

## REMINISCENCES OF '98.

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

#### Irish Patriots Versus English Villains.

II.—Continued.

The spring of '98 witnessed the North Cork Regiment of Militia quartered through the County of Wexford, and led on in all its rampant Orangism by its head Colonel, Lord Kingsborough, and his man of business, Captain Swaine. Both officers and privates endeavored to rival each other at the triangles and in pitch-capping. There was one in the ranks that far exceeded all that had exhibited themselves on the rostrum of persecution in his ingenuity in barbarism, and his refined and novel cruelty. And this was called Tom the D—l. He certainly distanced all the Cork sportsmen, not excepting "The Rakes of Malloy." In his romantic turn for cruelty he wished to glut himself and to feast his superiors on the agonies of his victims. This monster's forte lay in the cutting of two seams about an inch wide, one from the corner of the forehead to the nose, the other at right angles to that, and from ear to ear, and then rubbing the head all over with a mixture of oil and gunpowder; he then, as he facetiously termed it, set fire to the corpse. I wish to draw the reader's attention to but one instance of this villain's ferocity out of scores, although it is already on record. Anthony Perry, Esq., of Inch, near Gorey, a Protestant gentleman, had the misfortune to condemn the unlawful proceedings and tortures of the day, while the Ancient Britons—the no-quarter regiment—were riding down the brave people of Wicklow beneath the crimson hoofs of their Cambrian chargers, and whilst Hunter, Gowan, and Hawtry White revelled in blood and persecution around Gorey. At this time, it was, that Mr. Perry was dragged to the guard-house at Gorey, and handed over to the care of Tom the D—l, who cut his face as above described out of derision to the sign of the cross, the glorious emblem of man's redemption, and having set fire to it, burst forth in an immoderate fit of laughter that drew the whole garrison and loyalists of the town round him to laugh and cheer him for his ingenuity and spirit. It may not be amiss in passing on to notice that the loyalists of Gorey are the descendants of that wondrous class of animals called Palantines, that were imported here from some of the Indian states of Germany, and brought over here as a bonus after the glorious William robbed us of our woolen manufacture.

Thus, Andy Hackett may be said to have grown up in the centre of persecution, and every day there was conveyed to the workshop the news of some newly-tortured and mutilated victim, and every such report the hammer and grindstone in active operation for the fabrication and finish of that formidable weapon of destruction—the pike.

The day was now fixed for an assault on Newtown-Mount Kennedy, and the securing of the passes leading from the metropolis to the seaside of Wicklow and Wexford. Andy, with two or three associates, set off from the vicinity of Arklow, through the woods and wilds of Wicklow, a distance of more than twenty miles, which they nearly accomplished in four or five hours; but, when within a short distance of the place, they had the mortification to hear of their party being defeated, and had not even the possibility of joining the rebel ranks. On the following night they succeeded in gaining Lord Caryfort's wood at Poolahoney, the point from where they started. Not finding it safe to appear in public for two or three days, they kept themselves concealed. At length the news of the completed victory of the Wexfordmen over the North Cork Militia and several corps of mounted yeomen on Oulart Hill, on the 27th of May, '98, tinkled on their ears like the gladsome toll of joybells. On Monday night they set out to join the Wexfordmen, and after a march of thirty miles, they appeared in the camp at Inisborough on Tuesday morning, with a great rush and a band of the same color encircling his belt. From that time he was foremost in every stirring act that lay within his reach. He knew nothing about fear, and emotion was equally as great a stranger to him. Very few, if any, in the army were more dangerous.

After taking part in all the general battles, after leaving Wexford, he went with the two idolized generals, Edward Fitzgerald, Esq., of New Park, County Wexford; and Garret Byrne, Esq., of Ballymaeus, County Wicklow, to the Boyne, where they, with the men of Kildare, hoped to effect a junction with their brethren in the North. But they hoped in vain, and these brave fellows, after marching across the kingdom from Wexford to Ardee, were much disappointed in not finding that vigorous effort which they had a right to expect to be made by the Northern United Irishmen to form that wished-for junction with the men of the South. This was enough to dispirit the stoutest hearts; still they bore up against it. Captain Anthony Perry, who well knew Hackett's turn of mind and his ready wit, with which nature was bountiful to him, said one morning, "Hackett, I see there's no account from our Northern friends yet." "No, indeed, sir, I believe they are not up yet. (Are you up yet, was a common password with the United Irishmen.) They made a great deal of noise some time ago about being early up, but I believe they went to bed again and overslept themselves." After the failure of the expedition a remnant of them got back about the 23rd of July to that celebrated fortress, Glenmalur, in the County Wicklow, and then our hero remained under the command of Dwyer and Holt till about the 1st of November.

