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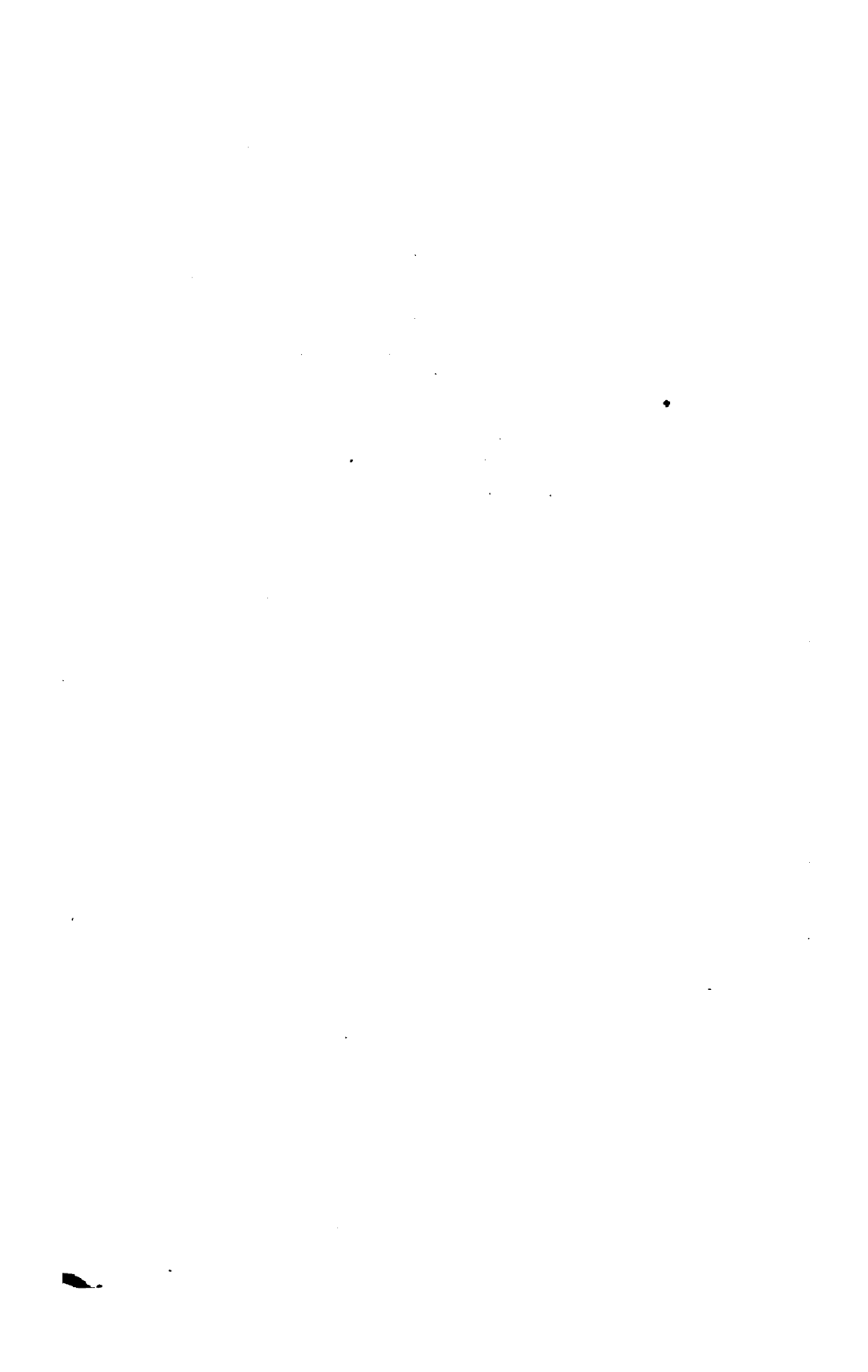


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THE LAST COLONEL
OF
THE IRISH BRIGADE

COUNT O'CONNELL

AND

OLD IRISH LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD

1745-1833

BY

MRS. MORGAN JOHN O'CONNELL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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2 *The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade.*

—(Paris, January, 1784) Count O'Connell to Hunting Cap—Chevalier O'Mahony—Mrs. Burke—Colonel Tom FitzMaurice—Rates of exchange—Little Maurice of Tarmons—Young Sullivan of Couliagh—"Cousin Murty" loses his wife—"My new German family"—Mr. Stoughton—(Paris, March, 1784) to same—Mr. Houlahan, of Cadiz—Irish-French soldiers of the future—Murty O'Connell and his little daughter—Aristocratic charity—The Abbé Griffin—(Paris, April, 1784) to same—Colonel FitzMaurice expected—Capture of Statis by France—Eugene McCarthy—He will join the German Legion in June—(Schlestatt, July, 1784) to same—Little Maurice's College—And his affairs—Doctor FitzGibbon—Tom FitzMaurice arrived at Bourdeaux—He is considered a most deserving officer—Abbé Moriarty's nephew—Proposals of marriage—Anti-matrimonial advice—(Paris, November, 1784) to Hunting Cap—Boys—Maurice declines the Church (afterwards Governor of New South Wales)—Dr. Connell's burses—Colonel Tom FitzMaurice and his sister Burke—Chevalier de Fitz-James—Nephew Sullivan—"Brother Bachelor"—Education under difficulties—Priests—Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Kerry—(Paris, March, 1785)—Mr. Eager, of Killarney—Kerry men abroad—Future Sir Maurice O'Connell, of Australia—"Nephew Eugene"—Captain Rickard—Young Barry of Killarney—Dutch Service—"My old friend Maillebois"—Politics in France—(Paris, May, 1785) to Hunting Cap—Colonel James Conway—Dr. Tim Connell's burses—Going to his regiment—Tom FitzMaurice—No war—Loyalty of the French—Rickard and Eugene in Holland—Interesting correspondence about Irish burses in Paris—(Paris, June, 1786) to Hunting Cap—Going to join the regiment—Nothing new—"Cousin Murty O'Connell from Germany"—Irish cousins abroad—Mr. O'Leary, of Ultonia Regiment—Other people's money affairs—The count's horror of gambling—"Little Johnny Burke"—(Bergues, July, 1786) Robin Conway to Hunting Cap—Johnny Burke arrived from Cork—Six days' voyage—Conway's eldest son in "Berwick's"—A bold boy—General Conway—(Paris, November, 1786)—Mr. Eager—The count grumbles—Ague—Death of old Colonel James Conway—The Prince of Nassau—Note from Charles Lacretelle's "Histoire de France"—Burke's "Commoners" on Count O'Connell—Infantry tactics—Grant's "Cavaliers of Fortune"—Four generals and one colonel to report—The colonel (O'Connell) draws up a system of regimental economy—(Paris, October, 1787) writes to Hunting Cap—Expectation of war with England—No war—Changes in the Ministry—Death of poor Matthew Conway—O'Connell intends to ask permission to go to the Austrian or Russian Army—His old companion, the Prince of Nassau, invites him to join the Russian Army.

THE year 1783 is a year of pomps and vanities. Pedigree-hunting takes up most of the letters. My hero's are only preserved from and after April. The April letter does not give where or how he is to be addressed, but the May letter, in

care of his trusted friend, Count de Vaudreuil, is to be addressed to Count O'Connell; consequently this distinction had been conferred on him some time shortly after the famous siege of Gibraltar. Exactly when he received this title I cannot discover, as mere titles, not being military grades, are not entered in army lists, and do not figure in "états de service." An untitled colonel was not to be thought of, but these personal non-territorial titles were not matters of much consequence—no more, in fact, than a knighthood conferred on a modern British general. Count O'Connell, who had never had a son, was, curiously enough, permitted later on, during the Restoration, to transmit his title to his godson, the son of a step-daughter. Daniel Charles d'Etchegoyen-O'Connell assumed the name and arms of O'Connell, though he was only left Count O'Connell's library, military trappings, and maps, and about £400 as a souvenir, as young Daniel d'Etchegoyen-O'Connell was a rich man from his own sources. The count had to undergo a double process of naturalization—under the Restoration and under Louis Philippe. It would appear that this was needed concerning this transfer. The Marquise de Sers, his step-great-granddaughter, says that he was a peer, "paire de France," and that these representative rights were transmitted to her uncle, long dead without issue. Probably the "pairie" was a creation of the Restoration. I have not been able to find any of his brevets, and can only trace the successive steps of his career through letters and law papers. The address he gives at the foot of some letters is "Chevalier;" then comes "Comte;" later on his official signature is "General;" but to his brothers and companions he is "Daniel," and, indeed, sometimes "Dan."

He seems to have been utterly devoid of every sort of petty vanity. His title was a mere matter of course, like the knighting of an extra loyal Lord Mayor. The pedigree was a good deal more. M. Chérin's "Cabinet," where the herald sat among ancient parchments, besieged by colonels and courtiers with claims and proofs of ancient ancestry, was the real road to promotion. The herald's decision was the "Open, Sesame!" of the innermost halls of the Court of Versailles. For four long years was my hero kept waiting during M.

