynahinch, a great part of which town his *paternal* majesty's troops wantonly burned.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THOMAS BRERETON.

THIS humane and amiable Irishman's history forms a remarkable contrast with that of many English officers, clergymen, and civilians, when in power in Ireland. He was at the head of the royal forces during the terrible riots in Bristol in 1831, was brave as a lion, but, when censured for not firing upon and making his soldiers trample the English in the dust, when, as some little revenge for ages of oppression, they burnt the Custom House, Bishop's Palace, &c., in Bristol, he shot himself *through the heart*. Colonel Brereton was born in King's County, Ireland, May 4, 1782, and died in his fiftieth year, January 11th, 1832. In 1797 he went as a volunteer to the West Indies, with his uncle Col. Coghlan—and had served with high reputation in many parts of the world for twenty-five years, when, in 1823, he became inspecting field-officer of the Bristol district, and was presented by the officers of his regiment with a sword, value two hundred guineas, as a token of their esteem.

The immediate cause of the Bristol riots, some six months before the English reform-bill (an artful fraud) was passed in London, was the Recorder, Sir C. Wetherell, who had made himself very obnoxious by his opposition to every proposition for lessening the burdens under which Englishmen groaned. As a member of parliament, pretending to represent the people, he was justly detested. When he arrived at Bristol, the multitude threatened to throw him into the river Avon, threw stones at his carriage, and demolished the doors, while he crouched and ran into the Mansion House. The *selected* or special constables then made a ferocious charge on the people, and bruised and wounded many—a cry of vengeance was raised—in the evening the sailors and shipwrights joined their brethren, defeated the constables, attacked and carried the Mansion House, from which Sir Charles and the Mayor escaped in disguise. A troop of the 3d Dragoons arrived—the crowd cheered them, and sang "God save the King"—but refused to disperse. Next day the soldiers fired on the people and murdered some of them—the people assailed them with stones—the troops again fired and killed and wounded some—the people then moved to the Bridewell, liberated the prisoners—went next to the new jail, a massy fortress or bastile that had cost half a million of dollars, carried it, liberated the prisoners, and set the structure on fire—they next burned down the toll-houses and the Gloucester County Prison—the bishop's palace was speedily reduced to a pile of ashes—and lastly they destroyed the Custom House. These were the movements of a people driven to desperation—even the King, when invited to dine with the Lord Mayor of London, in these days, according to annual custom, dared not keep the appointment he had accepted, for fear of the vengeance of the justly indignant citizens of his own capital!

Colonel Brereton was at the head of the military, and conceiving that he had not received proper authority from the civil power, and being unwilling to shoot down people in cold blood, he hesitated to butcher the citizens wholesale. This was his crime. The Tories poured in evidence before a court-martial of his reluctance to shoot down bodies of oppressed, maddened

Englishmen—it was evident that a verdict would go against him, a brave soldier of over thirty years' standing—the language used in the court cut him to the soul—and the man who could not endure to shed the blood of his injured, harassed brethren, hastened to shed his own. He left two daughters whom he tenderly loved, dependent on an aged relative—and his remains were laid in the silent tomb beside their sainted mother, who had fortunately gone before him to the world of spirits.

When, O! when, will England be happy, free, intelligent, and prosperous—her tyrants humbled to the dust—and her soldiers not required to shoot themselves for having committed the crime of refusing to shoot down their innocent countrymen! Poor Brereton! his history is indeed a sad one—very. May he meet his beloved wife and children in that world of blessed angels, where sin and sorrow are unknown, and where the great Judge of all will not condemn the merciful, nor turn away his face from him who had compassion on the oppressed!

MAJOR-GENERAL IRVINE.

WILLIAM IRVINE, Major-General of the Armies of the United States, and President of the Cincinnati Society of Pennsylvania, was born on the 3d of November, 1711, at Fermagh in Ireland—and served as a surgeon on board a British war ship until the peace of 1763, when he settled at Carlisle in Pennsylvania—was a member of the state convention in 1774—raised and commanded a regiment of the Pennsylvania line in January, 1776, chiefly Irishmen—was taken prisoner in Canada, and kept at Quebec eighteen months, till exchanged—was then placed in command of the second Pennsylvania regiment—and was intrusted by Washington in 1781 with the defence of the Northwest Frontier, then threatened by the British and Indians. After the war he was sent to Congress, and had a seat in the convention to frame a constitution for Pennsylvania. This gallant, patriotic, and experienced warrior for American freedom and the rights of man, died July 29th, 1804, at Philadelphia, in his 93d year.

GEORGE BRYAN, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THIS eminent citizen rendered good service to his adopted country. He found it a distant dependency of a distant monarchy—he left it under Washington a free republic. George Bryan was born in Dublin, Ireland, came to America in early life, and resided in Philadelphia. He was at first engaged in Commerce—but in 1765 was sent to Congress to remonstrate against the oppressive acts of our imported British rulers. During the war of Independence, he took an active, bold, and very decided part in the cause of freedom—and was elected vice-president of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania. In 1788 he was elected governor of that state—in 1789 he was unwearied in his efforts to procure the passage of a law projected by him for the gradual abolition of slavery there—and soon after was appointed judge of the supreme court of Pennsylvania. Governor Bryan died in January, 1791, and possessed a vigorous understanding, a tenacious memory, and an unsullied integrity, united with long experience and extensive knowledge. He was pious and amiable, and ardently attached to American institutions.

COLONEL ISAAC BARRE.

COLONEL BARRE was a fearless, patriotic, chivalrous Irishman—who, when England was struggling in the days of 1775 to reduce this great republic to the degraded condition in which she keeps the unhappy Canadians, lifted up

his voice in her parliament, in favor of American freedom, and cheered the children of the pilgrims in their hour of trouble and adversity. Honored be his memory—ever-green be the turf over the hallowed spot where his ashes await the decree of his Creator! He had a noble heart, a true heart, an Irish heart. His sympathies were not confined to the palaces of the rich. He felt for the gallant men who had shown at Lexington and Bunker Hill that they prized liberty more than life—and his eloquent and impassioned orations in denunciation of their worse than Egyptian task-masters, will live for ever on the historic page—an example for our youth, to warn, and cheer, and animate them in defence of all that is true, sincere, just, and honest in the world. Colonel Barré not only spoke in parliament, but also sent to the press several able pamphlets condemnatory of the enslaving process persevered in against America.

He was born in Dublin, in 1726—his parents were poor people, persons of the humbler class. But he was an apt scholar and a brave soldier. In early life he chose the army as a profession—rose higher and higher, the reward of most uncommon merit—and in 1761 was brought into the English parliament by his countryman, Lord Shelburne. Barré could not fawn and truckle—no *right-hearted* Irishman ever can. He opposed the British government when wrong; they threatened him with loss of office; he was not rich, but his mind was his kingdom; he remained honest.

Of course he was punished. Government took from him the situations he held, of governor of Stirling Castle in Scotland, and adjutant-general of the British army. They went farther—they dismissed him from the army altogether. No matter—he persevered. One day, when denouncing Lord North, he frankly declared, “that the conscience of the Ministers was seared with guilt, and their turpitude unexampled.”

When men’s minds had cooled down—Barré’s prophecies relative to America been carried to fulfilment—and new rulers placed in power—the injustice done him was thought of, and a pension of £2,300 a year granted him, which he gave up and was appointed to an office of emolument, with no difficult duties. He died on the 1st (some say the 4th) of July, 1802, aged 76 years. In old age he was stone-blind. So was America’s great enemy, his old opponent, Lord North. They met in Bath, and on being introduced to each other, Lord North said, “Colonel, you and I have often been at variance; but I believe there are no people in the world, who would be more glad to SEE each other.”

Miss Edgeworth, with her usual good taste, enumerates Colonel Barré among those Irishmen of whom their country may well be proud.

In his first lecture delivered at the University Chapel, in 1841, on the American Revolution, Dr. Jared Sparks said, that “Colonel Barré, who was joined by a few other true friends to America, and who had himself served in America during the [French] war, made a speech against the Stamp Act, which may be pronounced one of the finest specimens of extemporaneous eloquence ever uttered. In this admirable speech Colonel Barré first used the phrase ‘Sons of Liberty,’ as applied to Americans, which was afterward adopted with such enthusiasm by the ardent patriots in every part of the continent, and was so well suited to the popular feeling at that time that it became the bond of union among their leaders, and produced an almost magical effect on the ears of the people.”

WILLIAM ORR.

Though perjury doomed thee, dear ORR, to the grave,
Thy blood to our Union more energy gave.

THE immortal memory of this glorious martyr for Ireland’s freedom, is sweet to the souls of millions of his countrymen. He was a worthy gentleman of Ulster, who loved Green Erin more than his life, and assisted in swel-

ling the list of pure and virtuous patriots, who were sacrificed to the moloch of royal ambition and lust of power, during the latter years of the eighteenth century. He had a mock-trial at Carrickfergus, and was executed there on the 14th of October, 1797. While in prison six hundred of his fellow citizens cut down his entire harvest in a few hours.

The inhabitants of Carrickfergus, man, woman, and child, quitted the place that day, rather than be present at the execution of their hapless countryman. Some removed to the distance of many miles. Scarce a sentence was interchanged during the day, and every face presented a picture of the deepest melancholy, horror, and indignation. The military who attended the execution consisted of several thousand men, horse and foot, with cannon, and a company of artillery, the whole forming a hollow square. To these Mr. Orr read his dying declaration, in a clear, strong, and manly tone of voice, and his deportment was firm, unshaken, and impressive, to the last instant of his existence. He was a Protestant Dissenter, of exemplary morals and of most industrious habits; and in the characters of husband, father, and neighbor, eminently amiable and respected. The love he bore his country was pure, ardent, and disinterested, spurning all religious distinctions; and his last accents articulated the prophetic hope, that Ireland would soon be emancipated.

Mr. Orr was charged with having administered the United Irishmen's oath. Wheatly, the evidence, got conscience-struck, and owned that he had sworn falsely, for British gold. The jury were packed, and quite drunk. Truly did Lord Plunkett tell the English Parliament, in 1816, "Exile and death are not the instruments of government, but the miserable expedients which show the absence of all government."