Whilst quartered in these desiles they had many hairbreadth escapes. Their physical courage, their indomitable daring, surprising agility, and capability of enduring fatigue, rendered them almost equal to any undertaking. Hackett and another daring fellow named Dalton, with a couple of comrades rode up to the door of a public-house in the Glen of Imalli, and having called for some drink, they were allaying their thirst as they sat on their gallant chargers, when suddenly and within a few paces of them, at a short turn on the road, Mr. Hume's yeoman cavalry appeared in view with a party of the 80th Foot. The coming into such close contact was unexpected and, perhaps, unwished for on both sides.

This was not a moment for hesitation; the force were unequal, and to ride off along a narrow and straight road on jaded chargers was certain death. "Come," said Hackett, without the least hesitation, "let us dash at them; we have nothing else for it." And as he wheeled round he cried out with the highest pitch of his voice, "Come out; what are you all delaying in there for? Here is the enemy." They rushed on like furies, and discharged their wide-mouthed blunderbusses at them, with the well-known challenge, "Come you b—y set." The enemy were thrown into confusion, and the call "come out" impressed within their minds the presence of Captain Dwyer and a party within. They wheeled round and dashed off with the greatest precipitation. In the retreat Captain Hume's girls were shot off, and he swore he would never go out with them again. But when they got clear of danger, they fired upon every man they saw working in the fields.

The government had taunted the yeomanry magistrates for not expelling them. And Hunter Gowan and a few commanders of yeomen led out their corps one day to clear the country of them, but were shamefully defeated by Dwyer and Holt, at the village of Aughrim, County Wicklow. Hunter led the retreat. He had one horse shot dead, and another wounded, and the third, covered with foam and trembling with fatigue, carried him to the garrison of Rathdrum. At the onset, Hackett, with Antrim John, made a desperate effort to gain the bridge of Aughrim, before him, and take post under the arches, and to oppose his crossing it, but was a few yards too late, but so close as to be known by Hunter. And when he got about two miles from Aughrim, having left his pursuers at a safe distance, he called out to such as he saw employed by the wayside to run away and hide; that there was mad Hackett and all his men coming after him. This race of the gallant Hunter may be aptly compared to that of John Gilpin, by the celebrated Cowper.

The loyal gentry and wealthy farmers about Rathdrum had now for some time been departed of their favorite pastime, the sports of the field. They proposed a dinner party, and, although not the sea-on for hunting anything but human game, they announced a days hunting, and led but a pack of hounds as restive

and intractable as the mountain outlaws. The animals, overjoyed at being unkenneled, ran wildly on towards the locality where their masters so lately suffered such a humiliating defeat. Hackett and a few others were on an eminence as the dogs rushed from the woods of Rathdrum. Always bent on fun when convenient, he resolved to take advantage of the present, and to change the loyal sport into a practical joke at their expense. He was acquainted with every note of the sportsman; the barkaway, the whoop, and the halloo were as familiar to him as the ringing of the hammer on the anvil or the roar of the wide-mouthed blunderbuss; and he could hunt a pack of dogs as well as he could fabricate a pike. He gave the well-known shout to draw off the dogs to a trail, for they were now at a loss. The leaders of the pack, Ringwood, Trueboy, and Venus, gave an open, the whole pack responded to their cry, and, regardless of their huntsman's control, dashed fleetly on to where Hackett led them up the highland, leaving the Rathdrumers in the valley in the most exasperated state, showering down imprecations on the Croppy soul of the reptile rebel. What was to be done? The dinner was cooked at the Rockingham Arms, the Orange hotel kept by Jimmy Bates, and where, after dinner, they were to perform a comic drama, in three acts. The first was to consist in the staging of the "Boyne Water," "Protestant Boys," and "Croppy lie Down," etc. The second was, without trial or mainprise, to transport the Pope, the priests, and papists to a certain sultry kingdom without permission to return. The third act was to be performed by tumbling from their chairs under the table, and to close the drama with a score. Powder was now scarce in the rebel camp. The Fermanagh militia supplied them with some, and the yeomen in their vicinity purchased their protection by sending them all they could spare. But there was always a supply kept at the mine rocks for the mining operations, and to them he went to obtain some, but our poet's peaceful Avoca was disturbed by Hackett and a couple of his daring companions, who left the main body and went down to Mr. Johnson, of Millmount, in quest of arms. Passing by Mr. Charley Cooper's, of Newbridge, his young brother fired on Hackett, and then ran into the Avoca River to escape. Hackett followed quickly and made him prisoner, but gave him no ill-treatment, and complimented him on his courage, but told him he should bring him up to General Holt. "I am not afraid," said Mr. Cooper, "for Holt is a cousin of ours. His hopes were not realized. A man named Tate, who had got the character of a violent Orange yeoman, had been just brought into camp, and such as knew him were much incensed against him. Mr. Cooper was too young to have acquired any notoriety as an Orangeman. The strangers and deserters classed him with Tate, and unfortunately both were shot. Holt showed a great want of firmness here. Had he acted with firmness and vigor, he could have saved at least Mr. Cooper, although the wrecking of Newbridge chapel was urged against him.