Chérin's examination of his pedigree. Then he trod the glittering halls, stood by the gold-laden card-tables, chatted in royal salons with his fine friends whom he had known in private—was at last free of Versailles. The gilded doors of kings' coaches opened to let him pass up their cumbrous steps. He had qualified to ask any place, to seek any high-born woman's hand; the cup of fortune was at his lips, and then came the Revolution. Kings and kings' coaches, fine places and fine ladies' dowries, vanished "like fairy gifts fading away." Had Hunting Cap paid down £300 immediately on his brother's first promotion, M. Chérin would have been earlier set in motion, and my hero might have reaped at least a few sheaves of a golden harvest. For the year 1788, wherein Colonel Daniel O'Connell first rode in the king's coach, and kissed the beautiful hand of Marie Antoinette, Ross O'Connell gives me the makings of an elaborate and exhaustive court chapter, and the fullest possible explanation of the uses and purposes of the famous pedigree. Some of these explanations and anecdotes were too interesting and voluminous to be squeezed into a chapter full of letters, and will be found in the Notes.

We see by Chevalier O'Mahony's letter of October, 1782, that Lieut.-Colonel Daniel O'Connell had been promoted over le beau Fersen's head, to be colonel commandant of the Royal Swedes, but no letter appears among the papers from the new-made colonel. He was only left a very short time in command of his original regiment, being replaced by Count Fersen. The King of Sweden had expressed a wish to have his own subject in command of his own regiment. Colonel O'Connell's full command of his old regiment lasted so short a time that his biographers seem to have ignored it, but Chevalier O'Mahony's letter is conclusive evidence. Even the Kerry contemporary paper does not seem to have known of it. After alluding to his services in the floating batteries, it says—

“Such conduct was not suffered to pass unrewarded.

“The Prince of Salm-Salm being promoted to the rank of major-general, Mr. O'Connell was honoured with the command of his regiment. On his return to France he was

caressed at court in the most flattering manner, and raised to the dignity of comte.

“ Mr. O'Connell is not only the elegant gentleman, but he is looked upon to be as a soldier the best scholar in France, and the most conversant with the European languages, and, what is still more extraordinary in a person conversant in the polite circles of Paris, he has never been known to play for a guinea.”

Here, I am sorry to say, the article terminates. It is signed and dated thus: “ F. M. C., Middle Temple, Jan. 12, 1785.”

My hero must have been transferred to the command of the Salm-Salm Regiment before April, 1783, as he gives it in his address. At the New Year of 1784 he says, in his letter of January 2, “ I am extremely pleased with my New German family, and I hope they are equally so with me.”

He had evidently announced his previous promotion. He must have been made “ mestre de camp,” a sort of brigadier-general, about the same time, and received the dignity of count. His only reference to either his military or civil dignity is at the foot of the letter of May, 1783. During the summer manœuvres he used to go away with the regiment, and usually left the address of some Paris friend, whose house remained open, and whose *maitre d'hôtel* would forward the letters. In May, 1783, he gives the address, “ À Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte O'Connell, Mestre de Camp, Commandant du Regiment de Salm-Salm, chez M. le Comte de Vaudreuil, en son Hôtel, Rue de Bourbon, à Paris.”

To go from a lieut.-colonel to a colonel commandant and inferior general in less than six months does rather justify le beau Fersen's sneering comments about “ celui qui avait servi dans le Régiment Royal Suédois qui à été tant protégé par le Comte d'Artois et les Polignacs et qui était resté ensuite dans la révolution s'étant fait faire maréchal de camp hors de rang et avant tout le monde.”

I had written and printed this statement when, on a bright May morning of 1891, Mr. Leyne's happy discovery of two more letters enabled me to give fuller information. In the letter of March 19, 1783, my hero, in brief and manly phrase, tells of his own success at court—as yet, however,

only in the outer circle officially, though doubtless he must have met lovely Marie Antoinette among her intimate friends, the Polignac set. We find him actually staying on a visit with the courtly and fastidious Vaudreuil, who remained his friend under such very different circumstances. This letter accounts for the great blanks in the letter-book. He had not ventured to write direct to his brother before, and this letter goes by a private hand, Mr. Henry McMahon undertaking to post it in Dublin.

Count O'Connell to Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane.

Paris, March 19th, 1783.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,—Since my return here from Spain various Circumstances have hindered me from writing to you ere now. I was desirous first to see what Reception I should meet with here on being presented at Court,¹ in order to judge what I may expect hereafter from the Favour and approbation expressed for my conduct at the siege of Gibraltar. The marks of esteem and Goodness heaped upon me by the Royal family in general, but more particularly by His Royal Highness Count d'Artois, under whose eyes I had the honour to serve during some Part of that expedition, open to me a very promising Prospect for future times, and qualify me to expect a Genteel share of Court honours, if I can prove myself entitled to enjoy them by Birth. The first Advantage I should reap wou'd most probably be the honour of being attached to that Prince's person—an Honour much esteem'd and sought for in this Country, and which, besides a yearly consideration of £200 Steg. to my fortune, wo^d probably lead me to a very advantageous Marriage, and entitle me to look up to the first military Honours hereafter, which otherwise are hardly to be attained to. From such Powerful motives you'll easily judge, my D^r Brother, of what importance it is for me, and still more, perhaps, for the young Growing members of our ffamily. To procure the necessary materials for that purpose, I send Cousin Rick O'Connell, of the County Clare, by this hand a clear instruction for the Searches he is to make for that end, and the Method of making out a body of proofs Founded on acts and old deeds, marriage Settlements, grants, confiscations, etc. These instructions he will Communicate to you, and I need not reccommend to you to lend him every Assistance in your

¹ He was merely presented to the King. He did not get the private *entrée* until 1788.

Power. I further request you'll advance him any sum of money he shall call for, which you may rely on't I shall Punctually and faithfully pay you or your orders on Demand. I am so well Satisfied of Rick's nicety and delicacy that I am well assured he will proceed with all possible oeconomy, but such is the importance of the affair that my Desire is some money more or less should not impede Procuring any papers which may be deemed useful on the Subject. I join herewith a letter from an Abbé MacCarthy of my acquaintance to a Mr. Foulue, of Tralee, his friend, who is possess'd of the Munster Book, and well versed in the ancient Genealogy of Munster, and Kerry in perticular. This gentleman may only be able to give some éclaircissement on the Matter, and perhaps put you on the way of finding some old acts relative to the same. You'll find in the Munster Book our Genealogy as far down as King James the 2nd. In Short, my D^r Brother, you'll, I am Sure, do the needful, and by no means omit procuring the Certificate or attestation I already applied to you for. I shall say no more on the Subject, but just assure you that my Fortune entirely depends on't. I've been so happy to acquire friends of the Greatest credit at Court. I lodge at the house of one of them, who is my bosom Friend, and who persecutes me to qualify myself for fortune. You'll find herewith enclosed a letter from M^r Daniel Huolahan, of Cadiz, relatively to the affair of Giles Sullivan, which you recommended to my care. You have only to go through the formality he requires and Send me the papers. I shall take care to forward them, and the poor gentlemen in Ireland shall receive the Amount of what's left them. I saw the will, and more do assure you M^r Huolahan is a man of strict honour and Principle. I recrd from him the greatest attention at Cadiz. I shall part from here about the end of May next for Schelestat, where my regi^{mt} lies. Underneath is my address. Farewell, Dearest Brother. My Love and Duty to my Dear Mother, Sister, etc.,

Believe me during life your fond brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

My wounds are perfectly cured, and I feel no sort of infirmity from them. My address is as follows:—

À Monsieur, Monsieur Le Comte O'Connell, Colonel Commandant du Regim^t de Salm-Salm, chez Monsieur Le Comte de Vaudreuil, grand fauconnier de France, En son Hôtel, rue de Bourbon, à Paris.

The instructions I send will be found at the house of M^r Henry MacMahon, Notary Publick, at Limerick. He is the bearer of this packet, which he will drop at the Post Office in Dublin.

