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THE
IRISH ABROAD AND AT HOME;
1857

AT THE COURT AND IN THE CAMP.

WITH

Souvenirs of "The Brigade."

REMINISCENCES OF AN EMIGRANT MILESIAN.



Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes ilacrimabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

HORACE.

Les Milesiens etaient braves jadis.
French version of the Greek Proverb.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 & 348 BROADWAY.
1856.

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THE
IRISH ABROAD AND AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.

Les *Milesiens* avaient été le peuple le plus puissant de la Carie. Ils avaient entrepris, et soutenu plusieurs guerres mémorables. Elles avaient envoyé de nombreuses colonies dans le Propontide et le Pont Euxin.

C. DE MERY.

I am curious in such matters—believing as I do that Secret History with her tittle-tattle is far more to be relied on than her statelier sister with all her sonorous periods—solemn falsehoods—stately didactics, and inconsequent conclusions.—“*Liverpool Fifty Years Ago.*” (*In the Boston LIBERTY BELL of 1849.*)

THE late excellent M. Ménéval, in his “Historical Recollections of Napoleon and Marie Louise,” gives the following reason for undertaking that interesting work :

“I have long hesitated about a task which diffidence in my capability rendered me fearful I should not be able worthily to fulfil. In the mean while, age advances ; and, however insufficient be my pen, I can no longer postpone giving to the world—not memoirs, but some recollections.”

With similar modesty General Petiet exclaims, in his “Souvenirs Militaires,” “A dieu ne plaise que j’aie l’intention d’écrire l’Histoire (de 1815) ; je n’en ai ni la pretention, ni les moyens.”

That which in M. Ménéval and General Petiet was misplaced distrust of powers which each eminently possessed, is with me a profound and undissembled sense of incapacity for

grave, formal Historical Memoirs of Ireland and Irishmen ; and yet all my matter will be found of historical character, referring as it will to the condition of Ireland and her offspring, and other inhabitants, during six hundred years ; that is, from the date of the Invasion, under the second Henry (1172), to the last quarter of the 18th century, when the first sensible relaxations of the penal code (directed against the Catholics who constituted the great mass of her population), took place. It is however to the situation of Ireland, and to the events which took place there, and to those which occurred elsewhere to Irishmen, and consequently to the characteristics of the Irish, between the accession of Elizabeth and the middle of the reign of George III., that my recollections will especially refer. That sad period when, to the ordinary inflictions upon a conquered people were superadded savage, relentless (mis-called) "Religious" Persecution.

The alleged motive for this atrocious augmentation of the sufferings of a people whose only crimes consisted in defending to the last extremity their independence, and in desperate fidelity to the faith of their ancestors, was, forsooth, to inure their acquiescence in British rule, and (as a means for insuring its permanence) conformity to the religion professed by the invaders. Whether this policy or proceeding be or be not susceptible of defence I shall not discuss, but no argument or sophistry can excuse or even palliate the inhuman and infamous abuse of the power delegated, for the purpose, to, or usurped by military chiefs, adventurers, and fanatics, and which rendered Ireland, for two hundred years at least, the most unhappy country on the face of the earth.

During those two centuries oppression and resistance, revolt and repression, rebellion and defeat, with their accompanying horrors, succeeded to each other incessantly in "that land for which the Almighty has done so much and man so little." The soul sickens at the catalogue of barbarities on the one hand, and of heroic endurance on the other, presented by the history of Ireland, throughout the period just alluded to—that is, extending from the Reformation to the Declaration of Irish Independence, in 1782.

Mr. John Wilson Croker,* the witty author of certain

* Since more generally and more advantageously known as Secretary of the British Admiralty and as the principal writer in the Quarterly Review—which position he still occupies.

strictures on the Dublin stage, published in the year 1805, in the shape of "Poetical Epistles to Frederick Edward Jones, Esq." (patentee of the Dublin Theatre), refers, in a note, to the clever play of my old and esteemed friend, the late Mr. John Lawless, just then recently brought out under the title "Trial's All." The hero of the piece—a romantically patriotic suitor—labours under a charge of disaffection to the government, and is finally rewarded, not with the hempen halter as a traitor false, but with the noose of matrimony as a lover true, to the great scandal of all loyal men—Mr. Croker among the rest—who asks sarcastically, "what can have turned Mr. Lawless's attention to such *Green Street** subjects?"

This question was understood to convey something more than disapprobation of the theme chosen by Mr. Lawless, who had with several of his fellow-students (including George Moore, David Power, John Keogh, Thomas Moore, and *Robert Emmet*), been expelled Trinity College, Dublin, seven or eight years before, for suspected disloyalty. Thenceforward Mr. Lawless had been regarded as a man of very questionable politics, a character which seemed, however, in no way to diminish his self-esteem, self-respect, and complacency. Nor did it, I must add, interfere with the success of his drama.

In like manner I may be asked, "why revive recollections of painful occurrences and unhappy times?" I reply: "Limitation runs against continued suppression of them."

"Be it so. But what perversity or corrupt taste can have led you into this course of study and composition?"

My answer is, "I could not help it." The sage Dogberry laid down the law long before I submitted to it, for he held that

"To write and read come by nature."

Like Worcester—

"Rebellion lay in my way and I found it."

From the first moment when I began to understand the conversations held in my presence, until that which supplied to me personal acquaintance with and appreciation of the afflictions of Ireland, I had heard of little else than

* Green Street, Dublin, is the street in which, as in *the Old Bailey*, London, are situate the jail of Newgate and the Criminal Court.

“ Treasons, stratagems, and spoils,”

and of the conflicts of the Irish with the invaders of their soil. I heard of Fionn Mac Cumhal, and Ossian, and Oscar. I revered the tact, the courage, and the patriotism of Fionn; and I admired the genius of Ossian, and I pitied Oscar for the incessant labour to which he is doomed in the other world (in a place not to be named), which consists in threshing, with a red-hot iron flail, the recusant sons of Erin as they enter. I heard of the Danes, and of Brian Boroinhe, and of his son Donoh, and of his grandson Morogh; the three generations who fell at Clontarf, on Good Friday, 1014, in the defeat and expulsion of the Ostmen. I heard of “the red-haired man,” Mac Morogh, who, it was prophesied, would be

“ Cause of grief and woe to Erin,”

and of “the woman,”* who, the same seer foretold, would

“ Lay waste the plains of Leinster;”

and I heard of her Lieutenant Essex, and his doings; and of Strafford, and of his taking unto himself by forfeiture (that was the courtly phrase) in a single day the possessions of seventy-five chiefs and gentlemen of the clan of the O’Byrnes (one of them, I was told, my maternal progenitor), and which paternal adoptions constitute at present the Wicklow estates of the Earl Fitzwilliam, a great English nobleman, the lineal or collateral descendant, I forget which, of the propounder of that great appropriation clause. I heard of Maolmordha (pronounced Meeolmora) that is, Myles O’Reilly, or, as he was called, “Myles the Slasher.” I heard also of Owen Roe, and of Phelim, and of (Shane) O’Neill, and of Sir Teague O’Regan, and of the wholesale *colonization* of Ulster (which those who were excluded, in order to make room for it, unreasonably persisted in terming *confiscation*), by that godly prince, the foe à *outrance* of Papists, witches, and warlocks, James I.,—that monarch, so expert in

“ Reckoning up the several devils’ names.”

and who, by his *autos-da-fè* of hags and sorcerers, did so much

* Elizabeth.

towards the illumination of the world;* thus setting to his granddaughter the example which she so closely imitated, in

“Roasting, just like crabs, the martyrs;”

and I heard of the massacres of Monaghanstown, and of Mullaghmasteen; and of Oliver Cromwell, and of his logical revenge in battering down the north side of every church, tower, and castle *because* of the heroic resistance he had encountered in the north of Ireland, and of his pious adjuration to his soldiers, to “fear God and keep their powder dry;” and of King Shamus, with (in Irish) a most contemptuous epithet thereto attached; and of “the brave Duke Schomberg,” who

“Lost his life,
In crossing the Boyne water;”

and of Luttrell, who “sold the pass;” and of the immortal Sarsfield; and of the chivalrous Frenchman, of whom the epic poet sings:

“Saint Ruth is dead,
And all the guards have from the battle fled;
As he rode up the hill he met his fall,
And died a victim to a cannon-ball.”

After them, I heard of the Rapparees, and of “the bold Freney,” and of “Freney’s Mountain,” where, when opportunity served, he exercised reprisals on the invader; and of Father Sheehy, and of the untimely end respectively of all the jury by whom he had been found guilty (an historical fact, by the way); and of the “Boghalawn-Bawns” and “White Boys.”

Side by side with these, was the incessant mention of forfeitures, spoliations, and confiscations, and of hangings, drawings, and quarterings, and of “bills of discovery,” and of “Protestants” and “Romans,” and of “relapsed Papists.”

Those mournful recollections were occasionally relieved by the patriotic sallies and waggeries of Swift, who was still, in my boyhood, the idol of the old Irish.† To these quickly succeeded “the Volunteers of Ireland,” and “the declaration of independence,” and “the Duke of Leinster,” and “Lord Clanricarde,” and “Lord Charlemont,” and “Henry Grattan,”

* I wonder whether the Abbé (afterwards Cardinal) Maury, drew his celebrated *calembourg* from this source.

† How often has not an old worshipper of “the *Dane*” (as he pronounced his quality) taken me to Hoey’s Court in the city of Dublin, to point out the house in which the patriot was born!

and "Henry Flood," and "Edmund Burke," and "Father O'Leary."

Thus prepared and predisposed, I began, although then only a child, to acquire some faint notion of the bitterness with which those references were uttered, and gathered from it that some party with whom I ought to sympathize had received injury. Almost suddenly, however, the interest with which domestic politics were viewed, gave place to foreign topics, or were in some sort identified with them. "The French Revolution" and "the Bastille," and "Lafayette" and "the National Guards" were jumbled in a manner, inconceivable by me, with the "Irish volunteers," and "Hamilton Rowan" and "Napper Tandy" and "the Catholic claims," and "the Catholic Committee," and its chiefs "Tom Broughall" and "John Keogh" and "Dick McCormick" and "Toby Mackenna," (the latter of whom, in consequence of a pamphlet he wrote unfavourable to the claims of his *coréligionnaires*, was called a deserter), and "Colonel Talbot" and "Sir Edward Newenham," the popular candidates for representing the county and city of Dublin in Parliament.

The result of all this was the formation of what will probably appear, as I have anticipated, a depraved and unwholesome taste, which grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; and which acquired further force from close and more matured observation of events, and from subsequent personal acquaintance and intercourse with some of the remarkable men thrown up by the volcano. The mass of matter, thus accumulated in a tolerably retentive memory, I shall now proceed to lay before the reader.

Ere I close this portion of my exordium, however, I shall venture upon a digression which will, thus early, give to the reader a touch of my quality for discursiveness. In the foregoing recapitulation of materials with which, unarranged, my mind is stuffed, will have been observed two names, *Fionn Mac Cumhal* and *Muolmordha*. The first flourished before the noble institution of *Scannachies* or Bards. We have consequently fewer records of his sayings and doings than could have been desired. The latter, more fortunate in that regard, had for historian the late erudite Chevalier O'Gorman, from whose elaborate work I shall, however, make only one extract. Taking those heroes—for such they were respectively—in chronological order, I shall present the biographical notice of

Fionn Mac Cumhal as it has been traditionally handed down, and under its original title

“A GIANT REFRESHED.”



CHAPTER II.

Wise in council—brave in fight.

Ulysses.

THE first Patriot of whom I heard mention made was FIONN MAC CUMHAL, whose contemporaries used to say that

“None but himself could be his parallel.”

In after times, however, that is, in the progress of the dispute between the Greeks and Trojans, there appeared in the ranks of the former a man, who, if he did not rival Fionn “entirely,” approached him nearer in physical and mental qualities than any who had figured since his day, though ages upon ages had passed in the interval. Struck with its admirable appropriateness to herald in my hero, Fionn, I have chosen a line from the well-known tragedy bearing for its title the name of this remarkable person, for the motto of this my second chapter.

Fionn Mac Cumhal (pronounced by the Firlbolgs and their successors *Finn Mac Cool*) was the head of a family and sept of giants, and renowned equally for stature, strength, craft, and wisdom. Unfortunately my memory is refractory respecting him and his exploits, two only of which live in it; but even these suffice to give the measure of the man.

It appears, from the tradition still tingling in my ears, that the fame of Fionn had travelled far, and provoked the jealousy of a contemporary chief and giant, who resolved on seeing the redoubted Fionn, conquering him, and making him his tributary or slave. With these amiable intentions, the rival swell arrived at Fionn’s house early one fine morning, and by accident encountered him on his threshold. Fionn had either been informed of the proposed visit from the big ’un, or his tact and prevision enabled him at once to discover the quality of his visiter, and to penetrate his object. He received him, therefore, with assumed *sang froid* and courtesy.

The first salutations having been interchanged, the stranger opened the conference with a declaration of his satisfaction at finding a competitor for superiority so formidable as Fionn's respectable conformation announced, and stated at once his purpose of bringing matters between them to an immediate settlement.

"You have come at an unlucky moment, sir," said Fionn; "papa is absent."

"Papa! What do you mean? Are you not Fionn Mac Cumhal?"

"Bless you, no!" said Fionn. "I am his 'little Poucet,' as he calls me; his youngest son."

The visiter stared with astonishment, making inwardly some observations on certain indications of precocious puberty in his youthful host, who, unfortunately, it being Saturday, had omitted shaving. "If the parent be on a corresponding scale with this imp," said he, "I shall have caught a Tartar." He then added, aloud: "I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of seeing your papa."

"And I too, sir; I am sure he will be equally so when he hears of your visit."

"Will he be long absent?"

"Many hours; he is gone out for a day's shooting."

"Hum!" said the giant, aside. "There is no necessity for haste, then." Raising his voice, he added: "I shall drop in another morning, for it is not in my power to wait the return of your worthy parent to-day. I feel a little peckish, however. My walk across the country has whetted my appetite. Could you not let me have something to allay it? A snack of anything? A little cold meat?"

"How unfortunate that you did not arrive yesterday? We had a weanling elephant for dinner."

"Capital! Let the remains be sent up, with a little Harvey, if you please."

"Alas, sir! papa and the children finished it nearly at dinner. For supper we had broiled bones, and picked them so clean, that my sisters made worsted bobbins of them for their tambour embroidery."

"Hum? A-propos, where are your brothers and sisters?"

"The boys are gone with papa. Sisters—taking their work with them—have gone to spend the day with a neighbour of ours—the Queen of Dunshaughlin."

Here the least of the least suggestion of suspicion crossed the giant's mind, but a glance at the honest, candid, and simple countenance before him banished the unworthy thought. Still he resolved on further inquiry. Therefore addressing Fionn, who stood respectfully at a distance, cap in hand, ready to pilot him to the high road—he said—“can I not have the honour of paying my respects to mamma?”

Fionn filled, as we say in the north, and then pumped—

“And the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose.”

The giant was moved at Fionn's pantomime.

“I see how it is, my poor little man,” said he, patting his head kindly: “I shall not trespass on you further. Still it is not possible for me comfortably to resume my walk until I have refreshed myself a little. Can you give me nothing?”

“There's not a thing in the house, sir.”

“A crust, even?”

“Certainly, sir,” said Fionn, who now perceived that if he would get rid of his guest, he must enable him to make the start. “Certainly, sir,” said he; “but—*comble de malheurs!*—the bread is only in process of baking. You must wait, therefore, a few minutes before it be served. In the mean while I shall hasten the operations of the cook, who is our baker;”—and, bowing respectfully, he quitted the presence.

Fionn had been scared nearly out of his wits by the monstrous proportions of his visiter. He saw that in combat, or other manual trial with him, he, Fionn, could only succeed—if at all—by a *ruse*. Fortunately he was full of resource, and determined on a grand *coup* to extricate him from the difficulty. He therefore sought the personage he called his baker, and who in fact was cook, slut, and butler, a mere maid-of-all-work, and ordered her to prepare forthwith some cakes of meslin (mixed wheat and rye); but he added, that when the dough should be ready, instead of putting the cakes on the griddle singly, two were to be joined together, with a griddle in the centre, so as to form a cake of three layers, and in this state they were to be cooked on embers. “I'll make him spit a tooth,” said Fionn, aside.

The cook was intelligent and active, and promised to furnish forth the breakfast-table within an hour.

Thereupon Fionn rejoined his guest, who was much grieved

to learn that an interval so long was to elapse before his meal would appear.

“To beguile the time,” said he, “let us have a game of some kind: one that may afford me an inkling of the sort of education given you by your papa.”

“Alas! sir,” said Fionn, “my bringing up has been of a very common-place, or rather of a peculiar kind. I am only taught and exercised in gymnastics.”

“So much the better. Let us have a trial of that kind—a *tour de force*, if you please. I approve the system of your parent highly, and shall measure my strength with you; for notwithstanding your early youth, I find you a tidy bit of stuff. What shall we have?”

“A game of pigs, sir.”

“Pigs! I never heard of that *jeu*.”

“It is very simple, sir. Papa is fond of pickled pork, and keeps a large live stock of the raw material on hand. Besides hundreds of thousands abroad under the care of herdsmen, he has always in his several styes as many more. For exercise, he takes me into the centre of one of them, and tucks up his sleeves—I do the same; and we commence emptying the stye of its stock, each seizing an animal, and by main force flinging him out.”

“‘I find that pretty,’ as Gargantua said when his mare—a beast of quality—laid waste the neighbouring woods,” observed the giant. “Let us have a game of pigs.”

Fionn led him to the piggery, a large oblong building, in which were in fact many hundred huge specimens of the grunting order. He left the door open, and throwing off his coat advised his visiter to do the like.

“Now, sir,” said he, when his guest was unfrocked, “let us begin, and see whether you or I am the stronger and more adroit.”

The visiter addressed himself to the strange task with impatience and vigour, forgetting all observation of Fionn until he had jerked abroad the last pig, the respectable father of a numerous family, which had been previously evicted by him with as little compunction as is felt in the modern operation of “clearing” in the county of Roscommon. Turning to Fionn with an air of exultation, he found him mopping, and breathing hard, as if from fatigue; although in truth he had not caused a single shriek of regret, or a single tear to fall, by the

expulsion of sow or hog from his habitation. Not one of the evicted *grogards* could say that by Fionn he had been

“Forced from his home, yea from where he was born.”

“Well, that job is done,” said the giant, using his handkerchief; “but how are we to ascertain our comparative merits? How discriminate between those thrown forth by you and by myself?”

“Nothing more easy,” said Fionn; “while you seized your animal by the leg, I took mine by the tail: a particular twist, taught me by papa, enables me to mark my game at the very moment that I make a point. Do you know anything of that art?”

“Nothing.”

“Consequently, the animals expelled by you will present no appearance by which you can distinguish them; while every pig I pitched out will be found to have a curl in his tail.”

The giant cast an eye abroad, and went forth with his wily host. Nine out of ten of the herd were found to have Fionn’s mark upon them. The giant looked unutterable things, shook his head, pronounced it a bad job, and said peevishly: “Let’s in to breakfast.”

By this time, the repast was served. It consisted simply of cakes and ale. The stranger, ravenous, seized upon one of the *gâteaux*, thrust it between his jaws, and closed them with a snap and a report that would have startled one of less nerve than Fionn. The consequence upon the cake was visible, for he had bitten

“A hugo half-moon,
A monstrous cantle out.”

Throwing it on the table, with a roar which shook the welkin, he at the same moment ejected two canine, and a molar of the lower set—the last mentioned, it must be confessed, the least bit in the world carious.

“What a deuced hard crust!” he exclaimed.

“Oh, that’s nothing!” replied Fionn. “Papa, following our countryman Mr. Abernethy’s rule, has them well baked; and papa, also according to that polite man’s system, masticates his food well, and saves himself the trouble and the expense of calling in a doctor.”

“Why, you do not pretend to say that this is the ordinary bread of your father?”

“Oh! dear, no. Papa would blow up the cook sky-high if she presumed to serve up to him ‘soft Tommy,’ as he would call this crumb.”

The stranger looked aghast. Then reconsidering—his first impression was reproduced, and he said apart, “If the son—a mere child he calls himself—can pitch out nine porkers for my one, and if the father’s jaws can munch granite like this, I shall come off second best in a set-to with him.” Rising incontinently, therefore, and wiping his lips, from which the blood was fast oozing, he said: “Good morning to you, Master Fionn. My compliments to papa,” and bolted, muttering maledictions on “Abernethy biscuits.”



CHAPTER III.

“Horace (surnommé *Cocles* parce qu’il avait perdu un œil en combat) descendait d’un des trois guerriers que se battèrent contre les 3 *Curiaes*. Porsenna ayant mis la siège devant Rome (l’an 507 avant N. S. J. C.), chassa les Romains du Janicule et les poursuivit jusqu’à un pont de bois, dont la prise entraînait celle de la ville même. Ce pont n’était défendu que par trois hommes—*Horace Cocles*, *T. Herminius*, et *Sp. Lartius*—comme ils prévirent qu’ils seraient accablés par le nombre, Horace conseilla à ses compagnons de rompre le pont derrière lui, tandis qu’il en défendrait l’entrée.”

Dictionnaire Historique.

THE title “Myles the Slasher,” given to Maolmordha O’Reilly will, to those unacquainted with the wars of Ireland and the custom of the period, appear affected, if not bordering upon that coarse quality, and still coarser word, swagger. It was however that, by which in reward of his services was distinguished one of the bravest and most respectable among the brave and respectable chieftains, noblemen, and gentlemen, who, two centuries ago, contended, in a cause similar to that in which so many men sung by poets and lauded by historians struggled. He attempted that which the glorious “prophet” SCHAMYL has been endeavouring to effect with heroic perseverance during so many years against the giant Russia

without aid, countenance, or sympathy from nations so deeply interested in the issue. If

“Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell,”

she will utter a departing groan when Schamyl shall have succumbed. Toussaint L'Ouverture, Aloys Reding, Andrew Hofer, Henri Dembinski, those heroes of Saint Domingo, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Poland, have, within the present century, won golden opinions of all men, lovers of liberty, while the “romantic savage” of the Caucasus, “contending for every inch of ground—burning up every blade of grass” upon it before the ruthless countless foe, still resists and will resist to the death, the hordes of Russia, unknown, unsung, unpitied. “Woe worth the day” when Russia shall have conquered him!

Myles O'Reilly did not less than he. Let us see, however, what the historian of his house and of his name says of him.*

“Maolmordha O'Reilly (who married Catharine, daughter of Charles O'Reilly) was a very able captain and a celebrated partisan during the civil wars of 1643 in Ireland, and acquired the surname of ‘Myles the Slasher.’ In the year 1644, Lord Castlehaven, then commander of the Confederate Army of the North, encamped at Granard, in the county of Longford, having ordered Maolmordha, with a chosen detachment of horse, to defend the bridge of Finea against the attacks of the Scots, then bearing down on the main army with very superior force. Maolmordha was slain, fighting bravely at the head of his troops, as a second Horatius Cocles, in the middle of the pass (the bridge of Finea).

“His body being found the next day among the dead was brought by his friends to Cavan, and interred with his ancestors in the monastery originally founded by them in that town, with an inscription on his tomb, of which the last two lines were legible at the period of the demolition of that splendid monument in the beginning of the nineteenth century:

“‘Lector, ne credas solum periisse Melonem,
Hoc nam sub tumulo patria victa jacit.’”†

* Vide the “History of the Illustrious House of O'Reilly,” by the Chevalier O'Gorman.

† Thus rendered by his descendant, Mr. M. J. O'Reilly:

“‘Reader, think not that Myles rests here alone,
His prostrate country lies beneath this stone.’”

I was religiously brought up. Indeed, the slightest tendency towards scepticism or disrespect of the Sacred Writings would have afflicted my family, and would have been summarily reproved. I am not quite sure, nevertheless, that a lesser degree of punishment would have followed any expressed doubt on my part of the achievements of "Myles the Slasher," with whom, correctly or otherwise, my family claimed relationship. Shall I confess, however, that it cost me an effort to hear with gravity the relation of his last feat? He had placed himself in the centre of the pass, and calmly waited the approaching host, with the exclamation of Fitzjames in a similar position—

"Come one, come all. This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I;"

Standing erect within the gorge, he with his single hand slew in succession four and twenty of the assailants; the twenty-fifth—however—

"A wary, cool, old sworder took,
The blows upon his cutlass, and then
His own put in—"

for, raising himself in his stirrups, he lunged at the neck of Myles. The Slasher, missing parry, dipped his head and caught within his teeth his adversary's sabre, and there held it as in a vice; then, raising his own powerful arm, he lopped that of his antagonist which held the sword—the body of the maimed man falling over the bridge from a convulsive movement when struck.

Myles, however, who would not evade the Hyrcan tiger's spring, was not proof against the coward stratagem to which the enemy resorted. Finding him an isolated man—unapproachable on level ground—they embarked a company of halberdiers in a boat at hand, and passing under the bridge compelled him with their pikes to quit his post. His flanks uncovered, he ultimately fell, the bridge was traversed—and for the Irish—the battle lost.*

While yet an unfledged ignorant *gamin*, I dared in secret to doubt the manner in which Myles disposed of his last assailant, but was subsequently obliged to recognise the correct-

* That is—like another celebrated warrior and patriot—Leonidas—he was "turned"—a fault in the latter with which Napoleon has reproached him, but which, in Myles O'Reilly, was the inevitable consequence of an unshrinking sense of duty.

ness of the statement, and that there is no fact recorded in history more unquestionable.

Myles, 'un vrai enfant perdu,' paid with his life for the safety of the army. In ordering him to perish rather than quit his post, Lord Castlehaven cannot, it would seem, be blamed. That which Lord Castlehaven ordered in Ireland in 1644, Kleber commanded in La Vendée, one hundred and fifty years afterwards, and is praised for it.

"At the battle of Torfau, on the 19th of September, 1793," said the late General La Houssaye one day to me (in the year 1836) "at that battle Kleber had only four thousand troops to oppose to twenty thousand Vendéans, who outflanked him through their superiority in numbers. Kleber consequently ordered a retreat, which he nevertheless knew the enemy were capable of rendering disastrous to him. Calling, therefore, to him a fine young fellow, named Schwaiden, whom he loved and esteemed :

"Captain," said he, "take your company of grenadiers and stop the enemy before this ravine. You yourself will perish, but you will save your comrades."

"It shall be done, General," replied the brave fellow; and everything turned out as Kleber predicted.



CHAPTER IV.

Reader, I think proper, before we proceed any farther together, to acquaint thee, that I intend to digress, through this whole history, as often as I see occasion.

FIELDING (*Tom Jones*).

THE French have a proverb, "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte*," the truth of which I feel painfully at this moment. That difficulty surmounted, and the first step taken, my truant disposition may, I fear, lure me from the straight path which all who enter on a course like this are, rigorously speaking, bound to follow. Should I so err—should I deviate from it "to cull a flower or two"—pray be tolerant, nor urge me with the inexorable "On! on!" of Bossuet. Thus indulged, my

journey will be cheerfully resumed, and be better and earlier brought to a conclusion.

Hesitation, before making the first move in an enterprise—a literary one *surtout*—is generally felt. Even the veteran novelist, Pigault Lebrun, confesses that on placing himself at his desk to compose a new romance, he was subject to a similar want of resolution. He would “bite his nails, look upwards and downwards, and push the paper from before him, and bespatter the furniture with the ink with which he had filled his pen;” but with him this apparent want of courage to begin had its origin partly in another cause, namely, his practice of sitting down to indite a new tale, of which the story, scene, and dramatis personæ had not yet been conceived by him.

In these latter circumstances, among others, I differ from the facetious Frenchman. For example, and to give a new reading to Sheridan’s celebrated antithesis, I am not, as was Lebrun, obliged to “draw upon my imagination for my facts;” and (to be less like the author of “My Uncle Thomas,”) I am compelled to be “the debtor of my memory for my wit.”

Apropos of my memory. Like most men who have attained to “a certain age”—or, rather, to adopt the noble poet’s *reduction* of the figure—have become “certainly aged,” my memory, in respect of *recent* events is less faithful than it is touching facts and conversations which occurred in my early life. I recollect, for example, the departure of two of my cousins for the Irish College at Lille (France), when I was little more than three years old. Therefore, whatever other qualities for a chronicler I may possess, I feel that I bring to the task a very tenacious memory, while I shall confess its having failed me in two remarkable instances, at the very period too, my boyhood, when, the mind being unencumbered, knowledge is most easily acquired. These exceptions are, total incapability to bear in mind the rules of grammar, or the directions for that very common-place figure in dancing called, “right and left” (the *chaine Anglaise* of the modern Quadrille). Often have I blushed at the confusion I introduced into an admirably organized “set,” but suffered for my fault only from a good-humoured reflection upon my awkwardness. In the former respect it was otherwise—my sense of humiliation was complete, until one day, in a biography of my illustrious countryman, Lord Roscommon, I found that he had

laboured under a similar unconquerable obtusity throughout life. He could never comprehend grammar. Had he kept his own secret, the world would never have suspected it; but not being confident that I should escape detection, I make a clean breast of it, and thus artfully bespeak indulgence.



CHAPTER V.

Ceux qui sont capables d'inventer sont rares ; ceux qui n'inventent point sont en plus grand nombre, et, par conséquent, le plus forts ; et l'on voit que, pour l'ordinaire, ils refusent aux inventeurs, la gloire qu'ils méritent et qu'ils cherchent par leurs inventions.

PASCAL.

THE mention, in the last chapter, of that illustrious Irishman, Lord Roscommon, leads me naturally this time into a digression of considerable length, and in the course of which I shall have to traverse the old world and the new. I should have thought that Roscommon was at the fingers' ends of every classical scholar of Great Britain. What was my surprise, therefore, on finding in Mr. Gillies's "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, lately published, an account of a convivial meeting at Edinburgh in the year 1807, composed of all the literary celebrities of Scotland, Playfair, Jeffries, Lord Lauderdale, Mr. Gillies himself, and several others, in which Professor Playfair propounded a proposition which astounded his auditors, namely, "the possibility that in a few years from that date the streets of the city of Edinburgh would be lighted by gas!"

How is it possible that the galaxy of learned, scientific, and talented men enumerated by Mr. Gillies, could have forgotten the well known line of Horace:—

"Non fumum ex fulgore sed ex fumo dare lucem,"

and, above all, how did it happen that they bore not in mind the beautiful couplet in which Roscommon rendered it, and which flows thus:—

*"One with a flash begins and ends in smoke—
The other, OUT OF SMOKE BRINGS GLORIOUS LIGHT—"*

proving that the knowledge of flame from gas was known (at least) nearly two thousand years before.

How long it slumbered! and the discovery of steam, too! by utilizing which an American citizen (I was near claiming him as an Irishman) has immortalized himself.* Fulton did not, it is true, discover that immensely powerful agent, but its application by him to propulsion has all the merit of originality. Proposing to consider the offspring of Irish parents, though born in foreign lands, as native Irish, my surprise at the neglect and ill treatment of Fulton by the greatest man whom the world has seen since Cæsar, partakes of resentment, ridiculous as it may appear.

“It was at the beginning of 1801,” says M. Bourrienne, in his Memoirs, “that Fulton presented to the First Consul his Memorial on Steamboats. I urged the latter to examine the subject seriously. ‘Ah, bah!’ said he, ‘all those inventors, all those manufacturers of projects, are either *intrigans* or visionaries. Do not speak to me again about him.’

“I observed to him that the man whom he called a visionary, only reproduced an invention already known. That Franklin wrote from Paris, in 1788, to a medical friend in America, saying, ‘there is nothing new here for the moment to notice in science, except a boat put in motion by a steam-engine, and which ascends a river without other aid.’ Napoleon would, however, hear nothing more on the matter; and thus was adjourned, for a time, an enterprise destined to impart to commerce and navigation such an immense impulsion.”

May not Napoleon have recollected that another “great captain,” Marshal Saxe, had entertained the idea of ascending the Seine in a vessel without oars or sails, and upon which he had expended 20,000 francs, without other success than provoking a pleasantry founded on the rebuke of the shoemaker by Apelles? The preparation of the craft was done in secret. Of the nature of its construction nothing was or is known.†

* It would be ridiculous to dispute with America the honour of having produced Fulton—I only claim for Ireland that of having been the birth-place of his ancestors, who, I have heard, emigrated to Philadelphia from the county of Antrim, Ireland, somewhere about the middle of the last century.

† A modern and (fortunately for his country I hope) still existing hero, General Dembinski, has equally turned his mind to this subject, and has it is said discovered a power for propulsion of almost incredible force.

Months after I had written the above, touching gas and steam, I was literally astonished upon reading one day a passage in *The Spectator* (No. 241), which suggested, possibly, the idea of *THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH*, and which I here transcribe :—

“*STRADA*, in one of his prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it that if it touched two several needles—when one of the needles so touched began to move—the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner.

“He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters.

“Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundreds of miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the hour appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.”

Now, rejecting the medium here spoken of, sympathy, and substituting for it a wire, and you have the *Electric Telegraph*, and conceived more than two hundred years ago; for *Strada* (he was a Jesuit) died in college at Rome, in 1649, at the age of 78 years.

CHAPTER VI.

À la vue de tant d'humiliations et de souffrances ignorées, ou, du moins, à peine connues, de l'Europe—ma conscience m'a fait un devoir d'élever la voix.

FELIX COLSON, *L'Etat Présent et de l'Avenir des Principautés de Moldavie et Wallachie.*

Un pastoreau qui s'appellait Robin.

MAROT.

ON commencing the record of my recollections, I contemplated chronological order; but already have I, yielding to an irresistible desultory impulse, abandoned that commendable resolve. I promise to be more consecutive in future, *si c'est possible.*

Few facts in history are more surprising, than the rapidity and the completeness of the fall of Irish families, stricken down by the penal laws. Reduced to beggary at once, and with habits acquired in affluence; surrounded only by contemporaries similarly crushed, or by the despoilers revelling and rioting in possession of their forfeited lands; friendless and unpitied; yea, absolutely persecuted and insulted, rather than protected and solaced, *because* of the injustice and the rigour with which they had been visited, for injustice never pardons its victims. Regarded as *suspects*, from the reasons for discontent so abundantly furnished them, they seemed struck with stupor or paralysis, and utterly incapable of any effort to rise out of the abyss into which they had been precipitated. Dispirited, heart-broken, unmanned, they suffered any little personal property which escaped the fang of the *soi-disant* law to melt away; and on its exhaustion were compelled to resort to the most humiliating means to prolong existence, and to accept for their helpless offspring the humblest and most common-place condition which promised a maintenance for them. "A trade" was the general resource sought for the son of the heretofore chief of a clan, landholder, or gentleman. And this too in many cases without education; for instruction, gratuitous at least, could only be obtained through that unacceptable condition, conformity to the religion of the

State. This gave rise to Swift's observation to Pope (I quote from memory): "If you would seek the gentry of Ireland, you must look for them on the coal quay, or in the liberty."* Thus in my youth, "the Devoy," the head of one of the most powerful and distinguished of our septs, was a blacksmith. I have often seen a mechanic, named James Dungan, who was said to be a descendant of Dungan, Earl of Limerick; and "the Cheevers" (Lord Mount Leinster) was the clerk of a Mrs. Byrne, who carried on the business of a ropemaker, in New Row, Thomas Street, in the early part of the present century.

With their property vanished also the moral courage, and, as I have shown, the pride and self-respect, of the impoverished. Maddened and embittered by humiliation and suffering; renouncing all hope of recovering their alienated lands; those victims of "bills of discovery"† or of confiscation, burned or otherwise destroyed, or threw aside as worse than useless, the records of their former possessions, the proofs of their former respectability, and seemed in fact desirous to efface all evidence of it. I know one case in which the title-deeds and other documents connected with the possession of an estate were searched for on an important occasion, and in which it appeared that they had been given to tailors to cut into strips or measures for the purposes of their trade!

So general was this indifference at the period of persecution (added to the accidental or wanton destruction of records by other means, and by other parties), that when, about the year 1815, a claim was set up to a dormant peccage, and a relative of mine having been applied to for information in support of it, he said to the claimant: "You are positively in remainder, but you are in the condition of the descendants of very many Irish families, whose great difficulty is to prove who was their grandfather."

I had not yet entered into my teens when, shortly before Christmas of 1790, a stranger arrived unexpectedly to visit my family, and was received as "Cousin Robin," with evident

* Meaning that they were local porters or weavers—and yet—*credit Judæus!*—the former degrading *métier* was declared, by Act of Parliament, one of those to exercise which a Papist was ineligible.

† A bill of discovery was filed in the Court of Chancery, charging the proprietor of an estate with being a Catholic. The property was adjudged accordingly to the discoverer, unless the owner, to preserve it, conformed to Protestantism.

affection and regard. He was, to me, a perfect curiosity, for his manner, language, and pronunciation differed from those of the persons I had previously seen and heard speak. There was a certain sensitiveness and fierceness, a mixture of susceptibility and pugnaciousness, about him which I could not understand, and I perceived that his many references to "The English" were in a tone which made my father serious, for old recollections and traditions rendered him timid; and which perceiving, Cousin Robin's voice would sink into a whisper, for my parent's gravity would recall him to a sense of the danger in which he himself stood, and which I shall here explain.

Cousin Robin had left Ireland at an early age, and—first a cadet—he soon became an officer of the Regiment of —, in the Irish Brigade. This must have been between the years 1750 and 1760. He had not consequently seen much continental service against "the eternal enemies of his House;" but he had made the American campaign under Rochambeau. He had, moreover, at his fingers' ends, all the anecdotes of the Brigade, and which had been, with true military precision and correctness, transmitted from father to son, or rather from each mess to its successor, and of this knowledge he made no secret. His mind appeared to dwell continually upon "the Boyne," and "Aughrim," and "Limerick," and "Cremona," and "Pavia," and "Lamfeldt," and "Bergen-op-Zoom," and "Fontenoy," and upon "Dillon's," and "Clare's," and "Berwick's," and "Fitz James's," and "Burke's," and "Sheldon's," and "Galmoy's," and "Bulkeley's," and "Walsh's." His quality of officer in the army of France brought his neck within the compass of a halter in Ireland, and hence the apprehensions and admonitions of my father, and Cousin Robin's appreciation of them; for, I repeat, the remains of terror still existed among the Catholic Irish of that day, and had nowhere less diminished than in our humble circle. I was told therefore to call him only "Cousin Robin," should I happen to speak of our guest with my little comrades. This behest was however superfluous. I had never heard his surname.

Two anomalies were striking in the conversation of Cousin Robin. One was, that while vaunting the loyalty and devotion of his ancestors to their King (James II.), he suffered to appear a feeling of supreme contempt for that monarch. The

other was, that while treating as infamous and *canaille*, Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Grimm, and the other modern philosophers of France, he permitted himself to use language which showed that he had not escaped the contagion of infidelity, and which I well remember shocked the primitive religious little circle who were his auditors.

Like the Chevalier de Valois of Balzac, "Ce bonhomme usait du privilege qu'ont les vieux gentilshommes Voltairiens de ne point aller à la messe; mais chacun avait une excessive indulgence pour son irréligion, en faveur de son dévouement à la cause Royale."

In the first case, contempt for a sovereign who, when in Ireland, in the hour of danger, evinced none of the personal courage which he was said to have displayed early in life, was mixed up no doubt with regrets for the sacrifices made by those who followed him into exile; further increased by the unjust and unwise imputations said to have been uttered by him of the men who had risked, and ultimately lost everything, by adhering to his cause.*

In the second case, fashion struggled with principle. The young people of the day in France read Voltaire, and yet boasted their loyalty. They laughed with him at religion and its ministers, and they professed themselves ready to die in defence of the monarchy, of which his writings sapped the foundations, and in this practice it is to be feared Cousin Robin followed the general example.†

* A tradition exists that at the battle of the Boyne, an Irish soldier exclaimed, in the hearing of James: "I hold King William at the end of my carbine," and that King James rebuked him, adding: "What! would you make my daughter a widow?"

He was further accused of inveighing against his Irish adherents on his retreat from the Boyne, and of having, in the hearing of a female domestic, denominated them cowards.

"Cowards!" exclaimed the woman. "There is no such word as 'cowardice' in their language."

In nearly the same terms did the late Sir Robert Peel, in his speech on proposing a Reform of the Criminal Code to the House of Commons some six or eight-and-twenty years since, speak of Ireland. Referring to a particular crime, the capital punishment of which he proposed to maintain, he said: "there is not in the Irish language a word to express it."

† The late excellent William Todd Jones was eccentric and inconsistent in another way. He was a member of the Irish Parliament, and a staunch democrat, and an enthusiastic admirer of Rousseau. "I hate your high wines and aristocratic dinners," he would say, while holding to his lips a bumper of John A——'s old Port—"give me the mountain peasant and the pure stream!" and he drained his glass with the gusto and the dexterity of William Pitt, whose feats in that line are too well known to require record here.

Disappointed in his expectations in Ireland, he took his leave early in 1791, and returned to France. He was among the Irish who emigrated with "the princes," and fell, I suppose, in the campaigns in which they were engaged, for we never heard more of him. Owing to the freedom with which he permitted himself to speak on religious matters, and to acerbity produced by disappointment, a coldness had begun to grow up between him and his relatives, who in consequence witnessed his departure without regret, and made no effort to continue their intercourse by correspondence. Some years afterwards, however, his failings were forgotten, while his anecdotes of the Brigade were recalled with delight. Like the frozen words spoken of by that renowned and veracious voyager, Baron Munchausen, and which, when the thaw released them, became audible, the narratives and gossip of Cousin Robin recurred with marvellous exactness to my memory many years afterwards, as will be seen in the following chapters.



CHAPTER VII.

*Voilà ce qui reste d'une vaste dénomination,
Un souvenir obscur et vain !*

VOLNEY.

THE lines just quoted suggested to me a painful sensation when I first heard them quoted, for they were unfeelingly applied to "the Irish Brigade," in the French service then, recently, dissolved. Here, in Germany,* often the field of their exploits, and even in France, where, above all other countries, their fame should require no foreign trumpet, the applicability of the quotation is unhappily but too well justified. The heroism, devotion, and fidelity of that renowned corps, in supporting and defending the cause they espoused, constitute for it imperishable claims to the respect and admiration of the living generation and of posterity. Alas ! that in France, whose glory they assured in many battle-fields, and especially in those of the eighteenth century, some of them comparatively of recent

* This chapter was written in Wurtzburg.

date, the memory of the Brigade may be said to have faded away, and to exist only in historical and official records. Few, lamentably few Frenchmen of the present day, are aware even that to the O'Briens, the Nugents, the Dillons, the Johnsons, the Lallys, and their countrymen, companions in arms, France was indebted for the important victory of FONTENOY.

In a conversation with a friend, upon this subject, a couple of years since, I regretted the ingratitude of the French towards the Irish. He replied: "Thus it ever has been with kings, governments, and princes. Why should you complain of the oblivion into which the services of Irishmen, performed a hundred years ago, have fallen in France, when her own dazzling feats and career in Egypt, only fifty years since (preceded and accompanied, too, by occurrences which—because of their stupendous effects—posterity will deem fabulous), are held by her own writers to have left behind them only 'a vain and obscure souvenir?' When has it been otherwise, even in the united armies of a coalition? When has it happened differently to foreigners, though volunteers in that which they deemed the holiest of causes? They are, and ever have been, in such circumstances, exposed to the hardest blows, the most painful sufferings, and to the jealousy of their native-born comrades. The relation of their deeds of valour has been diluted, or altogether omitted in the official reports, or, what is still worse, the credit for them given to others. 'There is glory for you!' The learned Abbé MacGeoghegan may have been correct in his estimate that 600,000 Irishmen perished in the ranks of the armies of France, but I am sure he underrated them by one-half. Is not that fact consolatory to their countrymen?"

"What fact, may it please you?"

"The fact that they fell fighting for 'La Belle France,' in company with some of her distinguished sons."

This was said ironically. After a pause, he continued: "You speak of Fontenoy in particular. You remember that Count Saxe, although deemed dying, and (unable to remain on horseback) borne in a wicker or basket-work carriage, commanded in that memorable action, which raised the falling fortunes of France. How many Frenchmen of the present day are there who are similarly informed? Who, in France, recollects him or his services?—unless the student of history, or the traveller who has seen and admired his tomb in the

church of Saint Thomas in Strasbourg. I do not call to mind any striking instance of French ingratitude, or injustice, towards an Irishman."

"What! Not to Lally Tollendal?"

"I had forgotten that case, and admit its force; but it makes equally for my theory, and your own. You contend that Irishmen are forgotten in France: I that foreigners are ever ill-treated. Spain and Austria would appear susceptible of favourable comparison with France, in respect of their conduct towards your countrymen in their service; but they go not far enough to disprove my proposition. The case of the German Legion, incorporated with the British army some forty years ago, so far from weakening, strengthens my argument; for it constitutes the only complete exception to the rule. The gratitude of the United States for the aid rendered to America by France in her revolt against England, was displayed in thanks, at the moment, and in the creation of something like an order of knighthood with which to decorate those by whom they were so powerfully aided in their contest for independence, and which, to reflecting minds, would indicate rather an equivocal appreciation of the character of their allies."

"That is carrying the commentary too far. You forget the brilliant reception given to La Fayette when, some twenty-five or thirty years since, he visited America."

"I thank you for reminding me of that fact, which I admit proves that if at the moment when 'the States' were occupied with their Constitution, and the means for consolidating and defending it, they appeared to undervalue benefits, they have, in their prosperity (which condition often renders people oblivious), preserved a warm and perfect recollection of them. How few, however—I still ask—are the instances in which nations have been grateful to auxiliaries! Are you silent? you say and with truth, that 'Irishmen have been brave, and faithful, and devoted'—very well, France is '*peu reconnaissant, voilà tout.*' Take it philosophically. If Johnson, and Dillon, and Clare, and other illustrious Irishmen be forgotten in France, in what state is the memory of him for whom they so unfortunately and so inconsiderately abandoned country, family, and fortune? Of the tens of thousands of *badauds* and *fau-bouriens* conveyed from Paris and its suburbs—(on Sundays especially), by rail to St. Germain-en-Laye, how many of them know more than the popular story that the military prison they

behold, on issuing from the terminus, was once the palace of Louis XIV., and that 'he abandoned it because its windows commanded a view of the Abbey of St. Denis, in which he himself would be entombed?' How many of them remember that James II. of England, to whom Louis XIV. ceded it, lived in and kept in it 'his mimie Court,' as has been unfeelingly said? and that he died in it, and lies buried in the church opposite to it, in the Place du Château? Hundreds, perhaps thousands of the most distinguished of the Irish army, nobility, and gentry, of the period paid to the exiled monarch in that château a homage which reflected honourably on themselves, and excited the admiration of Louis XIV., and yet there exist in Saint Germain's two indications only that a personage once so high had dwelt there and closed his career within its walls, and not one that he was followed thither by a crowd of attached and honourable adherents. The two indications I have referred to consist of the monument raised to him in the church of the town, by order of George IV., and the 'Hôtel du Prince de Galles,' a third-rate inn and restaurant. Of the many Irish of distinction who figured at the château, and who during its existence resided in St. Germain's and its neighbourhood, and most of whom ended their days there, not a vestige, I repeat, nor a name is to be found.

"And whose fault is that, I ask in continuation? Are the French insensible to favours and services? I cannot tell. The facts are as I state; but that is no reason why the memory of the ever to be lamented Irish emigration of 1690, or of the noble and illustrious men who sprang from or followed it, should be forgotten by their own countrymen; and you would probably be doing an acceptable service in contributing, by your recollections of your 'Cousin Robin's' anecdotes of the Brigade, and by other information bearing on the point, to remind the world of a corps whose gallant deeds conquered European respect, in so many fields of carnage."

"But my cousin's *souvenirs* were not all of an important character," I observed.

"That is to say, he dealt not with the great affairs in which the Brigade figured?"

"I beg your pardon. Those were his chief topics; but they are recorded in history. I could from his reminiscences add only passages omitted by the historian, because probably of their insignificance."

“That is no reason for their suppression. Try their effect. Begin with a little memoir of Lally, whose splendid achievements and melancholy fate are alike nearly forgotten, and work in the yet unpublished matter you possess. It is the history of a distinguished man, treated, in his hour of misfortune, with black ingratitude by a king and a country who had recognised and lauded his heroism and other great deserts. His fate adds force to the advice, ‘Put not thy faith in princes;’ revives contempt and abhorrence for the wretched voluptuary, who, while by his sensualities, he was preparing the sanguinary revolution which destroyed his successor and terminated the sovereignty of his race, consoled himself with the egotistical reflection that the day of reckoning would not arrive during his time. When counselled to amend his ways, he exclaimed, as all the world knows, ‘*Après nous le déluge.*’”

In asserting the military eminence of the Irish abroad, it would be superfluous, for the majority of my readers, that I do more than allude to “THE IRISH BRIGADE.” As however the history of that celebrated corps is not yet written (although much desired and highly desirable), and is consequently unknown to the world in general, I shall here attempt, not its history, but a sketch or two suggestive of the qualities which obtained for it an unperishable name.



CHAPTER VIII.

À tous les degrés le métier des armes est noble ; parce que pour tous il se compose de sacrifices, et se récompense avant tout par l'estime publique.
MARSHAL MARMONT, *Esprit des Institutions Militaires.*

THOMAS ARTHUR LALLY (O'Mullally), Count de Tollendal or Tollendally in Ireland, was born at Romans in Dauphiny, now the department of the Drome (France). He was christened on the 15th January, 1702.*

“It might be said with reason,” say the Chronicles, “that Lally became a soldier at his birth, for (on the 1st January,

* Archives of the French Ministry of War.

1709) he received his commission of captain in the Irish infantry regiment of Dillon, of which his father, Sir Gerard Lally, was Colonel-commandant, and of which General Dillon, the uncle of the latter, was 'Colonel-proprietor.' He was not yet eight years old when, in September, 1709, his father had him with him at Gerona, under canvas, 'wishing,' as that kind parent fondly expressed it, 'to make him, by at least smelling powder, to gain his first step,' and he had not attained the age of twelve years, when that pattern father caused him to mount his first trench at Barcelona, in 1714; and, after that vacation amusement, sent him back to college."

This species of education developed speedily in young Lally a lively inclination for a military life, but which did not prevent his pursuit of classic learning, nor his acquiring a knowledge of the living languages of Europe, and of the history, manners, and interests of the various nations of which that quarter of the globe was composed. Endowed with an excellent memory, perspicuity, and appreciation, rude health, vast bodily strength, and astonishing activity of mind, everything became easy to him. He was as successful in bodily as in mental exercises, and would have obtained rapid advancement in the military service, but for the eccentricity of his father, which retarded it. He became captain of a company in "Dillon's" on the 15th of February, 1728, only, and aide-major of that corps the 26th of January, 1732. He served at the siege of Kehl in 1733, and distinguished himself there by his brilliant valour and his rare military knowledge. He was present at the attack on the lines of Ettingen in 1734. His father, then a brigadier-general, by whose side he fought, having been wounded, was about being made prisoner, when young Lally flew to the rescue, covered his body with his own, and succeeded in saving the life and preserving the liberty of his parent. He served in the same year at the siege of Philipsburg, which fell on the 18th of July, and was close to Lord Clare O'Brien when a cannon-shot struck the latter on the shoulder and killed his uncle, Marshal Berwick, who was by his side. In the year 1735, Lally distinguished himself at Clausen, and returned to the command of a company on the 1st of November of that year.

In 1737 he proceeded to England, to assure himself by his own observation of the strength still remaining to the Stuarts in that country; and returned to France, after arranging a

correspondence with the principal partisans of James II., and on the 6th of February, 1738, was made captain of grenadiers in his (Dillon's) regiment.

About that time Cardinal Fleury, then Prime Minister of France, expressed a desire to find among the foreigners attached to the French service, a man whose reputation for intelligence and courage might justify him in confiding to him the secret and perilous mission of proceeding to Russia, with the double object of detaching that power from its alliance with England, and of attaching it to France. Recommended by MM. de Belleisle and De Chavigny, Lally was chosen for that important duty, and succeeded in commencing under most favourable circumstances the negotiation with which he was charged. The indecision of the French ministry, and its avoidance of a definitive explanation, were such, however, that he was obliged to relinquish his task and to quit St. Petersburg (where his further stay, without orders, would have exposed him to personal danger), and return to France.

On his arrival in Paris he presented to Cardinal Fleury two memoirs: one, relating to the internal statistics of Russia; the other, an exposé of her foreign relations and of her foreign and commercial policy; but the representations of Lally became fruitless, owing to the incapacity of the French ministry. The negotiation commenced by him fell to the ground; and Russia entered into the league against France.

On the 24th of November, 1741, Lally was promoted to the rank of major in Dillon's regiment, and in that quality served in the defence of Flanders. The talents he displayed there induced Marshal de Noailles to demand him for aide-major of the army under his command; and in that capacity he fought at the great battle of Dettingen in 1743, in which the French were defeated.

On the 19th of February, 1744, he received—*anew*—his appointment of aide-major to the army of Flanders with the rank of colonel of infantry, under the orders of his friend Marshal de Noailles, and was present at the sieges of Menin, Ypres, and Furnes. From Flanders he marched to Alsace, and fought at the affair of Haguenaau.

In reward of his services, now the theme of admiration, an Irish regiment was created for him on the 1st of October, 1744, bearing his name. The whole of the ensuing winter he employed in organizing and instructing his regiment, and

with such success was this effected, that in four months it became a model of discipline.

On the eve of the battle of Fontenoy, Lally, having gone on a reconnoitering party, discovered a road which led from Anthoin to Fontenoy, and which had been erroneously considered impassable. He perceived that by this road the French army would, in the impending action, be inevitably turned. By Lally's advice, the end of it was seized upon, occupied, and fortified with three redoubts and sixteen pieces of cannon, "a precaution to which was incontestably due the success of the action."*

"During that celebrated battle,† the Irish Brigade contributed powerfully to the victory, piercing with the bayonet the flank of the terrible English column, while the Duc de Richelieu, with the household troops, attacked it in front." After the battle, Lally, who had been slightly wounded, was sitting on a drum, surrounded by a considerable number of mutilated soldiers of his own regiment, and having by his side several English officers, his prisoners, to whom he was tendering assistance and relief, when the Dauphin arrived at full gallop, to announce to him the approbation and acknowledgments of the King.

"Monseigneur," said Lally to the Prince, "these favours are like those of the Scriptures: 'they fall on the blind and the lame.'"

In saying these words, he pointed to his lieutenant-colonel, who had received a stab of a bayonet in the eye, and his aide-major, through whose thigh a musket-ball had passed.

The King's appreciation of the service he had rendered did not, however, terminate in mere words, for calling him to the head of the army, he created Lally a brigadier-general on the field of battle.

Shall I be pardoned a digression here? I have just stated that the *coup-d'œil* of Lally had enabled him to secure victory to the army in which he served (a victory so honourably acknowledged by Marshal Saxe). An accident, some half a century later, obtained for another Irishman (now Prince Nugent), and for the Austrian army of Italy, in which at the time (1795 or 1796) he was only a captain, similar advan-

* See published papers of Marshal Saxe.

† Chronologie Militaire.

tages. He had one day retired to a sequestered spot on the edge of a morass, from whence he saw at some distance a corps of French hussars manœuvring on ground deemed impracticable for cavalry. Next day, when both armies were in position, and immediately before the battle began, the Austrian general (I think it was Melas) said to an officer of his staff, loud enough to be heard by Nugent,

“The victory would be ours if I could pass a division of cavalry to that point, on the flank of the French army which holds itself sufficiently protected by the morass.

“I will undertake to conduct one, sir,” exclaimed Nugent.

“If you do that, and you succeed,” replied the general, “the service will be remembered.”

The corps accordingly was marched under the guidance of Nugent, and turned the French, whose defeat was the consequence.

“I do not say,” observed the late General Ambrose (on whose authority I give the anecdote), “that Nugent’s courage and intelligence would not have insured to him, sooner or later, the honours and distinctions he enjoys; but this all-important service which sheer accident, unquestionably, placed in his power to perform, accelerated his advancement.”

The particulars of the battle of Fontenoy are too well known to require recapitulation here. None but a jealous Frenchman ever disputed the credit of the victory with the Irish. More than one English writer in admitting the fact complacently observes that, “it was not to French prowess they succumbed.” If, however, the details of the fight are to be found in history, one or two little anecdotes preserved at the mess of “Dillon’s” will possibly be received with favour. How many have we not of Waterloo! How few those of Fontenoy, with which Europe rang in 1745, as it did with “Waterloo” sixty years afterwards. It is well that the honour of the latter victory cannot be denied to Ireland.

Long after he had left Ireland, Cousin’s Robin’s anecdotes and reminiscences were recalled in the conversations of our family. Of the battle of Fontenoy he recounted all the incidents recorded in the Military Annals of the time, adding to them several occurrences, narrated by the actors in that important engagement. For instance, he related a story of two of Fitzjames’ dragoons, whose horses having been killed, had joined Clare’s grenadiers, and continued to fight in line with

their carbines. Subsequently a cannon-shot from an enfilading battery of the enemy carried off the legs of both, whereupon one of Clare's remarked: "There are two troopers who will want no more boots." "You may jest with impunity," replied one of the poor fellows; "you are not afraid of our kicking you as you deserve for your *bonmot*!"

"At Fontenoy," said Cousin Robin, "some extraordinary wounds were inflicted.* Captain Creagh," (father or grandfather of the lady of Colonel Luke Allen, who lived in Dublin some six or eight-and-thirty years since) "received a musket bullet in the breast, which shattered his cross of St. Louis, and passed so completely through his body, that several pieces of the cross were extracted from the wound made in his back by the issue of the ball and from which he recovered. He was soon after presented to Louis XV., who said kindly,

"The enemy marked you well, for they knew your value. So do I; and to render you less an object for their shot for the future, I will give you a cross that they will not be able to perceive unless in close quarters."

"This," continued Cousin Robin, "was the origin of the small cross that afterwards became uniform, except on state occasions."

Their brilliant services at Fontenoy, and their almost coincident bravery and success at Tournay, having rendered the Irish Brigade favourites of the French monarch, they became objects of envy and jealousy with the army in general. Louis himself never ceased speaking in their praise, but his friendly disposition was powerfully checked by the malevolence of those by whom he was surrounded, and especially by him who best knew the deserts of the Irish—D'Argenson, Minister of War.

The feeling of both—the sovereign and his minister—towards the Irish was admirably exemplified in an instance well known, perhaps, but not so universally so as to render unparadonable its mention here.

Presuming on their recent and unquestionable claims to favour, the corps of the brigade made an assault one day upon the minister in full levée, at Versailles. Each was armed with documents and certificates in support of his particular demand, and struggled to present them.

* I recollect to have heard from a military medical man, that a sergeant of the Guards, shot through the heart at Waterloo, was transported to Chatham, and survived for fourteen days.

“Fire in each eye and papers in each hand,”

they pursued D'Argenson through the salon. At length he took refuge in the recess of a window. The rush upon him now became tremendous; each lunging and poking at him with his *dossier* over the shoulders of those of his comrades, who had succeeded in arriving at the Minister's presence. By a desperate effort, D'Argenson disengaged himself, forced an opening through the mass of his assailants, and reaching the circle of which the King was the centre, exclaimed:

“Sire, that Irish Brigade of your Majesty gives me more trouble than the rest of your entire army.”

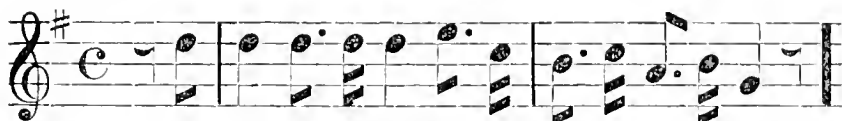
“My enemies say the same of them,” replied Louis.

Neither the King's friendship for them nor the jealousy of courtiers or rivals prevented, however, their being employed in every quarter where danger presented itself, and where valour and military knowledge were required for the service of France. Of this the continuation of the biographical notice of Lally Tollendal will afford abundant evidence. But ere we postpone for the present our reference to the battle of Fontenoy, which if lost would have been as fatal for France as was that of Waterloo, three-quarters of a century afterwards, I shall close this chapter with a Guard Room Song of the Brigade, founded upon that action, and rescued from oblivion by my recollection of it, as sung by Cousin Robin in his ultra Anti-English moments. The music and the poetry are not first rate, perhaps, but equal in each respect to those of the more celebrated *Ca Ira!** of the French Montagnards, and the *Yankee Doodle* of Brother Jonathan.

* Is it superfluous to observe here, that this exciting (perhaps atrocious) song of the Reign of Terror in France, took its title and its burden from an expression of FRANKLIN, who, residing in Paris throughout the American War of Independence, used to exclaim when any new advantage was gained by his countrymen—“CA IRA!”

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

GUARD ROOM SONG OF "BERWICK'S," TO THE AIR OF THE MARCH OF THE REGIMENT.



The first day of May, in the year of forty-five,



The French and the English in battle did strive,



To see who'd be victorious at the siege of Tournay,



And there heavy cannon most loudly did play.

2.

Duke William he commanded the English in chief,
 But he lost the battle that day to his grief;
 From two in the morning they fought until noon,
 But fortune it smiled on the House of *Burboon*.

3.

Oh! what brave generals the Irish had there!
 There was Johnson, and Dillon, and the brave Lord of *Clare*,
 Who swore they'd be revenged for the wrongs that were done
 At Aughrim, at Limerick, and likewise the Boyne.

4.

Then bespoke the Lord of Clare with courage so bold—
 Saying "my loving countrymen of Ireland's true would—
 Let us take courage and boldly advance
 And destroy all those heretics who drove us to France."

5.

Count Saxe he commanded his cannon for to roar,
 The English never heard such a volley before.
 Three hundred and sixty brass cannon he let fly
 Which caused all poor Tournay for "quarter" to cry.

CHAPTER IX.

Blow, blow, thou Winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

Freeze--freeze—thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.

As you like it.

WE left Lally wounded, but recompensed, on the field of Fontenoy.

A very short time after the reverses of the allies in the Low Countries, the Pretender made his appearance in Scotland, raised the standard of his grandfather, and was immediately joined by tens of thousands of his adherents. Informed of these events, and deeming them capable of restoring the son of James II. to the British Crown, Lally besieged all the men of influence in the Palace of Versailles to obtain the despatch of an expedition of ten thousand men in support of Prince Charles. His project was seized upon with avidity. A fleet was prepared in the harbours of Boulogne and Calais; an army was assembled; and the 5th of January, 1746, was named for the departure of the expedition, under the command of the Duc de Richelieu, it is true; but Voltaire, not always favourable to the Irish, as we know, states that Lally was the life and soul of it. The expedition encountered many obstacles, insomuch that Richelieu, being annoyed at them, resigned the command of it, and it was abandoned. Lally was not, however, a man to be turned from his purpose by delays or difficulties. At the head of a small body of Irish he sailed and joined the Pretender, whom he served as counsellor and aide-de-camp at the battle of Selkirk—the last success gained by the Prince.

Lally subsequently made a secret journey to London.*

* The celebrated Irish portrait-painter, Hamilton (who possessed a fund of information on this period—how acquired I forget), after referring to the Pretender's visit to London, incog., with the view ascribed to Lally, stated, that the abandonment of the Pretender's cause was the result of a secret meeting

Thence he proceeded to Spain and Flanders, and returned once more to London, where a reward was offered for his head by the government. He was on the point of being arrested; but escaped in the garb of a sailor, in which disguise he fell into the hands of a party of smugglers, who, deceived by it, compelled him to join them in their search for the traitor Lally, for whom they would receive, they assured him, "a high price." Lally persuaded them, however, that a richer prize might be gained on the coast of France, with which, he said, he was perfectly acquainted, and offered to become their guide. The smugglers accepted the proposition; and were led by the advice of the wily and malicious Lally into the midst of a French naval force, by whom they were made prisoners. It is unnecessary to say that on declaring his quality, he was himself landed and set at liberty.

Having returned to Versailles, he resumed his efforts to obtain the organization of another expedition in aid of the Stuarts, when the loss of the battle of Culloden put an end for ever to the hopes of that ill-fated House.

In the following year Lally served with great distinction at the defence of Antwerp, at the battle of Lansfeldt, and with *ecolat* at Bergen-op-Zoom, where he was incessantly in action—now in the trenches, now at the head of detachments. On one occasion he was wounded, and nearly overwhelmed by the explosion of a mine.

After the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, which was taken by assault, Lally opened the trenches against Fort Henry, which capitulated the same day. He next proceeded to open the trenches against Lille, and afterwards to attack the Fort de la Croix, "wishing to take both places at the same moment." Discontented with the result of a *reconnaissance* he directed to be made, he resolved to reconnoitre for himself, and was proceeding on that undertaking when he fell into the hands of a party of the enemy's hussars, who made him prisoner. He was speedily exchanged, however, and rejoined Marshal Saxe, of whom he became the confidant, and was one of his

of the heads of the Jacobin party, held at the house of the Earl of Westmoreland of that day, at which the utter futility of further attempt to restore the exiled family was demonstrated. Mr. Hamilton added, that it was in Lord Westmoreland's house that the Pretender was concealed, and which having been communicated to George the Second, that Monarch uttered the generous sentiment ascribed to him—and which was in effect: "Let the poor man look about him and depart."

principal instruments in that superb military operation, the investment of Maestricht, in 1748. During the siege of that place Lally divided with the Marquis de Cremilles the functions of Marshal-general des logis of the army. In the course of the operations he was again wounded, but was rewarded on the very day of the capitulation of Maestricht with the rank of Major-general, as he had been made Brigadier-general on the field of battle at Fontenoy.

It would appear that from 1748 to 1755, Lally was out of his element, and inactive on the coast of Picardy, under the command of Marshal de Belleisle. In this latter year he was summoned to Paris, to be consulted on the means of inflicting reprisals on the English, who had taken two French men-of-war on the coast of Newfoundland.

“Three means present themselves,” said Lally.

“Name them,” said the Council.

“Make a descent upon England with Prince Edward, the young Pretender; attack and reduce the power of the English in India; conquer their colonies and possessions in America.”

The Council decided, however, that they preferred to negotiate, and seek satisfaction in that way, and thus avoid a rupture.

“Then,” said Lally, “you will fail. You will not obtain the one, nor will you prevent the other; and you will lose the opportunity of destroying your enemy.”

After pronouncing this prediction (which was accomplished in all its parts), Lally returned into Picardy. He was again summoned to Paris in 1756, when he was informed that one of his propositions of the preceding year was adopted by government, and that an expedition against the East Indies was in preparation. The command of this was offered to Lally, and was accepted by him. The offer was accompanied by promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-general (dated 19th of November), together with the command of the troops already sent thither. He was also named Commander, and afterwards Grand Cross of the Order of St. Louis. To these distinctions were added his nomination to the post of Syndic (or Chairman) of the East India Company, and Governor-general of all the establishments of France in the East Indies.

After a variety of disappointments and impediments, which retarded the sailing of the expedition by seven months, it sailed on the 2d of May, 1757, but was much reduced in the

strength originally contemplated. Instead of six sail of the line, with a treasury of six millions (£240,000 sterling) and six battalions of land troops promised to Lally, two-thirds only of that amount, in ships, men, and money, were supplied. It would almost seem that from the first this expedition was predestined to be a failure. Its conception had been treated as visionary; its preparation, when resolved on, proceeded languidly; and when ordered to depart, it had been so diminished in force as to increase considerably the risks it would have to encounter. But this was not all: instead of arriving in the East Indies in seven months, the longest period in which the voyage was made in those times, it only reached its destination on the 28th of April, 1758, or nearly a year after its departure from France.

Immediately on making the land, Lally determined, with his characteristic activity and energy, to make up for the time lost at sea. His first achievement was to invest Fort St. David, which from its strength was termed "the Bergen-op-Zoom of India." With a force of two thousand two hundred men, and a park of artillery consisting of only six mortars and twenty-two pieces of cannon, he commenced the siege of a place covered on the side on which only it could be attacked, by ramparts furnished with a hundred and ninety-four guns of heavy calibre, and a garrison of two thousand seven hundred men. He carried all the forts by assault, however, on the 8th of May, opened the trenches, and in spite of the paucity of his matériel, and the refusal of a part of the squadron to co-operate with him, he compelled Fort St. David to surrender at discretion on the 1st of June.*

Having ordered the fort to be rased, he marched on Devicotta, a town and fort of Hindostan, situate at the mouth of the Colran, forty-three miles distant from Pondicherry and sixty-two from Tanjore, which immediately opened its gates to him. Seventy pieces of cannon, large magazines, and a considerable extent of territory, were the fruits of this conquest. In short, in the space of thirty-eight days from his disembarkation, he had swept the whole coast of Coromandel of the enemy.

Alarmed for the safety of Madras, the English authorities assembled there the garrisons of all the towns abandoned by

* Speaking of this enterprise, the Count d'Estaing said: "Its success alone could prove its possibility."

them in the North. Lally, on his side, impatient to besiege them in their capital, threw forward detachments, and at the same time sent orders to Lieutenant-colonel Bussy and the Councillor Moracin, who respectively commanded the French forces in the Deccan and in Mausilipatam, to join him with their troops. He wrote to them: "My entire theory is comprised in five words; they are sacramental: 'plus d'Anglais dans la Péninsule.'" "

The Count d'Aché, however, who commanded the French squadron, declared on the 17th of June that he was not in a condition to second the siege of Madras; and on the other hand, Leyrit, Governor of Pondicherry, wrote, that after a fortnight from that date, he would discontinue to pay or provision the army. Disappointed and disabled by these circumstances, Lally listened to a proposition to march against the Rajah of Tanjore, and oblige him to pay thirteen millions, due by him to the French East India Company. For this purpose he put his troops in motion to traverse an enemy's country of fifty leagues, but had not got a fourth of that distance, when his little army found itself destitute of provisions. During twelve hours, the soldiers had not tasted food. Three times did they in their fury set fire to Devicotta. Nevertheless, Lally continued his march on Tanjore, the Rajah having repudiated his debt and refused payment.

Arrived at Tanjore, Lally occupied the outlets and commenced battering the town *en brèche*; but learning that the French naval squadron had sustained a second defeat, and that Karrical and even Pondicherry were threatened, a council of war was assembled on the 8th of August, by Lally, which decided upon retreating at daybreak on the day next but one following.

This intention was betrayed by an extraordinary incident. Fifty horsemen of the army of the Rajah had bound themselves to each other to kill the French General, and presented themselves at his tent on the morning of the 10th, to offer, as they said, their services to him. Lally jumped out of his bed, and taking time only to pull on his drawers, went to receive them. Scarcely had he made his appearance, when one of the horsemen rushed upon him, and attempted to cut him down. Lally parried the blow with a stick he happened to have in his hand, and the assassin was killed, at the same moment, by one of the General's guards. Lally, having been knocked down

by two kicks of a horse, rose with fury, and seizing a sabre, fought with the assailants at the head of his guards, and with such resolution and effect that twenty-eight of the fifty Tanjore horsemen fell at his feet, twenty-one were drowned in a lake, in attempting to escape, and the fiftieth blew himself up by setting fire to a *caisson*, attached to a gun close at hand.

This explosion led to the discovery of the meditated flight of the French. The entire garrison of Tanjore, comprising sixteen thousand men, commanded by English officers, marched from the town upon Lally, who repulsed them upon every point. After unheard-of difficulties, he succeeded in effecting his retreat; having levied on the inhabitants, during two months, contributions in provisions, and five hundred thousand francs in money.

Still full of his project against Madras, Lally was most desirous to pursue the enemy; but was prevented from it by the refusal of the naval squadron to co-operate with him; and, in fact, it sailed from Pondicherry.

In the mean while, Lally watched for the withdrawal of the British fleet to winter at Bombay, and on the very day of its quitting for that destination, he sent his army against four fortified places in the dominions of the Nabob of Arcot, and marched himself upon the capital. In an incredibly short space of time, he made himself master of all those four places, and secured to the East India Company the revenues of the whole country. At Arcot, he was joined by Colonel Bussy; but the latter, whose jealousy and hatred of him was intense, continued incessantly to demand to be sent into the Deccan with a third of the army intended to operate against the English. Lally, whose heart and soul lay in the capture of Madras, imagined that he might insure the co-operation of Bussy by promoting him to the rank of Brigadier-general; but Bussy, accepting the offered grade, persisted nevertheless in his request to be sent into the Deccan. An irreconcilable schism arose, therefore, between the two Generals. The King's troops took part with Lally: those of the Company with Bussy. Lally continuing inflexible, the Council, to whom the question was referred, concluded by adopting his proposition: a resolution due in great measure to the Count d'Estaing, who asked: "Is it not better to die of a musket-shot on the glacis of Madras, than of hunger on those of Pondicherry?"

To carry this project into execution, money was indispens-

able. A subscription was, therefore, proposed. Bussy would not contribute a single sou: Lally advanced one hundred and forty-four thousand livres; and with that feeble resource he put in motion three thousand European and five thousand native troops, took four fortified places on his march, and entered as conqueror the city of Madras on the 14th of December, 1758.

He proceeded immediately afterwards to reconnoitre Fort St. George, and having received, most opportunely, from Europe a million of livres, he opened the trenches before that fortress, which enclosed a garrison of five thousand men. Four times during his investment of the place the enemy's army in the field attempted to force him to raise the siege, and were as many times defeated and put to flight. At length Lally succeeded in making a breach in the works, and proposed a general assault in the night of the 16th-17th of February, 1759, when an English squadron, composed of six sail of the line, arrived as by a miracle, revictualled the city and reinforced its garrison by six hundred British soldiers with ammunition and supplies of every kind. This circumstance obliged Lally to raise the siege and retire to Pondicherry the same day, 17th of February.

On the 17th of October of the same year, his army, to whom ten months' pay were due, revolted; and Lally was again obliged to raise a subscription, to which he contributed fifty thousand francs, and succeeded in re-establishing order among his troops.

He still, with his handful of men, continued his usual course of active operations against the English; carried off their magazines from Cangivaron, and took Vandravache (which the French chroniclers turned into *Vin de Vâches*) sword in hand, "entering the breach himself at the head of the storming-party, when of seven volunteers who accompanied him, three fell dead at his feet."* He was, however, beaten on the 27th of January, 1760, under the walls of the place by the English, less by the enormously disproportionate force of the enemy, than through the defection of his own cavalry, who some time

* Cousin Robin gave a different and a more correct account of this brilliant affair from that above quoted. He stated that it was to Colonel Charles Geoghegan, of Sionan, Westmeath, that this important success was due, and this I heard afterwards (in 1816) confirmed by Captain John Geoghegan, of "Berwick's," son of the Colonel.

afterwards sold themselves to the Indian chiefs, and passed over to them.

On the 18th of March, 1760, two English squadrons commenced the blockade of Pondicherry, and continued it during an entire year, Lally maintaining himself with his usual resolution, in spite of the famine and consequent discontent which prevailed in the garrison.*

On the 13th of January, 1761, Pondicherry was threatened with assault. Upon which Lally, although exceedingly ill, directed that he might be carried to the ramparts, and there with his own feeble hands divided the last hogshead of wine remaining to him among the exhausted canonniers. On the 14th, the Council of War recommended him to capitulate; but the British General (Coote) insisting that the garrison should become prisoners of war, Lally hesitated.

The garrison had now subsisted on the flesh of the vilest animals, and on the hearts of the trees; and there remained in the magazines on the 15th of January four ounces of rice per man. On the 16th, in that frightful state, he surrendered Pondicherry to the English. During the siege the garrison had been reduced to seven hundred men, of whom not fifty were in a state to defend themselves; while the English army amounted to fifteen thousand men, and on board the fleet (of fourteen sail of the line) were seventeen thousand men more.

