



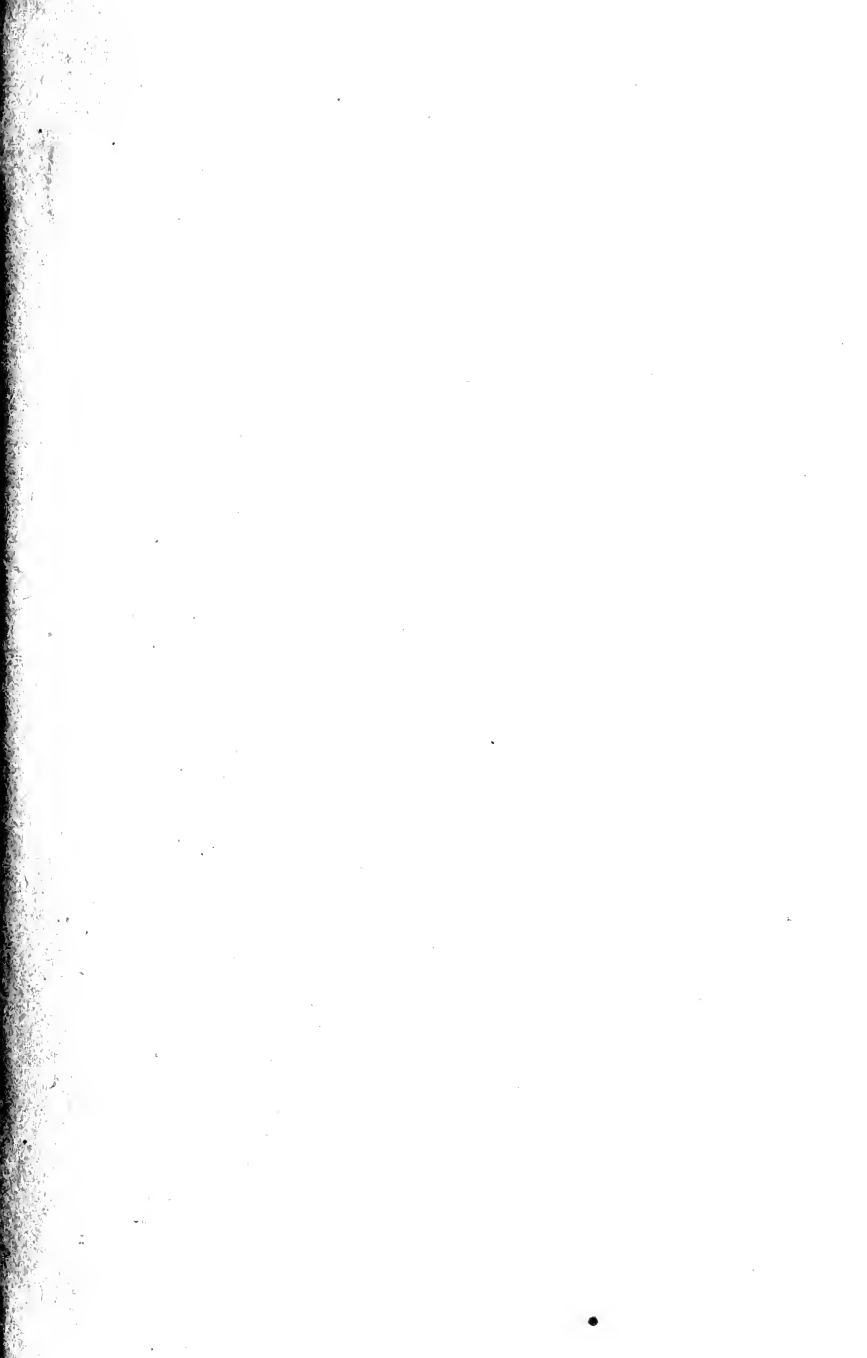
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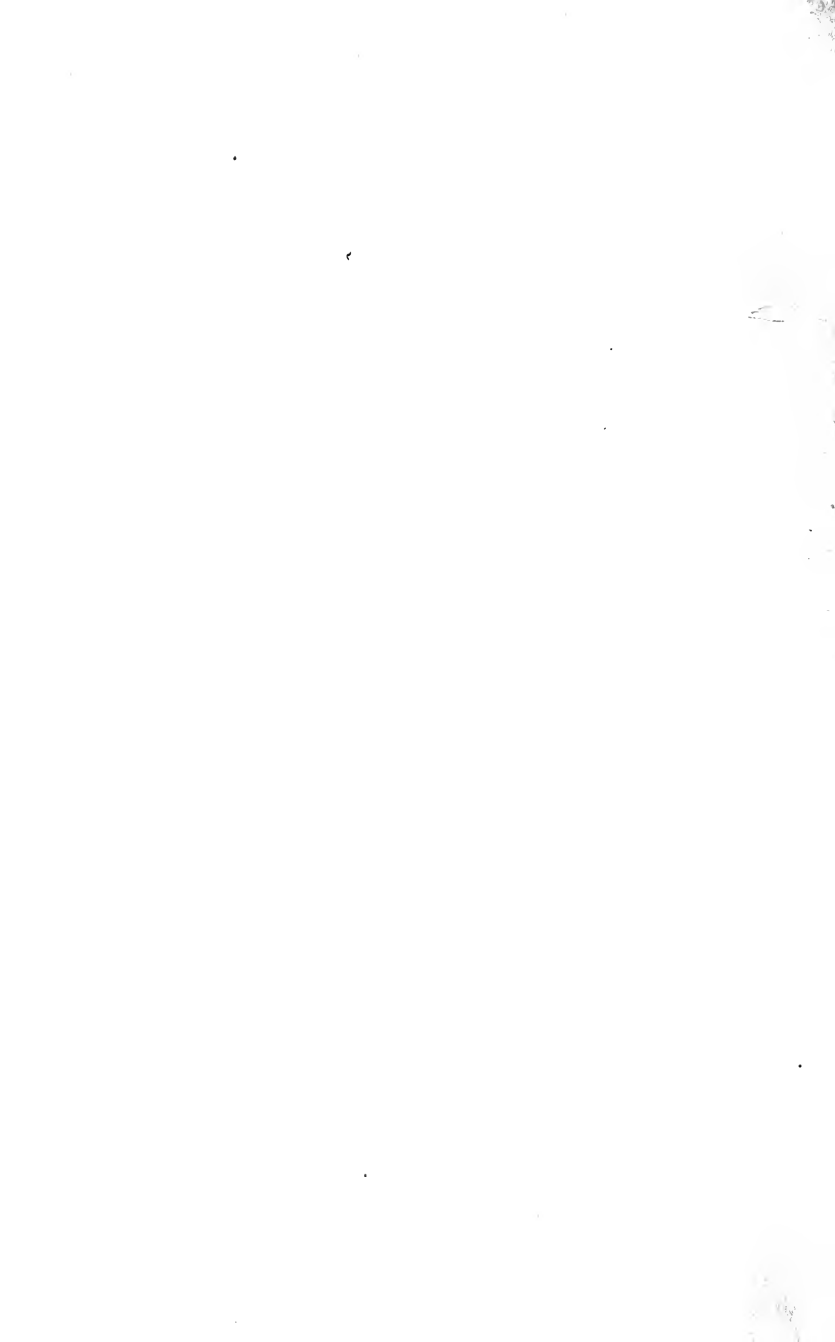


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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
WOLFE TONE







THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
THEOBALD WOLFE TONE

*Abridged & Edited*

*by*

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

THOMAS NELSON & SONS LTD

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“Wolfe Tone was a most extraordinary man and his history is the most curious history of those times. With a hundred guineas in his pocket, unknown and unrecommended, he went to Paris in order to overturn the British Government in Ireland. He asked for a large force ; Lord Edward Fitzgerald for a small one. They listened to Tone. . . .”

WELLINGTON.

*Letter from Thomas Davis to Wolfe Tone's Widow*

MADAM,

With some such feeling as one brings a little gift to an altar, I present you with this book. It is a short record of what your dead husband was and did, his character, his plans, his patriotism, and his martyrdom. When I recollect what unbounding and unvarying love was between you and him, how in his hours of council and peril he thought of you as he would of an angel, with what Roman firmness and Irish truth you cheered him to those sacrifices for Ireland in which you were sacrificed too, I feel that you are the only fit guardian of this memoir of him who lies in Bodenstown.

I remain, Madam,

Your faithful servant,

THOMAS DAVIS.





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## INTRODUCTION

IN the August of 1796 a young gentleman, who went by the name of Citizen Smith, was sitting in his apartment in Paris writing. With a cautious vagueness he headed his paper *Paris*, added the date, and began :

“ As I shall embark on a business, within a few days, the event of which is uncertain, I take the opportunity of a vacant hour to throw on paper a few memorandums relative to myself and my family, which may amuse my boys, for whom I write them, in case they should hereafter fall in their hands. . . .”

The reference to “ within a few days,” and the “ vacant hour ” is slightly amusing, though their optimism is touching, while one does not well know what to feel about the modesty of the reference to “ a business, the event of which is uncertain.” For Citizen Smith was planning the invasion of the United Kingdom, would continue to plan it for a couple of years to come, and would on two occasions accompany an invading fleet bound for the coast of Ireland.

He was in a bad mood that day, and had been for a week. He said so emphatically in his diary. Since the 2nd August the entries read :

“Blank. My times drags now most horribly. . . . Altogether I am out of humour. . . . Blank. Terrible. Terrible. I feel myself absolutely sick at those delays. . . . Blank. Damn it. I am weary of complaining that I am weary. I will not make another memorandum until something happens. That’s flat.”

That last entry was yesterday, the 6th. To-day, being just as blank, conspiratorially speaking, he begins, almost from boredom, to write his life-story. He writes and writes until he comes to the year 1791. There he stops with a reference to his diary, “which I then commenced” ; adding that it is therefore unnecessary to detail much of what subsequently befell him.

What befell him befell him in his real name of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and, like all he had so far recounted, befell him in Ireland, and may be read in this book. He had loved his country, and loved justice, and felt (with good reason) that of the legislatures of the world, “beyond all comparison, the most shamelessly profligate, and abandoned to all sense of virtue, principle, or even common decency, was the legislature of my own unfortunate country.” He had felt more than this. He

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had come to the conclusion that this legislature, and those represented in it, the Irish aristocracy, half native, half alien, were beyond reform. That aristocracy was (his own words) "in possession of the whole of the government, and of five-sixths of the landed property of the nation ; they were, and had been for above a century, in the quiet enjoyment of the Church, the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the corporations ; in a word, the whole patronage of Ireland. With properties whose title was founded on massacre and plunder, and being, as it were, but a colony of foreign usurpers in the land, they saw no security for their persons and estates but in a close connection with England, who profited by their fears, and, as the price of their protection, exacted the implicit surrender of the commerce and liberties of Ireland. . . ." That being so, the conclusion was simple : leave the bough and strike at the root. Release from this English influence the Dissenters, in whom there was some manliness and decency, and the vast Catholic populace, who, though two-thirds of the nation, were reduced by a "horrible system, pursued for above a century, with unrelenting acrimony and perseverance, to a situation, morally and physically speaking, below that of the beasts of the field."

So, from that 1791 onward, Tone had been probing at the root, and the root did not like it. Unhappily, the only hiatus in his autobiography

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occurs soon after this date, just when we should like to see in what manner he consolidated his ideas. His diary, to which he has just referred his readers, stops at February 1793—the portion dealing with the next two years is either lost or never existed. We have to pass on over the spring of 1794, when one Jackson, an agent of the French Committee of Public Safety, arrived in Ireland, accompanied by a “friend” who proved, later, to be a British spy. Jackson was arrested, found guilty of treason, and died in the dock, in April 1795, after taking a dose of poison, probably arsenic. The whole affair involved Tone, being recorded by him in a separate paper which we possess, and was largely responsible for his transmogrification into Citizen Smith, the Irish conspirator in Paris.

## II

Having thus got as far as 1791 in his autobiography, and 1793 in his diaries, Citizen Smith removed himself from Paris to Rennes, where, being still within his “few days” of embarking on an “uncertain business,” and having another “vacant hour,” he resumed his record.

“I hasten to the period,” he writes, “when, in consequence of the conviction of William Jackson for high treason, I was obliged to quit my country and go into exile in America.”

## INTRODUCTION

His record then proceeds to cover events from that date to the February of the next year, 1796, when "we landed in safety in Havre de Grace," and here he closes his consecutive account by a final reference to his diaries, which form the bulk of this book, and of which he says truthfully, that he kept them regularly since his arrival in France. They are the record of endless plannings and plottings; the endless, tortuous, heart-breaking, pertinacious plottings of the refugee-conspirator of a small nation in the great capital of a great nation; at a period of revolution and unrest; a period when kingdoms were being made, and there was no reason why kingdoms should not be undone; but a period, too, when fine phrases were being crossed by new ambitions, and the life of a man like Tone, and the fate of a little country like Ireland, became no more than counters on the gaming-tables of the great. As such, these diaries could not but be interesting; but they happen, in addition, to be written by a man whose diaries would be interesting, amusing, emotive if he lived the life of a grocer's assistant, never known such people as Grouchy, or Tom Paine, or Carnot, or Buonaparte, or never twice invaded the British Isles.

We may glance at them while this remarkable young man puts on his hat and sword and goes strolling down the streets of Rennes, humming his tunes, cursing under his breath at these endlessly "vacant hours," thinking of his adored wife and

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his "little darlings" whom he may never see again. . . . We have plenty of time to glance at his papers. Those "few days" extend themselves by weeks and months to the following December (1796), when he finally set out with a French fleet under Hoche for Bantry Bay. We may also be done with Citizen Smith. After Bantry, Wolfe Tone became a marked man, well known, warmly—very warmly!—spoken of by the Irish and the English public. He became, in brief, a piece of history. Even as, in time, his autobiography has come to be acknowledged for its literary quality, its good humour, its equanimity, and its intrinsic interest, one of the most interesting personal documents in Irish literature.

### III

He spoke of his diaries as being "fully detailed." They are. That year, 1796, was, as he says, "a very remarkable one in my history." He had landed in France on February 1st; he was to set sail for Ireland in December, and to be back again on French soil exactly on January 1, 1797. To this one year he devotes about 125,000 words, about the length of two modern novels. To the next year, when he was again planning an invasion (he saw a Dutch expedition take the seas under De Winter—it was defeated at Camperdown), he de-



## INTRODUCTION

votes less space : about 45,000 words. To what he lived to see of 1798 he devotes proportionately less ; in fact, his diaries break off some three months before he sailed from France, in September, on the third, final, and fatal expedition, as if even his tenacious spirit was at last becoming weary of the struggle. (See the entry for May 26, 1798.) That expedition reached Lough Swilly, in Donegal, in October. After a sea fight the defeated were brought to land in ships' boats. Characteristically, the first man to step proudly ashore was Wolfe Tone. He was sent in irons to Dublin. He died there, after cutting his throat in his cell, on November 19, 1798.

So it is mainly those diaries for his last three years that form the bulk of his story. The only personal record of the last four and a half months is his farewell letter to his wife.

## IV

What despairs, hopes, need for repeated efforts and new beginnings, those years held for Tone may be fully realized only by wading as patiently through the fullness of his very detailed memoirs, as Tone himself waded through the trying and, often, vacant days they record. But, that very important element of his pertinacity aside, there is no need in the least to read the entire autobiography to get at the essen-

tial man ; while, on other scores—such as his more human frailties and his more charming virtues—his nature is too repetitiously evident throughout the diaries, and too much of the entries are, in any case, purely in the way of memoranda, to make a complete edition necessary to anybody but the scholar or the devotee. Besides, he put so much of the vigour of his pertinacity, and of the equable qualities of his nature that fed it, and of the resilience and buoyancy of his good temper that renewed it, into everything he did and recorded, that, even on that fundamental score, an abridgement of the material need not be felt as an abridgement of the man : Tone's character, though various, is compact and intensive, with all the variations occurring, as it were, within narrow time-brackets.

On the other hand—as happens so often with famous but lengthy books—more readers are likely to have been deterred by the size of the complete autobiography than have ever read it to its end. For that reason I have prepared this abridged edition, hoping that it will have the effect of causing him to be read, for the first time, consecutively, by the large public he deserves.

Those, then, who would like to read in Tone's own words as full an account of his life as is necessary for a proper appreciation of the man will, it is hoped, find it henceforth in this book.

## INTRODUCTION

### V

If Tone did not, in his lifetime, achieve greatly, he started much. Without him Republicanism in Ireland would virtually have no tradition ; for, though he was not the only Republican Ireland produced, he was the first, and he was the only one who had the touch of greatness. It is one sign of this that those three vain expeditions of his—he was the direct means of sending them to Ireland—still live in the folk-memory, have left their mark on the very place-names of the countryside, and are for ever associated with his purposes. Without him, indeed, it is hard to know what that century would have lent to the Irish National tradition. The United Irishmen—a vague body without some man to personify them ; the romantic figure of Lord Edward ; the rising of '98 ; Emmet's speech from the dock—these, also, would have been remembered, but they would have fostered only a vague idealism, and it would have been an easy matter for any subsequent political party to obfuscate their meaning. That was, indeed, attempted, but only through a process of eliminating Tone, by the old constitutional Irish Party. Tone, however, is not easy to eliminate ; and if there hangs about him none of the easy romanticism of Emmet or Lord Edward, he gets the reward of his hardy realism by being remembered with greater clarity.

## WOLFE TONE

More than that, the greater vigour of his personality folds these lesser men under his wing, so that they are remembered and defined by him. What these revolutionaries owe to him, in this way, may be guessed by thinking how much, had there been no Tone, their century would have become, in popular memory, O'Connell's century; and by thinking how it would then have fed, only, into the tradition O'Connell set under way—a tradition containing many fine elements: Liberal, possibly monarchist but undoubtedly snobbish, faintly Radical, thoroughly parliamentarian—which was overthrown in our time by men delighted to find in Tone a figure and a symbol great enough to face any comparison.

What, on another count, would have happened both Tone and century if his autobiography had been captured by and suppressed by the British Government? The indisputable answer to that question emphasizes both the unique quality of the man and of his book. For though he would, without doubt, have been remembered and revered—and those three expeditions might indeed have assumed a still greater glory by the very mystery attaching to his name; and though his impact on the popular imagination might have become, thereby, even more powerful than it is—yet, it would all have been the impact, not of a real man, but of a vague figure, since, without the diaries, no historian could have hoped to transmit much of his peculiarly original flavour. He would have

## INTRODUCTION

come down to us wrapped in the romantic atmosphere which has melted Emmet, Lord Edward, Smith O'Brien, John O'Leary, even so recent a figure as Pearse, into graceful falsities. That would have been a truly wretched fate for Tone, most human and humorous and unromantic of men, to shimmer through the sentimental dimness into which piety wraps the great—especially the oratorical great.

From that fate he is saved by his diaries. His drinking, his temper, his realism, his flute-playing, his flirtations, his extravagant protestations, his indiscreet tongue, his utter lack of false dignity, are precisely the things that help us to understand him. They make us feel that he was sincere, that revolution to him was a serious matter and not a form of self-dramatization or emotional escape. These pleasantly human qualities and frailties make us feel that humanity is safe in his hands, and would have been safe in his hands had he lived to be the first President of an Irish Republic. We felt much the same about Michael Collins, whose gaiety, impetuosity, masculinity also rejects every attempt to turn him into a plaster martyr. By that humanity, revealed in every page of his diaries, the truth of what Tone was, and of what he stood for, is preserved intact, when, without the diaries, it might not be seen at all. His personality, the man himself, is a definition of Irish Republicanism. It is the only sensible definition that exists.

## WOLFE TONE

The diaries have, however, done one slight disservice to Tone. They have deprived him of the romantic Irishman's final mark of respect—he has no statue. So, a while ago, what money was collected for Tone's centenary in 1898 was to have been spent, at last, on a park gate! And the gate was to have been opened without ceremony, if not after dark! And the gate was to be just outside the city! And no member of the big political parties was to be asked to compromise himself by attending officially. . . . Just as, earlier, Dublin did lay a slab in the roadway at Stephen's Green to mark the site of the proposed centenary monument. It lay there for about thirty years. Then the Board of Works took it up in the middle of the night!

We can guess what Tone would have thought of all that. He would have entered: "*Huzza! Huzza! No statue. P. P., drunk as usual, swears he will give up smuggling. Mr. Hutton greatly pleased. Gog, Magog, P. P., the Draper, the Pismire, the Hypocrite, and all the rest of them are afraid of bug-a-boos. God save great George, our King! Sad! Sad! All hollow. Waddel is a ——!*"

There are two things not to be ignored: the growing seriousness of Tone's nature—the deepening of his mind, the sharpening of his judgment ("I was a greenhorn," he writes after a year in Paris)—and the sceptical turn of his thought. The latter shows itself readily in his attitude, or lack

## INTRODUCTION

of attitude, to religion, but also in a score of places in his half-bitter comments on men and affairs, as when he says of Buonaparte in '98 that "he is probably taking a short-cut to England by way of Calcutta." The two things merge, and are softened in his humour as well as in his gathering gloom.

Always romantic to us, he was never romantic to himself, and he kicks romance out the door, at the end.

## VI

Tone's opening chapters explain themselves, and little further explanation is required ; unless, since his life centred around the Society of the United Irishmen, it may be worth reminding readers that this society began in Belfast around 1791 as a constitutional club whose aim was the reform of the Irish legislature, a reform to be secured—I quote from the members' pledge—by "the attainment of an adequate and impartial representation of the Irish nation in Parliament"; the means to this end being "a brotherhood of affection, an identity of interests, a communion of rights, and an union of power," achieved through a number of clubs throughout the country using the usual other methods of peaceful persuasion. Not all the members, however, were so peacefully inclined, and within three or four years the idea of reform gave

way to the idea of revolution and republicanism. The progress of this change may be observed, in Tone's record, in such details as a dinner where the flags of America, Poland, France, and Ireland are displayed—"but no England"; in the hawing with the definitely aggressive and unconstitutional Protestant and Catholic societies, The Peep-o'-Day Boys, and The Defenders—the former of which became later The Orange Boys, and the latter United Irishmen; in the adoption for the military corps attached to the United Irishmen of the costumes of the *Garde Nationale*; in the deliberate insult to the Irish administration of appealing on behalf of the Catholics direct to the King; or in such seditious conversations as those recorded under October 26, 1791, or November 20, 1792. By 1794 the United Irishmen were being reorganized on a thoroughly rebellious basis, and the hiatus in Tone's record, which I have already mentioned, is the more to be regretted in that it occurs at this point.

The other body with which Tone was connected was the Catholic Committee, founded in Dublin around 1760, to plead the cause of the oppressed Catholics. As long as it was supported by the Catholic aristocracy it was much too pliable, and timid, to be effective. It made no impress on public opinion until John Keogh, a Dublin merchant, gave it a democratic character. He co-operated with the United Irishmen and Tone as long



## INTRODUCTION

as he dared ; and thanks largely to Tone that timid Committee won in '93 the first real Catholic Relief Bill, a measure that Lecky considers infinitely more important than O'Connell's Emancipation of 1829. Tone worked with these men as assistant-secretary, until his exile ; but even after that, in France, he was recommending them (see July 27, 1796) to the Executive Directory as the basis of a national legislature should his plans succeed. That, to those who may be unfamiliar with Tone's ideas, is informative. Though not a Catholic, and though representing the United Irishmen, a body originating in non-Catholic Belfast, it never even occurred to him that the basis of a National Parliament could be anything but Catholic, and popular.

The only other thing necessary to know is the key to Tone's pseudonyms for his friends and associates. The chief of these were his colleagues who founded, and were active in spreading, the Society of United Irishmen. They were Thomas Russell, his bosom friend, who was hanged in 1803, and whom he nicknamed *P. P. Clerk of this Parish* ; Sam Neilson, founder of the Society and of its organ *The Northern Star*, whom he called *The Jacobin* ; Simms, *The Tanner* ; William Sinclair, *The Draper* ; Thomas Macabe, *The Irish Slave* ; Whitley Stokes, the Trinity College scholar, one of Tone's early friends, *The Keeper* (of the College Zoo) ; Thomas Addis Emmet, *The Pismire* ; and James Napper Tandy, the oldest member of

the group and one of the more prominent members of Grattan's Volunteers in 1782, *The Tribune*. Then come three men active in the Catholic Committee. The ablest of them all was John Keogh, whom he called *Gog*. Then came McCormick, the secretary to the Committee, whom he called *Magog*; and Edward Byrne, the Chairman, whom he called *The Vintner*. The city of Belfast is throughout *Blefescu*, and he himself is *Mr. Hutton*.

They are names, all of them, invented in a spirit of raillery and affection, with, at most, a faint smile of occasional sarcasm. One may, for instance, turn to the entry of January 1, 1793, to see Tone's attitude to the last three. However, he had no delusions about any of his friends, and the greatest attraction of his autobiography is in these quite effortless characterizations that emerge from his commentaries, and that make his book not merely a fine self-portrait by a young revolutionary but a gallery of portraits of other entirely admirable men whose comic side the young rebel never failed to see. That was partly because he loved them so much that he could afford to laugh at them, even in their most solemn moments; partly because he was a born realist with powerful emotions who had found that the best companion for a high heart is a merry wit. Even his vivid pen-pictures of the French revolutionary leaders are not, as his experience grows, without an occasional touch of malice; the result is that he constantly throws

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revealing side-lights on the Paris and France of the Revolution and the Directory.

In truth Tone was simply a brave, unassuming man who was merry because he needed great reserves. Lord Edward could wear the high buskin, and so could Emmet, because, for them, the road between beginning and end was brief. Tone, with his flute in his pocket, and a laugh always up his sleeve, was a hero with slippers—because the road, for him much longer and more arduous, brought him many a night to rest in his inn.

He was the sort of man who must have dreamed as often of the gaiety as of the comfort he could bring to Ireland should his plans succeed. If, in that sense, his personality is, indeed, a definition of his ideas, and if it were these ideas that persisted with his tradition, there could be few Irishmen to-day who would not be republican with him.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.



## EDITIONS

TONE'S original notebooks, which contain his autobiography, are in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. In the National Museum, Dublin, one may also see his pocket-book, which he bequeathed the night he died to John Sweetman.

His son edited his papers, and the *Life* was published in two volumes in Washington in 1826. These volumes are comparatively rare; they sell at about two guineas to-day. They contain the diaries, letters, and political essays of Tone; an account of Tone's family; Madame Tone's interview with Napoleon, etc.; the son's account of the last expedition and trial—from which the excerpt printed in this edition is taken. A later edition by Barry O'Brien, entitled *The Autobiography of Wolfe Tone*, omitted the letters, the political essays (as being "of little interest or importance now"), the account of Tone's family after his death, and some minor material; this edition has appeared in more than one format and is easily procurable. There is also a French edition of the Autobiography with the title *Mémoires secrets de Wolfe Tone*. (Paris, 1888.)

O'Brien follows William Tone comma for comma ; and it may be recorded that the son is not absolutely accurate, as I have found on collating his edition with the manuscripts. Generally, however, I have found it easier to follow him, as I have found him astray only in quite minor details of word and phrasing.

The chief profit of the collating has been that I have been able to replace, for the first time, some interesting passages suppressed by the son : namely, Tone's accounts of his early amours ; his contemptuous references to his brother-in-law ; his account of the final rupture with his wife's family ; and his scornful remarks on Americans. The son suppressed the first because he thought it would be ungentlemanly to publish such frank confessions—his mother was still alive ; the second, probably out of deference to his uncle ; and it must be remembered that he was a guest of America when he published the *Life*. I feel that the added precision given to Tone's character by this new material justifies its publication at this date. I have drawn attention to the chief additions in the footnotes.

The chapter divisions and titles and the running headlines are my own additions.

I am much indebted to a scholarly friend who prefers not to be mentioned by name. He has checked the proofs and given me several interesting pieces of information which I have been enabled

## EDITIONS

by his kindness to incorporate in the footnotes, which are otherwise my own.

I am also indebted to the kindness of the officials of Trinity College, Dublin, for permission to examine the original manuscripts of the Journal and Notebooks, and for the photograph of Farrell's bust of Tone which stands in the Long Room, bequeathed to the College in 1925 by Miss Katherine Maxwell, a granddaughter of Tone, together with a death-mask and the original manuscript notebooks.

S. O'F.

## A SUMMARY OF EVENTS

- 1760 Death of George II.  
1763 June 20th. Theobald Wolfe Tone born.  
1770 Wordsworth born.  
1775 War of American Independence begins.  
Daniel O'Connell born. Volunteer movement begins.  
1778 Death of Voltaire and Rousseau.  
1779 Volunteers demand Free Trade. Tom Moore born.  
1781 February. Enters Trinity College, Dublin.  
1782 Legislative Independence granted. Repeal of "Sixth of George I." and Poyning's Law.  
1783 Treaty of Versailles acknowledges American Independence.  
Ministry of Pitt begins. (Tories in power to 1830.)  
1784 Death of Eoghan Ruadh O'Suilleabhain.  
1785 Meets Miss Witherington and marries her.  
1786 Commences study for B.A. First child born. Retires to Clane.  
1787 Enters Middle Temple, London.  
1788 Returns to Ireland.  
1788 Byron born.  
1789 Commences Barrister-at-Law. First Circuit.  
1789 The French Revolution.  
Charlotte Brookes publishes *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.  
1790 First Political Pamphlet. Meets Russell. Forms a Political Club.  
1791 Second child born : Matthew. Meets the Belfast Volunteers and founds United Irishmen. Meets the Catholics.  
1791 October. Society of United Irishmen founded.



## A SUMMARY OF EVENTS

- 1792 Third child born. Becomes Assistant Secretary to Catholic Committee.
- 1792 The "September Massacres" in Paris. France declared a Republic.
- 1793 First Catholic Emancipation Act. LARGELY DUE TO TONE. A memorable date for the new Irish Democracy. War declared on France.
- 1794 The Jackson affair.
- 1794 United Irishmen suppressed.
- 1795 August. Arrives at Washington.
- 1795 The Directory formed.
- 1796 February 2nd. Lands in France.
- December 16th. Sails for Bantry Bay.
- 1797 January 1st. Arrives back in France.
- May. Rejoins his family.
- June to September. In Holland for the Dutch expedition.
- 1798 September. Sails for Ireland on the *Hoche*.
- October 11th. Arrested.
- November 10th. Tried.
- November 19th. Dies.
- 1798 May. Napoleon takes Malta.
- May. Irish Rebellion breaks out. Daniel O'Connell called to the Bar and joins the yeomanry.
- 1799 Napoleon overthrows the Directory and becomes First Consul.
- 1801 Union of Great Britain and Ireland.
- 1804 First child dies.
- 1806 Third child dies.
- 1807 "Gaelic Society of Dublin" founded.
- 1815 Mrs. Tone marries Wilson.
- 1820 Death of George III.
- 1829 Catholic Emancipation.



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
THEOBALD WOLFE TONE



# THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE

## I

### EARLY LIFE

PARIS, *August 7, 1796.*

AS I shall embark in a business, within a few days, the event of which is uncertain, I take the opportunity of a vacant hour to throw on paper a few memorandums relative to myself and my family, which may amuse my boys, for whom I write them, in case they should hereafter fall into their hands.

I was born in the city of Dublin, on the 20th of June, 1763. My grandfather was a respectable farmer near Naas, in the county of Kildare. Being killed by a fall off a stack of his own corn, in the year 1766, his property, being freehold leases, descended to my father, his eldest son, who was, at that time, in successful business as a coachmaker. He set, in consequence, the lands which came thus

into his possession to his youngest brother, which, eventually, was the cause of much litigation between them, and ended in a decree of the Court of Chancery, that utterly ruined my father. My mother, whose name was Lamport, was the daughter of a captain of a vessel in the West India trade, who, by many anecdotes which she told me of him, was a great original.

I was their eldest son ; but, before I come to my history, I must say a few words of my brothers. William, who was born in August, 1764, was intended for business, and was, in consequence, bound apprentice, at the age of fourteen, to an eminent bookseller. With him he read over all the voyages he could find, with which, and some military history, he heated an imagination naturally warm and enthusiastic, so much that, at the age of sixteen, he ran off to London, and entered, as a volunteer, in the East India Company's service.

My brother Matthew, like Will, is something of a poet, and has written some trifles, in the burlesque style, that are not ill done. He is a brave lad, and I love him most sincerely. His age, at the time I write this, is about twenty-six or twenty-seven years. Matthew is a sincere and ardent republican, and capable, as I think, of sacrificing everything to his principles.

My third brother, Arthur, is much younger than any of us, being born about the year 1782 ; of course he is now fourteen years of age. If I can judge,

when he grows up, he will resemble William exactly in mind and person. He is a fine, smart boy, as idle as possible (which we have all been, without exception), with very quick parts, and as stout as a lion.

My sister, whose name is Mary, is a fine young woman; she has all the peculiarity of our disposition, with all the delicacy of her own sex. If she were a man, she would be exactly like one of us, and, as it is, being brought up amongst boys, for we never had but one more sister, who died a child, she has contracted a masculine habit of thinking, without, however, in any degree, derogating from that feminine softness of manner which is suited to her sex and age. When I was driven into exile in America, as I shall relate hereafter, she determined to share my fortunes, and, in consequence, she also, like the rest of us, has made her voyage across the Atlantic.

My father and mother were pretty much like other people; but, from this short sketch, with what I have to add concerning myself, I think it will appear that their children were not at all like other people, but have had, every one of them, a wild spirit of adventure, which, though sometimes found in an individual, rarely pervades a whole family, including even the females. For my brother William has visited Europe, Asia, and Africa before he was thirty years of age; Matthew has been in America twice, in the West Indies once, not to

mention several trips to England, and his voyage and imprisonment in France, and all this before he was twenty-seven. Arthur, at the age of fourteen, has been once in England, twice in Portugal, and has twice crossed the Atlantic, going to and returning from America. My sister Mary crossed the same ocean, and I hope will soon do the same on her return. I do not here speak of my wife and our little boys and girl, the eldest of whom was about eight, and the youngest two years old when we sailed for America. And, by all I can see, it is by no means certain that our voyages are yet entirely finished.

I come now to myself. I was, as I have said, the eldest child of my parents, and a very great favourite. I was sent, at the age of eight or nine, to an excellent English school, kept by Sisson Darling, a man to whose kindness and affection I was much indebted, and who took more than common pains with me. I respect him yet. I was very idle, and it was only the fear of shame which could induce me to exertion.

It was determined that I should be a Fellow of Dublin College. I was taken from Mr. Darling, from whom I parted with regret, and placed, about the age of twelve, under the care of the Rev. Wm. Craig, a man very different, in all respects, from my late preceptor.

About this time, whether unluckily for me or not, the future colour of my life must determine, my



father, meeting with an accident of a fall downstairs, by which he was dreadfully wounded in the head, so that he narrowly escaped with life, found, on his recovery, his affairs so deranged in all respects, that he determined on quitting business and retiring to the country, a resolution which he executed accordingly, settling with all his creditors, and placing me with a friend near the school, whom he paid for my diet and lodging, besides allowing me a trifling sum for my pocket. In this manner I became, I may say, my own master, before I was sixteen ; and as, at this time, I am not remarkable for my discretion, it may well be judged I was less so then.

I must do myself and my school-fellows the justice to say, that, though we were abominably idle, we were not vicious ; our amusements consisted in walking to the country, in swimming parties in the sea, and, particularly, in attending all parades, field days, and reviews of the garrison of Dublin in the Phoenix Park. I mention this particularly, because, independent of confirming me in a rooted habit of idleness, which I lament most exceedingly, I trace to the splendid appearance of the troops, and the pomp and parade of military show, the untamable desire which I ever since have had to become a soldier, a desire which has never once quit me, and which after sixteen years of various adventures, I am at last at liberty to indulge. Being, at this time, approaching to seventeen years

of age, it will not be thought incredible that *woman* began to appear lovely in my eyes, and I very wisely thought that a red coat and cockade, with a pair of gold epaulets, would aid me considerably in my approaches to the objects of my adoration.

This, combined with the reasons above mentioned, decided me. I began to look on classical learning as nonsense ; on a Fellowship in Dublin College as a pitiful establishment ; and, in short, I thought an ensign in a marching regiment was the happiest creature living. The hour when I was to enter the University, which now approached, I looked forward to with horror and disgust. I absented myself more and more from school, to which I preferred attending the recruits on drill at the barracks. So that at length my schoolmaster, who apprehended I should be found insufficient at the examination for entering the college, and that he, of consequence, would come in for his share of the disgrace, thought proper to do what he should have done at least three years before, and wrote my father a full account of my proceedings. This immediately produced a violent dispute between us, I declared my passion for the army, and my utter dislike to a learned profession ; but my father was as obstinate as I, and as he utterly refused to give me any assistance to forward my scheme, I had no resource but to submit or to follow my brother William's example, which I was too proud to do. In consequence, I sat down again, with a very bad

grace, to pull up my lost time ; and, at length, after labouring for some time, sorely against the grain, I entered a pensioner of Trinity College, in February, 1781 ; being then not quite eighteen years of age ; my tutor was the Rev. Matthew Young, the most popular in the University, and one of the first mathematicians in Europe.

During my progress through the University, I was not without adventures. Towards the latter end of the year 1782, I went out as second to a young fellow of my acquaintance, of the name of Foster, who fought with another lad, also of my acquaintance, named Anderson, and had the misfortune to shoot him through the head. The second to Anderson was William Armstrong, my most particular friend, who is now a very respectable clergyman, and settled at Dungannon. As Anderson's friends were outrageous against Foster and me, we were obliged at first to withdraw ourselves, but after some time their passion abated, and I returned to college, whence this adventure was near driving me a second time and for ever. Foster stood his trial and was acquitted ; against me there was no prosecution. In this unfortunate business the eldest of us was not more than twenty years of age.

After one or two fugitive passions about the beginning of the year 1783 I fell in love with a woman who made me miserable for more than two years. She was the wife of Richard Martin of Galway, a member of Parliament, and a man

of considerable fortune in that county. Martin was passionately fond of acting and had fitted up a theatre in which he had several dramatic representations. Mrs. Martin, independent of a thousand other attractions, was one of the first actresses I ever saw, and as I lived in the house with her, and being myself somewhat of an actor, was daily thrown into particular situations with her, both in rehearsals and on the stage, and as I had an imagination easily warmed, without one grain of discretion to regulate it, I very soon became in love to a degree almost inconceivable. I have never, never met in history, poetry, or romance a description that comes near what I actually suffered on her account. For two years our acquaintance continued, in which time I made three visits to her house of four or five months each. As I was utterly unable, and indeed unwilling, to conceal my passion from her, she very soon detected me, and as I preserved, as well as felt, the profoundest respect for her, she supposed she might amuse herself innocently in observing the progress of this terrible passion in the mind of an interesting young man of twenty ; but this is an experiment no woman ought to make. As Martin neglected her a good deal, and as I was continually on the spot, she could not avoid making daily comparisons between our behaviour towards her, and not at all to the advantage of her husband ; in short, without any art on my side, for I was too sincerely in love to be capable of it, I invisibly

engaged her affections, so that at length she became at least as much in love with me as I was with her, nor did she attempt to conceal it from me.

I was the proudest man alive to have engaged the affections of a woman whom even now I recognize to have had extraordinary merit, and who then appeared in my eyes more divine than human. In this intercourse of sentiment which alternately pained and delighted me almost beyond bearing, we continued for about two years, keeping up a regular correspondence by letters in the intervals of my absence, without, however, in a single instance overstepping the bounds of virtue, such was the purity of the extravagant affection I bore her. At length a quarrel took place between Martin and me. He wanted me to swear an affidavit against two ruffians who had broken into his apartment, armed with pistols, and arrested [?—*the word is not clear in the MS.*] him in my presence. This I considered derogatory to my character, and in consequence I refused; a smart altercation by letter ensued, in which he tried every means, not excepting pretty direct menaces (as he was a famous duellist), to bind me to his purpose. But tho' I was very young, tho' I adored his wife beyond all human beings, and knew well that my refusal was in effect a sentence of banishment from her presence for ever, I had the courage to persist in my refusal. In consequence I wrote

Martin a peremptory letter which finished our correspondence, and sealed, as I expected, our separation for ever. And thus at the age of twenty I sacrificed a passion of the most extravagant violence to what I considered my duty as a man of honour; an effort which cost me then, very, very dear, and for which I now applaud my resolution. I have never seen Mrs. Martin since.

As I am on this subject, tho' it makes no part of my history, I think right to insert that eight or nine years after, Martin and his wife being in Paris, and he treating her with his usual neglect, she formed a connection with an Englishman of the name of Petrie, with whom at length she eloped. Martin brought an action against Petrie in Westminster Hall and recovered £10,000 damages. In this business I am satisfied from my own observation and knowledge of the characters of both parties during my residence for many months in their family, that the fault was originally Martin's. Nevertheless it opened my eyes on many little circumstances that had passed between her and me, and perhaps (as I now think) had my passion for her been less pure, it might have been not less agreeable. But the truth is I loved her with an affection of a seraphic nature; the profound respect I bore her, and my ignorance of the world, prevented my availing myself of opportunities which a man more trained than I was would not have let slip.

And now at this distance of time I review the affair coolly [*about ten words blotted out*], I cannot regret that my inexperience prevented me from wronging a man to whom I was indebted for many civilities, or from profiting, as I might have done, by the affections of a woman, that time undoubtedly virtuous, whom I adored as a deity, and who, I am sure, returned my affections with an ardour equal to my own. But if I suffered, as I did most severely, by this unfortunate passion, I also reaped some benefit from it. The desire to render myself agreeable to a woman of elegant manners, and a mind highly cultivated, induced me to attend to a thousand little things, and to endeavour to polish myself in a certain degree, so that after the first transports of rage and grief at her loss had subsided, I considered myself as on the whole considerably improved. As no human passion is proof against time and absence, in a few months I recovered my tranquillity.\*

At length, about the beginning of the year 1785, I became acquainted with my wife. She was the daughter of William Witherington, and lived, at that time, in Grafton Street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman of the name of Fanning. I was then a scholar of the house in the University, and every day, after commons, I used

\* It is interesting to note that the chief aid to tranquillity was Miss Witherington, whom Tone met just at this time or a trifle earlier. This account is suppressed by the son.

to walk under her windows with one or the other of my fellow students ; I soon grew passionately fond of her, and she also was struck with me, though certainly my appearance, neither then nor now, was much in my favour ; so it was, however, that, before we had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced between us. She was, at this time, not sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel. She had a brother some years older than herself, a most egregious coxcomb \* ; nevertheless, as it was necessary for my admission to the family that I should be first acquainted with him, I soon contrived to be introduced to him, and as he played well on the violin (his only talent), and I was myself a musical man, we grew intimate, the more so as it may well be supposed I neglected no fair means to recommend myself to him and the rest of the family, with whom I soon grew a favourite. My affairs now advanced prosperously ; my wife and I grew more passionately fond of each other ; and, in a short time, I proposed to her to marry me, without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would be in vain to expect it ; she accepted the proposal as frankly as I made it, and one beautiful morning in the month of July we ran off together and were married. I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a few days, and when the first *éclat* of passion had sub-

\* All Tone's contemptuous references to the brother are suppressed by his son.



sided, we were forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings near my wife's grandfather.

I was now, for a very short time, as happy as possible, in the possession of a beautiful creature that I adored, and who every hour grew more and more upon my heart. The scheme of a Fellowship, which I never relished, was now abandoned, and it was determined that, when I had taken my degree of Bachelor of Arts, I should go to the Temple, study the law, and be called to the Bar.

The tranquil and happy life I spent, for a short period after my marriage, was too good to last. My wife's brother, jealous of the affection which her grandfather bore her and of the esteem he was beginning to entertain for me, notwithstanding my irregular introduction into the family, contrived by a thousand indirect means to sow feuds and dissensions between us, and at length succeeded so far that we were obliged to break off all connection with my wife's family, who began to treat us with all possible slight and disrespect. We removed, in consequence, to my father's, who then resided near Clane, in the county of Kildare, and whose circumstances could, at that time, but ill bear such an addition to his family. It is doing him, however, but justice to mention, that he received and treated us with the greatest affection and kindness, and, as far as he was able, endeavoured to make us forget the grievous mortifications we had undergone.

After an interval of a few months, my wife was brought to bed of a girl, a circumstance which, if possible, increased my love for her a thousandfold ; but our tranquillity was again broken in upon by a most terrible event. On the 16th October, 1786, the house was broken open by a gang of robbers, to the number of six, armed with pistols, and having their faces blacked. Having tied the whole family, they proceeded to plunder and demolish every article they could find, even to the unprofitable villainy of breaking the china, looking-glasses, etc. At length, after two hours, a maid-servant, whom they had tied negligently, having made her escape, they took the alarm, and fled with precipitation, leaving the house such a scene of horror and confusion as can hardly be imagined. With regard to myself, it is impossible to conceive what I suffered. As it was early in the night I happened to be in the courtyard, where I was seized and tied by the gang, who then proceeded to break into the house, leaving a ruffian sentinel over me, with a brace of pistols cocked in his hand. In this situation I lay for two hours, and could hear distinctly the devastation which was going on within. I expected death every instant, and I can safely and with great truth declare, that my apprehensions for my wife had so totally absorbed the whole of my mind, that my own existence was then the least of my concern. When the villains, including my sentry, ran off, I scrambled on my feet with some

difficulty, and made my way to a window, where I called, but received no answer. My heart died within me. I proceeded to another and another, but still no answer. It was horrible. I set myself to gnaw the cords with which I was tied, in a transport of agony and rage, for I verily believed that my whole family lay murdered within, when I was relieved from my unspeakable terror and anguish by my wife's voice, which I heard calling on my name at the end of the house. It seems that, as soon as the robbers fled, those within had untied each other with some difficulty, and made their escape through a back window : they had got a considerable distance from the house, before, in their fright, they recollected me, of whose fate they were utterly ignorant, as I was of theirs. Under these circumstances, my wife had the courage to return alone, and, in the dark, to find me out, not knowing but she might again fall into the hands of the villains, from whom she had scarcely escaped, or that I might be lying a lifeless carcass at the threshold. I can imagine no greater effort of courage ; but of what is not a woman capable for him she truly loves ? She cut the cords which bound me, and at length we joined the rest of the family at a little hamlet within half a mile of the house, where they had fled for shelter. Of all the adventures wherein I have been hitherto engaged, this, undoubtedly, was the most horrible. It makes me shudder even now to think of it.