The grade of *maréchal de camp*, corresponding to brigadier-general, was conferred much later, after hard office work on the committee of military regulations, but the early promotion and favour of the Polignac people is true. It is impossible to read Count de Vaudreuil's correspondence without forming the opinion that the Duke and Duchess of Polignac were people of high character and principle, notwithstanding his sighing and dying for the charming lady. Once when her own mansion was not ready to receive her, he had lent her this very hotel in the Rue Bourbon for her confinement, and here she had received the remarkable honour to a subject of long visits to her bedside from the Queen and King, to whose children she was *gouvernante*. To be taken up by Vaudreuil meant that my hero had achieved very considerable and valuable social distinction, even though the ponderous doors of royal coaches had not yet opened to receive him, nor could they without the attested pedigree. What puzzles me is that he and his friend Mahony were presented on the same occasion. Now, Mahony not only had a pedigree at hand long before, but "le brave O'Mahony" had been made a *grandee* of Spain early in the century, which required tremendous proving of quarterings, and the Mahonys had retained their tribal existence far longer than the O'Connells, and were a much more powerful clan. Besides, in 1763 the chevalier had procured his attested sixteen quarterings, probably to enable him to become a Knight of Malta. In the series of letters relating to the narrow escape of the Kerry kinsmen in 1782, the pedigree figures too. Not, however, in the shape of O'Gorman's magnificent and somewhat mendacious document, but some sort of home-made article, with a certificate as to the ancient respectability of the family. Mr. Francis Spotswood had it lying in his office, waiting for peers and members to come to town, and then we find it down in Limerick, at Mr. McMahan's house. It was several years before my hero discovered that a considerable number of the progenitors the Chevalier O'Gorman had bestowed on him were apocryphal, and he therefore used the genealogy in all good faith.

Where they do not concern the famous pedigree, the letters

of 1788 largely concern other folks. He speaks of two letters he has written since his return from Spain, and these last epistles must contain the account of his adventures and promotions. The pedigree, Irish burses, other folks' small boys in France, and aged relatives abroad and impoverished ones at home fill up the pages of those we have. Mr. James Rice's flowery descriptions of the count's social successes and the Chevalier O'Gorman's "blarney," following my hero's manly and sensible vindication of his presumption in differing from his wise elder brother, break the mass of monotonous details about the small boys, old colonels, and widows.

The dear old Chevalier Fagan comes to the front, and when rich Hunting Cap refuses the loan for the pedigree, he from his slender half-pay purse produces the hard cash necessary to set the Chevalier O'Gorman and Ulster King-at-Arms at work. At every point of my hero's career this dear old bachelor is ready with sympathy and help. He must have been a proud man when he saw the lad whose career he first influenced a "mestre de camp" in command of a splendid regiment, just twenty years after he wrote home the prophetic epistle about the uncommon promise of the cadet of the last campaign in the Seven Years' War.

Paris, April the 16th, 1783.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,—I wrote you two letters on my return from Spain. I hope they will or are already come to hand, and have removed your uneasiness for me. I shu'd have deferred this until the begining of next month, but Cousin James Conway, Jun^r., who means to gett over to this country, the only remaining boy of his Uncle Ned Conway, who still is in y^r quarter, requests I would entreat you to advance to his Mother for said young Gentleman the fifteen pounds stlg. in order to defray him to this country, which sum he will punctually refund me here on sight of the receipt which you'll please to send me in your next. I shall then remit you very punctually said 15 st^s as well as 12 guineas from Cousin Tom FitzMaurice for the use of his Sister Bourke, said 12 g^s being now in the hands of Chev^r Mahony. Let me know of any young relatives of our name in that country between 15 and 20 years of age, of a good figure, size, and bebehaviour, who wish to get into some of the Irish houses of our Order abroad.

I shall endeavour to place them on a recommendation from you. Little Maurice Jeffrey ¹ he is a most promising youth. He gives me the greatest satisfaction by his behaviour. I hope he will do well. The poor little creature never called to me for a shilling, tho' he much wanted some small supply which I lately sent him. I wish his Uncle Dan could spare him £6 or £8 a year for some little time. If he does not I must, of course; for I won't see him in want, had I no more in the world, while he behaves so perfectly as he does. I hope to push him hereafter in my line.

Farewell, Dearest Brother; no news here. I've very promising appearances of Success when I shall be qualified to demand anything, *i.e.* when my pedigree is authentically proved. On this I've sent you an ample instruction in my last. Once more farewell. My Love and Duty to my Mother and Sister, Affections to Brother Morgan and Sisters, and compliments to all friends.

Yours most fondly and sincerely,

D. O'CONNELL.

Pray, how old are Morgan's Sons? Are they stout and promising?

Paris, May the 15th, 1783.

DEAREST BROTHER,—Cousin Rick Connell, who just sets out for Ireland, will forward you my Letter. I very impatiently expect a Letter from you to answer to two or three I wrote y^e since my return to Paris.

Mr. O'Gorman is some Days since sett out from here for Ireland. This gentleman is a perfect Master of all Matters relating to our Irish Pedigrees. He has made out all those of the Irish who within some years past have been admitted and passed as Authentick in the Heralds' Office. Here he is the only man acquainted with those matters, and, indeed, able to go thoroughly thro' what is required here. I wished and requested at his Departure hence that he would make up and give it the necessary form for qualifying me in this Country for the Court favour which my present Situation entitles me to expect. He demanded for the expence and trouble the sum of £300 stg., part of which to be advanced him immediately in order to pay the Costs and Charges attending the Search to be made in various Offices and the Copies to be taken of the same. However heavy this charge must be on me, I notwithstanding am Resolved, from sense of the necessity of having my pedigree, to go through it, provided he will reduce his demand to £200 stg., in consequence of which resolution I

¹ *i.e.* Maurice, son of Jeffrey O'Connell and Bridget Segerson.

write to said gentleman by the present hand to let him know my final Determination on that subject, and as my immediate circumstances put out of my power to make any advance on the above-mentioned sum of £200 stg.: I do let him know that I write to you, Dear Brother, requesting you will, if possible, advance him on his receipt the sum of £100 stg., or less, if you can't advance so much. I oblige myself on my parole of honour to reimburse you your advances by the yearly sum of £50 stg., until the entire be paid off. This I can do without fail, otherwise I flatter me you're well assured I shu'd not promise it; therefore you run no other risk than that of my death, if it shu'd happen e'er the whole was refunded you, and as I am, thank God, in perfect health, I hope there's nothing to be apprehended that way. Now, my Dear Brother, believe me, vanity has not the smallest share in this step. My sole desire and aim is to qualify myself to push my own fortune and that of my family, whom I may hereafter bring over here, as far as it reasonably may be expected to go, in virtue of my Services, etc., if I may venture to say it, thro' some Military capacity.

You are not to judge of the opinion of other Nations from that of our country. Prudence and policy require us to conform even in indifferent Matters to the manners and customs of the Nation a man lives in, and much more so when a man's interest and fortune is concerned. I assure to you that the present step is of the Highest importance to me, and perhaps still more so to my family, who may probably see some members of them form a handsome Establishment here thro' this means. Pray wu'd it not be the height of folly to forego all future expectations for the sum of £200, when it can be afforded? Then pray let me know, as soon as possible, if you can Comply with my request, in order I may look elsewhere shu'd your circumstances not permit it. I say y^r circumstances, as being too sure of your friendship and of the rectitude of your Judgement to doubt of your answering my wishes on this point, If you can do no more on that subject.

I had a few days since a letter from Captain Maurice Kennedy, letting me know he had lent Mr. Jerry Falvey, of Faha, the sum of £15 stg. when he set out for Ireland, in order to defray his Journey and likewise to pay some pressing small debts he owed in the Colledge. . . . Pray tell Cousin Hugh I request he will not make a very honest gentleman a loser by what he lent him from the most Laudable sentiments. If not, I shall think myself in honour bound to pay him, as I was the person who brought over his son and was his guarantee. Farewell, my Dear Brother. Let me hear from you as soon

as possible. My address as below. My Love and Duty to my Mother, Sister Nancy, etc.

Yours during Life,

D. O'CONNELL.

A Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte O'Connell, Maréchal de Camp, Commandant du Régiment de Salm-Salm, chez M. le Comte de Vaudreuil, en son Hôtel Rue de Bourbon, à Paris.

Chevalier O'Gorman to Maurice O'Connell.

Dublin, the 20th of May, 1783.

SIR,—You must not be a Stranger to the military reputation that your brother has acquired since he has taken service in France, and more particularly since the commencement of the last War. That, together with his personal accomplishments, have procured him the special notice both of the Royal family, the Ministers, and of the Lords and Ladies of the Court of Versailles, which cannot fail of conducting him to a happy Establishment as soon as he shall be able to ascertain the qualifications necessary for that Establishment by proving himself to be a gentleman by birth and descent from the year 1400 down to this day.

A mere Genealogy from the Heralds' Office of Ireland is not a sufficient proof to qualify him for his presentation at Court and to his entrance into the King's coaches, a ceremony necessary for any Gentleman to figure at Court and to form an alliance with any family of distinction in that Kingdom. Two literal acts or deeds to each *descent, proving filiation, profession, and a noble maintenance*, are required in support of the genealogy. It is very difficult, I own, for an old Milesian to make out such proofs, but, by a Thorough Knowledge of the records and of the nature of such proofs as may suffice, together with the dint of money, it may be done. The friendship I bear your brother has engaged me to offer him my Service during the short stay I shall make in this Kingdom. But the money part is quite beyond my reach. It will require at least £800 stg. to make out this matter, a shilling of which does not enter into my pocket. Your brother has no resource at present to raise such a sum, except through your assistance. He will engage to pay it to you with interest, if you require, in six years at least. I am confident it would be superflous in me to Endeavour to stimulate your brotherly affection for a man that reflects so much honour upon his name and Country. I shall only add that if he misses the opportunity of my residence in this Kingdom, he will be never able to make out his point for any money whatsoever, and he shall loose thereby the great advantages that Fortune has opened to him. Where-

fore I request you'l loose no time in writing to me your Determination, as I do not know the hour or moment I may be recalled to France.