Captain Dwyer about this time, with about forty men, was on Kilmalene Hill; when he received intelligence that the enemy was advancing, he instantly sent couriers to Holt and Hackett to repair to him as soon as possible. Holt came, but he was too late to effect anything; but Hackett did not come, and Dwyer threatened him severely for it. And Hackett knew that he was not a man to be disobeyed, and shunned him. The chill nights of winter were now approaching, and consumption seemed to be threatening many of them on account of lying out at night for the most part of the last six months. At this time the poor farmers who cheerfully supported them were greatly harassed, and death and the destruction of property, without trial or mercy, was certain if rebels were supposed to be on their premises; for suspicion in those days was guilt. Pressed now to the utmost limits of human endurance, want of food, and clothing particularly, shoes to shield them from the biting cold of the winter nights, their coughs and catarrhs from exposure to continual night air, so that none but men of iron constitutions could stand it. Several of them abandoned their unequal guerrilla warfare. And with them Hackett and a few more separated from Holt. For they did not at this time entertain the most favorable opinion of the self-created general. The latter established

himself partly on Lord Cary's pits and woods in the beautiful Vale of Avoca, the gold mines, and the Croagh Mountains. Being at a farmer's in the vicinity of those woods, partaking of some refreshment in a private room, the house was unexpectedly entered by a member of the Arklow horse-yeomen, a very large man, and armed to the teeth, who commenced a set of interrogatories and denunciation of the guest to a young woman who stood in a state of perturbation on the floor at the critical situation she was placed in by the unexpected intrusion of the cavalier. After throwing a keen glance into every cranny of the homestead, he said, "Does Hackett visit you in this lonely place?" "This is a bad time for visiting, Mr. M—. You know we are forbid to entertain any one that does not belong to the family." "Ho! by G—, you pay very little attention to such orders; but if I catch that scoundrel here or any place else, he will never pay another visit. I'll blow and cut the traitor into ribbons."

When he had exhausted his vocabulary of loyal abuse and imprecations, the outlaw made his appearance, with a "good morning to you, Mr. M—." He said a great many handsome things about me this morning, and now let me tell you that your death should be as prompt as your abuse of me was uncalculated. Tell me now, if you can, where do you know was it that I earned the title of scoundrel?" Mr. M— endeavored to apologize, but Hackett cut him short. "It is useless for you to say one word. There are two things that save you for the present—the respect I have for the people of this house, and a complement I wish to pay to your very good mother, who was always foremost in relieving the distressed. Tell me I spare your life on that account; but I must take your ammunition, and then you may go to that place you were sending me; but let me hear no more of your swagging."

(To be continued.)

one Pound of Coal on a Steamship. The value of one pound of coal at different epochs of steamship evolution, as given by Mr. A. J. McNeill, president of the Liverpool Engineering Society, has been as follows: In 1840 a pound of coal propelled a displacement weight of 578 ton eight knots; but the earning weight was only one-tenth of this, .09 per cent. of the displacement representing the hull, machinery and fuel. In 1850, with iron vessels and the screw propeller, a displacement weight of six-tenths of a ton was propelled nine knots by a pound of coal; but the proportion of cargo had risen to 27 per cent., or .18 ton. In 1860, with higher boiler pressure and the surface condenser, .82 ton displacement was propelled ten knots, and the cargo was 33 per cent., or .27 ton. In 1870, after the compound engine had come into use, 1.8 tons of displacement was propelled ten knots, and here the cargo formed 60 per cent. of the whole, being nine-tenths of a ton. In 1880 there were two classes of freight boats: the "tramp" propelled 3.4 tons displacement eight and one-half knots, with 60 per cent. or two tons of cargo; at the same time the enormous cargo steamers of the North Atlantic were driving a displacement of 3.14 tons twelve knots, with 55 per cent., or 1.7 tons of cargo. On the modern express passenger steamers the cargo weight is down to .09 ton per pound of coal.—Railroad Gazette.