This terrible scene, destroyed, in a great degree, our domestic enjoyments. I slept continually with a case of pistols at my pillow, and a mouse could not stir that I was not on my feet and through the house from top to bottom. If any one knocked at the door after nightfall, we flew to our arms, and, in this manner, we kept a most painful garrison through the winter. I should observe here, that two of the ruffians being taken in an unsuccessful attempt, within a few days after our robbery, were hanged, and that my father's watch was found on one of them.

At length, when our affairs were again reduced into some little order, my father supplied me with a small sum of money, which was, however, as much as he could spare, and I set off for London, leaving my wife and daughter with my father, who treated them, during my absence, with great affection. After a dangerous passage to Liverpool, wherein we ran some risk of being lost, I arrived in London in January, 1787, and immediately entered my name as a student at law on the books of the Middle Temple; but this I may say was all the progress I ever made in that profession.

As I foresaw by this time that I should never be Lord Chancellor, and as my mind was naturally active, a scheme occurred to me, to the maturing of which I devoted some time and study: this was a proposal to the minister to establish a colony in one of Cook's newly discovered islands in the

South Sea on a military plan, for all my ideas ran in that track, in order to put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and to annoy her grievously in that quarter in time of war. In arranging this system, which I think even now was a good one for England, I read every book I could find relating to South America, as Ulloa, Anson, Dampier, Woodes Rogers, Narborough, and especially the Bucaniers, who were my heroes, and whom I proposed to myself as the archetypes of the future colonists.

At length I drew up a memorial on the subject, which I addressed to Mr. Pitt, and delivered with my own hands to the porter in Downing Street. We waited, I will not say patiently, for about ten days, when I addressed a letter to the minister, mentioning my memorial, and praying an answer, but this application was as unsuccessful as the former. Mr. Pitt took not the smallest notice of either memorial or letter, and all the benefit I reaped from my scheme was the amusement it afforded me during three months, wherein it was the subject of my constant speculation. I regret these delightful reveries which then occupied my mind. It was my first essay in what I may call politics, and my disappointment made such an impression on me as is not yet quite obliterated.

In my anger I made something like a vow, that, if ever I had an opportunity, I would make Mr. Pitt sorry, and perhaps fortune may yet enable me to fulfil that resolution. It was about this time

I had a very fortunate escape : my affairs were exceedingly embarrassed, and just at a moment when my mind was harassed and sore with my own vexations I received a letter from my father, filled with complaints, and a description of the ruin of his circumstances, which I afterwards found was much exaggerated. In a transport of rage, I determined to enlist as a soldier in the India Company's service ; to quit Europe for ever, and to leave my wife and child to the mercy of her family, who might, I hoped, be kinder to her when I was removed. My brother combated this desperate resolution by every argument in his power ; but, at length, when he saw me determined, he declared I should not go alone, and that he would share my fate to the last extremity. In this gloomy state of mind, deserted, as we thought, by gods and men, we set out together for the India House, in Leadenhall Street, to offer ourselves as volunteers ; but on our arrival there, we were informed that the season was passed, that no more ships would be sent out that year ; but that, if we returned about the month of March following, we might be received. The clerk, to whom we addressed ourselves, seemed not a little surprised at two young fellows of our appearance presenting ourselves on such a business, for we were extremely well dressed, and Will, who was the spokesman for us both, had an excellent address. Thus were we stopped, and I believe we were the single instance, since the

beginning of the world, of two men, absolutely bent on ruining themselves, who could not find the means. We returned to my chambers, and, desperate as were our fortunes, we could not help laughing at the circumstance that India, the great gulf of all undone beings, should be shut against us alone. Had it been the month of March instead of September, we should most infallibly have gone off; and, in that case, I should most probably, at this hour, be carrying a brown musket on the coast of Coromandel. Providence, however, decreed it otherwise, and reserved me, as I hope, for better things.

At the age of four and twenty,\* with a tolerable figure and address, in an idle and luxurious Capital, it will not be supposed I was without adventures with the fair sex. The Englishmen neglect their wives exceedingly in many essential circumstances. I was totally disengaged and did not fail to profit, as far as I could, by their neglect, and English women are not naturally cruel. I formed, in consequence, several delightful connections in London, and as I was extremely discreet, I have the satisfaction to think that not one of those to whom I had the good fortune to render myself agreeable ever suffered the slightest blemish in her reputation on my account. I cherish, yet, with affection the

\* Suppressed by Tone's son. One wonders if Tone wrote these autobiographical notes, as he wrote his diary, for other eyes.

memory of one charming woman to whom I was extremely attached, and I am sure she still remembers me with a mutual regard.

I had been now two years at the Temple, and had kept eight terms, that is to say, I had dined three days in each term in the common hall. As to law, I knew exactly as much about it as I did of necromancy. It became, however, necessary to think of my return, and, in consequence, I made application, through a friend, to my wife's grandfather, to learn his intentions as to her fortune. He exerted himself so effectually in our behalf that the old gentleman consented to give £500 immediately, and expressed a wish for my immediate return. In consequence, I packed up directly and set off, with my brother, for Ireland. We landed at Dublin the 23rd December, and on Christmas Day, 1788, arrived at my father's house at Blackhall, where I had the satisfaction to find all my family in health, except my wife, who was grown delicate, principally from the anxiety of her mind on the uncertainty of her situation. Our little girl was now between two and three years old, and was charming. After remaining a few days at Blackhall, we came up to Dublin, and were received as at first, in Grafton Street, by my wife's family. Mr. Fanning paid me punctually the sum he had promised, and my wife and I both flattered ourselves that all past animosities were forgotten, and that the reconciliation was as sincere on their part as it



most assuredly was on ours. I now took lodgings in Clarendon Street, purchased about £100 worth of law books, and determined, in earnest, to begin and study the profession to which I was doomed ; in pursuance of this resolution, I commenced Bachelor of Laws in February, 1789, and was called to the Bar in due form, in Trinity term following ; shortly after which I went my first (the Leinster) circuit, having been previously elected a member of the Bar club. On this circuit, notwithstanding my ignorance, I pretty nearly cleared my expenses ; and I cannot doubt, if I had continued to apply sedulously to the law, but I might have risen to some eminence ; but, whether it was my incorrigible habits of idleness, the sincere dislike I had to the profession, which the little insight I was beginning to get into it did not tend to remove, or whether it was a controlling destiny, I know not, but so it was, that I soon got sick and weary of the law. I continued, however, for form's sake, to go to the courts, and wear a foolish wig and gown, for a considerable time, and I went the circuit, I believe, in all, three times ; but, as I was, modestly speaking, one of the most ignorant barristers in the Four Courts, and as I took little, or, rather, no pains to conceal my contempt and dislike for the profession, and especially as I had neither the means nor the inclination to treat messieurs the attorneys, and to make them drink (a sacrifice of their respectability, which even the most liberal-

mind of the profession are obliged to make), I made, as may well be supposed, no great exhibition at the Irish Bar.

Just at this period the *Whig Club* was instituted in Ireland, and the press groaned with publications against them on the part of Government. Two or three defences had likewise appeared, but none of them extraordinary. Under these circumstances, though I was very far from entirely approving the system of the *Whig Club*, and much less their principles and motives, yet, seeing them at the time the best constituted political body which the country afforded, and agreeing with most of their positions, though my own private opinions went infinitely further, I thought I could venture on their defence without violating my own consistency. I therefore sat down, and in a few days finished my first pamphlet, which I entitled "A Review of the Last Session of Parliament !"

I now looked upon myself as a sort of political character, and began to suppose that the House of Commons, and not the Bar, was to be the scene of my future exertions ; but in this I reckoned like a sanguine young man.

I thought I had at last found my element, and I plunged into it with eagerness. A closer examination into the situation of my native country had very considerably extended my views, and, as I was sincerely and honestly attached to her interests, I made speedily what was to me a great dis-

covery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the Radical vice of our Government, and consequently that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable whilst the connection with England existed. In forming this theory, which has ever since unvaryingly directed my political conduct, to which I have sacrificed everything, and am ready to sacrifice my life if necessary, I was exceedingly assisted by an old friend of mine, Sir Lawrence Parsons,\* whom I look upon as one of the very, *very few* honest men in the Irish House of Commons. It was he who first turned my attention on this great question, but I very soon ran far ahead of my master. It is in fact to him I am indebted for the first comprehensive view of the actual situation of Ireland; what his conduct might be in a crisis, I know not, but I can answer for the truth and justice of his theory. I now began to look on the little politics of the Whig Club with great contempt; their peddling about petty grievances, instead of going to the root of the evil, and I rejoiced that, if I was poor, as I

\* Sir Lawrence Parsons, 1758-1841, later Earl of Rosse, member for Queen's County, was "one of the few honest men in the Irish House of Commons." He distinguished himself in 1795, during the Fitzwilliam episode, by attacking the English Government for its refusal to meet Catholic claims, and proposed a short Supply Bill to indicate the disapproval of the Irish House. Later he as valiantly opposed the Union. Tone speaks of him once as "my friend."

actually was, I had preserved my independence, and could speak my sentiments without being responsible to anybody but the law.

Shortly after the premature end of my second pamphlet we came to an open rupture with my wife's family. One circumstance is sufficient to prove that the breach was not of our seeking, *viz.* that we had everything to lose and nothing to gain by a quarrel, whereas by removing my wife from her grandfather's presence, who was very fond of her, any portion of his fortune he might intend for her would naturally be divided among the rest. Of course it was their interest to provoke as it was ours to avoid hostilities. My wife's health was at this time in a very delicate state, when her brother, the captain, thought proper one day to insult her grossly, and almost to strike her. I should not mention this circumstance if it were not to give me an opportunity of recording my brother William's behaviour on the occasion.\*

He took an opportunity to see Captain Witherington and told him in three words that he must either come the next morning and apologize to his sister for his brutality, or fight him. Witherington seemed inclined to do neither, and my brother left him telling him he should hear from him the next day. Witherington, however, spared him the trouble, for he was with him the next

\* This paragraph and the next two were suppressed by Tone's son.

morning at seven o'clock, and repeated an apology to my wife which my brother dictated. When he had finished his apology he added from himself that he thought still he was in the right, on which my brother told him that spoiled all and that he must repeat the apology a second time, simply and without any qualification, which the captain thought proper to do, and my brother dismissed him with a very severe rebuke, in which he made use of expressions such as no officer or gentleman ought to have submitted to.

At the time of this I was in the country, and on my return they told me all that had passed, and my wife declared her resolution never again to expose herself to similar treatment. Shortly after I met Captain Witherington in the street. He asked me was I apprised of what had passed? I told him I was. He asked me then what I thought of it. I replied that I approved of everything my wife and brother had said and done, and that I condemned the whole of his conduct except his apology. I added that if he was dissatisfied with that I was ready to explain with him in any manner he thought proper. He replied he was perfectly satisfied with his own conduct. I said, in that case, that I had nothing further to say to him. All intercourse from that forward ceased between us, and the captain had after all the satisfaction to intercept any addition which might have been made to my wife's fortune by her grandfather, as

the old gentleman died shortly after at a very advanced age without seeing her. It is unnecessary to observe on the magnanimous behaviour of my brother on the occasion I have just recounted, nor does it stand in need of the contrasted meanness of his adversary to set it off. I hope I should in similar circumstances manifest the same readiness to protect his wife and defend his honour.

About this time it was that I formed an acquaintance with my invaluable friend Russell,\* a circumstance which I look upon as one of the most fortunate of my life. He is a man whom I love as a brother. I will not here attempt a panegyric on his merits ; it is sufficient to say, that, I frame no system of happiness for my future life in which the enjoyment of his society does not constitute a most distinguishing feature, and, if I am ever inclined to murmur at the difficulties wherewith I have so long struggled, I think on the inestimable treasure I possess in the affection of my wife and the friendship of Russell, and I acknowledge that all my labours and sufferings are overpaid. I may truly say, that, even at this hour, when I am separated from both of them, and uncertain whether

\* Thomas Russell (1767-1803), referred to in the diary as P.P., was a Cork man. He helped to found the United Irishmen, was arrested in 1796, and spent six years in jail. He became involved in Emmet's insurrection, and was hanged on a charge of high treason. A lovable creature, a devoted friend, a sincere patriot, he might for all that never have been recorded if it were not for Tone's admiration for him—teasing, mocking, but always affectionate.

I may ever be so happy as to see them again, there is no action of my life which has not a remote reference to their opinion, which I equally prize. When I think I have acted well, and that I am likely to succeed in the important business wherein I am engaged, I say often to myself, "My dearest love and my friend Russell will be glad of this."

My wife's health continuing still delicate, she was ordered by her physician to bathe in the salt water. I hired, in consequence, a little box of a house on the sea side, at Irishtown, where we spent the summer of 1790. Russell and I were inseparable, and, as our discussions were mostly political, and our sentiments agreed exactly, we extended our views, and fortified each other in the opinions to the propagation and establishment of which we have ever since been devoted. I recall with transport the happy days we spent together during that period; the delicious dinners, in the preparation of which my wife, Russell, and myself were all engaged; the afternoon walks, the discussions we had, as we lay stretched on the grass. It was delightful!

Sometimes, too, my brother William used to join us for a week, from the county Kildare, where he resided with my brother Matthew, who had lately commenced a cotton manufactory at Prosperous in that county. When Russell, my brother, and I were assembled, it is impossible to conceive of a happier society. I know not whether our wit

was perfectly classical or not, nor does it signify. If it was not sterling, at least it passed current amongst ourselves. If I may judge, we were none of us destitute of the humour indigenous in the soil of Ireland; for three of us I can answer, they possessed it in an eminent degree; add to this, I was the only one of the four who was not a poet, or at least a maker of verses: so that every day produced a ballad, or some poetical squib, which amused us after dinner, and, as our conversation turned upon no ribaldry, or indecency, my wife and sister never left the table. These were delicious days.

This winter I endeavoured to institute a kind of political club, from which I expected great things. It consisted of seven or eight members, eminent for their talents and patriotism, and who had already more or less distinguished themselves by their literary productions. They were John Stack, Fellow of Trinity College; Dr. Wm. Drennan,\* author of the celebrated letters signed Orellana; Joseph Pollock, author of the still more justly celebrated letters of Owen Roe O'Neil; Peter Burrowes, a barrister, a man of a most powerful and comprehensive mind; William Johnson, a lawyer, also of respectable talents; Whitley Stokes, a Fellow

\* William Drennan (1754-1820) was a song-writer of some distinction. His best-known verses are *The Wake of William Orr*. He founded *The Belfast Magazine*. Whitley Stokes (1763-1845) was a Professor of Physics at Trinity College.



of Trinity College, a man the extent and variety of whose knowledge is only to be exceeded by the number and intensity of his virtues ; Russell, a corresponding member, and myself. As our political opinions, at that time, agreed in most essential points, however they may have since differed, and as this little club most certainly comprised a great proportion of information, talents, and integrity, it might naturally be expected that some distinguished publications should be the result ; yet, I know not how it was, we did not draw well together ; our meetings degenerated into downright ordinary suppers ; we became a mere oyster club, and, at length, a misunderstanding, or, rather, a rooted dislike to each other, which manifested itself between Drennan and Pollock (who were completely Cæsar and Pompey with regard to literary empire), joined to the retreat of John Stack to his living in the North, and the little good we saw resulting from our association, induced us to drop off one by one, and thus, after three or four months of sickly existence, our club departed this life, leaving behind it a puny offspring of about a dozen essays on different subjects, all, as may be supposed, tolerable, but not one of any distinguished excellence.

In recording the names of the members of the Club, I find I have strangely omitted the name of a man whom, as well for his talents as his principles, I esteem as much as any, far more than most of

them, I mean Thomas Addis Emmet,\* a barrister. He is a man completely after my own heart ; of a great and comprehensive mind ; of the warmest and sincerest affection for his friends ; and of a firm and steady adherence to his principles, to which he has sacrificed much, as I know, and would, I am sure, if necessary, sacrifice his life. His opinions and mine square exactly. In classing the men I most esteem, I would place him beside Russell, at the head of the list ; because, with regard to them both, the most ardent feelings of my heart coincide exactly with the most severe decision of my judgment. There are men whom I regard as much as it is possible. I am sure, for example, if there be on earth such a thing as sincere friendship, I feel it for Whitley Stokes, for George Knox, and for Peter Burrowes. They are men whose talents I admire, whose virtues I reverence, and whose persons I love ; but the regard which I feel for them, sincere and affectionate as it is, is certainly not of the same species with that which I entertain for Russell and Emmet. Between us there has been, from the very commencement of our acquaintance, a coincidence of sentiment, a harmony of feelings on points which we all conscientiously consider as of the last importance, which

\* Thomas Addis Emmet (1764-1827), a Cork man, was one of the Directorate of the United Irishmen. In 1798 he was arrested and kept in jail for four years. He died in America, one of the most distinguished members of the New York Bar.

binds us in the closest ties to each other. We have unvaryingly been devoted to the pursuit of the same object, by the same means ; we have had a fellowship in our labours ; a society in our dangers ; our hopes, our fears, our wishes, our friends, and our enemies, have been the same. When all this is considered, and the talents and principles of the men taken into the account, it will not be wondered at if I esteem Russell and Emmet as the first of my friends.

The French Revolution had now been above a twelvemonth in its progress ; at its commencement, as the first emotions are generally honest, every one was in its favour ; but, after some time, the probable consequences to monarchy and aristocracy began to be foreseen, and the partisans of both to retrench considerably in their admiration.

In England, Burke had the triumph completely to decide the public ; fascinated by an eloquent publication, which flattered so many of their prejudices, and animated by their unconquerable hatred of France, which no change of circumstances could alter, the whole English nation, it may be said, retracted from their first decision in favour of the glorious and successful efforts of the French people ; they sickened at the prospect of the approaching liberty and happiness of that mighty nation : they calculated, as merchants, the probable effects which the energy of regenerated France might have on their commerce ; they rejoiced when they saw

the combination of despots formed to restore the ancient system, and perhaps to dismember the monarchy ; and they waited with impatience for an occasion, which, happily for mankind, they soon found, when they might, with some appearance of decency, engage in person in the infamous contest.

But matters were very different in Ireland, an oppressed, insulted, and plundered nation. As we well knew, experimentally, what it was to be enslaved, we sympathized most sincerely with the French people, and watched their progress to freedom with the utmost anxiety ; we had not, like England, a prejudice rooted in our very nature against France. As the Revolution advanced, and as events expanded themselves, the public spirit of Ireland rose with a rapid acceleration. The fears and animosities of the aristocracy rose in the same, or a still higher proportion. In a little time the French Revolution became the test of every man's political creed, and the nation was fairly divided into two great parties, the Aristocrats and the Democrats (epithets borrowed from France), who have ever since been measuring each other's strength, and carrying on a kind of smothered war, which the course of events, it is highly probable, may soon call into energy and action.

It is needless, I believe, to say that I was a Democrat from the very commencement, and, as all the retainers of Government, including the sages and

judges of the law, were, of course, on the other side, this gave the *coup de grâce* to any expectations, if any such I had, of my succeeding at the Bar, for I soon became pretty notorious; but, in fact, I had for some time renounced all hope, and, I may say, all desire, of succeeding in a profession which I always disliked, and which the political prostitution of its members (though otherwise men of high honour and of great personal worth) had taught me sincerely to despise. I therefore seldom went near the Four Courts, nor did I adopt any one of the means, and, least of all, the study of the law, which are successfully employed by those young men whose object it is to rise in their profession.

It was pretty much about this time that my connection with the Catholic body commenced in a manner which I am about to relate. I cannot pretend to strict accuracy as to dates, for I write entirely from memory; all my papers being in America.

Russell had, on his arrival to join his regiment at Belfast, found the people so much to his taste, and in return had rendered himself so agreeable to them, that he was speedily admitted into their confidence, and became a member of several of their clubs. This was an unusual circumstance, as British officers, it may well be supposed, were no great favourites with the Republicans of Belfast.

Russell wrote me an account of all this, and it immediately set me on thinking more seriously

than I had yet done upon the state of Ireland. I soon formed my theory, and on that theory I have unvaryingly acted ever since.

To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means. To effectuate these great objects, I reviewed the three great sects. The Protestants I despaired of from the outset for obvious reasons. Already in possession by an unjust monopoly of the whole power and patronage of the country, it was not to be supposed they would ever concur in measures the certain tendency of which must be to lessen their influence as a party, how much soever the nation might gain. To the Catholics I thought it unnecessary to address myself, because, that as no change could make their political situation worse, I reckoned upon their support to a certainty; besides, they had already begun to manifest a strong sense of their wrongs and oppressions; and, finally, I well knew that, however it might be disguised or suppressed, there existed in the breast of every Irish Catholic an inextirpable abhorrence of the English name and power. There remained only the Dissenters, whom I knew to be

patriotic and enlightened ; however, the recent events at Belfast had showed me that all prejudice was not yet entirely removed from their minds. I sat down accordingly, and wrote a pamphlet addressed to the Dissenters, and which I entitled, "An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland," the object of which was to convince them that they and the Catholics had but one common interest and one common enemy ; that the depression and slavery of Ireland was produced and perpetuated by the divisions existing between them, and that, consequently, to assert the independence of their country, and their own individual liberties, it was necessary to forget all former feuds, to consolidate the entire strength of the whole nation, and to form for the future but one people. These principles I supported by the best arguments which suggested themselves to me, and particularly by demonstrating that the cause of the failure of all former efforts, and more especially of the Volunteer Convention in 1783, was the unjust neglect of the claims of their Catholic brethren. This pamphlet \* which appeared in September, 1791, under the signature of A Northern Whig, had a considerable degree of success. As my pamphlet

\* "An extremely able pamphlet . . . remarkable for the clearness with which it sounded a note which now became common in Irish popular politics—unqualified hatred of the Irish Parliament and profound contempt for the revolution of 1782. It is said that not less than ten thousand copies were sold." (Lecky, vol. iii. p. 10 following.)

spread more and more, my acquaintance amongst the Catholics extended accordingly. My first friend in the body was John Keogh,\* and through him I became acquainted with all the leaders, as Richard McCormick, John Sweetman, Edward Byrne, Thomas Braughall,—in short, the whole sub-committee, and most of the active members of the General Committee. In short, I began to grow into something like reputation, and my company was, in a manner, a requisite all that winter.

The Volunteers of Belfast, of the first or green company, were pleased, in consequence of my pamphlet, to elect me an honorary member of their corps, a favour which they were very delicate in bestowing, as I believe I was the only person, except the great Henry Flood, who was ever honoured with that mark of their approbation. I was also invited to spend a few days in Belfast, in order to assist in framing the first club of United

\* John Keogh (1740-1817) the *Gog* of the diaries, was a man whose name has never been adequately (if indeed at all) honoured by Irishmen. For something like forty years he laboured for the Catholics. He planted the seed of fire that O'Connell blew to a flame. Without him O'Connell might well have had to be another Keogh—preparing the way for another man. Before Keogh there was nothing. After Keogh there was a new spirit, due almost entirely to the exertions and example of this one obscure man. His patient methods did not commend themselves to Tone, who, nevertheless, recognized his integrity and persistence. What O'Connell was to the Young Irelanders, Keogh and the Catholic Committee was to the United Irishmen.



Irishmen, and to cultivate a personal acquaintance with those men whom, though I highly esteemed, I knew as yet but by reputation. In consequence, about the beginning of October, I went down with my friend Russell, who had, by this time, quit the army, and was in Dublin, on his private affairs. The incidents of that journey, which was by far the most agreeable and interesting one I had ever made, I recorded in a kind of diary, a practice which I then commenced, and have ever since, from time to time, continued, as circumstances of sufficient importance occurred. To that diary I refer.

## II

## THE DIARY OF A MILD CONSPIRATOR

*July 14th.* I sent down to Belfast, resolutions suited to this day, and reduced to three heads. 1st. That English influence in Ireland was the great grievance of the country. 2nd. That the most effectual way to oppose it was by a reform in Parliament. 3rd. That no reform could be just or efficacious which did not include the Catholics, which last opinion, however, in concession to prejudices, was rather insinuated than asserted.

*October 11th.* Arrived at Belfast late, and was introduced to Digges, but no material conversation. Bonfires, illuminations, firing twenty-one guns, Volunteers, etc.

*October 12th.* Introduced to McTier and Sinclair. A meeting between Russell, McTier, Macabe, and me. Mode of doing business by a Secret Committee, who are not known or suspected of co-operating, but who, in fact, direct the movements of Belfast. Much conversation about the Catholics, and their committee, etc., of which they know wonderfully little at *Blefescu*. Settled to dine with the Secret

Committee\* at Drew's, on Saturday, when the resolutions, etc., of the United Irish will be submitted. Sent them off, and sat down to new model the former copy. Very curious to see how the thermometer of Blefescu has risen, as to politics. Christened Russell *P. P. Clerk of this Parish*. Sinclair asked us to dine and meet Digges, which we acceded to with great affability. Went to Sinclair, and dined. A great deal of general politics and *wine*. Paine's book, the Koran of Blefescu. History of the Down and Antrim elections. The Reeve of the shire a semi-Whig. P. P. very drunk. Home; bed.

*October 13th.* Much good jesting in bed, at the expense of P. P. Laughed myself into good humour. Rose. Breakfast. Made further alterations in the resolutions, by advice of Digges. Went to Gordons. Very respectable people, and a large company. Drank nothing. Went, at nine, to the card club, with Gordon and P. P. Came home early, much fatigued, and went to bed.

*October 14th.* Walked all about the town, seeing sights. Four o'clock; went to dinner to meet the Secret Committee. Agreed to the resolutions unanimously. Resolved to transmit a copy to Tandy,† and request his and his fellow citizens'

\* The Belfast Volunteers had given birth to a secret political club. The various people mentioned in this and following entries were members.

† James Napper Tandy (1740-1803), immortalized by the reference to him in *The Wearing of the Green*, prominent in

co-operation, from which great benefit is expected to result to the cause, by reflecting back credit on the United Irishmen of Blefescu.

*October 15th.* Digges came in to supper. I had been lecturing P. P. on the state of his nerves, and the necessity of early hours ; to which he agreed, and, as the first fruits of my advice and his reformation, sat up with Digges until three o'clock in the morning, being four hours after I had gone to bed.

*October 16th, Sunday.* Breakfast, Digges, Jordan, and Macabe. Church—a vile sermon from Bristowe (called Caiaphas) against smuggling, etc., and about loyalty, and all that. P. P. in great sorrow and distress of mind ; resolved to leave off smuggling, which is injurious to the fair trader.

*October 17th.* Breakfast, McDonnell, McCaughtrey, Bryson, Digges, P. P., and I. Went to the inn ; P. P. paid the bill, by which my anxiety as to my shillings is completely removed ; believe I owe *him* now two or three, but shall not inquire. Came into town early ; went to the theatre ; saw a man in a white sheet on the stage, who called himself a Carmelite. P. P. whispered to me, with a very significant face, not to be too sure he was a

person and in action, impressive and (if Tone is to be believed) anxious to impress, a genuine patriot, one of the most active and striking figures of the Volunteers of 1782. He followed Humbert to Ireland with a little legion of Irishmen, was ultimately taken and sentenced to death in 1801—then quite an old man. He was spared, and died an exile in France. Tone's account of his behaviour, later, is acid.

Carmelite. Puzzled at this ; turned round in a little time with my doubts to P. P. P. P. asleep. *N.B.*—A gentleman, indeed a nobleman, on the stage, in a white wig, vastly like a gentleman whom I had seen in the morning, walking the streets in a brown wig ; one Mr. Atkins, a player. Query, Was he a lord or not ?

*October 18th.* Could not sleep ; a cat in the room ; got up and turned her out ; fell asleep at last.

*October 19th. Mem.* P. P. got up very early in the morning, this day, and wrote three letters before I was up ; on which proof of the amendment of his life I remitted the attack which I had intended to make upon him.

*October 22nd.* Home early ; no letters. P. P. in bed before me for the first time. *Mem.* Met the man who said on the stage he was a Carmelite, walking the streets with a woman holding him by the arm ; the woman painted up to the eyes ; convinced, at last, that he was no Carmelite ; made my apologies to P. P., who triumphed thereon.

*October 23rd, Sunday.* Went to the Donegal Arms and supped on lobsters. Drunk. Very ill-natured to P. P. P. P. patient. *Mem.* *To do so no more.* Went to bed. Gulled P. P. with nonsense. Fell asleep.

*October 25th.* Dinner at McTier's ; Waddel, Cunningham, Holmes, Dr. Bruce, etc. A furious battle, which lasted two hours, on the Catholic

question ; as usual, neither party convinced. Seized with the liberality of people agreeing in the principle, but doubting as to the expediency. Bruce an intolerant high priest ; argued sometimes strongly, sometimes unfairly ; embarrassed the question by distinctions, and mixing things in their nature separate. We brought him, at last, to state his definite objection to the immediate emancipation of the Roman Catholics. His ideas are : 1st. Danger to true religion, inasmuch as the Roman Catholics would, if emancipated, establish an *inquisition*. 2nd. Danger to property by reviving the Court of Claims, and admitting any evidence to substantiate Catholic titles. 3rd. Danger, generally, of throwing the power into their hands, which would make this a Catholic Government, incapable of enjoying or extending liberty. Many other wild notions, which he afterwards gave up, but these three he repeated again and again as his creed. Almost all the company of his opinion, excepting P. P., who made desperate battle, McTier, Getty, and me ; against us, Bruce, Cunningham, Grey, Holmes, Bunting, H. Joy. Ferguson *dubitante* and *cæteri*, all protesting their liberality and good wishes to the Roman Catholics. *Damned stuff*. Bruce declared that thirty-nine out of forty Protestants would be found, whenever the question came forward, to be adverse to the liberation of the Roman Catholics, as was the case when Lord Charlemont put in his veto, and seemed pleased with the idea.

It may be he was right, but God is above all. Sad nonsense about scavengers becoming members of Parliament, and great asperity against the new-fangled doctrine of the Rights of Man. Broke up rather ill disposed towards each other. More and more convinced of the absurdity of arguing over wine. Went to the United Irish Club. Balloted in five men, amongst whom were Maclaine and Getty; rejected one. Went to the coterie. Jordan pleasant, as usual. Home at two. Bed.

*October 26th.* McTier asked what could we do against England. Sinclair hot. He and P. P. agree that the army in Ireland would be annihilated, and could not be replaced. Sinclair defies the power of England as to our trade; admits that she could check it for a time, but that, after the revolution, it would spring up with inconceivable rapidity, Ireland being unencumbered with debt. (Singular that his opinion agrees with Digges, even in the very words.) My own mind quite made up. Sinclair bleaches annually 10,000 pieces of linen. P. P. of opinion that the weakness of England should be looked to, as well of that of Ireland; also Mr. Digges, who says, "The first shot fired by England against this country, down go her stocks." Home early. P. P. pretty well on, but not quite gone. Bed.

### III

## THE DIARY OF A LESS MILD CONSPIRATOR

*Notes, letters, etc., of 1792. Journal of the Proceedings of Mr. John Hutton on his second embassy to Belfast; also his dealings with the Catholics, including his combinations with sundry dissenting Republicans, and his plan for a general system of Irish Jacobins.\**

*Monday, July 9th.* Set out posting with the Keeper of the College Lions for Belfast (*Whitley Stokes*)—Breakfast at the Man-of-War; missed poor P. P. sadly. The Keeper dull. Proposed piquet; agreed to; played very fair; doubt that the Keeper is a blackleg. Nothing material until

\* Tone had meantime been appointed Assistant Secretary to the Catholic Committee at a salary of £200 per annum. The prospects for the Catholics were favourable. In February Sir Hercules Langrishe had introduced a Catholic Relief Bill. It was the third such Bill, the others being Gardiner's of 1778, and the Bills collectively known as Gardiner's Second Relief Bill of 1782—the relief gained by the threats of the Volunteers. They removed some of the worst features of the cruel Penal Laws. A fourth Relief Bill came in 1793, and was the last until Emancipation in 1829.



Dundalk ; scored ten there for a man leading a pig in a string. Ditto at Loughbrickland ; game at Banbridge ; the Keeper 55, Mr. Hutton 95. Sleep at Banbridge.

10th. Set off early ; see a cat before we come to the bridge ; game.—The Keeper mortified. Very pretty amusement for a statesman and a philosopher. O Lord ! O Lord !—On an average, about a cat and one-seventh of a cat per mile on the great northern road. Make no other remark of any importance or use on the journey.—Arrive at Belfast at one o'clock ; learn that the first company is at exercise, and dine upon Waddel Cunningham. Unpack in a hurry, and dress in regimentals ; run off to the field and leave the Keeper to fag. Meet everybody. Cunningham very civil ; dine in the tent, at the right hand of the Captain. After dinner the whole company turn out and dance on the field ; *vastly French* ; march into town in the evening, “ *all with magnanimity and benevolence.*” Sup with Neilson and the old set ; very much tired after my journey. Bed at one o'clock.

12th. Dinner at the Hypocrite's. Read the address from the committee ; Waddel Cunningham opposes it, without assigning any reason. Neilson at him. At last out it comes. The coming down of Mr. Hutton has given great alarm, especially as he has brought with him some man from the college, whom no one knows. The company all laugh ; Cunningham goes off in a pet.

The address read, paragraph by paragraph, and approved unanimously, except that part which relates to the Catholics, which had H. Joy's single negative. Address to the National Assembly read and approved in like manner. Broke up. Home. Bed as usual at half-past one. Damned bad hours !

13<sup>th</sup>. The Harpers again. *Strum strum* and be hanged. Hear that several Catholics have been seen ; run to try ; find Magog, Weldon, and others, to a large amount. The hair of Dr. Haliday's wig miraculously grows grey with fear of the Catholics. Several comets appear in the market-place. Walk the Catholics about to show them the lions. See a figure of Commerce at the insurance office ; the Catholics mistake it for an image, and kneel down, take out their beads, and say their prayers before it ; leave them at the Exchange, and go to dinner with Simms. The old set. Drink nothing. Go at seven to meet the Jacobins. The time-to-time people say with great gravity that Mr. Hutton is come to force seditious papers down their throats. Mr. Hutton a man of great consequence, as it seems. The Keeper, who is in the plot, a cunning hand ; all day out picking up clay, etc., the better to conceal his designs, but Waddel and Joy too knowing to be had in that manner. Mr. Hutton almost angry at all this nonsense, and very sorry that any man, woman, or child in Belfast should listen to such trash. Expect a sharp opposition

to-morrow. Bed. A plot! a plot! Neilson comes to my bedside at one o'clock, with orders to prepare for battle in the morning. Passing by a room in the inn, he heard Cunningham's voice very loud; the door being half open, he went in and found, to his utter astonishment, delegates from the country corps, with Waddel haranguing against the Catholics, and talking of some sedition intended to be broached the next day. Waddel taken all aback by this apparition of Neilson. Neilson abuses him and reads the papers; the company breaks up without coming to any determination, but Neilson expects hot work in the morning. Waddel a —. Sleep at last, about two.

14th July, era of the French Revolution! A council of war held in a potato field, adjacent to the review ground. Present, the Draper in the chair, the Tribune, his brother George, Dr. Crawford, of Lisburn; Rev. Mr. Craig, Dr. McKenna, and Mr. Hutton: all fools except the first and last. Crawford and Tandy frightened out of their wits. We are undone; shall be defeated; all the country corps decidedly against us, from the report of some seditious paper (the old story); better to adopt something moderate, that shall include all parties; danger of disunion; risk of credit if we should even succeed by a small majority, which is the best that can be hoped; the country folks afraid; *da capo*, etc. Moderation—nonsense! March into town at three. Meet Haslitt and Neilson: take

the word "Catholic" out, and put in the word "Irishmen" of every religious denomination. Procession. Meeting at the Linen Hall, astonishing full. Question moved by the Draper. Before the debate goes on five minutes, satisfied that we have it hollow; the Lisburn men, and our good advisers in the field all mistaken. More and more satisfied that their *moderation* is nonsense and stuff. *Carry the question* with about five dissenting voices, among whom are Joy and Waddel Cunningham. All hollow. Could have carried anything. The business now fairly settled in Belfast and the neighbourhood. Huzza! Huzza! Dinner at the Donegal Arms. Everybody as happy as a king, but Waddel, who looks like the Devil himself! Huzza! God bless everybody! Stanislas Augustus, George Washington: *Beau-jour*. Who would have thought it this morning? Huzza! Generally drunk.—Broke my glass thumping the table. Home, God knows how or when. Huzza! God bless everybody again, generally.—Bed, with three times three. Sleep at last.

16th. Rise and go to breakfast with Will Simms at the Grove; all the Catholics from Dublin there. Council of war in the garden, Gog, Robert Simms, and Mr. Hutton. Gog expounds the plan of organizing the Catholic body. Mr. Hutton takes the opportunity to press an idea started by P. P. several months back, for organizing, in a similar manner, the Dissenting interest. All agree that if

that could be accomplished, the business would be done.

17th. Waked by Neilson, to see Gog, and other Catholics, before they set off. Go to the inn. Much conversation about the Peep-of-day-boys and Defenders.

18th. Rise, and set off with Neilson and young Lowry, to Rathfriland. In about an hour the Catholics arrive from Downpatrick. Meet Mr. Tighe, the Parson, Sam. Barber, the Dissenting Minister, Mr. Derry, the Priest, and about eighteen gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Agreed on all hands that the Protestants were the aggressors. Several have been killed on both sides. Great offence taken at the Catholics marching about in military array, and firing shots at unseasonable times. The Catholics and Mr. Hutton receive the thanks of the meeting for their public spirit in coming down on the occasion. All part on excellent terms. Mr. Hutton meditates attempting an excursion to Dungannon.

19th. Mr. Hutton, on several occasions, pressed his friends the Jacobins to try and extend their clubs through the North. The Draper highly approves the plan, also Haslitt, also the Tanner and his brother. The Irish Slave swears he will begin his operations immediately, as we have talked enough, and it is time to begin to act. Mr. Hutton to write a scurrilous letter for the said Slave, to John Foster.

N.B.—The meeting on the 14th like the old

German meetings in the woods. All the people sitting, and the armed warriors in a ring standing round. Fine effect of the unanimous aye of the Assembly when passing the address. Mr. Hutton affected so that the tears stood in his eyes ; sentimental and pretty.

*Dublin, July 21st.* Rode out with Gog to Grattan. Talk of next winter. He apprehends Government will make a blow at the Catholics by committing their chairman. Mr. Hutton of opinion that the whole body should rise and go with him in the event. Grattan advises to let him go, and immediately elect another. If he be committed, elect another, and so on, but never to recede. Say O to him and depart, having first promised to dine with him at Tinnehinch on Saturday next.

*28th, 29th, 30th.* Sub-committee. Writing letters. Hear that Neilson is come to town. Dine with him at Braughall's. Nothing new. Introduced in form to the General Committee.

*August 1st.* *Merry be the first of August!* Busy all day folding papers, etc., for the Munster bishops. Damn all bishops ! Gog not quite well on that point. Thinks them a good thing. Nonsense.

*August 2nd.* More papers.

*August 3rd.* Sub-committee. Folding circular letters, etc. Wexford returns at last. Rent-roll of their delegates, £15,000 per annum. Bravo ! This makes eight counties.

*Journal of the proceedings of John Hutton, Esq., on his third journey to the North of Ireland, including his artful negotiations with the Peep-of-day-boys, and sundry Peers of the realm; also, his valorous entry into, and famous retreat out of the city of Rathfriland; interspersed with sundry delectable adventures and entertaining anecdotes.*  
—Vive le Roi.

August 7, 1792. Set out posting on my expedition among the Peep-of-day-boys, with Gog and Neilson. Pleasant journey. Arrive in Drogheda, and dine. Settle with Neilson to meet us at Rathfriland.

11th. Breakfast at O'Hanlon's. Hear that Mr. Barber is of opinion that we ought not to go to Rathfriland, and has desired some one to write us word so to Dublin. It is surmised that his reason is, lest we might be insulted by some of the bigots in that town. Cannot help it: what must be, must be, and we must go to Rathfriland. Buy powder and ball, and load our pistols, for fear of accidents. My balls too little; damn it! Afraid of Capt. Swan, who is a bloody Peep-of-day-boy: endeavour to make a pun on his name: something about goose, but it won't do. Set off for Mr. O'Neil, of Bannvale, on our way for Rathfriland. Arrive at length at that flourishing seat of liberality and public virtue. "*I fear thee, O Rathfriland, lest that thy girls with spits, and boys with stones, in*

*puny battle slay me.*" Stop at Murphy's Inn, six in number, all valiant. Get paper, and begin to write to Dr. Tighe, Mr. Barber, and Mr. A. Lowry. Stop short by the intelligence that the Landlord will give us no accommodations! Hey! hey! The fellow absolutely refuses. He has cold beef and lamb chops, and will give us neither, but turns off on his heel. Damned fine. Well, Mr. Murphy! The dog is a Quaker. A striking proof of the state of politics in this country, when a Landlord will not give accommodation for money to Catholics. Mr. Linsey has got a sore leg and cannot come. Get a Mr. Murphy at last, brother to our hospitable Landlord, and a decent man: explain the motives of our coming to him, and remind him of the conversation of 18th July last. He seems very much ashamed of the behaviour of his brother, and, in some degree, apprehensive of our meeting some insult; which, however, he hopes may not happen. Arrive at Mr. O'Neil's and dine. Old gentry, and very hospitable and kind. Mr. O'Neil exceedingly hurt at being refused a dinner in Rathfriland, within sight of which he and his ancestors have lived for a century. Horrible thing, these religious discords, which are certainly fomented by the aristocrats of this country.

14th. Walk out and see McCracken's new ship, the *Hibernia*. *Hibernia* has an English crown on her shield. We all roar at him.

15th. Waken drunk. Breakfast with Neilson,



the Jacobin, etc. Write a letter on the Grand Jury of Derry, signed A Derry Farmer : also a paragraph to the same purpose ; also another on the report of the submission of the Poles (very bad news if it be true). Also another on the Derry Grand Jury.

16th. Set off, and arrive at Ballinahinch late. Introduced to M'Clokey, a proper man. That neighbourhood almost totally converted, though very bad some little time back. A new corps raised there on Peep-of-day-boy \* principles, converted by M'Clokey, who, in return, is chosen their lieutenant. All well. The Catholics and they are now on such good terms that the Catholics lend them their arms to learn their exercise, and walk to see them parade, and both parties now in high affection with each other, who were before ready to cut each other's throats. All this done in about two months, or less, and by the exertions of one obscure man. What might not be done by the aristocrats of the county Down if they were actuated by the same spirit ? Damn them ! Mug a quantity of mulled wine. Generally drunk. Union of Irishmen with three times three, etc. Bed late.

19th, Sunday. Go to Mass ; foolish enough ;

\* The Peep-O'-Day Boys got their name some seven years before from the plan adopted by northern Protestants of raiding Catholic homes at dawn in search of arms. They gave rise to a Catholic group called Defenders. In 1795 the former became Orangemen ; by then the latter had been either dissipated or organized as United Irishmen.

too much trumpery. *The King of France dethroned!!* Very glad of it, for now the people have fair play. What will the army do? God send they may stand by the nation. Everything depends upon the line they take. *Our* success depends on things which some of us are such fools as not to see.

25th. Drive down to find Grattan; Devereux, of county Wexford, accompanying me, Gog being hipped. Grattan not at home; find him at last at Broome's, of Killmacud, and settle to call on him next day.

27th, *Sunday*. Tinnehinch. Read the manifesto to Grattan and Hardy; Grattan thinks it too controversial and recommends moderation in language, and firmness in action. All very reasonable. Grattan takes Mr. Hutton aside, and tells him that, as the season for action is now approaching, it is the wish of himself and his friends that all communication between them and the Catholics should be through him, Mr. Hutton; as, if they were to hold personal communication, Government would say they were agitators, inflaming the public mind, and that, instead of their being the organ of the Catholic sentiments, the Catholics were only instruments in their hands; that the grievances of the Catholics would thereby be said not to be felt, but suggested by Grattan and his friends, to answer the purposes of a faction; all which would entail a kind of responsibility on them, and embarrass and weaken them much in the operations of next winter. Mr. Hutton

very much pleased with this ; and the more, as the party had absolutely refused to communicate with his great predecessor, *Burke*, and now refuse to communicate with the Catholics through any other medium than himself. Bravo ! break the matter gently to Gog. Gog struck all of a heap—jealous as the devil ; says he sees the cause is desperate, and that Grattan is going to give them up ; no such thing. Argue with him, and satisfy him tolerably, but his vanity, of which he has plenty, has got a mortal blow—poor Gog !

28th August. Grattan again. Repeats his desire of communicating with the Catholics through Mr. Hutton only. He sails for England to-night.

5th. Edmund Burke has Gog's boys now on a visit at Beaconsfield, and writes him a letter in their praise. The scheme of this obvious enough. He wants to enlist Gog, on behalf of his son,\* but it won't do. Gog sees the thing clear enough. Sad ! sad ! Edmund wants to get another 2,000 guineas for his son, if he can ; dirty work ! Edmund no fool in money matters. Flattering Gog to carry his point. Is that *sublime* or *beautiful* ?

9th, Sunday. Drive in Browne's carriage to Cel-

\* In 1791 the Catholic Committee had brought over Richard Burke, Edmund's son, to act as their agent in their effort to get the ear of Parliament. He did not act with sufficient tact or prudence, and finally broke with the General Committee, which, however, treated him with respect to the last, and presented him, on his departure, with the sum of two thousand guineas.

bridge, and meet the Catholic Commissioners to the South ; agree to call first on the Duke of Leinster ; set off to Carton, and find Conolly there ; much conversation ; Gog very bad and diffuse. Conolly a strange rambling fool ; talked for near an hour, without the least connection, about a Union, the Regency, Mr. Fox, the Whig Club, the Catholics, a pension bill, a place bill, a Union, *Da capo*, etc., etc., etc. The Duke took much pains to set and keep him right ; has ten times the understanding of Conolly ; the result was that we convinced him that we intended nothing violent or hostile, and then he declared himself satisfied.