Your brother has sent over, sometime in March last, written by me to his Cousin, Mr. Rickard Connell, in the County of Clare, by a Mr. McMahan. Mr. McMahan is here, and tells me the Genealogy and memorial remain still at his house in Limerick, not as yet called for. I write by this post to the County of Clare to Mr. O'Connell to look up the papers and act the needful. I request of him likewise to let me know his motions, which must be quick. I shall in the mean time make a Search in all the records here, preparative to the favourable answer I expect from you.

I am, Sir, with great deference,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

LE CHEVR. O'GORMAN.

No. 6, Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin.

This letter of Chevalier O'Gorman's is enclosed in the following one:—

Mr. James Rice, franked "R. Bateman."

Dublin, 20th May, 1783.

DEAR SIR,—I had the pleasure of writing to you some months ago, in which I sent you a letter from Chev. Mahony, and from your silence since I was inclined to think a Correspondance wth one deemed a foreigner, and in War-time, may not be quite so agreeable; however, the late change in the times, and being under no suspicions of Disaffection or disloyalty, I make bold to write you now at the request of Mr. O'Gorman, lately arrived here, who, knowing my attachment and good wishes for your Brother, and my readiness to serve him as much as lies in my power; and he also knows I am well acquainted wth what must result in obtaining for him the different acts and attested copies of deeds out of different offices here in support of his Genealogy, w^{ch} Mr. O'Gorman mentions in the letter w^{ch} you will find enclosed.

My niece, the Countess of Waters, has, in almost every letter received from her since I am in Ireland, made mention of your Brother, the extraordinary notice taken of him at Court, his rapid and honourable promotion, wth a considerable augmentation of great and Powerful connexions w^{ch} must unavoidably lead him to further preferment and superior rank in life, with every Prospect to be at last attended with some happy advantageous marriage, w^{ch} is the usual additional proof great folks in that Country give of their professed friendships to a stranger of distinguished Merit when they

take him under their protection, and when they know he has not an Independent fortune sufficient to support that honour and rank to which they themselves have by their Interest and Influence contributed to raise him. But every Man acquainted with the Pride and Prejudices of that Nation in general well knows that Merit alone is not sufficient for a young man ambitious to rise there, unless supported by incontestable proofs of his being a Gentleman of noble and Ancient extraction for many generations; otherwise disdain and contempt would soon follow, and the Medal be reversed. A well-attested Genealogy, with the proofs mentioned by Mr. O'Gorman, cannot be obtained here but by heavy expence. It is a matter quite indifferent to us how they are got, provided they can be made out and Attested here in the manner and form required in that Country, and I can add, wth the greatest truth, that I know no man in this Kingdom who would understand the Matter, and so capable to Execute it, as Mr. O'Gorman; and if you are pleased to confide to me the management of it, with Mr. O'Gorman, I flatter myself to be able to get it done for £200, provided you write to me an ostensible letter telling me that your affairs at present will not admit of your advancing a greater Sum; and it will be also requisite that you send me, in the same ostensible letter, a bill on this City or on Corke, or a letter of Credit on either place, for the said sum.

I shall undertake and engage to Secure that Sum for you, if you require it, by Bond or Note from your Brother, payable Annually or at any reasonable fixed time w^{ch} you shall point out for the payment thereof, and w^{ch} y^e may depend. Your Brother has no right to Expect that any Letter from that side would have overtaken me here, or else he certainly would have written to me on the subject, because he knows that I am a Competent Judge of the matter, many affairs of this kind having passed thro' my hands on similar occasions, and particularly for our friends and relations the Conways, for I wrote to my family that I proposed being at that side early in the Month without fail. But behold, as I was ready to set off, I was and am still detained here by an unexpected proposal for an advantageous marriage for my Ward, Miss Hussey, w^{ch} is only delayed for a revival of the Gentleman's title Deeds, and the Incumbrances affecting the Estate are verified, w^{ch} I hope to see closed in the course of this Month; but, whether this Marriage takes place or not, or whether I shall go to Paris for ten days or not, I am resolved to be in Kerry, Please God, the 4th of August, in order to sell all the landed property in that County belonging to Mr. Patrick Hussey, and I believe I shall have a power to sell Dominick Rice's interest

in the lands at Valentia under the late Coun^r FitzGerald, of w^{ch} 8 Years only to run from 7^{ber} next, w^{ch} may perhaps suit your convenience to purchase, in w^{ch} case ye may depend on a preference. You will please for me without much delay at Mr. John Roche's, Dublin, and you can write to me your thoughts on the Affair in question in a particular separate letter from the ostensible letter, and to be putt seperately in the Post Office ; and am on all occasions,

With great Regard and Esteem,
Your aff^o and most humb^le Serv^t,

J. RICE.

P.S.—Dominick Rice's interest in the lands at Valentia, as I am assured, leaves him a proffit rent of £100 annually. If it should happen to suit you, and on y^r letting me know what you will give precisely, I may perhaps be empowered to close wth you on my arrival in Kerry without any further trouble.

My hero writes home to his brother about Rickard's pedigree-hunting mission, and that candid warrior gives us his opinion of the brethren, addressed to Maurice Leyne, now in all the full-blown glories of a practising physician in high repute. He was also an eminent surgeon, and saved the life of my father-in-law, John O'Connell, of Grenagh, when he got a bullet in his throat in a duel he fought for the Catholic cause, in 1814. My learned friend, Mr. McSweeney, of the Royal Irish Academy, applied to Professor O'Looney, who sent me some singularly interesting information about the old O'Connell tomb, which Rickard was specially despatched to inspect in Clare. I have quoted part of his researches. Mr. James Rice, Chevalier O'Gorman, Rickard O'Connell, and my hero may be all considered as engaged in pedigree-hunting through all the quoted letters of 1873.

Rickard O'Connell to Dr. Maurice Leyne.

Ennis, July, 1783.

Start not, my Dear Maurice, at sight of this writing. It is not a bill of complaint against you before the tribunal of seemingly slighted friendship. The intention of it is to ask a favour, and a very important one. Colonel O'Connell, who you know has signalized his military merit before St. Philip and Gibraltar, now wants no other step to rise speedily to an elevated station, but a Pedigree authenticated in the form prescribed by the etiquette of the Country in which he serves. I parted him at Paris, about the 20th of last May, when he

gave me particular instructions how to proceed in my inquiries after any records of our family that may be traced in this County, or the County Kerry. You know, my Dear Maurice, how much I am interested in the welfare of this truly amiable and excellent Friend, upon whose promotion my own entirely depends, and, convinced though he certainly is of my warmest, sincerest attachment to him, yet I shall not know how to excuse myself if I do not succeed, at least in part, in the inquiries he directs; for I assure you I found it very difficult to persuade him that he might not long before now be master of the materials he wants to support his pedigree, if his friends in this Kingdom had exerted themselves on this occasion. Let me, therefore, my dear friend, earnestly entreat your hearty Assistance in this affair, wherein my hopes of Comfortable establishment are so much concerned.

Here follow extracts from the instructions drawn up for Colonel O'Connell by Chevalier O'Gorman, under the directions of Monsieur Chérin.

Now, M. Chérin was the great French herald of the time, and a very honest man. His list of proofs could not possibly be furnished beyond the Tudor grants in Kerry, the O'Connell clan having long ages before lost their chiefs and become amalgamated with the born following of The McCarthy Mor. The bit of unconfiscated property held by Count O'Connell's direct ancestors without any title-deeds, by the mere proscriptive tenure of immemorial possession, was their only proof of ancient lineage, but in this country it was the most conclusive of all proofs. Says M. Chérin—

“ Il faut que son parent se munisse de tous les contrats de mariage et titres quelconques qui pourrait prouver la filiation, possession et état noble de la famille O'Connell. [We must bear in mind that “ noble ” to the French herald, simply meant gentry entitled to use armorial bearings. He goes on to say :] Si on ne veut pas lui rendre les originaux il en fera faire des copies collationées, sur papier timbré, par un ou deux notaires publiques, et au défaut de tels notaires par un maître en chancellerie, ou par le prévot ou vice prévot de la ville. S'il y a quelques inscription sépulchrales au lieu de leur sépulture, ou quelques vieux registres de famille indiquant les naissances, alliances et les morts des differents chefs de la famille, on fera bien d'en faire lever des copies collationnées par un maître en chancellerie comme dessus.

