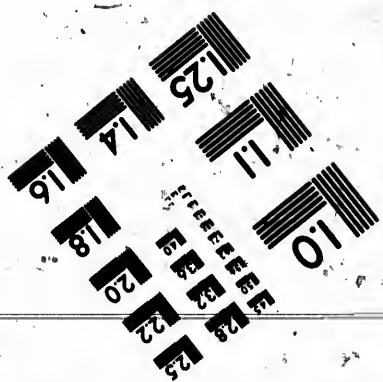
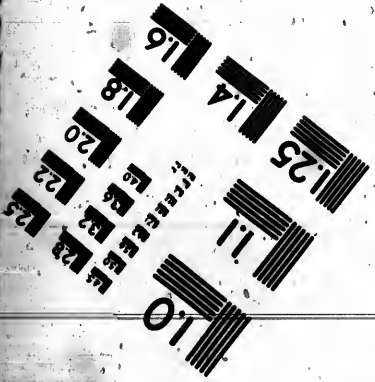
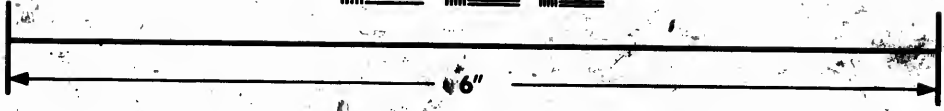
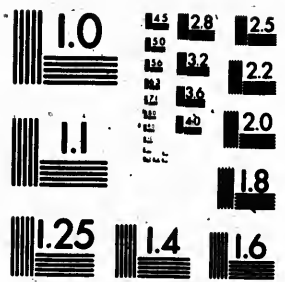


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

18
19
20
21
22
23
24

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.
(Monographs)**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17

© 1990

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

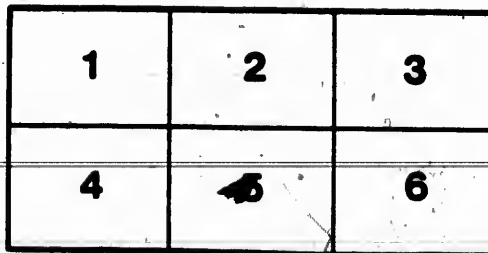
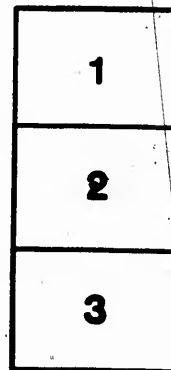
Library of the National
Archives of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

La bibliothèque des Archives
nationales du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

L

PU

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.

1845.



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 sin-
cerity, 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.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, by W. L. MACKENZIE, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern
District of New-York.

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

NE,

... which
... the sin
... which
... with, and
... danger,
... of Asia,
... by years

ENZIE.

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 clergy 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.

er, a govern-

ons and such
at the earth
ment have a
age of God,
of that earth
marks to des-

and in 1707.
subject these
persecution,
ho shall stop
r the colonial
of the signers
t, and among
ned, this vol-
o the earnest
the hour of
h that no peo-
e more abuse
han the coun-
n, and Moore,
erald Isle, dis-
the fine ima-
acter."

y increase the
e, enlightened,
satisfaction of the
e best means
ess may be dif-
of the United
istering which

sed. The pil-
their youth, the
e two hundred
—the outlawed
and the climate
g for that heav-
nion, without

himself to the
e. His parents
as their native
le with the gal-
lich had degrad-
nglish provin-
Canada, he en-
cate of liberty,"
ing, and aiding
ashes of the con-
ce, he was out-
hile democracy,
risonment. In
and acceptable,
e public, as a to-
herished attach-

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 wetting 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 forever—the steamships crossing the Atlantic or Pacific, or stemming the Ohio, the Danube, the Thames, the Scheldt, or the Shannon, will be forever associated in the mind of man with the name of him who first set them in motion—the son of an humble Hibernian.

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

quired, were not
—arrived at New
ndant of a coun-
nd navigated on
ize—then ano-
His fame was
hich Mr. Living-
degree rendered
ey did the great
invented to im-
part of the peo-
old, hastened his
[the 23d, ac-
of his age. The
the Washington
ne Union nearer
n the Mississip-
ne and the Hud-
rsal throughout
will endure for
ming the Ohio,
oe for ever asso-
them in motion

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 condutors, 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, Macdonough, 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 Burtowes, 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, put to death 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 court-house!

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.

van, Clinton, Stark,
Moylan, Proctor,
Chan, Macdonough,
Cutledge, McKean,
Thomson, to the
nation's entrance
of the oppressed on
ames of Vice Pres-
amsay, Governors
dred other distin-
efforts of Edmund
ier liberal and en-
hasten to dis-
of the revolution
iends and benefac-
ur Parliament had
unanimous address
endly to the rights
gratitude, that your
themselves in the

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
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, intelli-
gence; 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 sig-
nature 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 ex-
ist. In the British parliament he has represented Dublin, Monaghan, and
Cassel, 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 super-
intend the reprinting of Rymer's Foedera, with many additions, a most diffi-
cult 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, Lon-
don, 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 sen-
timents? Have they heard of Robert Fulton, Maria Edgeworth, Jonathan
Swift, Robert Boyle, Richard Kirwan, Adam Clarke, R. B. Sheridan, Sir Rich-
ard Steele, Archbishop Usher, James Doyle, Bishop Berkeley, Edmund Burke,

character, education,
Norbury, and Barons
publ on the night
et and his friends
English domination.
rd MacNally, the
ng, an ostler from
out of the scheme.
he found too late
iplined multitude,
error, cruelty, and
revolt, by Major
love of country.
, 1803, beheaded,
Stafford, seem to

y remarks, "that
was not a single
flowers of Emmet
must have fallen.
ld, had graduated
virtues which ren-
d—every one re-
—its patriots his
aid-to have been
corner, every av-
o enter the court-

emporary of Emmet
ies:—

ad.

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

Elizabeth and
nman, Roscom-
Hutchinson, the
Phillips, Sloane,
ames known to
les of '76 who
ve named, his

E.

ighlin, an em-
Church—one of
rested friends—
honorably fam-
the University
ained the rank
of catholicism;
condition, and
Irish, while his
entitle him to
le was a strong
to maintain the
lands to be ex-
l his views of a
reply to a most
y as a "rascally
died not worth
, and his house
n that of those
idered from the
ates or pamper-

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 50th 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 is "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 20th 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

The inscription
as follows;
ese mansions of

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

abolitionist—and the
 rance in the Emerald
 which he powerfully
 an energetic promoter
 —an active repealer—
 g the Irish Catholic

Mathew from Kohl's

ush—five millions of
 ls since he instituted
 was nearly 3,000 a day
 me man, of imposing
 me height and figure
 ith health, his moves
 es regular and full of
 and commanding, his
 in full possession of
 e and delicate hand,
 glowing zeal, and a

ery land, under every
 uit, is indeed onward
 e in the United States
 e brethren?—Observe
 rishmen as O'Connell,
 Kilwarden, Crawford,
 urname, Shiel, Welling-
 Lally, Lawless, and

iently borne the yoke
 toward independence.
 ys of 1798, the efforts
 es that Ireland prizes
 ere in America do we
 ong our Irish fellow-
 owes to Ireland—we
 native societies, and
 , strong and powerful
 y will be able to pay
 Valor, and improve-

IDAN.

aps the most splendid
 ned the British Senate
 n in Dublin in Sept.,
 le to tell. His father
 his mother, Frances
 a brilliant orator, of
 rran, Grattan, Burke,
 lso to negro slavery—
 the Tories, like Lord
 have been his. As a
 own to posterity with
 "Duenna," "Critic,"
 after years he suffered

great poverty, and died with the bailiff close by ready to drag him to a dun-
 geon. 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 coun-
 try and humanity, were, on the 14th of July, 1798, publicly executed in Dub-
 lin. 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, intelli-
 gent 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 infam-
 ous Castlereagh and the malignant Clare, repeating their every conversa-
 tion. 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 affec-
 tionate 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 Cas-
 teleragh, 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 unwea-
 riedly 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 ex-
 ecution—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.

* 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 vice, 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'CONOR, THE IRISH ANTIQUARY.

CHARLES O'CONOR 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 Crovdeargh, 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 Lytleton, 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'Conor, of Dublin, an able writer on Irish affairs, Thomas O'Conor, of New York, and the O'Conor Don.

DR. CHARLES O'CONOR.

This distinguished Irish historian of the present century, was a grandson of the celebrated antiquary of his name, and brother of the late O'Conor 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'Conor 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

was born on St. An-
of Tipperary, Ireland
his father died before
he soon tasted of ad-
finite wit and humor.
Two years before his
t. 19th, 1745, aged 78.
but lacked candor as a
moirs too truly show.
account of his life, and
his *Drapier's Letters*—
sensively read. Origin-
y under Anne; was at
ed to be their idol, and

e indulgence in drink-
ured the latter days of
by feeding on high

ous writer—the Burns
at delightful of authors
(or Elphin), in Long-
ydena, and Edinburgh.
He wandered over the
his flute for a lodging
1759—an Essay on Po-
ar of Wakefield—Cit-
nd, and Animated Na-
Man, are among the
true "Citizen of the

natural, melodious, af-
y bosom, and will ren-

among the inestimable
hor died before he had
31. It is said that pe-
(Burns, too, who wrote
ould carry him off his
were, in the last cen-
sh literature. Thanks

she has abolished
ure and utensils of the
, but forget justice in

rings on the continent,
physician—could not
at Peckham, that he
iless to London after a

few months—contributed articles for the Monthly Review—rented a miser-
able 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 prefa-
ces and reviews, leading articles and squibs—his labors were incredible. Here
he wrote his "Essay on Polite Learning," and many other elegant and grace-
ful 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 bailiffs 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-heart-
ed 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 Gold-
smith: 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 re-
port 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 indus-
try, 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 Gold-
smith 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 indepen-
dence, 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 dissen-
ter 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 ma-
jority, 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 Independ-
ence?"

1st. They nobly fought to gain and to uphold it. Look at the list of emi-
nent 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 McKean, 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

ca to Ireland and
 ration of American
 1776, we find three
 to whom may be
 ongress. Irishmen
 cause of American
 of patriots who de-
 the west, perilled
 with his lords and

colonies, a bold,
 and laborers, of
 of America"—said
 5—"would afford
 a also; an asylum
 hospiality, peace,
 anguinity, mutual

the Irish Volunteers
 ned in their mem-
 overnment into an
 ace, than did our
 1781. Without
 the grip of her
 ently successful if
 urkes, Sheridans,
 ed the cause of
 ed by their argu-
 ork.

feat of the latter
 former. Ameri-
 page 287 of the

feat of General
 the necessity of
 formed between
 try in search of
 on the side of
 erious and final
 banished from
 of her brow the
 and the Roman

find the names
 ves of Ireland—
 a, and Edward
 Carroll, whose

one descendants
 two Scotsmen,
 and bred subjects
 ed Kingdom.

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 Susquehannah. 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

member of the
 signers of the

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.

E.

Irish emigrant,
November, 1749,
s a barrister in
high less so than
of a just, genur
South Caro-
pendence. He
ears—took his
a prisoner of
South Carolina.

ANIA.

parents were
ary congress
or nine years
New London,
ame a lawyer;
ident of Dela-
once a warm
24th of June,
terian church,
sat in it from
ania, 50 years
fathers.

TON.

September 20th,
Irishman, and
ess, a Senator
Declaration of
Wellesley mar-
country from
persecution,

having taken
n that of Mr.
when the en-
roll was op-

1749, educa-
of the revolu-

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 friend 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, 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 mechanic, 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 contemporaneous with the project of inspection of some of our water-courses by Governor Clinton," 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

were temperate in

years old, I find the

department, and

and intimate

the third son of

in the town of

September, 1731, but

with his father,

His father died on

ring the Capes of

considerable amount,

sign country, with-

the leadings of

acting care of Him

taste for learning,

Dr. Allison, became

ing account of his

icious mansion, ten

ney, money, is the

the United States

ten years before the

lectures in 1772, at

of lock-navigation"

: Colles "was the

ate [of New York]

Colles was a man of

filled in the math-

public, he was gen-

sometimes treated

on of some of our

new question of in-

New York by Mr.

who, as Governor

at the public ex-

join him in the

question before the

to enable him to

n a pamphlet, en-

and *Unappropriated*

improvement of the

printed in 1785, at

ed canal improve-

and inland trade,

visions to distant

and give the states

as large as the

no was in the As-

n was referred "

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

to sea in the merchant
d of an Indiaman, ac-
in his twentieth year,
e John Barry. In 1800
periment, captured the
4 guns, also the Louisa
ade of Spanish women
captain and crew of their
St. Domingo. In 1802
modore Preble's thanks
sustained much damage.
Captains Stewart and
neral Mason presided,
and sung that evening,

far
ended,
r,
it
ng,
throng,
wave,
ie brave."

Captains Stewart and
ew ships of war the
y, instead of placing
rited Captain Stewart
e honor. In 1813 he
ns, and destroyed the
nd the brig Lord Nel-
e Constitution fell in
ane of 34 guns, and
American arms were

Cooper, in his Naval
both sides, was un-
the Constitution was
er previous battles,
with the Java. She

hip on this occasion,
unusual for a single
So far from this oc-
both her opponents,
ike—forcing her two
ng to cross her stern
val annals."

New York honored
m with a gold snuff-
ladelphia, the legis-
thanks for his bril-
ted sword to be pre-
shed merits in cap-
Cyane and Levant.
that brilliant event,
eir valiant conduct.
anklin, 74, in 1816,
e Mediterranean—
mand 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. Ponsoby, 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, Munros, and Montgomerys, 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 spectacle 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

the carelessness, for
s in every age and
actors, does not steel
of human suffering,
e it discourages the
d generous spirit to
r Freedom's banner,
owed perhaps, like
ed family surround-
erty and destitution
w may enjoy.

city of Dublin.
us ages and climes
l perhaps cool the
ess whose services
o-liberty, who can
and Montgomerie's,
on or other bounty
on of the press, if
of adversity in the
ple?
tan and O'Connell

low,
low,

D.

duke, by Emelia
Richmond, was
with his regiment
erely attached to
For his friend-
mission in the
th, 1798, during
would probably
ary skill.

a gallant resis-
added to hard
d lost the incal-
popular military
oppressors.

on, and he was
ve weeks in the
rniture &c., de-
as arrested and
inster, but got
he might have
ive the honest
strange recep-
rmstrong, and
and honest N.
against Lord
rhaps now, in
of his gallant
nels, 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 Philippe, 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, thirteen delegates were there arrested, their papers seized, the day of revolt ascertained, and Messrs. Emmet, MacNevin, Bond, 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*—fought 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 of at 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 extracted, 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.

man in 1800—was ap-
e's ship Reindeer, June
icans killed or wound-
ten sail of merchant-
them, full of valua-
n with four sail, not
8 guns, he fought and
is another enemy was
Wasp was afterward
heard of. North Car-
ense of the state, and
him their thanks and
leer.

and Reindeer, given
idea of the perils of a

during the late des-
which he gloriously
of the calves of his
both thighs, which
no entreaties could
headed the board-
or perish in the at-
the Wasp's top pen-
chin. Placing one
his sword, he ex-
his own deck. The
ividual of a higher
One of the Rein-
half of the ramrod
fore it could be ex-
his temples. The

then will they fight

Shannon,
anon—

ny, was stationed
to be abandoned
ed, (says Charles
the Friendly Sons
became indignant
the Irish warrior
leave to remain
he attempt. His
pt up so well di-
s force, were de-
otected, 500,000
frontier relieved
s of the ene.ny.

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 distinguish- ed 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.

Thus 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 Cahirsirveen 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 Philippe 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

l writer, was born in
lege there, and after-
on elegant, able, and
Castlereagh, Eldon,
m in his feelings and
His works are nume-
story of Ireland, the
of Sheridan, &c. &c.
of two thousand four
him a seat in the
rior, considering him-
a effective and inde-
ell deserved pension
t, and generally ac-
years of age, mar-
nd spends the even-

e powerful agitator
Tom Moore's beau-
nd stamped on eve-
O'Connell's longest
Irish bard are still
e is in fact, a more
etly in his comfort-
ends to the inmost
xon with tears and
e and verse of the
who stands by his
great triumvirate
n, each occupying
e wondrous sham-
of Irish fame, and
gaze. All three
of the sea—O'Con-
nd Tom Moore in

appointed on a near
es. In a letter to
politics, between
he less that's said
think seriously on
re obvious to me
e still lurked one
g effects of such
ould rather kiss
ant, arrogant pol-

ended in the ex-
as held in Dublin
ance. The Mar-
ore's speech was

ious coincidence,
s moment, filled
ated as men, and
rally from their
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 forever 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-

ressed the audience,

shed in America, the
able persons. They
at Margate.

A. N.

es of the American
o Sullivan, a teacher
o Governor Sullivan
w Hampshire before
or-General by Con-
ght division of the
and Germantown.
expose his life, and
rly surrounded him.
afterwards United
ilitary nature was
the Oneidas, bribed
lled perhaps by a
s of New York and
hawk and scalping-
d could take effect,
erry Valley, and the
eir career, General
nder Generals Clin-
nd British (Butler's
on, drove them be-
s, horses, corn, and
could do so. The
er injury.

born in Lancaster,
worthy farmer from
revolution of 1776,
and with his pen.
ided in that august

ts, fill 27 vols. In
story of South Car-
States, up to 1808.
His sketch of
at at one time vir-
tions against those

CLINTON.

vely Governor of
s President of the
constitution of the
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 to play 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 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—

ves us the following

ounty of Kildare—his
mise of such talents,
fortune his parents

early and eminently
off the prize of ora-
from the chair, when
the society.

he had opportunities
of his own; of per-
adation of a colonial
governed him through
with a sacrifice.

his first pamphlet,
declared his princi-
ple; I am addicted

Club, and read with
myself, which he did,

They proposed put-
ting him professionally

and is bound to sup-
port. He openly broached his
opinion on behalf of the

appointed with any one
circumstances had created
friend and love each

disinterested effort
power to bestow:
with a salary of two

liberal distinction,
contending among them-
selves their delegates when

medal, and fifteen

his countrymen, his
between the Catholics
and the enlightened of

reform—that of
them both upon
happy prospects of
rights to the elective
and how insignifi-
cant!

his petition on the
he resigned his office
with thanks, with a
which they said "no

at Havre, France,
been permitted to
carry 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, hiring

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."

“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, 1793, he was tried for high treason, at Maidstone, England, along with General Arthur O'Connor, Benjamin P. Binns, 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

ny surprise, I find that employed on this continental parliament. I was ordered by royal authority and met his fate (says

Byrne's death:—bridewell, it was an of William Byrne, the for the signature of ernment]. We were s the more affected of remitting the execution. The terrorists ed, undaunted, to his known anything of with him in our com- , and then employed the subject of his tri- rage, and pure and on condition that he on of the deceased eated this offer was reposition, 'and tell or to him you would is offer.' It is not acquainted with the , to feel the dignity, f generosity, sacred ore so, when it is w years of age, was w days, received a of a first child. He ne persecutions and was of a Catholic the arms of rebel- the government of ds now in exile or the foremost in vir-

and took an active rs ago, to remove or high treason, at enjamin P. Binns, but the rest were the army as lieutenants, which were led the storming everely wounded of this was his ined with other borhood of Co- e Spanish army. known anything o suffer the pains 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 *Lofre*, 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 soups for soups. 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 *venir 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 strewn 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,

ed an early preference
 "Tony Lumpkin,"—his
 "The Bandits—
 "The Shamrock—Young
 "The Fugitive—Lie
 "Positive Man—Cas
 "Le Grenadier—The
 c. His life has also
 ems. He was a man
 is auditors, sent them
 advocate of sincerity,
 er are truly original,

of Tipperary, Ireland.
 er of the United Irish
 hen a portion of his
 ats of that year made
 He was educated at
 d was for some years
 e a settler in Canada,
 as elected a member
 the colleague of the
 l, after a very warm
 l the undivided sup
 the tory magistrates
 re the hustings, over
 n the citizens in the
 f them, and wounded
 e similar occasion, be
 ection, the cholera
 ve continually to al
 ecent emigrants from
 n seized him as its
 nd proprietor of the
 rit, skill, and talent,
 etty despots, holding
 al, who arrested the
 a Canadian winter,
 y Minerve, and took
 nths in a loathsome
 ed on their release a
 vere strewed with
 ersuasion, and left
 merchant in Albany.
 la's exiles have had
 d and Canada, free,

ometimes the aid of a
 ve to record inter
 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 breastwork 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

hung 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."

British subjects in retaliation; and his release

undered,

dered;
slave."

DN.

and poet and wit of the
January 17th, 1684.
ter of English verse,
ste, if he did not enact
actors of English lit-

ssay on Translated
ude—The Dream—
protestantism; and

wn,

n, brave, patriotic,
olics and Presbyte-
Union. He issued
ents to disaffected
of the people fight-
was fought in the
under Munro, the
t fire to the whole
a splendid, well-
n, when the Irish,
glish pursued, and
ughter of Erin's
her and her lover
dependence—she
ve supported her
retreat, she was
rother fell at her
and four hours on
orth. Two days
ly, by court mar-
e of giving a le-
"With a quick
caffold, evidently
ed in the thirty-
where his wife,
m his body, and
be the first and

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THOMAS BRERETON.

37

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 bastille 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 Fermanagh 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 BARRÉ.

COLONEL BARRÉ 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

o against him, a brave
sed in the court cut him
ed the blood of his in-
He left two daughters
ative—and his remains
er, who had fortunately

igent, and prosperous—
required to shoot them—
shoot down their inno-
deed a sad one—very,
world of blessed angels,
at Judge of all will not
n who had compassion

the United States, and
as born on the 3d of
as a surgeon on board
settled at Carlisle in
in 1774—raised and
January, 1776, chiefly
became eighteen months.
second Pennsylvania
with the defence of the
d Indians. After the
convention to frame a
and experienced war-
d July 29th, 1804, at

lopted country.
e left it under Wash-
lin, Ireland, came to
was at first engaged
constrate against the
the war of Independ-
e cause of freedom—
council of Pennsyl-
1789 he was unwea-
ted by him for the
pointed Judge of the
January, 1791, and
d an unsullied integ-
lge. He was pious
ns.

shman—who, when
s great republic to
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 warm, 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 fulfillment—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 sweet-

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. Scarcely 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. Wheately, 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

sacrificed to the moloch
years of the eighteenth
was executed there on
d of his fellow citizens

child, quitted the place
r hapless countryman.
a sentence was inter-
dicture of the deepest
o attended the execu-
with cannon, and a
e. To these Mr. Orr
ly tone of voice, and
o the last instant of
uplary morals and of
d, father, and neigh-
his country was
ctions; and his last
d soon be emancipa-

ted Irishmen's oath.
d that he had sworn
e drunk. Truly did
le and death are not
ents which show the

y a Scottish, Ameri-
songs of the north,
of the blessed, and

an important chap-
en to his advocate,
he drew a picture
bank heaven, these
be careless of their

ant's maxim, unite
at principle for his
ril, will have done
been the true one.
ffer shipwreck of
honor. Such was
endid genius or to
most apt to fix its
to be identified—
iring leader. His
rance. You, who
plain and honest
d the virtues that
are the outward
et, let me say, he
proportions, was

es and traitors to
stile government,
insurrection act.
o take unlawful
that this enact-
ed 'peep of day
aged, rewarded,
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 fortune 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

to society, will result
y precept, while integ-
rising indeed if Arnolds
appear among the pro-

mer read nor write, not
s Stewart, nor in 1798
of their country. Im-
ng many thousands of
(ship went) of the people
rned of the age. Per-
ght to be. In Britain
in this highly favored
found upwards of five
age, not one of whom
lervalued, however, it
aught of the worth of
of human knowledge,

Castlereagh, and the
s and informers who
the eighteenth century,
d has since been pub-
mission as a British
age over the innocent
wealth which hired
ares will afford a clue
of Hugh Wollaghan
British government, of
s, and form an ample
ole of America, what
ment that used and
Who can blame the

ke, descriptive of the
stim—to dodge about his
and crawl about his
such as these, says
urse and social hab-
Their tables and beds
vidence to make life
terror and torment.
y servant who waits
s such a tendency to
t assured and liberal
to be—that I vow to
immediate death for
ions at once, than to
mper of a contagious
of putrefaction, cor-

the united influences
making and other mer-
allowing trial and its
s only desired to do
their men out to mur-

art martial, of which
ober, 1798, by order
ogue-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 Orange-men 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 Wollaghan'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 docked 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 Bammers, 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 podded 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 Count 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 L. 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 Ginckle 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 Ginckle 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 1693 and '91, opposing English domination, were Colonel John O'Reilly, commander

ng's cavalry corps, and
at private reward Hugh
secret archives of Dub
ordered boy were forgot-
y, the blood of her in-
nt, are remembered in
an Emmet's epitaph is
ogherty's.

at who employed such
ll, and their colleagues
—Castlereagh podded
nited States, forbade
prison-house for other

RAALS ANDREW ND O'REILLY.

y, and many of them,
ave arrived at great

The General Conde
adable Spanish arma-
e most distinguished
attle of Fontenoy and
atholic divine, pres-
ive of Henry O'Reilly,
tern New York, was
so delighted with his
ng his papers at his
ice, the better. Our
n uncommon charac-
inciple, they gener-

n the Austrian army,
ished class of Irish
ns, Loudons, Bradys,
a and Joseph II. He
Westmeath, Ireland,
ourth Earl of West-
ered the remnants of
Governor of Vienna,
with Napoleon, the
nety-two, in Vienna,
Austrian Army, and
Theresa. His sister
its his honors. He

gh, gave Ginckle no-
ous to the battle of
John Wauchope, a
eral Ginckle would
ter threw up strong
e abandoned. The
werful house of his
bility of Ulster, had
son of Col. Philip
troops of the Irish
nes' army, in 1692.
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~~ 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 treated 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."

one of the signers of the
 rope, took an early and
 as a member of the con-
 met in Philadelphia,
 the most accomplished
 In March, 1776, he be-
 nor, and took the field
 isted in framing a con-
 nited Chief Justice of
 e of the United States.
 ma died January 23d,
 ume, and learn what
 s!