## IV

### THE CONSPIRATOR BECOMES IMPATIENT

#### VISIT TO CONNAUGHT

*Journal of the proceedings of Mr. John Hutton, in his peregrination to convert the natives of Connaught, and more especially of Galway and Mayo, to the true political faith.*

October 5, Friday, 1792. Left Dublin at eight in the evening in a post-chaise, with Mr. Braughall, commonly called in this journal T. B. Loaded with good advice by Gog in the morning, who has given me a broad hint to puff him in Connaught. An adventure ! Stopped by three foot-pads near the park gate, who threaten to exterminate the post-boy if he attempts to move ; T. B. valiant, also Mr. Hutton. Mr. Hutton uses menacing language to the said foot-pads, and orders the post-boy, in an imperious tone of voice, to drive on. The *Voleurs*, after about three minutes' consideration, give up the point, and the carriage proceeds. If they had persisted, we should have shot some of them, being well armed. Mr. Hutton in a fuss ; his first emotion was to jump out and combat on foot ;

very odd ! but his fear always comes on *after the danger* ; much more embarrassed in a quarter of an hour after than during the dialogue ; generally stout, and would have fought, but had rather let it alone ; glad we did not kill any of the villains, who seemed to be soldiers. Drive on to Kinnegad—another adventure ! The chaise breaks down at three in the morning ; obliged to get out in the mud, and hold up the chaise with my body, whilst the boy puts on the wheel ; all grease and puddle ; melancholy ! Arrive at Kinnegad at past four ; bad hours !

6th. Arrive late at Ballinasloe, and get beds with great difficulty. Meet Mr. Larking, the parish priest, a sad, vulgar booby, but very civil to the best of his knowledge. Mr. Hutton falls asleep in company. Victuals bad ; wine poisonous ; bed execrable ; generally badly off ; fall asleep in spite of ten thousand noises ; wish the gentleman over my head would leave off the bagpipes, and the gentlemen who are drinking in the next room would leave off singing, and the two gentlemen who are in bed together in the closet would leave off snoring ; sad, sad. All quiet at last, and be hanged !

8th. Breakfast, more beefsteak and onions. Go *gentle gales*. Fragrant and pretty. Go and see the fair ; great show of bullocks. The greatest cattle fair in Europe, except one in Hungary, as T. B. tells me. Glad that I have seen it as matter of curiosity, but, on the whole, disappointed, as every

man will be who expects extravagantly. About 70,000 sheep sold. Go at three to meet the gentlemen of Galway and Mayo ; find a very respectable number assembled. Sir Thomas French takes the chair ; a fine young fellow, and of consequence among the Catholics *de son pays*. *Bon !* Braughall makes a very long, rambling, diffuse, bad statement of the proceedings of the General Committee, and of the objects of our mission. Followed by Mr. Hutton ; not much better. That gentleman no great orator at a set speech, though he converses well enough. What is the reason ? Because he is, in fact, not only modest, but sheepish, which is a shame. Mr. Hutton had probably better talents, and, to a moral certainty, better education, and, beyond all question, more knowledge of the subject than any of his hearers, yet, after all, he made but a poor exhibition. However, it passed, but by no means satisfied that truly able gentleman. No speaking without much study and continual practice ; must try and mend, and get rid of that vicious modesty, which obscures the great splendour and brilliancy of his natural talents. Gog, in his digressive, rambling style, would have beaten Mr. Hutton all to nothing, which is a great shame to the latter gentleman.

Retire early to my crib, and read Chesterfield's Letters, which has been my great resource against *ennui*. His lordship a damned scoundrel ; he advises his son to attack Madame De Blot, because

she has been married a year and loves her husband. Damn his blood, the rascal ! I wish I was kicking him ! I do not pretend to more virtue than other people, but I have no notion of such cold-blooded villainy on deliberation. Till I read this infamous letter I thought the character of Valmont, in *Les liaisons dangereuses*, was a monstrous fiction, but I see now that Lord Chesterfield had the inclination, though perhaps not the talent, to be as great a scoundrel. All this is for the edification of P. P., and perhaps of my son, if he ever lives to be old enough to read these memorandums. He is now about a twelvemonth old, and it is time for me to begin to think of forming his mind and his principles. I will never advise him to debauch his friend's wife, only because she is such a fool as to love her husband. Base ! base ! I lose my temper at it.

10th. No chaise yet. Our conscientious landlady, Miss Culahaun, asks twelve shillings for a buggy to Athlone. Jew ! skinflint ! Fear we must take it after all, but determine to wait till twelve o'clock, and try for a place in the mail. Walk about the town as a crutch to poor T. B., who is lame. Strange curiosity of T. B. to read all manner of handbills. Mr. Hutton something in the same way. The mail arrives empty. Take our places and set off. *No adventures.* Arrive in Dublin at nine in the morning.

14th. Dine with Magog : a good fellow ; much better than Gog. Gog a Papist. " *Wine*



*does wonders.*" Propose to revive Volunteers in this city. Magog thinks we may have 1,000 Catholics by the 17th March next. Agreed that he shall begin to canvass for recruits immediately, and continue through the winter. If he succeeds, he will resign his office of Secretary to the Catholic Committee, and commence a mere Volunteer. Bravo ! All this looks well. Satisfied that volunteering will be once more the salvation of Ireland. A good thing to have 1,500 men in Dublin. Green uniforms, etc.

16th. Dr. Bellew, Catholic bishop of Killala, wants subscriptions to found a Catholic seminary in Connaught. Mr. Hutton suggests that it would be advisable to extend the plan, and educate all the Catholic clergy at home, an object which has long been a favourite with that gentleman. No doubt but many Protestants would subscribe for so wise and so benevolent a purpose ; the university, United Irishmen, etc.

24th. See the Galway resolutions. Two of them very bad, reflecting on the French. This Lynch's nonsense. Cannot he let the French alone, and be damned ? Gog has been disgusted with Dr. Bellew, Catholic bishop of Killala, on the subject of a national college. The bishop wants to get money from the laity to endow it, and to exclude them from all share in the management. Damned kind ! Gog revolts like a fury, and tells Mr. Hutton he begins to see they (the Catholic bishops)

are all scoundrels. *All fair.* Two or three things like this may cure Gog of his sneaking kindness for bishops, priests, and deacons. Sleep at Gog's.

25th. Mr. Hutton is decidedly of opinion that the Government of Ireland must either alter their whole system, or be subverted by force, of which God knows the event. The Catholics are so totally changed, and so thoroughly roused, etc. Knox and he agree there is no *immediate* danger of violence on the part of the people, but that there is forming a gradual mass of discontent, which will, at no short day, break out, and especially if a war should arise, and that this discontent is inflamed and accelerated by the gross petulance and indiscretion of Government here. This may probably be discussed without breaking, by such an arrangement as we meditate.—Sub-committee. Emmet\* reads an address, as from the Catholics of Dublin, in reply to that of the Corporation. Very good. This turns the scale in favour of the meeting of the Catholics, and Gog will now be gratified with an opportunity of making a speech. “Hurry durry! Nicky nacky!” (See *Venice Preserved*.) Write an opinion for the Catholics of Down, as from the sub-committee, exhorting them to thank the people of Belfast, etc.

26th. Denis Browne has been playing the rascal in Mayo. Procured a meeting on the 16th, and knocked up our plan by securing the measure of a

\* Thomas Addis Emmet, of course, not Robert.

separate petition from that county. Damn him ! Yet he talks of his love for the cause, &c. The Catholics here in a horrible rage. More and more losing their respect for the brothers of Lords and Members of Parliament.

27th. Meet the parochial delegates in the evening, and settle everything for the aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Dublin. Mr. Hutton reads the Citizen Emmet's paper, which meets the unanimous approbation of the meeting. No wonder ! It is a most excellent paper, and better than Mr. Hutton's intended reply to the grand juries. "*The dog has taken some of the very best strokes in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.*"

28th. The town has been filled these three or four days with reports of some seditious paper said to be circulated among the soldiers of the garrison. I do not believe it. One officer, Colonel of the Royal Irish Artillery, is said to have been so wise as to draw up the regiment on the parade, and harangue them, exhorting them to obedience, and warning them against "*The Rights of Man,*" etc. Dunce ! Blockhead ! Could not take a readier way to create the mischief against which he wished to guard. Another report is, that the artillery and all the cavalry are to be ordered to England and replaced by English troops. I hope this is a lie too. These reports, however, show the agitation of the public mind.

29th. Advertisements are this day handed about,

ordering a general illumination on account of the expulsion of the German armies from France. I don't know what to think. The illumination is good, but it may be made a handle for rioting, and if so, very mischievous, for Government would rejoice at anything which would give them an excuse to let the dragoons loose on the people. The illumination set on foot by Oliver Bond and James Tandy. We shall know all about it to-morrow.

30th. The illumination had gone off quietly, notwithstanding the Lord Mayor issued a proclamation forbidding it, and threatening very hard, etc. The horse and foot were out in great force. It should seem, by their being called out so frequently, that Government are determined to accustom the people to see them in the streets. Emmet and I read over the Catholic address for the last time, and make corrections. *N.B.*—The said Emmet henceforward to be called "The Pismire." —*S. Committee*; a very full meeting to settle the plan for to-morrow. Agreed that D. T. O'Brien shall take the chair; said O'Brien refuses; cowardly! The chair offered to J. Ball; he refuses also; cowardly! What would the Belfast people say if they saw this? Fixed that old Bernard O'Neil shall be in the chair, and that Simon Maguire shall be secretary. Mr. Hutton reads the address. D. T. O'Brien objects to the resolution thanking the Volunteers of Ulster, because it may look like cultivating the friendship of *armed men*. Nobody

seconds him. R. McDonnell wishes we had 100,000 of them to thank. Well done ! All embrace and depart. Divers Protestants summoned to the meeting to-morrow, Butler, Rowan, Tandy, the Pismire, Mr. Hutton, etc. Gog at home all day rehearsing. All fair. This meeting will do good. Mr. Hutton chooses, for reasons which he does not wish to explain, to insert here the names of the present sub-committee of the Catholics of Ireland.

Thomas Fitzgerald,	Martin F. Lynch,
John Keogh,	Richard McCormick,
Thomas Braughall,	Hugh Hamill,
Edward Byrne,	Dennis Thomas O'Brien,
Randal McDonnell,	Thomas Warren,
Thomas Ryan, M.D.,	John Sweetman, <i>Secretary</i> .

*October 31st.* The grand day. A full and respectable meeting, 640 summonses taken at the door, besides many who came in without any.

*November 1st.* Dinner at Warren's. A long set of the chief United Irishmen. All very pleasant and good. Mr. Hutton endeavours, being *entre deux vins*, to delude the gentlemen present into forming a volunteer company on good principles, civil and military. A. H. Rowan rises thereat, also Magog. Mr. Hutton a little mad on the subject of volunteering ; would be a great Martinet " Army, damn me ! "

*2nd.* Sick as Demogorgon ; purpose to leave off watercresses with my bread.

5th. Gunpowder Treason !

“ This is the day, I speak it with sorrow,  
That we were all to've been blown up to-  
morrow.”  
*Rochester.*

Mr. Hutton, on his return from the post-office this evening, where he had been to put in a letter to P. P., is startled by a vision of Guy Vaux, which appears to him at Alderman Hart's door. Mr. Hutton speaks Latin to the said vision, on which it proves to be a policeman. Mr. Hutton diligently inspects the pantry, lest the Catholics might have conveyed combustibles therein, and so burn him and his innocent family in their beds. Wishes to have a fire-engine in his bedchamber, for fear of accidents from these bloody barbarous, and inhuman Papists.

10th. Hear that Government is very much embarrassed to know what to do. The Chancellor, we hear, talks big. If he attempts to use violent measures, I believe a war will be the inevitable consequence. My own conviction is that Government must *concede*.

16th. Hear that the Castle-men say that our address to the King, if we persist in that idea, will embarrass his Majesty. The devil it will ! And who doubts it, or who cares ? We will address him, please God, and let him refuse it, if he pleases. Better that his Sacred Majesty should be embarrassed than a nation kept in slavery. More and more at work.

17th. In town, at the sub-committee. Read the intended address to the King. Very much liked, even by some of our timid people. Attended a meeting, for the purpose of raising a Volunteer corps : Present, Rowan, chairman ; Tandy, James Tandy, Dowling, Bacon, Bond, Warren, Magog, and Mr. Hutton, Secretary. Vote 1,000 men in ten companies ; cheap uniform, of coarse blue cloth, ticken trousers, and felt hats. Not to meddle with the existing corps, unless they choose to join us, in which case they must adopt our plan, principles, and regimentals. If this takes, it will vex the Castle, and they may not like to come and take our drum from us. Bond thinks the *ci-devant* Merchant Corps will present us with two field pieces. Huzza ! Huzza !

20th November. O'Beirne says the common people are up in high spirits, and anxious for the event. Bravo ! Better have the peasantry of one county than twenty members of Parliament. Gog seems to-day disposed for all manner of treason and mischief ; separation of the countries, etc. ; a republic, etc. ; is of the opinion this will not end without blows, and says he for one is ready. Is he ? Mr. Hutton quite prepared, having nothing to lose. Bravo ! Come to town to meet the committee for framing the new corps. The whole evening spent in settling the uniform, which is at last fixed to be that of the—*Garde Nationale*. Is that quite wise ? Who cares ?

## V

### THE CATHOLICS ADVANCE

IN December, 1792, the Irish Catholics met in Tailors' Hall, Back Lane, Dublin, to agitate for the parliamentary franchise. Tone's account follows.

*Account of the proceedings of the General Committee of the Catholics of Ireland; and of the delegation which presented their petition to the King.*

The last Catholic assembly which Ireland had seen was the Parliament summoned by James II. in 1688, a body of men whose wisdom, spirit, and patriotism reflect no discredit on their country or their sect. The great object of this parliament was national supremacy. The patriots of the present day found their best claim to public regard on maintaining principles first advanced by an assembly to whose merits no historian has yet ventured to do justice, but whose memory, when passion and prejudice are no more, will be perpetuated in the hearts of their grateful countrymen.

The proceedings of the General Committee fully



justified the foresight, and far surpassed the hopes, of those who had devised the measure. They felt and acted with the decision of men who deserved to be free, and with the dignity becoming the representatives of 3,000,000 of people. They therefore resolved that the meeting, as then constituted, with the Peers and Prelates, were the only organ competent to speak the sense of the Catholic body—a measure which wisdom and, indeed, necessity impelled them to adopt.

The General Committee next resolved that a petition be prepared to his Majesty, stating the grievances of the Catholics of Ireland, and praying relief, and the members of the sub-committee were ordered to bring in the same forthwith, which, being done, and the petition read in the usual forms, it was again read, paragraph by paragraph, each passing unanimously, until the last. A spirited and intelligent member (*Luke Teeling, Esq., of Lisburn, county Antrim*), who represented a great northern county, then rose, and said, “That he must object to this paragraph, on the ground of its being limited in its demand.” His instructions from his constituents were to require nothing short of total emancipation ; and it was not consistent with the dignity of this meeting, and much less of the great body whom it represented, to sanction, by anything which could be construed into acquiescence on their part, one fragment of that unjust and abominable system, the penal code.

In this spirit the assembly met on the next day. The business was opened by the same member (*L. Teeling*) who had introduced the amendment. He stated that it was the duty of the Catholics not to wrong themselves by asking less than complete emancipation. Such was the force of virtuous example, so powerful the effect of public spirit in an assembly, uncontaminated with places or pensions, and freely chosen by the people, that not a murmur of dissent was heard ; and a day which opened with circumstances of considerable doubt and anxiety terminated in the unanimous adoption of the great principle which, whilst it asserted, secured the emancipation of the Catholics.

The petition having been thus agreed upon, and signed, the important question arose as to the mode of presenting it to his Majesty. The usual method had been, to deliver all former addresses to the Lord Lieutenant, who transmitted them to the King ; and, certainly, to break through a custom invariably continued from the first establishment of the General Committee, was marking, in the most decided manner, that the Catholics had lost all confidence in the administration of this country. But, strong as this measure was, it was now to be tried. By passing over the administration of their country, in a studied and deliberate manner, and on solemn debate, the General Committee published to all the world that his Majesty's ministers in Ireland had so far lost the confidence of no less than 3,000,000 of

his subjects, that they were not even to be entrusted with the delivery of their petition. A stigma more severe it has not been the fortune of many administrations to receive.

The General Committee (Dec. 7th) proceeded to choose, by ballot, five of their body, who should present their petition to his Majesty in person, and the gentlemen appointed were Edward Byrne, John Keogh, Christopher Dillon Bellew, James Edward Devereux, and Sir Thomas French. The only instruction they received was to adhere strictly to the spirit of the petition, and to admit nothing derogatory to the union, which is the strength of Ireland. And this instruction, for greater solemnity, was delivered to them, engrossed on vellum, signed by the Chairman, and countersigned by the Secretary of the meeting.

On the arrival of the delegates in London, their first business was to apprise the Secretary for the Home Department (*the Hon. H. Dundas*) that they were deputed to present to the King the humble petition of the Catholics of Ireland, and they requested to know at what time they should attend him with a copy for his Majesty's persual.

Wednesday, the 2nd of January, was fixed as the day of their introduction. On that day the delegates were introduced at St. James's in the usual forms by Mr. Dundas, and, agreeably to their instructions, delivered into the King's own hands the petition of his Catholic subjects of Ireland.

Their appearance was splendid, and they met with, what is called in the language of courts, a most gracious reception; that is, his Majesty was pleased to say a few words to each of the delegates in his turn. In those colloquies the matter is generally of little interest, the manner is all; and with the manner of the Sovereign the delegates had every reason to be content.\*

\* This Convention was partly responsible for the final Catholic Relief Bill of 1793. The following entries in the Diary indicate the compromises inevitable in Keogh's method of patient agitation. With this Relief Bill was passed the notorious Convention Act which so hampered O'Connell all through his career. It forbade meetings of delegates from other bodies to meet in a body "under the pretence" of preparing such petitions. O'Connell maintained that Emancipation might have been gained in 1793. Actually, an amendment proposed that Catholics be allowed to sit in Parliament (as it was, they could vote only for Protestants), but it was rejected by an enormous majority.

## VI

### THE CATHOLICS RETREAT

*January 21st.* In the sub-committee, Sir T. French, Byrne, Keogh, and McDonnell despatched to Hobart to apprise him that nothing short of unlimited emancipation will satisfy the Catholics. They return, in about an hour, extremely dissatisfied with each other, and, after diverse mutual recriminations, it appears, by the confession of all parties, that, so far from discharging their commission, they had done directly the reverse; for the result of their conversation with the Secretary was, that he had declared explicitly against the whole measure, and they had given him reason, in consequence, to think that the Catholics would acquiesce contentedly in a half one. Sad, sad! And so Gog's puffing is come to this: I always thought, when the crisis arrived, that he would be shy, and I am more and more confirmed in that idea by every new incident. Magog, the single man who was up to the business properly: H. Hamill next best. Gog damped them by puffing his readiness for one to face any danger which

might ensue from a strong representation. Owen O'Connor asserted that he was ready too, upon which Gog asked him, Was he prepared to enter the tented field? He answered "He was." Now the fact is, the question was put to frighten Ned Byrne; and another fact is, that O'Connor was ready, and Gog was not. He is a sad fellow after all. I see, if ever the business is done, it will be by the country gentlemen.

*January 24th.* What does Gog want them to do this morning? Only to alter the prayer of the petition to Parliament, by striking out the part which mentions, in terms, a repeal of the penal laws, and to leave it general, according to the form of that presented to the King; and this wise and valiant proposal comes after we have put Hobart in possession of a copy of our intended petition. The Sub-committee unanimously reject the proposition.

*January 26th to 31st.* A deputation has been with Hobart again, as to the presenting the petition. He objects to the prayer as being too specific. He is asked if it be altered to the very words of that presented to the King, will he then present and support it.

Sub-committee. After sundry debates for two or three days, the prayer of the petition is altered to Gog's mind. I am clear he is wrong.

*February 4th.* Hobart presented the petition, and moved for leave to bring in a bill, which is granted.

The measure of relief intended, as chalked out by him, is as follows : The elective franchise. Magistracies. Right of endowing schools. Admissibility to corporations. Right of carrying arms, subject to modification. Civil offices, subject also to modification ; but we shall see more when the bill is introduced, and still more when it is carried. The points withheld are : The Two Houses of Parliament. The Bench, and the Board of Commissioners of the Revenue. The last two are nonsense. There is no need for an Act of Parliament to do what the King can do of himself, and it establishes a principle of exclusion, which ought to be kept out of sight as much as possible. Will the Catholics be satisfied with this bill ? I believe they will, and be damned !

*February 8th.* It is observable that last night 20,000 army and 16,000 militia were voted by the House of Commons, and that Opposition, and particularly Grattan, were as earnest in the measure as the Treasury Bench. They are a fine set, to be sure, altogether. Grattan dreads the people as much as Monck Mason. A long conversation amongst the Catholics on the point of declaring themselves satisfied, or not, with Hobart's bill. For satisfaction, Sir Thomas French, Bellew, Byrne, O'Connor, and Keogh : against it, O'Gorman, Sweetman, McCormick, and James Plunket. This is as important a crisis as any which has occurred in Catholic affairs.

## VII

### TO AMERICA AND FRANCE

I HASTEN to the period \* when, in consequence of the conviction of William Jackson, for high treason, I was obliged to quit my country, and go into exile in America. A short time before my departure, my friend Russell being in town, he and I walked out together, to Rathfarnham, to see Emmet, who has a charming villa there. He showed us a little study, of an elliptical form, which he was building at the bottom of the lawn, and which he said he would consecrate to our meetings,

\* The Diary, it will be seen, has halted in February 1793 (see the Introduction for reference to the intervening event), just as Tone's opinions are developing along the lines of a physical force resistance to English power. Writing this portion of the Autobiography in France, he links up the narrative to the point where he arrives at Havre, a fully-fledged revolutionary, the accredited representative of the now thoroughly illegal and rebellious United Irishmen. They had been raided by the police in May '94, after Jackson's arrest; dispersed, they reorganized as underground Republicans, changing their avowed aims from the "equal representation of the people in Parliament" to "a full representation of all the people of Ireland," which their leaders interpreted in the separatist sense, and the members were encouraged to interpret in the same way.



if ever we lived to see our country emancipated. I begged of him, if he intended Russell should be of the party, in addition to the books and maps it would naturally contain, to fit up a small cellaret, which should contain a few dozens of his best old claret. He showed me that he had not omitted that circumstance, which he acknowledged to be essential, and we both rallied Russell with considerable success. I mention this trifling anecdote because I love the men, and because it seems now at least possible that we may yet meet again in Emmet's study. As we walked together into town I opened my plan to them both. I told them that I considered my compromise with Government\* to extend no further than the banks of the Delaware, and that the moment I landed I was free to follow any plan which might suggest itself to me, for the emancipation of my country; that, undoubtedly, I was guilty of a great offence against the existing Government; that, in consequence, I was going into exile; and that I considered that exile as a full expiation for the offence, and consequently felt myself at liberty,

\* From April 1794, when Jackson was taken, to April 1795, when he was brought up for sentence, Tone was in a parlous position. Several United Irishmen had been arrested, including Hamilton Rowan, who escaped and fled to France, thence to America (where, as Tone records, the two met), and Tone might well have been charged also. He let it be known that he would neither fly nor give evidence against his friends, but would, in his own time, retire to America. He was not molested, and he did retire. There was no bond; but there was, as he saw it, a promise in the nature of a "compromise."

having made that sacrifice, to begin again on a fresh score. They both agreed with me in those principles, and I then proceeded to tell them that my intention was, immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French Minister, to detail to him, fully, the situation of affairs in Ireland, to endeavour to obtain a recommendation to the French Government, and, if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America, and to set off instantly for Paris, and apply, in the name of my country, for the assistance of France, to enable us to assert our independence. It is unnecessary, I believe, to say that this plan met with the warmest approbation and support from both Russell and Emmet; we shook hands, and, having repeated our professions and unalterable regard and esteem for each other, we parted; and this was the last interview which I was so happy as to have with those two invaluable friends together. I remember it was in a little triangular field that this conversation took place; and Emmet remarked to us that it was in one exactly like it in Switzerland, where William Tell and his associates planned the downfall of the tyranny of Austria. The next day Russell returned to Belfast.

Having paid all my debts, and settled with everybody, I set off from Dublin for Belfast on the 20th May, 1795, with my wife, sister, and three children, leaving, as may well be supposed, my father and mother in a very sincere affliction. My whole

property consisted in our clothes, my books, and about £700 in money and bills on Philadelphia. During near a month that we remained there, we were every day engaged by one or other ; even those who scarcely knew me were eager to entertain us ; parties and excursions were planned for our amusements ; and certainly the whole of our deportment and reception at Belfast very little resembled those of a man who escaped with his life only by miracle, and who was driven into exile to avoid a more disgraceful fate. I remember, particularly, two days that we passed on the Cave hill. On the first, Russell, Neilson, Simms, McCracken, and one or two more of us, on the summit of M'Art's fort, took a solemn obligation—which, I think I may say I have, on my part, endeavoured to fulfill—never to desist in our efforts until we had subverted the authority of England over our country, and asserted our independence. Another day we had the tent of the first regiment pitched in the Deer Park, and a company of thirty of us, including the family of the Simms, Neilsons, McCrackens, and my own, dined and spent the day together deliciously. At length the hour of our departure arrived. On the 13th of June we embarked on board the *Cincinnati* of Wilmington, Capt. James Robinson, and I flatter myself we carried with us the regret of all who knew us. Before my departure I explained to Simms, Neilson, and C. G. Teeling my intentions

with regard to my conduct in America, and I had the satisfaction to find it met, in all respects, with their perfect approbation ; and I now looked upon myself as competent to speak fully and with confidence for the Catholics, for the Dissenters, and for the Defenders of Ireland.

We were now at sea, and at leisure to examine our situation. The captain was tolerably civil, the vessel was stout, and we had good weather almost the whole of our voyage. But we were 300 passengers on board of a ship of 230 tons, and of course crowded to a degree not to be conceived by those who have not been on board a passenger ship. The slaves who are carried from the coast of Africa have much more room allowed them than the miserable emigrants who pass from Ireland to America ; for the avarice of the captains in that trade is such, that they think they never can load their vessels sufficiently, and they trouble their heads in general no more about the accommodation and stowage of their passengers than of any other lumber aboard. Thirty days of our voyage passed over without any event, save the ordinary ones of seeing now a shoal of porpoises, now a shark, now a set of dolphins, the peacocks of the sea, playing about, and once or twice a whale. We had, indeed, been brought to, when about a week at sea, by the *William Pitt*, Indiaman, which was returning to Europe with about twenty other ships, under convoy of four or five men-of-war ; but on examining

our papers they suffered us to proceed. At length, about the 20th of July, some time after we had cleared the banks of Newfoundland, we were stopped by three British frigates, the *Thetis*, Captain Lord Cochrane, the *Hussar*, Captain Rose, and the *Esperance*, Captain Wood, who boarded us, and after treating us with the greatest insolence, both officers and sailors, they pressed every one of our hands, save one, and near fifty of my unfortunate fellow-passengers, who were most of them flying to America to avoid the tyranny of a bad government at home, and who thus most unexpectedly fell under the severest tyranny, one of them at least, which exists. As I was in a jacket and trousers, one of the lieutenants ordered me into the boat, as a fit man to serve the king, and it was only the screams of my wife and sister which induced him to desist. It would have been a pretty termination to my adventures if I had been pressed and sent on board a man-of-war.

On the 30th of July we made Cape Henlopen; the 31st we ran up the Delaware, and the 1st of August we landed safe at Wilmington, not one of us providentially having been for an hour indisposed on the passage, nor even sea-sick. Those only who have had their wives, their children, and all, in short, that is dear to them, floating for seven or eight weeks at the mercy of the winds and waves, can conceive the transport I felt at seeing my wife and our darling babies ashore once again in health and in safety.

We set up at the principal tavern, kept by an Irishman, one Captain O'Byrne O'Flynn (I think), for all the taverns in America are kept by majors and captains, either of militia or continentals, and in a few days we had entirely recruited our strength and spirits, and totally forgotten the fatigues of the voyage.

Immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, which was about the 7th or 8th of August, I found out my old friend and brother exile, Dr. Reynolds, who seemed, to my very great satisfaction, very comfortably settled. From him I learned that Hamilton Rowan had arrived about six weeks before me from France, and that same evening we all three met. It was a singular *rencontre*, and our several escapes from an ignominious death seemed little short of a miracle.

Rowan offered to come with me and introduce me to the Minister, Citizen Adet, whom he had known in Paris ; but I observed to him that as there were English agents without number in Philadelphia he was most probably watched, and consequently his being seen to go with me to Adet might materially prejudice his interests in Ireland. I therefore declined his offer, but I requested of him a letter of introduction, which he gave me accordingly, and the next day I waited on the Minister, who received me very politely. He spoke English very imperfectly, and I French a great deal worse ; however, we made a shift to understand one another ; he

read my certificates and Rowan's letter, and he begged me to throw on paper, in the form of a memorial, all I had to communicate on the subject of Ireland. This I accordingly did in the course of two or three days, though with great difficulty, on account of the burning heat of the climate, so different from what I had been used to, the thermometer varying between ninety and ninety-seven. At length, however, I finished my memorial, such as it was, and brought it to Adet, and I offered him, at the same time, if he thought it would forward the business, to embark in the first vessel which sailed for France; but the Minister, for some reason, seemed not much to desire this, and he eluded my offer by reminding me of the great risk I ran, as the British stopped and carried into their ports indiscriminately all American vessels bound for France; he assured me, however, I might rely on my memorial being transmitted to the French Government, and backed with his strongest recommendations; and he also promised to write particularly to procure the enlargement of my brother Matthew, who was then in prison at Guise: all which I have since found he faithfully performed.

I had now discharged my conscience as to my duty to my country; and it was with the sincerest and deepest contristation of mind that I saw this, my last effort, likely to be of so little effect. It was barely possible, but I did not much expect that the French Government might take notice of my

memorial, and if they did not there was an end of all my hopes. I now began to endeavour to bend my mind to my situation, and made divers excursions on foot and in the stage-waggon in quest of a farm. At length I agreed with a Captain Leonard for a plantation of 180 acres, beautifully situated within two miles of Princeton, and half of it under timber. I was to pay £1,180 currency, and I believe it was worth the money. I moved, in consequence, my family to Princeton, where I hired a small house for the winter, which I furnished frugally and decently. I fitted up my study, and began to think my lot was cast to be an American farmer.

For myself I believe I could have borne it, and for my wife it was sufficient to her that I was with her, her incomparable firmness of mind and never-failing equanimity of temper sustaining her and me also, whose happiness depended solely on hers under every difficulty. But when we looked on our little children, we felt both of us our courage fail. Our little boys we could hardly bear to think of rearing in the Boorish ignorance of the peasants about us, and to what purpose give them an education that could only tend to discontent them with the state wherein they were thrown, and wherein learning and talents were useless? But especially our little girl, now eight or nine years old, was our principal uneasiness. How could we bear to see her the wife of a clown without delicacy or refinement, incapable to feel or esti-



mate the value of a mind which had already developed the strongest marks of sensibility and tenderness. For my part the idea tormented me beyond enduring, and I am sure no unfortunate lover, in the paroxysms of jealousy, ever looked forward with horror to the union of his mistress with a rival than I did to the probability of seeing my darling child sacrificed to one of the Boors by whom we were surrounded. I could better bear to see her dead, for with regard to the delicacy and purity of woman I entertain notions perhaps extravagant in their refinement.\*

But to return. In this gloomy frame of mind I continued for some time, waiting for the lawyer who was employed to draw the deeds, and expecting next spring to remove to my purchase and to begin farming at last, when one day I was roused from my lethargy by the receipt of letters from Keogh, Russell, and the two Simmses, wherein, after professions of the warmest and sincerest regard, they proceeded to acquaint me that the state of the public mind in Ireland was advancing to republicanism faster than even I could believe; and they pressed me, in the strongest manner, to fulfil the engagement I had made with them at my departure, and to move heaven and earth to force my way to the French Government in order to supplicate their assistance. I set off, accordingly, the next morning (it being this time about the end

\* This paragraph was suppressed by Tone's son.

of November) for Philadelphia, and went, immediately on my arrival, to Adet, to whom I showed the letters I had just received, and I referred him to Rowan, who was then in town, for the character of the writers. I had the satisfaction, contrary to my expectations, to find Adet as willing to forward and assist my design now, as he seemed, to me at least, lukewarm when I saw him before, in August. He told me immediately that he would give me letters to the French Government, recommending me in the strongest manner, and also money to bear my expenses, if necessary. I thanked him most sincerely for the letters, but I declined accepting any pecuniary assistance. I drew on Simms for £200, agreeable to his letter, £150 sterling of which I devoted to my voyage; my friend Reynolds procured me Louis d'ors at the bank for £100 sterling worth of silver. I converted the remainder of my little property into bank stock, and having signed a general power of attorney to my wife, I waited finally on Adet, who gave me a letter in cypher directed to the *Comité de Salut public*, the only credential which I intended to bring with me to France. I spent one day in Philadelphia with Reynolds, Rowan, and my old friend and fellow-sufferer, James Napper Tandy, who, after a long concealment and many adventures, was recently arrived from Hamburgh, and, at length, on the 13th December, at night, I arrived at Princeton, whither Rowan accompanied me, bringing with me a few presents

for my wife, sister, and our dear little babies. That night we supped together in high spirits, and Rowan retiring immediately after, my wife, sister, and I sat together till very late, engaged in that kind of animated and enthusiastic conversation which our characters and the nature of the enterprise I was embarked in may be supposed to give rise to. The courage and firmness of the women supported me, and them too, beyond my expectations ; we had neither tears nor lamentations, but, on the contrary, the most ardent hope and the most steady resolution. At length, at four the next morning, I embraced them both for the last time, and we parted with a steadiness which astonished me. On the 1st January, 1796, I sailed from Sandy Hook with nine fellow-passengers, all French, bound for Havre de Grace. We did not meet a single vessel of force, either French or English ; we passed three or four Americans bound mostly, like ourselves, to France. On the 27th we were in soundings at 85 fathoms ; on the 28th we made the Lizard, and, at length, on the 1st of February, we landed in safety at Havre de Grace, having met with not the smallest accident during our voyage. My adventures, from this date, are fully detailed in the Diary which I have kept regularly since my arrival in France.

## VIII

### AMBASSADOR OF REPUBLICAN IRELAND

*February 2, 1796.* I landed at Havre de Grace yesterday, after a rough winter passage from New York of thirty-one days. The town ugly and dirty, with several good houses in alleys, where it is impossible to see them. Lodged at the Hôtel de Paix, formerly the Hotel of the Intendant, but reduced to its present state by the Revolution. "My landlord is civil, but dear as the devil." Slept in a superb crimson damask bed; great luxury, after being a month without having my clothes off.

*February 3rd.* Rose early; difficult to get breakfast; get it at last; excellent coffee, and very coarse brown bread, but, as it happens, I like brown bread. Walked out to see the lions; none to see. Mass celebrating in the church; many people present, especially women; went into divers coffee-houses; plenty of coffee, but no papers. *No bread* in two of the coffee-houses; but pastry; singular enough! Dinner; and here, as matter of curiosity, follows our bill of fare, which proves clearly that France is

in a starving situation. An excellent soup ; a dish of fish, fresh from the harbour ; a fore-quarter of delicate small mutton, like the Welsh ; a superb turkey, and a pair of ducks roasted ; pastry, cheese, and fruit after dinner, with wine *ad libitum*, but still the *pain bis* ; provoked with the Frenchmen grumbling at the bread ; made a saying : *Vive le pain bis et la liberté !* I forgot the vegetables, which were excellent ; very glad to see such unequivocal proofs of famine. Went to the Comédie in the evening ; a neat theatre, and a very tolerable company ; twenty performers in the orchestra ; house full ; several officers, very fine-looking fellows ; the audience just as gay as if there was no such thing as war and brown bread in the world. Supper just like our dinner, with wine, etc. *N.B.—Finances.* The louis worth 5,000 livres, or about two hundred times its value in assignats ; the six-franc-piece in proportion. My bill *per diem*, for such entertainment as above mentioned, is six francs (five shillings), and my crimson damask bed, 20 sols or tenpence ; coffee in the morning, 12 sols, or sixpence ; so that I am starving in the manner I have described for the enormous sum of 6s. 4d. a day ; sad ! sad ! Paid for my seat at the theatre, in the box next to that of the Municipalité, 80 livres in assignats, or about fourpence sterling. Be it remembered, I lodge at the principal hotel in Havre, and I doubt not but I might retrench, perhaps one-half, by changing my situation ; but hang saving.

*February 5th.* A new arrangement with my landlord ; I now pay 5s. a day for everything, including my crimson damask bed ; walk out ; every third man a soldier, or with something of the military costume about him. In the evening the Comédie ; *Blaise and Babet*, and the *Rigueurs du Cloître*, a revolutionary piece ; applauses and honourable mention. I can account for the favourable reception of the latter piece, but the former is as great a favourite, though the fable is as simple as possible. Two lovers fall out about a nosegay and a ribbon, and, after squabbling through two acts, are reconciled at last, and marry. The sentiments and the music are pretty and pastoral, but what puzzles me is to reconcile the impression which the piece, such as I have described it, seemed to make on the audience with the sanguinary and ferocious character attributed to the French.

*February 6th.* It is very singular, but I have had several occasions already to observe that there is more difficulty in passing silver than paper. I have seen money refused where assignats have been taken currently. This is a phenomenon I cannot understand, especially when the depreciation is considered. The republican silver is received with great suspicion. People have got it into their heads that it is adulterated, but, even so, surely it is worth, intrinsically, more than a bit of paper. So it is, however, that assignats are more current.

*February 7th, Sunday.* I was curious to observe

how this day would be kept in France. I believe nobody worked ; the shops were half open, half shut, as I have seen them on holidays in other countries ; everybody walking the streets. A vessel from Boston was wrecked last night within twenty yards of the Basin, and an unfortunate French woman lost, with two little children. She had fled to America early in the Revolution, and was now returning to her husband on the restoration of tranquillity. God Almighty help him ! She might have been saved alone, but preferred to perish with her infants : it is too horrible to think of. Oh, my babies, my babies, if your little bodies were sunk in the ocean, what should I do ? But you are safe, thank God ! Well, no more of that. Comédie again ; house quite full, being Sunday ; Mad. Rousselois principal singer ; just such another in person, age, manner, and voice, as the late Mrs. Kennedy, but a much better actress.

*February 8th.* An arrangement for Paris at last. An American has a hired coach, a very good one, and we, viz., D'Aucourt, my fellow-traveller, and I, are to pay one louis apiece for our seats, and bear two-thirds of the travelling expenses, post-horses, etc.

*February 9th.* Comédie as usual ; sad trash this evening ; a boy of fifteen in love and married ; introduced to his spouse by his nurse ; confined to his room by his papa, and let out in order to be married ; much fitter to peg a top or play marbles ;

yet the audience did not seem to feel any incongruity, though, to heighten the absurdity, his lover was Madame Rousselois, a fat woman of forty. It was excessively ridiculous to see her and the "*Amoureux de quinze ans*" together, and to hear her singing "*Lindor a su me plaire.*" She was easily pleased. The dresses at the theatre of Havre are handsomer and better appointed than I have seen anywhere, except at London, which is wonderful, considering it is but a small seaport town, and more so when one reflects on the price of admission. I suspect the Government must assist them, or I am sure they could not live on the receipts; if so, it is an additional trait in the resemblance of character between the French and Athenians, which is most striking.

*February 10th.* Up at five o'clock; a choice carriage lined with blue velvet; five horses; a French postillion, a most grotesque figure—cocked hat and jacket, two great wisps of straw tied on his thighs, and a pair of jack-boots, as big as two American churns. "*Their horses (chevauxes they call them) ben't quite so nimble as our'n.*" Set off for Paris. Huzza! The country flat and amazingly populous; the houses of the peasantry scattered as thick as they can lie, about a mean between an English cottage and an Irish cabin, or hovel; but if the house be inferior, there is an appearance in the spot of ground about far beyond what I have seen in England. Every cottage stands in the middle of a



parallelogram of perhaps an acre or two, which is planted with trees, and I suppose includes their potagerie, etc. ; the quantity of wood thus scattered over the face of the country is immense, and has a beautiful effect ; every foot of ground seems to me under cultivation, so there will be no starving, please God, this year. France, D'Aucourt says, in a good year, grows one-third more than she consumes. No enclosures, but all the country open ; excepting that circumstance, not unlike Yorkshire, which I look upon as the finest part of England ; an orchard to every cottage, besides rows of apple trees, without intermission, by the roadside. Why might it not be so in *other* countries whose climate differs but very little from that of Normandy ? *Think of this.*

*February 12th.* A most blistering bill for supper, etc. In great indignation, and the more so, because I could not scold in French. Passion is eloquent, but all my figures of speech were lost on the landlord. If this extortion resulted from any scarcity, I would submit in silence ; but it is downright villainy. Well, "*'Tis but in vain,*" literally. Set off in a very ill humour, but soon reconciled to my losses by the smiling appearance of the country. Still flat, and richly cultivated. Breakfast at Pontoise. The serenity of my temper, which I had just recovered, ruffled completely by a second bill. "*Landlords have flinty hearts ; no tears can move them.*" This comes of riding in fine carriages, with

velvet linings ! We are downright *Milords Anglais*, and they certainly make us pay for our titles. Our dinner was a soup, roast fowl, fried carp, salads of two kinds, a bottle of Burgundy, coffee after dinner, and a glass of liqueur, with excellent bread—(I forgot, we had cauliflowers and sauce)—and our bill for the whole, wine and all, was 1,500 livres, in assignats, which, at the present rate (the Louis being 6,500 livres), is exactly 4s. 7 $\frac{1}{10}$ d. sterling. What would I have given to have had P. P. with me ! Indeed we would have discussed another bottle of the Burgundy, or, by'r Lady, some two or three.—“ *The rogue has given me medicines to make me love him. Yes ! I have drank medicines.*” I wish to God our bill of fare was posted on the Royal Exchange, for John Bull's edification.

*February 13th.* From Havre to Paris is 160 miles, or thereabouts. We lay two nights on the road. We were charged once or twice extravagantly. Agree to keep close for a day or two, until we get French clothes made, and then pay my first visit to Monroe (the American Ambassador), and deliver my letters. In the meantime to make inquiries. The *Directoire Exécutif* have presented General Jourdan \* with six horses, magnificently caparisoned, a sword, and a case of pistols. What a present for

\* Jean Baptiste Jourdan (1762–1833) had distinguished himself in 1794 by driving the Austrians across the Rhine. Less successful afterwards, he handed over his command to Masséna. Under Napoleon he became Governor of Naples in 1806. Louis XVIII. made him a peer.

a Republican General ! I observe they have given nothing to Pichegru.\* It looks odd that he should be passed over. Do they intend to fix the public attention on Jourdan ? *Mind this.* I should be sorry if Pichegru were thrown into the shade. In the evening, at the *Grand Opéra, Théâtre des Arts, Iphigénie.* The acting admirable, but the singing very inferior to that of the Haymarket. The French cannot sing like the Italians. Agamemnon excellent. Clytemnestra still better. Achilles abominable, and more applauded than either of them. Sung in the old French style, which is most detestable, shaking and warbling on every note ; vile ! vile ! vile ! The others sung in a style sufficiently correct. The ballet, *L'Offrande à la Liberté*, most superb. In the centre of the stage was the Statue of Liberty, with an altar blazing before her. She was surrounded by the characters in the opera, in their beautiful Grecian habits. The civic air, "*Veillons au salut de l'Empire,*" was sung by a powerful bass, and received with transport by the audience. Whenever the word "*esclavage*" was uttered, it operated like an electric shock. The Marseillaise Hymn was next sung, and produced

\* Charles Pichegru (1761-1804) succeeded Jourdan in '94 in the army of the North and became the conqueror of Holland in '95 ; the same year he was disgraced for deliberately allowing Jourdan to be defeated in a battle, and retired. Devoted to Louis XVIII., he intrigued on his behalf while president of the *Cinq Cents*, and was deported to Cayenne. He conspired against Napoleon, was arrested, and took his own life.

still greater enthusiasm. At the word, "*Aux armes citoyens !*" all the performers drew their swords, and the females turned to them as encouraging them. Before the last verse there was a short pause, the time of the music was changed to a very slow movement, and supported only by the flutes and oboes ; a beautiful procession entered ; first little children like cherubs, with baskets of flowers ; these were followed by boys, a little more advanced, with white javelins (the *Hasta pura* of the ancients) in their hands. Then came two beautiful female figures, moving like the graces themselves, with torches blazing ; these were followed by four negroes, characteristically dressed, and carrying two tripods between them, which they placed respectfully on each side of the altar ; next came as many Americans, in the picturesque dress of Mexico, and these were followed by an immense crowd of other performers, variously habited, who ranged themselves on both sides of the stage. The little children then approached the altar with their baskets of flowers, which they laid before the goddess ; the rest in their turn succeeded, and hung the altar and the base of the statue with garlands and wreaths of roses ; the two females with the torches approached the tripods, and, just touching them with the fire, they kindled into a blaze. The whole then knelt down, and all of this was executed in cadence to the music, and with a grace beyond description. The first part of the last verse,

“*Amour sacré de la patrie,*” was then sung slowly and solemnly, and the words “*Liberté, Liberté, chérie,*” with an emphasis which affected me most powerfully. All this was at once pathetic and sublime, beyond what I had ever seen, or could almost imagine ; but it was followed by an incident which crowned the whole, and rendered it indeed a spectacle worthy of a free republic : At the words, “*Aux armes, citoyens !*” the music changed again to a martial style, the performers sprung on their feet, and in an instant the stage was filled with National Guards, who rushed in with bayonets fixed, their sabres drawn, and their tricolour flag flying. It would be impossible to describe the effect of this. I never knew what enthusiasm was before, and what heightened it beyond all conception was, that the men I saw before me were not hirelings, acting a part ; they were what they seemed, French citizens flying to arms, to rescue their country from slavery.