On fera aussi une recherche pour les probats ou enregistrements des testaments de la famille, et on levera des copies collationnées comme dessus. . . .

“ Cette famille se trouvant encore en possession de quelques lambaux de ses anciens héritages au comté de Kerry, doit avoir passée des contrats de mariage, soit par devant notaire, soit sous seing privé. Si on ne peut pas se munir des originaux, on en fera des copies collationnées sur papier timbré comme ci dessus—s'il se trouve une bonne copie des annales d'Innisfallen *in lacu leni* au comté de Kerry, on y trouvera les faits de guerres et même les époques des morts des chefs de cette maison, depuis sa leparation de la branche Eugénienne dont Mac Carthy Mor est chef jusqu'en, 1480, ou environ que ces annales ont été copiées on en fera faire l'extrait legalisé comme ci dessus.”

My inquiries in this County in pursuance of these instructions have been fruitless. In fact, nothing can be done here. My father was the first who ever was married in this County. Old Maurice, who was transplanted here from Kerry, was the only one of the family ever buried in the County Clare, in an uncouth vault, and on which there is no inscription, and which rather seems the work of common labourers than of masons, being covered *viridi cepite*.

Professor O'Looney, two hundred years after the death of the Cromwellian transplantee, discovered this inscription. He favours me with the following extract from a report on some Clare antiquities he drew up for Smith O'Brien. In August, 1859, he examined this tomb, in the parish of Inagh, barony of Inchiquin. “ ‘Cloch Chonail,' or O'Connell's Tomb, is,” he says, “ not a monument of high antiquity, nor does it seem to possess much historical interest, but the inhabitants of the place have something like a superstitious regard for the stone and the tomb to which it belongs, and at the head of which it rests, and they speak of them with great reverence.

“ ‘Cloch Chonail,' the O'Connell Stone, is the headstone of the family vault of a branch of the O'Connell family, whose residence was the Court of Briantree, the ruins of which are still to be seen within a short distance of the place, and right in view of the tomb, at the western end of which the stone now lies. Nothing now remains of the tomb itself to indicate the character of the original structure, but, judging

from the extent of the dilapidated and roofless vault, it would appear to have been a deep and spacious chamber, constructed of rough, unhewn stones, and probably arched over with the same materials.

“ ‘Cloch Chonail’ was not easily found. It lay under ground and covered for many years in the *débris*, and it took us some time and hard work to find and to exhume it. However, we found it broken into two parts. We put it together, cleaned and washed it, and then I observed several traces of an inscription in raised letters on the smooth side of the stone; but the inscription was greatly worn, old, and almost obliterated. With great difficulty I succeeded in copying the remains of the inscription from both pieces of the stone, and having arranged them, I could trace as much as enabled me to form a fair idea of what it meant, and I read as follows :—

“ ‘ULLADR ADNICEDEH UA CONNAILL TIGHEARNAIDHE BREINTRI.’
 (‘The burial-tomb of the O’Connells, Lords of Braintri.’)

“ ‘OR DO RAGHNALL ARMACH UA CONNAILL.’
 (‘Pray for Ragnall, the Brave O’Connell.’)

“It would appear that there was a third inscription, but I could not decipher with certainty a single line or character that I could follow. I measured the stone, and found it to be in length 2 feet 4 inches, 1 foot 7 inches wide, and about 1 foot 3 inches thick; of blue limestone, with one side roughly polished and having a punched headed border all round. Satisfied that I could make no more of it, we built up the end of the monument and put the stone into its original place.”

Ross O’Connell informs me that fifty-nine persons accompanied Maurice the Transplanted, who died on his way, and for whose grandson this rude tomb was built. He had a grandson, Brigadier Maurice, who fell at Aughrim. Could he be the brave man for whom we are invited to pray? Perhaps Ragnall was one of the fifty-nine followers.

Dr. Sigerson starts a third, and not improbable theory. He says, “The conjecture about Maurice was offered because the name *Ragnall* was unknown amongst the clan O’Connell; it is not Gaelic. But there could be no mistake

as to the inscription. The seeming difficulty disappears when we find that Alison Segerson, who married Daniel O'Connell, of Darrynane, had at least three near kinsmen who bore the name. It was written *Randolphus, Randul, Rauff, and Raphe*, at that time: in Irish Gaelic it would appear as *Raghnall*. Apparently, 'Raghnall, the brave O'Connell,' was a son of Daniel and Alison, who fell in the wars, and, buried at Breintri, was distinguished by a special inscription. From Alison Segerson the name Alice was introduced into the O'Connell family; it is curious that two Alices amongst her descendants married Segersons, so that the name was restored."

Rickard's "verdant overgrowth" quite hid the "stone of O'Connell" in his day. I resume his letter—

I hope you will be more successful in Kerry. It is impossible but Mr. O'Connell, of Darrynane, has some family papers. Our Cousin Rick ought to have some, and so ought Charles Philip and Charles Geoffrey; perhaps some remain in the hands of Daniel of Tarmons. It is not unreasonable to suppose that His Reverence of Killarney may be able to assist you. A man who has so much family pride ought to be able to shew some grounds for it. In the registers of the Ecclesiastical Courts of Ardfert and Aghadoe something may be found, and anything is of use. You see how much I am interested in this business, and I am sure your diligence in these researches will be equal to your generous good nature and the warmth of your friendship. All the expences you will be at will be reimbursed by me, or rather indeed by Colonel O'Connell. I expect you will not fail to draw on me when you have occasion. I must join the Regiment in September, wherefore I entreat you will not loose any time, but the first thing I have to request is that you'll do me the pleasure to write me a line acknowledging the receipt of this letter. Direct to me at Sixmile Bridge.

I left this country last Spring to join my Regiment, and on my arrival in Paris I unexpectedly found that a further leave of absence had been obtained for me by Colonel O'Connell, with an intent of searching for those materials to make out his genealogy. His letter desiring I should continue in Ireland did not overtake me. My stay in Paris was short, which you will not wonder at when I tell you that, independent of my desire of serving Colonel O'Connell, I had the most powerful possible inducement man could have to return.

On the 2nd of March last I was married to a Girl adorned with every grace and virtue that allies woman to an angel. She is the daughter of the late James Burke, of Strasburgh, who at his death left her £1500 on his estate, which is to be sold for the payment of that and the Fortunes of his other daughters and his debts. When I left this country last spring, my Intention was to return in October and bring my wife with me to France, if our affairs in this country should be settled; but as the Opportunity sooner happened of flying to a beautiful girl's arms, I think you will easily believe that I availed of it. My most affectionate compliments to my much loved and respected Aunt and the dear girls. I have sometimes flattered myself with the hope of getting a line from some of them, but I fear they do not think me worthy of the happiness. I wish for a settled place in their esteem. Your new Cousin presents best compliments, and desires me to assure you nothing could give her greater pleasure than a correspondence with those whom I consider my dearest relations, in which light I hope you will always see your

RICKD. O'CONNELL.

Addressed: Mau. Leyne, Esq., M.D., Tralee; free—E. FitzGerald.

Colonel Daniel himself shall now resume the pen.

Paris, August the 6th, 1783.

DEAREST BROTHER,—I rec^d your letter of y^e 15th June, and, very far from receiving a displeasure from your having declined Mr. O'Gorman's proposal, do assure you I had not expected you cu'd do otherwise, and had agreed, thro' complaisance in some manner, to his making an application to you. Indeed, as my present Situation in life puts it out of my power to refund any advances made me, and as I was determined you shu'd not be a penny loser, I ventured to propose myself your Advancing, if possible, a part of the sum, which I am well convinced you wu'd have done was it in y^r power.

I really know not at present whether or no Mr. O'Gorman will go on with that affair. If not, I shall do without it, as hitherto. *Au reste*, it was much more for the benefit of my family, than from any Personal motive, that I wished to make out and clear up that point, which in all the other Countries of Europe, except our own, is a good deal attended to. Nay, even in the very Republicks where Equality shu'd be the basis of government.

I sent Mr. Houlahan, of Cadiz, the letter you transmitted me for him, and have hitherto no answer whether or no he rec^d it, but think it cu'd not fail in getting to hands.

Cousin Rick Connell is now in Ireland, where he returned to settle some affairs. He got but £1500 fortune, which in this country he will find too short. However, he seemed determined to bring his Lady over, in spite of my remonstrances. I wish he may be happy. If Love can suffice, he seems very well stocked. If Sister Norry thinks proper to send over one of her Sons, she may. I've endeavoured to procure him a place in a Colledge; but the two first vacancies are already bespoke, so he can have but the Third, and that he may rely on; therefore he may remain at home until I give you notice that he is to appear. If the second of Geoffrey Maurice's sons be of age, and a turn for the Colledge, I shall also be able to provide for him and call him over at the Same time with our Nephew of Couliagh [the son of their sister Honora, Mrs. O'Sullivan].

