



HISTORY
— OF THE —
REBELLION
OF 1798 -:-
IN COUNTY
WEXFORD.

—
BY GEORGE TAYLOR.
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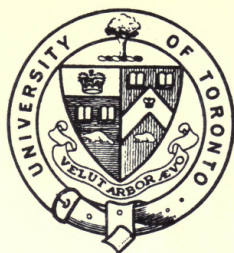
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Reprint

J C Walrath
to
Billy
his
beloved Grandson

6 in Ireland

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A HISTORY
OF THE
RISE, PROGRESS, AND SUPPRESSION
OF THE
REBELLION

IN
THE COUNTY OF WEXFORD,
In the Year 1798.

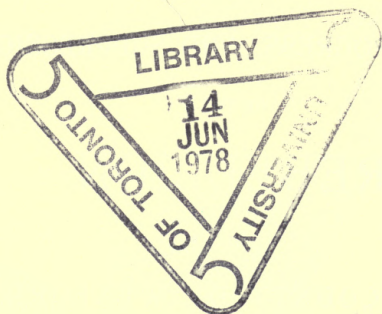
To which is Annexed
THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CAPTIVITY,
AND MERCIFUL DELIVERANCE.

By GEORGE TAYLOR.

Reprint of Third Edition.

Dublin :
THE ABBEY PRINTING WORKS, Limited,
63 Middle Abbey Street.

1907.



DUBLIN :
ABBEY PRINTING WORKS, LTD.,
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

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DEDICATION TO THIRD EDITION.

TO

GEORGE OGLE MOORE, ESQ.,

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE
CITY OF DUBLIN.

&c.

SIR,

The two former Editions of this Work having been dedicated to that able and uncompromising Advocate of the Protestant Cause in the House of Commons, your late lamented Uncle, the Right Hon. GEORGE OGLE, of imperishable Memory, I take leave most respectfully to place this Edition under your protection as his Representative, and the Inheritor of his public Virtues.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient,
and very humble servant,

GEORGE TAYLOR.

PREFACE.

Having had various opportunities of knowing the progress of the Rebellion in the County of Wexford, being also for some weeks a prisoner among the rebels, and several times during that period upon the verge of death, many of my friends requested that I would draw up a History of that Rebellion as far as I knew. This I declined for various reasons, but chiefly on account of my want of talents for such an undertaking. The repeated solicitations of my friends, and the assurance that a spurious Narrative of the Rebellion was to come out in my name, at length prevailed on me to make my appearance in this public manner.

In the undertaking I have been assisted by some intelligent persons, who had much information on the subject. What I have related may be depended upon as matters of fact; for I would not, under any consideration, knowingly advance an untruth, to extenuate the guilt, or aggravate the crime of friend or foe.

Notwithstanding what I have said, I doubt not but several things related in the following Narrative may, to some readers, appear not only *extraordinary* but *incredible*; yet they are not more extraordinary than

true; which I can safely aver, as many of them came within my own knowledge; the rest I received from gentlemen of the strictest veracity, who will prove them if required. And I will add, that I have been so far from inventing stories, that had I related all the circumstances to which I myself was witness, they would swell this History beyond its intended size.

I now with all humility send it forth to the world, hoping it may tend to show how much we are indebted to God, and how thankful we ought to be for that Constitution which affords us such privileges, civil and religious.

A HISTORY

OF THE

Rebellion in County Wexford

IN 1798.

For some years previous to the rebellion of 1798, the County of Wexford was partially disturbed by certain bodies of men, who styled themselves in succession, White-boys, Steel-boys, Oak-boys, Right-boys, and Defenders; until at length they were all drawn into the great vortex of *the United Irishmen*.

The White-boys, who were the first disturbers of this once peaceable county, made their appearance in the year 1774, and being members of the Church of Rome, they occasioned for some time a very serious alarm; but by the activity and perseverance of the magistrates and loyal inhabitants, they were soon quelled, and two of the ringleaders, named Owen Carroll and John Daggan, were found guilty of some heinous offence, and executed near Newtownbarry, on the 28th of September, 1775. The practice of these depredators was to assemble in the night, dress themselves in white shirts, which were thrown over their clothes, seize all the horses they could find, then set off at full speed in great bodies to the destined place, and proceed to dig up the pastures, burn houses,

barns, and stacks of corn, drag out the proctors, cut off their noses and ears, horse-whip them to death, and sometimes bury them alive; and all this to prevent their gathering the tithes.

Amongst the spirited magistrates, whose exertions tended to restore tranquillity and good order at this alarming crisis, none stood more conspicuous than Isaac Cornock, and the late Vesey Colclough, Esqrs. These gentlemen, by manly firmness, tempered with moderation and humanity, were at once the terror of the desperate and incorrigible, and the reclaimers of those whom error and evil connections had led into excess; their efforts succeeded equally to their own honour, and the pacification of this extensive and respectable county.

The disturbances which prevailed at this time, and the very small military force in the country, gave rise to the volunteer associations, of which the County of Wexford is said to have been the birth-place. From 1775 to 1781, many corps of volunteers, both cavalry and infantry, were raised in the county; they appointed their officers, purchased their own uniforms, and with the assistance of persons properly qualified, assembled regularly on parade, to acquire a knowledge of the military art. That upright senator, the late Right Hon. George Ogle, one of the then representatives in Parliament of the county, was chosen general-in-chief of the Wexford volunteers; the greatest token of respect which could at that period have been conferred upon him.

In 1781, the volunteers of Ireland had arrived at their highest pitch of greatness, their numbers amounting to 40,000 men! It was then suspected that the combined fleets of France and Spain were in the channel, to menace the kingdom with immediate invasion, which might have been attempted with success (the established force of the

nation having been called away on foreign service), had not the volunteers from all quarters stepped forward, and offered their assistance to the Government. But the hostile fleets, alarmed at our military preparations, beheld the banners of defiance, and fled precipitately from our coasts. For this never-to-be-forgotten service, the following resolutions of thanks were received from both Houses of Parliament.

“ Martis, 9 die Octobris, 1781.

“RESOLVED, nem. con. that the thanks of this house be given to the volunteer corps of this kingdom, for their exertions and continuation; and particularly for their spirited preparations against a late threatened invasion.

“THOMAS ELLIS,

“Cler. parl. dom. com.”

“ Die Mercurii, 16th Octobris, 1781.

“RESOLVED, by the Lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, that the thanks of this house be given to the several volunteer corps of this kingdom, for the continuation of their efforts in defence of this country, and for their spirited offers to government on the late alarm of an hostile invasion meditated against this kingdom.

“W. WATTS GAYER, }
“EDWARD GAYER, } Cler. par.”

Since the year 1780 many benefits had been obtained for Ireland; and the Roman Catholics, with regard to the tenure of landed property, were now placed on an equal footing with Protestants. But not satisfied with these concessions, some restless individuals of various religious parties, conceived the project of forcing from the Government a further extension of political freedom; who, in 1788, assembled at Dublin, under the name of a congress, with the design, among other objects, of

petitioning for a reform in Parliament. The failure of this plan having been attributed to the discord which reigned among the Protestants, Dissenters, and Roman Catholics, all were invited to co-operate in the efforts of the agitators, a primary object of which was declared to be the restoration of Roman Catholics to political power.

Encouraged by the success of the French Revolution, numerous political clubs were soon formed throughout Ireland, and in 1791 they were merged into a general combination denominated *United Irishmen*, which originated in Belfast. For its regulation a code of laws was drawn up by Mr. Theobald Wolfe Tone, an eminent lawyer, on the plan of the French affiliated societies. The avowed objects were the abolition of all political distinctions between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and the establishment of a completely democratic House of Commons; and should they prove unable to effect their object in any other way, many of the leading members contemplated the employment of foreign aid to effect a disruption of the connection between England and Ireland.

A Directory, established in Dublin, regulated the proceedings of this well-combined system; and the press lent its most energetic efforts to promote its grand objects. The effects became soon apparent, for in 1792 bodies of armed men appeared in the metropolis under the French denomination of the "National Guards," wearing a green uniform, and ornaments, on which appeared the harp without the crown. The vigour of the Government having checked these proceedings, a manifesto was published, signed, "A. Hamilton Rowan," calling on the volunteers to resume their arms, and intimating the necessity of calling a General Convention,

composed of men of every religious creed. For the part which Mr. Rowan took in this business, he was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and remain two years imprisoned in Newgate; but Mr. Tandy, another political agitator, fled from the country. In the following year Roman Catholics were admitted to the elective franchise, and the Protestants, in many places, alarmed at the danger which they now conceived threatened their civil and religious liberties, entered into associations which they denominated Orangemen, as a means of checking the proceedings of the United Irishmen. About the same period a licentious band associated in various counties, under the name of Defenders, and bloody feuds immediately commenced between the two parties.

The Defenders soon made their appearance in this county, committed many outrages, and occasioned great uneasiness. The town of Wexford, in particular, witnessed the cruelty and treachery of those public disturbers, and the justice of heaven in their punishment. In the beginning of July, 1793, the town and vicinity of Enniscorthy were greatly alarmed at their appearance, their number amounting to about 1,000, armed with guns, pikes, &c., but through the activity of the neighbouring gentlemen they were dispersed, and two of the most active amongst them were made prisoners, committed to Enniscorthy castle, and on the following day transmitted under a strong guard to the gaol of Wexford. Enraged at the seizure of their associates, the Defenders determined to rescue them by force, if they were not surrendered freely. On the morning of the 11th, an anonymous letter was received by an inhabitant of Wexford, desiring him to apply to the chief magistrate to have the prisoners released, and declaring that, in case of refusal, a body of upwards of 3,000 would

advance to the town, and reduce it to ashes. This threat was taken little notice of, nor did the inhabitants appear in the least alarmed, not imagining they would be so bold as to make an attack on the town, which at that time was garrisoned by a detachment of the 56th regiment of infantry, commanded by Major Valotton, an officer of great merit and amiable character, who had been first aide-de-camp to General Elliot at the siege of Gibraltar. But about two o'clock on the same day an express arrived, informing the magistrates that the Defenders had advanced within a quarter of a mile of the town, and that they had retained as their prisoner and hostage, Lieutenant Buckby, who was quartered in Taghmon and had been in Wexford that day alone, on military business. The alarm was now spread, and it was judged expedient to order out the military, at the sight of which it was imagined they would disperse. Accordingly about fifty soldiers, with three magistrates, headed by the brave Valotton, marched to meet the Defenders, who were now at the upper end of the town, on the great road leading to Taghmon, in number about 2,000, armed with guns, pikes, scythes, &c. The humane disposition of Major Valotton would not allow the military to act without his first expostulating with the mob; but while he was in the act of haranguing them, and advising them to disperse quietly and let the officer go to his command, one of the rebels presented a musquet at him, which the major parried off with his sword, and for that time saved his life. As the piece went off, the major attempted to seize the villain; but while he was engaged with him, another rebel, with a scythe fastened on a pole, made a blow at the brave Valotton's head, which laid it open and brought him to the ground; and at that instant he was stabbed with a pike in the

thick part of his thigh, so deeply as to extend to the groin and enter into the cavity of the abdomen. The soldiers seeing their beloved commander fall, fired without the order of the magistrates, and advancing on the rebels, put them to flight, the latter leaving nearly eighty of their associates dead on the spot, besides a number who afterwards died of the wounds they had received. Lieutenant Buckby happily escaped, and in the confusion joined the military. Many of the Defenders were made prisoners, five of whom, James Kenney, Patrick Flannery, Patrick Neil, Michael Carty, and John Crawford, were found guilty at the ensuing assizes and executed.

The loyal inhabitants of Wexford were deeply affected at the tragic end of Major Valotton; and to show their respect for his memory erected a monument in the church, with the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory of the late
CHARLES VALOTTON, Esq.

A Major in the Army, and a Captain
in the 56th Regt. of Infantry;
who, in the Suburbs, on the 11th of July, 1793,
when zealously co-operating with
the Civil Power, in support of the
mild and beneficent Laws of his Country,
received a mortal wound from a savage hand.
Thus untimely fell this accomplished Gentleman
not less admired and beloved for every

SOCIAL QUALITY,
than he was eminently distinguished on every
occasion, by the enterprise and gallantry
of a Soldier.

Reader! Lament with every good Man the irreparable loss,
and strive to emulate his many Virtues.

THE CORPORATION OF WEXFORD,

with becoming gratitude erected this

MONUMENT,

to perpetuate their high respect for his
inestimable Character.

The Defenders were headed that day by a man of a very resolute and undaunted disposition, named John Moore, a farmer, who resided within a few miles of New Ross. This man, on the first fire from the military, had both his legs broken; yet so very zealous was he in the cause, that he fought on the stumps, till he was left alone and shot. There was also a priest killed, in whose pocket were found the articles of the Popish faith. As the Corporation of Wexford erected a monument to the memory of Major Valotton, so the friends of Moore, the rebel leader, raised a tomb to him in the graveyard of Carnagh, near New Ross, bearing the following inscription:—

Underneath this stone doth lie
The remains of that noble boy,
Who by his deeds and actions brave,
In Wexford his body was brought to the grave.
Now each Christian for him should pray,
And to Heaven straight direct his way,
As on his oath that day in trust did die.
'Tis there he fought most manfully:

John Moore, son of James Moore and Margaret White
of Robin's-town, who was killed by the army 11th
July, 1793, aged 22 years.

Lord have mercy on his soul.

After this eventful day, a meeting of freeholders of the county was held by the High Sheriff, who formed themselves into an association, and opened a subscription for the purpose of offering rewards for the apprehension and prosecution to conviction of those daring violators of their country's peace. The Defenders, disheartened at the defeat of their associates, and the determination of the loyal inhabitants that the laws of the country should not be trampled upon, never attempted afterwards to

assemble in any number, though many felonious acts were still committed.

Soon after the commencement of the war with France, a correspondence was opened between the United Irishmen and the French revolutionary Government. Jackson, a Protestant clergyman, who had been convicted in Dublin, in 1795, of the part which he took in this business, dropped dead at the bar (supposed to be the effect of poison) while receiving sentence; and Mr. Rowan escaped about the same time from prison. The sudden recall of Lord Fitzwilliam destroyed the last hope of the Roman Catholics, and from this moment the exertions of the United Irishmen proceeded with accelerated energy. An accredited agent was sent to the French capital, and arrangements were made for the subsequent attempt at invasion, by General Hoche, which was frustrated rather by the interposition of Providence, than by the wisdom or vigour of the Irish Government.

The peasantry were at this time supposed to be generally loyal, as the plans of the United Irishmen were not yet fully matured for co-operating with their allies. But in the following year a new ambassador was sent to Paris, to arrange the plan of a second attempt at invasion. In the meantime the arming and organization of the United Irishmen proceeded with increased vigour, and the well affected were everywhere plundered of their arms. The Government, though as yet unacquainted with the nature or extent of the conspiracy, adopted vigorous measures of counteraction; but in the spring of 1798, the whole plan being discovered by one of the conspirators, several of the leading agitators were seized, with their papers, on the 12th of March; and early in May, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, after a desperate resistance, was apprehended, but he soon after died of his wounds.

These vigorous measures frustrated the plan of a general insurrection, which was fixed for the 23rd of May; but actions took place on that and on several subsequent days, between the insurgents and military at Naas, Prosperous, Monasterevan, Carlow, and some other places.

Having given this general view of the origin of the rebellion of 1798, it is now necessary to turn our attention more particularly to that quarter which was destined to be its chief theatre.

About the latter part of the year 1797, it was discovered that the United Irishmen were carrying on their private meetings in the county of Wexford; and to throw a better gloss on their diabolical schemes, false rumours were circulated by the agents of the Irish Union, that the Orangemen were to rise for the purpose of murdering all their Catholic neighbours, when in fact there was no such thing as an Orange association formed in the county of Wexford until a few months after the suppression of the rebellion, nor were there any Orangemen in the county at its breaking out, except a few in the towns where detachments of the North Cork regiment of militia were stationed. The magistrates and gentlemen of the county, being alarmed at their proceedings, and dreading the consequence, were unwearied in their exertions to frustrate their pernicious designs.

In the beginning of the year 1798, it was observed that the Roman Catholics were very much devoted to their chapels: every day mass was celebrated throughout most of the country, whereas formerly it was rarely observed except on the Sabbath-day. The chapel of Ballycanow was particularly well-attended by a very numerous congregation, at both morning and evening prayers. Michael Murphy, the officiating priest of that parish, was a young man, strongly made, and of a dark

complexion; he had been but a few years resident in the parish, and not long in holy orders, as the following letter of recommendation from the Rev. James Caulfield,* parish priest of New Ross, to "Monsieur L'Abbe Glynn, Communauté des Irlandois, a Bourdeaux," in his favour will show.

" Ross, October 23rd, 1785.

" REV. SIR,

"The Rev. Michael Murphy, a subject of the Diocese, and ordained a priest last Whitsuntide, now bound for your city for the purpose of prosecuting his studies of philosophy and theology, craves a line from me in his favour to you. I can only say, he is well recommended to me, as a sober, regular, well-behaved man, and if it is convenient to you, I shall esteem your accommodating him for the above end. I believe he is the last of the set that applied to me, wherefore I hope I shall not have occasion to trouble you again for some years.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"JAMES CAULFIELD."

During Murphy's priestly office in Ballycanow he behaved himself very well, and lived much in the esteem of persons of every persuasion, till the breaking out of the rebellion; he was a man of such profound policy as not to be suspected of having any knowledge of their meetings and organization, till it burst forth like a torrent, overwhelming our happy and delightful county with ruin.

About this time, several persons were apprehended on the information of a man named Cooper, for being sworn United Irishmen, and were lodged in the county gaol of Wexford: it was also discovered that the blacksmiths had been in the habit of manufacturing pikes

* Afterwards the titular bishop of the Diocese of Ferns, residing in Wexford.

for some time back; several were detected—one in particular, in the parish of Ballycanow, who acknowledged (on his being taken by Hawtry White, Esq., captain of the Ballaghkeene cavalry) that he had been making them for upwards of a year before, without being suspected.

The county was now very much alarmed, and the magistrates assembled in Wexford, Enniscorthy and Gorey, to take into consideration the most advisable means to prevent the storm that was gathering over our heads. The Earl of Mount Norris was very apprehensive that the consequences would be fatal; and being zealous for the peace, prosperity and welfare of the kingdom, he rode, accompanied by some gentlemen, to the neighbouring chapels, at the time the congregations were assembled, and like a true friend to his country, expostulated with them on the unreasonableness of their proceedings. His lordship pointed out to them the happiness resulting from the constitution under which they lived; that a man of any persuasion whatever, though his descent were ever so mean, who should advance himself by honest means in the world, and from nothing acquire abundance, would be protected by it, and that it was very wicked and ungrateful to attempt to destroy those protectors of our persons, rights and freedom; that the laws of the realm protected the poorest cottager from the cruelties of a rich oppressor; and that there was no such thing as wanton barbarity in our land. His lordship entreated them to surrender the weapons of their rebellion, and invited them to come in and take the oath of allegiance; he proposed to give them certificates of the same, and hoped they would return to their duty. They all seemed to be convinced, and several of the neighbouring parishes

accordingly assembled, headed by their respective priests, and his lordship administered to them the oath.

The parish of Bolavogue refused at first to comply, as the oath was found so strict; but Lord Mount Norris, being displeased with their refusal, made use of some expressions, signifying that if they would not be persuaded and take the oath, he would have the country so strongly defended by quartering military in it that they should then demean themselves as peaceable subjects through fear, if they would not now do it for love. This alarmed them, and they also conformed with the other parishes.

On the 19th of January, 1798, the Rev. Michael Murphy, of the parish of Ballycanow, drew up his men, and marched them along to take the oath of allegiance, when Lord Mount Norris administered the following:—

“I do hereby declare upon the Holy Evangelists, and as I hope to be saved through the merits of my Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that I will be true and faithful to his Majesty King George the Third, and to the succession, of his family to the Throne; that I will support and maintain the Constitution as by law established; that I am not a United Irishman, and that I never will take the United Irishman’s oath; that I am bound by every obligation, human and Divine, to give all information in my power to prevent tumult and disorder; that I will neither aid nor assist the enemies of my King, or my country, and that I will give up all sorts of arms in my possession; all the above I voluntarily swear, so help me God and my Redeemer!”

This oath was printed, and given to each person that was sworn, with a certificate attached to it, which ran thus :

“The above oath was taken this 19th day of January, 1798, before me, by A. B. of Ballycanow parish.

“MOUNT NORRIS.”

Though the different parishes were now perfectly secure from all suspicion, after taking such a binding oath, they continued busy in making every necessary preparation; in appointing their captains, lieutenants, and sergeants; in procuring and concealing fire-arms and ammunition; in swearing such as were not already initiated among them; in manufacturing pikes, and planning their different appointments. Timber was constantly missed out of the gentlemen's nurseries; and it was observed that the woods and shrubberies were gleaned, particularly of such as would answer for the purpose of making pike handles. This again alarmed the loyal, as it was too notorious not to be observed; and the country wore so serious an appearance, that on application of the magistrates to Government, eighteen parishes were declared to be in a state of insurrection, and a proclamation was issued by the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council to that effect.

In April, 1798, the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council issued another proclamation, declaring the entire county to be under martial law. Several persons were apprehended in the neighbourhood of Arklow, Gorey, Blackwater, Enniscorthy, Wexford, Ross, Newtownbarry, &c., and committed to the county gaol, or detained in the different guard-houses. The parishes again formed another cloak to throw over their dark and deep designs, by making new professions of loyalty, and drawing up and signing addresses which they forwarded and presented to the Lord Lieutenant; and so effectually did they succeed by insinuating themselves into the good opinion of the Government, that no military force was appointed to keep the peace of the county but what was already stationed in it, namely, part of the North Cork militia and the county yeomanry.

The following copy of the address from the parish of Ballycanow will enable the reader to form some idea of the rest:—

“ At a general meeting of the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the parish of Ballycanow, in the chapel of Ballycanow, on Sunday the 1st of April, 1798, the following declarations of loyalty were unanimously agreed to, and ordered to be forwarded to his Excellency, Earl Camden, Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland.

“ May it please your Excellency,

“ WE, the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the parish of Ballycanow, in the county of Wexford, this day assembled at the chapel of Ballycanow, holding in abhorrence the barbarous outrages lately committed, and seditious conspiracies now existing in this kingdom, by traitors and rebels styling themselves United Irishmen, think it incumbent on us thus publicly to avow and declare our unalterable attachment and loyalty to our most revered and beloved Sovereign, King George the Third, and our determined resolution to support and maintain his rights, and our happy Constitution. And we do further pledge ourselves to co-operate with our Protestant brethren of this kingdom, in opposing to the utmost of our power any foreign or domestic enemy, who may dare to invade his Majesty's dominions, or disturb the peace and tranquillity of this country.”

“ Resolved, that the above declaration be signed by our pastor, the Rev. Michael Murphy, and a few of the principal parishioners; and that the same be sent to the Right Hon. Earl Mount Norris, with a request that his Lordship will transmit it to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

“ REV. MICHAEL MURPHY,

Coadjutor Priest.

JAMES KENNY,
PATRICK FORTUNE,
JOHN MURRAY,
PATRICK ROCHE,
THOMAS KELLY,
MORGAN KAVANAGH,
THOMAS REYNOLDS,

MICHAEL CONNORS,
THOMAS O'NEIL,
PETER HUGHES,
JOHN BEAGHAM,
ANTHONY ROCHE,
MICHAEL MURPHY,
JAMES DEALY,

Clerk of the Day.”

Lord Mount Norris having laid this declaration before the Lord Lieutenant, received the following answer:—

“DUBLIN CASTLE,
16th of April, 1798.

“MY LORD,

“I have the Lord Lieutenant’s commands to take the earliest opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of the address which was presented to his Excellency by your Lordship, from the Catholic inhabitants of the parish of Ballycanow.

“His Excellency commands me to express to your Lordship the satisfaction with which he has received their address, and his entire reliance on the loyalty and zeal manifest by the persons * who have subscribed it.

“I have the honor to be, &c.,
“CASTLEREAGH.”

The following note from Lord Mount Norris to the Rev. Michael Murphy, on sending him the answer to their address, proves how much his Lordship must have been deceived by their declarations of loyalty:—

“Lord Mount Norris felt highly gratified by being employed to convey the address of the Catholic inhabitants of Ballycanow to Government, which was a striking test of their attachment to the constitution, and which from his perfect knowledge of his sentiments, as well as from the proof given by their oath of allegiance, he is convinced they are as anxious to support the constitution as any other members of the community: should occasion require their aid, he means to call upon them, persuaded of their anxiety to preserve the public welfare.

“April 27th, 1798.”

But notwithstanding this solemn oath, and these apparently loyal resolutions, the Protestant part of the community had still reason to fear. One circumstance which rested very much upon their minds, and put many of them upon their guard, I shall now relate. About this

* These very persons were more active than any in the parish during the rebellion !

time a vast deal of red tape was bought from the different country shopkeepers, but the quantity generally called for was not more than half-a yard; this was to be worn by the Roman Catholic children, both male and female, round their necks. Had it been black, and confined only to females, it would not have been noticed, as black tape or ribbon was frequently worn by the young girls, but so many persons purchasing this article, caused some to enquire for what use was all this red tape? The reply to the question was, that a priest (more holy than the rest) dreamed that there was to be a great plague among all children under fifteen years old, belonging to their church! The plague was, that their brains were to boil out at the back of their heads. He also dreamed that there was a charm to prevent this bloody plague, which was to get some red tape, and bring it to the priest to sprinkle *holy water* on it, and bless it, and the children were to wear it round their necks till the month of May; when they might take it off, as the disease would then have passed over.

This having transpired, priest Murphy was spoken to about it by a friend of mine, who was in habits of intimacy with him. Being asked if he had dreamed such a thing he declared he had not; yet acknowledged that he had seen the children wear it, but that he knew not the reason, and said he would speak publicly against it from the altar on the following Sabbath, which he certainly did. My friend replied he believed he might with propriety do so, as in his opinion the plague was in a measure allayed, the secret-committee which sat in Bridge-street Dublin being lately taken up by order of Government; and he hoped, that with God's help, it would be a great means of doing it entirely away. It appeared further to him somewhat like a mark to know

their own children by, as the blood of the Paschal Lamb was to the Israelites, when the angel of the Lord slew the first-born of the Egyptians. I relate this to show that the Protestants were at this time beginning to be much alarmed lest they should fall a sacrifice to midnight assassination.

During the month of May several pikes were discovered. It was also found that different smiths were employed in making more, insomuch that iron became prodigiously dear, on account of its being bought up for this purpose. Several United Irishmen were apprehended, and lodged in the different guard-houses; the yeomanry corps were ordered upon permanent duty, and constantly patrolled the roads during the night. They were also, by order of the magistrates, under the disagreeable necessity of flogging several of the prisoners, to compel them to acknowledge where their murderous weapons were concealed. By this means, though painful to humane men, many pikes were taken up through the country, and many individuals who had been informed against fled from their habitations.

On Thursday, the 24th of May, Anthony Perry, a gentleman of easy fortune, and late a lieutenant in the Coolgreney cavalry, was arrested and brought into Gorey. The country now began to wear a threatening appearance, and the rebellion, which sat brooding in every corner of our peaceful county, to rear its hideous head: the gathering storm which was thickening over us seemed ready to burst around, and dispense death in a thousand awful forms.

On Saturday the 26th, Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey, a gentleman of large fortune and respectability in the county, Edward Fitzgerald of New-park, and John Colclough of Ballyteigue, were arrested by an order from

Government, and lodged in Wexford gaol, and now began that devastation which this county had never before experienced. The time arrived, when destruction and assassination laid the forsworn robe of deep hypocrisy aside, and stepped forth to quench the thirst of diabolical passions in the blood of Protestants.

On the same night, John Murphy, priest of Bolavogue, was the first that marched out to proclaim that "the hour of liberty had arrived." He assembled his deluded flock, whom before he had often harangued in seditious discourses from the altar, and led them on to wreak their vengeance on all who opposed their disloyal proceedings against the King and Constitution. While they were assembling, Lieutenant Bookey, of the Camolin cavalry, a man of great bravery and conduct, rode that way, with only seventeen or eighteen of his troop. Hearing the horses advance, the insurgents repaired inside of the road ditch, and lay in ambush: the lieutenant rode up, and called upon them to surrender their arms; on which they fired on the cavalry; it was instantly returned; a smart fire was now kept up, with a continual shower of stones, one of which struck Lieutenant Bookey, and dismounted him, and in a short time he was miserably butchered: another of his men was shot; and the remainder, finding it impossible to get through the hedge, and their officer slain, retreated to Ferns, leaving, as they afterwards heard, eight of the insurgents dead on the spot.

