

REMINISCENCES OF '98.

Stirring Days and Scenes of Ireland's Gallant Struggle for Freedom.

Irish Patriots Versus English Villains.

I.—Continued.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE INSURRECTION IN WICKLOW.

From Nov. '97, till the irruption in May, '98, the magistrates of the County of Wicklow met almost every week; many of them were from the ranks of the old volunteers; yet strange, though true, that stern demand put forth by them for their country's rights had now dwindled down to the fierce growl of the hyena. Every meeting produced its bitter fruits; and although probably the magistrates were unconscious that they were working out the Union, they were as successfully playing towards that goal as Billy Pitt could desire. The last of those meetings was held on the 3d of April, '98, Lord Powerscourt in the chair, when it was resolved that the noble president should apply personally to his Excellency Lord Camden for a large reinforcement of dragoons to protect the county they were driving to distraction, and that Newtown-Mount Kennedy should be their headquarters. After this meeting, one of the magistrates, Tom Ring of Rathdrum, used to tell his workmen that the county was in a high state of what he called "liberty-fever," but that he knew no better remedy for it than blood-letting, which they should have.

A part of a Welsh regiment, called the Ancient Britons, were at this time quartered in Bray. A troop of them, under the command of Captain Burgany, got the route for the former place, and marched there on Easter Sunday morning, the 8th of April. On their arrival they were hailed by the loyal inhabitants as angels of deliverance. On Tuesday there was an annual fair held there, which brought with it the profits of industry and commerce to some, joy and hilarity to the young. But the loyalists had been all the morning treating the new-comers to deep potations of the best whiskey, and pointing out the obnoxious persons as they entered town, that the Cambrian horse might commence the ducean rince, or war dance, and flash their maiden swords in Irish victims. Their conduct on that day is likened to a savage conflict among the cannibals of the Southern Isles.

On the 11th May, the subsequent commercial packer, Lieutenant-General Peter O'Raff, issued his fiery proclamation, on the model of Lake and Nugent in the North, breathing vengeance against any person who should have the temerity to keep a weapon, even their own favorite shillelagh, to repel aggression, or to defend their lives from the sabres of the volunteer murderers of their kind. Even old scythes and reaping-hooks were ordered into the arsenal of the judicious and humane general. The true counsellors of the people, the clergy, advised a surrender of arms, and a reliance upon Providence to mitigate their cruel sufferings. The confiding and timid acquiesced, and, for the thousandth time, awaited another breach of British honor. But the stern and distrustful bided their time, then in evain. Arms now surrendered, magistrates stood erect, and strutted like Chop's jacksaws in their gaudy plumes of the gaudy peacock, each affecting to view himself as one of the aboriginal magnates of the land, although only just after emerging from an obscurity through which none but the sycophantic heraldic writers on Saxon-heraldic claims could trace a pedigree beyond the English poor-houses or prisons; but now from their tyrannical benches they hurled denunciations, deep, long, and lasting, at the people whom their fathers had robbed. Each of these village tyrants had his base satellites, who were bartering honor, virtue, and soul for a pound-note or the capricious smile of the tyrant. Archer had his Kennedy, King his Lewins; Bayly of Lamberton was gone with the Chamneys and Nixons. Their man of business, Cooper, or properly Morgan, the English returned convict, broke down and was sent to an out farm to feed and fatten among the broken-winded informers and perjurers.

Persecution now stalked through the land. The yeomen hounded on the Britons, and the latter harked away the former. The game was up, the victim was on foot, and was driven to the wall. A solution to that undefinable problem, "When should resistance commence?" was in this case obtained. As the vulture wing of persecution flapped over the land resistance increased, and the people grasped the remaining weapons for defence.

For a few weeks there was a sullen silence on the part of the suffering people, save the groans of the whipped, the picketed, and half-hung of our fellow-subjects. It was truly stated by the Duke of Bedford, in the House of Lords, on the 27th of June of that year, thus—"I think that to flog, to picket, or half-hang our fellow-subjects, in order to extort a confession, is putting to torture, and is, therefore, not only outrageous to humanity, but directly against Magna Charta, the great corner-stone of our laws and liberties, as Sir Edward Cook in his Commentaries defines."