Farewell, Dearest Brother. This night I sett out for Schlestadt, in Alsace, where my Regiment is quartered, and shall return to Paris in the first days of October Next. I was changed from Royal Swedes because His Swedish Majesty wished to have a Swede Colonel of that Regiment, composed of his subjects. My pay is £600 stg. a year. Now, my Dear Brother, that I've answered all your questions, receive my apology for the importunities you've sufferd, as well from me as from Mr. O'Gorman. Be assur'd you shall hear no more of that stuff. My fond Duty and Love to my D^r Mother and Sister.

Yours most affectionately during life,

D. O'CONNELL.

I believe Little Maurice intends going over this winter. Pray send me Sister Nancy's address. My best wishes to all friends.

From Limerick, September 1, 1783, Rickard writes to Dr. Maurice Leyne—

I am sorry your inquiries in Kerry have not been more successful. Are there no Tombstones, no monumental inscriptions? Are there no probates of Wills in the records of the Ecclesiastical Courts? All or any of these things would be of use. I know there was a Bishop of our family buried in Aghadoe. Is there not an inscription on his tomb? I know there is one on my grandfather's at Caher [i.e. Cahirsiveen. Mr. J. Leyne says this "Geoffrey of the Great Herds" (Sheara-na-mo-Mor), of Kilkevera, died in 1722.

On his tomb in Cahirsiveen part of the inscription ran as follows: "Here lies Geoffrey O'Connell, who had honour, wit, and wisdom"].

It does not surprise me that you do not correspond with such a bundle of oddities as my uncle, but tho' you do not, you may find means, thro' the medium of some acquaintance, to get out of him any knowledge he may have of our family: even any traditional account is better than none. It would be necessary for us to know particularly the pedigree of Mary O'Donoghue, of Darinane, about which the very lame pedigree sent over by her son is silent. Who was her father, her grandfather? Who was her mother? Who were her mother's father and mother? [Ross O'Connell discovered them the other day in the Mahony papers¹—Donal O'Donoghue Dhuv and Honora Mahony, of Dunloe.] I am sure these are matters very easily ascertained, and this would be one way of serving Colonel O'Connell, who, notwithstanding his distinguished merit, is not very likely, as far as I can see, to get much assistance in Kerry, whither I am sure he will not take the trouble of coming for the consideration of having the expences of his journey paid. Do you think he will leave the sweets of command—the command of two fine battalions quartered in the delightful country of Alsace, or the very first society in Versailles and Paris, and all for the Mighty Emolument of having the expences of his journey borne to the pleasant country of Iveragh? *Errinn!* Ridiculous! Three days ago I received a letter from the Colonel, dated at Paris, the 6th of August, the very day on which he was to set out to take the Command—to find himself the first man in the city of Schlestadt, where his first Battalion is quartered. He is to return to Paris on the 1st of October, but does not say one word of Coming to Ireland; but he always was so Dutiful a brother and son, perhaps he may undertake this delightful Journey to gratify Mr. O'Connell, of Darinane. Should such be the Case, if you find to a certainty that he is to come to Ireland, I request you will give me Notice of it, for such intelligence would be of the utmost consequence to me. My dear Maurice, I entreat you will pick up among the Old people any traditions—all knowledge you can of the family, and also the Pedigree of Mary O'Donoghue. In the name of Friendship, do this without delay, or it will be too late for Mr. O'Gorman, who is come over expressly on Colonel O'Connell's business, and who is, I firmly believe, the only man Capable of tracing Irish pedigrees through the mass of obscurity in which they are involved. He must infallibly

¹ There is some doubt on this point.

return to France in a short time. Therefore I Beg and pray you will write to me immediately about Mary O'Donoghue. Let me know who were the father and mother of my great-grandfather Edward Conway.

I now return to the correspondence between the brothers. Our colonel's spirited and manly letter about the pedigree closes that subject for the present.

Paris, the 23rd 8^{re}, 1873.

DR. BROTHER,—I arrived here a few days ago, after having spent three Months with my Regiment and in a Scamper on the frontiers of Germany. I daily expected the pleasure of a Letter from you, but have rec^d none this age past, which shu'd have made me extremely uneasy was I not otherwise informed of your being well. Mr. James Rice, who is just arrived, assures me he left you well a few weeks ago, which removes entirely my anxiety. I hope I shall soon have the pleasure of a letter from you, and, indeed, I sincerely long for it, and can't help complaining of y^r Silence. Give me leave, my Dearest Brother, to express to you anew my concern for the importunities of my friends, whose Mistaken zeal led them to tease you beyond my wishes, and quite contrary to my intentions. I rec^d too many proofs of your friendship to have any doubt of your Compliance had your circumstances permitted you to make me the advances I wanted for Mr. O'Gorman. I have found the necessary resources in the purse of my old friend, Captain Fagan, so that I shall be able, I hope, to go thro' that affair, which I consider as very important for me, and perhaps for my family—If any I should have hereafter, or if fortune shu'd Enable me to get over a Successor from among you. Farewell, my Dear Brother.

Let me know without loss of time if our Nephew Sullivan, of Couliagh, always be inclined to come over here, in order I may look out for a Burse in some Colledge for him. I believe I may have an opportunity to procure him one this Winter. My Love and Duty to My Dear Mother, affections to my Sister, etc.

Yours most affectionately,

D. O'CONNELL.

My address is chez le C^{te} de Maillebois, à son Hôtel, Rue Grenelle, à Paris.

I had a letter from Cousin Morty [future baron and general in the Austrian Service] some weeks ago. He requested his brother should send him his mother's genealogy. It's of the greatest importance to him to have it, as then he shall be able to procure a pension for his Daughter. I flatter

me Dan will send it as soon as possible. It would be too cruel to make him lose so happy an opportunity of providing for a child.

It is probable some berth as a canoness¹ was available for the little Austrian O'Connell. All these required sundry quarterings, but a great family like the O'Sullivans, whose head only fled to Spain in the early years of the seventeenth century, had no difficulty about its affiliations. The tradition is that both Morty Oge's family and the Couliagh people descend from a younger branch of O'Sullivan Beare. The great chief, Donal Cam, sent his son to Spain as a little child, and he had issue abroad, who never returned.

The letters of 1784 contain a new topic, viz. marriage. As Mr. Rice graphically expresses it, the great folks in France hunted out good matches for their impecunious Irish *protégés*. The happy arrival of the pedigree qualified them to look out for our hero. Sometimes the good match was a needy relative of some minister or personage whose patronage was better than a dowry, sometimes a widow or well-dowered maiden.

Marshal McMahon's ancestor, whom tradition avers to have been strikingly handsome, and his letters prove to have

¹ "The lay convents for noble ladies are institutions peculiar to the Austrian monarchy. These *Adelige Damen Stifte*, as they are called, were founded and endowed by the ancient nobility to secure for their unmarried daughters suitable homes. A lady who seeks admittance must be at least twenty-four years old, of spotless reputation, and able to prove her descent from noble parents for eight generations. Lay convents of this kind are established at Vienna, Prague, Innsbruck, Brünn, and Graz, and their inmates spend their time in deeds of charity, visiting and helping the poor, amongst whom they are very popular. The Stift of Prague takes precedence before all the others. Its abbess has always to be chosen from the Archduchesses of Austria, and holds the very ancient right of placing the crown on the head of any Queen of Bohemia who should be crowned at Prague.

"Archduchess Margarete Sophie, the niece of the emperor, is the present abbess. The dignity was conferred upon her nearly three years ago, but she had to wait, before she could be installed, until she attained the age of eighteen, as prescribed by the statute of the institution. On the occasion of her enthronization she presented a most dignified appearance in her official attire. The latter consists of a black velvet robe and mantle, the latter being lined with ermine. The insignia of the abbess's office are a crown and crozier, the order of the Stift being worn on a gold-edged white moire ribbon slung over the right shoulder. Amongst the predecessors of the present abbess was the Queen of Spain, before she became engaged to the late King Alfonso XII."—[Quoted from the *Graphic*.]

been remarkably clever and witty, married the heiress and got the title of Marquis d'Eguilly, and I see in the notes to the Comte de Vaudreuil's correspondence with the Comte d'Artois the splendid alliances formed by my hero's friend, Count Anthony Walsh de Serrant. His first wife was a slenderly dowered relative of no less a personage than the Prime Minister, the Duc de Choiseul, Mdle. Renée de Choiseul-Baupré; and second, a charming widow, the Marquise de Valady, née de Rigaud, a cousin of the Vaudreuils (whose family name was de Rigaud). Madame de Rémusat says the second Madame de Serrant was a person with a great reputation for wit and beauty, lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine. My hero's friends made out a lady for him, but before he even saw her he found out that her fortune was chiefly in large expectations, and judiciously concluded he was better off as he was, and would probably continue "brother bachelor." This, however, is a case of "methinks the lady doth protest too much;" for in a few years he confesses to a long, sentimental acquaintance with a charming widow, the Vicomtesse de Gouy, one of his earliest friends. His means did not entitle him to aspire to her hand until he should have become a full-fledged general, with some pensions or sinecures thrown in. He never breathes a word about it, and prosed away about Mrs. Burke's annuity, and the lively but aggravating assembly of Irish boys he and his brother Irish colonels are importing. It is only when he reaches London, an *émigré* after the disastrous campaign of 1792, that he confesses his very demure and decorous love-story.