The rebels now rejoiced in having put the cavalry to flight, and being spirited on by their holy commander, they rushed forward to Rockspring, the residence of Lieutenant Bookey, whom they had murdered a few minutes before, with terrific howlings, to gather the country people as they passed along. The house had

been left in care of two Protestants, Jacob Ward and Samuel Hawkins, and five Papists, the domestics of the late Lieutenant Bookey. About one o'clock in the morning, the rebels approached, near 400 in number. Three of the Papists stole away, two joined the enemy, and left only the two Protestants, with four guns, to defend the house. When the rebels advanced, they called out for the arms of the house. The two Protestants told them they should have them, and immediately discharged the four guns, loading and firing as quickly as possible. The assailants now grew outrageous, surrounded the house, fired in at the windows, shouting and throwing stones, and afterwards burst open the door with a sledge; but some were heard to say, "Come away before more of us are killed." When they entered the house, they lighted candles, and assembled in the hall. The two men above stairs ceased firing, and placed themselves on the stairs to prevent their coming up. Priest Murphy ordered the men who held the candles to go upstairs, and see who were in the house. They refused. He instantly drew his sword, and commanded them to go up, declaring in case of refusal, "he would cut their heads off." At this they ran up quickly; when, on coming to the top, they were instantly shot, and tumbled down on their companions. The rebels now became desperate; went into the kitchen and set the house on fire; then surrounded it, being determined not to let Ward or his companion escape. Others set fire to some of the out-offices. But the two gallant Protestants continued their fire till they heard the floor under them crack, and presently give way to the devouring flames, Ward and his companion just escaping to the upper story. When the under-floor fell, the smoke and flames ascended with such violence, that

those two brave men were almost scorched with the heat, and stifled with the columns of smoke. In this situation they were not able to fire; but their spirits were unsubdued; for Ward called to Hawkins to come to him, that they might die together, rather than yield to such murderers. It was now near day, when a servant of Mr. Bookey's, who had been sick, but found means to crawl out when the house was first set on fire, told the rebels that it was better for them to withdraw before the day appeared, as the many shots must have alarmed the Yeomanry, who would be guided by the house on fire, and perhaps surprise them. Supposing that Ward and Hawkins were consumed, they thought the counsel good, and immediately marched off to Captain Cornock's, about half a mile distant, in search of arms. When they were gone, the servant called to the men, thus wonderfully preserved, to go through a window on the top of a stable, adjoining the dwelling-house, which was not on fire. They did so, and by the good providence of God escaped with their lives.

The rebels now proceeded towards Oulard, shouting and whistling to gather the surrounding country; while they robbed and burned all the Protestant houses in their way. In the morning (Whit Sunday, 27th May), they attacked the house of the Rev. Robert Burrowes, of Kyle, near Oulard, plundered it of arms, murdered him and five of his parishioners who had taken shelter in it, wounded his son, and consumed the dwelling-house. They were now ordered to assemble at Ballynamonabeg, between Oulard and Wexford, where the country presented a dismal appearance, the different corps of yeomanry burning the rebels' houses on one side, while the rebels were consuming the dwellings of the Protestants on the other.

They were pursued for some time by a few troops of cavalry—viz., the Gorey, commanded by the Earl of Courtown; the Ballaghkeene, Captain White; part of the Camolin, Lieutenant Smith; the Castletown, Captain Knox, and the Coolgreny, Captain Beauman; who came in sight of them at Ballynamonabeg, within six miles of Wexford. They were then moving in two divisions, one commanded by priest Murphy, and the other by Edward Roche, of Garrylough, who had been permanent sergeant of the Shelmalier cavalry, and had that morning, with twenty out of twenty-four Papists who were in the troop, deserted to the rebels. Several thousand insurgents were now collected, and when they perceived the cavalry advancing, they opened to the right and left to receive them, and set up such a peal of shouting and yelling, as surpassed anything that can be conceived. Captain White, and the other officers, seeing their great numbers, armed with fire-locks and pikes, while their own force did not exceed two hundred, judiciously resolved not to rush on their innumerable weapons, until they had obtained a further reinforcement. The different corps accordingly retreated to Gorey on the same day.

Another part of the Camolin cavalry, while scouring the opposite side of the country, were joined by the Enniscorthy corps, Captain Richards; the Healthfield cavalry, Captain John Grogan, together with the Scarawalsh infantry, Captain Cornock, and proceeding towards Lieutenant Bookey's house, they saw him, and John Donovan, one of his privates, dead on the road, their bodies being mangled in a shocking manner. In the pocket of the former were found seventy-five guineas in gold, a guinea bank note, and his gold watch, which, together with his body, were sent to his brother.

Mr. Donovan's body was buried near where he fell. May the memory of these gallant men be dear to every lover of loyalty!

On the same day about five hundred rebels assembled between Newtownbarry and Ferns, and attacked the house of Mr. Dawson, of Charles-fort, within two miles of the latter place. After plundering the house, wounding Mr. Dawson, and murdering a Protestant named Willis, they proceeded to the house of the Rev. Francis Turner, of Ballingale, rector of Edeermine, a gentleman of excellent character. He had but just baptised a child, when the rebels surrounded the house with their usual yells, and immediately set the out-offices on fire. Mr. Turner, looking out at the window, inquired what they wanted, on which they desired him to surrender his arms. He refused to comply, and desired them to depart from his house. Persisting in their demand, he again replied that he would never surrender his arms but with his life, on which they fired through all the windows. Six or seven Protestants, who had fled to Mr. Turner's house for safety, now determined to defend themselves to the last, and for a considerable time they made a most gallant resistance by incessantly firing out upon the rebels, who, now exasperated to the most extravagant fury, roared like beasts of prey. At length, Matthew Bulger, James Meagher, Denis Carty, and another noted villain, with the greatest deliberation, waited till Mr. Turner came to the window to discharge his piece: the four levelled together, and blew off the side of his face. The other persons within, seeing him fall, ceased firing, and, in the excess of their grief, neglected to defend themselves further. At this time Michael Keough, Mr. Turner's own proctor, a man that had always received from the family the most distinguished marks of real

esteem, and was raised by them from poverty to a comfortable living, burst through the back window, and being followed by two others, set the study on fire; while those without cut down the hall door, forced an entrance, and rushed up stairs, where they found the unfortunate gentleman senseless, and covered with blood. They treated him with the most savage brutality, left him mangled to pieces, murdered nine of his Protestant neighbours—two of whom were the sponsors, and one the father of the infant just baptised,—and then set fire to the house. The body of Mr. Turner was consumed, and nothing of him was found afterwards but his bones. His family, and the children of his brother, Counsellor Turner, through the interposition of Providence, escaped.

Exulting in their sanguinary success, the rebels now plundered and burned all the Protestant dwellings round the country, and took post on Sleugh-boy hills, where the Carnew yeomanry, under the command of Captain Wainright and Lieutenant Bookey, brother to the brave officer who was the first victim of the rebellion in this county, attacked and dispersed them; but re-assembling afterwards, they joined the main body the same night, near Corragrewa-hill.

All the Protestants of the county now fled to those towns in which military were stationed, as Ross, Wexford, Enniscorthy, Gorey, &c., anguish and terror being painted on every loyal face. Gorey alone contained two thousand souls, who had left all their property and taken shelter there, besides the inhabitants of the town. The streets were thronged with soldiers and yeomanry, the houses with loyalists; and fire-locks were pointed from the windows, as every moment an attack was expected; while the trumpets were sounding,

and the drums beating to arms every half hour. They also sent to Arklow for a reinforcement, which arrived in the evening of Whit Sunday.

After the yeomanry had retreated to Gorey, the rebels in Ballynamonabeg began their murders; and among their victims was Samuel Maud, a fine old man, who had attained the great age of ninety-six. They piked him in the throat and various parts of the body until he expired.

The devastation committed through the country, and the near vicinity of the rebels, who were stationed on the hill of Oulard, now filled the town of Wexford with indescribable consternation. It was therefore resolved to send out a detachment of the military to reconnoitre, and disperse them, with the vain hope that, as formerly, twenty disciplined men would put hundreds to flight. But now they were sworn and headed by their priests, who were determined to fight hard. The detachment consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel Foote, with Major Lombard, Captain Decourcy (brother to Lord Kinsale), Lieutenant Barry, Lieutenant D. Williams, Lieutenant Ware, an ensign, and one hundred and thirty men of the North Cork militia, with the yeoman cavalry of Colonel Le Hunte.

When the rebels perceived the approach of the army, they lay in ambush in the ditches. The troops advanced to engage the body on the side of the hill, not suspecting an ambuscade; but after firing a few rounds, they incautiously charged them, when they were instantly surrounded by the whole rebel force, and cut to pieces, the Lieutenant-Colonel and two privates only escaping. How shall I attempt to describe the situation of Wexford, when the news arrived of this dreadful event? The town was instantly filled with the lamentations of the

soldiers' wives and children, tearing their hair, beating their bosoms, and refusing consolation. In every part there was weeping and wailing; so that a friend of mine went up into her garret to avoid the crying in the street; but still the dismal groans of the widow and fatherless assailed her, nor did she know the moment she would fall a sacrifice to her own servants, who were Papists. Miss Donovan, feeling for the distress of one of the soldiers' wives, ordered her a bottle of wine, and some money, but the poor woman lay down and instantly expired.

The rebels, having plundered the soldiers of all their arms and ammunition, now marched to Corragrewa-hill, midway between Gorey and Enniscorthy, where they encamped that night, their numbers continually increasing. Early on the following morning, they proceeded to Camolin, and from thence to Ferns, plundering all the loyalists in their route of arms; and, become now truly formidable, they resolved to attack Enniscorthy.

Earl Courtown, and the officers at Gorey, on receiving intelligence of the defeat of the army at Oulard-hill, were convinced that should the rebels approach in that direction, they would not be able to stand against such a torrent of enemies. They therefore resolved to retreat to Arklow, in order to strengthen that town, till reinforcements should arrive from other parts of the kingdom. When the army began to march, they left several prisoners in the gaol and guard-room, among whom was Mr. Perry. Before their departure they brought out three or four prisoners, whom the yeomanry had taken the preceding day, with pikes, proceeding to join the rebels, and shot them in the street: they declared, a little before they died, that some priests had

inveigled them into the United business. Mr. Perry upon being liberated, heading the remainder of the prisoners, and some rebels of the town, marched to join the main body.

The inhabitants, seeing the army on the retreat, followed them, concluding that the rebels were just at the town. It was a most distressing sight to see so many quiet inoffensive people desert their dwellings, and flying for their lives before these murderers, numbers of them being without food, or money to procure it.

When they arrived in Arklow, the soldiers were quartered in the barracks, and the yeomen and their families received into private houses; but the poor country people *had not where to lay their heads*, for the houses could not contain half the fugitives, therefore many took up their abode in barns and out-offices; some took refuge in the church-yard, having the silent grave for their pillow, while numbers lay in open field, and ditches, in a perishing condition.

Though deserted by the army, Gorey was still in the possession of the brave and resolute John H. Gowan, Esq., captain of the Wingfield cavalry, and a few of the Tinehely yeomen infantry, who were determined that they would not retreat, unless overpowered by numbers. The yeomanry in Arklow were dissatisfied because they were not permitted to return and assist Captain Gowan; but on Tuesday, the 29th of May, an order arrived for them to march for Gorey, where they arrived that night, with twenty-five North Cork, twenty-five Antrim, and twenty Gorey infantry, under the command of Captain Elliott, of the Antrim militia.

In the meantime the Oulard rebels approached Enniscorthy, and having summoned the town without effect, they marched to Ballyorial-hill, heard mass from the

celebrated priest Murphy of Bolavogue, and from thence proceeded to storm the place; which was defended by fifty of the North Cork militia, under Captain Snowe; the Enniscorthy cavalry, under Captain Richards; Enniscorthy infantry, Captain Pounden; and Scarawalsh infantry, Captain Cornock, the whole force being posted at the upper end of the town. The rebels began their operations by setting fire to the cabins in the suburbs, and then driving before them droves of cattle to annoy the army. They were received by a heavy discharge of musquetry from the military and loyalists, who were formed on the left of the yeomen; and after a few well-directed volleys, the rebels feigned to give way, and crossed the Slaney (which runs through the centre of the town to Wexford) above the bridge. This caused Captain Snowe to draw his men to the bridge to stop that pass. Thus the yeomen were forced to retreat from where the action commenced, with the loss of thirty horse and foot killed and wounded, and about ten loyalists.

The rebels, flushed with the preceding day's victory, followed up the attack in an unprecedented and savage manner, surrounding the town and setting it on fire, many of the rebel inhabitants applying the fuel to their own houses. The place being now in flames in every quarter, the disaffected took advantage of the smoke, and fired on the army and yeomen from the lanes and corners of the streets. The situation of the royal troops now became so perilous that they could make no further resistance; and after sustaining a loss of ninety men, including Captain Pounden, they fled, with many of the inhabitants, through the flames to Wexford, in the greatest disorder, leaving (after an action of three hours) three hundred and fifty of the rebels dead.

Now parents parted their children, and children their parents; husbands their wives, and wives their husbands, never to meet more. For many of the yeomen and loyalists who were wounded would probably have recovered, but that they were murdered by the merciless pikemen. Many more, whom the tender ties of nature caused to cling to their wives and children, hoped for mercy from some of their neighbours; but alas! there was no such thing. No mercy for any man who bore the name of *Protestant*, from the age of fifteen and upwards. And some even under that age were put to death. The Rev. Samuel Haydon, rector of Ferns, a very old man, was murdered, and thrown out to be devoured by swine. Richard Whealy, a lock-smith, near one hundred years old, also fell a victim to their cruelty. The massacre became general as soon as they got possession of the town. Some were immolated in the act of giving them freely of their own liquor; as an instance, Edward Slye was shot by his neighbour, William Lee, while handing him a quart of beer. Many were torn out of the arms of their wives, and murdered before them in the most barbarous manner; nor were those women even permitted to bury their slaughtered husbands. Smoke and flames, blood and slaughter, shouting and blasphemy, now triumphed in the desolation of this unfortunate town.

Terrible was the alarm in Wexford when the unhappy fugitives arrived with the dismal tidings. An immediate attack on the town being looked for, every exertion was made for its defence. Barriers of wood and stone were erected in all the leading passes; regular cavalry picquets patrolled the roads for two or three miles, and all the loyalists volunteered to defend it. They were stationed at the different barriers, with the Wexford infantry,

Captain Jacob; the Shelmalier infantry, Captain the Right Hon. George Ogle, together with the remains of the North Cork militia. On this night the portcullis of Ferry Carrigbridge was rendered impassable.

Messrs. Fitzgerald and Colclough were taken out of the gaol, and dispatched to Enniscorthy, to dissuade the rebels from their proceedings, and to preserve the lives of the Protestants. Nothing could exceed the joy of the insurgents on their arrival, and Fitzgerald was styled by them Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Colclough, finding his persuasions ineffectual, retired with the intention of re-entering his prison; but Fitzgerald accepted a command in the rebel army. Father John Murphy now marshalled his men, and led them up to Ninegar-hill, which rises in the form of a cone, and commands the town. Here displaying the rebel standard, he celebrated mass, exhorting his audience to a steady loyalty, as the glorious *epoch* had arrived, to retrieve their ancient rights and freedom, and shake off the intolerable yoke of *heresy* and *heretical government*, under which they had groaned so long. The same evening he formed their camp on this hill, and appointed himself, Fitzgerald, and Edward Roche of Garrylough, the principal commanders.

On Tuesday night, 29th May, they marched to the Three Rocks, within three miles of Wexford, on the Taghmon Road, Murphy carrying a large crucifix before him on the saddle. During this day various preparations had been made to oppose them, and a detachment of two hundred of the Donegal militia having arrived from New Geneva, under the command of Colonel Maxwell, for the present revived the drooping spirits of the poor loyalists. They strengthened the barriers, and planted their cannon in the most eligible manner. They also

pulled down all the thatched houses, to prevent the disaffected party from following the example of their associates at Enniscorthy. And thus considering themselves perfectly secure, they waited the arrival of the enemy.

Early on Wednesday morning, the 30th of May, the picquet brought intelligence of the rebels being on the Three Rocks, and an account of General Fawcet, with the 13th Regiment, being on his march from Waterford. This was comfortable, as the enemy was so near. But the 13th, which was only a skeleton of less than a hundred men, lately returned from the West Indies, halted at Taghmon, with General Fawcet, while a detachment of the Royal Meath militia was sent to the relief of Wexford. To their great surprise, however, they discovered that the enemy had intercepted their march by their position on the Three Rocks; yet they were determined not to retreat till they had proved their strength. They boldly marched on to engage them with three howitzers, but so tremendous a fire opened upon them from the rebels, as the party could neither withstand nor return, the rebels being above twenty thousand, and the detachment but ninety-six men. The insurgents then poured down the rocks like a torrent, and seized the howitzers. The few remaining soldiers made a precipitate retreat to Taghmon, with the loss of about twenty taken prisoners, and fifty killed; and from thence General Fawcet retired to Duncannon fort.

The garrison of Wexford deeming it more advisable to advance against the enemy than to let them approach the town, the Donegal militia, commanded by Colonel Maxwell, with three troops of yeomen cavalry, commanded by Colonel Watson, a brave old veteran, marched

to the Three Rocks, not knowing what had befallen the Royal Meath. They soon formed, and began their attack, but, to their astonishment, it was returned with a heavy discharge of musquetry, and of the howitzers which had been taken a little before. Knowing now that it would be but a waste of blood to continue the engagement, both from the number of the enemy and their advantageous situation, they retreated in good order, without any loss, save one private, and the brave Colonel Watson, who, unfortunately, fell in the action.

When the troops returned to Wexford, they were doubtful, notwithstanding their strength, whether they should be able to keep the town; as the rebels had been victorious everywhere, while many of the Papists that were appointed to defend the barriers had deserted, and they had everything to fear from those in the town, should they fire from the houses as they did in Enniscorthy. James Boyd, Esq., member of Parliament for the borough of Wexford, and captain of the Wexford cavalry, with Ebenezer Jacob, Esq., captain of the Wexford infantry, and other officers, held a council of war, and consulted together whether they should evacuate the town or defend it? After some deliberation the evacuation was resolved on, and Captain Jacob, coming to his post at the west gate, reported the matter, which caused many tears to be shed by his yeomen. He proposed sending some persons to the rebel camp to surrender the town, provided the enemy would be honourable, and not destroy the persons or property remaining therein: his first lieutenant, Wm. Hughes, Esq., felt much on this subject, and asked, "What honour can be expected from rebels?" However, as there was no time to be lost, Counsellor Richards and his brother were despatched to the enemy with the

terms. Those gentlemen tied handkerchiefs round their hats, as a signal of truce, and calling at some cabins on the road, took several of the people with them to pass them by the rebel sentinels. When they arrived at the Three Rocks, and delivered their proposal (which was a verbal one), they found themselves in a very alarming situation; some were disposed to hearken, others to murder them. They were obliged to promise that all the cannon, arms, and ammunition should be delivered up; on which they sent Edward Fitzgerald and Counsellor Richards to town, and detained the brother of the latter as a hostage till Fitzgerald should return. When they came to Wexford, all the army was withdrawn (except Captain Jacob and his corps), taking the military stores with them, which had nearly proved fatal to the two Mr. Richards. Some of the Wexford infantry threw their arms and ammunition into the river, lest they should fall into the hands of the rebels.

As the drums did not beat a retreat, the Wexford infantry were ignorant of what had passed, till the army had marched off. Several of the inhabitants fled with the troops, while others got on board of some ships with intention to sail for Wales. The vessels were crowded with men, women, and children. Several happily escaped, but many were deceived by the perfidious owners, who steered up the river till the rebels had entered the town, and then brought them to shore. With broken hearts they were obliged to return to their dwellings, to meet death with as much fortitude as they could command.

As soon as the rebels took possession of the town, they began to plunder and drink spirits, and some fell victims to their rage. Thus Mr. John Boyd, brother to Captain Boyd, was murdered in the most savage manner.

They had not the charity to kill him at once, but let him linger all night, on the bridge near the gaol, bathed in his blood, writhing with pain, and unable to crawl under the shelter of a house; and notwithstanding above twenty thousand rebels were in the town, not one had the smallest commiseration for his distress; but afterwards one of them boasted, "that in compassion, he knocked his brains out with a hatchet!" Thus was Wexford taken possession of by the rebels, on Wednesday the 30th of May.

On the 31st, intending to wave the banners of rebellion far and near, the commanders led their men up to the Three Rocks, and there formed them into three separate bodies, one under B. B. Harvey (who was with the prisoners delivered from confinement when the town was taken) and priest Philip Roche, of Poulpearsey, destined to march against Ross; another under the command of Captain Doyle and Captain Redmond, from the Queen's County, nephew to priest Edward Redmond, of Ferns, who, with priest Kearns, also went with this body to Vinegar-hill to attack Newtownbarry; and the third body was under the command of Anthony Perry, priest Murphy, of Ballycanow, and priest Murphy, of Bolavogue, destined to march against Gorey.*

Thus divided, the rebel army marched off from the Three Rocks, at the same time, for their different stations, confident of victory from their great numbers and former success. Harvey marched to Taghmon, and was greatly reinforced from that quarter; he then formed his camp on Carrigburn, which was appointed headquarters. The body under Doyle, Redmond, priest

* The parish priests did not in general attend the camps on duty, only as a pleasure, but they sent their curates.

Redmond, and Kearns, marched to Vinegar-hill, hundreds flocking to their standard; and priest Murphy led his men through Oulard, burning all the Protestant houses along the road. It was agreed between him and Perry to make two divisions of their men, Perry to encamp on Corragrewa-hill, on the night of the 1st of June, and Murphy on Ballymenane-hill, within two miles of Gorey, where he was to await the arrival of the former, and then, with their united forces, they were to attack the town at dawn of day on the 2nd of June, in every direction.

Early on the morning of the 1st of June, mass was celebrated for the rebel army at Vinegar-hill camp, amounting to near twenty-four thousand men, after which many prayers were offered for their success. About half their force then marched to Newtownbarry, situated on the borders of the counties of Carlow and Wexford. The place is beautified both by art and nature: it lies in a valley, watered on one side by the river Slaney, which rises out of the mountains near the Seven Churches, in the county of Wicklow, and taking a southerly course, after passing through the towns of Baltinglass, Ravilly, Tullow, Newtownbarry, and Enniscorthy, is lost in the sea a short distance below Wexford. The town is partly surrounded by hills, which command a most delightful view of the adjacent country, and the fine demesne of Lord Farnham (then John Maxwell Barry, Esq.), Colonel of the Cavan militia, heightens the beauty of the charming scene, which possesses every variety of hill and vale, wood and water.

The military at Newtownbarry had been under severe and constant duty since the surrender of Enniscorthy and Wexford. Their strength was small indeed to cope with so numerous and powerful an adversary, being

only two hundred and thirty of the King's County militia, with two battalion guns, commanded by Colonel L'Estrange; eighty yeomen infantry, including thirty volunteers; sixty Newtownbarry cavalry, Captain Kerr; twenty of the 4th Dragoons, and the Carlow cavalry, Captain Cornwall, to oppose a body of ten thousand men, hitherto victorious in every action.

About twelve o'clock, a picquet which was reconnoitering under Captain Kerr, brought intelligence that the rebels were approaching the town in two columns, on each side of the Slaney. The army and yeomen were immediately drawn up in a strong position to receive them, and were determined on selling the victory as dearly as possible. The rebels, having taken their station on a hill which commanded the town, began to fire with a brass six-pounder, a howitzer, and some ship swivels, but without doing the least injury. Perceiving this, they made a rapid descent from the Slate-quarry, and the hills adjoining, confident that the town would soon be their own. Colonel L'Estrange, without returning the fire, fell back about a mile up the road leading to Carlow, ordering the cavalry to cover his retreat, upon which the rebels entered the town, set the suburbs on fire, plundered the baggage of the army, burst open the cellars, and drank spirits in such abundance, that becoming intoxicated, they ranged through the streets, shouting and yelling in the greatest disorder; and this confusion was much increased by the loyalists firing from several of the houses, against which the enemy soon bent all their fury. The yeomen (who may be called the military saviours of their country, and the bulwark of the Irish nation) now entreated Colonel L'Estrange to return and attack them with his cannon, alleging, that as they were quite intoxicated, void of order, and unsuspecting of

danger, they would soon be overpowered. The colonel complied with their earnest solicitations, and returning instantly to the town, gave them some discharges of his cannon and musquetry before they could form. This threw them into the greatest confusion, which was soon increased by a fierce attack in all directions, headed by the gallant Captain Kerr, and the brave Major Marlay, who volunteered with the King's County militia. The rebels now fled in all directions, and the royal troops charged them up the hills near four miles, and put many of them to the sword. The slaughter would have been greater, had the fugitives not scattered so much in their flight; however, they lost near two hundred and fifty, without any loss on the king's side, save one man killed and one of the Carlow cavalry wounded. Two carloads of cannister-shot were taken, with a number of guns, pikes, &c.

The praise of this victory is due to the yeomanry, who refused to retreat to Carlow. It proved of the utmost importance to the kingdom, as it prevented a junction with the Carlow and Kildare rebels, who were expecting to join them on the following day, and then to revenge their late defeat in Carlow; for had they gained Newtownbarry, the whole of the counties of Carlow and Kildare would have been in the possession of the rebels, who could then penetrate with an overwhelming force into the interior of the King's and Queen's Counties. The retreat of the troops from the town, occasioned the loss of some property; but it gave the army an opportunity of surprising the plunderers, and throwing them into confusion; and the conduct of both officers and men, on this memorable day, was truly meritorious. The rebels, on their retreat to Vinegar-hill, burnt many houses belonging to Protestants.

Priest Murphy of Ballycanow, according to appointment, led his division through Oulard ; and after filling the country with clouds of smoke, arrived at Ballycanow on the 1st of June, where he celebrated mass, and intended to remain there that day, encamp on Ballymenane-hill that night, and begin the attack on Gorey as before determined.

Captain Elliott was still in Gorey with his handful of men, expecting reinforcements from Dublin, but none had yet arrived. A picquet having been out reconnoitering, brought intelligence that the rebels were in possession of Ballycanow, and that this body seemed destined for Gorey ; on which the drums beat to arms, the trumpets sounded, and seventy-two infantry, commanded by Captain Elliott, with the Ballaghkeen cavalry, Captain White, the Camolin cavalry, Lieutenant Smith, and the Gorey cavalry, Lieutenant Woodrooffe, marched out to meet the enemy. As the rebel scouts descried the troops descending Ballymenane-hill, they formed in a field outside the town, ten deep, several hiding behind the ditches to fire on the army as they passed. Advancing about a mile, the rebels afterwards formed on the road, and opened a heavy fire of musquetry ; but it was returned with such effect, that numbers of them fell. An incessant fire was now kept up for almost an hour, when at length the rebels began to be dismayed at seeing so many of their men brought down, and perceiving the troops still approaching in slow and regular order, they broke and fled, the cavalry charging and cutting them down in every direction. About one hundred and fifty of the insurgents were killed in this action, and several of the wounded lay in the corn fields, ditches, and meadows, being unable to go further, till they expired. This gallant little army now entered Ballycanow, where they

destroyed and burnt many houses belonging to rebels; after which they returned into Gorey, with above one hundred horses taken from the enemy, some guns, pikes, and two green standards, without the loss of a man. Thus were the rebels defeated in two actions on this day, and it prevented the assault of the town on the next, as was intended.

When Perry heard of priest Murphy's defeat, he was determined to force Gorey, knowing if he could effect this, it would open a communication with the county of Wicklow rebels. He accordingly sent an express to Vinegar-hill and Wexford, for a reinforcement, as he thought it advisable for the two camps to form a junction, and their united forces to operate against Gorey. Priests Kearns and Redmond adopted the plan, and twelve thousand men were instantly sent to Corragrewa-hill, where Perry himself had near eight thousand. Though they were now a formidable body, messengers were sent through the country, desiring every person to repair to the camp. On the following day (Sunday, the 3rd of June) all the people between Corragrewa and Wexford arrived, and along with them part of the Shelmalier cavalry, well mounted, who had deserted with Edward Roche, their permanent sergeant, on the Sunday before.

On the same day, General Loftus arrived in Gorey with a considerable force, consisting of the Dumbarton fencibles, Londonderry and Armagh militia, the Tyrone and Suffolk light companies, a detachment of the Antrim militia, part of the Ancient Britons fencible cavalry, with their commander, Sir Watkin Wynne, and the Arklow yeoman cavalry and infantry. Thus great preparations were made for the next morning.

On Monday the priests celebrated mass on the hill, and made their dispositions to march against Gorey, not

knowing that a reinforcement had arrived. They distributed ball cartridges in abundance, and then proceeded to the attack.

The military were drawn up in the street very early in the morning, and about ten o'clock were marched out of town in two divisions to surround the hill, as, not having a reconnoitering party out, they did not know that the rebels were coming that way to meet them. General Loftus kept to the left, with one thousand foot, two battalion guns, and some corps of yeoman cavalry, to encompass the hill on one side; while Colonel Walpole, turning to the right, marched through Clough, with two hundred foot, three guns, the Ancient Britons, and a few corps of yeoman cavalry, to surround it on the other. Thus divided, the army marched without an advance guard; which, in cases of this kind, ought not to be neglected, as it prevents the troops being surprised by the enemy, till they are in readiness to receive them, as the event of this day will fully prove. The rebel scouts, on perceiving Colonel Walpole's division, galloped back with the intelligence. Priest John Murphy, who was commander-in-chief, instantly ordered a halt, and placing all the gun's-men inside of the ditches, he drew up his cannon in the centre of the road, waiting the arrival of his opponents, and confident of success from his numbers, which exceeded twenty thousand. The army still advanced, apprehending no danger; but nothing could equal their astonishment when the rebels started up around them, on each side of the road, and opened a most tremendous fire of musquetry under cover of the ditches. When the action began, Edward Fitzgerald was a mile behind; he instantly turned his horse to the ditch, leaped into the fields, and rode to the front of the action, proclaiming as he passed

along, "Now, my boys, surround them, surround them!" The soldiers fought gallantly, and with their grape-shot killed above one hundred of the enemy in the fields: but Colonel Walpole, early in the action, received a ball in the thigh, and in a moment another through the head, by which means this brave soldier fell a victim to his own rashness. The troops, on seeing the fall of their commander, while the rebels were surrounding them, now fought retreating into Gorey, leaving behind their cannon, the horses of which were killed; but with difficulty they got off their baggage and ammunition carts. From thence they retreated without delay to Arklow, followed by numbers of men, women, and children; and on the same evening the rebels entered the town, and took their station on Gorey-hill.