Justice was now suspended, the country was proclaimed, martial law was introduced, and the dictum of beardless officers, unscrupulous magistrates, took the seat of law and order. The dark speck in the horizon was ascending to its culminating point, and exhibited the dimensions of the tornado. The Britons marched the streets with their swords gleaming in the meridian sun, and the blood of the brave unarmed streaming from the point to the hilt. Doyle of the Downs, Toner of Killoole, etc., were flogged, then half hanged and picketed for three successive days. The blood-cloud burst, and the people flew to action. It was here of first that our Milesian ancestors ranked themselves beside the brave and warlike Ewan Oge O'Byrne, the chief of that district, with his meirg dub (black flag) floating over them; and near to this that distinguished chief gave an eternal resting-place to the infidel and pirate Dane, in 1012, among the glens and clefts of Delganagh (Delganay, the sandy district), as subsequently the Wexfordmen did on the plains of Ballyellis to numbers of Britons, the no-quarter men of Wales. But in this day concert and discipline were strangers to the multitude, despoiled and whipped like hungry hounds; and the yeomen and Britons seemed as if they had done nothing for the last six months but rehearse the bloody drama of old Sir Charles Coote. I am seated in the shade of the hills of Dun Ran, taking a retrospective view of the Stol Organ (seat of slaughter), where the ducean rince was danced of old by Cromwell, Coote and Co., on Kilkarrow hills, Newrath, and Ganel bridges. These feats were now re-enacted with all the improvement of growing refinement, but poor old Archer had to perform a double character—his own part and that of the Welsh Burgany, the Cromwell of the day, who was sleeping his last sleep in his well-earned crimson shroud. The scenic field of Coote and Co. was merely transferred to Newtown, Colla Hill, and Killiskey, and the low-bred smug Leasly and Griffin Jones well sustained the scariest characters of Captain Ghes and Earlington. Captain Burgany, who fell the day before in an attack on New town, was to be interred: horse and foot attended in all the habiliments of mourning, to celebrate his funeral with all the martial pomp due to a fallen warrior. They marched with arms reversed, and stepped as slow and steady as a surchARGE of whiskey would permit. The Britons' band struck up the Dead March "Saul," while the life and drum of the yeomen gave out some lively variations, such as "The Boyne Water," and "Orophea, Lie Down." Now and again there was an occasional half-choked utterance of blasphemy, plainly indicating that there was something concealed in the drunkards' eyes.

It is to be remembered that this land, so rich in the gifts of nature, with its forest coverings, garlands, and orange trees, was promised to the young Britons before they left the Cambrian mountains, never to return. That promise had filled their ruthless souls with the "glories of the tested field." When the last shovelful of clay fell on the mortal remains of Captain Burgany, and the troops had performed all the honors assigned for such occasions in the military ritual for the gallant slain, Captain Archer gave the word, "Fall into line—march"—and "Let slip the dogs of war." In a few minutes they were at the house of Richard Neill (it should be Neill), of Upper Newcastle, in the County Wicklow, a highly respectable and extensive landowner, whose eldest son, Michael, had been denounced by the Orange yeomen for qualities that are always sure to gain esteem. He was certainly one of those

