

REMINISCENCES OF '98.

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

Irish Patriots Versus English Villains.

II.—Continued.

The Sun newspaper, of October 30, 1798, has a letter from Gorey, dated the 21st of that month, which says Captain White, of the Ballaghkeen cavalry, pursued Hacket and his gang, who had just before burned Middleton Chapel, to Ballyraldon, where he came up to them, and killed nine rebels. Hacket with difficulty escaping through the bog of Biragh. I mention this to show that there can be but little reliance placed on the newspaper accounts of those days. This story of burning a chapel by a man who would expose his breast to all the bullets of the Irish yeomanry to save one wisp of the thatch that covered the miserable Catholic temples of the time, is untrue; but it was a pretext to shift the odium from the Orange yeomen. As to killing the nine men, we shall immediately see the fact. About the same time there were three yeomen of the Castleton corps put to death for burning the chapel. The loyalists said the deed was done by Hacket, but I have no authority to affirm or deny it.

The following is from a member of White's cavalry, who was himself in the engagement: "On the night before, information reached Captain White that the rebels were to burn a grove at Ballyfad, about three miles to the landside of Gorey. Several corps of mounted yeomen were summoned to attend. We received the first information, and were the first on the ground. I remained on the road, and my brother was down at the grove. We were even led to believe that Antrim John, that terror to all loyalists, was in the grove. The firing from the grove was tremendous, considering the few that were in it, not more than eight or nine in all; but it appeared that some were charging for John; whilst he with deadly aim discharged the pieces on our party; for several of our men (seven or eight) fell dead, with thirteen wounded. John was wounded early, and for a considerable time fought, though partly lying. Hacket and the other men, I suppose, were not idle. When John had expended his last round, and that we plainly perceived that their battery was silenced, our forces closed on them. The party then bolted, and fought their way through our ranks. Five or six of them got off, but three were dead, and John was expiring. We thought he was Hacket; but some of our men said he was too large. He was soon sabred and his head cut off, which was carried on the point of our swords, in triumph, relieving each other by turns. I had the honor of carrying it a part of the way—an honor that several aspired to, but could not obtain. We reached Gorey in ovation. In our eyes it was not less than the greatest Roman triumph, bearing grim and bloody trophy through the streets in triumph amidst the acclamations of our partisans. We retired to a hotel to have some refreshments, bringing the ghastly head of the daring rebel John with us. We thrust ourselves into the parlor of the house, and then got seated as well as we could; and in a few minutes afterwards we had a steaming round of tumbler punch of Susy Hill's best. Our venerable Captain, Hawley White, who had the chief command on that expedition, rose up and said: 'Gentlemen, it is my command that no man will take his punch until he will stir it with something oiled in the blood of the rebel's head,' which was still oozing from the sabre-cut on the neck. There was a cheer, and the order was complied with. There were a few exceptions. The command was thus complied with: each man touched the bloody neck with his finger and then dipped that member in his punch, and some, through their loyal zeal, stirred it round. Then the chief gave the well-known bacchanalian sentence, 'All at some gentlemen,' and a favorite toast. Here's perfection to all traitors, and rebels; and the punch was gulped down. A young lady in the house, hearing the hilarity, threw aside her maiden graces, smiles, and attributes, and had the masculine curiosity to come into the apartment to see on the unsightly object and to be one of the party. After viewing the indignantly ascribed for some time, and after a full but pointed search from out of the man's hair

and he resolved to have it. Taylor slept in the house of Captain Aiken, Hacket's favorite gentleman, who was also agent to Lord Carrisfort. He, with another of his associates, called to Captain Aiken, and demanded Taylor's gun. The captain let down the window, and while Hacket was pressing his demand he fired and shot him dead. He was brought down to Arklow next morning, and hung out on one of the trees in the church-yard for the whole day. The next morning his head was carefully impaled on the highest point of one of the towers of the old Norman keep, built three centuries ago by the Butlers, where it remained bleaching in sun and storm for many years after. His wife, Biddy, could not go out of her cottage door upon any occasion without having it in view.

And thus terminated the brief existence of that young and daring outlaw after a period of six months of unequalled daring; for there was scarce a day that he was not engaged in some hazard.

Sir R. Murgrove called Holt a robber and a low mean fellow. I don't wonder at that, for Sir Robert by some fatality could tell nothing that was true.

But for Holt to say that Hacket was a robber was a falsehood. Holt cannot be excused, for it was spleen on account of Hacket leaving him and taking some of the best men away. When the unfortunate man reached the County Wexford, he had not a shilling in his possession, nor had he one when he fell; and during his outlawry his wife that he idolized was supported by his friends.