With the surrender of the place terminated the submission and silence of Lally's opponents, and all the pent-up discontent which his haughty and rigorous rule had engendered in his army, was set free. Indeed, the malignity of his enemies increased with his misfortune to such a degree, that the escort, under which he was sent prisoner to Madras, became the protectors of his life from assassins, for, on his march thither, an attempt was made to assassinate him, which was only defeated by the courage and good faith of his escort. It would seem, nevertheless, that even his captors were not favourably disposed towards him, for it is stated that on the 10th of March, 1761, Lally, although not yet entirely convalescent, was embarked in a wretched tub of a vessel, ill-formed and ill-provi-

* The hatred of which Lally had become the object was incredible, and increased with every measure ordered by him for insuring the safety of the city. He was menaced with assassination on the 7th October, 1760, and an attempt even to poison him was made on the 8th. He remained confined to his bed from its effects until the 4th of December.

sioned, commanded by a Dutchman, to be conveyed to England as a prisoner, where he arrived on the 23d of September. He immediately learned that a storm was brewing against him in France. He therefore solicited his liberty of the British Government, which was refused, but permission to visit his country on parole was conceded to him.

CHAPTER X.

Now the gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserving children is enroll'd
In Jovo's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own.

What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath
By many an ounce,) he dropped it for his country;
And, what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all that do't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Coriolanus.

HAVING arrived at Paris, Lally hastened to present himself to the government. He denounced, as a true subject of the King, the intrigues and the crimes of his subalterns, and submitted himself to the proof of any charge they could bring against him. During an entire year, he was promised by the government that it would inquire into his case, and it even sought to reconcile him with his enemies, but his impracticable temper induced him to reject this offer, and indignantly to refuse acquiescence in the steps taken with that object; while, on their side, his adversaries were equally opposed to an amicable arrangement. Among them his implacable enemy and mutinous subaltern, Colonel Bussy, particularly distinguished himself by expressions of unrelenting hate. "Lally's head must fall!" was his constant expression.

Being informed that a *lettre de cachet* had been signed against him, Lally declined the advice given him to conceal himself. On the contrary, he proceeded to Fontainebleau, where the Court then resided. Immediately on arriving there he wrote to the Duc de Choiseul: "I bring hither my head

and my innocence." Two days afterwards he surrendered himself a prisoner at the Bastille, where he remained nineteen months without even being examined.

The observation of Talleyrand, that "speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts," does not appear to have occurred to Lally, also; or, if it did, he held it not applicable to other agents—pen, ink, and paper, *par exemple*—for the liberty of writing granted him during his confinement in the Bastille was used by him, not in declarations of innocence, and arguments in support of them, but in attacks upon all whom he supposed his enemies. This naturally redoubled the rancour of his accusers, who continued the louder to call for his condemnation. Nevertheless, it may be said that it was accident which in some sort compelled the government to bring him to trial.

The custom in France, which prevailed more or less till the Revolution of 1848 (and the apprehension of which still remains so general that few public men keep their private documents at their residences), that of seizing the papers of deceased or even living persons, supposed to have reference to public affairs, brought to light certain charges against Lally Tollandal. A Jesuit named Lavour died in Paris in 1763, in whose *secrétaire* was found a libel on Lally. On that document charges of peculation and high treason were raised against him; and upon it an order for prosecuting him was issued. The preliminary inquiry and discussion of the interrogatories of the prisoner and his enemies, in which those whom he accused were admitted to testify against him, lasted two entire years, during the whole of which time he was refused the aid of counsel. At length, notwithstanding the declared opinion of the senior member, or chairman of the commission, acquitting him of all other heads of accusation than that deemed "military," and to examine into which he (the Doyen des Substituts) advised a court-martial, the Attorney-General pronounced for a capital accusation of him before the Parliament of Paris.

On Monday the 5th of May, 1766, Lally was brought into court. On perceiving the (*sellette*) stool on which, as a culprit, he was compelled to take his place, he uncovered his breast, displayed the marks of his wounds, and pointed to his gray hairs, exclaiming with bitterness: "And this is the reward of fifty-five years' services!"

All his objections to the charge, and to the testimony of the witnesses against him, were overborne and overruled, and on

the following day, May 6th, the Court acquitted him of the guilt of peculation and high treason, but pronounced him "guilty of having betrayed *the interests* of the King, of the State, and of the East India Company," and sentenced him to be beheaded.

This decree excited universal horror and surprise. The Attorney-General, Seguier, differed on the point with the *rapporteur* of the proceedings (Pasquier, father of the Duc de Pasquier, Louis Philippe's President of the Chamber of Peers in France), who was a hard and severe man. M. de Seguier did not confine himself to mere opposition in court; he declared to the world and in society his full belief in the innocence of Lally. M. Pillot, a judge, who enjoyed the highest reputation for sound judgment, went nearly as far as the Attorney-General, holding that even if Lally could not be acquitted of all the accusations brought against him, still he did not merit capital punishment. Moreover, on the 8th, at the conclusion of a Conseil d'Etat, Marshal Soubise threw himself at the feet of Louis XV., and demanded of him, *in the name of the army*, the pardon of General Lally. The Minister of War followed his example, but the King, induced probably by the counsel of the "Du Barri," or other of the profligate creatures who surrounded him, had the infamy to reply,—"'Tis you who caused him to be arrested. It is too late. He has been tried—he has been tried!"

A short time afterwards, nevertheless, the monarch said in the ear of the Duc de Noailles: "They have murdered him!" and, four years afterwards, he said publicly to the Chancellor Maupeau: "It is you who will have to answer for Lally's blood—not I."

Will the world equally absolve him? Was there ever such ingratitude, such iniquity, such weakness, such falsehood? Lally's whole life had been spent in his service. Louis believed him to be the victim of a conspiracy and persecution; and yet, at the instance of his enemies, and possibly of courtesans and other parties behind the scene, he refused to spare the life of him whom he had recognised as the author of the most important success of his reign—the glorious victory of Fontenoy!

When the decree of the Court, which declared him "guilty of having betrayed the interests of the King," was read to Lally, he cried, in a voice of thunder: "That is false! Never, never!"

After giving vent to his indignation against the Attorney-General, and against the judges, Lally became suddenly silent, and appeared to reflect while he walked up and down, his hand on his left breast under his coat. Then pretending to kneel, he stabbed himself with a compass, which penetrated between the ribs to the depth of several inches, but without reaching the heart. A confessor then was summoned, and through his exhortations and the consolations of religion, Lally resigned himself to die.

He was in this favourable frame of mind when the executioner presented himself with an order to gag him! His enemies contrived even that the time fixed for his execution (after sunset) should be advanced six hours; and instead of being conducted to the scaffold in his carriage, as had been promised him, he was brought thither, gagged, in open day in a cart! Arrived at the fatal spot, he received the stroke of the executioner immediately upon pronouncing pardon of his enemies and of his judges. The clergymen who attended him in his last moments, wrote to the weeping family of Lally, that —“*Il s'est frappé en héros, et se repente en chrétien.*” (He received death like a hero, and was penitent like a Christian.)

To witness the execution of Lally crowds of amateurs who revel in strong emotions and sanguinary spectacles repaired to Paris from the provinces, and even from foreign countries. Among the latter, was George Selwin, who must have been still a very young man in 1766, but this propensity was early developed in him. Many men of the very first rank in Paris also sought and obtained permission to be present on the scaffold, in order to witness the decapitation, or rather the butchery of a friend—a companion, probably a rival. The throng was so great, that the executioner (whose instrument was a heavy sword) had not space to wield it, or to measure his distance and take aim. The blow, consequently, fell in the middle of the sufferer's head, which it cut through.

During many years afterwards, and even to the Revolution of 1789, this sword was a principal ornament of the museum of Samson, the executioner; and was always exhibited to visitors, whose attention he directed to a notch in it, caused by its encountering the victim's teeth!

Thus perished, on the 9th of May, 1766, Lally Tollendal.

“The scars of his old wounds were near his new,
Those honourable scars which brought him fame.”

CHAPTER XI.

You have done a brave deed! Ere you go, hear this—
 As far as doth the capitol exceed
 The meanest house in Rome, so far my son
 Whom you have banished does exceed you all.

Coriolanus.

AT that period, as at subsequent ones, public opinion was rarely expressed in condemnation of the acts of government in France. Louis XV. did not, it is true, cause the unjust execution of Lally Tollendal, but he permitted it. The profligate old sinner was, it is believed, suffering under the pangs of conscience at the period of Lally Tollendal's trial, and acquiesced in the murder, possibly to bring his ministers into discredit, possibly too at the instigation of one of his concubines. There was no public press to descant upon the case during its progress, and to stigmatize the infamous perversion of justice committed by the capital sentence pronounced upon the heroic Lally by his judges. There was none to support an appeal to the King's clemency, and to demonstrate that to sanction a decision so odious was to become a party to it. It is fortunate for the memory of Louis XV. perhaps, that history cannot (because of their repulsive character) record the incidents of his advanced life. Thoroughly depraved though he were, he had, it will be seen, moments of remorse, or—possibly—of hypocrisy. The close of his ill-spent life approached. The murder of Lally must have pressed upon his conscience, yet he did nothing to prove that he repented, by repairing to the orphan son of his victim the evil he had caused him by allowing his father to be put to death. It was reserved for his successor (who, alas! in his own turn pleaded in vain for life), to do justice to the memory of the gallant but unfortunate Lally.

I have just suggested the possibility that Louis XV. was a hypocrite. Crossing the Pont Neuf one day in his carriage, he saw two clergymen rapidly approaching, one of them carrying the sacred vessel in which he was conveying the sacrament to a sick man *in extremis*. The King ordered the carriage to

halt and the door to be opened. He then descended, and kneeling down in the mud, bowed his head with at least apparent veneration, and remained in that attitude until the procession had passed.* This act of devotion, or of dissimulation, obtained for him a momentary revival of his popularity, but he gave no further sign of repentance. His vicious court, who were exclusively members of his vices, rendered return to a moral life impossible for the now doting libertine. One of his guilty tools at least, "the Du Barri," expiated her own sins afterwards on the Place de la Révolution on the 3d Frimaire An. II., "convicted of having worn mourning in London for the tyrant" (Louis XVI.), and whence she had the folly to return to France.

Our Cousin Robin, in giving the details of the life, exploits, reverses, sufferings, and death of Lally, spoke with impartiality. He blamed him for an execrable temper (his great failing), and drew a picture of him resembling, in many particulars, a hero of more modern times, the late Sir Thomas Picton. He concurred in disbelieving all imputation against the loyalty of Lally, but, too fond of quoting Voltaire, he always added the somewhat enigmatical saying ascribed to that satirist: "Every man in France had a right to put Lally to death, except the executioner."

The Abbé Duvernet has denied, however, that Voltaire ever used that expression; but the world found something like a confirmation of it in his "Fragmens sur quelques Révolutions dans l'Inde."

Three days after the death of Lally, a friend who deplored him asked one of his principal judges upon what fact the finding and sentence of the Court had rested. "On no point in particular," replied the judge; "it was on the *ensemble* of his conduct that he was found guilty and sentenced."

"That is true," said Voltaire; "but a hundred incongruities in the conduct of a man in place, a hundred imperfections

* Another royal devotee, we will not say hypocrite, displayed similar devotion within this present year in a neighbouring capital, as will be seen by the following extract from the Constitutionnel of 21st January (1854)—"On lit dans la *Espana*, du 15: 'Hier, à quatre heures de l'après-midi, la reine Marie-Christine, passant par la rue d'Alcala, a rencontré le viatique que l'on portait à un pauvre malade. La reine Christine est descendue de sa voiture; elle y a fait monter le prêtre et elle a suivi à pied un cierge à la main et dans les rues boueuses, jusqu'à la demeure du malade. Elle est revenue de la même manière à la paroisse.'

of character, a hundred traits of bad temper, do not constitute a crime meriting capital punishment. If it were permitted to subalterns to draw their swords against their general, he possibly deserved death at the hands of officers whom he had outraged, but not to die by the glaive of justice."

Thus the sceptic on, unfortunately, more important points. He who denied to the Irish the credit of having gained the battle of Fontenoy, questioned the decree which sent the great agent in that victory to the scaffold.

In the year 1778, a memorial was presented to Louis XVI. in council, by Count Lally Tollendal, only son of the unfortunate Lally; in consequence of which a commission was appointed to examine into the whole case of his father. After thirty-two sittings, the commission "reversed (*cassa*) the decree of the Parliament of Paris of the 6th of May, 1768, and everything that had followed it."

From that moment General Lally Tollendal was reinstated by law, and his character pronounced to be restored to honour. Public opinion had never considered him guilty.

Louis XVI. concurred, with his usual kindness of heart, in this decision, and accompanied his assent with compliments to Count Lally Tollendal (afterwards created Marquis by Louis XVIII.) on his "filial piety." He was rewarded, as we shall see, for this benevolence, in his own *moment supreme*, by the heroic presence and invaluable mental support of two Irishmen (Catholic clergymen).

CHAPTER XII.

He who is a good son makes a good brother—a good husband—a good father—a good relative—a good friend—a good neighbour—a good citizen.
Chinese Proverb.

Qu'est ce qui louera son père mieux que l'enfant malheureux ?

TROPHIME GÉRARD DE LALLY TOLLENDAL was the son of the unfortunate General Lally, of whom in the preceding chapters I have been speaking, and gained for himself by his talents, his liberal opinions, his honourable principles, his civil courage, his devoted attachment to a Sovereign

in adversity, and above all by surpassing filial piety, the esteem and admiration of his contemporaries, and a distinguished place in history.

He was born in Paris on the 5th of May, 1751, and was educated in the College of Harcourt. He studied with steadiness and success, notwithstanding the one absorbing idea which occupied him from the first moment when he could realize the atrocious treatment of which his father had been the object, and the sentence of death so diabolically executed upon him.

The first impulse of young Lally was to bring about the re-establishment of his father's character, through the exposure of the foul and disgraceful process by which his destruction had been achieved. Thus he had hardly left college, when the courts rang with his complaints and appeals. Aided by the powerful co-operation of Voltaire, his efforts were incessant, until at length justice and humanity triumphed. By four decrees of the Council, the judgment and sentence of the Parliament of Paris, by whom the elder Lally had been condemned, were quashed, as we have stated, and the affair was in train to be satisfactorily and definitively concluded by the Parliament of Rouen, to which it had been referred, when the Revolution of 1789 broke out, and prevented the immediate accomplishment of his desires.

The formal establishment of General Lally was not therefore absolutely necessary. So complete and unequivocal had been the verdict of acquittal, expressed by the first decree of the Council which annulled that of the Parliament, in the estimation of the world, and especially of Voltaire, that though then on his bed of death, the philosopher wrote to M. Lally the following note:—

“The dying is recalled to life by this great event. He tenderly embraces M. Lally. He perceives that the King is the defender of justice, and he dies content.”

This note bore date 26th of May, 1778. Voltaire died on the 30th.

Some time after the death of Voltaire M. Lally purchased the appointment of Grand Bailli d'Etampes. The preamble of its conveyance recited that it had been accorded to him “in consideration of the services rendered by his father to the State” and of “his own filial piety.”

The *éclat* which his conduct had gained for him procured

for M. Lally, in 1789, his election to the States-General as a deputy of the noblesse of Paris. Passionate, however, as a reformer, and an enthusiastic disciple of Necker, then the *drapeau* of the Opposition, Lally on the 25th of June, in conjunction with the minority of the noblesse, went over to the Tiers-État.

On the 11th of July, when the agitation of the public mind was nearly at its height, he made in the States-General a vehement speech, in which he paid to La Fayette, who had just proposed the declaration of the Rights of Man, the following compliment: "The author of this declaration speaks of liberty in the manner in which he defended it."

Two days afterwards—that is, on the eve of the Revolution, as it may be termed—he evinced his sense of honour and common honesty by indignantly repudiating the odious idea of a national bankruptcy which had been proposed, or at least suggested, in the Assembly:—

"La dette publique," cried he, "est sous la sauvegarde de l'honneur et de la loyauté française!"

Next day, the 14th, while the siege and attack of the Bastille were actually in progress, he was elected a member of the "Committee of the Constitution," and at the same moment named one of the deputation which it was resolved should be sent to tranquillize the people. The Bastille had, however, already fallen, and the conquerors were returning flushed with victory, and accompanied by prisoners and trophies, to the Hôtel de Ville, when they were encountered in the Rue St. Antoine by the deputation. All interposition was therefore superfluous.

We find Lally again at the Hôtel de Ville on the following day, where he once more harangued the multitude (now in a state of increased excitement) in a speech calculated to soothe them, and bespeak a kindly reception for the Sovereign, against whom the evil disposed were endeavouring to provoke popular fury.

This effort was, however, only partially successful. It demonstrated the loyalty and the spirit of conciliation that ever distinguished Lally, but it betrayed a just appreciation of the actual situation, by recognising that it called for mediation between the monarch and the masses, and of the perspective which, with admirable foresight, he thus early perceived distinctly defined. He comprehended the difficulty of reconci-

ling others to views which were natural to himself, and was horror-struck at the aspect of the abyss into which, only a little later, the monarch and the monarchy were so frightfully hurled.

It was still under these impressions that two days subsequently (on the 17th of July, 1789), when the King repaired to the Hôtel de Ville, Lally again addressed the people, recalling to mind the numerous acts of kindness and beneficence of the Sovereign towards them; and then turning to the King, he dwelt upon the sentiments of affection, fidelity, and gratitude for him with which the people were, he assured him, penetrated.

The manner in which these observations were received proved to Lally that he had failed in his praiseworthy effort, and convinced him of the hopelessness of any further attempt at mediation. He resolved therefore upon a step which the most fastidious advocate for consistency will not condemn, seeing that it was not desertion from a principle or a party—loyalty and attachment to the King (to whom he owed more over a deep debt of gratitude) being the first article of his political faith.

The views of the revolutionists forming the majority of the Tiers-État being now palpable, and becoming fully impressed with the consequence, should success attend the revolutionary projects of the majority, Lally abandoned that party and ranged himself by the side of the defenders of the Court, and thenceforward, without relinquishing one of his liberal principles, devoted himself to the service of the doomed sovereignty. In proportion as the King's danger became more manifest, Lally's zeal in his cause increased and his courage rose, and with constancy and energy he endeavoured to stem the torrent directed from the tribune against the unfortunate Louis. Without disdainng vulgar assailants, he sought especially the leaders of the Revolution, and courageously grappled with even the Corypheus of the party—that "Hercules of eloquence"—Mirabeau himself.

My readers of a certain standing will perceive that the phrase just applied to Mirabeau is derived from Sheridan's somewhat bombastic compliment to Charles Fox, conveyed in a toast proposed by him at one of the Whig Club dinners in 1794 or 1795, which ran thus:—

"May the Hercules of eloquence destroy the Hydra of cor-

ruption, and double chain the triple-headed Cerberus of taxation!"

It is due to the memory of that powerful orator, liberal statesman, and most amiable of men, Charles James Fox, to observe, however, that with obesity and a hesitating and confused manner in the commencement of a speech (which his nephew, the late Lord Holland, also laboured under), all resemblance, physical, moral, or intellectual, between him and Mirabeau ceased. The one was handsome, with a countenance beaming with benevolence, with also

". A hand
Open as day to melting charity,"

the other, ugly, repulsive, rapacious, with imprinted on his brow the forbidding audacity and defiance of one whose disorderly youth and manhood had brought upon him the world's dislike, I might almost say abhorrence; of one who had endured inflictions, some of which bore a character of persecution and tyranny together, with an unmistakable fearless determination to avenge them, and which he accomplished. The one was occasionally—almost habitually—sportive as an infant, the other breathed only from a long rankling, concentrated sense of profoundly felt though not altogether unmerited injuries.

It were worse than absurd to attempt to gild refined gold, to utter here a word even in admiration of the powers of Mr. Fox; but the following example, characteristic of his playful disposition, has not yet appeared in print. I had it from the late Mr. Francis Plowden, the eminent English chancery barrister, but better known as "Plowden the historian."

Fox and Sheridan had been dining with him in his chambers, in Essex Street, Strand. At length Sheridan rose, and observed,

"It is time to go down to the House."

"Allons done," replied Fox, and they left, accompanied by their host.

On reaching the street, Sheridan proposed, in order to make a return for Plowden's hospitality, that if there should be nothing important before the House on their arrival, they should adjourn to what subsequently became "Bellamy's."*

* The refreshment room of the House of Commons.

“Done,” said Fox; but Plowden insisted that the carouse should be at their common cost.

“Very well,” said Fox; “every man for himself; but to pass the time let us have a game on the road. He who utters the stupidest joke, or makes the worst pun before we reach St. Stephen’s, shall be excused paying for the wine.”

“Agreed,” said his companions; and they proceeded towards St. Stephen’s.* Plowden was in every respect a ponderous man, and had as yet made no attempt to escape scot free. Of Sheridan’s essay, if any, Plowden had no recollection.

The trio had nearly reached Northumberland House, and Fox had not opened his lips since proposing the wager. He was silent, and as completely abstracted as if occupied with that modern solecism in good manners, cigar-smoking; and was treated by his friends with the indulgence tacitly accorded to the perpetrators of that nuisance. Suddenly a porter coming from the “Golden Cross” over the way, with a hare dangling in his hand, rushed into the centre of the party, in order to avoid a passing carriage, nearly upset Fox, and roused him from his reverie.

“I beg your pardon, I’m sure,” said the man, respectfully.

“No harm done, my friend,” replied the bland orator; “but may I take the liberty of asking you, sir, if that be your own *hare* or a wig?”

Sheridan and Plowden “gave in” without further contest.

We are forgetting Lally, however.



CHAPTER XIII.

We can never labour more gloriously than in meriting the esteem of our fellow citizens.

Bias.

THE zeal in the service of Louis XVI. displayed by M. Lally Tollendal, increased as he became impressed with the fearful fate that menaced the King, his family, and his

* The sittings of the late Commons’ House of Parliament were held in the former Chapel of Saint Stephen, Westminster, London.

country. He no longer qualified his language while remonstrating with the leading orators of the adverse faction; he dwelt with indignation on the excesses committed in the capital, and in a prophetic strain thus admonished his hearers: "If the spirit of revolt be not immediately arrested and repressed, we shall have shaken off the ministerial yoke only to assume one tenfold more insupportable." Then obviously pointing to Mirabeau, he characterized him as

"A lion he was proud to hunt—"

and, in reply to some irregular observation by which he had been interrupted by him, Lally remarked, with bitterness: "It is possible for a man to possess great talent and grand ideas, and yet to be a tyrant."

On the 19th of August following, in an able and eloquent speech, he felt the pulse of the Assembly on the subject of a mixed constitution comprehending three powers (the favourite notion of his idol, Necker). Either, however, he had indisposed the majority of the Assembly by his introductory observations, indiscreetly condemnatory of the declaration of the Rights of Man, of which he had at first approved, or the Assembly was resolved to listen to nothing coming from the Court, with whom they identified him; for his measure was declared unsuitable, and negatived. Nevertheless, in order to mark that it was to the author and not the principle they objected, the Assembly almost immediately agreed to another that was substituted for it; "although," said the commentators, "it contained distinctions without differences," and was "simile et idem."

Like that of Lally, this *projet de loi* contemplated three powers: a Chamber of Representatives, a Senate (of which, however, the members were not necessarily to be drawn from the privileged classes, but who must possess a certain qualifying amount of income), and finally, a King, with the absolute veto.

This project, which may be considered that of Lally, was approved and became a law, and the Committee of the Constitution, from whom it had emanated, was dissolved.

Few measures can be named that have displayed a tendency to mortality and a susceptibility of resuscitation comparable with this Constitutional enactment. It endured for a brief time only. Some ten years later a precisely similar one was

granted by Napoleon to his subjects; and this was superseded thirteen or fourteen years afterwards by Louis XVIII., by another (historically known as *La Charte*) professing to be founded on a more liberal principle, and on his demise was continued—nominally—by his successor (Charles X.), until—together with his throne—it was upset by the Revolution of 1830. Louis Philippe gathering up the fragments, professed to restore the edifice in its pristine purity. He did not keep his word, and in consequence it fell, anew, into the mud beneath the insurrection of 1848. A fresh interregnum took place, and, now—in 1852—it again obtains, having been once more established by Louis Napoleon in the form and terms *octroyé* by his uncle.

Thus we have seen the plan of a Constitutional Monarchy tossed, like a shuttlecock, from the National Assembly to the Convention, who suffered it to drop. Adopted by Napoleon, it was kept bounding on the battledore, in order, at the convenience of the striker, to be launched forward again with increased force, or allowed to fall. Caught up by Louis XVIII., and once more put into action; shaken by his death, its existence—very imperfectly performing its functions however—was tolerated for some time by Charles X. With him, upon his attempting to deplume it altogether, it once more came to the ground. It was appropriated by Louis Philippe, who—in that phrase so well known and, for him, so unfortunately departed from—declared that thenceforward “*La Charte*” should be “*une vérité*,” but who—pursuing a less important object, the aggrandizement of his name and family—allowed the constitutional principle to become impaired in its most indispensable faculties, it again fell into the *boue* (teaching him that with a people as with a child, faith must ever be kept). It retained its vitality, however, for having been picked up by Louis Napoleon, its leading principles are to-day preserved in his system of government (notwithstanding the anomaly) in the name of a republic. *Resumons* :—

Overruled and defeated within, Lally now directed his attention to the aspect of affairs out of doors, and became in consequence horrified at the indications of innovation which everywhere met his view, and which he recognised as preliminary to the terrible crisis that he had vainly sought to persuade himself was not inevitable. The fearful events of the 5th and 6th of October manifested to him, however, the sure advent

of the evils he had hoped to see obviated, and which he was forced to admit were about to burst on France. Seeing, moreover, that the Assembly was deficient in the power or the will to re-establish order, he renounced his predilection for parliamentary life, and retired into Switzerland, where he joined his friend Mounier, and where he composed his well-known work entitled "Quintus Capitolinus."

Becoming somewhat reassured, and believing that it was his duty to endeavour, by all means available to him, to obviate the dangers which menaced his Sovereign and his country, Lally returned to France early in 1792, and, in conjunction with Mounier, Montmorin, Malouet, and Bertrand de Molleville, sought to snatch the King from the precipice on the brink of which he stood.



CHAPTER XIV.

Ce n'est ni le défaut de branches ni de feuilles, qui fait périr un arbre, mais la pourriture de sa racine.

Proverbe Chinois.

HAD it been possible to have saved France from the evils and the horrors of which she has been the theatre during now upwards of sixty years, with certain intervals, it would have been effected by the quintuple alliance mentioned in the close of the last chapter, and the powerful coadjutors influenced by their doctrine and example. They were individually liberal, yet royalist advocates of reform (champions of freedom even), but staunch defenders of the person and authority of the Sovereign. In this no inconsistency was seen. It accorded with the views and comprehended the desires of the vast majority of the nation at that period: but a few perturbed spirits, who would not be propitiated, and a few incorrigible bigots, clinging to principles and privileges irreconcilable with the wants and the taste and spirit of the age, and incompatible with the measures calculated and proposed for the general well-being, derided and opposed it. By one set of opponents the profession of faith of Lally and his friends was treated as "a desire to perpetuate a régime which had run its race, and

with which at any risk *il faut finir.*” By another it was dealt with, as “the *mot d'ordre* for the destruction of a fabric with whose history were associated all the glories of France, and with the continued existence of which, entire and intact, her safety and her destinies were indissolubly bound up.”

Notwithstanding the resistance of these two clashing and discordant elements, the system for which Lally and his colleagues contended,—a constitutional monarchy,—triumphed for a moment, as we have seen. Instead, however, of reconstruction, demolition was the result. The monarchical principle which, unqualified and unlimited, had prevailed for seven or eight centuries, had been so much weakened, and so importantly *entamé* in the progress of the discussion of the measure which was proposed for its renovation, that scarcely was it re-established, when, not imperceptibly, or by sap, but from open, unconcealed, undissembled, unintermitting assaults upon it, the whole building gave way, overwhelming in its fall both defenders and assailants.

The four distinguished associates of Lally in his attempt to preserve the monarchy if possible, but the monarch at all events—namely—*Mounier, Montmorin, Malouet, and Bertrand de Molleville*, took respectively a prominent part in the important proceedings which preceded the abrogation of royalty and the execution of the King.

John Joseph Mounier was the son of a respectable merchant of Grenoble, and was born on the 12th November, 1758. He received an excellent education, which, united to sound sense, a discriminating and active mind, and a considerable share of eloquence, insured to him distinction in the profession of the law, to which he devoted himself. He thus attained to the rank of Juge Royal, with the additional advantage of a high reputation for political knowledge. On the failure of the Assembly of Notables, in 1787, and the convocation of the States General, his popularity obtained for him a nomination to that Assembly, of which body he soon became the life and soul, and had nearly succeeded in laying the foundation of a solid representative government, when the divisions and conflicts of the States-General defeated that great object. The struggle for superiority between the clergy and nobles, with the *Tiers-Etat*, became hourly more violent. Of this last-mentioned section Mounier was one of the most strenuous partisans, and to him was due the change of the “States-Ge-

neral" into the "National Assembly." It was he, also, who, when on the 20th June the *Tiers-Etat* were refused admittance into the Salle de l'Assemblée, moved an adjournment to the *Tennis Court*, where he proposed the oath, which was taken on the spot, not to separate until after having given a Constitution to France.

This extraordinary scene, which the pen and the pencil have a thousand times represented, was perhaps the most exciting and at the same time imposing of the Revolution. "David's celebrated picture of it—called the '*Serment de la Jeu de Paume*,' is faithful in its great features, but fails in its individualities"—such, at least, was the opinion of one of its most obvious characters, the Abbé Gregoire, expressed to me three-and-twenty years afterwards. "To Bailly, in particular, the honestest man of the Revolution," the Abbé Gregoire said, "the picture of David did not do justice."

The weakness of the King, his refusal to act upon the vigorous counsel of Mounier, and especially the events of the 5th and 6th October, convinced the latter that the monarch was lost. He therefore sent in his resignation of member of the (now) Constituent Assembly, and retired to his native city, Grenoble. He died in 1803.

Montmorin (Armand Mare), was a man of talent, of fitful energy, but vacillating to a contemptible degree. After the terrific affair of the 10th August, 1792, he deemed it prudent to conceal himself. He took refuge in the house of a washerwoman, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where, however, he was discovered on the 21st of that month, arrested, and after examination committed to prison. He was one of the unfortunates butchered at the Abbaye, on the 2d of September following. In the picture of that appalling slaughter Montmorin figures so prominently that a slight sketch of it will possibly prove acceptable, especially as it portrays the accused and the judge in never-fading colours.

In the preceding sanguinary scenes of the Revolution, a sheriff's officer named Maillard had been a principal actor. He was one of the foremost assailants of the Bastille. He excited and managed the march of the *Poissardes* to Versailles, on the 5th October, and he was one of the most desperate in the attack on the Tuileries, on the 10th August. These circumstances will explain why to him was deputed the task of presiding over an important branch of the general mas-

sacre ordered for the 2d September—that of the prisoners confined in the Abbaye.



CHAPTER XV.

Tigre enchaîné se laisse conduire par un enfant—mais celui qui le mène—fut-il un géant, risque tout à l'irriter: le peuple est de même.

Apophthegmes de TAO-SEE.

Astucieux et perfide comme un Syphnien.

MAILLARD and his moustier associates forming the tribunal which on that day (the 2d of September), established itself at the Abbaye for the trial, as it was termed, of the prisoners confined in that edifice, had hardly taken their seats at a table placed in the hall, when the Swiss Guards, to the number of thirty-seven, who had surrendered at the Tuileries on the 10th of August, or had been captured elsewhere, were commanded to appear before the judges. They were accordingly brought promptly before Maillard.

"'Tis you," said he, addressing them, "who assassinated the people on the 10th of August."

"We were attacked, and only obeyed the orders of our chiefs."

Maillard shook his head doubtingly, and with that coolness which freezes the blood when one reflects upon his demonstration of it in those terrible moments, added, and with seeming carelessness: "At all events, however, there is nothing for me to do but to transfer you to La Force."*

"*A la Force! entendez-vous?*" said he to the attendants.

These observations were directed to two parties—the prisoners and the turnkeys. It had been arranged, in order to spare the judges the pain of hearing exclamations, remonstrances, entreaties, execrations, or maledictions from the doomed, that the words *à la Force* would mean "condemnation to death." The prisoner, therefore, on quitting the prison, the door of which closed upon him immediately on his egress from it, found himself surrounded by nearly—and only—

* The great prison of Paris.

two hundred frantic and half-intoxicated demons, armed with bludgeons, hammers, muskets, hatchets, pikes, pistols, and sabres, and compared with whom, the savages of New Zealand would appear mild and humane. These horrible miscreants were instructed that, unless accompanied by recognised agents, proclaiming their acquittal, all who left the prison were to be instantly put to death.

Who is there who has not wept at the description given by Lamartine and others of the "beau jeune officier Suisse," with his flaxen hair, in the flower of his youth, who when his companions shrank back at the words, "à la Force," believing it to be his sentence of death,* advanced and offered himself as the first victim? The door opened. He passed it. For a moment, the sight of a beautiful young man, who regarded them with firmness, paralyzed the butchers by whom he was to be slaughtered. Not a sound was heard. At length bending his head he rushed forward, and was instantly struck down and slain. His comrades, officers, and soldiers of the Swiss Guards, to the number above mentioned, followed, and also perished.

Some wretched coiners (a class of offenders always, even in our own time, punished capitally in France) were next brought forward, and although not accused of being aristocrats, were transferred to the executioners by the usual sentence. To them succeeded Montmorin, the friend of Lally.

Full of the recollection of his successful pleading before the Assemblies, and with *autrefois acquit* upon his lips, he advanced into the hall of trial with confidence, and placed himself erect before Maillard, whom he regarded with a steady countenance. Maillard dropped his eye upon the book before him (the register of the prison), and pronounced interrogatively, but without much emphasis, the name "Montmorin?"

"The same," said the ex-minister.

"What is your defence to the charge of *incivisme* that I find here against you?"†

"I have already been tried—accused rather—before the Assembly, and have proved my innocence. I was ordered to be liberated, but have been, nevertheless, most irregularly and illegally detained."

* "Les malheureux," says Thiers, "qui avaient entrevu les sabres menaçants de l'autre côté du guichet ne peuvent s'abuser sur leur sort!"

† This assertion was false.

“C'est bien!” said Maillard, carelessly; “convey Monsieur de Montmorin à la Force!”

“La Force!” said the unfortunate unsuspecting man. “Why 'tis a league off! Will you allow me a *fiacre*?”

“Certainly,” said Maillard. “Sit down in the mean while;” and then he whispered something to a man, who left the hall.

After the despatch of half a dozen other cases in succession, the man to whom Maillard had whispered re-entered, and communicated something to the judge, who nodded approval, and turning to Montmorin, said quietly and even politely to him,

“*The carriage that is to convey you to your destination waits for you.*”

Upon receiving this fiendishly equivocal intimation the ex-minister rose, and bowing with much dignity to the Court, quitted the hall. In thirty seconds afterwards he was in the presence of his Eternal Judge. Immediately on passing the threshold of the door his head was cloven with an axe.

Pierre Victor Malouet was the descendant of an honourable family in the Puy de Dome, and was born in July, 1740. At the period of the Revolution, he was Intendant de la Marine at Toulon, and was elected deputy of his native city to the States-General. There, in conjunction with Lally and his friends, disciples of Necker, and moderate in their views of reform, he constantly displayed respect and attachment for the monarchy, and kept aloof from the intrigues of faction. He attempted to check the revolutionary spirit, which was, he perceived, assuming a dangerous form. He opposed the arming of the National Guards,* a measure which he regarded as fraught with great peril. In a similar feeling, he disapproved of the declaration of the Rights of Man, thinking that “it were better to re-establish tranquility than disturb the bands

* In December, 1830, this principle was urged (the epochs were nearly similar) by one of the greatest men of modern times. Among other influential parties solicited by the friends of Prince Polignae and his ex-colleagues (Peyronnet, Chantilauze, and Guernon de Rainville) to interfere in their favour at their approaching trial by the Court of Peers, for having signed the ordinances of Charles X., was Henry Brougham. It will easily be credited that he warmly assented. He wrote accordingly to numerous persons in Paris, possessing the power to befriend the prisoners, and contributed thus mainly, if not principally, to save their lives. He added his counsel, however, on another point: “Do not,” said he, “do not re-establish the National Guard.” The event justified his prevision and warning.

of society by metaphysical definitions ;” and contending, that the people ought to be recalled to sentiments of order and submission to the laws, and reconciled to the payment of taxes, to which they had contracted antipathy.* He declared himself in favour of a qualified veto (*véto suspensif*), and for the division of the Legislative Body into two permanent Chambers. He displayed hostility to many measures which he deemed abuses ; but his most vigorous effort to interrupt the march of innovation was directed against the projects of the Abbé Grégoire and his *confrères* “*les Amis des Noirs*,” and he painted in vivid colours the evils they had already produced in the colonies, and those further evils that they would infallibly occasion.

Between Lally and Malouet there were in fact many points of resemblance, not only on public questions, but in the affections and suggestions of the heart on private matters, with also a coincidence and success in their demonstration of it. Like Lally, Malouet had been named a Deputy to the States-General ; like him, he displayed in it monarchical predilections ; but of the two, the royalism of Malouet was, perhaps, the more ardent. Like Lally, he deemed himself called upon to repair the injury done by calumny to a great man, for whom he entertained affection. Deeply interested in the political events which were passing before his eyes, or in which he was an actor, he nevertheless demanded, and by perseverance and zeal obtained, *the reversal of the decree of the Parliament of Paris, pronounced, on the 5th of May, 1781, against his friend, the celebrated Abbé Raynal, and against his history ; which decree had ordered “that the author be arrested and imprisoned, and his book burned by the hand of the public executioner.”*

Antoine François Bertrand de Molleville was born at Toulouse in 1744, and reckoned among his ancestral relatives the Cardinal Chancellor Jean Bertrand (or Bertrande), whose memory in 1775 he defended against an attack of Condorcet, in his “*Éloge du Chancelier de l’Hôpital*.”

Unfortunately he was imbued with the principle that the enjoyment of liberty by the people is ever stormy, and believed that the excesses which almost always result from attempts to diminish that liberty, are necessary consequences of its exist-

* Lord Castlereagh’s figure on this head was less accurately defined. He charged the people with “ignorant impatience of taxation.”

ence. Acting under this impression, he advised the monarch to refuse concessions which, according to him, if withheld, might have prevented the arrival of disasters, and finally the extinction of royalty.

In reply, the King displayed towards him one of those ephemeral indications of firmness which, from their being almost immediately afterwards abandoned, uniformly tended to his own injury.

After having subsequently filled the place of Director of the King's Secret Police, he was ultimately, like his friends of whom I have spoken, obliged to take refuge in England. In 1814, on the restoration of the Bourbons, he returned to Paris, where he was received with much favour.



CHAPTER XVI.

Cantabit vaeuus eoram latrone viator.

Juvenal.

La politesse et les convenances veulent qu'on proportionne le rire à la qualité des personnes avec lesquelles on se trouve, afin de ne pas manquer aux égards que l'on doit à leur rang—et—à leur dignité.

French Proverb.

IT has been seen that M. Lally Tollendal was more fortunate than his friend Montmorin. His devotion to the King and his only moderate liberalism were notorious. He had therefore been one of the thousands of men, similarly distinguished or merely *suspected*, who were arrested after the 10th of August and thrown into the Abbaye. His previous popularity, however, the general esteem in which he was held, or the personal regard of some powerful friend saved him, as was equally the case with the celebrated philanthropist, the Abbé Sicard, "the friend of the deaf and dumb." Sicard, like Lally, had been incarcerated in the Abbaye without any positive charge against him, and was snatched from the impending *glaiive* of the *peuple souverain* by a watchmaker, named Monnot,*

* This fact destroys the story gotten up by the democrats of modern times, that it was Robespierre who saved the Abbé Sicard.

who recognised him by accident in the crowd of unhappy inmates of the Abbaye.

On his escape from prison Lally once more took refuge in England, where he remained until the 18th Brumaire arrived, when, taking advantage of the clemency of Napoleon, he returned to France. He took up his residence at Bordeaux, but quitted it in 1805, to visit Paris to present his homage to Pope Pius VII., who had come to officiate at the coronation of the Emperor. There he made the acquaintance of the Archbishop of Lyons, uncle of the Emperor, better known in later days as Cardinal Fesch. Through him, probably, he obtained means of approach to Napoleon, and became sensible of the irresistible fascination which that wonderful man exercised over all who came in contact with him. To this influence were due, it is to be supposed, the enthusiasm with which he lauded the *Concordat* just concluded by Napoleon with the Pope, and his flattery of the former, at a period too when he could not have recovered from the effects of a sarcasm in which the Chief Consul chose to reply to an application from him for a grant of means of subsistence. "Ah ha!" exclaimed Napoleon, when Lally's petition was presented to him on passing through the town where he resided. "Ah ha! this *drole* wishes to be like the Colossus at Rhodes, with one foot on Calais and the other on Dover" (alluding to the pension on the Irish Establishment accorded to Lally by the English Government in 1792).

The recorded bon-mots of the Duke of Wellington are fewer than those of his great antagonist Napoleon. In fact, between the two, few parallels are to be found. Its rarity, at least, will therefore recommend the following companion to the unfeeling jest just recounted. Attached to one of the regiments of the British army in the Peninsula, was a surgeon of the name of O'Reilly. He was as tall, as slim, and as springy as Ireland, "the Flying Phenomenon," whom some people in London and Dublin will remember to have seen at Astley's Amphitheatre, hopping (for such was the movement) over half a dozen horses side by side, but at a distance of a yard from each other. Surgeon O'Reilly was the lightest-footed and one of the lightest-hearted fellows in the British army, and in this latter quality only exceeded by his and my old friend, Maurice Quill. He did not spend all his time in professional business or amusement, however. He had a great

facility in the acquisition of languages, and applied himself first to the study of those of Spain and Portugal respectively. Having acquired them, he sought to attain a knowledge of the *patois* of the inhabitants of whatever district he happened to be quartered in.

One day, on a somewhat important occasion, a peasant was brought before the Duke, and was questioned by him touching the topography and statistics of the neighbourhood, the strength and movements of the enemy, &c. The man could not understand the questions, and consequently could not reply to them. In this dilemma, somebody mentioned Surgeon O'Reilly. He was immediately sought and presented to the Duke, who dictated to him a series of questions upon which to examine the peasant. The latter understood O'Reilly perfectly, and was equally understood by him. After the examination, both were dismissed by the Duke.

In the course of the following week, the Duke was riding in the neighbourhood of his quarters, and was surprised to observe a complete field of officers, of all ranks and arms, at some distance off; and occasionally between him and the horizon a white body would rise and fall, each appearance being more and more remote.

"What is all this?" asked the Duke.

An officer of his staff rode off, and returned laughing. "It is only Surgeon O'Reilly, sir," said he, "engaged in one of his steeple-chases."

"Who are his competitors?"

"He has none, sir; but he considers that a race over a certain distance, necessitating a number of extraordinary leaps, in height or length, is a steeple-chase. The whole camp is occupied at this moment with one of them."

The Duke rode on, without further remark.

Some months or years later, O'Reilly had occasion to seek a favour at the hands of his illustrious commander and fellow "Meathian," and ventured to recall to his Grace the service he had had the good fortune to render in the examination of the peasant. The Duke had forgotten the circumstance, for he remarked: "I have no recollection of the qualities of your head, but a perfect remembrance of those of your heels."

I am unable to add if Lally Tollandal or Surgeon O'Reilly owed to the renowned persons, who had thus condescended to jest upon them respectively, any advantage beyond that of

immortality. It is fair to assume, for it would be disgraceful were it otherwise, that the rebuff which each received was accompanied by a salve for their wounded sensibility—an infliction the more *lache* because perpetrated with perfect security against resentment.

Little remains to be said of the Marquis de Lally Tollendal. He was received with favour by “the Restoration,” created a peer, and otherwise distinguished. His public conduct thenceforward, in the Chamber of Peers especially, was only in fact the continuation of the course he had followed in the States-General. He was rather a good than a great man. After an active political life, he died during the Restoration; and, although some little inconsistencies were observable in him, was followed to the grave with regret and respect.

From his pen we should have had the Memoirs of his father, but for a curious circumstance. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Necker. This led to close intimacy with the illustrious daughter of that minister, Madame de Staël, which terminated only with life. On the appearance of the first volume of Michaud’s “*Biographie Universelle*,” the idea of publishing the lives of their respective parents suggested itself to them, and led to the conclusion of an agreement between them worthy of their filial love. Lally undertook the biography of Necker, and Madame de Staël charged herself with the Memoirs of General Lally. Each performed the task which had been undertaken; and their respective productions appeared in the “*Biographie Universelle*.”



CHAPTER XVII.

The lions of Greece become foxes at Ephesus.

Lamia.

HOW far political inconsistency in a public man is blameable or excusable I shall not discuss. Every age and country furnish examples of it.

The most remarkable instance of the inconsistency of public men in England is that of Mr. Pitt; and, more recently, that of Sir Francis Burdett. In Ireland several such examples of

departure from professed and registered opinions have occurred, and among them that of Grattan; but he would be an unworthy Irishman who should regard the services of this truly great man as obliterated by a single error of judgment, or a single concession to expediency, whether erroneous or justifiable; and of these his inconsistencies only consisted. In like manner, the personal and pecuniary sacrifices of Sir Francis Burdett to the popular cause in early life, were unjustly held to have been annulled by his ultimate Conservatism. Hundreds of similar cases might be quoted, of men changing their political opinions late in life, from the popular to the unpopular side. Among them may be cited that of the late Mr. Huskisson, who, from a *bonnet rouge* in Paris, became in his own country one of the most conservative but still liberal public men whom England has had to lament in the present century. Similarly, Doctor (now Sir John) S——, who, from being a red-hot Democrat and admirer of the French Revolution, changed to an out and out Antigallican and Conservative. The examples of an opposite kind, that is, of repudiated Toryism, are comparatively few.

Of the former class we have had in Ireland one instance nearly as striking as that of Mr. Pitt in England, in the late Marquis of Londonderry, better known as Lord Castlereagh. Like Mr. Pitt, he had started in life as a reformer, but had not far advanced into manhood, when he became the most devoted ally and instrument of the British Government in Ireland. The name of Lord Castlereagh is associated with every unpopular measure and proceeding of that government in Ireland from 1790 to 1800, for a climax, with the Union.

Lord Londonderry was as remarkable for a fine face and person as for courtesy. He was a kind master,* and, it is said, a warm friend; still there never has been more of public rancour expressed towards an individual than against him. Colonel William Stewart, of Killymoon, who, and whose ancestors, had long represented the county of Tyrone in Parliament, and had been identified with all the popular questions of Ireland except one, boasted that he had never had to accuse himself of being found in a division of the House of Commons with Lord Londonderry, "*even on the Catholic Question.*"

How far the liberalism of the honourable member was

* One of his servants, an Irishman of Herculean stature, is said to have died of grief for his master.

admirable, my readers will decide. His remark showed that he inherited the *soi-disant* patriotism of his family, which never contemplated regard for the condition of his Catholic fellow-subjects; in other words, he and his ancestors were at once ardent champions of Irish political independence and of Irish sectarian intolerance. Now, Lord Londonderry separated himself betimes from the former party, and became, professedly at least, towards the close of his career, one of the warmest advocates of religious liberty. His countryman, in contradistinction to him, took credit for "consistency."

Whether Lord Londonderry's agency in effecting the Legislative Union of England and Ireland were praiseworthy or the contrary, I decline expressing an opinion; but as a decided and unmitigated enemy of the liberal party in the Irish Parliament, and of the United Irishmen, he is known in Ireland. Still the following story would argue that this difference in public opinion did not interfere with his private friendships.*

One day in the year 1798, a friend, a member of Parliament, called upon him (then Lord Castlereagh) at his house in Merrion Street. He entered the study of his lordship *sans cérémonie*. "What money have you about you?" asked the latter, starting up.

"None," replied the visiter.

"Here," said Lord Castlereagh, opening a drawer of his *escritoire*, and taking from it some rouleaux, "here are five-and-twenty guineas; go down to the Pigeon House forthwith, take a boat there, and lie to, waiting the Holyhead packet, which will sail at five o'clock. Board her, and conceal yourself in Wales."

"I do not comprehend you."

"Look here," said his lordship, taking from a bundle of papers on his table one carefully folded, "look here; these are the details of information, confirmed by oath, which has been received against you. It compromises you capitally in the conspiracy of the United Irishmen. Whether truly or falsely, you know; but whether truly or falsely, it will lead to your arrest within an hour from this time, unless you follow my counsel."

His friend read the document with dismay, shook Castle-

* One of the toasts of the Irish convivialists at that period was—"May a difference in opinion on public subjects never interfere with private friendship."

reagh by the hand, accepted the money, repaired to the Pigeon House, and in all other particulars conformed to the advice given him; nor did he return to Ireland until the rebellion was over, and all pursuit of parties implicated in the conspiracy which preceded it had ceased.

To the person who communicated to me this anecdote, I observed that it might be in my power to make public an amiable trait in the character of a man who was not generally believed to have allowed himself to be influenced by ordinary feelings; but as it differed so completely from the received impression respecting Lord Castlereagh, it was desirable that proof of its truth should be afforded by giving the name of the party benefited. This he undertook to procure for me; but the descendant of the person who had been served, would not assent; and preferred suffering a creditable action of a man whose name is loaded with obloquy in Ireland to remain questionable, to the avowal that his own parent had at one period been disaffected to the British Government. So much for gratitude.

My informant, a man of truth and honour, remains in the belief that this story is true to the letter. True or false, the story bears only on the private impulses of Lord Castlereagh, which appear to have been kind and friendly. It leaves untouched, however, the question, "Is political consistency, 'coûte qui coûte,' laudable or blameworthy?"

On this question, as on most others, "much may be said on both sides." That consistency is generally deemed estimable, is proved by the universal pretensions to it that one observes even by men in whom its absence is obvious. Some slyly claim it by remarking that others have it not; as we see people assume credit for good sense and exemption from weakness by exposing little peculiarities of their neighbours. We have laughed at the innocent inconsistency of poor honest Todd Jones, and (I record it without disrespect or irreverence) find it equally in a higher man.

The late kind and excellent King William IV. (then Duke of Clarence) was once conversing with Mrs. Dorothea Plowden (the celebrated beautiful "Dolly Phillips," lady of Plowden, the learned historian of Ireland), when "the powers of the memory" were referred to. "The memory of my (the royal) family," said the Duke, "is tenacious to a proverb; in fact it proves sometimes annoying and a nuisance to others.

For example, I have known my sisters say to a lady at the drawing-room, on a birth-day, 'You wore that petticoat, or that train, this day five years.' "

About the year 1826, the same Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral, went on a cruise in the Channel, to try the rate of sailing of the two new three-deckers, the "Prince Regent" and the "Princess Charlotte," and to test the comparative qualities of "the Jacks" and of the marine artillery (then recently created) in firing at floating objects. Passing along the coast, the Duke would halt for the night at one or other seaport, and invite the officer in command of it to dine and spend the evening on board his vessel. On one of those occasions they shipped one of the old glories of the navy—I think it was Sir Richard Keats. When he came on board, the Duke shook him warmly by the hand.

"It is a good while since we met first, your royal highness," said the Admiral.

"One-and-forty years this November. You were, when you joined, a chubby, rosy-cheeked little rascal, with a blue jacket, having a double row of brass buttons on it!"

The Mote and the Beam, *partout et toujours*.



CHAPTER XVIII.

En politique les chemins droits et unis sont les meilleurs.

French Proverb.

ALTHOUGH, according to the royal critic quoted in the last chapter, the tenacious memory of some persons may be a nuisance to their neighbours, it is sometimes intolerable to the possessor of it himself, especially where inadvertently it reminds the sufferer of fatal faults, mistakes, and omissions. Various epochs are mentioned as the commencement of Napoleon's fall. Talleyrand deemed the unprincipled invasion of Spain "le commencement de la fin;" others, the expedition against Russia; but if we are to believe his own confessions and self-accusations in Saint Helena, Napoleon's reverses were due to his allowing himself, at Tilsit, in 1807, to be duped by his own inordinate rapacity, stimulated by that profound dis-

sembler, the Emperor Alexander, who diverted him from the reconstruction of the kingdom of Poland, then so facile, and which, oh ! retributive justice ! necessitated the expedition to Moscow five years later. Who is there, with a particle of feeling, who does not deplore the fate of the heroic army which perished in consequence of Napoleon's ingratitude to Poland ? Who is there who does not lament at this moment (February, 1854), another result of it, the capability of Russia to attack its unoffending neighbour, Turkey, and throw all Europe into confusion, and possibly war ?

It will be remembered that General Lally, when summoned to Paris to suggest means for attacking England with success, proposed "a descent upon her coast ; the conquest of her American colonies ; or the reduction of her power in India ;" and that these being declined, he exclaimed : "Then you lose the opportunity of destroying your rival."

Singular coincidence ! Nearly similar were the suggestions of Napoleon's mind on the same subject fifty years afterwards ! In his conversations in Saint Helena he said, "I ought to have re-established the kingdom of Poland ; I ought to have invaded Ireland, and I ought to have attacked the power of England through India."

It must have cost Napoleon much to acknowledge that he had acted ungratefully to the Poles, in omitting to reconstitute their kingdom, for it was admitting the principal cause of his own ruin—the well-merited punishment of his selfishness. He did not add another point, which he might have done, that independently of a conviction of the dangers an expedition to Ireland would be exposed to before its arrival, he was utterly ignorant of the importance of that country, and that he was, moreover, indisposed towards the Irish in general by the ultra democratic principles manifested by those of them whom he knew in Paris. Their intrepidity in the ranks of his army subsequently, went far in producing that repentance for having neglected to attempt an invasion of Ireland ; for, like Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fighting bravely was in his estimation the first quality of a man or a people. He erroneously accused himself, however, when he took blame for forgetting India, in which quarter he to the last supposed England was vulnerable.

Urged by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas A. Emmet, and Dr. MacNevin, he in 1804 pretended a determination to invade

Ireland, and Augereau was appointed chief of the expedition. To carry out this professed project, the United Irishmen who had taken refuge in France were formed into a legion, at the head of which figured Arthur O'Connor, raised for the nonce to the rank of Lieutenant-general, and Dr. MacNevin, and MacSheehy (afterwards aide-de-camp of Napoleon, and who fell by his side at Eylau), as colonels. O'Connor, suspecting that Napoleon was not in earnest, and only meant a demonstration, quitted the coast, whither he had been summoned to embark, and returned to Paris. For this act of disobedience he was never brought to trial, nor even rebuked, and thenceforward he declined presenting himself at the levées of the First Consul, or Emperor. Believing that he had sinned past forgiveness, and that his elevation to the rank of general would be annulled in consequence, he refrained from drawing his appointments for some months. One day, however, he was agreeably surprised by a communication from the Ministry of War, that it would be convenient if he were to take up his overdue pay, and this he did to the day of his death, nearly fifty years afterwards, without having been again called into service, however. General O'Connor was the only superior officer in France who had not been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, so offensive to Napoleon was his stern republicanism.

If he were not sincere in his announced intention to invade Ireland, what a consummate dissembler was Napoleon! On the 26th of September, 1804 (5th Vendémiaire, An. XIII.), he issued from Mayence the following order to the Minister of War:—

“ My Cousin—The expedition against Ireland is resolved on. You will have, in consequence, a conference with Marshal Augereau. There are means at Brest for transporting eighteen thousand men. General Marmont, on his side, is ready with twenty-five thousand men. He will endeavour to disembark in Ireland, and will be under the orders of Marshal Augereau. The great army of Boulogne will be about the same time embarked, and will make every possible effort to penetrate into the county of Kent. You will tell Marshal Augereau to be guided in his proceedings by events. If the information I have received from the Irish emigrants, and by the persons I have despatched into Ireland, be correct, a great number of Irish will range themselves under our colours on

our landing. He will then march straight on Dublin. If, on the contrary, this movement be retarded, or not practicable, he will take up a position, and wait the arrival of Marshal Marmont and his large army. The navy will be ready, I am promised, by the 30th Vendémiaire (26th of October): the land force certainly at that period. Marshal Augereau must, above all, provide himself with a good commander for the artillery.

“This done, I pray God to take you into His holy keeping.”

Subsequent orders organized this projected expedition; which was to be composed of fifteen hundred cavalry, four hundred artillery, eighty workmen, a troop of horse artillery (eighty men), two hundred men (four companies) of the wagon train, two hundred sappers, eighty miners, administrative supernumeraries, servants, &c. (non-combatants) five hundred, infantry thirteen thousand.

One of the officers to be employed on that projected expedition is at this moment at my elbow. He still thinks that it was really contemplated; but this is far from being borne out by all that I have otherwise heard on the subject.

Whether there be any doubt respecting the threatened invasion of Ireland, there is even less reason for believing that Napoleon really meant to invade England; and it is not the least remarkable circumstance connected with his history, that the opinions of the very best authorities in France are to the present hour in opposition on the point, many eminent men believing that he never intended attempting it, while others aver that he had positively decided upon its execution. In support of the former belief comes the probability that he was as thoroughly convinced of the impracticability of the gigantic expedition he affected to prepare, as my readers will be when they become acquainted with the following incident, known now, probably, only to the surviving witness of it, the amiable, benevolent, respectable, and venerable Marquis of Bristol, who inherits his father's kindness of disposition towards deserving Irishmen in adversity, without his eccentricity.

One morning, in the beginning of the year 1805, when the eyes of all England were fixed upon the port of Boulogne and its flat-bottomed boats, Lord Nelson entered the private cabinet of Mr. Pitt in Downing Street. In it he found the premier and his secretary, the Earl now Marquis of Bristol.

“I have given you the trouble of calling on me, my lord,” said Mr. Pitt, “to ask your opinion respecting the armaments in Boulogne, and of the measures requisite to meet them.”

“Those armaments are formidable, if you will,” said Nelson; “but to us less so than they seem. They cannot all come out in one tide, and before the second tide I should be upon them.”

Here, without another word, terminated the conversation of those great men on the subject which agitated the entire world at that period—France and Great Britain especially—the invasion of England.



CHAPTER XIX.

Sperate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

VIRGIL.

“YOUR ‘if’ is a wondrous peacemaker.” It is not less efficacious in making war. If Nelson and his fleet were not in the Channel, and no opposition could be made by others to the Boulogne flotilla, then (as in the similar hypothesis of the Prince de Joinville) a landing might be made upon the English coast. So long however as England shall be wide awake, and upon her guard against open or concealed enemies, so long will invasion be chimerical. The harbour and basins of Cherbourg, formed and fortified by a succession of the ablest military engineers and at an outlay perfectly fabulous, have all the capabilities for containing and protecting a fleet of forty sail of the line. They are constituted to keep England perpetually on the *qui vive*, but *pari passu* with their progress have been the defensive preparations of the latter. If ever war again occur between these ancient rivals, Cherbourg will act an important part in it; but England would have too much at stake in such circumstances to justify belief that she would be found unprepared. The publication of the particulars of the interview of Lord Nelson and Mr. Pitt, just recited, would have spared the English public much alarm and much pain at the period of its occurrence, but it did not suit the book of that statesman to check the enthusiasm of the nation, which the

threats and demonstrations of the enemy inspired, and which had made the people of England rise nearly as one man, to meet and repel them and to assent to the daily augmentation of taxation.

Napoleon did not speak truly, when he accused himself of neglecting to attack England through India, for he never lost sight of it. To use a very homely figure, he resembled in that respect the Irishman who regarded his marriage with "the rich Widow Muldoon" as half concluded, because "he had his own consent to it;" but with respect to India, the banns were forbidden by a power which the Emperor throughout his reign knew to be irresistible. The suggestions of Lally Tollandal in 1755 were, therefore, much more rational than the *soi-disant* neglected projects of Napoleon fifty years later, for in Lally's day the naval preponderance of England was not complete.

The iron must, however, have entered Napoleon's soul when he recollected his faults towards Poland; but he paid for them by his overthrow. The defence made by his advocates of his calamitous omission to re-establish Poland as an independent state in 1807, consists merely in the speculative danger of a triple alliance of Russia, Austria, and Prussia against France had he attempted it. The same unworthy argument is advanced in extenuation of his omitting, preliminarily to his entrance on the Russian campaign of 1812, to proclaim the independence of Poland. Woe to the power which trifles with and deceives a brave and loyal friend with a view to propitiate a faithless, pretended ally! Napoleon permitted the Poles to hope that, that time at least, their devotion to France would be rewarded by their reintegration in the list of nations. He preferred, however, the professed neutrality of Prussia and Austria, purchased by a pledge to leave to them possession of the grand duchy of Posen and Galicia. Fatal error! Fatal repetition of a crime!

Few authors or composers have been more frequently guilty of quoting and repeating themselves than has Napoleon, and there are infinitely fewer who have had such magnificent conceptions. He had succeeded by a *coup de théâtre* in detaching the Emperor Paul, at the close of the year 1799, from his alliance with England. By a similar claptrap he in 1807 proposed to separate Alexander from his connexion with Prussia and Austria. In the former case, he clothed,

armed, and liberated the eighteen or twenty thousand Russians, engaged in the expedition to the Helder, and who fell into the hands of the French, and sent them home, newly armed and clothed and with expressions of condolence for the brave men and their amiable Sovereign, whom he regarded as *égaré* by "the eternal enemy of the continent." By a display of generosity and moderation at Tilsit, he calculated upon gaining the admiration and the friendship of Alexander, and the dissolution of his connexion with Prussia and Austria. He succeeded momentarily, and Poland remained in chains.

The conduct of Napoleon towards Poland and the Poles would, probably, have been similar in respect of Ireland and the disaffected Irish, had the opportunity occurred. He allowed them to believe, throughout his reign, that he never ceased to occupy himself with their calls upon him for aid to throw off the yoke of England, but he had ever been juggling with them.

Although termed "The Army of England," the magnificent force, created and intrusted to him in May 1798, the United Irishmen were persuaded that the object of it was the separation of Ireland from connexion with the sister island. This belief was entertained the more universally because of its perfect coincidence with the political crisis in Ireland, where the rebellion commenced about the identical day on which Napoleon sailed from Toulon at the head of a hundred ships of war and 300 transports. A lesser co-operating force would have sufficed to give success to the rebellion in Ireland. Even the 1100 men who arrived in the bay of Killala, the last week in August, might, had they marched three months earlier, have turned the scale.

Much as the United Irishmen desired French assistance, such a force as that commanded by General Bonaparte would have been *trop fort* for their mere independence. They had stipulated for an expedition of not less than 5000 and not more than 10,000 men, so little did they rely upon the good faith and disinterestedness of the French government. For this caution the foundation may be found in the following circumstances.

CHAPTER XX.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

AMONG the remarkable men engaged in promoting the conspiracy of the United Irishmen in 1797 and 1798, and who

Fought, bled, and conquered

in one important affair of the subsequent rebellion, was a *ci-devant* Roman catholic clergyman named Taaffe. Habits of intoxication precluded his admission into the upper circles of the conspiracy, but his unquestionable Anglophobia, his learning, and, when sober, his sagacity, commanded for him access to the leading members of it. At the time when, in 1797, every effort was made by the conspirators to procure French assistance, Taaffe, whose acquaintance with the continent rendered his advice desirable, was consulted by some of the chiefs of the Union. "If you be not able to separate Ireland from England unaided, seek French co-operation," said he, "but take care what you are about. If the number of your allies be sufficient to justify their attempting to hold the country, which you, with their help, shall have rescued from the English, they will keep possession of it; and, when the time for closing the war between France and England shall have arrived, *you will be swopped for some Sugar Island.*"*

* Later I propose giving Louis Bonaparte's reason for recommending (which he did, warmly) the invasion and conquest of Ireland. The sense was—"Ireland will be a capital exchange at the end of the war!" Holland, Italy, and Switzerland would have been dealt with similarly had the war ended without the removal of Napoleon from the throne of France, and had peace been concluded by treaty, involving, in the usual way, restitutions or exchanges—without the slightest consideration for the wishes or predilections of the people so transferred, and whose adherence to the late or transferring government might have irretrievably compromised them with the new or original rulers of their country.

Was not Father Taaffe inspired when he so counselled the United Irishmen? Why the French did not dream of holding America, after assisting

Such to the letter was the fate of Poland ten years afterwards!

Yes! to that reprehensible policy alone is to be ascribed his fatal omission to re-establish Poland; not, as is alleged, because of his apprehending that Austria, outraged by the prospective loss of Galicia, which would necessarily form part of reconstituted Poland, would attack his right flank with the forty thousand men she had concentrated in Bohemia, under the convenient and equivocal title of "Army of Observation." Austria, however, had a little private injury of her own to avenge, and preferred doing it to concurring in the great enterprise of disabling France. Austria detested Prussia for her temporizing conduct in the Austerlitz campaign of 1805, and was only too happy in an opportunity to "return her money" by refraining from any declaration or demonstration in her favour in, now, similar circumstances. Prussia had kept aloof while Austria fought the battle of Austerlitz, determined to join her had she been successful. Austria, with feelings and views of precisely the same nature, looked on while Napoleon annihilated Prussia at Jena; conduct on the part of each at once impolitic, petty, miserable, and detestable. Such conduct was imitated to a certain extent by Georgey, at the battle of Kapolna, on the 26th and 27th of February, 1849, which nevertheless Dembinski gained; but from which he was not able to reap the advantages that a decided victory would have secured to him, to Hungary, and to Poland. There is this difference in the cases, however: the conduct of Prussia and Austria was respectively and contemptibly impolitic; that of Georgey would appear to have been treason, although his friends attempt to extenuate it by saying that he only remained in observation, expecting that Dembinski would be beaten, and that then he, Georgey, would, like "honest little *Spado*," present himself with his formidable army and "pick up the laurel!"

What advantage has Poland derived from her devotion to France, evinced by the powerful co-operation of the Polish Le-

in its successful revolt, and why they did not "swop" it for some or other acquisition by England during the war, suggested possibly to Taaffe his wise advice. In that instance the French, probably

—Let, I dare not, wait upon, I would.

The case of America proves nothing, therefore, against Taaffe's theory.

gion in the first wars of the Republic, in the Tilsit campaign, and subsequently in that of Moscow, and in the glorious though unfortunate one of 1813 and 1814? Let us see.

Under the Restoration, of course nothing was done by France for Poland. After the Revolution of 1830 Poland revolted, and created for France a diversion of the most powerful kind, if indeed it be true that she, because of her own revolution, was threatened with invasion by the Northern Powers. In what way was the gratitude of the monarchy of July expressed for this good service? By an annual vote, or, as Sir Francis Burdett once characterized the pretended advocacy of the Catholic claims by certain portions of the British Cabinet, "an annual farce." Motions were made every year in the Chambers of Peers and Deputies respectively, that "Poland continued to be the object of sympathy in France;" and even this unmeaning assurance was not carried without violent opposition to it. Louis Philippe knew well, however, that if the Chambers were hypocritical in the matter, the feeling of the nation was with the Poles; and, with his proverbial adroitness, he, in a particular emergency, on the 29th of July, 1831, turned it to his own advantage.

That day was the concluding one of the anniversary of "the three glorious days" of the preceding year. Marshal Sebastiani had not yet pronounced that appalling sentence, which produced upon the world horror equal to that of Byron when he quoted Suwarrow's despatch from Ismail. "ORDER," said Sebastiani, the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Louis Philippe, "REIGNS IN WARSAW!"—order in that case being the silence of death, utter discomfiture, and desolation.

No. Sebastiani had not then uttered that heartless phrase: Praga and Warsaw were still in Polish hands.

"There's not a street
Where fights not to the last some desperate heart—"

But Louis Philippe well foresaw and contributed to insure the dénouement. During the entire struggle of the Poles, in 1830-31, his government had discouraged every demonstration of feeling for Poland in France, while the nation in general called for French intervention in the unequal contest, for which it alleged as a reason that the interference in favour of Greece, in 1826, was an example which France of 1831 was bound to follow; but even this argument failed. A coldness

towards Louis Philippe resulted, and, coupled with other considerations, had made such progress, that on the occasion to which I refer, the King felt it keenly.

The rejoicings in commemoration of "the three glorious days" of July, 1830, were, on the 29th of July, 1831, to terminate with a review of the National Guard of Paris and of the regular troops in garrison in that city. The former were drawn up in a line, extending from the Place Vendôme to the Boulevard des Capucins, and thence to the Place de la Bastille, on the south side of the Boulevard; the troops on the opposite side. It happened that on that day the Horse National Guards, although not armed with lances, put on for the first time their new head-dress, the Polish cap, the picturesque *schapska*, which had previously been adopted by the regiments of lancers in the French and British armies.

The review by Louis Philippe, was performed by his passing along the line by the right side on proceeding to the Bastille, and by the left on his return to the Place Vendôme. He had made considerable progress without being saluted by a single cheer. A melancholy silence was preserved by the National Guards, and chiefly, if not entirely, because of the neutrality observed by his government in the Polish contest. The King adroitly, influenced by an actual report made to him, terminated that painful silence, and turned the tide in his favour. "Have you heard," said he, in a familiar tone, to one of the generals by whom he was accompanied, "have you heard the news?"

"No, sire."

"The Poles have gained a complete victory over the Russians, who have lost twenty-five thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners."

This was overheard by some officers of the National Guard *à cheval*, who were mixed up with the brilliant staff of the King. They halted, allowed the cortège to proceed, and, riding over to the line of National Guards, communicated the welcome intelligence, which ran with the proverbial rapidity of rumour at once from the Boulevards des Italiens to the Bastille, and to the Place Vendôme. The people who crowded the Boulevards caught it from the National Guard, and a shout arose from three hundred thousand men which rent the air. "Vivent les Polonais! Vive le Roi!" saluted Louis Philippe at every step from that moment until he returned to the Palais

Royal. I need hardly add that the statement made by His Majesty required confirmation, for it turned out to be utterly without foundation.

Louis Philippe was not, however, the sole gainer by this soul-stirring *ruse* and mystification of some or other party. The Horse National Guards, with their *schapska*, revived, wherever they appeared, the enthusiasm of the public for the Poles. It was the last cheer to that expiring nation.

CHAPTER XXI.

A strange coincidence—for that's the phrase
By which such things are settled now a-days.

BYRON.

I OUTLIVED—as is evident—the French Revolution of 1830, and (make me thankful!) that also of 1848. Of both I was an eye-witness. This is not, however, the coincidence bespoken by the motto of the present chapter—it is the remarkable one that the general officer in command of the royal troops who fought against the Parisian insurgents in 1830 was the son of an *Irishman*, and that he who occupied the same position in 1848 was the son of an *Irishwoman*.* This will appear a whimsical *rapprochement* probably, but I take credit for it nevertheless as a literal *Irish* coincidence.

I may be reminded that Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, as Commandant of the first military division (of which Paris is the chief place) during the insurrection and revolution of 1830, must be regarded as the Military Governor of the capital. The nominal official Commandant of Paris at that time, however, was General Coutard.

This officer had had rapid promotion. On the morning of 21st April, 1810, he was only chef de bataillon in a French regiment—one of those engaged in the siege of Astorga in Spain. We find him in July, 1830, a general, commanding “la Place” in Paris. Similar success did not attend a foreign officer equally in the service of France, with whom, on the

* Mademoiselle Sutton, daughter of Count Clonard, formerly captain in the regiment of Berwick, Irish Brigade.

morning just mentioned, he was near having "an affair" at the very gates of Astorga. This foreigner was *Hugh Ware*—(a descendant or collateral relative of Sir James Ware)—a native of Kildare, Ireland, and, at the epoch of which I speak, captain of grenadiers in the Irish regiment, which also formed part of the *Corps d'Armée* of General Junot (Duc d'Abrantes). The particulars of this "affair" are relevant because they refer to "the Irish abroad"—the introduction of them here may, possibly, on that account, be held justifiable and apropos.

A storming party of half a dozen *compagnies d'élite* of the army of Junot, led by the intrepid Captain (now Colonel) John A——, a native of Dublin, had entered the breach in the walls of Astorga the evening before, and made a lodgment in the covered way. The town capitulated in consequence on the following morning, and was delivered up.

By some mistake, or more probably through favouritism, Commandant Coutard received orders to lead the march of the French army into the town at the head of the two companies of grenadiers. On arriving at the gate, he found Ware already there, with the Irish grenadier company.

"You must give place to me," said Coutard.

"Impossible," said Ware. "Our light company opened the way into the town by the breach yesterday evening. The honour of marching first in by the gate is therefore ours by right."

Coutard persisted, observing: "I have two companies."

"In my old trade" (civil engineer) "that would make a difference," said Ware, "but not in my present one: in this kind of thing, I would make our claim good, had you two regiments."

A quarrel was imminent. The bayonets were about to cross, when Junot, being informed of it, ordered (on the principle of giving a triumph to neither party) that Ware and Coutard and their grenadiers respectively be withdrawn.

To account for the promotion of Coutard, and the interruption of Ware's career, it is only necessary to observe, that the former, on the fall of Napoleon, took service under the restored Bourbons, and that the latter declined it.

CHAPTER XXII.

Empereur chasseur : dynastie perdue.

French Proverb.

“ON s’empresse beaucoup de faire chasser les Jeunes Princes,” says Madame de Genlis, in her “Dictionnaire des Etiquettes.” “En voyant durant leur education, les soins qu’en général on prétend a cet égard, on croirait qu’il est très important de leur inspirer le gout de la chasse, et, c’est précisément le contraire qu’il faudrait faire.”

I wonder had Madame de Genlis Charles X. in her eye, when she wrote the remarkable words just quoted. He was a mighty hunter, and he destroyed his dynasty. At the breaking out of the insurrection in Paris on the 27th of July, 1830, General Coutard was sea-bathing at Havre or Dieppe. The command of “the Place” devolved therefore on General Wall as next senior officer, and was exercised by him during the three days; but, for a time at least, under the authority of Marmont, who, if I remember correctly, did not appear during the insurrection. Indeed it is said that he did not quit the *État-Major* in the Tuileries from the commencement to the end of the conflict. All the energy of “the young officer of artillery, who immortalized himself in defence of the blockading lines of Mayence in 1795, when surprised by Clairfayt,” and the heroism of “the *chef de bataillon*, who gained a sabre of honour at Lodi,” and “who distinguished himself in a hundred battles subsequently in Italy, Malta, Egypt, at Marengo, and in Germany and Dalmatia, and (so far as intrepidity could go) in Spain;” all the energy and faculties of “the once favourite aide-de-camp of Napoleon,” seemed to have departed from him in the presence of civil war in 1830. Was it that one false step, his abandoning of Napoleon at the critical moment (and which obtained for him such profound unpopularity), that paralyzed him? or was it really his duty to remain in the Château by the side of the ministers, as his friends contend? It is certain, at any rate, that he did not *fight* during the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July,

1830, and that Wall commanded out of doors in those days of peril, and, for the elder branch of the Bourbons, days of misfortune.

General Wall did all that was practicable under these circumstances with the very limited force at his disposal, which consisted on the 27th of July of some battalions of the Garde Royale, including a regiment of Swiss, and of the 5th, 15th, 50th, and 53d regiments of the line, and some cuirassiers and lancers of the guard, in all not more than eight thousand two hundred (it has been estimated even so low as seven thousand five hundred) men. With this handful he had to attack barricades thrown up or formed in every quarter of that extensive city, and a population, or rather the inhabitants of Paris of every class, animated with the most inveterate hatred of the reigning family. Wall failed, but has never been blamed or reproached for the issue.