most indefatigable and determined of the United Irishmen since the sable wing of persecution was spread over this unhappy country, and no man in the country was better versed in the secrets of that society. His name was in the 3rd list of the fine men of that tyrant-trodden country. His strength, agility, and unbending courage were the common theme with the lovers of the brave and daring. He was quiet and playful as a child. Notwithstanding his passive disposition, he at times found it necessary to chastise the increasing insolence of his Orange neighbors, and for this he was both feared and hated to the core. About three nights before the attack on Newtown, he and a few of the favorite conspirators were on their mission of insurrection, each well armed. At a turn in a lonely road, they met with Captain Archer, their most mortal enemy. On either side the proximity was unwelcome. Archer pulled up in a very agitated manner, hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Good-night, boys." "Good-night, kindly," was the response. As soon as he reached Mount John he told his family that he had a surprising narrow escape: that he met Michael Neill and a party of armed men, when, if they were so disposed, they could have taken his life without any one else knowing of it, and spoke in high terms of Neill's manly conduct; and the Gael thought he had gained a tip in Archer's favor. The farm-yard was now filled with horse and foot, and the aged father came out to them. They assailed him with their swords, cutting, hacking, and knocking him from one to another, using all the low and abusive epithets that hell could supply them with. "Don't spare the old rebel and kill the traitor!" shouted Archer to his furies. On their approach, Michael had just time to retire to a little shrubbery a few yards distant. Here the screams of his sisters at the treatment of their father reached his ears: they were too much for his manly soul to bear. He rushed, but in vain, to the rescue of his father, and in his turn knocked the enemy about in approaching his bleeding parent, who survived but a few years, but never recovered from the ill-treatment of that evening. "Here I am," he exclaimed, "spare my father, you cowards; it is me you want." His efforts at resistance were but faint; he was instantly recognized, and a burlesque of traitor, villain, rebel, etc., assailed him from every tongue—swords, pistols, and carbines were thick and threefold pointed at his manly and devoted head and breast. He was soon overpowered, and the welkin rang with the shouts of victory. "The him up! tie him up!" exclaimed the hoary-headed Archer. "Tie him up well!" was shouted by the yeomen; for even still they feared him. They seized his younger brother, Patrick, a lad of seventeen years of age, and in five minutes more the house and offices were blazing up to heaven. The destruction of that large property filled the demoes with uproarious joy. A rope was now tied around his neck, and one made fast to each wrist, an secured to the girths of two of the saddles. The cavalcade wheeled round and an infantry yeoman shouted out that his legs should be secured. They got into a smart trot for half a mile. When passing by Newcastle, they were assailed by some women—none other dare interrupt the oration. They intercepted their progress by standing in front of the rear guard with stones; and as this party advanced with Patrick, they vigorously plied the missiles with all the insulting epithets to be found in indignant woman's vocabulary: "Let go the young one, you villains; let him go!" And Mrs. Jones and a few of her Amazonian neighbors plied the round shot of the road with such unerring effect that the "no-quarter" heroes gave the youth his liberty and life.

For three English miles, along an exceedingly narrow road, the noble fellow was dragged, often under their horses' feet in a rapid trot, pricked with their swords when he fell, pressed close between their chargers, and then the revolve of their spurs dashed into his lacerated sides. This was not mere accident, but a new species of torture that those Welshmen had introduced. In this state they reached Newtown. When they arrived at their old den, the market-house, he was thrown on the floor of that isolated dungeon, without an accessory of any kind attached to it for the most common decency of life, there to stifle in the accumulated nuisance and corrupting blood of numberless victims for the previous fortnight. They unbound his hands, and demanded a confession of his guilt and of those

of his associates. His answer was a smile of contempt. "Strip and flog him," was shouted from every corner of the densely-crowded building. "Strip, strip, and well soon make you tell!" To this imperative demand he replied with a look of the most sovereign indignation. They dragged his clothes off him, and applied the bloody lashes with a practiced dexterity, until his flesh looked like a putrid liver, still demanding of him to inform. The market-house was full of prisoners, and it was found to be too inconvenient to perform the remaining acts of the bloody drama. He was escorted down to another guard-house. Here, although with great difficulty, he was picketed. There was a spike of wood or iron twelve or eighteen inches long, fastened upright in the floor; the victim was put with one foot on the point of it, and, by a rope fastened to the opposite arm, he was hauled to some fastening overhead, so as that the weight was divided between the fulcrum and the pulley, and then wheeled round on it as long as it afforded pastime to the torturers. At every turn they asked, "Will you tell now?" "I'll tell you nothing," was the stern reply. Taken down, he lay for some time quite exhausted on the floor. The merciless Britons passed round and round him, digging the rowels of their spurs into his sides, neck, and head. Enraged at being foiled in their hopes of information, they were busy in making preparations for another act of torture. Their victim saw this, and thinking it to be the last and finishing one, that is, that they were going to strangle him, he raised himself on his knees and addressed his God with all the firmness and resignation of a martyr. His persecutors passed before him, dropping on one knee, tracing the sign of man's redemption on their infidel foreheads in mockery, and blasphemously told him to get his Holy Mary to come and save him. They now rushed on him like tigers, tucked him up, and half hung him. When they let him down he reeled, he staggered, notwithstanding his most powerful efforts to preserve his balance. In this delirium the monsters pushed him about. He fell flat on the floor, and then there was a yell of heartless triumph, loud and long, such as might astonish furies. "Ye'll inform now, will you?" But in spite of his great sufferings he smiled with scorn at the idea of forcing from him a confession. They changed their impetuous notes to entreaties. Both were equally futile. Now lying prostrate, they dashed their spurs into him, his lips and cheeks were split, his eye-balls forced from their sockets, and hanging on his cheeks. "Tell us something now and you shall be spared." He paused for a moment, and then said, "Bring me Captain Archer, and I will tell him something." Archer was sent for to the hotel. The tyrant lost no time in attending, and immediately asked him what he had to tell. "I don't choose to tell you here, sir; is there not a room here? Come into it with you." "No, no," said Archer, in a fright, "I will not; tell me where you are. He stretched forth his arms to grope, for he was perfectly blind. "Don't let him get near me—keep him from me!" shouted Archer aloud. A blow of a carbine laid him prostrate. Rising again to his feet, in a fit of desperation, he accidentally laid his hand on an iron weight of twenty-eight pounds, and in his blindness he seized on one of the Britons and beat his brains out. A second rushed to save his companion, but he beat him reeling to the ground with a blow or two of the same weight. Uprais succeeded consternation. "Take his life," was the cry. He then hurled the weight with great force into the midst of them, when it struck another of the Britons on the head also. The confusion of Pandemonium could not exceed that of the guard-house. Now Archer ordered him to be dragged into the street, and a dozen of balls sent through him. The order was instantly complied with; and as he fell, James Williams, the infantry yeoman, who wanted to have his legs tied when he was made a prisoner, ran up to him and plunged his bayonet to the socket, and turned it round in his carcass. He was now stripped naked, and dragged from the street to a field adjoining. A small dog, supposed to be his, was shot, and thrown on his mutilated body. After lying there for a considerable time, his sisters ventured to bring a coffin and take him away, for no male dare accompany them, and but few women would have courage to venture on such an errand. He lies in Killadeeny churchyard, with a grave-stone, rather rudely lottered, to mark his resting-place. I would