General Loftus had marched about two miles when he heard the firing. He was accompanied by some yeomen who knew the country; and they informed him they thought, by the firing, that the army was retreating into Gorey; but he, having no doubt that Colonel Walpole would defeat the rebels, proceeded on his route to intercept their retreat. Marching through Ballycanow, and taking a circuit of nine miles round to Gorey again, he found the army had retreated; and, arriving on the scene of action, he discovered what before he could not believe, the army defeated; and found the body of Colonel Walpole, stripped to his shirt and flannel waistcoat, and about thirty of the soldiers mangled with pikes. None of the rebels who were killed were lying there, they being remarkable for carrying away the dead and wounded, lest the army should know how many were slain. Here General Loftus ordered many horses to be shot, that were in the fields, lest the rebels should get them again.

When he came in view of the enemy on Gorey-hill, he halted, but finding them too numerous for his weak force, he marched to Carnew, and from thence to Hacket's-town, in the county of Carlow.

Now secure of their conquest, the rebels began to dress food, having killed several fat cows, bullocks, and sheep; and to plunder the town, carrying away the goods, furniture, and everything of value they met with. In the evening they got so intoxicated, that one hundred soldiers might have destroyed them all. On the next morning they issued a proclamation to the following effect:—"Any one harbouring Protestants, and not bringing them to the camp, shall be shot and his house burned"; and on that day they shot several Protestants whom they had taken in their different marches. On Tuesday, the 5th, they burned the elegant seats of the two Mr. Rams, and Mr. Gowan, near Gorey; and sent parties into the country, haling in all the Protestants who had not escaped, and burning and devastating the country in every direction.

I shall now leave them thus employed, and turn the reader's attention to the proceedings of that division of the rebel army under the command of General Harvey, which was destined for the attack of New Ross.

They marched from the Three Rocks on the 31st of May, and, on the 1st of June, formed their camp at Carrigburn; but the numbers that were flocking to them from every quarter, most fortunately prevented the attack of Ross at the time intended, as they imagined that in a few days they would be invincible, Ross, Duncannon-fort, and Newtownbarry being now the only places in the county occupied by the loyalists. They halted on the hill of Carrigburn till the 4th of June, during which time they plundered, robbed, or burned

all the houses of Protestants in this part of the country, and sent out detachments of pike-men to seize on every Protestant who was not so fortunate as to escape to some garrison town. They then took them to camp, and had them tried by their officers. On the 1st of June, several being condemned, were immediately taken a few yards from their tribunal and shot. After this day, some were put into the house and barn of Mr. King, of Scullabogue, under the hill, and others were admitted into the rebel ranks. Many of the prisoners were brought from the parish of Old Ross, others from the neighbourhood of Fethard and Tintern; and on the 1st of June, the church of Old Ross was burned.

On the morning of the 4th, the rebels marched from Carrigburn, leaving a guard of about three hundred men with John Murphy, Nicholas Sweetman, and Walter Devereux, rebel captains; and on the evening of the same day, they took their station on Corbet-hill, the seat of Edward Murphy, Esq., within half a mile of Ross. Here they got wine and spirits, and were in a state of intoxication during the night, intending to attack the town early the ensuing morning with a force of thirty-seven thousand men, as nearly as could be judged.

Fortunately Lord Mountjoy, with the Dublin County Militia from Cork, arrived in Ross that evening, which greatly elevated the little garrison, whose actual strength was now as follows:—

Detachments of the 5th and 9th Dragoons, commanded by Captain Irvine.

Mid-Lothian Fencible Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James Fowlis.

Detachment of the British Horse Artillery, Captain Bloomfield.

Detachment of Irish Flying Artillery, Captain Thornhill.

Fourth Flank Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, of the 89th regiment.

Detachments of the Royal Meath, Clare, and Donegal regiments of militia.

Dublin County Militia, Lord Mountjoy.

Ross Yeomen Cavalry and Infantry, besides some small parties belonging to country corps.

Major-General Johnson, Commander-in-Chief.

Major-General Eustace, Second in Command. The whole force amounted to about fourteen hundred men.

New Ross is a considerable town, on the eastern bank of a large river bearing its own name, which is here very deep, and over which an elegant wooden bridge, 730 feet long, and 40 broad, was erected in the year 1795, by Cox, the American architect. The town lies at the bottom of a very steep hill, down which most of the roads into it are carried. It is not fortified, but there are some remains of an old wall which formerly surrounded it, now in a very ruinous state.

In the evening, the army picquet saw the rebels approaching, and taking possession of Corbet-hill. The latter gave three cheers, and discharged a field-piece at the picquet; but as there were evening guns fired, no notice was taken of it. The whole garrison was drawn up on the quay, at the evening parade, when an express arrived to General Johnson from the officer of the guard, that the rebels were approaching the town in great force. The whole brigade immediately marched off to meet them; but thinking it rather late to commence an attack, the army was posted at the different passes; and a strong guard being placed to watch the motions of the enemy, they stood under arms at their different stations, observing a profound silence.

In the morning, the rebel general Harvey held a council of war, when it was resolved to summon the

town, expecting that it would surrender as Wexford had done, and so become an easy conquest. The following summons was accordingly despatched to Major-General Johnson:—

“SIR,

“As a friend to humanity, I request you will surrender the town of New Ross to the Wexford forces, now assembled against it; your resistance will but provoke rapine and plunder to the ruin of the innocent. Flushed with victory, the Wexford forces, now insurmountable and irresistible, will not be controled if they meet with resistance. To prevent the total ruin of all property in the town, I urge you to a speedy surrender—a surrender which you will be forced to in a few hours, with loss and bloodshed, as you are surrounded on all sides; your answer is required in a few hours. Citizen Furlong comes with this letter, and will bring the answer.

“I am, Sir, &c., &c.,

“B. B. HARVEY, M.G.

“Camp, Corbet-hill, half-past 3 o'clock,

“Tuesday, 5th June, 1798.”

When Furlong advanced to the guard with his flag of truce, he was shot, his pockets rifled, and the summons found and forwarded. The rebels spent the night firing cannon and musquetry, and now and then huzzaing, to keep up their courage and animate each other. The small garrison of Ross was, on the other hand, much harassed and dispirited. The situation of the Dublin County militia was peculiarly distressing, as they were nearly worn down by hard marching, enfeebled with hunger and thirst, and, without time or means to refresh themselves, they had to march to oppose a cruel enemy.

Soon after Furlong was killed, the royal advanced guard crept, under cover of the ditches, to take a

view of the rebel camp. They perceived that their appearance was rather disorderly. Some were walking about, some singing songs, and others talking, all apparently in a state of intoxication. When they had in some measure satisfied their curiosity, four or five of them raised their pieces, and gave the enemy such an unexpected volley, as caused them to start up and look about, but they could see no person. Hundreds of the rebels then fired in every direction, but knew not at what, the soldiers having crept back unperceived. A messenger was instantly despatched to Harvey with information that the army was surrounding them, that some of their men were killed, and others dying of the wounds which they had just received. The rebel chief now ordered them to pour forth on all sides like a torrent, and they were near intercepting a party of the Mid-Lothian cavalry, (which had been out reconnoitering) in their retreat to the town.

About five in the morning of the 5th of June, the attack commenced, when the picquets and outposts were driven into town, keeping up a very smart fire on the enemy. I shall here insert an account of the battle, which was delivered to me by a person who was an eye-witness, and on whose veracity I can with confidence depend:

“The rebels advanced, driving before them all the black cattle they could collect through the country, to disorder our ranks; which was in some measure prevented, by a few discharges of grape-shot. The action was commenced by the 4th flank battalion; indeed, such a close well-directed fire I never before saw. I was an idle spectator for upwards of two hours and an half. At near seven o'clock, the army began to retreat in all directions. I had the

honour to command a six-pounder field-piece. The rebels pouring in like a flood, artillery was called for, and human blood began to flow down the street. Though hundreds were blown to pieces by our grape-shot, yet thousands behind them, being intoxicated from drinking during the night, and void of fear, rushed upon us. The cavalry were now ordered to make a charge through them, when a terrible carnage ensued: they were cut down like grass; but the pike-men being called to the front, and our swords being too short to reach them, obliged the horse to retreat, which put us in some confusion. We kept up the action till about half-past eight; and it was maintained with such obstinacy on both sides, that it was doubtful who would keep the field. They then began to burn and destroy the town—it was on fire in many places in about fifteen minutes. By this time the insurgents advanced as far as the main-guard, where there was a most bloody conflict; but with the assistance of two ship-guns placed in the street, we killed a great number of them, and beat them back for some time. The Dublin County regiment, headed by their colonel, Lord Mountjoy*, now made another attack on the rebels, and the action being revived in all quarters of the town with double fury, many heroes fell, and among them the brave Mountjoy: this so exasperated his regiment, that they fought like furies, and now indeed was the scene truly bloody. Our forces for the third time being overpowered by the weight of

* This nobleman, when Luke Gardiner, Esq., was the first person who introduced a bill into the Irish House of Commons for a repeal of the Popery Code, and unfortunately felt the bitter effects and inefficiency of his own system of conciliation.
—DAIGENAN'S PAMPHLET.

such a body pouring down upon us, we retreated beyond the bridge, when General Johnson came galloping up, crying, 'Soldiers, I will lay my bones this day in Ross, will you let me lie alone?'

"Major Vesey, of the Dublin County, the next in command to Lord Mountjoy, again led his men over the bridge, exhorting them to revenge for the loss of their colonel. The whole brigade (except some who fled to Waterford) being led on by General Johnson, —as brave a commander as ever drew sword—were determined to retake the town, to conquer or to die. Again we opened a tremendous fire on the rebels, which was as fiercely returned. We retook the cannon which had been captured from the King's forces in a former engagement, and turned them on the enemy. The gun I had the honor to command being called to the main-guard, shocking was it to see the dreadful carnage that was there; it continued for half an hour obstinate and bloody: the thundering of cannon shook the town, the very windows were shivered in pieces with the dreadful concussion. I believe six hundred rebels lay dead in the main street; they would often come within a few yards of the guns. One fellow ran up, and taking off his hat and wig, thrust them up the cannon's mouth the length of his arm, calling to the rest, "Blood-an-ounds, my boys, come take her now, she's stopt, she's stopt." The action was doubtful and bloody from four in the morning to four in the evening, when they began to give way in all quarters, and shortly after fled in every direction, leaving behind them all their cannon, baggage, provisions, and several hogsheads of wine, whiskey, brandy, &c., which we spilled, lest they should have been poisoned. It was past five before

we finally routed them. The computation of their dead, was, as near as I can furnish you:—

Three thousand four hundred buried.

Sixty-two cart-loads thrown into the river.

Sixty cart-loads taken away by the rebels.

“Some of them have since acknowledged that those cars were brought to carry away the plunder of the town. In their flight, several dead bodies were thrown into the houses which were on fire, and consumed, so that it is almost impossible to ascertain their numbers: but from every account that I could learn, seven thousand rebels* lost their lives on this day! I know soldiers that fired one hundred and twenty rounds of ball, and I fired twenty-one rounds of cannister-shot with the field-piece I commanded.”

During the action, General Johnson was still in the hottest part of the fire—he had three horses shot under him. If he saw any of the men too forward, he would ride up and say, “Brother soldiers, stay till we all go together.” He would encourage those that were behind. Being once in a hot fire, one of the soldiers called to him to remove out of that, or he would be slain; he waved his hand and replied, “That ball was never made by a rebel, that is to kill General Johnson.”

Mr. Michael McCormick, an inhabitant of New Ross, fought gallantly on this memorable day, having on his head a brazen helmet. He was formerly a quarter-master in the 5th Dragoons; his valour could not be exceeded—he rallied the men over and over

* Some imagine the numbers slain did not amount to more than two thousand two hundred, exclusive of numbers who crawled away from the battle, and afterwards died of their wounds.

during the engagement. Wherever a soldier attempted to shelter himself from the heavy fire of the enemy, he would surely find him out, and drive him into the action again. He was everywhere, and his conduct was truly praiseworthy. Before the battle began, all the inhabitants fled over the bridge, into the county of Kilkenny, except Mr. McCormick's wife, who stayed in town, and was employed during the whole battle mixing wine and water for the soldiers; which must have proved truly grateful to men debilitated in the extreme, not only by hard fighting, but also from the heat of the day, and of the burning houses by which they were surrounded.*

* RETURN OF THE KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING OF THE TROOPS ENGAGED AT ROSS, ON THE FIFTH OF JUNE, 1798.

OFFICERS KILLED.

Colonel Lord Mountjoy, Dublin County Militia; Cornet Ladwell, 5th Dragoons.

WOUNDED.

Major Vandeleur, Clare Militia.

Captain Sinclair, Donegal Militia.

MISSING.

Captain Warburton and Lieutenant Flinter, Queen's County Militia.

Lieutenant Harford, Kilkenny Militia.

Lieutenants Blake and Butler, 89th, attached to Light Battalion.

N.B. Quarter-master Hay, Mid-Lothian, killed.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Fifth Dragoons.—1 sergeant, 26 rank and file, 26 horses, killed; 1 rank and file wounded; 1 sergeant, 3 rank and file, 2 horses, missing.

Ninth Dragoons.—4 rank and file, 5 horses, killed; 1 trumpeter, 4 rank and file, wounded.

Mid-Lothian.—6 rank and file, 3 horses, killed; 2 rank and file, 1 horse, wounded; 1 horse missing.

Ross Cavalry.—1 rank and file wounded.

British Horse Artillery.—1 rank and file, 9 horses, killed; 2 rank and file, 4 horses, wounded; 1 rank and file, 1 horse, missing.

Irish Flying Artillery.—1 rank and file, 11 horses, killed; 2 rank and file wounded; 12 rank and file missing.

It was so late when the action was over, that the dead could not be buried. The next morning the town presented a hideous scene: it lay in ruins, and it was impossible to walk without climbing over the slain. The weather was so excessively warm, and the unfortunate wretches were in such a perspiration when they were killed, that when they were dragged to interment, the stench was intolerable. Their countenances were writhed in a thousand horrible forms; and as many of them died drunk and infuriated, they had a frightful appearance. Nearly one thousand of those wretched men were thrown into one gravel-pit. On

Fourth Flank Battalion.

North Mayo.—2 rank and file wounded; 1 sergeant, 7 rank and file missing.

Antrim.—4 rank and file killed; 5 rank and file wounded; 4 rank and file missing.

Kilkenny.—1 rank and file killed; 4 rank and file missing.

Queen's County.—1 sergeant, 1 rank and file, killed; 6 rank and file wounded; 6 rank and file missing.

Clare.—1 sergeant, 1 drummer, 3 rank and file, killed; 2 rank and file wounded; 10 rank and file missing.

Royal Meath Militia.—15 rank and file killed; 9 rank and file wounded; 10 rank and file missing.

Clare Militia.—9 rank and file killed; 8 rank and file wounded; 1 drummer, 5 rank and file, missing.

Donegal Militia.—1 rank and file killed; 6 rank and file missing.

Dublin County Militia.—1 sergeant, 2 drummers, 9 rank and file, killed; 14 rank and file wounded; 1 drummer, 5 rank and file, missing.

Ross Infantry.—1 rank and file killed.

ORDNANCE AND STORES TAKEN FROM THE REBELS.

One 5½-inch howitzer on a ship carriage; one brass six-pounder, tied on a dray; one iron four-pounder, on a ship carriage; one iron three-pounder, ditto; one iron two-pounder, ditto; fourteen swivels variously mounted—total nineteen.

Fourteen shot of different sizes, a quantity of musquets and other fire-arms, which were mostly destroyed; and an immensity of pikes, which were broken as soon as taken, also a variety of standards and colours.

searching the pockets of some of the slain, the following oath was found in them :—

“I, A. B., do solemnly swear, by our Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered for us on the cross, and by the Blessed Virgin Mary, that I will burn, destroy, and murder all heretics, up to my knees in blood.—So help me God.”

A few days after the battle, General Johnson was honored with letters from his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and the Commander-in-Chief, expressing approbation of his conduct; of which the following are extracts :—

“ *Dublin Castle, 10th June, 1798.*

“SIR,

“I am desirous of impressing you in the strongest manner, with the satisfaction I have received from your able, spirited, and judicious conduct on the 5th instant, when your post at New Ross was attacked by so numerous and so formidable a body of rebels. The opinion I have formed of that conduct is confirmed by the unanimous approbation of your brother officers. I shall not fail to lay before his Majesty these services in the manner they deserve; and I shall represent the assistance which you received from the zeal and abilities of Major-General Eustace in that action, as well as the general good conduct of the officers and men under your command, in such terms as you have so fully authorised me to use.

“I have the honor to remain,

“Sir, &c., &c.,

“CAMDEN.”

“*Major General Johnson, &c.*

“P.S.—I must entreat you to make known the grateful sentiments I feel to those officers whom you so particularly mention, as well as to the others, who made so gallant and successful a defence.

“CAMDEN.”

" Dublin, June 9th, 1798.

" MY DEAR GENERAL,

" It is with the most extreme satisfaction that I congratulate you on your late glorious victory over the rebels, which has rendered such essential service to the country, and gained the applause of every one. Your report of the behaviour of the officers and soldiers under your command does them the greatest credit, and will, no doubt, meet the entire approbation of his Majesty. If any thanks of mine can be thought worthy of their acceptance, I will beg of you to communicate them in the strongest manner possible; and believe me, with the greatest esteem and respect,

" Most truly yours,

" *Major General Johnson, &c.*"

" G. LAKE."

On the morning of the action at Ross, between the hours of five and six o'clock, one of the rebels that had fled from the battle, came galloping to Scullabogue-house, where 300 insurgents were guarding the poor Protestants who had been made prisoners. When he came within hearing, he shouted, "Destroy the prisoners! Destroy the prisoners! Our friends are all cut off at Ross!" John Murphy, who was captain of the rebel guard, told him that it should not be done without written orders from the general. About an hour after, another messenger arrived, proclaiming, "Our friends are all destroyed; murder all the prisoners!" Murphy made him the same answer. About ten o'clock, a third express came running on foot, crying, "The priest has sent orders to put all the prisoners to death."

Immediately the rebel guards stripped off their coats, and prepared for murdering the prisoners, as deliberately as if going to their daily employment. After saying their usual prayers, crossing and blessing themselves, they formed two divisions, one party to massacre those in the dwelling-house, the other, all that were confined in the barn. The first party hauled out 37

from the dwelling-house, and were employed shooting them, while the other division surrounded the barn in the most outrageous manner, placed ladders against the walls to stand on, and set it on fire in every direction. The unfortunate Protestants within entreated with the most lamentable cries for mercy, and pressing forward to the back-door, caught hold of it, endeavouring to force their way out. The rebels, however, crowding to that quarter, cut and mangled their hands in such a dreadful manner, that for some time they were prevented. At length the weight of the people behind, pressing upon their mangled friends in the front, made the door give way ; but the merciless rebels, as the poor Protestants rushed out, thrust them in again with their pikes, while others were busy in tying bundles of straw, and forcing them into the barn to increase the fire and the pains of those innocent sufferers. During the horrid scene, some of the rebels were loading and firing in upon them, while others were wantonly piercing their burning bodies through with their pikes. This was a mercy, though not intended as such, as it put a speedy period to their miseries ; or, if it was so intended, it only confirms the language of Scripture, that “ the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.”

There was a woman in the barn, who had been wife to one of the North Cork militia who was killed at Oulard-hill ; finding no way to escape the flames, she thought, if possible, to save her child. She accordingly wrapt her cloak about the infant, and threw it out of the barn ; but one of the sanguinary pike-men thrust his weapon through the helpless babe, and giving a great shout, cried, “ D——n you, you little heretic, get in there ! ” and instantly flung it into the fire. Another child, about two

years old (whose parents had been either shot or burned) crept unperceived under the corner of the door, and lay outside the house, close to the wall. When the confusion had in some degree abated, the child was discovered, and a rebel thrusting it through, it gave a violent shriek, and expired in dreadful convulsions. After they had finished their bloody business at the barn, they hastened to the dwelling-house, to make the tragedy more complete. Dead bodies were already strewed round the lawn before the hall-door; others were on their knees crying for mercy, but in vain: humanity had fled the place, and mercy was not known. Of two hundred and twenty-four prisoners, thirty-seven were shot, one hundred and eighty-four burned to death, and only three, viz.—Richard Grandy, Loftus Frizzel, and ——— Lett, were suffered to live. Among those unhappy victims were twenty women and children.

The following list contains the names of many who suffered at Scullabogue; the remainder I have not been able to find out:—

Box, Joshua *	Dobbyn, Patrick
Box, James *	Davis, Richard
Byron, Edward	Dobbyn, Henry
Boyce, George *	Dobbyn, James
Bassit, Walter *	Dobbyn, William
Brophy, John *	Dobbyn, Patrick
Crompton, Samuel	Daly, Sarah
Chamley, John	Daly, William
Caroline, James *	Daly, James
Cooke, Robert	English, John
Cruise, George	Eakins, Thomas
Cruise, David *	Eakins, John
Carew, George *	Field, Owen
Duffield, John *	Frannin, William
Duffield, James *	Finley, Holland
Dalton, John	Gray, Andrew
Dobbyn, Patrick	Gray, William

Hannard, Joshua	Reel, William *
Hannard, Mary	Rooke, Henry
Hurley, Edward	Rillagh, Edward
Johnson, William †	Ryan, William †
Kelly, Thomas *	Restrick, Edward
Lewis, Richard *	Ryan, Eleanor †
Monk, Edmond	Ryan, Mary †
Monk, Francis	Simmons, Samuel
Miller, Robert *	Simmons, William
Neil, William †	Slye, Edward
Neil, Daniel †	Smyth, George *
Power, James *	Shee, Thomas †
Power, Thomas *	Tweedy, John *
Power, Oliver	Trimble, John
Power, James	Thomas, Anne
Pierson, John *	Usher, Mary
Presly, James *	Wilcock, John
Presly, Anne *	Wade, James
Pyne, William	Williams, Margaret
Pendergast, Pat. †	Younge, Elizabeth

N.B.—On Saturday, the 9th of June, one hundred and eighty-four skeletons were cleared out of the barn, thrown into a ditch near the place, and slightly covered with clay.

Amongst the foregoing, those marked thus (†) were Romanists. Thomas Shee and Patrick Pendergast were servants, who would not consent to the massacre of their Protestant masters, for which they were put into the barn, and suffered with them. William Ryan had a daughter, who, for some time back, was a favourite with a gentleman in Duncannon: the rebels sought for her, supposing she would communicate every matter she could learn of their affairs to this gentleman; but not finding her, they all agreed that her sister Eleanor would be equally dangerous to their cause; they therefore marched her off to Scullabogue. Her father shortly after followed, to entreat the rebels to liberate her; they would not listen to him,

but thrust him into the barn: his wife, a poor old woman, being uneasy at the long delay of her husband and daughter, followed them; they put her also into the barn, where they all perished together. William Johnson was a very old man, and made out a livelihood by travelling about playing the bag-pipes; but unfortunately, among other tunes he was amusing the rebels with, he unthinkingly played the popular one of "Croppies lie down;" for which he was put into the barn and suffered. William Neil was a native of Camolin, in the County of Wexford, and by trade a tailor: a few days prior to the breaking out of the rebellion, he went, accompanied by his son Daniel, to see another son of his, who was employed as a tailor in the garrison of Duncannon. On their return home, they were taken by the rebels, and having Major-General Fawcet's pass in their pockets, they were shut up in the barn, and both perished. William and James Daly were very young lads, and sons to Sarah Daly, but their being Protestants was the only charge alleged against them.

The following persons, with sixteen more, were shot in the front of Scullabogue dwelling-house, during the time the barn was in flames; they were all men of respectability:—

Bell, Thomas *	Presly, David *
Boyce, Samuel *	Parslow, Thomas
Cottom, Samuel	Parslow, John
Cottom, John	Reason, Henry
Eakins, William	Sleator, Thomas
Gifford, Milward	Thornton, Edward
Hornick, Philip	Turner, Samuel
Jones, Samuel	Vaughan, Miles*
Jones, John	Whitney, John
Moran, John	Whitney, Thomas
McDonald, Thomas	

Those persons with a star, thus (*), after their names, throughout the whole, were brought from the village of Tintern to Scullabogue, in one drove, some of whom were very old and scarcely able to walk, the distance between both places being about eight miles.

Many were concerned in shooting the above unfortunate men, and each vied with the other who should put the greatest number to death. Amongst those sanguinary heroes, stand most noted the names of Fardy, Sinnott, Redmond, and Miskella, who trampled on the wounded bodies, and behaved otherwise so cruelly, as to obtain for themselves the title of the "true born Romans." Fardy was since hanged at Scullabogue for various murders.

After ending this horrid massacre, they marched (exulting in their diabolical achievements) towards New Ross; but the destroying angel had gone before them, and miserably defeated that huge army in which they trusted. As they proceeded to reinforce their brother rebels, they met multitudes of the wounded returning, some crawling along as well as they could, others on horses and on cars; some were shot through different parts of the body, while others had broken arms, legs and thighs. Going on further, they met the remnant of the main body retreating in the greatest confusion, hurry, and noise, bringing with them cars full of the dead and wounded. They took their station on Carrigburn that night; several stole home and never joined them more, particularly those of Barony-Forth, who, though a race of cowards, were cruel in the extreme. The wounded were taken to Fookes's-mill, where they had several doctors taking care of them, but notwithstanding all their attention numbers died. They had thirteen milch cows grazing

on Long Greague, the demesne of Mr. Sutton, for their use; and they converted six houses into hospitals.

The next morning Bagnal Harvey was in the greatest anguish of mind, when he beheld Scullabogue-house and the barn, where the murdered Protestants were to be seen in every attitude; they were so close, that several were standing up against the walls, and many lying in heaps in each other's arms, among the ashes of the timber of the house; while their bodies looked frightful, being burned to a cinder. He turned from the scene with horror, wrung his hands, and told those around him that "as innocent people were burned there as ever were born, and that their conquests for liberty were at an end." He then said privately to a friend, "I see now my folly in embarking in this cause with these people: if they succeed, I shall be murdered by them; if they are defeated, I shall be hanged." Now convinced of the sanguinary feelings of his followers, he was determined to put a stop to it, as far as in his power lay, and that day he wrote the following proclamation, had it printed, sent many copies to Vinegar-hill, Wexford, and Gorey, and distributed them through the county:—

At a meeting of the General and several Officers of the United Army of the county of Wexford, the following resolutions have been agreed upon:

"RESOLVED, that the Commander-in-chief shall send guards to certain baronies, for the purpose of bringing in all those they shall find lurking and delaying at home or elsewhere; and if any resistance be given to those guards so to be sent by the commanding officer's orders, it is desired and ordered that such persons so giving resistance, shall be liable to be put to death by the guards, who are to bear a commission for that purpose; and all such persons so to be found loitering and delaying at home, when brought in by the guards, shall

be tried by a court-martial, appointed and chosen from amongst the commanders of all the different corps, and not to depart therefrom under pain of death, unless authorised to quit by written orders from the Commander-in-chief for that purpose.

"It is also ordered, that a guard shall be kept at the rear of the different armies, with orders to shoot all persons who shall fly or desert from any engagement; and these orders to be taken notice of by all officers commanding in such engagements.

"All men refusing to obey their superior officers, to be tried by court-martial, and punished according to their sentence.

"It is also ordered, that all men who shall attempt to leave their respective quarters when they have been halted by their Commander-in-chief, shall suffer death, unless they shall have leave from their officers for so doing.

"It is also ordered by the Commander-in-chief, that all persons who shall have stolen or taken away any horses, shall immediately bring in such horses to the camp at head-quarters; otherwise, any horse that shall be seen or found in the possession of any person to whom he does not belong, shall, on being convicted thereof, suffer death*; and any person or persons, who shall take upon them to *kill* or *murder* any person or persons, burn any house, or commit any plunder, without special written orders from the Commander-in-chief, shall suffer death.

"By order of

"B. B. HARVEY, *Commander-in-chief*.

"FRANCIS BRIEN, *Sec. & Adjt.*

"*Head-Quarters, Carrig-burn Camp,*
June 6th, 1798."

All this day, Harvey was in the greatest distress of mind, and could not avoid showing his dislike to the inhumanity of the priests, which they, however, soon resented, by collecting their different flocks, and pointing out to them the impropriety of having a

* Rather the *thief* was to have been put to death.

heretic for their commander ; which so prejudiced them against him, that he was now in a critical situation.