The memory of the gallant Orr is yet cherished in many a Scottish, American, and Irish breast. His fate is recorded in the popular songs of the north, and his gentle spirit will look down from the habitation of the blessed, and behold his last best wish early accomplished.

The history of William Orr's trial and execution, forms an important chapter in his country's annals. At a great public dinner given to his advocate, Counsellor Sampson, in November, 1831, at Philadelphia, he drew a picture of royal tyranny which brought tears from every eye. Thank heaven, these pages will assist in preserving it, to show those who may be careless of their rights, what British government is.

"Divide and conquer," said Mr. Sampson, "is the tyrant's maxim, unite and conquer is the patriot's creed. He who takes this great principle for his leading star, and follows its guidance through storm and peril, will have done his duty, and however adverse his destiny, his course has been the true one. If he has pursued it undauntedly and faithfully, he may suffer shipwreck of his fortune or of his life, but never of his conscience or his honor. Such was that brave and honest man, who, without pretensions to splendid genius or to mighty talents, and of that middle station where virtue is most apt to fix its habitation, and with whose honest name I am most proud to be identified—such was *William Orr*. He was no boastful orator—no aspiring leader. His love was for his country, and his sole ambition for its deliverance. You, who have never seen him, as I have, may figure to yourselves a plain and honest countryman: but one upon whose front nature had stamped the virtues that dwelt within his breast. And though it matters not what are the outward lineaments of him whose soul is pure, and courage noble, yet, let me say, he was one in whose manly countenance, fine stature, and fair proportions, was written —MAN! and let me tell you now for what he died.

"Among the bloody acts of a ferocious parliament, scourges and traitors to their country, minions and sycophants of a foreign and a hostile government, there was one to which they gave the too just title of the *insurrection act*. In this there was a clause, which made it felony of death to take unlawful oaths. To one not versed in Irish history, it might appear that this enactment was to punish the exterminating oaths of those called 'peep of day boys,' afterwards *Orangemen*. But no! these were encouraged, rewarded, and indemnified. It was at the great principle of union that they aimed, for

that they knew would lead to liberty. Hear then, the obligation for which this patriot was condemned by drunken jurors, perjured witnesses, and a judge who shed vain tears of contrition and compunction, in passing the horrible sentence of death upon him. Thus it was:—

“In the presence of God I do voluntarily declare, that I will persevere in endeavoring to form a brotherhood of affection amongst Irishmen of every religious persuasion, and that I will also persevere in my endeavors to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland.”

“You have not heard it all. The conscience-stricken jury who found him guilty, recommended him to mercy. Some of them came forward, and in open court made solemn oath, that liquor had been introduced into the room where they had retired to deliberate upon the verdict, and that the result had been almost general intoxication—that one of the body had terrified them with denunciations of vengeance for their disloyalty—that still these fearful menaces against their persons and their dwellings would not have been sufficient to seduce them to so criminal an act, but for the effects of the liquor they had taken, and the deluding assertion that Mr. Orr’s life was in no danger. That in their minds the case was doubtful, and that they had so stated it in giving in their verdict.

“Stay yet a little, there is yet more to follow. The principal witness made a like solemn oath, that he felt great compunction for his crimes committed against Mr. Orr, and against others, and that what he swore against William Orr was false. A respite of his execution was granted, and much interest was made, for he was much beloved. Was it through mercy that this was granted? It was not, nor for the sake of justice. It was that two murders might be committed, the one upon his person, the other upon his good name. It was published in the newspapers that he had confessed his guilt. They went into his cell and found him in the act of prayer. Mercy was offered upon the sole condition that he would acknowledge himself to be a guilty man. His fortitude was assailed through the affections of a brother, and the tears and prayers, and lamentations of a beloved wife, and five beloved children; by whatever could bind the affections of a fond husband and tender father to a sweet and happy home. Life was dear, for he was in the season of its best enjoyment. Children and wife were dear, and friends were dear, but dear as all these were, his honor and his truth were dearer still.

“The story of his last moments, as I have heard it told by those who witnessed them, was thus:—

“Upon the scaffold, nearest to him, and by his side, stood a Roman Catholic domestic, faithful and attached to him. Manacled and pinioned, he directed him to take from his pocket the watch which he had worn till now that time had ceased for him, and his hours and minutes were no longer to be the measures of his existence. You, my friend, and I, must now part—our stations here on earth have been a little different, and our modes of worshipping the Almighty being that we both adore. Before his presence we shall stand both equal. Farewell! remember ORR.

“Here the scene closes—here let the curtain fall. I will not lead you through the tragic acts that followed on this murder, too hideous to be told, too foul to have a name. Let this serve as the epitome of Ireland’s history; a government, that ruled by crime and cruelty; a government that, whilst it dealt death, and exile, and torture, and ruin, to such men as this, allied itself with all that was corrupt and vile; and if I have any title to your favor, it is not from genius or talents, which your partiality would impute to me, but that I have been, in my opposition to this misrule, sincere and resolute. And still may you remember me when you remember Orr. And whilst I live I shall be grateful to you.”

JOHN WARNFORD ARMSTRONG.

WE hear a great deal about education in these times; and if the school-master pursue a plan by which men may be rendered wiser and better—more

sincere, honest, generous, and manly—lasting benefits to society will result from his labors. But where intelligence is increased by precept, while integrity is undervalued through example, it would be surprising indeed if Arnolds and Armstrongs, Reynoldses and McGuckens, failed to appear among the products.

Of the many thousands of peasants who could neither read nor write, not one could be found in Scotland in 1746 to betray Charles Stewart, nor in 1798 to deliver up Lord Edward Fitzgerald to the enemies of their country. Immense rewards in money failed to corrupt even one among many thousands of the very poorest and worst educated (as far as scholarship went) of the people. Informers and spies could only be found among the learned of the age. Perhaps in no land are the masses as intelligent as they ought to be. In Britain and France they are behind the United States—and even in this highly favored Union, the officers appointed to take the census of 1840 found upwards of five hundred thousand white persons over twenty years of age, not one of whom could either read or write! Before this class are undervalued, however, it would be well to reflect upon the lessons history has taught of the worth of many peoples, who have not in their possession the keys of human knowledge, reading and writing.

Captain Armstrong, the friend and companion of Lord Castlereagh, and the most vile and unprincipled of all the mercenary spies and informers who were tempted by English gold to betray Ireland during the eighteenth century, was, in 1798, an officer of the King's County Militia, and has since been publicly thanked, pensioned, and honored, by the royal commission as a British magistrate. I am told that he still lives, rejoicing in old age over the innocent victims of his youthful depravity, in full enjoyment of the wealth which hired him. A perusal of my memoir of John and Henry Sheares will afford a clue to his character, while the following account of the trial of Hugh Wollaghan for obeying his orders to the letter, will exhibit the British government, of which he was merely a vile instrument, in its true colors, and form an ample apology to the reader for introducing his name. People of America, what could be more honorable than to try to shake off a government that used and honored such monsters as Reynolds and Armstrong! Who can blame the United Irishmen?

On Hardy's trial, Erskine quoted a passage from Burke, descriptive of the mercenary informer, who is employed to pursue his victim—to dodge about his steps—to spy into his privacy—to beset his house, and crawl about his path, which well applies to Armstrong. By practices such as these, says Burke, "the seeds of destruction are sown in civil intercourse and social habits. The blood of wholesome kindred is infected. Their tables and beds are surrounded with snares. All the means given by Providence to make life safe and comfortable, are perverted into instruments of terror and torment. This species of universal subserviency, that makes the very servant who waits behind your chair the arbiter of your life and fortune, has such a tendency to degrade and abase mankind, and to deprive them of that assured and liberal state of mind, which alone can make us what we ought to be—that I vow to God that I would sooner bring myself to put a man to immediate death for opinions I disliked, and get rid of the man and his opinions at once, than to fret him with a feverish being, tainted with the jail-distemper of a contagious servitude; to keep him above ground, an animated mass of putrefaction, corrupted himself and corrupting all about him."

No better illustration of the spirit of British rule, under the united influences of the feudal and colonial systems, a state church, and banking and other mercantile and corporate monopolies, can be had than the following trial and its results. Armstrong and all the other yeomanry officers only desired to do what would gratify the ruling powers, when they sent their men out to murder in cold blood whoever they might choose to suspect.

Hugh Wollaghan was tried at Dublin Barracks, by a court martial, of which the Earl of Enniskillen was president, on the 13th of October, 1798, by order of General Craig, for the murder of Thomas Dogherty, brogue-maker, on the

1st of that month, sometime after the revolt was quelled. It appeared that Wollaghan belonged to Middleton in Wicklow, was one of the armed Orangemen called yeomanry—that on the above day he came to Mary Dogherty's house at Delgany and demanded if there were any bloody rebels there. Mrs. Dogherty's evidence, amply confirmed by others, is as follows; she replied that there was not, only a sick boy; Wollaghan asked the boy if he was Dogherty's eldest son; upon which the boy stood up and told him he was; Wollaghan then said, "Well, you dog, if you are, you die here;" the boy replied, "I hope not; if you have anything against me, bring me to Mr. Latouche, and give me a fair trial, and if you get anything against me, give me the severity of the law." Wollaghan replied, "No, you dog, I don't care for Latouche, you are to die here;" upon which his mother said to Wollaghan (he then having the gun cocked in his hand), "For the love of God spare my child's life, and take mine;" but Wollaghan replied, "No, you bloody w——, if I had your husband here, I would give him the same death." He then snapped the gun, but it did not go off; he snapped it a second time, but it did not go off: upon which a man of the name of Charles Fox came in and said, "Damn your gun, there's no good in it;" and at the same time said to Wollaghan, that that boy (her son) must be shot; that she then got hold of Wollaghan's gun, and endeavored to turn it from her son, upon which the gun went off, grazed her son's body, and shot him in the arm; the boy staggered—leaned on a form—turned up his eyes and said, "*Mother, pray for me.*" On Wollaghan's firing the gun, he went out at the door, and in a short time returned and said, "Is not the dog dead yet?" His mother replied, "Oh yes, sir, he is dead enough;" upon which Wollaghan replied, (firing the gun at him again,) "For fear he is not, let him take this." Mary was at that instant holding up her son's head, when he fell—and died.