place a marble tomb over him if he was my relative. The rank herbage around his grave is well trodden down by the visitors to his grave at each funeral, where his countrymen and women drop on their knees, and offer many a fervent prayer for his eternal happiness. The first Briton that he struck died on the spot; the other two were brought into Bray hospital, where the second died in a few days, and report says that the third died in a few weeks; in each case the skull was severely fractured. Reader, whoever you may be, if you ever go to Newtown-Mount Kennedy, as you go from Dublin and cross the little arch that spans the rivulet that waters the town, look to the right, and between you and that neat tavern, kept by a Mr. Maguire, you will see the spot where the human butchery of Michael Neill, of Upper Newcastle, was perpetrated by the Newtown yeomen and ancient Britons, on the 1st of June, 1798.—May he rest in peace!

P.R.—This "no-quarter" regiment met the Wexfordmen on the plains of Ballyellis, on the 30th of June, and received a complete overthrow, their enemy losing not one man; and when they called for quarter, they were told they should have the same as they gave. A few of them returned to Newtown and acknowledged that they were hounded on by Orange yeomen as soon as they landed in Ireland. And one of them said, "I never but in battle raised my hand to a man, and those who were most violent met the cruellest death."

In a short time after, Archer's war-steed kicked his brains out; his swearing man died a miserable death, and lies buried in Killoole, where nature for the last forty years, even against the sowing of seed, has sternly refused to clothe with verdure that part of his grave over his breast, although the herbage all round grows most luxuriantly.

King, of Rathdrum, died of a loathsome and filthy disease; and his swearing man, Lewins, fell in broad daylight by the hand of his own unnatural son.

King, of Ballyglass, who drew up a false and perjured accusation for a wretch, taken from under the lash to swear to, lost that hand, and died for some short time a spectacle of horror; contempt; and his swearing man, Hugh the Cook, led the country, and never was heard of since.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE DARING WICKLOW OUTLAW, ANDY HACKET, OF ARKLOW.

Andy Hacket was the son of a comfortable farmer, Robin Hacket, who resided about a mile from Castle-town, in the Catholic Union of Arklow. He was born in the year 1774. At a proper age he was apprenticed to a blacksmith named Duan, at the Charter school of Arklow. Among the many persons of respectability who patronized Duan was a Captain Atkin, of Emmavale. The gentleman had entirely won the good-will of Andy, and when any work of his was brought to Duan's forge, the indefatigable apprentice, for such he was, never rested until that gentleman's was finished, particularly if it were horses that were to be shod. Then, as soon as the last rub of the rasp was given to the last hoof, Andy would mount and ride off, at a rapid pace, and leave his charge in the stable-yard of Emmavale. And Captain Atkin seemed to appreciate highly Andy's rude attention to his affairs. Then that fine country for the previous hundred years had been fiercely ridden over by an upstart gentry that could not be exceeded for depotism and tyranny. Not one Catholic seed could be cultivated in the magisterial nursery until about the year of 1824.

