

IRISHMEN IN THE REVOLUTION

Furnished More Generals, Admirals and Statesmen than the Puritans

It Was An Irish-American Revolution

There is a wonderful amount of woeful or willful ignorance in our country in regard to the Irish element in our population and the Irish services in the cause of our country. There is a moral deafness to truth, which must not be allowed to grow into a national disease. There were two parties in the Revolution—there are now, the friends of England, the enemies of the country, and the friends of Washington, who were mostly Irishmen and their descendants. At the Declaration of Independence I presume the Irish element was about two-thirds of the population. The German element was not then so strong as it is now, but it furnished a respectable and patriotic force in favor of our independence. The people of New England had a strong infusion of Irish blood, which wrote its name in red letters at Lexington and Bunker Hill, Bennington and Saratoga. The English element was almost all against us, fifteen hundred of them were driven to sea at Boston by Washington on St. Patrick's day, in 1776. The Irish troops from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, including Maine, New York, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and North Carolina and South Carolina, indeed from all the States, flocked to Washington's army, and the illustrious generals who stood around him were mostly Irish. A little Irish society of some hundred members in Philadelphia, known as 'The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick,' furnished Washington more generals than all the descendants of the Mayflower; and of this society, exclusively Irish, George Washington was a member. Out of some hundreds I select the following, and though quite an imperfect list, will serve as specimens of the whole:

After giving the names and achievements of numbers of Irishmen the writer comes to RICHARD MONTGOMERY, the first general of the continental army that fell in the cause of American liberty. He was born in Conroy Castle, near the town of Raphoe, in County Donegal. His father's name was Thomas. He had two brothers, Alexander and John, and one sister, who married Lord Ranelagh. His brother Alexander represented the county for many years in the Irish Parliament. I shall not pretend to sketch the life of services of General Montgomery. He came here in 1772, and married the eldest daughter of Chancellor Livingston, one of the great American family descended from old John Livingston, the Irish Presbyterian preacher. In 1789, thirteen years after her husband's death, this beautiful, gifted and amiable lady visited Ireland to see Conroy Castle, on the banks of the Finn, now dear to her as her own Hudson. Her country had taken its place among the nations of the earth. Its liberator had just been inaugurated its first President, taking the oath of office before her father. The rebels had become the heroes of history, and Washington's name was everywhere almost idolatrously mentioned. Washington had furnished her with letters to distinguished persons in Europe, among others to Sir Edward Newenham, an Irish gentleman and a member of the Irish Parliament, who, on the death of Montgomery, appeared in Parliament and at levees in full mourning, to express his Irish sympathy with the then detested revolution, and who presided at a public meeting in Dublin, held to reprobate and stop sending the military of the Kingdom of the Colonies and hiring the Hessians and Hanoverians from the carcasses butchers of Germany, and who had gathered in his elegant house in Dublin in an apartment called his "American room," busts and pictures of Washington and other illustrious Americans, with Arnold's picture reversed and his treason written under it. Into this room Sir Edward introduced Mrs. Montgomery, which gave her much satisfaction. She had sent him Washington's letter, and he and Lady Newenham called upon her at Lord Ranelagh's, twelve miles from Dublin, and pressed her to accept the hospitality of their home, which she promised to do after visiting her gallant husband's relatives, whose descendants still own the grand old Castle of Conroy. The Duke of Leinster and the illustrious Lord Charlemont waited upon her. General Massey, with whom her husband was well acquainted at the first siege of Quebec, promptly paid his respects to her, and everywhere, particularly in Ireland, she was received with honor and homage. I think it is a disgrace to America that the representatives of this grand Irish family, which furnished the first and grandest martyr to American liberty, should not have been invited with other welcome but less worthy guests to the grand Centennial celebration of the crowning glory of Yorktown. It was a poor return for the cordiality of that Irish hospitality that welcomed and worshipped the illustrious widow of our glorious American general.