Was it the lady who was fickle, or the suitor? or did grim death intervene? for my hero married a charming French widow, but not Madame de Gouy.

Paris, the 2^d January, 1784.

DEAR BROTHER,—I rec^d in due time your Letter of the 10th 9^{hrs}, which I immediately communicated to Chev^r Mahony. His surprise and indignation cannot be expressed at the ungenerous behaviour of Mr. M. with regard to Mrs. Burke. We in this Country, and particularly military people, have no idea of such Proceedings, and it's with shame and concern for our Country we learn they prevail there. Chev^r Mahony

has no resources in his power to oblige Mr. M. to acquit this debt. The method he wou'd make use of in cases of that nature cannot be practised, remote as they are asunder. His son he might, if he pleased, have taken up here for the Sum advanced him, but it wu'd be cruel to make the boy responsible for the faults of his father; therefore he leaves him at rest, and is determined to wait until his conscience shall inspire Mr. M. to do justice to Mrs. Burke.

Mrs. Burke was Colonel Tom FitzMaurice's sister, and mother of a future Captain Burke. She was a widow lady of limited means. It was a common thing to serve exchange instead of sending money to a relative in Ireland direct—to give it in French livres to some one in France, whose relatives in Ireland would pay the British *£ s. d.* to a person designated by the lender in Ireland. This method saved double rates of exchange. Sometimes a colonel or captain in France would see a young Irish lad in some strait, caused by either sickness, debt, or some sudden summons to undertake a long and costly march. There was never time to write home, so some one always acted as banker to the boy, and trusted to his family at home for repayment. The letter continues about Mrs. Burke—

I rec^d a few days since from her Brother [Colonel Tom FitzMaurice] a remittance of 12 Guineas for her use. I did all in my power to procure a bill in Ireland for that Sum, but can't possibly get any for such a trifle, therefore I must request you to pay her for my account, and send me her Receipt in your next. You may draw on me at Sight in favour of any person or persons you chuse for amount of said sum of 12 guineas french, which I shall most punctually acquit on the nail. Give me leave to request you to lose not a Moment to pay this money, as it wu'd make me Extremely unhappy to have this poor gentlewoman's money in my hands, knowing she is in distress. I hope you won't suppose this to be a contrivance of mine to lay you under contribution for the sum of 12 guineas. Such mean acts are beneath me. Little Maurice of Tarmons is gone over to pass the Winter in his family. If Mrs. Sullivan of Couliagh be still desirous to send over her Son, he can come with Maurice, and I hope he will shortly be provided for. I must, however, request his family will supply him with the necessary Money and Linen, and support him at least for a few years, as my

affairs won't at all admit of my making him a pension. I shall have very heavy charges on me to pay £300 stg. for my Genealogy, and to acquit as much more that my Campaigns cost me; therefore, however well inclined to assist my friends, have it utterly out of my power, circumstanced as I am. I wish also that he were physicked once or twice some time before he sett out. . . . As for cloaths, a suit of common cloths or Camlet, if in warm season, will be sufficient, but a good store of common Linen will be very necessary.

Cousin Rick Connell has brought over the dozen Shirts deposited for my use in the hands of Jerry McCrohan. Pray return our Good and respectable Mother my sincere thanks for that present, and offer her my most Sanguine Wishes for many and happy Years to come, and also to Sister Mary. [Our colonel uses "respectable" in its French sense of "venerable," or rather "much to be respected." I heard of a foreign lady who wrote to a friend of mine about the "respectable Pope."] Accept also the most cordial wishes for your own preservation and happiness, my dearest Brother, which my heart shall fondly cherish to the end of Life.

D. O'CONNELL.

When our Balloons are brought to perfection, I shall fly over to see you. I think matters bear a cloudy aspect among you as well as in England. Our Cousin Morty lost his wife some time ago. She was carried off by a fever in a few days. She left him an only Daughter. Pray, is there any account from Mr. Houlahan, of Cadiz, about the money he was to have remitted to the Sullivans, his relations?

I am extremely pleased with my New German family, and I hope they are equally so with me. I don't suppose Mr. Stoughton came here as yet, for I neither met nor heard of him. I shall shew him every civility in my power.

Paris, March the 25th, 1784.

DEAREST BROTHER,—I postponed a long time answering yours of the 22^d 7^{bre}, daily expecting an answer to the Letter. I immediately thereof wrote Mr. Houlahan, of Cadiz. As I've yet rec^d none, I must conclude my Letter to that gentleman did not get to hands, otherwise make no doubt I shu'd ere now have heard from him. The opportunity my stay at Cadiz afforded me of being acquainted with both his person and character, during which he impressed me with a very favourable opinion of his honour and principles, lays me under an obligation of doing him justice, however strong the appearances may be against him. I write him a second Letter by this day's post, and hope his answer will be agreeable

to my prepossession in his favour. I shall be careful to communicate the contents to you.

I shall also demand leave of absence for Little Maurice until the 1st of October next, tho' a favour not easily to be obtained without the Loss of his Emoluments. Surely he can be no Stranger to it after so long a stay in this Country. I was quite averse to his going over, but gave him my consent on his assuring me it was the earnest desire of his friends, and most particularly of his Aunt Julia—a plea which I suppose he made use of to ensure my compliance. It's, however, very necessary that his friends send him back clear of Debt, otherwise he must be very unhappy with embarrassed circumstances, nor indeed shall I have it any way in my power to extricate him. Let him bring over young Sullivan, our Nephew, and embark, if possible, for Rochelle, as the family he lives in is now removed to the Isle of Rhé, quite in that Neighbourhood. Shu'd no opportunity offer for either of s^d Parts, he is to go to Bordeaux, as the nearest, or to Nantz, Lorient, etc., the more distant. Sullivan will find his berth ready on his arrival. I have already settled that point, and as it was necessary to give in his Christian name, which I know not, took upon me to confirm him under the names of Eugene Morty.¹ He'll take his choice when he arrives. I hope he is of a good manly turn and figure, otherwise he wu'd not do in the berth he is to occupy. I also flatter me his family will provide him with a good Stock of Linen, and at least £25 or £30 stg.; all expences defrayed for to equip him decently, after which a very moderate allowance of £8 or £10 a year for some time will be sufficient for his support.

Our friend Tom FitzMaurice will, I hope, soon be over, and in good circumstances. There's nothing of the marriage you mention for him. I make no doubt but he'll yearly continue to remitt his sister £10 or £12. I am informed by Chev^r Mahony that she has been at length payed by Mr. M.

I received the Linen by the hands of Rick Connell, of the County Clare. Mr. Dominick Trant, the Late Member for Dingle, is now here, and a very genteel, well-informed gentleman. He has expressed to me a very particular friendship and esteem for you.

I've neither seen nor heard anything of Mr. Stoughton. I yesterday received a Letter from our Cousin Morty, of Germany, of the 8th instant. He is to take a tour to England this Summer, and to come over here in Sep^r and October. I wish his Brother Dan would patch up for him their Mother's

¹ "Eugene Morty's" real name was Mark (Marcus), and he contrived to be let bear it.

genealogy, the want of which disqualifies his little Daughter to be vested with a Benefice of near £40 a year, at the gift and disposal of her Uncle. I dare say Morty would cheerfully discharge the Expenses attending it, in the same form with that you sent me, as in Germany¹ they are not so nice in the proofs they require as they are here, within some years.

I hope you can't doubt, my D^r Brother, of my most sanguine wishes to see you and my mother; but, circumstanced as I am at present, it is not easily to be attained, as my connections and affairs here require a constant attendance, at least for some time. Be assured that as soon as these obstacles are removed, I shall be most eager to procure myself a happiness dear to my heart, and which I most impatiently long for. This winter has been most cruel here, and, indeed, all over Europe. I have often reflected with Sorrow and Anguish on the misery of the poor in your country, but flatter me that the spirit of humanity and charity, almost universally diffused thro' all classes of men, has also softened the hearts of the Irish gentry and nobility in favour of the poor. In this country they have given the most edifying example and instances of this spirit of Beneficence, from the Monarch down to the lowest class of citizens.

¹ German heralds have ever attached great importance to quarters; the French were more particular about filiation. The statutes of the Knights of Malta compelled the German candidate to prove sixteen quarters; the French postulant for admission was asked for only eight quarters.