On the 7th of June, the whole camp removed from Carrig-burn to Slieve-quilter, within five miles of New Ross. Here priest Roche, of Poulpearsey, formerly of Gorey, had influence enough to get Harvey deposed from his generalship, and himself elected Commander-in-chief. Indeed such was Harvey's conduct, in consequence of the cruelties inflicted on the prisoners, that the priests were apprehensive if they did not exert themselves, they would lose their consequence among the people ; and having gained their wish in removing Harvey from the chief command, they strenuously exhorted them to persevere in their glorious work. Among those ecclesiastics who appeared most zealous, was priest Murphy of Bannow ; who, in a speech after the battle of Ross, delivered himself as follows :

"Brethren, you see you are victorious everywhere : that the balls of the heretics fly about you without hurting you ; that few of you have fallen, whilst thousands of the heretics are dead ; and the few that have fallen was from deviating from our cause, and want of faith ; that this visibly is the work of God, who is determined that the heretics, who have reigned upwards of one hundred years, should now be extirpated, and the true Catholic religion be established." This priest frequently preached the same doctrine to them.

Their new commander, being determined to shine in a conspicuous manner, collected several bullets, which, he assured them, he had caught in the battle of Ross, and distributed several to his brethren when in the heat of action, who loaded their pieces with them ; and he asserted that this was what no other army

could boast of. He would also, he said, give them such gospels to hang about their necks, as would make the person who wore it proof against all the power of heretical artillery; but that, notwithstanding their extraordinary utility to the Irish army, they would be of no avail unless they were purchased. The price to the better sort of people was half a crown; but as the poorer sort were so zealous in their glorious cause, he would only ask from them sixpence a-piece. Thousands of these were made, which were speedily sent round the country.

A copy of priest Roche's Protection or Gospel!

I N R I

IN THE
NAME OF

AND OF THE
BLESSED

GOD,



VIRGIN,

I H S

AMEN.

"No gun, pistol, sword, or any other offensive weapon can hurt or otherwise injure the person who has this paper in his possession; and it is earnestly recommended to all women with child to carry it, as it will be found an infallible preservation against the fatality of child-bed.

"No. 7601.

"ROCHE."

One of those gospels was taken from off the neck of John Hay, a rebel chief, who was executed at Wexford a few days after it was re-taken by the King's army. They were generally sewed to a brown coloured tape.

While the rebels remained on Slieve-quilter, they committed several outrages on the persons and property of the surrounding inhabitants, particularly

on a respectable old gentleman, Francis Glascott, of Pilltown, Esq. This gentleman and Mr. Harvey, prior to the commencement of the rebellion, were on very intimate terms; on which Mr. Glascott (who was totally ignorant of Harvey's being deposed of his command in the rebel army) wrote to him, requesting he would send him a protection. Mr. Harvey returned him the following answer :

"DEAR SIR,

"I received your letter, but what to do for you I know not. I from my heart wish to protect all property; I can scarcely protect myself, and indeed my situation is much to be pitied and distressing to myself. I took my present situation in hopes of doing good, and preventing mischief; my trust is in Providence. I acted always an honest, disinterested part, and had the advice I gave some time since been taken, the present mischief could never have arisen. If I can retire to a private station again, I will immediately. Mr. Tottenham's refusing to speak to the gentleman I sent into Ross, who was madly shot by the soldiers, was very unfortunate; it has set the people mad with rage, and there is no restraining them. The person I sent in had private instructions to propose a reconciliation, but God knows where this business will end; but end how it may, the good men of both parties will be inevitably ruined.

"I am, with respect,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours, &c., &c., &c.,

"B. B. HARVEY.

"*Slieve-quilter, June 9th, 1798.*"

While the rebels remained on the hill of Slieve-quilter, a party of them attacked his Majesty's gun-boat, the *Louisa*, at Fisher's-town, on her way with despatches from Waterford to Ross, and killed Mr. Robert Hayland, the master of the boat, and three of the sailors; and probably would have taken her, had not

another borne up to her assistance. On the 10th of June, the main body of the rebels left this post, and encamped that evening on Lacken-hill, within two miles of Ross, leaving a strong guard at Slieve-quilter. On the morning of the 12th, a large body of the rebels from Lacken-hill camp, marched to attack Borris, a small town in the county of Carlow. The military stationed there were only a detachment of the Donegal regiment of militia, and the Borris yeomen, commanded by Walter Kavanagh, Esq., whose elegant seat, adjoining the town, served as a barrack for those troops. On the rebels approaching Borris, an express was sent to Kilkenny for relief; but before Major-General Sir Charles Asgill and four hundred troops could arrive, they set the town on fire, and attacked Mr. Kavanagh's house, but were repulsed with some loss by the brave men who were stationed there. Nothing could surpass the determined gallantry of these heroes. The rebels effected their escape back to Lacken-hill, and here we shall for the present leave them, while we take a view of their affairs at Wexford, Vinegar-hill, and Gorey.

No sooner was Wexford in the hands of the rebels, than they began to reform the State. A grand *National Committee* was instantly formed, with a *Council of Five Hundred* and *Council of Elders*, and the dwelling of Mr. John Cullimore, a respectable merchant, was converted into a Senate-house. Matthew Keughe was appointed Governor, and all the Protestants around the country, who had not escaped when the army retreated, were arrested and thrown into the gaol. The priests and friars were busily employed in baptizing the Protestant women, and such of the men as were admitted into the rebel ranks. They then granted

them passes and protections, of one of which the following is a copy, given by Father John Broe, a friar, to a person whom he had baptized.

"I hereby certify that A.B. of C——, in the Parish of D——, has done his duty, and proved himself a Catholic."

"F. JOHN BROE."

Wexford, June 21st, 1798.

This priest was constantly in the gaol baptising; and after the battle of Ross, he made it his business to walk round the town of Wexford, seeking persons able to carry a pike, to repair to camp. Baptizing the heretics was not confined to Wexford; it was also common on Vinegar-hill, and through all the camps in the county. It was no more than a temporary protection, while they were doubtful of their cause; for it is well known that even their proselytes would have been put to death if they had prevailed. The following protection was given by Bryan Murphy,* parish priest of Taghmon:

"Mr. A—— B—— has complied with every condition required of him, and therefore is to be stopped by no man."

"REV. BRYAN MURPHY."

June 4th, 1798.

In the barony of Forth, all the Protestants were ordered to the chapels to be baptized. Father Mun Stafford, parish priest of the Lady's Island, usually had a crowded congregation. Lady's Island is greatly celebrated for its ancient sanctity, by all of the popish persuasion in the kingdom; they come on pilgrimage to it from all parts to do

* There were six priests of the name of Murphy in the county of Wexford, more or less concerned in the rebellion; Eadmus, Edward, James, Bryan, John, and Michael.

penance, which consists in going round the island three times, and repeating their prayers in the church-yard.

No sooner had the rebel senate sat, than they were determined on the destruction of such as did not favour their cause. One Murphy, a Roman Catholic, who had been gardener to Mr. Edwards, of Ballyhire, was at this time taken prisoner, and brought to Wexford. He had formerly been a witness against one Dixon, a priest, a notorious traitor, who was sentenced to transportation for administering the United oath to several persons. For this crime the unfortunate Murphy was sentenced to be shot, on Sunday, the third of June ; and such was the detestation of him entertained by the rebels, that in order to increase the ignominy of his death, they had him executed by Protestants who were also prisoners in the gaol. Middleton Robson, a gauger, Robert Pigott, a surveyor of excise, and Richard Julian, a gauger, were the persons appointed to execute the sentence. After celebrating mass, and receiving their directions, Thomas Dixon, a near relation to the priest, was appointed to conduct this awful business. He was the most barbarous man to defenceless persons that ever existed, but a greater coward in battle could not be. He had the prisoner brought to the bull-ring, and Mr. Robson being ordered to fire, the unfortunate man fell dead ; when Dixon ran and thrust his sword in the back of his neck, then drawing it forth, held it up to the view of the mob, desiring them to "Behold the blood of a traitor !" At this time John Edwards, a Protestant, and land-steward to the above Mr. Edwards, was brought into the crowd to be murdered, but Dixon, to show his hatred to Murphy, "declared upon his honor, no other man should suffer that day." Robson, Pigott, and Julian were compelled to drag the lifeless body to the quay, and throw it into the river. Robson and Edwards were massacred

on Wexford bridge the 20th of the same month, but the other two escaped.

Another man of the name of Murphy, a Papist, who had given information against some United Irishmen, was brought into town on Friday, the 15th of June, and put into the condemned cell, where priest Broe visited him. Mr. Pigott, on his coming into gaol, being apprehensive he should be obliged to shoot him, sent for William Kearney, who superintended the prison, told him his fears, and requested he would acquaint the committee that he would not be executioner for any description of men—desiring to be tried for any charge they had against him, as he would rather suffer death than live on such terms. Whereupon Jonas Gurley, a hatter, Kinnieth Matthews, toll-gatherer on the bridge, and Charles Jackson, carver and gilder, three Protestant prisoners, were ordered to execute him. On Monday, the 18th of June, he was led out to execution, and in the presence of multitudes of unfeeling rebels, suffered on the other side of the bridge. The prisoners were remanded back to prison, and on the 20th of June Gurley and Matthews were massacred; the former on the bridge, being tortured with pikes, and the latter in the gaol-yard. Jackson fortunately escaped.

LIBERTY was written in large letters on most of the doors in Wexford, and many of the windows were adorned with green branches. Every evening crowds flocked round the prison door, demanding entrance that they might murder the Protestants, who, they said, eat up all the provisions in town. William Kearney, however, behaved tolerably well to the prisoners; Patrick Furlong, also, who was superintendent at the market-house, where forty-eight prisoners were confined, though he often reproached them for their heretical principles,

gave them enough of potatoes, brown bread, and putrid meat. The gaol and market-house not being sufficient, the barrack was also converted into a prison ; for the number of male Protestants destined for the slaughter amounted to two hundred and sixty !

It has been observed in the beginning of this history, that there was no military force in this county, save part of the North Cork militia, their head-quarters being at Wexford. Lord Kingsborough, who was colonel of the regiment, being in Dublin when the rebellion broke out, hastened to join them, taking with him a reinforcement of the Dumbarton fencible infantry, with two battalion guns. On their coming to Bray, they were informed that the rebels were in force at Newtown Mountkennedy, in the county of Wicklow ; they accordingly marched thither to attack them, which they did on the 30th of May, and defeated them, leaving a number killed on the field. Lord Kingsborough then proceeded to Wicklow, and hearing there that the communication from thence to Wexford was totally stopped, he determined to wait for the Dumbarton fencibles, and send an express by sea to Wexford to order the garrison to hold out, and that he with a strong reinforcement would march to their assistance as speedily as possible. Mr. Woodroffe, a revenue officer, and a few chosen men, were ordered on this expedition, and embarked immediately. On coming into the harbour of Wexford, to their astonishment they perceived the rebel flags flying in all parts of the town. The rebels, manning one of their cruisers, pursued Mr. Woodroffe and his companions till they came in sight of the Welsh coast, when they gave over the pursuit, and Mr. Woodroffe, with a great deal of trouble and fatigue, got into Wicklow the next morning. Lord Kingsborough, in the

meantime, came to Arklow, and being equally ignorant that the rebels had possession of Wexford, took a fishing-boat and sailed for that port; but he was unfortunately met by the cruiser that pursued Mr. Woodroffe, and taken prisoner: and after he was landed in Wexford, so little did the rebels respect his rank, that they confined him in a common dram-shop, where he was daily exposed to repeated insults from the rabble.

On Sunday, the 10th of June, the following proclamation was read from the altar, and a most lively exhortation delivered by Father Roche, chaplain to Bishop Caulfield; in which he told the pike-men that they would all be murdered if they did not succeed, desiring them at the same time to make no more proselytes, as they could not be sincere.

PROCLAMATION

OF THE

PEOPLE OF THE COUNTY OF WEXFORD.

“WHEREAS, it stands manifestly notorious that James Boyd, Hawtry White, Hunter Gowan, and Archibald Hamilton Jacob, late magistrates of this county, have committed the most horrid acts of cruelty, violence, and oppression, against our peaceable and well-affected countrymen: now WE the people, associated and united for the purpose of procuring our just rights, and being determined to protect the persons and properties of those of all religious persuasions who have not oppressed us, and who are willing with heart and hand to join our glorious cause, as well as to show our marked disapprobation and horror of the crimes of the above delinquents, do call on our countrymen at large to use every exertion in their power to apprehend the bodies of the aforesaid James Boyd, &c., &c., &c., and to secure and convey them to the gaol of Wexford, to be brought before the Tribunal of the People.

“Done at Wexford, this 9th day of June, 1798.

“GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.”

The persons mentioned in this proclamation were gentlemen of respectable characters, and distinguished loyalty, who had apprehended several United Irishmen, and lodged them in the county gaol some time before the rebellion broke out, and for which they received the public thanks of the county.

The rebels now made no secret of their United oaths. The following were printed by order of the Council for directing the Affairs of the People of the County of Wexford.

“Oaths to be taken by the United Army in the most public and solemn manner.

TEST OATH.

“I, A.B. do voluntarily declare, that I will persevere in endeavouring to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of every religious persuasion; and that I will also persevere in my endeavours to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland. I do further declare that neither hopes, fears, rewards, or punishments, shall ever induce me directly or indirectly, to inform on, or give evidence against any member or members of this or similar societies, for any act or expression of theirs, done or made collectively or individually, in or out of this society, in pursuance of the spirit of this obligation.

“So help me God.”

PRIVATE'S OATH.

“I, A.B. do solemnly and sincerely swear, and take God and his only Son our Lord Jesus Christ to witness, that I will at all times be obedient to the commands of my officers that I am ready to lay down my life for the good of my country; that I have an aversion to plunder, and to the spilling of innocent blood; that I will fight courageously in the field, and have mercy where it can be given; that I will avoid drunkenness, as tending to disorder and ruin; that I

will endeavour to make as many friends and as few enemies as possible; that above all, I detest cowardice, and that I will look upon him as an enemy, who will stand back in the time of battle.

“So help me God.”

OFFICER'S OATH.

“In the awful presence of God, who knows the hearts and thoughts of all men, and calling my country to witness, I, A.B. officer in the —, do solemnly swear, that I do not consider my life my own when my country demands it; that I consider the present moment calls for a proof of the sincerity of that sentiment, and I am ready and desirous to stand the test, and do aver, that I am determined to die or lead to victory; and that all my actions shall be directed to the prosperity of the common cause, uninfluenced by any inferior motive: and I further declare my utter aversion to all alarmists, union-breakers, and cowards, and my respect and obedience to the commands of my superior officers.

“So help me God.”

“*Done at the Council-chamber in Wexford, June 14th, 1798.*”

“By order of the Council,

“B. B. HARVEY, *President.*

“NICHOLAS GRAY, *Secretary.*”

It appears by the above publication, that Mr. Harvey sat as president after he was deposed of his command.

There was another oath taken by the Papists, which the disaffected Protestants and Presbyterians knew nothing of; this was called the *Black Test*, and was as follows:—

“Every loyal Irish Protestant Heretic I shall murder, and this I swear.”

Such as bound themselves under this oath had a pass-word, by which they knew each other wherever they should meet. This pass-word was the initials of the several words in the oath, and no individual knew this but such as were sworn. “*Eliphismatis*” was the pass-word.

At Gorey the rebels had an immense camp, from whence they made various excursions through the country in search of Protestants, whom on discovery they forced from their homes, and confined in the assembly-room over the market-house. In this religious hunt there was no respect paid to old age: and among many of this description were William Bryan of Coolook, near Ballycanow, aged seventy; and William Atkins, of Curraclough, near Wexford, aged eighty. Such of the Protestants as could escape availed themselves of the opportunity, and fled from various parts to the fortified towns. Arklow gave shelter to hundreds of these poor refugees, and the small town of Wicklow to no less than one thousand and sixty! Many who could not leave their families were in a pitiable situation; day after day the men were torn from the arms of their beloved wives and children, or distracted mothers and sisters, and murdered before their eyes. The widow Carley, near Castlebridge, and the widow Grindly, near Kilmuckridge, are woeful witnesses of this melancholy truth.

In this camp all manner of abominations were committed, and as it swarmed with women of ill-fame, they set no bounds to their lewdness; and yet such was the blindness of their minds, as to imagine that the extraordinary fine weather which continued so long, was sent by the Almighty to favour their cause. They would say, "God is on our side, the heretics have had dominion long enough, but our time is now come." It was also their opinion that no rain would fall until they had finally conquered. Though they were expert at the pike, which in general was from nine to fourteen feet long, they scarcely knew anything of the musquet; often when they cocked their pieces, they knew not how to uncock

them again. They would labour to push down the flint, and if it did not yield would shoulder their musquet, and march with it in that dangerous situation; and often on their marches has this great ignorance of military exercise nearly proved fatal to themselves. It has been known likewise, that in battle they have been so unskilful or inattentive, as when loading to bite the ball end of the cartridge,—such was the wretched crew that formed the camp at Gorey.

At length their commanders began to think they were too long inactive, and knowing that if they could capture Arklow it would open up a communication with the Wicklow and Kildare rebels, and thereby prepare the way for an immediate attack upon Dublin, they resolved to make the attempt; but fearing they had not sufficient strength, messengers were despatched to Wexford and Vinegar-hill for further reinforcements, while couriers were sent round the country, ordering all persons to repair to camp without delay.

On the 8th of June, the rebels sent a picquet to Coolgreney, where they saw a party of the army reconnoitering; and they returned immediately to Gorey, with information that a large body of the king's troops were on their march towards the town. In consequence of this, the prisoners (twenty-one in number) were ordered up to the camp to be massacred; but providentially for them, Bagnal Harvey's proclamation from Carrigburn arrived, which for that time frustrated their bloody designs. Advices having been received in the evening that Arklow was very weak with regard to military, it was deemed the most prudent plan to attack it on the following day.

Early on the next morning, June the 9th, the camp was crowded from every part of the country, and masses

were celebrated by the priests. After this ceremony, some of the rebels, irritated at not being permitted to massacre the Protestants, melted a great quantity of pitch, and besmearing the inside of caps made of coarse linen and brown paper, put them on the heads of nearly all the prisoners. About twelve o'clock they marched for Arklow, thirty-four thousand strong! with three pieces of cannon, under the command of Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan being captain of the artillery. When they arrived within two miles of Arklow, they were ordered to halt by John Hay, one of their captains, and having placed their guns-men in front, and the pike-men to charge in the rear, they were ordered to proceed; but they evinced the most disorderly disposition imaginable; for their officers, John Hay, Esmond Kyan, Dick Monk, Thomas Dixon, William and Garret Byrne, were obliged to drive them before them, and in this manner they proceeded towards Arklow.

Had the rebels made their appearance two days before, in all probability they would have carried the town; but fortunately reinforcements had since arrived from Dublin, which greatly strengthened it, and quieted the fears of the inhabitants. The garrison now consisted of detachments of the 5th and 9th Dragoons, the Ancient British Fencible Cavalry, a small detachment of the Royal Irish Artillery, Durham Fencible Infantry, most part of the Dumbartons, the Cavan militia, with detachments of the Armagh, Antrim, North Cork, and Londonderry; also the North and South Arklow, Camolin, Gorey, Coolgreny, and Castletown yeoman-cavalry, with a number of loyalists in coloured clothes, making in the whole about fifteen hundred men. Major-general Needham was commander-in-chief of the garrison.

Arklow is a neat sea-port town, in the county of

Wicklow, thirty-five miles from Dublin. It is an open and defenceless place, agreeably situated on a small river, which issues from the neighbouring mountains and discharges itself into the ocean here, under a stone bridge of eighteen arches.

About two o'clock advice was received that the enemy was approaching the town: this was so little credited, that the garrison, which had been ordered under arms, was just going to be dismissed, when a dragoon came galloping with intelligence from Captain Elliott of the Antrim militia, that the rebels were at hand. Immediately the drums beat to arms, the trumpets sounded, the troops flew to their different stations, and preparations were made to receive the enemy.

Major-general Needham drew up his forces in a most judicious manner. The Cavan battalion with some yeomen-infantry, under the command of Colonel Maxwell, (now Lord Farnham) extended in a line from the centre of the town to the Fishery, with the sea on their left. On the right, the Durham Fencibles were drawn up in front of their encampment, with two field-pieces; detachments of the Armagh and other regiments were placed on their right at the high road, and the Antrim with some other detachments, and all the loyalists in coloured clothes, were stationed in the barrack. The dragoons and yeomanry corps were stationed beyond the bridge on the Dublin Road.

When the rebels advanced to the Charter-school, (Captain Elliott having retreated into Arklow) Esmond Kyan drew the cannon to the right, on an eminence that commands the town. The Dumbarton Fencibles were now ordered out in front of the Armagh, to line the ditches on each side of the road, where the enemy were advancing. The rebels soon made their appearance,

with their green flags flying, and fired on the Dum-bartons, which was briskly returned. When they had exchanged about a dozen rounds, the advanced party received orders to retreat and join the Armagh, which was done with seeming confusion. About this time the rebels set fire to the town in many places, in order to annoy the army with the smoke, but the Almighty caused the wind to shift, so that they were confounded in their own devices. On the retreat being ordered, the rebels pursued with loud huzzaing, and one of their officers waving his hat, called out, "My boys come on, the town is our own"; but he suddenly found himself surrounded by soldiers, his horse was shot, and himself wounded, on which he fell as though slain; when in a little time, curiosity constraining him to look about, he was perceived and instantly shot dead. The rebels pressed after him, but on receiving a dreadful fire of musquetry and grape-shot, they fell back a considerable distance. They then extended in a long line in front of the Durhams, in order to turn the left flank; but the soldiers keeping up an incessant fire, they could not put their design into execution. Some of the rebel musqueteers, getting under shelter of the ditches, annoyed the army very much, and their field-pieces played briskly on the town; but sergeant Shepherd, of the Royal Irish Artillery (who was taken prisoner at the Three Rocks), being obliged to manage the cannon, elevated them so high, that the balls went over it; and once, having loaded with grape, he turned the gun a little on one side and swept away about thirty of the rebels. Dick Monk, observing this transaction, galloped up, and would have killed him, had not Esmond Kyan resolutely interposed, insisting that it was the army cannon which had done the execution. Kyan, having ordered sergeant Shepherd to load with

round shot and demolish the town, rode elsewhere ; but Shepherd, watching his opportunity, loaded again with grape, knowing it could do no injury ; and this he did as fast as possible during Kyan's absence, that he might waste the ammunition. Dick Monk and John Hay, being fully convinced that all was not right, now watched the execution of their cannon, and finding that Shepherd was not favouring their cause while loading with grape, obliged him to load with round shot, but the balls flew a mile beyond the town, on which Kyan levelled the canon himself, and one of them in such a direction that the ball smashed the carriage of one of the Durham guns to shivers, and another struck the top of the inn.

Another column of the rebels attempted to gain the lower end of the town by the beach ; but here they met with a desperate charge from the cavalry, headed by the brave Colonel Sir Watkin Wynne. They then proceeded in great force to a passage that led to the centre of the town ; but it being well guarded by a sergeant and twelve men, they were defeated in this manœuvre also. Some of them attempted to ford the river, but there inevitable death awaited them.

Priest Murphy, of Ballycanow, had stopped in Coolgreny, and on proceeding towards Arklow, he met many of the rebels retreating ; he drove them before him to the battle again, telling them he would beat them with the dust of the road. But as he advanced with a large party, in order to take a cannon stationed near the barrack, his bowels were torn out with cannister shot.*

* The following articles of Popish faith were found in the pocket of Priest Murphy, who was killed at the battle of Arklow.

1st. When we assemble we cross ourselves, saying, " We acknowledge these our articles in the presence of Christ's Vicar, our Lord God the Pope, and in the presence of the holy Primates, Bishops, Monks, Friars, and Priests."

The rebels that followed him fled from that quarter, swearing that the *priest himself was down!*

The heat and burden of the action fell on Colonel Skerret, of the Durham, whose valiant conduct on this day was admirable. Colonel Maxwell of the Cavan also acted in the most spirited and determined manner, as did all his officers and men. The engagement continued from four till half-past eight, at which time the rebels

2nd. We acknowledge they can make *Vice* Virtue, and *Virtue* Vice, according to their pleasure. Falling flat on their faces they proceed in this manner speaking to the Host, and saying—"Holy, glorious, and admirable Host, we acknowledge it according to our good father the pope, we must all fall down before the great effigy of our Lord God Almighty."

3rd. We acknowledge the supremacy of the holy father the Lord God the Pope, and that he is Peter's successor in the chair.

4th. We acknowledge that Peter has the keys of heaven, and that he will receive those only who acknowledge his supremacy.

5th. We are bound to believe there can be no salvation out of our holy church.

6th. We are bound to believe that the late holy massacre was lawful, and justly put into execution against Protestants, and that we should continue the same as long as we can do it with safety to ourselves.

7th. We are bound to curse, ring the bells, and put out the candles four times in each year on heretics.

8th. We are bound to believe that heretics can never be saved, unless they partake of that holy sacrament, Extreme Unction.

9th. We are bound to believe that those who elope from our holy religion, are under the power of the devil, whom heretics follow.

10th. No faith is to be kept with heretics, though bound by the most sacred oaths; for says our holy father, they have followed damnation, and Luther and Calvin.

11th. We are not to believe their oaths, for their principles are damnation.

12th. We are bound to drive heretics out of the land with fire, sword, faggot, and confusion; as our holy father says, if their heresy prevails we are still to become their slaves. Oh! dear father, keep us from that. (Here the holy water is shaken, and they say the *Hail Mary* three times.)

13th. We are bound to absolve without any reward, all those who imbrue their hands in the blood of heretics.

retreated back to Gorey. The military stood to their arms till four the next morning, when they cast entrenchments round the camp, expecting another attack.

It was dreadful to view the field of battle; men and horses lay dead together; heads and limbs were strewed over the fields. It is thought that not less than one thousand rebels could have fallen that day. Of the army there fell only Captain Knox, of the Castletown cavalry,

14th. We are bound to believe that Christ's Vicar, our Lord God the Pope, can absolve all men (heretics excepted), and has given the like power to all his inferior clergy.

15th. We are bound to believe all the articles commanded by our holy church.

16. We are bound to believe the Virgin Mary has more honour in heaven than any of the Angels.

17. We are bound to pray to the holy Angels, that they may pray for us.

18th. We are bound to believe in the holy cross, holy water, holy spittle, holy earth, holy bones, holy people, and beads; and that the are to be used on certain occasions.

19th. We are bound to celebrate the holy mass in Latin, having ourselves clothed in a holy vestment and shirt, bearing the holy cross on our shoulders, signifying we are the *very* Christ.

20th. We are bound to believe every time mass is celebrated that there is an expiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead.

21st. We are bound to believe that there are four places of purgatory, viz.—Limbus Infantum, Limbus Patrum, Meadows of Ease, and Purgatory.

22nd. We are bound to believe that Christ was three days in Limbus Patrum, where the souls of holy fathers go, till they get a pass with them to the holy Peter.

23. We are bound to believe that the souls of children unbaptised go to the Limbus Infantum, until original sin is well paid away, by the help of holy masses said for them.

24th. We acknowledge the souls of Christians go to Purgatory, and remain there till we pray them out of it, that they may have power to walk the Meadows of Ease with safety, till it pleases holy Peter to open the gates of glory for them, where no heretic shall ever enter.

25th. We are bound to keep Lent, according to our Clergy's pleasure, and to maintain the work of supererogation.

26th. We are bound to acknowledge the Lake in the North to be holy, called Lough Darragh.

and two of his men in charging the rebels, one sergeant, six privates of militia killed, and about twenty wounded.

Lord Mount Norris and some of his troop, in viewing the scene of action, found the body of the perfidious priest Murphy, who so much deceived him and the country; being exasperated, his lordship ordered his head to be struck off, and his body to be thrown into a house that was burning, exclaiming, "Let his body go where his soul is!" This unhappy man declared to his deluded flock that he could catch the bullets and ward them off at his pleasure.*

The rebels in their retreat to Gorey were so mad with sergeant Shepherd, that it was with the greatest difficulty Esmond Kyan could save him from falling a sacrifice to their fury.† They arrived in Gorey late in

27th. We are bound to pray to no other saint on that day, only them to whom it is dedicated.

28th. We must baptise bells, and consecrate chapels, and no man to enter into the holy office of a priest, only he who is known to be a man, after the harlot Joan.

29th. We maintain seven sacraments essential to salvation, viz : Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme-Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony.

30th. We maintain we can transubstantiate the bread and wine into the real body and blood of Christ.

31st. We believe that heretics eat their kind of sacrament to their eternal damnation.

32nd. We believe that Christ is everywhere, but especially in our church.

38rd. We maintain we cannot know any thing without being in danger of judgment.

34th. We maintain that heretics have neither the will of the Prophets nor of Christ.

35th. We acknowledge that the Rosary of St. Bridget is to be said once a week ; and lastly, that the Holy Church can never err.

* There were three priests that boasted of this power, John Murphy, Michael Murphy, and Philip Roche.

† Sergeant Shepherd has escaped, and his extraordinary fortitude and services deserve to be noticed by his country.

the evening, bearing with them several hundreds of the wounded. Priest Murphy, of Boolavogue, met them retreating, and told them that he knew they would be defeated, yet they would not take his advice. After this they were more moderate to their prisoners. On the Wednesday following, however, Captain Redmond, nephew to priest Redmond of Ferns, had them tried; those condemned were sent to Wexford gaol, but all who were acquitted were compelled to go to their camp. While the rebels remained in Gorey they showed great aversion to the church, by breaking the windows and otherwise injuring it. They had an intolerable hatred to Protestant Prayer-books; all they could get they tore to pieces; they even carried the leaves of the church Bible on their pikes, shouting, "Behold the French colours;" and to complete their impiety and their contempt of the established religion, they put two Protestants to death in the aisle of the church. In other parts they made saddles of the Bibles, and rode about on them! In short, they continued exercising every kind of wickedness till the 19th of June, when the main body marched for Vinegar-hill.