The evidence, as given at length in Teeling, shows that there was no charge whatever against the boy Dogherty—but Corporal Kennedy testified that Capt. Armstrong, commander of the militia, and who was the informer who betrayed the Shearses, ordered the yeomanry when they went out in bodies, that "if they should meet with any *rebels* whom they knew, or *suspected to be such*, that they need not be at the trouble of bringing them in, but to *shoot them on the spot*. This order was before Dogherty was killed, and he (Corporal K.) communicated this to the corps."

Sergeant Hayes, same corps, testified, that "Captain Armstrong, of the King's County Militia, said in his hearing that he would SHOOT OR HANG ANY REBELS WHOM HE SUSPECTED, and told the people under his command to do the same." Lieutenant Tomlinson, of the Yeomanry Cavalry, swore that as to the rebels, "it was generally understood that orders were given not to bring in prisoners."

Captain Gore swore, "that it was the practice of the corps to scour the country without an officer; and verily believes they understood it was their duty to *shoot any rebels* they met with, or *suspected to be such*; and he had heard that other corps had similar directions in other districts."

Wollaghan's character was upheld by yeomanry evidence, as being honest! steady! *humane!* ("ask my brother if I be a thief!") and the court martial meted out to him a very different sentence to that which would have been assigned to the Bambers, had Consul Buchanan succeeded in shipping them off to the land of British justice. Wollaghan was instantly acquitted. How could his comrades in crime have done otherwise? They themselves had shot down the disarmed Irish, months after the revolt was over, in cold blood, walking into their houses and murdering them, as a sport and pastime. How could they punish their comrades for obeying the same orders?

Captain Armstrong received no censure, but had new marks of royal confidence shown him—the confederate of Castlereagh could only have obeyed his wishes. As the time had arrived for putting on a show of justice, the Marquis of Cornwallis, agent for England, ordered his secretary (Taylor) to write General Craig that he "entirely disapproves of the sentence of the above court-martial, acquitting Hugh Wollaghan of a cruel and deliberate murder, of which, by the clearest evidence, he appears to have been guilty."

He also ordered Hugh to be dismissed from Armstrong's cavalry corps, and the court who had acquitted him to be dissolved. What private reward Hugh received could best be ascertained by reference to the secret archives of Dublin castle. Poor Dogherty and his wife and their murdered boy were forgotten, but God sees all; and the tears of Mary Dogherty, the blood of her innocent child, and her earnest prayers to the Omnipotent, are remembered in heaven; the day of retribution is at hand, and when Emmet's epitaph is written in Ireland's freedom, so also will the humble Dogherty's.

From informers like Armstrong—from a government who employed such wretches—Messrs. Emmet, MacNevin, O'Connor, Russell, and their colleagues sought an asylum in America. Royalty gave consent—Castlereagh nodded approbation—but Rufus King, in the name of the United States, forbade their emigration, and a Scottish fortress became their prison-house for other four weary years.

THE O'REILLYS OF ULSTER—GENERALS ANDREW AND ALEXANDER, AND COL. EDMUND O'REILLY.

THE O'Reillys of Ulster are famous men in Irish story, and many of them, when proscribed or persecuted in their own country, have arrived at great and well-merited distinction in other parts of the world. The General Conde Alexander O'Reilly, who was commander of the formidable Spanish armament against Algiers, was an Irishman—some of the most distinguished officers in the Irish brigade in France, both at the battle of Fontenoy and afterward, were O'Reillys—Hugh O'Reilly, an eminent catholic divine, president of the catholic college in Antwerp, and a near relative of Henry O'Reilly, the learned author of the History of Rochester and Western New York, was Irish born—and Francis I., Emperor of Germany, was so delighted with his Irish officers that he left the following memorandum among his papers at his death, in 1765: "The more Irish in the Austrian service, the better. Our troops will always be disciplined. An Irish coward is an uncommon character; and what the natives of Ireland dislike even from principle, they generally perform through a desire of glory."

Andrew O'Reilly, Count O'Reilly, General of Cavalry in the Austrian army, may be considered as the last warrior of that distinguished class of Irish officers, the contemporaries or élèves of the Lacys, Dauns, Loudons, Bradys, and Browns, so renowned in the reigns of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. He was the second son of James O'Reilly of Ballincough, Westmeath, Ireland, and Barbara Nugent, grand-daughter of Thomas, the Fourth Earl of Westmeath. By the brilliant charges of his dragoons, he saved the remnants of the Austrian Army at Austerlitz. In May, 1809, he was Governor of Vienna, and on him devolved the task of honorably capitulating with Napoleon, the victor of the age. Count O'Reilly died at the age of ninety-two, in Vienna, in 1832, holding the rank of General of Cavalry in the Austrian Army, and Chamberlain Commander of the Imperial order of Maria Theresa. His sister is Lady Talbot of Malahide. No son or daughter inherits his honors. He died childless.

Colonel Edmund Bui O'Reilly, Governor of Lanesborough, gave Ginekle no little trouble, during his efforts to pass the Shannon, previous to the battle of Aughrim. The Governor of Athlone, Major-General John Wauchope, a gallant Scotchman, warned Colonel O'Reilly that General Ginekle would endeavor to pass at the Lanesborough ford, and the latter threw up strong works on the Connaught side, so that the design had to be abandoned. The colonel was at that time the head of the ancient and powerful house of his name, which, like others of the Milesian or genuine nobility of Ulster, had been stripped of its large possessions in 1607—he was a son of Col. Philip O'Reilly of Ballynacargy Castle, who commanded the troops of the Irish Catholics in Cavan in the time of Charles I. In King James's army, in 1690 and '91, opposing English domination, were Colonel John O'Reilly, commander

of a regiment of dragoons, Major and Captain Reilly, both killed at the battle of Cavan, and Lieut. Colonel Luke Reilly. Hugh Reilly, of Lara, author of "*Ireland's Case briefly stated*," was made Clerk of the Privy Council in 1689, and was King James's titular Lord Chancellor. Philip Oge O'Reilly was member of the Irish parliament, that year, for the town of Cavan, and Philip and John Reilly represented the County of Cavan. Colonel Edmund Bui, who had raised one regiment of foot and another of dragoons for King James, retired to France with the Irish army, after the surrender of Limerick, and his grandson, a captain in the regiment of Dillon, in the Irish brigade, was considered (says MacGeohegan) chief of the clan. Walker, the historian of the Irish bards, in 1787, mentions Madam O'Reilly, countess of Cavan, as being the last of that noble but unfortunate house. Many flourishing offshoots (says O'Callaghan in his *Green Book*) of the race of O'Reilly survive in Meath and Cavan, and there are not a few in America. Bernard O'Reilly, the navigator—Bernard O'Reilly, the eminently pious and learned catholic clergyman of Rochester, N. Y., and several distinguished ornaments of the Irish catholic hierarchy, are descendants of this Milesian sept.

The General Alexander Conde O'Reilly was born in Ireland, in the year 1735, was educated in Spain, and entered the Spanish army at an early age. His career was brilliant and successful till the failure of the Algerine expedition. He was a catholic, but of what family of this great clan, I have not been able to ascertain. His death took place in Spain at a very advanced age.

The armament fitted out by Spain against Algiers, toward the close of the last century, and placed under the command of General the Conde O'Reilly, was one of a most formidable character. There were six line-of-battle ships, twelve frigates, and thirty-three smaller vessels, with an army of 25,100 men. General Romana, who fell before Algiers at the head of his regiment, was jealous of O'Reilly, and thwarted him greatly in council and elsewhere. On the beach near Algiers, 80,000 Moorish troops were drawn up to oppose the invasion, but they made it good, advanced upon the city, got frightened, and retreated with great loss; the Moors gave no quarter to any Spaniard, and obtained an immense quantity of military stores. The commander is said by some to have displayed but little military talent or knowledge of the country he attacked. He was at that time governor of Madrid, but became so unpopular through this failure, that he was sent as captain-general to Andalusia.

HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN.

This courageous youth was commander of the Irish army at the well-fought battle of Antrim, in 1798, and was cruelly put to death by the English authorities. Previous to the strike for freedom he was a cotton manufacturer in extensive business.

The battle of Antrim was fought on the 6th of June, 1798. The Irish advanced, with their long green banners, the bugles and fifes playing, and the United Irishmen singing the *Marsellois* hymn in chorus. After fighting long and bravely *the people* were defeated, and the gallant M'Cracken seized and hung by orders of the barbarous English government. "I saw him," said one of his noble companions, "as he marched to the field, his loose, flowing locks were confined by the helmet which shaded the arch of his manly brow, while his eye beamed with the fire which animated his soul, pure as the breeze from his native mountains, and generous as the floods which fertilize the valleys. The damps of the dungeon had rendered pallid his cheek and less robust his form, but the vigor of his mind was uninjured by the tyranny of our foreign taskmasters. I saw him in the blaze of his conquest—I saw him in the chill of defeat. I witnessed his splendor in arms, and the pride of his soul in distress. Circumstances unavoidably separated us. A little time and he was the tenant of the tomb! When, O when, shall the arbitrary sway of England cease, and Ireland rise, great, glorious, and free, her sons united, happy, and victorious! Then will such a sacrifice not have been offered in vain."

* CHIEF JUSTICE RUTLEDGE.

JOHN RUTLEDGE, the elder brother of Edward, and one of the signers of the Constitution of the United States, was educated in Europe, took an early and distinguished part in support of American freedom, was a member of the congress which met at New York, 1765, and of that which met in Philadelphia, 1774, and was pronounced by the great Patrick Henry, the most accomplished orator in the last named learned and illustrious body. In March, 1776, he became president of South Carolina, was chosen governor, and took the field against the enemy in 1779. In 1787 Mr. Rutledge assisted in framing a constitution for the United States—in 1791 he was appointed Chief Justice of South Carolina, and afterwards became Chief Justice of the United States. He was born in 1739, in Carolina. This able statesman died January 23d, 1800. ☞ Traducers of foreigners, peruse this volume, and learn what America owes to Irishmen and their sons and daughters!