It will be observed that many Irish families furnished five or six officers to our Revolutionary army and freedom. Moylan was the first and last President of the Philadelphia Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, of whose members a majority were Protestants. He was among the first to hasten to the camp of Washington at Cambridge. He was Washington's aid and commissary general. Moylan's dragoons were a never failing reliance of Washington. Washington had Morgan and Hand to lead his rifles; Knox at the head of his artillery and Moylan commanding the cavalry, all Irishmen. The dullest donkey who brays over American history, when he reads that Washington recommended or appointed Montgomery to the chief command of the Northern Army; John Dunlap to his lieutenant; Andrew Lewis to be his major general; Stephen Moylan to be his aid and commissary general; John Fitzgerald to be his quartermaster; John Barry to the head of the navy; and William Irvine; Edward Butler, Daniel Morgan, Walter Stewart and William Thompson; generals, all native-born Irishmen; and many of them Catholics, cannot help considering that the time Washington issued his order "to put down the American's on guard to-night" unless, indeed, it be conceded, what is strictly true, that the best Americans in Washington's army were natives of Ireland. In that light it would be hard to put down the Irishman on guard to-night, and that we don't claim—but he never made any such order. It has been

was a great lawyer, a wise statesman and a brave soldier. His grandfather came from Ireland to New Hampshire, and then to Trenton, New Jersey, where Joseph was born. His father, Andrew, was a Philadelphia merchant. Before the Revolution he wrote a series of able letters to Lord Dartmouth, giving the American view of the question. July 4, 1776, one day before the Declaration, he was appointed Washington's secretary at Cambridge, and was the most confidential friend of Washington through the war. When he was in Washington would beg of him to return, and know no other person with whom he could have unbounded confidence. Washington could find no other who could grasp the great problems with which he had to struggle, and he was in distress for want of him. It was to him that Washington, in the dark days, unbosomed himself to say that he wished to have, in place of accepting the chief command, retired to the back country and lived in a wigwag, if in doing so he could have justified himself to his conscience and to posterity. Washington always had great faith in the Irish settlers of Western Virginia, and at one time said, if he had along the whole sea board, he could retire to the mountain, and there maintain the cause of freedom against the world. Washington went to Philadelphia in May, 1776, and induced Congress to appoint Reed Adjutant General, and as such he joined Washington in June, in New York. It was he that refused to receive Lord Howe's letter in Washington unless it was properly addressed. He helped Washington in conducting the retreat from Long Island. He refused to leave the commander in chief in his difficulties, even when his wife, Esther, whom he adored, wrote to him to come to her in sickness. In the retreat across New Jersey and at Trenton and Princeton, Colonel Reed's services were conspicuous and valuable. It was he who, at Washington's request, reconnoitered the enemy before the battle of Princeton, with six officers, chosen for their bravery and fidelity, including John Dunlap and James and Samuel Caldwell, natives of Ireland, and members of St. Patrick's Society. It was a bold and hazardous undertaking, but successfully performed, and the seven horsemen returned with twelve British dragoons, captured almost in sight of the British army. He was elected by Congress as brigadier-general, which he refused, but served, acting without rank or pay. He was chosen the first Chief Justice of the State of Pennsylvania. This he declined and stayed in the army. He was again elected to Congress and visited Valley Forge, and made important reports to Congress. It was to him that the British commissioners offered fifty thousand dollars and any office in the colonies in the gift of his Majesty, if he would desert the then almost hopeless cause of the Revolution, and that everything should be granted to the colonists except Independence, and it was this grand Irish American patriot that returned the noble answer: "I am not worth purchasing; but such as I am the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it."

That answer was given on a Sunday evening, at Philadelphia. The next morning Reed joined his friend Colonel Moylan, the Catholic Irishman from Cork, and with his dragoons crossed to Jersey and reconnoitered the rear of the splendid British army. News had come from Catholic France that her army and navy would be allied to ours. The gloom was lifted from Valley Forge. Washington's army again crossed the Delaware, and in one week after Reed had informed the British commissioners that all the gold in England could not bribe one Irish-American patriot to betray the cause of freedom. He was in the thickest of the fight at Monmouth, where Washington, on the 28th of June, 1778, informed His Majesty's generals, through the roar of Irish Knox's artillery, the crack of Irish Morgan's rifles, the sweeping charge of Irish Moylan's dragoons and the flashing team of Irish Wayne's bayonets, that all the forces of the British government could not crush the cause of Irish-American liberty. The three tempting offers that England made to Barry, Morgan and Reed, all Irish, were all rejected. The fourth she made to Benedict Arnold, and it was accepted. In December, 1779, Reed was by unanimous vote of both branches of the State Government, elected President of the State of Pennsylvania, and was thrice re-elected, and it was in his presidency that Pennsylvania, the first of all the States, abolished slavery by a bill, the infamous language of which was from his pen. His epithet, written by Washington's attorney general, truly characterizes this great Irishman's life as "Active, useful and glorious."