A party of the rebels, joined by some of the Kildare, Wicklow and Carlow insurgents, now formed an encampment on Limerick-hill, near Gorey, and on the 17th of June they proceeded to a place called Mount Pleasant, near the village of Tinnehely, resolving next morning to commence an attack on Hacketstown, six miles distant, which at that time was only protected by about four hundred yeomen, and thirty of the Antrim militia. The King's troops, from their different stations, were now in motion, by order of the Commander-in-Chief (Lieutenant-General Lake), in order to surround and entirely cut off the rebel forces, which it was imagined would concentrate in one place. For this purpose a large brigade, under Lieutenan

General Dundas, arrived in Hacketstown, and shortly after an express was brought in that the rebels had taken post on Mount Pleasant, and were burning Tinnehely. Application was made to the General to relieve it. He declined going himself, but directed Colonel Lord Roden to take the command of his own cavalry and a few yeomanry and to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. On Lord Roden's approach the rebels discharged some field pieces at his party, on which he sent to the General for orders ; he immediately desired his party to retreat to the town lest they should be attacked and overpowered by their numbers. The rebels, in the night, instead of assaulting Hacketstown, marched to Kilcavan-hill, near Carnew, where they were attacked on the following day by the forces under General Dundas, assisted by Major-General Loftus's brigade, but with little effect. The troops, by order of Lieutenant-General Lake, who had just arrived, then retired to Carnew for the night, and the rebels evacuated their post, and fled with precipitation to Vinegar-hill.

After taking possession of Enniscorthy, as stated in a preceding page, the rebels encamped on Vinegar-hill, where they planted the Tree of Liberty with shouts of "Vive la Republique," and "Erin go Bragh." Here the work of blood immediately began, and continued every day, more or less, for twenty-five days ; a dreadful specimen of what might be expected from such a government. One day they were so diabolical as to murder all the Protestants they had ; and not satisfied with this, they sent to Wexford for more, and every day parties ranged the country, dragging forth all they could find, to satiate their thirst for blood. The scarcer they grew the longer the poor victims were kept in torment. On the 1st of June, a Protestant, who afterwards escaped by the interposition of a rebel captain, being in an old windmill

(where all the condemned were put), saw a man sitting on the ground, with only a piece of blanket covering him—his eyes were picked out of their sockets, his tongue cut out, his head and body swelled to an enormous degree, and covered with ulcers. Not thinking he was alive, till the poor sufferer gave a heart-piercing groan, the prisoner was startled, and exclaimed, “Good God! what miserable object is that!” He was answered by one of the guards that he was under slow punishment. This was verified on oath.

It has been remarked that none of the rebels were so blood-thirsty as those who were most regular attendants at the Popish ordinances; the drunken and careless sort were observed to have the greatest share of good nature. It is a certain truth that those savages never had so many Masses, nor ever prayed so much, as during their month of usurpation, especially on their battle days. Then all the old men, women, and children betook themselves to the *Ave Marias*, &c., and when parties of two or three hundred would go round the country burning the houses of Protestants, they generally fell on their knees as soon as they set them on fire.

After immolating the lot of victims destined for the day, the murderers were assembled by a crier, who went through the camp and the town, proclaiming the following notice:—

“SHELMALIER AND SHELBURNE,

to prayers: three paters and three aves to be offered to God and The Blessed Virgin Mary, for our glorious cause; for the further dispersion and extirpation of all heretics, for our glorious Church militant on earth, and triumphant in heaven. Kneel down and kiss the ground, our captain has slain a man.”

A large tub of water was then brought, which one of the priests immediately blessed. Ordering the rebels to kneel

round about, he with a whisk of heath or broom sprinkled them with the water, repeating the words of the Psalmist again and again, "Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean : Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—(Psal. li. 7.).

A Protestant, on whose veracity I can depend, furnished me with the following narrative of his captivity on this hill ; he was made a prisoner by the rebels on Whitsun-Monday.

" When I came to the prison door I was seized by the breast and thrown in among the rest of the prisoners, where I remained in the deepest sorrow and affliction, believing death to be inevitable, as I was placed among the condemned. Seeing a man in the prison, who had been piked the evening before, with signs of life (he was probably left for dead), his coat off, his shirt and breeches covered with a cake of blood, and his cheeks full of holes which were made by the dreadful pikes, I drew near and enquired what had happened to him. He told me that he had been piked the evening before, but had crept in from among the dead who lay before the door, to avoid the heat of the sun. Looking out I saw the rebels leading up a prisoner, whom they soon after shot ; then looking out at the opposite door I saw, as nearly as I can judge, between thirty and forty lying dead at about three yards distance, some of whom I knew, having been in confinement with me, and one of them was my brother-in-law. Shortly after, a man coming in, under the pretence of searching our pockets for arms, robbed us of all we had, and went away. Then came that sanguinary monster, Luke Byrne, of Oulardards, who kept a brewery in Enniscorthy, and enquired how many prisoners were condemned. Being told twenty-seven, he answered, " If any one can vouch for any of the prisoners not being Orangemen, I have no objection that they should be discharged." No answer being returned, he added, " Is there no one to speak ? " There being still no reply, he ordered six guns to be brought to each door, intending to destroy us at once, and not spend the night in watching over us. But the guards, knowing that they would be in danger of killing each other, obtained permission from Byrne to bring us out, and shoot us one by one. We

were then ordered to kneel down, and each of us to be brought out in our turn. Three rebels stood at the door with pistols in their hands, and as the prisoners were brought out and placed on their knees they were shot and thrown among the dead. Three of them, expecting that they should escape death by renouncing the Protestant religion, and turning Papists, called for the priest. John Murphy immediately arrived, and laying his hands on their heads, repeated some prayers in Latin. Scarcely were his hands off their heads when one of the executioners, who had a grudge to one of the prisoners, fired at him ; the ball entered the unfortunate man's ear, and killed him ; he was instantly carried off and thrown among the dead. I, being the next, was then brought to the door ; a rebel calling me by my name, caught the attention of one of the captains, whose namesake I happened to be. This was fortunate for me, as by this circumstance my life was providentially spared. A man named Thornton, a resident of Wexford, was shot at that instant, but the next man who was brought out broke through the crowd and ran about seventeen perches, when he was met by a rebel, who with a scythe severed his head from his body, so that it hung down on his breast. In an instant several pikes were fastened in him, and I saw him no more. The priest walked away as unconcerned as if no murder had taken place. Out of twenty-seven prisoners only three escaped—viz., Kendrick, who lived near Clondau, William Bennet, who lived near Enniscorthy, and myself."

As I before observed, when the Protestants grew scarce, they kept them the longer in torment before they dispatched them, by scourging them with lashes made of brass wire, and twisted in whip-cord—George Stacy, who received two hundred and fifty lashes, and a Mr. Whitney, with several others, can bear witness to the truth of this. But they did not stop here ; piking them, but not mortally, was frequently done, for the purpose of keeping them in misery. Sometimes have they chosen a stone, with one end small and the other large, and putting the small end into the mouth of the expiring victim, they would stamp on it with the heel of the shoe till his jaws were extended

to the utmost. This barbarity was inflicted on Henry Hatton, Deputy Portrieve of Enniscorthy, and many others.

It is said that not less than four hundred Protestants were massacred in Enniscorthy, and on Vinegar-hill, the bodies of whom lay unburied during several days; and such was the cruelty of the rebels that they would not suffer their female friends to perform the last act of humanity, nor even look at them on pain of death; and to increase the horror of this scene, the swine were suffered to prey upon many of them, and several, through the uncommon heat of the weather, were reduced to such a state of putrefaction that they at length became offensive to the murderers, who drew them to the water-side, where they covered many with the sand, and threw others into the river, in which, for a long time after, they floated with the tide.

From this fatal hill these sanguinary wretches frequently went off in plundering parties, taking with them horses and cars, to convey back the property of their Protestant neighbours. Amongst others they visited the house of Edward Hawkins, of Balleycoursey, a man well known to be of the most kind and obliging disposition towards the lower order of the people. They first called for something to eat and drink, and after they had satisfied themselves with such as the house afforded, they tore him out of the arms of his beloved wife, who was upwards of sixty years old, and had lost her sight about a year before; and notwithstanding all her tears and entreaties, they instantly murdered him at his own hall-door! Then loading their cars with everything valuable in the house, they set it on fire, and left the poor old woman to grope her way out through fire and smoke! Not satisfied with this, they murdered four of her sons in the most barbarous manner—

a fifth had fallen in the battle of Enniscorthy on the 28th of May. They also went to the house of one Croshea, in the parish of Rosdroit, to which they set fire, and as he endeavoured to escape, shot him. His three sons, who lay concealed in a bog near the house for two days, were at length discovered, and brought to a gravel-pit not far distant; here the false-hearted rebels promised to spare their lives if they made a discovery of arms, the hope of which induced them to give the information they desired; but having obtained it they obliged them to stand arm-in-arm, until by word of command they were fired at. The three brothers instantly fell, and were dragged like dogs to a pit, into which (notwithstanding their being still alive) they were cast by these bloody deceitful villains, and covered with such a quantity of earth as rendered it impossible for them to raise it. The distracted mother came in the anguish of her soul to seek for her children, but the rebels with great coolness, showed her where they lay, telling her she might make herself easy as they were already buried for her. In short they hardly left a Protestant house in the parish of Rosdroit that they did not burn; nor scarce a Protestant on whom they could lay hands that they did not murder. In other parts of the country some Protestants remained at home, and found protection from their Popish neighbours, but *here* no asylum for this proscribed race could be found; nay, they would scarcely permit a prisoner to pass through, without having the pleasure of thrusting a pike at him, to which they were further excited by the hope of an eternal reward. They said they would let the women and children live, as they might yet become true Christians, when they had no heretics to protect them.

That the rebels were not only destitute of faith, but likewise of gratitude when the success of their religion

requiried it, may appear from the following tragical relation : Mr. George Hornick, a wealthy inhabitant of the parish of Kill-Anne, had some years before granted privilege to have a Popish chapel built on his ground, and rendered it as convenient as possible to the congregation, by making passes through every part of his land to it. Yet he was not shown the smallest favour for his liberality ; as it was remembered that in the year 1774, he gallantly withstood an attack made upon his house by a party of Whiteboys, and with the assistance of his only brother beat them off, killing three of them. When the rebellion broke out, his Popish neighbours marked him out as one of their first victims ; and priest Roche, of Poul-Pearsey, having headed a body of insurgents, proceeded to the house of the Rev. John Richards, of said parish, to demand him and all the Protestants who had taken refuge there. The house being well adapted for defence, they resolved not to surrender. Roche then told them that if they would deliver Hornick to him all the rest should be spared. This they also refused—upon which the priest rode off, threatening to bring cannon, and to level the house to the ground. In the interim Hornick and his companions with difficulty effected their escape to Ross ; but they took vengeance for this disappointment by murdering two of Mr. Hornick's sons, who then lived in Enniscorthy, the one a clergyman, and the other an apprentice to an apothecary. The circumstances attending the death of the latter were of the most barbarous nature. On his being taken by the rebels, they prevailed on him to write to his father for his arms, and to inform him that he was hostage till they should be sent ; but these ferocious monsters, knowing nothing of truth, gratitude, or compassion, would not wait for the father's answer, but soon after led him forth to the slaughter. They first shot

and then piked him, stripped him naked, and threw him among the dead. Some life still remaining he, under cover of the night, stole off the hill, and crept home to his father's residence, in hopes of meeting his family, but alas! they were gone, and the house burned: he then vainly expected to meet some humanity among his neighbours; but as soon as the savages perceived him wounded and naked, they brought him to a gravel pit in the bloody parish of Rosdroit, and there murdered him in the most horrible manner. His uncle, Philip Hornick, was one of those who suffered by their cruel hands at Scullabogue.

It is not a little extraordinary that some parishes were more sanguinary than others; for instance, the parishes of Killegny, Chappel, and Templeodican, had not a Protestant killed in them, nor a house burned or plundered, nor one prosecuted for any criminal act during the rebellion. Whether to impute this to the mild disposition of the priests of those parishes (as they most certainly had a foreknowledge of the business), or to the inhabitants themselves, we cannot determine; for these parishes were joined by those of Rosdroit, Adam's-town, Kill-Anne, Clonmore, and New-bawn, where no Protestant was spared.

The following circumstances, which happened on Vinegar-hill and Enniscorthy, are too remarkable to escape notice. Charles Davis, a glazier, was seized by the rebels, and promised his liberty if he would renounce his religion as a Protestant, confess to the priest, and receive his baptism; with all of which he refused to comply. In consequence of this he was piked in several parts of the body till he became in appearance dead, and then thrown into a field, and covered with sods of earth. Some of his friends who had previously submitted to the ceremony of

baptism, begged his body for interment, which was granted ; but upon raising him from under the sods, some signs of life happily appeared ; he was privately conveyed home, and after necessary assistance had been administered, he providentially recovered, and is now a living witness of the horrid cruelty above-mentioned. His brother-in-law, Thomas Hall, painter and glazier, was lashed to death with a cat-o'-nine tails, made of brass-wire.

I rejoice, however, to state, that there were some bright exceptions to the general character for cruelty which marked the conduct of the Romanists at this dreadful period. Mr. Shaw, a half-pay officer, a man of six feet high, concealed himself on a loft over a necessary, only four feet square, and not four feet high, for the space of twenty-three days, and was there three days before any of his friends knew what become of him ; nor did any person know it but a boy and girl (both Romanists), who told his wife where he was concealed ; and she, under pretence of going there occasionally, conveyed him some sustenance through the loft, where they started a board for that purpose.

Edward Roche, of Garrylough, took upon himself the rank of general ; he was a notorious rebel, but had not the character of a murderer. After taking the command at Vinegar-hill, he issued the following proclamation, which was printed and circulated through the country :—

“DEAR FELLOW-CITIZENS,

“The world with astonishment beholds, and future ages will record, the wonderful and brilliant victories achieved by men almost wholly unacquainted with military tactics, and hardly able to find men to lead them on to conquer. But what force is there can withstand the arms of citizens fighting for liberty ! You see that by our exertions, almost the whole country is in our possession ; but a few more struggles, and the day is our own. Your brethren in different parts of the

kingdom have only been waiting for the signal, and you will see them flocking to the standard of liberty by thousands. Unanimity is what I have chiefly to recommend to you, with subordination and steady obedience to the commands of your officers, by which means you will insure success, and soon will see the downfall of that government which has long been tottering under the weight of its own crimes and enormities, under the torture and burthen of which you have so long groaned ; but, at the same time let me beg of you to be particular in your conduct towards your prisoners ; remember, numbers whom you have in your possession may not be guilty through principle, but through necessity ; remember they may have been forced to appear against us for the sake of getting their bread, when their hearts have been with us ; remember that this is not a war for religion, but for liberty, that there are a great number of men who are Protestants, who wish well to the cause in which we are engaged. Let the speech of the Protestant bishop of Down, in the Irish House of Lords, when the famous Roman Catholic bill was sent in, never be forgotten, but sink deep in all your breasts.

“EDWARD ROCHE,

“General of the United Army of the

“County of Wexford, fighting in

“*Vinegar-hill Camp.*

“The Cause of Liberty.”

After the battles of Ross, Newtownbarry, and Arklow, the rebels lost their brilliant hopes ; for had they gained Ross, the insurgents of the counties of Kilkenny and Waterford would have joined them, nor could all the military force then in those counties have stopped their progress until they had them completely in subjection ; and had they been victorious at Arklow, nothing could have prevented their march to Dublin (there being no military force in Wicklow), where multitudes of rebels were only waiting for the signal ; and had they reached Dublin, the fate of that city must have been awful, notwithstanding the firm spirit of its numerous and well disciplined yeomanry, who were ready for all alarms, and constantly on duty like the

oldest veterans, until the gallant militia of England volunteered in our country's cause, and came to its relief.

While general priest Roche, who lay at Lacken-hill, near Ross, was making a vast sum of money by the sale of his *protections*, the committee and commanders in Wexford, received orders from the county of Kilkenny for several thousand pikes, as another attack on Ross was in agitation. The plan was this: a body of the Kilkenny rebels was to attack the town from that side, while those of Wexford were to pour into it, and put the whole garrison to the sword. Great preparations were made for this grand attack, and further orders were dispatched to the directory in Wexford to send in the barony of Forth rebels, who had fled through cowardice from the camp, after the battle of Ross. The committee, not being able to comply with this demand, returned the following answer to general priest Roche :

"DEAR CITIZEN,

June 16th, 1798.

"We shall at all times be anxious to comply with your wishes ; we have before us a message from citizen Hughes, expressing your wish to have all the men in Forth and Bargo in your camp ; taking that demand in its full extent, we cannot comply with it, there are many reasons against it ; for instance, the protection of the coast, provisions, &c. We have, however, now issued orders, desiring all unmarried men to repair to camp immediately : we did so before, but they were not fully obeyed : at the present time particular obedience will be enforced, and we trust you will shortly find at your camp a number of fresh young fellows, as well appointed and provided as our best efforts can accomplish ; and we trust you will find in them the means of gratifying your wishes on the subject. We wish you every success in our glorious cause.

"Health and fraternity,

"By order of the Council,

"*Council Chamber, Wexford.* "NICHOLAS GRAY, Sec."

"P.S.—The appearance of the armed vessels off our coast will enforce the necessity of keeping the married men at home, until a fresh occasion calls for them."

The garrison of Ross, having some intimation of this new project, surrounded the town with barriers, and put themselves in a much better state of defence than before. The Roscommon regiment of militia, and a brigade under the command of Brigadier-General (the late lamented Sir John) Moore had also arrived, which so much strengthened the garrison, that they now bid defiance to any attack the United army could make; and the arrival of three fine battalions of Foot guards at Waterford, about the same period, greatly damped the further hopes of the rebels in this quarter.

On the 19th of June, the garrison of Ross, consisting of about seven thousand men, under the command of Major-General Johnson, marched for Lacken-hill—the Loyal Cheshire fencible infantry arriving, and taking the town guard. The haziness of the morning impeded their progress, so that they did not arrive at the hill till nine o'clock. During the march, which was only two miles, they saw the rebels formed into several extensive lines, standing firmly under arms, as if ready to receive them and they continued in that position until the troops approached within a few hundred yards of their post; when not a single man was to be seen on the hill, the enemy having fled towards Wexford, and joined the encampment on the Three Rocks. The flank companies, and Hompesch's hussars soon mounted the summit in pursuit of the flying horde, and they got possession of a vast quantity of plate, lead, provisions, and some of their guns, which they could not conveniently carry off in their precipitate retreat. The army encamped that night at Old Ross, where they hanged several rebels, whom they had picked up in their march. When the intelligence reached Wexford that the rebel army had fled from Lacken-hill to the Three Rocks, the town was thrown

into terrible consternation, the shops and windows were ordered to be shut, but in about an hour all was quiet again.

General Moore's brigade, which consisted of the second flank battalion, two rifle companies of the 60th regiment, a troop of Hompesch's mounted hussars, and a small train of artillery, taking a direction to the right towards Fookes's mill, encamped that night on the lawn of the Rev. William Sutton, of Long Grage. The place chosen for the encampment was in a line with the front of the house, which was protected on both flanks and in the rere by a thick wood, out-offices, &c.

The next morning the rebels left the Three Rocks, and moved to Long Grage, to attack General Moore, who had ordered a strong detachment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson, to patrol towards Tintern and Clonmines, with a view to scour the country, and to communicate with the troops whom Major-General Johnson had ordered to join him from Duncannon-fort. Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson returning without any intelligence of them, General Moore, despairing of their arrival, began his march to Taghmon, about three o'clock in the evening. The rebels, from the time they left their camp on the Three Rocks, were greatly reinforced, insomuch that their column extended four miles, filling the road all the way! * They marched on, boasting of their strength, and expressing their desire to be up with the army; and scarcely had General Moore marched half a mile, when he saw the rebels advancing towards him. He promptly adopted the most judicious

* General Moore, in his official account of the action, mentions the rebel army to be about five or six thousand; but general priest Roche told the General, when the former was a prisoner in Wexford, that they were more than eighteen thousand in number, which was afterwards found to be nearly correct.

measures to receive their attack, with his small force of about twelve hundred men. He first sent his advanced guard, consisting of the two rifle companies of the 60th regiment, to skirmish with them; whilst a howitzer and a six-pounder were drawn to a cross road above Goff's-bridge, where some companies of light infantry formed on each side, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson. The rebels attempted to attack the guns, but they were repulsed by such a tremendous fire of musquetry and grape-shot, as made them retreat in confusion over the bridge. While these were flying, another large body moved towards the left; but majors Aylmer and Daniel, with five companies of light infantry and a six-pounder, were detached against them. The 60th, finding no more opposition in front, now inclined to the left, to support that wing; and here the action soon became very bloody, as the rebels confided in their numbers, and were well armed with pikes and musquets. The conflict was at length so sharp, that General Moore was for some time doubtful whether he would be able to keep the field, as the flower of his brigade could not come into action, being obliged to guard the ammunition and baggage. The steady fire of the troops, however, soon caused their antagonists to waver; and a party of the rebels perceiving Hompesch's hussars bearing down on them, dressed in green,—which was their uniform,—some of them huzzaed to the rest, thinking that their friends were coming to their assistance; but they were soon convinced to their cost of the mistake. At length, after a severe conflict of four hours and a half, the enemy dispersed and fled, the greater part to Vinegar-hill and Wexford. Their loss could not be fully ascertained, as the dead lay scattered over a considerable tract of land; and had the situation of the country admitted of a charge from the cavalry in their retreat,

many hundreds more would have fallen. Of the royal troops, Major Daniel, of the 41st regiment, and Lieutenant Greene, County Dublin militia, were the only officers that fell: the loss otherwise was inconsiderable. General Moore took post on the field of battle that night (it being too late for him to proceed to Taghmon), and soon after the action he was reinforced by the 2nd and 29th regiments, under the command of Lord Dalhousie.

On the day upon which General Johnson's division left Ross, the garrison of Arklow, consisting of the Cavan militia, Durham, Dumbarton, and Suffolk fencibles, detachments of the Armagh, Londonderry, Antrim, and Tyrone militia, Ancient Britains, 5th and 9th dragoons, and of all the yeomen cavalry stationed in Arklow—in all about three thousand eight hundred men—under the command of Major-General Needham, were put in motion for the purpose of attacking the rebel camp on Gorey-hill; but the enemy on the approach of the army abandoned their post, like their brethren at Lacken, and fled with precipitation to Corragrewa, where they encamped that night, and the next day fled with still greater haste to Enniscorthy and Vinegar-hill. The troops from Arklow were quartered that night in Gorey, where they found various articles of value, which the rebels had left behind them, also a howitzer and a ship-gun, which were ordered to be spiked. They took some prisoners in Gorey, among whom was priest Francis Kavanagh, who, on the court-martial of a rebel the day before in Arklow, was proved to be a most disaffected man, though one of the oldest and most respectable of his class in the county.

The next morning the troops marched for Oulard, taking with them priest Kavanagh, who was there discharged, though the interference of some neighbouring gentlemen. The appearance of such a fine body of men,

accompanied with so much artillery, ammunition-waggons, baggage, and bread-carts, passing through the country, terrified the rebel inhabitants to such a degree that they fled in every direction towards Vinegar-hill. General Needham encamped at Oulard that night, during which he received orders from Lieutenant-General Lake, the commander-in-chief, to repair to Vinegar-hill, as it was his intention to attack it in the morning.

This post was now the only refuge of the rebels, and from the strength of the situation, they supposed that all the troops in Great Britain and Ireland would not be able to dislodge them from it. However, on the evening of the 20th of June, they were astonished on beholding his Majesty's forces advancing in two directions; a column from Ross, under the command of Major-Generals Johnson and Eustace, encamped on the right of the hill at about a mile distance. The rebels, seeing this, vauntingly cried, "They are not a breakfast for us, we will soon put them to flight;" and they accordingly advanced with a field-piece, and a column of musqueteers, as though they would carry all before them. A skirmish took place, but no lives were lost, for the rebels were afraid to go too near, and General Johnson* knew his duty too well to remove from his station till the appointed time. Another column, commanded by Lieutenant-General Dundas, encamped about two miles from the hill, on the left of the Slaney,

* General Johnson (now Sir Henry Johnson, G.C.B.), may be said, in the rebellion of 1798, to have been the military saviour of Ireland. His services were ardently acknowledged by our late revered sovereign, George III., who conferred on him the command of the 81st regiment, and afterwards that of the 5th, and appointed him one of his aides-de-camp. He still lives to wear his well-earned honours, and not long before the death of the venerable McCormick, he had an affecting interview with his brave auxiliary in the defence of Ross, whom he familiarly designated as his friend with the brazen helmet.

supported on the right by a third column, under Major-Generals Sir James Duff and Loftus. During the night, General Needham's column took its station on another side of the hill, and all the field-officers were employed in reconnoitering and forming their plan of attack for the following morning. The whole of the royal forces amounted to about fifteen thousand men.

The different columns surrounding Vinegar-hill manifested the greatest impatience for battle, and at half-past five o'clock, on the 21st of June, a gun was fired from the right, and answered from the centre and left columns, as a signal for a general attack ; which commenced with a terrible discharge of artillery, and was incessantly kept up for an hour and three quarters. The position of the right column when the firing opened being on a rising ground at the west end of the town, and Vinegar-hill on the east, they played on the rebels with six-pounders. At the same time the column, covered by the fire of their own cannon, attacked them in the town, and though they had taken the most advantageous positions in the streets and houses, the rebels were obliged to yield, if not to numbers, to the superior bravery and skill of his Majesty's troops, and the slaughter among them was very great. They then endeavoured to fly to the hill, but before they could gain the top it was cleared by the centre column, which had formed their line on a rising ground on the north side of the eminence, where the rebels had raised a breast-work. Here they were cannonaded by six-pounders and mortars, and on seeing the shells they were driven into the utmost confusion, as they could not conceive what they were, some shouting in a kind of delirium (as shell followed shell), "They spit fire at us," others, "We can stand any thing but these guns which fire twice." Indeed the carnage occasioned by them was very great, and fully

answered the end. Perceiving the effects of the shells they fled from their stronghold, and took another position on the lower hill, on the east side. The King's troops now mounted the summit, tore down the rebel standard, which was on the top of the old windmill, and displayed the royal banners, to which the rebels again bid defiance, and planting themselves behind the ditches, which served them for entrenchments and breast-works, they kept up a very heavy fire on the light brigade, commanded by Colonel Campbell; but nothing could retard the progress of these brave troops, who rushed on them like furies, charging them in their entrenchments, and with the assistance of the left column which flanked them, they soon put them to the rout. Their own cannon were now turned on them, which threw them into the greatest confusion; the cavalry then pursued, and mowed them down like grass. Among the slain was priest Thomas Clinch, a notorious and resolute rebel, and their whole loss was estimated at about five hundred. Throughout the whole of this arduous undertaking, the troops, who were filled with the true spirit of loyalty, displayed astonishing courage and perseverance. But alas! just after the battle, while the soldiers were yet filled with rage, a few poor loyalists who had encountered the greatest difficulties to escape the merciless hands of the rebels, and who were transported at the approach of the army, unthinkingly ran to them for protection, but being in coloured clothes, were shot by their deliverers before they had time to make known their distress; in this the soldiers were blameless, not being able for the moment to discriminate between the rebel and the loyalist.*

* RETURN OF THE KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING OF THE KING'S TROOPS,
IN THE ATTACK OF VINEGAR-HILL AND ENNISCORTHY, JUNE 21, 1798,

OFFICERS KILLED.

Lieutenant Sandys, Longford militia, attached to first battalion;
Lieutenant Barnes, 13th foot, attached to 4th battalion.

While these important events occurred at Enniscorthy and Vinegar-hill, Wexford was a prey to the most horrible anarchy and bloodshed. On the 19th of June the Protestants in Wexford received the heart-rending intelligence that all the prisoners were to be murdered the next day. That night also, one of them, while sitting alone in silent sorrow, heard the death-bell toll as loud as ever she heard it, and much more awful. On the following morning, the never-to-be-forgotten 20th of June, Thomas Dixon rode to the gaol door, and swore that not a prisoner

WOUNDED.

Major Vesey (now Colonel Vesey), Dublin County militia ; Colonel King, Sligo militia ; Captain Dunne, 7th Dragoon Guards ; Captain Shundea, 60th regiment of foot, 5th battalion ; Lieutenant Barker, Kildare militia, attached to 4th battalion ; Lieutenant Hill, Mid-Lothian fencible cavalry.

PRIVATES.

Ninth Dragoons—1 rank and file killed ; Mid-Lothian—1 rank and file wounded ; Hompesch's Hussars—2 rank and file wounded ; Dunlavin Yeomen Cavalry—1 rank and file wounded ; 89th Regiment of Foot—1 rank and file killed ; 1st battalion Light Infantry—1 sergeant wounded, 2 rank and file killed, 18 wounded, and 3 missing ; Royal British Horse Artillery—1 rank and file wounded ; Sligo Militia—2 rank and file killed, 2 wounded ; Suffolk Fencible Infantry—2 rank and file wounded ; 5th battalion 60th Regiment—1 sergeant missing, 5 rank and file killed, 5 wounded ; 4th Light Battalion—1 sergeant, 3 rank and file killed, 22 wounded, 1 missing ; Royal Meath Militia—1 sergeant killed ; Roscommon Militia—1 rank and file wounded, 1 missing ; Dublin County Militia—2 rank and file killed, 6 wounded.