WAYNE.

as born at East-town,
 er was a tanner and a
 er had commanded a
 re, at the battle of the
 2. The youthful and
 1775, was unanimously
 n 1776, commanded a
 displayed both courage
 Thompson into Can-
 ne behaved with great
 judicious-manner in
 s made prisoner. In-
 eg. In the campaign
 a, who esteemed him
 for his knowledge as
 ly equal to a measure
 ble consequence in
 l a brigadier-general,
 cient officer, received
 rudent, and soldierly
 ended in Cornwallis's
 close of the war, in
 St. Clair in the com-
 dians, made a favor-
 t the age of 51, in a
 Erie.

Stony Point, in July,
 posed would prove
 he might die on the
 7 he subscribed as a
 which declared the
 e supreme law.
 removed to Radnor
 —the Cincinnati So-
 cety voted \$500 to erect a

f a remark of Gov.
 maintenance of our
 jection to a foreign
 Volunteers, exclaim-
 who have strength

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 polyglott 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 of 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. Teeling, 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

DOCTOR, AND

Hibernian heroes of
ton P. Custis, who is

an officer of cav-
person of the gener-
l-quarters. Feeling,

the silent tomb, but
the liberty is dear to

North Pennsylvania
fortunate bravery and
was a native of Ire-

battle of the Brandy-
posed of newly-raised
two files; the young
the army the Irish
with the gap made by
boys, these fellows

can liberty—the no-
led life and freedom
the Union the Irish,
ow that the remain-
s debt of gratitude
rd like this volume,
in defence of green

at "two regiments
Who suppressed the

In vol. 2, p. 218,
e most part natives
idental tie of birth,
ment to the cause

upon the Irish—no
of the rights of Irish-
e, in 1791, stormed
ne point of the bay-
same general, that
in front of a royal
During the war of
danger, left his col-
m proved true to a
never shed a drop
of offences."

gallant and distin-
the whole of the
iate command" of

cer in the old Blue
in the dawn of the
aign of 1776, and
de-camp to Wash-
scene consecrated
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 1793, 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 [redacted] street, New York, on the morning of Monday, July 13th, 1829, in the 63rd 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."

try at an early age, was
and military capacities.
service, in conventions, in
States, in which several
and undeviating supporter
s. At the commence-
he was held was evin-
firmman of the Committee
of his fathers, crowned
regrets of his intimate

Massachusetts on the
house in _____ street,
29, in the 34th year of
r was a native of Dub-
United Irishmen, and
ness, for freedom from a
educated for the bar under
l the reputation of an
the Connecticut river,
ts legislature. When
aniel Sheys, broke out,
s to disperse the insur-

Evening Post of the 14th

who is now his widow,
justice of law, first as a
ort time, and afterward
a federal party, in this
a situation from which
e a minority.

his city, among whom
ick, Archibald Gracie,
an of procuring a daily
n of their party. Mr.
is character, the vigor
ersy, was applied to,
harge of the new pa-
d on the 16th of No-

sustained the reputa-
e public press in the
cy and confidence of
has to boast; and the
ose who conducted us
e wisdom framed the
rsuasion recommend-
long and bitter con-
e Evening Post, un-
e opinions of which
ver the Union by the
ered with the closest
o avow its name and

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 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-

their vile colleagues ;
 s of that day for their
 an system, because of
 e, and the avarice, hy-
 in whom they trusted,
 being stronger than the
 y Moore, to Viscount
 an forty years since ?
 er it was a truth or a
 er it is fact or carica-
 at there should be an
 compared with Cole-
 , declared our moral
 in Wall street or at

oners 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, Victoria, 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 Bliicher—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 skillful 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 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 !!!

t, the present distin-

BARONET.

ed court-martial at
 changed because 200
 a few days before,
 ent in Ireland. Af-
 e had to fly to Eng-
 re the court of dra-
 witnesses to prove
 understanding among
 and testifying—the
 e loyal protestants,
 heart had spurned
 rds his poor coun-
 d more like a mis-
 brave and injured
 er, well known as
 an Hibernian bal-
 a most ingenious
 taller than Daniel
 as a lion. Of the
 and in his balloon,
 sea between Dub-

hed church of Ire-
 hly accomplished,
 reform, likely to
 hat “catholic pris-

The Duke of Wellington took as active a part in the House of Lords, on the settlement of the Canada question—1838 to 1841—as any peer of the realm. Agreeing with Sir Francis Head, and the Upper Canada Tories, as they are called, he protested against the union of the two Canadas, because a country 1500 miles long, could not be governed conveniently as one colony, with its French, English, and German population, and its fifteen Christian sects, some upheld by Government, and some not—its bad roads, and counties eight hundred miles from any capital town that could be chosen; because the people of the two Canadas have no common interest except in the possession of the exclusive navigation of the St. Lawrence, to secure which they require British protection; and because the French population did not desire this union, which would, through the united Legislature, embrace the discontented spirits of both colonies, with a promise of the chimera, in a dependency of England, of local government, with responsibility to the electors of members of that legislature. The union was persisted in; but it adds no strength to the executive agents of Britain, in the hearts of the Canadian people.

His grace's brother, Richard Colley Wellesley, MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY, married Mrs. Patterson, formerly Miss Caton, of Baltimore, a granddaughter of Charles Carroll [see page 16]—voted for parliamentary reform and catholic emancipation—was a governor-general of India, and lord-lieutenant of Ireland—retired on a large pension—was born in Dublin, June 20, 1760, and died in London, Sept. 25, 1842. The mother of the Wellesleys survived their father 50 years, and died in her 90th year, leaving four of her sons peers of Britain.

His brother HENRY was secretary of the treasury in 1809, and married to Lady Charlotte, a sister of Colonel Cadogan, by whom he had four children. Lord Paget, who was then married to one of Lady Jersey's daughters, by whom he had then eight or nine children, eloped with Lady Charlotte. Mr. Wellesley offered to take her back, but finally sued out a divorce, and got \$100,000 damages. Lady Emily, the sister of the frail Charlotte, was married to the Duke of Wellington's brother WILLIAM WELLESLEY,—two sisters the wives of two brothers.

The eldest son and heir of the duke is named Marquis of Douro. I have understood that he married the daughter of the family physician, Dr. Hume, with his grace's full consent.

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 for ever 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?

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 Whitson's Histories, the New Hamp-

shire Gazetteer, and Hill and Mobre'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; eye 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 un conquerable 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.

RIOTS.

the House of Lords, on—as any peer of the per Canada Tories, as two Canadas, because conveniently as one lation, and its fifteen, he not—its bad roads, town that could be e no common interest f the St. Lawrence, to because the French rough the united Le-onies, with a promise al government, with ure. The union was agents of Britain, in

QUIS' OF WELLESLEY, more, a granddaugh-mentary reform and dia, and a lord-lieut-orn in Dublin, June mer of the Wellesleys r; leaving four of her

809, and married to e had four children. rsey's daughters, by Lady Charlotte. Mr. t a divorce, and got Charlotte, was mar- LESLEY,—two sisters

is of Douro. I have physician, Dr. Hume,

y imperfect accom- mes of remarkable on cause with their principled—heaven parents of our race e on earth will the than in Ireland and g in the public eye- are scattered to the ice—kindling high lves?

OF 1776.

ERAL REID—* COL. MAJOR STARK, &c.

shire Historical So- es, the New Hamp-

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 post 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

of them—was with
New Jersey. His brother
Hill.

A brigadier-general
of Rockingham.
ure, and lived to see
er, 1815.

Whiton, comman-
He took the small
It is probable that

New Hampshire, on
ated from the north
sixteen settlers in
hard-working far-

at the commence-
ef of Boston, with
nd to the duties of
nted Major of the
t the battle of Ben-
at credit. His ex-
d republican might
ward, for he lived
to the great age of
6th of September,
umph in America,

he son of a Scots-
noticed here. His
d at the University
of the province of
JOHN STARK was
th the 28th of our
1843, on the 8th

at hardy and val-
can republic. He
s who had lately
ts, with the linen
art of war in his
ontrol of Canada.

on reached Stark,
e the manufactu-
gates of his mill,
had in his house,
e army of volun-
a colonel's com-
in less than two
to Bunker Hill,
d the right wing
Trenton, on the
n was detached
, and get cattle,
ugust, 1777, de-
were taken pris-
e disheartened.
ive 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 Breyman 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 PATTENS.—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 McGaffey, of Epsom—George McShannon, who was killed at Bunker Hill—the Orrs, McQuades, Goffes, &c.

IRISH NOVELISTS, POETS, AND DRAMATISTS.

JOHN BANIM—SAMUEL BOYSE—HENRY BROOKE—WILLIAM CARLETON—SANNAH CENTLIVRE—WILLIAM CONGREVE—JOHN CUNNINGHAM—THOMAS DEEMODY—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. MAGUSTIN—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

of the same Orrs who
collections, were Jacob
Jaimes McLaughlin,

Samuel Patten, were
lister, in Ireland—and
in Patten, jr., Samuel
ated among the noble
untry in the glorious

a descent, enumerated
ly through the war of

the chaplain to Stark's
er Hill), intrepidly by
and animating them to
covenanters, who had
persecution, and had

ark, served under his
the army at the age
Regiment, of which
aid-de-camp to his
the battles in Septem-
ber. He was born
in the family place

mentioned in the New
merican freedom in the
find the names of
ck O'Murphy—John
eat from Canada, and
Epsom—George Mc-
ades, Goffes, &c.

DRAMATISTS.

- AM CARLETON—SU-
- NNINGHAM—THOMAS
- GERALD GRIFFIN—
- BY CAROLINE LAMB—
- ADOLPHUS LYNCH—
- MATURIN—W. H.
- AUGUSTUS SHEA—
- WOLFE.

of 'The Conscript's
eresting works, died
ble but unfortunate.
draughtsman in the
ournal, in his native
Damon and Pythias,
successful novelist.
ed by his creditors

diabolical habits, was
, 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 deliriation of his characters, the interesting tendency of his plots, and the flowing graces and sprightliness of his wjt. 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 reviewer, and as a contributor to periodicals. In 1827, the publication of the Hollandtide established his reputation—and his pathetic and impassioned tale, "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 Staël, 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!

LOVER—LYNCH.

viewer, and as a con-
Hollandtide establish-
e, "The Collegians,"
was nominated by the
their request that the
British parliament—
man Catholic Church.
herhood, who devote
er has written a vol-

tures of a Guinea."
"Juniper Jack," &c.,

a journeyman brick-
a garret in London,

evering author, was
He began life as a
the bar as a lawyer,
s of a Magdalen, a
mentina, a tragedy—
to the Wise, come-

er, 1785, and died on
ck Ponsonby, Earl of
e country of her fam-
William Lamb, now
ral of the living and
and a great favorite
yn, used her cruelly.
Graham Hamilton,"
De Staël, and other
g illness.

Dublin University
s," "Charles O'Mal-
s," are very generally

whose elegant verses

st—author of "Rory
Legends and Stories
Irishman by birth,
be "a repealer."
ds," and lieutenant
Chronicle, of May
church of Rome in

e Irish bar, was op-
the author of many
ndence. Lord Cas-
se hand," were gen-
eater opposition to
e Irish Parliament.

CHARLES MACKLIN, or MacLaughlin, was born, some say, in Dublin, others in the North of Ireland, in 1690. His father was from the County of Down, and commanded a troop of horse in King James's army at the battle of the Boyne, which took place two months before the date of his birth. His father was reduced from affluence to poverty by the success of the invaders, and died in Dublin, broken-hearted. In 1716, young Macklin went over to England, and began life as a strolling player. In 1729, he got an engagement in London, and while an actor at Drury Lane Theatre, had the misfortune to kill Mr. Hallam, by giving him a thrust in the eye with the end of his cane, which wounded the brain. They had quarrelled about a wig! Macklin was 74 years a player, and engaged at various times with all the principal performers, of the three kingdoms. In 1790, in his hundredth year, he took leave of the stage in his favorite character of Shylock, but his memory failed him, during the performance, and he retired amidst commiserating plaudits. This centenary of the stage died July 11th, 1797, in his 107th year. His public life was stormy and turbulent, but he was in private an affectionate father, a tender husband, and a steady and generous friend. As an actor in three or four prominent parts, he had no competitors, and some of his dramatic pieces still continue deservedly great favorites. Kirkman published his life in two volumes in 1799. Among the plays written by him are *The Man of the World*—*The True-born Irishman*—and *The Married Libertine*, comedies—and *Henry VII.*, a tragedy.

THE REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN, author of many well-written novels, and several dramatic, poetic, and theological works, was born in Dublin, and died there on the 30th of October, 1824. Among his writings are, the *Family of Montorio*; *Six Sermons*; *Women*; the *Universe*; the *Milesian Chief*; *Melmoth*; *Bertram*, a tragedy; *The Fatal Revenge*, &c. He was a clergyman of the Church of England.

WILLIAM H. MAXWELL, a native of Ireland, is the author of several of the most popular publications of the present day. He wrote *Wild Sports of the West*—*Stories of Waterloo*—*Hector O'Halloran*—*My Life*—*Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington*—*The Bivouac*, &c.

ARTHUR MURPHY, the actor and dramatic and miscellaneous writer, was born in Cork, Ireland, about 1727. His dramas are two and twenty, of which the Grecian Daughter and several comedies and farces still keep possession of the stage. Toward the close of his life he published an excellent translation of *Tacitus*, and *Garrick's Life*, and died in June, 1805.

THOMAS PARNELL, the poet, and friend of Gay, Swift, and Pope, was born in Dublin, 1679, educated there, and died in July, 1717. Samuel Johnson says:—"In his verses there is more happiness than pains; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights; though he never ravishes." Parnell was a contributor to the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, wrote a *Life of Homer* prefixed to Pope's translation, and officiated as Vicar of Finglass near Dublin. He was one of the constellation of wits which rendered the reign of Anne so illustrious, and is deemed to have given to English versification its highest polish, in which his poetry surpasses that of Pope himself. Among his works are "*The Life of Zoilus*," and "*The Origin of the Sciences*."

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA, an Irish poet, many years resident in the United States, was born in the city of Cork, in November, 1802. He is the author of "*Clontarf*, or the field of the Green Banner," a work of merit, published in 1843—*Adolph*, which appeared in 1831—*Rudekki*, printed in London in 1827—and lyric compositions, among which his "*Lines to the Ocean*," have obtained a broad and enduring popularity.

Mr. Shea was a member of the Church of Rome, and educated for the ministry. Among his intimate companions in early life were Bishop England, and the celebrated Irish artists, Maclise and Hogan—and it was his good fortune to enjoy the friendship of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Campbell. He published a volume of *Poems in Europe* at the age of twenty.

and, in 1835, a volume entitled 'Parnassian Wild Flowers.' He had been, at various times, connected with the National Intelligencer, Telegraph, Chronicle (Philadelphia), Lady's Book, and other periodicals, either as a reporter or contributor; and assisted Mr. Greeley of the Tribune, from the commencement of that journal, till August, 1845. One day that month he went to Connecticut to deliver a poetic address, returned to New York sick, and soon died.

I became acquainted with Mr. Shea in 1838. He was an enthusiastic friend to Canadian Independence—an Irish repealer—and the first Secretary of the 'Association for Catholic Emancipation' in New York, his friend Dr. MacNevin being then president.

FRANCES SHERIDAN was the grand-daughter of Sir Oliver Chamberlain, of Dublin, in which city she was born in May, 1724; and married Mr. Thomas Sheridan when in her twenty-third year. A disposition naturally happy was improved by a refined education, and she appears to have been a very accomplished female at the time of her marriage. Her husband was exposed to many trying vicissitudes, which his wife endured with fortitude and cheerfulness, but at length she sunk under a rapid decline at Blois, in France, Sept. 26, 1766, in her 42d year. She was denied Christian burial as a heretic, and but for the exertions of Major Maurepas, her husband's friend, her body had been excluded from the church-yard because of her creed. Her children, Richard Brinsley, Charles Francis, Alicia, and Maria, were chiefly indebted to her excellent instruction for the celebrity they attained in life. She attained a high rank among the literary females of her country, and her writings have received the approbation of the most eminent of her contemporaries; of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Young, Richardson, Murphy, and Garrick. Mrs. Sheridan's published works are the fascinating novel of Sidney Biddulph; Nourjahad; and the Discovery, and The Dupe. "A Trip to Bath," a comedy, is also ascribed to her pen.

HENRY TRESHAM, R. A., historical painter, was born in Dublin, in 1749, and studied under the elder West. He completed his studies in Italy, and on his return finished several pictures in grand style. He was also a poet of no mean talent, and published the odd but well written poem called the Sea-Sick Minstrel in 1796; also, Rome at the close of the 18th century, 4to, 1799; and a heroic epistle to Bonaparte, from Britannicus, 1813. His death took place June 17th, 1814.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE, author of the well known lines on Sir John Moore's burial, and other poetical pieces of deserved celebrity, was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq., of Blackhall, Kildare, was born in Dublin, Dec. 14th, 1791, and died an Irish Country Curate, in Ulster, on the 21st of Feb'y, 1822, aged 30 years.

COLONEL CHARLES CLINTON.

DURING the civil wars in England in the reign of Charles the First, William Clinton was distinguished for his attachment to the royal cause. On its failure, he sought refuge, with many other military officers who had adhered to the Sturts, on the continent of Europe. After spending some time in France and Spain, he went secretly to Scotland, where he married a lady of the name of Kennedy. He finally settled in Ireland, where he died, leaving a son named James, a native of the Emerald Isle, then but two years old, and who married Miss Elizabeth Smith, an English lady, whose father was a captain in Cromwell's army. His son, Charles Clinton, was born in the county of Longford and province of Leinster, Ireland, in 1690 and great care was bestowed on his education by his parents. Pos-

ers. He had been, gence, Telegraph, ical, either as a Tribune, from the day that month he to New York sick,

as an enthusiastic d the first Secretary v York, his friend

liver Chamberlain, and married Mr. position naturally appears to have marriage. Her hus- his wife endured under a rapid de-

She was denied Major Maurepas, in the church-yard, Charles Francis, ent instruction for high rank among e received the ap- ; of Dr. Johnson, eridan's published ourjahad; and the y, is also ascribed

in Dublin, in 1749; studies in Italy, and he was also a poet in poem called the the 18th century, nicians, 1813. His

lines on Sir John e celebrity, was the dare, was born in rate, in Ulster, on

N. les the First, Wil- royal cause. On officers who had er spending some where he married Ireland, where he aid Isle, then but , an English lady, a, Charles Clinton, inister, Ireland, in his parents. Pos-

essing a fearless spirit, and being of an adventurous character, he resolved to emigrate to Pennsylvania; and sailed from Ireland for America in 1729, with his wife, two daughters, and one son, attended by many friends and acquaintances, who, trusting to his prudence and sagacity, willingly accompanied him to a far-distant land. The captain, whose name was Rymer, kept them twenty-one weeks and three days at sea, his object being to furnish them and seize their property, and he finally extorted a large sum of money as a bribe for landing them, not at Philadelphia, but at Cape Cod! For several days previous to their landing, the noble ancestor of George, James, and De Witt Clinton, and his family and friends, were reduced to a daily allowance of half a biscuit and half a pint of water. Many died of the famine, among whom were a son and a daughter of Charles Clinton, who would have confined the villainous captain and taken the command of the ship, the moment he saw him kill one of the crew with a pipe-stave and threaten the passengers that they should never see land unless they bribed him, though their passages had been paid in Dublin. The providence of God was over this patriarch of our Union. Though tossed about on the ocean for nearly half a year, and in the hands of a ruffian, he and his descendants had a great and glorious work to do in this favored land.

These Irish immigrants wintered at Cape Cod, and sailed next spring to New Windsor in Ulster county, in the province of New York, where they settled in the wilderness, several families purchasing adjoining farms.

"Charles Clinton," says Dr. Young, "was a tall, straight, graceful person, of a noble appearance; possessing an acute genius, a solid judgment, an extensive fund of useful as well as ornamental knowledge, with the affability and polished manners of a polite gentleman." Soon after his arrival he was appointed by the governor a justice of the peace, and afterwards promoted to the station of a Judge of the Common Pleas for the County of Ulster. He settled in a part of the country 60 miles from New York and eight from the Hudson river, wild, covered with forest, and exposed to the incursions of the Indians; cultivated his farm; educated his children (with the assistance of the Rev. Daniel Thain, a Presbyterian minister who had studied at Aberdeen), and being an excellent mathematician, acted occasionally as a land-surveyor.

In 1756, he was appointed by the British Governor, Sir Charles Hardy, a Lieutenant Colonel of the New York militia, and commanded a regiment at the capture of Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, in Canada. His sons James and George were with him at the capture, the former serving as a lieutenant in his regiment.

He served during the whole of the war between England and France, sustained the reputation of a faithful and gallant officer, and left as a legacy to his adopted country, two sons, educated under his own eye, and taught by him to love and cherish and suffer for the great principles of civil and religious liberty, who deserved and obtained a high place in the esteem and affections of the people of America, and an honorable record in the early annals of the United States.

The leisure which Colonel Clinton's public duties allowed him, was devoted to the pursuits of literature, and to the cultivation and enjoyment of social intercourse. He was the active and untiring friend of the immigrant, and cheerfully aided hundreds of poor settlers from the old world to obtain a firmer footing in the new. In these days, George Clinton, the father of the late General Sir Henry Clinton, was governor of the colony. With this gentleman he formed an acquaintance, which was produced by ties of a distant consanguinity, but which ripened into an intimacy, which only con-

* He offered Colonel Clinton the appointment of Sheriff of the City of New York, then one of the most important offices in the colony, which he declined, preferring the sweets of retirement and the cultivation of the muses to the cares of office.

geniality of character could have effected. General George Clinton, who began his gallant career in the cause of liberty at Bunker Hill, rose to the vice-presidency of the Union, deserving yet higher honors, which only his great age prevented him from attaining, was named after the colonial governor, who made splendid offers to his father, all of which he declined, preferring a life of independence, in the bosom of his family, and surrounded by his colony of friends and countrymen, to the allurements of office and unreal pageantry of rank.

Colonel Clinton left four sons and one daughter. Of the sons, Alexander was educated at Nassau College, practised as a physician, and died without children. Charles was a surgeon in the British army. Of the lives of James and George, very brief notices are given in this volume, which contained in the first edition, an erroneous statement, pages 10 and 54, to the effect that a sister of De Witt Clinton and grand-daughter of Colonel Clinton, was the mother of Ambrose and John C. Spencer. Their father, Chief Justice Spencer, married successively two daughters of General James Clinton, but the mother of the Messrs. Spencer was a Miss Canfield of New England, his first wife.

Colonel Clinton died on the 19th of Nov. 1773. He lived to see his son George admitted to the bar, and in successful practice, and also to witness his triumphant election for Ulster County, to the Colonial Assembly, in 1769, after a formidable opposition from the influence of the crown. The youthful patriot* immediately espoused the cause of his country, was re-elected by the Ulster freemen, and nobly persevered during a lengthened, and most honorable and successful public career. In 1775, he was at Bunker Hill; in '76 in Congress voting for independence, and then joining the armies as a brigadier general; in '77, he was the first republican governor of the enfranchised state of New York. The councils of their father were certainly not lost upon the children of Charles Clinton, who expired at the advanced age of eighty-three, "breathing an ardent spirit of patriotism, and, in his last moments, conjuring his sons to stand by the liberties of America."

Colonel Clinton's wife, the mother of his children, was Elizabeth Deniston, sister to Alexander, who accompanied him to America, and purchased the next adjoining farm. She was a native of Ireland: His daughter Catharine married Colonel James McClaughy, "as brave an officer as America could boast of," and who signalized himself in the defence of Fort Montgomery, and on other occasions during the war of Independence.

The confidence that was given to his grandfather by the Irishmen who accompanied him to America—and to his father and uncle in the wars of 1759 and 1776—was not withheld from DeWitt Clinton during the struggle of 1812. In an address adopted at a numerous meeting of the Irish Citizens of New York to De Witt Clinton, presented March 16th, 1815, by Dr. M'Neven, Denis M'Carthy, Thomas Addis Emmet; and Charles Christian, they thus enumerate his services to the country during the war of 1812:

"In the late perilous state of our country, you devised the plans of defence which gave security to this great metropolis of American commerce, and preserved this most important military post from the possession or attempts of the enemy. Your exertions were no less strenuous and successful in obtaining funds raised on the credit of our corporation, for the maintenance and payment of the forces. By such acts, without parade, almost unseen, you afforded to the general government, the resources and vigor, of which, at that period of alarm, it stood so much in need." They add, that "Irish republicans have, moreover, peculiar motives of acknowledgement. In the full enjoyment of citizenship, in the freest and happiest

* He despised the honors England could give, warred against the overwhelming influence and wealth of the rival families of De Lancy and Livingston, and was raised to rank and influence as the man of the people.

community of the universe, it would ill become them to forget, that to you, they are, in a great measure, indebted for that inestimable privilege. While a senator of the United States, you stood foremost in preparing and carrying into law the existing mode of naturalization. By this act the term of residence was reduced to five from fourteen years; a period so long, that it was intended to operate as an exclusion of all persons of a foreign birth."