At the battle of Trenton Washington himself took command of one of the two columns, and put Sullivan at the head of the other. Victory followed and Princeton succeeded, and Sullivan was there, again conspicuous and brave. In May, 1777, Washington organized his army into five divisions and gave Sullivan the command of one. At Brandywine and Germantown he displayed courage and bravery. At the latter Washington put him in command of his own and Wayne's divisions, and the two Irish generals had the advantage of the British troops till the other wing failed. They received the thanks of Washington. He was chief in command in Rhode Island, and with him gained a signal victory in 1778. He was afterwards sent to Congress again, was attorney general and President (thrice elected) of New Hampshire, and subsequently appointed United States Judge by his old friend Washington, which he retained till his death, in 1795. Much of the best blood of New England, in law, literature and medicine came from this Limerick family.

It might have been better had I taken this brave soldier as the only theme of my discourse this evening, and as a fair specimen of Irish-American soldiers in the Revolution. As it is, I must only very briefly refer to him. His grandfather lived in Ireland, where his son Isaac, the father of Anthony, was born. In 1722 the family settled in Pennsylvania, where, on the first day of the year 1741, Isaac's only son, Anthony, was born. His Uncle Gilbert was his teacher, and his nephew distracted the brains of two-thirds of the school by his boyish, military exploits. At twenty-six he married into the Penrose family, of Philadelphia. When resistance to England began he mustered a volunteer corps, and in January, 1776, Congress made him a colonel of one of the regiments sent under Major General Thomas to reinforce the Northern army. He was at the affair of Three Rivers, where his Irish fellow officers, Thomas and Irvine, were taken prisoners. He saved the brigade from capture. In February, 1777, Congress made him a brigadier general, and on the advance of the British general on Philadelphia and his subsequent retreat, Washington sent four corps in pursuit, and what is remarkable, their four commanders were all Irish, Sullivan, Maxwell, Morgan and Wayne, two native born and two the sons of Irishmen. These Irish generals drove the British from New Jersey, and were warmly eulogized in Washington's report to Congress. At Brandywine and moving to that battle, the right was commanded by two Irish generals, Sullivan and Wayne. Wayne drove the enemy two miles and carried his part of the field. His horse was shot under him, and he was wounded. If others had done as well Germantown would have been our Yorktown. When the reverse came he covered the retreat and saved the army. At Valley Forge he again saved it this time from starvation by successfully foraging. When the British evacuated Philadelphia, Washington sent out his Irish general, Maxwell, to break down the bridges and obstruct the roads. He dispatched another of his Irish generals, Daniel Morgan, with six hundred troops to assault the enemy's right flank, and he selected Wayne to command the thousand select soldiers to attack the rear of the enemy's army, and when the British turned upon Lee and Lafayette the field was saved by two Irish heroes, Wayne and Ramsay, till Washington had time to recognize his shattered and retreating troops, and then, after pouring the storm of his rage upon Lee, he turned the storm of his Irish generals on the enemy. Morgan's rifles, all Irish, and the incomparable Washington, a naturalized Irishman, routed the English forces and the glory of Monmouth flung back its effulgence on the gloom of Valley Forge. Washington, in his official report, says: "The catalogue of those who distinguished themselves is too long to admit of particularizing individuals. I cannot, however, forbear to mention Brigadier General Wayne." In writing of the battle Wayne himself says that the Pennsylvania (Irish) troops showed the road to victory. His great achievement, however, was at the storming of Stony Point. Washington thought it of the greatest importance that this stronghold of the Hudson should be captured, and, of course, chose the Irish American General for the service. It was washed by the Hudson on two sides, and covered by a marsh on the third side, which the tide overflowed. The hill was encircled by a double row of abatis, with strong breast works on the summit liberally supplied with artillery and defended by six hundred veteran troops. On the 15th of July, 1779, Wayne marched to the performance of this mad work. Two other brave Irishmen served under him, Butler and Murphy. About an hour before he had written to a friend a note dated, "Near the hour and scene of carnage," in which he says, "This will not reach your eye till the writer is no more." It was twenty minutes past midnight when, through the morass now overflowed by the tide, over the double row of abatis and the supposed impregnable works on the summit, under a hot fire of musketry and a shower of shells and grape, the daring assaulters rushed upon the enemy, not a ball in their muskets but with Wayne's favorite weapon, the bayonet. A musket ball struck Wayne on the head and he fell, but rising on one knee he exclaimed: "March on, carry me into the fort. I will die at the head of the column." This was the most brilliant affair of the war, and the father of General B. E. Lee, Charles Lee, and Wayne, with whom a duel was threatened, for Wayne's criticism of his conduct at Monmouth, declared it the most brilliant exploit in military history. After some other noted services, at Fort Lee and elsewhere, he again shone forth at Yorktown. He had hung upon Cornwallis' rear as he retreated to Yorktown, and at one time attacked the main army of the enemy with a mere handful of men, striking such terror into the heart of the British commander that he was afraid to attempt to capture his pursuers, which he could easily have done. At the investment of Yorktown Wayne, with Clinton, another Irish general, opened the first parallel on the 6th of October, 1781. On the 11th the second parallel was commenced, and Wayne commanded. On the 14th, after dark, the attack on the two redoubts was made by Lafayette, and his chief support were two battalions of Pennsylvania (Irish) troops under Wayne, and on the 19th Yorktown surrendered, but it was Wayne all over, always ready, resolute and rapid. After Yorktown he was ordered south to support Greene. He rescued the State of Georgia from the enemy. His last service was to take possession of Charleston at the close of the war, and to conquer the Indians who had defied Harman, and defeated St. Clair. He died in 1798. Such are but a few of the labors and hardships these brave Irishmen endured to make a free home and a refuge for mankind. I have not time to mention and intended what services were rendered by Irishmen in