Either Preferable. A precocious little east end boy, the son of a well-known dentist, has furnished the household with more than a little amusement by the remarks he frequently makes, which are filled with originality and humor. Recently his mother had occasion to not only reprimand him, but also to use the "corrector" that is usually found in every well-regulated family, and which was not unknown to him, on account of some misbehavior. After she had finished the task and the outburst of tears had been partially checked, the young hopeful suddenly exclaimed: "I'm getting tired being whipped this way. Will you do something for me, mamma?" "Well, what is it?" answered the mother.

"Pray to God to take me to heaven." "He would not have anything to do with a bad boy like you," she responded, scarcely able to control her mirth at the request. "You will have to be a much better boy than you have been lately before you can expect to go there."

"Well, then, tell Him to take me to the other place," was the angry retort.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Persia's Learned Shah. There is every probability that the "lion" of London's next season will be the new Shah of Persia. His majesty is a very learned personage. He is a lover of poetry and has an extensive acquaintance with general science. He wishes to extend his area of knowledge by personal observation. Hitherto his studies have been founded principally upon Plato and Herbert Spencer, but he has now ordered a supply of modern English poetry, by poets still alive, to be forwarded to him for perusal. He is a bit of an author himself, and has even thumbed a little for amusement.

## CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES

### Happenings Throughout the World of Especial Interest to Catholics.

#### Pro of the Church at Home and Abroad.

Rev. Father Kilian, rector of St. Elizabeth's parish, Fruitville, Cal., has just celebrated the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Franciscan Order.

The Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, D. D., Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania, is among the oldest bishops of the Catholic Church. His Grace is one of the very few prelates to attain an episcopate of half a century, and the only one in Australia, we believe, who has ever done so.

A petition has been filed in the courts of Malacca, where the Boston Publishing Company was organized, asking for its dissolution. This was the company that formerly issued that A. P. A. organ which was a discredit to Boston while it lived, and which reflected credit on the city when it died.

Rev. Father Ferdinand Kittell, of Loretto, Pa., who went to Europe several months ago as a representative of the American Catholic Historical Society, to examine American archives in the Vatican collection, is expected back at an early date. It is understood that he left Rome Thursday, November 5, and will land in New York November 11.

Bishop Wigger has appointed the Very Rev. Joseph M. Meehan to take charge of the new parish in Jersey City which was recently cut off from St. Patrick's parish. Father Meehan comes from Elizabethport, where he has been assistant for several years to the Rev. Father Geenan, rector of St. Patrick's Church. He took charge of the new parish on November 4.

Sixty years ago there were six Catholic publications in the United States—one magazine and five weekly papers. Now there are 249 of them, including quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies and dailies, as well as college and society journals, and they are printed in English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Polish, Portuguese, Basque, Bohemian, Dutch and Slavonic. Printing, that was invented by Catholics, ought to be used by the Church for the spread of the truth.

A very definite change has taken place in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, in which the Prince of Naples was married. No one familiar with the interior of the church hitherto would recognize it now. The high altar is now in the center; the pictures have been restored and a totally new aspect given to the spacious temple. Unfortunately the Conception (Immaculate Conception) of Pietro Bianchi has suffered almost irreparable damage, having fallen through the clumsiness of the army of workmen engaged in remodeling it.

The Charleston News and Courier says: "By a decision of the recent council of the Pious Society of Missions the Rev. Fathers Donohue and Berberick, of St. Peter's parish, have been removed from Charleston. There are many who will regret this announcement. Father Donohue will go to Rome to take the duties of acting pastor of the Church of San Silvestri in Capite and the professorship of English in the University Apollinare. Father Berberick will go to Germany, where he will assist the vicar provincial in matters connected with the German-African Mission."

A very important legal decision has just been given at Alencón, which apparently exempts all "authorized" congregations of religious bodies from the consequences of recent legislation. The authorized congregation of the Holy Family at Sens was sued before the local tribunal and condemned to pay 4,600 francs, the tax payable on the death of fifteen members of the congregation between 1885 and 1892. But an appeal to the higher court at Alencón the judgment was reversed, on the ground that there could be no accretissement in the case of an authorized congregation, which had a legal entity and was not a collection of individual members, as was the unauthorized congregation. Therefore Article 4 of the law of December 28, 1880, did not apply to authorized associations, and subsequent modifications of the law did not change the principle, although imposing a different mode of taxation.