A paragraph has recently appeared in the public prints giving intimation that Col. Charles A. Clinton, of N. Y., the great grandson of Col. Charles Clinton, who has in his possession the papers of his family, was about to publish a memoir of his father, De Witt Clinton. Such a work would furnish important additions to the materials for American history, and explain much that is yet a mystery in the movements of politicians and parties previous to and during the last war. It might also go back to the times of colonial vassalage, and throw new rays of light on the biography of the chivalrous Irish immigrant of 1729, whose descendants have obtained more of the honest, unbought confidence of the people of the state of New York than any other family in the Union.

THE REV. DR. WILLIAM PORTER.

Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then, had one hymn of deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of liberty, Erin! from thee.
But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing
And shame on their light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of freedom, baptized it in blood!

MOORE'S MELODIES.

This eminent, learned, evangelical, and patriotic presbyterian divine, the father of the late Senator Porter of Louisiana, was a native of the north of Ireland, and pastor of the congregation which worshipped at Grey Abbey near Newtonards in the county of Down. He was much beloved by the people, his conduct was pious and exemplary, his counsels highly respectable, as a critical writer he was caustic, humorous, and exceedingly able and intelligent. In principle he was a republican—a member of the United Irish Society, and a staunch-going friend of the noble cause of 1798. His influence, uprightness, and character, made him a formidable enslaver of his countrymen. When the editors and proprietors of the Northern Star at Belfast were thrown into dungeons without accusation or form of trial, he wrote some splendid essays for its columns. Lord Castlereagh and his father, the Earl of Londonderry, traced the authorship—they marked him out as their victim; a court-martial was hastily assembled by Castlereagh's orders, composed of suitable instruments of crime. Dr. Porter was hastily arrested, tried for sedition, which meant the propagation of opinions displeasing to the rulers of Ireland; and executed between his own dwelling house and his meeting-house in Grey Abbey—yes, barbarously murdered in view of his once peaceful home, the residence of his amiable and heart-broken wife, and young family, and in sight of the chapel where he had so often lifted up his voice to the God of heaven in earnest prayer for the deliverance of lovely Ireland from the hand of the cruel spoiler, for the healing of these intestine divisions which had weakened his country, and for strength from above to the flock of which he was the shepherd, so that its members might be enabled to bear with patience the unknown trials and difficulties of life. Dr. Porter's conduct before his murderers, for such surely were the unjust judges who Castlereagh had

called to give a mock solemnity to a decree long before recorded in Dublin Castle—was calm but manly and resolute—the charges against him were frivolous—but he was hurried to the place of execution, and in the prime of life, and in the midst of his strenuous career fell from among the living. He died the death of a true Christian. The last pang was weakened by his confidence in an all-wise power who watched over his widow—led her in safety to a state of peace and freedom—protected his fatherless boys, and crowned them with riches, honor and wisdom. When his most cruel persecutor, Lord Castlereagh, committed suicide, the cities and villages of Britain were illuminated—when William Porter was sacrificed, vast bodies of hireling troops guarded his tormentors from the rage of an injured and insulted people.

The convention or synod of clergymen to which Dr. Porter belonged, were united together by a form of church government, independent of the state, in Ulster—they had become an important political power. Castlereagh recommended the purchase of their good will by pensions from the crown, so that they might depend more on the British government than on their own congregations. To this they acceded—but I rejoice to say that it was after the death of Dr. Porter. A similar course is now pursued in Canada, with the clergy of several denominations, but I believe that the Irish Catholic Church have refused this bounty in every shape or form.

“The successors of Columbus and of Penn” saw good brought out of evil, when, in 1773 and 1774, the unfeeling conduct of Scottish and Irish landlords drove many thousands of the farmers and laborers to America, where they composed a great part of the army which began and conducted the War of Independence. The Irish landlords had been employed for several years, up to 1776; in expelling their Protestant tenants, and turning their land into grazings. The oppressed Presbyterians removed to America; and old Irishmen often state, that in the time of the American revolution, they saw far more enthusiasm on behalf of the freedom of this country displayed in the north of Ireland, than when afterwards in the United States. Duane’s ‘Passages from the Remembrances of Christ. Marshall’ contains a list of 2330 passengers at Philadelphia from Newry, Belfast, Waterford, and Londonderry, between July 11, and August 30, 1774. Soon after this a nation of armed Irishmen, undivided by faction, and assembled for independence, astonished the world by their well-merited success. At length religious feuds weakened by dividing them, as they are now dividing this Union. Catholic chapels were burnt and Presbyterian ministers put to a shameful death in 1798 in Ireland; and Catholic chapels were burnt in Philadelphia and sectarian bigotry and a church apostate in Boston stood triumphant in New York in 1844! These are, indeed, dangerous triumphs. I could not but be the victors in the language of Henry Mortou to the Presbyterian army before the battle of Bothwell Bridge, as I find it in ‘Old Mortality.’

“O rebellious brethren, that the last and worst evil which God brought upon the people whom he had once chosen; the last and worst punishment of his blindness and hardness of heart was the bloody dissensions which he assunder their city, even when the enemy were thundering at its gates.”

It was on the 17th of June, 1798, that the Marquis Cornwallis, whose cruel career on the continent was stopped by American, Irish, Scottish, English, and French troops, took the supreme command in Ireland. Noble and generous spirits like Dr. Porter, sought to rouse the people to a deliverance, through appeals like the annexed parody. But vain was the effort where foreign gold and domestic traitors had induced Christians to accede to abandon faith, love, and charity, for that domestic strife of which in two cities of the Union we had last year a terrible foretaste.

Our bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high;

recorded in Dublin against him were, and in the prime of his living. He was weakened by his widow's death, her fatherless boys, and when his most cruel cruelties and villages of Africa, vast bodies of 'an injured and

Porter belonged, independent of the royal power. Castle-pensions from the government than out I rejoice to say is now pursued I believe that the shape or form.

od brought out of Scottish and Irish laborers to America, and conducted been employed for wants, and turning removed to American revolution of this country, wards in the United Christ. Marshall Newry, Belfast, st 30, 1774. Soon on, and assembled

erited success. At they are now divid- byterian ministers, olic chapels were ch and the union indeed, dangerous Henry Morton to be, as I find it in

evil which God he last and worst as the bloody dis- enemy were thun-

Corwallis, whose an, Irish, Scottish, in Ireland. Noble eople, the deli- vaim the effort ristians' strife of taste.

To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or, crushed in its ruins, to die.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust,
God bless the green isle of the brave!
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
It would rouse the old dead from their grave.
Then rise, fellow freemen, &c.

In Green Erin's sweet home shall the spoiler abide,
Prophaning its loves and its charms?
Shall the stranger insult the loved fair at our side?
To arms! Oh, my country, to arms!

Shall tyrants enslave us, my countrymen?—No!
Their heads to the sword shall be given:
Let a death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven.

ALEXANDER PORTER.

This gentleman was many years a judge of the supreme court in Louisiana, twice elected to the Senate of the Union by that state, and alike distinguished for his social qualities, moral worth, and great learning. He was left an orphan in his native country, Ireland, by the martyrdom of his father, the Rev. Dr. Porter, a short sketch of whose life precedes this notice.

Judge Porter died on the 13th of January, 1844, at his beautiful plantation, near Franklin, Louisiana, aged 58 years, after a long protracted and painful illness, and his remains were buried at Nashville in Tennessee. He was a very old and intimate personal friend of Henry Clay, whose principles and patriotism he held in high esteem.

On the 2d of February, 1844, his death was announced by Messrs. Barrow and Benton, in the United States Senate, and by Messrs. Vance and Slidell in the House of Representatives. Their remarks furnish an account of his useful and interesting life.

Mr. Benton, of Missouri, said:—

I am the oldest personal friend whom the illustrious deceased can have upon this floor, and amongst the oldest whom he can have in the United States. It is now, sir, more than the period of a generation—more than the third of a century—since the then emigrant Irish boy, Alexander Porter, and myself met on the banks of the Cumberland river, at Nashville, in the state of Tennessee, when commenced a friendship which death only dissolved on his part. We belonged to a circle of young lawyers, and students at law, who had the world before them, and nothing but their exertions to depend upon. First a clerk in his uncle's store, then a student at law, and always a lover of books, the young Porter was one of that circle; and it was the custom of all that belonged to it to spend their leisure hours in the delightful occupation of reading. History, poetry, elocution, biography, the eunobling speeches of the living and the dead, were our social recreation, and the youngest member of our circle was one of our favorite readers. He read well, because he comprehended clearly, felt strongly, remarked beautifully upon striking passages, and gave a new charm to the whole with his rich, mellifluous Irish accent. It was then that I became acquainted with Ireland and her children, read the ample story of her wrongs, learnt the long list of her martyred patriots' names, sympathised in their fate, and imbibed the feelings for a noble and op-

pressed people which the extinction of my own life can alone extinguish. Time and events dispersed that circle. The young Porter, his lawlicense signed, went to the Lower Mississippi; I to the Upper. And, years afterwards, we met on this floor, Senators from different parts of that vast Louisiana which was not even a part of the American Union at the time that he and I were born. We met here in the session of 1833, '34—high party times, and on opposite sides of the great party line; but we met as we had parted years before. We met as friends, and though often our part to reply to each other in the ardent debate, yet never did we do it with other feelings than those with which we were wont to discuss our subjects of recreation on the banks of the Cumberland.

Alexander Porter—a lad of tender age—an orphan with a widowed mother and young children—the father martyred in the cause of freedom—an exile before he was ten years old—an ocean to be crossed, and a strange land to be seen, and a wilderness of a thousand miles to be penetrated, before he could find a resting place for the sole of his foot: then education to be acquired, support to be earned, and even citizenship to be gained, before he could make his own talents available to his support: conquering all these difficulties by his own exertions, and the aid of an affectionate uncle, Mr. Alexander Porter, sen., merchant of Nashville, he soon attained every earthly object, either brilliant or substantial, for which we live and struggle in this life. Honors, fortune, friends; the highest professional and political distinction; long a supreme judge in his adopted state; twice a Senator in the Congress of the United States; wearing all his honors fresh and growing to the last moment of his life—and the announcement of his death followed by the adjournment of the two Houses of the American Congress! What a noble and crowning conclusion to a beginning so humble, and so apparently hopeless!

Our deceased brother was not an American citizen, by the accident of birth: he became so by the choice of his own will, and by the operation of our laws. The events of his life, and the business of this day, show this title to citizenship to be as valid in our America as it was in the great republic of antiquity. I borrow the thought of Cicero, in his pleading for the poet Archias, when I place the citizen who becomes so by law and choice, on an equal footing with the citizen who becomes so by chance. And in the instance now before us, we may say that our adopted citizen has repaid us for the liberality of our laws, that he has added to the stock of our national character by the contributions which he has brought to it, in the purity of his private life—the eminence of his public services—the ardor of his patriotism, and the elegant productions of his mind.

A few years ago, and after he had obtained great honor and fortune in this country, he returned on a visit to his native land, and to the continent of Europe. It was an occasion of honest exultation for the orphan immigrant boy to return to the land, of his fathers, rich in the goods of his life, and clothed with the honors of the American Senate. But the scene was a melancholy one to him. His soul sickened at the state of his fellow-men in the old world; (I had it from his own lips) and he returned from that visit with stronger feelings than ever in favor of his adopted country."

Senator Barrow thus describes his deceased colleague:

"JUDGE PORTER was born in the land of Curran, and his father was a contemporary and friend of that brilliant orator and incorruptible patriot. The father of Judge Porter was a man of piety and classical education, and was by profession a minister of the Gospel; but the fire of patriotism and the love of liberty glowed so warmly in his bosom that he threw aside the sacerdotal robe and put on the burnished armour of a soldier, and resolved to conquer or die in defence of his country's freedom. History informs us what was the result of the patriotic attempt, made in 1798, by some of the purest and most gifted sons of Ireland, to emancipate her from the thralldom of England; and from the pages of the same history we learn that the

alone extinguish;
ter, his law licence
And, years after-
of that vast Loui-
at the time that
33, '34—high party
we met as we had
ten cur part to re-
do it with other
ss our subjects of

with a widowed
ause of freedom—
sed, and a strange
be penetrated, be-
t: then education
ship to be gained,
port: conquering
of an affectionate
e, he soon attained
which we live and
t professional and
ed state; twice a
t his honors fresh
nouncement of his
of the American
o a beginning so

by the accident of
by the operation
of this day, show-
t was in the great
n his pleading for
s so by law and
es so by chance.
r adopted citizen
added to the stock
has brought to it,
blic services—the
is mind.

or and fortune in
l to the continent
the orphan immi-
goods of his life,
but the was a
of his fellow-men
returned from that
ted country."

father was a co-
ble patriot. The
d education, and
of patriotism and
e threw aside the
ier, and resolved
istory informs us
s, by some of the
rom the thraldom
ve learn that he

father of Judge Porter fell a martyr in the cause of freedom, and was executed as a rebel. Judge Porter thus became in early life fatherless and without a home, and he was forced to abandon his own, his native land, and seek refuge in a land of strangers. To this country, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, Judge Porter, in company with his widowed mother and a younger brother, emigrated and settled in Nashville, Tennessee, amongst whose generous citizens he found many ready to comfort the widow and protect the fatherless.

In a few years, while thus labouring for his own and a widowed mother's support, he not only extended the sphere of his general knowledge, but he laid the broad and deep foundation of that legal learning which was the pride and ornament of his matured age, and which will transmit his name to the latest posterity as one of the brightest judicial lights of this age. At this period of his life we find Judge Porter once more seeking a new home; and about the year 1809 he removed from Nashville to the Territory of Orleans, and settled in the parish of Attakapas, where he lived and died, loved and admired for his many private virtues, and honored for his talents and public services.

The first high station of trust in which we find him placed by the confidence of the people among whom he had settled, is in the convention of 1812, to form a Constitution for the Territory of Orleans. In that body, which numbered the ablest men of the Territory, Judge Porter soon acquired a reputation for integrity, learning, and statesmanship, which placed him at once most conspicuously before the people; and he was, not long after that period, elevated to the Supreme Court Bench of the State of Louisiana, which station he occupied for about fifteen years.

It was in that office that Judge Porter rendered services to the people of Louisiana above all appreciation, and acquired for himself a reputation as imperishable as the civil law itself. The opinions which he delivered display a depth of learning, a power of analysis, a force of reasoning, and a comprehensiveness and accuracy of judgment, which justly entitle him to a niche in the temple of Fame in juxtaposition with even the great, the pure, the immortal Marshall.

The orphan child (said Mr. Slidell in the House of Representatives) was brought to the United States by an uncle at a very tender age; he received, in Tennessee, such an education as could then be obtained at a common country school; and, while attending during the day to the business of a village shop, acquired at night in the hours devoted by others to amusement or to sleep, such simple rudiments of law as he could glean from a few elementary books, loaned to him by those who felt an interest in the young student. With this scanty outfit of learning, he soon after arrived at manhood, about the year 1809, emigrated to Louisiana, and established himself in the practice of the law in the western part of the State. The best evidence of the rapidity with which he established himself in popular favor and consideration in a land of strangers, was his election in 1811, as a member of the convention for framing the Constitution of the State. He was intimately acquainted with the Roman, French, and Spanish law, and recurred with familiarity to the original sources of information in those languages.

Alexander Porter was one of the most distinguished ornaments of the bar, an eloquent advocate, and an upright judge. His extensive and varied reading, his great colloquial powers, ready wit and social disposition, led him to appear to advantage in the most brilliant and refined society. His temperament was ardent, and he was zealous in his political creed; but he did not permit political differences to affect his relations in private life.

Twenty-six years after he had left Nashville to acquire rank and fortune in Louisiana, the citizens of the former place gave him a public opinion from his speech at which Louisiana the following extract, by way of encouragement to other gifted but too modest and timid scholars:

"I remember well, gentlemen, the time, the day, all the incidents of the moment, I bade adieu to Nashville, and threw myself on board of a flat boat to descend the river, in the hope of bettering my fortune. I was young, I was among strangers, and I was leaving friends that I loved. I was poor, and I had yet to try whether I could succeed in the profession which I had chosen. I well remember how little I heeded the movements of the boat as she slowly receded from a spot consecrated to me by so many affections. Such was the state of my feelings—such the misgivings that possessed my mind that nothing but a fear of the ridicule which would attach to my irresolution, prevented me from getting on shore at the first convenient opportunity, and returning to spend my life there."

Judge Porter never forgot the scenes of his youth; he was very charitable, ever anxious to do good, to aid the distressed, to comfort the mourner. His fine colloquial powers, ability as a debater, mild and courteous manners, and consummate tact, or skill, rendered him a favorite in the Senate. His brother, James Porter, is heir to his vast possessions, and forty thousand dollars are bequeathed to other relations. I believe that he died childless.

It is to be regretted that while the British government are so unwise as to drive thousands of their best citizens into exile, a party should be found in the United States, so prejudiced as to desire that men like Judge Porter should be treated as aliens. The following extract from a speech of Sir Robert Peel, delivered in the House of Commons, in December, 1830, will show how much more correctly that able statesman estimated the worth of Irishmen, although he has fools and rogots to contend with, like ourselves.

"He would gladly sacrifice the office and power he had once enjoyed, if the present [whig] Ministry, more than the last, could ensure the declaration of Parliament that England and Ireland should share their fortunes in peace; and if war was unavoidable, that they would fight united together, and by their union attain that triumphant success which they could not hope to enjoy if they were divided. He hoped, too, that out of doors the people would not be misled by the declamation of affected patriots. He hoped that before the inhabitants of Dublin could be induced to follow the example of Belgium and Paris, they would well consider whether they had the same justifiable cause of opposition to the Government; and even when they had settled that point, he trusted that they would well consider what was the present condition of those countries in which these revolutions had taken place, with the state in which they were before the revolutions had taken place."

WILLIAM BROWN.

Alexander, father of William and James Brown, and their enterprising brothers, was a native of the county of Antrim in Ireland, where his eldest son William was born, at Ballymena. The family were for some time extensively engaged in the linen trade of the north; and it is said that the unsettled condition of the country previous to the revolt of 1798, was a leading cause of their removal to Yorkshire in England towards the close of the last century. Mr. Brown and his four sons emigrated from England to Baltimore in Maryland, in 1800, where they established a mercantile house under the firm of Alexander Brown and Sons, and extended the sale of British manufactures so far, that it was considered advisable for the eldest son, William, to return to England and establish a house in Liverpool. This he did, in 1803, after a residence of eight years in the United States, and his firm have for the last twenty years been the most extensive exporters of manufactured goods in the British empire. The other brothers extended the business to New Orleans, Philadelphia, and New York. In

Liverpool the firm is W. & J. Brown; in New York, Brown, Brothers & Co. The youngest brother resides in New York, the eldest at Liverpool. The others have recently retired from trade.

The selling of American produce in England, and the purchase and exportation of British manufactured goods for the American markets, was the first line of business. This was soon mingled with an extensive agency trade; other merchants consigned cargoes of goods to the houses of Messrs. Brown in Liverpool and Baltimore, from England and from America respectively, and drew advances of money upon such goods, without waiting for the ultimate sales. In process of time, says the London Morning Chronicle, the commerce between Liverpool and America, through the agency of the Liverpool house, became so great, or rather, it should be said, the commerce of England with the four quarters of the globe ran so much through the agency of this house, that the buying and selling of goods, either as principals or as agents, was, in a great measure, departed from, and the negotiation of bills, or rather the transferring of payments from one country to another on account of other buyers and sellers, was chiefly attended to.

In 1836, the transactions of the house of W. & J. Brown, in Liverpool, amounted to fifty millions of dollars. The failure of nearly one thousand banks in the United States, in 1837, to redeem their notes and other obligations in specie, involved and seriously injured the Messrs. Brown. American commerce ought never to have rested on such a fragile fabric as the innumerable bank note factories of the Union, each of them tempted to issue more paper than its managers could pay; many, if not most of them, controlled by unprincipled gamblers and speculators, without any real restraint on their secret operations, however dishonest; few of their managers subject to any punishment, however criminal their conduct might be; no check or regulator existing whereby their solvency could be tested; nor any bankrupt law, under which broken and fraudulent establishments could be swept out of existence with the least possible loss to the stockholders, and equal dividends to creditors.

The British government saw that the fall of the Liverpool Rothschild would involve or affect the merchants and manufacturers, and all connected with or employed by them, in every part of the United Kingdom—the Directors of the Bank of England merely authorized Mr. Brown to draw from the bank in specie, any sum he might require, to the extent of nine and a half millions of dollars. Half this sum he borrowed and speedily repaid, and his personal fortune is now estimated in England at nine or ten millions of dollars, although as to that nothing certain can be positively known, so long as he is extensively engaged in credit transactions. It may be presumed that it is ample as his wishes.

Mr. Brown is described in the *Morning Chronicle* as being “a liberal in general politics, but moderate in his opinions.” In other words, he is a Whig—offering a decent, friendly opposition to a few of Sir Robert Peel's views, and pressing him now and then for measures calculated to place fewer restraints or taxes on the foreign trade of England. He opposed the East India Company's monopoly of the China trade, and assisted in preventing its renewal, and he united with John Gladstone and others in securing Mr. Canning's and Mr. Huskisson's return to the House of Commons for Liverpool, chiefly because of their free-trade principles.

Since 1837, Mr. Brown has confined his business more to banking than formerly; and after forty-four years of active life as a merchant, with great and invaluable experience in all matters relating to the commerce of the United States, England, and the world, he came forward in May, 1844, as a candidate for the representation of South Lancashire, which contained in 1841 a population of 1,264,000 persons, within a space of 700 square miles; includes within its boundaries, Liverpool, Oldham, Manchester, Salford, Rochdale, Bolton, and Ashton, and had previously been represented in Parliament by upholders of the corn-laws and landed monopoly. His

opinions, owing to his position and the positions of his partners, his high and honorable character, extensive transactions, vast power, practical knowledge, and avowed "free trade" principles, must be interesting to the people of America: I, therefore, state his opinions from his addresses to the freeholders, delivered a few days before the election, from the hustings at Manchester and Newton.

He believed that Sir Robert Peel was as much a friend to free trade as himself, and would support him in so far as he carried out his principle of buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest. It was of no importance to England whether, of the 52 governments of Europe, one take the surplus products of our industry if the other 51 pay us for them. A great evidence of national prosperity would be that the imports of England would be double the value of her exports. It would prove that her merchants were obtaining a profit on their ventures. He had paid a visit to the United States in 1838; the southern planters told him they were for free trade with England, because she took their cotton at a moderate rate of duty; the manufacturers wanted prohibitive duties, to enable their nation to become powerful like England—but the farmers assured him that they wanted the market of the world for their grain and provisions, and it depended on English legislation whether they went for her or against her, as to trade. He was an economist at heart, but wished England to remain a first rate power; to accomplish which, he desired the removal of *all* protective and *all* countervailing duties and bounties. The duties which the United States lay upon our (British) exports to them, average, at this time, 32½ per cent.; the duties which we (the English) lay upon our imports from them, average 52½ per cent. But if we exclude from the list of imports, cotton, which is essential to our manufactures, then the duties, which we (the English) lay upon our imports from the United States, amount to 260 per cent. What friendly feelings can we expect from a nation to whom we thus act? He thought that if the bill, restricting labor in factories to ten hours a day, were passed, it would produce better prices for goods and better wages to workmen, for a time, but in the end act as a bounty to rival countries to increase their manufactures—it would induce the building of more mills, and machinery, and perhaps the market now open would then be shut to our industry, by which, also, the British operative might suffer.* He was a member of the church of England, but no Puseyite. His experience in the United States induced him to think that the ballot was not a protection to the voter, for a man's opinions always got to be known. He was opposed to war, and would bind the nations in the bond of peace, by the tie of mutual benefits, and a common interest. The United States employ nearly a million of men, and produce, to the extent of 250 millions of dollars value, yearly, of the fabrics which England would supply them, with much greater mutual advantage. The exports from Britain to the United States have receded, in value, from 12 millions sterling, per annum, to about half that amount. Our restrictive, anti-commercial policy has compelled the United States to issue hostile tariffs—it has built up their manufactures. England had risen in spite of restriction, because of the physical energy of her working population, her mineral wealth, accumulated capital, enterprising merchants, and the position of the British Islands. He would entirely remove the duty on foreign grain, to aid the laboring classes, who were increasing half a million a year. In Ireland, in some parts, the laboring people are obliged to live for weeks together on buttermilk, and probably on potatoes and salt.

South Lancashire being the most populous county in the United King-

* It would be difficult for the working class to earn enough to support the landed aristocracy, and continue to buy bread and provisions at home at a much higher price than was paid by the like class in other countries, if the hours of labor were reduced to ten hours a day. It was the Corn-Laws and other monopolies that caused the long hours of working in factories. The remedy was free commerce and lighter taxation. A nation that will not buy abroad cannot sell.—William Brown.

partners, his high power, practical interest to the his addresses to from the hustings

to free trade as his principle of . . . It was of no of Europe, one pay us for them. imports of Eng- l prove that her had paid a visit in they were for a moderate rate to enable their assured him that provisions, and it or against her, gland to remain removal of all the duties which average, at this lay upon our de from the list then the duties, United States, expect from a restricting labor ce better prices the end act as a t would induce the market now Iso, the British of England, but d him to think man's opinions would bind the and a common n, and produce. e fabrics which vantage. The in value, from Our restrictive, o issue hostile risen in spite of population, her ants, and the e the duty on reasing half a ple are obliged a potatoes and

the United King- led aristocracy, and id by the like class the Corn-Laws and was free commerce own.

dom, and Mr. Brown at the head of its commercial men, the contest excited much interest, and 14,541 votes were polled. Mr. William Entwisle, the candidate of the Conservatives or landed interest, a retired manufacturer, whose wealth is invested in land, received 7571 votes, among them 60 or 70 Church of England clergymen; while Mr. Brown had but 6973 votes, including only six of the Church parsons. Public opinion was on the side of Mr. Brown, but 3600 tenants at will had to vote at the command of their landlords, and thus it was that monopoly triumphed over free trade in corn; for Mr. Brown was pledged to vote for a total and immediate repeal of the corn monopoly, and the Earl of Derby and other great landed proprietors are resolved to stand out for high rents. It is a truth that tenant farmers who have votes are in fact compelled to vote for whoever their landlord bids them. Mr. Brown and Mr. Cobden met a large body of voters who had changed from Tory to Whig, and back again to Tory, within three elections, the estate they lived on having thrice changed hands in that time. Twelve persons in each thousand of the people of South Lancashire appear to have had the privilege of voting for county members; and of these, 3600 had to vote as their landlords saw fit to direct.