other walks of life in Congress, in the pulpit, at the bar, on the bench, in the navy, as surgeons, as merchants with their money, and in all ways that secured our success. The great captain, the first commander of our navy, John Barry and Captain Porter, the present admiral's grandfather, were conspicuous in that grand navy that has given us the records of Barry, Porter, Rodgers, Decatur, Stewart (Parnell's grandfather), Perry, McDonough, Blyeakly, and our present admiral and Vice Admiral Porter and Rowan, all Irish. The great men who advocated and declared our independence, Thornton, Livingston, Smith, Taylor, Ross, Reed, McKean, Lynch, Carroll, Rutledge, all signers, and above them all Charles Thomson, the secretary of Congress, born at Maghera, in the County of Derry, and all Irish. The great Revolutionary governors of the States, Rutledge, of South Carolina; Burke, of North Carolina; Clinton, of New York; Reed, of Delaware; Wear, of New Hampshire; Reed, of Pennsylvania; Livingston, of New Jersey; and others; all Irish. Rutledge, Clinton and Livingston, all governors in the heat of the Revolution, and all rendering great, transcendent services to our cause of freedom. Cochran and Ramsay conspicuous among our surgeons, both Irish. But above all in the pulpit, "Who can estimate the power of that pulpit, which gave hundreds of eloquent divines, particularly the Presbyterian Irish? I can mention only half a dozen, Rodgers, of New York; McWorther, of Newark; Caldwell, of Elizabethtown; Duffield, of Philadelphia; Patrick Allison, of Baltimore; Waddell, of Virginia, the celebrated blind preacher, and grandly in the front of all, the illustrious Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore, John Carroll. Thus, in the army and navy, in the pulpit and from Congress, America holds up the endless roll of her Irish heroes, and exclaims, "These are my jewels."

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS!