## IX

### TONE SETS TO WORK

*February 14th.* Dined at a tavern in a room covered with gilding and looking-glasses down to the floor. Superb beyond anything I had seen. It was the Hotel of the Chancellor to the Duke of Orleans.

*February 15th.* Went to Monroe's, the Ambassador, and delivered in my passport and letters. Received very politely by Monroe, who inquired a great deal into the state of the public mind in America, which I answered as well as I could, and in a manner to satisfy him pretty well as to my own sentiments. I inquired of him where I was to deliver my dispatches. He informed me, at the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and gave me his address. I then rose and told him that when he had read B——'s letter (which was in cypher), he would, I hope, find me excused in taking the liberty to call again. He answered, he would be happy at all times to see me, and, after he had inquired about Hamilton Rowan, how he liked America, etc., I took my leave, and returned to his office for my

passport. The Secretary smoked me for an Irishman directly. *À la bonne heure.* Went at three o'clock to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Rue du Bacq, 471. Delivered my passport, and inquired for some one who spoke English. Introduced immediately to the Chef de Bureau, Lamare, a man of an exceedingly plain appearance. I showed my letter, and told him I wished for an opportunity to deliver it into the Minister's hands. He asked me, "would it not do if he took charge of it?" I answered, he undoubtedly knew the official form best, but if it was not irregular, I should consider myself much obliged by being allowed to deliver it in person. He then brought me into a magnificent antechamber, where a general officer and another person were writing, and, after a few minutes delay, I was introduced to the Minister, Charles de la Croix,\* and delivered my letter, which he opened, and seeing it in cypher, he told me, in French, he was much obliged to me for the trouble I had taken, and that the Secretary would give me a receipt, acknowledging the delivery. I then made my bow and retired with the Secretary, the Minister seeing us to the door. He is a respectable-looking man; I should judge him near sixty, and has very much the air of a bishop. The Secretary has given me a receipt, of which the following is a translation: "I have received from Mr. James Smith, a letter addressed to the Committee of Public

\* Father of the painter Ferdinand Delacroix (1794-1863).

Safety, and which he tells me comes from the citizen Adet, Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic at Philadelphia, Paris, 26th Pluviôse,\* third year of the French Republic. The Secretary General of Foreign Affairs, Lamare." I have thus broken the ice. In a day or two I shall return for my passport.

*February 16th.* Walked out alone to see sights. The *Tuileries*, the *Louvre*, *Pontneuf*, etc., superb. Paris a thousand times more magnificent than London, but less convenient for those who go afoot. The women ! only to think what a thing fashion is ! The French women have been always remarkable for fine hair, and therefore at present they all prefer to wear wigs. They actually roll and pin up their own beautiful tresses, so that they become invisible, and over them they put a little shock periwig. Damn their wigs ! I wish they were all burnt ; but it is the fashion, and that is a solution for every absurdity.

*February 17th.* Went at one o'clock to the Minister's bureau for my passport. He told me, in French, that he had had the letter I brought deciphered, and laid instantly before the Directoire Executif, who considered the contents as of the greatest importance ; that their intentions were that I should go immediately to a gentleman, whom he would give me a letter to, and, as he spoke both

\* Fifth month of the calendar of the First Republic, from January 20th to February 18th or 19th.



languages perfectly and was confidential, that I should explain myself to him without reserve ; that his name was Madgett.\* The costume of the Minister was singular ; I have said already that he had the presence of a bishop. He was dressed to-day in a grey silk *robe de chambre*, under which he wore a kind of scarlet cassock of satin, with rose-coloured silk stockings, and scarlet ribands in his shoes. I believe he has as much the manners of a gentleman as Lord Grenville. I mention these little circumstances because I know they will be interesting to her whom I prize above my life ten thousand times. There are about six persons in the world who will read these detached memorandums with pleasure ; to every one else they would appear sad stuff.

*February 18th.* Breakfast at Madgett's. Long account, on my part, of the state of Ireland when I left it, which will be found substantially in such memoirs as I may prepare. Madgett assures me again that the Government here have their attention turned most seriously to Irish affairs ; that they feel that unless they can separate Ireland from England, the latter is invulnerable ; that they are willing to

\* Nicholas Madgett, born in Kinsale 1740, was employed at the French Foreign Office. His whole life was selflessly devoted to achieving Irish freedom through French aid. He is invariably confounded with a namesake (and relative), a priest and strong royalist, who came to Ireland about 1796 as an English spy. See further, *Ireland and Irishmen in the French Revolution*, by Dr. Richard Hayes.

conclude a treaty offensive and defensive with Ireland, and a treaty of commerce on a footing of reciprocal advantage ; that they will supply ten sail of the line, arms, and money, as he told me yesterday ; and that they were already making arrangements in Spain and Holland for that purpose. He asked me, did I think anything would be done in Ireland by her spontaneous efforts. I told him most certainly not ; that if a landing were once effected, everything would follow instantly, but that that was indispensable ; and I begged him to state this as my opinion to such persons in power as he might communicate with ; that if 20,000 French were in Ireland, we should in a month have an army of 100,000, 200,000, or, if necessary, 300,000 men, but that the *point d'appui* was indispensable. He said it appeared so to him also. He then returned to the scheme of importing stores, etc., through the medium of America. I again mentioned the difficulty from the Gunpowder Act, and the risk of alarming the Irish Government. He said he still thought it would be possible, and mentioned as a reason, that eighteen brass cannon had, to his knowledge, lately been smuggled to Ireland through Belfast. If this be true it surprises me not a little, but I rather judge Madgett is misinformed. I then mentioned the necessity of having a man of reputation at the head of the French forces, and mentioned Pichegru or Jourdan, both of whom are well known by character in Ireland. He told me

there was a kind of coolness between the Executive and Pichegru (this I suspected before), but that, if the measures were adopted, he might still be the General ; adding that he was a man of more talents than Jourdan. I answered, " either would do." He then desired me to prepare a memorial in form for the French Executive as soon as possible, which he would translate and have delivered in without delay. We fixed to dine together at his lodgings, and so parted.

*February 18th, 19th, 20th.* At work in the morning at my memorial. Call on Madgett once a day to confer with him. He says there will be sent a person to Ireland immediately, with whom I shall have a conference ; and that it would be desirable he should bring back an appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary for me, in order to conclude an alliance offensive and defensive with the Republic ; in which case I should be acknowledged as such by the French Government. Certainly nothing could be more flattering to me ; however, I answered that such an appointment could not be had without communicating with so many persons as might endanger the betraying of the secret to the Irish Government. So there was an end to my appointment. I must wait till the war at least is commenced, if ever it commences, or perhaps until it is over, if I am not knocked on the head meantime. I should like very well to be the first Irish Ambassador ; and if I succeed in my present business, I think I will have

some claim to the office. "Oh, Paris is a fine town and a very charming city." If Ireland were independent I could spend three years here with my family, especially my dearest love, very happily. I dare say P. P. would have no objection to a few months in the year à l'hôtel d'Irlande. He is a dog. Indeed, we would discuss several bottles of diplomatic Burgundy. But all this is building castles in the air; let me finish my memorials, which Madgett tells me this day, the 20th, the Minister has written to him about. I am glad of that impatience. He, Madgett, says if we succeed, it is part of the plan, but I believe he means *his own* plan, to demand Jamaica for Ireland, by way of indemnity. I wish we had Ireland without Jamaica.

*February 22nd.* Finished my memorial, and delivered a fair copy, signed, to Madgett for the Minister of Foreign Relations. Madgett in the horrors. He tells me he has had a discourse yesterday for two hours with the Minister, and that the succours he expected will fall very short of what he thought. That the marine of France is in such a state that Government will not hazard a large fleet; and, consequently, that we must be content to steal a march. That they will give 2,000 of their best troops, and arms for 20,000; that they cannot spare Pichegru nor Jourdan; that they will give any quantity of artillery; and, I think he added, what money might be necessary. He also said they would first send proper persons among

the Irish prisoners of war, to sound them, and exchange them on the first opportunity. To all this, at which I am not disappointed, I answered, that as to 2,000 men, they might as well send 20. That with regard to myself, I would go if they would send but a corporal's guard, but that my opinion was, that 5,000 was as little as could be landed with any prospect of success, and that that number would leave the matter doubtful ; that if there could be an imposing force sent in the first instance, it would overbear all opposition, the nation would be unanimous, and an immense effusion of blood and treasure would be spared ; the law of opinion would at once operate in favour of the Government, which, in that case, would be instantly formed ; and I pressed particularly the advantages resulting from that circumstance. He interrupted me to ask who was known in Ireland after Pichegru and Jourdan. I answered, Hoche, especially since his affair at Quiberon.\* He said he was sure we might have Hoche. I also mentioned, that if they sent but 5,000 men, they should send a greater quantity of arms, as in that case we could not command, at once, all the arms of the nation, as we should if they

\* Louis Lazare Hoche (1768-97), one of the youngest of the Republican generals ; in the army since boyhood he suppressed the Vendean revolt at the age of twenty-six. He eventually did lead the expedition to Ireland, and afterwards resumed his successful career in '97. He died suddenly, as Tone records, September 18th of that year. *Quiberon* refers to Hoche's suppression of the Royalist insurgents there in 1795.

were able to send 20,000 or even 15,000. I added, that as to the prisoners of war, my advice was to send proper persons among them, but not to part with a man of them, until the landing was effected, and then exchange them as fast as possible. He promised to represent all this, and that he hoped we would get 5,000 men at least, and a greater quantity of arms. We then parted. Now what is to be my plan? Suppose we get 5,000 men, and 30,000 or even 20,000 stand of arms and a train of artillery, I conceive, in the first place, the embarkation must be from Holland, but in all events the landing must be in the North, as near Belfast as possible. Had we 20,000, or even 15,000 in the first instance, we should begin by the capital, the seizing of which would secure everything; but, as it is, if we cannot go large we must go close-hauled, as the saying is. With 5,000 we must proceed entirely on a revolutionary plan, I fear (that is to say, reckon only on the Sans-culottes); and, if necessary, put every man, horse, guinea, and potato in Ireland in requisition. I should also conceive that it would be our policy at first to avoid an action, supposing the Irish army stuck to the Government. Every day would strengthen and discipline us, and give us opportunities to work upon them. I doubt whether we could, until we had obtained some advantage in the field, frame any body that would venture to call itself the Irish Government, but if we could, it would be of the last importance. *Hang those who*

*talk of fear!* With 5,000 men, and very strong measures, we should ultimately succeed. The only difference between that number and 20,000, is that, with the latter, there would be no fighting, and with this, we may have some hard knocks. "*Ten thousand hearts are great within my bosom.*" I think I will find a dozen men who will figure as soldiers. O good God, good God! what would I give to-night that we were safely landed, and encamped on the Cave Hill! If we can find our way so far, I think we shall puzzle John Bull to work us out. Surely we can do as much as the Chouans or people of La Vendée.\*

*February 24th.* Went at twelve o'clock, in a fright, to the Luxembourg; conning speeches in execrable French, all the way: What shall I say to Carnot? Well, "*whatsoever the Lord putteth in my mouth, that surely shall I utter.*" Plucked up a spirit as I drew near the palace, and mounted the stairs like a lion. Went into the first bureau that I found open, and demanded at once to see Carnot.† The

\* Tone, like a good soldier, has no prejudices. The Chouans (Breton for "screech-owl") rose against the Republic, joining the Royalists at La Vendée. Smugglers to begin with, led by a smuggler, Jean Cottereau, they waged a guerrilla war against the Republic. Their numbers grew to an army of several thousands, led, when Cottereau was killed in an ambush, by George Cadoudal. Hoche crushed them at Quiberon, but a desultory resistance went on after that until Cadoudal was executed at Paris in 1804. Balzac's *Les Chouans* recaptures some of the fine spirit of the revolt.

† Lazare N. M. Carnot (1753-1823), the great organizer of the Republic, a member of the National Assembly and the

clerks stared a little, but I repeated my demand with a courage truly heroic ; on which they instantly submitted, and sent a person to conduct me. This happened to be his day for giving audience, which each member of the Executive Directory does in his turn. Introduced by my guide into the antechamber, which was filled with people ; the officers of state, all in their new costume. Wrote a line in English and delivered it to one of the Huissiers, stating that a stranger just arrived from America wished to speak to citizen Carnot on an affair of consequence. He brought me an answer in two minutes that I should have an audience. The folding doors were now thrown open, a bell being previously rung to give notice to the people, that all who had business might present themselves, and citizen Carnot appeared, in the *petit costume* of white satin with crimson robe, richly embroidered. It is very elegant, and resembles almost exactly the draperies of Van Dyke. He went round the room receiving papers and answering those who addressed him. I told my friend the Huissier, in marvellous French, that my business was too important to be transacted there, and that I would return on another day, when it would not be Carnot's turn to give audience, and when I should hope to find him at leisure. He mentioned this to Carnot, who ordered Committee of Public Safety, and at this time Minister of War. Again in 1814, and yet again during the Hundred Days, he served the Republic magnificently. An officer of real genius, he well deserved the title of "organisateur de la victoire."



me instantly to be shown into an inner apartment, and that he would see me as soon as the audience was over. That I thought looked well, and began accordingly to con my speech again. In the apartment were five or six personages, who being, like myself, of great distinction, were admitted to a private audience. I allowed them all precedence, as I wished to have my will of Carnot, and while they were in their turns speaking with him, I could not help reflecting how often I had wished for the opportunity I then enjoyed ; what schemes I had laid, what hazards I had run ; when I looked round and saw myself actually in the cabinet of the Executive Directory, *vis-à-vis* citizen Carnot, the *organizer of victory*, I could hardly believe my own senses, and felt as if it were all a dream. However, I was not in the least degree disconcerted, and when I presented myself, after the rest were dismissed, I had all my faculties, such as they were, as well at my command as on any occasion in my life. Why do I mention those trifling circumstances ? It is because they will not be trifling in her eyes, for whom they were written. I began the discourse by saying, in horrible French, that I had been informed he spoke English. " A little, sir, but I perceive you speak French, and if you please, we will converse in that language." I answered, still in my jargon, that if he could have the patience to endure me, I would endeavour, and only prayed him to stop me whenever I did not make myself understood. I then told

him I was an Irishman ; that I had been Secretary and Agent to the Catholics of that country, who were about 3,000,000 of people ; that I was also in perfect possession of the sentiments of the Dissenters, who were at least 900,000, and that I wished to communicate with him on the actual state of Ireland. He stopped me here to express a doubt as to the numbers being so great as I represented. I answered a calculation had been made within these few years, grounded on the number of houses, which was ascertained for purposes of revenue ; that, by that calculation, the people of Ireland amounted to 4,100,000, and it was acknowledged to be considerably under the truth. He seemed a little surprised at this, and I proceeded to state that the sentiments of all those people were unanimous in favour of France, and eager to throw off the yoke of England. He asked me then "What they wanted." I said, "An armed force in the commencement, for a *point d'appui*, until they could organize themselves, and undoubtedly a supply of arms and some money." I added that I had already delivered in a memorial on the subject to the Minister of Foreign Relations, and that I was preparing another, which would explain to him, in detail, all that I knew on the subject, better than I could in conversation. He then said, "We shall see those memorials." The Organizer of Victory proceeded to ask me, "Were there not some strong places in Ireland ?" I answered I knew of none,

but some works to defend the harbour of Cork. He stopped me here, saying, "Aye, Cork! But may it not be necessary to land there?" By which I had perceived he had been *organizing* a little already, in his own mind. I answered, I thought not. That if a landing in *force* were attempted, it would be better near the capital, for obvious reasons, if with a small army, it should be in the North, rather than the South of Ireland, for reasons which he would find in my memorials. He then asked me, "Might there not be some danger or delay in a longer navigation?" I answered, it would not make a difference of two days, which was nothing in comparison of the advantages. I then told him that I came to France by direction and concurrence of the men, who (and here I was at a loss for a French word, with which, seeing my embarrassment, he supplied me) *guided* the two great parties I had mentioned. This satisfied me clearly that he attended to and understood me. I added, that I had presented myself in August last, in Philadelphia, to citizen Adet, and delivered to him such credentials as I had with me; that he did not at that juncture think it advisable for me to come in person, but offered to transmit a memorial, which I accordingly delivered to him. That about the end of November last, I received letters from my friends in Ireland, repeating their instructions in the strongest manner, that I should, if possible, force my way to France, and lay the situation of Ireland

before its Government. That, in consequence, I had again waited on citizen Adet, who seemed eager to assist me, and offered me a letter to the Directoire Exécutif, which I accepted with gratitude. That I sailed from America in the very first vessel, and was arrived about a fortnight; that I had delivered my letter to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had ordered me to explain myself without reserve to citizen Madgett, which I had accordingly done. That by his advice I had prepared and delivered one memorial, on the actual state of Ireland, and was then at work on another, which would comprise the whole of the subject. That I had the highest respect for the Minister, and that as to Madgett, I had no reason whatsoever to doubt him, but, nevertheless, must be permitted to say that, in my mind, it was a business of too great importance to be transacted with a mere *Commis*. That I should not think I had discharged my duty, either to France or Ireland, if I left any measure unattempted which might draw the attention of the Directory to the situation of the latter country; and that, in consequence, I had presumed to present myself to him, and to implore his attention to the facts contained in my two memorials. That I would also presume to request that, if any doubt or difficulty arose in his mind on any of those facts, he would have the goodness to permit me to explain. I concluded by saying that I looked upon it as a favourable omen that I had been allowed to

communicate with him, as he was already perfectly well known by reputation in Ireland, and was the very man of whom my friends had spoken. He shook his head and smiled, as if he doubted me a little. I assured him the fact was so ; and, as a proof, told him that in Ireland we all knew, three years ago, that he could speak English ; at which he did not seem displeased. I then rose, and after the usual apologies, took my leave ; but I had not cleared the antechamber, when I recollected a very material circumstance, which was, that I had not told him, in fact, *who*, but merely *what* I was ; I was, therefore, returning on my steps, when I was stopped by the sentry, demanding my card ; but from this dilemma I was extricated by my lover the Huissier, and again admitted. I then told Carnot that, as to my situation, credit, and the station I had filled in Ireland, I begged leave to refer him to James Monroe, the American Ambassador. He seemed struck with this, and then for the first time asked my name. I told him, in fact, I had two names, my real one and that under which I travelled and was described in my passport. I then took a slip of paper, and wrote the name "James Smith, citizen American," and under it, "Theobald Wolfe Tone," which I handed him, adding that my real name was the undermost. He took the paper, and looking over it, said, "Ha ! Theobald Wolfe Tone," with the expression of one who has just recollected a circumstance, from which

little movement I augur good things. I then told him I would finish my memorial as soon as possible, and hoped he would permit me, in the course of a few days after, to present myself again to him ; to which he answered, " By all means " ; and so I again took my leave. Here is a full and true account of my first audience of the Executive Directory of France, in the person of citizen Carnot, the organizer of victory. I think I came off very clear. What am I to think of all this ? As yet I have met no difficulty nor check, nothing to discourage me, but I wish with such extravagant passion for the emancipation of my country, and I do so abhor and detest the very name of England, that I doubt my own judgment, lest I see things in too favourable a light. I hope I am doing my duty. It is a bold measure ; after all if it should succeed, and my visions be realized—Huzza ! *Vive la République !* I am a pretty fellow to negotiate with the Directory of France, pull down a monarchy and establish a republic ; to break a connection of 600 years' standing and contract a fresh alliance with another country. "*By'r Lakin, a parlous fear.*" What would my old friend Fitzgibbon say if he was to read those memorandums ? "*He called me dog before he had a cause.*" I remember he used to say that I was a viper in the bosom of Ireland. Now that I am in Paris, I will venture to say that he lies, and that I am a better Irishman than he and his whole gang of rascals, as well as the gang who are

opposing him *as it were*. But this is all castle-building. Let me finish my memorial, and deliver it to the Minister.—Nothing but *Minister and Directoires Exécutif and revolutionary memorials*.

*February 25th.* Finish the draft of my second memorial, and read it over with Madgett.

*February 26th.* This morning finished an awkward business, that is to say, wrote a long letter to the Minister, all about myself; very proper in an ambassador to frame his own credentials. *My commission was large, for I made it myself.* Read it over carefully; every word true and not exaggerated. Resolved to go at once to the Minister and deliver my letter, like a true Irishman, with my own hands. Went to his bureau and saw Lamare, the Secretary, whom I sent in to demand an audience. Lamare returned with word that the Minister was just engaged with Neri Corsini, Ambassador from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and would see me the moment he was at leisure. Waited accordingly in the antechamber. A person came in, and after reconnoitring for some time, pulled out an English newspaper and began to read it. Looked at him with the most interesting indifference, as if he was reading a chapter in the Koran. Did the fellow think I would rise at such a bait as that? Neri Corsini being departed, I was introduced, leaving my friend in the antechamber to study his newspaper. I assured him, as the fact was, that I kept the most rigid guard on myself; that I did not

know a soul in Paris, nor desire to know any one ; that I formed no connections, nor intended to form any ; and that, in short, I kept myself purposely in solitude, that I might escape notice as much as possible. He said I was very right, and asked me, did I know the person I saw in the antechamber. I answered, I did not. He said he was an Irish patriot, named Duchet, as he pronounced it, who was persecuted into exile for some writing under the signature of *Junius Redivivus*. I said it might be so, but that I knew nothing of him, or of the writings, and that if such an event had taken place, it must have been since June last, when I left Ireland. I then mentioned the circumstance of his pulling out an English newspaper, and setting a trap for me therewith, and how I avoided falling into his snare. The Minister said again I was quite right, but that that person had delivered in several memorials on the state of Ireland. This is very odd ! I never saw the man in my life, and yet I rather imagine he knew my person. Who the devil is Junius Redivivus ? or who is Duchet, if his name be Duchet ? I must talk a little to Madgett of this resurrection of Junius, of whom, to speak the truth, I have no good opinion. He then produced a map of Ireland, and we looked over it together. I took this advantage to slide in some of my own ideas, by saying that if we were able to begin in considerable force, we should commence as near the capital as possible, the possession of which, if



once obtained, would, I thought, decide the whole business; but, if we began with a smaller force, we should commence as near Belfast as we could, and then push forward, so as to secure the mountains of Mourne and the Fews, by means of which and of Lough Erne we could cover the entire province of Ulster, and maintain ourselves until we had collected our friends in sufficient force to penetrate to Dublin. He liked my plan extremely, which certainly appears to be the only feasible one, in case of a small force being landed. He also desired me to press Madgett to expedite the translations as much as possible, and, on the whole, certainly appeared to be nearly as earnest and anxious in the business as myself. I then took my leave. The result of this conversation, the principal circumstances of which I have substantially related, is, that the Executive Directory at present are determined to take us up, but on a small scale; that they will give us thirty pieces of cannon, properly manned, and twenty thousand stand of arms, with some money, of course, to begin with; but I did not collect from the Minister that they had an idea of any definite number of troops, at least he mentioned none, and I did not press him on that head, as I wish they should first read and consider my memorials; perhaps what is said in them may induce them to reconsider the subject; and, if so, I shall have done a most important service both to France and Ireland.

## X

### THE DELAYS BEGIN

*February 28th.* Went to Monroe's about my passport, and had an hour's conversation with him ; I like him very much ; he speaks like a sincere republican ; he praises the Executive Directory to the skies, and Charles De la Croix ; all for the better. Carnot, he tells me, is a military man, and one of the first engineers of Europe. (*Vide* my observation touching his organizing about Cork harbour.) Le Tourneur is also a military man, so that, with Barras,\* there are three soldiers in the Directoire. I am very glad of that.

*February 29th.* I have now six days before me, and nothing to do ; huzza ! Dine every day at Beauvilliers for about half-a-crown, including a bottle of choice Burgundy, which I finish regularly.

\* Paul Jean F. N. Barras (1755-1829), one of the most active partisans of the Revolution, a member of the Directory, a soldier, more than once virtual dictator at Paris, was outshone by Napoleon after the establishment of the Consulate. He was implicated in a conspiracy and exiled. After Waterloo he returned to France.

Beauvilliers has a dead bargain of me for water ; I do not think I consume a spoonful in a week. A bottle of Burgundy is too much, and I resolve every morning regularly to drink but the half, and every evening regularly I break my resolution. I wish I had P. P. to drink the other half, and then perhaps I should live more soberly. Oh Lord ! Oh Lord ! Soberly. Yes, we should be a sober pair ! "Patriots!" as Matty says.\* Well, "*It is the squire's custom every afternoon, as soon as he is drunk,*" to begin thinking of his wife and family. I have to be sure sometimes most delightful reveries. If I succeed in my business here, and ever return to Ireland, and am not knocked on the head, there will not be on earth so happy a circle as round my fireside. Well, huzza ! "*I hope to see a battle yet before I die.*"

*March 6th.* Madgett has not yet finished the translation ; hell ! hell !

*March 7th.* We descended into the catacombs where were the cenotaphs of Voltaire, Rousseau, and, what interested me much more, of Dampierre, † who was killed at Famars. Certainly nothing can be imagined more likely to create a great

\* His wife.

† It is interesting to note Tone's warm admiration for General Dampierre (Auguste Henri D., 1756-93), a thoroughly dashing but slightly irresponsible young soldier, whose name is associated with that of Doumouriez and the battle of Neerwinden, when the allies defeated the French. A picturesque, colourful figure, he was given the honours of the Pantheon by a populace which was not prevented by his lack of success from turning him into a heroic legend.

spirit in a nation than a depository of the kind, sacred to everything that is sublime, illustrious, and patriotic. The French have, however, a little overshot the mark; for they have had occasion already to displace two at least of their mighty dead; I mean Marat,\* whom I believe to have been a sincere enthusiast, incapable of feeling or remorse, and Mirabeau, whom I look upon to have been a most consummate scoundrel.† If we have a republic in Ireland, we must build a Pantheon, but we must not, like the French, be in too great a hurry to people it. We have already a few to begin with: Roger O'Moore, Molyneux, Swift, and Dr. Lucas, all good Irishmen.

*March 9th, 10th.* Strolling about: the Museum again, and the inimitable Magdalen of Le Brun: spent near an hour looking at it.

*March 11th.* Requisition! Requisition! Our

\* Jean Paul Marat (1743-93), the implacable enemy of the monarchy, the most bitter of the Jacobins, largely responsible for the massacres of September 1792. A physician of skill and the author of several political essays, he ruled the mob for a period, and they gave him, also, the honours of a national funeral when Charlotte Corday ended his career by stabbing him in his bath.

† The reason for Tone's poor opinion of Mirabeau (1749-91) is not so easy to see; he hardly disliked him solely for his morals. But there was nothing dashing about Mirabeau, whose fame rests on his work as an economist, a political philosopher, and an orator. (See his *Lettres de Cachet*, written while a prisoner at Vincennes, and Saint Beuve's essay of April 14, 1851—a splendid tribute.) He was a man of extreme passions who tried to steer a middle course between the still more passionate extremes of his time. Tone's likes and dislikes are informative.

independence must be had at all hazards. If the men of property will not support us, they must fall ; we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community *the men of no property.*

*March 12th.* Called on Madgett. He tells me that the business is going forward, but that the French Government is in the greatest difficulty for the want of money ; that the Executive Directory was, within these few days, on the point of resigning, and that they had signified to the Legislature that they would do so if they were not properly supported. I should be sincerely sorry if this were the case, as well for the sake of France as of Ireland, for I believe they are both able and honest. On the whole, I am not much delighted with our present prospects.

*March 14th.* Went this day to the Luxembourg ; I have the luck of going on the days that Carnot gives audience, and of course is most occupied ; waited, however, to the last, when only one person remained besides myself. Carnot then called me over, and said, " You are an Irishman." I answered I was. " Then," said he, " here is almost a countryman of yours, who speaks English perfectly. He has the confidence of Government : go with him and explain yourself without reserve." I did not much like this referring me over ; however, there was no remedy ; so I made my bow, and followed my new lover to his hotel. He told me on the way

that he was General Clarke \*; that his father was an Irishman ; that he had himself been in Ireland, and had many relations in that country ; he added (God forgive him if he exaggerated), that all the military arrangements of the Republic passed through his hands, and, in short, gave me to understand that he was at the head of the War Department. By this time we arrived at the hotel where he kept his bureau, and I observed in passing through the office to his cabinet an immense number of boxes labelled, *Armée du Nord*, *Armée des Pyrennées*, *Armée du Rhin*, etc., etc., so that I was pretty well satisfied that I was in the right track. When we entered the cabinet I told him in three words who and what I was, and then proceeded to detail, at considerable length, all I knew on the state of Ireland, which, as it is substantially contained in my two memorials, to which I referred him, I need not here recapitulate.

I see clearly that all Clarke's ideas on Irish politics are at least thirty years behind those of the people, and I took pains to impress him with that conviction as delicately as I could. We should, according to his theory, have two blessed auxiliaries to begin with, the noblesse and the clergy. I hope, how-

\* Later Duc de Feltre, one of the several officers of the Irish Brigade to favour the Revolution. Most of the Old Irish Brigade were royalist, and one sees the tinge of this monarchism even in Clarke's ideas. Farther on, March 27th, it is well to remember this when Tone mocks at the (New) Brigade and tells how the Catholics nearly mobbed some of them in Dublin.

ever, I have beat him a little out of that nonsense, and that, when he reads the memorials in cool blood, he will be satisfied of its absurdity.

*March 15th.* Went to breakfast with Madgett, in consequence of a note which I received from him. Madgett in high spirits; tells me everything is going on as well as possible; that our affair is before the Directory. I must observe that it is very odd, if the business be as Madgett says, before the Directory, and so far advanced, that Clarke should know nothing about it. Carnot did not appear to me yesterday to have even seen my memorials, and I rather believe that to be the case. Madgett is much more sanguine than I am, for I preserve in all this business a phlegm which is truly admirable.

*March 16th.* Blank. Dined alone in the Champs Elysées. A most delicious walk.

*March 17th.* St. Patrick's day. Dined *alone* in the Champs Elysées. Sad! Sad!

*March 18th.* Blank! Theatre in the evening.

*March 21st.* Went, by appointment (this being the 1st Germinal) to the Luxembourg, to General Clarke; "*damn it and rot it for me*"—he has not yet got my memorials; only think how provoking.

Went to see *Othello*; not translated, but only taken from the English. Poor Shakespeare! I felt for him. The French tragedy is a pitiful performance, filled with false sentiment; the Moor whines most abominably, and Iago is a person of a very pretty morality; the author apologizes for

softening the villainy of the latter character, as well as for saving the life of Desdemona, and substituting a happy termination in place of the sublime and terrible conclusion of the English tragedy, by saying that the humanity of the French nation, and their morality would be shocked by such exhibitions : “ *Marry come up, indeed ! People’s ears are sometimes the nicest part about them.*” I admire a nation that will guillotine sixty people a day for months, men, women, and children, and cannot bear the catastrophe of a dramatic exhibition ! Yet, certainly the author knows best, and I have had occasion repeatedly to observe, that the French are more struck with any little incident of tenderness on the stage, a thousand times, than the English, which is strange. In short, the French *are* a humane people when they are not mad, and I like them with all their faults, and the guillotine at the head of them, better, a thousand times, than the English. And I like the Irish better than either, and as no one can doubt my impartiality, I expect my opinion will be received with proper respect and deference by all whom it may concern.

*March 22nd.* I have worked this day like a horse. In the morning I called on Madgett to tell him that Carnot wanted the memorials, and begged him to expedite them. He boggled a good deal, and I got almost angry ; however, I am growing so much of a statesman, that I did not let him see it. It would be a most extraordinary thing, indeed, if one



of the Executive Directory could not command a paper of this kind out of the pocket of citizen Madgett. I resolved not to contest the point, but quietly to make a copy of the two memorials and give them myself to Clarke.

It is only the trouble, and I have nothing else to do, and it is very good business for me, and I do not understand people being idle and giving themselves airs, and wanting to make revolutions, whilst they are grumbling at the trouble of writing a few sheets of paper. Having done with Madgett, I returned home, and set doggedly to copying my two memorials; finished the first, and made a practicable breach in the second; then wrote the eight foregoing pages in my journal, and now it is ten o'clock at night, and I am as tired as a dog, and my fingers are cramped, and I cannot see out of my eyes. Oh Lord! oh Lord! what wise memorandums I am making, and I am as tired as a devil, for I have written nine hours to-day, which is more than I ever did in my life. "*What do I not suffer, O Athenians, that you may speak well of me?*" Pretty and modest, comparing myself by craft to Alexander the Great! Well, the vanity of some people is most unaccountable!

*March 23rd.* Madgett sent for me this morning to tell me, as usual, that everything is going on well, but, for my part, I think everything is going on very slowly. However, I did not say so. Madgett then told me the Minister desired I should draw up such

a memorial as I thought the French commander ought to publish on landing. That is not quite so easy. I wished to evade it, by saying the style of French eloquence was so different from ours that I doubted my abilities to do it. He answered, it was precisely for that reason it was necessary I should write it; that, when I had done, the Executive Directory would make such alterations and additions as they might see necessary; but the groundwork must be mine. I then said I would try, and we parted.

*March 24th.* Began my French manifesto. It drags a little heavy or so, but there is no remedy. I wish they would write it themselves.

*March 26th.* At work at the manifesto like a vicious mule, kicking all the way. At night sent for a bottle of Burgundy, intending to drink just one glass. Began to read (having opened my bottle) "Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XIV." After reading some time, found my passion at a particular circumstance kindled rather more than seemed necessary, as I flung the book from me with great indignation. Turned to my bottle, to take a glass to cool me—found, to my great astonishment, that it was empty—Oh ho!—Got up and put everything in its place, exactly—examined all my locks—saw that my door was fast, as there may be rogues in the hotel—peeped under my bed, lest the enemy should surprise me there. It is the part of a wise man to be cautious, and I found myself, just then,

inclined to be extremely prudent. Having satisfied myself that all was safe, "*I mounted the wall of my castle, as I called it, and having pulled the ladder up after me, I lay down in my hammock and slept contentedly.*" This is vilely misquoted, but no matter for that ; it is just like one of P. P.'s quotations. Slept like a top all night.

*March 27th.* On looking over my manifesto this morning, I begin to think it is damned trash. Went at two o'clock to General Clarke, and had a long conversation. He told me he had read my two memorials, and without flattery could assure me they were extremely well done (that of course) : that he had made, in consequence, a favourable report to Carnot, who endeavoured to read them also, but finding a difficulty in reading English manuscript, he (Clarke) was to translate them for him ; that all he could at present tell me was, that the Executive was determined to send a person directly to Ireland, and that he had in consequence written to an ex-officer of the Irish Brigade to know if he would go, but that he declined on the score of health. I told him I was sorry for that, as a military man, if one could be found proper in other respects, would be what I would prefer. He asked me, did I myself know any person fit to go ? I answered, I did not, having no acquaintance, and industriously avoiding having any, in France. He replied that it would not be easy to get an officer such as I described to undertake the enterprise with so small a

force. (This I was all along afraid of.) I replied, none would, unless some dashing fighting fellow, with a good deal of enthusiasm in his character ; adding, that Bournonville, whom I only knew by reputation and Camus's report, seemed to me to be precisely such a man as we wanted. Clarke replied, as to Bournonville, he was already appointed to the army in Holland, and it was not to be supposed he would quit the command of sixty thousand men to go command six thousand. I answered, he knew best, but my opinion was, there was more glory to be acquired in Ireland, even with that force, and also more profit, if profit were any object, as he must suppose the Irish nation would amply reward those who were instrumental in establishing their liberties, adding, that we were generous even to prodigality. He said he was sure Bournonville would prefer his present situation. (So there is an end of that expectation, for which I am sorry.) Clarke then said there were some Irish officers yet remaining in France who might go, and he mentioned Jennings,\* who used to call himself Baron de Kilmaine, God knows why. I answered that in Ireland we had no great confidence in the officers of the old Irish

\* Charles Jennings Kilmaine, a Dubliner (1754-99), fought as a private under Lauzun, and in America under Lafayette. In France he became *chef d'escadron*, and in 1793 seconded Dampierre. He was in jail in Paris ; he accompanied Napoleon across the Alps ; he had a command in the *Armée d'Angleterre* in 1798 ; and was later made *Generalissimo* of the Swiss Army, but resigned his baton to Masséna because of ill-health. He died in Paris ; a typical Irish soldier of fortune.

Brigade, so many of them had either deserted, or betrayed the French cause ; that, as to Jennings, he had had the misfortune to command after Custine, and had been obliged to break up the famous “ *Camp de Cæsar* ” ; that, though this might probably have been no fault of his, it had made an impression, and, as he was at any rate not a fortunate general, I thought it would be better to have a Frenchman. This naturally introduced the Irish Brigade, in which Clarke had served for two years in Berwicks, and I gave him an account of the various slights and mortifications they had undergone, both in England and Ireland ; how they had been obliged to accept the King’s pardon for high treason, for having been in the French service ; how those who were able, were obliged to pay the fees, and those who were not, to accept it *in formâ pauperis*, a circumstance so excessively degrading, that nothing could be worse ; how the Lord Lieutenant had applied on their behalf to the Catholic Committee, and had been refused ; how the very mob despised them, as an instance of which I mentioned the anecdote of the *État-Major* intending to go to Mass on Christmas Day in grand costume, and how they were obliged to give it up for fear of being hustled by the populace, who had given Dr. Troy warning that they would treat them as crimps ; with all which Clarke was exceedingly delighted. I then mentioned my scheme, as to the Irish, now prisoners in France, and made him laugh immoderately at my

mode of recruiting, which is, however, admirably adapted to the gentlemen whom I should have to address. Seeing that he was tickled with the business, I exerted myself, and made divers capital hits at the expense of poor Pat, concerning

“ Women and wine, which compare so well,  
That they run in a perfect parallel,”

as the poet hath it. To be sure, it is in vain to deny it, but the poor fellow is a little exposed on those two sides, and the foul fiend, who knows it right well, always judiciously chooses one or the other, or sometimes both, to defeat him. God knows, I have been buffeted by Satan, as well as another, in my time :

“ With women and wine I defy every care.”  
—(Sings.)

I would be glad to know what P. P. would say to my doctrine, concerning the fallibility of poor Pat’s judgment, when

“ The wine looks red in the glass,  
And the bright eyes of beauty are beaming.”

Yes ! yes ! he is proof to all that, and so is P. P., and another person that shall be nameless. Well, we are all men, and so let me say no more about the matter.

*March 28th.* Went to the opera, as usual, like a fine gentleman. I always go to that theatre, because, as yet, I understand music better than French. *Panurge.* Superb spectacle. Once for all, the King's theatre in the Haymarket is no better than a barn of strollers beside the Théâtre des Arts, as to scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations; but in revenge, their singers (being Italians) are far before the French, who, on the other hand, excel the Italians, and all other nations, in their dances. It is impossible to conceive anything in its kind more perfect than a grand ballet at the Opera of Paris, and, indeed, in all their theatres there is an attention paid to the preservation of costume, even in the minutest points, very far beyond the English theatres, where, I have seen myself, Macbeth, a Scottish chief of eight centuries ago, dressed in a very spruce vest of scarlet regimentals, and a bag wig, in which he need not be ashamed to show his face at St. James's, and where, to this hour, Hamlet the Dane, the son of Horwendillus, is exhibited, even by Kemble, from whom I would expect better things, in a fine black velvet full-trimmed suit, with the ribbon of the order of the Elephant over his shoulder; where King John is habited after the fashion of 1160, and his antagonist, King Philip, confronts him in a cocked hat and feather, and a coat and waistcoat of the last court fashion. These absurdities the eye is never shocked with in France, and they are as attentive to the appearance of the meanest domestic

as of the hero of the piece. All the minutiae of the scene are equally correct : for example, in a Grecian tragedy they would not introduce a pair of handsome plated candlesticks. They have carefully studied the antique, and whatever is graceful among the moderns, and profited accordingly. I believe I have now said enough of the opera, to which the French are devoted *à la folie*. All the theatres are as full every night as they can hold, and I have never seen an instance of what we call in England a bad or even a middling house.

*April 1st.* Lounged about "*cheapening old authors at a stall.*" Saw a superb battalion of infantry, and a squadron of cavalry inspected at the Tuileries by a general officer. The French cavalry are armed only with sabres and pistols, without carbines. I am glad of that, for I always thought carbines useless. The fire of infantry seems to me to have very little effect in comparison of the noise it makes, and the fire of cavalry I am sure is nonsense. The *arme blanche* is the system of the French, and I believe for the Irish, at least if our affair goes forward it will be what I shall recommend, for poor Pat is very furious and savage, and the tactics of every nation ought to be adapted to the national character. Platooning at forty yards' distance may answer very well to the English and German phlegm, but as we have rather more animal spirits, I vote for the bayonet. I do not love playing at long bullets. To conclude, I wish to study the character of the



French soldiers, and, if possible, to create the same spirit in Ireland, and, in a word, to make the French army our model instead of the Prussian. I think P. P. will allow that this is candid in me, after all the disputes he and I have had on the subject of discipline.

*April 3rd.* Called on Madgett this morning by appointment. He is always full of good news. He tells me the marine force will be seventeen ships of war, great and small, arms and artillery, etc., for 50,000 men ; that many of the officers are already named, but he believes not the general-in-chief. All this is very good, but “ *Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh.*” Just then we were interrupted by the arrival of Fitzsimons, the priest, who has been recommended by Prieur de la Marne to go to Ireland. Madgett began to speak without reserve, but, for my part, I kept myself in generals, because “ *Dolus versatur in universalibus.*” I was soon very glad I did so, for I see that he is a damned fool, not fit to deliver a common message. He may be honest, for aught I know, and may have the courage necessary, but he has not one grain of talents. I never was more provoked in my life, and the fellow was pinning himself on me, though my manner was as cold and dry as possible, but he seems to have a reasonable assurance, resulting partly from his extreme ignorance. Curse on him ! for a bladdering idiot ; what shall I do with him ? How can I explain myself to such a damned dunce,

or entrust the safety of my friends, not to speak of the measure itself, to a blockhead that has not sense enough to keep his mouth shut, or count five on his fingers ? Where the devil in hell did Prieur pick him up, and what sort of a fellow must Prieur be himself, to recommend him ? If he judges him capable, he is a fool ; if not, he is worse. Damn him to hell ! I wish he was dead. “ *I would fain have him die, split me !* ” Is not this most terribly provoking ? for it seems to be a thing settled that he shall go. What am I to do in this cursed dilemma, and how came Madgett not to interfere in time ? I objected all along to priests as the worst of all possible agents, and here is one who is the worst of all possible priests. How the devil can I communicate with such an ass ? It is impossible to conceive anything more vulgar, ignorant, and stupid. If he goes to Ireland, the people there will suppose that we are laughing at them, to send such a fellow. What will Gog think ? Yes, Gog will open his heart very readily to Mr. Fitzsimons. God rot him ! I am in such a rage I know not how to leave off abusing him. To give a specimen of his talents (because he amuses me) : There happened to be some Portuguese dispatches taken aboard a vessel going to Brazil. Sullivan, Madgett’s nephew, was carrying them to the office to be translated, and Mr. Fitzsimons made the following remark : “ You will have fine fun, making out what these Portuguese fellows say ; are all those papers, pray,

WROTE *in English* ?” The dispatches of the Portuguese Ministry to the Governor of Rio Janeiro *written in English* ! Oh Lord ! oh Lord ! I thought I should have choked, endeavouring to smother the irresistible propensity I felt to laugh in his face. Yes, he is a pretty devil of an agent. I suppose he will talk Portuguese to the Irish, by way of keeping the secret. Damn him sempiternally !

April 5th, 6th, 7th. Blank ! Blank ! Blank ! This is sad !

April 9, 1796. Sullivan \* called on me this morning with an English paper of the 31st of March (ten days ago), in which is an article on Ireland, wherein mention is made of Sir Edward Bellew, of Bellewstown, being arrested, as connected with the Defenders.

I observe, in the same paper, that several other persons have been obliged to abscond to avoid imprisonment. I have no doubt but the most active and useful of my friends are of the number. This is a gloomy day. What if this indiscriminate persecution were to provoke a general rising, as in 1641 ! The thing is not impossible. Oh ! France ! France ! what do you not deserve to suffer if you permit this crisis to escape you ! Poor Ireland ! Well, it does not signify whining or croaking, and I am sworn never to despair ; but the slowness of the people here, if they really have the means to

\* Madgett's nephew—already referred to under entry of April 3rd, *q.v.*

act, is beyond all human suffering ; if they have not, we must submit ; but it is dreadful to think of. Dined to-day in the Champs Elysées with Madgett and a person of the name of Aherne, a physician, who is to be sent to Ireland. I like Aherne very well ; he seems a cool man with good republican sentiments. I should have observed in its place, that I went at twelve o'clock to Clarke, and brought him the newspaper containing the account of Keogh's arrest, with a translation of the article in French for Carnot, which I got Sullivan to make. Clarke was just going off to the Directory, so I had hardly time to speak a word to him. I wished to speak to Carnot myself, and I could see Clarke was not at all desirous that I should have an opportunity. Damn such pitiful, jealous vanity ! Every man here must do everything himself. I have found this unworthy sentiment in every one of them, except Carnot. First, the Minister is dis-obliged because I go to Carnot ; then Madgett would be huffed, if he dared, because I go to Clarke ; and now Clarke truly wants to thrust himself between me and his principal. Please God, he shall not, though ! If I want to see Carnot, I will see him, or I will be refused.

*April 10th.* Aherne called on me this morning, and I gave him a list of the persons he is to see, viz., Gog, Magog, P. P., C. Teeling, R. S[imms], and S. Neilson, Oliver Bond, W. J. MacNeven, with a query as to J. P. and T. A. Emmet.

*April 12th.* Blank ! How my life stagnates just now ! Well, "*'tis but in vain.*"

*April 16th-17th.* Blank ! Blank ! Damn it !

*April 18th.* Called on Clarke, who is very reserved of late. Let him !

*April 19th.* Blank !