Napoleon, when any one told him of a great man, a man of vast superiority, usually asked, What has he done? What has this Antrim Presbyterian done? He has built up the most gigantic commercial establishment that ever existed in England, and has in his hands about one-sixth of the trade between the dominions of Queen Victoria and the United States. He stands as it were on the shore of England, a representative of the working, manufacturing millions—an agent to hand over the Atlantic the fabrics they weave to clothe the inhabitants of America, and to receive from them in return the various products which they could spare and Englishmen want. His wealth far surpasses that of the most powerful of England's nobles in the days before commerce gave value to the soil. He is represented on every ocean—the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Baltic and Mediterranean Seas, and the far waters that wash continental Asia, are highways traversed at his will; in Birmingham and Sheffield tens of thousands of mechanics are fulfilling his orders. His efforts to unshackle commerce, and oblige the monopolists of British legislation and the British soil to compete with the farmers of America and the world, are highly praiseworthy and will probably soon succeed.

Mr. Brown's family consists of a son and daughter, and he owns a large and valuable estate in Yorkshire.

To that class of our citizens who have joined of late years in the crusade against immigrants because of their birthplace or their religion, an attentive perusal of the history of this distinguished Irishman may be of advantage. He left an ill-governed country in early life, and like John Jacob Astor and Stephen Girard, both of whom were of foreign birth, his intelligence, integrity, and punctual business habits, have secured for him the esteem and confidence of millions of his fellow men, to whom he has through life been a benefactor and a friend.

His brother, resident in New York, married, first, Miss Louisa Benedict, youngest daughter of the Rev. Joel Benedict, of Plainfield, Connecticut. She died at Lyons, in France. His second wife was Miss Coe, the daughter of a clergyman in Troy. His efforts to remove the absurd restrictions on the forwarding of letters by the mails in the United States, by introducing a low post-office tariff and the assessment of postage by weight, were unceasing, and contributed materially to the eventual success of the bill of 1845. He was opposed to the annexation of Texas, as a slave state, and officiated as one of the vice presidents at the anti-Texas meeting in the Tabernacle, New York.

COMMODORE SHAW.

I find in Graham's Magazine an account of this brave Irishman, by J. Fenimore Cooper, who frankly acknowledges that there was a short period in which the "name and services" of John Shaw, "stood second to none on the list of gallant seamen with which the present navy of the republic commenced its brilliant career."

Commodore Shaw's family was of English origin. In 1690, his grandfather, an officer in King William's army, passed into Ireland and married there. One of his sons, the father of the Commodore, served as an officer in the 4th regiment of horse, and was present at the battle of Minden. He married Elizabeth Barton, of Kilkenna, and their son John was born at Mount Mellick, Queen's County, Ireland, in 1773. In 1790, John sailed for New York, in company with an elder brother, and during the ensuing seven years made four voyages to Canton. When only 25 years old he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, and obtained the command of the war-schooner *Enterprize*, pierced for twelve long sixes, with a crew of 76 men, in which he fought nine or ten actions with success or credit. "In one sense," says Mr. Cooper, "she was more useful than any other craft that ever sailed under the flag." In 1800 his ship engaged and captured several French privateers, and great nautical skill and courage were displayed. He took the *Seine*, 4 guns, 32 men—the *Citoyenne*, 6 guns, 57 men—a large three-masted lugger—*L'Aigle*, 10 guns, 78 men—*Le Flambeau*, 12 guns (heavier metal than the *Enterprize*), and 110 men—the *Pauline*, 6 guns and 40 men—and *Le Guadaloupeene*, 7 guns and 45 men, all French vessels. He had not been three years in the American Navy, and in six months of that time his ship had captured eight privateers and letters of marque, and fought six spirited actions. Soon after the peace of 1801 he had a lieutenant's half pay—only \$240 a year—and married Elizabeth Palmer, a young lady of the Society of Friends, in Philadelphia. He was twice married.

In 1806 he was ordered to repair to New Orleans, to construct a flotilla of gunboats for the defence of the Mississippi. In February, 1807, he appeared off Natchez, with a flotilla, mounting 61 guns, and manned with 448 men, ready for Burr's force, which dispersed. In 1808, he took charge of the Navy yard, Norfolk, having been raised by Mr. Jefferson to the rank of post-captain.

In 1814 Capt. S. took command of the squadron lying in the Thames, between New London and Norwich, which consisted of the United States, 44, Macedonian, 38, and Hornet, 18. In 1815-16, he was for about a year in command of the American squadron in the Mediterranean. He returned to the U. S. in the *Constellation*, December, 1817, and visited his family after an absence of nearly five years.

Commodore Shaw never went to sea again in command. He was put in charge of the Boston Navy yard, then of that at Charleston S. C. On the 17th of Sept., 1823, at the age of fifty, he died at Philadelphia, where he had established himself 33 years before.

"No man," says Mr. Cooper, "was braver, or more willing to serve the flag under which he fought." His character was sincere, truthful, honorable, manly, just; his manner frank and warm-hearted. "He was a man of fine presence," and few officers were more beloved by those who served under him."

REV. JAMES COIGLY.

I AM indebted to a memoir in manuscript, left by this intrepid Irish patriot with his friend Captain Valentine Derry, of the French army, for a very interesting sketch of his brief but eventful career.

Mr. Coigly was a descendant of ancient Irish tribes. His grandfather, Coigly, invented and constructed the famous boom at Fort Culmac for the blockade of Derry; and, with three of his brothers, was afterwards killed at the battle of Kilcommaden, otherwise called Anghrim, gallantly fighting for Ireland's independence at the head of his regiment, after Luttrell had betrayed his country. His mother's father, O'Donnell, with seven of his brothers, were slain while defending the bridge at the battle of the Boyne. The spirit of independence appears to have been hereditary in his family. When Elizabeth made terms with the famous Tyrone, she offered to make his son-in-law (an ancestor of Mr. Coigly) an earl; but John O'Donnell repelled, that the badge of foreign servitude he would never wear.

The property of his ancestors was wrested from them by the stranger, and his father was a plain farmer. Three of his brothers, and both his parents, survived his untimely end.

He was educated in France, at the College of Lombard, where he endeavored to effect a much needed reform, in which he was opposed by the Archbishop of Paris, who had his prisons and his *lettres de cachet* in those days, as also by two Irish bishops; but success attended his efforts until the breaking out of the French revolution, when he narrowly escaped the lantern, flew to Dieppe in 1789, reached Armagh, and found the people in the midst of a civil war—religion being the pretext, and many leading gentlemen encouraging the Catholics and Presbyterians to quarrel, to serve a political purpose; as we see in Philadelphia and New York at the present day, the Catholics persecuted as a body, and proscribed by those who have an object to gain by bringing religion into contempt, through the intolerance of its pretended friends.

The Catholics hailed the arrival of Lord Fitzwilliam in Ireland, as Lord Lieutenant, but were deceived as to his principles and intentions. Pratt, Marquis Camden, his successor, and the Irish Council, agreed to light again the torch of fanaticism; Mr. Coigly's county (Armagh) was chosen by these conspirators against God and their country as the scene of their earlier operations, because the Church of England was stronger, and the Catholics weaker there than in any other part of Ireland. A church and king mob was raised, Philadelphia fashion, but with the executive at their back; and after taking an oath to extirpate the Catholics, they robbed, burnt, and destroyed wholesale, called themselves Orangemen, and were protected by the Irish attorney-general. In 1796, these ruffians attacked Mr. Coigly's father's house, his parents being then over 70 years of age, fired over one hundred shots into the house, slightly wounded his father, and directing their blunderbusses at his head, threatened him with instant death unless he abjured his church and adopted theirs. After seizing his plate, cash, clothing, bedding, linen, and other moveables, and destroying the Rev. J. C.'s valuable library of French, English, Latin, and Greek authors, with many interesting manuscripts, they proceeded to his elder brother's house; and as he was extensively engaged in the linen manufacture, they did him much injury. This Protestant mob, urged on by political knives, as similar mobs are encouraged here, drove four hundred families out of Armagh, robbed, ravished, murdered, and maimed many more of the old Irish, and far exceeded the worst excesses under the yoke of Robespierre. Mr. Mac Veagh, a poor man in the barony of O'Neiland East, had a lovely and virtuous wife. The church and king mob attacked his house, destroyed his little property, and, shocking to relate, tied him up tightly with ropes (he begging that they would take his life), while four of the hellish myriads

of faction dishonored the mother of his infants in his presence. Mr. Coigly engaged Counsellor Leonard MacNally, since found to have been in the pay of England, to prosecute the authors of these outrages; but the Government officials thwarted all his efforts, and Lord Castlereagh, Marcus Beresford; and Nicholas Price marked him (Coigly) out as an object of their vengeance.

It is Mr. Coigly's opinion that, under the old pretence of zeal against popery, not one Catholic family would have been left in the nine counties of Ulster, had not the humane Quakers and Dissenters, often at the risk of their lives and property, afforded them timely aid and protection.

He was not a friend to the French revolution at the time he had to leave Paris in 1789; but it is probable that the course taken by the English authorities lessened his objections to it. The Irish government ordered his arrest; he had warning, and left Dundalk for Paris, via London, Bremen, Amsterdam, &c. In East Friesland he narrowly escaped assassination, was arrested in the Dutch territory as an English spy, but released. From Paris he returned to London, where Dutton the informer tried to arrest him; although he (Coigly) had previously saved him from the gallows.

Mr. Coigly complains that while in prison, a Mr. Griffiths, a "pretended messenger of God," a Catholic priest, but no Irishman, remained nine days with him, exerting himself to the utmost to induce him to turn informer, and make important discoveries. Though a Catholic priest himself, he hesitates not to denounce this person and all like him who prostitute religion to bad purposes. Wolfe Tone, in his memoirs, says that the Catholic clergy and leaders in 1798, were not so fond of legislative reform as desirous of a monopoly for their church. If this was so with some, Coigly was guiltless, but the apprehension of such a change may have added some really honest men to the Orange legions. The villain Griffiths was selected to attend Coigly, by Dr. Douglas, a Catholic bishop in London, and the spiritual aid of one of his countrymen whom he had named was denied.

Father Coigly was arrested on a charge of high treason, sent to Maidstone jail, in Kent, examined before Mr. Wm. Pitt, Lord Grenville, and the Privy Council in London, and there told by the Lord Chancellor of England, that if he would return explicit answers to the questions put to him, the Council would at any time meet at his summons, and personal indulgence and other advantages would thence accrue to him. When tried for his life at Maidstone, before Mr. Justice Buller, the government caused a mutilated copy of his secret examination before the Privy Council to be put in evidence against him. Frederick Dutton, of Newry, was a witness for the crown on his trial. Richard Smith and Henry Tomsett swore that a paper of a treasonable nature was found in Father Coigly's great-coat pocket. Before the trial they proposed to abscond, or give evidence in his favor, if paid £500 each! In his letter to his friend, Capt. Derry, written after he had been condemned to die, he avers that no such paper was in his pocket, unless the witnesses had put it there; and mentions that when arrested at Margate, he called for a magistrate, and insisted that all his papers should be examined in his presence, on which two officers produced handcuffs, and told him they would put them on him if he did not desist.

When before the Privy Council, Mr. Pitt asked him, and urged him to answer, whether he was a member of the Corresponding Society, or connected with the Wing Club, or some other of the British political associations, or the bearer of any political message to France, and he said he was not, repeating his words on the scaffold. What a terrible condition the political affairs of the British nation must have been in, when reasons of state superseded justice and equity; and required of such men as William Pitt and his colleagues of that day, the judicial murder, for such it surely was, of the noble and truly liberal Coigly! Does his mutilated

ence. Mr. Coigly
have been in the
ages; but the Go-
ldereagh, Marcus
an object of their

of zeal against
the nine counties
at the risk of
fection.

he had to leave
the English au-
thority ordered his
London, Bremen,
and assassination,
released. From
tried to arrest him,
allows.

is, a "pretended"
nained nine days
to turn informer.
priest himself, he
who prostitute re-
that the Catho-
relative reform as
with some, Coigly
may have added
villain Griffiths
the bishop in Lou-
he had named

h, sent to Maid-
renville, and the
ancellor of Eng-
lands put to him,
and personal in-
formation.

When tried for
government caused a
jury Council to be
every, was a wit-
Henry Tomsett
Father Coigly's
abscond, or give
his friend, Capt.
ers that no such
here; and men-
istrate, and in-
sistence, on which
d put them on

and urged him to
Society, or con-
stitutional associa-
and he said he
terrible condition
a, when reasons
I, such men as
murder, for such
his mutilated

body still remain under the accursed tree on Pennington Heath, or has it been removed to the land of his fathers, and a stone placed over it, to tell the youth of Ireland that a priest lies there who lived for God and Liberty, and feared death less than dissimulation?

General Arthur O'Connor, formerly high sheriff of Cork County, was tried with Mr. Coigly. His under sheriff, Lane, swore that a letter, signed A. T. S., enclosing a bank note to Mr. Coigly, was in the hand-writing of Mr. O'Connor. The writer of the letter, A. T. Stewart, a magistrate of Down and Armagh, instantly owned that he himself had written it. On Mr. O'Connor's acquittal the government had him instantly arrested on some new charge, and had Mr. Coigly been declared innocent, he also would have been again taken into custody. Mr. O'Connor was rich, and called many witnesses to his character—Mr. Coigly was poor, and utterly unable to defray their expenses on a journey of 1000 miles. He was a stranger, and suffered death.

Of Griffiths, the bad priest, who tried so hard to induce Mr. Coigly to save his life and acquire a fortune as a government informer, the noble Irish patriot, in an address to his countrymen, thus speaks:

"Maidstone Gaol, May 24, 1798.

"In the first instance, he (Father Griffiths) receives his cue, with proper instructions, from Dr. Douglas, in the presence, and with the concurrence of some of his clergy. To be further drilled, he is then sent to Mr. Wickham, an under secretary of state. After a very long conversation with that gentleman, he comes to the keeper of my prison with credentials from the Duke of Portland, authorizing him to see me when he pleased, and strictly forbidding him to permit any other priest to see me at any time; and the fact is, another priest was prevented even since my conviction."

Mr. Coigly, in his M.S. goes on to state, that Griffiths produced to him his testimonials as a priest, heard a history of his past life, and then told him that the British government feared an extensive conspiracy against them in the three Kingdoms, and would spare his life, nobly reward him, give wealth to his aged parents and friends, and promote his younger brother, then an officer in the army, if he would disclose what he knew—but if he would not, his family would be harassed, his parents distressed, and he himself suffer the severest punishment the law allowed. Father Griffiths, after many such arguments, told him that if he would not inform against others, the catholic bishop, Dr. Douglas, would not permit him to have the sacrament of his church nor the attendance of a catholic priest at or previous to his execution.

"I was expressly asked (continues Mr. C. in his letter to Capt. Derry, of the French Army, father of Mr. E. S. Derry of New York,) whether I could swear as to my fellow-prisoner, Mr. O'Connor, &c. After Griffiths had adduced a variety of arguments, texts of scripture, &c., I told him that I never would attempt to save my life by swearing against any man, but that depending on and confiding in the goodness of my God, I would despise the satellites of despotism, and cheerfully go to death with that firmness and fortitude of soul which innocence, purity of conscience, and a good cause never fail to inspire."

Addressing his catholic countrymen, he adds—"My brethren; it is not your duty, you are not obliged by your religion to answer such questions, nor make such discoveries as they (the clergy) think proper to require. At the tribunal of confession you are your own accuser, and if you do not tell the truth, to your God alone you are responsible. Any confessor, whether priest or bishop, who proceeds with such questions, transgresses the limits of his duty, and perverts as far as in him lies the power of God into a state-tool to serve ministerial purposes, and entirely to destroy the most endearing ties both of country and religion."

Although the compiler of these sketches of Irish character, honors and admires the Irish catholic clergy who so gloriously fought and fell as mar-

tyrs for their creed and country in the memorable 1798, he frankly owns his abhorrence of the conduct of such state-tools as the late Bishop Macdonell of Upper Canada, Bishop Lartigue of Montreal, Bishop Douglas, and all pensioned hirelings, whether of monarchical or republican power, who have prostituted the religion of Christ to such purposes as the good Father Coigly, in his cell, and about to appear at the bar of Omnipotence, so unequivocally condemns. "Return to your bishop (said Coigly to Griffiths) and tell him, from me, to send me a priest unlimited as to spiritual authority and understanding, otherwise to send none at all—as I most earnestly request, and that for the sake of my Redeemer, that my last moments may not be embittered by arguments founded on bigotry and prejudice."

The Bishop's agent, or rather, the agent of the English government, next endeavored to induce him to say that which would criminate my friend, the late Benjamin Pemberton Binns, of Philadelphia, of whom a brief notice appears in this volume—but he would not—on which Griffiths replied very significantly that he was neither empowered to promise him a reprieve nor a respite, but urged him to be silent at the place of execution. Griffiths further excused his own conduct towards Father Coigly, by affirming that his was "the general practice of the catholic clergy of England."

This pious christian minister was then removed to a cell with two doors, seven locks, six bolts, and a double-grated window which admitted very little light—the same in which the bold Scotchman, Parker, who headed the insurrection in the navy, had been tormented. He earnestly asked to see his friend Capt Derry—but the government which boasted of its humanity, and of English liberality and civilization, more brutal and savage than the negro or Indian; or terrified into a series of acts of cruelty which the impartial historian never can defend, very peremptorily refused his request.

Dr. Madden is mistaken, where he says in his life of Emmet, that it was Alderman John Binns of Philadelphia, who was tried with Coigly, and O'Connor. It was his brother Benjamin, who wrote me in 1839, that he suffered three years of solitary confinement, in England, without the use of books, pens, ink or paper, and was refused a trial because they had no evidence on which to convict him. How like Hoyt and Butler's conduct with the French House in New York, which they so dreadfully harassed! Thank Heaven, oppression cannot now be carried to the extent described above, either in England or America, except perhaps in colonies like Canada, Jamaica, or Newfoundland.

I am indebted to a letter from his companion, B. P. Binns, for an account of the Rev. Mr. Coigly's death. He was drawn to the place of execution on Pennington Heath, on the 7th of June, 1798, and on his journey from the prison at Maidstone, read some Latin and English prayers, knelt on the hurdle and sung a psalm. Griffiths the priest attended him on the scaffold, and at length gave him what the Catholics call Absolution. Having ascended the fatal ladder, he spoke to the people for half an hour, declaring that his life had been sacrificed by perjured witnesses. His language and manner were kind and affectionate, insomuch that the auditors and even the soldiers on duty shed tears. After being strangled, he was beheaded while yet alive, and his heart taken out.

The following truly liberal and catholic address of the noble Irish martyr, to the People of Ireland, was written on Tuesday, May 29th, 1798, ten days before he perished on the scaffold; after which his body was mutilated and thrown into a shell, with quicklime, and buried at the foot of the gallows, in Maidstone, Kent, England.

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

"Dear Countrymen!—I beg leave to commence with my brethren, the Irish Catholics! Yes, my friends, you know me, very many of you personally. You have been witnesses of my moral conduct, and have not forgotten my exertions in favor of the oppressed and unprotected. You well know, that I am, and always have been, steadfastly at-

tached, equally with you, to the principles of our holy religion. It is, then, in the name of our religion and of our God, that I call upon, exhort, and conjure you, never, never to break the solemn engagements of *Union, Friendship, and Brotherly-Love* which you have gloriously entered into with *your brethren of every religious persuasion*. No, my brethren! Harken not to the sycophants of oppression, nor the locusts of Ireland, under whatever specious mask they address you—whether as a prelate of your church, who having secretly received his instructions at the Castle of Dublin, deals forth in his mandates or pastoral letters, falsehoods little short of blasphemy, equally injurious to your religion, and to your temporal interests, and that from the holy altar of the Lord, in order to impose upon you in the name of God—whether as a country-paster, who has not fortitude to resist the importunities of some neighboring petty tyrant, and thus weakly adds his criminal signature to a deadly manifest against your dearest interests—whether he be an upstart, just honored with the commission of the peace, or a secret bribe, in order to overawe or deceive you—or whose command your brave ancestors have often marched to victory, defending and upholding foreign states, when tottering to their very centre, but unfortunately, too forgetful of their own country.

Harken not to them. Your Saviour commands the contrary. 'Love God above all things, and your neighbor as yourself?' Continue then, to cultivate that brotherhood of affection, and union of sentiment with your neighbors of every religious persuasion, by which alone you may hope for blessings in this life, and happiness in the next; and which I have made the pride of my life, and the glory of my death.

To you, my Irish brethren, who differ from me in religious sentiments, especially Dissenters, I have little to say. Born and bred among you, you know my principles and exertions—how ardently I cherished the hope of seeing all party rage, intolerant bigotry, baneful prejudice, and religious animosity forever buried under the altar of National Union. Yes, my friends, the day is at hand when that glorious plan will be realized in despite of all the powers of darkness—when the north and south, the east and west of my beloved country, fully united in the endearing ties of brotherly affection, shall bid eternal defiance to all her enemies. Convinced from my soul that you strictly adhere to that *Union* which the immortal *Orr* sealed with his blood, and which we Catholics are seating with ours every day, I deem it unnecessary to exhort you to anything but mercy. Though our enemies have been cruel in the extreme, stain not the character of Irishmen—though all the arts of wickedness have been practised on you, *be ye merciful!*

As I shall not have the satisfaction of dying among you, my wish is, that my bones should rest at Belfast; but that is also denied me. I need not recommend to your friendship, a helpless old man, my father, now on the verge of four-score. In his day, he was braver than any of his children, and now I trust he will glorify the Lord, that he has had a son not unworthy of him, being murdered for the cause of his God and his country.

And you, my countrymen, who have engaged in that inhuman plot, the Orange Association, knowing many of you personally to have been educated in honest principles, until led away by the syrens of vice, I call upon you to reflect seriously on your present situation. Why have you refused to hear the commands of God, and enlisted in the service of the Devil? Why have you rejected the glorious title of '*United Irishmen*' to accept that of . . .

Brothers of every religious persuasion, let not a remnant of bigotry or illiberal prejudice remain on either side. Be sober—I repeat it, *be sober*. Act as *Irishmen united*. Do not sever the bonds of Union.

I hope, I trust, I believe that we shall all meet together, where we shall have but one faith. How ignorant then, or how wicked, must that man be, who attempts, through interested motives, to make us enemies, for religion's sake! Persevere, my countrymen, in your laudable efforts. Your example will disarm some of your enemies, and attach the worthy, the brave, the honest and the virtuous to your cause.

JAMES COIGLY.

I have not published this sketch of a good man's life, with the view to irritate people in America against the English government of our day, although they were guilty of urging on a revolt in Canada; and committed acts of great and very wanton cruelty upon the lives and properties of many whom their acknowledged misrule had driven into armed opposition. My object is to exhibit the melancholy results of imperfect institutions, ignorance, and prejudice, and to show by examples; how necessary it is, that all our population should be educated thoroughly and virtuously. I fear that a general war would impede the progress of human improvement, and have greater ill-effects in schools, conventions, and the press, than in the bayonet.

men, the Irish Ca-
You have been
favor of the Indi-
men, steadfastly at-

HENRY FLOOD.

This extraordinary man, the great rival of Grattan, flourished in the most brilliant era of Irish history; was a son of Warden Flood, the Lord-Chief-Justice, and born in Ireland in 1732. He was educated for a lawyer, but passed his life in the midst of fierce political agitation, and died in his sixtieth year, in 1791. Mr. Flood possessed a clear intellect, a cultivated understanding, with impassioned eloquence, and was ever anxious to increase the prosperity of his country, secure its independence, and improve its political constitution. He left his great property to the University of Dublin, to maintain a professorship in the native Erse or Irish, and for premiums for compositions on the literature of Ireland, but the will was set aside. Like most Irish gentlemen of his day, he was a duellist, and in a second duel with one of the Agars, shot him through the heart.

Peter Burroughs, who had the best means of knowing Mr. Flood's character, and was a good judge, describes him as "the ablest man Ireland ever produced—indisputably the ablest man of his own times." The younger Grattan tells us that he was a capital tragedian, and made for public life. His acceptance of the office of vice treasurer of Ireland greatly increased his influence. The salary was \$15,000 a year.