III. DEFEAT OF THE NORTH CORK, SHILLMALLER, AND WEXFORD CAVALRY.

The Shillmaller cavalry, commanded by Colonel Le Hunte, had already assembled before the arrival of one hundred and ten of the North Cork Militia, who took route by the lower road along the seaside, while the yeomen used taken the upper road by Castlebridge. Both met at Ballinacorney, and proceeded together as far as Hallinamonabeg, where Mr. Turner, not finding a man of the name of Darby Kavanagh, who kept a public-house there, at home, and having remembered that he had surrendered a pike the day before, he ordered his house to be set on fire, after getting what spirits and beer it contained to refresh the soldiers, who were much fatigued after their hasty march through heavy, sandy roads. A proposal was made to burn the chapel of Hallinamonabeg, just adjoining, which was overruled, particularly by Armstrong Browne, Esq., who observed it would be a very indifferent compliment to pay the Catholics to burn their place of worship, while a considerable part of the force then assembled were of that persuasion, which sentiment actually prevented the burning of the chapel. Having halted here for some time, they proceeded three miles further, and came in sight of the insurgents collected in great numbers on the hill of Oulart, distant about ten miles from Wexford. Colonel Foote of the North Cork, seeing their position so strong and commanding, thought it advisable not to attack them; but Major Lombard, of the same regiment, being of a contrary opinion, orders were given to burn two houses, situated in a hollow between the army and the insurgents, and Mr. Turner volunteered his service for that purpose. This was done with a view to stimulate the insurgents to revenge, and thus, if possible, to induce them to abandon the advantage of their situation. This feint, however, not succeeding, and Colonel Foote, still persisting in his opinion, Major Lombard instantly addressed the soldiers in terms animating them at once to attack the insurgents, who, he said, would fly at their approach. His words had the effect of making them advance. They descended from the small eminence which they occupied, and, crossing the valley between, began to ascend the hill of Oulart, while the Shillmaller cavalry took a circuitous route round the hill to the left, with the intention of preventing a retreat; but, in fact, they caused numbers to rally who attempted to run off on perceiving the approach of a serious engagement. This also contributed to make the insurgents rush in greater numbers and with accumulated force on the North Cork, who were charging up the hill. They had fired but two volleys when they were totally discomfited. This success of the insurgents was much promoted by the address of a servant-boy, who as the military were ascending the hill, advised such of the insurgents as were then about him to lie down under

cover of the ditches, and await the close approach of the military. By this manœuvre these were suddenly surprised by a force not greatly outnumbering themselves; but the impetuosity of the attack occasioned their total overthrow, while the fact was, at the instant, utterly unknown to the great body of the insurgents, who attended their commanders on the other side of the hill. Of the North Cork party Major Lombard, the Hon. Captain De Courcy, Lieutenants Williams, Ware, Harry, and Ensign Keogh, were left on the field of battle. In short, none escaped except Colonel Foote, a sergeant, who mounted the major's horse, a drummer, and two privates. It may not be unworthy of remark that there was a fool who followed the North Cork, and who, when he saw the major fall, ran to the body and embraced it, then took the major's sword, and with it despatched two men before he fell himself. The insurgents had but five men killed and two wounded. The Shillmaller cavalry and Colonel Foote made a precipitate retreat to Wexford. A large party of the Wexford cavalry also, who had no share whatever in the action, were involved in this retreat. Having lodged Mr. Colclough in jail, they set out on another excursion to Ballinmurin. In their course they shot some stragglers, and burned two houses on finding two men killed near them. They were thus employed in scouring the country when informed of the defeat at Oulart, and this determined them, without hesitation, to retreat with all speed homeward.

IV. ESCAPE OF THE ENCAMPMENT ON LACKEN HILL.

Early on the 19th of June the encampment on Lacken Hill was surprised by a military force that came out from Bosc; and the insurgents, provided with little or no ammunition, and not apprehending an attack, were nearly surrounded before they were aware of their situation. They were also but few in number; for, although vast multitudes appeared in their encampments in the day-time, yet they were almost deserted during the night, as all persons took the liberty of going and coming as they pleased. But notwithstanding this and the sudden emergency, they effected a good retreat to Three Rocks without the loss of a man. This was contrived in a masterly manner by the address of their commander, the Rev. Philip Roche, who, being roused from his bed by the general alarm, ordered the foot directly to retreat, and, having collected immediately round him the few horsemen that could be got together, caused them to seize on several banners, and keep them waving at different distances, as it were in defiance, so as to intimidate the troops from making a sudden onset; and when he knew that his foot were at a safe distance, he and his few horsemen galloped after them, so that by this contrivance, that might have done honor to an experienced general, he completely baffled the military, brought off his whole force, and was himself the last in quitting the hill.