He could not have succeeded, in fact. The two hundred and twenty-one deputies, who in March of that year (1830) defeated Ministers, rendered by that act a revolution inevitable. This was demonstrated the month following at the dinner given to the two hundred and twenty-one at the tavern called the "Vendanges de Bourgogne," at which I was present, seated by the side of George La Fayette. The fatal ordonnances, those monuments of Prince Polignac's utter incapacity as a statesman, only precipitated a catastrophe sure to happen. Its advance was obvious; yet no step, no preparation to prevent or retard it was taken.

The late Lord Dundonald resided at St. Cloud in 1830. His house, near the Infantry Barrack, commanded a view of the bridge, the river Seine, and the Bois de Boulogne. His sister-in-law (the late respected and excellent Miss Plowden) was on a visit to him in charge of her niece, who had lost her mother. A day or two after the Revolution, I proceeded to St. Cloud to inquire for her, and on asking some particulars of the retreat of the troops, and the advance of the insurgents, she observed: "The recollection of it is so painful, that I shall endeavour to forget it. We were looking anxiously, as you may believe, towards the bridge and the road from the Bois de Boulogne, when he saw the party of the Garde Royale arrive, which had bivouacked in the *bois* the previous night (29th of July), retreating in haste and disorder. Several of the soldiers were observed to fling their muskets over the

bridge to enable them to run faster. At length, the last of them had reached our end of the bridge, whereupon we naturally looked for their pursuers. We could not believe our eyes. There appeared, in full trot, entering upon the bridge from Boulogne, some half-dozen bare-footed *gamins* of Paris, followed, it is true, by a straggling column, to which no power of description or ridicule could do justice. They displayed some regard for their safety, however, for perceiving that ample means were provided on our side the bridge to sweep them into eternity, they halted, and leisurely and undisturbed retired to the other. They are now, as you perceive, in full possession of the Château and the town."

All had been ignorance, carelessness, and presumption at the Château, during the three days.

On the evening of the third day (the 29th of July), while Charles X. was playing his party of whist, the Duc de ———, who held a high situation in the royal household, entertained half a dozen of his colleagues at dinner in his apartment in the Château. A boiled fowl figured in the repast. The host tasted it, and found it execrable.

"Mais non," said the Count d'———, "mais non. C'est excellent."

"Mon ami," said the Duke, gravely, "it would have been excellent had it been boiled, as it should have been, in *bouillon*." Then turning to an attendant, he said: "Send for the *chef*."

That functionary having appeared, the Duke remarked, placing his fork on the leg of the fowl he had before him: "Mon ami Durand, be frank. Was this fowl boiled in *bouillon*?"

The *chef*, as little confused as a Frenchman generally is, when any attempt is made (at that impossible conclusion) to show him he is in error, said: "Partly, Monsieur le Duc."

"Partly!" exclaimed his master.

"Partly, only. I had not enough *bouillon*, and was obliged to add to it a *leette** drop of water."

"There!" said the noble host, triumphantly, to his guests. "There! you see I could not be deceived."

And this was his point of importance, in the Château, at such a moment! And yet there are in this world, people

* "Une très petite-petite goutte."

who wonder at the ease with which the Revolution of July was effected!

I must cite another instance, however. Before the Court broke up from St. Cloud, and before the troops were withdrawn from that admirable flanking position in its vicinity, Mont Valérien, *ci-devant* Mont Calvaire, now a fortress (the right flank being covered by Meudon), General Vincent, a renowned officer of the Imperial army, but who, from his notorious attachment to the Bourbon family, was continued in his rank after the Restoration, presented himself to Charles X. on the 30th of July: "Sire," said he, "we have them all at the mouths of our pieces. Give but the word, and I shall disperse this *canaille*, by whom, to our shame, we are surrounded and menaced."

"I shall ask the Archbishop's advice first," said the King.

Vincent looked grave, not daring to raise his eyes to those of his comrades, who were as impatient as he to attack "the rabble" in front of them. The King, taking the prelate aside, consulted him. The Archbishop opposed the effusion of blood, and did wisely; for at that moment the Revolution was inevitable, and Vincent's proposition was rejected. He immediately retired from St. Cloud in disgust and despair. A species of capitulation followed; and Charles X. and his Court, escorted by the brave and loyal Garde Royale, commenced his journey to the coast. He halted for a moment at Rambouillet, because all the money promised him by the Provisional Government had not arrived; but he recommenced his retreat without waiting for it, in consequence of the march of "all Paris" upon him. The money was paid, however, and he was suffered quietly to embark. Thus ended the second Restoration.

CHAPTER XXIII.

S'il se trouvait à la cour d'un prince sept officiers (ministres) véritablement zélés et qui osâssent lui remontre son devoir, quelque corrompu qu'il fût, il ne perdrait point sa couronne.

Proverbe Chinois.

Who takes fear for his counsel loses his cause.

French Proverb.

I HAVE endeavoured to show that General Wall's efforts to put down the insurrection which broke out in Paris on the 27th of July, 1830, could not, because of the utter insufficiency of the means of repression at his command, succeed, even though guided by the advice of Marshal Marmont.

With Bugeaud, in February, 1848, the case was different. Disaffection had long been known to exist: revolt, sooner or later, was predicted; but this was, by those predisposed to it, on the 22d of February, 1848, deemed still far off. Not so the Ministers. Those most surprised by the revolution which commenced in Paris on that day, were precisely those who were engaged in preparing it, and this includes the whole "corps de Reduction" of the "National" newspaper.

The government had, nevertheless, long since taken every possible measure of precaution to meet and repel an outbreak. With this view, Paris had been accurately surveyed, and all its features studied; every spot which appeared desirable to occupy with troops in case of a revolt, was indicated in a plan, or diagram, laid down with a judgment, a tact, and an accuracy that would have raised envy in that master of the art of directing a first representation—Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With skill equal to his, the place of every actor in the forthcoming drama was dictated. The position of every gun, howitzer, and *caisson*; of every general and other superior officer; of every corps, regiment, company, detachment, or man, and of horse, forming the magnificent garrison of Paris, on the first appearance of danger, was clearly indicated. Occurrences, incidents, accidents, were foreseen, and, as far as foresight could suggest, prepared for. The grouping, separation, re-forming, and rallying, were decided upon. The parts were distributed

and rehearsed, and a signal only was necessary for the commencement of the general, well-concerted action.* Means in men, horses, and *matériel*, for carrying out this programme, were provided, and to superfluity.

Another "strange coincidence" is here observable—"the dinner of the two hundred and twenty-one" rendered the Revolution of 1830 inevitable—a projected dinner was the immediate agent in producing the Revolution of 1848.

A banquet, at which were to assemble the members of the Liberal Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, and all the malcontents of every class who would go to the expense of a ticket for it, was projected for the 22d of February, and a *locale* (at the top of the avenue of the Champs Elysées) selected. A thousand guests would, it was expected, be present. A chairman and stewards were named, and all the minor arrangements made; but at the eleventh hour, Monday, the government, judging accurately and acting wisely, prohibited the banquet.

This was precisely to the taste of the "National," "Réforme," and other republican newspapers, who made the utmost use of it in crying out against the arbitrary measure. The articles published by them on the subject were of an exciting kind; but these proceedings had been anticipated by the secret societies, who on the preceding night had met, and recommended to their members a course of action, which developed itself on the following (Tuesday) morning.

Inhabiting a house which looked upon the Boulevard des Italiens, I was at an early hour that morning attracted to the window by a dull sound, or buzz of human voices, and then beheld a sight which prepared me for the events which subsequently happened. The whole of the pavement on both sides the Boulevard was filled with a stream of people, directing their steps towards the Madeleine, with (as I afterwards found) an intention of proceeding to the spot appointed for the forbidden banquet. This appearance existed on both sides as far as the eye could reach, and continued for many hours; until, indeed, further progress was interdicted by an

* It was said that it was this plan, found in the archives of the Minister of War of the Interior, after the Revolution of February, 1848, which suggested to the insurgents, in the month of June following, the positions which they occupied during that terrible insurrection, which enabled them to render it so formidable.

armed force—at first, consisting only of small bodies of horse and foot municipal guards, but who were, at a later hour, reinforced by cavalry and infantry of the line.

As every man in Paris was aware that the proposed dinner had been forbidden, the object of this formidable demonstration flashed upon every observer, those among them particularly who had witnessed former insurrections; for here, as on those occasions, the majority of the men who formed the continuous torrent passing before our eyes were in the prime of life, with a grave yet sarcastic expression upon their countenances, and wearing, moreover, an unmistakeable air of resolution. Their costume was that, however, which most struck the experienced spectator. Over their other clothing they wore their war mat, the blue blouse, new or nearly so, having been carefully funded since the last occasion. “What materials for a revolution!” exclaimed a friend who had called upon me at the moment. “Such was my own thought,” I replied.

When further progress towards the Champs Elysées was offered to the moving masses at the Madeleine, in the Rue Royale and in the Place de la Concorde, considerable crowds were formed of them. These crowds were dispersed by the troops, but they re-formed every moment. As usual, as the day wore on, some *gamins* (boys and striplings) became disorderly. The mounted Municipal Guard would then trot among the groups, and distribute blows with the flats of their sabres. Instead of producing the desired effect, this moderate proceeding only incited to further and more decided aggression. The Place de la Concorde (*ci-devant* the Place de la Révolution), was at length entirely cleared, and then successively the Rue Royale and the Place de la Madeleine, by strong detachments of the Garde Municipale à Cheval, Cuirassiers, and Lancers. From the steps of the Church of the Madeleine, a view of the Place de la Révolution was obtained, and from thence could be seen horse soldiers galloping after urchins who, in defiance of them, would attempt to run across the square. At length stones were thrown, charges of cavalry became frequent, and some sword-wounds were inflicted. This was the immediate prelude to a serious riot. A detached party of boys passed up the Champs Elysées and attacked an isolated guard-house in the Avenue Martignon, near the Rue Ponthieu, from which its occupants were driven. They then, with the materials of some houses in course of construction in a new street, to

be called Rue de Joinville (it is now the Rue de Cirque), threw up two barricades, but as they were left in undisturbed possession of them, they decamped. The guard-house was subsequently burned. Still the men *en blouse* uttered no word and gave no sign, remaining merely in observation.

From thence towards the evening, however, the spirit of resistance ran through the city. Hasty barricades were formed, and a series of partial and irregular conflicts took place, in which unhappily some lives were lost. At nightfall, as usual in Parisian insurrections, the contending parties retired to their respective quarters with a gravity nearly as provoking as that of the gentlemen of the sword in the Seven Years' War at the setting in of winter.

It would have been perfectly easy then, with the superabundant means in the hands of government, to obviate a formidable insurrection on the morrow, and for which one party only were prepared. The time that ought to have been applied to the display of force, and to some negotiation with popular and influential men to act as mediators, was, however, thrown away. Like the courtiers of 1789 and 1830, the "great riot" was suffered by the ministers of Louis Philippe to assume colossal proportions, and become a revolution. They were, in fact, fear-stricken. Tradition and evidence had shown them how formidable were *le vrai peuple* once on foot, and although they had in anticipation provided irresistible means to meet and crush a revolt, if promptly and inexorably applied, they trembled for that which the chapter of accidents might produce. With an army of sixty thousand men, and a National Guard of eighty thousand, they feared collision with a totally unarmed populace. They quailed, dreaded taking the initiative, and abandoning their several hotels, congregated during the nights of the 19th, 20th, and 21st of February in that of their colleague of the Interior, which was deemed the best situated for protection from a *coup de main*, or for flight. Had Marshal Bugeaud been invested with the command of Paris on the night of the 22d of February, with as plenary powers as Napoleon had been on that of the 13th Vendémiaire, and Soult in June, 1832, April, 1834, and May, 1839, he would have made short work of the *émeute*. This was not done, and the people were left accessible by the secret society men, who as the night advanced urged them to throw up further barricades, and to collect or fabricate arms

The day of the 23d dawned, therefore, upon numerous fortified positions, and considerable numbers of resolute, though insufficiently armed, men to defend them. Still the real "people" were not in the affair, and the leaders of the secret societies were yet far from imagining that a revolution might be made to grow out of these materials. Had Barbes* been at liberty, he would have committed them and the cause, but on the morning of the 23d serious resistance of the troops appeared, to the same among the disaffected, problematical if not impossible.

The dispersion of the insurgents by the yet unaccounted-for fusillade from the garden of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs on that night, 23d of February, 1848, would argue that Bugeaud, if left to himself, would have overwhelmed the revolt. His triumph would, however, it must be confessed—have had only a brief duration. The effects of that same fusillade show (convince me at least) that Bugeaud who, to confirm his success, would have been obliged to occupy the city militarily, and to do military execution, would, in so acting, have provoked among the better classes of the Parisians a sympathy for the victims, and would thereby have occasioned a general outburst. From the moment when, on the forenoon of the 23d of February, the National Guards interposed, in front of the church of the Petits Pères, between the Municipal Guards and the populace, and had done so in a similar manner in front of a barricade in the Rue Vieille du Temple on the evening before, it became evident that the slaughter of the people would not have been permitted by the National Guards; and would have occasioned a general outburst which would have been supported by the departments, who would have marched on Paris, and, though not contemplating it before the riots of the 22d, have completed the Revolution.†

One word upon that influential incident, the fusillade on the Boulevard des Capucins.

About nine o'clock in the evening of that day, I witnessed on the Boulevard the passage of a long and tumultuous column

* M. Barbes was an advocate, and possessed a considerable fortune. He was the leader in the insurrection of 12th May, 1839, and proved himself an unmitigated republican, daring and intrepid.

† A year has elapsed since the above first appeared in type. On this, 9th February, 1854, I have learnt from one of the most distinguished men of modern times, that Louis Philippe, in a conversation with him at Claremont in 1850, expressed a similar conviction.

of people, some of whom were under the excitement of the day's conflict, many of them intoxicated, some armed, others with torches. This mass poured along in the direction of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, which building and its garden were occupied by a battalion of the 14th regiment of the line. In front of it was a very imposing force of infantry, cuirassiers, and municipal guards. The cries of the insurgents as they passed along were of the most horrible character; for among them was, as is ever the case in Parisian insurrections, a large mixture of thieves by profession, whose audacity is the most extreme that can be conceived. It was evident, that a collision between them and the troops must ensue, if the latter refused submission to them. I was not surprised therefore by the heavy firing which took place shortly afterwards, nor by its fatal effects. Between fifty and sixty persons, most of them mere spectators, were killed or wounded by the discharge. The principal portion of the insurgents fled. The thieves, in default of better prey, turned their attention to an iron railing which protected the passengers on the pavement of the Boulevard against falling into the Rue Basse du Rempart. Affecting even more of rage than animated them, the thieves, who never dreamt of flight, tore down these palisades to an extent of many yards, and carried them off, while the dead lay on the pavement, and the wounded were being conveyed to neighbouring chemists' or apothecaries' shops.

This fusillade rendered the Revolution inevitable. The respectable inhabitants, who had heard with affright the noise of the combat of the day, and who had made many efforts at mediation, and who, moreover, had been terrified by the passage of the irregular and disorderly mob proceeding towards the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, became disgusted with the carnage that had occurred, and at daybreak next morning were occupied in cutting down the trees in front of their own houses on the Boulevard, and in constructing with them and with paving-stones barricades more or less formidable.

By eleven o'clock the Revolution was complete, and Louis Philippe, having abdicated, was in a *brougham* on his way to Neuilly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

—— I cannot flatter and speak fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and coy,
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy.

Richard III.

THE three days that succeeded to "the three glorious days" *par excellence*, of July, 1830, were productive of momentous events. The Parisians, still in arms, were waiting with patience the result of the intrigues and deliberations proceeding in the Hôtel de Ville, and were evincing in their victory a moderation without example, when suddenly there arrived intelligence that Charles X. and his suite and escort (still 12,000 or 15,000 strong) had halted at Rambouillet. In a moment every man in Paris who had taken part in the late conflicts and every man favourable to the revolution who had not participated in them, not merely presented themselves to be regimented and sent to toss the *juyards* into the sea, but, without waiting for these preliminaries, seized upon every coach, cart, chariot, wagon, and omnibus, that fell in their way, and set off in most admired disorder to precipitate the flight and departure of the last of the kings of France, a finale achieved, however, without their aid.

Within doors at the Hôtel de Ville, intrigue and dissimulation triumphed, and another trial of the regal system was resolved upon.

It sometimes happens that those who practise flattering through sheer benevolence of disposition, become the dupes of unscrupulous professors of the science. In complacence to all within his sphere, La Fayette was outrivalled by Louis Philippe, to whom his habit of amiable acquiescence and his unsuspecting confidence in the avowed principles of the duke, rendered him an easy conquest.

Among those whom I knew in the crowd at the Hôtel de Ville on the 30th of July, 1830, was General Arthur O'Connor (*the Arthur O'Connor*). He was coming down the steps from it when I met him, and wore an air of unutterable chagrin

and disgust. "Well, General," said I, "how are matters going on within?"

"To utter ruin," said he. "I came hither to ascertain what we were to derive from the victory just achieved by the people, and was struck to the heart by the adulation heaped upon honest old 'Fayette,' and his intoxication from its fumes. 'Homme du peuple!' one cried; 'Homme des peuples!' another; 'Enfant de la liberté!' a third; 'Soldat de la liberté!' a fourth; 'Homme des deux mondes!' a fifth. It made me sick, and I have withdrawn from the pack of intriguants and dupes:"

And fearful boding shook him as he spoke.

A few days afterwards I met General O'Connor again, and asked him whether he had been present at the investiture of Louis Philippe at the Hôtel de Ville.

"No," replied he; "but, resolved upon ascertaining whether my misgivings were justified, I presented myself at the Palais Royal next day and saw 'Orleans.' Fully prepared to permit no evasion and also to withstand cajolery, I was nevertheless worsted in 'the keen encounter of our wits,' but had all my fears confirmed. We separated, notwithstanding, on civil terms; he professing liberalism, which I accepted at its true value. It would seem that on his side he was impatient to indulge in self-gratulation at his supposed victory over me, for while I was taking leave of him, he could not suppress a look which spoke clearly (to use an Irish homely figure), 'I have thrown dust into that fellow's eyes;' but he had not."*

When summoned to the Hôtel de Ville on the 3d of August, Louis Philippe submitted with the tact of a Gloster, or of a Sextus Quintus, to a species of ordeal similar to the profession of faith demanded of, and always so speciously responded to on the hustings in England, by aspirants to the position of senator. His colloquy with La Fayette on that occasion was a tissue, as well as a masterpiece of mystification. La Fayette was touched, and gave in. The hat was thrown up, and Louis Philippe was proclaimed king.

Thus he who thirty years previously had withstood the almost irresistible blandishments of Napoleon, and the sugges-

* General O'Connor had, as I have already shown, penetrated the insincerity of Napoleon in his announced intention of invading Ireland. He now displayed similar sagacity in respect of Louis Philippe.

tions of gratitude to him for his delivery from Olmutz, yielded with seeming fatuity to an almost transparent deceiver. That which appeared pure weakness, was however pure patriotism. La Fayette accepted as a *pis aller* a pledge, which had it been kept, would have preserved France from future revolutions, and which at once terminated a crisis that might otherwise have degenerated into anarchy.

The dialogue just alluded to, and which preceded this important result, merits however something more than mere mention. Its principle points were these:—

“A Republic is the very best form of government,” said La Fayette, interrogatively?

“No man who has like you and me, General, been in the United States, can deny that proposition,” replied Louis Philippe.

Taken by this admission, urged by the partisans of the duke, who were unanimous among “the 221,” and following his own now moderated opinion, as well as recognising the expediency of terminating the crisis as speedily as possible, La Fayette pronounced this ludicrous new reading of his foregoing admirable dictum—“A monarchy surrounded by Republican Institutions,” said he, “is the best of Republics!”

This was cheered by the majority, suffered to pass by the still Republican few, and the elevation of Louis Philippe to the vacant throne decreed.

It would appear, however, that later the duke—now king—was not quite at ease respecting the *portée* of the nonsense in which La Fayette had clothed his momentary recantation of republicanism. It appeared ambiguous to the clear-sighted intrigant who had benefited by it, and who, therefore, consulted Talleyrand upon its real import, resolved to have it defined publicly if so advised.

“Voyons,” said the wily and witty ex-bishop, “une Monarchie entourée des Institutions Républicaines. C’est un jambon entouré de persil. Vous pouvez rejeter le persil quand cela vous plaira.”*

It was done precisely as Talleyrand recommended; and Louis Philippe, supporting himself on the well-earned popularity of La Fayette, perambulated Paris with him, taking to

* “Let us see. ‘A monarchy surrounded with republican institutions.’—it is ‘a ham ornamented with parsley.’ Accept the ham and throw aside the parsley whenever it please you.”

himself the lion's share of the enthusiastic salutations with which the gulled Parisians hailed the gallant veteran revolutionist. Their association, so profitable to him, was, however, irksome to Louis Philippe even at that early period of his reign. He therefore submitted to the presence in public of the great agent of his elevation with the grace and dissimulation of the other royal duke above mentioned, adding inwardly, with one change, in the precise words of that master hypocrite,—

“I have him, but I will not keep him long.”

Accordingly, a month had not elapsed after his elevation before he showed symptoms of a desire to throw down or cast aside the two steps by whose aid principally he had mounted to the throne—that is to say, General La Fayette and M. Jacques Laffitte, the banker. One consideration, however, prevented the immediate execution of this design, and it was an admirable one. Those personages were—La Fayette especially because of his vast popularity and his command of the National Guard—necessary to a project to which the now King devoted all his energies; that of saving from the scaffold the four ex-ministers of Charles X., Prince Polignae and MM. Peyronnet, Chantelauze and Guernon de Rainville, then prisoners in the citadel of Vincennes, and for whose blood there was an almost unanimous cry from the populace.



CHAPTER XXV.

Plus on sert des ingrats plus on s'en fait hair,
 Tout ce qu'on fait pour eux ne fait que nous trahir.

CORNEILLE.

THE ingratitude of Richard for Buckingham was testified *en demon*; that of Louis Philippe for La Fayette was not less profound though bloodless.

Everybody knows more or less of General La Fayette, the soldier of liberty in both hemispheres. He was vain, possibly, but he was a man of truth, and was brave as he was vain. Naturally fearless, he pursued the bubble reputation through

all its phases, even in the cannon's mouth. In private life he was the soul of courtesy, conquering through *bonhomie*, flattery, and winning acquiescence. At the early age of twenty-six—tall, handsome, and well-bred—the heir of a marquise and of an immense fortune, he resolved to fly to the aid of the Americans, then engaged in their revolutionary conflict with Great Britain. To prevent this, his family sent him to visit London; but that step only facilitated the execution of his project. He chartered a vessel (purchased for him in Spain, to escape detection), filled it with arms and stores, and, with several other French officers, embarked for America, where he distinguished himself for undaunted courage; and after the successful termination of the struggle was rewarded by the victors with the decoration of the order of "Cincinnatus."

About forty years subsequently, he accepted an invitation to visit the Republic he had contributed to establish. Accordingly he left France for America, and became a nation's guest. His progress through the States was a real triumph.

At Baltimore it was, I think, that La Fayette blazed as a consummate courtier. He visited there, or was visited by, one of the conscript-fathers of the American Revolution, now a silver-haired, stern republican. The veterans shook hands. "You wear well, General," said the American, "and have figured since in other revolutions than ours." "Yes, my friend," replied La Fayette blandly, and placing his hand on the old gentleman's head, while his eye sparkled with good-nature—"And you, having brought to a successful issue your contest for independence, have retired to your farm, changed the sword for the ploughshare, wedded a lovely woman, and become the father and the grandfather of a line of virtuous citizens."

"Married!" exclaimed the hoary democrat. "Married! I never was married in my life."

"Happy dog! happy dog!" returned La Fayette, shaking him by the hand again, with a look of intense gratulation.

If gratitude be praiseworthy in a state, America deserves the palm for it; and of this La Fayette bore from her shores splendid proofs. How different was the conduct of Republican France towards those who assisted in the overthrow of the Monarchy of July! Where are the foreigners who fought for liberty, as they imagined, in the streets of Paris in February

1848? Expelled unfeelingly and penniless, by order of the Provisional Government, most of them without any assignable cause; others under the pretext of their being implicated in disorders, but in reality all to gratify native workmen, who would not, and who never will, tolerate foreign competitors. While millions were squandered upon the maintenance of the hundreds of thousands of idlers and cut-throats in the *Ateliers Nationaux*, the German tailors, the English and Irish labourers, even the unoffending poor little colony of lace (tulle) weavers, seduced from Nottingham, and established at Calais, under the direction of an Irish gentleman, were ruthlessly and at a moment's notice obliged to fly from the knife or the bayonet of the *Montagnards*, who were appealed to by the interested French workmen, to rid them of their rivals.

To return to La Fayette, however. That the Revolution of 1830 could not have been turned into a monarchy if La Fayette had not consented to it, is a fact incapable of denial. He had never been other than a moderate, and possibly theoretical Republican. As a member of "the two hundred and twenty-one" deputies, whose resistance precipitated that Revolution, he had adopted the qualified pretensions of that party which only went to obtain reform, including an extension of the elective franchise. He was at his country seat (La Grange), a convenient distance from Paris, on the 25th of July (the date of the fatal ordonnances), and had some foreign friends residing with him—among others Mr. Rives, an American envoy, sent on a special mission to demand five millions of dollars of the French Government, compensation for losses incurred twenty years before by American citizens, under the operation of Napoleon's Berlin decrees. Mr. Rives was, in his visit to La Fayette's seat, accompanied by his lady and one or two children.* All was ease and tranquillity at La Grange, when an express arrived in the afternoon of Monday, 26th of July, acquainting La Fayette with the ordonnances, and summoning him to Paris forthwith, to assist at the consultations of the "two hundred and twenty-one" on the new

* I add here, because of its absurdity, a charge brought against this gentleman by the Red Republicans, that a republic would have been established on the ruins of the monarchy in July, 1830, but for his influence upon La Fayette. "Mr. Rives was charged," said they, "to recover a debt due to the United States, and fearing that a republic would not be as practicable (honest?) as a monarch, prevailed on La Fayette to recommend a monarchy!"

position of affairs. He left for the capital early in the morning of the 27th, accompanied by the guests just named. On his arrival in Paris, the people were already skirmishing with the troops; and "the two hundred and twenty-one" were in council. The insurrection had not yet assumed a formidable aspect, but was spreading every moment amid exasperation, produced by the deaths of several unoffending men and women, from the firing of the soldiers. The issue could not yet be foreseen—the opposition, therefore, wise in their generation, resolved to observe attentively and act according to circumstances.

The result is known. The insurrection went on increasing until it involved the whole population of Paris with the sole exception of the royalists, who observed throughout the conflict the most dastardly neutrality. The troops of the line refusing to act against the people, the defence of the throne fell upon the Garde Royale, who, worn out and overwhelmed, retreated on the evening of the second day upon St. Cloud. Next day the Revolution was completed.



CHAPTER XXVI.

La ruse la mieux ordie
 Peut nuire à son inventeur :
 Et souvent la perfidie
 Retourne sur son auteur.

French Proverb.

"**T**OUT les moyens sont bons pourvu qu'on réussisse," says Machiavel. There have been disciples of this detestable counsellor, however, who, stopping short at the first portion of this proposition, have incurred and have paid the penalty of "doing things by halves." Who, "keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the sense," have found the inconvenience of

"— having a former friend for foe."

In the two last chapters I have noticed the concluding incidents of the reigns of the last two kings of France. Each

was brought to a premature termination, yet neither could have gone on for another year.

This is not, however, the time nor place for a record of the events of the reign of Louis Philippe. It is sufficient to observe that—feeling his way cautiously—he proceeded steadily from the 3d August, 1830, to the 24th February, 1848, to manifest his design and his hope to turn to his own and his family's advantage the Republico-Bonaparteian Revolution, which his agents—without committing him in the intrigue in the most remote degree—had so adroitly concluded by conferring upon him the kingdom of “the French.” La Fayette and Laffitte acquiesced in this magnificent spoliation, it is true; but they soon perceived their error, and openly and to the last moment of their existence lamented and “*begged pardon of their country*” for it.

Louis Philippe had, in fact, scarcely seized the reins of government, when he commenced backing the machine. A week had not elapsed from his nomination ere he ordered the removal of the marks of the conflict which had resulted in his triumph. This was *trop tôt* and *trop fort*. The fighting men in the late Revolution exclaimed “what! are the scars of our glorious wounds to be effaced!” and this time, fearing to persevere, the command was recalled, and the bullet and cannonshot indentations escaped obliteration for the moment. He respected the admonition, apprehending a relapse of the people into insurrection, at the instant too when the ex-ministers were about being brought to trial. He equally and for the same reason adjourned his projected ingratitude to La Fayette and Laffitte, as above observed.

Almost coincidentally with his attempt to destroy the recollection of the late combats, he ventured upon his first *coup d'egoism*. He, in imitation of Napoleon, created an order of knighthood, to reward the most distinguished of the insurgents. The decoration of this order was a cross of three points, and bore this inscription:—“*Donnée par le Roi.*” Against this inscription the *décorés* protested. “Given by the king!” said they; “we earned it without having him in our thoughts.” He persisted, however. Several of the recipients declined wearing it, and many of those who accepted it, found afterwards that it pointed them out for persecution as—Democrats! The students, who were most distinguished in the Revolution, and who were the first to reject this cross, animated

by patriotism did good service, however, in the course of the disorders caused by the trial of the ex-ministers.

This important and much-dreaded event took place in the midst of indescribable excitement. It had been found necessary to bring them to the Palace of the Luxembourg (where the trial took place) from Vincennes by night; and it required the entire force of the Parisian National Guard to prevent the storming of the Palace by the people, during their trial, and their immediate immolation. They were found guilty, sentenced to imprisonment for life, and carried off to Vincennes by a *coup de main* and reinstalled in its famous citadel.

Scarcely had the co-operation of La Fayette and Laffitte thus enabled the King to effect this noble object, when he contrived to disgust them. They retired, and he called to his council others less, or rather not at all Republican; thus admitting that he had been forty years wrong or a dissembler in politics. His abjuration of Republicanism was soon afterwards, early in 1831, completed, by his removing from the Palais Royal to the château of the Tuileries, which change of residence he had long desired, but feared to attempt it. Soult and Casimir Périer considered the transit to be safe, and it was carried into effect.

Louis Philippe was already unpopular with the parties he had spent fifteen years in propitiating. Six months had hardly elapsed since, through their aid, he had possessed himself of the throne of his relative and Sovereign, when we find him up to the neck in reaction. Men, measures, and principles all were reversed, or were all directed solely for the concentration of all power in himself. Was it for this that the Revolution had been made? Was it for this that the Republicans and Bonapartists had permitted him to be nominated to the sovereignty by a body which the legally constituted chief of the State at the time had dissolved?

Such were the reflections suggested by that which was considered the apostacy of Louis Philippe; but those who uttered them were indisposed to plunge the country into a new struggle, or they calculated (with wonderful sagacity, it turned out) upon the effect of this impolicy upon the nation. The mass of the populace, however, were blinded to the reactionary course of Louis Philippe by his affectation of equality at the commencement of his reign; and when subsequently awoke to a sense of his real character, it was too late. They followed

the King admiringly in his walks through the streets of Paris, the Queen (whom he spoke of as "ma femme") under one arm, and a huge umbrella hugged closely by the other. They roused him from his dinner almost daily to hear their praises of him, and their professions of faith in his Republicanism. It was a sight worth paying five-and-twenty years of a man's life to witness. The whole court-yard of the Palais Royal filled with a dense mass of the populace and the *bourgeoisie* singing at the top of their voices the "Parisienne," a song commemorative of the late insurrection and revolution, into which its author, that courtly Republican poet, Casimir Delavigne, had adroitly introduced a couplet identifying Louis Philippe with the combatants and their victory. In the chorus of this song of triumph, and in that of its elder brother, the "Marseillaise Hymn," with which the serenade invariably concluded, Louis Philippe, "his wife," his truly beautiful children, his staff, his ministers (La Fayette, Laffitte, and Casimir Périer included), crowded together in the balconies, joined with apparent energy and devotion.

"All things have but a time," says the old song. "Everything finishes with a song," says Beaumarehais.



CHAPTER XXVII.

Wake not a sleeping lion.

ON the 13th February, 1831, certain partisans of the overthrown Bourbons, confiding in the moderation of the people who had really effected the Revolution, and which had been testified in a manner not less unexpected than creditable, and further encouraged by the evident hostility of Louis Philippe to Republicanism, *émeutes*, and insurgents, had the audacity to attempt the celebration in the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, of a religious ceremony in memory of the Duke of Berry, of whose assassination by Louvel that day was the anniversary. An alarm was given, however, and in a few minutes thousands of infuriated democrats of all, but especially of the lower, classes, rushed into the church from all points,

at whose aspect the Carlist *gascons* took to their heels. Not satisfied with dispersing the devotees and profaning the church, which I regret to say they did, the people entered the court of the Louvre opposite, and continuing their march arrived in the Carrousel in front of the celebrated triumphal arch, on the four sides of which medallions illustrative of passages in the life of Napoleon, in *alto-relievo*, had formerly figured. These had been removed in complaisance to those very persuasive persons, Blucher, and other foreign soldiers, in 1814, and had been, twelve years afterwards, replaced by as many other marbles, portraying the military achievements of the Duc d'Angoulême in the Spanish campaign of 1823. The arrival of the people in the Carrousel caused terror in the Château. ("The 10th of August" is ever present to its occupants for the time being.) The mob soon explained the object of their visit, and the government hastened to satisfy them. Workmen with sledges, pickaxes, tomahawks, hammers, and other implements, mounted on ladders, and forthwith commenced demolishing (for simple removal would not have contented the applicants) those memorials of the Duke's exploits. As the hammer or the pickaxe did its work, a suppressed groan of satisfaction was uttered; for the spectators were too much excited and too much in earnest to cheer. One of the workmen seemed to hesitate when he had commenced the destruction of a fine figure of the warrior. An exclamation from below warned him that he would not be permitted to trifle.

"Ah! çà vous êtes faible? Fort bien! Nous vous aidons."*

The hammer was no longer impotent or inactive. The Duke's head was knocked from his shoulders, and the whole of the tablets, of the finest material and execution by the way, lay in a few minutes at the base of the arch in fragments.

The restoration of the medallions referring to the Emperor was then demanded and promised; and in fact they were drawn from the cellars of the Tuileries, in which they had lain for sixteen years, and replaced in their original positions, and still ornament the triumphal arch in front of that palace.

The *émeute* did not, however, end here. A general attack on all signs and inscriptions and ornaments which could be

* "Ah! your strength fails you? Very well. We'll come up and help you."

construed into a Bourbon signification, was made throughout Paris. One of these attacks I will describe.

In the centre of the Place des Victoires in Paris, is a second edition of an equestrian figure of Louis XIV., erected during the Restoration. The low iron palisade or railing which surrounds it was at that time surmounted by fleurs-de-lis in metal. Upon these the people, on the 13th of February, 1831, pounced with eagerness, but exhibited some judgment. They skilfully broke off with hammers the scrolls attached to the spikes or spearheads, which rendered them lilies, and left the points to protect the monument.

To the statue of Henri IV., on the Pont Neuf, re-erected by order of Louis XVIII., the indignant public next directed their attention. They repaired thither, and demanded its instantaneous descent and destruction. It was promised, but successfully evaded in consequence of a statement, true or false, made on the spot by the brass-founder who had cast it, and who now implored its preservation. After dwelling on the respect for the arts, which the populace of Paris are persuaded is inherent in them, and which so recently as in the Revolution of the preceding July, had been successfully appealed to, the man of brass said: "Do not remove this monument. It is well executed."

"Ah! bas!" cried the mob.

"Do not disturb it, or you will destroy one of the most certain means of transmitting to posterity the effigy of the Emperor."

"Comment ça, farceur?"

"The materials for it are of honourable origin. They were the wrecks of the bronze monuments to Napoleon and Desaix, destroyed in 1815."

"Eh bien?"

"I was determined, however, that the Emperor should still survive in the new destination given to the broken remains of his statue. With this view, when about to cast this figure of Henri IV., I enclosed within the right arm an equestrian figure of the emperor in miniature, who, in future ages, when this statute shall in its turn be broken up, will, like the phoenix, be reproduced and live."

This *coup de théâtre* saved the statue of Henri IV., but proved incontestably the affection for the Emperor which still lived in the memory of the people. It was probably one of

those clever expedients resorted to without scruple, in dealing with the sovereign people in France.

Popular memory in Paris is surprisingly tenacious, and particularly so in matters connected with Napoleon. In addition to the "little account" just settled between the Emperor and the Bourbons, there remained a small item to be liquidated. A plain bronze tablet, over the entrance to the column in the Place Vendôme, had borne the following inscription:—

"Neapolio Imp. Aug. Monumentum Belli Germanici. Anno MDCCCXV. Trimestri spatio, ductu suo, profligati ex ære capto, gloriæ exercitus maximi decavit."

On the eve of the entry of the Allies into Paris, 31st of March, 1814, this inscription was covered with a close fitting blank plate, also of bronze, which on the 13th of February, 1831, still eclipsed it. After completing the destruction of the Angoulême trophies in the Place du Carrousel, the people repaired to the column in the Place Vendôme, and demanded and obtained the removal of the mask. The inscription thenceforward was displayed as in the olden time.

If this were not sufficient to warn Louis Philippe that the public entertained other feelings than of regard for him and his family, a fresh "flapper" was added, which ought to have entirely awakened him to a sense of his real situation, and induced circumspection.

In 1840 or 1841, a movement took place in the Chamber, I believe to procure the recall of the banished family of Bonaparte. This being resisted by the government, produced an outburst of feeling for the memory of the Emperor which astonished and alarmed the King and his Court. Not so much so, probably, as a similar appeal (were such possible) would have done in favour of the equally proscribed senior branch of the Bourbons, his relatives, still it was sufficiently menacing to suggest the necessity for measures to crush at its outset this very formidable demonstration. Into the movement the people without doors rushed with avidity, and then was seen to blaze up fiercely the Bonapartism which had so long been smouldering. The locality in which it was displayed was the Place Vendôme. Every projection of the base of the column, every spear of the palisading that surrounds it, was hung with garlands, crowns, and wreaths of dried flowers (*immortelles*) in memory of the Emperor. This was wormwood to Louis Philippe. Then came rose-trees and

flowering shrubs, with which the space between the railing and the column was heaped. The lamp-posts bore hundreds of labels or papers, on which were inscribed in manuscript, "Recall the family of the hero!" "Vive l'Empereur!" "Restore his effigy to the decoration of the Legion of Honour. He founded it. What had Henri Quatre to do with it?" &c.

This proceeding attracted vast crowds of the curious to the Place Vendôme, and the tone of the people began to be threatening. The government saw that the excitement must be put a stop to if a Bonapartist revolt, perhaps revolution, would be avoided, and therefore consulted, among other military authorities, the unsophisticated but illustrious Commandant of the Parisian National Guard, Marshal Count Lobau (a former aide-de-camp of the Emperor), on the means for suppressing the riot and dispersing the mob. Among the first measures submitted to him was one to have the *rappel* beaten for calling out the National Guard. "Leave that to me," said the *ci-devant* grocer.

All who have visited Paris know that there is situate in the Rue de la Paix, two doors from the Place Vendôme, a barrack of *sapeurs pompiers* (firemen). To that establishment the herculean Marshal Mouton bent his steps, traversing with extreme difficulty the now tumultuous crowd which filled the "Place." On arriving at the barrack, he ordered: "Turn out the fire-engines. Place them in battery where the Rues Neuve des Petits Champs and Capucines open into the Rue de la Paix. Fix the hose. Fill the cisterns, advance *au pas*, and play your best upon those *gaillards*."

This singular command of the hero of the "Ile de Lobau" was executed to the letter, and the crowd which would have stood a discharge of grape fled, roaring with laughter, though dripping wet from the deluge poured upon them by the hilarious firemen. The expedient, unexampled as it was judicious, completely succeeded. In an instant the "Place" was cleared. The *immortelles* and the *arbustes*, and the placards, were carted off immediately after, and thus ended a demonstration which had, with some reason, created uneasiness to Louis Philippe and his councillors.

These significant hints, of which many similar might be quoted, were "lost upon Maud." Indeed, the reign of Louis Philippe was full of them, and they were all disregarded. Never was *optimisme* more inveterate than his.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Promising is the very air of the time ; it opens the eyes of expectation : performance is ever the duller for his act. To promise is most courtly and fashionable : performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Timon of Athens.

TO return to 1831.

Encouraged and sustained by the counsel of Casimir Périer and the firmness of Soult, the former having by that time replaced Laffitte as President of the Council of Ministers, nominally,* Louis Philippe assented to measures proposed for taking down the spirit of "the schools" and the populace, who were ever harping on their services and the holiness of insurrection. "The schools, (the phrase by which the students of the schools of law and medicine, and of the renowned Ecole Polytechnique are designated) had throughout the Restoration given unquestionable proofs of their hostility to the Bourbon monarchy. No Sunday or Thursday evening of the summer passed without a row and a conflict between them and the gendarmes stationed at the celebrated Chaumière on the Boulevard de Mont Parnasse. There these ingenious youths, to the number of many hundreds, assembled in the evenings to enjoy with a corresponding number of *grisettes*, the festive dance or the exhilarating chance of being dashed to pieces in a descent from the Montagnes Russes. Besides being eminently loyal, the gendarmes were not only rigid observers of decorum, modesty, and correctness in their own deportment, but were the causes why those virtues were to be found in other men. In moments of vivacity, innovations would be attempted by the dancers. The shocked gendarme would then interfere. He was called a spy, a *mouchard*, a *gueux*, a *grelin*, for his pains. Instead of replying he would seize the contumacious student ; upon which the word would fly from one part of the garden to the other,

* "A Council of Ministers is a farce," said a Minister of the Provisional Government to me one day. "The King is ever present, and the Council is a monologue."

when scores of young men would emerge from the *bosquets*, and rush to the rescue. By this time, the gendarmes, dismounted for the nonce (for horse-soldiers are always the guardians of public morals in the suburban ball-rooms of Paris), had drawn their sabres. Another cry from the students, "to arms," when a conflict would take place, such as I once witnessed at the race-course of Doncaster, where *thimble-riggers* were heartlessly interrupted in the labours of their vocation by the police. These worthies unshipped the legs of their tripods, and converting them into death-dealing bludgeons, met with the manliness of Britons the onslaught of the men in blue. At the Chaumière the proceeding was of the same kind. In a moment all the chairs in the garden of the Chaumière would be broken up, and a real down-right battle would ensue, in which very often those of the gendarmes capable of flight would, after inflicting ghastly wounds upon their adversaries, be compelled ingloriously to quit the field.

In these places, and in these scenes, the Polytechnic scholars never figured. They were grave, staid, sedate, serious, and reserved. More fixedly Bonapartist than their contemporaries of the schools of law or medicine, and living secluded from the world, their recreation was the study of the wonders performed by the Emperor; and their enjoyment, the recollection of the partiality and favour he had displayed for their corps in the Champ de Mai of 1815, as it was termed, but which had really been the Champ de Juin. Having a dignified reputation to support, they took no part in the innumerable fights of their brethren of law and physic with the police and the gendarmes during the Restoration, but were nearly moved to take the field upon one occasion—the death of a young law student in an engagement with the gendarmes in the Rue St. Denis (in 1827, I think). On the 27th of July, 1830, however, their spirit could not be suppressed, it would seem, or the governor of their school was unwise and injudicious, for before the close of that, the first of "the three days," they were dismissed to their homes, and thus literally thrown into the insurrection.

The part they bore in that important affair is well known. They led in most of the attacks upon the military. It is generally believed that a considerable number of them fell in the insurrection, but one only of them was killed—a tall, pale, serious-looking young man of one or two-and-twenty, named

Vanneau. I saw him shot off his horse during the battle in front of the Swiss barrack in the Rue Plumet.

This affair, which concluded the Revolution of 1830, is generally termed the Battle of the Rue de Babylone. The reason is, that the barrack (garrisoned by the Swiss on this occasion), with its great court, occupies the entire space between the two streets just mentioned, with a gate and a superior building over it in each. The insurgent force attacked both sides. The column which assailed the barrack in the Rue de Babylone was probably the stronger, and in it was the late Mr. Daniel O'Connor, son of General Arthur O'Connor. The party which attacked on the side of the Rue Plumet, commanded by young Vanneau, succeeded in creating a panic in the little garrison (one hundred and forty, or one hundred and fifty Swiss recruits), and caused them to abandon the barrack in fearful disorder. Vanneau, who had been induced to mount a horse belonging to the major of the Swiss, found in the neighbourhood, was shot in front of the barrack. He fell mortally wounded, and was carried by the Rue Traverse to the chapel of Saint Vincent de Paul, in the Rue de Sèvres. There they found some Sisters of Charity, administering to other insurgents wounded, and who had been similarly carried thither.

"Sisters, take care of the General!" said the leader of the little party. "We must return to the fight. We shall come back after the battle."

The engagement did not last long, nor was it very murderous. The moment after the barrack was entered by the insurgents, those of them who had carried the wounded "Polytechnique" to the chapel of Saint Vincent de Paul, hastened to inquire after him.

"Alas! he is dead!" said the principal sister. "He never spoke after you left."

"Then all that remains for us to do now," said the chief of the little party, "is to see that he has a grand mass and a respectable funeral. What money have you, comrades?"

They turned out the contents of their respective purses: it amounted only to thirteen francs seventeen sous.

"We wish it were more, sister," said the simple, brave, and much affected poor fellows. "It will not do much, but take it."

They then knelt down, uttered a prayer, kissed the pallid cheek of their late chief, and departed.

This scene took place five minutes after the termination of a mortal combat, in which the actors in it had been engaged.

I was, with the late Mr. John Murphy, son of Mr. William Murphy of Smithfield, and other Irish friends (guests of the late hospitable and most excellent Colonel de Montmorency), an eye-witness of the occurrences I have here described. The battle was scarcely over when I was joined by another young countryman, just arrived from Belgium, whose father, after losing an arm at Vinegar Hill, had served as captain, and died in the Irish Legion. All fighting being at an end, we proceeded to visit the barrack. Standing, smoking a German pipe, and leaning lazily against the half-opened gate of a house we passed, we observed a man whom my friend recognised, and thus addressed:—

“Eh bien, Maleski, how goes it?”

“Quite well, sir. And you?”

“Comme vous voyez.”

“And Colonel B., how is he?”

“Very well. But this poor fellow,” pointing to a man who had received a wound in the thigh, and who had been placed against the wall of the house of which Maleski was the porter, “his eyes roll—he is dying!”

“He is only a little drunk. I have just given him a bottle of wine. They will carry him to the *ambulance* presently.”

“Have many been killed?”

“More or less.”

This meant “a few,” and was uttered with indifference amounting nearly to contempt, by him who had fought in the French ranks from the year 1807 to the year 1815 inclusive, and who had made the Russian, Polish, German, Spanish, and French campaigns of the Emperor, during the last four years of his service in the Irish regiment.

Besides the “Polytechniques,” the students of law and medicine fought everywhere during the three days, and lost many of their number in the conflict. Among them a young Irishman, named Fitzpatrick, who highly distinguished himself. “The schools” became, consequently, the idols of the Parisians, of the lower classes especially, and were, together with the “Polytechniques,” of vast service during the trial

of the ex-ministers of Charles X. in calming the congregated people. Appearing with a card designating their particular school in their hats, they soothed the agitation, and even succeeded in converting to better feelings many of the people who tumultuously demanded the heads of Polignac and his companions.

Like Laffitte and La Fayette, however, their mission was held by Louis Philippe to have terminated with that occasion. Symptoms of an anti-civic disposition were becoming manifest in the king. The schools expressed in acts and in words their disapprobation, but by this time the army was reorganized and held in hand by that very competent person, Marshal Soult, and the leading part of the public, who formed the principal portion of the National Guard, were becoming weary of mobs and *émeutes*, which interrupted their business. The resolution of the King, therefore, to face and break his first lance with the students was not so hazardous as it would have been six months earlier. This *coup d'essai* was fixed for the 14th of July, 1831, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille in 1789, on which day the schools had threatened a demonstration.

The measures of government were so well taken, however, that no formidable body of malcontents appeared. A small party, at the head of which was a young medical student, named Desirabode, son of a well-known dentist of that name in the Palais Royal, repaired to the Champs Elysées, and there cut down a sapling of which to form a tree of liberty, which they proposed to plant in some public situation. In this operation they were interrupted by a pot-valiant drummer of the National Guard, and one or two other armed citizens. The students disregarded their intervention; whereupon the drummer drew his sabre and inflicted a wound with it upon the head of the leader, young Desirabode, who fell covered with blood, and was subsequently conveyed to a hospital. The rest of the party dispersed, abandoning the tree of liberty.

Louis Philippe must have been delighted at this termination of a projected appeal to the people, but would seem to have entertained some apprehension for the consequence. Ten days after the occurrence "Desirabode, père," was named dentist to the King.

Many similar instances of the King's propitiatory system,

when admonished, might be mentioned, but one more may suffice.

The popularity of that splendid cavalry officer, splendid alike in person and achievements, General Pajol, who had taken an active part in the Revolution, suggested to His Majesty that it would not be amiss to neutralize him, if practicable, but his price was the *baton* of a marshal, to which he was eminently entitled. This, however, was refused him, through the influence of Soult, it was believed. As a means of deprecating his hostility, his two sons, remarkably fine young men, were promoted in a cuirassier regiment—one of them, even, was appointed aide-de-camp to the Duke of Orleans.

After Murat and Ney, none in the army of the empire had displayed more daring intrepidity than Pajol. Nearly on the same line marched his contemporary in age and in achievements, Excelmans. Each was a cavalry officer of the first distinction, and each was among the last who sheathed their swords in the service of Napoleon. To Excelmans the Emperor remarked, early: "You are one of my bravest men." To Pajol, after the battle of Montereau, he said: "Had all my generals done their duty as you have done, the foreigner would never have set his foot on the soil of France." Both Pajol and Excelmans made the campaign of Russia in 1812. They were also employed in the engagements of Ligny and Quatre Bras, in June, 1815; and, by a further coincidence, were included in the corps of Marshal Grouchy, and consequently were not present at Waterloo. Their anti-Bourbon dispositions were recalled and manifested in 1830. While a proposition of Charles X. was under consideration at the Hôtel de Ville on the 28th of July, 1830, Pajol drew his sword and said he would pass it through the body of any one who dared to utter the word "compromise." He thus contributed to prevent the attempted reconciliation of the popular party with that of Charles X., from whom a deputation had arrived with offers of submission to the will of the people. Next day, he and Excelmans were at the head of the crowds of Parisians who left Paris to compel Charles X. to quit St. Cloud and France.

Both Excelmans and Pajol, after a thousand hand-to-hand engagements with the enemies of Napoleon, died of the most common-place accidents. Pajol, although not reconciled to

Louis Philippe, accepted an invitation to a ball at the Tuileries, and in coming down stairs, fell, and broke his thigh, of which accident he died.* Excelmans, who had been raised, as he merited, to the rank of Marshal, was very lately (in the autumn of 1852), thrown by his horse and killed on the road to Versailles.

Claude Pierre Pajol! Le beau, le brave! The hero of a thousand hand-to-hand encounters—from Spires in 1792 to Quatre Bras in 1815—covered with wounds more numerous and more grave than those received by any man in the French armies—Oudinot excepted—and after having had in the course of his campaigns sixteen horses killed under him, falls down stairs and dies in consequence! Excelmans, his contemporary (Pajol, the favourite of Murat, which alone would stamp him, and he were respectively born in 1775), after a similar career, falls from his horse and expires on the road to Versailles, the theatre of his last great feat of arms (on the 1st July, 1815); and which, but for the treason of Fouché, might (a fact not generally known) have proved utterly destructive of the allied armies then marching in haste, confidence, and disorder upon Paris.

And “such was the end” respectively of Pajol and Excelmans!

— That they who many a day
Had faced Napoleon's foes until they fled,

should perish so ingloriously, suggests our special wonder and their friends' regret.

I may be here admonished that they were not Irishmen (I wish they had been). My reference to them was however irresistible, following upon the mention of Wall and Bugeaud, in connexion with the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848. The apropos may not be obvious, but as the digression comprehended details of interest, it will perhaps be pardoned.

* The Parisians, “who will have their humour” turn everything into a *c dembour*. Upon the melancholy, and *peu distingué*, finish of Pajol's brilliant life they made a pun which—oddly enough—tells better in English than in French—*la voila*. “Cela n'est pas le *bal* (*la balle*) qui doit avoir tué Pajol.” (That is not the *bull* which ought to have killed Pajol.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

Qui ne vit que pour soi n'est pas digne de vivre.

BOILEAU.

HAVE I, in the preceding chapters, succeeded in exculpating Wall and Bugeaud from the charges of having in any respect contributed to the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848? Have I clearly shown, that in the one case the blame (if there were blame) was due to Marmont; and in the other, to the fact that the efforts of Bugeaud were paralyzed, and his plans rendered useless by the order given to the King to discontinue resistance. My exculpation of those generals might consistently terminate my reference to the Revolutions they were respectively called upon to prevent; but having intimate knowledge of the causes and the manner of those great events, I may possibly be permitted briefly to explain them.

On the evening of the 27th of July, 1830, in company with a fellow-countryman, I was passing down the Rue de la Paix. We had heard that there had been some skirmishing in several quarters between the mob (now assuming the character of insurgents) and the gendarmes and parties of the Garde Royale. A man shot through the forehead was in the afternoon carried to the Bourse, and left there to excite the people to revolt, an object soon effected. A wooden barrack of gendarmerie, placed at the north-west angle of the Place de la Bourse, was attacked, evacuated by its garrison, and burnt to the ground. A woman shot through the body was carried by a baker's journeyman to the guard-house of the Bank of France, and deposited in front of it "to show the people and the soldiers," as he said, "the manner in which their wives, sisters, and mothers were treated by the Bourbons." Stones had been thrown at the windows of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, then inhabited by Prince Polignac, but on the arrival of a battalion of the Garde Royale with two field-pieces, the insurgents for the moment dispersed.

These incidents, all of which occurred early in the evening, caused much agitation in our quarter of the city, and induced us to brave any danger that might attend the indulgence of

our curiosity, which had been increased by a report that two regiments of the line then actually drawn up in the Place Vendôme had refused to fire on the people.

When we arrived in front of the Stamp Office, we heard shouting in the Place Vendôme, which appeared a solid mass of men, soldiers, and civilians. We could plainly distinguish above the murmur of the multitude those significant compliments, "Vive la Ligne!"* A distant fire of musketry was now heard. Immediately afterwards some men emerged from the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, flying apparently from some danger. Then came General Wall with his staff, and a small escort of Lancers of the Royal Guard. He rode at full trot into the Place Vendôme, the people opening right and left to let him pass to the État-Major in the corner. On his appearance he was saluted by the crowd with new cries of "Vive la Ligne!" The soldiers and officers remained ominously silent.

On inquiry, we learned that it was perfectly true that the troops of the line had refused to fire. They were, technically speaking, "standing at ease" with ordered arms, and suffered rather than received the hugging and embracing forced upon them by the people, with whom they not yet—except thus passively—fraternized. The officers were dejected and remained motionless.

Having followed General Wall as far as the crowd permitted, I remarked to my friend that he appeared discomposed.

"Well he may," said an English military-looking man who overheard me, for in times like these no ceremony was observed in asking or in telling news. "Yonder are the headquarters of the army, and here are a couple of thousand men forming part of that army, who refuse to act against the mob. General Wall, in a reconnaissance, has just had an affair with the insurgents in the Place des Victoires, who, after losing a few of their number, dispersed, but rallied in a neighbouring street. He is evidently come to consult with Marmont and Polignac, who it is supposed have arrived at the État-Major by a subterraneous passage from the Tuileries.† The defection,

* "The line for ever!" This cheer had for its object to draw a distinction between the Regiments of the Line and those of the Garde Royale. The former were recruited by conscription, and might be said to represent the whole population; the latter were selected by the Court, as well for their personal superiority as for their political sentiments. Some regiments of the Garde were said to be almost exclusively Vendéans.

† This at least was true respecting Polignac.

as it may be termed, of the two regiments before you render this matter very serious, although at present they refuse to join the people. Wall may well appear grave and pre-occupied, therefore. To-morrow will be a fearful day, but all is over for to-day."

This was confirmed by the gradual withdrawal of the principal portion of the crowd. The troops remained under arms all night.

Before parting, my friend observed: "When these absorbing events shall have passed by, I have a strange story to tell you of the brother of this General Wall. Remind me of it. Good-night."

Louis Philippe's want of energy was not perhaps the result of a sudden access of despair or terror, but of his sense of incapability to repair a series of errors, mistakes, and weaknesses, followed by consequences he could not obviate, without commencing afresh a conflict, in which his advanced age and (it must be confessed) impaired popularity would have deprived him of all chance of success.

The causes to which the Revolution of 1848 should be attributed are many. First, the unsubdued and undiminished Republicanism and Bonapartism to which he owed his elevation, and which, instead of soothing and conciliating, he had confirmed, and even exasperated by a system of hostility (some add of ingratitude), commenced within a week from his nomination to the throne. Secondly, to the inspiration of his evil genius—"some demon whispered" him, and he attempted to re-establish the Bourbon name and sovereignty in all its ancient splendour and absolutism! Thirdly, to his demanding of the nation dotations for the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, while he was in the annual receipt, it was alleged, of upwards of thirty millions of francs (his private patrimony, the Civil List, and the Woods and Forests). Fourthly, to his accepting for his fourth son the heirship to the property of "the last of the Condés," jointly with an English woman of very bad repute named Dawes ("Baroness Feuchères"). Fifthly, his curtailment of the prescriptive right of the public to the garden of the Tuileries. Sixthly, to the Spanish marriages* (that

* The secret history of this calamitous affair will, in all probability, meet the public eye, and will astonish those who ascribed to Louis Philippe statesmanlike views and policy. Other actors in the drama may appear, and with greater disadvantage. If it be true, as I have heard, that but for

fatal suggestion of his *amour propre*, which suspended the friendship of his best and most faithful and most influential ally). Seventhly, to the enormous, outrageous, and almost universal corruption, which, in the latter years of his reign, pervaded all the departments of government, and influenced every public contract or undertaking; without, it must be confessed, his participating in advantage from the plunder otherwise than, as he flattered himself, by the support of those in whose rapacity he acquiesced. Eighthly, to the histories of the first Revolution by MM. Thiers and Louis Blanc, which led to impressions favourable to the "morality" of the monsters Robespierre, Danton, and their associates; and to "*the Girondins*" of M. de Lamartine, which also bespoke sympathy for revolutionists; and finally, to the horrible murder of the Duchess of Praslin by her husband, which destroyed every vestige of *prestige* remaining to high birth and aristocratic position. Almost immediately upon the occurrence of that dreadful tragedy the Revolution took place.

Republicanism and Bonapartism the King could not have extinguished, but a wise system of government would have obviated the evil to be apprehended from them. Family pride was excusable in a man so descended, but was unwisely manifested. The dotation for the Duke of Orleans (£80,000 per annum) was perhaps too large in any circumstances, but was rendered more striking by the application for one of half that amount for the Duke of Nemours, which was refused. That the Duke of Bourbon should have bequeathed a moiety of his fortune to the Duc d'Angoulême was perfectly natural, but it was injuriously affected by the association of that young Prince's name with that of a person whose position in the house of the Duc de Bourbon was deemed something worse than equivocal—and this view of the affair was made more striking by the refusal of her husband, General Baron Feuchères (to whom it devolved on her death), to touch a shilling of her share of the Duke of Bourbon's fortune. The portion of the garden of the Tuileries, enclosed under pretext of forming a private garden for the King, was selected simply to form an outwork to the palace, to protect it against a *coup de main* in case of

these marriages the Revolution of 1848 would not have occurred, the world will be astounded by the nature of the intrigue, through which the loss of a throne, and the plunging of some of the fairest portions of Europe into civil war and anarchy, were effected.

insurrection. The Spanish marriages he ventured on with the full knowledge that England would protest against them; but he relied upon his talent for conciliation and cajolery to obtain her ultimate assent to them. The corruption which grew up during his reign he must have lamented, but was unable to put a stop to and prohibit it. The consideration for the republicans of the first Revolution, suggested by the works of MM. Thiers and Lamartine, he deplored and feared. Finally, it is hardly necessary to say, that in no respect ought the tragedy at the Hôtel Praslin to be visited upon Louis Philippe, who was the pattern family man of France. Nothing can save him, however, from the unfavourable verdict of posterity whenever a claim to the character of wisdom, foresight, and sound policy be set up for him. His concurrence in the efforts made to rescue from popular fury Prince Polignac* and his colleagues must ever redound to his honour, although accompanied by the recollection that he would have earlier spurned the two aids by which only he could have mounted to the throne, La Fayette and Laffitte, had their assistance in his humane project for saving the lives of the ministers of Charles X., not been indispensable.

* Behold a coincidence. Prince Polignac was twice indebted for his life to the clemency of sovereigns of whom he had been the unmitigated enemy. The mercy extended to him by Napoleon was, however, much more remarkable than the compassionate interference of Louis Philippe in his favour; for the former, as was so unfortunately proved in the case of the Duc d'Enghien, was still agitated by the unworthy and unmanly conspiracy against his life, in which Prince Polignac was so undeniably compromised. Was it compunction for his unjust cruelty to the Duc d'Enghien that induced Napoleon to pardon Prince Polignac?

CHAPTER XXX.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
 And names that must not wither, though the earth
 Forgets her empires with a just decay;
 The enslavers and enslaved, their death and birth,
 The high—the mountain majesty of worth
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
 And from its immortality look forth
 In the sun's face, like yonder Alpino snow,
 Imperishably pure—beyond all things below.

BYRON.

IT will have been already seen that I am an observer of coincidences. Among the many eminent men whom I follow in that propensity was the Emperor, Napoleon the First.

“It is strange,” said he, as he entered the city of Vienna on the 12th May, 1809, “that on each occasion—in November, 1805, as on this day—on arriving in the Austrian capital, I find myself in treaty and in intercourse with the respectable General O'Reilly.”

The reader must not smile. The individual thus distinguished was not the

“General Count O'Reilly”

damned to immortal fame by the sarcastic Byron. The General Count O'Reilly of the poet, was Alexander O'Reilly, the favourite of King Charles III. of Spain, whose life he saved in a riot in Madrid in 1765. He further enjoyed, it was said, high favour in the eyes of His Majesty's royal consort. The fruits of this distinction were the highest rank in the Spanish army, of which, besides being Governor of Cadiz, he was named generalissimo. He had also had the honour of being appointed Ambassador to the French Court. On his presentation to the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, it would appear that he had forgotten for the moment an autograph letter from his royal mistress to the French Queen. With an embarrassed and hurried air, which excited merriment in the gay and silly circle within which he found himself, he how-

ever searched for it, and finding it, presented the missive. This incident was thus described by an English wag of the day:—

“‘I have it here,’ said the Sieur O’Reilly, thrusting his hand into his breeches pocket.”

But the badinage of even the immortal Byron (on all serious matters the advocate of Ireland, as he was the devoted friend of her immortal son, Moore) cannot deprive this distinguished Irishman of well-earned reputation for courage and skill in the organization of the Spanish forces, and for sagacity and decision. Unhappily, however, among other results of the royal favours heaped upon him, was the jealousy of native-born officers of the army. To this sentiment was due the defeat of the expedition under his command against Algiers, which he would probably have “taken,” but for the imprudence and disobedience of the Marquis de Romana, who, in order to distinguish himself, and at the same time to discredit the cautious policy of O’Reilly, rushed forward prematurely and rashly, and caused the failure of the enterprise. O’Reilly was, therefore, no more chargeable with the defeat of the Spanish expedition to Algiers, than was Hoche for that of the French to Ireland. Romana, who brought about the disaster to the Spanish army, paid with his life for his fault; but Grouchy, whose non-arrival in Bantry Bay deprived France of the most important advantage that could have resulted from the war, and saved England from the greatest disaster that could have befallen her, lived—strangest of coincidences!—to repeat his default, and so to deprive France of the only chance that remained to her of changing the fate of the battle of Waterloo; and, consequently, of saving from utter destruction the British army.

It would require the brilliant services—the intrepidity and the humanity—of Grouchy, in La Vendée, in Italy, in Russia, in Germany, and finally at Ligny, on the 16th June, 1815, to save his name from execration in France. He was only unfortunate.

A French biography of General O’Reilly describes the affair in pretty nearly the same terms, but ascribes rather to the irrepressible ardour of the Spanish troops than to the motive here assigned, the precipitancy of Romana. My version of the story was derived from Chevalier O’Gorman fifty years

ago, to whom it was communicated by General O'Reilly himself.

It would appear that the financial department of Spain was not better managed in the last than in the present century. Plunder and corruption were said to be the universal practice of all concerned in the collection of the revenue, but especially in Cadiz, at the period of Count O'Reilly's arrival there as Governor. In consequence, he assembled those functionaries at an early day, and thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, I am a man of few words. Whether I be a robber or not, I shall not here discuss; but, mark me well, I shall allow no man to rob the public treasury but myself."

The death of his royal patron, Charles III., on the 14th of December, 1788, caused O'Reilly the loss of his command of Andalusia, and the governorship of Cadiz, and indeed of all his employments. He returned therefore to Catalonia, where he lived a retired life until the breaking out of the war between Spain and revolutionary France, when, his military renown remaining undiminished, he was, on the death of its chief, Ricardo, in 1794, called to the command of the army of the Pyrenees. He arrived at head-quarters, but died suddenly, almost immediately afterwards, the victim of foul play—he was poisoned.

The French author I quote adds: "O'Reilly's talents as a general, the various services he had rendered to Spain, and his personal qualities, effaced almost entirely from the hearts of the Spaniards the jealousy they had conceived of him as a foreigner."

Let us now speak of the Austrian General Count O'Reilly, termed by Napoleon "the respectable." His Christian name was Andrew, and he was a son of the house of Ballinlough, in the county of Westmeath, Ireland. The compliment paid him by Napoleon was the more remarkable, because, as is universally known, it was "the dragoon regiment of O'Reilly" (*les Troisieme Chevaux Leger*) which by a splendid charge saved the wreck of the Austrian army at Austerlitz; but Napoleon was generally liberal to all brave men, friends or foes.

The coincidence remarked by Napoleon respecting General O'Reilly is only one of the many recorded of the Emperor, who, to serve his purpose, frequently created them in advance. For example—his fighting the battle of Friedland in 1807, and his commencement of his last campaign in 1815, on the 14th

of June respectively, on the anniversary of the battle of Marengo, were not entirely accidental, any more than was the battle of Austerlitz, on the 2d of December, 1805, which was the anniversary of his coronation.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is a miserable effect, when men full of towardness and hope—such as the poets call *Auroræ Filii*—sons of the morning—in whom the expectation and comfort of their friends consisteth, shall be cast away and destroyed in such a vain manner.

BACON (*On Duelling*).

GENERAL WALL, of whom I have just spoken, was the last of the Irish Brigade who drew a sword in defence of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon.* He and his brother, Viscount Wall, and “the Dillons,” and other Irishmen, or Irish by descent, were the most brilliant of the body of men, of handsome exterior, and of courage, gallantry, and high breeding, who shone at the dazzling Court of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. I have a perfect recollection of the pride with which our Cousin Robin spoke of them. Viscount Wall died mysteriously, an event which caused much sensation at the time; but the Revolution was approaching, and soon caused the tragedy to be forgotten. The following is the account given of the affair by Cousin Robin:—

“Wall was one of the bravest of men. One day he desired his valet-de-chambre to put up the articles of dress and toilette necessary for a short absence from Paris, and to order his carriage for an early hour next morning. At the time indicated, the post-chaise was at the door. He told his wife that he should be absent only a day or two, and stepping into the carriage desired the postillion to drive to Fontainebleau.

“Having arrived there, he repaired to the Hôtel de Turenne, where he was well known, ordered dinner, and taking his sword in his hand said he would stroll into the forest, but

* There was in the battalion of the Garde Royale which fought in Paris during this Revolution, a Captain Wall, but I believe they were not related. Captain Wall—an excellent man and officer—had not served in the Brigade.

would be back in an hour or two. It was then about four o'clock.

“He did not return to dinner, nor that night, a circumstance which caused the proprietor of the hotel, who loved and respected him, much alarm, and induced him next morning to acquaint the authorities of the town with the facts. He also apprised some friends of Wall, officers of the garrison, of his disappearance. A large party in consequence set off for the forest in the direction that Wall had taken, and there dispersed. For a considerable time their search was fruitless, but at length in a remote and unfrequented part of the forest they found the dead body of Wall, nearly covered by a drift of fallen leaves. He had been run through the body. His sword lay by his side; his purse, filled with money, was in his pocket; his watch in his fob. The body was removed to the hotel, and thence to Paris.

“This melancholy affair became the topic of conversation at Court, in the *salons*, and other assemblies of high life. In one of them a friend of Wall, an Irishman of distinction, repelled the idea that he had fallen in a duel. ‘Wall,’ said he, ‘was not surpassed as a swordsman: he could not have met a superior. He was basely murdered.’

“Next morning this person received a letter by the *petite poste*, couched in these terms:—

“‘You stated last night that Wall was assassinated. It is false. If you be a man of honour, and willing to have satisfaction for this imputation on your veracity, and at the same time avenge your friend, repair, alone, on Monday next, between the hours of two and four o'clock, to the Forest of Fontainebleau, route ——’ (naming it). ‘You will, at a certain point’ (indicating it), ‘find a person in a blue surtout, who on your approach will take out a pocket-handkerchief and put it to his face for a moment, and will then strike into a path leading to a fit and proper spot for the decision of our quarrel.’

“This letter was signed, ‘He by whose hand Wall fell.’”

In England, probably no notice would have been taken of a challenge of this kind, coming, as it did, anonymously; but at the period of which I speak, persons observant of the code of honour were more fastidious.

“The challenged person,” continued Cousin Robin, “sent

immediately for a friend, the gallant, unfortunate Theobald Dillon.

‘‘You cannot refuse this cartel,’ said Dillon, ‘but I do not like the look of it. Why require you to be unaccompanied by a friend? It suggests strongly the idea of an ambush. You must keep the rendezvous, however, but I shall be at hand to aid you, should (as I fear) foul play be intended and offered to you.’

‘‘On the day appointed, Dillon and his principal repaired to Fontainebleau. When the hour fixed drew near, they walked into the forest in the direction of the point named for the meeting. On their arrival near to a turning which led immediately to it, Dillon stopped.

‘‘I can go no farther,’ said he, ‘but if you perceive anything suspicious in the manner or conduct of your antagonist, call out, and I shall be with you in a few seconds.’

‘‘After shaking hands, the friends separated. Dillon retired, and the challenged party proceeded. On turning the corner, before arriving at which Dillon had stopped, he perceived at a distance a man standing in the middle of the road, towards whom he walked directly. When he had come within forty or fifty yards of him, the stranger took out his handkerchief, raised his hand, and pointed to a path at one side, into which he struck at a quick pace. His adversary followed. Another turn was made by the leader, and another path was chosen. This was also abandoned for another, more intricate and scarcely marked. It led to the Rocher Brûlé, one of the most deserted parts of the forest. The leader made another sharp turn. The Irishman, now nearly at his heels, made a similar movement. He had not, however, advanced three steps in this new direction when he found his collar seized by a vigorous hand. He turned to regard the assailant—it was Dillon. An exclamation escaped him. This induced his enemy to look back, who, seeing how matters stood, shook his head, waved his hand, and disappeared in the forest.

‘‘Why did you interrupt me?’ asked the Irishman of Dillon.

‘‘To save you from the fate of Wall. This man is obviously an assassin. Your character hitherto will secure you from any reflection on your courage. Moreover, I am living to testify to it. This affair must go no further.’

‘‘The friends returned to Fontainebleau and to Paris next

day. For some time afterwards the occurrence continued to be the subject of comment and conversation in the *salons*, but political questions soon threw it into oblivion, and from that time until the present moment (now three years and upwards), I do not think that I have once spoken of it."

This story made a deep impression on the hearers. I had not forgotten it even when, thirty years later, it was brought to my recollection by an incidental occurrence, and the cloud which rested upon the death of Viscount Wall up to that time, was—*quant à moi* at least—dissipated.

One day, in the autumn of 1822, I met in the garden of the Tuileries an Irish friend, who, after the customary salutations, said: "Do you observe the old gentleman from whom I have just parted? He has been a man of distinction; one of those who fluttered and figured on this identical spot, the Tuileries, five-and-thirty years ago, when Marie Antoinette was in her zenith. He has just recounted to me an anecdote, which seems to remove the mystery that has hitherto enveloped the death of Viscount Wall, who, you know, was found dead in the Forest of Fontainebleau, in the year 1787. The anecdote he has told me is this:—

"'I was,' said he, 'one of many others who were forced to emigrate in 1792, and succeeded in getting on board an English vessel, on the coast of Brittany. On our passage to England, I found myself one day leaning over the ship's side, at the elbow of a person whom I had long known by sight, and had met in society, but with whom I had no acquaintance. Our conversation dwelt at first upon the present melancholy state of France. It was subsequently turned to the scenes in which we had both mixed in Paris, at Court, at Versailles, and at Trianon. In the course of those recollections the name of Wall accidentally occurred.

"'His death was a strange affair,' said I.

"'Not so strange as probably you believe,' he replied.

"'What is your opinion of it?' I asked. 'It was by assassination—was it not?'

"'No such matter.'

"'Everybody regarded it so at the time.'

"'I am aware of that; but it was an error. Before, however, I enter on the task of disabusing you on the subject, will you have the kindness to tell me all that you know and have heard respecting it?'

“I complied, recounting the circumstance as I had heard it at the time of its occurrence.

“‘And these,’ said he, ‘are the facts on which you found your belief that Wall was murdered? And that the challenger of the Irishman you speak of was his assassin?’ said my fellow traveller.

“‘Even so.’

“‘Then you mistake. Wall was not murdered, nor was the challenger of Dillon’s friend an assassin. The facts are these. Wall was most unjustly jealous of his wife. He named a man as her paramour, who, becoming aware of the imputation, challenged him. They fought, and Wall fell—fairly, however.’

“To this statement were added expressions and particulars, which convinced me that my companion was the party of whom Wall had been jealous, and by whose hand he fell. He was subsequently the challenger of Dillon’s friend.

“‘You knew afterwards who this person was, whom you supposed, rightly or wrongly, to have been the adversary of Wall,’ I observed.

“‘I did. He was Count —— de Damas.’”

These facts have never before been published.

M. and Mme. de Rohan have had the following inscription engraved upon the tomb of the Viscount de Wall:—

“TO THE MERCIFUL AND JUST GOD.
HERE LIES

MARIE JOSEPH RICHARD PATRICK, VISCOUNT DE WALL,
DECEASED AT THE AGE OF 23 YEARS, NOV. 26TH, 1787.
INNOCENT VICTIM!

HE SOUGHT NOT TO BE REVENGED.

HE WHO IS, HAS SAID ‘VENGEANCE IS MINE.’

Deut. chap. xxxii. v. 35.

“Powerful God! only true support of afflicted hearts! In remitting to Thee the vengeance of this innocent victim, in finishing the recital of the circumstances and consequences of his unhappy end, hear our prayers for the cruel being who has thus plunged us into grief. Permit that his remorse may excite his repentance! He cannot repair the evil he has done to us, but he may have recourse to Thee, and experience the effects of Thy infinite mercy.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

And, thereupon, the Court did, by their several opinions and sentences, declare how much it imported the peace and prosperous estate of his Majesty and his kingdom, to nip this practice and offence of duels in the head, which now did overspread and grow universal, even among mean persons.

BACON.