## XI

### “ A DOG’S LIFE ”

*April 20th.* This being the first Floréal, I left the Hôtel des Étrangers, where I have been fleeced like ten thousand devils, and removed to the house where Aherne lodges, where I hope I shall live cheaper and more comfortable. Went with Aherne, at one o’clock, to the Minister’s, in order to see after his instructions. At last there is a prospect of something like business. The Minister read the draft of the instructions, in which there is a great deal of trash mixed with some good sense. Only think of one of the articles, wherein they say that if Ireland continues devoted to the House of Stuart, one of that family can be found who will be agreeable to all parties ! Who the devil is this Pretender *in petto* ? It is all one to us, however, for we will have nothing to do with him. I made one or two observations on the instructions to the Minister ; he acted very fairly, for he gave them to me, and desired me to make what observations struck me ; and as to Aherne, he said that he must only be guided by such of them as might apply to

the state of things he found there, and disregard those that did not ; all which is candid. I see the instructions are written by Clarke, for I find in them his trash about monarchy, the noblesse, and the clergy. There is one thing, however, which reconciles me to all this absurdity, which is, that the French Government promise us 10,000 men and 20,000 stand of arms ; with that force I have not the shadow of doubt of our success. It is to be escorted by nine sail of the line (Dutch, I believe), and three frigates, and will be ready about the middle or towards the end of May, which is not more than six weeks off. If this be so—but let me not be sanguine. Went to Madgett to communicate this good news, and fixed to dine together, Aherne, he, and I, in the Champs Elysées. Dined accordingly ; drank rather enough. Walked out and saw the French soldiery dancing in groups, under the trees, with their wives and mistresses. Judge in the humour I was in, with near two bottles of Burgundy in my head, whether I did not enjoy the spectacle. How often did I wish for my dearest love ! Returned to the Restaurateur, and indeed drank off another bottle, which made three, and returned home in a state of considerable elevation, having several delightful visions before my eyes. Well, "*Wine does wonders, does wonders every day.*" Bed, slept like a top.

*April 21st.* Walked about Paris, diverting myself innocently. "*I 'gin to be aweary of the Sun.*" I wish

I could see once more the green sod of Ireland ; yet Paris is delightful ; but then " home is home." Well, who knows ? I may be there yet.

*April 22nd.* Went to Clarke to apprise him of my having changed my lodgings ; asked him had he any news for me. He answered not. I replied that hitherto he had not found me very pressing for information ; but that, nevertheless, I expected that when the time came, I should be properly apprised of everything. He replied, " Certainly." I also said, that as to my own affairs, which I had scarcely mentioned, I hoped and expected that the request which I had suggested once already to him, of being employed in the expedition as an officer in the French service, would not be refused. He answered that I might depend upon that. I then mentioned the old subject of the necessity of losing no time. To which he replied, with an air of great significance, that, if the affair was undertaken, it would be within two years at any rate. He is a puppy, that is the truth of it. This good-humoured irony I dare say he thought extremely diplomatic, but I can assure him he acts the statesman very poorly. He is much fitter to figure away at Ranelagh than in a *bureau diplomatique*, for he is a handsome lad. I then mentioned Pichegru to him, observing that any old woman would make an ambassador for Sweden, where they are sending him, whereas our expedition required a man of great talents and military reputation.



*April 23rd.* Blank ! These blanks are very thick sown latterly on my journals, but that is not my fault.

*April 25th.* Went with Aherne to the Minister's and gave him my observations, which he read and liked very well. He tells me Aherne will be dispatched in a few days, and that he has every reason to think the expedition will be ready by the latter end of May. I begin to speak French like a nabob. I astonished the Minister to-day with the volubility of my diction. On leaving De la Croix, who, by-the-bye, has had a narrow chance of being turned out, but is now, I fancy, pretty safe, I met Sullivan, who gave me an English paper, with the quarters of the army in Ireland for this year ; I was very glad to get it. I see but nine regiments of dragoons, and two of troops of the line, the rest all fencibles or militia ; there is to be a camp of about 2,500 men in the north, and 2,000 near Dublin, which with the garrison will make about 6,500 men. The whole force is about 30,000 men, as I guessed, but I am sure not above 20,000 effective. I have not the least doubt of success if we can land with 10,000 French.

*April 26th.* Wrote a short memorial on the force and disposition of the army in Ireland, as it appears in the English papers, and gave it to Sullivan to translate. I think it is very prettily done, which is not the case with all my productions. I will give it to the Minister to-morrow. Went in the evening

to the theatre ; Montansier, Mdlle. Ferlon a good actress and pretty.

*April 28th, 29th.* Blank ! Blank ! Is not this cruel ? But what can I do ? I have not lost one minute by my negligence since my arrival in Paris ; well, that is some comfort, however.

*April 30th.* Called on Clarke again ; he is a sad puppy, and I am fairly tired of him. Our dialogue is always the same. “ Well, General Clarke, I have called to know if you have anything to tell me.” “ Not a word.” “ Well, I hope when there is anything going forward, you will let me know.” Two or three words of commonplace discourse follow, and so I take my leave as ignorant as a horse. I confess I cannot fathom General Clarke’s policy in keeping me so totally in the dark.

*May 1st.* Blank ! Thinking of an interview with Carnot ; I declare I am literally tired of my life.

*May 2nd.* Went to the Luxembourg ; saw Rewbell giving audience in his costume ; wrote a note desiring to see Carnot, and was admitted ; he recollected me perfectly. I began by saying, fluently enough, that, in pursuance of his orders, I had been several times with General Clarke, and had given him all the information I was possessed of, as well verbally as by memorials and other papers. He said he knew I had. I then observed that considering General Clarke in an official situation, I had avoided pressing him to give me

any information in return ; but that, at present, when I learned directly from the Minister, and indirectly from many other quarters, that preparations were in a considerable degree of forwardness for the expedition, I hoped, when he considered the efforts I had made, the risks I had run, the dangers I had escaped in endeavouring to lay the state of Ireland before the French Government, as well as the situation I had once the honour to fill in my own country, that he would not consider me as unreasonably importunate in requesting him to give me such information as he might deem proper, as to the state of the expedition, supposing it were to take place. He replied, my request was not at all unreasonable, but that, before measures were fully determined upon, it would be necessary that the French Government should be satisfied as to the actual state of things in Ireland ; and for that purpose a person should be sent to observe everything, and make his report accordingly ; for, if the people there were amicable to the French Republic, the attempt might be made, but if not, it would require a considerable force to conquer the country. This was a staggering blow to me, to find myself no farther advanced at the end of three months than I was at my first audience. Just at this moment General Clarke entered, and I cannot say that he seemed highly delighted at the *rencontre*. So ! “ *I have got much by my intended expostulation,*” as Sir Peter Teazle says. That is

hard ; I fear all my exertions and sacrifices and hopes will come to nothing at last. Well, if it should be so, I hope I shall be able to bear it, but it is cruel. I begin now to think of my family and cottage again. I fancy it will be my lot at last to bury them and myself in the backwoods of America. My poor little boys, I had almost begun to entertain hopes of being able to rescue them from that obscurity and above all things to place my wife and our dear Maria in a situation more worthy of them ; but, if I cannot, I must submit ; it is at least no fault of mine ; I think I have left nothing on my part undone, or untried, or unhazarded. If I have to go back to the woods, I must see and inveigle P. P. out with me, otherwise I shall be in great solitude.

*May 12th.* Finished my memorial and gave it to Clarke—I should say my proclamation. It is too long, but let Carnot cut it down as he pleases. Went to the Minister for permission to stay in Paris, *malgré la loi*. The Minister occupied ; so I wrote him a short note, in very pretty French, which I left for him. In the evening the spectacle as usual. The French comedians are infinitely beyond the English. Even in the little theatres on the Boulevards they perform admirably, and there is an attention to the costume never seen in England. All the theatres, too, are pretty, and some magnificent. The opera, however, continues to stand first in my opinion. It is a charming

spectacle, and I never go there without wishing for my dearest love. But matters are so uncertain here, that I labour to prevent myself wishing for anything. I am a dog—I am a dog, and I lead a dog's life here, dancing attendance perpetually, and in a constant suspense. I have, I know not why, foregone my usual amusements. Sad ! sad ! “*Man delights not me, nor woman neither.*” What shall I do ? the novelty of Paris is worn off, my anxiety about our affairs increases, and I get no satisfactory information. The devil puts it into my head sometimes that I am like Hannibal at the court of Prusias, supplicating his aid to enable Carthage to make war upon the Romans. There is a sort of analogy in the circumstances, excepting that I am not a Hannibal, nor General Clarke Prusias. Well, politics are fine things, *mais c'est quand on en est revenu.* I declare I wish our revolution was effected, and that I was set down once more quietly in the bosom of my family, and that is not very strange, for I dote upon them, and I am here like a fish out of water, and everything frets me. Yet I admire the French, of all things ; the men are agreeable and the women enchanting, and, if my mind were at ease, as it is not, I could make it out here very well, for some time longer, but as it is—well, I can't help myself, and so what signifies complaining ! Let me write nonsense, and I cannot write good nonsense when I am not in spirits, and I am never in spirits now. The

French women are before the English, far and wide. They are incomparably well made, almost without exception. The English women have handsome faces, but for figure and fashion they do not approach the French; and then they walk so incomparably, and their language is so adapted to conversation, that they all appear to have wit. For their morality, it is, to be sure, "*a nice morality, split my wind-pipe.*" Paris, in that respect, beats London hollow, and that is a bold word, after what I have seen in London. Well, give me Ireland, after all, for women to make wives and mothers of. For "*casual fruition,*" go to London, or, indeed, rather to Paris, but if you wish to be happy, choose your companion at home. The more I see of this wide world, the more I prize the inestimable blessing I possess in my wife's affection, her virtues, her courage, her goodness of heart, her sweetness of temper, and besides, she is very pretty, a circumstance which does not lessen her value in my eyes. What is she doing just now, and what would I give to be with her and the little *fanfans* for half an hour?

*May 21st.* This morning, on sallying out, the first thing I saw was an *affiche* of a vessel to sail in ten days for New York. This knocked me in the head for the whole day. I have been planning a thousand schemes. To-morrow I will see Madgett, in order to take his opinion on one or two points. If I can do it with safety to my wife,

and our dear, dear babies, I think I will settle in France.

May 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th. After balancing for four or five days, and turning the matter every way in my thoughts, I have taken my resolution, and written this day to my dearest love, to Rowan, and Doctor Reynolds, acquainting them with my determination to settle in France, and desiring them to make preparations for the departure of my family with all possible haste. It is a bold measure, but "*Audaces fortuna juvat.*" If my negotiation here succeeds, it would be best they should be in France; if it fails, still I am satisfied it is more advisable for us to settle here than in America. At all events, the die is cast. It is an epoch in my life. I have decided to the best of my judgment, and, if I fail, I fail. I am weary of floating about at the mercy of events; let me fix myself, if possible, at last.

May 28th, 29th. Went to the *Fête des Victoires*, which was celebrated to-day in the Champ de Mars. The Directory, the Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique, etc., all assisted, in grand costume. Incense was burning before the statue of Liberty, and the usual civic hymns were chanted, with two or three new ones, composed for the occasion, and alluding to the success of the army of Italy. It was a superb spectacle, and the spirit of the people seemed much better than I expected, under all the circumstances of the case. Altogether, I was

exceedingly pleased with the exhibition, and the tears were running down my cheeks when Carnot presented the wreaths and standards to the soldiers. It was a spectacle worthy of a grand Republic, and I enjoyed it with transport. *Vive la République !*

*June 6th.* Called this morning by appointment upon General Clarke. Found him more cordial in his manner than ordinary. He told me he had read my proclamation, and found it extremely well done ; that, however, it would be necessary to curtail it considerably, for the first point in these compositions is to ensure their being read, and, for that, it is necessary they should be short ; that there would be a longer one prepared for those who studied politics, but that mine was destined for the people and soldiery. I thought there was good sense in all this, and I can safely say that, in all the public papers I have ever written, I am above the personal vanity of an author, as I believe Gog can witness. I therefore told him I would mince it *sans remords*.

*June 9th.* At work cutting and slashing my proclamation. I will bring it to something at last. I am just like Jack, in the “ Tale of a Tub,” altering his coat.

*June 10th.* Madgett tells me an odd piece of news. One of the clerks in the bureaux assures him that the landing of the French in Ireland has been effected, and that he has it from a member of the legislative body, who has it directly from one of



the Directory. If it be so, it is most extraordinary that neither Madgett nor I were favoured with the smallest information on the subject. Madgett has been with the Minister to inquire. The Minister said he did not believe it, and that the news must be *premature*.

*June 11th.* Called on Clarke, whom I met running to his bureau, in a violent hurry to General Lacuée, who was waiting for him. I had just time to give him the paper, and he did not say one word about the landing, so I presume the story is, as the Minister says, *premature*. Evening. Madgett with me again. The report seems to grow more serious. It stands now as follows: Grandjean, Chef de Bureau in the foreign affairs, told him this day that the French were landed in Ireland to the number of 15,000 men; that they had been perfectly well received by the people, who were flocking about them in thousands, when the dispatches were sent off; that he had this from Beffroy, a member of the Cinq-cent, who had it directly from one of the Directory. All this is very circumstantial and precise, and, I confess, staggers me extremely.

*June 12th.* Drank punch last night with Madgett. He is come off his confidence a little, as to the landing. "*Goodman Verges speaks a little off the matter; an old man, and his wits are not so blunt as, Heaven help, I could desire they were.*" He does bore me sometimes most confoundedly. More-

over, I think I see by his discourse that he has his eye on the ambassadorship of Ireland, that is to be.

*June 13th, 14th.* Called on Clarke this morning, for want of other idleness. Saw him for two minutes, mentioned Madgett’s report of the landing, adding that I did not believe it. He assured me it was utterly unfounded. So there is an end of that business. I fixed to call on him the 1st Messidor, in four or five days, and so we parted. Clarke was civil enough. I want to consult him as to what I am to do concerning trade affairs. My finances are reduced to a state truly deplorable. I am worth to-day about thirteen louis d’ors, which will not last me more than a month, and I must not let myself be run to the last sol.

*June 20th.* To-day is my birthday—I am thirty-three years old. At that age Alexander had conquered the world ; at that age Wolfe had completed his reputation, and expired in the arms of victory. Well, it is not my fault if I am not as great a man as Alexander or Wolfe. I have as good dispositions for glory as either of them, but I labour under two small obstacles at least—want of talents and want of opportunities ; neither of which, I confess, I can help. *Allons ! nous verrons.* If I succeed here I may make some noise in the world yet ; and, what is better, the cause to which I am devoted is so just, that I have not one circumstance to reproach myself with. I will endeavour to keep myself as pure as I can, as to the means ; as to the

end, it is sacred—the liberty and independence of my country first, the establishment of my wife, and of our darling babies, next ; and last, I hope, a well-earned reputation. I am sure I am doing my very best here, as, indeed, I have endeavoured to do all along. “ *I am not idle, but the ebbs and flows of fortune’s tide cannot be calculated.*”

June 21st. I walk almost every day to the Tuileries to see the guard relieved. Their grenadiers are noble fellows, and, luckily, Jourdan has twenty-two thousand of them in one corps on the Rhine. They are fond of ornamenting themselves, particularly with flowers. One scarce sees a sentinel without a little bouquet in his hat or breast, and most frequently in the barrel of his firelock. I like that, and I do not know why, but it pleases me.

June 23rd. Called on Clarke in the morning, and found him in high good humour. He tells me that he has mentioned my business to Carnot, and that within a month I may expect an appointment in the French army. This is glorious ! I told Clarke I had written for my family, and was determined at all events to settle in France.

June 24th. “ *I’ve now not fifty ducats in the world ;*” but, hang it, that does not signify ; am I not going to be an officer in the French service ? I believe I might have been a little more economical, but I am sure not much. I brought with me one hundred louis to France, and they will have lasted me just six months, by the time they are run out ;

after all, that is no great extravagance. Besides, "*a fool and his money are soon parted,*" and poor Pat was never much noted for his discretion on that point, and I am in some things as arrant an Irishman as ever stood on the Pont-neuf.

*June 26th.* I go regularly every day to the Tuileries at twelve o'clock to see the guard relieved: it is one of my greatest relaxations. I take pride in the French troops, though they are neither powdered nor varnished, like those of the other states of Europe. I frequently find the tears gush into my eyes whilst I am looking at them. It is impossible to conceive a body of finer fellows than the guards of the legislative body, who are, by-the-bye, perfectly well dressed and appointed in all respects. They are all handsome young men, six feet high, and well proportioned. They have, as I believe I remarked already, the air of officers in soldiers' coats, and look as if they were *set up* by the dancing master rather than the drill sergeant. As to the courage of the French soldiery, I believe it is now pretty well understood in Europe; nevertheless "*one Englishman is always able to beat five Frenchmen,*" which is very consoling to John Bull. I wonder what figure poor Pat will cut upon the sod. I fancy he will not be much amiss. Well, let me once see myself in Ireland, buckled to a long sabre, and with a green coat on my back, and a pair of swinging epaulets on my shoulders, "*Alors nous verron, Messieurs de la Cabale.*" The Whig

Club, I see, are taking up the condition of the labouring poor. They are getting frightened, and their guilty consciences will not let them sleep. I suppose they will act like the gentry of Meath, who, for fear of the Defenders, raised their workmen's wages from eightpence to a shilling per day, but took care at the same time to raise the rent of their hovels, and the grass for their cows in the same proportion, so that at the end of the year the wretched peasant was not a penny the richer. Such is the honesty of the Squirearchy of Ireland.

*June 27th.* A sad rainy day, and I am not well, and the blue devils torment me. Hell ! hell ! Allah ! Allah ! Allah !

*June 29th.* Madgett tells me to-day that he has heard from Duckett, who is, I understand, a great blackguard, who has heard from a Mr. Morin, who is I know not what, that there are to be two expeditions to Ireland, one from Flushing, commanded by General Macdonald, an Irishman, and the other from Brest, commanded by General Hoche. Madgett added that he had endeavoured to put Duckett off the scent by saying that he did not believe one word of the story, but that Duckett continued positive. The fact is, it seems likely enough to be the truth, and probably is so ; but it seems most terribly provoking to have the subject bandied about, for table-talk by such a fellow as this Duckett, to whom, by-the-bye, Charles De la Croix revealed in confidence all

that he knew three months ago, for which he ought to be damned ; happily at present he knows nothing as I believe, so I presume he will keep the secret.

*July 3rd.* I see to-day that the Channel fleet is preparing at Spithead, to the number of twenty-one sail of the line (damn and sink them !) with God knows how many admirals ; that the camps are not yet formed in Ireland, but that vast quantities of arms and ammunition are daily imported into that country, as also tents and camp equipage. I am glad of that, because I hope it will appear in the event that it is for us that the worthy John Bull is putting himself to all this expense and trouble. I see likewise that the British have taken three of our best frigates, being the entire of a flying squadron, sent to cruise in the chops of the Channel ; that is damned bad. But then again the French are defending themselves in St. Lucie like devils incarnate ; that is good. There are also news to-day of another victory on the Rhine by Moreau, "*but this gentleman will tell you the perpendiculars,*" which are not yet published ; I hope it is true. *Vive la République !*

*Evening, 5 o'clock.* It was not for nothing that I have been in the horrors all the forenoon. On the 26th of May I wrote to my wife, to Rowan, and Dr. Reynolds, respecting the immediate removal of my family to France ; and to-day I see in an English paper given me by Sullivan, that

the vessel which carried my letter, an American, the *Argus*, Capt. Fanning, was carried into Plymouth on the 25th of June last and is detained. That is *pleasant*! This event throws my private affairs into unspeakable confusion, and I am too angry just now to see how to rectify them. I was this very morning counting that my dearest love would have my letter in about a fortnight. Was there ever anything so distressing? These are the fruits of the American treaty,\* but it is hard my poor little family should suffer for it.

*July 4th.* I want to change my domicile. I am lodged in the house of a little "bossue" (Anglicè, a hunchback), and she wants me to go to bed to her, and I won't, for my virtue forbids it, and so she is out of humour and very troublesome sometimes. To tell the God's truth, I have no great merit in my resistance, for she is as crooked as a ram's horn (which is a famous illustration) and as ugly as sin besides; rot her, the dirty little faggot, she torments me. "*I will not march through Coventry with her, that's flat.*"

*July 6th.* Saw Clarke this morning; he is almost recovered, and tells me my business is delayed

\* Tone must be referring to what is known as Jay's Treaty of 1794-95, arising out of British spoliation of American neutral shipping during the French war. To avert a further war with England, Alexander Hamilton persuaded Washington to conclude a compromise with the British, which did not definitely protect American ships, but arranged for courts of arbitration subsequent to the capture of American vessels.

solely by the absence of General Hoche, who is coming up with all privacy to Paris to confer with the Directory ; that on his arrival everything will be settled ; that I must be introduced to him, and communicate with him, and most probably return with him to the army where my presence would be necessary. I then took occasion to mention the state of my finances, that in two or three days I should be run out, and relied upon him to prevent my falling into difficulties. He asked me could I carry on the war some little time longer ? I answered, I could not, for that I did not know a soul in Paris but the Government. He seemed a little taken aback at this, by which I see that money is not their forte at present. Damn it for me ! I am sure I wish there was not a guinea in the world. So here I am, with exactly two louis in my exchequer, negotiating with the French Government, and planning revolutions. I must say it is truly original “ *Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.* ” That is not true as to me, for my passion increases as my funds diminish. I reckon I am the poorest Ambassador to-day in Paris, but that gives me no great concern. Huzza ! *Vive la République !*

*July 7th.* In order to divert myself, and get rid of a little of my superfluous cash, I went last night to the opera, where, by-the-bye, I go most frequently. I think I will go now and scold Monroe about the capture of the *Argus*, and miscarriage of my letters.



Sat with Monroe above an hour, and like him very much. Drank a bottle of wine and prosed with Madgett in the evening at the Champs Elysées. Stupid enough, God knows.

*July 9th.* By dint of perseverance I am getting through the remainder of my cash. When I am near being run out, I am always more extravagant ; and, like the " Old Batchelor," run into the danger to avoid the apprehension.

(*Sings*) Oh says this Frog, I will go ride, Kitty alone, etc.

Oh says this Frog, I will go ride, Kitty alone and I.

Oh says this Frog, I will go ride, with sword and pistol by my side,

Cock ma Kary, Kitty alone, Kitty alone and I.

That quotation I take to be inimitable ; I do not recollect anything from P. P. which exceeds it. I know green envy will gnaw his soul at the perusal.

## XII

### HOCHE. THE GREAT ADVENTURE BEGINS

*July 12th. Battle of Aughrim.* As I was sitting in my cabinet studying my tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke, informing me that the person he mentioned was arrived and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxembourg and was shown into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained till three, when the door opened and a very handsome, well-made young fellow in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered, and said, "*Vous êtes le citoyen Smith ?*" I thought he was a *chef de bureau*, and replied, "*Oui, citoyen, je m'appelle Smith.*" He said, "*Vous vous appelez, aussi, je crois Wolfe Tone ?*" I replied, "*Oui citoyen, c'est mon veritable nom.*" "*Eh bien,*" replied he, "*je suis le General Hoche.*" At these words I mentioned that I had for a long time been desirous of the honour I then enjoyed, to find myself in his company. "*Into his arms I soon did fly, and there*

*embraced him tenderly.*" He then said he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said I was. "Well," said he, "there are one or two points I want to consult you on." General Clarke entered, to request we would come to dinner with Citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the President, where we found Carnot and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effectuated, might he rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread? When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, "There is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread, you must eat beef." I told him I hoped they would find enough of both; adding, that within the last twenty years Ireland had become a great corn country, so that at present it made a considerable article in her exports. They then proceeded to confer, but I found it difficult to follow them, as it was in fact a *suite* of former conversations at which I had not assisted, and besides, they spoke with the rapidity of Frenchmen. I collected, however, if I am right, that there will be two landings, one from Holland, near Belfast, and the other from Brittany, in Connaught; that there will be, I suppose, in both embarkations, not less than ten, nor more than fifteen thousand men; twelve thousand was also mentioned, but I did not hear any time specified.

Carnot said, "It will be, to be sure, a most brilliant operation." And well may he say so if he succeeds. We then went to dinner, which was very well served, without being luxurious. We had two courses and a dessert. There were present about sixteen or eighteen persons, Madame Carnot, her sister and sister-in-law, Carnot, his brother, Hoche, Truguet, the Minister of Marine, Clarke, two or three officers, and Lagarde, the *Secrétaire Général*.<sup>\*</sup> I sat by Hoche. After coffee was served we rose, and Carnot, Hoche, Truguet, Lacuée, and Clarke retired to a cabinet and held a council on Irish affairs which lasted from six to nine o'clock. I like Carnot extremely, and Hoche, I think, yet better.

*July 13th.* I cannot help this morning thinking of Gil Blas, when he was Secretary to the Duke of Lerma. Yesterday I dined with Carnot, and to-day I should be puzzled to raise a guinea. I am almost on my last louis, and my commission is not yet made out, though Clarke tells me it is done; but I will never believe him till I have it in my hand.

*July 15th.* Blank! Dull as a post all day.

*July 16th.* Saw Clarke. Called on Madgett on

<sup>\*</sup> Tone here meets another lion—Laurent Jean François Truguet (1752–1839)—one of the doyens of the French navy. Already famous in '89, he was called to the Ministry of Marine by Barras, suffered a little as a result of Hoche's failure to invade Ireland, went to Spain as ambassador, was arrested, exiled as a suspect royalist, returned, refused to recognize Napoleon as emperor, was again disgraced, but survived to be made a peer at the Restoration.

my way home to desire him to find me two louis d'or in two days at furthest, for I am just now run out, and I shall have my lodgings to pay for in three days from this, which is most fearful, for I dread my little *bossue* of a landlady more than the enemy a thousand times ; but Madgett has promised to supply me, and so—

“ Hang those who talk of fear ;  
Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn.”

I forgot to mention in its place that Hoche has a famous cut of a sabre down his forehead, eyebrow, and one side of his nose. He was pretty near the enemy when he got that, and luckily it does not at all disfigure him. He is but two-and-thirty, Jourdan five-and-thirty, Buonaparte twenty-nine, Moreau \* about thirty, and Pichegru, who is the oldest of all, about six-and-thirty. The French have no old generals in service ; it is their policy to employ young men, and the event has shown they are right.

*July 18th.* Rose early this morning and wrote a threatening letter to citizen Carnot, telling him “ *if he did not put five pounds in a sartin place——!!* ” It is written in French, and I have a copy. God forgive me for calling it French, for I believe,

\* Jean Victor Moreau (1761–1813), one of the ablest and most disinterested of the Republican generals ; ultimately banished by Napoleon to America, he returned to die fighting against France with the armies of Russia and Prussia in 1813.

properly speaking, it is no language ; however, he will understand that money is the drift of it, and that is the main point. Called at twelve on Clarke. At last he has got my brevet from the Minister at War. It is for the rank of Chef de Brigade, and bears date the 1st Messidor (June 19th). Clarke then went on to say they had no security for what form of government we might adopt in case of success. I replied, I had no security to offer but my decided opinion that we would establish a Republic. He objected that we might establish an aristocratic Republic, like that of Genoa. I assured him the aristocracy of Ireland were not such favourites with the people that we should spill our blood to establish their power. He then said, "Perhaps, after all, we might choose a King ; that there was no security against that but information, and that the people of Ireland were in general very ignorant." I asked him, in God's name, whom would we choose, or where would we go look for a King ? He said, "Maybe the Duke of York ?" I assured him that he, or his aide-de-camp, Fleury, who was present, had full as good, and indeed a much better chance, than his Royal Highness ; and I added, that we neither loved the English people in general, nor his Majesty's family in particular, so well as to choose one of them for our King, supposing, what was not the case, that the superstition of royalty yet hung about us. As to the ignorance of our peasantry, I admitted it was in

general too true, thanks to our execrable Government, whose policy it was to keep them in a state of barbarism ; but I could answer for the information of the Dissenters, who were thoroughly enlightened and sincere republicans, and who, I had no doubt, would direct the public sentiment in framing a government. He then asked, was there nobody among ourselves that had any chance, supposing the tide should set in favour of monarchy ? I replied, " Not one." He asked, " Would the Duke of Leinster, for example ? " I replied, " No ; that everybody loved and liked the Duke, because he was a good man, and always resided and spent his fortune in Ireland, but that he by no means possessed that kind of character or talents which might elevate him to that station." He then asked me again, " Could I think of nobody ? " I replied, " I could not ; that Lord Moira\* was the only person I could recollect who might have had the least chance, but that he had blown his reputation to pieces by accepting a command against France ; and, after him, there was nobody." " Well," said Clarke, " maybe, after all, you will choose one of your own leaders ; who knows

\* Lord Moira, later Governor-General of India and Marquis of Hastings. Yet (see March 4, 1798) Tone has never as many pleasant things to say of Moira as he has of the Duke of Leinster. At one point he actually felt that the duke would join the people if it came to a revolution ; at another, spoke of him as " my friend " ; and always thinks of him as the friend of the Catholics.

but it may be *yourself* ?” I replied, we had no leaders of a rank or description likely to arrive at that degree of eminence ; and, as to myself, I neither had the desire nor the talents to aspire so high. Well, that is enough of royalty for the present. We then, for the hundredth time, beat over the old ground about the priests, without, however, starting any fresh ideas ; and I summed up all by telling him that, as to religion, my belief was we should content ourselves with pulling down the Establishment without setting up any other ; that we would have no State religion, but let every sect pay their own clergy voluntarily ; and that, as to royalty and aristocracy, they were both odious in Ireland to that degree, that I apprehended much more a general massacre of the gentry, and a distribution of the entire of their property, than the establishment of any form of government that would perpetuate their influence ; that I hoped this massacre would not happen, and that I, for one, would do all that lay in my power to prevent it, because I did not like to spill the blood, even of the guilty ; at the same time, that the pride, cruelty, and oppression of the Irish aristocracy were so great, that I apprehended every excess from the just resentment of the people. The conversation ended here.

*July 22nd.* Called at Clarke’s on Fleury ; coming out met General Hoche, who desired to see me tomorrow morning, at seven o’clock, in order to



talk over our business, and settle about my leaving Paris. That looks like business. Huzza ! huzza ! I am always huzzaing, like a blockhead.

*July 23rd.* Called on Hoche, at seven, and found him in bed, talking with two generals, whom I did not know. I made my acknowledgments, and asked him, at the same time, whether my appearance at headquarters might not give rise to some suspicions, from the circumstance of my being a foreigner ? He replied, he would settle me in a village near Rennes, his headquarters, where I should be *incognito*, and, at the same time, within his reach. I returned him a thousand thanks ; and he proceeded to ask me, "Did I think it was likely that the men of property, or any of them, wished for a revolution in Ireland ?" I replied, "Most certainly not," and that he should reckon on all the opposition that class could give him ; that, however, it was possible that when the business was once commenced, some of them might join us on speculation, but that it would be sorely against their real sentiments. He then asked me, "Did I know Arthur O'Connor\*?" I replied I did, and

\* Arthur O'Connor (1763-1852), a Cork man, a member of the Irish Parliament, where he delivered the remarkable speech referred to in the May of 1795. (See Lecky, *Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii. p. 341.) "You must be blind not to perceive that the whole European mind has undergone a revolution, neither confined to this nor that country, but as general as the great causes which have given it birth, and still continue to feed its growth." He joined the United Irishmen the following year ; was arrested in '98, and kept in prison

that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism. He asked me, "Did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish Parliament?" I replied, he made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in that House. "Well," said he, "will he join us?" I answered, I hoped as he was "*foncièrement Irlandais*," that he undoubtedly would. So it seems O'Connor's speech is well known here. If ever I meet him, as I hope I may, I will tell him what Hoche said, and the character that he bears in France. It must be highly gratifying to his feelings. We then spoke of the aristocracy of Ireland, and I assured him, as I had done Clarke, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandizement, but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed, adding that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen. He said, certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided, as much as possible; that he did conceive, in such explosions as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed but that some individuals would be sacrificed, but the less the better, and it was much wiser to secure the persons

for four years, after which he entered the French army, rose to the rank of general, married the daughter of the mathematician and journalist Condorcet, and after an old age of retirement, died peaceably in exile.

of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they would, no doubt, be ready to do, than to put them to death ; in which I most sincerely agreed, for I am like Parson Adams, "*I do not desire to have the blood even of the wicked upon me.*" Hoche mentioned also that great mischief had been done to the principles of liberty, and additional difficulties thrown in the way of the French Revolution by the quantity of blood spilled ; "for," added he, "when you guillotine a man, you get rid of an individual, it is true, but then you make all his friends and connections enemies for ever to the Government." A sentence well worth considering. I am heartily glad to find Hoche of this humane temperament, because I hope I am humane myself, and trust we shall be able to prevent unnecessary bloodshed in Ireland, which I shall most sincerely exert my best endeavours to do.

*July 25th.* Running about all this morning on trade affairs. Damn it ! Saw Clarke ; he tells me I am to travel with Hoche, and that we set off the 30th, in five days. Huzza ! To be sure I am not proud of that. Called at Monroe's ; the Secretary tells me there is a person arrived this week, who has a letter for me. My heart is up in my mouth. Please God I will run off the minute I swallow my dinner. I am in a frenzy till I get my letter. I have not had one line since I left New York, now six months. How is my dearest life and soul, and our darling little babies ? The little things ; my life

lies in those children. Well, I hope I shall hear news of them to-night. Poor little Will, and my Fantom, and my girl that I dote upon, and their darling mother. Oh that I had my letter ! Oh that I had my letter ! (*Evening.*) My lover gone out ; left a note, that I would call to-morrow at eleven, and desiring him to leave the letter for me in case he should be obliged to go out before that time. I know nothing that agitates me so much as an incident of this kind. I am projecting all possible kinds of accidents and misfortunes ; it is terrible ; I will not torment myself any longer, that's flat. I will go walk in the Champs Elysées to dissipate my chagrin. Home ; early bed !

*July 26th.* Up at six, and called on Hoche at seven ; he was gone out, so I had my walk for nothing. "*I hope my early rising will do me no harm.*" I want to settle with him about our journey. Called at eleven on Colonel Fulton, and got my letter, which is from Hamilton Rowan ; it is dated March 30th, nearly four months since, at which date all my family were well. He tells me also that my brother Matthew arrived in America in December last ; that gives me most unspeakable satisfaction, as he will be a protection for my wife and family during my absence, or in case of the worst happening to me in this contest wherein I am about to embark.

Heigho ! I shall soon bid "*adieu to the village delights.*" I know not how it is, I have spent five

dreary months in Paris without forming one connection, male or female, that I care a farthing about, or that cares a farthing about me, yet I find myself low-spirited, now that I am about to quit it; that is curious enough, but I have often had occasion to remark the same sentiment. I am as dull to-night as a cat.

*July 29th.* Running about all the morning, making arrangements for my departure.

*July 30th.* Called on General Hoche. He tells me I am to travel with General Chérin, Chef de l'État-Major, and that we set off about the 12th of next month. I had rather set off this morning. He desired me to call on Chérin, and present myself as the person of whom he had spoken, which I did accordingly, but Chérin was gone out. Called at the War Office, and got an order for three months' pay. Dined with Madgett, and went in the evening to the opera. *Castor*, a dull piece, and very heavy music, by Rameau. I did not like it at all.

*July 31st.* Received my pay, "and are all as drunk as so many swabbers." I insist upon it that is a very good quotation, from *Rigdum Funnidis*. The monotony of my life just now will appear from the stupidity of those memorandums, and especially from the dullness of my jokes. I cannot express how much I long to be "*en route*."

*August 1st.* (Sings) "Oh, merry be the first, and merry be the last, and merry be the first of August."

*August 2nd, 3rd.* Blank. My time drags just now most horribly.

*August 5th.* Blank. Terrible ! Terrible ! I feel myself absolutely sick at those delays. Dined with Madgett and three other Irishmen in the Champs Elysées. Stupid as a horse. Everybody is talking of our business. I hear of it from fifty different quarters. That is most terribly provoking.

*August 6th.* Blank. Damn it ! I am weary of complaining that I am weary. I will not make another memorandum until something happens—that's flat.

*August 7th, 8th.* Saw Hoche and Chérin together this morning. Both very civil, and no news. Hoche, I believe, sets off the 11th.

*August 11th, 12th, 13th.* Saw Chérin this morning ; he tells me it may be ten days yet before we get off. Hell ! hell ! hell ! How shall I get over these eternal delays ? Hoche set off yesterday.

*August 14th, 15th.* Put on my regimentals for the first time ; as pleased as a little boy in his first breeches ; foolish enough, but not unpleasant. Walked about Paris to show myself ; huzza ! *Citoyen Wolfe Tone, Chef de Brigade* in the service of the Republic !

*August 21st, 22nd, 23rd.* Met Chérin to-day driving about in his cabriolet ; he stopped me, and asked me was I ready to set off ? I answered, " In five minutes, and that I only waited for his orders." He then desired me to call on him to-

morrow at eleven, in order to settle about our departure ; so perhaps we may set off before the 30th. The armies continue victorious in all quarters.

*August 24th.* Saw Chérin ; our departure is fixed for the first September. “ *The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !* ” “ *Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.* ”

*August 26th to 31st.* Blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank.

*September 1st.* Blank.

*September 2nd.* Here I am yet.

*September 12th.* Called on Chéron by appointment ; he is gone to the country for two or three days. Hell ! hell ! hell !

*September 16th.* Got my order and presented it to the Directors of the post. There is a courier for to-morrow, with whom I secured my place ; packed up my kit as gay as a lark.

*September 17th.* Took leave of Madgett, Aherne, and Sullivan ; wrote two letters of acknowledgment to Carnot and De la Croix, thanking them for their kindness, etc. At three o'clock in the afternoon left Paris. I have now done with Paris, at least for some time, and God knows whether I shall ever revisit it ; but, at all events, I shall ever look back on the time I spent there with the greatest satisfaction. I believe there is no part of my conduct that I need wish to recall, at least with regard to business. As to pleasure or amusement, I had

very little. I formed, and endeavoured to form, no connections. I visited and was visited by nobody, French or foreigner, and left Paris, after seven months' residence, without being acquainted with a single family. That is singular enough. The theatres formed my grand resource against the monotony of my situation ; but, on the whole, I passed my time dull enough. Well, if ever I return, I will make myself amends. I am now like the Turkish spy, "*who passed forty-five years at Paris without being known or suspected.*" I dare say Mr. Pitt knew I was there, as close as I kept ; if he did, it was by no fault or indiscretion of mine. It is singular enough that, having passed my time in a manner so monotonous, and not leaving behind me a single person whom, on the score of personal regard, I had reason to regret, I yet quit Paris with something like reluctance. But I made that remark before. *Allons !* I am now afloat again : let us see what will come of this voyage.



### XIII

#### PREPARING FOR THE VOYAGE TO IRELAND

*September 20th.* At three this morning arrived at Rennes, having passed three nights agreeably without sleep. "*A hundred and twenty miles in thirty-four hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.*" I do not think that quotation any great things myself, but let it pass. "*Well, now I am in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place.*" Went to bed, and slept like a dragon till eleven. Rose and sent for my adjoint, Mac Sheehy, who has been here some days. He tells me all is going on, as he believes, prosperously. General Hoche is gone out fishing, and does not return till night. I am glad Hoche is a fisherman, because I am one myself. Wrote a note to let him know I am arrived, and gave it to Mac Sheehy to deliver. Dined alone, deliciously, and drank a bottle of excellent claret, with divers patriotic and constitutional toasts.

*September 21st.* Called on General Hoche, and

sat with him for about a quarter of an hour ; very civil, but no news as yet. I am to be for some time Mr. Smith, an American. Called on Colonel Shee, uncle to General Clarke, who is here. He tells me he was stopped on this side of Laval, at two o'clock in the day, by seven Chouans, who robbed him of every article of his property, except a box of papers relating to our business, which he was bringing to Hoche, and which escaped their search, as it were by miracle. It was most fortunate ! This was but a few days since ; so I have had a good escape. I doubt if I should be able, single-handed, to conquer seven Chouans, armed with firelocks, as he tells me his lovers were. Dined at headquarters with the staff, Hoche, Hédouville, Mermet, etc. All very slovenly and unsoldier-like, but nobody minds a dirty plate or thing of that kind here. *À la guerre, comme à la guerre*, as the French say.

*September 24th.* The season is slipping away fast through our fingers. However, I believe they are doing their best.

*September 26th.* The General set off this morning for Brest. I hope in God he may hurry those fellows. I dread the equinoctial gales passing over and finding us unprepared.

*September 28th, 29th, 30th.* Blank.

*October 1st, 2nd.* Blank ! Blank !

*October 6th, 7th.* I like old Colonel Shee more and more ; his conversation is my sole resource against the *ennui* which devours me. He was

Secretary to the late Duke of Orleans,\* for whose memory he cherishes the sincerest regard. He has amused me these two days with an infinity of anecdotes relating to that unfortunate Prince, who, I almost begin to believe, has been most grossly calumniated by all parties in the Revolution. The zeal and affection which Shee manifests for the honour of a man who can no longer serve or prejudice him, is at least a strong proof of the goodness of his own character. It is highly interesting to see the earnestness and warmth with which he labours to impress me with a good opinion of the Duke, and, indeed, from his reports, I am satisfied, not only of his innocence as to the accusation on which he was guillotined, but as to his general character as a man of honour, courage, and probity. I think I see that he has been the victim of a double cabal, of the court, and of the Jacobins. *Mais parlons d'autre chose.*

October 8th. I must change my apartment tomorrow to make room for General Debelle, brother-in-law to Hoche, who is just arrived. *À la bonne heure.* "They talk of further alterations, which causes many speculations." My quotations latterly are as pert and as stupid as you please, but how can I quote when I am in this horrible suspense ?

\* Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans (1747-93), who changed his name to Philippe Egalité at the Revolution, but did not escape the guillotine.

*October 17th.* Our expedition, as well as the life of the General, has had a most providential escape. Last night, between nine and ten, as he was returning from the Comédie, with General Debelle, and Hédouville, a ruffian, who was posted at a corner, fired a pistol at him, within five or six yards, which fortunately missed, and the villain instantly ran off, but was stopped by two of the aides-de-camp, who happened to come that way, before he had run one hundred yards. The pistol was likewise found where he had dropped it. On his being seized and examined, he confessed that he was hired by a person, whom he described, to assassinate General Hoche, and was to have fifty louis for his reward. He threw himself on his knees before Hoche, who behaved incomparably well, and desired him to rise, as no man should kneel to him, and tell the whole truth ; assuring him that he had not himself the least resentment against him. The fellow then repeated his story exactly, and the two aides-de-camp set out with a guard in quest of the other villain, whom they found in bed, and brought to headquarters. A magistrate being sent for, the two were confronted, and the latter denying everything, they were both, after a long examination, committed to prison. It seems the fellow who fired the shot is a workman employed in the arsenal, the other is lately from Paris, and says he is a horse dealer ; in order to induce the former to commit the murder, he told him that he was a Royalist,

and that it was for the King's service to assassinate Hoche, which, together with the promise of fifty louis, determined him. The name of the former is Moreau, and of the latter Teyssierd. Nothing could be better than the General's behaviour through all this affair. For my part I do not see what the Royalists could promise themselves from his death ; at the same time it is beyond all doubt that this villain, Teyssierd, has come down from Paris expressly to have him assassinated. I do not at all suspect the English of assassination, but certainly, at this moment, they are much more interested in Hoche's death than that miserable Louis XVIII. In short, I know not what to think of the motives of this abominable affair ; a few days may probably explain it further.

*October 18th.* In consequence of the affair of yesterday a search was made in the lodgings of Teyssierd, and a case of pistols, two fusils, and three air guns, were found, the two last articles buried in the garden ; there were also among his papers the directions of several persons in Paris and *London*. I should be sorry, much as I detest the English nation, to suspect them of such vile and horrible means of effectuating their purposes, as that of assassination ; yet they have already done several things in this war as bad, at Quiberon, and elsewhere. I am very much afraid the English Cabinet is implicated in this infernal business, and more so as the General received notice a few days since, from

the Minister of Justice at Paris, to be on his guard, as an attempt was intended to be made on his life by some English agents.

*October 22nd.* Set out from Rennes, on my way to Brest, with Privat and Marie Hoche. Travelled very agreeably through a beautiful country covered with wood, the very seat of Chouannerie. The farms beautiful ; the towns, for the names whereof I refer to the map, mean, and the villages abominable. England far beyond France in that respect, but very inferior in all the other beauties of a landscape.

*October 30th.* After halting last night at Landerneau, arrived this day at one o'clock at Brest, having been just ten days on the road.

*November 1st, 2nd.* I have been hard at work ever since my arrival, on an address to the Irish people, which is to be printed here and distributed on our landing. I have worked this day like a horse, and I am as stupid to-night as a horse, and in wretched low spirits ; every hour that passes is like an age to my impatience ; I do not even sleep.

*November 6th.* Chatting with Col. Shee. He told me that the General wished to find somebody who would go directly to Ireland, as he had a safe American who would sail at a minute's warning, and also bring back the person who might go, and he was very desirous of intelligence of the state of the country at this moment. I mentioned Mac Sheehy, and he immediately went for the General,

who came, and we agreed that if Mac Sheehy had no objection, he should be dispatched to-morrow. I went immediately and found Mac Sheehy, to whom I opened the business, as from myself, and he agreed without difficulty to go if the General desired it. I informed the General of his assent, at dinner, and he desired me to thank him in his name, and desire him to hold himself in readiness for to-morrow, which I did accordingly, and to-morrow we shall see what are his instructions. Mac Sheehy has behaved very well in this business.

*November 7th.* The General has been out on a boating party all day, until six o'clock in the evening. On his return he desired me to find Mac Sheehy, which I did accordingly, and he told him that he must sail that night, as everything was ready, and gave him verbal instructions, which in my mind were very insufficient, and it is the first time I have had reason to find fault with Hoche. I brought Mac Sheehy to my lodgings, and made him change his dress from head to foot, equipping him with shirts, boots, stockings, waistcoats, coat and cloak, all either Irish, or made after the Irish fashion. I then gave him the address of Oliver Bond and Richard McCormick. I desired him to call on the former first, and tell him he came from me at Brest, and, to satisfy Bond, I desired him to tell him that when Jackson was seized, and Hamilton Rowan and Dr. Reynolds escaped, he advised me to do the same, and offered me money for that

purpose, if I wanted it. For McCormick, I desired him to tell him that a few days before I left Dublin for America, I took him alone into his garden, and acquainted him with my plan of pushing on, if possible, for France, and that I had also, about the middle of December last, written to him by my brother from Philadelphia, acquainting him with my progress. That I think will satisfy them that he has seen me.