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"I like that," says Brandy, with a fresh accession of mirth. "Just wait till I tell my tale. We were walking along the sea-shore; when some curfew flew over our heads, and Dandy said—

"Don't believe him, Miss Tremaine," interrupts Dandy, angrily. "Dandy said, in his most poetic tone, 'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day; Ha-ha,' says Brandy, laying down his head in a passion of laughter upon the window-sill inside which Dugdale sits, also openly amused. 'Well, any one might make a mistake,' says Gretchen, holding out a friendly laugh to Dimont, who grasps it thankfully, 'and all the world knows the difference between 'curfew' and 'curfew.' What a goose you are, Brandy! Sometimes I think you would laugh at a straw."

But Gretchen's kind defense rather falls to the ground, as all around her are giving way to open merriment. "Oh! I give up of Thomas Gray!" says Blundon. "I'd shive up spouting if I were you, Dandy; it evidently doesn't agree with you, try something else."

"Oh, I dare say," says Mr. Dimont, justly incensed. "You're all very funny, of course, aren't you? No one doubts that; and say fellow, you know, can invent a story of another fellow you know; that's simple; but I think I could invent a good story if I went about it at all."

"Do go about it," says Scarlett, the most generous encouragement in his tone. "Do, there's a good fellow! If you engage to make it half as amusing as Brandy's, we'll come in a body to hear it. There's a noble offer!" "All we go for a walk," says Kitty, rising suddenly, in answer to a glance from Gretchen. "It is only half-past four, and tea will not be in the library until five. If you all wish it, we shall just have time to take a peep at the gardens."

"Will you come?" says Scarlett, in an undertone, turning to Gretchen. She shakes her pretty head, and then says, gently, "I think not. I am a little tired, and I always read to Mr. Dugdale for a short time about this hour. When tea is ready, and come in with them when tea is ready."

"I almost begin to envy Dugdale," says the young man, discontentedly, yet with an assumption of playfulness. He has been so long her friend that he now finds it difficult to realize the fact that he is indeed her lover. As for Gretchen, the idea has never once occurred to her. To tell her that "little Tom Scarlett"—with whom she has gone nutting scores of times when they were boy and girl together—is madly in love with her, would be to cause her the most intense amusement. "If you were an invalid, unable to go about, I would read to you too," she says, sweetly. Whereupon the young man tells her she is "an angel," foolishly, perhaps, but with the deepest sincerity.

Gretchen laughs, taps him lightly on the arm with her fan, and warns him he must not flatter, after which she accompanies him on his way to the gardens with the others, until she reaches the hall-door, where—having committed Dandy and Flora and Brandy to his special care, with a view to preventing bloodshed—she parts from him and goes in-doors.

"I should like it so much," says Dugdale, gratefully, who would have said just the same about Isaac had he proposed laying it on his forehead with her own little hand. Opening a bottle that stood upon one of the tables, she applied the remedy gingerly, barely touching him, so delicately he scarcely knew. Once they stray a little to brush back the hair that interferes with her gentle task; and the unwonted tenderness of the action, though slight and borne of the mere womanliness of her disposition, stirs his heart to its depths and creates in him a longing to let her know how sweet she is in his sight. "A longing, however, which he restrains. 'Of what avail to speak? How can the admiration of such a girl be (however honest)—the admiration of an inert and useless man—please her?' Nay, might it not rather raise a feeling of repugnance even in that gentle breast, a shrinking from one doomed to spend the short time allowed him upon earth in forced inaction?"

"Now are you better?" asks Gretchen, presently, in so hopeful and so anxious a tone that any man would have protested by all his gods he was well, rather than chagrin or disappoint her. Dugdale, of course declares on the spot that even the last faint lingering throbs has disappeared, and that never was there so wonderful a cure as has effected in five minutes. Whereupon Miss Tremaine sits down, the spent bottle still in her hand, and commences conversation.

"You have heard that ridiculous story of Brandy's," she says. "I think it was all too bad for poor Dandy. But he will quote poetry however wrongly. Do you like him? Is he not a nice boy?" "Charming. He is very much attached to you, is he not?" Gretchen laughs.

"He could hardly exist unless he believed himself in love with some one," she says. "It is part of his life; and I am his corps de reserve. He only returns to his allegiance to me when he has no one else to love. He has known me so long that he is perforce fond of me. Don't you think mere association creates liking? I do."

"I dare say. Has Scarlett known you a long time?" "Oh, yes. Ever so long,—years and years. Tom and I are great friends."