* MAJOR-GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

THIS distinguished officer in the American army, was born at East-town, Pennsylvania, on the first of January, 1745. His father was a tanner and a farmer, a native of Ireland, in which his grandfather had commanded a squadron of dragoons, under William, Prince of Orange, at the battle of the Boyne. The family emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1722. The youthful and patriotic Wayne raised a regiment of volunteers in 1775, was unanimously elected their colonel, had a commission from congress in 1776, commanded a division of the army at the battle of Brandywine, and displayed both courage and sound discretion. In 1775 he accompanied General Thompson into Canada, where he was soon led into action. In the defeat he behaved with great bravery, and saved a large body of the army, by the judicious manner in which he conducted their retreat after the general was made prisoner. In this battle Col. Wayne received a flesh wound in his leg. In the campaign of 1776, he served under General Gates at Ticonderoga, who esteemed him highly, not only for his courage and military talents, but for his knowledge as an engineer. It was said of him, that his eye was nearly equal to a measure in judging of heights and distances, a talent of incalculable consequence in an officer. At the close of this campaign he was created a brigadier-general. Throughout the war he was a most active, bold, and efficient officer, received a gold medal and the thanks of congress for his "brave, prudent, and soldierly conduct," took a conspicuous part in the campaign that ended in Cornwallis's capture, and was presented with a valuable farm at the close of the war, in consideration of his services. He succeeded General St. Clair in the command of the army on the N. W. frontier, defeated the Indians, made a favorable treaty, and, on the 15th of December, 1796, died at the age of 51, in a hut at Presque Isle, and was buried on the shore of Lake Erie.

While at the head of his men leading on the attack on Stony Point, in July, 1779, he received a shot on his head, which it was supposed would prove mortal, and he asked to be carried into the works, that he might die on the spot he had so nobly redeemed, but he recovered. In 1787 he subscribed as a member of the Pennsylvania convention, the instrument which declared the present constitution of the United States to be part of the supreme law.

In October, 1809, General Wayne's remains were removed to Radnor Church, Chester County, Pennsylvania, by his son Isaac—the Cincinnati Society having, on the 4th of July in that year, appropriated \$500 to erect a monument to his memory there.

The children of Irishmen, in 1776, felt the full force of a remark of Gov. Sullivan's, that "No price is too great to be paid for the maintenance of our Independence. No calamity can be so dreadful as subjection to a foreign power." Grattan, in his reply to an address of the Irish Volunteers, exclaimed—"Let no people ever consent to be a Province who have strength enough to be an independent nation."

REV. EDWARD DROMGOOLE.

THIS venerable preacher and revolutionary patriot—the father of George C. Dromgoole, a Member of the present Congress for Virginia—was a native of Ireland, and held the first Methodist Class-meeting in America.

Edward Dromgoole was born in Sligo, in the province of Connaught. When a youth he came to America, a poor boy, with religious impressions and a strong desire for religious freedom. He landed in Philadelphia in 1772—came to Baltimore—and resided in that city or its vicinity with a Mr. John Haggerty, a tailor by trade, and a man of most exemplary piety. Edward Dromgoole had been brought up in Ireland to the trade of a linen-weaver. When he came to reside with Mr. Haggerty, that he might not eat the bread of idleness, he assisted him in the business of tailoring. The thimble with which he worked, before the revolution, is still carefully preserved in the family. They worked together and prayed together; and thus formed a social and religious attachment which endured during their joint lives, and the survivor, Edward Dromgoole, to the day of his death, cherished with the fondest recollection the memory of his departed friend. They were disciples, or followers, as it was termed in those days, of John Wesley.

In 1774 Edward Dromgoole commenced preaching. While residing with Mr. Haggerty, however, he formed a society, or class of Methodists, and held the first Methodist Class-meeting in America.

From a sense of duty he entered upon the plan of itinerant labor in the ministry. He proceeded from Maryland to Virginia, and travelled extensively in the latter state and in North Carolina. His adopted America engrossed all his feelings of attachment to country. Without mingling in political discussions and controversy, he was, like John Bunyan and John Newton, the ardent, prayerful advocate of civil and religious freedom.

In the very incipency of the war between the Colonies and Great Britain, he hesitated not one moment in deciding whether he should owe allegiance to America or England, but quickly and voluntarily repaired to his friend and Christian brother Robert Jones, a magistrate in the county of Sussex, Virginia, a man of great respectability and undoubted patriotism, before whom he took the oath of allegiance and fidelity, administered at his own request, and a certificate of which he constantly kept with him.

Mr. Dromgoole travelled during the war of the revolution, everywhere, performing his ministerial functions. He was in the neighborhood of Halifax, North Carolina, when the news of the Declaration of Independence was received, and after preaching to a large congregation, he read to them from his stand, at the request of Willie Jones, Esquire, and other distinguished patriots of the town, that ever-memorable manifesto.

He settled in Brunswick County, Virginia, where he resided until his death in 1835, in the 84th year of his age, having been a minister of the gospel for more than threescore years.

He intermarried with Rebecca Walton in that county, whose ancestors had immigrated at an early period from England to Virginia, but whether they descended from the family of the bishop who compiled the polyglot bible, or from old Izaak the fisherman, is not clearly ascertained. They lived happily together—raised and educated a family of children, of whom George C. Dromgoole, at present a member of Congress, is the youngest—and left them a competency, acquired neither by speculation nor extortion, but the result of economy and honest industry. Of such are the nobility of America. The class who prefer to weave, sew, and plough; rather than gamble or live in idleness, are the bone and sinew of free institutions.

The weavers of Europe are among the earliest and most useful class of American immigrants—Columbus was a weaver and the son of a weaver; but the “natives” in his days had established no human-tariff nor twenty-year-alien-bill to add to the difficulty, expense, and perils attendant on a settlement of the western world by their adventurous brethren from beyond the Atlantic wave; and when royalty tried the experiment in part, prior to the revolution, it produced effects that had not been clearly anticipated.

COLONELS MOYLAN, STEWART, PROCTOR, AND
FITZGERALD.

I AM indebted for most of the facts relative to these Hibernian heroes of the revolution to a statement made by George Washington P. Custis, who is certainly very excellent authority.

COLONEL MOYLAN, a gallant man, says Mr. Custis, was an officer of cavalry in the American war of 1776, often attached to the person of the general (Washington), and always an especial favorite at head-quarters. Feeling, in his Narrative says:—

“Moylan, Carroll, and a thousand heroes may sleep in the silent tomb, but the remembrance of their virtues will be cherished while liberty is dear to the American heart.”

COLONEL WALTER STEWART, who commanded the fourth Pennsylvania regiment at the Battle of Brandywine, and of whose opportune bravery and military skill, honorable mention is made by Mr. Custis, was a native of Ireland.

“It was Watty Stewart, says Custis, “who, at the battle of the Brandywine, commanded the 4th Pennsylvania regiment, composed of newly-raised troops. A shot from the British artillery struck down two files; the young soldiers began to look alarmed, when Stewart—called in the army the Irish beauty—leaped from his charger, and, placing himself in the gap made by the shot, gaily cried to his men: ‘Never mind, my boys, these fellows can not do that again.’”

Rivers of Irish blood have flowed on behalf of American liberty—the noblest and bravest spirits from the Emerald Isle have perilled life and freedom for the stars and stripes. Subtract from the defenders of the Union the Irish, and their gallant children, and who will undertake to show that the remainder could have preserved the republic? When shall this debt of gratitude be paid? When will America be able to publish a record like this volume, of manly sons of the Union, who have drawn the sword in defence of green Erin?

In Ramsay’s History of the American War, he tells us that “two regiments of Connecticut troops MUTINIED, and got under arms.” Who suppressed the revolt? The Pennsylvania Line. And who were they? In vol. 2, p. 218, Ramsay tells us, “that the common soldiers were for the most part natives of IRELAND, but though not bound to America by the *accidental* tie of birth, they were inferior to none in discipline, courage, or attachment to the cause of independence.”

The United States have no weighty claim of gratitude upon the Irish—no individual American has yet drawn his sword in defence of the rights of Irishmen. What soldiers were they who under General Wayne, in 1791, stormed Stony Point, and compelled the Royalists to surrender at the point of the bayonet? The Irish Brigade. Who were they, under the same general, that terminated the Indian war on the plains of the Miami, in front of a royal garrison? Three-fourths of the troops were Irishmen. During the war of independence, where was the Irishman who shrunk from danger, left his colors, and became a tory? There was not one. All of them proved true to a popular government which during threescore years has “never shed a drop of human blood, nor banished a single individual for political offences.”

COLONEL PROCTOR, whom Mr. Custis describes as “a gallant and distinguished officer of the artillery, who served during nearly the whole of the revolutionary war, attached to the army under the immediate command” of Washington, was an Irishman.

COLONEL FITZGERALD, says Mr. Custis, was an Irish officer in the old Blue and Buffs, the first volunteer company raised in the South in the dawn of the revolution, and commanded by Washington. In the campaign of 1776, and retreat through the Jerseys, Fitzgerald was appointed aid-de-camp to Washington. At the battle of Princeton occurred that touching scene consecrated by history to everlasting remembrance. The American troops, worn down

by hardships, exhausting marches, and want of food, on the fall of their leader, that brave old Scotchman, General Mercer, recoiled before the bayonets of the veteran foe. Washington spurred his horse into the interval between the hostile lines, reining up with the charger's head to the foe, and calling to his soldiers, "Will you give up your general to the enemy?" The appeal was not made in vain; the Americans faced about, and the arms were levelled on both sides—Washington between them, even as though he had been placed there as a target for both. It was at this moment that Fitzgerald returned from carrying an order to the rear; and here let me use the gallant veteran's own words. He said: "On my return I perceived the general immediately between our line and that of the enemy, both lines levelling for the decisive fire that was to decide the fortune of the day. Instantly there was a roar of musketry, followed by a shout. It was the shout of victory. On raising my eyes I discovered the enemy broken and flying, while dimly amid the glimpses of the smoke was seen Washington, alive and unharmed, waving his hat, and cheering his comrades to the pursuit. I dashed my rowels into my charger's flanks, and flew to his side, exclaiming, 'Thank God! your excellency is safe.' I wept like a child, for joy."