RETURN OF ORDNANCE TAKEN FROM THE REBELS.

Three brass six-pounders, one three-pounder, seven one-pounders, one five and a-half inch howitzer, two four and a-half inch howitzers—total 14.

ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION.

Seventeen six-pounders, thirty one-pounders, eleven five and a-half inch howitzers—total 58.

NOTE.—A cart with a great variety of balls of different diameters, had been thrown down the hill after the action, and immense quantities of lead and leaden balls were delivered over to the Dumbarton fencible infantry.

should be alive against sun-set ; he then rode into the street, repeating the same with horrid imprecations, adding that not a soul should be left to tell the tale. Good God ! how shall I proceed ? Neither tongue nor pen can describe the dismal aspect of that melancholy day—a day in which the sun did not so much as glimmer through the frowning heavens. The town bell rang, and the drums beat to arms, to assemble the rebels for the purpose of joining those at the Three Rocks, in order to march against General Moore's brigade. In the evening Dixon assembled the murdering band, and immediately hoisted that harbinger of destruction, the *Black Flag*, which had on one side a bloody cross, and on the other the initials M.W.S., that is, "Murder Without Sin," signifying that it was no sin to murder a Protestant. Having paraded for some time to give more solemnity to the scene, the poor Protestants who were confined in the gaol and prison-ship, were led forth to the slaughter. They were conducted to the bridge under a strong guard of merciless furies, piked to death, with every circumstance of barbarous cruelty, and then flung into the river to leave room for more ! While this work of blood was going on, a rebel captain, being shocked at the cries of the victims, and possessing some feelings of humanity, ran to the Popish bishop, who was then drinking wine with the utmost composure after his dinner, and knowing that he could at once stop the massacre, entreated of him, "for the mercy of Jesus," to come and save the prisoners. The bishop coolly replied that "it was no affair of his," and requested the captain "would sit down and take a glass of wine," adding that "the people should be gratified" ! The captain, however, indignantly refused the invitation, and, filled with abhorrence and distress of mind, walked silently away.

All this time the sanguinary pike-men continued

butchering the poor Protestants on the bridge. Some they perforated in places not mortal, to prolong and increase their torture. Others they would raise aloft on their pikes, and while the miserable victim writhed in the extreme of agony, his blood streaming down the handles of their pikes, they exulted round him with savage joy. In the midst of this terrific scene, General Edward Roche galloped up in great haste, and commanded the drum to beat to arms, declaring, that Vinegar-hill was nearly surrounded by the King's troops, and that all should repair to camp, as reinforcements were wanting. This express had a wonderful effect. The assassins instantly closed the bloody scene, and fled in all directions, leaving three of the prisoners on their knees, namely, William Hamilton, William O'Connor, and Charles Jackson. Some of the rebel guard returned soon after, and conveyed back to the gaol the prisoners, who had still continued on their knees, without making the least effort to escape, being stupified with terror. But that sanguinary monster, Thomas Dixon, returning, he soon evinced that his thirst for Protestant blood was not yet satiated, by ordering out the remainder of the prisoners from the gaol and prison-ship, the greater part of whom were tortured to death in like manner as the former. He then proceeded to the market-house, and having fixed his vulture-eye on others, dragged them to the fatal bridge for execution. After butchering these, a lot of ten more was brought forth, and barbarously murdered. The third time they took out eighteen, and were massacring them, when Dick Monk rode into town from Vinegar-hill, with his shoes and stockings off, and shouting, "D——n your souls! you vagabonds, why don't you go out and meet the enemy that are coming in, and not be murdering thus in cold blood?" Some Protestant women followed him, and asked him,

“What news?” He replied, “Bad news, indeed; the King’s forces are encamped round Vinegar-hill.” He then rode towards the convent, and perceiving the women (who were anxious to be more fully informed of this matter) following him, he drew out a pistol and swore that if they came any farther he would blow their brains out. Shortly after priest Corrin was seen running towards the bridge. There were six of the poor Protestants killed out of the last party that were taken down before he arrived, namely, Philip Bacon, Samuel Gordon, William Stedman, Thomas Rigly, James Dowzar, and Thomas Shaw: and it was with great difficulty he prevailed upon them to spare the rest; for after using all the arguments he possibly could without effect, he at length took off his hat, and desired them to kneel down and pray for the souls of the poor prisoners before they put them to death; they did so, and having thus got them in the attitude of devotion, he said, “Now pray to God, to have mercy on your souls, and teach you to show that kindness towards them, which you expect from Him, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment.” This had the desired effect; he then led them off the bridge without opposition, and they were sent back to confinement. The massacre of that day ceased about eight o’clock in the evening. Out of forty-eight prisoners who had been confined in the market-house, only the following persons escaped:—

Matthew Kelly,
William Kennedy,
James Hamilton,
Benjamin Warren,
Matthew Fenlon,
William Kelly,
John Combes,
John Kendrick,
Joseph Bavistor,
James Patchel,

Peter Judd,
William Shepherd,
William Harris,
John Makay,
Francis McCoy,
Sandwith Martin,
Robert Styles,
Robert Makay,
George Taylor.*

* The author of this History.

The very awful appearance of this evening, and the bloody scenes of the day, alarmed the remaining Protestants, and terrified them beyond description ; for the rebels declared openly that they would put every Protestant man, woman, and child to the sword on the following morning.

When the fugitives from Vinegar-hill arrived at Wexford on the 21st, some were for putting to death all the prisoners ; others, for evacuating the town ; and a third party were for fighting to the last, as they knew they would soon be encircled by the royal troops on every side. General Moore was now on his march from Taghmon ; and Generals Dundas, Sir James Duff, and Loftus were approaching through Enniscorthy, and General Needham through Oulard, to surround Wexford by land, whilst eight frigates then riding outside the harbour, with some gun-boats, were to come into the river under the town, and lay it in ruins if not immediately evacuated. The rebel leaders now saw themselves in a very critical situation ; and being convinced that they could not keep the town, they liberated Lord Kingsborough and the other officers who were prisoners, and sent one of them to propose a surrender, hoping that the lenity which was shown to *them* would induce the conquerors to grant them favourable terms. Accordingly, Captain McManus, of the Antrim militia (who was taken at the battle near Gorey, June 4th), and Edward Hay, a rebel captain, were despatched towards Taghmon to meet General Moore, with the following terms, proposed by the rebels in the town of Wexford :

“That Captain McManus shall proceed from Wexford towards Oulard, accompanied by Mr. E. Hay, appointed by the inhabitants of all religious persuasions, to inform the officer commanding the King’s troops that they are ready to deliver

up the town of Wexford without opposition, lay down their arms, and return to their allegiance, provided that their persons and properties are guaranteed by the commanding officer; and that they will use every influence in their power to induce the people of the country at large to return to their allegiance also. These terms we hope Captain McManus will be able to procure.

“Signed, by order of the inhabitants of Wexford,

“MATT. KEUGHE.”

When General Moore received these proposals, he despatched them to Lieutenant-General Lake, who returned the following answer :

“Lieutenant-General Lake cannot attend to any terms offered by rebels in arms against their Sovereign; while they continue so, he must use the force entrusted to him, with the utmost energy, for their destruction.

“To the deluded multitude he promises pardon, on their delivering into his hands their leaders, surrendering their arms, and returning with sincerity to their allegiance.

(Signed) “G. LAKE.”

“*Enniscorthy, 22nd of June, 1798.*”

After this embassy was sent off, General priest Roche endeavoured to persuade the rebels to go out and meet the army that was advancing towards the town, telling them it was better and more honourable for them to fight to the last, than suffer themselves to be cut in pieces by the King's forces. All his entreaties were in vain; they absolutely refused to go on any account. The Popish bishop then ordered them all to kneel down, till he would give them his benediction; and in about half an hour the drums beat a retreat. General Roche and his men fled to Killinic, in the barony of Forth, where they encamped that night, and early the next morning went to the borders of the county Kilkenny. Perry and his men fled over the bridge towards Kilmuckridge.

General Moore's brigade arrived at the Windmill-hill, above Wexford, about five o'clock in the evening, and sent a detachment of two companies of the Queen's Royals to take possession of the garrison. Captain Boyd, of the Wexford cavalry, and a few of his troop, were the first that appeared. They came (amidst innumerable blessings) galloping up to the gaol door to see the prisoners. Many a tear was shed on this happy occasion by the overjoyed inhabitants. But Captain Boyd cautioned the prisoners not to come out till the arrival of the army, lest on their coming into town they might be taken for rebels (not having military clothes) and put to death. Shortly after the Queen's Royals arrived. Description fails in attempting to set forth the emotions which arose in the breasts of the poor Protestants who had been doomed to destruction. The entrance of the army was peculiarly striking ; for instead of rushing in with all the violence of enraged men, as might be expected, they marched along in such solemnity and silent grandeur, that not a whisper was to be heard through all the ranks. Many wept with joy to see their deliverers, who soon opened the prison-doors, "and set the prisoners free." Thus was the town of Wexford recovered from Popery's persecuting reign, on the 21st of June, 1798, after being in possession of the rebels twenty-three days. Had the army arrived a day sooner, they would have saved ninety-seven Protestants, who were cruelly butchered on the bridge. Indeed, the shocking acts of barbarity practised during this period would make as many pictures of inhumanity as are to be found in the history of the martyrs.

Lieutenant-General Lake now issued a proclamation for the apprehension of all the rebel leaders ; assuring the deluded multitude, that such as would come forward and deliver up their arms, should find mercy and protection.

He also issued general orders that no person should be put to death, unless he had been tried and condemned by a court-martial ; and he forbade that any inhabitant, or other person, should be molested, strictly charging the soldiers not to take away an article from any individual without having first paid for it. The defeat of Vinegar-hill, and the evacuation of Wexford, so dispirited the rebels, that numbers of them flocked to the different commanders of garrisons, and on being sworn to allegiance, were favoured with protections ; but very few arms were brought in.

Perry and his men fled towards Kilmuckridge, and on the next day, Friday the 22nd of June, they passed through Gorey, where they surprised some of the neighbouring yeomanry and loyalists, who that day had come from Arklow for the purpose of seeing the situation of the country. The yeomen and such of the loyalists as had arms, gallantly withstood them, till perceiving the rebels endeavouring to surround them, they retreated to Arklow, and were pursued by the rebels. The following, with six others, were slaughtered by the way. That day has since been known by the name of "Bloody Friday."

Bates, William,
Bates, Robert,
Bassit, John,
Butler, William,
Butler, Richard,
Buttle, Thomas,
Chease, William,
Coke, John,
Dobbin, William,
Erritt, William,
Foxton, Thomas,
Ormsby, William,
Patchel, Michael,
Rogers, Henry,
Read, George,
Shaw, Abraham,

Gray, William,
Harris, John,
Jones, William,
Johnson, John, senr.,
Johnson, John, junr.
Johnson, —
Jolly, Thomas,
Kennedy, Joseph,
Lee, Richard,
Moore, Daniel,
Needham, John,
Stanford, William,
Whitaker, John,
Webster, Robert,
Williams, Ralph.

Before I proceed, I shall take the liberty of recording the extraordinary case of James Rowsome, which affords another instance of the sanguinary spirit of Popery. On the retreat of the loyalists from Gorey on the above melancholy day, Rowsome was overtaken by Perry and his men. Knowing who he was, they were on the point of piking him, but Perry desired them to forbear, and leave him for those who were coming after. Priest Kearns soon came up with another body of rebels, and asked him his name. He told him, and then Kearns desired him to lie down till he should shoot him. Some of the rebels were going to despatch him their own way, but Kearns prevented them, saying he would do him the honour to despatch him himself. He snapped his pistol at him, but it missing fire, the rebels were again for piking him; but the priest very deliberately put fresh powder in the pan, and ordered him not to stir, telling him he would now do his business. He accordingly fired; the ball passed through his chin and upper lip, and came out at the neck, tearing him in a shocking manner. Here they left him weltering in his gore. After some time he crept off the road, and lay for a while hid in some fern in an adjoining field, where two rebels found him, and asked him if he was not yet dead. He said not, but almost. One of them said, it should not be long until he would, on which he fired at him, the ball breaking one of his arms; the other rebel would not fire, having but one charge, but got a large stone and beat the poor sufferer on the head until no appearance of life was left. Here he lay until near day-light, when, recovering a little strength, he crossed the country to Benough, to a friend's house, in whose pig-house he lay two days and two nights without nourishment, except some milk and water; but on the arrival of the king's troops at Gorey, he was conveyed on

the provision carts to the military hospital in Bray, where he remained some months till cured, and is now a living monument of the sparing mercy of God. Of all the objects I have seen, he is one of the greatest; having lost all his under teeth and the bones of his chin; his jaw is locked, his under lip split from the point to the swallow. He cannot take any sort of food but what is administered through the medium of a spoon; and he is under the necessity of keeping a large sponge under his chin, to receive a humour which continually oozes through the part, and to keep his bosom dry.

The rebel armies commanded by Perry and Roche now formed a junction in the mountains which divide the county of Wexford from that of Kilkenny, where for a time we will leave them, to give some account of the fate of the rebel leaders taken in Wexford.

A few days after the army entered that town, the famous General priest Roche was arrested, tried by court-martial, and executed at the bridge, from whence his body was thrown into the river. He was a man of great stature, and so very heavy, that on his being suspended the rope broke. John Hay, a rebel officer, was also found guilty and executed.

B. B. Harvey, who for some time acted as commander-in-chief of the rebel army, was grandson to the late Rev. William Harvey, of Bargy-castle, and rector of the union of Malrankin. His father, the late Francis Harvey, Esq., was an attorney, and through diligence and frugality had enlarged his estate by several purchases, all of which on his decease devolved to this his eldest son, who, before the rebellion, was a gentleman greatly beloved by every description of people. After the rebels were discomfited at Vinegar-hill, Mr. Harvey and Mr. John Colclough fled to one of the Saltee islands, about four miles from the shore,

taking with them some provisions, wine, spirits, and arms, and intending to remain there till an opportunity offered of conveying themselves to France. But information having been received of their place of concealment, a party of military were despatched thither on the 27th of June, when they were apprehended and conveyed to Wexford. Harvey's trial commenced on the same evening; he appeared to be much agitated, and spoke little. It appeared in evidence that he acted as commander-in-chief of the rebel forces at the battle of Ross, on the 5th of June, and a letter to the commander-in-chief of the king's troops, signed with the name of B. B. Harvey, summoning him to surrender the town to the rebels, was produced in evidence on the trial, and acknowledged by Mr. Harvey to be his handwriting. The unhappy man produced many witnesses in his defence, but none to contradict the main facts—he did not deny his having acted as commander of the rebel forces, but endeavoured to extenuate his conduct by saying that he accepted the command to prevent much greater evils, which would accrue from its falling into other hands, and with the hope of surrendering that command, one day or other, with greater advantage to the country. He had no counsel, and after a trial which lasted eight hours, he was found guilty of (death); which sentence was put into execution on the morning of the 28th. His head was cut off, and placed on the Sessions-house, and his body thrown into the river. On the evening of the same day, was executed John Colclough of Ballyteigue, as a rebel officer. He was a gentleman of great respectability, and bore a very good private character. He was about thirty years old, of a cheerful aspect, and very polished manners.

Cornelius Grogan was the eldest son of the late John Grogan, of Johnstown, Esq., in this county, a man of fine

landed property, and he was supposed to be the greatest monied man in the county. He was of a retired disposition, and, before this unfortunate period, had never been known to take any active part in politics, but passed the chief part of his time in trying mechanical experiments. He had sat in Parliament as member for the town of Enniscorthy; and on the dissolution of Parliament in 1790, he offered himself as member for the county of Wexford, but lost it by a small majority. He had three younger brothers, two of whom were captains of yeomanry corps, and of approved loyalty; one of them, Captain Thomas Knox Grogan, was killed by the rebels in a charge at the battle of Arklow, and the other, Captain John Grogan, of the Healthfield cavalry, was wounded in the neck. After the army arrived in Wexford, Mr. C. Grogan was arrested at his seat of Johnstown, and on his trial he endeavoured to prove that he was forced to act as commissary to the rebel army; but being convicted, he also suffered as a traitor.

Matthew Keughe, the rebel governor of Wexford, had formerly been a drummer in his Majesty's 33rd regiment of foot, and by his extraordinary merit was advanced from that station to the rank of captain in the same regiment. Having married in Wexford, he retired on half-pay, which he actually received at the breaking out of the rebellion. He was about fifty years of age, rather above the middle height, and might be called a well-looking man; his head was bald in front, and he wore his hair, which was remarkably white, tied behind. Some years back he was appointed a magistrate of the county of Wexford, but his commission was afterwards taken from him for some political reasons. On the alarm being given that the rebels were rising in the county he volunteered in one of the yeomanry corps, and on Whitsunday was employed in establishing fortifications to

repulse the insurgents. On the following day he was appointed to command a party of loyalists who were to guard one of the entrances to the town. Yet on the rebels taking possession of Wexford he joined them, and was chosen governor; in which situation he continued till it was recaptured by the royal troops, when he was taken prisoner, convicted on the clearest evidence, and executed.

Esmond Kyan, rebel captain of artillery, was the youngest son of the late Howard Kyan, of Mount Howard, in the county of Wexford, Esq., and his mother was aunt to the present Sir Thomas Esmond, Bart. He was about fifty years of age, five feet and a half high, and rather a handsome man. He had lost his left arm some years before by an accident, and a cork one was substituted in its stead. He was liberal, generous, brave and merciful; and having received a severe wound in his left arm, above where the cork one was joined, and being tired of a rebellious life, he went to Wexford shortly after the army took possession of the town, in order to surrender himself, but being met by the picquet guard, he was also found guilty and hanged.

Edward Roche, the rebel general, had been a middling farmer and maltster near Wexford; and until this time, never appeared in any conspicuous character, except that he was permanent sergeant of the Shelmalier yeomen cavalry, commanded by Captain Le Hunte; he was about five feet seven inches high, rather corpulent, about forty years old, and had no more the appearance of a general than any other man, except that he wore two large gold epaulets, and a silk sash and belt, in which he was tried, and sentenced to transportation. He was accordingly sent to Newgate, in Dublin, with other convicts; but before the vessel was ready to convey them to their destination, he, with some others, died suddenly; and it was thought they had taken poison.

Richard Monaghan, *alias* Dick Monk, a rebel captain, was born of obscure parents, having formerly been a shoe-black in Wexford ; but being a fellow of great wit and humour, he was taken notice of, and afterwards obtained a livelihood by buying corn for the merchants. He had also been a recruiting sergeant part of his life ; and on the rebellion breaking out he was appointed a captain in the rebel army, and was considered during that period as a very generous, well-minded man. After the rebels were driven out of the county, he received a wound in an engagement, and was going to Newtownbarry to surrender himself to Colonel Maxwell, of the Cavan militia, when he was met by a party of yeomanry and shot.

Thomas Dixon, rebel captain, was the son of a publican in Castle-bridge, near Wexford. In his youth he was bound as an apprentice to a tanner in New Ross ; but not liking that business, he went to sea, and in some time was appointed master of one of his brother's vessels, who was an opulent merchant in Castle-bridge. During the rebellion, as our preceding pages have shown, he was noted for cruelty and cowardice, and had been the means of shedding torrents of Protestant blood. His wife, if possible, was more sanguinary than himself ; but wherever they secreted themselves, they never could be found, though a large reward was offered for their apprehension.

The rebel forces having at length been expelled from this unfortunate county, it now remains to inform the reader of their conduct, from the retaking of Wexford by the king's troops, to their total separation. But previous to my entering upon this, I shall insert two other instances of their cruelty ; the first attested upon oath, the second delivered by a person of the strictest integrity, who suffered by their barbarous hands. A few weeks

after the battle of Vinegar-hill, an affidavit was made before Alderman Fleming, then lord mayor of the city of Dublin, by Richard Sterne, a man about seventy years of age, and an old inhabitant of Enniscorthy, to the following purport :

“That he, in his flight from Enniscorthy, was overtaken by a great body of rebels, on their way to Wexford, near the seat of Mr. Ogle ; that they were headed by priest John Murphy, on horseback, who carried before him a large crucifix ; that he was accosted by one of their officers as an Orangeman, and asked if he would turn Roman Catholic ; that he replied he would not ; for having lived all his life a Protestant, he could not think of turning in his old days ; that upon his declaring this, he was threatened with instant death, but that life being sweet, he on reflection asked, if he should turn would his life be spared ; that he was answered in the negative, but that in mercy he should be shot, and if he did not turn, that he should be tortured to death with pikes ; that he then inquired why they would kill him though he should turn ; they answered lest he should afterwards turn heretic again ; that he then begged hard that application might be made to the priest in his behalf ; and that when the priest was asked what should be done with him, he replied, what they liked ; that he then told them if he must die, he preferred being piked for being a Protestant, to being shot after denying his faith, but that he requested they would bring him before Father Murphy, which they did ; that because he did not instantly fall on his knees and bow to the crucifix, he was struck on the head with a spade-handle shod with iron, and left for dead ; that when he recovered he saw none of the rebels, and judges that he lay on the road senseless for some hours ; that he found he had been

stabbed in various parts of the body with pikes, and was so sore that he could hardly rise ; that he received one stab which passed entirely through him, from the right to the left side, and thinks it was with a cane-sword, or some such weapon, the orifice of the wound being small ; that he lay so long his wounds stopped bleeding, the blood being congealed, and he was so faint he could hardly walk ; that the stroke he received in his head had disabled him much ; that with the little strength he had he crept off the road, and went towards the Slaney (about half a mile distant), expecting, before he should be observed, to gain Mr. Ogle's house, the land steward of whom he had had a long acquaintance with, hoping thereby to get assistance in his deplorable condition ; that when he got to the river, and came to the Pill (a place like a canal to keep the boats in), there stood two women at the other side, who, when they saw him, ran and drew the boat to their side of the water, saying, " No matter what becomes of you, for you have not long to live " (he being horrid to look on, and almost covered with blood) ; that he now went up the Pill seeking a passage, but could find none, and returning to the boat looked wistfully at it, and regretted he had not in his youth learned to swim ; that though it was but about two yards from him, it might as well, he thought, have been a mile ; that he recollected, however, while there is life there is hope, therefore resolved to use his utmost strength and endeavour to get to it, so ventured into the water and reached the boat, contrary to his expectations, in a few efforts, and got safe to Mr. Ogle's ; that his friend the steward behaved kind to him, having nourished him three or four days, and procured him a pass back to Enniscorthy ; that the pass, however, did not avail, as he was there put into prison, where he remained some days ; that he was afterwards brought up to Vinegar-hill, with many more

Protestants, to end their wretched existence ; that all his fellow prisoners were murdered, but that he was spared by obtaining a protection from an old friend in power, brother to one of the priests." Thus this poor old man providentially escaped to make the above affidavit of the barbarous treatment which he received.

The following distressing account was delivered by Edward Stacy, of Mangan, of whose veracity there can be no doubt :

" That on Saturday the 16th of June, 1798, four rebels came to his house, on entering which they fired a shot, and asked why he did not repair to their camp ; that he replied he was an elderly man and inactive, and that he had a large family which required his attention at home ; that the rebels would admit of no excuse, but after setting the house on fire, dragged him away ; and, being joined by another rebel, they conducted him to a marl-hole which was full of water, and asked him could he swim, to which he replied in the negative ; that they then said, ' We will give you your choice, either to leap into the marl-hole, or kneel down and be shot ' ; that he replied, hard sentence, but that he was determined not to be accessory to his own death ; that he hoped, however, they would be so honourable as to take him to their camp, and try him according to their law, and that if there was anything in his conduct worthy of death, he refused not to die ; that instead of consenting to this proposal, they determined upon his death ; that they led him a little farther, when one said to the other, ' Sinnot, are you a believer ? ' Sinnot replied in the affirmative ; that he then turned to Mr. Stacy and asked, ' What do you believe in ? ' that he answered, ' In the Lord God that made the heavens and the earth ' ; they then asked, ' Do you believe the Virgin Mary is blessed above all other women ? ' that he answered,

'I do'; then they asked, 'What makes you believe so?' that he replied, 'Because it is left upon record, "Henceforth shall all generations call me blessed"; that they then damned him, and said, 'How do you know what is left upon record?' adding, 'Don't you know that though you are now alive, your soul is broiling in hell, and all of your sort?' that he replied, he did not believe that; that they then inquired if he went to mass since the rebellion; that he answered in the negative, as thinking it more prudent to keep away, lest they should say he went through fear, and that he was determined never to embrace their doctrine; 'Then,' said they, 'you must die'; to which he answered, 'I fear not what man can do unto me'; that they then ordered him to kneel down, declaring he should live no longer; that he obeyed, and was scarce on his knees when Edward Sinnot, who was then one of his neighbours, went behind and discharged his piece at him; that the ball entered about the small of his back, and came out at the lower part of his belly; believing they had killed him, they went on their way to the camp; that though so badly wounded, he had presence of mind to lie still, concluding that if they returned, and perceived any signs of life, they would put him to death at once; that he continued lying for about half an hour, bleeding all the while, when his wife, hearing he was killed, ran in the greatest anguish of mind to seek for his body; that she found him on his face, and supposing him to be dead, threw herself upon him, and immediately exclaimed, 'Oh! my dear Ned, are you alive?' that he answered softly, 'Yes': she, overjoyed, asked if he was much hurt, 'A little,' said he; that she and another woman then raised him up, and helped him over two fields; but being weak with the loss of blood his limbs failed, and he could go no further (though he thought he could have walked home if he had got up immediately after he

was shot) ; that one of the women ran for a horse and car to convey him to the remains of his dwelling ; that he was brought thither just with the signs of life, and put to bed, but with little hopes of recovery, having no medical aid ; that he lay in this condition all night, so that by morning he had lost about six quarts of blood, in addition to what he had lost when lying on the ground ; that his wife, however, with a dependence on the Lord, undertook to be his doctor ; that she washed his wound with water in which herbs were boiled, then applied a plaister, and thus daily for six weeks she went on, until by the blessing of God a perfect cure was made."

I shall now proceed to notice the further movements of the rebels after their flight from Wexford and Vinegar-hill. Though they formed a junction on the 22nd of June, in the mountains between the counties of Wexford and Kilkenny, their intention was to separate ; for which purpose they formed their forces into two divisions ; one commanded by general Roche, Edward Fitzgerald, and priest John Murphy, to march into the county of Kilkenny ; and the other party under Perry, priest Kearns, Garret, and William Byrne, to occupy the mountainous parts of Wicklow. For this end, the body under general Roche began their march early in the night of that day, and on the following morning made their appearance opposite Gore's-bridge, a village on the river Barrow, in the county of Kilkenny. The royal forces stationed there consisted only of one troop of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and a company of the Wexford militia, who prepared to stop their progress, and for that purpose took possession of the bridge ; but the army, on perceiving the rebels planting their cannon on the opposite side, and fording the river in considerable numbers, thought it more prudent to retreat. All the dragoons escaped, but

twenty-four of the Wexford militia were taken prisoners ; and eight of them, being Protestants, were murdered on that and the following day. The intention of the rebels was now to form a junction with the colliers, and after taking Castlecomer, to proceed to Kilkenny on Monday the 25th.

From Gore's-bridge the rebels proceeded through Kelly-mount (plundering as they went along) to a hill five miles from Castlecomer, in the range of mountains called the Ridge, where they encamped that night, determining to attack Castlecomer on the following morning. The Protestants of the country, being terrified at the appearance of the rebels, and knowing that if they stayed at home their lives would be in danger, hastened to Castlecomer. About one o'clock a troop of the 4th Dragoon Guards, a company of the Royal Downshire militia, and a few yeomen, arrived from Ballinakill ; these, with a troop of the Royal Irish Dragoons, two companies of the Waterford militia, and one troop of the yeoman cavalry, about two hundred and fifty in all, made up the entire of the military force.

After hearing mass from priest John Murphy, the rebels quitted their encampment, and marched towards Castlecomer. The military at the same time marched out of town to meet the assailants, who advanced in the most daring manner, and in tolerable order, with their gunsmen in front. The engagement began between six and seven o'clock, with a smart fire, which was briskly kept up on both sides for some time ; but the army at length gave way, and retreated to the town. The military now took possession of the bridge, where there was a hot action for some time, when the commanding officer ordered a retreat. The cavalry and some of the infantry instantly obeyed, but about twenty of the Waterford militia absolutely refused, declaring they would prefer death to dishonour. On the retreat of the army, the

perfidious inhabitants set the town on fire, and the few military who disobeyed orders, with about thirty loyalists of the town, were all that now remained to engage the enemy. Major-General Sir Charles Asgill, however, arrived at this juncture, with a reinforcement of nine hundred men, and the rebels, perceiving such an army, sheltered themselves in the woods, and fired on the military ; but eighteen rounds of grape-shot soon dislodged them, when they were attacked on all sides ; and about four in the afternoon they retreated, leaving upwards of four hundred dead, while the loss on the side of the royal troops was very inconsiderable. For the safety of Kilkenny the troops were obliged to return there that night, and six hundred loyalists fled with them. They left the greater part of their property behind, which a party of the rebels, who returned, carried off.