*November 8th.* Grimel, the merchant who procured the American vessel for the General, tells me that Mac Sheehy was off last night by half-past nine, so that business so far goes on well.

*November 10th.* Saw the Legion Noire reviewed ; about 1,800 men. They are the banditti intended for England, and sad blackguards they are. They put me strongly in mind of the Green-boys of Dublin.

*November 12th.* Examined, at Mr. Shee's apartment, an American captain, who is only five or six days from London. He gives us no great encouragement. His account is that Sir J. Jervis is off Ushant, as he heard, with eleven or twelve sail of the line, and he, himself, coming down channel, fell in with three different little squadrons, two of four ships and one of three, which were standing to the westward under easy sail, and were going, as he supposed, to join Admiral Jervis. If that be so, they will keep us here as long as they please, for, when united, they will make twenty-two sail of



the line, and our expedition is but twelve. In that case our only chance is to wait for the first hard gale of wind which may blow them off the coast, and then make a run for it.

*November 13th.* Went, by order of the General, among the prisoners of war at Pontanezen, near Brest, and offered their liberty to as many as were willing to serve aboard the French fleet. Sixty accepted the offer, of whom fifty were Irish. I made them drink heartily before they left the prison, and they were mustered and sent aboard the same evening. I never saw the national character stronger marked than in the careless gaiety of those poor fellows. Half-naked and half-starved as I found them, the moment that they saw the wine before them all their cares were forgotten ; the instant I made the proposal, they accepted it without hesitation ; the Englishmen balanced, and several of them asked, in the true style of their country, "What would I give them ?" It is but justice to others of them to observe that they said nothing should ever tempt them to fight against their King and country. I told them they were perfectly at liberty to make their choice, as I put no constraint on any man, In the event, of about one hundred English, ten men and boys offered themselves, and, of about sixty Irish, fifty, as I have observed ; not one Scotchman, though there were several in the prison. When I called for the wine my English recruits begged for something to eat

at the same time, which I ordered for them. Poor Pat never thought of eating, but when his head was a little warm with the wine, he was very urgent to be permitted to go amongst the Englishmen and flog those who refused to enter, which, of course, I prevented, though with some little difficulty. "Arrah, blood an' 'ounds, Captain dear, won't you let me have one knock at the blackguards?" I thought myself on Ormond Quay once more. Oh, if we once arrive safe on the other side, what soldiers we will make of our poor fellows! They all said they hoped I was going with them, wherever it was. I answered that I did not desire one man to go where I was not ready to show the way, and they replied with three cheers. It is to be observed that I never mentioned the object of the expedition; they entered the service merely from the adventurous spirit of the nation and their hatred of the English, without any idea that they had a chance of seeing Ireland again.

*November 24th, 25th.* Colonel Shee tells me to-day that he has it from Bruix, one of our admirals, that we shall sail in six days. Would to God it were to-night! There is a fine steady breeze blowing right out of the harbour. In six days it will be the 1st of December. The 1st of January I left Sandy Hook. The 1st of February I arrived at Havre, and, if we arrive safe at our destination, it is possible that on the 1st of January next I may be once more in Dublin. *Quanquam, oh!*

*November 26th.* How quietly Colonel Shee and myself sat by the fire discussing how we might do the greatest possible mischief to the unfortunate wretches on whom our plans are intended to operate. Well, they may thank themselves; they are accomplices with their execrable Government, which has shown us the way in all those direful extremities, and there is not a man of them but would willingly exterminate both the French and Irish. Yet once again! The conflagration of such a city as Bristol! It is no slight affair; thousands and thousands of families, if the attempt succeeds, will be reduced to beggary. I cannot help it! If it must be, it must, and I will never blame the French for any degree of misery which they may inflict on the people of England. I do not think my morality or feeling is much improved by my promotion to the rank of Adjutant-General. The truth is, I hate the very name of England; I hated her before my exile; I hate her since; and I will hate her always.

*November 27th, 28th, 29th.* I have no memorandums to make that are worth a farthing; always writing and writing. I declare I am tired of my life, or, as the French say, *je m'ennuye de ma personne*. Apropos of the General: there is a charming little aristocrat, with whom he is perfectly well, although all her relations are Chouans. In all the hurry of our expedition, he contrived to steal off, and spend two days and *nights* with her.

Mr. Shee and I were in a mortal fright at his absence, for, knowing where he was gone, and on what business, we apprehended some of the Chouans might waylay and assassinate him. It was damned indiscreet in him, but God forbid I should be the man to accuse him, for I have been buffeted myself so often by the foul fiend, that it would be rather indecent of me to censure him. (Sings) "*'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.*" I do not think, however (but God knows), that, under the present circumstances, I would have gone caterwauling for two days among the Chouans. Hoche has all the right in the world (and why not ?) to do as he pleases with his own life, but not to knock our expedition on the head. I was very angry with him, which, as I never did a foolish thing myself in my life for the sake of a woman, was but reasonable. It is all nonsense ; for they do what they please with us, and it is in vain talking about it ; however, I hope he may stop here whilst he is well.

*December 1st, 2nd.* Received my order to embark on board the *Indomptable* of 80 guns, Captain Bedout. Packed up directly, and wrote a long letter of directions to my wife, in which I detailed everything I thought necessary, and advised her, in case of anything happening me, to return to America, and settle in Georgia or Carolina. I enclosed this under cover to Madgett, and, at two o'clock, arrived on board.

*December 5th to 8th.* The uniformity of my life,

at anchor in the road of Brest, does not furnish much matter for observation.

*December 12th.* The *État-Major* came aboard last night ; we are seven in the great cabin, including a lady in boy's clothes, the wife of a Commissaire, one Ragoneau. By what I see we have a little army of Commissaries, who are going to Ireland to make their fortunes. If we arrive safe, I think I will keep my eye a little upon these gentlemen. In consequence of the arrival of Richery, our squadron will be augmented with two if not three ships, and the army with 1,700 men, which, with 13,400 already on board, will make 15,100—a force more than sufficient for our purpose, if, as I am always obliged to add, we have the good fortune to reach our destination in safety.

## XIV

### TO BANTRY BAY

*December 13th, 14th.* To-day the signal is made to heave short and be ready to put to sea ; the report is we shall make sail at four o'clock. (*Evening.*) Having nothing better to employ me, I amuse myself scribbling these foolish memorandums. In the first place, I must remark the infinite power of female society over our minds, which I see every moment exemplified in the effect which the presence of Madame Ragoneau has on our manners ; not that she has any claim to respect other than as she is a woman, for she is not very handsome, she has no talents, and (between friends) she was originally a *fille de joie* at Paris. Yet we are all attentive and studious to please her ; and I am glad, in short, she is aboard, as I am satisfied she humanizes us not a little. General Watrin paid us a visit this evening, with the band of his regiment, and I went down into the great cabin, where all the officers mess, and where the music was playing. I was delighted with the effect it seemed to have on them. The cabin was ceiled with the firelocks

intended for the expedition ; the candlesticks were bayonets stuck in the table ; the officers were in their jackets and *bonnets de police* ; some playing cards, others singing to the music, others conversing, and all in the highest spirits. Once again I was delighted with the scene. At length Watrin and his band went off, and as it was a beautiful moonlight night, the effect of the music on the water, diminishing as they receded from our vessel, was delicious. We are still at anchor—bad ! bad !

*December 15th.* At 11 o'clock this morning the signal was made to heave short, and I believe we are now going to sail in downright earnest.

*December 16th.* At two, signal to get under way. At half after two, made sail, the wind still favourable, but slack. Settled our *rôle de combat*. Chasseloup and Vaudray, with their Adjoints, are on the lower deck ; Simon and I, with ours, on the main deck ; Chérin, I believe, with the Captain. I had rather be on the quarter-deck or poop, where I could see something ; however, I said nothing. We are all in full regimentals, with our laced hats, etc., which is to encourage the troops.

*December 17th.* Last night passed through the Raz,\* a most dangerous and difficult pass, wherein we were within an inch of running on a sunken

\* Pointe du Raz, at the southern extremity of the Bay of Douarnenez. As he finds some forty-eight hours later it was fatal for the *Séduisant*, which sank with over five hundred men.

rock, where we must, every soul, have inevitably perished.

*December 18th.* At nine this morning a fog so thick that we cannot see a ship's length before us. This damned fog continues without interruption. (*At night.*) Foggy all day, and no appearance of our comrades. The Captain has opened a packet containing instructions for his conduct in case of separation, which order him to cruise for five days off Mizen Head, and, at the end of that time, proceed to the mouth of the Shannon, where he is to remain three more, at the end of which time, if he does not see the fleet, or receive further orders by a frigate, he is to make the best of his way back to Brest. But we must see in that case whether Bouvet and Grouchy may not take on themselves to land the troops.

*December 19th.* This morning, at eight, signal of a fleet in the offing; Branlebas General; rose directly and made my toilet, so now I am ready, *ou pour les Anglais, ou pour les Anglaises*. I see about a dozen sail, but whether they are friends or enemies God knows. It is a stark calm, so that we do not move an inch even with our studding sails; but here we lie rolling like so many logs on the water. At half-past ten we floated near enough to recognize the signals, and, to my infinite satisfaction, the strange fleet proves to be our comrades, so now *nous en sommes quittes pour la peur*, as the French say; counted sixteen sail, including the



Admiral's frigate, so the General is safe.\* At half-past one, hailed by a lugger, which informed us of the loss of the *Séduisant*, a seventy-four of our squadron, the first night of our departure, with five hundred and fifty men of the ninety-fourth Demi-brigade, of whom she saved thirty-three. Our force leaving Brest water was as follows :—*Indomptable*, 80 guns ; *Nestor*, *Cassard*, *Droits de l'Homme*, *Tourville*, *Eole*, *Fougueux*, *Mucius*, *Redoubtable*, *Patriote*, *Pluton*, *Constitution*, *Trajan*, *Watigny*, *Pégaze*, *Révolution*, and the unfortunate *Séduisant*, of 74 guns (17 sail of the line) ; *La Cocarde*, *Bra-voure*, *Immortalité*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Romaine*, *Sirène*, *Impatiente*, *Surveillante*, *Charente*, *Resolue*, *Tartare*, and *Fraternité*, frigates of 36 guns (13 frigates) ; *Scevola*, and *Fidèle*, armés en flûtes, † *Mutine*, *Renard*, *Atalante*, *Voltigeur*, and *Affronteur*, corvettes, and *Nicodeme*, *Justine*, *Ville d'Orient*, *Suffren*, *Experiment*, and *Alégre*, transports, making in all 43 sail. Of these there are missing, this day, at three o'clock, the *Nestor* and *Séduisant*, of 74 ; the *Fraternité*, *Cocarde*, and *Romaine*, frigates, the *Mutine* and *Voltigeur*, corvettes, and three other transports. ‡

*December 20th.* Last night, in moderate weather,

\* Later he finds that the *Fraternité*, Hoche aboard, is not this ship. They never met Hoche at sea again.

† A flûte is a ship, carrying only part of her armament, used as a transport.

‡ Probably the ships were named *Éolie*, *Redoutable*, *Pégaze*, *Sirène*, *Fidèle*, *Rénard*, *Nicomédie*, *Expériment*, *Allègre*—and what about *Suffren* ? Later Tone mentions the *Vantour*, a lugger of seventeen guns.

we contrived to separate again, and this morning, at eight o'clock, we are but fifteen sail in company, with a foul wind and hazy. I am in horrible ill-humour, and it is no wonder.

*December 21st.* Last night, just at sunset, signal for seven sail in the offing; all in high spirits, in hopes that it is our comrades; stark calm all the fore part of the night; at length a breeze sprung up, and this morning, at daybreak, we are under Cape Clear, distant about four leagues, so I have at all events once more seen my country; but the pleasure I should otherwise feel at this is totally destroyed by the absence of the General, who has not joined us, and of whom we know nothing. The sails we saw last night have disappeared, and we are all in uncertainty. It is most delicious weather, with a favourable wind, and everything, in short, that we can desire, except our absent comrades. We are thirty-five sail in company, and seven or eight absent. Is that such a separation of our force as, under all the circumstances, will warrant our following the letter of our orders, to the certain failure of the expedition? If Grouchy\* and Bouvet be men of spirit and decision, they will land immediately, and trust to their success for

\* Emmanuel, Marquis de Grouchy (1766-1847), second-in-command in this expedition, aboard the *Immortalité*, had first seen service with Hoche in La Vendée. Fought in Italy, Russia, Germany, and tried to hold the army together even after Napoleon's second abdication, after which he retired to America. He lived in France from 1819 to his death.

justification. If they be not, and if this day passes without our seeing the General, I much fear the game is up. I am in undescrivable anxiety, and Chérin, who commands aboard, is a poor creature, to whom it is vain to speak ; not but I believe he is brave enough, but he has a little mind. There cannot be imagined a situation more provokingly tantalising than mine at this moment, within view, almost within reach of my native land, and uncertain whether I shall ever set my foot on it. We are now, nine o'clock, at the rendezvous appointed ; stood in for the coast till twelve, when we were near enough to toss a biscuit ashore ; at twelve tacked and stood out again, so now we have begun our cruise of five days in all its forms, and shall, in obedience to the letter of our instructions, ruin the expedition, and destroy the remnant of the French navy, with a precision and punctuality which will be truly edifying. We opened Bantry Bay, and, in all my life, rage never entered so deeply into my heart as when we turned our backs on the coast. At half after one, the *Atalante*, one of our missing corvettes, hove in sight, so now again we are in hopes to see the General. Oh, if he were in Grouchy's place, he would not hesitate one moment. Continue making short boards ; the wind foul.

*December 22nd.* This morning, at eight, we have neared Bantry Bay considerably, but the fleet is terribly scattered ; no news of the *Fraternité* ; I believe it is the first instance of an admiral in a clean

frigate, with moderate weather, and moonlight night, parting company with his fleet. Captain Grammont, our first lieutenant, told me his opinion is that she is either taken or lost, and, in either event, it is a terrible blow to us. All rests now upon Grouchy, and I hope he may turn out well; he has a glorious game in his hands, if he has spirits and talents to play it. If he succeeds, it will immortalize him. We are gaining the Bay by slow degrees, with a head wind at east, where it has hung these five weeks. To-night we hope, if nothing extraordinary happens, to cast anchor in the mouth of the Bay, and work up to-morrow morning; these delays are dreadful to my impatience. I am now so near the shore that I can see, distinctly, two old castles, yet I am utterly uncertain whether I shall ever set foot on it. According to appearances, Bouvet and Grouchy are resolved to proceed; that is a great point gained, however. Two o'clock; we have been tacking ever since eight this morning, and I am sure we have not gained one hundred yards: the wind is right ahead, and the fleet dispersed, several being far to leeward. At half-past six, cast anchor off Bere Island, being still four leagues from our landing-place; at work with General Chérin, writing and translating proclamations, etc., all our printed papers, including my two pamphlets, being on board the *Fraternité*, which is pleasant.

*December 23rd.* Last night it blew a heavy gale

from the eastward with snow, so that the mountains are covered this morning, which will render our bivouacs extremely amusing. It is to be observed, that of the thirty-two points of the compass, the E. is precisely the most unfavourable to us. In consequence we are this morning separated for the fourth time ; sixteen sail, including nine or ten of the line, with Bouvet and Grouchy, are at anchor with us, and about twenty are blown to sea ; luckily the gale set from the shore, so I am in hopes no mischief will ensue. The wind is still high, and, as usual, right ahead ; and I dread a visit from the English, and altogether I am in great uneasiness. Oh ! that we were once ashore, let what might ensue after ; I am sick to the very soul of this suspense. The day has passed without the appearance of one vessel, friend or enemy, the wind rather more moderate, but still ahead. To-night, on examining the returns with Waudré, Chef d'État-Major of the Artillery, I find our means so reduced by the absence of the missing, that I think it hardly possible to make an attempt here, with any prospect of success ; in consequence, I took Chérin into the Captain's room, and told him frankly my opinion of our actual state, and that I thought it our duty, since we must look upon the main object as now unattainable, unless the whole of our friends returned to-morrow, and the English gave us our own time, which was hardly to be expected, to see what could be best done for the honour and interest

of the Republic, with the force which remained in our hands, and I proposed to him to give me the Legion des Francs, a company of the *artillerie légère*, and as many officers as desired to come volunteers in the expedition, with what arms and stores remained, which are now reduced, by our separation, to four field pieces, 20,000 firelocks at most, 1,000 lb. of powder, and 3,000,000 cartridges, and to land us in Sligo Bay, and let us make the best of our way ; if we succeeded, the Republic would gain infinitely in reputation and interest, and, if we failed, the loss would be trifling, as the expense was already incurred, and as for the legion, he knew what kind of desperadoes it was composed of, and for what purpose ; consequently, in the worst event, the Republic would be well rid of them ; finally, I added that though I asked the command, it was on the supposition that none of the Generals would risk their reputation on such a desperate enterprise, and that if another was found, I would be content to go as a simple Volunteer. This was the outline of my proposal, which I pressed on him with such arguments as occurred to me, concluding by observing that, as a foreigner in the French service, my situation was a delicate one, and if I were simply an officer, I would obey in silence the orders of my superiors, but, from my connections in Ireland, having obtained the confidence of the Directory, so far as to induce them to appoint me to the rank of Chef de Brigade, and of General

Hoche who had nominated me Adjutant-General, I thought it my duty, both to France and Ireland, to speak on this occasion, and that I only offered my plan as a *pis aller*, in case nothing better suggested itself. Chérin answered that I did very right to give my opinion, and that as he expected a council of war would be called to-morrow, he would bring me with him, and I should have an opportunity to press it. The discourse rested there, and to-morrow we shall see more, if we are not agreeably surprised, early in the morning, by a visit from the English, which is highly probable.

*December 24th.* This morning the whole État-Major has been miraculously converted, and it was agreed, in full council, that General Chérin, Colonel Waudré, Chef d'État Major of the Artillery, and myself, should go aboard the *Immortalité*, and press General Grouchy in the strongest manner, to proceed on the expedition, with the ruins of our scattered army. Accordingly, we made a signal to speak with the Admiral, and in about an hour we were aboard. I must do Grouchy the justice to say, that the moment we gave our opinion in favour of proceeding, he took his part decidedly, and like a man of spirit; he instantly set about preparing the *ordre de bataille*, and we finished it without delay. We are not more than 6,500 strong, but they are tried soldiers, who have seen fire, and I have the strongest hopes that, after all, we shall bring our enterprise to a glorious termination. It

is a bold attempt, and truly original. All the time we were preparing the *ordre de bataille*, we were laughing most immoderately at the poverty of our means, and I believe, under the circumstances, it was the merriest council of war that was ever held; but "*Des Chevaliers français tel est le caractère.*" Grouchy, the commander-in-chief, never had so few men under his orders since he was Adjutant-General; Waudré, who is Lieutenant-Colonel, finds himself now at the head of the artillery, which is a furious park,\* consisting of one piece of eight, one of four, and two six-inch howitzers; when he was a Captain he never commanded fewer than ten pieces, but now that he is in fact General of the artillery, he prefers taking the field with four. He is a gallant fellow, and offered, on my proposal last night, to remain with me and command his company, in case General Grouchy had agreed to the proposal I made to Chérin. It is altogether an enterprise truly *unique*; we have not one guinea; we have not a tent; we have not a horse to draw our four pieces of artillery; the General-in-chief marches on foot; we leave all our baggage behind us; we have nothing but the arms in our hands, the clothes on our backs, and a good courage, but that is sufficient. With all these original circumstances, such as I believe never were found united in an expedition of such magnitude as that we are

\* A *park* is the space in a camp occupied by the artillery, and so, by transference, the artillery of an army.



about to attempt, we are all as gay as larks. I never saw the French character better exemplified than in this morning's business. Well, at last I believe we are about to disembark ; God knows how I long for it. But this infernal easterly wind continues without remorse, and though we have been under way three or four hours, and made I believe three hundred tacks, we do not seem to my eyes to have gained one hundred yards in a straight line. One hour and a half of good wind would carry us up, and perhaps we may be yet two days. Damn it ! damn it ! At six, cast anchor, having gained I think not less than fifty yards, to speak within bounds. The rapidity of our progress is the more amazing, when it is considered that we have been not much more than eight hours in covering that space of ground, and besides, we have a cool refreshing breeze from the east, which is truly delightful. The more I think of it, the more I find it amusing ; as Johnson says : "*the negative catalogue of our means is extremely copious.*" In addition to what I have mentioned already, we have no horses for our cavalry. Huzza ! I apprehend we are to-night 6,000 of the most careless fellows in Europe, for everybody is in the most extravagant spirits on the eve of an enterprise, which, considering our means, would make many people serious. I never liked the French half so well as to-night, and I can scarcely persuade myself that the loungers of the Boulevards, and the soldiers I see about me, are

of the same hemisphere. To judge the French rightly, or at least to see the bright part of their character, you must see them not in Paris, but in the camp.

*December 25th.* These memorandums are a strange mixture. Sometimes I am in preposterously high spirits, and at other times I am as dejected, according to the posture of our affairs. Last night I had the strongest expectations that to-day we should debark, but at two this morning I was awakened by the wind. I rose immediately, and, wrapping myself in my greatcoat, walked for an hour in the gallery, devoured by the most gloomy reflections. The wind continues right ahead, so that it is absolutely impossible to work up to the landing-place, and God knows when it will change. The same wind is exactly favourable to bring the English upon us, and these cruel delays give the enemy time to assemble his entire force in this neighbourhood, and perhaps (it is, unfortunately, more than perhaps) by his superiority in numbers, in cavalry, in artillery, in money, in provisions—in short, in everything we want—to crush us, supposing we are even able to effectuate a landing at last, at the same time that the fleet will be caught as in a trap. Had we been able to land the first day and march directly to Cork, we should have infallibly carried it by a *coup de main*, and then we should have a footing in the country; but as it is—if we are taken, my fate will not be a mild one;

the best I can expect is to be shot as an *émigré rentré* unless I have the good fortune to be killed in the action ; for most assuredly if the enemy will have us he must fight for us. Perhaps I may be reserved for a trial, for the sake of striking terror into others, in which case I shall be hanged as a traitor, and embowelled, etc. As to the embowelling, “ *je m’en fiche* ” ; if ever they hang me, they are welcome to embowel me if they please. These are pleasant prospects ! Nothing on earth could sustain me now but the consciousness that I am engaged in a just and righteous cause. For my family I have, by a desperate effort, surmounted my natural feelings so far, that I do not think of them at this moment. This day, at twelve, the wind blows a gale, still from the east, and our situation is now as critical as possible ; for it is morally certain that this day or to-morrow on the morning the English fleet will be in the harbour’s mouth, and then adieu to everything. Well, it does not signify complaining. Our first capital error was in setting sail too late from the Bay of Camaret, by which means we were obliged to pass the Raz in the night, which caused the loss of the *Séduisant*, the separation of the fleet, the capture of the General, and, above all, the loss of time resulting from all this, and which is never to be recovered. Our second error was in losing an entire day in cruising off the bay when we might have entered and effected a landing with thirty-five sail, which would have secured every

thing ; and now our third error is having our commander-in-chief separated from the *État-Major*, which renders all communication utterly impossible. I see nothing before me, unless a miracle be wrought in our favour, but the ruin of the expedition, the slavery of my country, and my own destruction. Well, if I am to fall, at least I will sell my life as dear as individual resistance can make it. So now I have made up my mind. I have a merry Christmas of it to-day.

*December 26th.* Last night, at half after six o'clock, in a heavy gale of wind still from the east, we were surprised by the Admiral's frigate running under our quarter, and hailing the *Indomptable* with orders to cut our cable and put to sea instantly ; the frigate then pursued her course, leaving us all in the utmost astonishment. Captain Bedout resolved to wait at all events till to-morrow morning, in order to ascertain whether it was really the Admiral who hailed us. The morning is now come, the gale continues, and the fog is so thick that we cannot see a ship's length ahead ; so here we lie in the utmost uncertainty and anxiety. In all probability we are now left without Admiral or General ; if so, Chérin will command the troops, and Bedout the fleet, but at all events there is an end of the expedition. Certainly we have been persecuted by a strange fatality from the very night of our departure to this hour. We have lost two commanders-in-chief ; of four admirals not one

remains ; we have lost one ship of the line, that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing ; we have been now six days in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing ; we have been dispersed four times in four days, and at this moment, of forty-three sail, of which the expedition consisted, we can muster of all sizes but fourteen. There only wants our falling in with the English to complete our destruction ; and, to judge of the future by the past, there is every probability that that will not be wanting. All our hopes are now reduced to get back in safety to Brest, and I believe we will set sail for that port the instant the weather will permit.

*December 27th.* Yesterday several vessels, including the *Indomptable*, dragged their anchors several times, and it was with difficulty they rode out the gale. At two o'clock the *Révolution*, a seventy-four, made signal that she could hold no longer, and, in consequence of the Commodore's permission, who now commands our little squadron, cut her only cable and put to sea. In the night the *Patriote* and *Pluton*, of seventy-four each, were forced to put to sea, with the *Nicomède* flûte, so that this morning we are reduced to seven sail of the line and one frigate. Any attempt here is now desperate, but I still think if we were debarked at the mouth of the Shannon we might yet recover all.

*December 28th.* Last night it blew a perfect

hurricane. At one this morning a dreadful sea took the ship in the quarter, stove in the quarter-galley, and one of the deadlights in the great cabin, which was instantly filled with water to the depth of three feet. The cots of the officers were almost all torn down, and themselves and their trunks floated about the cabin. For my part, I had just fallen asleep when wakened by the shock, of which I at first did not comprehend the meaning; but hearing the water distinctly rolling in the cabin beneath me, and two or three of the officers mounting in their shirts, as wet as if they had risen from the bottom of the sea, I concluded instantly that the ship had struck and was filling with water, and that she would sink directly. As the movements of the mind are as quick as lightning in such perilous moments, it is impossible to describe the infinity of ideas which shot across my mind in an instant. As I knew all notion of saving my life was in vain in such a stormy sea, I took my part instantly and lay down in my hammock, expecting every instant to go to the bottom; but I was soon relieved by the appearance of one of the officers, Baudin, who explained to us the accident. I can safely say that I had perfect command of myself during the few terrible minutes which I passed in this situation, and I was not, I believe, more afraid than any of those about me. I resigned myself to my fate, which I verily thought was inevitable, and I could have died like a man.

*December 29th.* At four this morning the Commodore made the signal to steer for France ; so there is an end of our expedition for the present ; perhaps for ever.

*January 1, 1797.* At eight this morning made the island of Ushant, and at twelve opened the *goulet*. We arrive seven sail : the *Indomptable*, of 80 ; the *Watigny*, *Cassard*, and *Eole*, 74 ; the *Coquille*, 36 ; the *Atalante*, 20, and the *Vantour* lugger of 14. We left Brest forty-three sail, of which seventeen were of the line. I am utterly astonished that we did not see a single English ship of war, going nor coming back.\*

\* Lecky quotes, and it may be well to requote the letter of Beresford to Auckland, in the *Auckland Correspondence* (vol. iii, 376) : " We had, two days after the French were at anchor in Bantry Bay, from Cork to Bantry, less than 3,000 men, two pieces of artillery and no magazine of any kind, no firing, no hospital, no provisions, etc. No landing was made. Providence prevented it. If there had, where was a stand to be made ? It is clear that Cork was gone ; who would answer afterwards for the loyalty of the country, then in the possession of the French ? Would the northern parts of the country have remained quiet ? Not an hour. . . ."

## XV

### A QUIET INTERVAL.

*January 1st to 31st.* It is exactly one month to-day since I wrote a line by way of memorandum. It will be well supposed I had no great inclination, nor, in fact, have I had much to say. On our arrival at Brest, after a day or two, there was a little intrigue set on foot against General Grouchy, with a view to lessen the merit of his services, in consequence of which he determined to send me to Paris with his dispatches for the Directory and Minister of War. Simon was joined with me in commission, and Fairin was also dispatched by Chérin, who is at the head of this cabal. Grouchy desired me to state fairly what I thought of his conduct during our stay at Bantry Bay, to the Government ; and I was not a little pleased with this proof of his good opinion. We set off on the 5th of January, at night, and arrived without accident at Paris on the 12th. We went immediately to the Minister of War and delivered our letters ; we saw him but for an instant ; thence we went to the Directory, where we were introduced, and had an audience for above half an hour, at which all the Directors



assisted. They were of opinion on that day, from the latest accounts, that Hoche had effectuated a landing with that part of the army which had been separated off Bantry Bay, and in consequence we expected orders immediately to return to Brest. The next day Doulcet introduced me to Lacuée, of the Conseil des Anciens, and the chosen friend of Carnot. I took that occasion to do justice to the zeal and spirit of General Grouchy, and I hope I succeeded. At four I went to dinner with the Minister of War, and at eight, by appointment, to the Luxembourg, where I had an interview with Carnot and Lacuée, for about a quarter of an hour, on the subject of Mac Sheehy's mission to Ireland, the general result of which I endeavoured to impress upon Carnot. I also stated in the strongest manner what I felt in favour of Grouchy ; so that, so far, I have done my duty by him. The General, at length, on the 15th, arrived, with the *Révolution*, 74, at La Rochelle.

On my arrival at Paris I found a letter from my wife at Madgett's, dated at Hamburg, and informing me of her safe arrival there, about the 20th of December, with my sister and the children, my brother having decided to settle in America. The transports of joy I felt at the news of her arrival were most dreadfully corrected by the account she gave me of her health, which threw me into the most terrible alarms. I wrote to her instantly to remain at Hamburg

until further orders, and by no means to think of exposing herself, in her present weak state, and our dear little babies to a journey from Hamburg in this dreadful season, a great part of the road being through a wild country where there is no better accommodation for travelling than open waggons. In my wife's letter there is an account of an affair relative to my sister. A person who came over in the same ship, a young Swiss merchant, just beginning the world with little or no property, thought proper to fall in love with her ; in consequence I received by the same conveyance which brought my wife's letter, one from him informing me of his situation and circumstances, of his love for my sister and hers for him, and praying my consent. There was an air of candour and honesty in his letter which gave me a good opinion of him, nor did I consider myself at liberty to stand in the way of her happiness, which my wife mentioned to me was deeply interested. I wrote, therefore, giving my full consent to the marriage, and trust in God they may be as happy as I wish them. On the 30th I wrote to General Hoche on the subject of my present situation, praying him to apply to the Government to permit me to retire from the service, preserving my pay and appointments, and at the same time offering, at any future period when I might be useful, to resume my situation. The same evening I had a note from the General desiring to see me early the next morning, and

accordingly this day, 31st of January, I went to the hotel of the Minister of War, where he is lodged, at eight o'clock. On my calling on his aide-de-camp, Poitou, who makes his correspondence, Poitou showed me my letter, with a note in the margin, written by the General : "*Faire une copie pour être adressée au Directoire, avec la demande de sa conservation, motivée sur l'utilité dont il peut être ; lui faire une réponse flatteuse, et lui témoigner ma satisfaction de sa conduite.*" Nothing, certainly, can be more agreeable to me. From Poitou I went to the General's apartment, who received me like a friend ; which I remarked the more because his manner to his officers in general is cold and dry. "The affair," replied he, "is but suspended. You know our difficulties for money ; the repair of our fleet and the necessary preparations require some considerable time, and in the meantime there are 15,000 men lying idle below, and, in fact, we cannot even feed them there. The Directory has resolved, in the meantime, to employ them usefully elsewhere, and has accepted my services ; but be assured, the moment the enterprise is resumed, that I will return with the first *patrouille* which embarks." This conversation with Hoche has given me spirits to recommence these memorandums ; for, in fact, my mind has been in a state of stupor ever since I landed at Brest from our unfortunate expedition. Buonaparte has beaten the Austrians for the five-and-fortieth time

this campaign ; killed 7,000 and taken 20,000. I mention this, because it may bring about a peace with the Emperor, in which case we shall have nothing to do but lay alongside of England ; and perhaps we are not done with her yet. As soon as my affair here is settled, I will set off for Hamburg, and bring my dear, dear love and our little ones, and I think I will plant myself at Nanterre, beside my friend Mr. Shee, in order to keep the communication open with General Clarke when he returns ; and maybe I may be able to do a little mischief yet. I feel this moment like a man who is just awakened from a long terrible dream.

*February 1st to 8th.* Yesterday morning I heard of the arrival of my friend Mr. Shee from Rochelle. I ran off immediately and found him at General Clarke's apartments. He was delighted to see me. It seems they had a dreadful voyage of it in the *Fraternité*. They sailed at one time four-and-twenty hours, unnoticed, in the very middle of the English fleet. We soon came to our business, in which he seems as hearty as ever ; he tells me he hopes the Government will renew it by and by on a grand scale ; and that we shall have the co-operation, so long wished for, of the Spanish marine. If that be so, all may yet be recovered. As to myself, I can at least exist on my appointments, and if I had my family here I could be as happy as the richest man in Europe ; but the state of my dearest love's health keeps me in the most mortal inquietude.

Two nights successively I have started out of my sleep in a cold sweat, with horrible dreams concerning her. I have read her two letters a thousand times, and there is not a phrase regarding her health that I have not turned a thousand different ways to torment myself; in short, I am truly miserable on her account.

*February 9th to 18th.* This day I removed to the Hôtel des États Unis, Rue de Tournon, near the Luxembourg, as I have been very inconveniently off at Mademoiselle Boivert's, my ancient landlady. The 10th instant I had the unspeakable satisfaction to receive a letter from my dearest love, acquainting me that her health was much better; she had received my two letters, and tells me my sister's marriage was fixed for the second day after: so I am in hopes she is settled, and trust in God she will be happy.

*March 1st, 2nd, 3rd.* I lead the life of a dog here in Paris, where I am as much alone as in the deserts of Arabia. This night, in downright wretchedness, I am come to a tavern, where I write this memorandum in a little box by myself. It is miserable. I wonder, shall I ever be so happy as to see my dearest love and our little ones once more? My mind is overgrown with docks and thistles for want of cultivation, and I cannot help it, for I have not a soul to speak to whom I care a farthing about. There are about half a dozen Irishmen here in Paris that I have seen, but they are sad vulgar

wretches, and I have been used to rather better company in all respects. Well, let me change the subject. I have been lately introduced to the famous Thomas Paine,\* and like him very well. He is vain beyond all belief, but he has reason to be vain, and for my part I forgive him. He has done wonders for the cause of liberty, both in America and Europe, and I believe him to be conscientiously an honest man. He converses extremely well; and I find him wittier in discourse than in his writings, where his humour is clumsy enough. He read me some passages from a reply to the Bishop of Llandaff which he is preparing for the press, in which he belabours the prelate without mercy. He seems to plume himself more on his theology than his politics, in which I do not agree with him. I mentioned to him that I had known Burke in England, and spoke of the shattered state of his mind, in consequence of the death of his only son Richard. Paine immediately said that it was the "Rights of Man" which had broke his heart, and that the death of his son gave him occasion to develop the chagrin which had preyed upon him ever

\* Thomas Paine (1737-1809), labelled usually as a "political anti-Christian," is better defined as a Deist. In America, in 1766, he wrote *Common Sense* in favour of American Independence; and in England the *Rights of Man*, in reply to Burke's *Reflections*. This book sold by the million, but Paine had to retire to France to avoid prosecution. There imprisoned, 1794, and later released, he wrote (and was writing when Tone met him) the *Age of Reason*. What struck Tone also struck most people who met Paine—his vanity and intemperance.

since the appearance of that work. I am sure the "Rights of Man" has tormented Burke exceedingly, but I have seen myself the workings of a father's grief on his spirit, and I could not be deceived. *Paine has no children!*—Oh! my little babies, if I was to lose my Will, or my little Fantom! Poor little souls, I dote upon them, and on their darling mother, whom I love ten thousand times more than my own existence. They are never out of my thoughts. But to return to Paine: He drinks like a fish, a misfortune which I have known to befall other celebrated patriots. I am told that the true time to see him to advantage is about ten at night, with a bottle of brandy and water before him, which I can very well conceive.

*March 13th to 20th.* Dined to-day with Chérin, who sets off to-night for the army of Sambre et Meuse. I hope to follow him in a week at farthest, as I am promised my *frais de route* by that time. Came home after dinner, and sat some time alone, and devoured with the spleen. Opened my desk, and read over all my dearest love's letters. They are my constant refuge, but latterly I am most terribly alarmed for her health. If I were so miserable as to lose her I do not think I could ever survive it, and then what would become of our dearest little babies? Darling little things, I dote on them. My poor Maria; there are two post-scripts of her writing; it is impossible to express how much I love them all; shall I ever have the

happiness to see them again? Well, I must not think of that now. Sent out for a lemon and sugar, and determined to play the part of *Lord B.* “*I must have my punch.*” Oh that my dearest love were at the other side of the little table where I am writing this: “*Quamquam oh!*” There is one thing which I have had occasion to remark to-night, and a thousand times before, since my arrival in France, viz., “*That it is not good for man to be alone.*”

*March 21st to 24th.* Received this day a letter from my sister, which has thrown me into the greatest distress. I much fear that I shall lose my best beloved wife; I cannot write.

*March 26th, 27th, 28th.* Blank.

*April 7th.* *Cologne.*

*April 9th.* Called on Mr. Shee early, and mentioned to him my present situation. After turning it in all possible lights, we agreed that I should write a letter to the General, suggesting the necessity of opening a communication with Ireland, and offering, in case he had not otherwise disposed of me, to go in person to Hamburg for that purpose. Wrote the letter accordingly, which Mr. Shee translated and I signed.

*April 12th.* Saw the General to-day, for an instant, before dinner. He told me he had read my letter, approved of the plan, and had, in consequence, desired Poitou to make out a permission for me to go to Hamburg. I did not like the word “*permission,*” and therefore took an opportunity to



speak to him again after dinner, when I told him that I did not desire to go to Hamburg unless he himself thought it advisable, and requested that in that case he would give me an order, specifically, for that purpose, as otherwise it might appear that I had applied for a *congé* at the very opening of the campaign, which was not the case. He entered into my view of the business directly, and promised me to have the order made accordingly ; so I am in hopes that affair will be settled to my mind.

*April 13th.* To-day the General set off for Coblentz. I walked all the forenoon about Cologne, and entered divers churches ; saw a procession of priests carrying the host. To a devout Catholic it must appear very striking, but to me, who am not a Catholic, it was no great things ; however, I am glad I have seen it, for one must see everything.\*

*April 14th, 15th, 16th.* Yesterday I entered a church alone, for I visit all the churches ; there happened to be no one in the place but myself, and as I was gazing about, I perceived the corner of a green silk curtain behind a thick iron lattice lifted up, and some one behind it. I drew near, in order to discover who it might be, and it proved to be a nun, young I am sure, and I believe handsome, for I saw only her mouth and chin, but a more beautiful mouth I never saw. We continued

\* See footnote to entries of March 1, 1798, on Tone's attitude to religion.

gazing on one another in this manner for five minutes, when a villainous overgrown friar, entering to say his mass, put her to the rout. Poor soul, I pitied her from the very bottom of my heart, and laying aside all grosser considerations, should have rejoiced to have battered down the gates of the convent, and rescued her from her prison. These convents are most infernal institutions, but, at the peace, I trust the Republic will settle that business here, where, by the by, the people are dreadfully superstitious.

*April 20th.* Set out from Cologne, at five in the morning, “*by most of the clocks,*” on my way to join my dearest love.

*April 21st.* Passed Guelders, the capital of the Duchy of that name, in a broken slumber. I can assure all those whom it may concern, that a German post-wagon is not the most eligible contrivance for sleeping in. I am at this moment *ereinté*,\* as the French say. Breakfasted at Cleves, and made my toilet to refresh me. Shaved by a surgeon for threepence, for in Germany the ancient fraternity between the barbers and surgeons still subsists. Thought of Partridge’s lamentation on their separation. Set off again in my wagon at one. At four entered the territory of the Batavian Republic. †

\* “Done up ; back-broken.”

† The Netherlands were so called from 1795 to 1806—from their conquest by the French to the crowning of Louis Buonaparte as King of Holland.

At six reached Nimeguen, which is my first halt. Secured my place in the Utrecht diligence for tomorrow morning. Walked about the town for an hour. I am enchanted with it. I never saw anything so neat and well kept, and a young German, who is my fellow-traveller, assures me that, as we proceed, I shall find the cleanliness and exactitude increase. Passed by two or three *corps de garde* ; the Dutch troops very handsome, fine fellows, and extremely well kept.

*April 22nd.* Set out from Nimeguen in the Utrecht diligence, between seven and eight. The features of a Dutch landscape are an immense tract of meadows, till the view is lost in the distance, intersected either by deep and wide ditches, or by fences of wicker, made as neat as basket work ; large plantations of willows ; small brick farm-houses, covered with red tiles, and in excellent order ; here and there a *château* of a Seigneur, surrounded by a garden in the true Dutch taste. I am not sure that, for a small garden, that taste is a bad one ; its neatness, exactitude, and regularity agree admirably with what one expects to find there. It is true it has not the picturesque beauty of an English garden, but it has, notwithstanding, its own merits, and, in short, I like it well enough *in miniature*. In a Dutch garden all is straight lines, and right angles ; in an English all is sinuosity. The Dutch garden is that of a mathematician, the English that of a poet. No question

the English taste is far superior, but all I contend for is, that the Dutch is not without its beauties, and by no means merits the indiscriminating ridicule which is attempted to be thrown upon it. At eight, set off in the trakschuyt, a villainous barge, which is to the grand canal packet boat what a German post-wagon is to a neat, well-hung English chariot. The grand cabin, which is very small, being hired, I was stowed away amongst the common lumber. We were about thirty passengers, one half Jews, every man with his pipe in mouth. I was suffocated! I thought my entry into the boat would have been solemnized by a battle. Having nothing but French money, when I came to pay for my passage the skipper refused my coin, which threw me into unspeakable confusion. A young Jew, seeing my difficulty, offered to change me a piece of five livres into Dutch money. I thanked him, and accepted his offer. (It is to be observed that at par the Dutch sol is exactly double the French, consequently 100 French sous should procure 50 Dutch.) But my Jew knew the course of exchange too well for that traffic, and, taking my piece of 100 sous, gravely handed me 38 *sous d'Hollande*, by which I should have lost exactly 24 sous. I was at first rather surprised at his impudence, but, recollecting myself immediately, I looked him mildly in the face, and, with great gravity, required him instantly to refund. Jew as he was, this threw him

out of his play, and he immediately offered me four *sous d'Hollande* more. I told him that I perceived he was a Hebrew, and that if he would give me one hundred, he should not have the piece ; on which he submitted. All this is matter of inducement. (How the deuce came I to remember so much law :) Immediately after, a man would enter the boat perforce, and sat himself down in the lap of another, who repelled him with great violence, and threw him upon me, just as I was endeavouring to compose myself to sleep, of which I had great need. I rose immediately, and, seizing him by the collar, was proceeding to inflict an unheard-of chastisement upon him, to which my adventure of the Biscayneer at Trenton would have been nothing, when my Jew, who had not digested his affront and his loss, thought proper to interfere, on which I instantly quit my antagonist and attacked the Hebrew with great violence. All the world knows that a Dutch trakschuyt is a most inconvenient scene for a battle : for, to go no farther, it is, in the first place, impossible to stand upright therein, and we were, besides, stowed away in bulk, like so many herrings. I could, therefore, do little more than swear and call names, which I did in broken French, to the great astonishment of the Dutchman and terror of the Israelite, whom I threatened with I know not what degree of punishment, which should make him an example for ever to all the posterity of Abraham. He demanded

pardon with great marks of contrition, which I at length accorded him, and the intruder, who was the first cause of the dispute, being turned out by common consent, the tranquillity of the packet boat was restored. My sleep was, however, fled, and the smoking continued with great perseverance, so that I was devoured with *ennui*. Opposite me was placed a fat Dutchman, with his mistress, I believe; so, to divert myself, and support the honour of the Republic, I determined to act the Celadon with Mademoiselle, who did not know one word of French. That did not, however, prevent me from making great way in her good graces, and Hans, who perceived he was losing ground fast, very wisely determined to renounce the contest, to which he found himself unequal, pulled his cap down over his eyes and composed himself to sleep. I laid my head down, without ceremony, in the lap of Mademoiselle, and in five minutes was as fast as a church. The lady followed the example of her two lovers, and, in this manner, at five in the morning we reached Amsterdam. I certainly had no right in the world to tease poor Hans; but "*Des Chevaliers Français tel est le caractère;*" besides that he seemed "*not to be made of penetrable stuff.*" I will not venture to say as much of Mademoiselle, who, by-the-bye, was very pretty.

*April 23rd.* At six reached the *Auberge l'Etoile* in the Neuss or Neiss, for I am not sure of the orthog-

raphy, and got immediately into bed, of which I had great occasion ; for I have not had a good night's sleep since I left Cologne. Walked round by the quays, which are kept, as everything else in Holland, with astonishing neatness. Looked into the cellars where the sailors eat. The cleanliness of everything in them might tempt the appetite of a prince. I thought of George's Quay, and "*Ship's kettles cooked here,*" with some little humiliation. In point of cleanliness, to speak the truth, we are most terribly behind the Dutch. Coffee-house and the papers. It is fated that my national pride is to be humbled to-day. In the *Leyden Gazette* I had the mortification to read the following observation, relative to the peaceful disarming of the province of Ulster : "*Quelques menaçantes que soyent souvent les dispositions des Irlandais, rarement on les a vu produire de bien terribles effets.*" The devil of it is, that the observation is too well founded. Fitzgibbon was right when he said that "We were a people easily roused and easily appeased."