JOHN SMILIE.

THE venerable Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in the House of Representatives in Congress, after John C. Calhoun, during the first year of the war, was a true-hearted Irishman, a native of Newton-Ards in the County of Down, and who fought with great zeal and courage during the war of independence, for all that is good in the institutions under which we live. In 1792, Congress laid a tax on distilled spirits and on stills, which Pennsylvania petitioned against. At a meeting in Pittsburg, on the 21st of August, that year, at which Colonel Canon presided, and the celebrated Albert Gallatin acted as clerk, John Smilie being present, they denounced the introduction of the British and Irish excise-laws and officers into America, "convinced that a tax upon liquors, which are the common drink of a nation, operates in proportion to the numbers and not to the wealth of the people."

Remonstrance was unavailing, the Pennsylvanians resorted to resistance, an army was raised, the rebels were quelled, and the tax was abandoned. Messrs. Gallatin and Smilie went no farther than remonstrance, but so bitter were the federal party toward the former, that when, soon after this he was elected a senator of the United States for Pennsylvania, and had sat sometime in that august body, the party supposed to be the most friendly to European aristocratic institutions, and opposed to adopted citizens, discovered that he (Gallatin) had been born in Switzerland, and had not lived quite twenty-two years in Pennsylvania, and being the majority they expelled or removed him. But the people of Pennsylvania sent him back to Congress at the very next election, when he was found to be beyond the power of the Alien Law of that day. Mr. Smilie was chairman of the committee in Congress who reduced the fourteen years Alien Law of John Adams to a naturalization after five years' residence, in 1802; but I find by "*the United States Gazette*" of November, 1812, that the American Tories kept an evil eye upon him ever after.

"By the congressional report of Monday last," says the *Gazette*, "it appears that old Mr. Smilie is appointed Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations. This is as it ought to be. At this crisis of our affairs it would be peculiarly unfit to have selected a native citizen to preside over our foreign relations."^{*}

Next month the venerable patriot breathed his last, on the 30th of December. I copy the following obituary notice, from the *Washington National Intelligencer* of the 31st of December, 1812:—

"Died, in this city, at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, the venerable John Smilie, a representative in Congress from Pennsylvania, aged about 74 years.

* Mr. Smilie had been resident in America more than fifty years.

He was a native of Ireland, but arriving in this country at an early age, was engaged in the war of the revolution both in civil and military capacities. Since that period he has never been out of public service, in conventions, in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and of the United States, in which several capacities he has distinguished himself as the firm and undeviating supporter of republican government, and of his country's rights. At the commencement of the present session, the estimation in which he was held was evinced by his appointment to the important station of Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations. He has descended to the tomb of his fathers, crowned with years and honor, carrying with him the profound regrets of his intimate acquaintances, and the respect of all mankind."

* WILLIAM COLEMAN.

THIS veteran federal journalist was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 14th of February, 1766, and died of apoplexy at his house in Hudson street, New York, on the morning of Monday, July 13th, 1829, in the 64th year of his age. He stated in the Post, in 1815, that his father was a native of Dublin, in Ireland, but he was a steady opponent of the United Irishmen, and never once breathed an audible wish, through his press, for freedom from a foreign yoke to the land of his forefathers. He was educated for the bar under the celebrated Mr. Pearson of Andover, and acquired the reputation of an acute, able, and successful lawyer, in Greenfield, on the Connecticut river, which chose him as its representative in the Massachusetts legislature. When the famous Massachusetts insurrection, headed by Daniel Sheys, broke out, William Coleman was one of those who took up arms to disperse the insurgents.

The following particulars I take from the N. Y. Evening Post of the 14th of July, 1829.

"In the year 1794, Mr. Coleman married the lady who is now his widow, and came to this city where he entered upon the practice of law, first as a partner of Col. Burr, a connexion which lasted but a short time, and afterward of Francis Arden, Esq. During the ascendancy of the federal party in this state, he was appointed reporter of the Supreme Court, a situation from which he was removed in 1800, when the federal party became a minority.

"About this time several distinguished federalists in this city, among whom were General Hamilton, Col. Troup, Col. Richard Varick, Archibald Gracie, Samuel Boyd, and William W. Woolsey, formed the plan of procuring a daily paper to be established here, which should be the organ of their party. Mr. Coleman, who was recommended by the boldness of his character, the vigor and clearness of his style, and his acuteness in controversy, was applied to, and requested to become its editor. He undertook the charge of the new paper, and the first number of the Evening Post was issued on the 16th of November, 1801.

"Throughout his long editorial career Mr. Coleman sustained the reputation of one of the most able and active conductors of the public press in the United States. At the very outset he enjoyed the intimacy and confidence of some of the most illustrious men of whom our history has to boast; and the columns of his paper were graced by the writings of those who conducted us safe through the stormy period of the revolution, whose wisdom framed the institutions which are our pride, and whose powers of persuasion recommended them to the adoption of the American people. In the long and bitter contest waged between the federal and democratic parties, the Evening Post, under his direction, took a leading and fearless part, and the opinions of which it was the vehicle were received with deference all over the Union by the party to which it was attached. To that party he adhered with the closest fidelity until its extinction, and even then he continued to avow its name and to defend its memory."

He was so strongly opposed to the war of 1812, that he stood in great personal danger. In 1819, when he and Governor Clinton were no longer friendly, he made the following remarks in the Post:—"I understand that Mr. Clinton complains of my editorial course towards him as an act of ingratitude, for that at a time of great excitement in people's minds, during the last war, it was he who interposed to prevent my house being torn down, and perhaps my life itself from being sacrificed. It is true, that at the time alluded to, when he was mayor, by the appointment of the federal party, and when I had the honor to think with him, upon the subject of the war and the general administration, I once mentioned to him, as the Chief Magistrate of the city, that I had, among the anonymous threats that I was in the habit of receiving daily, one in my possession of such a nature, as led me to believe that something like a riot was likely to take place that night, if not prevented by the police," &c.

When Bonaparte returned to France from Elba, Mr. Coleman showed more bitterness toward him than even the despots of Europe—he was angry at them because they had not shot or guillotined him in 1813.

"With emotions of astonishment, (says Mr. Coleman), we see that Napoleon Bonaparte, has again possessed himself of the throne of France, forcing the late King to quit his kingdom and his country. We shall see the light and fickle French people who but yesterday hailed with enthusiastic delight the exaltation of the race of Bourbon, to-day rending the air with acclamations of joy, that the Corsican whom they denominated a bloody tyrant, a demon in human shape, had returned to bless them. The first idea that occurs is how mistaken was the clemency of Louis in permitting a man to live, who had a thousand times forfeited his life to the laws, and whose existence could not but hourly endanger the peace of the world!"

He goes on to denounce Napoleon as a "blood-stained villain," a "stain on the human species," "a blot on the earth," "a wretch, a monster," &c.—praises the Bourbons—sneers at American victories—and indeed during the whole of the contest, from 1812 till the battle of New Orleans, proved himself an efficient friend of England, harassed and annoyed his own country, traduced Duane, Gales, Madison, Jefferson, and all who stood up for America, and lauded the Bourbons to the skies.

Just before he established the Evening Post, Messrs. Clinton, Spencer, and the republicans, removed him from the office of Clerk of the Circuit in New York state, and put J. M'Kesson in his place—he then issued his journal under General Hamilton's patronage, as his organ in New York.

The writer of these sketches has read with attention much of the Evening Post, from 1802 till 1819, when Mr. C. became a less active contributor to its columns, and acknowledges that it displayed great ability, independence, originality, and industry—that it fearlessly exposed many abuses—effectually checked in numerous instances the party in power when wrong or corrupt—and was the work of a bold, fearless, and, I think, honest even where mistaken man, with a vigorous understanding, though somewhat violent in temper.

It is unjust to censure any man for the sincere expression of his honest opinions in favor of or against any particular form of government, whether it be monarchy or democracy. Pope denounced the selfishness of his age, so did the poets and historians of Greece and Rome, so did the federal editor William Coleman, so did Thomas Moore. When we take into consideration that a large portion of the leaders and supporters of the so-called democratic party of his day were openly venal and corrupt, and in power, and that Mr. Coleman told, for the public advantage, and to his own injury, many unpleasant truths concerning them, and checked hypocrites where they crossed his path, we ought to feel grateful for the good he did. Cobbett denounced the abuses of democracy here—returned to England and battled for a quarter of a century against the still greater crimes of an aristocratic system there—was impoverished—kept years in a jail—banished—slandered—harassed. Moore, a sincere friend of liberty, but the very antipodes of a democrat, lashed the vices and follies of his own country; clothed in immortal verse the meanness and criminal policy

of George the Fourth, Castlereagh, Sidmouth, Eldon, and their vile colleagues; and after a residence in America, praised the federalists of that day for their sincerity, and doubted the permanence of our republican system, because of the unskillfulness or vices of the majority of the people, and the avarice, hypocrisy, mean sycophancy, and open dishonesty of many in whom they trusted. In all Coleman's massy folios, where can we find anything stronger than the following extract from the sixth epistle, addressed by Moore to Viscount Forbes, (a liberal,) from the city of Washington, more than forty years since? It is less important that we should ask ourselves whether it was a truth or a libel, or both, *then*, than that we should examine whether it is fact or caricature now; and if found to have yet some foundation, that there should be an effort made to provide a remedy. Boz is eulogistic when compared with Coleman and Moore, and even Matthew Carey, when dying, declared our moral condition hopeless. Can Moore's picture find a reality in Wall street or at Washington? Here it is:

Long has the lust of gold, that meanest rage,
 And latest folly of man's sinking age,
 Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
 While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
 Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
 And dies, collecting lumber in the rear;
 Long has it palsied every grasping hand
 And greedy spirit in this bartering land;
 Turned life to traffic, set the demon gold
 So loose abroad, that virtue's self is sold,
 And conscience, truth, and honesty, are made
 To rise and fall, like other wares of trade!