The younger Grattan also says of Flood, that his father was very intimate with him in early life; that Flood enjoyed from his youth an independent fortune—\$20,000 a year; that he was industrious, an excellent classical scholar, wrote poetry with much taste, translated two books of Homer, and the finest speeches of Demostheues, studied Cicero, and repeated, with taste and feeling, his finest passages by heart; that he was the first man who gave a spirit and a tone to Irish liberty; and that his convivial habits rendered him very popular. He took office in 1775, under a profligate lord-lieutenant; countenanced the address of October the 10th, and the vote to send 4,000 Irishmen in November, that year, to fight against America—"armed negotiators," as he (Flood) called them. But this measure was most fortunate for the Irish, and with the enthusiasm felt for the Americans throughout Ireland at that time, proved almost equal to a reinforcement on behalf of democracy to the new world. It gave birth to the *Volunteers*, who took the place of the regular army; while, of the Irish who crossed the Atlantic, many joined the rebels, and others, like Lord Edward Fitzgerald, imbibed their principles, and returned to Europe, prepared for revolutions. Flood saw the danger Ireland was in of falling asleep after the concessions of England, and exerted himself to the very utmost to effect that reform in the state of the representation, in the House of Commons, which would have proved a barrier to that gross venality which enabled Pitt and Castlereagh, in the hour of danger, to carry the Union. He failed. Lord Charlemont, well-meaning, but weak, played unconsciously into the hands of the English party. The volunteers met, and demanded a real representation of the Irish people, and that rotten boroughs should be swept off. Mr. Flood's excellent plan was adopted in convention—it was honest, noble, just. The base hirelings, Fitzgibbon and Yelverton, exerted themselves to crush a measure which would have peacefully secured Irish freedom; the 138 placemen voted on the side of their bread and butter. Conolly and the rest of the whigs (always treacherous where the people were concerned) gave Flood no support; 93 members skulked, and the noble patriot was defeated, 158 to 49. Mr. Grattan voted for the scheme of reform, but took no active part to secure it.

Mr. Flood was the great rival of Henry Grattan, while opposing the oppressive measures of England for the subjugation of his country. Flood was superior to Grattan in political discernment, more republican, and far less friendly to English power. He pointed out the weakness of Ireland's safeguards, as offered by England when she was weak in 1782.—Grattan

and the majority of the Irish House of Commons went against him, but the result proved that he was right. Had his counsel been taken, the events that forced on the revolt of 1798 might not have happened—Ireland would have had a reformed parliament and been truly independent.

Mr. Flood, says Plowden, was "the most violent and impassioned assertor of Irish independence." He was at the same time a member of the English parliament, for Winchester, and of the Irish, for Kilbeggan.

It was on the 16th of April, 1782, on the 36th anniversary of the fatal battle of Culloden, where the Saxon defeated the Gael, and trampled on him, that the Irish Lords and Commons resolved that Ireland is a distinct Kingdom, with a Parliament of her own, the sole Legislature thereof; and on the 18th of May the English Parliament admitted that England could pass no law to bind Ireland, without her consent. This was gained by Irish unanimity, but bribery (as in Scotland) changed the scene in 1800.

Messrs. Fox and Pitt deceived Grattan but not Flood. That great chieftain saw that the declaration wrung from England's aristocracy was only to gain time to betray his country. The feeling in England was always to put down the Irish and Scotch. "*To whatever Independence Ireland may advance her claim [said the London Annual Register for 1790] she is in reality nothing more than the province and servant of England.*"

It is fortunate for America that she is not saddled with political tests founded on sectarian feelings in religion. Our statesmen were wisely warned by the dissensions of the old world. In 1783, the Irish Volunteers of Ulster, 272 companies, met at Dungannon, and unanimously and firmly resolved that the Irish Parliament must be reformed and corruption put down. Twelve months after, Government emissaries had introduced the question whether Catholics should have the rights of election, and this caused fatal dissensions; so that in October, when the Irish National Congress met in Dublin, this Catholic question weakened them much. Flood took a just and liberal course, in favor of Catholic emancipation and equal rights.

RICHARD KIRWAN, LL.D.

This distinguished writer on geology, chemistry, and the kindred sciences, was the author of many useful works, among which his Elements of Mineralogy, in two octavo volumes, were translated into the German and other languages.

Lady Morgan, in her Book of the Boudoir, describes Dr. Kirwan as being of Cregg Castle, Galway, the descendant of an ancient and noted family in Connaught, and states that he was born in 1734. He was educated at St. Omer's, in France, and elected a member of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and of the Academies of Stockholm, Upsal, Jena, Philadelphia, and Berlin; also President of the Royal Irish Academy, and Doctor of Civil Law in the University of Dublin. As a chemist, for many years he stood alone; and the Government made him Inspector-general of the Royal Mines in Ireland. His Geological Essays, Analysis of Mineral Waters, Logic, or an Essay on Reason, Metaphysical Essays, Essay on Phlogiston, and his work on the Temperature of Different Latitudes, are held in deserved esteem.

Dr. Kirwan, being a liberal in politics, was sworn one of the "United Irishmen" by his friend Dr. MacNeven, but never appeared before the public as a leader. His death took place in London in 1812.

JOHN AND TONY M'CANN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, as, by twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the heath-beaten hill.—CAMPBELL.

JOHN M'CANN, a leading member of the famous society of friends of Irish Independence, was the fellow-prisoner of Mr. Thomas Trenor in the Castle Prévôt, Dublin, in 1798, and was tried in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, on the 17th of July that year, for high-treason; or, in other words, for the love he bore to freedom and his native land, yet to be the blessed abode of millions of happy freemen. Thomas Reynolds, the vile wretch who had been hired by the English power to betray his unsuspecting comrades, (afterwards his British Majesty's Consul at Lisbon,) was a principal witness against him, as was one Guinness or McGuinness, a person of the same stamp. Mr. M'Cann was a man of excellent character, in the prime of life, and a member of the Roman Catholic Church. But the better the man the more anxious were George III.'s nutes to strangle him out of the way. He was executed amid the huzzas of infuriated Orangemen, and his memory is venerated by the great and good among his countrymen.

TONY M'CANN of Dundalk, brother to John, was secretly accused by John Hughes of Belfast, one of the infamous band of government informers and traitors to their country, of favoring an immediate rising of the friends of Irish independence, in June, 1797, as were Lowry and Teeling. Mr. M'Cann afterwards went into exile, met with the Scottish poet, Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," in Hamburg—told him his mournful tale—and excited a deep interest in his generous and susceptible breast. Campbell wrote his beautiful ballad of "The Exile of Erin" to the ancient Irish of "Erin go bragh," and thus immortalized the banished patriot.

HENRY, RICHARD, AND MARIA EDGEWORTH.

HENRY EISEX EDGEWORTH DE FIRMONT, father-confessor to Louis XVI., was born at Edgeworthstown, Ireland, in 1745. His father had renounced protestantism, and removed with his family to France. He attended the King to the scaffold, ascended it with him, and when the executioner placed his head under the guillotine, exclaimed, "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!" He died May 21st, 1807.

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH, a gentleman distinguished for the versatility of his talents, was of Irish parentage, and born at Bath, in 1744. His family residence was at Edgeworthstown, in the South of Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1767, he contrived a telegraph, and died June 13, 1817, leaving several very useful publications behind him as a legacy to mankind. Mr. E. was true to Ireland, and voted in its last parliament for "no union with Britain." His efforts to drain bogs, and in making railways, and improving Irish agriculture, were very beneficial. Among his works are Poetry Explained—Essays on Practical Education—Professional Education—Essays on Roads—Essays on the Philosophical Transactions, &c. He was four times married.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, one of the most illustrious female writers of the present age, is the daughter of R. L. Edgeworth, and was born at Edgeworthstown, Ireland, where the family settled in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Her mother was a native of Scotland, and her father was married thrice, after her death in 1772. Miss Edgeworth's moral and educational works have been often reprinted in the United States; they are always new.

always, interesting. Her untiring efforts to encourage, establish, and support a system of public instruction by which all might profit, afford the highest evidence of her sound judgment and true patriotism. Many of our readers doubtless remember the satisfaction with which at various periods of their lives they perused this generous Irishwoman's Moral Tales, Tales of Fashionable Life, Parent's Assistant, Early Lessons, Popular Tales, Patronage, Belinda, Castle Rackrent, Absentees, &c. Her acquaintance with the history, literature and manners of France is as profound as her information on the manners of Ireland. Her works are deservedly popular throughout Europe.

Although Miss Edgeworth realized a large sum of money by her publications, there was no copyright law, protecting authors in Ireland, till the Union in 1801. English works were reprinted, and sold in Ireland—cheap editions—and Gibbon complained, Blackstone complained, as Boz and others now very unjustly complain of America, but until the Union there was no remedy, for no such measure could find favor with the Irish parliament.

The Essay on Irish Bulls and several educational treatises were partly written by Miss E., and partly by her father. She is now about 76 years of age.

WALTER HUSSEY BURGH.

The Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer, the contemporary of Grattan and Flood, and one of the most eloquent, able, and upright patriots Ireland ever produced, was the son of Ignatius Hussey, an Irish lawyer of high repute and great opulence, and was born in 1742. In youth he acquired fame as a poet, and was called to the bar in 1769, before he had read a single law book: In 1775, in the Irish parliament, he opposed an address calling the movement in the United States a *rebellion*, also a bill to send 4000 Irish troops to keep down liberty in America, and to authorize Protestant soldiers to be imported into Ireland to watch the conduct of its Catholic counties. He it was, who successfully advised the Irish government to arm the Irish volunteers—and, with Flood and Grattan, he supported the resolve for free trade for Ireland, in 1779—threw up his office under the crown, and in 1780, boldly asserted the right of Ireland to political independence, denying England's power to bind her in any case whatever. In London they passed a perpetual mutiny bill for the Irish, while for themselves, in England, they only voted it yearly. Ireland was indignant—she unlifted—Burgh, Grattan, Flood, and Yelverton, were all nullifiers in these days—and successful ones too. Burgh was the Irish Romilly—he softened the terrors of a prison to the poor debtor—received the approbation of the University of Dublin, of which he was a representative—and in June, 1782, became chief Baron of the Exchequer. But the death of a beloved wife broke his heart, and while on the circuit at Armagh, he was seized with a fever, and died, Oct. 16th, 1783, in his 41st year. Blessed be his memory, he had the failing of a desire to build his fortunes on the degradation of his country, but was the very antipodes of a Clare, a Castlereagh, and a Beresford.

ROBERT ADRAIN, LL.D.

Catholic Ireland granted a willing asylum to thousands of Scottish Presbyterians, who were cruelly persecuted by the protestant religious majority that governed Britain in the days of the second Charles. Not less

SPBELL

friends of Irish
or in the Castle
Bench, Dublin;
words, for the
blessed abode
retch who had
ing comrades.
principal wit-
person of the
r, in the prime
the better the
him out of the
yemen, and his
trymen.

ly accused by
ment informers
g of the friends
Teeling. Mr.
oet, Campbell,
n his mournful
eptible breast.
to the ancient
ad patriot.

WORTH:

to Louis XVI.,
had renounced
e attended the
ne executioner
aint Louis, as-

r the versatility

44. His family
He was edu-
raph, and died
him as a legacy
parliament for
aking railways,
mong his works
fessional Edu-
ansactions, &c.

ers of the pres-
t Edgeworths-
een Elizabeth
married thrice.
ational works
always new,

cheerfully did the presbyterians and catholics of the province of Ulster receive many proscribed French families whom the edict of Nantes, and the bigotry of Louis the 14th, had placed without the pale of their country's protection.

Robert Adrain, who was for many years professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Columbia College, New York, was born on the 30th of September, 1775, at Carrickfergus in Ireland, and died on the 10th of August, 1843; at New Brunswick, New Jersey, aged nearly 68 years.

His father was a native of France, which he left on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the intolerance of the political church united with the state, dominant and upheld by the catholic majority of the time, having driven the protestant minority into foreign lands. Such is the spirit of "nativism" and clerical intolerance here. It would refuse an asylum to the persecuted of our day, from other countries—it would banish or make helots of the natives of America, who might venture to believe a little less or a little more than the established state creed of the church and state party of our day might authorize.

Robert was the eldest of five children, and lost both his parents in his 15th year. He was an excellent mathematician and linguist, and taught school at Ballycarry when only in his 16th year. Mr. Mortimer, a gentleman of great wealth and influence in Cumber, engaged him as an instructor of his children; but when the Irish people made an effort in 1798, to shake off their ancient oppressors, Robert Adrain took the command of a company of the United Irish, while Mr. Mortimer, being an officer of the English authorities, was offering a reward of fifty pounds for his capture. At the battle of Sainfield, Mr. Mortimer received a mortal blow, but it so happened that Mr. Adrain having refused his assent to some measure proposed in his division of the army, received a dangerous wound in the back from one of his own men the day before the battle, and was reported to be dead. This stopped further search after him—and after several narrow escapes from the hands of Ireland's enemies he found a refuge in New York, then suffering from the yellow fever. He first taught an academy at Princetown, N. J. then became principal of the York County Academy, next took charge of the academy at Reading, and became a valuable contributor to Baron's "Mathematical Correspondent," and afterwards editor of the *Analyst*, which he continued for several years in Philadelphia.

In 1810 he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Queen's (now Rutgers) College, New Brunswick, had the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him, and was soon after elected a member of several of the philosophical societies in Europe and America. He edited the third American edition of Hutton's Course of Mathematics, and made important corrections, adding many valuable notes, and an elementary treatise on Descriptive Geometry.

On the decease of Dr. Kemp, Dr. Adrain was elected, in 1813, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Columbia College, New York; soon after which he published a paper on the figure and magnitude of the earth, and gravity, which obtained for him great celebrity in Europe. He contributed to the periodicals of the day, edited the *Mathematical Diary* in 1825, and was looked up to as having no superior among the mathematicians of America: The ease and facility with which he imparted instruction, his fluency in reading the Greek and Latin authors, and extensive acquaintance with general literature, his social disposition, strong understanding, and high conversational powers, caused the students and professors greatly to regret his resignation of his office in 1826. The senior mathematical class had his portrait taken by the distinguished Irish artist, Ingham; an admirable likeness, from which the accompanying engraving has been copied.

After leaving New York, he held for several years a professorship in the University of Pennsylvania, of which institution he was vice-provost. To-

his memory and the other faculties. In his life he was a sincere Christian, and his opinions on the more difficult passages of Scripture, His strong intellect, and pure and fervent piety, were cited as a refutation of the argument that the study of the abstruse sciences tends to infidelity.

Dr. Adrain came to America poor and friendless—an exile, seeking a refuge from the early oppressors of American freedom. The alien and sedition laws of Adams, Rufus King, and the enemies of civil and religious liberty in 1798, were condemned by the gallant democracy, in the election of the great author of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, to the presidency, in 1800. The "natives," as the American Tories of our day call themselves, were the only enemies whom such men as Dr. Adrain found on this continent; and grateful to American liberality, which welcomes honest industry, skill, and talent, and soon enabled him to take his place among the men of learning and genius, whom the Republic delights to honor, he continued through a long life a firm and consistent Whig of '76, cherishing in his riper years that ardent love of heaven-born freedom which had impelled him in youth to take part with Ireland's noblest sons in the memorable struggle of 1798.

I understand that a sketch of the life of this eminent scholar and patriot, from the pen of Dr. Robert Patterson, will be given to the public shortly.

FATHER NICHOLAS SHEEHY.

This noble martyr to human freedom was a worthy Catholic, the parish priest of Clogheen, a man of strong, generous feelings, and warm sympathy for the injured—a sentiment (says Taylor) long deemed treasonable in Ireland. Father Sheehy had offended the gentry by denouncing magisterial tyranny, and resisting the cruel oppression of the tenantry. He was tried for treason in Dublin, and honorably acquitted, his enemies' witnesses being a vagrant boy, an impeached thief, and a prostitute. They next trumped up a report that a white-boy, named Bridge, had been killed by Sheehy and others [Bridge was alive many years after], arrested Sheehy, tried him at Clonmell for the pretended murder, and hanged him for no offence, and on the very evidence that had been scouted in Dublin, though two most respectable witnesses swore (truly) that Bridge was not dead at all, nor did the aristocracy of Tipperary attempt to prove his death. Sheehy was hanged, and his body quartered, and others equally innocent, whom the tory gentry disliked, were hung for the same imaginary offence.

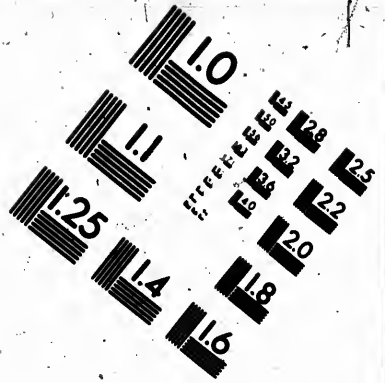
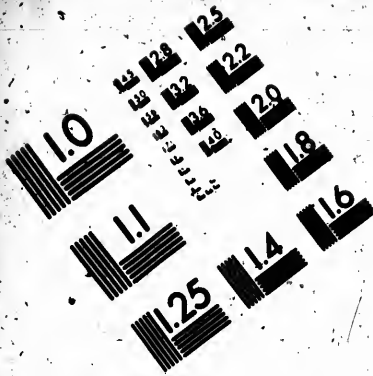
It was given in evidence before a secret committee of the British House of Lords, 1824, that at Longford nine men had been executed for murder, though the conviction of their innocence was universal. The crown paid the informers who swore away their lives £100, and in a very short time it was clearly proved that they were all guiltless.

I may here remark, with reference to the innumerable instances of the punishment of innocent men, under the forms of law, administered by a foreign aristocracy, with their coadjutors, who preferred a gilded chain round their necks to the sweets of manly freedom, that it was as regular a thing to hang the innocent, if the government wanted them out of the way, in peace, as in war. On the 16th of March, 1831, at the Cavan Assizes, Edward Duffy, Hugh Ward, and Michael Farrelly, were sentenced to be hung for whiteboyism, and such was the indignation of the people in court that the judge and the lawyers took to their heels and hid themselves.

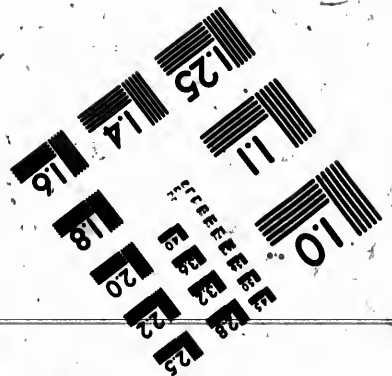
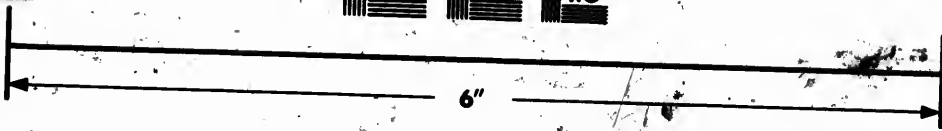
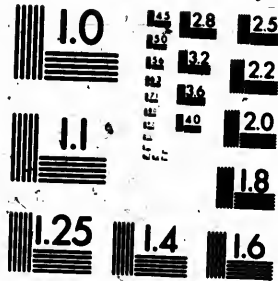
The struggle between King James II. and his English Parliament and established church, was a war between absolute despotism and a powerful aris-







**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4303

10
16
18
20
22
25

10
11
12

tocracy. The results of the revolution of 1688 seem to have been on the whole injurious to Ireland. That event placed the monarch within the power of the clergy, nobility and gentry, and gave them the best title to plunder the people. Since then the premier of England is the king for the nobles, who rule, as with a rod of iron, the cruelly oppressed though very patient millions.

THOMAS SHEEHY, of the Lodge, Esq., a warm friend and relative of Father Nicholas Sheehy, was executed about this time on a charge of being too fond of his country and Irish independence. Musgrave slanders him, and the orange blood-hounds had a keen scent after property.

REV. JOHN MURPHY; D. D.

The Catholic clergymen who *did* join in the efforts of 1798, to shake off the yoke of the stranger, were few in number, and have been grossly slandered—but they proved manly, honest, and faithful leaders of the people, and I am neither surprised at, nor sorry for the influence such men have preserved, in preference to the lazy, pensioned hirelings of state paid creeds. The Catholic believes in the doctrine of the trinity, in the resurrection, in eternal life, in the ascension of Christ, and in many other scripture mysteries. So does the Protestant. There are other incomprehensible points of faith on which they differ; but why should they denounce each other? Is one mystery less incomprehensible than another? Surely not.

The Rev. Dr. John Murphy, of Boolavogue, in Wexford, was opposed to the United Irish system, until the royalists burned his chapel. Before the rising in Wicklow and Wexford, says Plowden, not one catholic priest was to be found in the ranks of the U. I. except Father Roche, then under censure. Dr. Murphy was a farmer's son, in the parish of Ferns, and completed his studies at the University of Seville in Spain, where he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity in 1785. He was a profound scholar, an amiable man, of the most correct and unblemished deportment, earnest and sincere in his manner, as a preacher, very influential in his religious exhortations, light complexioned, strong, agile, well made, about five feet nine inches in height, and in his 45th year, when he gave up life and its enjoyments for the love he bore to Ireland and freedom.

Dr. Murphy began his career in defence of life and property, about the 27th of May, 1798, and to the hour of his death was a terror to the tories, causing them, from fear of retaliation, to spare many lives and much property they would have destroyed. He was humane to a fault, and so well was his character known, that at his capture many letters were found on his person from ladies, who trusted to his kindness of heart to interfere and prevent the death or harsh usage of their husbands. His bravery is acknowledged by all parties, and his memory held in deserved esteem, among the best and purest of his patriotic countrymen. His enduring monument is, as it ought to be, in the hearts of Irishmen.

In the various battles, ending with the defeat at Vinegar Hill, no leader was more conspicuous than Dr. Murphy. Moreover, he was shrewd, collected, and possessed a sound judgment to control his constitutional warmth. At Vinegar Hill, the Irish were badly armed. In 1797, the foreigner had disarmed them. Musgrave states that 70,630 pikes, 48,109 guns, 4,463 pistols, and 4,183 swords, were that year taken from them in Ulster and Leinster—and since the revolt, the wealthy have combined to render the condition of the laborer more and more miserable. The Scottish Highlanders were honorably distinguished in '98, by their kindness to the Irish, whose language they spoke fluently. Not a soldier among them, says the

have been on
 monarch within
 them the best
 England is the
 the cruelly op-
 and relative of
 charge of being
 slanders him,
 try.

8, to shake off
 n grossly slan-
 of the people,
 such men have
 of state paid
 , in the reur-
 ny other scrip-
 incomprehen-
 they denounce
 other? Surely

opposed to the
 before the rising
 riest was to be
 under censure.
 completed his
 the degree of
 amiable man,
 and sincere in
 exhortations,
 nife inches in
 enjoyments for

erty, about the
 r to the Tories.
 and much pro-
 it, and so well
 were found on
 o interfere and
 bravery is ac-
 esteem, among
 ng monument

Hill, no leader
 was shrewd,
 constitutional
 1797, the fo-
 s, 48,109 guns,
 them in Ulster
 ned to render
 Scottish High-
 ss to the Irish,
 hem, says the

Rev. James Gordon, would accept even a drink of buttermilk, without pay-
 ing the full value.

The battle of Vinegar Hill was fought on the 21st of June, and the Tories
 and Orangemen defeated the United Irish after a desperate struggle, in
 which Father Murphy did his duty nobly. The Irish camp, a very strong
 position, was carried, their artillery taken, and very many of them put to
 the sword. The bulk of the Irish aristocracy were to be found in the ranks
 of the stranger—they had no sympathy with the people.

After the rout, the prisoners were divided among the British regiments,
 as they moved separately to their destinations on several points of the
 Island. To each regiment were assigned 120 prisoners more or less, ac-
 cording to the number of days' march before it, with orders to hang a cer-
 tain number every day before starting. A sergeant was named Provost-
 Marshal. One morning thirteen instead of twelve were marched out and
 "strung up." "You have brought out one too many," observed the cor-
 poral. "No matter," was the reply, "I'll give credit for one to-morrow."
 About 2000 were given as a present to the King of Prussia, and subse-
 quently made prisoners by Napoleon, en masse, at the battle of Jena.

The heroic Father John Murphy, was taken prisoner a few days after the
 battle of Vinegar Hill, and carried to Sir James Duff's head-quarters at
 Tullow, where the most insulting language was used towards him by
 the general officers. They did not stand upon ceremony—there was no
 time to prepare for trial—no sending for testimony—they murdered their
 noble-hearted prisoner, a few hours after he was brought in!!! They tied
 him with cords, buffeted him, whipped him, put a rope round his neck,
 and hanged him, took down the body before he was dead, cut his throat,
 took out his bowels, severed his head from his shoulders, exposed his body
 to the brutality of the worst of the Orangemen, and then burnt it. His soul
 ascended to heaven; his career on earth was that of a soldier for his God
 and his country; he was a true martyr for the rights of his race; and where
 is the true Christian that can doubt for a moment his participation in the
 eternity of bliss prepared for the righteous?

FATHER JOHN MURPHY, aid-de-camp to his great namesake, fell in the
 battle near Gore's Bridge. He was a true friend to his country, and cheer-
 fully offered up his life in its defence. On his buttons were figures of a
 dove and crucifix. He stood by the people in every action, till his upward
 death.

There may be those who will say that the Catholic and Presbyterian
 preachers (for there were no established church clergymen found in the
 ranks of the defenders of Ireland's civil and religious rights, animating
 their countrymen in the hour of battle, and sharing its dangers) were out
 of the line of their duty. I do not think so. The noblest page of Scot-
 land's annals is that which shows her faithful ministers in the midst of
 their persecuted flocks, singing God's praises in the hills and mountains,
 and preparing to fight their country's enemies for the sake of what they
 believed to be the cause of eternal truth upon the earth. These men
 urged the people never to bow the knee to tyranny over the human mind,
 and were ready for the torture, the guillotine, transportation, the dungeon,
 the bayonet, or the musket-ball; always prepared to prove their sincerity,
 by offering up their lives as a sacrifice, in the good cause they had espoused.
 If, then, the Presbyterian is delighted with a perusal of the lives of those
 noble souls, whose consistent bravery graces the pages of "the Scottish
 Worthies," how can he withhold the meed of approbation, so gloriously
 earned by the Murphys, the Coiglys, the Roches, the Harolds, Kellys,
 Kearnses, Kavanaghs, Redmonds, and Sweenys, of 1798, in Catholic
 Ireland? If the lazy and bloated among the priesthood, established in
 England and Ireland by law, had shown a like sympathy with the people,
 and a like confidence in heaven and the divine nature of their religion,
 they would not now be looked upon as a cancer on the body politic, which

the people only wait an opportunity to cast off. I would gladly extend this eulogy to the clergy of catholic or presbyterian Canada, did the scenes of 1837 to 1839 warrant it, which I think they do not. Bannockburn was won against fearful odds, and the Scottish catholic priesthood have much of the merit. If equal success did not attend the courageous Irishmen at Aughrim, the heroic energy of the venerable father Stafford did not fail to deserve it.*

DR. AND SIR PHILIP FRANCIS—DR. FRANCIS HUTCHESON—KANE
OHARA—LETITIA PILKINGTON—FREDERICK PILON—BOYLE St.
LEGER—N. TATE—MARY TIGHE—ROBERT WOOD—REV. LAWRENCE
STERNE—JOHN TOLAND.