"I should have thought him something nearer than a friend."

"Should you?" says Gretchen, opening her eyes. "Oh, no. We have known him all our lives. I am sure he will always be a little Tom Scarlett to us, in spite of his six feet and the fact that he is five years older than Kitty. What a foolish thought to enter your head! He is rather handsome, is he not?" "Very handsome. No one could dispute it; and a good fellow too. I was rather intimate with him for some months after Maude married his cousin, Major Scarlett, and before—before—"

"Yes, we all like him very much," says Gretchen, with a nervous haste. "What was he saying to you just now when you laughed and tapped his arm with your fan?" "When?" "A few minutes ago. Before you all went away from the window."

"Then? No doubt some wretched nonsense," says Gretchen, evasively. "But it was so silly." "Never mind; tell me. I don't believe it was so silly as you say."

"Well, then, if only to prove you wrong, I will tell you. He said I was an angel," says Miss Gretchen, with a blush and a gay laugh. "Now confess yourself in fault."

"That is almost as hilly a road, and not so pretty, I think."

"But nearer home; and one hates a long drive back when tired."

"I better to bear the hills, I have than fly to others that we know not of," quotes Brandy. "Why didn't you say that, Dandy? It was quite like your line, and a splendid chance about the evening away."

"What about the evening?" asks Scarlett, addressing Gretchen in a low tone, who is still sitting on the wicker chair near Dugdale. "Would you come to our place and have tea? We might afterwards, you know, get up a small dance in the hall."

"Oh, thank you; no; do not mention that," Gretchen replies, earnestly. "We must be home early, must we not, Kitty? There are many reasons."

"Her eyes for an instant rest on Dugdale. How long the day will be for him, poor fellow, when they are all away!" "Tell you what," exclaims Sir John with sudden and unlooked for animation; "you all come—and have your dinner on my grounds. They are near enough, and no hills to speak of. You shall have tea in my fashion towards evening, and get home as early as ever you like. And—and I'll go home with you. Within faint laugh and a glance at Kitty, who is busy tracing a pattern on the back of Trimmer's fox terrier.

"That will be quite too charming," says Gretchen, with a quick smile; and then they all say the same in different language, except Scarlett, who would have liked to drive her home to his mother's house through the cool night air, and to have danced with her afterwards in a gay informal fashion in the old hall.

CHAPTER VI. ROSALIND. "To you I give myself, for I am yours."

So it arranges itself; and though during all the intervening days it pours, and thunders, and generally misconducts itself, until one wonders dimly whether such an awful rent in the clouds can ever be stitched up again, still on the morning of the eventful Thursday day the weather, as though ashamed of its churlishness, clears up suddenly, and sends a brilliant sun to dry up all its tears. The sun breaks upon the world bright and glorious, full of warmth and freshness and promise of good things to come.

Somehow early in the afternoon Captain Scarlett, having deserted his mother's party, drives up to the Towers behind his irreproachable bays, and induces Gretchen in a weak moment to trust herself to his keeping and theirs. And presently all are gone and a certain stillness covers the house; and Dugdale with a heavy heart lies motionless upon his couch, to count the hours till they return, and brood over his unhappy fate, and before a fruitless longing for what "might have been" make havoc of his peace.

Meantime the others are driving merrily on their road to Coolmore, and, passing through the entrance-gates, are glad to escape the hot parent of the sun and gain shelter beneath the branching trees. Far away in the vast heavens pale clouds are sailing—sailing into worlds unknown. Below, the scene is almost as fair; on each side stretch sloping lawns, as green as emerald, far as the eye can see. To the right a broad river like a white ribbon runs restlessly between its sandy banks; upon its edge, stooping to drink, half a score of deer stand and a beauty to the already perfect picture; and a little higher up the drooping flowers, faint with heat, lean over it, as though to catch a glance of "their own dear loveliness."

Coming quickly round a rocky corner shaded with ferns the Tremaines find themselves at the entrance to a piece of soft lawn, made circular by a band of giant oaks that have grown there of their own accord for generations. It is a favorite wood at Coolmore, a pretty freak of fanciful Nature, what the children would call a "veritable fairy's ball-room."