V. APPREHENSION OF PATRICK AND CREAN.

After the defeat of the Wexford and Wicklowmen at the unlucky Boyne, some of the finest spirits of the day, on gaining the mountains of Wicklow, made a stand in the deep dells of Glenmalin; but when some time there, many of them began to make their way to their homes. Amongst those who endeavored to reach their homes were Mathew Patrick and Crean, two natives of Mac-a-mores, County Wexford, but were apprehended by a patrol, and brought to Arklow.

Crean fought in several battles, and was rather of a retiring disposition. Mathew Patrick was about five feet ten inches in height, and thirteen stone weight; of a bold and forward mind, with a frame of steel and sinews of the same material. He was a young man of surprising action, courageous, and fierce as a lion. They were brought up before a court-martial, and condemned to be executed on the next day.

During their short imprisonment they were much liked by some of the soldiers that guarded them, particularly Patrick, who was a generous, jovial fellow, and who had not surrendered one iota of his vivacity, not even to the stern privation of death. They had frequently sent for liquor to treat their guards, and on the evening after sentence being passed Patrick procured two bottles of whiskey. He then acquainted

Crean with a plan for effecting their escape, and that there was no fear if he would act his part.

"I have the two bottles of whiskey," said he; "do you take one, and we will pretend to have an occasion to go down the yard. We will give a private hint to two of our guards to a company us (naming two of them); they will gladly come to sympathize with us. When at a distance down the yard, I will stop and take my bottle from my pocket, and pretend to take a sup from it, which you will also do, and hand it to them to do the same. After they take the first sup, we will insist on their taking a good swig. When your guard will stretch his neck to let the whiskey down from the bottle, do not fail to strike him with all your force on the neck, and never fear but I will do my part; and then, by the assistance of each other, we will scale the wall and get off."

The plan was agreed to by Crean, and about nine o'clock Patrick addressed the sentinels for the above purpose. They readily complied, and, as they walked down the castle-yard, they repeatedly protested their sorrow for the fate of two such generous fellows.

"Well," said Patrick in an artless tone, "had we fell in battle, there would be no more about us; but our fate has come, and we must meet it."

He commenced his manœuvre, as did Crean also. The first act was performed, and the second also; but on the third, the one on which their destiny hung, Crean, although a powerful man, remained as if transfixed to the earth. Patrick, with eagle-eye, perceived it; he pressed his man to take a good drink, and while receiving the contents, he sent him almost lifeless to the earth, and turning on the other with all his force, he sent him also to the ground; he then made a spring to gain the coping of the wall, in which he failed, and perceiving an ammunition cart in the yard, he ran it against the wall and crossed it, and had just time to get behind the houses, when he heard the cry of "Prisoners escaping!"

The paddocks, hedges and trenches behind the houses very much retarded his progress. The enemy was for a time on his track, but turned off. He, however, gained the sea-shore near that froming promontory called the Little Rock, and here a fresh difficulty beset him: the waves were furiously lashing the rock. In a few minutes he was tossing the spray of the foamy breakers with his brawny arms, and in about half an hour landed on the south side. After leaving his cold bath (it was then near the end of October), he proceeded along the strand until he reached Maurice Castle, in his own neighborhood, a distance of about sixteen miles; and after helping the fishermen there in securing their boats from the rising storm, unnoticed by them in the hurry of the moment, he arrived at his own dwelling, just as his wife and friends were preparing to set out for his execution. Having procured a change of clothes, he took a hasty farewell with his wife and family, and set out for Dublin, where he arrived safe, and assumed the name of Furlong.

He became a wealthy dairyman after some time, and lived in Ireland. In the year 1818 he and his family emigrated to the United States.

As to poor Crean, the soldiers having recovered their senses, he was secured and executed the next day.

(To be concluded.)

An Indian Brush Net.

Corruptor Indians are getting ready to draw a brush net in the Allegheny, near Big Bend. An effort has been made to stop them, but it seems there is no law prohibiting Indians in this State fishing and hunting whenever, wherever or however they choose. A brush net has not been drawn near here for several years, and, as it is a very interesting proceeding, doubtless many from this city will avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing it. No date can be given for the drawing. It takes many days to build the net, and all the redskins procurable to draw it. Brush, weighted at the bottom with stones, has to be strung the entire width of the river on a cable, and when everything is in readiness horses are hitched to either end of the net and it is drawn to the head of a bar or island, where the fish are made captive, the largest of them taken by spearing or caught in the hands. They are then shipped to market.—Bradford (Pa.) Era.

The Largest Bear.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of Washington, has recently published a scientific account of the bears of North America, in which he states that the largest bears of any species now living are the "Kadiak bears," which inhabit northwestern Alaska. They differ from all other American species.

Cranks are like weeds; they appear in all sorts of places where they are not wanted.

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