PHILIP FRANCIS, D. D., an eminent protestant divine, was the son of an Irish dean, and father of the celebrated Sir Philip Francis. He is well known to the reading public by his excellent translations of Horace and Demosthenes, which the brothers Harper have reprinted in America, and was the author of *Eugenia* and *Constantia*, tragedies. He died in March, 1773.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS. This accomplished scholar, orator, and statesman, was born in Dublin in 1740, and educated at St. Paul's school. In 1773 he was made a member of the Council of Bengal—remained six years in India—opposed Warren Hastings' measures there—fought a duel with Hastings, and was shot through the body—took his seat in the English Parliament in 1784—voted with the whigs—aided in the impeachment of Hastings—was friendly to reform in parliament, and the abolition of the slave-trade—was

* It is really wonderful, that the professors of the ancient religion of Ireland have so long remained peaceful and patient under persecution. The English Church, is for the most part, a clumsy pretext for robbing the Irish of a part of the fruits of their labor to enrich Englishmen and their connexions. Bishop Tomlin lost three millions of dollars to his family, saved out of the Irish; and Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Cloyne, drained his diocese of a very large sum annually, but returned none of it in works of charity. He was a poor piper's son, and amassed \$500,000 of plunder. When Irishmen complain, these Aoly prelates take great delight in shooting them.

The *Dublin Evening Mail* entitles the transaction, the particulars of which I quote from Mr. O'Callaghan's *Green-Book*, "a little salutary blood-letting." Mr. Patrick Doyle, a farmer of Newtonbarry, a Catholic, was illegally requested to pay tithes to the Rev. Mr. McClintock, a connexion of Lord Roden, and his late brother, the Bishop of Clogher. Mr. Doyle said that the tithes, amounting to eleven dollars, and no more, would not be due till November. On Saturday, the 18th of June, 1831, however, Mr. Doyle's cattle were seized, and to be sold by auction, after being advertised for sale in the name of the parson. This was the market-day, and there was a large crowd assembled to attend the sale. Lord Farnham's orange yeomanry, and the police, who were kept in readiness in the yard of his lordship's agent, Captain Graham, were turned out to guard the cattle, on their being taken from the pound. Some of the people began to jeer the yeoman upon the use to which they were applying their new clothing and arms, and a few stones having likewise been thrown, by some children, from amongst the gathering multitude, the yeoman fired, until fourteen persons were shot dead upon the spot, and several wounded! Some saved their lives, by swimming through the river Slaney. A ball grazed the head of Mr. Doyle's eldest son John, sweeping away one of his eyes, and depriving him of the sight of the other. He is still living. And a young man, Milley Doyle, was killed. He was a fine handsome fellow, six feet high, made in proportion, universally liked in the neighborhood, and only in his twenty-second year. A musket-ball tore its way through Mrs. Mulroony, and her unborn babe, leaving the lifeless and bleeding remains of both exposed to the public eye, all this in the name of the king, law, the church, and Christ Jesus! "For the blood thus shed," says Mr. O'Callaghan, "no redress was obtained—no punishment inflicted."

It appears to me, that so far from blaming Fathers John and Michael Murphy for girding on their swords, it would be impossible not to feel contempt for them if they had not resisted.

It is a fact, that Lord Grey's whig government commenced its career in Ireland by 6000 tyrule law-suits, brought to recover as many farthings. At the first quarter sessions of 1833, for Cashel in Tipperary, 8551 civil processes were entered by the parsons for tithes, some for a penny, some for a halfpenny!

made a Knight of the Bath—published about thirty speeches and political pamphlets, some of them very able and spirited—and is believed by many to be the author of the Letters of Junius.

FRANCIS HUTCHESON, D. D. This celebrated scholar, and distinguished writer on moral philosophy, was born in the north of Ireland, where his father was a presbyterian minister, on the 8th of August, 1694—had the charge of a congregation in Dublin for some time, and published "An Inquiry into the ideas of Beauty and Virtue." He removed to Glasgow, became professor of philosophy in the University there, and died much regretted in 1747. He wrote a treatise on the Passions; and his son published his system of Moral Philosophy in two volumes, quarto, with an account of his life by Dr. Leecham.

KANE O'HARA, descended from an ancient and respectable Irish family, was born in Dublin about the year 1733, and educated at Trinity College. O'Hara had an exquisite taste for music, and was well skilled in musical composition, which, with his social and lively humor, introduced him to all the wits and literati of his day. He was an especial favorite of the Earl of Mornington, the Duke of Wellington's father. It was his misfortune, in his latter years, to lose his sight, and he died at his house, near Dublin, June 17th, 1782. O'Hara was the author of a new species of comic opera called the English Burletta. His dramatic works are, *Midas*—*The Golden Pippin*—*April Day*—and *Tom Thunb*, burlettas—and the *Two Misers*, a musical drama.

LETITIA PILKINGTON, the daughter of Doctor Van Lewin, a physician of Dublin, was born in that city in 1712. Her husband was a clergyman, and an author. Mrs. Pilkington was one of Dean Swift's female coterie; and, perhaps, surpassed all the party in wit and genius, not less than in levity. She is the author of some interesting poetry, and died in Dublin in 1750. Her "Memoirs," by herself, and her Letters, are still entertaining. I may here, also, name MARY BARBER, another of Swift's *bas bleu* society, who was born in Dublin, in the same year as Mrs. P. She published a volume of elegant and moral poems, under the patronage of Dean Swift and Lord Orrery, and died in 1757.

FREDERICK PILON, a native of Cork, Ireland, is the author of an Essay on the character of Hamlet—*The Invasion*, or *a Trip to Brighton*—*The Humors of an Election*—and *He would be a Soldier*, a comedy performed with applause at Covent Garden, 1786. The author began to be courted by the fashionable, gave way to intemperate habits, and died in 1788, aged 38.

FRANCIS BARRY BOYLE ST. LEGER, was the son of a highly respectable family in Ireland—born in Sept., 1799, and died Nov. 20, 1829, aged 30. He is the author of "*Gilbert Earle*," "*Tales of Passion*," and "*The Blount Manuscripts*," works characterized by intense feeling, a thorough insight into human nature, the development of the passions of the mind; and a complete knowledge of the world.

NAHUM TATE, a dramatic poet, who was born in Dublin, 1652, became poet laureat, and helped Brady to turn David's Psalms into metre. He died in 1715, at the Mint, where he had taken refuge to escape bitter persecution from his creditors.

MARY TIGHE.—The father of this lovely woman was the Rev. William Blashford, of Dublin, where she was born in 1774; him she lost in her infancy, but by the care of her excellent mother her fine intellectual powers were developed and cultivated. She married her cousin, Henry Tighe, and the romantic seat of Rosanna, in Wicklow, became the Temple of Taste, of the Muses, and the social virtues. Some of her poems are of rare merit. Sir John Carr, speaking of her poem of "*Psyche*," says that it "displays great fancy, and much richness and variety of language," and Lady Morgan speaks of its interesting author as "the charming *Psyche* of poetical fame, and my (her) most dear and early friend."

Her poetical works went through many editions, and she died on the 24th of March, 1810, in her 37th year, after six years of protracted malady. Her amiable husband was a member of the Irish parliament before the union; and represented the county of Wicklow in the British legislature, at the time of his death. He wrote "the Statistical History of the County of Kilkenny," thick 8vo., 1799, and wrote it well.

ROBERT WOOD.—This accomplished scholar and statesman was born at Riverstown, in the county of Meath, Ireland, in 1716. He travelled through Greece, Egypt, and Palestine—published in 1753, a splendid work in folio, entitled "The Ruins of Palmyra, or Tadmor in the Desert,"—in 1757, "The Ruins of Balbec,"—and his *Essay on Homer's Life and Writings* appeared after his death, which took place in 1771. Lord Chatham appointed him Under Secretary of State in England, in 1759, and his works have been translated into French, Spanish, German, and Italian. "The Ruins" were republished in French, at Paris, in 1819.

LAWRENCE STERNE.—This humorous and satirical writer, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Clonmell, in Ireland, in November, 1713, and educated at Cambridge, in England. His father was a lieutenant in the British army, and an uncle, a prebendary of Durham, obtained for him the rectory of Sutton, while his wife's interest procured him another rectory, or living, as they call it in England. For the first twenty years of his clerical life he wrote nothing for the public, except the *History of a Watch Coat*. Between 1759 and 1766, he wrote *Tristram Shandy*, in nine volumes, in a style chiefly original and very pleasing. In 1768 he produced his *Sentimental Journey*, a well known work, even more entertaining than *Tristram*. Mr. Sterne was also the author of four volumes of *Sermons*. He died of pulmonary consumption, in March 1768, leaving a widow and one daughter. His private character was very indifferent, and not in keeping with his genius, "affording another proof that the power of conceiving and expressing strong feelings, by no means implies that they will influence the conduct."

The works of Lawrence Sterne have increased the indebtedness of America to the men of learning and genius who were cradled in the Emerald Isle, but appearances indicate that the children of the new world will amply repay the obligation.

JOHN TOLAND, one of the founders of modern deism, was born in the north of Ireland, Nov. 30th, 1669, and educated at Redcastle, near Londonderry, from whence he went to Scotland in 1687. He was educated a Catholic; studied at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Oxford, and Leyden; and possessed an original and well-constructed mind. He denied that his first great work, "Christianity not Mysterious," was intended as an attack on religion; it was published in London in 1696. He soon after went home to Ireland, where the pulpits anathematized him, the public shunned him, a jury who owned they did not understand his book condemned it to the flames, the parliament denounced him and caused his work to be burnt by the Dublin hangman; and he had to fly. In 1698 he wrote *Milton's Life*, and edited his voluminous politics: declaring himself a Whig, and a true friend to civil and religious toleration. His true name was Janus Junius Toland, but the Irish schoolmaster shortened it to John. He lived and died an author by profession; was in 1703 at the Courts of Berlin and Hanover, where he was received with great respect; and was afterwards patronized by Lord Oxford. He possessed vast erudition and great powers of mind, and is the author of 155 books, not a few of which have been translated into foreign languages. Des Maiseaux wrote his life, which is prefixed to his posthumous works; and his death took place at an obscure lodging-house, in a poor carpenter's near London, March 11, 1722.

THOMAS TRENOR.

Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,
Has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free.—CAMPBELL.

THE venerable Thomas Trenor, an extensive and wealthy shipowner of Dublin, and who succeeded Lord Edward Fitzgerald as Treasurer of the United Irish Society, when his lordship was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the North, is perhaps the only survivor of the delegates who were arrested at Oliver Bond's, Dublin, on the 12th of March, 1798. He resides with his aged spouse in the city of New York, and is indebted to the friendly, republican spirit of the American government for an official appointment in the Customs, the duties of which are, I trust, not very burthensome, for the incumbent is 78 years of age. The narrative of his personal adventures since his arrest is exceedingly interesting, and throws additional light on the history of the eventful period in which his country last struggled to preserve the rank of an independent nation, even to the shedding of blood.

On the day of their arrest the delegates dined at Dublin Castle, with an officer placed between each prisoner, for better security. Mr. Trenor was then confined in the Birmingham Tower, in the Castle-yard, along with Messrs. Byrne and McCann (who were executed), and remained there several weeks. He had a fine roquelaure, or cloak, on which he usually sat, and two sentinels stood guard continually in his prison room. An English nobleman, fearing that the sentinels would become too friendly to the prisoners, complained to the Castle, and they were ordered to stand outside. Mr. Trenor from this moment planned his escape. He asked for some hair-powder, and got it; took his roquelaure with him one evening when he went to the privy, closely pressed to his body, within his clothes, so that it was unobserved by the guards; and while they waited at the door to escort him back, he began talking aloud, and himself answered, as if several persons were within, hastily powdered his hair and whiskers, changed the shape of his hat, unfolded and put on his roquelaure, disguised his voice, walked out boldly, passed his sentinel, who took him for one of the captains of the guard, and deliberately departed by the wicket-gate of the Castle, which was closed at his heels, so that he could not have escaped had he been a minute later. His guards were immediately imprisoned; the authorities were positive he had bribed them; and when he returned to Dublin many months after, they were still in custody on his account.

He went to the house of one friend, then to that of another, and had not left the first place three minutes when a company of soldiers rushed in in search of him. Next night he actually spent in the house of the informer, Thomas Reynolds, who was then at his country-seat of Kilkea Castle, a mock prisoner, the better to deceive his brethren of the United Irish Society. Mr. Trenor wrote Reynolds, telling him where he was; that he had caused one of his own (Trenor's) ships to be got ready for sea; and that if he (Reynolds) knew where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was hiding, to send for him; and that he might put on a sailor's dress and hat, with a coil of rope on his shoulders, and in this disguise come to him in Dublin. Had Reynolds got Trenor's letter he would instantly have informed the Irish government, and had him arrested again; but the orange soldiery who guarded the former thought he was a true man, and that the arrest was real, and would neither let Trenor's messenger near him, nor carry him any message. This saved Trenor's life. He waited long for Lord Edward, for whose apprehension a great reward was then offered; but finally escaped from Dublin, without knowing what had become of his lordship.

In the *National Intelligencer* of the year 1807, I find the following brief

narration by Mr. Trenor, dated at Lahsingburgh, March 2nd, that year :
 "I have been four years shut up in a dungeon—I was arrested in the beginning of '98, and effected my escape from Dublin Castle; I got on board of a ship of my own, and arrived in Norway; thence passed thro' Zealand and Germany; I got to France, where I heard that an expedition had just sailed for Ireland. I then made the best of my way to Hamburgh, and entered (as a common sailor) on board of a vessel bound for Liverpool. When I arrived there I found that the handful of French (1087) that landed in Killala, after having performed prodigies of valor, were obliged to surrender—that the principals of their Irish adherents were hanged, and that there was a reward of five hundred guineas for my apprehension—I then fled from Liverpool to Cumberland, in the North of England, where partly with a friend, and partly in a thick wood near his house, I remained ~~four~~ months, at the end of which time, the state prisoners then confined in the different jails in Dublin, made a stipulation with the government that they should banish themselves for life to the United States, and, that if I thought proper I might surrender myself on the same terms. I availed myself of this, and accordingly gave myself up in an unhappy hour. At this time, federalism (aristocracy) in this country was verging fast to dissolution, and the minister from this to the court of St. James's was Rufus King, who being directed (as he said) by his government, preferred a memorial or protest against us; and easily obtained the promise of the British government not to let us come here without his consent first had in writing, permitting such emigration! There were two persons of our party, Henry Jackson and John Lynch, who through the interest of some duke or duchess (I suppose) got leave to come to America. I also wrote to Mr. King, and received an answer, that 'as I was so highly recommended, if I would transmit him a petition praying for leave, he would inclose it to his government, and he made no doubt (by accompanying it with the documents which he then held in my favour) but that I would obtain the desired permission.' This letter I answered, telling him, 'that I never would so solicit: that the crime I had committed (by the bye he made use of the word) formed in my mind, his country's best distinction; that I would lie in jail till my locks grew as white as the foam of the ocean, and other such language ill-suited to a courtly ear. In consequence I lay in jail three years after this—in the mean time, the great philosopher was placed at the head of the government of this country, but owing to some commercial or other reason, King was not recalled, neither could we tell at that distance, and shut up as we were in the tomb of the living, but that Mr. Jefferson also coincided in our exclusion from this country; being now almost four years in close confinement, and growing grey indeed, my affairs all deranged, my fortunes broken, my (naturally strong) constitution beginning to give way, I obtained leave to go to Portugal. I had a little before this time sold seventeen ships and brigs by auction, for less than half their value; the remainder of thirty two of which I was entire and part owner at the time of my arrest, were either lost, taken, or the captains took them off, and I never heard of them; but now that I have time to make some woeful calculations, I find I have lost about 120,000 dollars, more than half of which I could have saved but for Mr. King's prohibition! I took my family to Portugal, where I remained a short time at a monstrous expence, and finally got to America.

The *National Intelligencer*, then the official paper of Mr. Jefferson's administration, was not so fearful of uttering democratic sentiments, or of sympathizing with the friends of free institutions, as some official papers have been on more recent occasions. If it would have wiped out the dark blot on Mr. King's character, why has the official correspondence between Mr. Adams and his minister been, to this hour, so carefully concealed? The *Intelligencer* introduced Mr. Trenor's letter with the following remarks :

"We all know something of the horrid scenes of tyranny, of which Ireland, miserable Ireland, has been recently the theatre. These scenes were the natural offspring of monarchy and oppression—they are every where to be found where kings and priests govern. Shocked, therefore, as our feelings may be at their recital, they occasion but little surprise. But that the American government, or its representative, should become the engine of carrying this oppressive system into effect, that they should aggravate the sufferings of the oppressed, that, in violation of the constitutions and laws, established principles and deep-rooted feelings of the nation, they should deny them an asylum in this country, when offered to them by their tyrants, is surprising and merits perpetual remembrance."

PETER IVERS, a delegate from the county of Carlow, arrested at Oliver Bond's, is to this hour spoken of by his venerable colleague, Thomas Trenor, with esteem, brotherly affection, and all the warm enthusiasm of youth. His friend Ivers, he says, was twenty-five years old—the son of a peasant—energetic—brave as a lion—manly, noble, generous—true to liberty, faithful to old Ireland—with a commanding intellect, though he was not so well educated as he ought to have been. In his trunk, in the Kilmainham prison the officers of government found a correct copy of Emmet, MacNeven, and O'Connor's examinations before secret committees of the Irish Parliament, which the authorities wished to suppress in that form. He was instantly ordered to be transported to Botany Bay for life, without trial or formal sentence, and it is probable that he died in exile. Mr. Trenor would have suffered a like fate, had not General Arthur O'Connor, with infinite presence of mind, walked into his apartment while the officers were searching it, lifted his music, among which was his (Trenor's) copy, and began to play, thrusting at the same time the dangerous documents into his bosom.

WILLIAM CORBITT, a fine young man, about twenty-four years of age, was in the winter of 1798-9, immured in a dark cell in the prison of Dublin, on the criminal side—low down and damp—it affected his health, he had a bad cough, and the doctor, who was apprehensive he would die, got him a berth on the debtor's side, with Mr. Trenor, whose courage and faithful spouse was nobly sharing his captivity and privations. Mr. Trenor left, and made room for the young youth (for such he seemed to be), whose health speedily improved. Her husband then planned his (Corbett's) escape, and effected it. I believe that Corbit, Napper Tandy, Harvey Morris, and Colonel Blackwell of the French Army, were all given up by the dishonest, trafficking senate of Hamburgh, to the British, put in irons, and immured in Kilmainham. Many believed that Corbit would be hanged, but, thanks to Trenor's ingenuity, he died a French General.

Mr. Trenor's brother brought a silken ladder into the prison round his body, which he had purchased in Dublin for five guineas—Trenor made Corbit sham more sickness than he felt, and then hinted gravely to the humane doctor that Corbit thought he was poisoning him, by which his daily visits were got rid of, for he was justly enraged. The ladder was thrown over the wall, forty-two feet high, at a convenient moment—it stormed and blew fearfully that night—Corbit secreted himself in the yard when the prisoners were about to be locked up—two friends outside the wall made the ladder fast—Trenor saw Corbit mount and evade the sentinel at top—from Dublin he got safe to France—Trenor lending him a hundred guineas for his expenses.

To prevent suspicion and a search, a sham figure was laid on the bed; and it was a fortnight before Corbit was missed by the jailer. Majors Sirr and Swan then came down to Kilmainham with a guard, and an inquiry took place. Mr. Trenor protested that he knew nothing of Corbit's escape; but had it not been for the influence exerted by a relation of his wife, he would have been sent in chains to the lower dungeons. Mrs. T.'s maiden name was Catharine Eustace; she is a cousin of Sir Francis Burton, for-

merly Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Canada, and hail many relatives among the dominant party, among whom Major-General Eustace was not the least influential.

In America, Mr. Trenor was for seventeen years an extensive manufacturer of iron in Vermont, employing about 150 persons in that branch. But the vacillating legislation of Congress prevented his ultimate success. His family consisted of his wife and their seven children. Had he not escaped from the Castle prévôt, he would have been executed, like his comrades; but he is spared to close his eyes in a land of freedom, in the midst of his kindred and descendants, in peace and comfort. He is large and well built, and must have been, when in his prime, a handsome and very stout and powerful man. It is probably God's will that he be not gathered to his fathers until the loved land of his youth is emancipated. It is customary to accuse poor men of engaging in perilous enterprizes with a view to improve their personal fortunes, but Mr. Trenor risked life in youth, and put at hazard domestic comfort and great wealth, that he might increase the happiness, or rather that he might remove the misery, of millions less favored than himself. And as success failed to attend his patriotic efforts, it is highly honorable to President Jackson that he placed in an easy situation, in the decline of life, this proscribed son of the Emerald Isle.

In politics Mr. Trenor is a Jeffersonian democrat. He was the friend and supporter of De Witt Clinton till the hour of his death, and cherishes his memory as that of a true friend to his country and mankind.

Though banished from Ireland for ever, Mr. Trenor obtained permission from the British government, in 1832, to spend ninety days in Dublin, under the eye of the royal police, for the settlement of certain urgent private affairs. His old enemy, Major Sirr, gave him a hearty welcome; he dined and chatted with Daniel O'Connell; shed a tear o'er the graves of his ancient comrades in a revolt which cost England a hundred millions of dollars, and Ireland many thousands of her noblest sons; took a long, a last farewell of the shores of his native Erin, the scene of his early joys and sorrows; and returned to Columbia, the home of his children, to await in patience the fiat of his Creator in the land of the fearless and free

Though dark roll ocean's thousand waves
Upon her distant shore,
The land that holds our fathers' graves
Strong memory shall restore.

The friends we left—the scenes we loved,
In early freshness rise;
And, like warm tears when souls are moved,
They dim yet bless our eyes.

Again we hail the morning smoke
Of home's dear hallowed hearth;
We hear the lark's blithe strain, that woke
To life—to love—to mirth.

Oh, fair and far the vision glows—
Home's greeting throng appears;
Once more we pluck the sweet wild rose
We plucked in former years!

It's balmy dew is on our cheeks,
Pure, trembling, glistening, clear;
Ah, no!—too plain the moistener speaks;
'Tis still the Exile's tear!

Yet fill—fill high—while memory's light
That tribute-tear illumines;
'T will lead her wanderer, e'en at night,
Where Erin's Shamrock blooms.

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

James Usher, protestant archbishop of Armagh, and primate of Ireland, an author of note on religious subjects and chronology, was born in Dublin, January 14th, 1580. His notions of state government were rather despotic, but in matters connected with the church he verged towards presbyterianism. Having stood by the royal family during the civil wars, he was invited by Cardinal Richelieu to settle in France. Cromwell had his remains interred in Westminster Abbey. Among his works are *Annals of the Old and New Testament—a Body of Divinity—the History of Grotteschale—a Treatise on the Septuagint, &c.* He was zealous against his catholic brethren, and by far too eager for the temporal supremacy of his own sect. Dr. Johnson, with good cause, designates Usher as "the great luminary of the Irish Church." His library of 10,000 volumes was bestowed on Dublin College. Dr. Usher was a great and good man, but lived in an intemperate age. He died March 21, 1656. His biographer is Dr. Parr.

JOHN USHER was born in Dublin about 1528, and was mayor of that city in 1574. He wrote "De Reformatione Hiberniæ."

JAMES USHER was born near Dublin in 1720; of the same family as the archbishop, but he was a catholic, the son of a farmer. He took priest's orders in the church, and became a very successful teacher of youth in London. He died in 1772, and his writings, which are elegant, ingenious, and moral, are: *A Treatise on a New System of Philosophy—Letters by a Freethinker—Clio, or a Discourse on Taste—and An Introduction to the Theory of the Human Mind.*

S. D. LANGTREE.

This gentleman, who, with Mr. John L. O'Sullivan, established that able and, in many respects, excellent periodical the *Democratic Review*, in the year 1837, was a native of the north of Ireland, a son of the Rev. Matthew Langtree, a distinguished Wesleyan minister there. He came to New York about the year 1832, where he had the editorial charge of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for a short time, and afterwards assisted Colonel Stone in conducting the literary department of the *Commercial Advertiser*. In 1835 he removed to Washington—joined Mr. O'Sullivan in editing "the *Metropolitan*," a political journal—next embarked in that important undertaking, the *Democratic Review*—printed and published the *Madison Papers for Congress*—and finally retired to his farm on the James River in Virginia, where, after a short and severe illness, he died of bilious fever in 1842, in the noonday of life, as true a patriot, and as kind a friend as ever man or country mourned. His general character was humane and benevolent, he was of mild and gentle manners, and social habits, and had received an education that eminently qualified him for the correct performance of the duties of a critic and literary censor.