I HAVE just spoken of Wall's "excellence at his weapon," the sword; but among his own countrymen at that period, were to be found many of as high reputation as himself as fencers and duellists. Of one of them, George Robert Fitzgerald, I shall have occasion to speak presently; another was "Dick Martin;" another was Count Rice, with whose brother, Dominick, a barrister, I became acquainted some forty years ago in Dublin.

Count Rice was in fact the best swordsman of the day, and had fought many duels. His last affair was with a Frenchman in Paris, who, aware of Rice's "force," resolved to set his skill at nought by unfair means. When in presence of an adversary Count Rice, who was cool as a lettuce, had the habit of making the fencing salute before engaging. The Frenchman in question waited for this flourish, and ran him through the body before their points met.

Instances of this nature (the death of a skilful duellist by an unpractised hand) are numerous. Muley, the gun-maker of Parliament Street, in whose house Robert Emmet's friend, the unfortunate Captain Russell, was arrested, was one of the best "shots" in Ireland. There being no rear to his house, he took his customers for pistols into the cellars, where they fired at a lighted candle, or at a mark by candle-light. He spoke of a Mr. Nicholas French, of the county of Galway, who snuffed a candle at twelve yards a dozen times in succession, yet who was killed in a duel afterwards by a man who never before fired a shot.

In that age of duelling in Europe, such affairs were generally managed in good faith and loyalty; but as the instances just related prove, exceptions occurred occasionally. One of

them recurs to my memory, in which the treacherous combatant was also a Frenchman, a circumstance which must not be held to reflect injuriously on the character of that gallant nation.

Among the crowd of flatterers by whom "the Fagniani," the reigning prima donna of that day (seventy years ago) in London was surrounded, were the Duke of Queensbury, George Selwin, a Frenchman whose name I suppress, and Mr. John Geoghegan, of Jamestown, county of Westmeath, Ireland, who from his dashing character was called "Jack the Buck." These two last mentioned quarrelled about their lady-love in the saloon of Covent Garden Theatre one night. The Frenchman challenged Geoghegan, who had used some violence towards him. The challenge was accepted; and both being armed, as was the fashion at that period, they agreed to meet at the portico of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, immediately after the play. They then separated; Geoghegan re-entered the house, and the Frenchman went home.

At the appointed time the adversaries met, drew their swords, and engaged. Geoghegan parried a thrust, and made sure of his man; but instead of entering it, his sword broke on the breast of his antagonist, who ran him through the body. In falling, Geoghegan grappled with, but was unable to hold him. With the stump of his sword, however, he scored him down the back.

On leaving the theatre, the Frenchman had gone home and put on a "prudence," something like a quire of paper in the shape of a cuirass. Geoghegan recovered from the wound, but it was the remote cause of his death.

Of Geoghegan, I remember another anecdote. He was present at a club or assembly at Bath one night when Du Barri, the first "protector" of Madame Du Barri, and brother of him who became her husband (they were a bad lot), was dealing a pack of cards in a game of whist, on which a large sum was staked, when Geoghegan asked a waiter for a carving-fork. Having obtained it, he waited until Du Barri, having dealt all but the last card, was about to turn it, when, by a violent thrust of the carving-fork, Geoghegan fixed the dealer's hand to the table, saying: "I shall beg your pardon, sir, if you have not the ace of clubs beneath your hand." The charge proved well-founded, and Du Barri, bleeding

profusely from the wound, was kicked out of the room, and down stairs.

One more instance of misfortune to skilful swordsmen, and I shall resume my narration.

In the year 1761, and for many subsequent years, there existed in Dublin a public garden, the resort of the fashionable world at that period, called Marlborough Green. It occupied the ground on which Lower Gardener Street, and I believe part of Beresford Place now stand. In that year there arrived in Dublin, on a visit to his family, a Captain Eugene O'Reilly, of a cavalry regiment in the Austrian service. Walking one day in the garden of Marlborough Green, in company with some ladies, a gentleman passed, in uniform, I think, for he was a cavalry officer, and whose spur caught the gown of one of the ladies, and tore it. The offender apologized, and each party continued their promenade. When they met again, a similar circumstance occurred. O'Reilly, now becoming angry, used some strong expressions, which were haughtily replied to, accompanied by a challenge to decide the matter on the spot. They stepped accordingly into the green, and drew.

O'Reilly had never fought with a small sword. He knew that his antagonist was Lord Delvin, eldest son of the then Earl of Westmeath, and equally well known as one of the most accomplished swordsmen of the day. He knew, therefore, that in a rencontre of any duration he was sure to be killed, and accordingly the moment their points met he threw himself with all his force on his adversary, and ran him through the body. Lord Delvin fell. He was carried home, and died next day, enjoining his family and friends not to prosecute his antagonist, whom he confessed he had purposely provoked, but why I have never heard.

O'Reilly, alarmed for the consequences of this act, left Dublin that night for the county of Meath, either to seek shelter with his friends, or to make provision for an attempt at escape from Ireland. He walked the entire distance to Kells, between thirty and forty English miles. On his arrival there next morning his hair, through agitation, as was believed, had from dark auburn become as white as snow. He was pointed out to me in Dublin some thirty or forty years afterwards by the name of "Delvin" Reilly, in allusion to this unfortunate duel.

I have referred to the existence of Irish officers in the ser-

vice of foreign countries. Many of my readers, the younger portion of them especially, may ask: "How comes it that they travel? Why, if they preferred a military life, did not those gentlemen enter the English army?"

In a short time the answer to this question will probably excite surprise. It was, because the laws forbade the admission of a Roman Catholic, as a field officer, into the British service. The father of the Lord Delvin of whom I have just spoken, had conformed to the religion of the State, or his son could not have held an English commission; and this most impolitic, and in more than one of its provisions anomalous regulation, lasted until about the year 1810.

While native-born Catholics were ineligible, even to the rank of Colonel in the British army, a foreign Catholic, the Baron de Hompesch, brother of the Grand Master of Malta, figured in the British Army List among the lieutenants-general. He had commanded in Ireland in 1798, a corps of banditti, recruited in all the military prisons of Europe, and which were officially called "Hompesch's Mounted Riflemen," more generally "Hessians," and by the lower orders of the people "Hussians." They were more dishonest, and to the full as cruel, as their co-operating cavaliers, the Ancient Britons.

One of the immediate influential causes of the repeal of that clause in the penal statute was, I believe, an occurrence which took place about the year 1810, on the capture of the Isle of France by a British force, under Lieutenant-colonel Keating. He had carried the island in the most dashing style, but upon the arrival of his despatch in London, announcing the fact, it occurred to some or other of the sagacious authorities that he was a Roman Catholic, and consequently that his employment in the capture of the island was irregular. I am not sure that the French took exceptions to it on that ground, but lest they should, a short Bill was brought into Parliament to legalize the capture, to relieve the gallant Papist from the consequences of his *premunire*, and to render eligible to superior rank in the army all his co-religionists.

The capture of the Isle of France was attended with melancholy consequences for some unfortunate countrymen of Colonel Keating—some Irish and English soldiers and sailors found in arms among the French troops. They were, to the number of ten or twelve, sent prisoners to London, and were tried in May, 1812, by a special commission, presided over by

Chief Baron Macdonald, at the Sessions House, Horsemonger Lane, Surrey, for high treason. The Attorney-general, Sir Vicary Gibbs, prosecuted in person. The prisoners were defended by Henry Brougham, who, even at that early period of his career, was regarded as the first advocate of the day. His junior on that occasion was Mr., afterwards Sergeant, Jones.

It appeared in evidence that those unfortunate men had been sailors in vessels captured, or soldiers in a British regiment, which had formed part of a corps that had previously, but unsuccessfully, attempted to take the island. Their officers, made prisoners with them, attended at the trial, and deposed in their defence to the following effect:—

“The French authorities had, for a long time, vainly sought to induce them (the captured soldiers) to enter the French service; but they constantly rejected all the offers made to them, until at length, witnessing the privations and sufferings inflicted on us (the officers), the poor fellows resolved to accept the terms proposed by the French, in order that, while on duty, they might ameliorate our condition. They solicited our assent to that proposition; but this was, of course, refused them. They persisted, however, and after entering the French service, always testified for us, their late chiefs, the utmost respect, and insisted that the severities practised against us should be relaxed.”

To their good conduct in every respect, except taking service under the French, their officers bore unanimous testimony.

Mr. Brougham made for the prisoners the most of these facts; but the Judge, in addressing the jury, told them that “they must discard them, and all other extenuating circumstances, from their consideration,” as “no justification of treason could be admitted.”

In consequence of this, in one or two cases the jury found the accused guilty. This only served to stimulate Mr. Brougham to increased efforts in defence of the remainder. There were great grounds for complaint of the course followed in the prosecution, which he urged vehemently and often; and having obtained an acquittal in one case, it became inconvenient to create new occasions for the repetition of his pleas for the prisoners: the Attorney-general, therefore, abandoned the prosecution of those yet untried. The case of one of the

“Dillon, bound by the orders of Dumouriez to avoid a combat, halted his army and commanded a retrograde movement. This produced instant murmuring in his column. The Austrian General, observing confusion in Dillon's corps, and suspecting that it had been occasioned by some important circumstances, unknown to, but favourable for him, broke up from his position, and in order to hasten the disorder, and insure the retreat of the French, caused some cannon-shots to be fired upon them. Although none of the shot, because of the distance, reached the French, the loud reports, combined with the lurking treason in their ranks, produced a sudden panic. The cavalry, who had formed the advance, now pressed upon the retiring infantry and rode them down. Alarm and dismay achieved the utter disorganization of the corps, and then was raised, but by whom has never been known, that terrible cry, ‘Trahison ! Sauve qui peut !’ which has more than once in later times produced disaster in our army.

“The troops whom I had seen leave Lille in the best possible fighting trim, and with profound indifference for any adversary they might meet, re-entered it *pêle-mêle*, running and breathless, under the influence of terror, for which no cause could be assigned, save the apparition of a foe for whom they had expressed so much contempt.

“Dillon did his utmost to check this disorderly flight at its commencement. In attempting to stop and rally the flying dragoons, he was insulted, threatened, and at length wounded by a pistol-ball fired at him by one of them close to him. He fell and was borne away to his carriage, which followed the now disbanded army. Four pieces of cannon were abandoned to the Austrians, and it was only on reaching the town of Lille that the retreat terminated.

“The whole had been preconcerted, however. Disorganization had made lamentable progress among the troops. Instigated by the Parisian *sans-culottes*, every town and city of France was in anarchy, and the whole army, nay every regiment, was tampered with by emissaries of ‘the Mountain,’ and of ‘the Princes,’ and ‘the foreigner’ respectively. Money was distributed by the agents of the foreigner; blood and pillage were promised by the Princes. Disobedience towards their officers was masked under professed suspicion of their loyalty, and was inculcated by the *Montagnards*. Corps of

‘Volunteers,’ as they were called, would leave Paris apparently with enthusiasm and resolution for the frontier, but would halt at the distance of a few miles from the capital, and, under the pretext that their officers were aristocrats, would disobey or attack them, and then disband themselves and disperse. In the case of Dillon’s soldiers, and, indeed, the whole of Dumouriez’s army, this predisposition to mutiny and revolt was aided, as I have said, by the machinations of the enemies of the Republic, under the guise of ultra civisme.

“Lille had been for many days in tumult and disorder previously to the sortie of Dillon. The democrats, with much reason, asserted that treason was being hatched against the Republic; and the miscreants who, under pretence of devotion to it, sullied the Revolution with every possible practicable crime, were impatient. The venerable curé of the Madeleine had rendered himself suspected or unpopular, and, being informed that his life was in danger, concealed himself. Shortly after Dillon’s army had left the town, he was observed by a farrier endeavouring to escape from it disguised as a woman, and was denounced. He was immediately seized, and was borne to the *lanterne* in the Paris fashion, and put to death! This appalling proceeding, which resembled the mode of execution practised on board ships of war, will not in a few years be understood. Modern gas-lights have in most large towns of France superseded the primitive machine (*Reverboire*) which, sustained by a rope passing from posts placed on each side of a street or road, hung over the centre of the public way. To permit the trimming, lighting, and extinguishing of the lamps, the rope by which they were suspended was at one side secured within the post, which was hollow, like a spout. The lamplighter had access to it by an aperture or door, and was thus enabled to lower and arrange it, and when he had effected his object he tightened the rope, raised the lamp, locked the spout, and put the key into his pocket. The unhappy victim of popular fury in the Revolution would be placed under the lamp, which would be lowered, and the rope, taken from it, put round his neck, and, amid the cheers and the execrations of the populace, he would be ‘run up.’ The body of the curé of La Madeleine was still *à la lanterne* when Dillon’s retreating corps arrived at the gate of the city, now La Porte de Paris.

“Scarcely had the first of the runaway soldiers entered the

town, when the mob, wound up to fury, and excited by their recent murder of the poor priest, rushed forth with terrible menaces. Their first victim was Colonel Berthois, of the Engineers; their next, Dillon himself, who was again shot by one of his own soldiers while yet lying wounded in his carriage. He was thence torn and trodden to death. His head was cut off, and his body stamped upon and dragged through every kennel of the town, and finally thrown into a fire kindled in the great square, on the top of which blazed the sign-board of the Hôtel de Bourbon, which had been torn from its hinges by the populace.

“The horrible tragedy did not, however, end here. The remains of the ill-fated Dillon were drawn, half-consumed, from the flames, and the body was opened; and then the scene of cannibalism took place, with the particulars of which I will not shock you, and in which a woman bore a principal part! I had the satisfaction of seeing her guillotined for that crime soon afterwards.”

This disgraceful and revolting offence was brought before the Convention by his gallant relative, Arthur Dillon. An inquiry was instituted; the leading parties in the murder of Theobald Dillon, among whom were some of the populace of Lille, were convicted and sentenced to death. One of the latter, a Captain in the National Guard, displayed on the scaffold a courage and a *sangfroid* rarely perceptible out of France, among assassins when brought to justice. By a decree of the Convention, the children of Theobald Dillon were adopted by the country. Twenty years later, one of his sons served as an officer in the Irish Legion. He is still living.

The manner of Theobald Dillon's death was lamentable; but there is reason to believe that, had he not been murdered in the way just related, he would have perished a little later on the scaffold. Misfortune or error in judgment, and above all, respectability of descent and the assertion of truth, were in those times never pardoned in a military commander. Of this his gallant brother, Arthur Dillon, was a striking example.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

— An absolute gentleman ; full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great shewing.

Hamlet.

ARTHUR DILLON was born in Ireland on the 3d of September, in the year 1750. Early in life he became a colonel in the service of France, and was employed in the West Indies with his regiment during the American war. He distinguished himself by his courage and his military skill in the conquest of Grenada, St. Eustatia, Tobago, and St. Christopher, of which last-mentioned island he was made Governor after his retreat from Savannah.

His promotions in the army were nearly contemporaneous with those of the unfortunate Theobald Dillon. He was created a brigadier of infantry on the 1st of March, 1780, and *maréchal de camp* on the 1st of January, 1784. On the proclamation of peace, the Island of St. Christopher was restored to England ; when Dillon returned to France, and thence visited London, where he was received with distinction, and particularly at the British Court. It would appear that in his government of St. Christopher he had displayed sagacity and wisdom ; for on his appearance at the *levée* of George III., the Lord Chancellor (Lord Loughborough) crossed the circle to approach him, and said : “ Count Dillon, we knew you to be a brave and able soldier, but we were not aware that you were so good a lawyer. We have investigated, and have confirmed : all your judgments, and all your decrees delivered during your government.”

Disappointed in his expectation of the government of Martinique, Dillon accepted that of Tobago. After remaining there three years, he returned to France ; and was in 1789 elected a deputy to the States-General : he defended in that Assembly the interests of the colonies with talent and energy. He was appointed in 1792 commander of an army of between twenty-five and thirty thousand men, and fought

with success in the plains of Champagne and in the forest of Argone. Dumouriez having ordered him to march on Verdun to harass the retreat of the Prussian army, he arrived at that city precisely as the enemy were about to enter it. He immediately placed his cannon in battery on Mount St. Bartholomew, which commands the citadel, and on the 12th of October summoned the Governor to surrender. After a brief delay the town capitulated, and Dillon entered it on the 14th at the head of his troops.

For some reason not now known, Arthur Dillon appeared in Paris in the beginning of the year 1793, and was, at that season when denunciations were almost universal, secretly accused of opinions and practices hostile to the Republic. This led to his arrest by the Mayor of Paris, in compliance with an order of the Committee of Public Safety. He was committed to the Palace of the Luxembourg, then a prison crowded with some of the most noble and distinguished men, and even women of France. The universal horror which had followed the massacres in September of the preceding year, deterred the government, which had just sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold, from getting rid by similar means of the unfortunate persons with whom, in the brief interval which had intervened, the whole of the ordinary jails and other places of confinement again overflowed. A new method, not less sure than direct massacre, although a little more tedious, was conceived; one more odious, too, for it required perjury and the perversion of every semblance of law and justice to carry it into execution. A mock plot was got up, in which all the persons imprisoned, without exception, were compromised.

Previously to this conception, to which it must be confessed Dillon afterwards in a moment of aberration gave colour, his case had been brought before the Convention by a generous and courageous friend, whose defence of him was one of the circumstances which brought himself to the scaffold. This intrepid advocate was Camille-Desmoulins. The faults and errors of that excitable young man were many and enormous; but they did not, it would appear, exclude from his bosom emotions of friendship or the manlihood to display them.

In vain had the devoted, the talented, the enthusiastic, but rash and precipitate Camille, appealed to the Convention in behalf of his incarcerated friend; in vain had he dwelt upon the services rendered by Dillon to France; in vain had he

with indignation repelled and repudiated the incredible crimes attributed to him; in vain had he with irony and sarcasm rebutted the accusation, that Dillon was compromised in "a plot, which had for its objects the overthrow of the Republic, to seize upon the principal military posts (those of the arsenal and the Pont Neuf especially), to arrest and *égorger* the patriotic members of the Convention, and of the Committees of Public and of General Safety; and finally, to tear out their hearts, roast, and then devour them?"*

On these absurd charges Dillon and his fellow-prisoners were brought to trial, if trial it could be termed, for in every case conviction and execution followed accusation as matters of course.

Unfortunately it would appear that there had been in the prison a project on foot for sending a thousand crowns and a letter to the wife of Camille. One of the prisoners, the base and cowardly Laffotte, hoping to obtain life and liberty by denouncing a plot, ran to the keeper of the Luxembourg and drew up a declaration, in which he described a conspiracy about to break out within and without the prisons, to rescue the accused and assassinate the members of the two committees. The use which was made of this fatal deposition will be presently seen. Among other results were the aggravation of the charges against Danton, Camille-Desmoulins, and their associates, then upon their trial, and ultimately the butchery by the guillotine of the prisoners confined in the several prisons, namely, the Luxembourg, the Carmes, La Force, the Mairie, Picpus, Talaru, les Anglaises (the convent of the English Nuns), the Madelonettes, Saint Pélagie, the Rue de Sèvres, the Porte Libre, Saint Lazare, the Conciergerie, Plessis, &c.

Arthur Dillon was guillotined on the 24th Germinal, An. II. (14th of April, 1794), together with seventeen other persons (two of them females) of various stations in life, some of them distinguished by birth, more of them by crime. All were innocent of the particular offence for which they ostensibly suffered death. They were conveyed in common carts from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Révolution, where stood the guillotine *en permanence*. When they arrived at the fatal spot, they descended from their hideous vehicle and were mustered at the foot of the scaffold and counted by the exe-

* The exact terms of the *acte d'accusation*.

cutioner before commencing the slaughter. This preliminary over, he laid his hand upon the shoulder of one of the female victims, and motioned to the steps leading to the scaffold. She shrank from his touch, and turning to Dillon, said: "Oh! M. Dillon, pray go first!"

"Anything to oblige a lady," said the elegant and courteous Dillon, with his usual captivating smile, and ascended the scaffold. His last words, pronounced in a voice that resounded through the "Place," were, "Vive le Roi!" Was it this incident that suggested to Sir Walter Scott the expression: "God save King James!" which he places in the mouth of Hector Mac Ivor, in precisely similar circumstances?

I have heard from a late amiable, excellent, and generally well-informed friend, Colonel Morres de Montmorency, that this lady was the Honourable Miss Brown, sister or aunt of the Lord Kenmare of that day, but am inclined to believe that he was for once in error. On turning to the fearful records of the time, I find among the fellow-sufferers of Dillon only two women—the lovely, interesting, and youthful widow of Camille-Desmoulin and the relict of the monster Hébert (Père Duchesne). Their husbands had been adversaries *à outrance* throughout the Revolution, but they entailed upon their unhappy consorts a common and simultaneous fate. From what I have learnt, it is more probable that it was the widow of Hébert who recoiled from the touch of the executioner than the heroic widow of Camille-Desmoulin.

The widow of Hébert had been many years before the Revolution a nun of the Convent of the Conception, in the Rue Saint Honoré, Paris, and had attained to her six-and-thirtieth year, when the Revolution broke out, and the convents were suppressed, and their inmates dispersed or immolated. She "could not call it love," for at her age,

"The hey-day of the blood is tame,
And waits upon the judgment—"

She married, nevertheless, the wretch Hébert, and, probably guiltless of political crime, died in consequence.*

* I have met but one person who knew Madame Camille-Desmoulin, M. Tissot, the distinguished literary veteran, whom I shall have to mention later. He spoke of her with feeling approaching to enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XXXV.

In sweetest harmony they lived,
Nor death their union could divide.

ON the same scaffold with Dillon, and nearly at the same moment, perished, as we have seen, the young, the beautiful Anne Philippe Louise Duplessis Lacidon, widow of the unfortunate Camille-Desmoulius. Her wedded life had been as happy as was possible, considering the state of excitement and agitation in which her husband's connexion with the stormy events of the Revolution must have kept her. Their attachment to each other amounted to the romantic. "Determined that death should not long separate them," it was said she took that which her biographer terms, "the generous resolution to follow him."

One-and-twenty years afterwards, another young, beautiful, and interesting woman, similarly bereaved, gave public utterance to a resolution of precisely the same tendency.

Verba volant, scripta manent.

This was the widow of the young, the handsome, the brave, the gallant, the noble, the faithful, and the devoted adherent of Napoleon, Charles Angélique François Huchet, Count de Labédoyère. She erected to his memory in Père la Chaise, a handsome monument (head-stone it would be called in Ireland), on which is portrayed, for it still exists, in bas-relief, a veiled female weeping over a child, who extends his hands towards her in supplication or sympathy, and which bears this epigraph:—

“MON AMOUR POUR MON FILS
A PU SEUL
ME RETENIR A LA VIE.”*

The other face of the monument says:—

“Ici repose Charles Angélique François Huchet, Comte de

* My love for my son alone retains me in life.

Labédoyère, né 17 Août, 1786. Enlevé à tout ce qui était cher le 19 Août, 1815.”*

It was quite in keeping with the insane rigour which sent Labédoyère to his early tomb to forbid a perceptible space to be set aside for the interment of his remains in a public cemetery. On first visiting Père la Chaise, on Le Jour des Morts (All Souls) in the year 1822, I was accompanied by an Irishman, who had been a superior officer of the French army during the Empire, and who still lives. The tombs of Massena and Davoust, in “the Square of the Marshals,” were easily discovered; the grave of Ney, surrounded, as at the present day, merely by an iron railing, which the passenger then regarded as if by stealth, was pointed out by an invalid soldier, who spoke a few words in a hurried and mysterious manner. To the resting-place of Labédoyère nobody could direct us—even the guardians professed their inability to indicate it.

After visiting the mausoleum of Abelard and Héloïse, we returned towards the gate, passing by a path bounded on the left by the wall of the cemetery, but at a distance of four or five yards, just sufficient to admit of a single row of graves, shrouded with shrubs. We had walked during some minutes in silence, when suddenly some object occasioned a remark. The instant after our voices could be heard, two soldiers rushed from among the tombs to our left, and walked in a rapid pace in the direction of the chapel. “These fellows have been about something,” observed my companion; “let us see.”

We proceeded to the spot from which they had fled, and found that they had been mourning over the grave of Labédoyère. The face of the monument, *turned towards the wall*, could attract no visitant or spectator but one acquainted with its locality. On the white marble we found inscribed in pencil, evidently just written, the following words:—

“Ah! Labédoyère! Tu seras vengé un jour!”

This was prophetic.

How inefficacious is the punishment of death for political offences! How unchristian and frequently impolitic the indulgence of revenge! How futile human calculations! On the 30th of July, 1830, I found a dozen tri-coloured flags and several pen and ink inscriptions attached to them floating over

* C. A. F. Huchet, Count de Labédoyère, born 17th of August, 1786. Removed from all that was dear to him 19th of August, 1815.

the resting-place of Labédoyère; at that moment when those by whose unrelenting decree he was slaughtered, were flying towards Rambouillet, hunted by a swarm of the Parisian populace, directed, as far as they would be directed, by Pajol. Moreover, the originally obscure spot accorded to the widow of Labédoyère for the reception of her husband's remains, is now, in consequence of the extension of the burying-ground, one of the most public portions of the cemetery.

I am told he was a traitor. True. And Ney was a traitor; and yet there are more than I who sincerely regret their execution, and among them, I am told—and I hope truly, the Duke of Wellington. If there existed a similarity in their deaths, there was a very important difference in the manner in which Camille-Desmoulins and Labédoyère met the fatal stroke. The former did not renounce or recall the impious levity of his remarks upon St. Just, or of his reply to the question of his own judges touching his age, and possibly died as he had lived. Labédoyère marched to the platoon beneath whose fire he fell with the *sang-froid* and gravity he ever displayed on entering the field of battle. His earliest friend, he who had directed his infancy and youth, the Abbé Dulondel de Caïrn, accompanied him in his prime of manhood to the place of execution, and bestowed upon him, an instant before he fell, his benediction. Like Lally, Labédoyère “se frappait en héros et repentit en chrétien.”

But let us speak of Madame Camille-Desmoulins.

In order to accomplish her designs, Madame Desmoulins wrote, we are told, to the miscreants who arrogated to themselves the title of Judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal, an energetic letter, in which she expressed all the horror with which they inspired her, and asked for death at their hands. The monsters who presided at the tribunal of blood made no difficulty in complying with her desire, but they held it in some sort necessary that their fiat should bear the appearance of justice. They therefore caused her to be accused of participation in the plot for which, ostensibly, Dillon was brought to the scaffold, and for which charge, as I have said, he unfortunately furnished them with plausible proof.

With Arthur Dillon may be said to have ended the illustrious Dillons of the Irish Brigade.

To this unhappy instance of conjugal love continued after

the death of one party, another, and a remarkable one, may be added.

The noble wife of Marshal Mouchy (she was of the family of Noailles) devoted herself with even more perseverance than Madame Desmoulins. On her husband's committal to the Luxembourg, she insisted on being incarcerated with him. When brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, she placed herself beside him and remained, although told by Fouquier-Tinville that she was not arraigned. When he was brought out for execution she ascended the cart, and when in the Place de la Révolution, she mounted the scaffold—and was guillotined with him.

These examples of conjugal love we irresistibly admire; but some will pronounce them simply suicides.

The unhappy widow Desmoulins and the Maréchale Mouchy were not without some imitators among the male sex, as will be seen by the following extract, which I find among my papers.

Champeenitz, son of the Governor of the Tuileries, was born in Paris in 1759, and distinguished himself up to the moment of his arrest in July, 1794, by his devotion to the King, and by the admirable ridicule he used in contending in the newspapers with the partisans of the Reign of Terror. He unnecessarily and purposely provoked his fate by coming to reside in Paris, and was condemned to death on the 24th of July, by the Revolutionary Tribunal. After hearing his sentence, he begged his judges, with mock gravity, to inform him whether it would be permitted to purchase a substitute!

He was executed only three days before the fall of Robespierre.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

Etre à cheval sur le dos d'un tigre.

French translation from the Chinese.

THE motto of this chapter is thus described by the translator:—

“Expression proverbiale fort commune à la Chine, pour

désigner la situation la plus terrible dans laquelle un homme puisse se trouver.”

It indicates faithfully the position of the rash, headstrong, thoughtless young man, Camille-Desmoulins, who, imagining that friendship subsisted between him and Robespierre, presumed to deal with him as an equal, and to reply upon him. Fatal error!

Of the eighteen unhappy persons who perished on the scaffold in the way I have just mentioned, two only were subjects of sympathy and commiseration. These were Dillon and the widow of Camille-Desmoulins.

Of her highly gifted but ill-fated husband, one word. When placed literally on his trial, before the Committee of the Jacobins, Camille-Desmoulins made an attack upon his enemies and accusers rather than a defence of himself. This naturally produced increased rancour on their part, and especially on that of Collot d'Herbois, and insured his destruction. He might have been saved by the interposition of Robespierre, who had on a former occasion successfully interfered between him and his enemies; but his unreflecting and impetuous temper led him into the error of converting into hostility the proposed “protection” of that compound of vanity, *égoïsme*, arrogance, and cruelty.

The line taken by Robespierre in extenuation of Camille-Desmoulins on this occasion, was that which he had followed on a previous one. He repeated that “the disposition and principles of Camille are excellent, but they do not entitle him to write against the patriots. Call upon him to quit the society of aristocrats (Dillon was deemed one), “and other evil and improper associations, and in forgiving him, order the offending numbers of his newspaper to be burnt.”

The unhappy Camille, forgetting all the caution and circumspection with which a man so proud, so conceited, and so dangerous as was Robespierre should be treated, cried out from his place: “To burn is not to answer.”

“Very well, then,” resumed the now irritated Robespierre; “burn them not, but answer them. Let the numbers of his journal be read immediately. Since he desires it, let him be covered with ignominy. Let not society withhold its indignation, since he persists in repeating his diatribes and his perilous principles. The man who adheres with such pertinacity to perfidious writings is, perhaps, something worse than mis-

guided. If he had been influenced by good faith, if he had written in the candid simplicity of his heart, he would no longer have dared to maintain and defend works condemned by all true patriots, and which are sought for with so much solicitude by the counter-revolutionists. His courage is only assumed. He betrays the men under whose dictation he has written his newspaper articles. He betrays Camille-Desmoulin as the organ of a rascally faction, which has borrowed his pen to disseminate its poison with more audacity and security."

Camille in vain demanded to be heard, and to soothe Robespierre. They refused to listen to him, and proceeded forthwith to the reading of the leading articles of his paper, which occupied two entire days. They were held to be overwhelming. In extenuation he contended, and with truth, that the articles of his journal, "Le Vieux Cordelier," which were complained of, were misinterpreted by those who founded on them the accusation to which he was called on to reply. At some intervals, his patriotism, energy, the courage and the talent which shone through the personalities and invective with which they were charged, and the wondrous audacity, scorn, and ability of Danton, who was tried with him, suggested hope to their friends that they would be acquitted; but Billaud de Varennes and Saint Just restored the wavering courage of Fouquier-Tinville and Hermann, and ordered that the proceedings should be deemed closed at the end of three days.

"The situation is critical," said St. Just; "but if you act with resolution, this is the last danger you will have to surmount. The accused present at the Revolutionary Tribunal are in full revolt against its authority. They carry their insolence so far as to throw pellets made of soft bread at the faces of their judges. They excite the people, and may succeed in misleading them. That is not, however, all. They have prepared a conspiracy in the prisons. The wife of Camille has received money to provoke an insurrection. General Dillon is to issue from the Luxembourg, place himself at the head of some conspirators, cut the throats of the Committees of Public and of General Safety, and set the guilty prisoners free."

The result is too well known to require that I give the particulars. Camille, the young, the ardent, and the devoted, was, with Danton and his companions, transferred to the prison which already held Dillon, for whom he had in some de-

gree sacrificed himself, and whom by eight days he preceded to the scaffold.

Among the faults or sins of Camille-Desmoulin were ostentatious infidelity and the utterance of revolting blasphemies under the appearance of jests. Was this a mere *façon de parler* in him, as I have known it to be in others? How many weak and vain young men are there everywhere who strut and swagger in the cheap finery of *soi-disant* scepticism and impiety?

Unfortunate, highly talented Desmoulin! His fearless and impassioned eloquence, and his cry "To arms!" in the garden of the Palais Royale, on the 12th of July, 1789, contributed powerfully to produce the Revolution; and his friend Danton's declaration, "The country's in danger!" saved the Republic. What was the reward of their republicanism and *civisme*? Death on the same scaffold, to which they were sent by monsters, compared with whom they were truly *modérés*.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

Another, and another still!

Macbeth.

ARTHUR DILLON had been, on the 6th of March, 1794, preceded to the scaffold by another Irishman of distinction, born in the same county, in the same year (1750)—his contemporary in fact in every respect, for he had, like him, commenced his career in "Dillon's." This was General James O'Moran, born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland. He was, like Dillon, at the period of the Revolution, a lieutenant-general, and a Knight of St. Louis. Having, with Colonel Charles Geoghegan, and several others of his countrymen, served in America under Rochambeau and La Fayette, General O'Moran received, like most of his brother soldiers at the conclusion of the war, the decoration of an order of chivalry created by the American Government, with which, as I have already said, they complimented those of their foreign allies who had displayed courage, talent, and *bonne volonté* in

their cause. This order was called the order of "Cincinnatus."* On his return to France, he was appointed captain of a company in "Dillon's regiment," and the year following was raised to the rank of major-general. In 1792 he was promoted to the grade of lieutenant-general, and was sent to the army of the north, and "covered himself with glory" in that hard-fought campaign. It was General O'Moran, say the French archives, "and not General Labourdonnaye (as is incorrectly stated in all the military narratives of the period), who in 1793 carried for the first time the important barrier town of Furnes." His case resembles, however, too closely that of his friend and contemporary, Arthur Dillon, to justify an extended notice of it. Like Dillon he was a brave and gallant officer; like him, was denounced in the zenith of his glory "by a ferocious brute, sent to the army of the Pas de Calais in quality of representative of the people." Like Dillon, too, he was doomed by the Revolutionary Tribunal to the scaffold.

"General O'Moran," say the French Biographers, "had fulfilled entirely the glorious career to which he would appear to have been destined, but he is not the less entitled to the eulogiums of his contemporaries, and to the homage of society as one of the men who opened to our armies the road to victory, which it pursued during thirty years, and as 'a model of all the military virtues,' as well as 'one of the most honourable victims of that great and melancholy epoch.'"

General O'Moran was, in fact, one of those Irishmen who, in more modern times, most successfully sustained the reputation of his countrymen on the European continent. Centuries have passed since the foundation of that reputation was laid, and the structure still remains a glorious monument—

"Untouched by time, unstained by crime."

* "Talking of crosses," said our Cousin Robin one day; "Charles Geoghegan of Sionan, county of Westmeath, made, as colonel, the American campaign with Rochambeau and La Fayette, and received from the hands of Washington the cross of Cincinnatus. Geoghegan, now a general, retired into Brittany, and was regarded with veneration by his neighbours, who particularly admired his decorations of St. Louis and Cincinnatus. They would ask him: 'General, what order is that?'"

"'Saint Louis.'

"'And this?'"

"'Cincinnatus.'

"'Cincinnatus!—there is no such *Saint* in the calendar as *Cincinnatus*!"

"To understand this little story," said Cousin Robin, "you should recollect that, in French, *Cin* and *Saint* are pronounced alike."

Before taking leave of this distinguished and lamented son of Ireland, I feel an irresistible desire to quote from a brief biography of him a passage suggesting one of the most remarkable of the many "strange coincidences" that have struck me in the course of my life. I will show that *it was by the order of an Irishman, the first (as by the order of an Irishman, the last) shots were fired, in that desolating continental war which commenced in 1792 and terminated in 1815.* From O'Moran to Wellington, how many millions of the bravest men that ever lived have perished in the field, and with what results, for France, at least?

The following is the extract to which I alluded:—

"On being named *maréchal de camp* in 1791, the command of the fortified town of Condé was conferred upon O'Moran. He exercised it at the precise moment when war was declared, and commenced hostilities by a night attack upon the Abbey of Saint Amand, occupied at that moment by a body of Austrians. Another curious fact is, that, with the discrimination, tact, and policy of an observant and sagacious soldier, he elicited on the part of a man named Rousselot, who was promoted by him from the ranks to the grade of sergeant, the first of those military exploits, those prodigies of heroism, of which the ensuing campaigns furnished so many and such bright examples.

"This step in his military career Rousselot owed to the bravery he had displayed in the attack upon Saint Amand.

"The fortress of Condé is situated on the extreme frontier. Its environs became during several months the scene of daily sanguinary conflicts. The Austrians approached the place frequently, and were as often driven back. On the 9th of May, 1792, Rousselot, with a party of eight recruits, occupied Marion, the most advanced of all the outworks of Condé. Here he was attacked by a body of a hundred and twenty-five hulans. Unintimidated by the disproportionate number of the enemy, Rousselot made his arrangements, posted his men in the most advantageous manner, and then addressed them in these words:—'If I evince the slightest tendency to fly, kill me. If you attempt to run, I will kill you.'

"After a combat of an hour, during which he and his men had each 'burned' forty cartridges, Rousselot felt obliged to retreat from his post and take refuge in the Place, halting at every twenty steps, however, to fire upon the hulans, of whom

five-and-twenty bit the dust. Jumping upon the horse of one of them, Rousselot entered the town at the head of six of his little troop. Two had fallen gloriously in the unequal conflict."

I have stated that General O'Moran had been denounced by a ferocious wretch, present with the army in quality of representative of the people, and was sent by him before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

The aide-de-camp of General O'Moran in this battle of Bonne Secours was Captain Jouy of the "Regiment du Colonel-général," who was desperately wounded by his side on that occasion. As some balm to his wound, O'Moran created him adjutant-general on the field of battle. We find them still together at the taking of Furnes, and almost immediately afterwards associated in a calumnious accusation of treason by the wretch Duquesnois, representative of the people, arrested by his order, and sent prisoners to Paris.

Although great exceptions can be found, it is not often that men exchange the field for the closet, the sword for the pen. The reader will therefore probably be surprised to find that the Adjutant-general Jouy, aide-de-camp of General O'Moran, became subsequently one of the most successful literary men of France, and member of the Institute.

At the College of Orleans, Versailles, Jouy had formed a friendship, which continued throughout his life, with one who became, like himself, celebrated in the world of literature, and from whom I received, within these few days, the subjoined brief particulars respecting him. That friend was Pierre François Tissot, Professor of History at the College of France, now on the eve of the completion of his eighty-fourth year, and still lecturing at that establishment.

"Jouy was my class-fellow at college," said this distinguished literary veteran. "He and his chief, General O'Moran, were brought prisoners to Paris. I immediately took measures to enable them to escape from prison: I succeeded in respect of Jouy, but failed unfortunately with regard to his brave and interesting chief. (I always loved the Irish. I wrote some lines on Robert Emmett, which I presented to the Emperor, who approved them warmly,* and a copy of which you will find in my works.) O'Moran was executed."

* They must have been wormwood to Napoleon, nevertheless; for the speech of Robert Emmett, in describing the conduct of France "in every country through which she had pushed her victories," was the severest commentary ever uttered with regard to her or him.

Rescued thus from death by his kind friend Tissot, Jouy was enabled to escape through his aid into Switzerland, and spent eight months in the village of Baumgarten. After the fall of Robespierre he returned into France, re-entered the service, and was soon afterwards appointed chief of the staff of the army in Paris, commanded by General Menou. On that eventful day, the 2d Prairial, he commanded a battalion of young men, for whom he had procured arms, and by whom he confirmed to the Convention the triumph it had gained over the Terrorists. Nevertheless, he was on the 13th Vendémiaire arrested and dismissed from the army, for having entered into conference with the deputies of Sections of Paris at the camp of the Trou d'Enfer; but fifteen days afterwards, he was reinstated, and sent to Lille to take the command of that place, where he had hardly arrived when he was again taken into custody and imprisoned, under pretext of corresponding with Lord Malmesbury, and conspiring with the British ministry. The accusation fell to the ground, however, from its absurdity, and he was once more restored to liberty and to his rank. Notwithstanding this *amende*, disgusted by this third persecution, he solicited leave to retire, and obtained his *retraite*, the Directory adding a supplementary pension in requital of his services, and in consideration for his wound. At that period he was only thirty years of age.

M. Jouy became one of the most distinguished dramatists of France. He died in the year 1846, at the age of seventy-seven, having been born in the year 1769, a year memorable as having given the world so many warriors, statesmen, and authors.

To M. Jouy we are indebted, among other works, for the operas "La Vestale," "Fernand Cortès," "Les Bayadères," the tragedies of "Sylla," in which Talma was so great, "Bélisaire," and others. He was also the author of those admirable works, "L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin," "Le Franc Parleur," "L'Hermite en Provence," and many more of first-rate merit. He was besides one of the editors of the "Courrier Français" in its palmy days, of the "Minerve," and other journals.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

If there be more—more woful—hold it in,
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Lear.

ANOTHER distinguished Irishman, of a different character however, and whose fate was not similarly unfortunate in its climax, was a fellow-prisoner of Arthur Dillon, in the Luxembourg—I allude to the British *General O'Hara*, late Governor of Toulon, who, in a *sortie* from that place against the French investing army, in which figured Lieutenant Napoleon Bonaparte, was made prisoner by Colonel Suchet, afterwards Marshal Duc d'Albufera, then commanding the "Bataillon de l'Ardèche."

It does not appear, notwithstanding his being brought to Paris and confined in the Luxembourg, that General O'Hara had ever been considered as other than a prisoner of war by the French Government of the day; but the thieves and murderers to whom the care of that prison and its unhappy inmates was confided, dealt with him impartially as with their own countrymen committed to their pious care. Either from natural disposition, *gaieté du cœur*, such as that displayed by a fellow-prisoner of note, Hérault de Séchelles (whose attempt to embrace Danton, at the foot of the scaffold, produced the terrible *bon-mot* of that great criminal), or whether from a sense of security or mere philosophy, General O'Hara seemed indifferent to the horrors he witnessed, and of which he might (he ought to have known) by possibility become other than a mere spectator.

The principal jailor, or turnkey of the Luxembourg, was a Pole, named Wilchiritz, who, in infamy, and especially in plundering the victims intrusted to him, surpassed all his co-adjutors, administrators of the Luxembourg, and in that way he extended his attentions to General O'Hara. Having suffered this villain to rob him of his money and trinkets, the

general, with great gravity and earnestness, thus addressed him:—

“Brother governor, you have rifled me most dexterously; you have literally left nothing to be desired. It is a comfort to have to do with men eminent in their line. I thank you. You can, however, lay me under another obligation; relieve me in another way.” The ruffian stared, and asked an explanation. “It is to beg of you that you will suffer no Frenchman to enter my chamber. It is a weakness, I confess, but, how can I help it? I cannot conquer it.”

On another occasion, General O’Hara, comparing the degrees of liberty enjoyed by Englishmen and Frenchmen, demonstrated it somewhat oddly. “For instance,” said he, “we English may say with impunity that George III. is mad, but show me the Frenchman who dares write that Robespierre is a tiger.”

Strangely enough they had for a fellow-prisoner, a Miss Catherine (or Christian) O’Reilly. Why she was confined, or how she escaped death, I have not been able to learn. Probably she had been found in a convent. In my young days she resided in Francis Court, Francis Street, Dublin.

Three other unfortunate Irishmen were guillotined in the Place de la Révolution, in Paris, a day or two before or after the execution of Arthur Dillon. These were T. Ward, ex-provisional General of Brigade of the Army of the North, born in Dublin in 1749; a sailor lad of seventeen years, named Burke; and a man of the name of John Malone; but I have only been able to learn of them that they were committed merely as “suspected persons” to the fatal Convent of the Carmes (Carmelites), in the Rue de Vaugirard, which became on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792, the theatre of the massacre of one hundred and seventy-eight priests and bishops; and that they were subsequently involved by the miscreant public accuser, Fouquier-Tinville, in the general “conspiracy of the prisons.”

Among their companions in the Carmes, likewise confined as *suspects*, and upon the scaffold, were some of the *haute noblesse* of France, including members of the families of Rohan, Grammont, and d’Autichamp, as well as the first husband of the Empress Josephine, General Alexander Beauharnais.

The portion of the general massacre of September, to which I have just alluded, that of the bishops and priests,

was perhaps the most appalling of all. The mode of the slaughter, the unresisting character of the sufferers, and their affecting resignation and piety, and their leave-taking of each other, while actually under the impending club or sabre, described to me by an eye-witness, would be too harrowing to present to my readers, who will have found more than enough of it in Prudhomme, Thiers, and Lamartine.

In the month of October, 1822, I found myself in presence of one of the miscreants most active in that slaughter, and of a spectator of his crimes. I had gone to see a friend in the Faubourg St. Germain, an Irishman, who had served in the French army. While in conversation with him, an old man entered the apartment with a pair of boots in his hand, which he had repaired for my friend. He was followed by the porter of the house, who, however, remained on the landing-place, observing the shoemaker, with no friendly eye. Having received his money, the latter took his leave. The porter looked at him with undisguised abhorrence as he passed him, and following him to the head of the stairs, remained there, regarding him as he descended. When the sound of the closing of the gate was heard, the porter entered the apartment with all that easy familiarity for which his class is renowned, and observed to my friend :—

“ Ah, Colonel ! if you knew that man as well as I do, you would not employ him ! ”

“ Why not ? ”

“ He is a monster ! I saw him knock the brains out of eleven priests at the Carmes, on the 2d of September, 1792, with his hammer ! ”

MacCurtin, Deputy to the National Assembly, and afterwards to the Council of Five Hundred, escaped better than his countrymen, or descendants of Irishmen, I have mentioned. He was an enthusiastic loyalist, and served with the Chouans under a *nom de guerre* (Kinles, say the French records) in the quality of Major-General of Upper Brittany and of Lower Anjou. When, after the 18th Fructidor, the list of persons to be transported was under consideration, his name was pronounced. Nobody knew anything about him. “ No matter ! ” said one of the committee engaged in the work, “ he has been a member of the party of Clichy. Let him go with the rest ! ” He was recalled by the Consuls in 1800, but never re-appeared on the political scene.

Charles Edward Frederick Henry Macdonald, of an illustrious family of Scotland, commanded, in 1792, the 60th regiment of infantry. He was denounced and imprisoned as a suspected person, and was guillotined twelve days before the fall of Robespierre.

I find that several English of both sexes preceded Arthur Dillon as prisoners in the Luxembourg. Of these the most remarkable was Thomas Paine. Having incurred prosecution by the Attorney-General of England, for his celebrated "Rights of Man," he deemed it prudent to withdraw with his republicanism to France in 1791, where he was received with open arms, and elected a Deputy to the Convention for the department of the Pas de Calais. Upon Paine's principles various opinions were and will be held; but there was unanimity on one point—one which covers a multitude of sins where they co-exist—his humanity. Not only did he vote for the banishment only of Louis XVI., but published his motives for it in an appeal for a reconsideration of the capital sentence. To this circumstance, and his celebrity as a democrat, probably he owed the mortal hatred of Robespierre, who doomed him to the scaffold, committing him as a preliminary step to the Luxembourg. The American citizens in Paris, however, and among them my late respected friend, Mr. Michael O'Maley, who had known Paine in the United States, determined that he should not perish without an effort. They met accordingly, and resolved to send a petition to the Convention for his release, and named a deputation, of whom O'Maley was one, to present it. "When we arrived at the Salle de la Convention," said Mr. O'Maley, "we found Danton in the presidential chair. He received us with courtesy, undertook that the Convention should entertain our petition, and invited us to 'the honours of the sitting.' In consequence, I had the singular fortune of being seated during two or three hours beside that extraordinary man, and notwithstanding his ugliness could not avoid admiring his masculine eloquence, his tact, and decision."

The petition produced no positive good effect, however. The Dictator rarely, if ever, rescinded a resolution when once taken, no matter the amount of *civisme*, or of talent, displayed by his victims previously to their attracting his enmity. Of this Danton himself had fatal experience a few months afterwards, as we have shown. Paine remained in prison until, I

think, the fall of the tyrant, who, without avowing it, admitted probably that it might be inconvenient to add America to the other enemies of the French Republic, by the immolation of one of her citizens.

On entering the palace (prison) of the Luxembourg, together with Camille-Desmoulins, Laeroix, and Philipeaux, Danton perceived a crowd of prisoners ready to receive them, and among others, Paine. Addressing him, Danton said: "That which you did for the happiness and the liberty of your country (America), I have in vain attempted for mine. I have been less fortunate, but not more culpable."

It was in the prison of the Luxembourg that Paine completed (and, if the pun were not a vile one, I would apply it to himself) his "Age of Reason;" for I have heard little of him after his release, in Paris, except of his libations (his constant custom of an afternoon) and his theological disputations with a good-natured, jovial Irish Catholic clergyman, Father Gannon, who had conceived the extraordinary idea of re-converting him to Christianity. The theatre of these scenes was the Café de Londres, a coffee-house of the second order, which still exists in the Rue Jacob, then much frequented by the Irish and English residents of Paris.

Robespierre could bear no rival near the popular throne. To evince or profess enthusiastic republicanism, he tolerated in none but himself. Paine had thus insured to himself the hatred of this (with M. Thiers' leave), the most atrocious misereant that has ever polluted the earth. A similar pretension in one much more rabid, J. B. (Anacharsis) Cloots, the self-styled "orator of the human race," procured for him the vengeance of the monster, who sent him to the scaffold three weeks before Arthur Dillon, under a charge of participating in the crimes of Hébert, but not without suspicion that the immaculate Robespierre was partly moved thereto by the unhappy Prussian's vast wealth.

Mr. O'Maley, whom I have just mentioned, was in the Place de la Révolution on the arrival there of Cloots, Hébert, Vincent, Ronsin, and their sixteen companions in misfortune. As usual, the cart containing the condemned, which passed close to Mr. O'Maley, was followed or accompanied by a crowd of hideous vagabonds, paid to revile them, and so to give to their execution the character of popular vengeance. Hébert and Cloots, persons of a very opposite stamp (for Hébert was

one of the blackest villains of the Revolution, and Cloots only a crazy republican), were especially the objects of the outrages of this atrocious escort. In order to attract purchasers, the hawkers of Hébert's newspaper, "Père Duchesne," had been in the habit of vaunting the violence of its contents in this way: "Le Père Duchesne est b—— en colère aujourd'hui" (Père Duchesne is very mad to-day). This expression they dinned into the ears of the unhappy and guilty wretch throughout the whole of his journey, from the Conciergerie to the scaffold. On the other hand, shouts of ridicule of his ultra-republicanism greeted Cloots, which were usually summed up with "Vive la liberté!"

"Ah, bas!" said Cloots, regarding them with contempt. "You know not what liberty is, and are unworthy of it."

I shall close this sad list by mentioning that the respected Abbé John Baptist O'Ryan, *curé* (parish priest) of Loix, in the department of the Lower Charente, was condemned to death and executed in the early part of the year 1794 (16th Pluviôse, An. II.), by the Revolutionary Tribunal sitting at Bordeaux.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

THE incomprehensible practice of deputing men utterly ignorant of military matters, such as frantic demagogues, journalists, or pamphleteers, to represent the people with the army, ay, and the fleet, has been often noticed, condemned, and ridiculed by the historians of the first Revolution. Unfortunately, in the more recent Revolution of 1848, this practice was imitated in a singular manner, as we shall observe presently.

Those *commissaires* were at once spies, informers, and tyrants; and their doings with the army produced terrible results. To their ignorance, malevolence, and audacity were due the loss of some battles of importance, and the removal from the French army in consequence of their denunciations (and the subsequent trial condemnation and death), of many

French general officers of distinction; among others, of Custine, Westermann, Houchard, as well as our two gallant countrymen, Dillon and O'Moran. Those appointments were at once injurious, absurd, and impolitic.

In the anxiety of the republican journalists and pamphleteers, who to their astonishment found themselves at the head of the Provisional Government in the spring of 1848 to provide not only for their immediate friends, but for all who had assisted in the recent Revolution, or who had previously suffered persecution for their opinions or revolutionary practices, some difficulty and embarrassment was occasionally felt—such as that of the Irish viceroy, who, having nothing vacant with which to endow the daughter of that irresistible solicitor, Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, appointed her to a troop of dragoons.*

Coolness, self-respect, and self-reliance seldom desert a Frenchman. He is rarely diffident. If it were possible to exchange the wooden implement of a drummer for the *bâton* of a Marshal of France, he would, with the most profound gravity and confidence, assume the dignity and its charge with the air of a man who should say—"this is all right, and as it should be. This is my place."

To the difficulty of M. Armand Marrast, M. Bastide, and their colleagues of the Provisional Government, to find positions for their friends or associates, was due no doubt the following *bizarre* appointment, but for which I shall cite presently a celebrated precedent.

In the month of March, 1848, I was honoured with a visit from an illustrious foreign general officer. The situation of public affairs was, of course, the subject of our conversation. A staunch stickler for the hierarchy of the sword, the General

* I do not vouch for the correctness of this fact, but I have heard it—fifty years ago—so often and always uncontradicted—that I accepted it for truth. The insatiable veracity of the worthy Provost for place and pension was such as to provoke one who knew him well, to say—"Give Hutchinson Ireland for an estate, and he'll ask you to add to it the Isle of Man for a cabbage garden."

The Provost left ten children, all—in one shape or other—pensioners of the state, including Richard, the first Earl of Donoughmore, and John, who succeeded Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the command of the British Army at Alexandria, when the latter was mortally wounded in action with the French, on the 21st March, 1801; and honest "Kitt Hutchinson," for many years M. P. for the city of Cork.

condemned the proceedings of the Provisional Government towards the army in indignant terms.

"I travelled to-day," said he, "in the railroad train from Valenciennes to Lille, in company with the colonel of a regiment of engineers, and the colonel of a regiment of artillery, in garrison at the former place. They were furious. They and their regiments (of *engineers* and *artillery*, mark!) had that morning been reviewed by—whom do you think?—the editor of the '*Charivari*!' sent on that special service by his contemporaries of the press who figure in the Provisional Government!"

One remarkable instance of the application of this system to the navy presents itself, as I have just hinted, in the nomination of Citizen Jean Bon St. André, to be "Commissaire de la République auprès la Flotte de Brest," commanded by Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, which took place in the month of May, 1794. It would be a bull to term this a *lay* nomination, for Jean Bon St. André had been during the fifteen preceding years a Protestant clergyman; but the ridiculousness of the appointment is only strengthened by that circumstance.

Jean Bon St. André was forty years old at the commencement of the Revolution, and became at once one of its most ardent partisans. His republicanism knew no bounds. He not only voted for the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI., but, in order that the condemnation of the monarch should not be reconsidered or revised, successfully opposed the proposition of an appeal to the people, which there is every reason to believe would have saved the unhappy King's life. He testified similar violent animosity with respect to "the Girondins," by supporting Robespierre in his deadly and persevering hatred of that party, and especially of Brissot, its chief: and having been the mover for the admission of Robespierre into the Committee of Public Safety, was about to experience the Dictator's gratitude.

Jean Bon St. André received without surprise, and accepted without hesitation, from his friend Robespierre, his appointment as Commissary of the Republic at Brest, with instructions to have the fleet manned and provisioned, and in every respect prepared for a cruise, with the least possible delay. He left Paris that night.

On his arrival at Brest he found the fleet in a deplorable condition; but he was not a man to spare expense of any

kind in promoting the interests confided to him. Invested with absolute authority, and being full of energy, he succeeded in getting the fleet organized, manned, provisioned, and in every respect ready to put to sea, in an incredibly short space of time; and reported that fact by telegraph to Robespierre. By the same medium, he received instantaneously an order for the immediate sailing of the fleet, and for his own embarkation in it, in order to stimulate and control the Admiral in any and every respect, and in short to direct all its movements for attaining the object in view—namely, the arrival of a convoy of corn and flour from that refuge for the destitute—America, expected “to arrive in all May——” France at that period labouring under an accumulation of afflictions unexampled in the history of nations—foreign war, domestic tyranny, massacre, rapine, and famine!

With this order Jean Bon St. André complied; and going forthwith on board the Admiral's ship, he gave his commands, and with sad forebodings Villaret Joyeuse signalled the fleet to put to sea. In another hour they were “hull down” to the inhabitants of Brest.

It would appear that all was plain-sailing with the French squadron until the 28th of May, when there “struggled into sight,” first one, then in succession some twenty or thirty vessels, which were very soon ascertained to be a fleet of British men-of-war, the leading ship bearing the pennant of Lord Howe. The citizen ex-parson was in transports, and gave orders to engage. The crews caught his enthusiasm, and made the air ring with “Vive la République!” The Admiral, despatched on a special mission, did not, however, participate in this effervescence. Famine was raging in France; to facilitate the arrival of supplies, he had been ordered to put to sea—not to seek laurels, which the reputation of Lord Howe did not justify him in believing too easy of acquisition. He was, however, a brave and experienced seaman; and notwithstanding the mortifying control to which he was subjected, he submitted to it, and resolved to do his duty.

After a variety of manœuvres, the two fleets came to action on the 1st of June, 1794, which resulted in the memorable victory of Lord Howe. M. Thiers thinks, however, that notwithstanding “the superiority of the English in ships,” victory would have been on the side of the French, but for the inci-

vility of Lord Howe, who, in taking the weather-gauge, may be said to have taken the wall of his gallant adversaries, Villaret Joyeuse and Jean Bon St. André—a solecism in good breeding, imitated, with aggravating circumstances, by Nelson with regard to Admiral Bruceys, off Aboukir, where, not confining himself to a similar discourtesy, Nelson literally forced his way inside the brave but unfortunate Frenchman!

This species of proceeding on the part of seamen might perhaps be excused, because of their general notorious negligence of the *convenances* on such occasions; but unhappily it would appear that English landsmen sometimes similarly forget themselves. I pray indulgence for a digression in exemplification.



CHAPTER XL.

Lupus pilos non animum mutat.

Autant les peuples modernes l'emportent en politesse sur les peuples anciens, autant les Français sont supérieurs sous ce rapport à toutes les nations de l'Europe.

M. C. DE MERY.

VOILÀ *le progrès!* How differently war is carried on in these degenerate days, from the mode practised at the field of Fontenoy, when an officer of the body guard, stopping in front of the army and taking off his hat, “begged Messieurs de la Garde du Roi de l’Angleterre to have the kindness to begin.”

I had written the preceding lament on departed military courtesy when I recollected that within these forty years there occurred (in the Peninsular War), not merely on a field of battle, but in a charge of cavalry, an instance of French politeness, gallantry, and bravery (for the act partook of all these qualities), which proved that the race had not become deteriorated.

I was endeavouring to recollect the particulars in order to quote them, when the London newspapers of the 16th of June, 1852, reached me. Lord Palmerston, in his speech in the House of Commons on the preceding night, on the subject of

the cowardly and brutal attack by some Austrian officers at Florence upon a young Englishman named Mather, cited the precise case of gallantry and generosity, performed during a charge of cavalry, about which I was solicitous to know the facts.

"Many of us," said Lord Palmerston, "knew the brave Colonel Harvey, who had lost his arm in an engagement. He served in the Peninsular war, mutilated as he was, and in leading his regiment in a battle during a *melée*, a French officer rode up to him and was going to cut him down, but observing that his opponent had only one arm, he dropped the point of his uplifted sabre on Colonel Harvey's shoulder, bowed, and rode on to seek an adversary with whom he could contend on more equal terms.

"That, sir," continued his Lordship, addressing the Speaker, "that, sir, is French courage." In contradistinction to the conduct of two armed Austrians, with a regiment at their back, in respect of an unarmed English youth.

His Lordship then proceeded to exemplify the nature of English courage by referring to the case of a butcher, with a knife in his hand, who was struck by a man violently, and whom the butcher reproached in terms like these: "Coward! you chose your moment when, seeing a knife in my hand, you knew I could not return your blow!"

There is little exaggeration in the compliment quoted from M. de Mery to our gallant neighbours, his countrymen, in the motto to this chapter. Nobody who has lived, or even travelled, in France will deny to them the exercise of *politesse par excellence*. In the instance mentioned by Lord Palmerston, it reached the sublime. *En revanche et pour m'amuser*, may I here introduce a proof of the correctness of Napoleon's *dictum*: "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step."

One day in the month of September, 1822, I obtained from an esteemed friend and countryman, the late Mr. Daniel Bailey Warden, for many years the respected consul of the United States at Paris, a ticket of admission to the sitting of the Institute (of which learned body he was a corresponding member), and repaired thither accompanied by a friend. We found, on our arrival, that the doors had only just been opened, and that the crowd of visitors extended from the *Salle* of the sittings (on the first floor) down the staircase and far into the

hall below. We placed ourselves, therefore, at "the tail," waiting our turn to commence the ascent.

As usual at all public places, a soldier was stationed in the hall to keep order. He was under the direction of an unmistakeable *ci-devant* emigrant—a man of at least seventy—with powdered head and "*ailes de pigeon*," and eke an embroidered full dress coat and sword. He was evidently delighted with his position, and walked slowly and with a self-satisfied air, up and down the hall, communing smilingly and complacently with himself :

And twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon,
He gave his nose, and took't away again—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there
Took it in snuff—and still he smil'd and talk'd.

At length, observing that the staircase remained filled, he called upon the soldier (a young grenadier of the Garde Royale) to make the people ascend.

"I have requested them to do so several times," said the young fellow.

"Ask them again."

The soldier repeated his request, but observing that we could not comply, resumed his walk. "Why don't you make those people ascend the staircase?" demanded the now petulant old man in office.

"I have asked them repeatedly, and they say they cannot."

"Force them."

"They repeat that they cannot."

"Then *charge them*," said the courtier, turning on his heel while taking a pinch, "*charge them—but—do it politely.*"

A late distinguished and lamented friend, Mr. Thomas Barnes ("*the*" Barnes), was told by General Foy that when, during the battle of Waterloo, in spite of the terrible fire of the British Guards, he had penetrated at the head of a body of grenadiers within the walls of Hougoumont, he was struck by "the atrociously ferocious aspect of the English soldiers in rising to receive them" (for those not actually fighting were, by orders, lying on the ground).

"They seemed to have been impatient of their prostrate position," said the general (Foy), "for they started up on our entrance to expel us. I shall never forget their expression of countenance at that moment! It was that of demons!"

“That is odd!” said Barnes; “for when one meets them in Westminster, they appear quiet, good-natured looking fellows.”

“Oh! that’s another matter!” replied the general; and there the conversation ended.

“I suppose,” said Barnes, when relating this anecdote—“I suppose the general thought our guardsmen ought to have greeted the intruders with

“ ‘Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,’

and offers of hospitality.”

Comparison between the splendidly chivalrous act of the Frenchman, who not only spared the life of Colonel Harvey, but saluted him *en passant*, and the species of reception given to the troops of General Foy on entering within the precincts of Hougoumont by its then occupants, and who might be considered *chez eux*—comparison between these, I say, would be disadvantageous to the British guards, but—as General Foy said to Mr. Barnes—the circumstances were not the same. “John Bull” has his faults, but he is a manly fellow, and loves beyond most things fair fighting. In exemplification Lord Palmerston might have added the following little anecdote, which now for the first time gets into type.

At the moment when, on the 14th of October, 1797, the British fleet under Admiral Duncan, and the Dutch fleet commanded by Admiral de Winter, were about to engage, two sailors passing by Admiral Duncan’s cabin, saw him on his knees.

“My eyes! Jack,” exclaimed one; “what is the Admiral about there?”

“Praying to Heaven,” replied the other.

“Praying for what?”

“That the Lord give us victory.”

“Well now! that’s a —— shame. We are —— well able to lick them ourselves. Besides, give the beggars a chance.”

Jack is an odd and an honest fellow at the same time. The cardinal virtues of Lord Nelson—“Fear God, love the King, hate the French,”—were without hesitation or cavilling adopted by, and governed the political sentiments of every man in the fleet, be his religion what it might. Of this, and of an Irishman’s orthodoxy, poor Basil Hall gave the following illustration:—

He was on service on the American Lakes some five-and-thirty years since, and being at Montreal one Sunday forenoon, about eleven o'clock, he met an Irish sailor, rolling about, cutting sections with wonderful gravity. As he passed Captain Hall, the man touched his hat. The latter turned round and said:—

“How comes it, sir, that you are not at church?”

“Catholic, your honour” (with another touch of the nor'wester).

“A Catholic? very well. That is a Catholic church yonder, and the clergyman is a friend of mine.”

“Beggars a Frenchman! your honour.”

Dead beat, poor Hall was obliged to sheer off without speaking, and convulsed with suppressed laughter.

Foreigners nevertheless charge British sailors with hypocrisy. The sentiment conveyed by the following lines of the old sea-song, is frequently considered by them as bombast and with incredulity:—

“Mark the last broadside, my boys!
 She sinks—down she goes.
 Quick! man all your boats, my boys,
 They're no longer your foes.
 For to save a brave fellow
 From a watery grave,
 Is worthy of Britons,
 Who but conquer to save.”

The British sailor, and indeed your real sailor of any nation, is a noble fellow, humane as he is brave. Nevertheless exception was taken to the rule on a remarkable occasion by a Turk.

A few minutes after the last cannon-shot was fired in the “untoward event” which took place in Navarino Bay, on the 20th of October, 1827, a boat, manned by English seamen, under the command of a lieutenant, took on board the surviving commandant of the unfortunate Turkish fleet, to convey him on board Sir Edward Codrington's ship. As the boat was steered through floating wreck and dead bodies, she passed at a short distance the bowsprit of one of the vessels which had been blown up, and on which three Turks still held on, while in their own language they said something which the English officer was at no loss to understand. The coxswain looked at him. He nodded, and in a moment afterwards the

boat was seen cleaving the waves, approaching the drowning or nearly exhausted Turks, whom they took on board, and treated with kindness. At this, the Turkish Admiral from the sternsheets burst into a loud peal of laughter.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the English officer, through a Greek interpreter, by whom he was accompanied.

"At your mock humanity," replied the Turk. "Only two hours since we were lying at anchor here peacefully—inoffensively. You chose to enter the bay, and we permitted it, for we could not believe the treachery you meditated. See what we are now!" said he (pointing with his hand to the remains of the superb Turkish fleet, portions of which were still burning); "and," he added, with bitter scorn, "you pretend to feel for these worthless wretches whom you yourselves brought to the door of death, while you slaughtered without provocation thousands of their unoffending comrades!"

The charge made by the Turk on the policy in which the battle of Navarino originated, was however more specious than just. The severest censure pronounced upon it was by the Duke of Wellington, in the phrase just quoted—in calling it "an untoward event." As usual, the sagacious Irishman was right. The affair was a master-stroke of Russian policy, with a view to the partition of Turkey, and the ultimate (consequent) conquest of India.



CHAPTER XLI.

The better part of valour is discretion.

2d Part, Henry IV.

My starboard leg I lost in battle soon,

Under Earl Howe on the glorious first of June.

Old Song.

WE left Jean Bon St. André carried away by the general enthusiasm, and giving orders to attack Lord Howe. When, however, that old fox sloped down on "La Montagne," and poured in broadside after broadside, "it was different." "Availing himself of a scratch, as an excuse for quitting the deck," say his own historians, "Jean Bon St. André went

below, and remained there during the engagement;" as, in similar circumstances, did Egalité, some years before.

Upon the conduct of Lord Howe, on the 1st of June, 1794, which M. Thiers seems to consider as uncourteous, I may be allowed to observe, in extenuation (if it require extenuation), that he must have been comforted and abetted in it by the captains of his fleet, whom he had assembled before the action; moreover, this charge is inconsistent with the mildness, gentleness, modesty, politeness, and forbearance (if one may judge of the sack by the sample), of the sea captains of that day. Of two only of those gallant men have I had particular information, and it came to me from persons who knew them well. These two were Captain (afterwards Sir A.) Ball, and Captain the Honourable (afterwards Sir) Thomas Pakenham, each of them a sea Chesterfield.

"Poor Tom!" His crew was composed exclusively of Irishmen. His manners were very pleasing, and his affability remarkable. In his intercourse with his crew, he showed vast good-nature; a quality imitated by his nephew-in-law, the Duke of Wellington. I suppose, although, the instances on record of it are said to be rather rare. For example, Captain Pakenham one day ordered a dozen to be administered to a "Liberty Boy," named Casey. The recipient thought the captain parsimonious, but not worth complaining about; he therefore, when "cast off," approached his officer with an air of reproach certainly, but with outstretched hand, said: "Never mind, Tom; that shan't break squares between us."

"Nor the next," said Tom. "Give him another dozen!"

During the battle of the 1st of June, Pakenham's ship was engaged with a powerful adversary. By Tom's side, on the poop, stood an intelligent, ingenuous Middy, of some dozen years, whose attention was divided between his restless chief and the incidents of the fight. Having come recently from school, and Tom's theory not prohibiting knowledge of the French language once acquired, the boy was selected in order to interpret for his officer any expression on board the enemy's ships which might reach him between the broadsides.

The "Queen Charlotte" was hailed by her antagonist, towards the middle of the engagement.

"What does that fellow say?" asked Tom, of his juvenile aide.

"He asks you to strike, sir. What shall I reply?"

“Bid him—” but a tremendous broadside rendered the rest of the message inaudible. They were again hailed in consequence.

“What does he say now?” asked Tom.

“He repeats his call upon you to strike, sir, or that he will make you.”

Tom had not time to dictate a rejoinder, when the Frenchman now impatiently repeated his demand, and in a louder tone.

“And now,” said Tom, “what does he want?”

“He says, sir, that if you don’t strike he’ll sink you.”

“By —— I am afraid he will,” said Tom, half aside; “but—”

Before he could conclude his sentence came another broadside, and he was again hailed; this time in English.

“What do you want?” asked Tom, directing his own voice upwards to the part of the enemy’s ship whence the demand came.

“Strike!” repeated the Frenchman in English.

“By —— I will,” said Tom; and —— *hard*, too, as you’ll find.”

Turning to his first lieutenant, he added: “Get closer, Mr. ——, and double shot the guns.” Then leaning over the side of his ship, he amused himself with that happy resource of soldier officers in a country town—spitting over the bridge—until some new movement called him to more active employment, and a busy time he had of it, for the Frenchman fought gallantly.

The *penchant* for close quarters (incomprehensible to a landsman) displayed by Captain Pakenham, was evinced by his Admiral in a still more remarkable manner, at about the same moment. Desiring to get as close to the ship of Villaret Joyeuse as possible, Lord Howe said to his sailing-master: “A little nearer, Mr. ——.”

“Ay, ay, my Lord,” replied the master.

“A little nearer, Mr. ——.”

“Ay, ay, my Lord.”

“Closer, Mr. ——.”

“Ay, ay, my Lord.”

By this time the “Queen Charlotte” was placed in precisely the position *quoad* the “Montagne,” which Lord Howe desired. Thereupon he said: “That will do, Mr. ——.”

“Ay, ay, my Lord.”

“My Lord! My Lord! If I be a Lord you ought to be a Prince.”

A moto quæramus sera ludo.

The victory was most important for England, but was contested by the French (our friend Jean de Bry excepted) with heroic courage. On account of the blowing up or sinking of the “Vengeur” by order of her captain (as the French allege), this famous sea-fight continues to the present day to be referred to in France with pride and exultation. How the explosion or settling down took place, has, I am told, never been proved, and is now never likely to be.

Of the miscreants sent by the Convention to the armies in 1792 and 1793, to watch, control, and direct the operations, and to arrest and denounce such of the generals as they pleased to regard as traitors or cowards, was one who rivalled St. Just and others of his fellows in cruelty, brutality, and atrocity. This was an ex-monk, named Duquesnoy. He had thrown off his habit, and become a farmer, at the commencement of the Revolution. Into the subsequent excesses of that Revolution he entered with a sort of fury, and in consequence was elected and sent to the Legislative Assembly, as a representative for the department of the Pas de Calais. Subsequently, as a member of the Convention, he voted for the death of the King without revision or appeal; and, by *coups de bâton* (!) compelled his colleague, Bollet, to give a similar vote. On the 31st of May, 1792, he was sent to the Army of the North, in quality of *commissaire*, and on his way ordered measures of terror, which became the order of the day. His correspondence, couched in terms the most coarse and cutting, suggests reason for believing that he was a furious animal, and the exciter of the infamous Joseph Lebon. “Courage?” cried he in one of his despatches—“Courage! Proceed! ever firm! We, St. Just and I, will return and—*çà ira!*—more inflexible.” After a course of cruelties and crimes which posterity will hardly credit, he was brought to trial, and sentenced to death on the 16th of June, 1795, for participation in the *insurrection Jacobine*, which occurred on the 1ère Prairial, An. III. At the moment when the executioners were binding him to the fatal plank of the guillotine, he had the coolness to exclaim: “May mine be the last *innocent* blood that will be shed!”

In the unpublished correspondence of the Committee of

Public Safety, I have found the following letter from this atrocious and appalling fiend, addressed to Carnot, dated 18th October, 1793. "I send you four — to be *shortened!* The first is the General Gratien; the second, the Commandant of the 25th regiment of cavalry; the 3d, the temporary Commandant of Avesnes; the fourth, an Irishman named Mandeville, whom I have heard styled this morning 'Monsieur le Marquis.' Now, as I do not like marquises, I send him to you."

Poor Mandeville! he paid dearly, it would seem, for his respect for titles.

It is consolatory to add, however, that I find in one of the biographers of Carnot, that he only broke the Brigadier-general Gratien; and for good reason, if he were guilty of the charge alleged against him by Duquesnoy*—misbehaviour before the enemy. Carnot has frequently denied the accusations of cruelty brought against him in his capacity of member of the Committee of Public Safety, so that if a General accused of cowardice or incapacity escaped the death solicited for him by his accuser, a foolish expression of vanity would hardly have been punished capitally, even at that horrible epoch.

Who this Gratien was I have not been able to discover. He was probably a Swiss, as were, no doubt, the Marcus, Kapper, and Gausser, who figure in the *ci-devant* regiment of Berwick in 1792.

* The following is the extract of the despatch of Duquesnoy, above referred to:—

"Je vous envoie quatre Jean F—. Le 1^{er} le général de brigade Gratien. Le 2^e le commandant du 25 régiment de cavalerie, le 3^e est le commandant temporaire d'Avesnes; le 4^me est un Irlandais, nommé Mandeville, que j'ai entendu nommé ce matin M. le Marquis. Comme je n'aime pas les Marquis, je vous l'envoie."—*Correspondence inédite du Comité du Salut Public*, tom. iii., p. 323.

CHAPTER XLII.

— Thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Cato.

I OBSERVED at the commencement of my work that I should be found desultory, inconsecutive, and discursive; and when I regard the length of the digression I have just committed, I feel astonished at the huge draught I have made on the readers' indulgence, and am even tempted to suppress it. The truth is, that I have justified it to myself by the reflection that "my anecdotes are à-propos of some Irish topic or man, and therefore pardonable if not acceptable."

The reader will remember that my plunge into comparatively modern French politics and history, arose out of a coincidence I fancied in the employment of the son of an Irishman, and the son of an Irishwoman, in the resistance offered to the revolutionists of 1830 and of 1848 respectively, and a volunteer defence of the Irish character; which the fastidious might deem compromised by their defeat. Will he accept such à-propos as an excuse for my flight off at each tangent that presents itself? If so, I shall be grateful; but if he will not so receive it as a favour, I shall claim a right. My title—"The Irish Abroad and at Home"—justifies these digressions. Nevertheless, I deprecate the reader's displeasure, and implore him to

Be to my faults a little blind,
 Nor clap a padlock on my mind.

Do this, and I pledge myself to be less diffuse in future.