After the defeat of Castlecomer, the rebels kept hovering about the mountains, not wishing to remain long in one station, till they collected their forces, which were very much scattered after the action. They again formed their camp on the Ridge, where they remained till the evening of the 25th of June, when they left that situation and advanced towards Kellymount and Gore's-bridge.

On the 24th, the troops in Maryborough, consisting of a part of the Royal Downshire militia, under Major Matthews, with their battalion guns, and the Ballyfin and Maryborough yeoman cavalry, under the command of Captain Pole (now Lord Maryborough), were put in motion, and marched towards the collieries of Castlecomer and Donane, by order of General Sir Charles Asgill. On the road they perceived Castlecomer to be on fire, and advancing still to Moyad, saw the rebels in great force on the rising grounds above Donane. They now received intelligence that Sir Charles had that morning engaged

them at Castlecomer, and that his force was at least double theirs, but that he had for certain reasons returned to Kilkenny. Major Matthews, thinking it rather late to attack them, fell back to Timahoe, where an express arrived from Sir Charles, desiring the Major, with the troops under his command, to return to Maryborough. This was answered by an express from Major Matthews, proposing to Sir Charles to attack the enemy the next morning on the road from Donane, and that he would engage them on the road from Timahoe. To this Sir Charles refused to agree, as his troops were fatigued, but he left it to Major Matthews to attack them if he could with safety, or return to Maryborough. The Major chose the former ; and having made proper arrangements, pursued the rebels to Moyad the next morning, where he had last seen them. They soon moved from this station to the Ridge, to which they were followed by Major Matthews, who was again disappointed in bringing them to action, as they had marched to Gore's-bridge. The cavalry then went to Old Leighlin for intelligence, from which place Captain Pole sent an express to Sir Charles, who lay in Kilkenny, informing him of what they had done, and their intention of attacking the enemy wherever they found them. Here they met with great kindness from Mr. Vigors, a gentleman of high respectability, who supplied the troops with horses and cars to carry them, as they were much fatigued, and accompanied them himself, giving them every assistance in his power. The whole reached Leighlin-bridge about twelve o'clock at night, and, in two hours after, an express arrived from Sir Charles, desiring the troops to meet him at Gore's-bridge at five o'clock on the following morning. They instantly marched, but on the road Major Matthews received such intelligence as induced him to alter his route, in order to get between the

rebels and the mountains; at the same time he sent intelligence of this movement to Sir Charles, who had marched with detachments of the Wexford Regiment, Colonel Lord Loftus; the Wicklow, Colonel Howard; and some regular and yeoman cavalry, under the command of Major Donaldson, of the 9th Dragoons.

Major Matthews came in view of the rebels, advantageously posted on a rising ground, in an extensive flat, at Kilcomney, near Gore's-bridge, and discharging a field-piece at them, they retired about a mile to form their line. The army then pursued in column, and by the time the rebels had formed, Sir Charles attacked them on the other side of the hill, and being joined by Major Matthews, charged them in such a manner as soon broke their line, when a terrible slaughter ensued. The two bodies now uniting, pursued the rebels into the county of Wexford, leaving upwards of one thousand of them dead in the surrounding country.*

* RETURN OF THE KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING, OF THE TROOPS
ENGAGED AT KILCOMNEY, THE 26TH OF JUNE, 1798.

OFFICER KILLED.

Lieutenant Stones, Mount Leinster Yeoman Infantry.

PRIVATEs.

Fifth Dragoons—1 horse missing.

Ninth Dragoons—1 sergeant wounded, 1 horse killed.

Hompesch's Hussars—1 rank and file wounded.

Maryborough Cavalry—1 rank and file wounded, 4 horses killed.

RETURN OF ORDNANCE, COLOURS, AMMUNITION, AND STORES TAKEN.

One colours, five four-pounders, five one-pounders, four swivels, a few guns; and a number of pikes, which were destroyed as soon as taken; a number of shot of different sizes, with a quantity of lead and moulds.

Stores.—Black cattle, one hundred and seventy; sheep, one hundred; horses, seven hundred—total, nine hundred and seventy. Also a vast quantity of bedding, blanketting, and wearing apparel.

When it is known that the rebel army would not have been brought into action but for the exertions of the little corps under Major Matthews, who pursued a large body of them, at least five thousand strong, with ten pieces of cannon, for nearly forty miles, without orders or directions from any general officer whatsoever, and that, except some bread they got at Leighlin-bridge, not a man of them tasted food for forty-four hours, it must be allowed that they did their duty, and that they deserved well of their country.

General Perry, priest Kearns, William and Garret Byrne, of Ballymanus, and the party under their command, remained for a few days on the Wicklow mountains, from whence they marched to attack Hacket's-town, in the county of Carlow, early on the morning of the 25th of June, where the garrison consisted of only fifty of the Antrim militia, Lieutenant Gardiner ; fifty Upper Talbot's-town cavalry, Captain Hume ; twenty-four Shillelagh cavalry, Lieutenants Bradwell and Taylor ; forty-six Hacket's-town infantry, Captain Hardy ; and thirty Coolattin infantry, Captain Chamney ; a small number, indeed, to engage upwards of four thousand rebels.

The town was assailed about six in the morning by multitudes, who got round it in such a manner as made it impossible with so small a force to defend every approach. Lieutenant Gardiner, perceiving that their intention was to surround him, drew his men into the barracks, and in this retreat Captain Hardy fell, by which a most valuable life was lost to his country and his friends. The rebels now pursued with loud huzzas, and set the town on fire ; and the rere of the barracks becoming the principal scene of attack, it was well defended by the Rev. Mr. McGhee, and a few good men, who were posted in a house advantageously situated on an eminence, and completely flanking the

barracks. The engagement was obstinate and bloody ; the contest lasting without intermission, in the midst of flames, till between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels slowly drew off their force, carrying away many of their dead and wounded, though numbers of their bodies were thrown into the houses while on fire. From the total want of shelter and provisions, as well as the apprehension of a fresh attack, it was now resolved to abandon the town, and march for Tullow, eight miles distant, where the troops arrived safe in the evening, and experienced every comfort the liberal inhabitants could bestow. The discomfited rebels next day burned the barracks and stores, and laid waste the houses of the loyalists for many miles round.*

The rebels now became much weakened, and were chased through different parts of the country by the army and yeomanry ; however, they still kept in bodies, almost dead with hunger, and the great fatigue of running from hill to hill.

On the 30th of June, information was brought to Gorey, that the insurgents were advancing in some force towards Carnew—a small town on the borders of the counties of Wicklow and Wexford, but situated in the former. General Needham, with the troops under his command, was then encamped on Gorey-hill, and being apprised of

* RETURN OF THE KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING, OF HIS MAJESTY'S TROOPS IN THE DEFENCE OF HACKET'S-TOWN JUNE 25TH, 1798.

OFFICER KILLED.

Captain Hardy, Hacket's-town Yeomen Infantry.

PRIVATEES.

Upper Talbot's-town Cavalry—4 rank and file killed, 1 wounded.

Antrim Detachment—1 sergeant, 4 rank and file wounded.

Hacket's-town Infantry—4 rank and file killed, 6 wounded.

Coolatin Infantry—8 rank and file wounded.

Supplementary—2 rank and file wounded.

this circumstance, ordered out a reconnoitering party of the Ancient British cavalry, and some of the yeomanry. After marching a few miles, they were joined by a detachment of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and some other troops under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Puleston, of the Ancient Britons, which made them nearly one hundred and fifty strong. As the patrol advanced, they met a woman who informed them that the rebels were near Bally Ellis, and that they had not much ammunition. The colonel, turning to his men, swore he would cut them in pieces ; and making all speed, he descried them coming along the side of Kilcavan-hill. When the rebels saw the cavalry advancing in so rapid and incautious a manner, they instantly quitted the high-way, and lay down under the cover of a hedge, till the army should come up ; having to all appearance abandoned their horses, baggage-cars, and wounded, which they had brought from the battle of Hacket's-town. The ditch behind which the rebels lay, to the right, was very high, while on the left was a wall, with a deep dyke between it and the road. When the patrol came up, the rebels opened on them a tremendous fire of musquetry, while they were so securely sheltered that the cavalry could do no execution, being obliged to gallop stooping under cover of the hedge. Not being sufficiently cautious to avoid the cars, they rode against and overthrew some of them ; those in the rear pressing forward at the same time, and being also obliged to stoop, could not look before them, nor suddenly stop, they, therefore, tumbled, men and horses, one over the other, whilst some of the horses' feet got fastened in the shafts of the cars, so that the road was strewn with men and horses, plunging and tumbling about. The rebels, taking advantage of this confusion, rushed on them, piked and shot twenty-five Ancient Britons, eleven of the 5th

Dragoons, and eight of the yeomanry, with two loyalists who went out with the patrol, besides wounding many. The remainder passed on through Carnew, and by taking another route got back to Gorey. During this transaction, the Wingfield dismounted cavalry and infantry, under the command of Captain Gowan, came up with the rebels, and having no particular uniform, the enemy thought they were part of their own forces ; but the yeomanry, seeing their opportunity, attacked them with great spirit, killed a number of them, and then retreated to Gorey without the loss of a man. By the defeat of the patrol, the rebels acquired a supply of arms and ammunition ; and knowing that Carnew was in a feeble state of defence, they resolved on attacking it ; but after an uninterrupted contest of two days, they were repulsed by its gallant yeomanry, who killed a number of them, and drove the rest into the country. The town of Carnew was, however, destroyed.

After this defeat, the rebels fixed their encampment on a large mountain called the White-heaps, which separates the counties of Wexford and Wicklow. Here they remained till the morning of the 5th of July, when two columns of the King's troops, under the command of Generals Sir James Duff and Needham arrived, with an intention to surround the hill, and make a general attack. The rebels, having received intelligence of their purpose, moved off the hill early in the morning, but they were met by Sir James Duff's column, and after a few cannon shot retreated. Sir James pursued the flying enemy, but General Needham's column was at too great a distance for his infantry to assist ; however, his cavalry (which were chiefly yeomen) joined in the pursuit, which continued for twelve miles, when they were stopped by some rising grounds ; but the regiments under Sir James Duff coming up with their curriele guns, the rebels, after a short

contest, were again put to flight, with considerable loss, and dispersed all over the country. The loss of the army was six men killed, and sixteen wounded. The chief part of the enemy fled to Corrigrua-hill ; but they had not been there quite an hour, when they were driven from that station by the King's County militia, commanded by Colonel L'Estrange, which was at that time encamped at Ferns, about four miles from the hill. From Corrigrua the main body of the rebels retreated to a mountain called Slieve-buoy, near Carnew, where they formed a sort of camp ; but here they met with such hardship, that numbers of them died from absolute want and fatigue, while many of them deserted the standard of rebellion, and availing themselves of the merciful proclamation issued by the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, returned to their homes, to enjoy the blessings of that constitution which they had laboured to overturn.

Perry, despairing of doing any more execution in Wexford, as it was now so well defended by military, directed his route to the county of Kildare, and there joined a strong body of insurgents under the command of Michael Aylmer, colonel of the Kildare rebel army, hoping that he could thence penetrate into the North of Ireland, where he expected to be assisted by a numerous force. But Aylmer prevailed on him to abandon this intention, thinking it more advisable to attack Clonard, (a town on the confines of Kildare and Meath, and situated on the river Boyne) as there was but a small force to defend it ; then march by Kilbeggan to the Shannon, and surprise Athlone ; where, from its being the centre of the kingdom, he expected great reinforcements. This plan was accordingly adopted ; and their united forces being now about four thousand, they proceeded, on the 11th of July, to put their designs into execution.

The military at Clonard, consisted only of a corps of yeomen cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Tyrrell, a gentleman who had never served in the army, yet upon this occasion he evinced a degree of skill and bravery which would have done honour to a veteran.

When he received intelligence of the enemy's approach, he made every necessary preparation for their reception which his very limited force would admit. He placed six of the yeomen, including his own son (a lad only fifteen years of age), in an old turret, at the extremity of his garden, which commanded the road the rebels were to come. Such was the rapidity with which the latter advanced, that the firing actually commenced from this quarter upon them, before the entire guard could be collected, and the gate leading into the courtyard was under such necessity closed, to the exclusion of several, so that when the Lieutenant came to ascertain his strength, he found he had only twenty-seven men, including his three sons, the eldest of whom was but seventeen years old ! Such a critical situation required all the coolness of a man inured to military dangers, and the skill and firmness of an experienced soldier. But although Lieutenant Tyrrell had not enjoyed these advantages, his good sense supplied the want of experience, and his native courage furnished resources adequate to the perilous emergency. He found his men as zealous as himself, determined to maintain their post, and to discharge their duty to their king and country, or fall in the glorious cause. After sending a supply of ammunition to the advanced post at the turret, and stationing out-picquets, he retired into his dwelling-house with the main body ; from which he selected the best marksmen, and placing them at particular windows, gave directions that they should not fire without having their object covered ; he had the rest

of the men secured behind the walls, and incessantly employed in loading musquets and carbines for the marksmen at the windows. The firing, as has been observed, commenced from the turret. About three hundred of the rebel cavalry, commanded by Captain Farrell, formed their advanced guard, and approached in a smart trot, without apprehending any danger. The first shot, which was fired by young Mr. Tyrrell, mortally wounded Farrell ; the rest immediately discharged their pieces on the rebels, and threw them into such confusion that they fled out of reach of the firing. The rebel infantry now coming up, passed the turret under cover of the wall ; and numbers were posted behind a thick hedge, at the opposite side of the road, from which they kept up a smart fire against the turret, but to no effect.

After this division had passed the turret, they were joined by another, which came by a cross-road (for their plan was to surround the house, by advancing in different directions), and they immediately stationed a guard upon the bridge to prevent any reinforcement arriving to the garrison in that direction. In a few minutes, ten or twelve of the guard were shot by the marksmen from the windows of the house, upon which the rest fled ; and not one of the rebels appearing afterwards on the bridge, the communication with the western road was, in a great measure, preserved—the importance of which, to the little garrison at Clonard, will appear in the sequel.

The enemy being thus defeated in their first onset, at both points of attack, became exasperated to extravagant fury, and determined on the most savage revenge. A large party contrived to penetrate into the garden by the rere, and some of them immediately rushed into the turret. The brave men stationed there were on the upper floor, and they had the precaution to drag up the ladder

by which they ascended : the rebels endeavoured to climb up on each other, so as to reach the higher story, but they were killed as fast as they appeared ; others ran pikes into the ceiling, and fired through it, but without effect ; and the conflict was so obstinate and bloody, that twenty-seven of the rebels lay dead on the ground floor. At length they brought a quantity of straw, and set the turret on fire, on which two of the yeomen, endeavouring to force their way through the smoke and flames, were instantly put to death ; the other four escaped by leaping from a window twenty feet high, into a hay-yard, from whence, under cover of a wall which divided it from the garden, they fortunately reached the house.

Having succeeded so well by the effect of conflagration, the enemy now set fire to the toll-house, and some other cabins on the left, near the bridge, for the purpose of embarrassing and confusing the garrison ; and during this operation, they were seen throwing their dead into the flames for the purpose of evading discovery. The unequal conflict had now lasted nearly six hours ; when, about five in the evening, the approach of succour was descried from the house, and the hopes of the brave garrison were so elevated, that they fought with renovated vigour.

One of the yeomen who had been excluded by the sudden shutting of the gates in the morning, finding he could be of no use in defending the house, repaired to Kinnegad, and represented the alarming situation of his friends at Clonard ; upon which Lieutenant Houghton, with fourteen of the Kinnegad Infantry, and a sergeant, with eleven Northumberland Fencibles (this being all the force that could be spared), immediately marched to their succour. The pass by the bridge having been kept open in the manner before related, Lieutenant Tyrrell now

sallied from the house, and soon effected a junction with this reinforcement. A few volleys completely cleared the roads, and having placed the Northumberland Fencibles and Kinnegad Infantry in such situations as most effectually to gall the enemy, in their retreat from the garden, the lieutenant himself undertook the hazardous enterprise of dislodging them from thence.

At this time it is supposed there were four hundred rebels in the garden ; a large party being posted on a mount planted with old fir trees, which afforded considerable protection, while many lay concealed behind a privet hedge, from whence they could see distinctly every person who entered the garden ; though unperceived themselves. The brave Tyrrell, at the head of a few chosen men, now rushed into the garden, and was received by a general discharge from both bodies of the enemy ; but he instantly attacked the party behind the hedge, which being defeated, retired to the mount ; here a warm action ensued, the enemy appearing determined to maintain this advantageous situation ; but the yeomen, though fatigued with the heat and burden of the day, and six of them badly wounded, persevered with the most undaunted courage, and maintained such a steady and well-directed fire against the mount, that the enemy were at length dispersed, and, in their flight, the Northumberland Fencibles and Kinnegad Infantry made great havoc among them.

Thus, through the favour of Providence, was accomplished as glorious an achievement as had occurred during the whole rebellion ; for which the gallant Lieutenant Tyrrell and his men can never be too much applauded. It was the first check the united army of Wexford and Kildare had met with, and proved the fore-runner of those several defeats which terminated in their total dispersion. They lost one hundred and fifty killed, and had sixty wounded

upon this occasion ; which, although accomplished by twenty-seven men, will not appear extraordinary, when it is known that they discharged upwards of thirteen hundred rounds of ball-cartridge !

After proceeding some distance from Clonard, along the Dublin road, the rebels turned to their right, and took up their quarters for the night in the village of Carbery, where they possessed themselves of the mansion of the Rt. Hon. Lord Haberton, and drank wine and spirits to excess. On the morning of the 12th of July, they moved to Johnstown, and from thence to the Nineteen-mile house, whither they were pursued by sixty of the city of Limerick militia, and twenty of the Edenderry yeomen cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Gough, who, after reconnoitering the enemy posted on a hill, attacked, and gave them a signal defeat. They fled in great confusion, leaving all their booty of cattle, stores, &c., in the hands of the army, and were followed by Major-General Myers, with a detachment of the Royal Buckinghamshire militia, and some of the Dublin yeomanry, who drove them towards Slane, in the county of Meath. From thence they proceeded, under cover of the night, to the river Boyne, and passed it, but were afterwards pursued by two divisions, under Major-General Wemyss, and Brigadier-General Meyrick. The rebels again formed in a strong position on the road to Ardee ; but as soon as the Sutherland (now the 93rd) regiment, with their battalion guns, arrived, the enemy were thrown into such disorder that they broke and fled in all directions. The cavalry and yeomanry charged them in a most gallant manner, and drove them into a bog, where they were cut to pieces, and a quantity of guns, pikes, &c., with two stand of colours, were captured by the victors.

A part of those who escaped fled towards Ardee, in the

county of Louth, while the remainder retreated over the Boyne, towards Garret's-town in the county of Meath, where they were again attacked by detachments of the Fermanagh and Carlow militia, the Swords yeoman infantry, and about one hundred cavalry, consisting of a detachment of the Dumfries Light Dragoons, and three corps of yeomanry, all under the command of Captain Gordon of the Dumfries. The rebels being in general mounted, Captain Gordon ordered part of his cavalry to pursue them; but on their advancing the enemy dismounted, and instantly dispersed, not one hundred remaining on the ground, who, when the infantry came up, fled on the first discharge. One hundred and fifty of the rebels fell on this day, without any loss on the part of His Majesty's forces.

The small remnant of the insurgent army being now driven to despair, every man thought only of providing for his own safety; some fell victims to the fate they deserved, while others, tired of a rebellious life, returned home, and, by means of *protections*, were *metamorphosed into good and loyal subjects*, until their services should again be required.

Perry and priest Kearns made their escape into the King's County, and remained there but a few days, when they were taken by two of the Edenderry yeomen, brought prisoners to Edenderry, and after being tried by court-martial, were executed on the 21st of July. Aylmer and Fitzgerald, with thirteen other rebel leaders, gave themselves up, on condition of being transported, which accordingly took place. Garret and William Byrne, of Ballymanus, also surrendered on the above condition; the former was transported, but as it was proved that the latter was concerned in various murders during the rebellion, he was tried by court-martial in Wicklow, found

guilty, and sentenced to be executed ; which took place in Wicklow, on the 26th of September, 1799.

Many of the insurgents, dreading the fate that awaited them, were afraid to return home ; and some of these joined a noted rebel named Holt, who was formerly a sub-constable in the county of Wicklow, and who now infested the mountainous part of that, and the adjoining county of Wexford. Several bodies of yeomanry and other military marched frequently against them, and were generally successful, wherever they could come up with these desperadoes. Another party took shelter in the woods of Killaughrim and Monart, in the county of Wexford, and committed nightly robberies and murders. At length the army was drawn from Ross, Newtownards, and Ferns, in order to surround these woods, which they did, and killed a number of the rebels, many of whom were found to be deserters from some of the militia regiments.

Numerous atrocious murders were at this time committed on the persons of poor Protestants, who had returned too soon to their dwellings, not thinking that the rebels would again disturb them. So frequent were these murders that the yeomanry proclaimed through the different parishes, " that for every Protestant that was put to death, they would kill the priest and twenty Papists in whatever parish such murder should be committed." This had the desired effect ; there were no more assassinations, though the robberies were as frequent as ever.

Holt, tired at length of a rebellious life, surrendered himself on condition of being transported, which accordingly took place. Hacket, the next in command, stood out for some time longer, committing many robberies, but at length he lost his life in attacking a gentleman's house near Arklow.

Such was the activity of our soldiers, that in all probability the country would have been restored to perfect tranquillity, had not the hopes of the disaffected been again revived by the landing of a few French troops at Killala, in the county of Mayo, on the 22nd of August, 1798. On their taking possession of the town, General Humbert distributed the following handbills to the populace, declaring himself and his army to be the friends of the Irish people, and their deliverers from oppression.

“HEALTH AND FRATERNITY TO THE PEOPLE
OF IRELAND!

“The great nation has sent me to you with a band of heroes, to deliver you from the hands of tyrants. Fly to our standards, and share with us the glory of subduing the world. We will teach you the art of war, and to despise the low pursuits of toil and industry; you shall live on the spoils of war and the labours of others. The acquisition of wealth is the acquisition of misery, and the enjoyment of ease is inglorious. We have made all the nations we have conquered happy, by arresting their property, by applying it to the common cause, and consecrating it to the champions of liberty! Property is a common right, belonging to the valour that seizes it. We have already destroyed the unaspiring tranquillity of Switzerland! and the wealth, and the power, and the bigotry of Italy are no more! If then the justice of France has thus extended its reforming vengeance to unoffending nations, consider with how much more rigour it will visit you, if you shall slight its benignity. Fly to our standard, and we will free you from spiritual as well as from temporal subjection; we will free you from the fetters of religion and the frauds of priestcraft. Religion is a bondage intolerable to free minds; we have banished it from our own country, and put down that grand impostor the Pope, whose wealth we have sacrificed on the altar of reason. Fly to our standard, and we will break your connection with England; we will save you the mortification of seeing yourselves under an invidious government, and exalt you into the rank of

those countries which now enjoy the benefits of French fraternity. Let not the ties of kindred, the seductions of ease, or any other unmanly attachment to the comforts of life, teach you to neglect this friendly call of your countryman and fellow-citizen.

“ KILMAINE, Lieut.-Gen.”*

“ LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, UNION !

“ IRISHMEN,

“ You have not forgot Bantry Bay ; you know what efforts France has made to assist you. Her affections for you, her desire for avenging your wrongs, and ensuring your independence, can never be impaired.

“ After several unsuccessful attempts, behold Frenchmen arrived amongst you.

“ They come to support your courage, to share your dangers, to join their arms, and to mix their blood with yours in the sacred cause of liberty.

“ Brave Irishmen, our cause is common ; like you, we abhor the avaricious and blood-thirsty policy of an oppressive government ; like you, we hold as indefeasible the right of all nations to liberty ; like you, we are persuaded that the peace of the world shall ever be troubled as long as the British Ministry is suffered to make with impunity a traffic of the industry, labour, and blood of the people.

“ But, exclusive of the same interests which unite us, we have powerful motives to love and defend you.

“ Have we not been the pretext of the cruelty exercised against you by the Cabinet of St. James’s ? The heartfelt interest you have shown in the grand events of our revolution—has it not been imputed to you as a crime ? Are not tortures and death continually hanging over such of you as are barely suspected of being our friends ? Let us unite then and march to glory.

“ We swear the most inviolable respect for your properties, your laws, and all your religious opinions. Be free ; be masters in your own country. We look for no other conquest than that of your liberty—no other success than yours.

* Lieutenant-General Kilmaine did not arrive with the French troops.

“The moment of breaking your chains is arrived ; our triumphant troops are now flying to the extremities of the earth, to tear up the roots of the wealth and tyranny of our enemies. That frightful colossus is mouldering away in every part. Can there be any Irishman base enough to separate himself at such a happy juncture from the grand interests of his country ? If such there be, brave friends, let him be chased from the country he betrays, and let his property become the reward of those generous men, who know how to fight and die.

“Irishmen, recollect the late defeats which your enemies have experienced from the French ; recollect the plains of Honscoote, Toulon, Quiberon, and Ostend ; recollect America, free from the moment she wished to be so.

“The contest between you and your oppressors cannot be long.

“Union ! liberty ! The Irish Republic !—such is our shout, let us march—our hearts are devoted to you ; our glory is in your happiness.

“Health and fraternity,

“HUMBERT, Gen.”

Thus emboldened, and quite unconscious of the fate of the French, a number of the insurgents had collected in various parts of the country, avowing their purpose of giving every possible assistance to them, and of impeding, by every means in their power, the operations of the King's troops. Large bodies were collected in the counties of Kildare, Westmeath, and Longford ; and so very sanguinary were they, that they put on many of the churches in these counties orders for the murdering of heretics. The following notice was posted on the church door of Killashee, in the county of Longford, a few days after the French troops landed at Killala.

“TAKE NOTICE,

“Heretical usurpers, that the brave slaves of this island will no longer live in bondage ; the die is cast, our deliverers are come, and the royal brute who held the iron rod of despotic

tyranny is expiring—no longer shall one govern four. The *old holy religion* shall be re-established in this house, and the earth shall no longer be burdened with *bloody heretics*, who, under the pretence of rebellion (which they themselves have raised), mean to massacre us.

“The flow’r-de-luce and harp we will display,
“While tyrant heretics shall moulder into clay.”

REVENGE! REVENGE! REVENGE!

During the time the French remained in Ireland, the rebel inhabitants of that part of the county of Wexford, along the coast, between that town and Gorey, known by the name of the *Mackamores*, thinking themselves loyal subjects from having taken the oath of allegiance and obtained protections, sent the following letter to Captain Fitzgerald (then brigade major of the county of Wexford yeomanry, who had also raised some recruits in this part of the county), requesting of him to present the following address to Major-General Hunter, who commanded the garrison of Wexford, offering their services to march against the invading enemy.

“To Breggadeer Magar Figgerald, in Waxford.

“Plaise your honor as you war good enof to get the general to give us pardon and as you tould us that if there was an occasion youd expect that weed fite for our king and country and as ever willin to be up to our word we send this paper about the bisness and if your honor ill give us leave to fite weel do every thing your honor bids us and we minded nothing else to morrow but to fite for the king’s officers against the French and hopes your honor will excuse this haste as we wish to lose no time and excuse our not nowing how to write to such generals but if your honor will get a memoral drawn rite your honor may depend on us and put our names to it for us as in the inclosed.

“O’BRIEN,
“WALSH and
“SULLIVAN.”

“To the General Hunter, or Governor of Waxford, belonging to King George the Third.

“We the Macamore boys was in the turn out again the Orange-men and to who your noble honour gave your most gracious pardon for we never deserved any other if we war let alone and being tould that the French was cumming to take this cuntry from his Royal Highness the king, who we swore to fite for and in regard to our oath and to your lordships goodness in keeping the Orrange-men from killing us all weel fite till we die if your honour will give us leave and weel go in the front of the battle and we never ax to go in the back of the army your honour will send wid us and if we dont beat them weel never ax a bit to ete and as you gave us pardon and spoke to the king about us as the briggaddeer magar tould us and as we tould him weed never deceive your honour tho the black mob says weel turn out a bit again but weel shew them and the world if your honour will bid us that weel fite and wont run away from the best of them and if your honour will send down the magar that was wid us from your lordship afore or the honourable magar Curry or the Lord Sir James Fowler general of the middle lothin sogers in Waxford and let them lave word at Peppers castle and weel march into Waxford go where your honour bids do any thing atal to fite for your honour and weel expect to hear from your honour what weel do or if your honour will order a signal to be made with a red flag weel draw up and march as good as any sogers and as far as one or two thoughtsand good stout boys goes weel fite for your honour to the last man and weer sure all the Barneys ill do the same if you will give them lave.

“Signed by the desire of all the parishes in the Mackamores.

“O'BRIEN,

“WALSH and

“SULLIVAN.

“*August 27th, 1798.*”

Whether they were really loyal, or sought an opportunity of joining their friends, as they called the French, the readers may judge, but their proposal was not accepted.