Although I had but a slight acquaintance with Mr. Langtree, he wrote me many letters while I was in prison in Rochester, on a charge connected with the Canada troubles, expressing the kindest sympathy for my situation and that of my family—and his efforts to persuade Messrs. Van Buren, Forsyth, &c., to shorten the duration of my confinement, or lessen its hardships, were unwearied.* In a letter, dated Washington, Sept. 15th

* In looking over my correspondence with Mr. Langtree, I find in his letters many evidences of a deep and abiding interest in the question of Canadian freedom. In a note, with a number of the *Democratic Review*, he says, "I herewith send you the document respecting the Caroline, still, alas, unavenged! There were some bad typographical errors in the

1839, he conveyed to me the pleasing assurance that even my trivial sufferings, in the great cause of human freedom, were not overlooked by some of Ireland's truest friends. "The widow of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the illustrious Irish patriot," said he, "stopt at my house some time since to express her deep regret and indignation that such a conviction as yours should have been recorded in America. She seemed to feel as the deepest part of the humiliation, the pleasure it would diffuse in England. This lady, with whom so many memories are connected, lives in this neighborhood, greatly admired and respected—and her heart is as warm and her head as clear as in the few sunny days of her youth, when the radiance of an

proof copy of the article on Lord Durham's Report which I sent you. I wish you would find room for the slight tribute which it pays to Papineau. I had some thoughts of asking you to review Head's Report for us in like manner, but with the additional richness of your own personal and historical acquaintance with the subject—I am now somewhat afraid the subject may be stale."

In another letter, dated Washington, Sept. 15, 1839, he reminds us that he was among the first to break ground against the recently exploded postage system, which encouraged enormous expenditures, oppressed all letter writers that were not privileged, and retarded the progress of trade and manufactures, and upheld an idle and useless army of clerks, assistants, &c., at the public expense. "I beg," says he, "that until we can confer the franking privilege on the nation, by reducing the postage to the democratic standard of a cent per letter—in which good cause, having broken ground, I hope you will sustain the Democratic Review—that you will make your letters no more of a charge to you than putting them into the post-office." Our officials spend some 18 to 20 millions of dollars a year on war, and its materials, though we have no one to fight with, but when Mr. Preston King, Mr. Greeley, and others pushed on Congress the cheap postage system, the slave-holding south opposed it—succeeded in the ten cent vote—and President Polk placed one of the most determined opponents of cheap postage in the office of postmaster-general, to organize a system which its enemies had prophesied that Congress would recede from! Cheap postage is one of the great and powerful weapons by which elective institutions are to be upheld for the general good.

I had been confined in prison four months, and not once in that time had I been allowed to cross the iron threshold of my apartment. Mr. Langtree says, "To-morrow, I will see Mr. Grundy, and think there can be no manner of doubt, but that your condition will be made as comfortable as possible, if it is at all in his power. I do not see indeed, why you should not be allowed as much liberty as would be compatible with the broadest construction of political duress."

On the 13th of October, he wrote again. "Mr. Grundy has no power whatever in your matter. The Secretary of State, or the President, he told me, were alone competent to interfere. To the former, (Forsyth of Georgia), I applied, but he took so little pains to show an extreme distaste for the subject, that I cut the interview short, feeling it perfectly hopeless, as far as he was concerned. Failing in this quarter, where from constitutional coldness, and, probably, southern predilections which tend to the antipodes of the annexation of Canada, little was to be expected, I wrote fully to an influential friend at New York, and enclosed to him your letters, for the purpose of having the whole subject brought before the President, under the most favorable and powerful auspices. In the last resort, we will place the matter in such a light in the Democratic Review, as will concentrate upon it a weight of public opinion that must have a favorable result."

Your letter to the sheriff, was a powerful production, and must make him writhe. I do not blame you for resorting to that, or any similar means of resenting the unmanly persecution with which these officials seem to dog you, in a spirit so unworthy our institutions. Mr. Forsyth told me he thought your enlargement by the Executive altogether improbable. Could you write me a good article on the condition and prospects of the popular cause in England, i. e. the Chartists? As for the sub-treasury bill, I would not give it even support without the specie clause. As one man, I trust our party will be found going for this vital feature. The machinery of separation, the locks, vaults, &c., I regard as altogether non-essentials, which might be very readily thrown out as a sop to the banking interest."

On the 1st of Nov. he wrote "I am much obliged to you for the sight of the Northern Stars [copies of Feargus O'Connor's Leeds paper]. They opened the curtain to me for the first time, on the workings of the national mass of England. What a field is there, for resolution, energy, and perseverance! The spasms of the great paper bubble (distended to bursting, by the zeal with which every party, Whig and Tory, have applied Pitt's machinery), as it rocks and sways to and fro, with the workings of this dread popular agitation, are indeed full of fearful interest."

Mr. Langtree had several interviews with Mr. Van Buren, relative to my release, the particulars of which I may detail elsewhere. The cabinet also discussed the matter. An imprisonment without cause, was not thus to be terminated—but when 200,000 signatures had been attached to memorials for my release, and the period of a re-election approached, the prison doors were opened, and my persecution was at an end.

W. L. M.

bright and auspicious an era of political regeneration as ever dawned upon mankind seemed streaming from her own heart and homestead upon an enraptured and enthusiastic people."

May she live to see the land of her fathers "great, glorious, and free," as the country of her adoption!

With a true and honest heart, a noble enthusiasm in the cause of human happiness, a warm and vivid imagination, and high hopes of the future destiny of this lively world of ours, Mr. Langtree penned some of the most splendid articles, in the Democratic Review and other American periodicals. Like Leggett's reminiscences they are every way worthy of preservation, and we trust that some kindred spirit will undertake the pleasing task of collecting and arranging them for the press, with a life of the gifted author.

I have said that his heart beat high with cheering hope of human happiness—need I add, that he was a democrat? Such was his political creed. Not of that school, however, who deign to adopt and use the machine of government as an organized means of public plunder—nor of those who spend their lives endeavouring to bring confusion and mystery into the currency, the tariff, and the law, and to encourage extravagance in dress, dissoluteness in manners, and a profuse expenditure for the gain of a few, out of the blood and sweat of injured millions. With the trading democracy of our time, who live by seeming, and even cover a multitude of iniquities with the mantle of Jefferson, professing the creed of the free, the better to deceive, entrap and enslave, the pure spirit of S. D. Langtree had no affinity. He loved as his life the free institutions of America. May they outlive the assaults of pretended friends and avowed enemies.

GEORGE CANNING, FATHER AND SON.

GEORGE CANNING, father of the eminent statesman of that name, was an unfortunate literary character, born at Garvagh, Londonderry county, Ireland, in the year 1745. He was open hearted, good natured, careless of money, and married a handsome woman, of Irish birth or origin, without fortune; removed to London and studied law; was called to the bar, but did not obtain practice; wrote several poems of merit, and clever political tracts, and became a partisan of John Wilkes, and companion of Whitehead, Keate, Churchill, Lloyd, and the elder Colman. Mr. Canning afterwards turned wine-merchant, an occupation very ill adapted to his free and easy habits, soon failed in business, and died of a broken heart on the 11th of April, 1771, leaving his infant son, the future premier of England, precisely a year old, and his widow in such straitened circumstances, that after trying to earn a scanty subsistence by teaching a small day-school, she had to turn actress to obtain support for herself and boy. She married a Mr. Reddish, an actor at one of the London theatres. Her third husband was a gentleman of the name of Hunn.

When fortune favored her aspiring son he was very kind to his old mother. She nursed him in want and penury, and had the satisfaction to witness his literary triumphs, and splendid political career, and to share in her old age in the many comforts which power and affluence can readily procure.

GEORGE CANNING, only son of the above, was born in an obscure tenement in London, on the 11th of April, 1770, and educated at Eton and Oxford. He obtained a seat in the House of Commons for Newport, in 1793, when only 23 years old—studied law, but was never called to the bar—wrote "The Pilot that Weathered the Storm," in 1800, and the poem of "New Morality," soon after. His correspondence with Albert Gallatin on American affairs, was highly creditable to the talents of both gentlemen,

...vial suffer
...by some of
...the illus-
...to express
...Mrs should
...pepest part
...This lady.
...ghborhood.
...er head as
...ance of as

...sh you would
...hts of asking
...liness of your
...at afraid the

...e was among
...h encouraged
...and retarded
...of clerks, as-
...can confer the
...standard of a
...ill sustain the
...you than pur-
...dollars a-year
...Preston King,
...slave-holding
...ed one of the
...general, to or-
...recede from
...stitutions are

...been allowed
...row, I will see
...dition will be
...ced, why you
...adest construc-

...atever in your
...mpetent to fo-
...little pains to
...ng it perfectly
...constitutional
...of the annex-
...at New York,
...t brought be-
...last resort, we
...entrate upon it

...n writes. I do
...manly perse-
...our institutions
...er improbable
...opular cause in
...it even support
...ng for this vital
...together non-
...interest."

...of the Northern
...in to me for the
...is there, for re-
...ie (distended to
...d Pitt's machi-
...opular agitation,

...release, the par-
...matter. An im-
...signatures had
...approached, the

W. L. M.

but it is evident from the whole tenure of his life, that Mr. Canning had no faith in the firmness, capacity and intelligence of the American people to carry into practical operation the admirable theory of their popular system of government. He asserted, and doubtless believed, or at least feared, that under the pleasing forms of democracy the masses would ultimately find themselves subjugated to the yoke of alternate factions of artful politicians, lawyers, brokers, bankers, organized priesthoods, traders in constitutions, monopolists, state-quacks, and other dealers in men's lives and fortunes. Such also seemed to be the latest view taken by Edmund Burke, and it was the impression which a view of life and manners in American society left on the mind of Thomas Moore, where he asserts that the people lacked wisdom to choose wise and faithful rulers and law-givers. Let no man take umbrage at the candor of such men, but let every true friend of elective institutions strive to extend the blessings of a liberal education to every section of the Union.

On the death of Mr. Pitt, and the advent of Mr. Fox to power, in 1806, Mr. Canning resigned the office of Treasurer of the Navy, to which the former had appointed him. When Mr. Fox died, Mr. Canning became Secretary of State for foreign affairs, his friend Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool) Home Secretary, and Lord Castlereagh minister for the colonies. Canning and Castlereagh quarrelled about the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, and fought a duel, in which Mr. Ellis (Lord Seaford) was Mr. Canning's second. In 1812, I think, Mr. C. went out to Lisbon as the King's Ambassador—became President of the Board of Control in 1816—and in 1822 was appointed Governor General of India, but did not leave England. Lord Castlereagh's self-immolation required his (Canning's) services once more in the Foreign Office; and on his friend Liverpool's death, the nation, with an unanimity which even the republicans scarcely interrupted, called him to the premiership of England. The plans he proposed for the general advancement of liberty, intelligence, and happiness everywhere, and for the honor and welfare of his country, were worthy of his high character and splendid talents. When we compare the Cannings, the Burkes, and the Foxes of England, with the Jeffersons, the Hamiltons, the Duncans, and the Clintons of this Union, it is but just that we take into careful consideration the differences that existed in the situations in which they were respectively placed.

It is evident that the liberal, enlightened, and intellectual portion of the British community, who fondly desire an amelioration of their political institutions without the intervention of a violent revolution, looked with hope and confidence to Mr. Canning's advent to power—Byron immortalized his name—even Brougham, his great antagonist, was hushed to silence. But the intolerant, the bigoted, the avaricious, and meanly-proud, harassed his spirit, branded and proscribed him as an adventurer because born to no hereditary fortune, thwarted his benevolent views, blighted his genius, vexed his noble soul, broke his heart, and hunted him, as it were, to an early grave. A few generous spirits, men with large and lofty thoughts and patriotic feelings, who shared his aspirations for the moral greatness of England, and "hoped to see her banner ever in the van of civilization, ever in the front rank of the march of human improvement," clustered around him to fight his battle against the many. Because they were few, he was branded as a caballer and intriguer. He powerfully advocated catholic emancipation for Ireland—the abolition of the slave trade for christianity—a return of the glorious days of Themistocles and Alcibiades, Agesilaus and Lycurgus, for Greece—and the recognition of independence for South America.

Mr. Canning's faults and failings were manifold. I leave it to others more fully to discuss them. This brief sketch is but an index, guiding and directing the inquiring mind to those more ample and useful records where his words and actions are fully and impartially stated and set forth.

Than Mr. Canning there have been few more elegant orators in British history. In the House of Commons he was the soul of wit. I regret that he opposed the repeal of the test oaths required of dissenters in those days, and exhibited no enlarged or liberal views of social reform. Yet who can wonder at his course, when we behold learned and intellectual statesmen in America, in 1845, coming forward to head a faction of nativists, who would proscribe the European, yet cling to British laws and usages, and give us a dominant, privileged, sectarian hierarchy, to persecute the minority, because of their faith!

Mr. Canning married in 1799, Joan, a daughter of General Scott of Edinburgh, (whose sister married the Duke of Portland,) and two sons, and a daughter (the Marchioness of Clanricarde,) survived his death, which was caused by lumbago, and accompanied with pains so acute that his cries and screams could be heard distinctly at a considerable distance from Devonshire House, for several hours before his wounded spirit parted from its clay tenement. During his illness, his wife, who tenderly loved him, never left his bedside, but waited upon and nursed him, at the risk of health and life—nor could all the endearments of their relatives induce her to leave the task in other hands. Political friendships are feeble and transient, but the love of a woman like Mrs. Canning is enduring as eternity.

Mr. Canning died on the 8th of August, 1827, aged 57 years, and was succeeded by Lord Goderich, now Earl of Ripon, who, as Mr. Robinson, in 1816, had introduced the ever-to-be-detested corn-law, for the gain of a few and the oppression of the millions, into the House of Commons. Had Mr. Canning, or his successor, refused to bend their wills so as to govern the United Kingdom in accordance with the wishes of the landed aristocracy, monied capitalists, privileged clergy, and other monopolists who, in those days supplied the two houses of parliament with members, they could not have held the reins of state a month. Though lifted from poverty to the highest pinnacle of power in England, it was as one of the privileged few, and for their benefit; and also for that of the millions, but only in so far as it did not come in opposition to the wishes of the aristocracy of the church, the purse, and the broad acres.

ROBERT HOLMES.

The French revolution was glorious at its dawning, and gave a fresh impulse to that patriotism which was generated in Ireland by the declaration of American Independence in '76, and of Irish Independence in '82. Its pure principles would have remained un tarnished, had not the tyrants of Europe, with the rich clergy of the church of England, the tory nobility, the worst of the whigs, and the holders of public stocks, in that country, at their back, waged a deadly war on young freedom in defence of ancient profligacy and legalized oppression. Robert Emmet and Robert Holmes, in the College Historical Society, Dublin, were comrades; and Night after night did they discuss the blessings of constitutional liberty, in debates which carried the hearts of the youth of Dublin University with them. Mr. Holmes married Robert Emmet's sister, and was called to the Irish bar in 1795.

When Pitt conceived the idea of effecting a political union of the two kingdoms, by stirring up a rebellion in Ireland which he was prepared to crush—when, to use the words of Sir James Mackintosh, "murders were committed by the sword of justice, badly disguised by the solemnities which invested them," Mr. Holmes went into retirement. To the Union he offered a firm opposition; and in the ablest pamphlets of the day contended, as a protestant, for equal freedom to his catholic brethren.

When Robert Emmet returned from Brussels in 1802, Mr. Holmes took no

part in the fatal movements that shortened his friend's days, but was nevertheless suspected, apprehended, and lodged for a long time in the dismal dungeons of Kilmainham.

Mr. Holmes soon rose to eminence as a lawyer—and now, nearly eighty years of age, is often the opponent of O'Connell, in the courts—abounds with wit and humor—has refused every offer of every government to give him power and office, and holds to the same manly principles, the same love of freedom and hatred to oppression, whether Roman or Russian or British, which characterized his early days. In religion he is a presbyterian of the secession church; that is, the sect whose ministers trust in God and their congregations, and refuse to accept the bribe of state pensions in exchange for their personal and political influence in aid of the powers that be, whether right or wrong.

Mrs. Holmes, in 1799, wrote and published a very remarkable pamphlet in the form of an address to the people of Ireland relative to the intended union with England. She died in 1804, leaving one daughter. It is thought that the deaths of her father and mother and two brothers, the banishment of the third, and the sad condition of her beloved country, tended to shorten her days.

THE CAMPBELLS OF CHERRY VALLEY.

* COLONEL SAMUEL CAMPBELL, the last of the early settlers of Cherry Valley, N. Y., was born of Irish parents in Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1738, and at four years of age came to reside with his father, James Campbell, in Cherry Valley, on the farm where he died in Sept., 1824, at the age of 86 years. It was then a wilderness with no settlements beyond it. In the war of the revolution, Colonel Campbell, espoused, with all his soul, the cause of freedom; and as an officer of the N. Y. militia rendered to his country very many important services—fought well at the battle of Oriskany under Herkimer—took the command of his regiment when Cox fell, and brought off the remnant of it at the close of that disastrous fight. He suffered the loss of all he had when Butler and Brandt massacred so many innocent persons in 1778—his wife and family were carried away captive to Canada among the Indians, his buildings burnt, and his moveables utterly wasted. In 1783, Generals Washington and Geo. Clinton, and Colonel Humphreys, spent a night under his roof, and gratefully acknowledged his services, and the zeal he had ever shown for his country's cause. In religion, Colonel Campbell was a true christian, in politics a consistent republican. He always enjoyed good health, and felled a tree with his own hands the day before his death.

His farm is owned by his grandson, James S. Campbell. In March, 1812, Col. Campbell was a member of the Assembly of New York, and supported Governor Tompkins in his effort to prevent the old United States Bank from being revived as a New York monopoly, with a six million capital, bonds, bribery, &c.

MRS. JANE CAMPBELL, wife of Col. Samuel Campbell, was a native of Antrim, near the Giant's Causeway, Ireland. She emigrated to Cherry Valley with her parents, when in her 21st year, and next year married Col. C. At the commencement of the war for freedom in '76 a fort was kept on their farm—in 1778 Mrs. C. and four of her children were carried away by the Indians, captive into Canada. In 1780, General James Clinton ransomed the family in exchange for the lady of Col. Butler. Mrs. Campbell was a sincere christian, possessed great fortitude and intellectual power, and lived to see her descendants widely spread over this continent. She died on the 17th of February, 1836, in her 93d year. Her maiden name

was Cannon. She left 35 grand-children, and of her six children, including the captives of 1778, five still live.

ROBERT CAMPBELL was a brother of Col. Samuel Campbell, whose family were the first white settlers who spoke the English language west of Albany, and through whose instrumentality, chiefly, were established the first Christian Church and classical school wherein the English language was used, west of that city. Mr. Robert Campbell was slain in 1777, while fighting for freedom to his country under the gallant Herkimer, at the battle of Oriskany—and merits a place among the great and good men whose virtuous deeds are recorded as an example to future ages. He left one son, the late Samuel R. Campbell of Schoodack, Reussalaer County.

** WILLIAM CAMPBELL was the eldest son of Colonel Samuel Campbell, and, with his mother, was carried away captive into Canada by the Indians, in 1778. He succeeded the late Simeon De Witt as Surveyor-General of the State of New York, and was several times a member of the Legislature. He died at the age of 77, at his residence in Cherry Valley.

** WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL, of New York, author of the *Annals of Tryon County*, or the border warfare of New York during the Revolution, is a descendant of the Cherry Valley Campbells, so honored and persecuted, in the war of 1776. Their ancestors had probably removed from Argyleshire in Scotland, to the north of Ireland, during the persecutions of the seventeenth century, in the times when the Stewarts brought two of the chiefs of their clan, a Marquis and an Earl of Argyle, to the block in Edinburgh, for their attachment to the reformed religion, and opposition to the cruel treatment of their countrymen by the profligate associates of Charles II., and James II.

W. W. Campbell, who is a lawyer in good practice in New York, is the son of James S. Campbell, of Cherry Valley, who still lives on his father's homestead. J. S. was the second son of Col. Samuel Campbell. W. W. C. entered Union College at 19, graduated at 21, studied law under Chancellor Kent, and is now one of the members of Congress elect for New York. He was returned by the votes of the party who have adopted the principles of the ultra-tories of England, and ultra-federalists of 1798, here, against men of foreign birth, and who deny that the sufferers from the despotism of Europe have any right to American freedom. I regret to see an intelligent American, the descendant of persecuted Irishmen and Scotchmen, and whose forefathers have inscribed their names among the brave defenders of the principles of Washington and Jefferson, come forward in 1845, as the champion of exclusiveness, the curse of the old world. Mr. W. W. Campbell's citizens must be so by birth—outlaws of tyranny like me, with a price upon our heads, like that placed by the same power on the heads of Adams and Hancock, will find no presses more slanderous, malicious, and abusive than those which nominated and supported this scion of a noble stock, as the representative of the intolerance and bigotry of the present age. Mr. Campbell's friends have resolved "that the Bible, as the only true basis of pure Christianity, lies at the bottom of all true liberty and equality," but they do not tell us where to find 'Native Americanism' in that sacred volume.—I doubt whether we shall find any probation of 21 years among the brethren in the church of the first christians.

MARY JEMISON, OR THE WHITE WOMAN.

This remarkable person was of Irish parentage, and came to America with her father and mother, to Philadelphia, in 1742, having been born on the passage across, at sea. They settled on the frontiers of Pennsylvania—where they were attacked by six Indians and four Frenchmen in the spring of 1755, who carried off Mary and her family—scalped her father, mother,

sisters and brothers—but took her and one brother to Pittsburgh, then held by the French and Indians—adopted her as an Indian, carried her to the Genesee Flats—and married her to Sheninjee, an Indian, by whom she had a son, Thomas Jemison. Her husband died in 1759, and she married again in 1761, to another Indian named Gardeau, by whom she had six sons and daughters. She says that no people could live more happily than the Indians did until spirituous liquors were introduced among them. During the war of the Revolution, the tribe she belonged to assisted the British—Colonels Butler and Brandt often made her house their home. In 1779, General Sullivan and his army attacked the Indian settlement, near Canandaigua—the Indians retreated towards Buffalo, and their villages were burnt—peace followed—a track of land was granted to Mary—her sons Thomas and John quarreled, and the younger killed the elder with his tomahawk—the Chiefs, in council, justified John (the survivor) on account of the provocation he had received. Her grandson, Jacob Jemison (son to Thomas) went to Dartmouth College in 1816, was well educated there, and is a physician. In Nov. 1811, her husband died, aged 103, and was buried with his best clothing on. Her youngest son Jesse was murdered in 1812, when 28 years old, by the brother who had killed her eldest son, Thomas, who in his turn was killed in a quarrel in 1817. Her daughters married Indians and have families. John left two widows and nine children. In 1822-3, Mary Jemison sold her land, 17,927 acres, excepting about 1000 reserved for herself, on the Genesee river, to Micah Brooks and others.

A friend of mine visited Mary in 1830, in the valley of the Genesee, between the high banks, in the place where she took refuge from Sullivan's army, half a century before. She was about 90 years old—had a strong north of Ireland accent—and was nearly blind. She had had a fine constitution, and had always shunned fire-water and tobacco. My friend saw her again in 1831. "Never (said he) did I meet with a more kind-hearted woman, or with one of her age retaining such vivacity and buoyancy of spirits. Her grandson Peter Jemison was appointed assistant surgeon on board a man-of-war and died suddenly in the Mediterranean. The Indians punish witchcraft as they do murder, and she was at one time suspected; but there was no proof. Thirty-nine of her grand-children, and fourteen great-grand-children were living in 1842; and her life was published that year in a neat pocket volume by Seaver of Batavia."

This wonderful woman died on the 19th of Sept. 1833, in a house which she had purchased on the Buffalo Creek reservation; aged about 91 years, and a marble slab near the Seneca Mission Church, marks her grave. Her three daughters died in the autumn of 1839, aged 69, 63, and 58 years—and her numerous posterity will soon take their departure for the territory west of the Mississippi, if they have not already done so.

Mary Jemison was short of stature, and very white for a woman of her age—she lived 76 years with the Indians, and her adventures were far more marvellous than the most popular of our romance writers could have imagined for a heroine less real than the little Irishwoman of the Genesee Flats.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

This Irish Judge, the agreeable author of "Personal Sketches," voted against the Union in the last parliament held in Ireland, but was an artful tool of the foreign tenants of Dublin Castle for all that—just such another as Thomas Reynolds, except that he shunned the witness box—mixing in the company of gentlemen, and selling their most secret and confidential conversation to the government of the day. He says he was initiated by

his friend Dr. Duigenan into the secret orange club called the Aldermen of Skinner's Alley, Dublin, previous to 1795, and that he used his connexion with the country gentlemen, as a relative and friend, to betray them. In his Sketches he states that a month before the revolt (viz. in April 1798) he took occasion to visit Wexford—dined at Lady Colclough's, a near relative of his wife, spoke unreservedly to Messrs. Grogan, Harvey, Keogh, the Shearsons, and others, (too soon to be his and his comrades' victims,)—warned the company to be more reserved before HIM (the school-fellow and companion of some of them from boyhood!)—but afterwards accepted an invitation to Mr. Harvey's at Bargy Castle—listened attentively to all the schemes and opinions then there offered, both before dinner and over the bottle after it—and next morning wrote to the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary (Cooke) to warn him of a coming insurrection! No wonder it was that Sir Jonah Barrington got promotion over his brother barristers! To the Irish government of that day the traitor to Ireland was invaluable. Let his name be the expression by which to distinguish that insincerity which no other wickedness can equal—let him be called Judas not Jonah! But he assures us that he did not give names nor plagues in his reports. Who will believe him? He wrote from Wexford, recommended that a garrison should be sent there instantly, and adds, that within three months all the jovial party were executed except Mr. Hatton who "unaccountably escaped," and himself. With Sir Jonah for the tyrant's spy in April, in the guise of a bosom friend, who can feel surprized at his statement that Messrs. Grogan, Harvey, Keogh, Colclough, &c., had been made examples of! In Barrington's Sketches he copies a note sent him by Lord Castlereagh, refusing him the Solicitor-Generalship. It is evident that he did not vote for the Union, because he held himself higher than the government held him, or because there was an understanding on the subject between him and Castlereagh, that he should preserve appearances to catch a liberal constituency. In his history of Ireland, to which George IV., the Dukes of York, and Wellington, and the Earls of Shannon, Farnham, Liverpool, and Limerick, were original subscribers, Sir Jonah admits that while pretending to oppose the Union, he was the base instrument of Castlereagh and the enemies of Ireland, to offer bribes and make converts to it. For a sample of the proof, see "John Bingham."