Caulliflowers. There are few more delicious vegetables than a well grown cauliflower, but unfortunately it wants to go off to the mountains with fashionable society when hot weather arrives. If its desires are not gratified, it speedily runs to seed. In most parts of the United States, therefore, it is a rather scarce vegetable. In the more northern portion, however, very good results may be had by sowing under glass about the time tomatoes are sown. Young plants set out early in very rich earth will generally do fairly well, especially if very early varieties are selected. In the warmer regions they can only be had by sowing in September and then growing the plants under frames. The heads then come in for use by early spring. It is possible that in some southern localities good cauliflowers could be had wholly outdoors in winter time.—Meehan's Monthly.

## CURRENT MISCELLANY.

I notice an article on "Live Frogs in Rocks." The subject of live frogs being found imbedded in rocks seems to be treated rather as a fable than reality. Some time about 1840 I happened at a place on the farm of Robert Woody, in Chatham county, N. C., where some men were blasting rock in order to lower a spring for the purpose of increasing the flow of water. They had just made a blast as I arrived, throwing off a nearly round rock from the main rock, probably 2 feet in diameter. To make it easier to get it out of the pit a few blows with the sledge hammer broke it open. Apparently there was a seam through the rock where it broke, and in about the middle of the rock was imbedded a frog about 3 inches long, which fell out when the rock opened and crawled about two feet and died. The frog was a pale yellow color and apparently well preserved.

The seam in the rock was clean, and a perfect fit, though it might not have been air and water tight. The bed for the frog was smooth and a fit for the frog. The science of zoology was not much thought of in the rural districts in those days, and the subject of this article was taken at the time as one of the freaks of nature and passed without further notice.

Being but a boy at the time and of rather a sensitive turn of mind, it made an impression that remains to this day as fresh as though it had been but yesterday when I witnessed the scene.

I don't think any notice of finding the frog imbedded in the rock ever went to the papers, and they did not print everything like they do nowadays. As I was but a boy then (now 70 years old) and the men doing the work at the spring were all middle aged men, I suppose I am the only one living that witnessed what I have described.—William Allen in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

#### Anesthesia in Remedial Surgery.

Dr. Brudenell Carter contrasts in strong colors what surgery was before the discovery of anesthesia and what it is today. The use of anesthetics has changed its whole aspect. Prior to 1847 operations were few in number and were almost limited to the amputation of limbs, the removal of cancerous and other tumors, the resection of a few of the larger joints, cutting for stone and the ligation of main arteries for aneurism. The pain suffered by the patients was so horrible as to tax severely the endurance of the bravest and strongest and to depress seriously, and often beyond recall, the powers of life. Death from shock was by no means uncommon, the patient sinking in a few hours from the effect of the suffering which he had undergone. Dr. Carter remembers as a medical student turning sick and faint at the agonies which he was called upon to witness. It was a point of honor with operators in those days to abbreviate such agonies as much as possible and to cultivate speed in operating as the highest and the most valuable form of dexterity. An amputation in the hands of a practiced surgeon had almost the appearance of a feat of legerdemain. For the separation of the lower limb above the knee—of course not including dressing—20 seconds has been known to suffice, and 40 seconds was regarded as the period of time which no one was justified in exceeding. When anesthetics were employed, it came to surgeons as a kind of revelation that they need no longer be in haste, and they have utilized that knowledge in making leisurely examination and safe procedure.

#### Following a Trail.

An expert American scout can tell by a glance a tribe of Indians has made a given trail, its age and every particular about it as truthfully as though he had himself seen the cavalcade pass. A party following an Apache trail during the Indian difficulties of 1888 came suddenly to a ledge of bare rock. The officers of the troop examined it carefully, but could see nothing to indicate where the trail had gone. But the scout led them for two miles across it as unerringly as though the trail had been made in heavy grass. When asked what told him the way, he called attention to the fine moss which covered the rock and that by close scrutiny gave evidence of having been pressed by the foot, an indication so slight that it would have been passed unnoticed by 99 men out of 100, yet his keen eye detected every footprint as easily as could be wished. In the grass a trail can be seen for a long time, as the blades will be bent in the direction followed by the party, and even after it has recovered its natural position an expert trailer will detect a slight difference in the color of the grass that has been stepped on and that growing around it.—Denver Field and Farm.

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For a golden penny of the thirteenth century no less than £250 was given at the sale of Sobey's in London, of the famous Montagu collection. The specimen was a rare example of the coin of Henry III., and only three like it are known.