When, in 1791, the princes, the brothers of Louis XVI., perceiving the abyss towards which the French monarchy was hurrying, conceived the idea of emigrating, in order to assemble beyond the frontiers an armed force capable, with the assistance of the royalists remaining in France, of restoring order and the kingly power, the French army was sounded,

with the view to ascertain the real spirit which animated it. The experiment produced unsatisfactory results for those who made it; for the majority of those sought to be seduced, although still faithful to the King, evinced an unconquerable aversion to civil war. Emigration was then positively proposed; very many of the superior officers of the army declared for that measure, but several among them, and the principal portion of those of inferior grades, declared they would not quit France. They said they were loyal subjects of the King, but above all that they were Frenchmen. The consequence was, that the Counts de Provence and d'Artois (afterwards Louis XVIII. and Charles X.) emigrated, and were accompanied or followed by hosts of the *élite* of the kingdom. Still many more remained, who were stanch royalists, and who for that very reason would not abandon their King in his hour of peril. Others refused to emigrate, because they had embraced the new doctrines.

Precisely similar was the effect of this experiment upon the Irish Brigade. A large portion declared for "the Princes," and quitted the French territory. Another, of whom Arthur Dillon may be deemed the type, resolved to remain with the King, and, as we have seen, actually served against the foreign troops and the army of Condé with zeal and fidelity. A third accepted the Revolution frankly and enthusiastically. The first and second portions said: "We are bound by oath and by gratitude to the French monarchy." The third said: "We are the soldiers of France." Which was right? As in most questions, much can be urged on either side. Be that as it may, a division took place, and the Brigade from that moment ceased, virtually, to exist.

I have stated that after the campaigns against the Republic, in which that portion of the Irish Brigade who had emigrated with the Princes were engaged, they were adopted by the British Government. Those of the officers who preferred active service, remained with their regiments in the enjoyment of their rank. After being recruited in Ireland, they and their corps were sent to the British West Indies. On their return, the Brigade was dissolved: the soldiers were discharged, and the officers had the option of employment in regiments of the line, or of going on half-pay.

Before returning to the period of their break-up in France, it may not be uninteresting for the Irish reader to find

before him the names of the officers of the three regiments of the Brigade, before their separation in the year 1791, in the manner, and for the considerations I have mentioned.

The regiment of Dillon, stationed at Lille, was thus composed at that period :—

Colonel : Theobald Dillon.

Lieutenant-colonels : O'More, O'Toole.

Captains : Barry, MacDermott, MacDermott, Greenlaw, Coghlan, Dillon, O'Keefe, Fennell, Walsh, Hussey, Hussey, Hussey, O'Farrel, — Shee, Sheldon, Fagan, Fitzmaurice, Pindar.

Lieutenants : MacClosky, O'Mara, John O'Neill, Doran, Fras. MacDermott, Redmond, Kean Mahony, Joseph O'Neill, Warren, Langton, Clifford, Conway, Jordan, Corkeran, Mont Gerald, John Walsh, Chr. Fagan, Maenamara, Barnewall, Pat. FitzSimon, John Mahony, O'Sullivan, Tarleton, Theobd. Walsh, Charles Walsh, Michl. Bellew, O'Dunne.

Regiment of Berwick, in garrison at Landau :—

Colonel : —.

Lieutenant-colonels : O'Moore MacDermott.

Captains : O'Connor, Bryan O'Toole, Richd. O'Toole, O'Gormican, Cruse, Reed, Egan, William O'Mara, Thaddeus O'Mara, John Geoghegan, Harly, Tuite, Swanton, Delany, Gregory O'Byrne.

Lieutenants : D. Allan, Kavenagh, Forbes, Grace, John Mulhall, O'Kennedy, Garrett FitzSimons, Blake, Richd. O'Byrne, d'Evereux, Geraghty, Doyle, Nagle, Pat. Piersse, Gerard Piersse.

Sub-lieutenants : O'Sullivan, MacCarty, Pat. Jennings, Luke Allen, Andw. Elliott, Morris, Cameron.

Regiment of Walsh, stationed at Vannes :—

Colonel : Walshe de Serraut.

Lieutenant-colonels : Sarsfield O'Neill.

Adjutant : O'Connell.

Captains : O'Shee, MacCarthy, Slack, Begg, Plunkett, O'Reordan, Barry, O'Gorman, Keating, O'Shiell, Meeghan, O'Byrne, Roche, Toben.

Lieutenants and Sub-lieutenants : Laffan, Troller, Wm. Haly, O'Rourke, Clarke, Bulkeley, Trant, O'Dunne, Meade, John Burke, O'Duhigg, Andw. Creagh, Michl. Creagh, Sherlock.

Independently of these, I find the following scattered through the records of 1791:—

O'Connell (Daniel), MacMahon, O'Mahony, Robert Dillon, Dr. Osmond Blair, Arran, Wildermaulh (O'Connell's regiment), O'Kelly, St. Leger, O'Brien (Lieutenant-colonel), three Reynolds's (Joseph, Baptist, and Francis), Blackwell, Francis, Gibbons, Hamilton, Jennings, Maurice Jernyngham, Kendall, MacDonald, MacDonald. O'Kennedy, James, Morgan, Nugent, Moore, O'Haggarty.

In 1792, there remained in France, of the *ci-devant* regiment of Dillon, stationed at Arras, the following officers:—

O'Moran, Waltut (?), O'Farrel, Fitzgerald, Pindan, Warren, Hart, Plunkett, Tarleton, Michael Bellew, Doyle, Nagle, Delaney, Chr. Fagan, Andrew Elliott, MacCormick, Reed, Defrey (?), Morris, John O'Bernard, MacDermott, Hussey, Shee, MontGerald, Barnewell, Corkeran, Gelis (?), O'Neil, Waters.

Of the *ci-devant* regiment of Walshe in 1792, at St. Domingo, I find the following list of officers:—

Adjutant-major William Cruse, Captain Meaghan, Thomas O'Gorman, John Keating, Lawrence O'Riordan, Thomas Kavanagh, Wm. Haley, Jerry O'Connor, George O'Byrne, Martin MacMahon, Terence MacMahon, Marcus (?), O'Duhigg, Redmond Burke, Mahony, Trotter, Toben, O'Flynn, Stuart.

Of the regiment of Berwick, the following officers appear in the French Army list for 1792. The separation just alluded to having taken place in the interval, many new names will be perceived in the corps, and many others will be found omitted.

“The *état* of the *ci-devant* regiment of Berwick, which subsequently became the 70th demi-brigade, or regiment of the line, in 1792,” shows that the first battalion was in garrison at Orleans, the second at St. Domingo. The staff of the regiment at that period stood thus:—

Colonel: O'Connor.

Lieutenant-colonels: Harly, Shee.

Adjutant-majors: Terlaing (query, Delany?), D. Allan.

Adjutant-treasurer: Terlaing (Delany?).

Captains: Swanton, Hussey, MacCormick, Aupick (?), Doyle, Roberts, Nagle, Delany, Martin Harst (Hart?), Andrew MacDonnay, Defrey, Reed, Andrew Elliott, Brunck (Burke?), Marcus (?), Laffan, O'Flinn.

Lieutenants: Luke Allen, Merle (?), D. Allan, Burke, Grattas (?), Meyere (Meagher, or Meaghan), Flaman (Fleming), Prior, D. Allan (3d), Chaperian, Nagle, Ravel, Kappes, Houdouart, Derenzy, Gausser, Eugène Chancel, Shee.

Sub-lieutenant: Nestor Chancel.

Under the head of "Regiment of Steiner" (Swiss), there occur the following three names: O'Relly (Major), O'Relly (Bernard), and O'Relly (Louis) Lieutenants.

Of the regiments of Berwick, Dillon, and Walshe, many officers emigrated with the Princes, and were incorporated with the regiments organized in the British service. When the Brigade was dissolved, many entered into British regiments of the line, and attained to superior rank. Among these were Bryan O'Toole, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular war; O'Gormagan, lost in the terrible storms of November, 1807, in Dublin Bay, when two transports, containing seven or eight hundred Irish soldiers, went down; James FitzSimon, afterwards Lieutenant-colonel 67th regiment; Garrett FitzSimons, Luke Allen.

Among those who went on half-pay were Geoghegan, Mulhall, Kavanagh, of Burres, who married later a sister of the Marquis of Ormond; Thady O'Mara, and Stack, Conway, Moore.

Of the Irish who remained in France, Jennings, under the title of Kilmaine, became a most distinguished General; O'Mara, Colonel; O'Mara, General; Elliott, Colonel and Aide-de-camp of General Bonaparte (Napoleon); Harty, a distinguished General; O'Neill; Colonel (of the 47th, *ci-devant* Walshe's); MacSheehy, Colonel and Aide-de-camp of the Emperor Napoleon; Arthur and Theobald Dillon, and James O'Moran became Lieutenant-generals; Blackwell, Colonel.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Celui qui donne vend, si celui qui prend n'est pas ingrat.

La reconnaissance fait durer le bienfait.

I AM about to demonstrate the truth of the foregoing two French proverbs, which in truth may be resolved into the homely English one, "A good action rarely goes unrewarded." Having mentioned an unamiable coincidence of character in the two greatest warriors of the age, it is "refreshing" to signalize a trait of an opposite kind in one little their inferior.

I have just named Stack, formerly of Walshe's regiment, as one of the officers of the late Irish Brigade, who having entered the British service, went on half-pay at the dissolution of that body. He had remained on half-pay so long that he became the oldest Colonel of the army. His promotion to the rank of Major-general was preceded by a somewhat curious interview with the Duke of York.

Having solicited the honour of an audience of His Royal Highness, he received an intimation that the Duke would receive him at the Horse Guards next day, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

He was punctual in his attendance; and being introduced to the Commander-in-chief, was honoured with the expression of the Duke's usual politeness, and the customary question: "Well, Colonel, what can I do for you?"

"I perceive, sir," replied Stack, "that there is a brevet coming out, in which I hope to be included. I am the senior colonel in His Majesty's service."

"True, Colonel Stack; but give me leave to ask you of what religion you are?"

"I am of the religion of a Major-general."

The Duke bowed, and Stack was gazetted.

The question put by the Duke of York to Colonel Stack touching his religion, would appear to have had its origin only in the regulation which excluded Roman Catholics from certain ranks in the British army. Another fact occurs to me, how-

ever, which would seem to argue that the Duke was not only strict on the point in his official capacity, but that he entertained strong private feelings on the subject. Before I proceed to narrate the circumstance, however, I beg to prepare my reader for another long digression, which, although à-propos of Irishmen principally, will be found to refer to Englishmen and foreigners also, and to epochs and events in modern history respecting which intense interest still exists. Most of the details into which I am about to enter, were communicated to me by an esteemed friend, Patrick Egan, to whom many of them are personal. Those which I add from other sources I have taken care to verify.

Mr. Patrick Egan was a native of Tuam, county of Galway, Ireland, and of highly respectable parentage. His grand-uncle had been the Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, and he was himself the nephew of one of the most distinguished physicians of Ireland, some forty years ago, Doctor Thomas Egan, of Sackville Street, Dublin. In the month of February, 1809, he was appointed assistant surgeon of the 23d Light Dragoons, then serving in Spain, and received an order to repair to his regiment there forthwith.

He "joined" in Portugal, and was present at the battle of Talavera de la Reyna, on the 28th of July of that year, in which the 23d Light Dragoons distinguished themselves. The morning following that victory of the British army, the Duke of Wellington ordered a movement in retreat, in consequence, it was surmised, of the arrival of large reinforcements to the enemy, under the command of Marshal Mortier, Duc de Treviso. I forget in what form the order was given to Mr. Egan to remain in charge of the wounded, but it was imperative.

Mr. Egan was deeply penetrated with the zeal and consideration for his charge, which distinguished the medical officers of the British army throughout the Peninsular war. He, therefore, felt deeply when, on inquiring into the state of the supplies required for his hospital, he learned that everything which could contribute to the comforts of his patients had been carried off, even to the sago, "in order to furnish the officers' breakfasts." The stores which he found in the magazine were miserable in quality and quantity.

Under these circumstances, knowing that the French army was approaching, and that they would make short work of the eatables to be had in the town, he repaired to a butcher's shop

to provide beef for soup, for his hospital. The butcher, aware that the British army had marched, and that the French might be expected to arrive at any moment, became—to propitiate the latter, possibly—insolent, refusing to give him any but unsound meat, which Egan indignantly refused. The butcher thereupon flew into a rage, and would have murdered him but for an armed hospital sergeant, by whom he was accompanied. Egan thereupon returned, much chagrined, to his hospital.

The rest of the day he spent in the performance of his duty—the most painful personal portion of which was the necessity for his stooping over his patients, the *ambulance* being destitute of beds for them. Towards evening he was in the act of dressing a French dragoon, who had a terrible sabrewound of the right shoulder, received in a *mêlée* with a party of the 23d Dragoons. Suddenly Egan perceived the poor fellow raise his eyes and lower them as in reverence. Turning his head to ascertain the cause, he saw, regarding the wounded man with interest, a very tall French officer, who bowed to him with much appearance of kindness.

“Well, comrade,” said the officer, addressing the patient, “you have suffered, I am sorry to see, but it will pass away. Who is this gentleman?” nodding towards Egan.

“An English surgeon, Marshal.” (Egan started.)

“He seems kind to you.”

“He makes no difference between French and English—none between us and the wounded of his own army.”

“Sir, I thank you,” said the officer, turning to Egan. “Continue your humane occupation. I beg, however, the favour of your company at dinner. You will easily find my quarters. I am the Duc de Treviso.”

Egan availed himself of the flattering invitation he had received, and accompanied the Marshal to the theatre. (The theatre at such a time!) He returned early to his hospital, but waited on Mortier the following afternoon. After some unimportant conversation, the Marshal asked Egan how the wounded went on? Being satisfied in regard to them, he continued: “I am obliged to march, and we shall probably meet no more. I have ordered that the prisoners, and such of our own invalid soldiers as can bear the transit, proceed to France; but I cannot take leave of you without again expressing to you my sense of the humanity and skill with which you have treated our wounded, nor without asking you if there be any

way in which I can acknowledge them—observing, however, that it will be necessary that you accompany the column of prisoners and convalescents to France?”

Egan's countenance fell. He had heard of the detention of many hundred unsuspecting British subjects seized suddenly in France, on the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and of the miserable life they led in the fortified towns appointed for their reception and detention.

Marshal Mortier noticed the expression of uneasiness on his countenance, and penetrated the cause. “Be not uneasy on your own account,” said the Marshal; “you shall not be considered or treated as a prisoner. Indeed, but for the necessity for your presence with the still suffering wounded, I would set you at liberty this moment, and without exchange. On your arrival in France, you will receive a passport for Paris. Repair thither, and present yourself to Marshal the Duc de Feltre (Clarke), who will take care that you are provided with a cartel to take you to England. Adieu, sir. *Bon voyage!* Once more I thank you,” added the kind-hearted Marshal.

At the same hour of the same day, of the month (July), five-and-twenty years afterwards, Mortier fell on the Boulevard du Temple, Paris, under the discharge of the infernal machine of Fieschi. He may be said to have voluntarily incurred his fate. It had been rumoured that an attempt upon the life of Louis Philippe would be made that day, and Mortier requested of the Minister of War to be placed by the side of the King—“because,” added the glorious veteran, “I am tall (6 feet 2) and may cover him.”

These words were prophetic.

I am not superstitious—much less would I encourage such propensity in others—and yet the calamity that occurred that day caused to me—and I am sure to many—no surprise. Similarly strong was the general impression in Paris on the 1st December, 1851, that something was impending—“Il y a quelque chose dans l'air,” observed a French friend to me that day. At midnight Louis Napoleon struck his *coup d'état*.

The report of the volley fired upon the King by Fieschi ran with the swiftness of lightning from the Boulevard du Temple to the Place Vendôme—conveyed along the line from man to man. I instantly mounted a cabriolet, and, by streets parallel with the Boulevards, reached the spot on which the devoted friend and soldier had, with thirteen other persons

of less note, just fallen. He had, literally, "perished on the pavement—

"Killed by five bullets from an old gun barrel.

"And they who waited once and worshipped—they
With their rough faces thronged about the bed,
To gaze once more on the commanding clay,
Which for the last, though not the first time bled.
And such an end! That he who—many a day
Had faced Napoleon's foes until they fled;
The foremost in the charge or in the sally,
And now to be butchered in a civic alley!"

But let me quit the theme.

CHAPTER XLIV.

At every jolt—and they were many—still
He turned his eyes upon his little charge.

Don Juan.

REASSURED by the kind and flattering promises of the Marshal Mortier, Egan returned to his *ambulance* and, in good time, started with the convoy of wounded and prisoners for France.

The incidents of the journey of Egan and his companions to France were not many. On passing through a town (of which I forget the name), the day after leaving Talavera, he was much struck by the appearance of a remarkably fine boy of ten or eleven years of age, richly dressed, who came to observe the passage of the column. On addressing him, Egan found that he spoke pure English. The boy then turned to the French officers of the escort, with whom he conversed with equal ease and correctness; and then meeting a German officer of "ours," he talked to him in his own language with almost equal fluency. He wished them all good-by in their respective languages. The party then moved on.

In passing through Burgos, Egan saw, among other troops which formed its garrison, a number of officers and soldiers in green uniforms, faced with yellow, the Irish harp glittering on their appointments. On inquiring, he learnt that it was the 3d foreign regiment, composed of Irishmen. He would

have been happy to enter into conversation with the officers, but for an accident. One of the English prisoners came to complain to him that a Sergeant Kennedy of this Irish regiment was tampering with the Irishmen among the prisoners, and endeavouring to induce them to enter the French army.* Egan resented this, and, in consequence, none of the civilities which, totally unconnected with political considerations, would have taken place between him and his expatriated countrymen, ensued.

Shortly before the column of wounded and prisoners reached Bayonne (their journey had been necessarily slow), Egan, in passing through a town, recognised the boy I have alluded to, but how changed! He was literally in tatters. The youth knew him and claimed his protection. "We are countrymen," said he, in a tone of entreaty. "I am Scotch."

"I am Irish," said Egan, "but that makes no difference. Are you alone?"

"Yes, I have not a friend in the world."

"Fall in," said Egan: "we are about to march." He obeyed with alacrity.

On their journey, Egan learned his story from the child. He was, he said, the son of a sergeant of the 42d Highlanders, who had been killed the previous year, at Orense. He and his mother fell into the hands of the French, by whom they were well treated. Awaiting an opportunity for being rendered to the English, she offered her services as an hospital nurse, and was accepted. In the hospital, the boy found French and German as well as English officers and soldiers. His gayety and intelligence recommended him to them, and he became a general favourite. Being a child of great quickness, he thus acquired in a few months the proficiency in the

* Many hundreds of Irish soldiers, made prisoners by the French, yielded to similar invitations. Impatient at confinement, fed insufficiently with rations of inferior food, and yielding possibly in many cases to a favourable disposition towards the French, they listened to the arguments and solicitations of the Irish officers and sub-officers sent into the various depôts or prisons for that purpose. "No Englishman would be received," said Colonel M. to me lately, in speaking of those proceedings. "No Englishman would be received. It was not their fault, therefore, that we had not many of them in our regiment, for the *ennui* of confinement, and the privations and regimen they were subjected to, rendered their lives miserable. We were, therefore, on entering a prison to recruit among the Irish, frequently solicited by the English, their companions, to accept them. One relied upon his surname as a proof that he was of pure Irish descent. Another pleaded that his mother was an Irishwoman, &c."

French and German languages, which had so much surprised Egan on first meeting with him. Unhappily, his mother became ill and died. The circumstance was mentioned with regret by some French officers at the table of a French General who commanded in the town (I think it was Placentia), and created much interest. He was, consequently, adopted by the *chère amie* of the General, a Spanish lady of great beauty and of good family, and became such a favourite that she amused herself by having him dressed with splendour and elegance.

Almost immediately after Egan's first meeting the boy, the face of public affairs changed materially in that part of Spain. The division of the French army commanded by the General whose *liaison* with a Spanish lady I have just mentioned, was obliged suddenly to break up and march. Time and means of transport were only available for the conveyance of the lady, who dared not remain behind. The exasperation of her countrymen against the French rendered her own doom certain, should she fall into the hands of "the brigands," as the French called the men who made such noble efforts for the expulsion of the invader from their native land. Thus abandoned, the poor boy attempted to reach France, begging his way, in the hope that something would turn up in his favour, or that he should get means to reach England.

Such was his little history.

After leaving Bayonne, the journey of the prisoners was more rapid, for the French convalescents and invalids remained in that town. On arriving at Orleans, Egan was thunderstruck by receiving, instead of a passport for Paris as he had been led to expect, a *feuille de route* for Verdun as a prisoner of war, in common with his companions. In this emergency he consulted Mr. Thompson, an American gentleman (a resident of Orleans or Bayonne), who assured him that he was convinced that Marshal Mortier meant what he promised, and that he had kept his word in writing respecting him to the Minister of War. He advised Egan, therefore, to throw himself into the diligence, even without a passport, just as he was, and proceed to Paris. On his arrival there, he told him to address to Marshal Clarke ("Egan's countryman by the way,"*

* This was an error. The French archives thus describe him: "Henri-Jacques Guillaume (Clarke), Duc de Feltre, Comte de Hunebourg, Maréchal de France, naquit à Landrecies, dans le Hainaut, le 17 Octobre, 1765."

he added) a memorial setting forth all the circumstances of the case, and he might rely upon it, that the order for his incarceration in Verdun would be rescinded.

Egan followed this counsel. He arrived in Paris next morning, and lost not a moment in writing to the Minister of War, referring slightly to his own deserts, but dwelling upon the promise of the Duke de Treviso. He added: "I can conceive it possible, that there may exist reasons why the pledge of the Marshal should not be immediately redeemed; but I beg, if it be not deemed expedient immediately to release me, as he so kindly promised should be done, that instead of my being transferred to Verdun, I may be allowed to remain in Paris, where such admirable opportunities exist for improvement in my profession."

He solicited, further, to be suffered to keep in his charge the boy so often mentioned, whom he had brought to Paris, and whom he described as the *fils adoptif* of a French general. Within an hour he received a reply, requesting him to present himself, with his *protégé*, at the Ministry of War, at nine o'clock on the following morning.

Marshal Clarke received him with affability and kindness; told him that he had *vivâ voce* stated the whole case to the Emperor, who desired that Mr. Egan should be authorized to remain in Paris as long as he pleased; that if Mr. Egan consented, his young charge should be placed in the military school; but that if he objected, then the boy should be allowed to continue under his protection, and accompany him to England; that at his own pleasure, and at his own time, Mr. Egan might repair to L'Orient, where he would find a cartel to take him to Southampton; and finally, he desired Marshal Clarke to thank Mr. Egan in his (the Emperor's) name for his care of the French wounded, and his acceptance of sixty napoleons, to indemnify him for the loss of his baggage, and to enable him to prepare for his voyage.

The offer to provide for the boy Egan respectfully declined; but as a donation from such a quarter could not be refused, he accepted with thanks the twelve hundred francs. He then expressed his acknowledgments to the Duke de Feltré for his kindness and attention.

But it is needless to observe, that his parents and all his ancestors were Irish. (The Irish name of Clarke is O'Clery.) I cannot say so much for his predilections in every instance.

Impatient to return home, Egan, with his *protégé*, left Paris in the course of the week, and proceeded to L'Orient (or Morlaix, I am not sure which), where he found a cartel, which landed him safely in England; and he left for London the same night.

His first care next morning was to report himself at the Horse Guards, when he was desired to return at three o'clock. Afterwards, he visited several distinguished personages (among others, the late Duke of Bedford and the late Lord Essex), from whose relatives serving in the British army in the Peninsula, or prisoners of war, he was the bearer of messages or letters. As he was the only person who had arrived from France for a long period, he became quite a *lion*.

On returning to the Horse Guards at the appointed hour, he was ushered into the cabinet of the Duke of York, who received him with even more than his usual share of courtesy and urbanity. Egan briefly recapitulated the particulars of his voyage from Ireland to Portugal, and his journey thence to Spain; of the service he had witnessed, and his subsequent journey through Spain and France to England, in the short space of six months; and introduced the episode of the orphan boy.

To all this the Duke listened with the deepest attention. When Egan had finished, His Royal Highness asked some explanations, which were given him.

"You have just mentioned, Mr. Egan," said he, "that you passed through Burgos on your way towards France. Did you observe there a regiment, or corps, composed for the greater part of Irishmen?"

"Yes, sir. A battalion only, I believe."

"By whom is it commanded?"

"Colonel O'Mara."

"Was he not in our service?"

"No, sir."

"Have a care. He was an officer of the Irish Brigade who emigrated with the French Princes, and who, when his regiment, with the others of the Brigade, came to England, after the early campaigns of the Republic, were adopted and taken into the British service by order of His Majesty."

"I beg your pardon, sir. The officer of whom your Royal Highness speaks never returned to France. He was in Dillon's regiment. He has constantly resided in the city of Dub-

lin since his corps was dissolved. I saw him there last February. The *chef de bataillon* in command of the Irish battalion at Burgos, is his brother, and was like him an officer of the Brigade (lieutenant in Berwick's regiment) before the Revolution. A part only of each regiment of it emigrated with the Princes, as your Royal Highness knows. Another brother, William O'Mara, also of Berwick's, is now in Paris. He had also remained in France, and was aide-de-camp of Marshal Lannes, who was killed at Esling last May. The Marshal died in O'Mara's arms."

"Did you know any of the officers you saw at Burgos?"

"No, sir; but I recognised two: one, a Mr. Allen, who lived in College Green, Dublin, whom while I was in college I saw almost daily; the other, a Mr. I——, whose family live in Sackville Street, Dublin."

"He is a deserter from our army?"

"The militia only, sir, I believe."

"Originally the militia. Is he not a Catholic?"

"No, sir; he is a Protestant."

The officer here spoken of was a brave, intelligent young man, full of animal spirits and good-humour, and occupied himself, when fighting was not to be had, in creating amusement for his comrades, and thus enabled them to pass many merry hours in barrack and bivouac, which would have otherwise hung heavily on hand. He was in the Irish regiment in the French army, what my facetious acquaintance, Maurice Quill, was in the English service—and what a countryman of theirs, "Billy Healy," had been in the American army in the War of Independence—a fellow of infinite humour, of whom many amusing anecdotes are recorded.

Captain I—— was one of the victims of the impolitic reaction on the second Restoration in France (1816). His Bonaparteian principles were notorious, and were, by one or other of the numerous spies then entertained in every corps or regiment in the service, reported to the government. He was in consequence reduced to poverty, and compelled to leave France the same year. He repaired forthwith to South America, then in full revolt against the mother country (Spain), and taking service there, highly distinguished himself in the war that followed. The last I heard of him was, that he and Colonel Bowes Egan, brother of the Surgeon Egan of whom I have been speaking, were on the staff of Admiral Brion.

CHAPTER XLV.

They order these matters better in France.

STERNE.

AFTER the conclusion of Mr. Egan's verbal report, just mentioned, the Duke of York chatted with him for some time; and then, bowing to him, requested him to return next morning at ten o'clock, and to bring with him his young *compagnon du voyage*.

Aware of the Duke's strict observance of appointments, Egan and his young companion reached Charing Cross, on his way to the Horse Guards, by half-past nine o'clock next morning. As he passed the shop of Place, the tailor, he was struck by the appearance of a sergeant in the Highland costume, approaching. When the man came nearer, Egan perceived that he belonged to the 42d regiment, upon which he addressed him, asking him how long he had been in that regiment. The sergeant answered, and asked in return, "Why do you ask, sir?"

"Did you know a Sergeant —, of that corps?"

"Certainly I did, sir," replied the man with increasing interest. "What of him?"

"This boy is his son!"

"Good God!" said the poor fellow, bursting into tears, and taking the boy into his arms, and covering him with kisses; "he is my son, sir! And my wife?"

"She is dead!"

Overpowered by the sudden shock, the sergeant staggered, and he could not refrain from tears. A crowd now began to assemble, upon which Egan led him and his child into Place's shop. The mingled feeling of joy and grief continued for some time to agitate the poor man; but at length Egan mentioned that he had an appointment with the Commander-in-chief, and that it was necessary for him to proceed to keep it forthwith, accompanied by the boy. "I, too, sir, am ordered to attend at the Horse Guards," said the sergeant; "I will

accompany you thither, if you will allow me, and wait for you in the Park." He then wiped away his tears, and taking his son by the hand accompanied Egan to the Horse Guards, remaining below while they ascended to the office of the Commander-in-chief.

His Royal Highness received Egan with his accustomed affability, and was charmed with his young companion, with whom he conversed in French and German. The boy, spoiled by the familiarity permitted him latterly in Spain, replied with the utmost self-possession and vivacity, to the questions of the royal Duke, who was amused and delighted with his replies and repartees, and told him of whom the portraits were which hung upon the walls, to get a nearer view of which the little fellow had unceremoniously mounted on the chairs. At length the Duke turned to Egan, saying, "You have given me a very interesting account of your journey, and have done yourself much credit by your kindness to our young countryman here, with whom your adventure is quite romantic."

"Its sequel, sir, is still more surprising," added Egan.

"What do you mean?" asked the Duke.

Egan then mentioned his rencontre with the father of the boy a few minutes previously, observing that that coincidence was the most extraordinary that had ever occurred to him.

"Not so extraordinary as you think," said the Duke, with a smile. "Recollecting the particulars respecting the boy which you detailed in your conversation with me yesterday, I desired that an order should be sent to the dépôt, or a detachment of the 42d now at Chatham, to supply me with information touching the services and death of Sergeant —, of that regiment, killed in action last year at Orense. The reply was," continued the Duke, touching a paper on the table, "that 'they thought the best answer that could be given to my queries, would be conveyed by the man himself, who had (it was true) been severely wounded in the affair at Orense, but who had survived it, and was then actually in Chatham.' As for the boy, be at ease respecting him; I shall take charge of him." Then, in his usual manner, he bowed to Egan, and advanced upon him with grace, but rapidly, and in a moment the latter found his back against the door. Bowing respectfully, he retired with his charge, whom he confided to his father. The Duke placed the boy in the Military School the week following.

Half-angry at the matter-of-fact explanation of the occurrence of the morning, given to him by the Duke of York, Egan was further annoyed by the freezing indifference with which he and his young friend were regarded by the clerks or secretaries at work in the ante-rooms of the Horse Guards, which recalled to him forcibly the treatment they had experienced at the Ministry of War, in Paris.

The Duke of York himself bore a most favourable comparison with the Duke de Feltré; but the cold and somewhat repelling glances of the persons in the offices through which he now passed, contrasted strikingly with the sensation which Egan and the boy had caused amongst, and the interest, the enthusiasm displayed and expressed by the clerks of the French Minister of War.

“Sterne was right,” said he, bitterly. “They tell me that the French are not sincere. What care I, if I derive from their complaisance and *bonhommie* all the advantages of the truest and kindest of intentions? Perhaps my *amour propre* is wounded by the freezing haughtiness of the gentlemen I have seen in the office of the Horse Guards, and that I am unjust: but it is not in this instance only that the French appear to advantage in their social character and position when compared with our own countrymen. The French are fond of emotions, and ever seek occasion for them; and they found them in me and my young companion, and expressed the interest they took in us and our story. Their contemporaries at the Horse Guards were equally well informed respecting us, and hardly favoured us with a passing look, in which indifference would seem to have conquered curiosity! I suppose I must concede to general assertion that the French are triflers; but in their trifling they contrive to render one more contented with himself—the most pleasurable sensation perhaps of which man is susceptible.”

In this latter assertion many persons will concur. Appear to disregard it as we may, flattery is, with the generality of the world, the best return they receive for kindnesses or good offices; the one which leaves them under the most agreeable impression. A debt of gratitude well paid is doubly agreeable to the recipient; but then one has often so long to wait for it; and sometimes it never comes at all! Give me the ready-money flattery!

‘Nous avons,’ says Pascal, “une si grande idée de l’âme

de l'homme, que nous ne pouvons souffrir d'en être méprisés et de n'être pas dans l'estime d'une âme; et toute la félicité des hommes consiste dans cette estime."



CHAPTER XLVI.

Quis furor, o cives, quæ tanta licentia feris.

VIRGIL.

POOOR Egan! he died early. It was observed of him that he was a little eccentric. Which of us Irishmen is not? He possessed other qualities also not unusual with us:—he was warm in temper, kind-hearted, and affectionate. He was utterly fearless, but had not a spark of moral courage.* He was "broken," by sentence of court-martial, for sending a challenge to his superior officer, Captain, afterwards Major Sir James Cutcliffe, who had put an affront upon him. The bearer of his message, Lieutenant Price, son of Alderman Sir Charles Price, of London, shared his fate; both, however, were almost instantaneously replaced in their respective ranks, but in other regiments. In his new corps, the 12th Light Dragoons, the officers, chiefly Irish, with whom he was an especial favourite, and who called him, familiarly, "Paddy," were continually playing tricks upon him. For instance, they persuaded him one day to charge with the regiment in an action in Spain. The Colonel, Frederick Ponsonby, laughed at the joke, but interdicted its repetition.

Notwithstanding his unquestionable bravery, Egan once received a challenge which he would have refused, although from "an officer and a gentleman," and an Irishman; it was on the morning of the battle of Talavera. He was applied to by Captain Power, of his own regiment, the 23d Light Dragoons, to give him a restorative to enable him to mount, and

* He went in for his examination before the College of Surgeons admirably well prepared. On being asked, among other questions, how, in the case of a wound of the fore-arm, he would stop the effusion of blood? he replied: "By the application of a—a—a—" "A what, sir?" asked the examiner, savagely. Egan stammered—his presence of mind and memory forsook him; he could not recollect the word tourniquet. He was, on that occasion, not permitted to pass.

“sit” his horse, and take the field. “I shall do no such thing,” said Egan. “You have been now many weeks labouring severely under dysentery, and are deplorably reduced. Even to mount on horseback, not to speak of fighting, would kill you. I shall order you no medicine for any such purpose; you must keep your quarters.”

Power insisted, but Egan was immovable. “Then,” said Power, “I shall do without it, but I hold you accountable, and shall call you out immediately after the battle is over.”

The brave fellow mounted his horse, though hardly able to sit upright. All the way to the field he complained bitterly of Egan, and repeated his resolution to challenge him after the impending battle. The regiment charged, and Power received a ball in the forehead. He and an Irish comrade, Captain King, fell dead at the same moment. I think they were the only officers of their regiment who were hit in that battle.

The Colonel of Egan’s new regiment (the 12th Light Dragoons, at present Lancers), the gallant Frederick Ponsonby, evinced towards him, while he remained in it, the most friendly regard, and was repaid by warm and sincere attachment. I forget by what fatality it was that Egan arrived on the field of Waterloo the night of the battle, only time enough to prove his zeal and professional skill. He found, to his deep regret, that his noble commander was among the “desperately wounded” in that combat of giants. His first care on joining was to ascertain the condition of his protector and friend, and to tender to him his undivided care and attention; but this, the amount of sufferers precluded.

On inquiring into the incidents of the battle as far as concerned his own regiment, Egan learned that Colonel Ponsonby, one of the first horsemen and swordsmen of the British army, was at his post (that is to say, at the head of his regiment) in a charge they executed against a corps of French or Polish Lancers. Meeting a lancer and parrying his thrust, Ponsonby made sure of taking off the assailant’s head *en passant*, with “cut six,” from his powerful arm. He had, however, to do with no ordinary adversary (most probably a Pole)—for having given point and being parried, the lancer held his lance firmly under his arm, and in passing Ponsonby (for their horses continued respectively their onward movements) struck him with the shaft of it a blow on the temple, which knocked him off

his horse, before the cut which Ponsonby intended for him could take effect. This scene occupied scarcely five seconds.*

Skill in horsemanship and in the use of his sabre are not, it would seem, always efficacious in preserving him who possesses them. Of this another instance may be mentioned in the death of Captain Newport, who fell in action in the Peninsular war, and who was considered nearly unrivalled as a horseman and a swordsman. I remember speaking slightly of a horseman's skill in combat, one day, in conversation with that celebrated *sabreur*, the late General Delahoussaye, who, in the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, had killed a hundred men with his own hand.

"*Mon ami*," said he, "you are in error. The man who is sure of his horse, sure of his eye, sure of his hand, and sure of his sword, will never be killed but by a cannon-ball."

"You do not mean, General, that these render him invulnerable?"

"I do."

"And pray, General, how does it happen that you have this, and this, and this wound?"

"Ah! *mon ami*, in a *mêlée*, skill is of no use; in fair fighting, it is everything. You say truly, I have received *les quatre mendians*,† but here I am yet, you see."

To return to Colonel Ponsonby at Waterloo. Although unhorsed, he had been only stunned. After a short time he recovered his senses, and raising his head to look from above the high corn in which he was embedded, he unfortunately attracted the attention of two other lancers, who (the 12th Dragoons having retired) were at the extremity of their regiment, now once more in line. They rode at him with fury. One of them exclaimed: "Ah! b——! Tu n'est pas encore mort donc! Tiens!" and then dropped his lance into the defenceless Ponsonby, who in agony turned over on his back. The second lancer in like manner inflicted upon him a terrific wound. Thinking him killed, and another charge upon them

* A similar circumstance is stated, I think, by Mrs. Theobald Wolfe Tone, in her Memoirs, to have occurred to her son William, in the Russian campaign of 1812.

† *Les quatre mendians* (figs, nuts, raisins, and almonds) constitute the cheapest and most general dessert furnished by the *mediocre* restaurants of Paris. My friend, the playful General, applied the term to his wounds from sabre, bayonet, musket-ball, and cannon-shot.

being imminent, they without delay returned to their places in the column.

Dreadful as were his wounds, he survived, and was able to join his regiment, which had marched in pursuit of the retreating French army, and was quartered in the Bois de Boulogne, I think, or in the town of Passy, near Paris, in the month of August following. It was a gala day for the 12th: his arrival was hailed with joy by the whole corps, and he was entertained with enthusiasm. The first salutations over, he inquired into the accidents which each had encountered during the memorable 18th of June. From that of the officers, Ponsonby turned to the conduct of his soldiers, who were chiefly Irish. "Apropos," said he, turning to Captain Andrews, son of a Dublin alderman and brewer of that name, "is there not in your troop a soldier of the name of John Murphy?"

"Yes."

"Parade him."

The man came. Ponsonby looked at him for a moment, and turning to Andrews, said: "That is not the man."

"There is another John Murphy in my troop," said Andrews.

"Let him come."

The first soldier retired, and was succeeded by a burly, comical-looking young fellow of some five-and-twenty years. The Colonel regarded him earnestly, and, after a careful examination of his countenance, said: "You may go."

When he was out of hearing, Ponsonby said: "That is one of the bravest and one of the oddest fellows I have ever seen. While lying on my back wounded, our regiment charged the lancers a second time, as you will recollect. This Mr. Murphy, cut off from his troop, was attacked close to the spot where I lay by two of them. He used his sword, as I suppose he would have done a shillelah in a row at a fair, knocking the lances alternately aside, "mill fashion," and with a rapidity which made their thrusts harmless. His enemies kept poking at him for some time, and compelled on his part only defensive measures. At length his classic recollections came to his aid (I would swear the fellow had read Virgil), and he feigned a retreat. He was pursued; when wheeling round at the proper moment, and parrying the lance of the foremost of his pursuers, he cut him down. The second pressed on, and met a similar fate, receiving from the brawny arm of Murphy a cut

which told somewhere near his collar bone, and must have divided him diagonally. His body fell to the earth without groan or motion, and Murphy, scarcely glancing at his handiwork, trotted off, whistling 'the Grinder.'"

Everybody has heard that Napoleon (although, in order to reassure him, he ridiculed the superstitious feeling which came over Lasalle on the eve of the battle of Wagram) was himself a fatalist, like many other celebrated men. When at Montecau (near Fontainebleau), 1814, he alighted from his horse, and pointed a field-piece himself upon the advancing Russians. The artillery soldiers expressed apprehension for his safety, their battery being the object of a cannonade from the enemy in the plain below. "Fear not," said he; "the bullet that is to kill me is not yet cast."

Was it fate that urged Captain Power, of the 23d Light Dragoons, on the day of the battle of Talavera, to mount his horse and charge, in opposition to the judgment and the advice of his medical attendant, Egan? Was it fate which similarly led to the death, at Waterloo, of a very gallant officer (Montagu Lind, of the 1st Life Guards) who, like him, rose from a bed of sickness to meet his death?

He feared, perhaps, that some such spirit as Hotspur's would exclaim,

"Zounds! how has he leisure to be sick
In such a justling time?"

And before the regiment repaired to the field he sent for Ned Kelly, his friend and comrade, to ask his advice. "I am ill," said he, "but in this juncture a man should be unable to wield his sword to justify his absence from his regiment."

"That is my feeling, too," said Kelly.

"Now," continued Lind, "as there is a likelihood of severe service, I ask you as a friend, a comrade, and a soldier, what would you do in my circumstances?"

Kelly reflected a moment, and then said: "You are able to sit your horse for a time, and to bear a sword in commanding, at least?"

Lind nodded assent.

"Well, then, I would hire a post-chaise and would follow the army, and when the regiment was about to charge, I would mount my horse and head my troop."

Lind acted on this counsel, and was killed in the terrible

charge of the Household Brigade—"the fighting 1st, the galloping 2d, and the standfast Blues."

The name of "Edward Kelly" is to be found in the Duke's despatch from Waterloo. But praised as he was by his chiefs, popular, admired, and celebrated as he was in London in 1816 and some years following Waterloo, he is scarcely known to the rising generation, except—possibly—the mess of the 1st Life Guards. Of Burford's clever panorama of the great battle, and in which Kelly figured conspicuously, there exists no shred that I know of. History, however, testifies to his prowess and his good fortune in contributing to the crowning success of England on the continent. Of him (a son of whom Kildare may well be proud) some particulars occur to me which I have never seen in print, and which, referring to a soldier of Waterloo, will, I am sure, be received with indulgence and read probably with interest.



CHAPTER XLVII.

Fortunæ majoris honos, erectus et acer.

CLAUDIAN.

CAPTAIN KELLY was presented to George IV., then Prince Regent, in the autumn of 1815, by a personage of a kindred spirit, now Field-Marshal the Marquis of Anglesey (and who had been an eye-witness of many of his deeds of arms), in these brief terms: "I have the honour of presenting to your Royal Highness the man who rescued the army from great impending danger on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, and who, in next day's engagement, assisted powerfully in insuring its victory—Captain Edward Kelly, of his Majesty's 1st regiment of Life Guards." Kelly, in consequence, figured as Major in the next brevet.

Edward Kelly was of the respectable family of that name in the county of Kildare, Ireland, known as "the Kellys of the Curragh." He entered young into the army; but of the early incidents of his career little is known. I saw him frequently in Dublin, between 1806 and 1811, when he was on the staff of his noble and respected Colonel, the Earl of

Harrington, then commander of the forces in Ireland. It was not, however, until the year 1816 that I made his acquaintance, in London, at which period his regiment, the 1st Life Guards, occupied Knightsbridge Barracks. A few months afterwards we met at Bangor, and travelled together to Holyhead. He was then on his way to visit his friends and relatives in Ireland.

At that time the only means which offered for crossing the Menai Strait which separates the Island of Anglesey from the mainland was a ferry opposite to Bangor. The *trajet* took up some twenty minutes in the finest weather; in winter it was a very disagreeable and tedious affair. On the occasion of which I speak, it was a pleasant one, owing a good deal to the interesting conversation of my gallant companion.

From the centre of the Menai looking to the left, coming from England, Plasnewydd, the seat of the Marquis of Anglesey, was discernible. When he was informed of that fact, Kelly looked towards it with apparent interest. "It is the seat then," said he, "of one of the bravest men who ever unsheathed a sword; one who distinguished me by companionship in danger, and to whom I am indebted, not merely for kindness, but for valuable service." He then, with modesty, referred to the circumstances in which the friendship for him of the illustrious Field-Marshal originated, but which were incomplete. I therefore inquired of his brother officers and others, and learned the following particulars respecting their introduction to each other.

In the afternoon of Saturday, 17th of June, 1815, the British army was in full movement towards the position intended to be occupied by the Duke of Wellington, and was pressed severely by the light cavalry of the corps of Marshal Ney. A long line of horsemen occupied the road, and of these Kelly was the last man; his troop of the Life Guards closing the column. The 7th Hussars (Lord Uxbridge's own regiment) were skirmishing in the rear and on the wings. Suddenly a louder hurrah! than usual struck Kelly's ear. He turned and saw Lord Uxbridge, now the Marquis of Anglesey, alone in the middle of the road, using gestures of anger, as Kelly thought, and vociferating at the top of his voice. The hussars, born down by superior force, were retreating. In the distance a regiment of lancers were concentrating, with the obvious intention of charging the rear-guard of the British

army. Perceiving the danger that threatened Lord Uxbridge in the first instance, and the rear of the English army in the second, Kelly galloped back, and on arriving nearer his Lordship, said,

“My Lord, there is not a moment to be lost. The regiment of lancers yonder is forming, and will be upon us presently. Retire with me, and I will halt the Life Guards and charge under your Lordship’s orders.”

“Do so, my good fellow,” said the Earl.

Kelly jumped his horse over a drain which skirted the road, and which here formed an angle, and galloped across the distance which separated him from his troop. On arriving, he called “halt!” in a loud voice, and the regiment instinctively obeyed.

“Who cries ‘halt?’” asked Major Berger, who commanded the rear squadron of the Life Guards.

“I,” said Kelly. “Look! Lord Uxbridge awaits our coming up, in order to charge that body of lancers now, at this moment, in close column.”

“The Life Guards must continue their march. The hussars are to cover the retreat—not we.”

“But observe the danger to all, if those fellows come upon us unbroken!”

“That is not our affair.”

“The eyes of both armies are upon us. The safety of our own army depends upon us.”

“I repeat that is no business of ours. Forward!”

Kelly, fully impressed with the importance of the crisis which threatened, indignant at the unseasonable prudence of his superior officer, and feeling for the reputation of the regiment, called out once more, “Life Guards, halt!” A second time he was obeyed. Raising himself in his stirrups, and holding his sword at the utmost stretch upwards, and then brandishing it, he cried in a voice of thunder: “Men, will you follow me?” A cheer and a wheel round responded to his appeal. He formed them, and galloped up to Lord Uxbridge, who was still alone, with the exception of his staff, on the spot where he had left him.

This was perhaps the decisive moment of the fate of both armies; for by this time the mass of the enemy’s heavy cavalry were discovered rapidly advancing. The lancer regiment already mentioned was now in charging form. The Life

Guards made a similar disposition. Lord Uxbridge and Kelly placed themselves in front. "Charge!" was uttered by both, and at it they went.

In this encounter the Colonel of the lancers fell by Kelly's own hand. The charge succeeded completely. The lancers were broken, overthrown, and dispersed; and the Life Guards receiving the thanks, and Kelly a warm shake of the hand of Lord Uxbridge, resumed their place at the rear of the still retreating English army. In this fashion, unmolested during the remainder of the day, they reached the position at Mont St. Jean, by their immortal chief. Next day the "cheese-mongers"* gained further and perennial laurels.

In the charge against the lancers I have just spoken of, Kelly escaped death by a strange circumstance. When about to mount his horse that morning, he found that his cartridge-box was out of order. Knowing that a brother officer (Perrott) was too ill to march, Kelly entered his quarters, and asked the loan of his cartridge-box. He received it of course, and throwing it over his shoulder hurriedly, shook hands with Perrott, and dashed out of the room in consequence of another summons from the trumpet.

Perrott was a man hardly of the middle size; Kelly stood six feet high. This difference caused the cartridge-box of Perrott to hang scarcely below Kelly's shoulder-blade. The hurry of the march, and the incidents of the day, prevented Kelly's recollecting this circumstance. After cutting down the Colonel of the lancers, Kelly was in another second attacked by a soldier of that regiment. With a blow from his vigorous arm, which parried and at the same time shattered the lance, † Kelly raised his sabre anew, and cut at the lancer; but he was too late. As in the case of Frederick Ponsonby, this personal rencontre took place while Kelly and his antagonist were respectively in rapid motion; and as in the former case too, the Pole was too active for his foe. Dropping the remnant of his

* This was a friendly *sobriquet*, and not a term of contempt. The gallant 50th were, in a similar spirit, called "the dirty half hundred." The 101st "the hundred and worst," &c.

† Kelly was on that day mounted on a powerful black mare. When the lancer gave point, Kelly threw up her head, and to that movement possibly owed his life. The lance intended for him struck the mare's nose, and cut open her head until it passed between her ears. This fine animal, like her rider, survived the action, and was, for some years afterwards, an object of interest to the visitors of the Life Guards' stables.

lance, he, with the rapidity of lightning, drew his sabre, and cut at Kelly as they passed. The well-aimed blow fell upon the cartridge-box of Kelly, which, according to the regimental regulation, was of massive silver. It was completely cut through, but Kelly escaped without a scar.

After the second *and insubordinate* call of Kelly to the Life Guards to charge, and their equally *disobedient* acquiescence on the evening of the 17th of June, their chief, Major Berger, continued to ride at the tail of the retreating column. It is needless to say that Kelly was never tried for breach of discipline, but Major Berger was subjected to a court of inquiry. The finding was favourable to him; but he felt obliged, nevertheless, to withdraw from the service, and sold his commission. What remains to be told of him is lamentable. He was next heard of as a pauper, applying for relief at one of the London police offices, having run through all his money, and become utterly destitute. He had the air of a gentleman, and had never been suspected of want of courage before the eve of the battle of Waterloo.

Major Berger owed his first commission to a singular circumstance. In proceeding to London on some grand occasion, George III. was struck by the appearance of a youth on the parapet of a house in the Strand, who had a battery of small cannons, with which he saluted His Majesty, and then hurried, waving his cap over his head. "Fine boy! fine boy!" said the King. "Make an officer of him!" It was done; and this was the unfortunate Berger, whose father was a tradesman in the Strand.

In the course of our journey from Bangor to Holyhead, I asked Kelly, naturally, many questions about Waterloo, for it was almost the only topic of conversation in 1816. Amongst other things, I inquired whether all that was said of Shaw (the pugilist and Life Guardsman) was true?

"I do not know, but have no doubt of it," replied Kelly; "every man did his duty that day, however, and none more bravely than my orderly, Paddy Halpin."*

"What! were there Irishmen in the Life Guards?"

"Yes, but not many."

Our conversation next turned to the Peninsular war, and

* John Shaw was well known among the pugilistic corps of London before the battle of Waterloo. Paddy Halpin afterwards figured in the same circle, but not in the ring; only with the gloves, I think.

then on the qualities of the English, Irish, and Scotch soldiers. "They are all equally brave," said he; "but they differ much in character. In Spain, when going my rounds as officer of the night, I found on coming upon an English regiment, the men fast and confidently asleep. On arriving at a regiment of Highlanders, they, too, would seem sound asleep, but I observed that they were closely observing me. I would go further, and from a hovel could hear the sound of a fiddle. On entering, I would find the soldiers of an Irish regiment engaged in a country dance! On remonstrating, and telling them that possibly we should have an action next day, and that they ought therefore to seek repose, 'Let it come, sir!' they would reply. 'Were we ever backward?'"

Poor Kelly! He accompanied that distinguished cavalry officer, Lord Combermere, to India, as chief of his staff; for in Spain, Kelly's gallantry had become known to his Lordship. Change of climate, advancing years, hard campaigning, but, above all, the untimely death of his only son, a young officer of much promise, broke up his iron frame. He never raised his head after his son's death; and died during the Burmese campaign, lamented by all who knew him.

Connected with this sad event was a circumstance that may have interest for some of my readers. Immediately before intelligence of his death reached Europe, I happened to meet, at the Hôtel Quillac, in Calais, a number of Indian officers, who had just arrived there on their return home. On my way I inquired of them for "Ned Kelly;" they said that "he was pretty well, but much grieved in consequence of his bereavement."

A gentleman at another table asked: "Is he in low spirits?"

"Very!"

"Then," said the gentleman, an old soldier, "I am sorry to say he is 'ordered to join.' I lament this, for he was a noble fellow. I have served seven-and-twenty years in India, myself, and have never known a desponding invalid recover, nor a man mentally depressed to live long in that country."

This prediction was verified. The next mail brought an account of the death of Edward Kelly—"Waterloo Kelly."

Seven-and-thirty years have elapsed since the day of Waterloo, and yet the memory of it is so rife, and the interest belonging to it so easily revived, and so powerful when awakened, that it requires an effort to detach oneself from it, having

once touched it. Ireland is not thought of by foreigners, nor even by Englishmen in general, when speaking of that great battle; and yet, more than a moiety of the army of Wellington throughout his career, and especially at Waterloo, were, like himself, Irish. These latter facts account for, and will, I trust, excuse the length I have permitted to myself in dealing with an action which changed the face of Europe.

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?



CHAPTER XLVIII.

Ne quid nimis.

TERENCE.

ENOUGH of war, and its atrocious incidents. How was Ireland represented on the Continent in other circumstances, while the Brigade was gathering laurels? Little is to be found in France to indicate the quiet course of the convent and the college in that long interval. Ireland gave to France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, in former times, *savans* of celebrity, saints and martyrs; but during the last century it was treason to travel, and to seek abroad the instruction necessary for the scientific student, or to qualify the aspirant for sacerdotal functions. To communicate it was consequently impossible. Few children, dedicated to lay or peaceful pursuits, ventured to incur the penalty of *Premunire*, pronounced against all who dared defiance of the alternative pronounced by the code prescribed for Ireland—"Learning and Protestantism, or Ignorance and Catholicity." The Irish (or English) Catholic youth, to be found in the colleges or seminaries of France during the eighteenth century, were, generally speaking, "intended for the Church." From the accession of George the Third, however, some relaxation of the code was observable; still the prohibitory law was unrepealed, and caution was practised to conceal the evasions of it. One little expedient was to change the names of the students, lest, by some infidelity, the records of the institution should be abstracted, and reach the hands of the British government, and denounce the offenders. "Thus," said the late Mr. Francis

Plowden, "Arthur Murphy" (the dramatist) became Arthur "French."—[He added those of several others of his contemporaries at Saint Omer's; among others, that of the last Duke of Norfolk but one, but they have escaped me.] The Kembles (John and Charles) were, I believe, educated at different colleges, and were inscribed under their real names. Mr. Charles Kemble is possibly the last survivor of those who, at Saint Omer's,

Were taught by stealth, and feared to find it fame.

A late and regretted friend and college contemporary of Charles Kemble, used to narrate a little vengeance exercised by them and their comrades on the Benedictine Friars, to whom, on the banishment of the Jesuits, the education of youth was confided. The robes of the Jesuits were black, those of the Benedictines white. It would appear that the change was not to the taste of the pupils, for, as the latter would pass by them, they secretly and silently bespattered them with ink.

There are few records of the Irish colleges of France to be found. In the Revolution everything of that nature was destroyed. That those institutions were well conducted, no doubt can be entertained. The Colleges of Douay, St. Omer, Lille, &c., scarcely yielded to that of Paris in rank among the academical institutions of Europe.

The Revolution, assuming nearly at its outset an irreligious aspect, was naturally viewed with horror at the universities and colleges, presided over as they were by Catholic clergymen, and to this rule the Irish college of Paris was not an exception. The students necessarily became anti-Revolutionists. Two instances of their mode of evincing their hostility to the great popular movement occur to me. The first, involving fearful consequences, compromising two of the most illustrious men of the Revolution; the second—the mere offspring of an *orgie*—had no important result, because of the political "situation;" it passed off harmlessly for the offending actors in it, and was in fact the farce after the tragedy.

On Saint Nicholas's day, 6th of December, 1790, the students of the Irish college, in virtue of that high holiday, repaired for recreation to the Champ de Mars, and commenced a game at football—not the *jeu au balon*, as is incorrectly stated by Prudhomme, and which consists in thumping a large inflated ball with the feet from one player to another—but regular, down-

right football, after the Irish fashion. In the course of the game ("accidentally on purpose," I fear), the ball reached the "Altar of the Country," which had remained in front of the Military School ever since the grand federation of the 14th of the preceding July. The ball was pursued by a stripling from the county of Louth, named Charles O'Reilly, whom I afterwards knew, who in his real or pretended seramble for it, or by a misdirected kick upset—not a pedestal, as Prudhomme says—but the statue of Liberty itself, which graced the altar. The sentinel on duty over the sacred edifice rushed upon the offender, took him by the collar, and called for the guard and upon the eye-witnesses, who were numerous, to aid him in securing the authors of this gross insult. The guard arrived, and the spectators joined them.

Three of the prisoner's friends, the late Doctor MacMahon, J. J. Plunkett, nephew of the late Catholic Bishop of Meath, and Curtin, or MacCurtin, ran to the rescue. Their other companions crowded around, explaining at the top of their voices how the accident, as they persisted in calling it, occurred. The soldiers and the spectators understood not a word of the explanation, which was given in English; and the students, raw levies, were for the most part as completely ignorant of French. The parties respectively, therefore, resorted to the expedient usually employed in such cases—that is, they elevated their voices. This, however, did not help them as they desired, but it had an unfortunate effect upon the French party, who imagined that the Irish were cursing, swearing, and abusing the French and France, and blaspheming the altar of the country.

As Frenchmen in a passion are maniacs, and as their unfortunate misinterpretation of the young Irishmen's language greatly excited the anger of the auditors and spectators of the scene, the tumult became terrific. The quarrel was a pretty quarrel as it stood, when some misbegotten knave of a democrat, observing the semi-clerical costume of the students, and their *round* hats (cocked ones being the order of the day), cried out: "Aux calotins! Les calotins à la lanterne!"*

These awful sounds being understood by some of the students, were explained to the remainder, and as, even then, summary execution had been done upon several unfortunate

* They are priests! To the gallows with the priests!

ecclesiastics, *saure qui peut* ran through the Irish ranks; and with the exception of young O'Reilly, who was in fault, they immediately fled. The greater number escaped; but some half dozen were captured, and would probably have been strung up (for the citizens were by this time extremely incensed), but for La Fayette, who thus justified in advance Madame de Staël's sneer, that he was "like the rainbow, appearing always after a storm." They were liberated in the course of the day.

CHAPTER XLIX.

'Tis sport to you, but death to us.

Fable of the Frogs.

ON St. Patrick's Day, in the year 1791, occurred the second instance of the enmity of the Irish students for the Revolution; and it was even less creditable to them than that which I have just recounted.

A party of them dined at a *traiteur's* to celebrate the fete of the Patron Saint of their country (17th March.) They had no doubt drunk with enthusiasm the customary national toasts, and were very noisy and very merry, when one of them had occasion to quit the banqueting-room. On passing through the general *salle-à-manger*, he noticed three officers of the National Guard at supper. Observing that they ate voraciously, although they had before them only one simple dish, spinach, the Irishman looked with contempt, first at the party, and next at the modest repast. "Dry bread and spinach!" exclaimed he; "let us moisten the vegetable at any rate." Seeing a watering-pot, kept at hand to enable the waiters to cleanse the apartment when the guests should have departed, he seized it and sprinkled abundantly the dish and the plates of the party. Astounded by the suddenness of the aggression, the officers remained for a moment motionless. At length, all rose and rushed to their sabres, which they had taken off and hung up before commencing supper. They were successively knocked down by the aggressor. The waiters rushed in on hearing the noise, and the other students came

to the aid of their culpable companion, on whose head and shoulders blows began to be unmercifully showered. A general fight now ensued, many wounds were inflicted, and several of the combatants had already fallen, when a detachment of soldiers from the Luxembourg arrived, and put an end to the affray, carrying off to the guard-house the rioters, and, shutting them up in the *violon* (blackhole), left them to their reflections, as they remarked. But this was a miscalculation, for the incarcerated students continued for an hour or two alternately quarrelling among themselves, and singing.

About six o'clock in the morning, however, they appeared to have recovered their senses, and were then regaled with a promise that they should be brought before the tribunal for assaulting and maltreating peaceful citizens, and for vilifying the Republic in several languages.

A council of war was, therefore, immediately held, the result of which was a letter to the British Ambassador, the Duke of Dorset, representing the facts of the case, with becoming expressions of humility and repentance. The Duke was, however, in England, but his Secretary of Embassy, Sir Charles Whitworth (afterwards Lord Whitworth, and Lord-lieutenant of Ireland), repaired to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and so successfully pleaded their cause that they were discharged with a simple admonition.

I am not certain that there is anything excusable in the disorders of tipsy Irishmen on "Patrick's Day." Sure I am that the indulgence extended to the party just mentioned, in a foreign country, too, and at a period of considerable political excitement, has no parallel nearer home. The remorseless use made of their staves on the heads of unfortunate Irish drunkards, by the London police, on such occasions, has frequently made my blood boil with indignation, however disposed I might be to blame and punish riot and *tappage*. "They order these matters better in France," however, and in Spain, too, as I shall proceed to show.

A detachment (two battalions) of the Irish Regiment in the French service, was quartered in the city of Burgos, in the month of March, 1810. On St. Patrick's Day the officers of it presented to their soldiers so many skins of wine, with which to celebrate the festival, that—literally, "every man had his skinful"—to the great damage of their understandings. The consequence was a *sortie* of the whole party after they had

finished their potations, and an indiscriminate assault upon every person they met in the streets. Burgos is—everybody knows—a fortified town. The Commandant, a wary old Frenchman, sent a sufficient force to quell the riot, which was done; and the principals in it, who were numerous, were conveyed to the city prison, and confined in the *violon*.*

It so happened that shortly after their imprisonment in the blackhole, a Spanish friar was brought before the Commandant charged with being a brigand—the polite term applied by the French to those who were, in fact, patriots. He, also, was ordered to the *violon*. He arrived within it precisely at the moment when there was a general row among its previous occupants, accompanied by exclamations and expressions in English, of which he had a smattering, and in another language quite unknown to him, and which, in the darkness that prevailed, had, in his conception, something unearthly. Presently he was knocked down by an accidental blow; a fierce engagement took place in his immediate vicinity, and a series of assaults and retreats was performed over his body. Several of the combatants fell upon him; he became a mass of contusions. At length his screams were heard by the Spanish turnkeys, who opened the door and removed him in a piteous plight. Covered with blood and dust, he was once more led before the Commandant, who laughed loudly at the woful appearance he presented; a favourable indication for the prisoner, but who misunderstood it.

The friar stood aghast. He had hoped for sympathy, but met with derision as he conceived. Gravely addressing the Commandant, he said: “Sir, from Frenchmen I expected treatment different from that which I have experienced.”

“You believed, probably, that you would be shot. Perhaps you may not be disappointed.”

“God’s will be done! For that I was not, I trust, quite unprepared; but I never heard that the French tortured their prisoners.”

“Tortured! What do you mean?”

“The moment I entered the prison-walls, within—I was beset by a legion of your torturers. At one moment I thought they were fiends; but my reason came to my aid, and I discovered that they were mere executioners, and in human

* Blackhole.

shape. They howled, they kicked, they fought, they danced—for the most part on my body; they swore, they blasphemed, some of them in French, others in English, but the greater number in an unknown tongue, while they pummelled and beat me into a jelly. Look here, Commandant.”

The Commandant, on the first occurrence of the disorder, had sent for some of the officers of the Irish regiment, and had received from them an account of the cause of the outrages that had been committed, with a request that the offenders should be kept in custody till next day. He now raised his eyes and fixed them upon the man whom, half an hour before, he had seen enveloped in a whole and decent habit, of solemn and respectable demeanor, now literally in rags, covered with blood, mud, and bruises, and his hair and beard thinned by the wild men among whom he had been thrown. The functionary fell back in his chair screaming with laughter. On this the Spaniard drew himself up; but this assertion of dignity only increased the Frenchman's gayety. As, however, even mirth must have an end, he at length addressed the indignant priest in the following words:

“You were perfectly right in your opinion of the French: they never torture their prisoners. You were quite as wrong, however, in surmising that those who maltreated you were executioners inflicting a sentence: they were simply out of their minds through temporary intoxication, and when restored to their senses, will deeply lament the outrages of which they were guilty towards you. Your being placed in their vicinity was an accident. You have suffered much, and I have been the innocent cause of it; I shall make, therefore, the best reparation in my power. You have been sadly punished, but are now free. Go and tell your countrymen that the French can be humane. Tell them also to avoid the society of Irishmen on the 17th of March, for I have just learnt from Captain Ware, that all his countrymen are seized with insanity on that day.”

CHAPTER L.

Oh pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers:
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue.
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife,
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quartered with the hand of War,
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deed.

Julius Cæsar.

One strugglo more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain.

BYRON.

ARRIVING in Paris shortly after the peace of 1815, I sought a countryman and friend who had served in the French army with distinction from the year 1803, and to whom I am indebted for much that I know respecting the Irish abroad. Among other advantages that I owe him, was my introduction to the Irish College. On an appointed day we were wending our way thither, when, on the Estrapade,* we saw approaching us an elderly, plain-looking man, rather low in stature, wearing a gown of questionable colour, and a shocking bad hat. He carried a bundle in his hand, and seemed absorbed and at the same time in a hurry. The moment my friend perceived him he said: "Here comes the principal of those to whom I was about to introduce you; a warm-hearted and in every other way favourable specimen of our countrymen abroad; the superior of the Irish College."

* This is the name of a street which rose precipitately from the Place St. Michel to the Rue des Postes, in which, and the Rue des Irlandais, running into it, the Irish College is situated. Recent improvements have, however, changed that reproach considerably. The Estrapade was the theatre of military punishments in former days. The reader will remember fat Jack Falstaff's exclamation: "Were I at the *Strapado*, and all the backs in the world!"

“Impossible !”

“I grant you that he has none of the outer appearances of a functionary of that class, such as you have been accustomed to behold in Dublin or Maynooth, in Cambridge or Oxford. He is, however, a learned, and what is in my mind better, a liberal, charitable, benevolent man, ever engaged in acts of kindness, especially where his own countrymen are concerned.”

By this time we had come up to him. My friend, after the first salutation, said : “Monsieur l’Abbé, will you allow me to present to you my friend, our countryman, Mr. —— ?” The Abbé gave him one hand, and, looking sheepishly all the while, hastily put the other which held the bundle behind his back. He then extended to me the one which my friend had imprisoned, inquiring how long I had been in Paris ?

“What have you got there, Abbé ?” asked my friend, with a smile, pointing to the concealed hand.

“I’ll tell you the truth,” said he blushing, and withdrawing it, showed that it held a much worn black coat and shorts tied together with packthread. “I am taking these to a poor fellow, Paddy Collins, to whom they will be welcome, for they are necessary. I would have preferred giving him money, for I cannot well spare them ; but, by the way, you have not named me to your friend.”

“I beg pardon of both,” was the reply. “This,” said my friend, looking from me to the priest, “this is the worthy Abbé Kearney.”

“Pooh, pooh !” said the old gentleman. “Don’t mind him ; he was always a flatterer. If he had not been a ‘yellow-belly’ (Wexford man, you know), one would say that he had licked the Blarney stone.”*

My friend had spoken truly of the venerable priest. I was favoured with permission to call upon him when I would, and passed in his company very many most agreeable hours. He was full of anecdote ; he had lived long in Paris ; had seen and felt much, and was, when drawn out, communicative ; but he was diffident ; and not wishing to be too inquisitive, I omitted opportunities while in his society of learning particulars of the great Revolution now lost for ever.

For the honour of Ireland, two of her sons, the celebrated

* A figurative expression, applied to persons addicted to paying extravagant compliments.

Abbé Edgeworth and this simple, retiring individual were in attendance on the unfortunate King Louis XVI. of France, at the moment of his execution. History mentions the Abbé Edgeworth only, but the second, the Abbé Kearney, was also present; not officially, for the powers which then ruled would have rejected a demand for a plurality of confessors or chaplains, and would probably have refused permission for even one to approach their august victim. The Abbé Kearney's presence was therefore voluntary; but I recollect his saying that if not desired by, it was known to the King that he wished to attend, and assist at that lamentable sacrifice.

The conduct of the Abbé Edgeworth on that heart-rending occasion, is well known. He united the most ardent zeal of a minister of religion, to courage and devotion to his royal patron in the presence of his own almost certain death. These, together with his other claims on respect, are inseparably connected with an event, the history of which insures immortality to him, and sheds lustre on his country.

Respecting the execution of the unhappy monarch Louis XVI., I spoke to the Abbé Kearney more than once. His replies were brief, and were accompanied by evidence that the subject caused him much pain. The following simple narrative is all that I could obtain from him.

“I arrived,” said he, “in the Place de la Révolution before the King, and managed to reach the scaffold just as the carriage in which he sat with the Abbé Edgeworth and two gendarmes approached from the Rue Royale. The front ranks of the crowd which surrounded the scaffold were principally *sans-culottes*, who evinced the most savage joy in anticipation of the impending tragedy.

“The scaffold was so situated as to provide for the royal sufferer a pang to which less distinguished victims were insensible. It stood between the pedestal on which had been erected a statue of Louis XV. (overthrown early in the Revolution),* and the issue from the garden of the Tuileries, called the Pont Tournant. Midway between those two points, a hideous, *soi-disant* statue of Liberty raised her Gorgon head. This situation was chosen in order to realize a conception characteristic of the epoch and the frantic fiends who figured in it. It insured that the unhappy persons, on being placed

* The site of the obelisk brought from Thebes, which was placed on it in 1836.

on the *bascule* of the guillotine, should, in their descent from the perpendicular to the horizontal when pushed home to receive the fatal stroke, make an obeisance to the goddess! Yes, even to that frivolity in a matter so appalling did the monsters directing those butcheries resort.

“For the King this position of the guillotine was therefore peculiarly painful, for, looking beyond the statue of Liberty, the Palace of the Tuileries appeared at the end of the grand avenue, and upon it his last glance in this world must have rested.

“Scarcely had the King descended from the coach, when Samson, the executioner, and his aids approached him to make his ‘toilette,’* as the preparation of the victim for death was termed. He had a large head of hair, confined by a ribbon according to the fashion of the day. Upon this Samson seized with one hand, brandishing a pair of huge seissors in the other. The King, whose hands were yet free, opposed the attempt of Samson to cut off his hair, a precaution necessary, however, to insure the operation of the axe. The executioner’s assistants rushed upon him. He struggled with them violently and long, but was at length overcome and bound. His hair was cut off in a mass and thrown upon the ground. It was picked up by an Englishman who was in front of the scaffold, and who put it in his pocket, to the scandal of the *sans-culottes*, who like him were in the first rank of spectators. As we never heard more about the circumstance, I suppose the unhappy *Anglais* was murdered. When the bustle occasioned by this incident was over, the King ascended the scaffold. All that followed with regard to him is well known.”

“Is it not true, Abbé,” said I, “that the Abbé Edgeworth uttered, as the King was mounting the short flight of steps leading to the scaffold, those sublime words of encouragement, ‘Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel!’”

“No,” he replied; “but while the King was struggling with the executioner and his men, as I have just described, the Abbé Edgeworth recommended resignation to him, adding (and these words suggested possibly the phrase ascribed to him): ‘You have only one sacrifice more to make in this life before you enjoy life eternal—submit to it.’”

“The execution over, the Abbé Edgeworth and I were

* Another of the horrible gayeties of the time. The guillotine itself was called “the national window” by some—“the national razor” by others!

advised to withdraw as quickly as possible. I suppose the illustrious Malesherbes was present to take a last farewell of his royal master and client, for the cloak of his coachman was obtained and cast round Edgeworth, under favour of which he retired. Nevertheless he must have been pursued, for he found it necessary to take refuge in a little milliner's shop, in the Rue du Bac, whence by a back door he made his escape."

"And you?"

"I reached home safely, but was subsequently arrested, and passed three years in the Temple."

This account of the execution of Louis XVI. is perfectly consistent with all those published on the subject, except that it demolishes the memorable exclamation attributed to the Abbé Edgeworth, which, had I not reliance upon the veracity of the Abbé Kearney, there appear many reasons for believing was not uttered.

The fact of the cutting off the hair of the King immediately before his death, and his resistance, are exactly borne out by M. Thiers, who thus describes the occurrences in the Conciergerie, before the departure for the scaffold:—

"It was five o'clock in the morning of the next day, at the Temple. The King awoke, called Clery, his *valet de chambre*, asked him what o'clock it was, and dressed himself with the utmost calmness. He congratulated himself upon having recovered his strength by sleep. Clery lighted the fire, and then brought in a small chest of drawers, of which to make an altar. The Abbé Edgeworth, who had passed the night in the prison, put on his vestments, and commenced celebrating Mass, which Clery 'served,' and which the King heard, kneeling, with the utmost fervour. He afterwards received the communion from the hands of M. Edgeworth, and Mass being over, rose full of restored strength, and waited tranquilly the moment for proceeding to the scaffold. He asked for a pair of scissors to cut off his hair himself, and thus escape that humiliating operation at the hands of the executioner; but the authorities refused it, fearing that he would commit suicide."

After his release from the Temple, the Abbé Kearney appears to have been an object of suspicion for every government of France which followed to the period of the Restoration. On the occurrence of every *émeute*, or the discovery of every conspiracy, he was taken into custody as a matter of course. On

the explosion of the Infernal Machine—that incident so fatal to many innocent persons, and so disgraceful to the partisans of the Bourbon dynasty—the Abbé Kearney was one of the first of the many suspected persons who were arrested.

“I was on my way to my old quarters in the Temple,” said he to me, “accompanied by two police agents in coloured clothes, who allowed me to walk before them free. On crossing the Pont Neuf, I saw approaching a former friend and pupil, Mathieu de Montmorency. He drew up, and as I passed close to him said, in an under-tone, in English (a language I had taught him): ‘Unhappy man! I know whither you are going. Will they never allow you to be quiet?’ Now I had no knowledge of—nothing whatever to do with—the Infernal Machine,” added the Abbé.

He did not remain long in prison on this charge. The real authors of the atrocious deed were discovered, and several of them met the just punishment of their crime. The man who actually fired the match by which it was made to explode, however, escaped. I found him one day, in the year 1835, at the house of the late Mr. Lewis Goldsmith, in Paris, who introduced him to me. He was a rather shrewd-looking man, of apparently a low class in society.

The Abbé Kearney died in Paris, in the year 1827, and was buried in the vaults of the Irish College.

The Abbé Edgeworth remained concealed in Paris after the slaughter of his original penitent the admirable, heroic, saint-like Princess Elizabeth, the purest victim offered on the Revolutionary scaffold, to whom he owed his introduction to her brother the King. During the sixteen months which elapsed between the execution of her brother and her own death, the Abbé Edgeworth contrived to correspond with and console her. His mission being, as he considered, terminated with her sacrifice, on the 10th of May, 1794, he retired into Germany, and continued attached to the Princes and the French soldiers who fought under them during twelve or thirteen years. He died at Mittau, the capital of Courland, of a fever caught while attending some wounded French soldiers.

On his tomb is engraved the following epitaph, composed on the spot by King Louis XVIII., in testimony of his affection and esteem for the illustrious defunct:—

D. O. M.

HIC JACET
 REVERENDISSIMUS VIR
 HENRICUS ESSEX EDGEWORTH DE FIRMONT,
 SANCTÆ DEI ECCLESIE SACERDOS,
 VICARIUS GENERALIS ECCLESIE PARISIENSIS, ETC.
 QUI
 REDEMPTORIS NOSTRI VESTIGIA TENENS
 OCVLUS CÆCO,
 PES CLAUDO,
 PATER PAUPERUM,
 MGERENTIUM CONSOLATOR,
 FUIT,
 LUDOVICUM XVI.
 AB IMPIIS REBELLIBUSQUE SUBDITIS
 MORTI DEDITUM
 AD ULTIMUM CERTAMEN
 ROBORAVIT,
 STRENUOQUE MARTYRI CÆLOS APERTOS
 OSTENDIT.
 E MANIBUS REGICIDARUM
 MIRA DEI PROTECTIONE
 EREPTUS,
 LUDOVICO XVIII.
 EUM AD SE VOCANTI
 ULTRO ACCURRENS,
 EI PER DECEN ANNOS,
 REGIÆ EJUS FAMILIÆ,
 NECNON ET FIDELIBUS SODALIBUS,
 EXEMPLAR VIRTUTUM
 LEVAMEN MALORUM,
 SESE PRÆBUIT.
 PER MULTAS ET VARIAS REGIONES
 TEMPORUM CALAMITATE
 ACTUS,
 ILLI QUEM SOLUM COLEBAT
 SEMPER SIMILIS,
 PERTRANSIT BENEFACIENDO.
 PLENUS TANDEM BONIS OPERIBUS
 OBIIT
 DIE 22 MAII MENSIS
 ANNO DOMINI, 1807,
 ETATIS VERO SUE, 62.
 REQUIESCAT IN PACE!