The loyal inhabitants of the county of Wexford, of every description, have suffered very much as to property, by the

rebellion, much more than has been ascertained. It appears from alphabetical lists, published by order of Government, that the claims sent in at different times prior to the 6th of April, 1799, amounted to £311,841 1s. 7d., and many have put in no claim whatever, for no other reason than not wishing to inconvenience so generous and humane a Government. Exclusive of these, the Society of Friends (whose losses were very great) made no application for compensation, as there was a fund raised by said Society for that purpose. Many families, who before the rebellion were in comfortable situations, are now reduced to scanty means; and many of another description, who were in abject want at its breaking out, are now in affluent circumstances.

I shall conclude by laying before the reader an exact copy of the confession of James Beaghan, who was executed on Vinegar Hill, on Saturday the 24th of August, 1799, taken before Christian Wilson, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Wexford, and John Henry Lyster, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace for said county.

“I, JAMES BEAGHAN, acknowledge and confess that I am guilty of the crime for which I am to suffer; but that I did not commit it from ill-will to the people that were murdered, but from the orders of Luke Byrne,* I could not disobey him—no person dare refuse to obey the orders of the commanders. I am sure that any person in command could save the lives of the poor; every man that was a Protestant was called an Orangeman, and every one was to be killed, from the poorest man in the country. Before the rebellion, I never heard there was any hatred between Roman Catholics and Protestants, they always lived peaceably together. I always found the Protestants better masters, and more indulgent landlords than my own religion: during the rebellion I never saw anyone interfere to prevent murder but one, Byrne, who saved a man. I think all that

* A commander of the rebels.

were present were as guilty as those that perpetrated the murders. It was thinking that we were all equally guilty that prevented me from flying the country. The women were numerous, and were as bad as the men. The rebels treated the prisoners with great severity, very different from the way that I have been used in gaol. They thought it no more a sin to kill a Protestant than a dog; had it not been that they were so soon quashed, they would have fought with each other for the property of the Protestants. They were beginning before the battle of Vinegar-hill. Ever since the rebellion, I never heard one of the rebels express the least sorrow for what was done; on the contrary, I have heard them say they were sorry that whilst they had the power they did not kill more, and that there were not half enough killed. I know that the rebels were determined to rise if the French should come; and I believe they did not give up half their arms. There are guns, bayonets, and pikes hid in the country.

* "Now, gentlemen, remember what I tell you, if you and the Protestants are ever in the power of the Catholics again, as they are now in yours, they will not leave one of you alive, you will all go smack smooth—even them that campaigned with them, if things had gone well with them, would in the end have been killed. I have heard them say so many times.

"Taken before us, August 23rd, 1799.

"CHRISTIAN WILSON, Sheriff.

"J. H. LYSTER, Justice of Peace.

his
JAMES ✠ BEAGHAN.
mark

(A Copy).

Having now come to the conclusion of my history of the rebellion in the county of Wexford, it may be desirable to my readers to have a correct statement of the strength and numbers of the rebel forces, which I received from the United men themselves,

* From this mark Beaghan spoke without having been asked any questions, and spoke with an earnestness and in a manner that showed his sincerity.

since the publishing of the former editions, and which I consider a more authentic source of information, as to their strength and numbers, than any account that I could receive from any other quarter. It has appeared very extraordinary to many that the county of Wexford, containing such a Protestant population, should have suffered so much, and be taken so soon by the Roman Catholics, and the Protestants obliged to fly to the different towns before them. But the facts of the case stand thus : the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the county of Wexford conducted their measures so silently and secretly, and the various parishes took the oaths of allegiance so readily before the neighbouring magistrates, that the minds of the Protestants were lulled into security, and the county wore the appearance of such industry, peace, and good order, when compared with the rest of the kingdom at that time, until a few days previous to the breaking out of the rebellion, that the reports of the magistrates to Government of the general tranquillity of the county were so favourable, that a small military force was considered quite sufficient to preserve that tranquillity. On the eve of the rebellion, rebels flocked into the county from Wicklow, from the county and city of Dublin, from the King's and Queen's counties, the counties of Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, and Waterford, so that the entire rebel force of the county of Wexford, reinforced from the above counties, amounted to 100,300 men under arms, who were disposed of in the following order—

Carrig-burn camp	-	-	37,300
Wexford guard	-	-	3,000
Vinegar-hill camp	-	-	24,000
Gorey-hill camp	-	-	36,000

Total 100,300

AN ACCOUNT
OF
THE AUTHOR'S CAPTIVITY AND
DELIVERANCE.

On Tuesday, the 5th of June, when the army evacuated Arklow, my mother, brother, and sister went with them, resolving to go to Dublin, as my mother and sister were no longer able to endure the hardships they were called to bear, not having undressed for, I believe, ten nights, being constantly kept in alarm, lest they should be murdered or burned in their beds. I told my brother that it was much impressed on my mind to return home, having an inward persuasion that all would be well with me, to which he replied, "The Lord direct you"; so we parted, commending each other to God. On my return, being now twelve miles from home, as I passed by Hinch Church, between Coolgreny and Gorey, I entered it to view the deserted tabernacle of the Lord; and was much affected to think that both minister and people were obliged to fly from it. The desolation which I also now saw holding its melancholy reign through the country as I passed along, and the destruction which seemed to be brooding over the land in general, had such a powerful effect upon me that I could not refrain from weeping, and that abundantly. I entreated the Lord not to desert His church and people for ever; but to turn their captivity as the streams from the south, and not to give us over into the hands of cruel and deceitful men. While reading the Psalms for the day (5th of June) my soul was

much comforted ; and I found also the first book of Samuel, 2nd chapter, very precious, particularly the 9th and 10th verses : "He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness ; for by strength shall no man prevail. The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces : out of heaven shall He thunder upon them ; the Lord shall judge the ends of the earth, and He shall give strength unto His King, and exalt the horn of His annointed." I had much comfort also in reading the 54th of Isaiah ; and thus after leaving this place my mind was more strengthened in the Lord. This was the day on which the battle of Ross was fought. I then proceeded towards Gorey, when four or five persons whom I knew not, overtook me, and seemed as if they would bear me company thither. Not knowing what they would do with me when we arrived there, I was resolved to separate from them if possible. As we drew near the town I saw Colonel Ram's house at Clonattin burning, and the smoke of it ascended as the smoke of a furnace. My feet being sore with walking, I sat down as if to examine them, intending that they should go on without me, which they did. Being alone I arose, and turned to the left, to go home another way, not wishing to venture into Gorey, as it was full of rebels. Passing a little cabin, a man with a green ribbon round his hat asked me in a menacing voice who I was, and where I was going. I told him without any reserve, and asked him what way I should go to avoid the rebels ; he gave me the best advice he could ; it was well meant, but I did not like to follow it. Another neighbour of his coming up, we asked his counsel : he desired me to stay at his house till night, when I might get his horse and go home with safety, as the United men were all to be in camp after a certain hour (I believe nine o'clock). This plan I approved of, and could not but wonder at the good

nature of two strange men, whom I never saw before ; but when night came on, I was afraid to venture, as there were people passing and re-passing all through it. The next morning I was heartily sorry I did not go to Dublin with my family ; but now I dared not attempt it, for rebels were rising in every part of the country ; and I knew I would be in as great danger of being shot between the place I was in and Arklow, as between it and home. Not knowing what might be the consequence if I stayed at the house, I went into an orchard to conceal myself, being fully determined to go home that night, let the consequence be what it would. When I went into the orchard, I bowed before the Lord, and prayed fervently to Him to bless me, to keep and direct me for the best. While in the act of supplication, it was warmly impressed on my mind to go home in the open day, and not to be afraid of man ; and that the greater danger God should bring me through, the greater glory would redound to His own name. I returned immediately to the house, and told them my intention, and, after praying with the family, I set out in the name of the Lord, with my mind sweetly stayed upon Him. I passed through many of the rebels, saw a great number of Protestants' houses burning between me and home, and heard many shots fired round the country, which I supposed to be levelled at the poor inhabitants who were escaping from the flames. I proceeded, however, without meeting any opposition, until I got within three miles of my mother's house ; just then a man followed me, whom I knew not, and called out, "Where are you going, young Taylor ?" ordering me to stop. I obeyed, and thus fell into the hands of the rebels. This was on Wednesday the 6th of June. I was then taken to Gorey, and confined in the market-house : at night the guards that were placed over us, tied our arms behind, and confined us to certain

bounds which we should not pass. The same evening they brought in another prisoner, whom the merciless wretches shot next morning in the street; I saw him fall, and was shocked at the sight, not knowing how soon it would be my own case. Next day we had liberty to walk the room, our arms being untied.

The rebel camp was about half a mile from the town, on an eminence which commanded the entire country, and their numbers were increasing every day. My Papist neighbours hearing I was in confinement, came to see me; wished me a speedy deliverance, and told me how to procure it; namely, to be baptized by a priest, and embrace the Holy Roman Catholic Faith (as they called it), and join them in arms to fight for the cause of liberty. Many told me I would be shot if I did not turn Papist, and made use of great persuasion to prevail upon me. I told them I was obliged to them, and doubted not that it was good nature which induced them to speak as they did, but I was baptized before, and had no reason to condemn the Church of England; yet, if they could convince me of its errors, I would freely renounce it, and until then they could not expect me to turn from it. To others I said it required a little consideration; that such a thing should not be done precipitately. I now found the very great necessity of applying to my most powerful friend—the Friend of sinners, for strength sufficient to stand in the evil day; and I began to think of the martyrs of old; I prayed for their faith, their love, and their zeal; I sought the Lord for all their fortitude, and all their strength, under the cross and in the flames, that I might be enabled to seal the testimony of my Redeemer with my blood; and I bless His holy name I had a divine resignation to His heavenly will, and for the most part of the time enjoyed peace and an assurance of His favour. While a prisoner here, they

brought in a yeoman of the Castletown cavalry, whom they had just taken, and without allowing him more than ten minutes to call on the Lord, shot him in the street. Mr. Perry, the rebel commander at Gorey camp, would give him no longer time to prepare for eternity! "The mercies of the wicked are cruel."

A few days after my being taken to Gorey they stripped me of a suit of black and gave me a soldier's old jacket, waistcoat, and small-clothes; they also took from me my hat, neckcloth, and shoes; and having thus plundered me they left me to meditate on what was likely to follow; all the prisoners were served the same way. Having thus stripped us they led us forth to the camp to be shot. Providentially, two days prior to this, Mr. Harvey, the commander-in-chief of the rebel forces in the county of Wexford, issued a proclamation from Carrigburne camp, one of the articles of which was, "It is also resolved, that any person or persons who shall take upon him or them, to kill or murder any person or persons, burn any house, or commit any plunder, without special written orders from the commander-in-chief, shall suffer death."

Just as we were ranged on our knees, and our executioners in their appointed places, with pikes and musquets to put us all to death, a man came into the camp with the above proclamation, which was immediately read and proved the means, under God, of saving our lives. Nevertheless, we were near being sacrificed by these bloodthirsty men; being so enraged with disappointment they would hardly let us return to our prison alive. Some they stabbed, at others they fired; one man received five wounds from a pike, and had three ribs broken; another was shot through the shoulder; and I being arrayed with a soldier's coat was struck several times, and received a stab in the back, and after being thus abused we were

ordered to the guard-house. Blessed be God, I can say that through the whole of this trying scene, my mind was stayed upon Him, and at peace with all mankind.

I cannot ascertain the number of rebels that were in the camp, which was so extensive that it covered many acres of ground. It was distressing to see no military force then in the country sufficient to engage them; it also distressed me to see their colours flying, and to hear their drums and trumpets, not knowing where it would end.

At night, when the prisoners were about to lie down, I asked the guards would they give me leave to pray with them, as people of every persuasion should pray if they expected to be saved; with which they complied; and I prayed with and exhorted them to keep their hearts engaged with God. Though Papists, they appeared affected, and seemed much attached to me, nor would they admit me to sit among the prisoners any more, but made me go among themselves, and sent in a good character of me to their officers. God was indeed very kind to me here; for the next morning they cut the hair off the prisoners' heads, and put pitched caps on them all; but they meddled not with me; though even a minister of the Church of England, who was a fellow prisoner, was served the same way. On Saturday, the 9th of June, the whole body of the rebels prepared to attack Arklow, and as they marched from the camp through the town, the guards thrust the prisoners half out of the windows, that the insurgents might see their heads shorn and pitched; at which they shouted so loud that it seemed to pierce the very skies.

During my confinement many and great were the exercises of my mind on the present state of the country. I was frequently afraid that God was going to let the wicked loose, to sweep professors of religion away, because

they were not glorifying God ; and these thoughts occurred the oftener in consequence of the reports of the rebel captains, who still told us that they were everywhere victorious, though we found afterwards that they had met with great defeats ; for while prisoners we could never learn the truth. But though these thoughts occurred, still I believed that a merciful God would not suffer His praying people to be cut off by such blaspheming, blood-thirsty creatures. In the midst of all I was constantly engaged with my Maker to support me, and enable me to adorn the gospel of our Lord Jesus ; to bless our gracious Sovereign, and all his forces, both by land and sea—to establish his throne for ever, and that his children, and his childrens' children might sway the British sceptre, till time should be no more, and be nursing fathers to the Protestant religion. I was then persuaded, and am still of the same opinion, that these islands shall see such days as will make them weep with shame at the recollection of all the mercies of the Lord ; and that in a very few years there will be such an increase of holiness, such an in-gathering of souls, as was never heard of—no, not from the beginning of time.

Our bed in this place was only a bruss of straw, and that bestowed with a very scanty hand ; which, notwithstanding, might have afforded some refreshment, only that it was swarming with vermin. Our food also was very scanty ; No man got as much in twenty-four hours as would suffice for one meal ; but this I say, they treated me with more attention than the rest of the prisoners.

On Wednesday, the 13th, the officers came to the guard-room to try the prisoners ; and those of whom they got good characters were received amongst them ; but such as were opposed to the Catholics (as they called themselves), or were thought to be Orangemen, were sent to Wexford, and confined in the gaol. When my trial came on, I was

in a short time acquitted, and placed among those that were to go to the camp, to fight against the Government. Oh, my soul! what a conflict hadst thou here! Me appointed to fight against that King who always gave us liberty of conscience! against that King for whom I and the children of God so many times prayed, and in whose prosperity my heart at that very moment exulted!—in short, to fight against my own conscience! I could not do it, and therefore resolved to choose imprisonment, or death itself, rather than be guilty of such a crime. My heart was now much engaged with God for strength to stand in this evil day; for I saw my life was at stake. I then considered, who am I afraid of?—is it of man, who is as grass, and must die? The captain passing by, I asked him what would be the fate of those prisoners who were going to Wexford? His answer was, “It is not for you to ask questions,” and he swore dreadfully he would cut off my head. I then voluntarily stepped among the prisoners that were ordered for Wexford, being determined to go to gaol, let the consequence be what it would, rather than fight against the Lord and His annointed. As soon as I placed myself among them, I felt conscious of the divine approbation. I can truly say, I then knew God’s will concerning me, and was exceeding happy in my mind, though I may say with Paul, “I fought with beasts after the manner of men.” But it was the Lord that upheld me, or I should have started from the cross.

The captain who tried us, when he found that I had deserted his service, as he called it, was very angry, and ordered me to be pinioned. The rest of my fellow-sufferers being served in like manner, and being bound together, two and two, we were marched in procession to Oulart, eleven miles distant. It was near eleven o’clock at night when we arrived at the inn, and were turned into

an out-house, like a flock of sheep, where a little straw was spread on the floor for us to lie on. Though very weary, we could not enjoy much rest, our arms being pinioned all night. I reclined my head against the wall, and slept a little, for indeed both body and soul were weary. Nevertheless, the feeble flame that burned on the altar of my heart, ascended as incense for the King and the children of God. It may not be amiss, perhaps, to describe my dress and situation. I had on a soldier's worn-out coat, a vest and breeches by much too little, torn and ragged, a boot-slipper on one foot, and a brogue-slipper on the other; my feet, of course, were wearied to the last degree. Being likewise bathed in sweat, without a neckcloth, and lying in an out-house, with the night air coming in on us, my situation was rendered dangerous as well as disagreeable. In the morning I was worse, the very blood in my veins was chilled, my strength exhausted, and fortitude beginning to fail.

At sunrise we were ordered out, to be again tied together, in order to proceed on to Wexford; to me this was distressing, indeed—worn out with hunger and fatigue, and unable to run away, had I even the opportunity. Thus pinioned and coupled as before, we were ordered forward, having still ten miles to go. There were nineteen of us, besides two officers of the Antrim militia, who had been taken prisoners at the battle of Tubberneering; on the 4th of June, however, these were permitted to travel on horseback. When we had got about four miles, we were ordered to halt at the house of Edward Fitzgerald, a rebel commander, to get something to eat. A little food was now very acceptable, not having taken any nourishment from breakfast-time on the preceding day. I was favoured with a piece of barley-bread, but the rest of the prisoners got stirabout and bad small-beer. Having a little refreshed

ourselves we set out, and arrived in Wexford about eleven o'clock; all the windows were adorned with green; and the rebels triumphed over us, as though they had taken great spoil.

On our entering the prison the gaoler took down our names, and then we were conducted into the back-yard. Here I washed my feet at the pump, which afforded me some relief; after which I lay down before the sun to take a little rest. I had not been long thus, when a gentleman who knew me, and who also was a prisoner, brought me to his cell, and gave me part of his dinner, which I thought was the sweetest meal I had ever tasted. Another, in the evening, gave me share of his; and thus the Lord dealt kindly with me.

The gaol is a very strong building; it had, I believe, never such a number of innocent inhabitants before. No person was confined here but Protestants, and their religion alone was their crime!! There were men of very genteel circumstances shut up in this prison; the rebels at the same time doing what they pleased with their property. Here I had the severest trials I had yet experienced, being forty-eight hours without eating anything save potatoes and water, while my bed was the floor. The prison at length became so crowded that the rebel committee, otherwise the "committee of public safety," thought it expedient that some of us should be sent to the market-house; for, as the weather was intensely warm, they were afraid it would breed an infection. Some may conclude from this that they did not wish the death of the prisoners; in answer to which I shall declare what I heard one of their captains say, "That it was their intention to keep us safe till they should see the event of the war; for if (their) victory declared in favour of the King's forces, they might hope for pardon if our lives were spared; but, on the

other hand, if they should put us to death, they could expect no mercy for themselves." Many of my fellow-prisoners who were appointed for the market-house were making application to the members of the committee to be left in gaol; for the lower order of the people were so blood-thirsty that they could hardly be kept by their leaders from bursting into the gaol and murdering all the prisoners, who indeed looked upon their fate as inevitable. It was truly shocking to hear their tumultuous noise at the prison door, when striving to force their way in. Was not this a time to look for a hiding-place in the Son of Man? The gaol being much stronger than the market-house, the prisoners would much rather have stayed in it than be removed, but in this they could not be indulged, for some must go. Any person wishing to stay should make application to William Kearney, who superintended the former place of confinement. I was appointed with forty-seven others to go to the market-house, for I did not seek to stay, knowing it could not be worse with me; and as for my life, I saw it was in the Lord's hands, and that not a hair could fall without His permission. We were accordingly brought to the market-house, and a guard placed over us. While here I had such agonisings of mind, for the future prosperity of Zion, as I had never felt before.

We were now allowed plenty of straw to lie on, and were better served with provisions than in Gorey or in the gaol. At night, when my fellow-prisoners were preparing for sleep, I asked them to kneel down, that I might pray with them; the guards, on hearing this, were so enraged that they swore they would send a brace of balls through me if I attempted it again. This menace so intimidated the prisoners that they could scarcely be prevailed upon to join in prayer for some time. Nevertheless,

they had my silent breathings. In the morning one man said to me, "If your tongue had been between my teeth last night I would have bit it off." I asked him why, he replied, "You are going the way to have us all murdered." "No," said I, "but I am going the way to have you all preserved, for now is the time to cry to the Strong for strength." We were now given to understand that all the people in Wexford and its vicinity had turned Papists, and that if we did not follow their example there was no probability of our escaping death. In the evening one of the guards, coming to the door, ordered out the Methodist preacher (as he called me); I instantly came out (not indeed without apprehensions), and enquired his business with me; he then told me he wanted to know what sort of doctrine I preached. I spoke as plain to his understanding as I could, and explained repentance and remission of sins, and the impossibility of entering heaven without them. We were now joined by many of the guard, who wished to know if I would turn Roman Catholic. I told (then) not, for I knew too well the liberty wherewith Christ had made us free, and was resolved to stand fast in it; and that if they were now going to take me to the mouth of the cannon for the truth, I would seal the testimony of my Redeemer with my blood; for through His grace I would not deny *Him*, that never denied me. I said much more, and I bless God for the strength He gave me; I would probably have been put to death at this time had not the Lord inclined the heart of the man who ordered me out to ask me questions of this kind before he would take me down stairs for the purpose of shooting me. Just as I was concluding, the officer of the guard came up. It appeared to me that he thought his men were engaged in a friendly conversation with me, for he appeared very angry, and asked how they dared presume to converse with

any of the prisoners? I was then ordered in, and thus by the mercy of God escaped death this time also. Great were the trials of faith I had of this nature. Oh! how good is the Lord!

On the 19th and 20th days of the month I thought deliverance near (notwithstanding I heard that the rebels intended to murder us in the night), so I picked with a pin on the walls of my prison, on the door, and window-cases, "Salvation," and "Salvation, oh, the joyful sound! 20th of June, 1798," and every time I cast my eye upon it, it afforded me much consolation.

On Wednesday evening, June the 20th, we saw a great crowd of rebels coming up to the market-house; we all thought that danger was then near indeed, and every one made use of the last shift, namely prayer; even the very men that were afraid to let me pray with them, now felt the necessity of praying for themselves, and, no doubt, were grieved enough that they had not prayed more all their lives. Fearing that I should be taken for a military man (as in that case death was certain), I took the soldier's coat they gave me at Gorey, hid it under the straw, and putting on a surtout which a friend lent me while in gaol, I knelt down to pray to God for assistance, being resolved not to look behind me, nor stir for all their calling, till they should come and signify that it was me they meant, and then to go without hesitating. While thus engaged with the Lord, they came in and took away for the slaughter fourteen of my fellow-prisoners. After they went out, we enquired of the guards what they were going to do with them? They told us, "to try them," others said, "to take them to the camp." They soon came back, and took ten more; while they were butchering these, a woman came in crying, and told us that they had

taken several prisoners out of the gaol, piked them on the bridge, and thrown their bodies into the river; that they were now torturing those taken from among us, and that *we* were all to be murdered in like manner. Now indeed we saw what was before expected; I endeavoured to impress on the minds of my unhappy fellow-prisoners the necessity of making good use of the little time they had. I then prayed earnestly with them, and all seemed resigned to the will of God. The rebels soon came back again. I was filled with a kind of indignation which I cannot describe (but not anger), and told the guards that the blood of the innocent would cry to heaven's eternal throne for vengeance, and that the Lord would surely scourge them with the rod of His wrath, and make them as a monument of vengeance, and a proverb to the generations yet unborn. They instantly withdrew, as if a conviction of their guilt smote them. After some time the executioners again came in, and took out eighteen more! I being one of the number, a young man laid his hand on my shoulder, and desired me to come along with them; I obeyed, but before they took us out I reasoned with them strongly on the inhumanity and wickedness of murdering harmless men, in cool blood, merely because they were not of their persuasion. It was to no purpose; we were led out and marched to the bridge, two and two, guards before and behind and on each side. They were teasing us on the way to bless ourselves, and shouting through the streets as they passed on, "Why don't you say your prayers? Bless yourselves before the devil gets you—you will be in hell's flames in a few minutes." One of them came to me and asked me, "Can you bless yourself?" I replied, not, "but I can pray to God to bless me, and you can do no more." Some of the prisoners asked for a clergyman, as they wished to see him before they died; the

guards told them they should get him. I, not thinking they meant the priest, and recollecting that there was an English clergyman in gaol, a Mr. Wilson, and wishing to receive the Sacrament, told them I would wish to get a minister also. Hereon several of them shouted out, "Oh! boys, here is Taylor the preacher from Ballycanow, wants a minister." "Pike him, pike him at any rate," was instantly the cry. They would hardly let me go to the bridge they so thirsted for my blood. When we arrived there, we kneeled down to commend our souls to God. The murderers immediately piked six in the most horrid manner, and threw them over the bridge. One man in his torture jumped into the river, where they shot him. While these were torturing, I thought I should surely be one of the next, as there was only *one* between me and death, when the Lord appeared on our behalf, by sending Mr. Corrin, Parish Priest of Wexford, to rescue us. When he came to the place of execution, he exclaimed, "Oh! what is it you are doing? Desist from shedding innocent blood, there has been too much of that already: you have lost your cause, and for God's sake shed no more." Mr. Corrin then took off his hat, and entreated them to desist, but in vain. I thought he would not be able to prevail. When he saw their determination, he requested them to kneel down, and pray for the souls of the poor prisoners, before they would kill any more of them; they obeyed, and when he got them in the attitude of devotion, "Now," said he, "pray that the Lord Jesus may give you to feel that mercy for them, which you expect from Him, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment." They at length consented to spare us a while longer. He then led us away, and as he was coming by me, I stood up and kissed his hand, saying, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." On our return we met that

tyrannical rebel, Thomas Dixon, who anxiously desired to know why we were brought back? Mr. Corrin told him he had begged us off for the present. Dixon was very much displeased with Mr. Corrin, and intimated he would have satisfaction of us, every man.

In this critical juncture, as our Church most beautifully describes, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding," kept my heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God, and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, was with me of a truth. I thought long before this I should hear the harpers harping with their harps, and see the face of Him whom my soul loveth, without a vail between; but my warfare in this vale of tears is not yet over, therefore I need the prayers of the children of God, to keep me without spot or blemish against the appearing of the Son of Man.

When we were brought back, I wept from the fulness of my heart, and prayed for those who were thirsting after my blood. The Lord was my deliverer; but the poor old man who could have bit my tongue off, was shot on the bridge on this sanguinary day. Out of the forty-eight prisoners in the market-house, only eighteen were left; and as they did not think it worth while to keep a guard over so few, they brought us back to the gaol; but took the greatest care to have the door and yard well secured. I passed a very restless night, and at the dawn of day, to my great surprise, I felt the floor and foundation of the prison shake; starting up to know what it could be, I heard the roaring of cannon. I concluded there must be an engagement, and knowing that the rebels had many field-pieces, I was greatly afraid it was only a few soldiers who had come from Ross, or elsewhere, to engage them; and

that they would be driven back by the infinitely superior number of the enemy. The doors being locked and bolted, I could not get, as I desired, to one of the upper cells, where a few religious friends were confined, that we might wrestle with the Lord in prayer, for the success of his Majesty's arms. But though I could not get among them, I prayed by myself, while those that were in the cell with me were fast asleep. I afterwards heard that my friends in the upper cell, on hearing the cannon, betook themselves to prayer also for a blessing on his Majesty's arms. Our lives were now in jeopardy every moment, for all the town was in the greatest confusion, and many of the most blood-thirsty wanted to murder us before the arrival of the army, in revenge for their various defeats; but though they thus raged, God sat above the water-floods, and confounded their devices.

I cannot describe the feelings of my soul, when news came in that the rebels had retreated, that the King's army was coming into town, and that the English colours were hoisted at the quay. I cannot paint the transports of the people that were liberated,—those delightful scenes which I now witnessed, women coming into the prison, embracing their husbands, fathers, brothers, friends, and all weeping together for joy. It could not but effect me—it appeared to be a time so solemn, so sacred and acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

At about five in the evening the army came in, opened our prison doors, and set us free. Now we tasted the sweets of freedom, and we gave them a hearty cheer. I then went to the house of Mr. William Gourlay, where a few of the most serious in town assembled and sung—

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death

Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth forever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
And sends the lab'ring conscience peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, or thought, or being last,
Or immortality endures.

We then kneeled down and returned thanks for our deliverance, and afterwards we went out about the town, I, with two more, by Lord Kingsborough's directions, took up all the arms, guns, swords, pistols, bayonets, and pikes, in the southward of the town ; whilst his Lordship sent others to the north, east, and west, to bring in the rest ;

and the next morning, we got many pikes, the handles of which we broke and burned.

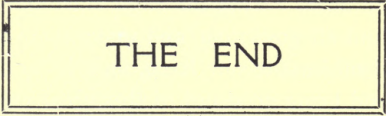

Thus by the blessing of God, our deliverance was accomplished on the 21st of June, 1798. On Sunday, the 24th, I went to church, and once more offered my praises in the sanctuary of the Most High; the morning prayers and the psalms were very applicable to the time; the congregation wept much before the Lord our God, in gratitude for their return to His house, from which they had been exiled for three weeks and three days.

Now, O! Lord God most holy, O! God most mighty, most gracious and merciful Father, let Thy divine blessing rest on these nations—let Thy word run and be glorified amongst us, and make us a Church and people whom Thou wilt delight to bless. Bless all great men and make them good men; and all poor men, and make them holy. Make us all faithful subjects to our King, and he and us faithful unto Thee, and bring good out of this great evil, for Jesus' sake, Amen.


GEORGE TAYLOR.

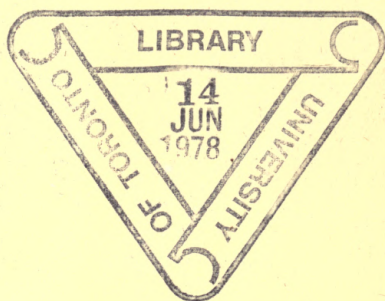
DUBLIN, *18th July, 1798.*





THE END





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