*April 24th.* I am more and more pleased with Amsterdam ; it is the first city of the world to walk in, and, in that respect, I prefer it infinitely either to London or Paris. I know nothing in the world of architecture, but I have scarcely ever been so pleased with anything as with the Stadthuys of Amsterdam. There is a set of bells in the dome which ornaments the front of the building, that execute airs and short pieces of music with an

inconceivable precision. In general, I detest the sound of a bell, so that when I was at the Temple in London, surrounded by five or six churches, I often wished myself in Turkey or some peaceable Mahometan country, where bells are forbidden. But the chimes of the Stadthuys are quite another affair. I stood to-day twice, for nearly half an hour, and listened to them with the greatest pleasure. The hackney coaches are here fixed on sledges, and drawn by one horse; they are convenient and ugly, but the horses are superb.

*April 25th.* At the Coffee House: found English papers down to the 14th instant; nothing material, but it was a great enjoyment to me. Several United Irishmen acquitted, whose names, however, are not mentioned. The outcry for peace is universal, and petitions pouring in from all parts to that effect. There is one from the City of Dublin, moved by Grattan, and seconded by Ponsonby, at an aggregate meeting of the citizens, and carried without a dissenting voice. I see those illustrious patriots are at last forced to bolt out of the House of Commons, and come amongst the people, as John Keogh advised Grattan to do long since.\*

\* After Bantry Bay things in Ireland had become hotter and hotter. Coercion was the order of the day, and Reform was held off. "The Government," said Grattan afterwards, "was so abominable, their measures were so violent, that no man would sanction them. . . . They did not treat the people like rebel Christians, but rebel dogs." Having tried to "combat the wild



*April 27th.* Visited this morning the *Convention Batave*; it is held in the palace of the *ci-devant* Stadtholder, in the room which was formerly the ball-room, the orchestras whereof are converted into *tribunes*, as they are called here and in France, and galleries with us. The tribunes are open, and no introduction by a member is necessary. The room is handsome, but has nothing particularly striking; it is an oblong of, I judge, about 120 feet by 50, illuminated by six large, and as many smaller windows, over the others, of plate glass. The members, who are 126 in number, are placed round the three sides of the room; there are five rows of benches, raised one above the other, covered with green cloth; every member has before him paper, pens, and ink; the places are all numbered, and every fifteen days, at the election of the President, whose office lasts no longer, the members draw for their seats, by which means they avoid the denomination of right and left sides, Government and Opposition sides, etc. They receive ten florins a day, which is nearly the same pay as in France, being about 16s. 8d. sterling, English. I observed very few members who were not at least thirty-five years of age, and most of them seemed to me to be forty and upwards; they wear no

spirit of democratic liberty by the regulated spirit of organized liberty," he retired in despair with Ponsonby, Curran, and others, following the example of Fox and his supporters in England. (See Lecky, vol. iv., pages 64 and following.)

distinctive mark of any kind. Altogether, I was extremely pleased with the decorum and appearance, both of the assembly and auditors. The question for discussion was, whether the Dutch people should or should not be obliged, by the constitution, to pay the clergy. I know not what may be, but I know very well what ought to be, their decision. In France, where there is no religion, there is no salary fixed by law for the priests. In America, where there is a great deal of religion, there is no salary settled by law for the clergy. The Catholic priests and the Dissenting ministers of Ireland are paid by the voluntary subscriptions of their hearers, and after all these examples I have no doubt as to the inconvenience of a Church Establishment. By-the-bye, there are several of the clergy members of the Convention Batave ; I saw to-day one Catholic priest and three Protestant ministers sitting in their places, and the priest spoke in the debate ; I know not what he said, but he made the assembly laugh heartily. There are likewise some of the *noblesse* in the Convention, and I find they do not vote as a caste ; some of them are patriots, and others aristocrats. All this information was given me by an honest Dutch patriot, who, seeing me in a French uniform, was so good as to do me the honours of the assembly, and point out to me the most distinguished members, particularly Van Kastacle, who is the leader of the democratic interest. It seems the principle which divides the

assembly is unity or federalism. The democrats are for the first, the aristocrats for the latter, and they have succeeded in carrying their point in the plan of the intended constitution ; but my Dutch friend tells me he hopes that for that very reason the constitution will be rejected by the people, in their primary assemblies. He likewise informed me that, under the intended constitution, the clergy are to be excluded from seats in the Legislature ; and that he wished to God they would exclude the lawyers also, who were intriguers and caballers, and from being more in the habit of public speaking, and confounding right and wrong, were often able to confute and silence honester and abler men than themselves. I could not help laughing internally at this sketch of my *ci-devant* brethren of the Dutch bar. I find a lawyer is a lawyer all over the world. The most scandalously corrupt and unprincipled body, politically speaking, that I ever knew, was the Irish bar ; I was a black sheep in their body, and I bless God that I am well rid of them ; rot them ! I hate the very memory of the Four Courts, even at this distance. Well, with God's blessing, no man will ever see me again in a black gown and nonsensical big wig ; so let the profession of the law go and be hanged, I am happily done with it. To return : I have now seen the Parliament of Ireland, the Parliament of England, the Congress of the United States of America, the Corps Législatif of France, and the Convention

Batave ; I have likewise seen our shabby Volunteer Convention in 1783, and the General Committee of the Catholics in 1793 ; so that I have seen, in the way of deliberative bodies, as many I believe as most men ; and of all those I have mentioned, beyond all comparison the most shamelessly profligate and abandoned by all sense of virtue, principle, or even common decency, was the legislature of my own unfortunate country ; the scoundrels, I lose my temper every time I think of them. Returned to my *auberge*, somewhat afflicted with the blue devils ; remembered one of Voltaire's precepts in such cases. "*Ou bien buvez ; c'est un parti fort sage ;*" determined to put it in practice. Got off my boots and coat, got into my wrapper and slippers, and determined to enjoy myself. I do not see why I should come to the Hague without tasting some Holland gin. "*The liquor, when alive, whose very smell I did detest and loathe.*" Called for gin, water, and sugar, "*on which the waiter disappeared, and returned instantly with the noggin.*" Performed the part of Lord B. with infinite address ; drank "to the health of my dearest love ;" "our friends in Ireland ;" "the French Republic, with three times three ;" "a speedy Republic to Ireland, with loud and universal acclamations ;" "General Hoche, and the army of *Sambre et Meuse.*" The evening concluded with the utmost festivity.

*April 28th.* As I am about to leave the Hague

to-morrow, bought the Traveller's Guide, in order to amuse myself in the boat by reading what I ought to have seen whilst I was there. I do not much see the good sense of my purchase, but I perceive I am of that class, respectable at least for its numbers, who are celebrated for their facility in parting with their money, of which, by the bye, it may be supposed I am not just now afflicted with a prodigious quantity. After dinner a concert, as yesterday, but the band was differently composed: "*On n'y voyait ni tetons ni beaux yeux.*" In plain English, the performers were men, except one woman, who sung, agreeably, two or three duos, the other part being performed by a little *bossu*, about three feet high, but who was penetrated to the very soul by his own music. I was exceedingly amused by his style of singing and acting; for he acted also, and, at the end of the concert, gave him a trifle for himself. I could not help thinking what a choice *morceau* Sterne would have made out of one of these concerts and this poor little *bossu*, who seemed a sort of enthusiast in his art. These ambulant musicians are nothing, if you think of the opera; but if you think of the ballad singers of other countries, they are highly respectable, and, in fact, I remarked two or three among them whom I would have been very glad to equal on their instruments. After dinner strolled out about the Hague: "*People may say this and that of being in Newgate, but, for my part, I find Holland as pleasant*

*a place as ever I was in in my life."* It is delicious. I am tempted, as I walk about the Hague, to cry out, "*Thou almost persuadest me to be a Dutchman.*"

*May 1st.* Arrived at Lemmer at eight in the morning, and set off instantly in the trakschuyt for Strobosch ; a delightful day and beautiful breeze all the way ; immense quantities of game all along the canal. Planned a voyage, to be executed, God knows when, by my wife, Russell, and myself ; to hire a trakschuyt for a month certain, to go where we liked, and stop when we liked, to live aboard our boat, to bring guns, fishing tackle, etc., and in this manner make a tour through a great part of Holland. It would be delicious ; "*a very pretty journey indeed, and besides, where is the money ?*" O Lord ! O Lord !

*May 2nd.* Arrived at Groninguen at twelve o'clock ; the town extremely neat, like all the Dutch towns, but not as handsome as most of those I have seen ; put up at the Nieuwe Münster.

*May 3rd to 6th.* Tormented with the most terrible apprehensions on account of the absence of my dearest love, about whom I hear nothing ; walked out every day to the canal, two or three times a day, to meet the boats coming from Nieuwschans, where she will arrive. No love ! no love ! I never was so unhappy in all my life.

*May 7th.* At last, this day, in the evening, as I was taking my usual walk along the canal, I had the unspeakable satisfaction to see my dearest love

and our little babies, my sister and her husband, all arrive safe and well ; it is impossible to describe the pleasure I felt. (Here is an end of my journals now, for some time at least.) Since I came to France, which is now above fourteen months, I have continued them pretty regularly for the amusement of my dearest love. As we are now together once more they become unnecessary ; we must wait for another separation.

## XVI

### THE DUTCH SCHEME OF INVASION

*Written aboard the "Vryheid," of 74 guns, commanded by Admiral De Winter, at the Texel, July 10, 1797.*

It is a long time since I have made a memorandum, notwithstanding I have been fully employed ; but the fact is, I have had too much business. All I can now do is to make an imperfect abstract of what has passed, that is most material, in the last month.

*June 12th.* Quartier-Général at Friedberg. This evening the General called me into the garden and told me he had some good news for me. He then asked, "Did I know one Lewines \* ?" I answered I did, perfectly well, and had a high opinion of his talents and patriotism. "Well," said he, "he is at Neuwied, waiting to see you ;

\* Edward John Lewins (1756-1828), an attorney, had been sent in April to Hamburg to reopen negotiations begun in 1796 by Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor. Later he became Inspector of Studies at the University of Paris ; where he died, and was buried with honour, in 1828.



you must set off to-morrow morning : when you join him, you must go together to Trèves, and wait for further orders." The next morning I set off, and, on the 14th, in the evening, reached—

*June 14th, Neuwied* ; where I found Lewines waiting for me. I cannot express the unspeakable satisfaction I felt at seeing him. I cannot pretend to detail his conversation, which occupied us fully during our stay at Neuwied, and our journey to—

*June 17th, Trèves* ; where we arrived on the 17th. His instructions are to apply to France, Holland, and Spain. Lewines' instructions are to demand of Spain £500,000 sterling and 30,000 stand of arms. At Trèves, on the 19th, Dalton, the General's aide-de-camp, came express with orders for us to return to—

*June 21st, Coblentz* ; where we arrived on the 21st, and met General Hoche. He told us that, in consequence of the arrival of Lewines, he had sent off Simon, one of his Adjutant-Generals, who was of our late expedition, in order to press the Executive Directory and Minister of the Marine. He showed Lewines Simon's letter, which contained the assurance of the Directory " that they would make no peace with England wherein the interests of Ireland should not be fully discussed agreeably to the wishes of the people of that country." This is a very strong declaration, and has most probably been produced by a demand made by Lewines in his memorial, " that the French Government

should make it an indispensable condition of peace, that all the British troops be withdrawn from Ireland, and the people left at full liberty to declare whether they wished to continue the connection with England or not." General Hoche then told us not to be discouraged by the arrival of a British negotiator, for that the Directory were determined to make no peace but on conditions which would put it out of the power of England longer to arrogate to herself the commerce of the world, and dictate her laws to all the maritime powers. He added, that preparations were making also in Holland for an expedition, the particulars of which he would communicate to us in two or three days, and, in the meantime, he desired us to attend him to—

*June 24th, Cologne;* for which place we set off, and arrived the 24th.

*June 25th.* At nine o'clock at night the General sent us a letter from General Daendels, \*Commander-in-chief of the army of the Batavian Republic. In consequence of this I waited on the General, whom I found in his bed in the Cour Impériale, and received his orders to set off with Lewines without loss of time, and attend him at—

*June 27th, The Hague.*

*June 28th.* This morning, at ten, Lewines and

\* Hermann Willem Daendels (1762–1818) fought in 1793 under Dumouriez. He became Governor-General of Batavia under Louis Buonaparte.

I went with General Hoche to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, which we found sitting. General Hoche began by stating extremely well the history of our affairs, since he had interested himself in them ; he pressed, in the strongest manner that we could wish, the advantages to be reaped from the emancipation of Ireland, the almost certainty of success if the attempt were once made, and the necessity of attempting it, if at all, immediately. It was Citizen Hahn who replied to him. He said he was heartily glad to find the measure sanctioned by so high an opinion as that of General Hoche ; that originally the object of the Dutch Government was to have invaded England, in order to have operated a diversion in favour of the French army, which it was hoped would have been in Ireland ; that circumstances being totally changed in that regard, they had yielded to the wishes of the French Government, and resolved to go into Ireland ; that, for this purpose, they had made the greatest exertions, and had now at the Texel an armament of 16 sail of the line, 10 frigates, 15,000 troops in the best condition, 80 pieces of artillery, and pay for the whole for three months ; but that a difficulty had been raised within a few days, in consequence of a requisition of the Minister of Marine, Truguet, who wished to have 5,000 French troops, instead of so many Dutch, to be disembarked in consequence. General Hoche immediately replied, that, such being the case, he would take on himself to

withdraw the demand of the Minister of Marine, and satisfy the Directory as to the justice of their observations ; and that he hoped, all difficulty on that head being removed, they would press the embarkation without a moment's delay. It was easy to see the most lively satisfaction on all their faces at this declaration of General Hoche, which certainly does him the greatest honour. General Daendels, especially, was beyond measure delighted. They told us then that they hoped all would be ready in a fortnight, and Hahn observed, at the same time, that, as there was an English squadron which appeared almost every day at the mouth of the Texel, it was very much to be desired that the Brest fleet should, if possible, put to sea, in order to draw off at least a part of the British fleet, because, from the position of the Texel, the Dutch fleet was liable to be attacked in detail in sailing out of the port ; and even if they beat the enemy, it would not be possible to proceed, as they must return to refit. A member of the Committee—I believe it was Van Leyden—then asked us, supposing everything succeeded to our wish, what was the definite object of the Irish people ? To which we replied categorically, that it was to throw off the yoke of England, break for ever the connection now existing with that country, and constitute ourselves a free and independent people. They all expressed their satisfaction at this reply, and Van Leyden observed that he had travelled through

Ireland, and to judge from the luxury of the rich, and extreme misery of the poor, no country in Europe had so crying a necessity for a revolution. To which Lewines and I replied, as is most religiously the truth, that one great motive of our conduct in this business was the conviction of the wretched state of our peasantry, and the determination, if possible, to amend it. The political object of our visit being now nearly ascertained, Hahn, in the name of the Committee, observed that he hoped either Lewines or I would be of the expedition, as our presence with the General would be indispensable. To which Hoche replied "that I was ready to go," and he made the offer, on my part, in a manner peculiarly agreeable to my feelings. It was then fixed that I should set off for the army of *Sambre et Meuse* for my trunk, and especially for my papers, and that Lewines should remain at the Hague, at the orders of the Committee, until my return, which might be seven or eight days. The meeting then broke up. We could not possibly desire to find greater attention to us, personally, or, which was far more important, greater zeal and anxiety to forward this expedition, in which the Dutch Government has thrown itself "*à corps perdu*." They venture no less than the whole of their army and navy. As Hoche expressed it, "they are like a man stripped to his breeches, who has one shilling left, which he throws in the lottery, in the hope of being enabled to buy a coat."

*July 1st.* In the Gazette of that day there was a proclamation of Buonaparte's, addressed to the Government of Genoa, which I thought most grossly improper and indecent, as touching on the indispensable rights of the people. I read the most obnoxious passages to Hoche, and observed, that if Buonaparte commanded in Ireland, and were to publish there so indiscreet a proclamation, it would have a most ruinous effect; that in Italy such dictation might pass, but never in Ireland, where we understood our rights too well to submit to it. Hoche answered me, "I understand you, but you may be at ease in that respect; Buonaparte has been my scholar, but he shall never be my master." He then launched out into a very severe critique on Buonaparte's conduct, which certainly has latterly been terribly indiscreet, to say no worse of it, and observed that, as to his victories, it was easy to gain victories with such troops as he commanded, especially when the General made no difficulty to sacrifice the lives of his soldiers, and that these victories had cost the Republic 200,000 men. A great deal of what Hoche said was very true, but I could see at the bottom of it a very great jealousy of Buonaparte. I am also sorry to see the latter losing so fast that spirit of moderation which did him as much honour at first as his victories.

*July 8th.* Arrived early in the morning at the Texel.

*July 15th.* The human mind, or at least my mind, is a singular machine. I am here in a situation extremely interesting, and on the result of which everything most dear to me as a man and a citizen depends, and yet I find myself in a state of indifference, or rather apathy, which I cannot myself comprehend. My sole amusement is reading an odd volume of Voltaire's, which I found by chance; and, for our expedition, I declare I think no more of it than if it were destined for Japan, which indifference, on my part, as I have already said, I cannot comprehend, but so it is. Yesterday I wrote to my wife, enclosing a bill which Admiral De Winter accepted for 250 florins, "*moyennant*," the like sum paid into his hands; also to General Hoche, to Mr. Shee, to my sister, and to Lewines. I have now finished all my business, and tomorrow, I understand, we put to sea if the wind permits. It is strange, but I feel as if I were to set out in the trakschuyt from the Hague, to go to Amsterdam.

*July 16th.* The Admiral summoned this morning all the Admirals and Captains of the fleet, and gave them their last instructions, which were, that the frigates of forty-four guns should fall into the line; that they should fight to the last extremity, even to sinking of their vessels, in which case they were to take to their boats; that if any Captain were to attempt to break the line and hang back the others should immediately fire on him. This is resolute

of De Winter, and I have every reason to think his fleet will second him. He has in the meantime sent off a courier to the Government to announce all this, and, if the wind springs up in our favour, we will set off instantly without waiting for the answer.

*July 18th.* The wind is as foul as possible this morning; it cannot be worse. Hell! Hell! Hell! Allah! Allah! Allah! I am in a most devouring rage! Well, what can't be cured must be endured, as our ancestors have wisely remarked. It is most terrible to be locked up by the wind as we are now.

*July 19th.* Wind foul still. Horrible! Horrible! Admiral De Winter and I endeavour to pass away the time playing the flute, which he does very well; we have some good duets, and that is some relief. It is, however, impossible to conceive anything more irksome than waiting, as we now are, on the wind; what is still worse, the same wind which locks us up here is exactly favourable for the arrival of reinforcements to Duncan, if Lord Spencer means to send him any. Naval expeditions are terrible for their uncertainty.

*July 20th.* This evening I had the pleasure to count nineteen sail of British vessels, which passed the mouth of the Texel under an easy sail. The General assures me, however, that there are not above twelve sail of the line among them, according to the comparison of the best accounts which have been received. Wind foul, as usual.



*July 21st, 22nd, 23rd.* I pass my time here in an absolute torpor. When I was at Brest I was bad enough, but at least we had some conversation. But here—well, etc. The wind is, to-day, at N.W., which is not quite so execrable as yesterday and the day before. With a N.N.E. wind the Admiral says we might get out; *ergo*, we want yet six points of the compass. Damn it to all eternity for me. Was there ever anything so terrible? Wrote to my wife on the 21st instant.

*July 29th.* This morning the wind is fair, but so little of it that we cannot stir.

*July 30th, 31st.* Blank.

*August 1st, 2nd.* Everything goes on here from bad to worse, and I am tormented and unhappy more than I can express, so that I hate even to make these memorandums. Well, it cannot be helped. Wind still S.W. Damn it! damn it! damn it! I am, to-day, twenty-five days aboard, and at a time when twenty-five hours are of importance. There seems to be a fate in this business. Five weeks, I believe six weeks, the English fleet was paralysed by the mutinies at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the Nore. The sea was open, and nothing to prevent both the Dutch and French fleets to put to sea. Well, nothing was ready; that precious opportunity, which we can never expect to return, was lost; and now that at last we are ready here, the wind is against us, the mutiny is quelled, and we are sure to be attacked by a superior force. At

Brest it is, I fancy, still worse. Had we been in Ireland at the moment of the insurrection at the Nore, we should, beyond a doubt, have had at least that fleet, and God only knows the influence which such an event might have had on the whole British navy. The destiny of Europe might have been changed for ever ; but, as I have already said, that great occasion is lost, and we must now do as well as we can. “ *Le vin est tiré, il faut le boire.*”

*August 3rd, 4th.* Wind foul. Proposed to-day to the Admiral to try an experiment in firing shells from the lower-deck guns. He said he thought it would not answer, but that he would try notwithstanding. *Nine at night*, tried the shell with a thirty-six pounder, and found it answer famously.

*August 5th.* Wind still foul, viz., W.S.W.

*August 6th, 7th, 8th.* Wind foul. Last night, when the General and I were walking alone on the quarter-deck and cursing the wind, he began to mention his apprehensions on the score of our provisions running short, as well as the danger of attempting the passage north about so late in the season, and he began to moot again the point about Yarmouth. I said, that if unfortunately we were detained so far in the season as to render the Irish expedition utterly impracticable, it was undoubtedly desirable to do something in England, as well for the glory of the Dutch arms as that all the expense hitherto incurred in the affair might not be lost. That in that case my idea was to run over to the

English coast and debark the army, not at Yarmouth, but at Harwich, or nearer London if possible ; to carry nothing with us but bread for six days and ammunition ; to make a desperate plunge, by forced marches, for the capital, where I did not consider it impossible to arrive before the enemy could be in sufficient force to oppose us, supposing the eastern coast to be as unfurnished of troops as Lowry and Tennant had represented. That if we were once there, we might defy all the force of England ; for, if they were assembled to the number of 100,000 in Hyde Park, we could at all times make conditions by threatening, in case they drove us to extremity, to set fire to the city at the four corners and defend ourselves afterwards to the last man ; that I had no doubt but with such a pledge in our hands we might make our own terms. I mentioned likewise, as a subordinate circumstance, that if we once reached London we should to a certainty find a strong reinforcement, inasmuch as a large portion of the mob, and these very desperate fellows, consisted of Irishmen to the amount of many thousands, who I was sure would desire nothing more than to have their will of the English. All these arguments seemed, however, to make no great impression on Daendels, who still recurred to his Yarmouth scheme. He seems to me to expect some co-operation there, on what grounds I know not ; but I fancy he will find himself egregiously deceived. If anything can be

done in England it must be, in my mind, by a "*coup de main*."

*August 13th.* The wind is as foul as ever, viz., S.W., in or near which point it has now continued thirty-six days that I am aboard, viz., since the 8th of July last. (*At night.*) The General and I have been poring over the map of England, and he has been mooting a plan which, in my mind, is flat nonsense—viz., to land at or near Lynn, in Lincolnshire, with his 14,000 men, where he thinks he could maintain himself until the fleet could return and bring him a reinforcement of as many more, and then march upon London and stand a battle.

*August 18th.* This morning we have had the same scene repeated which has happened to us once or twice already. At four or five in the morning the wind came round to the east; the signal was given to prepare to get under way, the capstan was manned, one anchor heaved, and the other hove short to be ready for the tide; the Admiral and General prepared their dispatches, and I wrote to my wife. At nine, at length the wind slackened, and at ten came round to the old point, S.W., where it stuck; so there was an end of the business. I have been so often and so long disappointed that I am now used to it; I therefore bore this very quietly. To console me, I received a letter from my wife, which gave me unspeakable satisfaction. Thank God she is well, and my poor little babies. May God Almighty bless them all!

*August 21st.* Breakfasted with the General. He had prepared a memorial, which he showed me, for a new arrangement, which is shortly this : To sail out and fight Admiral Duncan. If the issue of the battle be favourable, to pass over immediately 15,000 men, or as many more as we can send, in everything that will swim, to Scotland ; to seize, in the first instance, on Edinburgh, and march right on Glasgow, taking every possible means to alarm the enemy with the idea that we meant to penetrate by the North of England, which is to be done by detaching flying parties, making requisitions, etc., on that side ; to maintain ourselves meantime behind the canal which joins the Firth of Forth to the Clyde, having our right at Dumbarton and our left at Falkirk, as well as I can remember, for I have not at present either the map or the memorial before me ; to collect all the vessels in the Clyde, and pass over the army to the North of Ireland ; to send round, whilst these military operations were going on by land, the frigates and such transports, as few as possible, as might be necessary to carry over the artillery, stores, etc. Finally, that the English would probably be alarmed by all this for their own country, and perhaps recall a part of their troops from Ireland, which would very much facilitate the success of the enterprise.

*September 1st.* A new system, rendered indispensable by the course of events, has been mentioned to me to-day by the General, which will

probably oblige me to make a course to the headquarters of the army of Sambre et Meuse, and from thence to Paris.

*September 2nd, 3rd.* This day the General gave me my instructions to set off to join General Hoche at Wetzlar, and give him a copy of the memorial containing the plan already mentioned.

*September 4th to 12th.* These eight days I spent on the road 'twixt Alkmaer and Wetzlar.

*September 13th.* This day I saw General Hoche, who is just returned from Frankfort ; he has been very ill with a violent cold, and has still a cough, which makes me seriously uneasy about him ; he does not seem to apprehend anything himself, but I should not be surprised, for my part, if in three months he were in a rapid consumption. He is dreadfully altered, and has a dry, hollow cough, that is distressing to the last degree to hear. I immediately explained to him the cause of my arrival, gave him Daendels' plan and the map of Scotland, and such further elucidation as I was able in conversation. He then told me that he would take it into his most serious consideration, and let me know the result in three or four days ; in the meantime, I am to attend to his orders.

*September 15th, 16th, 17th.* The General's health is in a most alarming state, and nobody here seems to suspect it—at least, to the extent that I do.

*September 18th, 19th.* My fears with regard to Hoche were but too well founded. He died this

morning at four o'clock. His lungs seemed to me quite gone. This most unfortunate event has so confounded and distressed me, that I know not what to think nor what will be the consequences. Wrote to my wife and to General Daendels instantly. Yesterday Simon, by the General's orders, after communicating with me, wrote to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and of the Marine, but I know not to what effect.

*September 20th, 21st.* The death of General Hoche having broken my connection with the army of Sambre et Meuse, where I have no longer any business, I applied this day (20th) for an order to set off for Paris, which I obtained instantly from General Lefebvre, who commands in chief *per interim*. Set off at four o'clock, and travelled all night; arrived at twelve on the 21st at Coblantz, and at night at Bonn.

*N.B.—November 21st.* It is to-day upwards of two months since I made a memorandum, which is downright scandalous. The peace is at last concluded with the Emperor, and England only remains.\* With the conditions of the peace, strictly speaking, I have nothing to do, my great object and wish being confined to the prostration of English tyranny. Yet it is a great satisfaction to me to see

\* The peace of Campo Formio. "And England only remained" without an ally, as France without an active enemy, but the English navy, reorganized after the mutiny at the Nore, was still superior even to the combined fleets of Spain, France, and Holland.

that they are as favourable as I think any reasonable man can desire. The Cisalpine Republic is acknowledged, and I fancy we have got the Rhine for our limit. Venice goes to the Emperor, which is bad, if it could be helped, but we cannot get everything. General Berthier was the bearer of this great news. Firing of cannon, bonfires, illuminations—Paris was that day in great glory.

It is singular enough that I should have forgotten to mention in its place the famous battle fought on the 11th of October between the English fleet, under Admiral Duncan and the Dutch commanded by De Winter. It shows the necessity of making memorandums on the moment. There never was a more complete victory than that gained by the English. The fleets were equal in number, but they had the advantage in number of guns and weight of metal. De Winter fought like a lion, and defended himself to the last extremity, but was at length forced to strike, as were nine of his fleet out of sixteen, whereof it consisted. With him were taken the Admirals Reyntzies, who is since dead, and Meurer. Bloys lost his right arm, and Story is the only one who came off clear; the two last were not taken. I cannot conceive why the Dutch Government sent out their fleet at that season, without motive or object, as far as I can learn. My opinion is, that it is direct treason, and that the fleet was sold to Pitt, and so think Barras, Pléville le Peley, and even Meyer, the Dutch Ambassador,



whom I have seen once or twice. It was well I was not on board the *Vryheid*. If I had, it would have been a pretty piece of business. I fancy I am not to be caught at sea by the English ; for this is the second escape I have had, and by land I mock myself of them.

*November 26th to 29th.* This day received my arrears for four months, so now I am at my ease as to cash—2,330 livres.

## XVII

### LEWINES TAKES OVER. BUONAPARTE

*December 11th and 12th.* Called this day, with Lewines, on General Desaix,\* and gave him Taylor's map of Ireland. He tells us to be under no anxiety; that the French Government will never quit the grip which they have got of England, till they humble her to the dust; that it is their wish, and their interest (that of all France, as well as of Ireland); that the Government now had means, and powerful ones, particularly money, and they would devote them all to this great object; it might be a little sooner or a little later, but that the success of the measure was inevitable. Barras has lately, in one or two different conversations, gone as far with Lewines as Desaix with me.

*December 18th to 21st.* General Desaix brought Lewines and me this morning and introduced us to Buonaparte, at his house in the Rue Chantetreine. He lives in the greatest simplicity; his

\* Louis Ch. A. Desaix de Veygoux (1768-1800), crowned a notable career by his campaign in Egypt. He was killed at Marengo, where he arrived just in time to turn the scale in favour of Buonaparte.

house is small, but neat, and all the furniture and ornaments in the most classical taste. He is about five feet six inches high, slender, and well made, but stoops considerably ; he looks at least ten years older than he is, owing to the great fatigues he underwent in his immortal campaign of Italy. His face is that of a profound thinker, but bears no marks of that great enthusiasm and unceasing activity by which he has been so much distinguished. It is rather, to my mind, the countenance of a mathematician than of a General. He has a fine eye, and a great firmness about his mouth ; he speaks low and hollow. So much for his manner and figure. We had not much discourse with him, and what little there was, was between him and Lewines, to whom, as our Ambassador, I gave the *pas*. We told him that Tennant \* was about to depart for Ireland, and was ready to charge himself with his orders if he had any to give. He desired us to bring him the same evening, and so we took our leave. In the evening we returned with Tennant, and Lewines had a good deal of conversation with him ; that is to say, Lewines *insensed* him a good deal on Irish affairs, of which he appears a good deal uninformed : for example, he seems convinced that our population is not more than two millions, which is nonsense. Buonaparte listened, but said

\* John Tennant, a United Irishman of Belfast, had arrived in Holland in August. He later joined the French army and was killed in 1813, in battle.

very little. When all this was finished he desired that Tennant might put off his departure for a few days, and then, turning to me, asked whether I was not an Adjutant-General. To which I answered that I had the honour to be attached to General Hoche in that capacity. He then asked me where I had learned to speak French. To which I replied, that I had learned the little that I knew since my arrival in France, about twenty months ago. He then desired us to return the next evening but one, at the same hour, and so we parted. As to my French, I am ignorant whether it was the purity or the barbarism of my diction which drew his attention, and as I shall never inquire, it must remain as an historical doubt, to be investigated by the learned of future ages.

*December 23rd.* Called this evening on Buonaparte, by appointment, with Tennant and Lewines, and saw him for about five minutes. Lewines gave him a copy of the memorials I delivered to the Government in February, 1796 (nearly two years ago), and which, fortunately, have been well verified in every material fact, by everything that has taken place in Ireland since. He also gave him Taylor's map, and showed him half a dozen of Hoche's letters, which Buonaparte read over. He then desired us to return in two or three days, with such documents relating to Ireland as we were possessed of, and, in the meantime, that Tennant should postpone his departure. We then left him.

His manner is cold, and he speaks very little ; it is not, however, so dry as that of Hoche, but seems rather to proceed from languor than anything else. He is perfectly civil, however, to us ; but, from anything we have yet seen or heard from him, it is impossible to augur anything good or bad. We have now seen the greatest man in Europe three times, and I am astonished to think how little I have to record about him. I am sure I wrote ten times as much about my first interview with Charles De la Croix, but then I was a greenhorn ; I am now a little used to see great men, and great statesmen, and great generals, and that has, in some degree, broke down my admiration. Yet, after all, it is a droll thing that I should become acquainted with Buonaparte. This time twelve months, I arrived in Brest, from my expedition to Bantry Bay. Well, the third time, they say, is the charm. My next chance, I hope, will be with the *Armée d'Angleterre*—*Allons ! Vive la République !* I make no memorandums now at all, which is grievous ; but I have nothing to write.

*January 2nd to 6th.* Called on my old friend General Clarke, who is at last returned to Paris : his close connection with Carnot \* has thrown him out of employment, and I am heartily sorry for it : for I have a very good opinion of him. He is, however, very well with Buonaparte, to whom he tells me he has spoken of me in the strongest

\* Carnot had, meanwhile, been proscribed.

manner, for which I feel most sincerely obliged. Buonaparte, among other things, asked him whom he had most confidence in as to Irish affairs, and Clarke answered, "In me, by all means;" I thanked Clarke heartily for all this, and, at the same time, explained to him the nature of Lewines' mission, and my wish to cede him the *pas* on all occasions; we talked a great deal of Hoche, of our Bantry Bay expeditions, and parted the best of friends in the world; I was very glad to see Clarke, and it is a great loss and pity he is not employed.

*January 6th to 13th.* Saw Buonaparte this evening with Lewines, who delivered him a whole sheaf of papers relative to Ireland, including my two memorials of 1795, great part of which stands good yet. After Lewines had had a good deal of discourse with him, I mentioned the affair of McKenna, who desires to be employed as Secretary. Buonaparte observed that he believed the world thought he had fifty secretaries, whereas he had but one; of course there was an end of that business; however, he bid me see what the man was fit for, and let him know. I took this opportunity to mention the desire all the Refugee United Irishmen now in Paris had to bear a part in the expedition, and the utility they would be of in case of a landing in Ireland. He answered that they would all be undoubtedly employed, and desired me to give him in, for that purpose, a list of their names. Finally, I spoke of myself, telling him that General

Desaix had informed me that I was carried on the tableau of the *Armée d'Angleterre* ; he said " I was." I then observed that I did not pretend to be of the smallest use to him whilst we were in France, but that I hoped to be serviceable to him on the other side of the water ; that I did not give myself to him at all for a military man, having neither the knowledge nor the experience that would justify me in charging myself with any function. "*Mais vous êtes brave,*" said he, interrupting me. I replied that, when the occasion presented itself, that would appear ; "*Eh bien,*" said he, "*cela suffit.*" We then took our leave.

*February 1st.* The number of Irish refugees is considerably increased. We all do very well except Napper Tandy, who is not behaving correctly. It is sufficient to say that Tandy took on him to summon a meeting of the Irish refugees, at which Lewines and I were to be arraigned, on I know not what charges, by himself and Quigley. Lewines refused to attend, but I went, and when I appeared, there was no one found to bring forward a charge against me, though I called three times to know "whether any person had anything to offer." He is, I fancy, pestering the Government here with applications and memorials, and gives himself out for an old officer, and a man of great property in Ireland, as I judge from what General Murat said to me in speaking of him the other night at Buonaparte's. He asked me did I know one Tandy,

“ *un ancien militaire, n'est ce pas ?* ” I said I did know him, but could not say that he was exactly “ *un ancien militaire*, as he had never served but in the Volunteer corps of Ireland, a body which resembled pretty much the *Garde nationale* of France at the beginning of the Revolution.” “ *Mais c'est un très riche propriétaire.* ” I told him I believed he was always in easy circumstances ; and there the discourse ended. By this I see how he is showing himself off here. He has got lately a coadjutor in the famous Thomas Muir, \* who is arrived at Paris, and has inserted two or three very foolish articles, relating to the United Irishmen, in the Paris papers, in consequence of which, at a meeting of the United Irishmen, now in Paris, with the exception of Tandy, it was settled that Lowry, Orr, Lewines, and myself should wait upon Muir, and, after thanking him for his good intentions, intreat him not to introduce our business into any publications which he might hereafter think proper to make. Accordingly, we waited on him a few days since, but of all the vain, obstinate blockheads that ever I met, I never saw his equal. So that, after a discussion of nearly three hours, we were obliged to come away *re infectâ*, except that we gave Mr. Muir

\* Thomas Muir (1765-98), the Scottish Parliamentary reformer, arrested for reading at Edinburgh a seditious paper by Hamilton Rowan ; he left for France. On his return he was taken, tried, and sentenced to fourteen years transportation. Rescued from Botany Bay, he arrived, after some extraordinary adventures, in France, where he died eight months later.



notice, that he had neither license nor authority to speak in the name of the People of Ireland, and that if we saw any similar productions to those of which we complained, we should be obliged to take measures that would conduce neither to his ease nor respectability ; for that we could not suffer the public to be longer abused. On these terms we parted very drily on both sides. The fact is, Muir and Tandy are puffing one another here for their private advantage ; they are supporting themselves by endorsing each other's credit, and issuing, if I may say so, accommodation bills of reputation. This conversation has given the *coup de grâce* to Tandy, with his countrymen here, and he is now in a manner completely in Coventry. He deserves it. These details are hardly worth writing, but as there may be question of the business hereafter, I thought I might as well put them down.

*March 1st.* An event has taken place of a magnitude scarce if at all inferior in importance to that of the French Revolution. The Pope is dethroned and in exile.\* The circumstances relating to this

\* Pius VI. (period of office, 1775-99) reigned during difficult years. With Christendom he faced the new wave of rationalism and anti-clericalism. He refused to accept the *Constitution civile du Clergé*, threw in his lot with the allies, and, as Tone records, was removed from Rome in '98 ; he died in exile. These remarks of Tone show that he had been deeply affected by the current extreme development of Gallicanism, which, indeed, he can hardly have well understood. Dr. Madden says he was not a sceptic (*The United Irishmen*, vol. i., third series),

great event are such as to satisfy my mind that there is a special Providence guiding the affairs of Europe at this moment, and turning everything to the great end of the emancipation of mankind from the yoke of religious and political superstition, under which they have so long groaned. Some months ago, in the career of his victories, Buonaparte accorded a peace, and a generous one, to the Pope ; it was signed at Tolentino, and Louis Buonaparte, brother to the General, proceeded to Rome as the first Ambassador from the Republic. Many people thought at the time, and I was of the number, that it was unwise to let slip so favourable an opportunity to destroy for ever the Papal tyranny ; but it should seem the necessity of following up close the impression made on Austrian armies, overbore all inferior concerns, and, as I have said already, peace was made with the Cabinet of Rome. One would have thought that so narrow an escape might have prevented the Pope from rashly embarking into a second contest with the Republic, holding, as he did, his very existence dependent on the breath of Buonaparte, who might with a single word have annihilated him. But Providence, for its own wise and great purposes, the happiness of man, and the

quoting Miss McCracken : " He believed in the truths of religion." However, see the entries of August 19, 1792 ; October 24, 1792 ; and April 13-16, 1797, with reference to Catholic services, bishops, and convents. This (with his suicide) is probably a chief reason for his neglect by modern Irish Republicanism.

complete establishment of civil and religious liberty, seems to have utterly taken away all sense and understanding from the Pope and his councils. After a fruitless attempt to trepan the French ambassador into a fabricated insurrection, they procured a tumultuous mob to assemble under the windows of his palace, and within the circuit of his jurisdiction ; the guards were immediately called out and began to fire ; the ambassador rushed out, attended by Generals Duphot, Sherlock, and some other officers, all dressed in the costume of their respective situations, in order, if possible, to restore tranquillity, or assert at least the neutrality of the *enceinte* of the ambassador's palace, which is, in all nations, privileged ground. They are received with a running fire which levels Duphot to the ground ; he recovers his feet, though dreadfully wounded, and whilst supporting himself on his sabre a corporal advances and discharges his piece in his bosom. The ambassador and his suite escaped the fire, as it were, by a miracle, and regained the palace by a back way, leaving the body of Duphot at the mercy of his assassins, who covered it with wounds, and had even the barbarity to pelt it with stones. The unfortunate Duphot had commanded the grenadiers of the army of Italy, and was the next morning to have been married to the ambassador's sister-in-law. That no doubt might remain as to who authorized this massacre ; both the captain, who commanded the guard, and the corporal who

committed the murder, were rewarded, and the latter promoted to the rank of sergeant. But now the measure of the folly and wickedness of the Papal government was filled even to running over. The ambassador instantly quitted Rome with his family, announcing these events to the Directory, who gave orders to General Berthier to advance with the invincible army of Italy on the ancient capital of the world. A few days put him in quiet possession of Rome, from whence all those concerned in the late abominable transaction had fled, the Pope alone remaining. On his arrival, the Roman people assembled in the Capital, formally deposed the Pope and declared themselves free and independent, choosing a provisory government under the ancient Roman names of Consuls, Prætors, and Ædiles. Two or three days after the Pope left Rome, attended by two French aides-de-camp, and where he is gone to I do not yet know. Thus has terminated the temporal reign of the Popes after an existence of above 1,000 years. What changes this great and almost unparalleled event may produce on the moral and political system of Europe I cannot pretend to conjecture ; but they must be numerous and of the last importance. So it is, however—the fact is certain, and the Pope, who has so often at his will and pleasure disposed of crowns and monarchs, is himself deposed without effort or resistance. “*How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning!*” The

Revelations have many fine things on this subject, touching the "Beast and Babylon," etc. "Of the Pope's ten horns, God bless us, I've knocked off four already." He is now a Prelate *in partibus*, his means are gone, his cardinals, his court, his wealth, all disappeared, and nothing remains but his keys. It is a sad downfall for the "Servant of the Servants of God." But I scorn to insult the old gentleman in his misfortunes : *Requiescat in pace !*

*March 4th.* On the 19th of February last, as I see in the *Courier* of the 26th, Lord Moira made a motion of great expectation in the Irish House of Lords, tending to condemn the vigorous measures which have been pursued by the British Government in that country, and to substitute a milder system. I was exceedingly disappointed at his speech, which was feeble indeed, containing little else than declamation, and scarcely a single fact, at a time when thousands of crimes of the most atrocious nature have been perpetrated for months over the whole face of the country. In times like ours, half-friends are no friends. His lordship, at the conclusion of this milk-and-water harangue, comes to his conciliatory plan, which is to check the army in their barbarities, and to grant Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform. It is really amusing to see the various shifts, and struggles, and turns, and twists, and wry faces the noble lord makes before he can bring himself to swallow this last bitter pill. This kind of conduct will never do well

at any time ; but it is downright folly in times like the present. His lordship has mortally offended one party and not at all satisfied the other, as will always be the case in similar circumstances. But if Lord Moira speaks in this half-and-half style, the Chancellor,\* on the other side, appears not to have been so reserved. He openly calls the United Irishmen *rebels*, and says they should be treated as such ; he mentions me by name, as having been Adjutant-General in Hoche's expedition, and again in the armament at the Texel, and says I am at this very moment an accredited envoy at Paris from that accursed Society. He also makes divers commentaries on a well-known letter written by me to my friend Russell, in 1791, and which, one way or other, he has brought regularly before the House, at least once a session ever since, and which figures in the secret report made by Secretary Pelham † in the last one. From all these facts, and divers others which he enumerates, he infers that the design of the United Irishmen is to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and that consequently all measures to destroy that infamous conspiracy are fair and lawful ; of which opinion the House of Lords was also, Lord Moira's motion being rejected by a large majority. I can hardly, I think, be suspected

\* John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare (1749-1802), the ablest, most relentless, and most hated of all the renegade Irishmen of his century.

† Thomas Pelham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, under Lord Temple (1783-84) and Lord Camden (1795-98).

of partiality to the Chancellor, but I declare I have a greater respect for his conduct on this occasion than for that of Lord Moira.

*March 5th to 20th.* It is with the most sincere concern and anxiety that I see in the late English papers that Arthur O'Connor has been arrested at Margate, endeavouring to procure a passage for France; the circumstances mentioned indicate a degree of rashness and indiscretion on his part which is astonishing. It seems he set off from London in company with four others, viz., Quigley the priest, who was some time since in Paris, and of whom I have no great reason to be an admirer; Binns of the Corresponding Society; Alley, also of the Corresponding Society, and his servant of the name of Leary. Quigley called himself at first Captain Jones, and afterwards Colonel Morris; the others passed for his servants. Their first attempt was at a place called Whitstable, where the vigilance of the custom-house officers embarrassed them. They then hired a cart, which they loaded with their trunks, of which it seems they were sufficiently provided, and crossed the country on foot for twenty-five miles to Margate.\* It does not appear

\* On February 28th Quigley was executed in due course. The spy MacNally had told the Government as early as January that O'Connor had left Ireland, and that an invasion was planned for April. The French had promised the United Irishmen that assistance would arrive in April or early May. The English Government knew secretly as early as February-March that preparations were being made at Dunkirk, Havre, Honfleur, and Calais.

they made much mystery of their intended destination ; but be that as it may, at Margate they were arrested by the Bow Street runners, Fugin and Rivet, who had followed them *à la piste* from London. It is inconceivable that five men should attempt such an enterprise, and with such a quantity of luggage ; it is equally incredible that they should bring papers with them, of which the newspapers say several have been found, and especially one in the great-coat pocket of Quigley, purporting to be an address from the Executive Directory of England to that of France, and desiring the latter to give credit to Quigley, as being "*the worthy citizen whom they had lately seen.*" These last expressions stagger me, or I should not believe it possible any man living would leave a paper of such consequence in such a careless extraordinary place.

*March 25th.* Received my letters of service from the War Office, as Adjutant-General in the *Armée d'Angleterre*.

*March 26th.* I see in the English papers of March 17th, from Irish papers of the 13th, news of the most disastrous and afflicting kind, as well for me individually as for the country at large. The English Government has arrested the whole Committee of United Irishmen for the province of Leinster, including almost every man I know and esteem in the city of Dublin. Amongst them are Emmet, Dr. MacNeven, Sweetman, Bond, Jackson, and his son ; warrants are likewise issued for the



arrestation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, McCormick, and Sampson, who have not, however, yet been found. It is by far the most terrible blow which the cause of liberty in Ireland has yet sustained.\*

*March 27th, 28th, 29th.* The last arrestations seem to be followed up by others. Government will now stop at nothing.†

*April 1st, 2nd.* Lewines waited yesterday on Merlin, who is President of the Directory for this *trimestre*, and presented him a letter of introduction from Talleyrand. Merlin received him with great civility and attention. Lewines pressed him, as far as he could with propriety, on the necessity of sending succours to Ireland the earliest possible moment, especially on account of the late arrestations; and he took that occasion to impress him with a sense of the merit and services of the men for whom he interested himself so much on every account, public and personal. Merlin replied that, as to the time or place of succour, he could tell him nothing, it being *the secret of the State*; that, as to the danger of his friends, he was sincerely sorry for the situation of so many brave and virtuous patriots; that, however, though he could not enter into the details of the intended expedition, he would tell him thus much to comfort him, “*That France never would grant a peace to England*

\* The informer was Reynolds, a brother-in-law of Tone himself.