Mr. Coleman was succeeded by William Cullen Bryant, the present distinguished editor, and by the late William Leggett.

SIR EDWARD WILLIAM CROSBIE, BARONET.

THIS Irish protestant gentleman, was tried by a pretended court-martial at View Mount near Carlow, during the revolt in 1798, and hanged because 200 of the rebels had exercised in the lawn near his house a few days before, which he could not prevent. Such was British government in Ireland. After his death the royal officers so insulted his lady that she had to fly to England. In 1800 she applied for a copy of the evidence before the court of dragoons who tried her husband, and it was refused. The witnesses to prove Sir Edward's entire innocence, when called, were, by an understanding among the government agents, prevented from going into court and testifying—the sentinel put his bayonet to their breasts, though they were loyal protestants, and he was well-informed of their errand. Sir Edward's heart had spurned at the hauteur and cruelty of the rich and powerful towards his poor countrymen—he had complained that England governed Ireland more like a miserable colony than as a federal state. He suffered like a brave and injured man, but no redress was ever given. Sir Edward's brother, well known as "Balloon Crosbie," was the first aeronaut who constructed an Hibernian balloon, and took a journey into the sky in Ireland. He was a most ingenious mechanic, of immense stature (6 feet 3 inches), two inches taller than Daniel O'Connell, very like him in face and figure, and as brave as a lion. Of the crowds who rushed to see him set off from Dublin to England in his balloon, several were killed—and Crosbie himself dropped into the sea between Dublin and Holyhead, but was taken out alive.

The Reverend James Gordon, a rector of the law-established church of Ireland, states in his history that Sir Edward Crosbie was highly accomplished, loyal, humane, and benevolent—friendly to parliamentary reform, likely to afford some check to cruel, rapacious landlords—and adds, that "*catholic pris-*

eners had been tortured by repeated floggings to force them to give evidence against him, and appear to have been promised their lives upon no other condition than that of his condemnation." No offence was proved, and Mr. Gordon mentions this as the reason why the members of the court-martial, in defiance of law, withheld the register, and kept it a secret from his wife and family—as also, that "the execution of the sentence was precipitate, at an unusual hour, and attended with atrocious circumstances, not warranted by the sentence. After he was hanged, his body was abused, his head severed from it, and exposed on a pike."

The president of the court was an illiterate man—but what numbers have fallen victims to ignorance in power, whose wrongs have been unnoticed! O, that America would take warning by the lessons of British avarice and brutal cruelty, with lust of power! All the inquisitions that ever were—Spanish, Portuguese, and Venitian—may be called types of humanity itself when compared to the English government of Ireland, India, and Canada.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY was born at Dangan Castle, in the County of Meath, Ireland, May 1st, 1769, the fourth son of the Earl of Mornington, a poor Irish Peer, educated at Eton, then sent to France to the military school at Angers. He entered the army as an ensign in the 41st regiment, but soon became lieutenant-colonel of the 30th, over the heads of many old officers, through purchase and family interest—went on the recruiting service in Ireland—fought and slaughtered by wholesale, in India,—became Secretary for Ireland, and a member of Parliament—joined the army in Portugal—was raised to the chief command—fought the battles of Talavera, Vittoria, Fuentes d'Onor, and Toulouse—was created a Duke, and two millions of dollars were voted to him by Parliament—went to France as ambassador—gained the battle of Waterloo with superior numbers, and by the opportune arrival and assistance of Bulow and Blucher—advanced to Paris—urged the necessity of sending Napoleon to the distant rock of St. Helena, contrary to law and every honorable and manly principle—commanded the foreign armies who garrisoned France—had another million of dollars voted to him from the pockets of the hard-worked people of Britain—became commander-in-chief of the armies of Britain—then Prime Minister of England, when he yielded Catholic emancipation because it was found that the army could not be depended upon to hinder it. In 1830 he gave way to the Whigs, and now again holds office with Peel.

The duke is a slight, feeble-built man, in his 75th year—temperate in his habits, rather penurious, possessed of much good sense, a skilful military captain, but said to be excessively shy of powder and shot. For Canada he recommended a strong government, patronage [corruption], and the absence of all *real* popular influence. Paper money he detests, and the tedious jargon of the lawyers is his abomination. A host of his poor relatives have pensions, and his titles of honor would fill one of these pages.

But for Castlereagh's management Wellington would never have obtained the chief command in Spain—and but for Wellington's success, Castlereagh never could have stood his ground, as Minister of State. Wellington entered the Irish Parliament in 1790, for Trim, as Captain Wellesley. As Sir Arthur he was sent to Copenhagen in 1807, second in command to Lord Cathcart, to execute, by order of Castlereagh and Co., the basest piece of treachery and ingratitude on the records of history. If there should be ten amnesties in Canada, let no man worth hanging trust to the murderers and robbers of their own allies in Denmark. And let it not be forgotten that Paris was delivered up to Wellington, after Waterloo, on the plain basis of a general amnesty—on that ground alone did Ney support it. Wellington took no rest till Ney was a corpse!!!

These biographical sketches would have been a very imperfect accompaniment to history, had they failed to include the names of remarkable Irishmen who for the sake of gain chose to make common cause with their country's oppressors. No nation is free from the unprincipled—heaven itself, as portrayed by Milton, and Paradise while the parents of our race abode in its bowers, were not free from evil. But where on earth will the lover of enlightened freedom find a greater proportion, than in Ireland and Irish story, of those glorious spirits who will live forever in the public eye—their noble deeds shining forth long after their ashes are scattered to the winds of heaven—encouraging our youth to love justice—kindling high conceptions—strengthening manly virtues, and high resolves?

We find insincere politicians in Ireland and Canada patronising Orange-Lodges, and in the United States encouraging Native American Associations, to divide the people into hostile classes, and thus endeavoring to effect, by guile, an object which baffled George the Third and all the Tories of 1776, when wielding the whole credit and resources of the British empire.

* * CAPT. AMBROSE SPENCER.

AMBROSE SPENCER, a captain in the United States army last war, was a son of Chief Justice Spencer. His mother was the oldest sister of De Witt Clinton, and he was brother to John C. Spencer, Secretary of the Treasury, and aid-de-camp to Major-General Brown, the Commander-in-Chief on the Niagara frontier, last war. Mr. Spencer was killed fighting bravely for his country at the battle of Lundy's Lane or Niagara Falls. The following letter, addressed to James Monroe, Secretary at War, by General Brown, shows that Capt. Spencer's last moments were spent in the British camp, a prisoner.

“HEAD QUARTERS, FORT ERIE, Sept. 20, 1814.

“SIR—Among the officers lost to this army in the battle of Niagara Falls, was my aid-de-camp, Capt. Ambrose Spencer, who, being mortally wounded, was left in the hands of the enemy. By flags from the British army, I was shortly afterward assured of his convalescence, and an offer was made me by Lt. Gen. Drummond to exchange him for his own aid, Capt. Loring, then a prisoner of war with us. However singular this proposition appeared, as Capt. Loring was not wounded, nor had received the slightest injury, I was willing to comply with it on Capt. Spencer's account; but as I knew his wounds were severe, I first sent to ascertain the fact of his being then living. My messenger, with a flag was detained, nor even once permitted to see Capt. S. though in his immediate vicinity. The evidence I wished to acquire failed, but my regard for Capt. Spencer would not permit me longer to delay, and I informed General Drummond that his aid should be exchanged even for the body of mine. This offer was, no doubt, gladly accepted, and the corpse of Capt. S. sent to the American.

“Indignant, as I am, at this ungenerous procedure, I hold myself bound in honor to Lieut. Gen. Drummond, to return Capt. Loring; and must, therefore, earnestly solicit of you his immediate relief release. He can return to Gen. Drummond by the way of Montreal. JAC. BROWN.”

“Mr. Secretary Spencer, of the Treasury, is said to have been a very efficient aid-de-camp to General M'Clure, last war, on the Niagara frontier. His public life is given in another part of this volume.

NEW HAMPSHIRE PATRIOTS—ERA OF 1776.

* MAJOR M'CLARY—* CAPT. M'GREGOR—* BRIGADIER-GENERAL REID—* COL. GREGG—* MAJOR-GENERAL STARK—* LIEUT. ORR—* * MAJOR STARK, &C.

I AM chiefly indebted to the collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Swett's Bunker Hill, Belknap's and Whiton's Histories, the New Hamp-

shire Gazetteer, and Hill and Moore's collections, for the following notices of eminent citizens, of Irish birth, parentage or descent, who took arms for independence in 1776.

MAJOR ANDREW M'CLARY, who shed his blood, like Warren, on Bunker Hill, was an active and efficient revolutionary officer. He commanded the Londonderry company at the battle of Bunker Hill, where he was killed, as is stated in a letter from General Stark to President Thornton, by a cannon-ball. General Folsom writes, June 22d, 1775, "Major M'Clary was killed by an accidental shot from one of the ships, sometime after our people had made their retreat." He was of Epsom, N. H., and his parents were from the North of Ireland. John M'Clary, also of Epsom, is mentioned by Whiton as having been a distinguished patriot of the revolution—and in the Historical Collections, Michael M'Clary is named as the captain of company five, third battalion, state militia, in 1776. These M'Clarys were of the right sort of stuff wherewith to found a republic. May the race endure forever!

Swett, in his History of the Battle of Bunker Hill, (page 6,) says that Major M'Clary "was a favorite officer. Nearly six feet and a half in height, with a Herculean form in perfect proportions, a voice like Stentor, and strength of Ajax; ever unequalled in athletic exercises, and unsubdued in single combat, whole bodies of men had been overcome by him, and he seemed totally unconscious that he was not equally unconquerable at the cannon's mouth. His mind and character were of the same energetic cast with his person; and though deficient in the advantages of finished education, he had been a member of the state legislature, and his mercantile concerns were extensive."