CHAPTER LI.

None are all evil—quickenings round his heart
 One softer feeling would not yet depart.

BYRON (*The Corsair*).

COINCIDENTALLY with my introduction to the Abbé Kearney, President of the Irish College, was my presentation to its physician, Doctor Patrick MacMahon, late librarian of the School of Medicine, Paris, of whom no superior in warmth of heart, benevolence, kindness, and love of country has appeared among the Irish abroad.

Doctor MacMahon was nephew of an Irish physician (of the name of O'Reilly, I believe) attached to the Court of Louis XVI., which fact in the Reign of Terror caused him to be included among the *suspects*; at which period, to be suspected, denounced, brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, condemned, and sent to the scaffold, was in the ordinary and daily routine. Participating in the suspicion resting upon his uncle, because of their relationship, Doctor MacMahon sought safety in concealment.

During many months he contrived to evade discovery. At length, fatigued with confinement, he took advantage of the diversion caused by the celebrated declaration of Danton: "La patrie est en danger!" to steal forth one evening, and to enter a little *traiteur's* in the place St. Michel, for the *restaurant* had not yet been invented. In order to escape notice he chose a table at a corner at the remotest part of the dining-room, and, through necessity, as he would have done from prudence at that period, when none dare display wealth or fastidiousness, ordered a moderate and humble repast, in keeping with the public taste and discretion of the day.

He had successfully gotten through his modest refection, disturbed occasionally perhaps by the entrance of some of the fearful agents of terror, by whom he was not, however, noticed. At length, about eight o'clock, when about to rise from table, he saw a man bearing a tricolored sash, the emblem of autho-

city, enter the room and strut towards the place in which he was seated, looking with a scowl upon the assembled guests, who crouched beneath it. In this person MacMahon recognised one of the most renowned *sans-culottes* of the quarter. He gave himself up for lost when the man approached him, but was somewhat reassured by the haughty bearing of the visiter, who seemed to overlook a being so humble as himself. When, however, he had reached the lowest part of the hall, the man turned on his heel, and in so doing touched MacMahon, to whom he said, in almost indistinct terms, "Follow me!"

"Alas!" thought poor MacMahon, "and this is the result of my daring! Heaven help me!"

He rose, however, and paying his bill at the bar, left the house. The streets were badly lighted at that period; lamps (lanternes) suspended over the centre of the street by cords at very distant intervals, served with little more effect than to

"Make darkness visible."

He perceived, on quitting the house, that the official whose command he had obeyed had placed himself in the part of the street most in shade. This gave MacMahon a glimmer of hope, and supplied him with strength to comply with a signal to approach. When he had come close to him, the man said, in a stern voice: "What do you here?"

"I was nearly tired of my life," said MacMahon.

"I should think so," interrupted the man.

"And I stole abroad to breathe the air for a moment, and to obtain a morsel of food, of which I was much in want."

"I have your name on a list of persons denounced to the Committee of Public Safety, and it is my duty to arrest you."

"The will of God be done!"

"It is not the will of God that I take you into custody," said the man. "I have a reason for sparing you, that you may possibly know one day. At present, however, let us insure your safety. You are aware that matters are going hard with the Republic on the frontiers, and that Danton has proclaimed the country in danger. Thousands of citizens enrol themselves daily as volunteers. On Thursday, a detachment will leave this quarter, and with it I recommend you to march; but of course without enrolling your name. You may thus save your life. The volunteers are to rendezvous at the Mairie, at eleven o'clock. Be punctual. I shall be there.

Now go home, and do not come abroad until then. Adieu; no thanks; good-night. Oh, I had forgot;—as your name will not appear at the Mairie, you cannot be armed at the public expense. Can you provide yourself with a musket? It need not be serviceable, but you must be armed.”

“I shall procure a gun,” said MacMahon.

“Very well. Adieu!”

MacMahon did not proceed to the place of rendezvous on the day which was to determine his fate, until nearly eleven o'clock, in order as he hoped to be able to mix himself up in a crowd. He did in fact find a very considerable number of volunteers already assembled, and breathed more freely at the prospect of escaping the eyes of dangerous inquisitors. What was his horror, however, at hearing that the volunteers were to be drawn up in single files at each side of the Porte Cochère and passage leading to the Mairie, and to find that he was appointed, because of his low stature, to the last place of the left hand file coming from the Mairie, and would consequently be the first in view of the authorities, civil and military, who were to arrive to witness and applaud the departure of the section of the Cordeliers to combat the enemies of the Republic.

The first of the expected officers who arrived was his friend. On perceiving MacMahon, he started back: “You are lost!” said he, on beholding the exposed situation of his trembling *protégé*. “The names of the volunteers enrolled will be read out, in order that they may receive a fraternal cheer from their fellow-citizens. With that you have nothing to do; afterwards will be read a list of suspected persons, who, it is thought possible, may, as you propose, seek to escape the punishment of their *incivisme*. Your name is on that list. I need hardly caution you against answering when it is called. We must see, in the meanwhile, if it be possible to put you less obviously in view.”

He then exclaimed, in a loud voice, as if directed to MacMahon: “No, citizen! you cannot expect a place so distinguished as that you occupy. It is all very well to parade your patriotism, but you are under size. Men of better appearance must first meet the eye of the representatives. Here! Let a dozen citizens of those at the head of the column pass hither; and let those diminutive, but of course equally excellent citizens, take ground to the centre.” (This was in the darkest

part of the Porte Cochère). "That will do! One word more, citizen," said he, in an under-tone to his *protégé*:—"Present arms to the representatives as they pass, and contrive to conceal your face with your musket. Everything depends upon it. When the order to march is given, step into the centre of the column, and be sure to imitate your comrades in crying, 'Vive la République!' Good-by! I can do no more. We may meet again."

Having said this with a haughty air, he strode up to the Mairie.

The change of the position which MacMahon originally held in the column, so kindly recommended by his friend, preserved him. The representatives and other authorities arrived at the Mairie precisely as the clock struck the hour of noon; for the fashion of the day in such matters was punctuality—a virtue assumed by all the consular, imperial, and royal rulers of France who have succeeded to the Republic, One and Indivisible. Scarcely perceiving the double file of volunteers, the Commissaire de la Convention, with head erect, proceeded to the Mairie, on the step of which stood the Mayor himself, anxious (for he was in heart and soul an aristocrat) to recommend himself by well-assumed zeal and thorough obsequiousness to those whose nod would have been as sure a sentence of immediate execution as if uttered by Robespierre himself.

After an interchange of salutations, the representative harangued the citizens assembled in the court of the Mairie on the sacrifices (life being the least of these) which all citizens were bound to make for the country. He then, followed by his staff and attendants, passed down the right hand line of volunteers. Having arrived at the extremity, he turned to the left. He stopped before the second man of the file: "Do my eyes deceive me?" he cried. "Are you not the son of the ex-noble D——?"

"Yes!" stammered the young man thus addressed.

"And you dare to associate yourself with real patriots! You, whose family has figured at all the fêtes of St. Germain, Versailles, the Triansons, and whose unworthy parent was one of the suite of the Austrian in her visit to the Gardes Suisses, on the 4th of October?"

"The principles and the position of my ancestors, I do not deny, citizen representative; but the country being proclaimed

in danger, I hoped it would be permitted to the grandson of one of the conquerors at Fontenoy, to aid in the expulsion of the enemies of France from the territory of the Republic."

A murmur of approbation commenced in the circle which surrounded the representative, but a stern regard from the tyrant repressed it instantly.

"To the Abbaye with the aristocrat!"* he almost roared, and rapidly ascended the line, too much taken up with his passion to observe attentively the many trembling auditors of the sentence he had pronounced, for such in fact it was.

The names of the volunteers were then read loudly by an officer. Each answering by the word "present," and receiving a cheer of approbation from the assembly. This being over another test was produced from the pocket of the *greffier* of the Revolutionary Tribunal, which that functionary also read aloud. To the first name uttered there was no reply. To the second, a youth of seventeen, of a most interesting appearance, responded. "Advance," said the *greffier*. The young man went forward, and made a profound obeisance to the representative, who eyed him with the aspect of a fiend. "Stand aside," said the *greffier*, and resumed reading from his list. As it was alphabetically arranged, eight other unhappy persons acknowledged themselves present, and were similarly with the first placed aside before "Patrick MacMahon" was pronounced. No reply. "Does any citizen recognise MacMahon among those present?" asked the *greffier*. A silence so complete ensued, that MacMahon feared the beating of his heart would be heard. No answer having been given, the *greffier* proceeded, and three other unfortunates were added to the nine already marked. The word "march!" was almost immediately afterwards given, and the column of volunteers of the "section of the Cordeliers" was put into motion for the frontier, which MacMahon safely reached.

He served throughout that campaign as a voltigeur, but his quality of student of medicine becoming known, he was transferred to the medical staff, in which he distinguished himself by humanity, assiduity, and skill, and after two more years of service was allowed to return to Paris.

The twelve unhappy persons taken into custody at the

* At the massacre of the prisoners confined in the Abbaye, a different result was experienced by a young man who had in a similar way confessed that he was an aristocrat.

Mairie, as above narrated, were sent before the Revolutionary Tribunal early next forenoon, and at four o'clock that evening were guillotined on the Place de la Révolution. MacMahon never discovered the name of his protector.

Dr. Patrick MacMahon died in Paris in the year 1835, and was buried in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse. The grave never closed upon a warmer friend, a more generous and feeling medical practitioner, or a truer Irishman.



CHAPTER LII.

There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceased,
 The which observed, a man may prophesy
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life.
 The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption.

Henry IV. (2d Part).

WE have referred elsewhere to the supreme *égoïsme* of Louis XV. in anticipating that the day of retribution for immorality and misgovernment would not arrive in his time, while, in the utterance of those heartless words—

“Après nous le déluge”—

he clearly predicted the advent of the avenger.

While treating of the horrors of the Revolution of 1789, I may be allowed to introduce here an incident in which an Irishman took a leading part, and which may be regarded as characteristic of the period when, unmindful of portentous appearances, the Court in general persisted, by its frivolity and more serious offences against public feeling, to attract to it contempt and indignation.

The latter years of the life of King Charles X. of France were, as respected morality and religion, exemplary; but that his youth was irregular and dissipated, and contributed to hasten the Revolution, is universally believed in his own country.

About the year 1786 or 1787, when the awful change,

already become inevitable, was approaching with rapid strides, fatuity would appear to have seized upon the Court. The little farces performed at the Trianon, which was fitted up as a Swiss village, in which the King was "the farmer;" the Queen, "the *belle laitière*;" the Archbishop of Paris, "the curé," &c., provoked bitter reflections on the part of the enemies of the royal family, who, admitting that those little travesties were innocent, regarded them as they merited, as follies unworthy the actors, and unsuited to the epoch.

At that period the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., was popular, being notoriously liberal, or indifferent, in matters of religion, and disposed to recommend moderate reforms of every description. His brother, the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., was, on the contrary, looked upon with disfavour; not so much because of his alleged gallantries and immoralities, as that he was a bigot in religion, and the enemy of every measure tending towards reform. As it is well known that, in after years, the Count d'Artois expiated the sins of his youth, and became exceedingly religious, it will do no injury to his memory to narrate one of the incidents of his life, which increased considerably his unpopularity, and by reflection injured his entire family in the public estimation.

There resided in the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris, at that time a retired officer of the Irish Brigade, a Captain Morris. He had lost his left arm in action, and had been admitted, through favour of friends at Court, into the Hôtel des Invalides, although yet in the flower of his age.

He was returning to his quarters one night along the Boulevard des Invalides, when, near the Avenue Villars, he heard the cry of a female in distress. He ran towards the spot from whence the voice came, and saw a young woman struggling with a man, while another man came forward, and drawing his sword, ordered Morris to keep off. The sword of the latter was unsheathed in a moment. In another instant Morris had disarmed his antagonist, whose sword he flung to a distance. He then advanced upon the man against whom the woman continued to defend herself. The aggressor, on the approach of Morris, desisted and drew his sword.

"Withdraw," he said.

"Not I, by ——," said Morris, pressing forward.

Their blades met.

“Hold!” said the man, who found in Morris a dangerous adversary. “I am the Count d’Artois.”

Morris’s point fell. He muttered an apology, which the Count appeared to hear with haughtiness. The disarmed man now joined them. “Take his sword,” said the Count to him, “and march him to the *corps de garde*.” Morris surrendered his sword, and led the way in the direction of the guard-house. The woman had taken advantage of the conflict, and effected her escape.

When he arrived at the *corps de garde*, Morris was consigned to the *violon*, under the special care of a sentinel. The Count and his aide-de-camp withdrew.

When day broke, Morris regarded the armed guardian placed over him, and found that he was an old soldier. They conversed on military affairs, and upon certain events of which they had been respectively eye-witnesses. As the hour of six o’clock approached, Morris addressed the soldier:—

“Comrade, in ten minutes you will be relieved. Will you do me a service?”

“Willingly, if consistent—”

“I would not ask it otherwise. In an hour from this time I shall be an inmate of the Bastille. Will you do me the favour to go to the Tuileries the moment after you shall be relieved, see the Abbé O’Neill, and tell him where he may find his friend, Captain Morris, and under what circumstances.”

The soldier promised compliance, and kept his word. At seven o’clock he was admitted to the Abbé O’Neill, then one of the Chaplains of the palace. The Abbé repaired instantly to the apartment of the King, whom he shocked by the recital of his brother’s misconduct. Louis XVI. gave an instant order for the release of Morris, who had, as he himself had anticipated, been transferred to the Bastille. At nine o’clock he was liberated.

If it be true, and there appears every reason for believing it, that the corruption and demoralization which marked the last years of Louis Philippe’s reign in France contributed much towards bringing about the Revolution of February, 1848, it is no less certain that the dissolute manners of the Court of Louis XVI., of which, however, he was himself guiltless, contributed to that of 1789. Charles X. died a sincere penitent; but it is unquestionable that French history charges him with precipitating, by his conduct, the Revolu-

tion foreseen and predicted by his grandfather, who had himself laboured so shamefully to prepare the way for it.

Having succeeded early in the Revolution in escaping from France; the Count d'Artois had the unhappiness to learn in exile the imprisonment and execution of Louis XVI., his consort, and his sainted sister, with the other enormities practised on his nephew and niece at the same period; and he assisted, seven-and-twenty years later, at his son's death-bed, with probably the bitter reflection that his own unpopularity had contributed, with that so industriously earned by the Due de Berri himself, to steel the dagger of the assassin Louvel.



CHAPTER LIII.

Patrem sequitur sua proles.

THE period which elapsed between 1792, at which date it was closed, and 1800, may be deemed an interregnum as regards the Irish College in Paris.

When it was taken possession of in the name of the Republic, and the students expelled, there existed at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, an academy, for the education of young men, at the head of which figured the estimable Abbé MacDermott. At the same time, and in the same town, there was a similar academy for young ladies, presided over by the distinguished Madame Campan. Later, under the Directory, both were broken up, and the *personnel* of each removed to Paris. The Abbé MacDermott was allowed to re-enter into possession of the Irish College, and to carry on in it his academy, in which were to be found sons of the most distinguished and wealthy families of the day; and Madame Campan similarly established herself. The former numbered among its pupils, for example, Eugène Beauharnais; Jerome Bonaparte; Champagne (created later Duc de Cadore); one of the Périgaux (whose sisters married afterwards Laffitte and Marshal Marmont), &c. Madame Campan was placed subsequently by the Emperor Napoleon at the head of the establishment at St. Denis for the education of the daughters of the members of the Legion of Honour.

“I entered the institution of the Abbé MacDermott” (the Irish College) “in the year 1794,” said a friend to me the other day; “but am not able to present you with a favourable picture of our studies. The practice of religion had not yet been tolerated. Voltaire and Rousseau were more read by myself and my fellow-students, than sacred history. Of this fact Abbé MacDermott was aware. It grieved him, but he could not help it nor control us. All that he could do was to impose the outward observance of morality and propriety of conduct.

“If, however, we were not devout or spiritual in our studies, we distinguished ourselves as gentlemen. The college was the centre of elegance and gayety. Twice a week we gave balls, at which we were honoured with the presence of the highest and the most beautiful women of the day. Our festivities were graced by Josephine, the good, the amiable, the excellent, the kindhearted; by Madame Recamier; by the still more lovely Madame Tallien, afterwards Princess of Chimay, and other celebrities; as well as by the pupils of Madame Lemoine, whose establishment for the education of young ladies was the most distinguished in Paris. Vestris, ‘the Vestris,’ was the director of our balls. It was a jolly time that could not last for ever.”

The return of Napoleon to France, and the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, interrupted the festivities at the Irish College. The Consulate assumed a character of respectability and gravity, to which the Directory had no pretensions. Amid the important occupations of Napoleon in 1800, he felt anxiety to know something of the progress of Jerome, then in his 16th year, and sent for him. Jerome presented himself at the Tuileries, and opened the interview by asking for employment. “What are you fit for?” asked Napoleon.

“Everything.”

“À la bonne heure. Nous verrons.”

In five minutes afterwards Jerome was seen flying from the cabinet of the First Consul, the latter in pursuit of him in a towering passion. Jerome ran to his mother’s (Madame Letitia), where he lay concealed for a month. Napoleon instantly ordered the Abbé MacDermott to be summoned before him.

“How comes it, sir?” asked the irritated chief of the State, of the meek priest; “How comes it, sir, that I find

my brother so utterly ignorant? Why, he cannot tell the names of the kings of France!"

"It is, unfortunately, but too true," replied the Abbé; "but I cannot help it. Discipline has long ceased to exist at the Irish College. When I beg him, Monsieur Jerome, to read history, that of France in particular, he spurns it. 'The History of France!' he exclaims. 'What is it but the history of a heap of priests and tyrants!'"

"Very well," said Napoleon, now a little cooled. "I'll take him in hand."

Accordingly, the First Consul adopted the course often pursued elsewhere in similar circumstances with wild *gamins*: he sent the young *étourdie* to sea.

Jerome embarked in 1801, as second lieutenant of the ship in which his uncle (by marriage) General Leclerc sailed for St. Domingo, with a splendid army, to bring that former possession of France once more under the French yoke. The utter failure of that expedition, the death of Leclerc, and the annihilation nearly of the army under his command, and the subsequent marriage of Jerome in the United States, are matters of history.

Jerome returned to France, and became successively, lieutenant, commander, post-captain, and rear-admiral. In 1807, however, he passed from the navy to the army, and with a corps of Bavarians and Wurtemburghers, drove the Prussian troops out of Silesia. On the 18th of August, of that year, he was created King of Westphalia, where it appears he conciliated the affections of his subjects, a task facilitated by his excellent heart.

Much occupied in this undertaking, Jerome did not forget his old tutor, the Abbé MacDermott, whose declining life he rendered easy by a pension of eight or ten thousand francs.

All the world knows that Prince Jerome displayed unquestionable personal courage in the course of his military service, and, on one celebrated occasion in particular, distinguished talent. He commanded the second corps of the French army at Waterloo, and headed the attacks upon Hougoumont and the British right wing. That he failed was not his fault.

CHAPTER LIV.

Quand les Irlandais sont bons il n'existe pas d'hommes meilleurs; et quand ils sont mauvais en n'en saurait trouver de pires.

French Proverb.

IN the first part of the foregoing opinion passed upon us by the French, no Irishman will refuse concurrence. Does the second portion of it equally and justly apply to us? I doubt it—at least—I could cite crimes and vices of other nations of which the Irish are guiltless. Still, occasionally, a black sheep appears among and disfigures the flock; but so seldom that the exception proves not the rule.

The friend who introduced me at the Irish College was, I soon perceived, a favourite with the superior, the *économé*, the professors, and especially with the students, because of a service which turned out to be fraught with danger, which he had rendered to a late president of the college, the Abbé Ferris. This service will shock all who entertain respect for the clerical character. It consisted in delivering from that ecclesiastic to the Minister of Public Instruction, Hely d'Oissel (himself the son of an Irishman), a challenge to meet him in mortal combat with swords, in consequence of some expressions deemed offensive by the Abbé Ferris, which the minister had employed in some speech or official document.

Accustomed as we are to the pacific character of the Catholic clergy in these times, when no Prince-Bishop claims to be a warlike leader, this will appear startling. We saw in Ireland, some seventy years ago, a noble bishop of the Established Church (the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry), identifying himself with the Volunteers; and some ten or twenty years later, another prelate, Doctor Fowler, who for some reason or other was distinguished as "The Boxing Bishop;" we have also seen reverend captains of yeomanry cavalry shrouding their uniforms with their surplice, when, having dismounted, they would ascend the pulpit; but a fire-eating abbé is some-

thing new and racy; and a very remarkable person was this abbé in every way.*

The Abbé Ferris resided in Paris at the commencement of the Revolution, and emigrated with the Princes. Subsequently he distinguished himself in the campaigns of 1792, 1793, and 1794, in the army of Condé, not as almoner of a regiment, but as an intrepid captain of grenadiers. Thanks to the clemency of Napoleon, he was allowed some years later to return to France, and continued to reside in Paris. Here he renewed his acquaintance with a man named Somers, a native of the county of Wexford, Ireland, who, like Ferris, had been a Catholic priest at the period of the Revolution, but who followed a line of conduct different from that of Ferris. He renounced his religious habit, professed himself a *sans-culotte*, and married the widow of a shoemaker; and carried on, it would seem, from his appearance and expenses, a profitable business. It will naturally be conceived that no sympathy could subsist between him and Ferris; still they continued on amicable if not intimate terms.

One day in the year 1812 or 1813, a large party of Irish, some half-dozen or so, agreed to dine together at a *traiteur's*, for *restaurateurs* were not yet known at that period, to fête a friend who was to proceed to the United States. Among them were Ferris, Captain Murphy, a very popular dashing officer, and an enthusiastic Bonapartist; the late excellent and amiable Michael O'Maley, and others. The entire party had nearly assembled, but he, in whose honour the dinner was given, had not yet arrived. This was an Irishman, a captain of an American vessel, which was to sail from Havre for New York the next day but one, and was to call at some or other of the English Channel ports. While they were chatting, waiting for the hero of the entertainment, Somers, who was not popular with his countrymen, suddenly entered the room.

"Has Captain —— arrived?" he asked.

"No," said some of those he addressed.

"He is to sail on Thursday," said he, "and promised to post a letter for me at whatever English port he should touch. Here it is," continued Somers, placing a letter on the table.

* Father Gannon, already named, was remarkable in Paris for his pug-nacity and skill in casual rencounters, but only with the arms given him by nature.

“Have the goodness to give it him. Good-by,” and he withdrew.

Murphy started up. “He shall carry no letter for you, you —— spy,” said he, and seizing the letter, threw it behind the fire, on which were blazing three oaken logs. Another of the party rushed to the chimney, seized the letter, which had not yet been even scorched, and put it into his pocket. The expected guest entered at that moment. Dinner was immediately served, and this incident forgotten; the rest of the day was spent in joviality. The party separated at eleven o’clock. At the same hour the following forenoon, Somers was shot in the Plain of Grenelle, by sentence of a court-martial, sitting at that period *en permanence* in Paris.

He had been denounced at midnight as a spy, and in correspondence with the enemy.* The proof of his treason was incontestable. It was contained in the letter which I have just stated had been snatched from the fire by one of his countrymen, and which being produced to him when brought to trial before the military commission, he admitted to be in his own hand-writing. It was addressed to “Mr. Smith, No. 1, Downing Street, Westminster, London.” It contained only these words:—

“You will read in the journals of to-morrow, that a review of fifty thousand troops was held in the Carrousel, in front of the Tuileries, this forenoon. It is false. There were scarcely ten thousand.”

The Emperor was at that moment in Russia. The exaggeration of the number of troops reviewed, which Somers predicted would appear in the “*Moniteur*,” and other journals, had for its object to demonstrate that a large disposable military force still remained in Paris. The contradiction of that statement by anticipation was interpreted, and fairly so, by the court-martial, as conveying information to the enemy.

The Mr. Smith, to whom the letter of Somers was ad-

* I wish I could have suppressed this un-Irish act of treachery, even though its victim were infamous himself. I know who the informer was, but from tenderness towards his truly respectable relatives, I withhold his name. In the motto to this chapter will be found a Frenchman’s idea of the Irish character. If recrimination were an argument, I could here observe that—be it praiseworthy or the contrary—the fidelity of the Irish conspirator, or even felon, to his associates, is proverbial—while in France it is so rare that the police reckon securely upon proofs by confederates against any offender who may fall into their hands.

dressed, was the brother-in-law and private secretary of Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs of His Majesty George III.

From the exclamation of Captain Murphy, before throwing Somers's letter behind the fire, it will be seen that the character of the latter was suspected. Murphy, and the chief portion of the Irish in France at that day, bore allegiance and attachment to Napoleon, and despised and detested both the treason and the traitor in the person of Somers. After his death, his wife (through an allowance of the British Government, it was believed, and which must have been liberal) was able to give a very considerable dower with her daughter on her marriage. I have heard so large a sum as £12,000 sterling.

On the Restoration, the Abbé Ferris was provided for by the place, President of the Irish College. A battalion of the Garde Royale would have been more to his taste, but to preserve discipline in the Irish College gave him some occupation, and thus the years wore on. Early in the month of March, 1815, the arrival of Napoleon at Cannes, from Elba, became known in Paris. That which alarmed all other royalists, however, had no terrors for this worthy son of Ireland, and of the church militant. He heard of the return of Napoleon to France, with as much indifference as he would have received during a campaign an order to storm a battery; but the 30th of that month came, bringing with it Napoleon himself.

The approach of the Emperor was announced to the President of the Irish College in more than one form. The most significant was the ascent of two of the students (A. B. and John O'M.) to the roof of the college, and their removal of the white flag, which during a year had floated peacefully over its walls, and their substitution of the *tricolor* for it. On learning these facts, the president looked queer and decamped.

After the Hundred Days, however, he returned to Paris, and found that the Rev. Paul Long had been appointed President of the Irish College in his absence.

"You must withdraw," said the absolute Ferris, in the tone of the late Speaker of the House of Commons (Lord Canterbury), to the then incumbent.

"I won't," said the meek Paul Long. "I have no orders to receive from you."

"Then I will put a padlock on the door, and keep you and

your staff prisoners; or if you and they leave for a moment, you shall not re-enter."

Ultimately the Abbé Ferris became once more President of the Irish College. How he conducted the establishment up to a certain period does not appear; but at length he contrived to involve himself in some difficulties with the Minister for Public Instruction (Hely d'Oissel), and who, in an order issued in his official capacity to the Irish College, had wounded the *amour propre* of the captain of grenadiers, as I have just stated, whereupon, in the French fashion, the Abbé provided himself with two seconds (both Irishmen), and caused them to deliver to the Minister a cartel with this inscription: "My arm is the sword."

The reply was instantaneous. He directed the Abbé Ferris to remove sixty leagues from Paris, and to remain in a town indicated, until he was permitted to return to the capital. M. Hely d'Oissel added: "With respect to the parties who presented your insolent message, I am in search of evidence of their identity. If they prove, as I suspect they will, other than native-born Frenchmen, they shall be forthwith expelled the French territory."

This missive troubled the Abbé Ferris considerably. The persons who had accepted the office of seconds to him, were officers who had served in the Imperial army of France, and of whose Bonapartism there was something stronger in the books than mere surmise. Their expulsion as foreigners would not be refused by government, however, and would necessarily cause to them, among other inconveniences, the loss of their half-pay; for, with a becoming regard to economy, the full or half-pay of the French officer is suspended from the moment of his departure from the French soil, unless with the special permission of the government. The Abbé Ferris was therefore much concerned for the fate that awaited his witnesses.

He was not a man to remain inactive under such circumstances, however, particularly when the hours of his own sojourn in Paris were numbered. He repaired, therefore, at once to General Count Daniel O'Connell (uncle of the late more celebrated man of that name), and stated the whole case, imploring his interference for their countrymen, his two seconds. "For myself," said he, "I would scorn to ask indulgence of the mongrel Minister, who is only Irish by the father's side."

“I think it would be useless, moreover,” said the veteran O’Connell. “You must submit. Give yourself no trouble about your seconds. I and O’Mahony will represent them. I shall see the latter immediately on the subject.”

Ferris, overpowered by this kindness, took his leave, and left Paris that night; and Generals O’Connell and O’Mahony intimated to M. Hely d’Oissel without delay, that if he desired to know further respecting the persons who presented the hostile message he had received, they were ready to answer him in any way he might require; and that they, Generals O’Connell and O’Mahony, assumed the entire responsibility of the act.

This proceeding saved from exile two distinguished soldiers, whose banishment would have been destructive of their prospects; for, being political refugees before their entry into the French service, their resources in their native land would have been unavailable for them. The brave and respectable veterans, O’Connell and O’Mahony, received their acknowledgments in the manner that may be conceived; adding, however, that “in fact they ran no risk, being unassailable by M. Hely d’Oissel;” but that “had it been otherwise, they would not have hesitated to devote themselves for fellow-countrymen, even though there existed between them no political sympathy.”

Here the matter dropped. The Abbé Ferris returned to the Irish College, but did not evince so much generosity as Generals O’Connell and O’Mahony, for he opposed the re-admission to the college of the two students who had in the Second Restoration been expelled, for hoisting the *tricolor* flag on the college in March, 1815.

Generals Counts O’Connell and O’Mahony both lived to an advanced age.

The direction of the establishment which Ferris had in some sort usurped, has since been placed into able and worthy hands, and has consequently been eminently successful. In Somers, treason was fitly punished by treachery.

I must not take leave of the Irish College, however, without recording—à-propos or mal-à-propos—an incident which occurred in its vicinity, and which will suggest a comparison between French and British toleration, not creditable, certainly, to the reputation for civility of the great man who figures in it, however much in keeping with the *male* common sense for which he is renowned. After all, perhaps, a bad joke upon

religious costume, while authorizing its assumption, will appear more in accordance with the value of the matter in question, and with the *progrés*, than a formal, grave, pompous, prohibitory, and penal Act of Parliament, which has, moreover, this regrettable quality, that it is a concession to sectarian prejudice.

There was, before the Revolution of 1789, a Convent of Nuns, situate in a little street without an outlet, which runs off the Rue des Postes, Paris, and which street bears this inscription: "Impasse* des vignes"—a title

"Which liberal shepherds call by a grosser name."

This convent was, like all others, suppressed during the Revolution. Scarcely had Napoleon been fixed in the Consulate, however, when he displayed indulgence for the proscribed nuns and clergy, and on a petition from the surviving sisters, reinstated the nuns of the *Impasse des Vignes* in their convent. Emboldened by this favour, the Prioress thought she would beg a further one, and accordingly memorialized the citizen Consul to allow the sisterhood to resume the habit of their order.

"Tell them," said Napoleon to the person who had presented to him their petition, "tell them they may wear whatever masquerade they please, if they abstain from mixing in politics."

Did the liberality or tolerance of this reply compensate for its rudeness?

* Is it not to Voltaire that this commendable new reading is due? How happy had he always kept decency and delicacy in view!

CHAPTER LV.

Towards the recovery of the hearts of the people-[of Ireland] there be but three things in *naturâ rerum* :

- 1st. Religion.
- 2d. Justice and protection.
- 3d. Obligation and reward.

BACON.

HOW were matters proceeding at home all this time? Had the great principles recommended by Lord Bacon to Elizabeth, for the pacification and preservation of her Irish kingdom, been carried out? They were suggested in no friendly feeling for that country; were beyond suspicion of latent affection or regard for it, and should therefore have found credit with those for whose guidance they had been laid down. But either they were unheeded or were inefficacious; for, independently of minor revolts in the interim, in less than fifty years after they had been written, the Great Rebellion of 1641 happened. Cromwell's consequent campaign was, for the Irish, disastrously successful. They were overpowered, reduced to inaction, and, as usual, paid in their persons and in their property amply for their short-lived insurrection. Under Charles II. and his weak and feeble, and consequently mischievous brother, they, although not treated with remarkable favour, recovered their spirit; and partly, perhaps, from religious sympathy with the latter, in another half-century displayed for him in his misfortunes more loyalty, affection, devotion, and attachment than (notwithstanding the obvious policy that would have marked such demonstration) was ever evinced for any of his predecessors since the invasion by Henry II. In defence of a fallen monarch, they offered to the world the extraordinary spectacle of a people who in their hearts did not acknowledge his sovereignty over them, yet with their lives and fortunes asserted it.

Did King James's successors act upon Lord Bacon's precepts in the succeeding half-century? Did the counsel of that wise man influence their conduct and characterize the measures

of the new conquerors of Ireland, for its pacification and preservation? Was religion inculcated in the spirit of Christianity? Was justice administered or protection given? Were obligation and reward conferred only upon those who truly laboured for the *bonâ fide* annexation of Ireland to England, and for the permanent maintenance of their connexion? Lord Bacon said that, "if consciences be to be enforced at all" (words which, I need hardly observe, imply a doubt in the mind of him who pronounced them), "instruction and time for its extension should precede their enforcement." What were the means for "enforcing consciences," resorted to up to the period of which I speak—the middle of the eighteenth century? What was the nature of the "instruction" afforded to the Irish? Simply, a command to renounce Popery, and to embrace Protestantism.

To judge from the manners which prevailed in Ireland at that time, it would seem that intolerance had assumed the place of religion; confiscation and persecution that of justice and protection; and that the plunder of the unhappy recusant became the reward and the remuneration of those who demonstrated by word and deed inveterate hostility to the conquered; and all this in spite of Lord Bacon's recommendation of propitiation and conciliation. Then, as in our own day, emigration appeared to the suffering the only remedy for the evils which had fallen upon them; and, in consequence, the principal portion of those who could do so, removed to France, or other Catholic countries of the continent.

This exhausting waste continued to operate, among the better classes particularly, during the fifty years which followed the abdication of King James II., and might have occasioned fears lest utter depopulation should follow; and yet (and this is a remarkable though not unexampled incident in the history of Ireland) the loss or the absence of those emigrants became about the year 1740 hardly perceptible; in the capital especially, where luxury, revelry, and riot, still indicated the existence of prosperity. It is true, that those who enjoyed life in this way were of the party of the victors; for the vanquished were as nothing in the scale of the country. Those among them who retained property, and who wished to preserve it, and those who remained faithful to the exiled family, and were encouraged and maintained in their resolve to prove their continued allegiance to that family, when a foreign invasion,

(constantly promised them by France) should give them an opportunity, sought security in retirement from observation.

A few compromised or turbulent men, who disliked, or were unable to effect emigration, and who spurned the idea of submission, remained in the Galtees, and other mountain fastnesses, where they subsisted upon the contributions levied by them on the Saxon who fell into their hands, or upon the supplies furnished to them voluntarily by the peasantry, who also acted as scouts for them, and afforded them harbour and shelter when driven to demand it, and by whom they were, moreover, regarded rather as martyrs, sufferers for conscience sake, persecuted patriots, or political proscribers, than as brigands and desperadoes.

The feeling has continued to be displayed ever since up to the present day, by the Irish peasantry, in favour of all objects of the law's pursuit; for, from error producing conviction, or from ingenuity or perversity in their appreciation, nearly every great crime which stains our annals—murder among the rest—is connected with something quasi-justifiable, something susceptible of political association, of being traced to some remnant of the impressions which arose out of the relations of conquered and conqueror.*

Every case of murder committed in Ireland, resulting from agrarian or other conspiracies, develops in the peasantry of the country in which it is perpetrated, the feeling I have just condemned.

“Murder most foul, as at the best it is.”

Do that feeling and its results express and convey sympathy with the assassin, and approbation of his crime, as is alleged? I do not believe it. Nevertheless, the prevalence of the practice of declining to aid in bringing to justice a criminal of that description, nay, of actual assistance given him to facilitate his escape, are unhappily undeniable.

What is the remedy for this evil? Death by the executioner? Crime merits punishment, and has rarely failed to receive it in Ireland. Does punishment deter from crime? The state of some of the northern Irish counties at this moment would prove the negative. If punishment fail, what remedy can be applied? “Time and instruction,” Lord Bacon would say.

* Murder, in order to effect robbery, is, as I have shown in my letter to the “*Journal des Débats*,” of very rare occurrence in Ireland.

The first has hardly yet begun to operate, but now when I am told the second is about being added to it, there should be ground for hoping for amelioration.

In order to its plenary success, however, the system of education must be approved by the ministers of the religion professed by the peasant. Without that preliminary recommendation of it, the project will not succeed. All legislation contemplates the successful carrying out of the law, and in this case success can only be insured by the approval, the acquiescence, and the concurrence of those to whom the objects of such legislation look for counsel to adopt and submit to it. In a word proselytism must not be, nor appear to be, the motive of any code of instruction laid down for the people, if its success be desired. In this sentence will be found the failure of any measure propounded for the instruction of the peasantry of Ireland.

“But we will legislate, and we will enforce submission.”

You have been playing that game for centuries, and with facilities for its advancement, now and for evermore utterly unavailable, and you have not succeeded. In latter times coercion, devastation, “*clearing*,” have had their day, and may again be resorted to; but they are not in the spirit of the age, and must fail as they have always done. Honesty of purpose is all that is required in preparing a code for the instruction of the people. It must, however, as I have already said, be apparent as the sun, or it will fail.



CHAPTER LVI.

The “good old times”—(all times when old are good)—
 Are gone; the present might be if they would;
 Great things have been, and are, and greater still
 Want little of mere mortals but their will.

BYRON (*The Age of Bronze*).

I HAVE alluded in a former chapter of this work to the hostile feeling against the new dynasty, and in fact against British rule, which prevailed in Ireland till the middle of the eighteenth century, and which, if we believe the newspapers, exists in certain portions of it at the present moment.

Why is this? Where lies the fault? Why should Ireland retrograde one hundred years? Why should the Whiteboys of the middle of the last century be reproduced under the name of Ribbonmen, in this the middle of the present one? Have the suggestions of Lord Bacon been adopted, and acted upon in the way he contemplated? How is it that successive British Governments of all shades of political colour, some of them hostile, more of them favourable to Ireland, while their representatives there, lords-lieutenant or secretaries of state, were many of them men of great sagacity and talent—(among the latter class, in our own day, have been Wellington, his brother Wellesley Pole, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Derby)—how is it, I ask, that up to this hour the governors and the governed have not been reconciled? Why should the peasant of the present day feel the same disposition for secret association and open revolt, which influenced his predecessor of a hundred years ago? Notwithstanding the removal of the principal causes of discontent which existed at the former period (the penal laws and tithes), he appears to be now, as he was then, quite ready to become a conspirator or an insurgent.

Ribbonism is as old as the hills. It is a plagiary of Whiteboyism, as had been Defenderism and other successive imitations of that confederacy. The "Ribbonman" is the "Whiteboy" (the descendant of the "Rapparee"), the "Defender," the "Black Hen," the "Caravat," the "Shanavest," the "Roekitè," the "Son of Moll Doyle," the "Carder" of other days, less the atrocity of this latter sect.

How, and by what agency, has Ribbonism been resuscitated? Why was it allowed to smoulder, instead of being extinguished? Why was it suffered to retain vitality? Who were the agents of its regeneration? or does pugnacity bear a charmed life in Ireland, to be recalled into existence at the will of any visionary, quack, agitator, juggler, or impostor; or of that occult, undying, yet deadly enemy of the peasant, the rabid sectarian, the interested fomenter of discontent and disaffection?

Whether it be desirable that the whole of the inhabitants of a state be of one religion, does not concern the present question. That principle is one now in process of solution by him who has a giant's strength, the Russian Emperor; but imitation of him, even were it not hazardous, no man of decent principles on this side the Vistula would recommend, because (among

other reasons) unanimity in religious opinion is not necessary to constitute a nation of good subjects.

Such doctrine is as absurd as *communism*. In one year after the establishment of a universal religion, you would have as many dissenters from it, as there would be poor men in a country of which the wealth should have been equally divided among all its inhabitants twelve months previously.

Originate how it may, he who enters into a treasonable conspiracy, stakes his liberty if not his life. Former plots may have been the spontaneous issue of the soil; but this Ribbon association was concocted by the inveterate enemies of the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland. Of that fact, though unable to prove it, I am convinced. I remember well the first appearance of this scourge. It had its birth about forty years ago, and was, if not the identical scheme itself, twin-brother of one conceived for the purpose of involving in it and in ruin, some of the most respectable inhabitants of Limerick (among them Mr. Arthur, who narrowly escaped the gibbet or transportation, for imputed complicity in the plot). Moreover, its injurious effects are not local. The reputation of the whole community is compromised by it. If hearty in the pursuit, I cannot conceive how a government, armed as have been all the successive Irish governments of late years, by strong enactments (independently of the exercise of *l'arbitraire*, in which Irish authorities delight), could fail to hunt out Ribbonism and extirpate it in a week.



CHAPTER LVII.

Dolus versatur in generalibus.

Law Maxim.

Turpe est aliud loqui—aliud sentire—quanto turpius aliud scribere aliud sentire.

SENECA.

THE reflections uttered in the last chapter had been suggested to me in the forenoon of the 27th August, 1852, by some newspaper accounts of alleged "Ribbon" outrages in the north of Ireland, when a friend called upon me. He was

evidently much excited. I inquired the reason, whereupon, without uttering a word, he placed before me the number of the "Journal des Débats" of that day, pointing at the same time to its leading article, which I proceeded to read.

It stated, "that in no country of the world was the crime of murder so frequent as in Ireland, of landlords especially, the landlord being generally a Protestant."

That such a sweeping calumnious charge should be brought against the inhabitants of a country—guiltless of offence towards France—or to the writer of it, whom I knew to be a very sincere and practical Catholic—and that it should be published in a paper so respectable as the "Débats," astonished me. I concurred, therefore, with my friend in thinking that it ought to be answered. Taking time to cool down, however, I delayed my reply for a few days, and then addressed to the editor of the Journal des Débats—

"More in sorrow than in anger,"—

the following letter, which, because of its conveying a number of facts illustrative of the character of that much traduced people, "the Irish at home," I shall here introduce, pledging myself for the correctness of every one of its statements:—

"Paris, 30th August, 1852.

"Sir,

"I appeal to your candour and liberality in behalf of a people and a country, whom I regard as injuriously assailed in the leading article of your journal of Friday last, the 27th instant.

"The writer of that article commences with an assumption of the most startling kind, that 'England will never become mistress of Ireland, until the Irish race be extirpated.' This he found, no doubt, in some or other of the anti-Irish newspapers. It has been a favourite opinion of certain parties ever since its promulgation by a parliamentary buffoon,* some twenty-five years ago, who said that 'Ireland would be a fine country if submerged for four-and-twenty hours.' Ireland has not yet been drowned, however; but, unfortunately for him, he has been. I lament his fate, but shall not suppress the record of his malignity and absurdity.

"The next proposition of the writer in your journal is still

* The late Sir Joseph Yorke.

more objectionable, because it is something else than nonsense. He says: 'There is no country in the world in which assassination is more frequent than in Ireland.'

"I know that this also is a mere repetition of the inconsiderate language which he finds in the newspapers; but it being the first time that it has appeared in France, it may not be too much to ask that it be recalled. It is utterly untenable.

"I do not think I shall be contradicted when I say that 'to generalize is illogical and wrong.' If the writer of the article I refer to, were to stigmatize the murder of landlords, or murder of any kind in Ireland, as hateful in the sight of God and man, there is not a decent Irishman in existence who would not agree with him; but to impute that crime to the Irish nation, would be unjust, and, knowing him as I do, I am sure the writer had no such idea when he penned his article.

"He goes further, however. He asserts that the paucity of convictions which occur in prosecutions for the murder of landlords in Ireland, proves the impossibility of bringing such criminals to justice. Now, I only remember one case where circumstances justified such a deduction, and that is the recent one which possibly suggested this surprising accusation—namely, that of the alleged assassins of Mr. Bateson. If there be others, let them be stated, and I pledge myself that the exceptions will be so few as to prove my rule.

"'To kill a landlord, is held no crime in Ireland,' says the writer, 'because, in general, the landlord is a Saxon or Protestant.'

"I am convinced that the writer did not contemplate the conclusion to which this sentence irresistibly leads. It should be rescinded, nevertheless, and with it the admission should be coupled that the landlords murdered in Ireland have not been exclusively Saxons or Protestants, for among them were Mr. Scully, Commodore (Bryan) O'Reilly, Mr. Nangle, Mr. Kenny, and Mr. Marum, all of them Roman Catholics. The last-mentioned was brother of a Roman Catholic Bishop.

"Not only is the crime of murder not 'more frequent in Ireland than in any other country in the world,' but *it is much less so*. I would fain believe that the writer only meant the murder of landlords, and unfortunately in that case I should be obliged to acquiesce in the assertion, a crime horrible in its

nature, and the perpetrators of which are the most deadly enemies of Ireland that exist.

“Ireland possesses seven millions of souls; France, thirty-five millions. The population of the capitals of the two countries are on a similar proportionate scale. I shall make no other comparison, for recrimination is not my object; but I will declare that (and having been an inhabitant of the city of Dublin and its vicinity during the first five-and-thirty years of my life, and not an inattentive observer, my declaration should have some weight) during those five-and-thirty years, twelve murders only took place in Dublin (with a population of upwards of 200,000). Three of them were to effect robbery; two of them were committed by political informers, O'Brien and (I think) Metcalfe, who were executed; and by armed yeomen, *soi-disant* partisans of government, calculating—and correctly—on impunity, for they were absolved; one (but this has never been proved) was the murder of a man suspected of being an informer; one charged against the Earl of Kingston, a peer of the realm, but of which the House of Lords acquitted him; two by debtors, in resisting arrest by sheriffs' officers; and one by a drunken blacksmith, who ran a red-hot piece of iron down his brother-in-law's throat.

“Ireland has been occasionally, and yet is, it is said, disgraced by miscreants committing the foul crime of murder upon landlords or their representatives, not to the number of thirteen thousand in twenty years, as the article I refer to would seem to convey, but in the course of thirty or forty years to, probably, the number of twenty; but even this is dreadful.

“Murder is not characteristic of an Irishman; nor is cowardice, although King James ungratefully applied to them that term. There is not, as he was told in reply, a word in their language to signify it, no more than there was (as the late Sir Robert Peel so handsomely said in the House of Commons) to express another crime which he indicated, but which cannot be named in print. Nor is parricide a crime of Irishmen; nor infanticide, nor suicide, nor incendiarism, nor dastardly poisoning.

“If, however, all the world complained of Ireland or Irishmen, France or Frenchmen are the last who should denounce them. The Abbé MacGeoghegan states, that 600,000 Irishmen perished in the service of France; and he underrated them by one-half. The Irish Brigade of France gained for France,

among other victories, the battle of Fontenoy. The names of Lally, Dillon, Johnson, O'Brien, Nugent, are associated with the principal warlike achievements of France for a hundred years, that is to say, from 1690 to 1783. Two of Napoleon's aides-de-camp—Irishmen—Elliott and MacSheehy, fell close to his person, the former at Areola, the latter at Eylau. Jennings (General Kilmain) was the first officer for whom Napoleon inquired on his return from Egypt.

“Of the more modern Irish in the French service, I shall not speak. Their valour has been recognised by a capital judge of the commodity. Marshal Lannes died in the arms of his aide-de-camp, William O'Mara. William (the late General) Corbet, was the favourite aide-de-camp of Marshal Mar-mont, Terence O'Reilly of General Loison, sometime Grand-Marshal of the palace; distinctions never arrived at without merit.

“It is not, however, in military matters only that Irishmen should be advantageously borne in mind by Frenchmen. The Abbé Edgeworth, notwithstanding the almost certain danger of the proceeding, attended Louis XVI. to the scaffold. St. Columbanus and St. Fiacre were among the first missionaries who carried into France, from Ireland, Christianity and civilization.*

* I selected these two from the number of Irish saints who have figured in France—because of the celebrity of St. Columbanus on the continent generally—and of St. Fiacre in Paris, where there is a street called after him—and, especially because the hackney coaches (for what reason tradition sayeth not) bear his name. When reminded of these facts, the French reply: “yes, but did we not give to Ireland her tutelar saint?—PATRICK—who was born at Tours?”

France is not, as all the world knows, the only country of the continent indebted to Ireland for its saints.

I remember meeting at Wurtzburgh (in Bavaria), a *laquais de place*, who (having ascertained that I was an Irishman) made an irresistible appeal to my purse, through my nationality, that was at least adroit. In showing me the sights of Wurtzburgh, he led me—as a matter of course—to the citadel: half way up the beautiful hill, on the summit of which stands the fortress, we arrived at a bridge thrown over the Maine, and which is adorned by numerous statues of saints and bishops. Stopping before the centre one, and uncovering reverentially and making a genuflexion, he said—“That is your great countryman.”

“My countryman!”

“Yes. The great ST. KILLIAN. He arrived here from Ireland in the Ninth Century, to convert the inhabitants, and was martyred yonder. That church (pointing to it) is dedicated to him. It stands on the spot upon which he was burnt.”

“Saint Killian!” I repeated, for my memory failed me in his regard.

“Yes. He gives his name to half the men of Franconia. You will find it, even in *Der Freischutz*.”

“If, sir, you acquiesce in my view that injustice has been done, however involuntarily, to an always gallant and a now-suffering country, you will, at your earliest convenience, apply an antidote to the bane, and extenuate, at least, the injurious effect to my country of the article I complain of.

“I have the honour to be,

“Sir,

“Your very obedient servant,

“_____.”

This letter, which I signed with my name, remains unanswered and unnoticed, and the justice I besought for Ireland and Irishmen is withheld, and adds painfully to the feeling with which the first perusal of the attack impressed me.

The statistics of crime which the foregoing letter contains, I shall here enlarge upon.

The three cases of murder for the purposes of robbery, referred to, were, first, that of a gentleman named Barry, residing in North Frederick Street, by his footman. The second, the assassination of an old lady and her chambermaid in Peter's Row, fifty years since, by an attorney of the name of Crawley. The third, the murder of a poor woman who let lodgings in a cellar in Thomas Street, by her servant, in which case, moreover, the murderess was not Irish. The informers, who became murderers, and who paid the penalty of their crimes, were Metcalfe, an artillery soldier, who stabbed a wretched woman, his concubine; and James O'Brien who murdered an invalid gentleman named Hoey. One of the two *soi-disant* loyal yeomen who shot unoffending men in the streets, was a nailor named Shiel, living in Kevan Street, who, in spite of positive and unimpeachable evidence, was acquitted. The name of the other assassin who shot a poor young man, literally in the arms of his mother, in Golden Lane or its vicinity, I forget. The person run through the body, coming out of Astley's Amphitheatre, in the year 1797, was named Kelly. He had the reputation of giving private information to government of the proceedings of the United Irishmen, but no proceeding to bring his assassin to justice took place, so far as I can recollect. The homicide charged against Lord Kingston was committed upon his Lady's nephew, for the seduction of his Lordship's daughter. One of the two debtors who respectively shot the sheriffs' bailiffs, was a captain in the navy named

C——. The name of the other has escaped me, as well as that of the blacksmith; but I remember well surgeon Colles's attempt to bring him to life by galvanism, after execution.

Respecting the assassination of landlords and their agents, it is not necessary that I should give any particulars, for the recollection of those cases is still fresh in the public memory, the crime being of modern growth. I shall, however, notice one, for a particular reason—namely, that of Mr. Bryan O'Reilly, agent to his relative, Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Talbot, of Malahide, who, like her brother, Sir Hugh O'Reilly, inherited a large fortune, in the county of Westmeath, from their uncle, Governor Nugent, whose patronyme—by the way—the Baronet was obliged to assume.

The murder of Mr. Bryan O'Reilly—who had served and attained the rank of Commodore in the navy—took place in open day, early in the year 1815. He had been collecting the rents due to Mrs. Talbot, and was followed throughout the whole day by his murderer, whom he had, I believe, ejected from a farm on the estate of Mrs. Talbot, and who, in some by-road, shot him through the back. The assassin was, however, almost immediately arrested; the proofs against him were incontestable, and he was committed to Mullingar jail, to abide his trial at the approaching assizes, which were to take place in March. He had not been long in prison, when he confessed his crime to the jailor.

On the 16th or 17th of March, 1815, he was brought to trial. At that period it was the custom to try murderers on a Friday, in order (as the law allowed only forty-eight hours between conviction and execution) that they should have the benefit of the Sunday, and live over to Monday. Under this impression, the attorney for the prosecution told his witnesses that they need not attend until the Friday, which was, I think, the 18th of March. Without consulting him, however, the prisoner was brought up for trial on the Thursday, arraigned and given in charge to the jury; and as there was no evidence against him, he was acquitted.

Upon these facts, the process called "trial of battle" was invoked by the family of Mr. O'Reilly, and combated with extraordinary talent and complete success by Counsellor MacNally, whose arguments on the occasion constituted subsequently the grounds for the repeal by Parliament of that absurd law.

CHAPTER LVIII.

You hardly will believe such things were true
As now occur. I thought that I would pen you 'em.

BYRON (*Don Juan*).

THE disorganization of society in Ireland produced by conquests, forfeitures, confiscations, and religious persecution (but which, like faction, was only the madness of many for the gain of a few), assumed now what the French call a fearful development. The self-proclaimed Protestant, which was frequently a misnomer, for he was a mere robber, seized and entered upon the lands and houses of the Papists, and turned them to his own use; sometimes without any form of law, and more frequently by its perversion; always, however, to the utter disregard of justice. To encourage proselytism in the vain belief that real conversion would grow out of professed conformity, rewards were offered to children to declare against their parents, brothers were armed against brothers, servants against masters. False friends pertaining to the State religion, to whom property was transferred in trust by Roman Catholic owners, who hoped by that subterfuge to preserve at once their worldly possessions and their faith, repaired to the Court of Chancery, and declared that fact, and as a matter of course became the proprietors.

Of this species of perfidy and baseness, a remarkable instance occurred in the vicinity of Dublin. Mr. Malpas, who erected the obelisk on Killiney Hill, which still remains (and a most striking ornament of Dublin Bay it is), handed over by deed to a neighbour, and *soi-disant* friend, Mr. Espinasse, a very considerable landed property; of which, in the manner above described, Espinasse possessed himself. Not content with this spoliation, he denounced his confiding friend as a Jacobite as well as a Papist. "Malpas's obelisk," said he, "is only a landmark for the Pope."

The effect of this system was naturally to perpetuate the hatred of the Roman Catholics for the government which pre-

scribed—at least permitted—and legalized these confiscations. Families hitherto respectable, affluent, hospitable, and generous, but now plundered and impoverished—nay, reduced to misery—fell into disrepute and were compelled to solicit alms of those who had been their pensioners—the cottiers (small landholders), in many instances, sheltering and supporting their late landlords. Honourable pride, virtue, self-respect, gave way. In a few cases the Catholics conformed nominally to the State religion, to save a remnant of their property. The contempt of their late co-religionists, relatives, or friends, who adhered under all the consequences to the faith of their fathers, and the maledictions of the Church and the populace, were poured upon them. Remorse and irritation did the rest. The new convert became, as usual, still more the Protestant and persecutor than he who had never professed any other creed or principles. In the majority of instances, the Catholic who repelled apostacy was crushed, worn down, broken-hearted; all pride, spirit, and self-esteem gave way, and the previous landholder sank into the condition of the pauper or the serf. Thus, in my youth, “the Devoy,” chief of a powerful tribe, was a blacksmith; the Byrne of Ballymanus, a woollen-draper; the Cheevers, Lord Mount Leinster, clerk to Mrs. Byrne, ropemaker, of New Row, Thomas Street.

Two examples of the working of the system, which prevailed even so lately as eighty years ago, will suffice to convey an idea of the situation of the Catholic gentry of that period.

Robin Balfe was a gentleman possessing a tolerably large fortune, residing in Cortown Castle, near Kells, in the county of Meath. He was the eldest of six or eight brothers, giants in stature, all of whom lived in the castle or its dependencies; and having no profession or pursuit, became almost of necessity, and like their contemporaries upon the adverse faction, dissolute and riotous. Towards the year 1745, his friends perceived that Robin Balfe, then a man of thirty or forty years of age, displayed symptoms approaching to imbecility or folly, which declared itself in inordinate susceptibility of the tender passion. Fearing that he would contract a marriage with an inferior, his brothers pressed him to seek a wife in the circles of the gentry of the county. He said he would think of it. When pressed more closely, he desired that they would suggest to him a suitable match. They named several, all of which he declared non-receivable, on grounds the most absurd.

Miss Bligh (of Lord Daruley's family), for example, he scorned; "the Blighs being scarcely a hundred years settled in Meath!" Alarmed at this opposition to their project, his friends became importunate, and said: "Since you disapprove all that we propose, choose for yourself."

"Now you talk common sense," said he, "I will marry the daughter of a gentleman—a pretty girl I have long loved."

"What gentleman?"

"Ned Balfe, of Nobber."

Whether agreeable or otherwise to his family, they acquiesced in this choice; and Robin Balfe married his fair namesake, and brought her home to his castle.

At that period there lived a certain "Counsellor John O'Reilly." He was a gentleman by birth, and a barrister by profession, as the title given to him indicates, and was in some respects the O'Connell of that day. He was a man of talent and energy, and had been deputed by the Roman Catholics of Ireland to represent them, I will not say at the Court of George II., but to hold for them "a watching brief," and to interfere on the spot in matters connected with his mission, communicating the results to his constituents, and informing them whenever any new danger or attack menaced them or their property.

In the course of time, the funds to maintain "Counsellor John" O'Reilly in this position failed; his own patrimony was expended, and he returned penniless to Ireland, without having achieved much for those who had deputed him to London. "Power is too powerful," said he; "we must submit to fate."

Although unsuccessful, he was well received by the Roman Catholic gentry, whose interests he had certainly sought to maintain. Money was out of the question. They offered him hospitality, and he continued for some time the guest in succession of half the Catholic families of Meath. Among others, Robin Balfe was more than kind to him; he invited him to, and domesticated him in Cortown Castle for a long period.

An improper intimacy between O'Reilly and the lady of his host ensued. Not content with their disregard of all the ties which bound them to the unhappy Robin Balfe, now falling into idiotcy, they sought to render him the laughing-stock of his servants, tenants, and neighbours; parading him in grotesque apparel, with his face daubed with yellow ochre.

Indignant at and fatigued by this infamous abuse of the

poor man's weakness, and irritated possibly by the temporary alienation of their brother's income for O'Reilly's benefit, Robin's giant relatives resolved on taking the law into their own hands—no unusual practice in those days. They imprisoned him in a chamber of his own house, therefore, and turned his faithless wife and her paramour out of doors.

The guilty pair did not quit the castle empty-handed, however. They carried with them an iron coffer, in which were preserved the title-deeds of the estate, and other family documents; and these they pawned with Sir ——, grandfather of the present Lord ——, for a thousand pounds.

The lender waited not repayment: he "filed a bill of discovery in the Court of Chancery," as that process was denominated in those days. He showed that Balfe was a Papist, and he himself a Protestant, and a decree was passed investing him with the estate.

The brothers of Balfe resisted. They defended with their persons, and by the aid of their retainers, the Castle of Corstown, and with some loss of life, I think. Overpowered, they retired at length, and perceiving that all their efforts to obtain justice were vain, one or two of them, infuriated by their wrongs, conformed to the Protestant religion, and claimed the alienated estates. After a long course of impoverishing litigation, they were beaten by the baronet (he was not yet *ennobled*). One of them fell in a duel; another, I think, in retaining forcible possession of the castle. Reduced to poverty, the survivors ended their days in obscurity and unhappiness.

The descendant of Robin Balfe, the chief of the family, was in its reduced condition "apprenticed" about the year 1760, "to a trade," the refuge of the offspring of half the ancient Roman Catholic families of Leinster. At the beginning of the present century, he was a turner, living in Catherine Street, near Meath Street, Dublin, and emigrated to the United States of America shortly afterwards, where probably his descendants still exist.*

A gleam of hope for, but which never reached him in his exile, occurred some thirty years since to a relative of his, a member of the legal profession. In reflecting upon the unhappy fall of the Balfes, this cousin remembered that previ-

* His own Christian name was Patrick. That of his eldest son, Michael.

ously to the elopement of Mrs. Robin Balfe with "Counsellor John," a portion of his (Balfe's) estate, called Balrath, now of the value of four thousand pounds per annum, had been mortgaged to a Mr. Nicholson for a thousand pounds; and that Mr. Nicholson being a Protestant, and in possession, that portion of Robin Balfe's estate was not mentioned in the decree on the bill of discovery, filed by Sir ———. He further ascertained that Mr. Nicholson, being an honest, honourable man, or satisfied with undisturbed possession of the lands and mansion-house of Balrath, had taken no steps to legalize his holding the portion of the Papist's property over which he had a lien.

Alas! limitation had run against the claim which the lawyer was about to make for restitution of his relation's property, and that hope vanished.

One word more respecting this unfortunate family, to illustrate further the operation of the penal laws at that period. One of the Balfes, brothers of Robin, who had, as the phrase went, "turned Protestant," in order to claim and recover the family fortune, became from change of position, chagrin, privation, and resentment, an irritable, violent, desperate man, and being of huge proportions,* was the terror of half the country, especially when in his cups, "his custom of an afternoon." In a public-house brawl one night, he was beset by a roomful of half-intoxicated men, whom he had insulted. During half an hour he, with his back to the wall, defended himself resolutely and effectively, inflicting fearful wounds on the assailants. At length a window over his head was opened, and a virago armed with a churndash appeared at it. With a terrible blow, which fractured his skull, she felled the giant.

He was carried to the house of his sister (a Mrs. Owen O'Reilly), where it was found that his case was desperate. Informed that his death was inevitable, Balfe, who had never contemplated a real change of creed, eagerly consented to receive the visit of a Roman Catholic clergyman. Becoming from that fact, however, what was termed "a relapsed Papist," and the laws against "Popish priests" administering the sacraments of their Church, particularly to persons in his circum-

* There is in the Balfe family a tradition that the seven brothers in question were singularly "constructed"—and, that instead of ribs—divided and connected in the usual way, they possessed a plate of bone, "which accounts for their extraordinary strength!"

stances, being severe (in fact it was a capital offence), much secrecy was required in procuring for the dying man the consolations of religion. A clergyman—a former *protégé* of the family—was found, however, to brave the consequences. Disguised as a woman, and seated on a pillion behind a peasant of the neighbourhood, he arrived at the house where Balfe lay, and having administered the sacraments to the dying man, withdrew.

The surviving brothers of Balfe, affected by the condition of their relative, expressed their determination to take vengeance of the faction by whom he had been murdered, as they deemed it. “No,” said the dying gladiator, with a last effort, “let there be no vengeance—no prosecution. I brought it on myself.” Then raising himself on his elbow, and his eye momentarily flashing, as he looked upwards, he added, in the words and with the air of Altamont:—

“I conquered in my turn. With that blackthorn stick I struck the first blow which brained Jack ——.” Having uttered this, he fell back on his pillow, and expired.



CHAPTER LIX.

Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère.

PASCAL.

Qui nescit dissimulare nescit vivere.

THE second instance of the working of the penal code, in its legalization of confiscation, and encouragement of *soi-disant* conversions to the established religion, which I promised, is the following. Coupled with the foregoing, it presents a perfect illustration of the then condition of the Catholics of Ireland:—

Seventy or eighty years ago, there resided in Soho Square, London, an Irish Roman Catholic gentleman, known among his friends as “Geoghegan of London” (father of the late excellent Baroness Montesquieu). Pretending to be, or being really, alarmed, lest a relative (Mr. Geoghegan, of Jamestown) should conform to the Protestant religion, and possess himself

of a considerable property, situate in Westmeath, Ireland, of which he ("Geoghegan of London") was tenant for life, and of which, if I remember rightly, Geoghegan of Jamestown was the presumptive heir, Geoghegan of London resolved upon a proceeding to which the reader will attach any epithet it may seem to warrant.

He repaired to Dublin, reported himself to the necessary authorities, and professed, in all its required legal forms, the Protestant religion on a Sunday, sold his estates on Monday, and relapsed into Popery on Tuesday.

He did not effect these changes unostentatiously; for "He saw no reason for *mauvaise honte*," as he called it. He expressed admiration of the same principle of convenient apostasy, which governed Henri IV.'s acceptance of the French crown. "Paris vaut bien une messe," said that gay, chivalrous, but somewhat unscrupulous monarch. Thus, when asked the motive for his abjuration of Catholicism, Geoghegan replied: "I would rather trust my soul to God for a day, than my property to the fiend for ever."

This somewhat impious speech was in keeping with his conduct at Christ-Church when he made his religious profession: the sacramental wine being presented to him, he drank off the entire contents of the cup. The officiating clergyman rebuked his indecorum. "You need not grudge it me," said the neophyte; "it's the dearest glass of wine I ever drank."

In the afternoon of the same day he entered the Globe Coffee Room, Essex street, then frequented by the most respectable of the citizens of Dublin. The room was crowded. Putting his hand to his sword, and throwing a glance of defiance around, Geoghegan said,

"I have read my recantation to-day, and any man who says I did right is a rascal!"

There exists still, a further expression of Mr. Geoghegan, which, had the features I have traced not been preserved, would convey a perfect picture of the man; but it was a jest upon a matter too sacred to justify its repetition in print in the terms employed. The gist of it is this.

A Protestant with whom he was conversing the moment before he left home to read his recantation, said to him: "For all your assumed Protestantism, Geoghegan, you will die a Papist."

“Fi done, mon ami!” replied he. “That is the *last* thing of which I am capable.”

One more specimen of the operation of the penal laws, and I have done with that part of my subject, which is one so ungracious that nothing but the necessity for plainly exhibiting the system could induce me further to dwell upon it.

Mr. Geoghegan, just mentioned, had a relative, Mr. Kedagh Geoghegan, of Donower, in the county of Westmeath, who, though remaining faithful to the creed of his forefathers, enjoyed the esteem and respect of the Protestant resident gentry of his county beyond most men of his time. Notwithstanding that his profession of the Roman Catholic religion precluded his performing the functions of a grand juror, he attended the assizes at Mullingar regularly, in common with other gentlemen of Westmeath, and dined with the grand jurors.

On one of those occasions, a Mr. Stepney, a man of considerable fortune in the county, approached him, and remarked: “Geoghegan, that is a capital team to your carriage. I have rarely seen four finer horses—nor better matched. Here, Geoghegan, are twenty pounds,” tendering him a sum of money in gold. “You understand me. They are mine.” And he moved towards the door, apparently with the intention of taking possession of his *soi-disant* purchase. The horses, not yet detached from Mr. Geoghegan’s carriage, were still in the yard of the inn close by.

“Hold, Stepney!” said Geoghegan. “Wait one moment. I shall not be absent for more than that time.” He then quitted the room abruptly, and was seen running in great haste towards the inn at which he always put up.

There was something in the scene that had just occurred which shocked the feelings of the witnesses of it, and something in the manner of Geoghegan, that produced among them a dead silence and a conviction that it was not to end there. Not a word was yet spoken, when the reports of four pistol-shots struck their ears, and in a few seconds afterwards Geoghegan was perceived coming from the direction of the inn, laden literally with fire-arms. He mounted to the room in which the party were assembled, holding by their barrels a brace of pistols in each hand. Walking directly up to Stepney, he said: “Stepney, you cannot have the horses for which you bid just now.”

“I can, and will have them.”

“You can’t. I have shot them; and, Stepney, unless you be as great a coward as you are a scoundrel, I will do my best to shoot you. Here, choose your weapon, and take your ground. Gentlemen, open if you please, and see fair play.”

He then advanced upon Stepney, offering him the choice of either pair of pistols. Stepney, however, declined the combat and quitted the room, leaving Geoghegan the object of the unanimous condolences of the rest of the party, and overwhelmed with their expressions of sympathy and of regret for the perversion of the law of which Mr. Stepney had just sought to render him the object.

In tendering twenty pounds for horses that were worth twenty times that sum, Stepney was only availing himself of one of the enactments of the penal code, which forbade a Papist the possession of a horse of greater value than five pounds.

Notwithstanding this incident, old Kedagh Geoghegan continued to visit Mullingar during the assizes for many years afterwards; but to avoid a similar outrage, and to keep in recollection the cruel nature of the Popery laws, his cattle thenceforward consisted of four oxen.



CHAPTER LX.

— Our country sinks beneath the yoke.
It weeps; it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds.

Macbeth.

IT was about the middle of the last century that the “No Popery” system attained to its culminating point in Ireland. Then, and for sixty years afterwards, the British Government, whatever its own views of it were, felt obliged to acquiesce in those of the home party, and to permit, with all the reputation of directing them, inflictions on the proscribed sect, which were highly disapproved by every man of liberality and sagacity connected with the government. Of this latter class an illustrious example was found in the Lord-lieutenant of the day (1746 I think), the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield.

The time is not remote from the present, when the British Government wisely interfered to terminate party processions and manifestations in Ireland; but there remained then to be removed only a trifling remnant of the pomp and circumstance with which Orange festivals and triumphs were celebrated at the period of Lord Chesterfield's viceroyalty, and during a long while afterwards. The principal of those were the 1st, 12th, and 28th of July, the anniversaries respectively of the battles of the Boyne and of Aughrim, and of the siege of Enniskillen, when with very questionable taste, feeling, and policy, the Catholics were reminded of their defeat and humiliation by salutes from the batteries in the Park and at the Pigeon House. The night closed with fireworks and bonfires. King William's birth-day (the 4th of November) was observed with more ceremony. Within my own recollection, and even till the period of the Union, on each 4th of November, the troops composing the garrison of Dublin marched from their respective barracks to the Royal Exchange, and there turning to the right up to the Castle, and to the left to the College, lined the streets, Cork Hill, Dame Street, and College Green, on each side the way.

At the same time the Lord-lieutenant would be holding a levée; a drawing-room wound up the observances, at which the nobility, the bishops, the members of the House of Commons (the Speaker at their head), the judges, the bar, the provost, vice-provost, and fellows of Trinity College, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and other public functionaries were present. The levée over, the Lord-lieutenant issued in his state-carriage and with great pomp from the Castle, passed down the line of streets, and round the statue of King William, and then returned to the Castle; followed also in carriages by the great officers of state, the bishops, the Houses of Lords and Commons, and those of the gentry who had been present at the levée.

So omnipotent and *exigeant* was the ruling faction, that it became the custom in Lord Chesterfield's time, and long afterwards, for every person, ladies as well as gentlemen, appearing at the levées or drawing-rooms at the Castle on the festivals in question, to wear orange lilies in their bosoms or at their *bouttonnière*, and it was on one of those occasions that Lord Chesterfield paid to a Miss Ambrose, afterwards Lady

Palmer, the reigning belle of the day, the well-known compliment, but which nevertheless I shall venture to transcribe.

The levées and drawing-rooms of that period were more exclusive than the good sense and condescension of modern British sovereigns have rendered them. I have heard that the only member of the family of a man in trade, who figured in the vice-regal assemblies at the Castle at that time, was the young and transcendently beautiful lady just mentioned. She was the daughter of a Mr. Ambrose, an opulent brewer, and a Roman Catholic. At the drawing-room held on the 4th of November, 1745 or 1746, Lord Chesterfield approached her, and glancing at the flower in her bosom, uttered the following impromptu :—

“ Pretty Tory, where’s the jest,
Of wearing orange on a breast,
Which in whiteness doth disclose
The beauty of the rebel rose ?”

This was not, however, the only compliment paid her by that liberal and *spirituel* nobleman.

On retiring from his government, and presenting himself at Court in London, George II. asked him, among other questions : “ My Lord Chesterfield, are not those Irish Papists most dangerous persons ?”*

“ I never met but one deserving that character, sir.”

“ No ! and who was that ?”

“ Miss Ambrose.”

Seventy years afterwards I was presented to her at her residence in Henry Street, Dublin. Being informed by the friend to whom I owed the honour of my introduction to her Ladyship, that I ought to make my bow to the gods of her idolatry—Lord Chesterfield and Napoleon, whose portraits occupied prominent places in the drawing-room—I acquitted myself so satisfactorily by a genuflection before each, immediately after my obeisance to herself, that I obviously made upon the venerable lady, then upwards of ninety, a favourable impression.

“ You are fond of portraits, I perceive,” said she ; “ there is another in the room. Do you find it to resemble any person you have seen ?”

It was that of a lovely dark girl of eighteen or twenty.

* Thenceforward, for more than a century Lady Palmer was spoken of as “ the dangerous Papist.”

The truth flashed upon me, and I replied with a bow of unaffected veneration, "A great deal. In the eyes especially;" and I spoke truly.

I might have added that the fine aquiline nose remained, but ninety years had impaired its harmony with the other features, and reference to it in terms of admiration, might have suggested to the still keen-witted lady that I presumed to flatter.

In person, Lady Palmer was tall, as tall as another celebrated woman, to whom, when also advanced in life (in September, 1830), I had the advantage of being presented—I mean Madame de Genlis. The literary reputation of the latter distinguished her from Lady Palmer; but the unspotted character of the dangerous Papist was an ample compensation for any comparative deficiency of *esprit*.

Very few of the living generation in Ireland remember the daughter of Madame de Genlis, the Lady Pamela. She died in Paris, twenty years ago, in circumstances, the mention of which would inflict a pang on all who deplore the untimely end of her fearless, ardent, chivalrous husband, Lord Edward, and affix a merited stigma on near relatives whose misfortunes induce me to spare.

Poor Lady Pamela! When a little boy, and passing one day with a relative, near the Royal Exchange, Dublin, she was pointed out to me walking with her husband. I was recommended to impress their appearance on my memory, and it is engraven upon it. The portrait of Lord Edward, given in Moore's life of him, is a perfect resemblance.

Lord and Lady Edward were each below the middle size; both good-looking. He, lively and animated; she, mild, but not serious of aspect. Fearless though some danger attended it,* he wore a green coat and a green-and-white cravat; she was dressed in, I think, a cloth walking-dress of dark green, and a green neckerchief, for it was in winter.

Before I paused to mention my introduction to Madame de Genlis, I had been relating the circumstances of my presentation to Lady Palmer. The remaining incidents of my reception were common-place, except, perhaps, that (in compliment to my tact and discernment, I suppose) I was gratified with double rations of seed-cake and London particular: the one,

* Green is the national colour of the Irish, and was between 1796 and 1799 prohibited because of its indiscreet and impolitic display by the United Irishmen.

because it was invariably served to a visiter; the other, in acknowledgment possibly of my gallantry.

Lady Palmer lived many years afterwards. Her Ladyship, although the only *bourgeoise*, was not the only Roman Catholic who appeared at the Castle balls and drawing-rooms in those times. There is a story told of a lady, a member of the old Clare of Westmeath family (I have heard that she was the daughter of the fourth Earl of Westmeath, and the honourable — Bellew, daughter of Lord Bellew), who for some reason which has escaped me, was strangely distinguished by the title of "Captain Moll Nugent." Perhaps it was the following circumstance that obtained for her that unfeminine title. The name "Moll" was not deemed derogatory.

Generally speaking, in mixed companies—that is in good society—allusion to politics, to Jacobites, or Williamites, was omitted, even in those days. Sometimes, either through design or inadvertence, however, etiquette was infringed, and the Roman Catholics present were affronted, by toasts or expressions recalling to them their defeat. Thus, at supper after the ball given at the Castle on a 4th of November, the Lord-lieutenant for the time being, gave as a toast, "the glorious and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who delivered us from brass money, Pope, Popery, wooden shoes, and slavery!"