† Martial Law was proclaimed on March 30th.

on any terms short of the Independence of Ireland." This is grand news.

*April 4th.* This day, at three o'clock, having previously received my letters of service, order to join, *frais de route*, etc., I set off for the headquarters of the *Armée d'Angleterre* at Rouen.

*April 5th.* After travelling all night, arrived at twelve next day, and took up my lodgings at the *Maison Wattel*. Met General Kilmaine by accident, who invited me to dinner ; where I found General Lemoine, and Bessières, Commandant of the Guides of Buonaparte, etc., etc. Comedy in the evening.

*April 6th.* The Cathedral is a beautiful relic of Gothic architecture. I have seen the inside of Westminster Abbey, and Notre Dame, of Paris, as well as several others in Germany and elsewhere, but I prefer the inside of the Cathedral of Rouen to them all. It is a magnificent *coup d'œil*. But, what is provoking, between the body of the church and choir, some pious Archbishop, who had more money than taste, has thrown a very spruce colonnade, of pure Corinthian architecture, which totally destroys the harmony of the building, and ruins what would otherwise produce a most magnificent effect. This little specimen of Grecian architecture is more truly Gothic than all the rest of the edifice.

*April 8th.* Heard part of a sermon, this being Easter Sunday. Sad trash ! a long parallel, which I thought would never end, between Jesus Christ and Joseph, followed by a second, equally edifying,

comparing Him with the prophet Jonah, showing how the one lay three nights in the tomb, and the other three nights in the belly of a great fish, etc. ; at all which I profited exceedingly. The church was full of women, but I did not see twenty men. I wonder how people can listen to such abominable nonsense.

*April 26th.* I see in the Paris papers to-day extracts from English ones, of a late date, by which it appears, as I suspected, that the news of an insurrection in Ireland was, as yet, premature ; nevertheless, things in that country seem to be drawing fast to a close. There is a proclamation of Lord Camden, which is tantamount to a declaration of war ; and the system of police, if police it can be called, is far more atrocious than it ever was in France in the time of the *terreur*.<sup>\*</sup> There is, however, no authentic account of any hostilities, except at a place called Holy Cross, where the people were easily dispersed by the Cashel Fencible Cavalry, and a party of the Lowth Militia, with the loss of three killed, and about twenty wounded and prisoners ; but that is nothing. I see it is the policy of Government to employ such Irish troops as they can depend upon, to avoid, or at least lessen, the odium which would fall, otherwise, on the English and Scotch.

*April 27th.* I am sadly off for intelligence here,

<sup>\*</sup> Tone does not exaggerate. The most terrible military excesses were perpetrated in Ireland all this spring.

having nothing but the imperfect extracts in the Paris papers. I see to-day, and am very glad to see it, that my friend, Sir Lawrence Parsons, has resigned the command of the King's County militia in consequence of the sanguinary measures about to be adopted by the English Government, in which he will take no share. His example should be imitated by every country gentleman in Ireland; but they have neither the sense nor the virtue to see that. Alarming as the state of Ireland really and truly is to the English Government, I have no doubt on my mind that it is their present policy to exaggerate the danger as much as possible in order to terrify the Irish gentry out of their wits, and, under cover of this universal panic, to crush the spirit of the People, and reduce the country to a state of slavery more deplorable than that of any former period of our deplorable history. They take a chance against nothing. What miserable slaves are the gentry of Ireland! What wonder if the leaders of the United Irishmen, finding themselves not only deserted, but attacked by those who, for every reason, should have been their supporters and fellow-labourers, felt themselves no longer called upon to observe any measures with men only distinguished by the superior virulence of their persecuting spirit? If such men, in the issue, lose their property, they are themselves alone to blame, by deserting the first and most sacred of duties—the duty to their country. They have incurred a wilful forfeiture

by disdain to occupy the station they might have held among the People, and which the People would have been glad to see them fill ; they left a vacancy to be seized by those who had more courage, more sense, and more honesty ; and not only so, but by this base and interested desertion they furnished their enemies with every argument of justice, policy, and interest, to enforce the system of confiscation. Who can forgive the man that forces him to confess that he is a voluntary slave, and that he has sold for money everything that should be most precious to an honourable heart : that he has trafficked in the liberties of his children and his own, and that he is hired and paid to commit a daily parricide on his country ? Yet these are charges which not a man of that infamous caste can deny to himself before the sacred tribunal of his own conscience. At least the United Irishmen, as I have already said, have a grand, a sublime object in view. Their enemies have not as yet ventured, in the long catalogue of their accusations, to insert the charge of interested motives. Whilst that is the case they may be feared and abhorred, but they can never be despised ; and I believe there are few men who do not look upon contempt as the most insufferable of all human evils. Can the English faction say as much ? In vain do they crowd together, and think by their numbers to disguise or lessen their infamy. The public sentiment, the secret voice of their own corrupt hearts, has already condemned

them. They see their destruction rapidly approaching, and they have the consciousness that when they fall no honest man will pity them. “*They shall perish like their own dung ; those who have seen them shall say, Where are they ?*”

*From April 27th to May 17th.* Having obtained leave of absence for two decades, I have spent the last twenty days deliciously with my family at Paris. During that time we received a letter from my brother William, dated from Poonah, the 7th of January, 1797, sixteen months ago, at which time he was in health and spirits, being second in command of the infantry of the Peschwa or chief of the Mahratta state, with appointments of 500 rupees a month, which is about £750 sterling a year. I cannot express the pleasure which this account of his success gave us all ; great as has been his good fortune it is not superior to his merit. Six years ago he went to India a private soldier, unknown, unfriended, and unprotected ; he had not so much as a letter of introduction ; but talents and courage like his were not made to rust in obscurity ; he has forced his way to a station of rank and eminence, and I have no doubt that his views and talents are extended with his elevation. The first war in India we shall hear more of him.

*May 19th.* I do not know what to think of our expedition. It is certain that the whole left wing of the army of England is at this moment in full march back to the Rhine ; Buonaparte is God

knows where, and the clouds seem thickening more and more in Germany, where I have no doubt Pitt is moving heaven and hell to embroil matters and divert the storm which was almost ready to fall on his head.\*

*May 24th, 25th.* It is certain that Buonaparte is at Toulon, and embarked since the 14th; his speech, as I suspected, is not as it was given in the last journals. The genuine one I read to-day, and there are two sentences in it which puzzle me completely. In the first, at the beginning of the address, he tells the troops that they form a wing of the army of England; in the second, towards the end, he reminds them that they have the glory of the French name to sustain in countries and seas the most distant. What does that mean? Is he going after all to India? Will he make a short cut to London by way of Calcutta? I begin foully to suspect it.†

*May 26th.* I have changed my mind, and written this day a letter to General Kilmaine, acquainting

\* Lord Edward Fitzgerald was this day taken in Dublin. The Rebellion broke out in Ireland on May 23rd. Lord Edward died June 4th. Tone hears of Lord Edward's arrest on June 9th-12th; see these entries. In view of the terrible events happening in Ireland these entries of May are bitterly ironic in their unawareness.

† Buonaparte had already decided to abandon Ireland, and was on his way to Malta, preliminary to setting out on the conquest of Egypt. He considered, long after, in St. Helena, that this was one of his great mistakes. "If," he said, "instead of the expedition to Egypt I had made that of Ireland . . . what would England have been to-day?"

him with Will's present situation in India, and offering to go thither if the Government thinks that my services can be useful, requesting secrecy and a speedy answer. I know not how this may turn out. It is a bold measure. My only difficulty is about my family ; but if the Directory accepts my offer, I hardly think they will refuse to pay my wife one-half of my appointments during my absence. If they do that, I will go cheerfully, notwithstanding that the age for enterprise is almost over with me. My blood is cooling fast. "*My May of life is falling to the sear, the yellow leaf.*"



## XVIII

### THE REBELLION : LAST ENTRIES

*May 27th, 28th.* The English having appeared in force before Havre, and attempted to throw some bombs into the city, Adjutant-General Rivaud, Chef de l'État-Major, determined to send me off at a moment's warning to join General Bethencourt, who commands the division. In consequence, having received orders and made up my kit, I set off post, and ran all night.

*May 29th.* I am lodged in the same hotel where I put up at my first landing in France. How many scenes have I witnessed since !

*May 30th.* This morning at four o'clock there was a heavy cannonade to the southward, which continued at intervals until ten. The weather is hazy, so that we can see nothing distinctly. I walked out on the batteries three or four times, but could make nothing of it ; I fear, however, the worst for our corvettes.

*May 31st.* My fears were too true about the corvettes. They fell in with a squadron of five English frigates, and immediately the captain of

the *Vesuve*, of thirty-two guns, took fright and ran his ship ashore ; his name is l'Eccolier. He fired but two broadsides. His comrade, however, who commanded the *Confiante*, and whose name is Pevrieux, fought his ship in another guess manner ; he engaged the *Diamond* within pistol shot for three hours, and it was not until the rest of the squadron were closing fast around him that he ran his ship ashore, where he continued to defend himself for two hours ; so that the English could not succeed in their attempt to burn her ; but she is dismasted and torn to pieces by their shot. This affair is the more honourable for him, as the *Diamond* carries twenty-four pounders, and his ship twelve pounders. In the meantime there are two corvettes gone, though there are some hopes the *Vesuve* may be got off. All this does not promise violently in favour of the invasion, and indeed the English seem by the papers to have no longer any uneasiness on that score.

*June 2nd.* Last night walked all round the ramparts, and inspected the state of the works with General Bethencourt. Went the rounds with him, as far as the battery of La Hève, which is above a league from the town, among the rocks, and returned at one this morning. “ *How merrily we live that soldiers be !* ” All this afternoon there has been a heavy cannonade to the southward, opposite the *Pointe de Dives*. We conjecture it is the flotilla of Muskein, which is endeavouring to return, and

having, as we suppose, fallen in with the English, has taken shelter under a little fort of four pieces of cannon at the point. Be that as it may, the fire has continued until an hour after dark.

*June 6th, 7th, 8th.* Yesterday the enemy appeared before Havre, and from their manœuvres we expected an attack. In consequence all the batteries were manned and the furnaces heated. I was stationed in the Batterie Nationale. About three o'clock in the afternoon they bore down upon us, within two cannon shot; but after some little time, hauled their wind and stood off again; so we were quit for the night. As they passed the battery at the Pointe la Hève they threw about half a dozen shells, to answer as many shot the battery had fired at them, *à toute volée*, but neither the one nor the other did any damage. I saw three of the shells fall in the water, and all the shot. Two of the latter passed very near the bombketch, but the distance was entirely too great, and I wonder the General does not give orders never to fire but at a distance to do mischief. If the enemy waste their powder foolishly, there is no reason we should waste ours. *Au reste*, it was a fine sight, and I should have enjoyed it more, had it not been for certain "speculations on futurity and the transmigration of souls," which presented themselves to my fancy at times. I defy any man to know whether he is brave or not until he is tried, and I am very far from boasting of myself on that score;

but the fact is, and I was right glad of it, that when I found myself at my battery, and saw the enemy bearing right down upon us, and as I thought to begin the cannonade, though I cannot say with truth, that I was perfectly easy, yet neither did I feel at all disconcerted ; and I am satisfied, as far as a man in that situation can judge of himself, that I should have done my duty well, and without any great effort of resolution. The crowd and the bustle, the noise, and especially the conviction that the eyes of the cannoniers were fixed on the *chapeau galonné*, settled me at once ; it is the etiquette in such cases that the General stands conspicuous on the parapet, whilst the cannoniers are covered by the *épaulement*, which is truly amusing for him that commands.

*June 9th to 12th.* Yesterday I read in the French papers an account of the acquittal of Arthur O'Connor at Maidstone, and of his being taken instantly into custody again. Undoubtedly Pitt means to send him to Ireland, in hopes of finding there a more complaisant jury. Quigley, the priest, is found guilty ; it seems he has behaved admirably well, which I confess was more than I expected ; his death redeems him. Alley, Binns, and Leary, the servant, are also acquitted and discharged. O'Connor appears to have behaved with great intrepidity. On being taken into custody, he addressed the judges, desiring to be sent to the same dungeon with his brother, who, like him, was

acquitted of high treason, and, like him, was arrested in the very court. The judge, Buller, answered him coldly that their commission expired when the sentence was pronounced, and that the court could do nothing farther in the business. He was instantly committed. My satisfaction at this triumph of O'Connor is almost totally destroyed by a second article in the same paper, which mentions that Lord Edward Fitzgerald has been arrested in Thomas Street, Dublin, after a most desperate resistance, in which himself, the magistrate, one Swann, and Captain Ryan, who commanded the guard, were severely wounded. I cannot describe the effect which this intelligence had on me ; it brought on, almost immediately, a spasm in my stomach, which confined me all day. I knew Fitzgerald but very little, but I honour and venerate his character, which he has uniformly sustained, and, in this last instance, illustrated. What miserable wretches by his side are the gentry of Ireland ! I would rather be Fitzgerald, as he is now, wounded in his dungeon, than Pitt at the head of the British Empire. What a noble fellow ! Of the first family in Ireland, with an easy fortune, a beautiful wife, and family of lovely children, the certainty of a splendid appointment under Government, if he would condescend to support their measures, he has devoted himself wholly to the emancipation of his country, and sacrificed everything to it, even to his blood.

*June 13th.* I have been running over in my mind the list of my friends and of the men whom, without being so intimately connected with them, I most esteem. Scarcely do I find one who is not or has not been in exile or prison, and in jeopardy of his life. To begin with, Russell and Emmet, the two dearest of my friends, at this moment in prison on a capital charge. MacNeven and J. Sweetman, my old fellow-labourers in the Catholic cause; Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur and Roger O'Connor, whom, though I know less personally, I do not less esteem; Sampson, Bond, Jackson and his son, still in prison; Robert and William Simms, the men in the world to whose friendship I am most obliged, but just discharged; Neilson, Haslitt, McCracken the same; McCormick, absconded; Rowan and Dr. Reynolds in America; Lewins, Tennant, Lowry, Hamilton, Teeling, Tandy, etc., and others, with whom I have little or no acquaintance, but whom I must presume to be victims of their patriotism, not to speak of my own family in France, Germany, and elsewhere. Stokes disgraced on suspicion of virtue. It is a gloomy catalogue for a man to cast his eyes over. Of all my political connections I see but John Keogh who has escaped, and how he has had that inconceivable good fortune is to me a miracle. —*Ten at night.* I have been these two hours at the batteries, but the enemy keeps at a most prudent distance. It is downright wearying to be in con-

tinual expectation of an attack, and I begin to lose my patience.

*June 14th, 15th, 16th.* Last night, at the *Comédie*, I had a conversation with General Kilmaine, who has been here these two days, which did not much encourage me on the present posture of our affairs. I asked whether he could tell me the determination of the Government with regard to the cadres of regiments formed by General Hoche for the last expedition, and whether the Irishmen now in Paris were to be employed in them? He said that the conduct of many of the Irish in Paris was such as to reflect credit neither on themselves nor their country. That there was nothing to be heard of amongst them but denunciations, and if every one of them, separately, spoke truth, all the rest were rascals. At the same time there was one thing in their favour; hitherto they had asked nothing for themselves, which in some degree saved their credit—except one, named O’Finn, who appeared in the light of a mere adventurer; that Tandy had also applied for assistance, and that he (Kilmaine), believing the poor old man to be in distress, had signed a paper to the Minister at War, requesting he might be employed. I answered that I was heartily sorry for the account he gave me of the conduct of our countrymen, which I had some reason to believe he had not exaggerated, having been denounced myself more than once for no other offence, as I believe in my conscience, than the rank

I held in the French army, which caused heart-burnings amongst them ; that the misfortune was that they came into France with their ideas mounted too high, from having had a certain degree of influence among the people at home, and finding themselves absolutely without any in France, their tempers were soured and their ill-humour vented itself in accusations of each other. All this is as discouraging as it can well be. I am sworn not to despair. It is my motto, but if it were not for that I know not what I should do to-day.

*June 17th, 18th.* The news I have received this morning, partly by the papers and partly by letters from my wife and brother, are of the last importance. As I suspected, the brave and unfortunate Fitzgerald was meditating an attack on the capital, which was to have taken place a few days after that on which he was arrested. He is since dead in prison ; his career is finished gloriously for himself, and whatever be the event, his memory will live for ever in the heart of every honest Irishman. He was a gallant fellow. For us, who remain as yet, and may perhaps soon follow him, the only way to lament his death is to endeavour to revenge it. The insurrection has formally commenced in several counties of Leinster, especially Kildare and Wexford ; the details in the French papers are very imperfect, but I see there have been several actions. At Monastereven, Naas, Clane, and Prosperous, the three last immediately in my ancient neighbour-



hood, there have been skirmishes generally, as is at first to be expected, to the advantage of the army ; at Prosperous the Cork militia were surprised and defeated. The villains—to bear arms against their country ! Killcullen is burnt ; at Carlow four hundred Irish, it is said, were killed ; at Castledermot fifty ; in return, in county Wexford, where appears to be their principal force, they have defeated a party of six hundred English, killed three hundred and the Commander, Colonel Walpole, and taken five pieces of cannon. This victory, small as it is, will give the people courage, and show them that a red coat is no more invincible than a grey one. At Rathmines there has been an affair of cavalry where the Irish had the worst, and two of their leaders named Ledwich and Keogh were taken, and I presume immediately executed. I much fear that the last is Cornelius, eldest son to my friend, J. Keogh, and a gallant lad ; if it be so I shall regret him sincerely ; but how many other valuable lives must be sacrificed before the fortune of Ireland be decided ! Dr. Esmonde and eight other gentlemen of my county have been hanged ; at Nenagh the English whip the most respectable inhabitants till their blood flows into the kennel. The atrocious barbarity of their conduct is only to be excelled by the folly of it ; never yet was a rebellion, as they call it, quelled by such means. The eighteen thousand victims sacrificed by Alva in the Low Countries in five years and on the

scaffold did not prevent the establishment of the liberty of Holland. From the blood of every one of the martyrs of the liberty of Ireland will spring, I hope, thousands to revenge their fall. In all this confusion of events there is one circumstance which looks well. The English Government publish latterly no detailed accounts, but say, in general, that all goes well, and that a few days will suffice to extinguish the rebellion ; at the same time they are fortifying the pigeon house in Dublin in order to secure a retreat for the Government in case of the worst, which does not savour extremely of the immediate extinction of the rebellion. These are all the details I recollect, and they are of the last importance. What will the French Government do in the present crisis ?

*June 19th.* This evening at five set off for Rouen. No news yet of the Toulon expedition—it is inconceivable !

*June 20th.* To-day is my birthday. I am thirty-five years of age ; more than half the career of my life is finished, and how little have I yet been able to do. Well, it has not been, at least, for want of inclination, and, I may add, of efforts ! Called this morning on General Grouchy—I find him full of ardour for our business ; he has read all the details, and talks of going to Paris in two or three days to press the Directory upon that subject. His idea is to try an embarkation aboard the corvettes and privateers of Nantes ; on which, he thinks, at least

3,000 men with 20,000 muskets can be stowed, and he speaks as if he meant to apply for the command of this little armament. What would I not give that he should succeed in the application ! I once endeavoured to be of service to General Grouchy when I saw him unjustly misrepresented after our return from Bantry Bay, and he does not seem to have forgotten it ; for nothing could be more friendly and affectionate than his reception of me to-day. From General Grouchy I went to visit the General-in-chief, Kilmaine, and mentioned to him that, under the circumstances, especially as there was no appearance of any event at Havre, I had thought it my duty to return near him to receive his orders. He said I did very right, but he was sorry at the same time to tell me that he was much afraid the Government would do nothing ; and he read me a letter from the Minister of Marine which he had received this very morning, mentioning that, in consequence of the great superiority of the naval force of the enemy, and difficulty of escaping from any of the ports during the fine season, the Directory were determined to adjourn the measure until a more favourable occasion. I lost my temper at this, and told him that if the affair was adjourned it was lost. The present crisis must be seized, or it would be too late ; that I could hardly hope the Irish, unprovided as they were of all that was indispensable for carrying on a war, could long hold out against the

resources of England, especially if they saw France make no effort whatsoever to assist them ; that, thus far, they had been devoted to the cause of France, for which, if they had not been able to do much, at least they had sufficiently suffered ; but who could say or expect that this attachment would continue if, in the present great crisis, they saw themselves abandoned to their own resources ; that now was the moment to assist them : in three months it might be too late, and the forces then sent, if the Irish were overpowered in the meantime, find themselves unsupported, and, in their turn, be overpowered by the English. General Kilmaine answered that he saw all that as well as I did ; but what could he do ? He had pressed the Directory again and again on the subject, but they were afraid to incur the charge of sacrificing a handful of the troops of the Republic, and would not try the enterprise except on a grand scale. He then showed me two different plans he had prepared, the one for an embarkment of 17,500 men, the second for about 9,500, both of which he had sent by his aide-de-camp to Paris, and expected his return. I answered that I should be heartily glad that either one or the other were adopted, but that I saw infinite difficulties in the way, and had always been of opinion that 5,000 men that could be sent were better than 50,000, that could not. I added that one demi-brigade of light infantry, with two or three companies of light artillery at this moment, might be

better than 20,000 men in six months. He shook his head and replied he was morally certain the Directory would attempt nothing on so small a scale. He then gave me the French papers, and after settling to dine with him, we parted. Quigley has been executed, and died like a hero ! If ever I reach Ireland, and that we establish our liberty, I will be the first to propose a monument to his memory ; his conduct, at the hour of his death, clears everything. “ *Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it.*” Poor Pamela—she is in London, which she has been ordered to quit in three days. The night of her husband’s arrestation she was taken in labour, and—will it be believed hereafter ?—not one physician could be found in Dublin hardy enough to deliver her. The villains ! the pusillanimous and barbarous scoundrels ! It was a lady, who was not even of her acquaintance, that assisted her in her peril. I do not think there is a parallel instance of inhumanity in the annals of mankind. She is said to be inconsolable for the death of Fitzgerald. I well believe it—beautiful and unfortunate creature ! Well, if Ireland triumphs she shall have her full share of the victory and of the vengeance.

I do not see one syllable about the North, which astonishes me more than I can express. Are they afraid ? Have they changed their opinions ? What can be the cause of their passive submission, at this moment, so little suited to their former zeal and energy ? I remember what Digges said to Russell

and me five or six years ago : “ If ever the South is roused I would rather have one Southern than twenty Northerns.” Digges was a man of great sense and observation. He was an American, and had no local or provincial prejudices. Was he right in his opinion ? A very little time will let us see. If it should prove so, what a mortification to me, who have so long looked up with admiration to the North, and especially to Belfast ! \*

*June 20th to 30th.* Having determined to set off for Paris, in consequence of the late news from Ireland, I got leave of absence for a fortnight from General Kilmaine. My Adjoint, Citizen Favory, called on me the next morning after my arrival to inform me that the Minister of War had dispatched an order for me to come to Paris in all haste. I waited upon him in consequence. He told me it was the Minister of Marine who had demanded me, and gave me at the same time a letter of introduction for him.

\* For the reasons of the tranquillity of the North in 1798 see Lecky, vol. iv. page 403 following. He adduces, as reasons, the rise of Orangeism ; a long period of Martial Law ; great severity (one man was condemned to eight hundred lashes and received two hundred before implicating another culprit) ; above all, a change of sentiment on finding that the Rebellion in the South was one of lawless mobs, and conducted in the spirit of a religious anti-Protestant war ; that the French were lax and inefficient in the matter of support ; that Republicanism was becoming imperialistic and tyrannical—in Genoa, Holland, Venice, Switzerland, and towards the United States. Antrim and Down, however, did rise, and there the revolt was suppressed with the usual brutality.

## XIX

### A LETTER FROM BREST \*

“ARMÉE FRANÇAISE. ERIN GO BRAGH.

“LIBERTÉ. ÉGALITÉ.

“HEADQUARTERS AT BREST,

“27 *Thermidor*.

“DEAREST LOVE,

“This day at twelve o'clock we embark, but I do not yet know when we shall put to sea ; probably it will not be long.

“I send you by the *Diligence*, which leaves this, the 29th, a packet containing copies of all papers, etc., some of which remain since our last expedition. You will likewise find one or two coins enclosed for the Bab. You will give a copy of each to Giange, *who has never written me one line*. I write to him, however, by this post ; he will, of course, show you my letters. Your packet ought to arrive the 5 or 6 *Fructidor*.

\* The headings in this letter are printed. It is taken, by kind permission, from Dr. Richard Hayes' interesting book, *Irish Swordsmen of France*, where it was originally printed for the first time. The giving of his last five guineas to his Irish followers is a touching and characteristic gesture from Tone.

Giange is the young Swiss who married Tone's sister Mary in 1797 ; see, for reference, page 208 of this edition.

“Touching money matters, I have not yet received a *sous*, and last night I was obliged to give my *last* five guineas to our Countrymen here. I can shift better than they can ; I hope to receive a month’s pay to-day, but it will not be possible to remit you any part of it. You must therefore carry on the war as you can for three or four months, and before this is out we will see further ; I write (in French) to Giange on that head. I am mortified at not being able to send you a remittance, but you know it is not my fault.

“We embark about 3,000 men, with 12 pieces of artillery, and I judge about 20,000 stand of arms ; we are enough, I think, to do the business, if we arrive safe.

“With regard to myself personally, I have every reason to be satisfied ; I stand fair with the General and my *camarades*. I am in excellent health and spirits, I have great confidence in the success of our enterprise, and, come what come may, at least I will do what is right.

“The time is so short that I must finish this. I will, if possible, write to you again, but, if we should unexpectedly sail, my next will be, I hope, from Ireland. Adieu, my dearest Life and Soul ; kiss my babies for me always. I doat upon you all.

“Yours ever and most truly,

“T. WOLFE TONE.”



## XX

### WOLFE TONE'S LAST ADVENTURE : HIS SON'S ACCOUNT

[From this point the narrative is taken up by Wolfe Tone's eldest son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone (1791-1828), who served in the French army from 1813 to the Restoration, and then in the American army.

Wolfe Tone's diaries were written primarily to give pleasure to his wife ; he continued to keep them after she rejoined him in France—even when they were together in Paris—though much less fully than in 1796. After this return to Paris he abandons them.

This summer he was busy with Humbert's expedition, which sailed on August 6th with his brother Matthew, Teeling, and Sullivan, Madgett's nephew. Teeling and Matthew Tone were taken and hanged. Sullivan escaped in disguise to France.

Napper Tandy and a body of United Irishmen sailed in a separate vessel, touched on Rathlin Island, heard of the defeat of Humbert, and went on to Norway.

The Directory, uninformed of Humbert's defeat, then dispatched a tiny fleet of one sail of the line and eight frigates, under Bompard and General Hardy, with what fortune William Tone here records.—S. O'F.]

At length, about the 20th of September, 1798, that fatal expedition set sail from the Bay of Cameret. It consisted of the *Hoche* (74), *Loire*, *Resolue*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Embuscade*, *Immortalité*, *Romaine*, and *Semillante*, frigates; and *Biche*, schooner, and *aviso*. To avoid the British fleets, Bompard, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the westward, and then to the north-east, in order to bear down on the northern coast of Ireland, from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was scattered; for, on the 10th of October, after twenty days' cruise, he arrived off the entry of Loch Swilly, with the *Hoche*, the *Loire*, the *Resolue*, and the *Biche*. He was instantly signalled, and on the break of day next morning, 11th of October, before he could enter the bay or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren,\* consisting of six sail of the line, one razeed of sixty guns, and two frigates bearing down upon him. There was

\* Sir John Borlase Warren (1753-1822). Some men rise by the downfall of others—this engagement added greatly to the reputation of Warren. He did not become an admiral, however, until 1810.

no chance of escape for the large and heavy man-of-war. Bompart gave instant signals to the frigates and schooner to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honour the flag of his country and liberty by a desperate but hopeless defence. At that moment a boat came from the *Biche*, for his last orders. That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. "Our contest is hopeless," they observed; "we will be prisoners of war; but what will become of you?" "Shall it be said," replied he, "that I fled whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country?" He refused their offers, and determined to stand and fall with the ship. The *Biche* accomplished her escape; and I see it mentioned in late publications that other Irishmen availed themselves of that occasion. This fact is incorrect—not one of them would have done so; and besides, my father was the only Irishman on board the *Hoche*.

The British Admiral dispatched two men-of-war, the *razees*, and a frigate after the *Loire* and *Resolue*, and the *Hoche* was soon surrounded by four sail of the line and a frigate, and began one of the most obstinate and desperate engagements which have ever been fought on the ocean. During six hours she sustained the fire of a whole fleet, till her masts and rigging were swept away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cock-pit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke and let

in five feet of water in the hold, her rudder was carried off, and she floated a dismantled wreck on the waters; her sails and cordage hung in shreds, nor could she reply with a single gun from her dismantled batteries to the unabating cannonade of the enemy. At length she struck. The *Resolue* and *Loire* were soon reached by the English fleet; the former was in a sinking condition; she made, however, an honourable defence. The *Loire* sustained three attacks, drove off the English frigates, and had almost effected her escape; at length, engaged by the *Anson*, razee of sixty guns, she struck, after an action of three hours, entirely dismasted. Of the other frigates, pursued in all directions, the *Bellone*, *Immortalité*, *Coquille*, and *Embuscade* were taken, and the *Romaine* and *Semillante*, through a thousand dangers, reached separate ports in France.

During the action my father commanded one of the batteries, and, according to the report of the officers who returned to France, fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death. When the ship struck, confounded with the other officers, he was not recognized for some time, for he had completely acquired the language and appearance of a Frenchman. The two fleets were dispersed in every direction; nor was it till some days later that the *Hoche* was brought into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. Yet rumours of his being on board

must have been circulated, for the fact was public at Paris. But it was thought he had been killed in the action ; and I am willing to believe that the British officers, respecting the valour of a fallen enemy, were not earnest in investigating the point. It was at length a gentleman well known in the county Derry as a leader of the Orange party, and one of the chief magistrates in that neighbourhood, Sir George Hill, who had been his fellow-student in Trinity College and knew his person, who undertook the task of discovering him. It is known that in Spain grandes and noblemen of the first rank pride themselves in the functions of familiars, spies, and informers of the Holy Inquisition ; it remained for Ireland to offer a similar example. The French officers were invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, who commanded in that district. My father sat undistinguished amongst them, when Sir George Hill \* entered the room, followed by police officers. Looking narrowly at the company,

\* Hill's account is different. See his letter to Ed. Cooke, Dublin Castle, from Buncrana, Nov. 8, headed " 12 o'clock."

"MY DEAR COOKE,

"Such has been the stormy weather that for two days no boat has been ashore from *La Hoche*. This morning some hundreds of the prisoners are just landed. The first man who stepped out of the boat, habited as an officer, was T. W. Tone. He recognized me and addressed me instantly with as much sang-froid as you might expect from his character. . . .

"Yrs., etc.

"G. F. HILL.

"P.S.—Tone is sent off to Derry under a strong escort."

(See final footnotes.)

he singled out the object of his search, and, stepping up to him, said, " Mr. Tone, I am *very happy* to see you." Instantly rising, with the utmost composure, and disdaining all useless attempts at concealment, my father replied, " Sir George, I am happy to see you ; how are Lady Hill and your family ? " Beckoned into the next room by the police officers, an unexpected indignity awaited him. It was filled with military, and one General Lavau, who commanded them, ordered him to be ironed, declaring that, as on leaving Ireland to enter the French service he had not renounced his oath of allegiance, he remained a subject of Britain, and should be punished as a traitor. Seized with a momentary burst of indignation at such unworthy treatment and cowardly cruelty to a prisoner of war, he flung off his uniform, and cried, " These fetters shall never degrade the revered insignia of the free nation which I have served." Resuming then his usual calm, he offered his limbs to the irons, and when they were fixed he exclaimed, " For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England." The friends of Lord Cavan have asserted that this extreme, and, I will add, *unmanly* and *ungenerous* severity, was provoked by his outrageous behaviour when he found he was not to have the privileges of a prisoner of war. This supposition is not only contradicted by the whole tenor of his character and his subsequent

deportment, but no other instances of it have ever been specified than those noble replies to the taunts of General Lavau.

From Letterkenny he was hurried to Dublin without delay, fettered and on horseback, under an escort of dragoons. During this journey the unruffled serenity of his countenance, amidst the rude soldiery, and under the awe-struck gaze of his countrymen, excited universal admiration. Recognizing in a group of females, which thronged the windows, a young lady of his acquaintance : "There," said he, "is my old friend Miss Beresford; how well she looks !" On his arrival he was immured in the Provost's prison, in the barracks of Dublin, under the charge of the notorious Major Sandys, a man whose insolence, rapacity, and cruelty will long be remembered in that city, where, a worthy instrument of the faction which then ruled it, he enjoyed, under their patronage, a despotic authority within its precincts.

Though the Court of King's Bench was then sitting, preparations were instantly made for trying him summarily before a court-martial.

The time of my father's trial was deferred a few days, by the officers appointed to sit on the court-martial receiving marching orders. At length, on Saturday, November 10, 1798, a new court was assembled, consisting of General Loftus, who performed the functions of President, Colonels Vandeleur, Daly, and Wolfe, Major Armstrong, and

a Captain Curran ; Mr. Paterson performed the functions of Judge Advocate.

The Court then observed that they would hear his address, provided he confined himself within the bounds of moderation. He rose, and began in these words :

“ Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Court-Martial,—I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the Government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers, which my individual efforts could move, in order to separate the two countries.

“ That Ireland was not able, of herself, to throw off the yoke, I knew. I therefore sought for aid wherever it was to be found. In honourable poverty I rejected offers, which, to a man in my circumstances, might be considered highly advantageous. I remained faithful to what I thought the cause of my country, and sought in the French Republic an ally to rescue three millions of my countrymen from . . . ”



*Gen. Loftus.* "That seems to have nothing to say to the charge against you, to which only you are to speak. If you have anything to offer in defence or extenuation of that charge the Court will hear you ; but they beg that you will confine yourself to that subject."

*Tone.* "I shall, then, confine myself to some points relative to my connection with the French army. Attached to no party in the French Republic, without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the Executive Directory, the approbation of my Generals, and I venture to add the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I review these circumstances I feel a secret and internal consolation which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this Court to inflict, can ever deprive me of or weaken in any degree. Under the flag of the French Republic I originally engaged with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose I have encountered the chances of war amongst strangers : for that purpose I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that Power which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life ; I have courted poverty ; I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices, in a cause

which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom—it is no great effort, at this day, to add, ‘the sacrifice of my life.’

“But I hear it said that this unfortunate country has been a prey to all sorts of horrors. I sincerely lament it. I beg, however, it may be remembered that I have been absent four years from Ireland. To me these sufferings can never be attributed. I designed by fair and open war, to procure the separation of the two countries. For open war I was prepared; but if, instead of that, a system of private assassination has taken place, I repeat, whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable on me. Atrocities, it seems, have been committed on both sides. I do not less deplore them; I detest them from my heart; and to those who know my character and sentiments, I may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion. With them I need no justification.

“In a cause like this, success is everything. Success in the eyes of the vulgar fixes its merits. Washington succeeded, and Kosciusko failed.

“After a combat nobly sustained, a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy, my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace of those who gave the order, I was brought hither in irons like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others; for me I am indifferent to it; I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication.

“As to the connection between this country and Great Britain, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me—words, writings, and actions—I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of this Court I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty ; I shall take care not to be wanting to mine.” \*

This speech was pronounced in a tone so magnanimous, so full of a noble and calm serenity as seemed deeply and visibly to affect all its hearers, the members of the Court not excepted. A pause ensued of some continuance, and silence reigned

\* Tone's address is here taken by the son from the newspapers of the day, all financed by Dublin Castle ; these printed only what he was allowed to say. An undelivered portion of his prepared address, referring to the Catholics, went as follows :

“I have laboured in consequence to create a people in Ireland, by raising three millions of my Countrymen to the rank of citizens. I have laboured to abolish the infernal spirit of religious persecution by uniting the Catholics and Dissenters. To the former I owe more than can ever be repaid ; the services I was so fortunate as to render them they rewarded munificently. But they did more. When the public cry was raised against me, when the friends of my youth swarmed off and left me alone, the Catholics did not desert me—they had the virtue even to sacrifice their own interests to a rigid principle of honour. They refused, though strongly urged, to disgrace a man, who, whatever his conduct towards the Government might have been, faithfully and conscientiously discharged his duty towards them : and in so doing, though it was in my own case, I will say that they showed an instance of public virtue and honour, of I know not whether there exists another example.”

(See *Cornwallis Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 435. And see article by Dr. Richard Hayes, in *The Irish Press*, June 20, 1932.)

in the hall till interrupted by Tone himself, who inquired whether it was not usual to assign an interval between the sentence and execution? The Judge Advocate answered, that the voices of the Court would be collected without delay, and the result transmitted forthwith to the Lord Lieutenant. If the prisoner therefore had any further observations to make, now was the moment.

*Tone.* "I wish to offer a few words relative to one single point—to the mode of punishment. In France, our *Emigrés*, who stand nearly in the same situation in which I suppose I now stand before you, are condemned to be shot. I ask that the Court should adjudge me the death of a soldier, and let me be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I request this indulgence, rather in consideration of the uniform which I wear, the uniform of a Chef de Brigade in the French army, than from any personal regard to myself. In order to evince my claim to this favour, I beg that the Court may take the trouble to peruse my commission and letters of service in the French army. It will appear from these papers that I have not received them as a mask to cover me, but that I have been long and *bonâ fide* an officer in the French service."

*Judge Advocate.* "You must feel that the papers you allude to will serve as undeniable proofs against you."

*Tone.* "Oh!—*I know it well*—I have already admitted the facts, and I now admit the papers as full proofs of conviction."

The papers were then examined : they consisted of a brevet of Chef de Brigade from the Directory, signed by the Minister of War, of a letter of service, granting to him the rank of Adjutant-General, and of a passport.

*General Loftus.* "In those papers you are designated as serving in the army of England."

*Tone.* "I did serve in that army when it was commanded by Buonaparte, by Desaix, and by Kilmaine, who is, as I am, an Irishman. But I have also served elsewhere."

Requested if he had anything further to observe, he said that nothing more occurred to him, except that the sooner his Excellency's approbation of their sentence was obtained the better. He would consider it as a favour if it could be obtained in an hour.

My father was sentenced to die the death of a traitor in forty-eight hours, on the 12th of November.\*

\* A contemporary document in T. C. D. gives the following as the sentence of the Court Martial : "The Court Martial do find the prisoner, Theobald Wolfe Tone, guilty of the crimes alleged against him, and do therefore adjudge him to be hanged, his head to be struck off, fixed on a Pike, and placed in the most conspicuous part of this city. William Loftus, Maj.-General."

## XXI

### THE END

I MUST collect my strength to give the remaining details of the close of my father's life. The secrets of a State prison, and of such a prison as were those of Dublin at that period, are seldom penetrated, and the facts which have reached us are few and meagre. As soon as he learned the refusal of his last request, his determination was taken, with the same resolution and coolness which he exhibited during the whole transaction. In order to spare the feelings of his parents and friends, he refused to see any one and requested only the use of writing materials. During the 10th and 11th of November he addressed the Directory, the Minister of Marine, General Kilmaine, and Mr. Shee, in France, and several of his friends in Ireland, to recommend his family to their care. I here insert a translation of his letter to the Directory, the only one of which we obtained a copy.

“ FROM THE PROVOST’S PRISON, DUBLIN,  
“ 20th Brumaire, 7th year of the Republic,  
“ (November 10, 1798.)

“ *The Adjutant-General Theobald Wolfe Tone (called Smith), to the Executive Directory of the French Republic.*

“ CITIZEN DIRECTORS,—The English Government having determined not to respect my rights as a French citizen and officer, and summoned me before a court-martial, I have been sentenced to death. In those circumstances I request you to accept my thanks for the confidence with which you have honoured me, and which, in a moment like this, I venture to say I well deserved. I have served the Republic faithfully, and my death, as well as that of my brother, a victim like myself, and condemned in the same manner about a month ago, will sufficiently prove it. I hope the circumstances in which I stand will warrant me, Citizen Directors, in supplicating you to consider the fate of a virtuous wife and of three infant children, who had no other support, and, in losing me, will be reduced to the extreme of misery. I venture on such an occasion to recall to your remembrance that I was expelled from my own country in consequence of my attempts to serve the Republic; that, on the invitation of the French Government,

I came to France ; that ever since I had the honour to enter the French service, I have faithfully, and with the approbation of all my chiefs, performed my duty ; finally, that I have sacrificed for the Republic all that man holds dearest—my wife, my children, my liberty, my life. In these circumstances I confidently call on your justice and humanity in favour of my family, assured that you will not abandon them. It is the greatest consolation which remains to me in dying,

“ Health and respect,

“ T. W. TONE (called Smith),

“ *Adjutant-General.*”

He then, with a firm hand and heart, penned the two following letters to my mother :

“ PROVOST PRISON—DUBLIN BARRACKS,

“ *Le 20 Brumaire, an 7 (10th Nov.), 1798.*

“ DEAREST LOVE,—The hour is at last come when we must part. As no words can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not attempt it ; complaint of any kind would be beneath your courage and mine ; be assured I will die as I have lived, and that you will have no cause to blush for me.

“ I have written on your behalf to the French Government, to the Minister of Marine, to General Kilmaine, and to Mr. Shee ; with the latter I wish



you especially to advise. In Ireland I have written to your brother Harry, and to those of my friends who are about to go into exile, and who, I am sure, will not abandon you.

“Adieu, dearest love : I find it impossible to finish this letter. Give my love to Mary ; and, above all things, remember that you are now the only parent of our dearest children, and that the best proof you can give of your affection for me will be to preserve yourself for their education. God Almighty bless you all.

“Yours ever,

“T. W. TONE.

“P.S.—I think you have found a friend in Wilson, who will not desert you.”

#### SECOND LETTER.

“DEAREST LOVE,—I write just one line to acquaint you that I have received assurances from your brother Edward of his determination to render every assistance and protection in his power ; for which I have written to thank him most sincerely. Your sister has likewise sent me assurances of the same nature, and expressed a desire to see me, which I have refused, having determined to speak to no one of my friends, not even my father, from motives of humanity to them and myself. It is a very great

consolation to me that your family are determined to support you ; as to the manner of that assistance, I leave it to their affection for you, and your own excellent good sense, to settle what manner will be most respectable for all parties.

“ Adieu, dearest love. Keep your courage, as I have kept mine ; my mind is as tranquil this moment as at any period of my life. Cherish my memory ; and especially preserve your health and spirits for the sake of our dearest children.

“ Your ever affectionate,

“ T. WOLFE TONE.\*

“ 11th November, 1798.”

It is said that on the evening of that very day he could see and hear the soldiers erecting the gallows for him before his windows. That very night,

\* On the same day that he wrote these last two letters to his wife, he wrote as follows to General Kilmaine :

“ PROVOST’S PRISON,

“ 20 Brumaire, an 7.

“ DEAR GENERAL,

“ Before this reaches you I shall be no more. You are doubtless already aware of the fate of our expedition, which has brought on mine. I write now, relying on you as a friend and countryman to assist and protect my wife and children by supporting in their interest a Memorial which I have addressed in their favour to the Minister of Marine, to request his interference, as my family, in losing me lose their only support. The shortness of the time prevents my saying more, but I think I know you enough to be satisfied that I have said is sufficient.

“ I am, dear General, with great respect,

“ Your most obed. servt.,

“ T. WOLFE TONE, dit SMITH, Adj.-Gen.”

according to the report given by his jailers, having secreted a penknife, he inflicted a deep wound across his neck. It was soon discovered by the sentry, and a surgeon called in at four o'clock in the morning, who stopped the blood and closed it. He reported, that as the prisoner had missed the carotid artery, he might yet survive, but was in the extremest danger. It is said that he murmured only in reply, "I am sorry I have been so bad an anatomist." Let me draw a veil over the remainder of this scene.

Stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon, the first apostle of Irish union, and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence, counted each lingering hour during the last seven days and nights of his slow and silent agony. No one was allowed to approach him. Far from his adored family, and from all those friends whom he loved so dearly, the only forms which flitted before his eyes were those of the grim jailer and rough attendants of the prison; the only sounds which fell on his dying ear, the heavy tread of the sentry. He retained, however, the calmness of his soul and the possession of his faculties to the last. And the consciousness of dying for his country, and in the cause of justice and liberty, illumined, like a bright halo, his latest moments, and kept up his fortitude to the end. There is no situation under which those feelings will not support the soul of a patriot.

On the morning of the 19th of November he

was seized with the spasms of approaching death. It is said that the surgeon who attended, whispered that if he attempted to move or speak he must expire instantly ; that he overheard him, and, making a slight movement, replied, " I can yet find words to thank you, sir ; it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for ? " Falling back, with these expressions on his lips, he expired without further effort.

These extracts are taken from contemporary letters: *Lord Cavan to Ed. Cooke, Dublin Castle*. Derry, Nov. 7, 1798. "I hope you will be amused with Tone, and that he will amuse Dublin by his execution. He wrote me an impudent letter, I thought, for a man in his situation. . . ." *Sir G. F. Hill to Cooke*. Same date. "Tone's trunk is sent off to you this evening by the Derry coach. There is a bag with 240 French Crowns in it, his uniform, and clothes. Keep the cap and uniform for your museum. . . ." *Hill to Cooke*. Derry, Nov. 15, 1798. "I have rcd. an accurate note of all which passed in King's Bench on Curran's motion *re* Tone. The business has been bitched. The authority of Parliament, the actual existence of Rebellion and Invasion should have induced a refusal to obey the King's Bench, and execution ought to have taken place. I would have sewed up his neck and finished the business. . . ."

The originals are in the Irish State Papers Office at Dublin Castle.

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