But at this time things were approaching to a crisis. And notwithstanding the hurry of business, and the gloom of the political horizon, Andy was not insensible to the charms of the fair, and without the permission or consent of his master or father, he took to wife Miss Bidy.

It is a property in animated nature to resist when goaded to a certain extent, and at this time the people were driven to distraction by proclamations, by informers, and by the worst of all, a gang of private well-paid spies. The spirit of defiance and resistance to tyranny drove the men to group in private discussion, and have themselves initiated in the bonds of fraternal affection, as the phrase then went. Our newly wedded apprentice was not backward in taking the United Irishman's oath, and, as far as the influence of an apprentice went, he was inde-

fatigable in procuring recruits. And, although most assiduous to the heavy labor of his trade, he never seemed to be tired. He was one of nature's roughest children, and though slight in his personal construction, he was muscular and sinewy, strong and enduring, and his whole person possessed a willow flexibility. His vigorous and ardent nature craved difficulties as animals crave food, and it seemed to be his pleasure in tearing down obstacles, such as would deter other men from coming into contact with them.

Andy was still organizing in his own sphere, when Cooper, alias Morgan, the professional informer, about November, '97, clutched a large number of men and had them domiciled in jails of Wicklow and Wexford. There was now something more than organization of numbers to be considered. Arms were necessary for effectual defence, and the fabrication of pikes was commenced and carried on with perseverance. In the manufacture of this war-like material Andy was most assiduous, and when circumstances threw a piece of good Swedish iron or steel in his way, he was not overscrupulous in making an exchange, and reserving the esteemed metal for a pike-head for some of his young favorites. When opportunity served he forged out these weapons, and in the dead of night, when all were enjoying their sleep, Andy, with two or three of his associates as sentinels and helpers, were carrying on their treasonable manufacture in J. Dunn's forge. And when some six or dozen were released from the noisay operation of the hammer, they would be carefully secreted until a night would be assigned for the grinding of them, when each man would take home his own blade to fit a handle to it.

(To be continued.)

A Navy to Be Proud of.

Mr. President Harrison in writing of "This Country of Ours" in the Ladies' Home Journal, reviews our navy department, and tells of the reconstruction of our navy. "We had no great shipyards, and no shipbuilders with the capital, the skilled labor and the experience to fit them to enter this new field," he writes. "John Bouch, however, had the courage to believe that he could create a competent shop and build the new vessels. He put everything at risk and should have had better treatment from the government than he received. He was fairly entitled to some of the profits that have since accrued to those who have walked in the path he blazed. We have now, both on the Atlantic and Pacific, shipyards and builders capable of constructing any ship and of putting into her any machinery of the finest efficiency. We have great steel plants, costing millions of money and capable of making armor plates of the thickest resisting power, and steel gun forgings of the finest quality. These great shipyards and steel plants are constructing proofs that the supremacy we once had in wooden ship-building may be attained—if it has not already been attained—in steel ships." Practically all of this work has been done within ten years, and the Secretaries of the Navy who have presided over and directed it; the constructors and ordinance officers of the navy who have furnished the plans and designs, and the steel makers and ship-builders who have executed these plans are entitled to the highest praise. We have always had a navy personnel to be proud of, and we now have a navy to be proud of—not a finished navy, but one on the way. A new battle-ship is a new argument for international arbitration—yet you must have noticed that preliminary demands for a fixed amount of damages are usually made upon nations that have no battle-ships nor torpedo boats. It is not our plan, I am sure, to match the great navies of Europe. We may safely keep our register of vessels well within theirs; but we do not intend again to leave the sea.

"In eating well I praise the food," quoted the star boarder.

"Yes, and you're the most gushing, fulsome and persistent barney that ever sat down at my table," snarled the landlady.—Detroit Free Press.

Millions of Men of
 Liebig's
 Company's
 Extract of
 Beef

It is a property in animated nature to resist when goaded to a certain extent, and at this time the people were driven to distraction by proclamations, by informers, and by the worst of all, a gang of private well-paid spies. The spirit of defiance and resistance to tyranny drove the men to group in private discussion, and have themselves initiated in the bonds of fraternal affection, as the phrase then went. Our newly wedded apprentice was not backward in taking the United Irishman's oath, and, as far as the influence of an apprentice went, he was inde-