"I'll drink your toast, my Lord," said Miss, or Lady, Moll Nugent, who was one of the company—"but with a trifling addition, if you will give me leave."

"Certainly," replied the Viceroy.

"Then," said she, "I shall add the memory of the sorrel horse that kicked his brains out!"

This is not a pleasant story. Much less does it furnish a type of the Irishwoman of rank of that period.

"I do not like your manly belles,
Your Chevaliers d'Eon,* and Hannah Snells."

But allowance must be made for a high-spirited young woman,

* One of the most extraordinary episodes of the history of the last century will be a memoir of this person, whose celebrity rested a good deal on showy talent and skill, and especially upon the doubts that existed respecting his sex up to the moment of his decease in London, at a very advanced age. Frequently, while a young boy, at the commencement of the present century, I dined in company with a man well known in Europe in that day, the Chevalier O'Gorman, who had married a sister of the Chevalier d'Eon. It will scarcely be credited, that at that period O'Gor-

a rigid Roman Catholic possibly, and certainly a fanatical partisan of the expelled Stuarts, to whom, the legal possessors of the throne of those realms, her family had been faithful even to desperation, and had suffered for it in its members and in its property. All this, and her daily observation of the persecution of her friends and creed, and of insults wantonly offered to her party, which none of the male sex dared resent, rankled in her bosom, and it only required the slightest spark to produce an explosion. This display of intolerance and ascendancy at a social party, she considered the more cowardly because chastisement of it could not be anticipated, there being no male Roman Catholic present. She rose, therefore, to protest against what she deemed a violation of the rights of hospitality and of the principles of good-breeding; "for," she continued to argue, "he who gave the original toast knew there was present at least one Roman Catholic lady whose susceptibilities it was sure to wound." Viewed as the circumstance may be, now when we are all sober, the toast drunk by Captain Moll Nugent raised her to the pinnacle of popularity with her party.

When incidents like these were possible in high places, the latitude will easily be conceived in which as regarded insult and provocation, and resistance, the inferior grades of society indulged, and the consequent state of irritation in which the country was held for a hundred years. A hundred years? Ay, and upwards; for long after the commencement of the present century there continued to exist in the front of a house in Nassau Street, Dublin, between Grafton Street and Dawson Street, a marble tablet, inserted in the wall, in which a bust of King William, of the natural size, and in bas-relief, was to be seen, and beneath it this inelegant and unworthy distich:—

"May we never want a Williamite,
To kick the breech of a Jacobite."

This monument of intolerance and execrable taste was, moreover (at the expense of the city, it would seem) as regularly painted, and its epigraph as carefully picked out prepara-

man himself believed Chevalier d'Eon to be a woman. I have more than once heard him express that opinion.

An engraved portrait of him at the age of 35 (that is, of the year 1763), is now before me. It represents a female head and *well developed*—(and *decollété*) bust!

tory to each 4th November, as the statue of King William on College Green. That it caused heartburning, I recollect well; and yet its removal was due only to the demolition of the entire house for the purpose of local improvement.

CHAPTER LXI.

There is in this young man's conduct a strain of prostitution, which, for its singularity, I cannot but admire. He has discovered a new line in the human character. He has degraded even the name of LUTTRELL.

JUNIUS (Letter to Lord North).

THE lines above quoted were written by his great countryman, Sir Philip Francis,* when the subject of them, Henry Lawes Luttrell, afterwards Earl of Carhampton, was little more than thirty years old! How justly the immortal critic judged, will be seen in this chapter.

Twenty years would seem to have produced no improvement in his conduct, for somewhere about the year 1790 there appeared in Dublin a pamphlet written by Dr. Boyton, an eminent physician, in which, although not expressly named, Lord Carhampton found himself charged, by innuendo, with a capitally criminal outrage upon an orphan, or very poor, and very young, girl, named Mary Lawless, procured for him by a wretched woman of the name of Mary Lewellyn.

This pamphlet bore for epigraph the following extract from "Lear:"—

"Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipp'd of justice!"

As accessory before the fact, in the offence just mentioned, Mary Lewellyn was prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced to death at the Commission Court of Oyer and Terminer, held in Green Street, Dublin. With respect to the principal in the atrocity, the evidence of his identity was not so conclusive as to justify the impeachment of him whom public rumour pointed at as the criminal; but the perpetration of the capital

* It is now questionless that *Junius* was Sir Philip Francis—aided, probably, by his great countryman Burke, but who I admit denied all knowledge of or participation in those unrivalled strictures.

offence was fully proved. Lord Carhampton, therefore, escaped the punishment which his wretched instrument, as was everywhere said and believed, had incurred. A certain Saturday was named for its infliction upon her.

The peer stood his ground without flinching, although the whole torrent of public opinion was poured against him, accompanied by curses loud and deep. He was, in fact, a man whom nothing could intimidate; but his disregard of danger did not obtain for him that involuntary consideration which Dr. Johnson, I think, in speaking of the personal courage of *Richard* and *Macbeth*, says always suggests itself in favour of an intrepid man, even when he happens to be a villain. Lord Carhampton was hated, despised—hateful and despicable.

About the time of these incidents, there flourished in Dublin, an ex-clergyman of the Roman Catholic religion who had succumbed to the seducer of "all mankind," as the philosophic *Filch* has it, and who had in one and the same day embraced the Established Church and a buxom wife in the person of a widow with whom he had been long intimate. This convert, while officiating and serving as a Roman Catholic priest, was known as Father Fay. I forget whether, with the usual pension allowed to persons in his circumstances, his orthodoxy was rewarded with a living, but if it were, it proved insufficient; for some time after his recantation and marriage, Father Fay brought himself into trouble, and by the simplest possible process, namely, that of affixing to a slip of stamped paper, at the end of certain lines promising to pay to somebody a hundred pounds, another name than his own, upon which document he obtained the sum specified less the lawful interest, for Father Fay was scrupulous on that point. When the bill came to maturity, the forgery was discovered, and the Reverend Benedick was remorselessly arrested, committed to prison, brought to trial, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged.

Fortunately for him (as the world of Dublin argued) he was ordered to be executed on the same day and on the same scaffold with Mary Lewellyn; for a reprieve and commutation of punishment having issued in favour of the monster instrument in the ruin of an innocent child, the government (so it was surmised by the Dublin public) could not think of allowing the law to take its course in a case of infinitely less depravity. Thereupon Father Fay was also reprieved, and with his

fair companion ordered to be transported to the new penal settlement, Botany Bay, for life.

I do not remember whether Mary Lewellyn was actually transported, but Father Fay made the voyage to Sydney. He must have conducted himself well there, for after a few years he was allowed to return home. He settled in the county of Kildare as a tanner, visited Dublin occasionally, and was pointed out to me about the year 1798. He was a keen, sensible-looking man, and I remember hearing of him enough to justify belief that he was a United Irishman in principle, but his character of "reprobate priest" forbade his reception into any of the innumerable societies of that body in Kildare. How his career ended I have never heard.

The commutation of the punishment awarded against Mary Lewellyn was, as above mentioned, assigned by public agreement to the credit of Lord Carhampton, and was held to add considerably to the already strong presumptive evidence, circulated and believed, of his complicity in the outrage of which the child Mary Lawless had been the victim, and upon the following mode of inference.

It was à-propos of the celebrated election for Middlesex, held at Brentford early in December, 1768, that Junius spoke of Lord Carhampton, in the terms prefixed to this chapter. Everybody knows the history of that disgraceful proceeding. Colonel Luttrell was the ministerial candidate, and employed to defend him and assault his opponents, a mob of desperadoes. In the course of the fearful riots which ensued, these ruffians attacked some partisans of the popular candidates (John Wilkes and Sergeant Whitaker) with staves, bludgeons, and other deadly weapons, when a man named George Clarke was killed by one of Colonel Luttrell's bravoos, an Irish chairman of the name of Edward MacGuirk. He was tried for the murder of Clarke, found guilty, and sentenced to death; but, as was believed, Colonel Luttrell used all his influence in his favour, and through the Duke of Grafton (as stated by Junius) succeeded in obtaining a free pardon for him.

The recollection of this fact suggested, possibly, to Dr. Boyton new ground for suspicion against Lord Carhampton, in the case of Mary Lewellyn. Without bestowing upon his Lordship praise for protecting his guilty instruments, Dr. Boyton argued that he who so successfully interested himself for Edward MacGuirk, would consistently seek to relieve

Mary Lewellyn from the consequences of her zeal in his service. The clemency of the government in respect of the latter, and the notorious influence of Lord Carhampton at the Castle, were considered by Dr. Boyton irrefragable proofs of his Lordship's guilt.

Under this impression, Dr. Boyton wrote the pamphlet alluded to. It recapitulated the known facts of the case, showed that the principal was more guilty than the accessory; and pointing at, without naming, Lord Carhampton, stated that he deserved death for it. This pamphlet produced a great sensation in Dublin.

One forenoon, immediately after its publication, Dr. Boyton received a visit from an intimate friend, a person already of considerable celebrity, Archibald Hamilton Rowan,* a gentleman of large fortune, whose country residence was at Rathcoffey, in the county of Kildare, but who identified himself with the popular party in all the political occurrences of the day in Dublin. On his entrance into Boyton's study, the latter hastened to meet him, and said: "Rowan, you are the very man I wanted. Read this;" handing him an opened letter.

Rowan sat down and read the letter, which was a challenge from Lord Carhampton, demanding the contradiction of certain passages in Dr. Boyton's pamphlet, "which went to charge him, Lord Carhampton, with the crime committed upon the person of Mary Lawless," or a meeting.

"And you wish me to act for you in this affair, Boyton?" said Rowan.

"Certainly. That is, I wish you to see Carhampton's friend, and fix the time and place for our meeting; and without delay, lest the matter take wind, and we be arrested."

"That may become my duty as your friend," replied Hamilton Rowan; "but as you repose your honour in my hands, you must leave to me the arrangements which I may consider called for."

"I do so most implicitly," said Boyton.

They shook hands, and Rowan left for Lord Carhampton's residence. On reaching it he was immediately introduced to his Lordship.

"I come," said Rowan, "as the friend of Dr. Boyton."

* Hamilton Rowan, eight or ten years afterwards, sought the hospitable shores of the United States—being, for his connexion with the conspiracy of the United Irishmen, banished by Act of Parliament.

"This is irregular," interrupted Lord Carhampton. "See my friend, Colonel —, who will take, with you, the measures necessary for our meeting."

"Not yet," said Rowan; "I must have a little preliminary explanation with yourself."

"With me?"

"Yes. You wrote this letter in my hand to Dr. Boyton?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"Why? Because he accuses me of being a ravisher, and deserving of the gallows."

"Who says that my friend Dr. Boyton charges you with that crime?"

"I do."

"On what ground?"

"On this," said the little man, now in a fury. "On this;" and he handed Dr. Boyton's pamphlet to Rowan.

"Have the goodness to point out to me the passages of which you complain."

A tint of red suffused the yellow visage of his Lordship.

"There!" said he, "and there—and there! Is not that enough?"

"I perceive that Boyton does not spare invective or condemnation of the criminal. Who is he?"

"Who is whom?"

"The criminal."

Caught in the snare thus adroitly prepared for him by the wily Rowan, the show of blood in Carhampton's cheeks disappeared; instead of its being replaced by his usual jaundice hue he became livid, and gasped for breath in rage and disappointment.

"You are silent, my Lord. I will put the question in another way. Was it you who outraged the poor child spoken of in this book?"

"I! How dare you ask me such a question?"

"I dare do all that may become a man," said Rowan, with an air of pity or contempt; "'who dares do more is none.' You know the quotation, and will make its application."

"I only know and feel that Boyton must contradict those statements, or fight me," said the peer, recovering.

"Now hear me, my Lord, and quietly. I find that Boyton shows that a horrible crime has been committed, and he asserts

that the perpetrator deserves hanging. This conclusion you must yourself admit."

"I! I admit nothing."

"I cannot find that Lord Carhampton is stated in this book to be the criminal. Do you, my Lord, accept the criminality, and in that character challenge Dr. Boyton?"

"I! A thousand times no!"

"Then," said Rowan, rising and drawing his magnificent person to its full height, "why have you written this letter to Dr. Boyton? Of what have you to complain, unless you identify yourself with the monster he denounces? Your name occurs not in any part of this book."

"Ah!" said the humbled peer; "ah! I perceive that I have been too hasty. Very well, I withdraw the challenge."

"Let me have it under your hand."

The peer sat down, and wrote a note to the effect that he recalled the letter of the preceding night, that he had written to Dr. Boyton, "which was founded on misconception." He then handed it to Hamilton Rowan, who read it, folded it, and put it into his pocket.

"Now, sir, our interview is at an end," said his Lordship, pointing to the door.

"Not yet," replied Rowan. "My mission was to demand on what ground you challenged my friend Boyton; and if that were refused me, to make the arrangements for a hostile meeting. This extremity has been obviated. Now my duty is to demand of you, on the part of Dr. Boyton, a written apology for sending him a message on grounds which you have just retracted."

Never was there between two men a more striking contrast than that displayed by Lord Carhampton and Hamilton Rowan at that moment. The one, a man below the middle size, exquisitely formed, however; but, as the song went,

"As beautiful, charming, and fair
As saffron and charcoal could make him;"

brave to desperation; but now reduced to a beaten, crouching attitude from conscious guilt and rage, at having committed himself, and having lost the vengeance on which he had reckoned, with a feeling moreover that he had been overreached; while, towering above him, stood one of the most

superb men of his time,* who, to the pride and satisfaction of having succeeded in an important mission for an esteemed friend, added the expression of triumph over a deadly political adversary.

Lord Carhampton wrote the required apology, and Rowan withdrew.

Independently of the character given him by Junius, and of the affair just narrated, Lord Carhampton would appear to have been a bad fellow. He was, as I have already said, brave, and as ready to provoke or answer a challenge as any ruffler of that period of violence. He had a taste for society. He was, for instance, a "Monk of the Screw," and did not want for *moyens*; but the traditional curse of his country weighed upon him, and kept him constantly in a feverish state of preparation to resist allusion to it. I have mentioned, in the short speech of General Montague Mathew, on the Treaty of Limerick, the crime committed against his country by the ancestor of Lord Carhampton, and which entailed on his progeny abhorrence and detestation.

"That Luttrell sold the pass, no man can deny," said the regretted Mounty.

To understand this, it is only necessary to know that the defence of a pass through a bog into the position of King James's forces, was confided to Colonel Luttrell on the 12th of July, 1690. He betrayed that trust, and thus facilitated the victory of the Williamites at Aughrim.

In my youth, the most detested name that could be uttered in Ireland, was that of Luttrell. It was ever present to the recollection of the Roman Catholic party in particular, one of whom Luttrell had been, and was used as an epithet of reproach and hatred on the strangest occasions.

About the period of which I have been lately speaking, there lived in Fishamble Street, Dublin, a shoemaker, the Hoby of the day. His name was Conolly. His daughter married Mr. James Conolly, the most intelligent, enterprising, and successful merchant Ireland ever possessed. Conolly, the shoemaker, was not a natural son of the gentle craft. His family had, like hundreds of others, been overthrown, and he himself, according to the custom of the overwhelmed and hope-

* Hamilton Rowan must be well remembered by the aged citizens of the United States, having emigrated thither from France when the Republic was no more.

less helplessness of the time, had been "put to a trade," as the Devoy's, and the Balfes, and the Cheeverses had been, of whom I have spoken.

Lord Carhampton's person was symmetry itself, of which advantage he availed himself as a counterpoise to the countenance, which, with the mental qualities and disposition attributed to him, obtained for him, six or eight years later, in "The Press" newspaper, the sobriquet *Satanides*. His boot-maker was Conolly, of course.

One day Lord Carhampton left the Castle, strolled up Castle Street, and turned down Fishamble Street, and entering Conolly's shop, inquired whether the dress boots had been made which he had ordered?

"Yes, my Lord, they have just come in. Nowlan, where are my Lord's boots that you have brought home?"

"Here, sir," said Nowlan.

"Try them on, my Lord, then."

The peer sat down; but instead of a tight fit, which he always desired, the boots were, though for the rest of the world too small, for him "larger than the largest size."

"Look here, Conolly," said the Lord, "they are not boots, they are churns!"

Conolly looked at them for a moment, apparently unable to speak. "Leave the way," said he to Nowlan; and then, under the influence of concentrated rage, he knelt down, and without effort drew off the Lord's boots. To seize them by the legs, to rise, and to catch Nowlan by the collar, were only the work of a moment. Then showering on the unfortunate fellow blows with them over the head, on the face, on the shoulders, and everywhere that he could get at, he exhausted himself, exclaiming with every blow of the boots: "You Luttrell son of a ——! You Luttrell son of a ——! You Luttrell son of a ——!"

His Lordship, pulling on, himself, the boots he had just put off, to try the new ones, made his escape while the scene just described was being enacted.

Such incidents as these (for some or other reference to the treason of his grandfather was of constant recurrence) contributed, no doubt, to augment the malevolence to which his atrabilarious habit predisposed him.

CHAPTER LXII.

Vendidit hic auro patriam.

VIRGIL.

LORD CARHAMPTON'S after life fully justified the estimate of his character formed by Junius—adding daily to his hereditary patrimony of public abhorrence, until his measure of detestation was full and running over. The principal reason for all this execration was given in Montague Mathew's short speech, elsewhere quoted, as every Irish reader will have understood. "That Luttrell *sold the Pass*," said General Mathew, "no man can deny;" but those words explain not to the general reader the origin of Lord Carhampton's unenviable inheritance. It can be done in a few words:—

"To Colonel Luttrell, his Lordship's grandfather, had been intrusted the defence of the pass through a bog which led into the centre of the Irish (King James's) position at Aughrim. He betrayed his trust by delivering it to the enemy; and the battle was lost, bringing with it—but, it is now believed, unnecessarily—the total discomfiture of the Irish army, and the consequent Treaty of Limerick."

Such is the popular belief; but his treason consisted in disobedience of an order of his General and friend (the immortal Sarsfield), to meet and co-operate with the garrison of Galway at Six Mile Bridge; instead of which he entered into a negotiation with the English to betray Limerick. For this crime he was arrested, tried by court-martial, and found guilty; but was reserved to abide the King's pleasure. The surrender of Limerick, however, occurred, and saved him from an ignominious death; but only to perish a few years later by the hand of an assassin.

This wretched man, Colonel Luttrell, was shot in a sedan chair, somewhere in the neighbourhood of College Green, Dublin. The chairmen averred that they were not aware of the event until, having arrived at the point or place to which he had desired them to bear him, they stopped; and, opening

the chair for him to issue from it, found him weltering in his blood, and quite dead. They declared that they had heard no report, and concluded, "therefore," that the pistol with which he was shot had been charged with *white* powder!

These particulars I have never seen in print. They are derived from oral, but indisputable, tradition. The compilers of peerages—Debrett in particular—have, with intelligible complaisance, suppressed the military title and army rank of the traitor, and, consequently, all mention of his crime; stating merely that "Henry Luttrell, Esq., of Luttrellstown, married in October, 1704," and "had issue, Simon, father of Henry Lawes, 2d Earl of Carhampton."

Such was the career and end of "Luttrell the Traitor"—but common fame, which, this time, requires corroboration, subjoins some supplementary particulars which were rife among, and firmly believed by, the people, in my youth.

The demesne and mansion of the Luttrells (Luttrellstown), four or five miles distant from the city of Dublin, is beautifully situated on the left bank of the river Liffey. It now bears the name of Woodlands, to which it was changed by the late Irish Cræsus, Luke White, who purchased it of the Lord Carhampton of whom Junius and I (smile not at the association, reader) have been speaking. His Lordship is said to have had the best of the *ci-devant* bookseller in the bargain, a rather uncommon incident in Mr. White's business transactions, but not extraordinary considering the traditional cleverness of the Luttrells in evading the terms of an agreement for sale, and of which here is an instance.

Near to this demesne of Luttrellstown, I remember to have been shown a water-mill, or mills, which bore the rather repulsive title of "the Devil's Mills" from, as I have been assured, the following circumstance.

His Satanic Majesty, impatient to foreclose a mortgage he held upon the life of Colonel Luttrell, called upon him one night, and declared he would wait no longer for his due. The Colonel, admitting the treaty which subsisted between them, entrenched himself behind his privileges, and demanded that the terms of it should be observed.

"What terms, and may it please you?" asked the Old One.

"What terms! Do you not remember that you were to

do for me three things, or the bargain should be void? One only of them has been performed."

"True; but I have not been called upon to execute the remaining provisions, and concluded, therefore, that you relinquished further claim upon my services, and were prepared to carry out our treaty by a waiver, which would entitle me to my property in you whenever I should demand it."

"I have had no such stuff in my thoughts."

"Propose the other tasks, then, for I will not be fobbed off in this way any longer. What do you require?"

"Build me a mill, or mills, yonder, before morning."

"Before morning! Where am I to find bricks and mortar at this short notice?"

"Where you please. That is your affair. If you do not that which I ask, I shall see you—far enough—before I go with you."

Satan gnashed his teeth, but withdrew, while the Colonel made the welkin roar with unseemly mirth at having posed the old gentleman.

Aladdin was not, however, more astonished on awaking one morning and beholding a palace raised during the preceding night by his friendly genius, than was Colonel Luttrell on the forenoon of the day following his late colloquy with his ally the devil, when (being at his ease respecting his debt to Old Nick, he had slept sounder and to a later hour than usual), on going to his window, he caught a view of mills, with their wheels a-going, which had no existence the evening before.

"Done!" said he, "by all that's horrible! I have, however, another chance, and must take care to make the most of it, for the fiend will no doubt call upon me to-night for the last job, or the forfeiture."

Precisely as he had foreseen, the devil presented himself to the Colonel that night. "You see," said he, "how ridiculous it is in you to seek to withhold from me the price of the labours you have imposed upon me. Surrender with a good grace, and rely upon my recollection of it. Remember, besides, that you are so odious to your countrymen, that one or other of them may be expected at any moment to terminate your sinful life, and thus render superfluous direct interference on my part to remove you whither you will receive your just reward."

"You do not take me for a fool, devil, do you?"

“ ‘On the contrary’ (as your countryman said when asked if he sang), I take you for a —— rogue.”

“ Well, there is no use losing time. You remember our treaty. You are to perform one more task at my desire.”

The devil nodded his head in acquiescence, beating a tattoo the while.

“ Then,” said the Colonel, rising, “ go make ropes of the sands of the sea.”

The devil stood aghast. “ It is impossible !” cried he.

“ Then go and do it,” said the Colonel. “ At all events, quit my house,” and taking him by the nape of the neck he kicked him down stairs.

The Colonel lived some time after this interview ; but one unlucky day, as the reader has seen, he was shot in his sedan chair, and was, as all the world uncharitably believed, immediately afterwards called upon by his creditor to book-up.

La Fontaine, in his “ Chose Impossible,” and M. G. Lewis, M. P. (“ Every one knows little Matt’s an M. P.”), in one of his “ Tales of Wonder” (in a story of a Lady and a faithful Page), borrow this incident of Luttrell the Traitor’s life ; which facts, by all persons of common sense, will be held to prove the correctness of the tradition.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men—and such as sleep o’ nights.

Julius Cæsar.

HENRY LAWES LUTTRELL, Earl of Carhampton, was *chétif* and mean in appearance, but such was not his own belief. He imagined, on the contrary, that his rank and quality could be penetrated under the most ordinary garb. Having passed and repassed several times one day before a grenadier of a Highland regiment on guard at the principal entrance of Dublin Castle, without notice or salute from him, he addressed the soldier angrily, forgetting that he was himself “ in Mufti,” and demanded the reason for his neglect. “ Wha are ye, mon ?” asked the soldier.

“The Commander-in-chief,” replied his Lordship. (Such was the rank then assumed by the Commander of the Forces in Ireland.)

“Are you by gom! ye’ve a d——d bra birth on it then—toorn aboot, mon, till I salute ye.”

Lord Carhampton was not the soldier’s friend—in fact, he was a bad fellow in all the relations of life. The conspiracy of the United Irishmen called into action all the bad passions engendered in his bosom by the hatred of his name expressed by his countrymen of all ranks whenever reference to it was made, and he displayed the effect in every way possible to him. In the feeling of detestation for him the soldiers of the Irish Militia participated, adding to their repugnance for his descent, dislike of his politics and resentment for his harshness as Commander-in-chief. A plot against his life was discovered in one of the militia regiments (I think it was the Kildare) quartered in Dublin in 1797. Two of the soldiers charged with participation in it were brought to trial for it, found guilty, and shot pursuant to sentence in the Phoenix Park.

I remember the occurrence well, because of a wonderful appearance following their execution, and of which I heard on the evening of the same day, from a person who had the account from an “*eye-witness*.” The sufferers were named Dunne and Carthy. “Their bodies had no sooner touched the earth after the fatal volley,” said the informant, “than two doves were seen to rise from them and soar into the heavens.”

Whether true or not, I record the story only as a proof of the disposition of the popular mind at that period, in regard to Lord Carhampton, and which associated something supernatural with their enmity towards him.

Brave though he were, Lord Carhampton was capable of the basest dissimulation to lure victims, and of the most contemptible meanness. He would steal out from his official residence (the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham) after nightfall, and endeavour to surprise some of the sentinels off their guard, or fast asleep. For his *espionnage* he was once nearly paying dearly, and with this incident I shall close my references to him.

A near relative of mine was deeply compromised in the conspiracy of the United Irishmen, and active, especially, like Henry MacCracken, in seducing the soldiery from their allegiance. He succeeded to a certain extent, it would appear,

for he was visited by several soldiers and sub-officers in the course of each day.

Among other persons of that description, I recollect to have seen a soldier of the Fraser Fencibles come to our house. After other matters had been disposed of, he said: "I was near giving the old one his due last night."

"Who?" asked my relative.

"Carhampton. You know his habit of endeavouring to catch the sentinels on duty about the Hospital napping. I was on guard last night about twelve o'clock in the grounds which overlook the road towards Blanchardstown; and had not been long posted when I heard a cautious tread approach my post. 'This is he,' said I to myself, and I silently cocked my musket. I listened, and heard the same stealthy step approach, occasionally crushing the brushwood. My eye was fixed upon the spot whence the noise proceeded. It still advanced. I brought my piece to the recover, my eye straining out of my head. Presently my hair stood on end, for I saw an object moving towards me. My heart beat, but my hand was firm. 'He shall have it,' said I, 'but I must not violate the law.' At the moment when I expected the General would pounce upon me, I cried: 'Wha goes there?' No reply. 'Wha goes there, a second time?' Still no answer. 'Wha goes there, a third time?' said I, bringing Bess to the present, my finger on the trigger, when the moon shone full on the pale face of a Hereford cow, looking at me as from a window, and quietly licking her lips."

"You had a narrow escape of committing a homicide, which might have terminated fatally for yourself," said my relative.

"I had not much fear of that. I bore in mind the conduct of my father in the American war in nearly similar circumstances. He was a Highlander, and left Scotland with our laird, who had gotten a company in the 42d. One night, some time before Saratoga, he was placed as a sentry at an advanced post in the bush, at which, seven nights in succession, one of our men had been killed and scalped. He demurred, but the corporal was inflexible. 'Then give me the power to fire whenever I may see reason,' said my father, who was as wary as he was brave. This was acceded to, and the corporal retired.

"My father instantly set about preparations to insure his safety. He found himself stationed within a small circle,

surrounded, except at one point, whence opened a path, by brushwood. 'That's not where the danger lies,' thought he; 'it is too much exposed.' Placing himself in the centre, whence he could command it, however, his eye passed round the position. After this examination he cocked his musket and commenced marching slowly—not round the vacant spot, but across it, backwards and forwards, always resting himself in the middle of the space. He had passed half an hour in this way amidst profound silence, when he thought he heard a rustling of branches. He fixed his eye upon the spot whence the supposed noise came, but all was silent, and continued so for a quarter of an hour, during which time he made no movement, and uttered no sound. He was just about resuming his walk when the noise again struck upon his ear; but this time quite close to him. Bringing his gun, as I did last night, to the recover, he cried: 'Wha goes there?' No answer. Presently, however, a huge hog issued slowly from the covert, browsing and munching. My father's gaze was upon him, but instead of approaching him, the animal skirted the enclosure, plucking at the briars, and grunting all the way. This did not, however, throw my father off his guard. His eye followed the hog, he himself holding his breath, turning as on a pivot. Insensibly the invader appeared to have quitted the edge of the enclosure, and to approach him, making also a change in his form, as my father thought. Now quite close to him the animal seemed to convert himself into a ball, when my father, coming to the present, fired. A shriek from the hog and a roll followed, and then he lay still. Drawing back a step, my father reloaded, and was about to advance upon his visiter, now apparently motionless, when the corporal and the picquet-guard arrived.

"'Why have you fired?' asked the corporal.

"'Because I feared a surprise.'

"'From whom?'

"'From him who lies yonder,' pointing to the hog.

"A roar of laughter burst from the guard, which the corporal reprov'd, and then said to my father: 'This is a serious matter. A false alarm. Your cowardice has unmanned you, and will I fear have brought you to the halberts at least. Here, McKenzie, take his place. Fall in. March.'

"'Hold, corporal,' said my father. 'Examine that fellow before you go.'

“‘That’s only reasonable,’ said the corporal; ‘besides, my lads, a leg of pork won’t be a bad addition to our morning meal.’

“They approached the motionless object, with a view to seize it, when, like the diamond hunters that *Sindbad the Sailor* speaks of, the hog’s skin burst, and a red Indian, with tomahawk in hand, sprung to his feet, and made a dash at the thicket, but fell before he could reach it, shot through the heart by McKenzie.



CHAPTER LXIV.

“So they have made MeC—— a Baron of the Exchequer,” said a brother barrister to the late kind and witty John Parsons, one day in the autumn of 1803. “I wonder what sort of judge he will make—eh, Parsons?”

“Indeed, I think,” replied John—“that he will administer *indifferent* justice.”

Extract from my Common-place Book.

Gold, from law, can take out the sting.

GAY.

IN the preceding pages I had a view to show, by exemplification, how conquest, and its concomitant effects upon unreflecting minds, operated in turning the beautiful sister Ireland of Great Britain into a grand arena for the display of pride, oppression, injustice, tyranny, riot, libertinism, and demoralizing extravagance, in nearly every circle and class, from the castle, and the senate, and their aristocratic imitators, to the humblest position in the social scale. How was it in the *Palais de Justice*, in the mean while? Were the judges of the land pure and unsuspected? Were the laws, such as they found them, honestly administered, and consequently respected? Were the sheriffs unprejudiced and incorruptible? Were the jurors fairly, freely, and impartially convened, and were their verdicts always irrespective of the person and of the religious professions of the litigant, or accused?

The impression on the minds of the despised and beaten Jacobites—(the word always sets me in a rage—why should the Irish have been Jacobites?)

What was James to them, or they to James,
That they should fight and beg for him?)

—The impression on the minds of the crushed and conquered party was, I say, that the victors were not, in their case, a whit more considerate, more moderate—less brutal, cruel, overbearing, and unjust, than a successful soldiery, and the host of plunderers and *Assommeurs* that always follows close upon the heels of a victorious army, have ever been. The conquered party presumed not to court distinction—place—employment. They would not become religious renegades, and were not, therefore, they well knew, eligible to such advantages. Incapacitated to pretend, they aspired not to even the humblest situation connected with the administration of the laws. They only supplicated impartial justice—under the cruel code that obtained—protection, and a little money. How much of justice, protection, and pity was accorded to them before the time to which I have brought my reminiscences may, I would fain hope, be gathered from the facts I have thrown together. With the trials of Father Sheehy, and other imputed criminals, about the year 1760, the world is familiar. I do not propose referring to a period so remote. I only mean to lay before my readers a few specimens of the manner in which, in the latter half of the last century, British laws were administered in Ireland, a period when, it cannot be denied, some progress towards amelioration in government, in legislation, and in the administration of the laws, had been made. From these the reader will deduce his own conclusion respecting Irish courts of justice, judges, sheriffs, lawyers, crime, and criminals, in the quarter of a century preceding the year 1792.

Circumstances, which it is not necessary that I here mention, rendered me at an early period of my life—that is, in the autumn of 1803, and up to March, 1805—a visiter (in the character of confidential messenger) of the State prisoners confined in Newgate, Dublin, charged, in many cases unjustly, with *complicité* in the insurrection of 23d July (1803). The purpose which at first led me thither did not require that I continued my visits, but for a young person with much leisure there was a charm in the pursuit which led me to repeat them as often as I could, with decency. To the unhappy inmates on “the State side” I was ever welcome, as may be supposed. With one of them, the late Mr. Bernard Coile, I became a special favourite, for among other reasons the avidity with which I swallowed the very interesting narrative of his

chequered life, and—not “Conger and Fennel”—but (he often kept me to dine with him) a list of some three or four-and-twenty patriotic toasts. Often, towards eight o'clock in the evening, a fellow-prisoner of his, as he was termed, but as I now firmly believe an agent of the government (and even the betrayer of Robert Emmet), incarcerated for the purpose of acquiring and betraying the knowledge of the proceedings of the prisoners and their friends—often, I say, would —— enter Mr. Coile's room on those occasions, and with an air of gayety ask: “Well, young ——, why are you here so late?”

“I kapt the young citizen,” Mr. Coile would reply; “I kapt the young citizen, to drink all the toasts.”

“Where in the list are you now?” —— would ask of me.

“At the imports, sir.”

“The imports only! By —— you will be tipsy before you arrive at the exports.”*

From these facts it will be seen that, if there were arbitrary imprisonments in those days, and Mr. Coile was in reality a victim of that class, prison discipline was not enforced with severity.

There was at the period of my visits to Newgate, in 1803, and had been for several years previously, a prisoner, totally unconnected with politics, about whom there was a mystery which for a considerable period I was unable to penetrate. With this person, who was lodged in an upper part of the prison, Mr. Coile was more intimate than were any other of the political prisoners. He visited the “mysterious,” who, in a few instances to my knowledge, returned the favour; but never entered the apartment of any of Coile's companions in misfortune. Once or twice I found him in Mr. Coile's room; upon which he would immediately retreat and ascend to his own cell, as he called it. Although dressed with the disregard to appearance observable in prisoners generally, this person had obviously belonged to the class of gentlemen. All that I was for some time allowed by Mr. Coile to know about him was, that his name was Nasboro'.

With all my faith in Barney Coile, I could not accept his pronunciation of the name, however; for I had observed in

* The opening toast was always:—

“The imports of Ireland—Her friends, the first.”

The concluding one—(of four-and-twenty!)

“The exports of Ireland—Her enemies, the first.”

him a tendency to alter the sound of certain vowels. Therefore, with all the indifference that I ought to have felt on the subject, I did not rest until I discovered that Nasboro' was, as I suspected, a misnomer.

An arbitrary change in the pronunciation of the letter A in a proper name, and of the letter E in such words as excellent and perpetual, which in his mouth became *axcellent* and *parpatual*, was one of Mr. Coile's peculiarities. It rendered me, as I have just said, doubtful of the orthography of the name of his mysterious fellow-prisoner. He had, in fact, rendered Knaresborough, Nasboro'—the former being the name of the person in question. This provincial peculiarity of pronunciation, together with his political prepossessions, accompanied Bernard Coile to the grave. He would as soon have thought of rescinding the one as the other.

The mysterious prisoner, Mr. Fitz-Patrick Knaresborough, was known familiarly in his own county, Kilkenny, as Fitzzy Cranesberry (a perversion of the agent's less justifiable even than that effected by Bernard Coile). He was, before becoming the inmate of a jail, a young man of considerable fortune, of excellent education, and highly respectable family. It is necessary, however, that—

“I trace back the time
To a far distant date.”

Many years previously to the manhood of Mr. Knaresborough, three young ladies, sisters, inhabitants of the county of Kilkenny, were one day seized and forcibly carried off by three young men of fortune of the adjoining county of Carlow. The outrage caused an instantaneous and a vast sensation in the two counties, Carlow and Kilkenny. The ravishers and their victims were pursued and overtaken. The young ladies were restored to their friends, and the offenders were committed to prison, were brought to trial, and were hanged in Carlow.

The recollection of these lamentable occurrences was forcibly brought to mind by this Mr. Fitz-Patrick Knaresborough, who somewhere about the year 1790, I believe, played the return match of the three unhappy young men, just alluded to, by carrying off from their county a young lady of considerable personal attractions and fortune. As in the former case, immediate pursuit of the ravisher took place. He was overtaken,

his victim was wrested from him, and restored to her family; but Knaresborough escaped.

A reward was offered for his apprehension, but without effect. At the approach of the following assizes, however, he gave notice in the usual way that he would surrender and abide his trial. He kept his word, and repaired to the town of Carlow on horseback the day before that appointed for the commencement of the assizes. When near to Carlow he overtook a post-chaise, into which he looked as he passed, and beheld in it the young lady he had carried off. So confident was he of acquittal, and so lightly did he regard his crime (abduction only, I believe), that he spoke to and joked with her. They parted, and he, proceeding to the jail of Carlow, gave himself up as a prisoner that night.

Bills of indictment were in the customary form sent up to the grand jury against him next day, and were duly found. He was arraigned upon them, and put upon his trial. The young lady appeared, and proved the case against him. This unexpected circumstance changed his air of gayety into one of anxiety, and his astonishment was completed by his being convicted and sentenced to death.

His family and friends participated in his surprise and alarm. They had considerable interest in high quarters, upon which they thought they might rely for a reversal or commutation of the sentence, and they resolved to omit no step to insure his safety. Thus they sought the concurrence of the jury by whom he had been convicted in an application to government for mercy in his favour, but found them inexorable. They discovered further, that the finding "guilty" had resulted not so much from the view of the evidence taken by the jury, or their horror for the crime proved, as from a determination to retort upon Kilkenny the conviction and execution of the three Carlow gentlemen for the similar offence above mentioned.

Defeated in this quarter, Knaresborough's friends resorted to other expedients to save him from the scaffold. Among other proceedings was a memorial to the Judge by whom their friend had been tried and sentenced, to recommend him to mercy; and they accompanied it by a sum of six hundred pounds.* The application was successful. The money was

* I suppress this man's name. Its initial and final letters were B—t.

accepted. The Judge reported favourably, and the sentence of death was changed to one of transportation for life.

Even this sentence was further commuted, or at least the execution of it postponed. It was accompanied, however, by a condition of a somewhat painful kind, namely, that Knaresborough should be brought into Court at every assizes for the county, or Commission of Oyer and Terminer for the town or city, in the prison of which he should happen to be confined; but as a favour he was transmitted to Dublin to undergo his punishment at Newgate.

During several years the unhappy man submitted without a murmur to the required exhibition of himself in court, but at length he protested against being so paraded, and refused to obey or acquiesce in the summons directed to the jailor to produce his person before the Judges in commission. Lord Norbury happened to preside over the commission when Knaresborough's refusal to appear in court was announced. (How injudicious Knaresborough was to choose such an occasion for the display of contumacy!) When informed that Knaresborough was determined to yield only to force in being produced in court, the facetious Judge said: "De gustibus non est disputandum"—let the original sentence be executed."

The alternative was not, however, to Knaresborough's taste; and therefore, when the Judge's decision was communicated to him, he submitted at once to the order for his production in court, and was led thither.

Thenceforward for a considerable time the unfortunate Knaresborough was "trotted out" at each Commission Court, but the form was, at length, discontinued, by order of government. I know that he was liberated, but forget at what date.

CHAPTER LXV.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
 Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
 Become them with one half so good a grace
 As mercy does.

Measure for Measure.

I BELIEVE it was of the Judge mentioned in the last chapter that an appallingly barbarous saying lived in the memory of the old inhabitants of Dublin in my youth, and barbarous it was in every sense. "I shall make a farthing candle watch a purse of gold in the streets of Dublin," said he, being then Recorder. How a farthing candle could be made to perform such a function will appear puzzling to my readers. Let them cease cudgelling their brains, however. His Lordship meant to say (and he carried out his project to its fullest extent): "I shall be so prompt and so extreme in my punishment of crime, that a purse of gold left in the open street, and observable by a light placed by the side of it, shall be respected and remain untouched."

The advocates of the expediency of repealing capital punishment for any other crimes than murder (for at that point most reformers draw up) might derive support from the results of this inexorable man's system. He proposed to deter from the commission of theft, while he only begat detestation of the laws. Scarcely a victim went to the scaffold through his agency who was not followed by public commiseration, and imprecations on the head of his Judge, in whose undue severity all recollection of the culprit's guilt was almost forgotten.

It was this wretch who first invented or brought into practice the summary execution of a criminal immediately upon conviction: the process was termed transferring from the court to the scaffold. Of the working of his system, I shall here give one example, communicated to me by a person of some

celebrity in Dublin, fifty years ago—Mr. Daniel Muley, in whose house (as already mentioned) the unfortunate Captain Thomas Russell was arrested in the autumn of 1803.

A country lad of decent family arrived in Dublin one day on business. This concluded, he visited his sister, who was servant of a shop-keeper living in Parliament Street. She was much esteemed by her employers, and was told by her mistress to keep the young man in the house during his stay. After breakfast he took leave of his sister, saying he would go and see the sights, and would be back to dinner at two o'clock. He turned towards Capel Street, but made a long halt on Essex Bridge, admiring the ships, which then and in my own memory came up close to it. (Carlisle Bridge was not yet built.) Having satisfied his curiosity in that respect, he pursued his way up Capel Street, turned by chance into Little Britain Street, and thence into Green Street, in which the sessions, or a commission was then sitting for the trial of prisoners, presided over by the functionary to whom I have just referred. The lad strolled into the court, and was listening with open mouth to the evidence and the verdict of the jury in a case before the Court, when he was suddenly collared by a man, who exclaimed: "This is another of them!" The Judge demanded why the Court was disturbed, and learned that a highwayman had just been discovered and seized. "Keep him over for a moment," said his Lordship, who, putting on the black cap, sentenced a wretched criminal just found guilty to be hanged. "Remove him," added he, "and place this highwayman at the bar;" which was done.

The poor lad was thrust into the dock; a bill of indictment was instantly prepared, and the prosecutor accompanied it before the grand jury, who asked him some questions, mere matters of course, and found a true bill for robbery against the young man, who was put upon his trial forthwith. The evidence was home and clear. It was that of the man who had seized the prisoner in court, and who gave a round, unvarnished, and well-connected statement of the transaction. In vain did the poor fellow declare his innocence, and require that his sister and her master (who knew him to be of respectable, however humble, parentage) should be sent for and examined. The Judge was deaf to his entreaty and bullied him, and charged the jury to return a verdict of "guilty." This was done. The black cap was again donned, and the new convict

sentenced to death, and to the instant infliction of it, in company with his predecessor at the bar.

At that period capital sentences were carried into execution on a gibbet erected a little behind the spot on which the left hand corner houses of Fitzwilliam Street and Baggot Street now stand, as you proceed towards the canal bridge. I remember a pool of water then filling the remains, I think, of an excavation called the Gallows Quarry; but the place on which the executions were done was known as Gallows Green, called, from its vicinity to it, but improperly, Stephen's Green, from which it was distant several hundred yards. The sad procession in the present case proceeded from the Sessions House down Capel Street, and had crossed Essex Bridge. Much noise preceded and accompanied it, and attracted the attention of the servants in the house in which the sister of the poor young man of whom I speak resided. The cook said to her: "Come up, Mary, and see the men going to be hanged." They ascended to an upper story, and had just looked out of the window as the cart in which the two culprits were, reached the house. The boy recognised his sister at the window, and shrieked out to her. Frantic at the apparition of her brother going to death, she ran down to her master and besought his interference. He promised it; seized his hat, and proceeded to interest some person of consequence for the prisoner. An immediate application at the Castle produced an order for the suspension of the execution, but before the respite arrived the men were dead.

This occurrence provoked an outbreak of public indignation loud and vehement on that Judge's practice of sending a man before his Creator

"With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands, who knows, save Heaven."

CHAPTER LXVI.

But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before Master Constable.

Much Ado about Nothing.

MANY years after the period of which I have been lately speaking, I became once more a visiter of a political prisoner in His Majesty's jail of Newgate, Dublin—that is, in the year 1815 or 1816. I always found on entering, a group of three persons sitting at the fire in the hall—hatch is, I believe, the professional name of this particular spot. These were Walter Cox (the prisoner I had come to visit), William MacDowell (the jailor), and a “fat old man—a tun of man, a trunk of humours, a reverend vice, a gray iniquity, a father ruffian, a vanity in years.” The name of this person was Robert Moore, or, as possibly he is still remembered by the abbreviation, Bob Moore.

Bob Moore was by birth, education, and profession, a gentleman. He had been, I was told, handsome; but forty or fifty years spent in indulgence in many species of dissipation and irregularity, had brought him to the condition I have sought to indicate in the garbled quotation from Prince Hal just given. Being a barrister, and highly connected, he was qualified for, and could almost command any place in court; and being gifted with impudence to an extent never surpassed, and being a *bon vivant*, a buck, a rake, and unquestionably one of the wittiest men of his day, he became the favourite with an ornament of the bench, (was he not a Chief Justice?) through whom he obtained appointments in the Court of King's Bench, which, when his prodigality compelled him ultimately to transfer it to Mr. John Pollock, realized for this latter gentleman, I am told, eight-and-twenty thousand pounds per annum.

My lords and gentlemen of the Law Fees Inquiry Commission, you call out,

“Lies! lies! lies!
I tell you, roaring infidels, 'tis true!”

I never heard the numerous employments in question estimated at a lesser annual value. One of those offices was that of registrar to his learned chief. Is not the situation called "associate" in the English courts?

In the performance of his functions of registrar, Bob Moore, in the full costume of a barrister, sat immediately under the bench, whence he communicated in a whisper with his chief, or kept him perpetually on the broad grin by his soliloquies and his running commentaries on the speeches of counsel, or on the testimony of witnesses. His learned chief sometimes (as was evident from the protrusion of Bob's tongue on one side of his mouth) remonstrated with, or reprovèd him; but these were rare exercises of authority, and totally useless. Remarking Bob's habitual inattention to punctilio and decorum, his Lordship ventured in a few instances to desire amendment. With what effect, I shall give two examples.

His learned chief presided on one occasion over the Commission Court, the counterpart of the Old Bailey Court of London. Bob's duty, in one or other of his numerous characters, was to read the indictments to the prisoners placed at the bar, and to call upon them to plead. He commenced generally by a half-comic stare at the wretch about to be tried, and by a gesture conveyed a prediction of his fate. This pleasantry always produced a murmur of applause among the barristers and the auditory. Bob would then articulate that "the prisoner at the bar stood indicted for that he," but then the voice would fall, and the rest of the document became inaudible.

Once, and once only, was this conduct reprovèd, and a very pretty reply was uttered by the offender.

"Mr. Moore," said the Judge solemnly. (It was always "Mister" Moore in court.) "Mr. Moore, read the indictment distinctly."

"I do."

"You do not."

"I do."

"You do not."

"Here! By the —, then," said the registrar, thrusting up the parchment to the bench. "Here, by the —! read it yourself then!"

The other example was of a less revolting kind. In term, the Court of King's Bench of which Bob's chief was the head

sat at eleven o'clock. "The fumes of last night's punch" would frequently render Bob unconscious of the advance of time towards noon. It was, therefore, no unusual circumstance to see him pushing his way violently into court after the judges had taken their seats on the bench.

One day he was later than usual. He had struggled into his gown as he was passing from the robing room into court, but his wig was in a sad state of disorder, and utterly innocent of powder. This was a point upon which his chief was peculiarly sensitive, and, with all his assumed indifference, Bob rarely provoked him by inattention to it. The present was, however, a glaring exception to the rule.

There then existed in Dublin a class of magistrates known by the title of "Jobbing Justices," who were not always creditable appendages of the executive. The last of them, in my recollection, was a lame surgeon, of the name of Drury. The flower of the flock, at the period of which I speak, was a certain Justice Hickey, who was remarkable among his fellows for always wearing clean linen, and a well-powdered periwig. These justices generally attended the Court of King's Bench, and sat at the table among the barristers and attorneys. On the unlucky day to which I have alluded, Bob attracted his chief's ire by the insurgent condition of his wig, every hair of which stood on end,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

"Mr. Moore," said his Lordship.

"What's the matter?" asked Bob, winking the while to the bar.

"Your wig."

"What of it?"

"Is totally destitute of powder."

"Oh! if that be all, by — I'll soon settle that," said Bob; and making a long arm, he reached over to Justice Hickey, who sat opposite to him, pulled off his snowy Caxon, and using it as a puff, transferred the greater part of its charge of powder to his own, and threw it back into the astonished Hickey's face.

I am far from giving these as specimens of the general practice in "the Four Courts," but in one or other shape there occurred daily in all of them incidents which showed

that justice, if at all dispensed, was not administered in them with dignity and decorum.*

The staid, decorous, pacific modern reader, would experience a sensation, if I were to state all that I have heard about the members of the legal profession, from the judge to the attorney's clerk, in those days, and even down to a later period. Lord Clare, Lord Norbury, Judge Daly, and other members of the bench, had respectively been "on the ground" as principals, with the chance of becoming homicides. Duel-fighting had become a rage in the legal profession, but with certain parties there was method in their madness. Norbury was brave as a duellist, and audacious as he was false and cruel. Daly's promotion to the bench was preceded—if it were not caused—by his killing, in a duel, James Moore O'Donnell, the anti-unionist candidate for the county of Mayo. Deeply deplored was the victim. I have a recollection of the sorrow it created in Ireland, and of the horror expressed at the statement that he was one of eight or ten called out by bravoes to qualify themselves for place—and such place! "At a private *conciliabule*," said a well-informed party to me in Paris, "the parts were distributed: Corry challenged Grattan, and was shot in the arm; Toler and Daly, and others, called out their men."

When these were the habits and the practice of legislators and law-givers, it will be readily believed that order, decorum, and dignity presided not in the Courts of Justice, and that, consequently, respect for the laws was neither general nor profound.

* Everybody will recollect the inexcusably impertinent conduct of Lord Chancellor Clare on one occasion, who, while Curran was addressing him in a most important case, occupied himself with a favourite spaniel or Newfoundland dog, seated by him; and all the world will remember the rebuke administered to him by that rarely gifted man. Curran having ceased speaking, through indignation, or malice prepense, Lord Clare raised his head and asked: "Why don't you proceed, Mr. Curran?"

"I thought your Lordships were in consultation," replied Curran.

Glorious John!

CHAPTER LXVII.

The Lord Sanquhar, a Scotch nobleman, having, in private revenge, suborned Robert Carlisle to murder John Turner, master of fence, thought, by his greatness, to have borne it out—but the King, respecting nothing so much as justice, would not suffer nobility to be a shelter for villany, but, according to law, on the 29th of June, 1612, the said Lord Sanquhar, having been arraigned and condemned by the name of Robert Creighton, Esquire, was before Westminster Hall Gate executed, where he died very penitent.

THE ARGUMENT of the charge delivered by Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, the King's Solicitor-General, at the arraignment of the Lord Sanquhar in the King's Bench at Westminster.

AS we approach the period of the French Revolution, we find the Irish government become less at ease and more stringent in its measures of conservation. The admonitions received from the loss of America, and the declaration of Irish Independence, produced upon it their effects in more ways than one. They stimulated its resolve to maintain the connexion of Ireland and England, and they suggested the expediency of relaxing the iron rule by which it had been continued, and which, while it rendered the great mass of the population hostile, failed to propitiate and attach the party to whom the latter had been, as it were, delivered over for persecution and torture.

Some improvement had taken place in the general administration of the laws, but still there existed irregularities and anomalies of an extraordinary character, and an impression that judicial decisions were not always uninfluenced or impartial. It was no unusual circumstance, therefore, for litigant parties to anticipate the decrees of the tribunals, and, taking the law into their own hands, to enter upon and maintain forcible possession of property in dispute, frequently without a semblance of legal claim.

An instance of this kind occurred in the county of Meath, some seventy or eighty years ago; the invader holding his unlawful seizure against the sheriff backed by a strong military force, and enduring a siege, in the course of which even artillery was employed. My father, from whom I had the particu-

lars, was among the spectators; who, like those who crowded to the siege of Antwerp some years since, had assembled to witness the operations. An unfortunate horse-soldier, whose regiment was quartered in the town of Trim, and who had gone thither to enjoy the proceedings, was killed close to my father by a shot from the garrison.

Another and more horrible affair of the same nature took place in the county of Mayo, about the same time. Mr. George Robert FitzGerald, of whom, under the name of "Fighting FitzGerald," the English public have, through the medium of a collection of reminiscences, published five-and-twenty years ago, some knowledge, retained his father, during several years, a prisoner in his own house—the Castle of Turlough. Other crimes were subsequently laid to his charge, and proved; with how much legality will be seen.

George Robert FitzGerald was a gentleman of ancient family. He had travelled, and had been presented at nearly all the courts of Europe. His biographers claim for him exceeding elegance of manners, as well as the copyright of a most impudent and impious joke, in order to demonstrate that he was a man of wit and repartee. The story runs, that three pictures of exquisite art were one day shown to him by the unfortunate Louis XVI. in his cabinet at Versailles; and that His Majesty observed: "That at the right-hand is His Holiness the Pope; that on the left is my own portrait by —; this in the centre I need not tell you is the *Ecce Homo* of —."

Upon which FitzGerald is said to have rejoined: "Please your Majesty, I have always understood that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, but I never knew who they were before."

In person, FitzGerald was small, but admirably formed; in mind and disposition, that which will suggest itself from the perusal of the following particulars. He was a most undutiful son; as a friend, nothing is known of him, for he cultivated no friendships, but he attached to himself adherents who would dare death itself in his service; they were, however, of the most atrocious description, and their support was no doubt well paid. As an enemy, and in such character chiefly is he known to history, he was implacable. His courage was questionable. He fought many duels; twice with Dick Martin; but in combat, as in every other circumstance of his life, he was cunning,

rusé, unloyal. As a subject and citizen, he was bad as could be, and even at variance with the laws and with society.

In Mayo he sought to reign despotically. He was fully aware of the admonition of Beaumarchais: "Souvenez-vous, que l'homme qu'on sait timide est toujours dans la dépendance de tous les fripons," and he exercised the advantage his audacity gave to him without scruple or limit. He would bear no brother near the throne, and was consequently engaged incessantly in broils with a neighbouring gentleman, Mr. Patrick Randall MacDonnell, like himself, a member of an ancient and highly respectable family, but who yielded not in turbulence, and not much in misconduct, to George Robert FitzGerald.

Ostensibly reckless and daring, he nevertheless gave strength to the received belief, that your bully is ever a coward. In a casual dispute at the gaming-table (Daly's Club-house, College Green) with Hamilton Gorges of Kilbrew, county of Meath, better known and always respected as "Hammy Gorge," he was beaten, kicked, cuffed, knocked down, and had all the furniture of the room and other matters heaped upon him, yet he never challenged his adversary.

In both his "affairs" with Dick Martin he displayed insolence certainly, but accompanied by evidence of craft and treachery, incompatible with the feelings of a brave man. In commencing the first of them he reckoned upon an easy conquest from his skill as a swordsman, but scarcely had their weapons crossed when he became aware that he had to do with *un adversaire de la première force*, but one also *trop entreprenant*. Thus informed, FitzGerald put into action all his capabilities. They fought with swords across a channel or gutter in the barrack-yard of Castlebar, where an immense crowd had assembled to witness the engagement, most of them, of course, "Mayo men." Before the combatants had taken their places, FitzGerald called to the spectators: "Here goes! Mayo against Galway! The Mayo cock against the Galway one!" This produced a cheer from the bystanders; but it failed, as every other possible means would, to intimidate the gallant Dick. They fought for twenty minutes; Martin fell dangerously wounded.*

* While in London, forty years afterwards, attending to his parliamentary duties, Dick lived in modest lodgings in Manchester Buildings, close to Westminster Bridge, "in order to be near the House, he said—but although

Some time afterwards they met by chance at the door of Dugdale, the bookseller, whose house stood at the corner of Palace Street and Dame Street, Dublin. After a word or two they drew, and exchanged several passes; but even at that period, when gaming, horse-racing, cock-fighting, and hard drinking, clanship, constitutional insolence, and ill-manners produced daily and nightly quarrels, duelling in the streets was not permitted. The police were called for. Before their arrival, however, Martin had several times bent his sword on FitzGerald's body, which was encased in steel chain-armor. At length, Martin rushed upon him and knocked him down, or he fell by accident from the steps on his face, and Dick inflicted upon him, while prostrate, a wound which would, by the rules of the modern "ring," be deemed foul, for it was "below the waistband." Dick admitted that qualification afterwards, but excused himself by saying, "it was the only vulnerable point he could find about him."

FitzGerald one day paid a visit to Lord Tyrawley, the kind-hearted Jemmy Cuffe, at his seat, Deel Castle. It was winter. On sending in his name, he was admitted and found Cuffe in his study standing with his back to the fire-place, his hands behind him holding a large poker, which, when FitzGerald was announced, he had hastened to thrust into the fire. George Robert had come to quarrel, and Cuffe knew the object of his visit, and prepared to receive him in the way I have described. FitzGerald, who was quicksighted to an almost miraculous degree, immediately perceived on entering how matters stood, and knew well that Cuffe would unrelentingly enact the part of Baillie Nichol Jarvie when similarly armed. He therefore

the possessor of estates larger than several of the German Principalities, he was compelled to this comparative shabbiness. Being esteemed by his own countrymen, he was much visited, and had really attached friends. Among the latter, strange to say, was Major FitzGerald, son of his old antagonist, George Robert (and now a magistrate of Middlesex). Dick's *petit lever* was literally an undress one. He "received" in his bed-chamber, and frequently on the entrance of a visiter, rose from his couch and gave audience, promenading the while *sans-eulotte*—almost "sans everything." One Monday, about the year 1824, Major FitzGerald called on him, and entered his dormitory *sans cérémonie*. Dick turned out, and conversed with him for some time as they walked up and down the room, upon indifferent topics. At length Dick, suiting the action to the discovery of evidence said: "Look here, Major. See what your good father did for me in the streets of Castlebar;" pointing to the scars of a sword wound through and through his body.

conducted himself civilly, and after some unimportant conversation took his departure.*



CHAPTER LXVIII.

Le “*moi*” est haïssable : ainsi ceux qui se contentent seulement de le couvrir sont toujours haïssables. En un mot—le “*moi*” a deux qualités—il est injuste en soi en ce qu’il se fait centre de tout ; il est incommode aux autres en ce qu’il veut les asservir.

PASCAL.

GEORGE ROBERT FITZGERALD was the incarnation of the *egoïsme* so strongly reprobated and condemned by Blaire Pascal, in the extract above given. The hostilities carried on between him and his partisans with Mr. MacDonnell and “his clan,” kept the county of Mayo, or rather the entire province of Connaught, in perpetual alarm. The whole kingdom in fact resounded with their quarrels and conflicts ; but besides this foreign feud upon his hands, he had a very grave affair which occupied his leisure hours at home.

His father having refused to join him in levying a fine and selling his estate, George Robert confined him, as I have already stated, in a small room in his own mansion, the Castle of Turlogh, county of Mayo, and kept him prisoner there during some years. The government, being informed of this circumstance, ordered the high sheriff of Mayo to proceed to Turlogh and set the unfortunate old man at liberty. The sheriff repaired thither accordingly, accompanied by a body of dragoons to enforce submission. On coming into the neighbourhood, he took the precaution of making some inquiries of the people, who flocked in considerable numbers to enjoy resistance of the laws and the discomfiture of the sheriff, to whom they knew FitzGerald would not submit.

“Don’t go, for your life, sir,” said a man to whom the magistrate addressed himself ; “the master is prepared to blow you all to the —— !”

* Soon after, he paid a visit with somewhat similar intentions to Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Nagle, at Jamestown House, county of Westmeath (with whom he was connected by marriage) ; but the interview terminated civilly, with, however, indications that FitzGerald was not right in his mind.

Prosecuting his inquiries further, the sheriff learned that FitzGerald had built two small towers in advance of, and flanking the castle, and had mounted in them some ship-guns which had belonged to a vessel that had foundered on the coast close to his residence. He, nevertheless, announced himself by an agent, who trembled as he delivered the message, and demanded the instantaneous release of Mr. FitzGerald, senior. George Robert did not hang up the messenger, but told him to acquaint the sheriff, with his compliments, that the old gentleman had gone out fishing, and could not consequently be given up to the magistrate.

This was true, for on the approach of the sheriff, George Robert persuaded his unhappy parent to enter an armed boat "for the amusement of fishing," as he said, and which put to sea, and remained in the offing during the negotiation.

The sheriff, not content with the reply made to his summons, put a bold face upon the matter, and, disposing his force, marched upon the castle. The moment he came within range, he was complimented with a salute from the forts, the projectiles from which cut the branches of the trees of the avenue over the heads of himself and his party. A general scamper of sheriff and escort instantly followed. When beyond the reach of shot, they pulled rein and rallied. Scarcely had they recovered breath, when a servant appeared, coming from the castle. With mock respect he presented his master's civilities to the sheriff, apologizing for the little incident that had just occurred, and which was "merely the execution of orders given by Mr. FitzGerald to some of his people, to employ themselves in duck-shooting." He begged the sheriff to return, therefore, assuring him of a distinguished and warm reception.

There was in the leer of the man who presented this message something admonitory. The sheriff declined the invitation, therefore, and retired. He sent to the government a detailed account of the facts, declaring his conviction that FitzGerald, aided by his miscreant adherents, would defend Turlogh Castle to the last extremity.*

* They knew him too well to risk the consequences of disobedience. Never was knave more absolute than he. His hunting-stud was one of the best in the country. For exercise, and to test the qualities of a magnificent horse he had lately purchased at a large price, he desired a groom to mount, and leap him over a wall in the neighbourhood of his residence. The horse

A Privy Council was held at the Castle of Dublin, in consequence of this lawless and outrageous conduct of George Robert FitzGerald, and a new expedition against Turlogh was ordered, composed—will it be credited?—of horse, foot, and artillery! This time the law was enforced. George Robert made no resistance, and surrendered his prisoner.

Disembarrassed of his home-occupation, he devoted all his time and all his strength to his struggle for the dictature of Mayo with Pat Randall MacDonnell. In a journey into the North of Ireland he had collected half a score of villains, whom he brought up to Mayo and planted in various directions about Turlogh Castle. These desperadoes formed his body-guard, and were ready to perform any service FitzGerald might require of them. The Corypheus of the gang was a man named Andrew Craig, nicknamed by the country people, on account of his North-country accent, "Scotch" Andrew.

During a visit to London, FitzGerald had made acquaintance with an Old Bailey lawyer, whom he had probably employed to defend him in some difference with the authorities. Recognising in him available qualities, FitzGerald proposed to him to become his privy councillor and legal adviser. This man, whose name was Brecknock, accepted the office, and throughout his subsequent quarrels and encounters with the law and with adverse factions, FitzGerald derived much "comfort and assistance" from him.

The quarrel with MacDonnell had endured so long, and was accompanied by so many reverses, that FitzGerald's impatience and rancour urged him to extremities. He therefore consulted his privy councillor, upon the means of ridding himself of his rival and adversary without risking his own life.

"The matter is not difficult," said Brecknock. "You are a magistrate; send one of your people to provoke MacDonnell to a breach of the peace, than which nothing is more easy. Let the man swear examinations against him before you; and upon these, issue a summons, or, if necessary, a warrant. When MacDonnell shall appear or be brought into your presence, commit him to the county jail. Send him off under an escort of your people, direct another party of your adherents

was faced at it, but on arriving shied, or balked it. "Dismount," said FitzGerald to the groom; "even a horse must do my bidding, or suffer for it." Then taking out a pistol, one of his usual travelling companions, he shot the animal on the spot.

to make a pretended attempt at rescue of the prisoner on the way; it will then be lawful for the escort to fire upon him. He will probably attempt to escape in the scuffle; but, at all events, as none but your own partisans will be present, they can say that he did. You will thus safely and surely disembarass yourself of a mortal enemy."

This advice was followed in every particular. Mr. MacDonnell was insulted: he horsewhipped the offender, was brought before FitzGerald to answer for the assault, and was by him committed to the jail of Castlebar. A strong party of FitzGerald's people, including the Scotch settlers, was drawn up, and to them the prisoner was delivered for conveyance to prison. Before they set out they were harangued by Brecknock, who exhorted them to a faithful and courageous performance of their task in lodging the culprit safely in prison. "Should he attempt to defeat the ends of justice by flight," said Brecknock, "it will be your duty to shoot him, if no means less violent present themselves for preventing his evasion."

The party then commenced their journey.

Upon reaching the foot of a bridge, on their way, a group of men in a field which overlooked the road, called upon the party to liberate their prisoner. A refusal and other words ensued between the escort and the men who threatened a rescue. Stones were thrown. Mr. MacDonnell, it was said, made some movement which his guards affected to consider as an attempt at flight, and he was shot by Scotch Andrew. He fell from the horse on which he rode, and was borne to the bridge and placed sitting against the wall, while the mock conflict proceeded. He died soon after, and in that position, I think.

This horrible event was said to give nearly general satisfaction, for it was hoped that FitzGerald had, by his connexion with it, committed himself capitally. Full one-half of the gentry of the country were friends of MacDonnell, against whom no actual crime, and "only a disposition to riot" and disorder were alleged, while FitzGerald had, by his insolence, brutality, and cruelty, and the terror he inspired, become the object of universal fear or hatred. He and his legal oracle and his trusty bravo were arrested by order of government. The Crown lawyers were ordered to prosecute them, and they conducted the case *con amore*. The Attorney-general, John

FitzGibbon (afterwards Lord Clare), and the Solicitor-general, Barry Yelverton (afterwards Lord Avonmore), pledged themselves to his conviction, and in fact George Robert FitzGerald was doomed.

Impatient at the interval that must elapse before he could be brought to trial at the assizes, or fearing that through some error or failure of evidence the prisoner might escape punishment, the gentry rather than the populace of Mayo resorted to a proceeding similar to that which had a short time previously occurred at Edinburgh, in the case of Porteus, rendered for ever memorable by Walter Scott, in his "Heart of Mid Lothian," and in which possibly originated that famous transatlantic process called trial by Lynch law. They broke open the jail, forced themselves into FitzGerald's cell, and sought to murder him, and retired only when they believed they had put him to death; but he recovered. There was little outcry against this infamous outrage, so general and intense was the execration in which the victim of it was held.

The assizes were now drawing near, and the law-officers of the Crown were indefatigable in getting up the case against the assassins of Mr. MacDonnell. They found, however, a deficiency of evidence in respect of the one of the party whose conviction they were most solicitous to insure. Against Scotch Andrew and Brecknock the proofs were incontestable; but they saw no means of connecting FitzGerald with the crime without further aid. They came to the extraordinary resolution, therefore, of suffering the actual murderer to escape, in order to use his evidence against the accessories. On the testimony, therefore, of Andrew Craig, alias Scotch Andrew, George Robert FitzGerald and Brecknock were convicted of the murder of Patrick Randall MacDonnell as accessories before the fact.

The prisoners were tried separately. I have heard that Brecknock sustained his reputation for astuteness in his own defence;* but the proofs against him were overwhelming: FitzGerald treated the proceedings against him as illegal, but all the points made by his advocates were overruled.

There was not, I believe, any horror evinced at the mode

* Everything was seized upon in Ireland in those days in an anti-Catholic spirit. Thus George Robert, who was a violent enemy of the persecuted Papists, was said to have acted under the advice of a *Jesuit*—Brecknock was a Protestant.

by which FitzGerald was brought within the grasp of the law ; nevertheless, the feeling with regard to him was precisely that expressed by Voltaire in the case of Lally Tollendal : " Every man in Ireland had a right to put him to death, except the executioner." A judge of the land, in speaking of FitzGerald's execution, said : " They have murdered the murderer."

The convicts were hanged from scaffolding employed in the erection of a new jail in Castlebar, which was yet unfinished. FitzGerald, on being brought to the place of execution, recognised the presence of nearly every gentleman of the county, including the high sheriff, the Hon. Denis Browne, brother of the Earl of Altamont (subsequently created Marquis of Sligo), who might be said to be his friend, at least he was his neighbour, and only his equal. The guard was composed of the corps of volunteer cavalry, of which George Robert FitzGerald himself had been the captain !

The culprit was made to mount a ladder, and the rope was drawn over a board, fixed upon its edge. It was placed round the neck of FitzGerald, who displayed much levity. He was, in fact, half-drunk with wine and spirits. Giving vent to his excitement, he jumped from the ladder ; and although slight and light, the tension of the rope over the edge of the board caused by his fall snapped it. He came on his feet, and after a moment recovered the shock, and said to Denis Browne : " Mr. Sheriff, your rope is not fit to hang a dog."

Another was procured ; but the interval was so long, that the fumes of the wine or brandy he had swallowed evaporated, and a collapse ensued. He now trembled. In this state he was compelled once more to mount the ladder, however, and standing on it, instead of now anticipating the executioner, he prayed the sheriff repeatedly for time, pretending an expectation of a reprieve. In this way an hour passed. At length, at a given signal, he was turned off and died.

Every word I have written of this unhappy man is unfavourable to him. It is just, however, to add, that I have never met any person who knew him, who did not express the belief that George Robert FitzGerald was mad.*

* I have heard a precisely similar opinion pronounced respecting two unfortunate Irishmen, who suffered capital punishment in London early in the present century. These were, Colonel Despard, executed for high treason in May, 1803, and Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Percival in the lobby of the House of Commons, in 1812. All the circumstances prove, however, that they were respectively *non compos mentis*. At the present day they would be merely " shut up."

The grounds of this belief were the apparently constitutional wrong-headedness, the perversity, the pugnacity, the recklessness he displayed. Miscreant though he were, an amount of sympathy was expressed for him, towards which the illegality of admitting the evidence of the principal against the accessories, went for much. Mad or not, he was eccentric. Being out hunting one day, a fox led the party into a church-yard, or other enclosure, which brought them to a stand-still. It was bounded on one side (that by which the fox escaped) by a six-foot wall; outside was a precipice of twenty feet.

"I will bet five hundred guineas," said Sir Samuel O'Malley, "that no man here will clear that wall."

"Done!" said FitzGerald; and putting spurs to his horse, he leaped it. The poor animal was killed; but FitzGerald, reserved for another fall, escaped, and without a broken bone.



CHAPTER LXIX.

Advise well before you begin; when you have maturely considered, then act with promptitude.

SALLUST.

IN the middle and towards the end of the last century there figured at the Irish bar another Mayo man, a passage in whose life will relieve the tragic tale I have just been telling. He was a descendant of the ancient and honourable Norman house of Costelloe—(your Nagle and your Nangle are varieties of *the* Costelloe, be it known.) He had received an excellent education, and possessed considerable legal knowledge. He was shrewd, of much seeming gravity; but was playful as a kitten, cunning as a fox, mischievous as a monkey; "A fellow of infinite jest,"—a living joke; witty himself, and the cause of wit in other men. He was, although his family had resided during six centuries in Ireland, a true Norman.

He had been in the year 1745, and subsequently, a student of the Middle Temple, London, and had not denied himself any of the pleasures, or indeed any of the adventures of which the English metropolis afforded, that is, to the utmost extent of the means supplied by his family. He thus acquired vast

reputation of a particular kind among his contemporaries, and even became the hero of a tale in which he was made to appear a stanch Jacobite, guilty of high treason in short, in harbouring the Pretender in his chambers.

In justice to the counsellor's character for loyalty, it must be stated, however, that he was maligned in that respect. I had heard and laughed at the story myself, and had even told it once or twice with much success. I had occasion to refer one day, however, to some of the old chroniclers of France, and found in Brantôme the adventure which had been ascribed to Costelloe, related of the Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI. Continuing my investigation, I hit upon it also in the "Essais Historiques of St. Foix," and in an English version of it by Dr. Gilbert, in his "View of Society in Europe."

This story was a specimen of a hundred anecdotes of "The Counsellor," which I refrain from giving here, not, however, because there is any doubt of their correctness. Fortunately there is one which is not liable to the objection that imposes silence on me respecting the others, and which will serve to portray my hero in his proper colours.

His terms served, Costelloe was called to the bar in Dublin, where he gave unquestionable proofs of talent; but whether through indolence or taste, eschewing equity and common law, he devoted himself to what is termed Old Bailey practice, and in which he was unrivalled.

One morning, at the time when Costelloe was in the height of his reputation, the city of Dublin was frightened from its propriety by the announcement that Gleadowe's bank had been plundered of a large sum in gold, by the chief cashier, to whom its charge had been intrusted. The alleged culprit was instantly taken into custody, brought before the sitting magistrate, interrogated, and the proofs of his guilt being held manifest, committed to Newgate. The whole process was terminated by eleven o'clock, A. M.

Before the prisoner had reached his destination, Costelloe was made aware of all the circumstances of the case by one of the committing magistrate's clerks, whom he kept constantly in pay. This man had hardly left Costelloe's house after acquitting himself of this duty, when the Counsellor received a letter inviting him to repair forthwith to Newgate to see a Mr. —, just brought in, who desired his advice.

Costelloe proceeded at once to Newgate, for such a course

was not then interdicted to practitioners by private resolutions of the bar; but even had it been, he was not a man to be turned from his purpose by any rule that interfered, however slightly, with the indulgence of his own humour. He was there introduced to the cashier of Gleadowe's, a man of serious, sanctimonious mien, and of some fifty years of age. The usual salutations over, and the door carefully closed, Costelloe, with that wonderful *coup d'œil* for which he was celebrated, saw at once the species of person he had to deal with, and begged to be informed why his presence had been requested.

"You have heard, probably, sir," said the man, "that I have been the cashier of Gleadowe's bank, and that it is said a large deficit has been discovered in my accounts?"

"That you had been a clerk of old Gleadowe, I was ignorant," replied Costelloe; "but I have just been informed that his cashier has appropriated to himself one of his money-bags, in fact that the bank has been robbed by the rascal of a whole heap of gold."

"Rascal! That is a harsh word, sir."

"Not if applicable."

"Well, sir, I shall not dispute terms, however painful to an honest, conscientious man to bear them. I am the party in question."

"And you done the trick?"*

"Sir!"

"You sacked the swag?"

"I don't understand you!"

"You've gotten the money?"

"Really, sir, I cannot comprehend you."

"You robbed the bank?"

"Do you mean to insult me? I rob the bank! I cheat my employer! I plunder my benefactor, and preserve the fruits of it! No, sir, no; I have not a shilling in the world."

"Then, by ——, you'll be hanged."

"What can you mean?"

"I'll make it as clear to you, as that those fetters are of

* Many years afterwards, in a more celebrated place (the House of Commons), on a more exciting occasion, a more distinguished Irishman, the Right Hon. George Tiernay, was guilty of this identical error. In one of his remarkable speeches delivered in that colloquial style which rendered it so difficult to report him, he—after a most powerful critique of the acts of the Tory Administration—summed up with "but, sir, His Majesty's Ministers *done* the trick."

iron. If you have robbed the bank, you must have at least some of the money, and can afford to pay me well for saving your life. If you are innocent, and consequently penniless, you will be weighed, as sure as was *Cahir na gappul*.*

“Weighed!”

“In the City Justice scales. The case is spoken of everywhere, with this addition, that the proofs against you are irrefutable.”

“Then there is no hope?”

“None, if you be what you say yourself—guiltless; for you cannot afford to retain me, who, probably of all the bar, could alone give you a chance.”

Overwhelmed and horrified, the hypocrite, after some hesitation, admitted that he was in a condition to remunerate the Counsellor for undertaking his defence. “What is your fee, sir?” he asked.

“Ten per cent.!”

“Ten per cent.? Why that is a thousand pounds!”

“So much the better for both of us.”