Of M'Clary's conduct in the heat of battle, Swett adds, (page 35)—"During this tremendous fire of musketry and roar of cannon, M'Clary's gigantic voice was heard, animating and encouraging the men as though he would inspire every ball that sped, with his own fire and energy."

After the retreat, says Swett, (page 48,) "M'Clary, as attentive to the wants of his men as desperate in fighting them, galloped to Medford, and returned with dressings for the wounded. He ordered Capt. Dearborn to advance toward the neck, with his company, while he crossed over to reconnoitre the enemy. He was returning when a cannon-ball from the Glasgow tore him to pieces. No smaller weapon seemed worthy to destroy the gigantic hero."

General Henry Dearborn, who was a lieutenant at Bunker Hill, published a letter in the New Hampshire Patriot, in which he says, "Gen. M. M'Clary, Epsom, was in the battle from beginning to end." Michael M'Clary was then a captain.

DAVID M'GREGOR, a revolutionary soldier, commanded the sixth company of the battalion in which Michael M'Clary served. He was the son of the presbyterian minister of Londonderry—of Irish parentage and Scottish origin—his ancestors having probably fled to Ireland after the massacre of Glencoe. His father, the Rev. David M'Gregor, says Whiton, page 151, "a presbyterian minister of Londonderry, long eminent for piety, eloquence, and usefulness, died in the course of the revolutionary war, after having exerted an important influence in preparing the minds of the people to engage in that perilous contest." Capt. M'Gregor died in Western New York, in 1827.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE REID was born at Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1734. His parents were Irish emigrants from the province of Ulster; part of the Scotch colony of presbyterians who settled in Ireland during the reign of Charles II. to avoid religious persecution. He received an excellent education, was a very brave, fearless man, and went for national independence with all his heart.

General Reid was a grand-uncle of one of the most eminent, able, and useful among our public journalists, Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune, who is partly of northern or Scotch-Irish descent.

At the battle of Bunker Hill, John Stark commanded the first New Hampshire regiment, (afterward commanded by Col. Cilley,) and George Reid served as his lieutenant-colonel. He was also at the hard-fought field of Bennington, and served during the war with credit and honor. When the three N. H.

battalions were reduced to two, he took command of one of them—was with his regiment at West Point in 1780, and afterward in New Jersey. His brother, Abraham Reid, was Stark's first-lieutenant at Bunker Hill.

On the 10th of August, 1785, Col. Reid was appointed a brigadier-general of militia, and in October, 1791, chosen sheriff of the county of Rockingham. He was a pleasant companion, full of anecdote and adventure, and lived to see four score and one years. His death took place in October, 1815.

[Col. James Reid or Reed, of Londonderry according to Whiton, commanded the second New Hampshire battalion at Bunker Hill. He took the small pox at Ticonderoga in 1776, and afterward lost his sight. It is probable that he was of the same lineage as George.]

COLONEL WILLIAM GREGG was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, on the 21st of October, 1730. His father, John Gregg, emigrated from the north of Ireland, with his grandfather—they were of the first sixteen settlers in Londonderry in 1718—Presbyterians—frugal, intelligent, hard-working farmers.

Colonel Gregg commanded a company of minute men at the commencement of the war—marched from Londonderry to the relief of Boston, with his company, early in 1775—returned late that year to attend to the duties of a member of the committee of public safety—was appointed Major of the 1st N. H. Militia in 1776, and commanded the vanguard at the battle of Bennington, under Stark, by his conduct in which he got great credit. His exertions during the war were such as a faithful and experienced republican might be expected to render to a country he loved. He had his reward, for he lived in health and wealth—hospitable, cheerful, and social—to the great age of ninety-three years; and died at his birth-place, on the 16th of September, 1824, after Lafayette had returned to enjoy a peaceful triumph in America, nearly half a century beyond the time of his first visit.

MAJOR-GENERAL STARK, the hero of Bennington, was the son of a Scotsman, but he had an Irish mother, and must therefore be noticed here. His father was a native of Dumbarton, in Scotland, and educated at the University of Edinburgh. He went over to Ireland, married a native of the province of Ulster, and settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire, where JOHN STARK was born, on the 17th of August, 1728, O. S., corresponding with the 28th of our reckoning—or, according to the Boston Post, of December, 1843, on the 8th of July.

“He is to be ranked” says Samuel L. Knapp, “among that hardy and valuable race that may be called the founders of the American republic. He was a yeoman, the son of a yeoman, one of those emigrants who had lately come from Ireland, and brought with them industrious habits, with the linen spinning-wheel, and the potato.” Young Stark learned the art of war in his youth, while France and England were struggling for the control of Canada. He was with Lord Amherst at the reduction of Ticonderoga.

The very hour in which the news of the battle of Lexington reached Stark, then at work in his saw-mill on the falls near the site where the manufacturing city of Amoskeag is now building up—he shut down the gates of his mill, shouldered his musket, took three dollars in silver, all he had in his house, and started off. By the time he reached Cambridge, his little army of volunteers had increased to a thousand. He immediately received a colonel's commission from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, and in less than two hours enlisted eight hundred men. He led a gallant band to Bunker Hill, where his conduct was brave and fearless. He commanded the right wing of the advance-guard, and Greene the left, at the battle of Trenton, on the morning when the Hessians were surprised. Colonel Baum was detached from Burgoyne's army to destroy the New Hampshire forces, and get cattle, horses, and forage. Stark met, fought, and on the 16th of August, 1777, defeated the royalists; Baum was mortally wounded, his forces were taken prisoners; General Gates was cheered by this success, Burgoyne disheartened. All parties admit that the battle of Bennington was as decisive a victory as

any gained during the war, and that it led to most important results. Stark was one of the most active officers in the American army, received very important commissions from Washington, and always did his duty with alacrity, for his heart was in the cause. At the peace he retired to his farm with the proud consciousness of having materially aided in creating a home for the oppressed in the land of his fathers. He never despaired of the republic, but died a modern Cincinnatus, a farmer, on the 8th of May, 1822, in his 94th year, hoping and believing that honest men would win the race, and the flag of the Union wave for ages over the happiest, because the most virtuous portion of the human family.

Paulding thus notices the Battle of Bennington, in his *Life of Washington* :—

“On the memorable heights of Bennington, the Hessians were once more made to feel the courage and humanity of those who, while defending their own lives, respected the lives of their most obnoxious enemies.

“Here Breymen and Baum, two experienced officers, were met by Stark, and warm was the greeting he gave them. Colonel Baum fortified himself in a favorable position and waited for his associate, Breyman. Before he had time to arrive, the Green Mountain Boys rushed upon his intrenchments with such irresistible impetuosity that nothing could withstand them. The valleys rung with the roaring of cannon, answered by a thousand echoes of the mountains, mingled with shouts and dying groans. On the first assault the Canadians took to their heels; Baum received a mortal wound, and not a man of all his companions escaped—all were either killed or taken, and 600 Germans totally annihilated.

“Ignorant of the fate of his old comrade Colonel Breyman came up a few hours afterward, where he met his victorious enemies instead of conquering friends. . . . His troops were nearly all taken.

“This was another crisis in the great cause of liberty,” says Paulding; and those who are now the bitter enemies of Irishmen in America, may keep in memory that the general commanding was the son of an Irish mother.

During the last four years of his life, Congress allowed General Stark a pension of 60 dollars a month.

Swett, in his *History of the Battle of Bunker Hill* (page 6), states that Col. Stark “had been a distinguished captain of the Provincial Rangers, received into the service of the crown, was at Quebec under General Wolfe, and enjoyed half-pay as a British officer.” He threw up this income, in 1775; and, though oftentimes urged, Congress steadily refused to vote him an allowance until 1818, forty-five years after, when they awarded him a monthly pension! The noble St. Clair had also to struggle with poverty until ninety days before he died, when a pension was awarded!

Swett also informs us, that after the Battle of Bunker Hill, Congress promoted Colonel Poor, a brigadier-general, over the courageous Stark, who complained of it to them by letter, but as they took no notice of his memorial, he left the service, joined the N. H. militia as brigadier-general, marched with his troops to protect the frontiers independently of the national army, and gained his famous victories, while Congress were voting that the instructions he had received were destructive of military subordination! On hearing of his opportune success they asked why he did not inform them of it. He replied that *they had not yet attended to his last letters*, on which they appointed him a brigadier-general, and thanked him and his gallant troops.

JOHN ORR was in the battle of Bennington, a lieutenant under General Stark, and received a wound in the thigh. The ball entered just above the knee joint, lodged in the bone, which was much fractured, and Lieutenant Orr became a cripple for life.

He was many years a member of the general court, and was seven times successively elected a senator, was many years a magistrate of New Hampshire, and held other offices.

He died at Bedford in January, 1823, aged 75, and was deeply lamented. He was a man of sound judgment, good memory, and excellent character.

His parents were from the north of Ireland, probably of the same Orrs who were executed in 1797-'8, for love of country.

With him at Bennington, say the N. H. Society's Collections, were Jacob McQuade, Samuel McAfee (who died), John Wallace, James McLaughlin, &c.

THE PATTEENS.—Judge Matthew Patten and Captain Samuel Patten, were two of the first settlers in Bedford. They were from Ulster, in Ireland—and in the N. H. Collections, Lieutenant John Patten, John Patten, jr., Samuel Patten, James Patten, and Robert Patten, are enumerated among the noble band of "revolutionary patriots who served their country in the glorious struggle for independence."

MAJOR JOHN GOFFE is another of the patriots of Irish descent, enumerated in the New Hampshire Collections, who served honorably through the war of independence.

THE REV. DR. SAMUEL MACCLINTOCK, of Greenland, the chaplain to Stark's New Hampshire regiment, was in the battle of Bunker Hill, intrepidly by "his exhortations, prayers, and example, encouraging and animating them to the unequal conflict." He was of the race of Scottish covenanters, who had settled in Ireland in the seventeenth century, to avoid persecution, and had been chaplain to Goffe's regiment in the war of 1756.