JOHN BINGHAM, LORD CLANMORRIS.

The first Baron Clanmorris bought his honors by the sale of his soul, country, conscience, and constituents, and is dead. Sir Jonah Barrington, in page 377 of volume 2d of his "Memoirs of Ireland," acknowledges that he was the go-between, between the English bribers and the saleable Irish members. He says, "I was deputed to learn from Mr. Bingham what his expectations from government for his seats were; he proposed to take from the government £8,000 (\$38,000) for his two seats for Tuam, and oppose the Union. Government afterwards added a peerage and £15,000 (\$73,000) for the borough." Bingham was made "Lord Clanmorris," an Irish peer, and got \$110,000 in cash, for selling his own and the other votes at his command, to Pitt and George III, for a Union which would degrade Ireland. American novel readers—ye that fall in love with British aristocracy—look at the reality! Behold in your tawdry idols the oppressors of their race! England may grow great, but it is in spite of the oligarchs of land, loans and law, and the loyalty-preaching parsons. Our stock-jobbing, betting, gambling statesmen, bankers, and land speculators are bad. As privileged and banded into cabals, under "safety-fund," and other plausible impostures, they are, perhaps, the nearest approach to Europe's "lords spiritual and temporal," that American folly and credulity is yet prepared to tolerate.

JOHN HUGHES,
ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

Idolatry:—fatal word, which has edged more swords, lighted more fires, and inhumanized more hearts, than the whole vocabulary of the passions besides:

It is very difficult to give a true and unbiased account of the lives of men who, like Bishop Hughes, have taken a prominent part in matters of controversy of deep and abiding interest to society, until after their death or long retirement from public concerns. Nor should I have attempted this brief sketch, had not some of his more recent letters placed on record his personal history and the views he takes of those public matters in which, in his judgment, it is right and proper for a prelate of his church to offer an opinion or to interfere.

In a letter addressed to Mr. James Harper, the last Mayor of New York, soon after the Philadelphia riots (May 17, 1847), Bishop Hughes gives some particulars of his early history.

"It is twenty-seven years (says he) since I came to this country. I became a citizen therefore as soon as my majority of age and other circumstances permitted. My early ancestors were from Wales; and very probably shared with Strougbow and his companions in the plunder which rewarded the first successful invaders of lovely but unfortunate Ireland. Of course, from the time of their conversion from Paganism, they were Catholics. You, sir, who must be acquainted with the melancholy annals of religious intolerance in Ireland, may remember, that when a traitor to his country, and, for what I know, to his creed also, wished to make his peace to the Irish government of Queen Elizabeth, MacMahon, Prince of Monaghan, the traitor's work, which he volunteered to accomplish, was "*to root out the whole Sept of the Hughes*."—He did not, however, succeed in destroying them, although he "*rooted them out*"—proving, as a moral for future times, that persecution cannot always accomplish what it proposes. In the year 1817, a descendant of the Sept of the Hughes, came to the United States of America. He was the son of a farmer of moderate but comfortable means. He landed on these shores friendless, and with but a few guineas in his purse. He never received of the charity of any man; he never borrowed of any man without repaying; he never had more than a few dollars at a time; he never had a patron—in the Church or out of it; and it is he who has the honor to address you now, as Catholic Bishop of New York."

Bishop Hughes, when he entered the college, was a stranger to his predecessor, Bishop Dubois. For the first nine months he prosecuted his studies under a private preceptor, and during the ensuing seven or eight years completed his education, teaching at the same time such classes as were assigned to him. He was then ordained Priest, and stationed at Philadelphia. Eleven years afterwards he was sent, not by his own choice, to be coadjutor to the Bishop of New York; where, says he, "one of the first things that struck me, as a deplorable circumstance in the condition of my flock, was the ignorance and vice to which the children of catholic and emigrant parents were exposed." "Thousands of the children of poor catholic parents are growing up without education, simply because that which the law has provided, as interpreted and administered under the Public School Society, requires a violation of their rights of conscience. The number of such children may be from nine to twelve thousand. Of these, the catholics, by bearing a double taxation, educate four or five thousand; a few hundred have attended the public schools; and the rest may be considered as receiving only such education as is afforded in the streets of New York."

On the Bishop's return from a journey to Europe, in 1840, he found that Governor Seward, in his annual message, had directed the attention of the

legislature to that class of children, "especially in our large cities, whom orphanage, the depravity of parents, or some form of accident or misfortune seems to have doomed to hopeless poverty and ignorance." "The children of foreigners (said his excellency) are too often deprived of the advantages of our system of public education in consequence of prejudices arising from difference of language or religion. . . . Since we have opened our country and all its fulness to the oppressed of every nation, we should evince wisdom equal to such generosity by qualifying their children for the high responsibilities of citizenship. . . . I do not hesitate, therefore, to recommend the establishment of schools in which they may be instructed by teachers speaking the same language as themselves and * *professing the same faith.*"

The Roman Catholics, finding in the public schools, books reflecting upon their religion, and the edition of the Bible translated by authority of James the First of England, which their teachers pronounce to be full of errors, taught morning and evening, availed themselves of the Governor's benevolent suggestion, but failed. This community will not, and they ought not to, consent to be taxed, that children may be educated according to some threescore sectarian creeds, or religious distinctions. All should be taught together. The better way is to do as is done in Holland, where ample secular instruction is given in the common schools, and religious sentiments are taught on certain days in *other places*, by the clergy, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish. The Dutch children learn their alphabet, arithmetic, grammar, and geography, at school, from the general teachers; their divine learning and creed they obtain elsewhere from their respective pastors. With this system, Bishop Hughes and his flock, said to number 300,000 persons throughout the state of New York, were willing to be content; but their opponents made a political question of it. Colonel Stone, the general superintendent of schools in New York, declared that the United States were, "as matter of fact, a *protestant*, in distinction from a *popish* nation;" that "we have, or ought to have, a *predominant national religion*;" that "we have our *national sacred book*, our *English protestant Bible*;" that "the English Bible" was adopted by us as a standard book, in the public schools, because we were determined to preserve "*our own NATIONAL reli-*

* Mr. Matthew L. Davis, who now denounces the catholics and the Irish, through the columns of the *London Times*, and sometimes with reason, was, fifty years ago, an ultra-democrat, very friendly to the French, American, and Irish revolts. Freneau, the poet, was his associate in the publication of *The Time Piece*, at New York; and in the 23d number I find a quotation from the travels of the French abbe, Robin, dated at New York, Nov. 15, 1781, in which he prophesies the Philadelphia riots of 1844.

After describing the effect of a multitude of religious sects on the governments of England and Holland, he adds:—

"But America, which will be always more at peace abroad, and will never be indebted for her greatness and power to external and momentary causes, and which will one day include, in her various fertile countries, vast numbers of rich, independent, reasoning, reflecting citizens, will have more to fear from the difference of religious opinions. Even now, or very lately, the writings and sermons of their ministers were as much calculated to attack and ridicule their rivals, as to edify their hearers; and Philadelphia, the centre of tolerancy, has seen its sectaries supporting their religious privileges by blows and violence. Different times and circumstances may render such feuds of the utmost ill consequence."

The Abbe assures us that the happiest government is that which connects all the members of a society in the same faith, and the same form of worship; and he regrets that many millions live and die enemies to each other merely in account of diversity of opinion in religious matters. So far as I witnessed the effects of the mode of teaching youth, by schools controlled by religious denominations, in Canada, I disliked them. In Williamsburgh, where I reside (school district number one), an evening passed in the school meetings where all join their efforts to render a common system of education beneficial to the rising generation, without reference to creeds, is, to me, very pleasing indeed. It strengthens my hopes that our elective institutions will endure, and cause us to become a pattern nation to less favored states.

Exclusive modes of education, founded upon religious differences of belief, are unsuited to American institutions; and, whether recommended by governor or bishop, whig or democrat, should receive the veto of every true republican.

tion," and "that he (the superintendent) should expect the speedy downfall of Popery, if everywhere throughout Europe it [King James's translation of the protestant Bible] was taught in every school, and to every child," &c. Despots regard their subjects as their property, and usurp the divine prerogative of prescribing their religious faith. Colonel Stone and the party who uphold him, declare that the protestant faith, as taught in King James's bible, is made a standard book in our common schools, in order that popery may be put down, and the Catholic, the Jew, and the Unitarian, converted to what he terms the American "national religion." He decides, as did Henry the VIIIth, that the national religion is protestant; and every catholic, and all others who venture to dissent from the creed laid down in King James's bible are taxed to uphold schools, avowedly established to put down their religious opinions, and compel all to adopt the established or national mode of salvation: It has been said that the constitution of the Union regards the conscience of a Jew as sacred as that of a Christian. Is it so in practice? Where is the difference between the tythes levied from Irish Catholics to support a protestant church they do not belong to, and the taxes levied from American citizens, Catholics, Dissenters, or Unitarians, to uphold public schools avowedly established to root out popery and convert the youth of the republic to the national protestant creed? The principle is the same—the difference is, that while America holds out in theory equal religious rights, and denies them in practice, England's monarch frankly avows herself be the head of an established, dominant hierarchy.

" 'Tis education forms the infant mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

It is folly to say that conscience is protected to all by the constitution, if all are taxed to bend the education of our youth to the purpose of converting catholics to a protestant national faith: Man is an imitative animal, and acquires the habits, feelings, and sentiments of his instructors. Is he born of protestant parents, and by them educated, he becomes a believer in the Bible. Are his parents Hindoos? he grows up a worshipper of Brama. Are they Turks? he becomes a Mussulman. In Italy, he grows up a Roman Catholic; in England, an Episcopalian; in Scotland, a Presbyterian. The character of man is formed for him by early education and surrounding circumstances. And the question is—Shall we force all who dissent from the royal edition of the English bible, to uphold it in the common schools by taxation, to put down popery, while they are thus also obliged to maintain other schools in accordance with their own views of religion and church government? "Is this system of proselytism and opposition, of strife and contention, to go on for ever?" Or, are our common schools upheld by all, to be for all, and shall the false assertion, that there ought to be a favored and a persecuted class be put down?

At the demise of Bishop Dubois, the coadjutor of his diocese became catholic Bishop of New York; and, being accused of abetting discord, he thus defends himself:

"I am not a man of strife or contention. My disposition is, I trust, both pacific and benevolent. As a proof of this, I may mention that I have never had a personal altercation with a human being in my life—that I have never had occasion to call others, or be called myself, before any civil tribunal of the earth. It is true that public duty has not unfrequently forced upon me the necessity of taking my stand in moral opposition to principles which I deemed injurious and unjust. But even then, I trust, I have made the distinction which Christian feeling suggests between the cause and the person of the advocate arrayed against me."
In the conduct of Bishop Hughes with reference to education, I see

much to praise—something to censure. He found his people taunted with their ignorance, and he sought a constitutional remedy which would not violate their rights of conscience. Dr. Brownlee, and many other protestant writers of celebrity, had asserted that the catholic church was upheld by the *ignorance* of its supporters. Bishop Hughes replied by asking that catholic children should be educated in the public schools; but that, as a royal edition of the protestant bible was taught there, avowedly as a means to put down his church, and as evidence that we had in New York a national predominant, which means a law established, religion, he desired that no book should be taught which violated the right of conscience. He says he is opposed to Church and State unions, a matter in which nearly all denominations in all countries have been alike blameable. In a late lecture he admitted that "If the catholics had sinned on this subject, as he was ready to concede, it could not be denied, on the other hand, that, in their regard, the iniquities of their fathers had been visited on their children to the third and fourth generation. There was certainly no denomination of Christians that had so little reason to be in love with Church and State unions, as the catholics. In most catholic countries themselves, that union holds their religion in a species of degrading bondage."

Again—speaking of the design ascribed to the British government of forming a political union with the Irish catholic church—he said, that "the people and their clergy, and, above all, their faithful and vigilant hierarchy, will never at this late day, permit the ministry of their religion to be polluted, or even brought into suspicion, by the touch of government gold." The state paid sects in Canada, Ireland, France, and Scotland, presbyterians, episcopalians, catholics, &c., will find such a remark from such a quarter, very hard of digestion.

In one of his pastoral letters, Bishop Hughes denounced secret societies, bound together by oaths. Certain bodies of the presbyterians take the same view of the question, and are opposed to Freemasons' Lodges, Odd Fellows, &c. In his controversy with Mr. Hiram Ketchum, Bishop Hughes certainly displayed great skill, ability, and research, while defending our catholic ancestors from the charge of having been less friendly to human rights and national liberty than their protestant successors. I really think he had the best of the argument. The Star Chamber Courts of Charles I., and the non-resistance doctrines of the prelates selected by his sons, were certainly no great improvement on the old system, bad as it was. Of the *freedom* which followed the royally translated bible to Ireland, the less we say the better. Colonel Stone, and not a few of the clergy of New York, contend that the obligations of the catholic bishops and clergy to the Pope are inconsistent with their duty as American citizens; but if they go heartily into the work of educating their youth, in the liberal manner in which education may be bestowed on all in this country, I shall not be under any great apprehensions from that old gentleman. Though I must own that the catholic bishops in Canada, pensioned by Queen Victoria, defender of the royal protestant church and bible, and who has a veto on their appointment, were among the bitterest enemies of republicanism in the memorable times of 1837-8. The Irish prelates, independent of court favor and the pension, are far more liberal. What church is there, possessed of temporal power, that has not abused it? I know of none.

In 1841, the catholics and other denominations of the State of New York, who oppose the union of Church and State, and "protestant ascendancy" in the public schools, finding that their petitions of the previous year for equal rights of education, were refused by the legislature, held many public meetings, and those in New York were attended by Bishop Hughes, who told the people that if they did not send men to the legislature whose known views were opposed to ecclesiastical tyranny, and disposed to give the people the election of the school superintendents and managers,

their petitions would prove worse than useless. His efforts in favor of religious liberty to his flock were stigmatized as undue political interference; but how could he avoid coming forward, when he saw Col. Stone, the New York Commercial, and the friends of a national predominant faith, calling on the voters to demand pledges from the candidates, to vote down the principle of equal religious rights, if sent to Albany? His advice was followed, and the people of New York obtained the control of their public schools; this enraged the bigots, and from not a few of the pulpits of New York, the English Bible was praised, but the catholic religion slandered. A like course was followed in Philadelphia, which ended in noodday murder, anarchy, and the disgrace of the country at home and abroad. In New York, it gave us a civic corporation, upon the principle of violating the constitution its members had sworn to uphold, for they were pledged to withhold office from all adopted citizens, although these had been invited to share equal rights here, on solemnly abjuring the governments of their birth and all others. It was pledged, too, in defiance of the constitution, to uphold protestant ascendancy, or, as Col. Stone had it, a national religion—and I firmly believe, that but for the mild, peaceful, and christian-like conduct of Bishop Hughes and the clergy of his order, the insulted catholics would have resented the studied injustice done them, and the ever to be lamented scenes of Philadelphia,* been repeated in New York. The "no-poper" cry of 1780, renewed in 1828, and 1845, in London, has not soothed Ireland, nor strengthened the foundations of the British empire.

The writer of this memoir never saw Bishop Hughes, never had any correspondence with him, is not connected with, nor an admirer of the church government of, the Roman Catholic church, was bred a presbyterian, and has sent his children for years to the presbyterian Sunday schools, where the edition of the Bible to which catholics conscientiously object, is regularly

* On the 21 of Nov. 1842, a meeting of the protestant clergy of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Lutheran, Independent, and other orders, in Philadelphia, was called to form an "American Protestant Association" there. It was formed—and the constitution commences with a "Whereas we believe the system of Popery to be, in its principles and tendency, subversive of civil and religious liberty, and destructive to the spiritual welfare of men, we unite," &c. One of the objects of the 90 Philadelphia preachers who signed it was to "To awaken the attentions of the community to the dangers which threaten the liberties, and the public and domestic institutions, of these United States, from the assaults of Romanism."

In their address, of which 15,000 copies were printed as a first edition, they reprobate the Jesuits, an order of men whose avowed principles are really dangerous to society, and who have been expelled at various periods from both catholic and protestant countries. They call the Pope the Antichrist of St. John, Daniel, and the Revelations—quote authorities to show that Romanism is a damnable doctrine—describe catholic missionaries as "Popish emissaries who are busily scattering the seeds of death"—point to the "leaders of the Roman Church in the United States, a large and increasing body of ecclesiastics, mostly foreigners, who have no ties of birth or blood to attach them to our soil," who are "alien in sympathy and interest from the mass of the American people," and whose "system has a foreign head. Its bishops owe a paramount allegiance to the Pope. All ecclesiastical appointments, including those of the pastors of their churches, emanate directly or indirectly from Rome the whole body of Roman Catholics in this country, may, on any given political or ecclesiastical question, be controlled and guided by a secret mandate from the Vatican." They also refer to Pope Gregory XVI's letter of August, 1832, for his assertion that liberty of conscience, liberty of opinion, liberty of the press, and the separation of church and state, are four of the sorest evils with which a nation can be afflicted, and they go back to Peter Dens, to show that Rome believed it was right to put heretics to death! The 18,000 protestant ministers of the Union are earnestly invited to retail their violent and provoking language, and societies against foreigners and the pope are suggested as auxiliaries. Who can wonder that 90 violent, partisan preachers in one city, with the press at their control, the pulpit at their service, and ignorance and prejudice on both sides, should have produced those bloody scenes in 1844, which will forever reflect disgrace on all concerned? Differing as I do from Bishop Hughes and his clergy, as far as a moderate presbyterian may, from a liberal Roman Catholic, I here record to their honor, the spirit of christian forbearance which they displayed in 1844; a spirit which, seconded as it was by many of our New York protestant clergy, lessened greatly the risk we run of having the horrors of the anti-poper riots of London and Philadelphia renewed in the commercial emporium of America, as a new argument against elective institutions.

THE NEW-YORK EXAMINER, No. 6.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1844.

THE SONS OF THE EMERALD ISLE,

OR

Lives of Remarkable Irishmen, and Persons of Irish Origin in America.

BY WILLIAM L. MACKENZIE.

The first number of this work, as a specimen, was published here, in March last, by Burgess & Stringer, who sold an impression of about three thousand copies from stereotype plates, and inform me that very many inquiries have since been made for the rest of the volume.

The Truth-Teller, Freeman's Journal, Tribune, Herald, Aurora, and other papers of this city, and the Boston Pilot, Albany Argus and Atlas, and nearly fifty other periodicals throughout the Union, have mentioned the book with approbation. Messrs. Thomas and Charles O'Connor, Robert Emmet, Dr. Mac Neven, John M'Keon, J. G. Hutton, Henry O'Reilly, John Tracey, and several other generous, public-spirited citizens, have subscribed and paid for a number of copies, towards enabling me to continue the publication without loss or parting with the copyright.

As a scheme of proscription, or war of races and religions, has been agreed on by Messrs. Daniel Webster, James Watson Webb, Hale & Hallock, Brooks of the Express, Hall of the Commercial, Charles King, Edward Curtis, Senator Archer, and their confederates, in the foreign movement, miscalled "native," by which they hope to divide the Republic against itself, tear in two the flag of the Union—the stars for "citizens by chance"—for "citizens by choice" the stripes—and as some representatives have been sent to Congress from Philadelphia and New-York, with instructions to stir up strife between their fellow-men of many creeds, the natives of many lands, and disturb the naturalization laws, as wisely settled by Thomas Jefferson, De Witt Clinton, and the Congress of 1802, it seems desirable that the true-hearted sons of this free soil; who, during ages of revolution, war, trouble, and proscription, in the old world, have welcomed as their brethren the oppressed, the persecuted, the patriotic, and the enterprising, whate'er their creed or country, should be reminded of what the Sons of the Emerald Isle and their descendants have done to establish and maintain our free institutions.

In a political sense, then, "the Lives of Remarkable Irishmen," if faithfully, and judiciously compiled, will form a truly interesting and useful volume, containing many facts valuable for reference in future years, and embracing in eight or ten numbers, at 12½ cents each, or one dollar for the whole, brief biographical sketches of more than one thousand persons of celebrity.

The manuscript copy for four or five additional numbers is now ready for the compositor, and the object of this statement is to induce those who approve of the undertaking to exert themselves to obtain and send me lists of subscribers, thereby to diminish the risk of loss, on the outlay that must be incurred in stereotyping, advertising, binding, publishing, &c. Although 3000 copies of number one sold quickly, that sale was found insufficient to defray the cost of its publication.

My opinions, as stated in number one and elsewhere, have subjected me to much abuse of a very violent character, from the journals of the faction called "native," here and in Philadelphia. Four months since, I was appointed to, and now fill, a situation of small emolument and

importance in the Custom House here—ten city presses have complained loudly of this, and the *American Republican* office actually circulated a petition for signatures, demanding my removal, though a citizen, on account of my foreign birth, and because I happen not to be on the best possible terms with Daniel Webster's "kith and kin," the aristocracy "of the old Saxon race."

Editors friendly to the object I have in view, will oblige me by noticing this statement—and individuals or associations who feel willing to aid me in carrying it into full effect, without risk of heavy pecuniary loss, which, as situated, I could not well afford, will have the goodness to send their communications, orders, or lists of subscribers, as early as possible, addressed to me at the post office of this city:

New-York, Nov. 20, 1844.

W. L. MACKENZIE.

NOTICES OF THE FIRST NUMBER.

"THE SONS OF THE EMERALD ISLE; or Lives of One Thousand Remarkable Irishmen, including Memoirs of Noted Characters of Irish Parentage or Descent, by Wm. L. MACKENZIE." No. 1 has just been issued by Burgess & Stringer. It is a work of stirring interest, especially for natives and descendants of Ireland, and is a valuable contribution to the Biography of our own countrymen. It must command a very general circulation.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

When we reflect how intimate the relations between our two countries have always been, and how much we owe to Ireland for the genius, patriotism, and hardy perseverance which distinguish our nation, we can well conclude what interest may be embodied in a work of the kind, undertaken by Mr. Mackenzie. We commend it earnestly to the patronage of those who love the land which may be the home of their fathers, or admire the many estimable qualities of that brave, generous and oppressed race, where the slumbering Samson of universal intelligence is beginning to throw off the chains which have long galled it to bleeding madness, and is now preparing to bring down ruin on its hard masters and achieve liberty for another republic.—*Philadelphia Forum*.

A large portion of the most distinguished patriots and statesmen of this country have been Irishmen or of Irish descent; and this compilation of the sketches of the lives of distinguished Irishmen must be a very acceptable book to all our citizens who are willing to regard with candor the noble qualities of the head and heart of the patriotic sons of the Emerald Isle, who have at various times adopted our country as their home, as well as their retreat from oppression in their native land. This work could not have fallen into better hands than those of the author, Wm. L. Mackenzie, whose ability as a powerful writer has been shown by the various labors of his pen.—*Lovell Morning Herald*.

An "interesting and valuable publication."—*Freeman's Journal, N. Y.*

The first number alone contains an array of talent, heroism and patriotic devotion to the great interests of the human family, which any nation on earth might justly feel, proud of. Those liberal and intelligent individuals who affect to believe that there are no great men living, or mouldering in the tomb, but those of Anglo-Saxon origin, will do well to read this work. If it does not destroy a prejudice which has its origin in torviam, it will certainly dispel their ignorance. Every man who has a drop of Irish blood in his veins ought to carefully peruse it, and defend the character of his ancestors.—*Walsh's Subterranean*.

It [No. 1] gives brief but spirited sketches of near one hundred Irishmen.—*South Carolinian*.

The author is an industrious compiler, and has seized a favorable occasion for his undertaking.—*Albany Atlas*.

A highly interesting work. Mackenzie, the author, is the exiled Canadian patriot, and could be found more competent for the undertaking. He is an energetic and able writer, and approaches his task with an enthusiasm worthy an actual son of the Emerald and weeping Island." No Irishman should fail to procure a copy.—*Boston Irish Democrat*.

The work is compiled with great care and ability. Every Irishman must have it.—*New York Morning Herald*.

A most valuable and interesting little publication, showing at a glance the principal great and eminent men produced from Ireland.—*New-York Aurora*.

We believe it will sell rapidly, simply because it combines the two great essentials—instruction and amusement.—*Williamsburgh Democrat*.

"The Sons of the Emerald Isle" is a very interesting compilation. It will be particularly valuable to the Irish population of this country who are anxious to retain the memory of the benefactors of their own Green Isle.—*Albany Argus*.

s have complain-
tually circulated
ugh a citizen, on
o be on the best
the aristocracy

blige me by no-
o feel willing to
pecuniary loss,
he goodness to
ers, as early as

CKENZIE.

and Remarkable
ge or Descent, by
Stringer. It is a
Ireland, and is a
It must command

ountries have al-
otism, and hardy
what interest may
We commend
be the home of
generous and op-
nence is beginning
ness, and is now
ty for another re-

n of this country
e sketches of the
o all our citizens
ead and heart of
lopted our coun-
ative land. This
r, Wm. L. Mac-
arious labors of

Y.

patriotic devotion
rth might justly
to believe that
of Anglo-Saxon
which has
who
de-

ishmen.—South

occasion for his

Canadian patriot,
is an energetic
worthy an actual
procure a copy.

n must have it.

nce the princ-
u.

vo great essen-

on. It will be
xious to retain
s.