After many futile attempts to beat down the Counsellor's demand, the prisoner acceded to it, and gave him an order upon his wife for the enormous sum of a thousand pounds, on an understanding, that if the Counsellor's exertions should fail, he would return nine hundred and fifty pounds of it to—*the widow!*

Immediately upon receiving this draft, Costelloe left the prison, and without waiting to present it, proceeded to the Crown Office, situate in South Cope Street, on the site of the rear or court-yard of the present Commercial Buildings, which at that period resembled in its functions the head police-office of modern times. The sitting magistrate had risen; but the chief clerk was at his desk when Costelloe entered. “Good morning, Mr. Johnson,” said he. The clerk returned the salute. “Anything in my way to-day, Mr. Johnson?” he asked with the most perfect *nonchalance*.

“What, Counsellor! Have you not heard of the robbery at Gleadowe's?”

“Gleadowe's? The bank? Not a word of it.”

* *Cahir na gappul* (“Charles the Horse”) was a celebrated horse-stealer in his day, whose career was terminated by the application to him of one of his professional implements—the halter.

“Yes; the cashier, who was deemed the most trustworthy of men, has plundered the chest.”

“Plundered the chest?”

“Extracted from it ten thousand guineas in gold made up in rouleaux, and has substituted for them as many farthings.”

“And got clear off?”

“No. He is safe in Newgate.”

“What a scoundrel!”

“A consummate one: but he will suffer for it. The evidence against him is conclusive; for part of the stolen property was found in a secret drawer of his desk at home.”

“Did you not say, that the money abstracted was in gold?”

“Yes; but those pieces have been identified.”

“How? One guinea is so like another!”

“True; but mark the finger of Providence! Along with the guineas the villain carried off ten foreign gold coins, Dutch ducats, which were also in the safe, and these have been sworn to by his deputy, and will hang him. See here.”

The clerk opened his desk, and took from it a small box, committed to his custody for production at the trial of the accused, and poured its contents into the hands of the apparently wondering Counsellor.

Costelloe examined them piece by piece with the most intense interest; turned and re-turned them in his hand, and again regarded them with the concentrated attention of a Jew money-changer. The scrutiny lasted so long that the clerk manifested impatience. At length Costelloe restored them, observing: “The fellow has undone himself.”

“What a fortunate oversight! was it not, Counsellor?”

“Providential, as you just now properly remarked. Never was proof more clear.”

After a few words further on general subjects, the Counsellor left the office with a mind seemingly disengaged. That evening his confidential clerk and secretary was seen to go on board a Liverpool packet, which lay at Sir John Rogerson’s Quay, and sailed half an hour afterwards.

Some weeks later the prisoner was brought to trial at the Commission Court, Green Street; and in the presence of as numerous an auditory as had ever been congregated in it. As usual, the counsel for the accused sat immediately before him. On one side of Costelloe was placed his clerk, with whom in the course of the proceedings he frequently conversed, and

whose hat was on the table before him ; on the other hand of Costelloe was the attorney of the prisoner. When called upon to plead, the unfortunate man at the bar, with much feeling and deep emotion, exclaimed : " Not guilty." With a solemn asseveration, he added, that the rouleaux of coin (farthings) found in the safe were those which had existed there for years, and formed part of " the rest," as he had been given to understand ; and he had received them from his predecessor at the value indicated by the ticket attached to each packet. He had never opened them.

Costelloe cross-examined but only slightly the witnesses who deposed to the preliminary facts. At length came the turn of the deputy cashier, who swore that he had frequently seen in the chest the identical ten Dutch pieces of gold which the Counsellor had so curiously examined at the Crown Office, and which the witness now again identified.

At this testimony Costelloe looked serious. The examination in chief of the deputy cashier being over, and no movement made by Costelloe, who seemed deeply absorbed in thought, the counsel for the Crown was led to believe that no cross-examination was intended, and accordingly told the witness that he might go down.

" Stop a moment, young man," said the Counsellor, rising, and with an abstracted and vacant gaze ; " stop a moment. I have a question or two to ask you on behalf of my unhappy client," who now, feeling the peril in which his life was placed, began to weep bitterly. The witness reseated himself, and Costelloe went on : " And so, sir, you accuse your friend of robbery ?"

" I am sorry that my duty compels me to give criminatory evidence against him."

" No doubt—no doubt. His conviction will gain you a step, eh ?"

" Sir, do you think that it was under such an impression, and with such a view that I gave my testimony ?"

" Certainly I do."

A murmur of disapprobation ran through the court at this insult to the witness. The counsel for the prosecution looked towards the Bench for protection. The Judge, however, did not interfere, nor did he reprove the warmth with which they exclaimed against the " indecent insinuation of Costelloe towards a witness whose testimony, from all that appeared,

could not be impugned;" but his Lordship evidently looked with interest to the development of Costelloe's motive, knowing well that he would not have committed an indecorum so gross without some powerful secret reason. The witness himself, disappointed at the failure of the counsel for the Crown to interest the Court in his feelings, became red with indignation. Of these circumstances Costelloe took no notice, but proceeded: "And so you swear, sir, that those identical pieces of gold in your hand this moment—Where are they?" he asked rudely of the solicitor for the prosecution. They were again handed to the witness, and Costelloe resumed: "And so you swear, sir, that those identical pieces of gold in your hand were in the prisoner's keeping?—now mind, you are on your oath!"

"I do swear it."

"Hand me those coins, sir," said Costelloe in a tone that expressed rage and fury. The witness complied, and handed them to the Counsellor, who looked upon them with dismay. The witness was triumphant. The prisoner trembled. The court was hushed. Costelloe sighed.

"You have sworn positively, sir," said he; "and it will be well for you, if truly. Here, sir, take your blood-money." He stretched out his hand, with a countenance half-averted, as if with disgust; and, missing that of the witness, let fall the mass into the hat before him, by the sheerest accident in the world. "I beg your pardon, sir, for my awkwardness," said Costelloe to the witness; the only approach to civility he had as yet manifested towards him. Then, putting his hand into the hat, and taking up a single piece, he said: "You persist in swearing, sir, that this piece of money, the property of Mr. Gleadowe, was in the prisoner's custody? Now, mind, sir—none of your assumed contempt."

"I mean nothing of the kind, sir."

"Then why look it? Recollect that you are swearing away this poor man's life. Do you still say, fellow, that this piece of money was in the keeping of the prisoner?"

The witness, brow-beaten and bullied, became once more irritated. He took the ducat into his hand, and, scarcely deigning to glance at it, said: "I swear it!"

"And this also?" said Costelloe, taking up another, and presenting it to him.

"And that also."

“And this?”

“Yes.”

“And this, and this, and this?” to the number of ten.

“Yes.”

“And this, and this, and this?” said the knave, producing from the hat, in succession, twenty other pieces of a similar kind.

The witness was horror-stricken: his hair stood on end. The counsel for the Crown looked blank; the Judge faintly smiled. The case was abandoned, and the robber saved.

The affair was quite simple. It will be recollected that immediately after his scrutiny of the ducats at the Crown Office, which enabled him to fix in his memory their dates and effigies, Costelloe returned home; and that, in the evening of that day, his confidential clerk sailed for Liverpool, the least observable of routes. On arriving there, the man went by mail to London, and thence by a Dutch packet to Rotterdam, where he bought up a score of ducats of the dates indicated by his master; with what effect I have just shown.



CHAPTER LXX.

In causes of life and death, judges ought, as far as the law permitteth in justice, to remember mercy.

BACON.

England has had her Jeffries; Ireland has exhibited a Norbury.

SOME twenty or thirty years after this achievement of Costelloe, there took place in the Bank of Ireland a series of robberies, perpetrated by a deputy cashier—a mortified-looking young man, named Henry Malone (aided by confederates, the sons of a person who had done the state some service in prosecuting to conviction two unhappy youths, of seventeen and eighteen years respectively, for high treason). Detected at last, Malone was taken into custody, committed to Newgate, brought to trial, and was acquitted of the felony, but was immediately arrested for the sums he had embezzled, “amounting,” said the Bank, “to thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds,” but

which public rumour averred was a considerable under-statement of the fact. He died in the Marshalsea (debtor's prison).

Eight or nine years later, a clerk in the bank of Ball, Plunket & Doyne, Dublin, possessed himself (he being "clerk of the chest") of a sum of ten thousand pounds, in bank-notes. Arrested in a house of ill-fame, with several hundred pounds in his pocket, he barely denied his guilt, but defied the bankers, his employers, to prove their case against him, although he admitted that their system embraced every conceivable check upon their clerks. By the connivance of the government, his employers were allowed to compound his felony, on restitution of all the money remaining of the sum he had stolen, and upon a demonstration of the mode by which he had, with impunity, plundered them. He delivered up to them accordingly nine thousand and some hundreds of pounds, and showed them that he could never have been detected, for he had effected his crime by merely altering a figure in the sum stated in his account book ten days previously, to be safe in the chest—(that is changing the sum of £135,000 into £125,000)—and *which account had been checked, the money counted, &c.* He then changed a figure in each succeeding day's account, so that the sum actually in the chest corresponded exactly with that appearing on the face of his book, as the "contents of the chest."

These occurrences were held to prove how difficult it is to imagine and carry out a protective system of bank management, where dishonesty exists united to craft and audacity. Nevertheless, severe censures were pronounced upon the establishments in which those crimes had been practised.

If, however, the Bank of Ireland and the private banking companies of Dublin failed in their prosecutions of plunderers on a large scale, they were sufficiently active, successful, and inexorable in their prosecution of comparatively minor offenders. The number of lives forfeited to the laws by forging bank-notes and uttering them, was appalling. No mercy was shown to man, woman, or child convicted of that crime, even though the note were of so low a value as twenty shillings. Of the savage cruelty with which the laws in those respects were carried into execution, one example will suffice.

During the viceroyalty of the late Duke of Richmond in Ireland, a poor simple man, named Moore, was tried at the Sessions House, Green Street, for having passed or uttered at

the large grocery establishment of the Messrs. Smith in Sackville Street, a forged note of the nominal amount of thirty shillings, purporting to be a note of one of the private banks then existing in Dublin. It was proved that he bought, at the house of the prosecutors, on the morning of a certain day, some tea and sugar, and paid for it with the note in question, which, soon after his departure, was discovered to be a forgery. He returned in the evening, made a similar purchase, and tendered another note in payment. "You were here this morning," said the shopman who served him. Moore denied it. He was, however, detained. A constable was procured, and the utterer of forged notes, for the second was a counterpart of the first, was sent to Newgate after he had been examined before a magistrate.

When brought to trial he did not deny the charge against him, but gave the following account of himself. He stated that on the day before the commission of the crime for which he stood indicted, he had arrived nearly penniless in Dublin from Edenderry, where he was born, bred, and passed the whole of his life. He was a married man, and had two or three children to support. He was a sort of woodsman or hedge-carpenter; that, is, he had maintained himself and family by purchasing timber-trees, which he cut up and formed into spokes and felloes for coachmakers. Business failing him, he sunk into great distress, and left his native village to seek employment of some kind in the capital. On the evening of his arrival, he fell into the hands of a gang of forgers, who were on the look-out for agents or instruments. Observing his simple and honest appearance, they calculated on deriving much from his co-operation. Giving him temporary relief, they, on the following morning, sent him on his first expedition, which, like first steps in crime in general, was successful. They asked him to try again: he hesitated; but they told him that the notes were genuine, although they confessed that they had been found in the street by accident. He made a second attempt, therefore, at the very house which a conscious criminal would have avoided, and now stood before the court a guilty man.

It was proved that immediately on being taken into custody he admitted his guilt; and declared unhesitatingly his readiness to concur in bringing the actual forgers to justice, and stated where they were to be found. The whole gang,

five in number, were in consequence watched, and were secured in the act of preparing other forged notes for circulation. They were brought to trial at the Quarter Sessions, before the Recorder, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for having forged notes "in their possession;" their unhappy instrument was reserved for trial before the superior criminal tribunal, the commission at which two judges of the superior law courts preside—the "uttering" of forged notes being a capital felony.

The prisoner called several coachmakers of respectability in Dublin, with whom during many years he had had dealings, as witnesses to his character. Two of them, George Waters of Dominick Street, and Thomas Palmer of Peter's Row, gave him the best possible character. Other persons who knew him, bore testimony also to his honesty and industry.

The prisoner having confessed his guilt, was, by the blood-thirsty prosecuting counsel, induced to withdraw his plea and put himself upon his trial. The proofs being manifest, the jury could only return a verdict of guilty—but accompanied it with a strong recommendation to mercy. Lord Norbury, who tried him (in conjunction with Baron George, for they were ever associated*), said the recommendation should reach the proper quarter, but passed sentence of death upon the poor man in his usual way, and everybody knows what that was—harsh and unfeeling. The prisoner was then reconducted to Newgate.

The jury separated under a painful impression, notwithstanding their recommendation of the man to mercy, for they had misgivings about the Judge. They deemed it impossible, however, that under the circumstances of the case the sentence would be carried into execution. "He will escape," said they—but they barely hoped it—"with a few months' imprisonment."

There happened to be at that moment in Newgate, a political prisoner whose room was exactly over the condemned cell. This was the late Walter Cox—who two years afterwards emigrated to the United States, and established a newspaper in New York, and who, at the period of Moore's trial, was undergoing imprisonment for a seditious libel published in the "Irish Magazine," of which he was the editor and

* It was they who tried the unfortunate and lamented Robert Emmet, twelve years previously.

proprietor. He and the convict Moore met frequently in the court-yard every day, for the latter was allowed every species of indulgence by the humane, however brutal-looking jailor, MacDowell. It happened that one of the jurors by whom Moore had been convicted, called upon Cox one day while walking in the court-yard, in which the convict was at that moment speaking through a grating to his weeping wife. The juror recognised him, and spoke of him to Cox. "Poor fellow!" said the latter; "he has no idea of his danger."

"What danger?"

"Of being hanged."

"Oh, impossible! We recommended him to mercy, and the Judge promised to lay our recommendation before the Lord-lieutenant."

"What Judge? *Norbury*?"

"Yes."

"Phew! You don't know him. That man will be hanged."

"Surely you are in error?"

"You'll see."

"No, Cox. It is not possible. You speak, excuse me, you speak in this way, under a feeling of hostility caused by the sentence his Lordship pronounced against yourself. That is all."

"Not all, or rather, not at all. You have recommended this poor fool to mercy! The mercy of the Judge! 'There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger.'"

"It was not to the mercy of the Judge we recommended him, but—"

"Why did you not acquit the prisoner? It was the justice of the case. He was a mere dupe."

"Why not acquit him!—Because he had confessed that he was guilty."

"Guilty of what? Of uttering an instrument of exactly the value of that it purported to represent. The bank of which it pretended to be an engagement is insolvent."

"That may or may not be, but my mind has been made uneasy by your belief that this poor man will be executed."

"He will be hanged. Remember my words. *Norbury*—"

"I cannot continue this discussion. Your opinion has

made me unhappy. No effort of mine shall be omitted to save this poor creature."

"The old story: cut my head and give me a plaster. Norbury—"

"I must leave you. Farewell."

In the temper of mind which the words of Cox suggested, the juror returned home and drew up a strong memorial to the Lord-lieutenant, on the part of himself and his fellow-jurors,* which they unanimously signed. He drew up a similar one from the grand jury, by whom the bills against the prisoner had been found. He procured also a certificate from the magistrate, Alderman Darly, who had committed the prisoner, stating that through the instrumentality of the convict, Moore, an extensive and dangerous gang of forgers had been brought to justice. A memorial was obtained from Messrs. Waters and Palmer, and others who had dealings with the prisoner, and finally, a petition from the proprietors of the grocery establishment who had been his prosecutors, praying a commutation of the sentence pronounced against him. These several documents the juror caused to be presented to the Lord-lieutenant. He addressed to the Attorney-general, Mr. Saurin, a memorial on behalf of the convict, in which were enumerated the several memorials, certificate, and petition, just mentioned, with extracts from, or analyses of them.

Next day he returned to Newgate, and found matters precisely as he had left them the day before. The prisoner was again at the grate, speaking to his poorly clad and deplorable-looking wife, who held up to the bars a little girl, of six or seven years old, who was shoeless, and whom he kissed and blessed. Cox was in the precise mood which had made the juror so uneasy, or rather, he now spoke more despondingly of the case. "Billy MacDowell" (the jailor) "gave him a pint of porter last night," said he, "and made him so happy that Billy burst into tears."

"Then MacDowell thinks as you do, that the law will take its course?"

"The law take its course! I tell you the man will be hanged. Norbury—"

* One of them—Mr. John C——, an eminent stationer, the son of one of the leading United Irishmen who had chosen the United States for his place of exile—(being banished by Act of Parliament)—is, I believe, now carrying on business in the capital of one of "The States."

The juror, further stimulated by this reiterated prediction, again hastily quitted the prison, sought George Waters, and, accompanied by him, repaired to Lord Norbury's residence in Great Denmark Street. The Judge was, luckily, in his study, and they were admitted to him. Waters, who was known to his Lordship, stated with an apology the object of their intrusion, and the steps taken on behalf of the convict.

"Waters," said the rubicund Chief Justice, "you are an excellent, kind-hearted fellow; so are you, ———. Your exertions are creditable to you. You are an humane, philanthropic person. I should be happy to concur in your views and your solicitude, but the laws must be maintained."

With earnestness and feeling, his visitors pleaded the prisoner's innocence, and again referred to the memorials addressed to the Duke of Richmond and to Mr. Saurin.

"I know all about it," said he. "This is Thursday; the man is ordered for execution on Saturday. A council is to be held at the Castle at three o'clock to-morrow, to decide upon his case, at which I and Saurin are to be present. Meet me at the Castle-yard at four, and I will tell you the result."

Mr. Waters and the juror withdrew. The latter conceived little hope, from the manner and the reputation of the Judge. He sent for the wife of the prisoner, and told her how the matter stood, and his fears that all his exertions would prove in vain. Already broken down by poverty, distress, and anxiety, she fainted. When she recovered a little, the juror recommended her to take some rest, and to be sure to return to him at four o'clock on the following day, when perhaps he might have good news for her. She made no reply, but raised her eyes to heaven, and, appearing to pray mentally, withdrew.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day the juror repaired to the Castle, although that was only the hour fixed for the council. He saw Mr. Saurin, and, after him, Lord Norbury arrive, the latter on horseback. His Lordship saw the juror well, for he had approached him as he alighted, but did not allow his eyes to meet his gaze; and tapping his top-boots with his whip, and puffing from his inflated cheeks as usual, he ascended the staircase. This, his non-recognition, struck the juror as ominous. Agitated and uneasy, he walked for an hour in the Castle-yard; then went out upon Cork Hill, and paced to and fro by the wing of the Exchange for another hour. The delay seemed favourable. It was therefore with

something like hope that he advanced to meet Lord Norbury as he issued from the Castle-gate. The sombre aspect of the Judge struck to his heart, however. The latter opened the conversation, continuing nevertheless to walk towards Parliament Street.

“You are a kind, excellent fellow, ——,” said he. “Every attention has been paid to the documents addressed by you to his Excellency. We have weighed them all well; but the bankers have been playing the devil.”

“My Lord!”

“Yes; the bankers have been playing the devil. They have stated to government that, if this man be suffered to escape, they will never prosecute another. The law must take its course.”

He made a sort of bow to the juror, who, in a state of horror, hung upon him until he had reached a saddler's shop in Parliament Street, into which he suddenly turned.

Now, fully perceiving how desperate was the case, the juror abandoned all intention further to appeal to the Judge. He returned to his home, therefore, and found in the hall the wife of the prisoner. It was now dark. He desired that she should receive some refreshment, of which he told her she would have need, for there was a little journey before her. He then sat down, and in her name drew up a memorial to the Lord-lieutenant, repeating his former statements. This finished, he sent for a hackney-coach, and, presenting the memorial to the poor woman, told her she must be herself the bearer of it; that she must repair to the Vice-Regal Lodge in Phoenix Park, and endeavour by some means to obtain admission to the Lord-lieutenant, and place it in his hands. “If that be found impossible,” said he, “see the Duchess of Richmond. Tell her your story, and pray her to take charge of your petition. She is charitable, humane, and feeling, and will do all in her power.” He then directed a servant to accompany the unhappy creature, who, conceiving hope from being herself employed on behalf of her husband, departed with something like alacrity.

Arrived at the Vice-Regal Lodge, she was allowed to penetrate to the hall. She was there told that his Excellency was engaged, and would soon go to dinner. At her entreaty, a servant undertook, however, to mention to his Lord her arrival and object. He soon returned, and said that his Excellency regretted it was not in his power to interfere; that the matter

had that afternoon been considered and decided in council. "Here is the Duchess, however," said the servant, in a whisper; "speak to her."

The poor woman rushed forward, as the comely, good-humoured-looking lady crossed the hall, proceeding to the dining-room; threw herself on her knees, attempted to speak, but failed. She held up the petition, however.

"What's all this?" said the Duchess.

The matter was explained.

Stooping down, and raising the poor woman, she said: "Give me the paper. I will present it; if I succeed, you will see me again;" and, instead of entering the *salle-à-manger*, she passed to the Duke's room.

A delay of some minutes occurred. At length a female attendant, instead of the Duchess, issued from the room, holding the paper, and in tears. She placed it in one of the hands of the supplicant, who, anticipating the truth, was gasping: into the other she poured some money, and ran out of the hall.

The man was hanged next day.



CHAPTER LXXI.

La puissance des rois est fondée sur la raison et sur la folie du peuple—
et bien plus sur la folie. La plus grande et la plus importante chose du
monde a pour fondement la faiblesse.

PASCAL.

HAVING, however faintly, depicted the Irishman of the last century at home—the oppressor and the oppressed—the Judge—the advocate and the criminal—a sketch of him in his playful festive and domestic moments may assist the judgment in arriving at an estimate of his character.

The triumph of the champions of Irish Independence in 1782 was complete, but the victory was not used with moderation. As in most sublunary affairs success was accompanied and followed by intoxication, until it produced upon the English Cabinet an impression which is said to have suggested and governed all its measures thenceforward.

The history of the two or three years which succeeded to

the Declaration of Independence, contains no very striking fact illustrative of this opinion. "The nation seemed drunk," said Sir Jonah Barrington to me in Paris, fifteen years ago, "and having participated in the struggle, I took my part in the jubilation; but we were wrong. Instead of proclaiming our success, we should have dissembled our estimate of it; instead of announcing projects for further steps towards complete independence of the sister kingdom, and for reducing our *liaison* with her to a mere federal connexion, we should have assumed an attitude of content, and have used every possible means for removing from England and her government all sense of soreness from the concessions we had, as it were, torn from her. Instead of revelling in the interval which succeeded to our fortunate struggle, we should have applied all our sagacity and all our energies to insure to ourselves at least the undisturbed enjoyment of the fruits of it, and to which we ought, in fact, to have limited our views, for that time. *Mais, que voulez-vous?* In what history can we find examples of youth evincing self-denial and moderation? And we were a young people then. Instead of consolidating the structure we had raised, and by, among other means, reconciling to its aspect those at whose expense it may be said we had erected it, we wounded their self-love; we provoked their regrets for the loss they had sustained, and strengthened their resolution to resume possession at the first possible instant, and by all practicable means.

"In that moment of aberration, we forgot that we had attained to our end, not so much through the preponderance of our own strength, as because of the momentary decrepitude of our adversary. We forgot the cares and embarrassments of which the Peace of 1783 had relieved England, and we left out of view the physical force which had returned to her, of which in order to maintain a long and distant foreign war she had been obliged to divest herself. Oh, wirra! wirra!"

I am unable to pronounce upon the amount of credit due to this view of the question. Well or ill-founded, it has been a hundred times expressed in my hearing by contemporaries of the men of '82; well or ill-founded there would appear to have been suggested to England, by the declaration of Irish Independence, and by the conduct of the popular party subsequently, fear for the connexion; an impression which determined, I have always heard, a defensive attitude in the first

instance, and ultimately measures for the recovery of British domination in Ireland, and then for securing its permanency.

History is open to any reader, who may satisfy himself on this point, should he question the correctness of this view of it, and for which I do not vouch. He would not, however, be able to find in history many little incidents held at the time to make for the position laid down by the friend (Sir Jonah Barrington) above quoted, one of which is somewhat startling, to wit: the imputed appointment of the Duke of Rutland to the viceroyalty of Ireland, with a view to the demoralization of its patriotic aristocracy, and, by diverting the public mind from grave concerns, render the resumption of British power practicable and facile.

The obvious absurdity of this hypothesis must not, however, deprive it of all claim to credence. We who saw subsequently the delivery of Ireland, bound hand and foot, to a triumvirate nearly despicable as statesmen, John Beresford, John Fitz-Gibbon, and John Foster, or, more properly speaking, to the first of those persons, to be dealt with at their or his good pleasure ("judgment" would be a misnomer), we who have witnessed this expedient of the British government of that day, hesitate to regard the mission ascribed to the Duke of Rutland as incredible.

Whatever its motive, he arrived in Dublin before he had attained to his thirtieth year, accompanied by his lovely Duchess, then in her eight or nine and twentieth year. The Duke possessed a princely fortune, a captivating countenance, and well-formed person. He was of the most amiable temper, and endowed with an overflowing fund of good humour. He was affable, gay, gallant, high-bred, high-spirited, and utterly regardless of expense.

The Duchess was marvellously handsome, spirited, and dashing (she was a Beaufort), the head of society, the leader of fashion. I have heard that it would not be hyperbole to apply to her Burke's celebrated description of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette—than whom, however, she was more regularly beautiful. It is needless, therefore, to observe that this noble couple became the admired of all admirers in Ireland—arriving there, moreover, after a long interregnum of dullness at the Castle—for it is notorious that in the forty years that intervened between the viceroyalty of the courtly Earl of Chesterfield, and that of the gay, the gallant, and the rattling

Duke of Rutland, there are no "remains," except a joke or two of Lord Townsend.

If, therefore, it ever entered into the heads of those whom the Duke represented in Ireland, to found a convivial school in that country, and to allure its inhabitants into expensive habits, as means for impairing their moral and physical system—imitated (at least practised) by Napolcon fifteen years afterwards in respect of the Englishmen so foully detained in France upon the rupture of the peace of Amiens—the Duke ascertained, at his first step, that his contemplated disciples were already adepts, with heads of adamant, and consequently incapable of conviction by wine and wassail. He plunged fearlessly, nevertheless, into the stream, followed by his jolly companions, and was engulfed in it. Many of his proselytes also succumbed, but most of them survived him.



CHAPTER LXXII.

If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

Henry IV. (2d Part).

IT is reported that the first inkling that the Duke of Rutland had of the qualities of the parties, whom rumour asserted he had been commissioned to initiate into the pleasures of the table, was afforded him in an after-dinner *tête-à-tête* discussion with one of the kindest hearts, honestest heads, and most racy wits and purest patriots of Ireland—Sir Hercules Langrishe. If that were indeed the Duke's *coup d'essai*, it was conclusive of the fate of the alleged primary object of his mission. To lead Sir Hercules in the circulation and absorption of the bottle, was about as hopeless an attempt as would be an effort to induce him to renounce his love of Ireland, and to concur in the sacrifice of her independence. His public character has been drawn in every record of the conflict maintained in the Irish Parliament with the advocates of the union. The following item in the list of his *capabilities*, portrays the venerable patriot in his domestic garb, having doffed the toga:—

Some friends were snown into his dining-parlour one evening, long after that which they knew to be his dinner-hour. They found him alone in company with half a dozen "dead men" (empty bottles). He had just poured into his glass the last drop of claret which one of them had contained. "What! Sir Hercules!" exclaimed the intruders, astounded by the terrible show; "surely you have not got through these without assistance!"

"Oh, no!" said the Baronet. "I had the aid of a bottle of Madeira!"

This anecdote I heard from Thomas Moore, one day after dinner, at the house of the late Mr. Thomas Barnes. Related by Moore it was highly effective; but that which was most admirable belonging to it, was the train laid by the poet for its explosion—proving how a man improves by reading.

Moore had shown, in his *Life of Sheridan*, how skilfully the wit usually led, with the art of a consummate dramatist, to the introduction of previously prepared points, or epigrams, in Parliament or society. On the occasion of which I speak, Moore had recourse himself to a precisely similar *ruse*, professing to be reminded of the anecdote of Sir Hercules Langrishe I have just related, by the casual occurrence in the conversation of the words "aid" and "assist," and which he showed were "*simile non est idem.*"

Sheridan and Moore! To remind the world that Ireland produced, in a century, not only Grattan, Curran, Burke, Flood, Francis, Wellington; but these two illustrious orators and poets (for Moore was an orator) were perhaps sufficient to warrant my firm conviction that their now suffering, impoverished, divided native land, was not—is not—the degraded country which, in consequence of partial outrages, even atrocious though they be, public writers of the present day dare to represent her. Each was an orator, each a poet, each a patriot. The love of Ireland which imbued the Minstrel Boy burned not more fiercely in his breast, than in the bosom of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and yet, one of Sheridan's splendid dramatic productions—"The Rivals"—was hissed, on its first representation, by Irishmen, who mistook for sneer that which is its antipodes—raillery; good-humoured, playful raillery.

Upon one occasion, speaking of songs, Sheridan said: be, one of the triumvirate Irishmen (Sheridan, O'Keeffe, and

Moore), who must be placed at the head of the list of lyric poets—"I would rather be the author of Hosier's Ghost than of the Annals of Tacitus."

This liberal figure of speech it was, probably, which suggested the following fine compliment of Byron to Sheridan's genius. It is a passage in the diary of Byron's six months' residence in London, in 1812-13.

.. Saturday, Decr. 18th, 1813.

"Lord Holland told me a curious piece of *sentimentality* in Sheridan. The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions on him and other '*hommes marquans*,' and mine was this:—'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do, has been *par excellence*, always the *best* of its kind. He has written the *best* comedy (School for Scandal), the *best* opera (the Duenna, in my mind far before that Saint Giles's Lampon, the Beggar's Opera), the *best* farce (the Critic, it is only too good for an afterpiece), and the *best* address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the *very best* oration (the famous Begum Speech), ever conceived or heard in this country!' Somebody told Sheridan this the next day, and he burst into tears!—Poor Brinsley! If they were tears of pleasure, I would rather have said those few but sincere words than have written the Iliad or made his own celebrated Philippic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had derived a moment's gratification from any praise of mine, humble as it must appear to 'my elders and my betters.'"

To this fine imperishable tribute I would with unaffected humility and the utmost sincerity pray leave to add, that I would rather own the copyright of a sentiment of Sheridan, in his preface to the first edition of the comedy of "The Rivals," than of all the orations he ever delivered, and of all the *bon-mots* he ever uttered.

"It is not without pleasure," thus this sentence runs, "that I catch at an opportunity of justifying myself from the charge of intending any national reflection in the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. If any gentlemen opposed the piece from that idea, I thank them sincerely for their opposition; and if the condemnation of this comedy (however misconceived the provocation) could have added one spark to the decaying flame of national attachment to the country supposed to be reflected on, I should have been happy in its fate; and might,

with truth, have boasted, that it had done more real service in its failure, than the successful morality of a thousand stage novels will ever effect."



CHAPTER LXXIII.

I have sounded the very base string of humility. I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour that I can drink with any tinker in his own language through life.

SHAKSPEARE.

LET us, however, return to the Duke of Rutland. If his first conception of the enduring qualities of an Irish convivial companion were derived from the source I have just indicated, further investigation ought to have appeared to him superfluous. By another class, with whom almost immediately upon his arrival in Dublin he came in contact, his appreciation of the Irish character in such respect was, supposing it not yet formed, perfected.

He accepted an invitation to the inauguration dinner at the Mayoralty-house of a new Lord Mayor. He found near him at table the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, several of the judges, and many rural and city magnates. Seated at the right hand of the Lord Mayor, the Duke was the special object of that functionary's hospitable solicitude, and also of his unintermitting care. "Dyeing scarlet" was the order of the day at those civic assemblies, as well as at those in still more elevated life. The Anaereontic invitation :

"Fill your glass—I hate to see
An empty or a full one,"

was not exactly the ordinance prescribed or followed in that vicinity. The dictum indicated to the noble stranger appeared to him unobjectionable and sounded liberally,—it merely said,

"Fill as you please, but drink what you fill.

The Duke found, however, that this quiet, just, and reasonable injunction was only theoretical, and that it was superseded

by the rule absolute of his despotic host, which substituted for it,

“Fill every glass and drain it.”

To seek to evade this precept was sure to bring the culprit into trouble. So complete was the *espionnage* exercised, that hardly had the crime been consummated, when the criminal was denounced. In most cases summary punishment, in the shape of overflowing bumpers, followed.

The Duke's first infringement of the order in question was mildly reprov'd by this brief and friendly admonition from his watchful entertainer: “Wipe your eye, my Lord.” The Duke literally complied, and threw the hilarious citizens into ecstasies. Upon a subsequent inadvertence, which consisted in pouring wine into a glass not entirely empty, he received the following intelligible hint: “No heel-taps, your Grace.” His third and last offence, that of not filling up to the brim, was thus reprov'd in the severe stentorian voice of the late Lord Mayor, indignant at an innovation countenanced, he feared, by his unworthy successor: “No skylight, my Lord!”

That night produced the Duke's abdication of the *rôle* of tempter—if he had undertaken to act such part—his abandonment of all designs upon the heads of those he was charged with governing. How far the Irish were otherwise contaminated by the illustrious companion thrown, unhappily for him, into the midst of a society such as may be estimated from these imperfect notes, I have never learned. I am inclined to the charitable belief that he was as much sinned against as sinning: but it is an indisputable fact that during the Vice-royalty of the Duke of Rutland, dissipation in every sense proceeded to an extent not previously observable in Ireland. The worship of Bacchus, in particular, received from his example an impulse of which it was supposed incapable—a momentum irresistible, and which continued to render popular the pleasures of the bottle for five-and-twenty or thirty years afterwards. Gradually, however, from the hourly decreasing number of votaries, through death, absenteeism, or diminished means, the metropolis exhibited in a subsequent period, symptoms of decaying zeal; but the provinces stood firm.

A few years since, an advertisement appeared in a London paper, announcing that “a free public-house, in a hard-drinking neighbourhood,” was in the market. Every part of

Ireland might in my time have claimed that enviable characteristic. Every private dwelling vied with its neighbour in performing the rites of hospitality as respected bed and board—the former never being reached by a guest while he retained the power to swallow, for it was a strict rule that the one party should press his friends and that the other should exclaim,

“I take your courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given.”

The jovial hours spent at the table were wound up under it in most instances.

Strange to say, men lived long, nevertheless, under this system. Sir Hercules Langrishe appeared, when I last saw him, a man in very advanced age. The gay, the convivial, the rattling, facetious, and the friendly Tom O'Meara was between eighty and ninety when he died.

A well-known personage, “clothed in the unspotted ermine of the bench,” as he himself termed it, and of whom we have lately spoken, namely, John Toler, first Lord Norbury (yclept by his commentators Nero Norbury), Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas—hard-headed as hard-hearted—was in his eighty-sixth year when he died, having been, in the early part of his life, one of the hardest-drinking men of his time. I ought to observe, however, that, like the warm-hearted Tom O'Meara, “ould Towler”* was, nearly to the day of his death, a fox-hunter. His lordship's “Brother Boyd,” whose name entered into a figure which intimated that the person designated by it was well up in the wind, was an old man when he died. A person was deemed quite comfortable, superior to all the ills of this life, who could be said to be as “sober as Judge Boyd.”

Lord Muskerry, their contemporary worshipper of the rosy god, who on his death-bed consoled himself with the reflection, that he had nothing to accuse himself of, having never denied himself anything, was between seventy and eighty when he died.

“Happy fellow!” observed his lordship one day, on seeing a hackney coachman lying dead drunk, and dozing on the steps of his lordship's house; “happy, enviable fellow! you

* One of George Nugent Reynolds's “Alphabets” contained these lines:—

T was a Toler—hark forward! 's the cry;
But, instead of a stag, 'tis a man that must die.

have the privilege of getting drunk three times a day, without losing easte!"

I lament my inability to give a pen and ink sketch of the most wonderful of them all, in performance and in longevity, considering all he had gone through—George Butler, who, for fifty years previously to my meeting him, had never dined from home on a Sunday, and never entered his own doors on any other day before four o'clock A. M. He was, like Mr. Cerberus, three gentlemen in one—Bacchus, Anaereon, and Momus.*



CHAPTER LXXIV.

Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macbeth.

IF degeneracy menaced the capital, the science of living fast and living well was carried to its aemé in the provinces, up to the latest period of my knowledge of them. In the county of Rosecommon, for example, a Mr. St. George Caulfield came of age some forty or fifty years since, and into the receipt of three or four hundred thousand pounds in money, the accumulation of a very long minority; and also into the possession of landed estates of, I have heard, the annual value of eight-and-twenty or thirty thousand pounds—a fortune amassed by his grandfather, who had been a distinguished ornament of the bench. This thoughtless young man suggested in his county a taste which, even in my time, was demonstrated by visits from the sheriff, and frequent mention in the records of the Court of Chancery.

Mr. Caulfield had only just, like *Mr. Toots*, "come into his property," when he plunged into extravagance on a scale never before witnessed in Ireland. Servants, hounds, horses, carriages, table, luxury, profusion in every possible shape; such were the means by which, in the brief space of ten or twelve years, he contrived to squander upwards of a million

* A man of nearly equal celebrity in the convivial world, Jack Sweetman, the Hatter, who lives in the memory of the elder denizens of Dublin, attained to the age of eighty.

sterling, and unlike the *bons vivans* just enumerated, to bring himself to the grave. One specimen of the means by which he arrived at these ends will suffice.

He arrived in Paris during the short Peace of 1802, and distinguished himself on the very next Sunday after, by a turn-out of half a dozen carriages, perfect copies of those of the First Consul, and with the requisite number of servants clothed in Kendal green (Napoleon's livery). This folly was immediately followed by a prohibition to repeat it from the Minister of Police; but within forty-eight hours afterwards a similarly numerous *cortège*, with coachmen and lacqueys in the livery of the late royal family of France was produced by the Irish millionaire, and was punished by an immediate order to the spendthrift to quit Paris within eight hours, and France in three days.

This expression of Napoleon's humour and impatience saved the object of it twelve years' detention in France; for before the end of the week following his expulsion, the Peace of Amiens was broken, and hostilities recommenced between France and England.

Thus compelled to limit the display of his extravagance to the United Kingdom, the unfortunate young man only changed the scene, but not the amount, of his expenditure. Not merely the county of Rosecommon, but the whole province of Connaught, rang with his exploits in the demolition of his handsome fortune. His denomination of port and claret as "kitchen wine," was repeated with admiration, but neither his fortune nor constitution could long sustain the inroads upon them which he committed. His decline in each sense was rapid. He filled an early grave after having dissipated every shilling he had inherited, or could raise by mortgage or annuity; and after having by his example produced imitations, which I am told have led to the compulsory sales of half the estates of his county.

The witty and sarcastic George Nugent Reynolds, himself a Connaught man (as on a celebrated occasion he reminded Lord Clare), thus wrote of the taste for expense prevalent in that province at the time in question, and its consequences:—

"There is not a hogshead of port that crosses the bridge of Athlone" (entering Connaught from Leinster), "which has not a *custodiam* in the bottom of it."

Hard drinking, although fast giving way, still struggled

for existence so lately as in the year 1817; and to show this I shall here introduce an example.

When in that year Sir Francis Burdett visited Ireland with the admirable purpose of supporting, in a moment of unexampled prostration, a friend, Roger O'Connor, whom he believed utterly incapable of the foul crime of which he was accused, and having by his presence very powerfully contributed to that friend's acquittal, he was besieged with invitations from the greater portion of the remaining resident gentry of the kingdom. Having accepted some of these, Sir Francis found, not only that his fame as a fox-hunter had preceded him, but that it was transcended by his reputation for capability of enduring the attacks of the most eminent bacchanalians of the day. This was demonstrated to him in an especial manner on his visit to Kilkenny at the moment when the celebrated private theatrical company, comprising Richard Power, Thomas Moore, Wrexon Beecher, George Rothe, Corry, &c., were members, supported by Misses O'Neill (afterwards Lady Beecher) and Walstein, were performing. Sir Francis was invited on the day of his arrival in Kilkenny to a social party, including the most distinguished men and the best heads of the country. To do honour to their guest, by testing his qualities, a chairman for the banquet was chosen of approved capacity and sustaining power (an admired member—*entre-nous*—of a profession in which such qualification is not indispensable, in a word, "a jolly buck parson," as the song says). "Accordingly at it they went," said a friend to me, who was present at the tournament, the president challenging the baronet from the post, and prodigious was the quantity of wine spilt in the course of the evening. Beset on all hands, Sir Francis accepted every provocation—gallantly threw in bumper after bumper, until the contest finished from sheer fatigue—but "England's pride and Westminster's glory" came off victorious, and with glowing though not flying colours. That is, he rose from the table flushed with wine, if not with victory, and erect and firm. When he entered Mrs. ——'s box at the theatre immediately afterwards, he bore no other mark of the recent conflict.

CHAPTER LXXV.

L'homme disparaît ici-bas comme la lune, qui, vers le matin, se précipite, en un moment, derrière la montagne.

French version of a Chinese Proverb.

THE round of pleasure of which Dublin Castle was the centre during the Rutland reign seems, from the traditions it left among all ranks, and their repetition with undissembled admiration and delight by those who partook of or witnessed them, to have been as interminable as intoxicating. The incidents of the festive board, the magnificent cavalcade, the adventures of the Duke in the pursuit of enjoyment, the dazzling beauty of the Duchess, and the splendour and gayety of her *entourage* and suite, occupied the whole Irish world. The Duke, I should observe, did not confine his search for diversion to his own sphere. His voyages of discovery to lands that did not unfortunately remain unknown, were chronicled, yet without producing, as far as I have ever heard, an expression of disapprobation. His wild oats were thickly and lavishly sown. A volume might in fact be written on his eccentricities and adventures. None of them, however, displayed absolute vice.

Whether an increased amount of demoralization really became perceptible from the indulgences then the order of the day and night at the Irish Court, I am unable to pronounce; but I believe it would be hazardous to deny that in that gay reign was laid the foundation of that sweeping, and, in its general effects, lamentable measure, the Enumbered Estates (Ireland) Bill. Every man became expensive, extravagant, and reckless. The contagion, because of their wide separation from the Court and the aristocracy, did not then, nor for many years afterwards, reach the middle classes; but from the moment when the Union provoked the emigration of the aristocracy and the wealthy, the disease broke out in a new place, and produced the natural effects of imitation of failings and of indulgences, practised with comparative impunity by those possessing real means from actual income, or its anticipation

by mortgage. Their mansions, their habits, and their weaknesses devolved upon their substitutes. This is, however, an anachronism here.

A work, edited, or rather written, it is to be lamented, by Amyas Griffith, who was capable of better things, contains an alleged *bon-mot* of a certain Mrs. Leeson, alias "Peg Plunkit," of that day, and one or two other imputed incidents of an unfavourable character, but there is reason to believe that the "calembour" at least was sheer invention. It is perfectly true, however, that among his other freaks, the Duke knighted an innkeeper, Cuffe, of Athlone, one night, in his cups; and that when, in the morning, repenting the sally, he requested mine host to say nothing about it, the latter replied, "I should be most happy to oblige your Grace, but unfortunately I mentioned it last night to Lady Cuffe, and it is over the whole town by this time."

Another amusing case made considerable noise about the same time.

One day he rode out on horseback, to pay a morning visit to Lord Loftus, afterwards Earl and Marquis of Ely, at Rathfarnham Castle; considerably in advance of his attendants, he entered the gate and rode straight up to the house. It was not yet two o'clock. Some workmen employed to repair or embellish the castle, had dined and were lazily waiting the hour of two to resume their labours, lying at full length on the grass in the lawn, enjoying their siesta. Having hastily alighted, the Duke called to one of them to come and hold his horse.

"Hold the devil!" said the man, rudely, because of the affront offered to his quality of mechanic. "It is but one man's work—hold him yourself."

"Who are you, you rascal?" asked the Duke, approaching him with an air of mock severity.

"I'm as good a man as you. I am a plasterer," said he, rising on his elbow.

"What's your name, you villain?"

"Harry McCabe."

"Rise up, Sir Harry," said the Duke, applying his whip smartly to the man's shoulders, who bounded on his feet, but was deterred from any attempt to resent that which he deemed an assault by the approach of Lord Loftus from the castle, who came running towards them roaring with laughter.

I have often seen this man, who was a burly, good sort of fellow, and who bore his blushing honours with exceeding complacency. To the day of his death he was by his friends and comrades addressed as "Sir Henry." He was said to be the son of a gentleman of large fortune lost in the usual way—by "bill of discovery."

At that period, and for some fourteen or fifteen years afterwards, there existed in Dublin as elsewhere a class of labourers known as shoe-blacks, a profession once more and very properly followed in London. A professor of that black art, as celebrated for his wit as his contemporary Jemmy Wright, the shaver, so distinguished by Foote, had established his stand immediately "under the nose of the Court," that is in a species of gateway, forming the entrance into Crampton Court, exactly opposite the lower castle-yard. Hearing much of the man's extemporaneous repartees, the Duke resolved upon a visit to him. Accordingly he presented himself one day, and requested the service of the shoe-boy (such was the appellation given to the artist, although a man of forty). Accordingly he commenced operations, and his fun, by carefully wiping the Duke's shoes with a wig, accompanied by some joke, about from *head* to *foot*, which I do not remember; in short, he kept the Duke in continual laughter until the job was finished, when, having no small money, the Duke handed him a guinea, and demanded the change. The reply of the artist thereupon was the original joke henceforward so well known to gentlemen in difficulties. "Ask me for change for a guinea!" exclaimed he. "By —, you might as well ask a Highlander for a knee-buckle."

It is almost needless to say that the laughter-loving Duke did not insist upon having the change.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France—then the Dauphiness—at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in. Glittering like the morning star, full of life, splendour, and joy.

BURKE (*Description of Marie Antoinette*).

IN the commencement of my references to the reign of the Duke of Rutland in Ireland, I alluded to his beautiful Duchess, and her susceptibility of description in the glowing terms of Burke, when portraying the lovely but indiscreet and unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Happy were it for France that those harrowing episodes of her history—the deaths of Queen Marie Antoinette and of the Duc d'Enghien—could be expunged her annals. Neither crime is capable of palliation.

In a grave work of this kind I have felt bound, but most reluctantly, to yield to a sense of duty, and to give politics the first place, which gallantry would have accorded to the fairest of the fair, Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland and Vice-Queen of Ireland. Her ravishing beauty, and the enchanting elegance of her manners, united to captivating gayety, would appear to have turned the heads of all the men, and yet without creating envy in her own sex. Everything was “Rutland.” I remember more than one song of the day of which she was the theme. A new and magnificent square took the name of “Rutland.” A new dye, as was pretended, was given to silks and ribbons, in honour of the Duchess, called “Rutland blue” (perhaps the colour became her), but which seemed to me to be simply that which was known as “garter blue.” There was a carriage denominated “the Rutland gig,” then in vogue, which may possibly have been an imitation of a species of phaeton, drawn by six ponies, conducted by three youthful postilions, in splendid liveries, in which the Duchess delighted to take her promenades on the

North Circular Road, an avenue which became after her departure the most deserted portion of Dublin. One of the songs I have just referred to, commenced with these lines:—

“If you wish to see her Grace,
The Circular Road, it is the place.”

Sympathizing in all the tastes and fancies of her Lord, the sparkling Duchess sometimes sought excitement elsewhere than in the Castle, the Lodge, or the Circular Road.

There lived at that time in Francis Street, Dublin, a silk and poplin merchant, of the name of Dillon, next door to the more celebrated silkmercer Grogan, whose grandson represents or has represented the city of Dublin in Parliament, and who by assiduity and skill in trade became a millionaire. Dillon was probably not so rich as Grogan, but he was undoubtedly in independent circumstances. Being a Roman Catholic, however, he lived a retired and unostentatious life, although connected with the noble family whose name he bore. He had, moreover, a wife—

“The which he loved passing well;”

and she was worthy of all respect. Independently of her being the most transcendently beautiful woman in Ireland, she was distinguished by grace, modesty, charity, and unsullied reputation.

One day Francis Street was disturbed from its propriety by the apparition of the Duchess in her coach or phaeton and six, with outriders, her usual retinue, and was driven directly to the house of Mr. Dillon. Her grace immediately alighted from the carriage, and entering the shop, asked whether she could see Mrs. Dillon?

“Certainly, madam,” replied a perturbed shopman, “she is in the parlour: shall I call her?”

“No,” said the lady, “I will go to her.”

On the entrance of the Duchess into the room called the parlour, a tall, magnificently-formed woman advanced towards her distinguished visiter, whose conquest she instantly made by her sweetness and dignity. “I am Mrs. Dillon,” she said, with a graceful bend.

“I could swear it,” said the Duchess; “I could swear it,” she repeated, and after a lengthened gaze, that was beginning to become embarrassing for the object of her admiration,

she turned to a lady companion, and said: "There is no exaggeration in it!" Then, advancing upon the wondering Mrs. Dillon, and taking her kindly by the hand, while she peered into her dove-like eyes, apologized for her apparent rudeness, and said: "I have been under an impression that I was the handsomest woman in Ireland, but have been told by persons not disposed to flatter that I was in error, for that Mrs. Dillon, in face and figure, far surpassed me. I find that I was wrong, and they right. You are, allow me to say, the most beautiful woman in the three kingdoms."

Nor was there anything extravagant in this compliment. Some years afterwards I saw Mrs. Dillon at her retired country-house, in the oddest quarter in which a country-house could be supposed to exist, a place called Roper's Rest,* and still remember the admiration her appearance created in me.

"Il faut céder à temps," says the well-known proverb. Enforcing the admonition it conveys, a French writer observes, that it is founded on a law of Nature, from acknowledgment of which no man can claim exemption. Bernardin de Saint Pierre thus expresses himself: "Jamais on n'a jeté l'ancre dans la fleuve de la vie: il emporte également celui qui lutte contre son cours, et celui qui s'y abandonne. *Tempori parendum.*"

The life led by the Duke of Rutland was too fast to last long. He was prematurely brought up. The first announcement that he was seriously indisposed, caused a sensation of grief in Dublin of which there had been no previous example. "Physicians were in vain." The Duke died on the 24th October, 1787, in the 33d year of his age.

His remains, borne with pomp and circumstance unparalleled in Ireland, were followed to the point of their embarkation for England by, it may be said, the whole of the nobility and gentry of the country, and certainly the entire population of the city of Dublin, accompanied by unanimous expressions of regret. I remember well the most prominent actor in this procession, for he was often subsequently pointed out to me.

* Roper's Rest was a species of lane in continuation of that classic spot, where some years since resided an exceedingly ugly and not highly polished brewer, hight Alderman Poole.

"And where do you live when you are at home, my Lord Mayor?" asked the Duke of Richmond, seated at Poole's right hand at the civic feast at the Mayoralty House, one 30th day of September. "In Black Pitts," replied his Lordship, "where there are more pigs than Protestants."

This was a soldier of a regiment of the Dublin garrison, called from his remarkable height (nearly eight feet), "Big Sam," who during many years afterwards performed the functions of porter at Carlton House.

The Duchess never re-married. I remember seeing her forty-three or forty-four years afterwards, in Hyde Park, London, bearing still a remnant of her former beauty.



CHAPTER LXXVII.

"Clubs! Clubs! Clubs!"

Quentin Durward.

BE not alarmed, reader. I propose not to inflict upon you, at this late hour, references to the Parisian "clubs" of the first French Revolution, nor my reminiscences of those of 1848, which were equally turbulent and noisy, although less sanguinary, nor notices of (their antipodes) "White's," or "Boodle's," or "Brookes's," or even of "the *Dandy*" Club of London, although Irishmen have figured in each and all of them. There might be found in Ireland much of club anecdote, as there is still extant something of club law, but I shall confine myself to a few words respecting three only of those *cercles*, beginning, somewhat oddly, with the middle one of them in point of date.

To the race or class of men with whom the Duke of Rutland had spent the last two or three years of his life, succeeded another less disorderly, although, as has been seen, yielding not in their bacchanalian exploits to their predecessors. They assumed the self-accusing denomination of "Cherokees." They were, generally speaking, young men of rank, and were remarkable for the personal appearance of the majority of their body, among whom were many of the handsomest and finest men in Europe. Of these several became afterwards well known in London, viz. the Mathews (Lord Llandaff and his brother, General Montague Mathew), the Butlers (Walter and James, first and second Marquesses of Ormond), Lord Cole (the late Earl of Enniskillen), Sir Henry Parnell, Sir Wheeler Cuffe, &c. The handsome dashing Cherokees rivalled in fact in

personal appearance the distinguished descendants of Irishmen on the Continent, and who flourished at the same period—the O'Donnells of Spain and Austria, and the Walls and Dillons of France.

The costume of the Cherokees was not exactly that of the tribe whose name they assumed. It was on the contrary rich and recherché, as became men whose pretensions were ultra-aristocratic. In my day, in Ireland, the Cherokee Club dress-coat of William Palmer (son of the beauty Lady Palmer, and father of the present baronet) was still preserved. It was of dark brown cloth, lined with pink satin.

The handsomest member of the Cherokees was perhaps Walter, Earl of Ormond; but the Mathews, upwards of six feet high respectively, were finer men. Lord Cole was equally tall, but clumsier made. There must still exist in London and Dublin the recollection of Lord Mathew (the late Earl Llandaff) and General Montague Mathew. Even in St. James's Street every person they passed stopped to look at and admire them. If there were a difference of opinion respecting their personal claims to admiration between the brothers, Montague had the advantage. The Lord wore an air of haughtiness which never appeared in the princely, manly, frank Montague ("Mounty" was the pet name by which he was known):—*hauteur* was neither requisite to nor would be natural in him.

The dress of the Mathews was, and remained nearly to the day of their deaths, as striking and singular as their personal qualities. It was that, in fact, of the year 1792, when the Lord was in his twenty-fourth, and Mounty in his twentieth year. It is still familiar to all who have knowledge of portraits of that monstrous coxcomb, Robespierre, consisting of a blue or green coat, made full, with large folding collar, double-breasted white waistcoat, and nankeen shorts or tights, with silk stockings, (which latter their contemporary Robespierre always covered with top-boots), their linen trimmed, including a copious *jabot*, or frill. Their hair was powdered, flowing over their shoulders, but confined carelessly, as it were, near the ends with ribbon.

Should this sketch convey an idea that the Mathews (or indeed the Cherokees generally) were effeminate, it would be a vast error. Two braver men never stepped than the Mathews. Of the two, the Lord was however the more pugnacious. Within these forty years he proposed Mounty as

a candidate for admission into the Kildare Street Club, Dublin, but he was rejected. Eighty-five blackballs registered the political rancour of the club, which was eminently Tory; amongst whom, nevertheless, the sons of three Roman Catholic brewers (Conolly, Farrell, and Moore) figured; but they had been admitted because they had no fixed political principles, and to give to the club an apparent claim to a character for liberality on the score of station and religion.

When the numbers were declared, the great room of the club was full. Lord Mathew (or rather Llandaff, for his father was now dead), closed the door, and put his back to it. He then said, in a low voice: "There are eighty-five — rascals in this room."

"Llandaff! Llandaff! recall those words," cried several of his friends.

"No, I will not. I say again there are eighty-five — scoundrels in this room."

"Surely, my Lord, you will allow men to exercise their right?"

"Certainly I will; but I repeat my words—there are eighty-five — scoundrels in this room, for every man it contains pledged himself to me to vote for my brother's admission."

The effect of this statement may be conceived. The haughty, indignant, and now supercilious Earl, after a pause, proceeded, amid breathless attention:—

"Montague Mathew is the only man in Ireland for whom I could not succeed in procuring admission into this club. Who among you is better entitled to the distinction, if it were one, than Montague Mathew? Which of you is of a nobler family, or more illustrious descent? Who among you is more Irish, or rather more patriotic in principle and conduct than he? Bear in mind, every man of you, that I denounce eighty-five of those who hear me as scoundrels!"

He then threw open the door, and for the last time descended the staircase of the Kildare Street Club.

Poor Mounty! His last appearance in Dublin was as chairman of a preparatory meeting of the subscribers to the banquet given to the poet Moore. This was in the year 1818. He referred to the state of his health, then evidently breaking down, as the reason why he could not have the pleasure of

being present at the *fête* at which presided Lord Charlemont. He died in the following year, 1819.

General Mathew sat in the House of Commons, as one of the members for Tipperary. He was the soul of good humour, and a model of elegant manners; but whenever an Irish question was under discussion, he appeared excited; and on such occasions his style of oratory was peculiar.

One night, in 1817, the treaty of Limerick was incidentally referred to in a petition for Catholic Emancipation. The General, who had been indulging the least in the world in "the royal pleasure," entered the House while Spring Rice was opening the debate. He caught the words "treaty of Limerick," and forgetting that "Aughrim" had not been pronounced, he interposed, and said: "Sir, that Luttrell sold the pass no man can deny; but *we* lost the battle through the bad talents of *our* generals."

Accustomed as the House was to laugh at Mountry's jokes,* there was no merriment expressed after this brief interruption, for it would have sounded as ironical. Neither was any fault found with his identification of himself with the vanquished Jacobites.

The Cherokees were the Dandies of their period, without the affected impertinence of the latter club, suggested by their extraordinary and inordinately foppish chief, Brummel. They were, for it was the fashion of their day, more riotous and more duellist, but possibly not more courageous or manly, than the Dandies. Foppery is not unfrequently accompanied by intrepidity.†

* Perhaps there may exist some persons unacquainted with General Mathew's *chef-d'œuvre*. I will therefore venture to record it here.

There was, in his time, in the House of Commons, a highly-respected gentleman, Mr. Mathew Montague, father of the present Lord Rokeby. Montague Mathew's person I have already described. Mathew Montague's was the most diminutive and least striking of the six hundred and fifty-eight. It happened that one night Mountry had inscribed his name in the Speaker's list, having a petition or other matter to submit to the House. When his turn came, the Speaker confounding names called upon Mr. Montague. Mountry remonstrated. The Speaker admitted his error, but pleaded in excuse the similarity of the names—"Montague Mathew," and "Mathew Montague," said Mountry. "You call that a similarity! "Why, sir, there is as much difference between the honourable member and me, as between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse."

† There is a story told of a young officer of the Guards, whose right leg was amputated at Waterloo. The operation over, he called for the severed limb. "That's it," said the dying youth with a smile. "That was the most admired leg at Almack's last season."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Handsome is, who handsome does.

Old Saying.

ENGLAND (perhaps the fact was universal) produced about the same period some remarkably fine men, of whom the Prince of Wales, and several of the royal dukes, stood foremost. A step lower in the social scale were seen young men, very tall, and distinguished in more than one respect, whose appearance must still live in the memory of many of the present generation, and three of whom made, each in his way, immense sensation in the world afterwards. These were Lord Paget (the present Marquis of Anglesey), Lord Thanet, and Sir Francis Burdett. The former, in 1790, was in his twenty-second year; the latter in his twentieth. Strangely enough, each, eight years subsequently, distinguished himself by friendly feeling for an Irishman, some sixteen or eighteen years their senior, himself also a remarkably handsome man—Arthur O'Connor. This disposition was evinced for him not merely in society, in the very first circle of which he moved, but in his hour of proscription, incarceration, and peril. The part performed by Lord Thanet and Sir Francis, at Maidstone, in May, 1798, during and after the trial of O'Connor, Quigley, Allen, Binns, and Leary, is well known; but very few are aware of the following fact, communicated to me by General O'Connor in Paris in 1822.

After the arrest of O'Connor and his friends, at Ramsgate, all of whom survive him except one ("the poor fellow who was hanged at Maidstone," as Sir Francis Burdett, with tears in his eyes, said to me, speaking of them thirty years afterwards), the party were sent prisoners to London. They halted, however, for the night at Canterbury, for travelling was yet slow at that period. They had not yet turned in, but were assembled in the great parlour of the inn, objects of curiosity and of occasional vituperation for half the residents of the town, when suddenly a trampling of horses and considerable bustle were heard without. The Bow Street officers looked to

their prisoners, whose attention was directed to the door of the room opening on the hall. Presently was seen entering (in, I think, his Light Dragoon uniform) the finest man in England, Henry Lord Paget. His air was serious, but he walked quickly up to the principal prisoner, and said: "Mr. O'Connor, I regret exceedingly to see you in your present circumstances. You know that our political opinions are decidedly opposed. You may be, and are, I trust, innocent of the charges which are said to have led to your being in your present painful position; but that has nothing to do with the object of my visit, which is to tender to you frankly, freely, and unreservedly, any assistance which by person, family, or connexion, or (pray excuse the freedom) purse, I have the power to render you."

He then shook O'Connor warmly by the hand, and pulling out a purse of gold, pressed it on him.

The money was declined,* but with expressions of sincere acknowledgment from O'Connor, who was deeply affected, of admiration from his fellow-prisoners, and of undissembled indications of respect from the mere spectators of the scene.

The Cherokees are extinct. There is little good to record respecting them, I believe; but the worst with which their memory can be reproached, are exclusiveness, foppery, dissipation, and fast living. The subject is rather barren. Its only claim to be remembered is, that it was a feature of the closing part of the last century, or rather of the closing part of my reminiscences of it, terminating about 1792. It may not be uninteresting to observe the effect of the progress which the Cherokee Club exhibited, in comparison with its predecessor in notoriety and, it may be said, in profligacy in Ireland, the Hellfire Club. The improvement was immense.

The Peerage shows that the title of Santry (Barry, Baron Santry) was forfeited in 1739. Respecting the possessor of the title at that period, there exist in Dublin, no doubt, more accurate and ample particulars than my memory supplies, and which would be acceptable as illustrative of the manners of the aristocratic youth of that remote day. I remember being told that the last Lord Santry was a member of the club with the horrible title just mentioned (the Hellfire Club), and which was distinguished for its disgraceful orgies, licentiousness, brutalities, and violence—in short, for

* O'Connor had with him at the moment of his arrest a very large sum of money in gold—which was seized by his captors.

“All that the devil would do if run stark mad;”

and to an excess and an extent incredible, if we did not recollect that Ireland was a conquered country, still under the heel of the foreign conqueror, who was still drunk with his victory, and still gorged with the spoils and plunder of his brave but outnumbered antagonist.

Among other feats achieved by certain members of this club in a tavern, situate in Saul's Court, Fishamble Street, was the seizure of a sedan-chairman, a class of honest, hard-working poor men, then politely denominated “Christian ponies;” of which, I believe, not one pair now remains for specimen. Securing him, they threw back his head, and poured brandy down his throat until the poor fellow could no longer swallow. Keeping his head in a position which admitted of his mouth being filled to overflow, they added sufficient for that purpose, and then set fire to it! The man died.

For this crime the leader of the party, Lord Santry, was brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to death. It will be easily believed that interest was not spared to save him from the fate which he so richly merited. This, with much difficulty, succeeded: he was, however, obliged to quit the British dominions, and died at Calais—like another titled miscreant (Lord George Gordon), some forty or fifty years afterwards—

—— a circumcised dog.

His title was declared forfeited; and so loud was the outcry raised by his crime, that the government was only with difficulty induced to spare his life. The deciding argument in his favour, according to tradition (surely it may be questioned), was a threat of his maternal uncle, Sir Compton Donville, of Temple Oge, to deprive the city of Dublin of water, the supply of which was his property, and to whom the estate of Lord Santry passed.

I have just observed that contemporary with the appearance at home of numerous Irishmen remarkable for their personal appearance, several descendants of Irishmen were similarly distinguished in France, Spain, and Austria: among others, the Walls and Dillons in France, and the O'Donnells in Spain and Austria; the two latter countries being those in which Irish valour was ever best rewarded.

I know not whether the O'Donnells, who attained fortune

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impression in my devious path. I can scarcely hope that I shall have pleased everybody, but I have sought with solicitude to avoid giving offence to any.

On commencing this record of my reminiscences I had a double object in view—the preservation of facts, expressions, incidents, and characters, illustrative of the period during which Ireland suffered most oppression, and Irishmen successfully laboured abroad to sustain the reputation for bravery and talent raised by their predecessors in the two preceding centuries. I also hoped that, should my recollections obtain any portion of public favour, other persons more competent and better informed would be tempted to follow my example and reply to the calumnies and vituperation with which even yet “the Irish” are assailed, by showing from their note book or their memory, what the Irishman really is in times of difficulty and danger—of suffering and of triumph—

“When sadly thinking”

at one moment; at others,

“Quaffing, laughing,
At past dangers scoffing;”

in the camp, in the fight, and

“I’th’ imminent deadly breach.”

Now

“Marching over Egypt’s tented plain,
Or braving foes on India’s distant shore;”

and anon,

“In the bower and the hall,”

at the tribunal, in the Senate, on the stage, on the scaffold.

In 1690 Ireland was, as now (1852), suffering from an emigration which threatened to depopulate the country. She was then—as in a hundred years afterwards, and now sixty years still later, divided into parties—Saxon and Celt. Catholicism was, alike in 1692, 1792, and 1852, decried and sought to be eradicated. The only difference is that in the two former periods proselytism was (but with marvellous unsuccess) sought to be achieved by penal enactments, and the whole power of the state; whereas, at present it is through the aids supplied by pestilence and famine, and the agency of volunteer zealots or enthusiasts. Secret conspiracies, occult projects

of separation from England through revolt, marked and mark the three periods, bringing ruin upon the parties engaged in them, and all but irreparable injury to their native land. Another specialty stamped the three epochs. The newspapers of the day vied with each other in invective towards Ireland and the Irish. Dissension and party spirit, religious and political, everywhere throughout the island, separated its population, producing rancour, hatred, and antagonism.

If these things still obtain, *à qui la faute?* In what variety of system have not those who would be governors of Ireland indulged?

“Through what new scenes and changes have we passed!”

During a century the religion of the great majority of the Irish was deemed the obstacle to absolute British rule in Ireland, and was, consequently, and with a constancy and zeal worthy a better cause, persecuted. At nearly the end of that period, however, the descendants of those by whom Ireland had been subjugated, and the Catholics oppressed, and many of whom still enjoyed the spoils of the conquered, became more Irish than the Irish themselves, and forming themselves into an armed association—professedly for the defence and preservation of that fief of the British crown—tore from Great Britain, in the moment of her embarrassment and distress, her sovereignty over Ireland. The men who did this were not Catholics, but they reckoned, and securely, upon the concurrence of that body should physical force become necessary to attain their object. Fortunately for the British connexion, the men of 1782 limited their exaction to theoretic concessions. The separation of Ireland from England, at that day, were as facile, and would have been as bloodless as the mere declaration of her independence.

All that they had asked for was granted with apparent good-will and good faith, but with (it is asserted and believed) an *arrière pensée*.

Relieved of the burden of a transatlantic war which had required all her strength, and which had seriously compromised her resources, Great Britain, at the period where I break off, begins to recover her force, and to reconsider her home policy. She is believed to have perceived that if she would preserve her European rank, she must assume to herself the entire possession and the control of Ireland, which had, in all but name, thrown off her authority. The consequence of this alleged

impression was, it would seem, a resolution to reconquer her ascendancy.

In this determination she was confirmed, and not feebly aided, by the indiscretion of the very party who had coerced her into acquiescences not immediately incompatible with her safety, certainly, but, from their tendency to encourage further and more formidable encroachments, capable of producing a crisis, the issue of which might by possibility be fatal for her. Already had there been a commencement of the execution of her project to recall all that she had granted. The seeds of dissension were extensively sown by her in the quarter to which principally was due her momentary panic, and were carefully fostered in their development, and had already begun to blossom, and even to produce fruit. Already, through the operation of alarm adroitly suggested, had the government succeeded in detaching from the ranks of the Independents many pretended, lukewarm, or timid adherents, including individuals of the highest class, when the French Revolution came and furnished to her a new motive, or rather a new reason for prompt action, and her antagonists with temptations to demonstrations and imprudences invaluable for her and fatal for them.

Independently of participation in the panic produced among the crowned heads of Europe by the wild cry of "liberty" in France, the British Government was admonished of the resistance and struggle preparing for it in Ireland, by a monstrously impolitic proposition of Hamilton Rowan to change the title of the "Volunteers" to that of "National Guards!" Thus forewarned, that government resolutely grappled with its adversaries the champions of Irish independence, and commanded and effected the dissolution of that body.*

Thenceforward it was, between the British Government and the Irish party—war to the knife. How it was waged, its incidents, and result—the extinction of Irish independence—history records.

Contemporary with the dissolution of the Irish Volunteers,

* Although then in little more than infancy, I preserve a lively recollection of the sensation the dissolution of the Volunteers produced in Dublin, which sixty years subsequently, that is, within a week of my inditing this passage, has been recalled to my memory by the description given to me on the spot by a tearful eye-witness of the leave-taking of the eagles and the Imperial Guard by Napoleon in the Cour de Cheval at Fontainebleau. The Volunteers had on many accounts become the idols of the population.

the Irish Brigade was engaged in its final campaign and burning its last cartridge in Belgium.

At the same period the Defenders were becoming daring, and the United Irishmen had nearly organized their system. The first had scarcely a definite object. The second contemplated a national effort, and not a desultory, fugitive, and fruitless expenditure of strength in isolated nightly attacks upon houses and persons for the mere acquisition of fire-arms. Such, in a word, was the situation of Ireland at the close of a century from the expulsion of the Stuarts.

Of the subsequent periods of Ireland's history, the progress of the Conspiracy of the United Irishmen, and its absorption of the Defenders; the Rebellion; the Invasion, the Union, the Insurrection, absenteeism, the gradual and ultimately galloping decay of landed proprietors; the astounding increase of the population, and its present decrease through the operation of expulsion, pestilence, famine, and flight; these several phases in the history of Ireland have, I say, been chronicled and become familiar with every reading man of the present generation.



CHAPTER LXXX.

Les hommes n'ayant pu guérir la mort, la misère, l'ignorance, se sont avisés, pour se rendre heureux, de ne point y penser: c'est tout ce qu'ils ont pu inventer pour se consoler de tant de maux.

PASCAL.

FOLLOWING humbly the example of an old and respected friend, Francis Plowden the historian, I would fain add here that which, in strictness, should be preliminary. Dealing with Irish matters, Mr. Plowden caught, probably, the (at least imputed) practice described in homely terms as "putting the cart before the horse," and subjoined to his History of Ireland that which he termed a

POSTLIMINOUS PREFACE;

and—lawyer though he were—summed up with his exordium instead of peroration.

Although it will be produced anonymously, I feel some

anxiety for the fate of this volume. Of criticism I have little apprehension, for on my facts only rest my hopes of their success. Many of these are already known; but I believed that, were they grouped and put together, their effect might be enhanced, and they might become for my purpose useful. In whatever way it has been carried out, my project was, as I have already said, to present the Irishman of the last century—his condition, qualities, and disposition; and, in endeavouring to attain that object, I thought that, having generalized, exemplification would be more available than argument.

To illustrate the nature and the pressure of the penal laws—that grievance *par excellence* of Ireland in the last century—I have given some well-known anecdotes, with the addition of others drawn from veritable sources peculiarly my own; namely, the private history of two families—the Balfes and the Geoghegans, with which families I am connected—with the first by blood, with the second *par alliance*—and of whose traditions, consequently, I have intimate knowledge.

The courage and gallantry of the Irish soldier require no evidence from me to place it in the very first rank. If, therefore, I have referred to the O'Briens, Dillons, O'Morans, O'Reillys, O'Donnells, Nugents, Jennings, &c., it was because of the prominent places they occupied—their individual qualities, and of other interests attached to their deeds, names, and persons, and to demonstrate the impolicy of those enactments—now, happily, repealed—and which deprived their country of their talents and their services. Had it been otherwise, I might have cited the Wellesleys, the Ponsonbys, the Hutchinsons, the Goughs, the Beresfords, &c., of our own time.

Yes; to that cruel code are ascribable all the imperfections, all the faults, and (if he have any) all the vices of the Irishman of the last century. I challenge the entire host of his enemies to disprove this fact.

To the Irishman I have heard ascribed thoughtlessness, heedlessness, and habitual levity.* “Can these,” I may be asked,

* In like manner, it is the fashion to call the Irish lazy and incapable of constancy and lasting application. Now mark how plain a tale shall set those down who make such charge.

In a conversation one day, some thirty years since, with the proprietor of a London Morning Newspaper of eminence, he said—“Your countrymen have wonderful industry. The greater part of our hard work in London is

“be traced to his political position?” Yes—a thousand times, yes! So at least argued a dear friend, now no more, whose opinion, singular though it be, I implicitly accept.

“Reflection is an excellent thing,” said he, “for a sane, safe man, well to do in the world. It saves him from many inconveniences—perhaps crimes—suicide, for example. Reflection, which would deter a man of well-constituted mind from suicide, would drive the victim of misfortune, persecution, and injustice to its perpetration. Centuries of grinding oppression, of compelled submission, and of demoralizing poverty, in the presence of his alienated possessions and of the dissipation of wealth that should be his, engendered indignation, impatience, and regrets in the Irish heart; and which have been transmitted from father to son, indisposing him for sober contemplation and reflection, and driving him to abstraction and intoxication, if he would avoid insanity or deeds of dire revenge. Hence—I am inclined to contend—the habitual levity on which ignorant, conceited, hostile hypocrites of the present day dilate. I state not this as an apology for trifling or want of reflection—*entendez-vous*—but merely to account for them in an Irishman; repeating that they are the produce of two hundred years of suffering, and of two hundred years of efforts to withdraw the mind from its contemplation.”

Some fifty years since, there emigrated from Dublin to the United States a Roman Catholic clergyman of talent and the utmost respectability, the Reverend Marcus Barrett, of whose interesting conversation I have a perfect recollection. One day, after dinner, the young people got up a little dance, which they opened with “Shawn Bevee.” When it was over, Mr. Barrett, who was present, was observed to be absorbed in meditation. On being asked the reason, he said: “The lively tune just played suggests to me a grave reflection. The Scotch have taken it from us to adapt it to their beautiful Jacobite

performed by them. The vast majority of our coal-whippers, bricklayers, labourers, and newspaper reporters are Irishmen.”

The association was odd *per se*—but stranger still from the fact that at that moment I was myself a Parliamentary Reporter, though not connected with his journal. His evidence fully proves the inaccuracy of the charge of idleness or laziness, brought against my countrymen, however whimsically conveyed. I shall only add that he who so expressed himself was a most kind-hearted man, incapable of rudeness or discourtesy. He only supported his theory or proposition that the Irish are industrious, without any intention to be uncivil.

song, 'Over the Water to Charley.'* Of that I do not complain, for we are scions of the same stock. It is the construction of the air of which I have been thinking. The music of Ireland is the music of a heart-broken people. It is a collection of sighs; and yet—strange inconsistency!—it is susceptible of instantaneous change from the grave to the gay. By merely accelerating its measure, the dirge supplies the melody for the 'Chanson à boire.' ”

This, everybody knows, is literally true. Does Father Barrett's character of her Muse apply also to the children of Erin? Does versatility equally belong to both, with this difference, that in the one it is an admirable quality, and in the other deemed an indication of disease? "The Irishman is," they say, "inconsistent, inconsecutive, inconstant." Be it so; but, instead of those qualities meriting the character of "an entailed curse," as I have heard them unkindly and inconsiderately termed, have they not had their origin in a bountiful dispensation of Divine Providence, which endowed the sufferer with the power to abstract his mind from the *triste* and *sombre* contemplation of a "prostrate country," a plundered, destitute family, and a persecuted faith?

Times are altered, however, and we shall change with them.

* A more remarkable instance of the kind, is the adaptation of "*John Anderson my Joe*" to the air of our jovial bacchanalian song, the *Crooskeen Lawn*.

THE END.

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