MAJOR CALEB STARK, eldest son of General John Stark, served under his father's command in the war of independence—entered the army at the age of sixteen, as quarter-master of the 1st New Hampshire Regiment, of which he was afterwards adjutant and next brigade-major, and aid-de-camp to his father. He fought at Bunker Hill and Trenton, and at the battles in September and October, 1777, which preceded Burgoyne's surrender. He was born December 3, 1759; died August 26, 1838, and was buried in the family place of interment, Dunbarton, N. H.

Among the Irishmen and children of Irishmen, mentioned in the New Hampshire records as having bravely struggled for American freedom in the war of independence, at the risk of life and property, I find the names of Captain Thomas McLaughlin—Patrick O'Fling—Patrick O'Murphy—John O'Neill—Valentine Sullivan (who was taken in the retreat from Canada, and died in a British prison)—Lieut. Andrew M'Gaffey, of Epsom—George McShannon, who was killed at Bunker Hill—the Orrs, M'Quades, Goffes, &c.

IRISH NOVELISTS, POETS, AND DRAMATISTS.

JOHN BANIM—SAMUEL BOYSE—HENRY BROOKE—WILLIAM CARLETON—SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE—WILLIAM CONGREVE—JOHN CUNNINGHAM—THOMAS DERMODY—SIR JOHN DENHAM—GEORGE FARQUHAR—GERALD GRIFFIN—CHARLES JOHNSTON—HENRY JONES—HUGH KELLY—LADY CAROLINE LAMB—CHARLES LEVER—PATRICK LINDEN—SAMUEL LOVER—ADOLPHUS LYNCH—EDWARD LYSAGHT—CHARLES MACKLIN—REV. C. R. MATUREN—W. H. MAXWELL—ARTHUR MURPHY—THOMAS PARNELL—J. AUGUSTUS SHEA—FRANCES SHERIDAN—HENRY TRESHAM—REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

JOHN BANIM, the elegant and tender-hearted author of 'The Conscript's Sister,' '*Tales of the O'Hara Family*,' and many other interesting works, died young, not long since. He was a native of Ireland, amiable but unfortunate. At 17 years of age he obtained the first prize as the best draughtsman in the Dublin Academy of Arts—at 19 he wrote the *Leinster Journal*, in his native city, Kilkenny, into wide circulation—at 22 he produced *Damon and Pythias*, a successful tragedy at Covent Garden—and was at 25 a successful novelist. At 34 he was £400 in debt, a helpless invalid, threatened by his creditors with an English prison, and his bookseller a bankrupt.

SAMUEL BOYSE, a writer of great poetical talent, but dissolute habits, was the son of Joseph Boyse (an eminent dissenting minister), and born in Dublin

in 1708; published a volume of poems in 1741, in Scotland—and “The Deity,” described by Henry Fielding as “a very noble poem,” in 1740. Hervey also praises it in his Meditations. He also published “Albion’s Triumph,” a history of the Scottish Rebellion in 1746, some six volumes of miscellaneous literature—and died penniless in a garret.

HENRY BROOKE, author of “the Fool of Quality,” a novel much admired by the Rev. John Wesley, “the Farmer’s Letters,” and many other works, was born at Rantaven, in Ireland, in 1706, and died Oct. 10th, 1783. He wrote “The Earl of Essex,” “Gustavus Vasa,” and eleven other plays, and cherished through life a sincere love for freedom in its best sense.

WILLIAM CARLETON, a powerful Irish author of the present times, wrote “Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,” “The Galway Piper,” “Mickey McRory,” “Rose Moan, the Irish Midwife,” “Moll Roe’s Wedding,” “The Poor Scholar,” &c., and is one of the most original of all the story-tellers about Ireland’s Peasantry.

SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE—author of “The Busy Body,” “A Bold Stroke for a Wife,” and “The Wonder,” which still keep possession of the stage, and other plays—was born in Ireland about 1667. She was very captivating in her manners—had three husbands—and died in 1723. Her maiden name was Freeman, and her parentage English. As a dramatist she excels in plot, incident, and character.

WILLIAM CONGREVE was born in 1762. “For the place [says Johnson], it was said by himself that he owed his nativity to England, and by everybody else that he was born in Ireland. He was educated first in Kilkenny, and afterward in Dublin.” He died in London, Jan. 29, 1728-’9. “Congreve [I quote Dr. Johnson] has merit of the highest kind; he is an original writer, who borrowed neither the model of his plot, nor the manner of his dialogue.” His plays and poetry fill several volumes.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, an elegant pastoral poet and dramatist, was born in Dublin, Ireland, 1729, and died 1773. He wrote the farce of Love in a Mist, at the age of 17, and his works form part of the collections of the British poets.

THOMAS DERMODY, a poet of talent, was born at Ennis, Ireland, in 1775, and died through intemperance in 1802. His poems contain many passages of taste, elegance, and fancy.

SIR JOHN DENHAM, the poet, was born in Dublin in 1615, where his father held the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He was educated at Oxford, wrote “The Sophy,” “Cooper’s Hill,” a translation of “Cato Major,” and is “deservedly considered [says Johnson] as one of the fathers of English Poetry,” whose works “we ought to read with gratitude.” He was a royalist, and lost his estate during Charles the First’s troubles, but held office and a knighthood under Charles the Second.

GEORGE FARQUHAR, a very successful and interesting comic poet, was born in 1678 at Londonderry, Ireland, where his father was a clergyman—educated at Dublin College; joined a company of strolling players; got a commission in Lord Orrery’s regiment; wrote a volume of miscellanies; and married a portionless damsel, who deceived him by representing herself as an heiress. Before he attained his thirty-second year he had written, The Constant Couple, Sir Harry Wildair, The Inconstant, The Twin Rivals, The Stage Coach, The Recruiting Officer, and The Beaux’ Stratagem. He died in 1707, poor. For the success of his comedies he is indebted to the natural delineation of his characters, the interesting tendency of his plots, and the flowing graces and sprightliness of his wit. The licentiousness of the drama in his time exhibits their worst defect.

GERALD GRIFFIN, the gifted author of “Gisippus,” was born in Limerick, on the 12th of December, 1803, and died of typhus fever on the 12th of June, 1840. He was the ninth son of his parents. His father emigrated to Pennsylvania, while a part of the family remained in Ireland. At twenty years of age Griffin went to London, and contrived to live by reporting for the press, contributing articles to magazines, and acting as the drudge of a great pub-



lishing house. Next year he was sought after as a regular contributor to periodicals. In 1827, the publication of the novel "The Collegians," placed him in a high rank among Irish novelists. He was nominated by the electors of Limerick, in 1838, to carry to Mr. Moore their request that the Irish melodist would represent their ancient city in the British parliament—and at one time resolved to become a minister of the Roman Catholic Church. Two years before his death he joined the Christian brotherhood, who devote themselves to the instruction of the poor—and his brother has written a volume containing his memoirs.

CHARLES JOHNSTON, author of "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," "The Reverie," "A Flight to the Paradise of Fools," "Juniper Jack," &c., was born in Ireland, and died in India, about 1800.

HENRY JONES, a native of Drogheda, was originally a journeyman bricklayer. He was a good dramatic poet, but died in 1770, in a garret in London, the result of his own caprice, prodigality, and fickleness.

HUGH KELLY, a clever, successful, and very persevering author, was born in Ireland, in 1739, and died in England in 1777. He began life as a stay-maker, then turned hackney-writer, was admitted to the bar as a lawyer, and lastly turned author. His works are, the Memoirs of a Magdalen, a novel—Thespis, a poem—the Romance of an Hour—Clementina, a tragedy—and the School for Wives, False Delicacy, and a Word to the Wise, comedies.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB was born on the 13th of November, 1785, and died on the 25th of January, 1827—she was a daughter of Frederick Ponsonby, Earl of Besborough, but whether she was a native of Ireland, the country of her family, I have not positively ascertained. She married William Lamb, now Lord Melbourne, when in her 20th year, understood several of the living and dead languages, was lively and brilliant in conversation, and a great favorite of Lord Byron, who, if we are to believe Captain Medwyn, used her cruelly. She is the author of "Glenarvon," "Ada Reis," and "Graham Hamilton," novels of much merit, and was the friend of Wellington, De Stael, and other illustrious persons. Dropsy caused her death, after a long illness.

CHARLES LEVER, is a native of Ireland, editor of the Dublin University Magazine (as Harry Lorrequer), and author of "Our Mess," "Charles O'Malley," and "Jack Hinton," the merits of which novels are very generally known and appreciated. His magazine is ultra-tory.

PATRICK LINDEN was an eminent Irish poet, some of whose elegant verses are preserved in "Miss Brooke's Reliques."

SAMUEL LOVER, a painter, poet, novelist, and dramatist—author of "Rory O'More," "The Land of the West," "Handy Andy," "Legends and Stories of Ireland," "Treasure Trove," &c. Mr. Lover is an Irishman by birth, talent, and feeling, a man of wit and humor, and said to be "a repealer."

ADOLPHUS LYNCH, author of "Crofton Croker's Legends," and lieutenant in the British army, is a native of Ireland. The Limerick Chronicle, of May 30th, 1838, states that he embraced the doctrines of the church of Rome in the convent chapel of Killarney, about that time.

EDWARD LYSAGHT, a witty and convivial member of the Irish bar, was opposed to the Union, a true patriot, a poet of celebrity, and the author of many unpalatable effusions to the tory destroyers of Irish independence. Lord Castlereagh admitted that if such songs as "*May he in whose hand,*" were generally sung throughout Ireland, they would excite a greater opposition to the Union of 1800, than all the speeches against it in the Irish Parliament. It concludes with these lines:—

Beware how you sport with our Island;
 You're *my* neighbor, but, *BULL*, *this is MY land!*
 Nature's favorite spot,
 And I'd sooner be shot
Than surrender the RIGHTS of OUR Island!

M 28

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 022 155 385 8