The ladies-in-waiting, etc., to her Majesty of Austria, and to the Archduchesses of the house of Hapsburg, have still to prove their "Seize Quartiers;" if this rule prevailed in England, her Majesty of Great Britain would find it difficult to supply herself with maids of honour.

It is evident that Baron O'Connell had to prove either eight or sixteen quarters for his daughter. In the one case he would have to prove the gentle blood, and produce the arms of his four grandparents; in the other, of his eight great-grandparents, his wife contributing a similar share. The baron's quarters on his father's side were O'Connell, Segrave,* Conway of Bodhryddan, and Roche of Dundine. This he seems to have known, as he confines his questions to his mother's people.

Count O'Connell, who in France was in no danger of being asked for his "Seize Quartiers," did not realize that his small cousin was being subjected to the most rigorous ordeal that heralds have ever imposed upon suffering humanity. Sir Bernard Burke ("General Armoury," preface, p. 23) says, "This [Seize Quartiers] is and was at all times considered a very rigorous ordeal, requiring often most laborious searches among archives and sources difficult of access, as well as condemning numbers to exclusion."—[R. O'C.]

* *Rectè* Segerson.

Farewell, Dearest Brother. My Duty and love to My D^r Mother, Sister Mary, etc.

Yours during life,
D. O'CONNELL.

I've given in our nephew Sullivan seventeen years old. I shall acquaint you of the Abbé Griffin's answer with regard to Doctor Connell's Legacy when he comes back. All friends here are well. Chevalier Mahony desires his best comp^{ts} to you. Pray, have you given Mrs. Burke the 12 guineas for my acc^t, and what way have you devised for my paying them to you? Little Maurice and our nephew Sullivan must be careful to be at their respective Berthes the 1st of October next.

Now, we must not suppose that, by "patching up a genealogy," our colonel wants to disrespect the pedigree of Mrs. O'Connell, of Tarmons, an O'Sullivan of a most honourable branch—sister to Murty Oge O'Sullivan Beare, Mr. Froude's Murty Oge. What he means is that in Austria a traditional pedigree of five or six descents, compiled from local sources and vouched by neighbouring gentry and clergy, would be accepted in lieu of one from the Heralds' Office, vouched by peers and Members of Parliament. The O'Sullivan Beares, being a "princely family," could be quite easily traced in the great clan pedigrees still in existence, but it was not likely that people on the remote Cork and Kerry borderland could have access to these documents.

Paris, April the 10th, 1784.

DR. BROTHER,—I rec^d two Days since your Letter of the 12th Ult^o, with the receipt of Mrs. Burke at top for the sum of 12 Louis d'or, which sum I shall at present postpone remitting you, as you're so kind to permit, being rather straightened for money thro' the expences caused me by procuring my genealogy. I hope you may be convinced hereafter from Experience, that my perseverance in that measure was not so Injudicious as you thought. I then shall Exult in the only instance of a Sagacity superior to yours, which, indeed, in spite of my propensity to Self-love, I do attribute but to a more perfect acquaintance with the maxims and opinions of this Country. I am rejoiced M^r M—— has at length, tho' ungracefully, acquitted his Debt to Mrs. Burke. Her Brother, Colonel FitzMaurice, is daily expected to France. Statia¹ has

¹ O'Callaghan calls it Ste. Eustache. Colonel FitzMaurice had been made governor of the island after its capture by the French, in which he took a brilliant part.

been some time since given up to the Minheers, altho' reserved and preserved by the arms of their generous ally, whose moderation and religious fidelity to his allies and generosity to his Enemies have, I think, most conspicuously shone forth in this last war; therefore, I pray you, no ungenerous reflections on the Mounsieurs. Our Nephew Eugene [future Colonel Eugene McCarthy, whose niece's letter I quoted] and the two Barrys are lately arrived from the West Indies. His health, and that of the elder Barry, have suffered some alteration from the influence of that Climate, which the balsamick air of France will soon restore.

I let you know in my Last that I shu'd take the necessary steps to procure Little Maurice a congé untill the first of 8^{br} Next, but he must be punctually at his Colledge on that Day, otherwise the whole of his Emoluments during his absence will be irrevocably lost to him; therefore it stands upon him to be exact. Moreover, I solemnly declare I shall never more humour those pettish conceits of Sauntering away time in Idleness and Ease at home. That's a Mode I abhor, because it's quite inconsistent with the spirit of activity and application which makes young people recommendable. I've been obliged to promise the superior of the Colledge to call over our nephew Sullivan immediately; therefore he is not to wait for Maurice, but ship off for St. Martin's Isle de Rhé, Rochelle, Cognac, Rochefort, Bordeaux, or Nantes, as soon as possible, to join his fellow students at Isle de Rhé, otherwise this Burse will be Lost, if he does not join the Colledge before the end of July at latest.

I have also wrote again to Mr. Daniel Houlahan, of Cadiz, and when I've an answer shall inform you of the contents. I shall write by this Day's post to Mr. M. C., but fear it will be to very little purpose, as he contrives so as never to be Master of a Shilling. I shall join the German Legion, please God, in June or July. Address to me as usual. Mr. Trant, whom I mentioned to you in my last, is parted for Ireland. I was much the admirer of his extensive knowledge and genteel manners. Mr. Stoughton I've not at all heard of. Farewell, Dearest Brother. I most fondly and respectfully embrace my Mother and Sister.

Yours most unalterably During Life,
D. O'CONNELL.

Pray have I no share in the remembrance of Brother Morgan? How does Sister Nancy, the Baldwin family, the Widow O'Leary, etc.? Be so good as to mention me to them all, and tell me something of 'em and all our family, nominally and circumstantially, in your next.

Solestat, July the 12th, 1784.

DEAREST BROTHER,—I arrived here the 25th Last Month, and shall remain with my friend there untill the Latter Days of Sep^{bre}. I reckon I shall be back at Paris towards the 1st of October. I have taken Little Maurice from the Colledge he had been in hitherto, and have brought him into my own, in order to attend with more care and success to his conduct and his information. If he applies and turns out well, I have sure hopes to provide better for him in some years; his fortune will depend entirely on his beheaviour, his applications and parts. Nothing on my side shall be wanting. I wish his friends at home cu'd supply him with the money sufficient to pay any debts he may have left, and to Equip him after defraying the expence of his journey to come over. The heavy sum I've been forced to pay for my pedigree incumbers me, if they throw the whole charge of his Expences and Equipement on me. However, if they don't do the needful on this occasion, I shall; for I will rather Streighten myself than see him want, or appear in a manner unbecoming him and me. I flatter myself you will, in that case, Share the burthen with me, and go half in the expence of supporting him. If his friends cannot, pray settle matters so as to have him arrive at Paris the 10th of 8^{bre} [October] next, at Latest. Let him, on his arrival, immediately write me a billet to the following address: à Monsieur Le Comte O'Connell, chez Madame de Bellocq, rue de Condé la Maison Entre les Deux Notaires;¹ and send me the Billet by a messenger. I shall immediately go to take him where he shall lodge, and the rest shall be my business. Let him Embark, if possible, for Havre; if not, let him Embark for Dunkerque, or any other port on the Channel; but if no oppertunity should offer for any of these ports, then Let him ship for Nantes, Rochelle, or Bordeaux, and immediately take the Coach for Paris, and shu'd he arrive in the Latter place before my return there, that is before the first of 8^{bre}, Let him address himself immediately to Doctor FitzGibbons, a very worthy Countryman, whom I much Esteem. He lives at Paris, rue du petit Lyon près Celle de

¹ It is evident from these addresses, and is perhaps worth noting, that the numbering of houses did not obtain in Paris, A.D. 1784. Mr. C. A. Ward, in *Notes and Queries* (6th Ser., viii. 466), quoting Cunningham's "Handbook," says that numbering was introduced into London in 1764, and that the houses in New Burlington Street were the first, and those in Lincoln's Inn Fields the second, numbered. Another correspondent (6th Ser., ix. 99) says that Lincoln forestalled London; that certain houses there were numbered as early as 1748, and are still known as "Number Houses" in memory of the innovation.—[R. O'C.]

Tournon, faubourg St. Germain, la Maison à Côté du Caffé de l'Hérisson. Let him but give this address to a Hackney Coachman, and he will immediately carry him thither with his trunk. I hope this indication is clear Enough, and pray take care, D^r Brother, that he sett out early enough. The last leave of absence I procured him has been obtained with very great difficulty, and with the Loss of his Emoluments from the Date thereof untill the first of 8^{bre} next, so by all means let him be at Paris for that time, otherwise it may be attended with much Difficulty to get him any share at all of his Emolument during the time of his absence.

I hope our nephew O'Sullivan is e'er now sett out for his Colledge at St. Martin's, Island of Rhé. I yesterday received a Letter from the Superior of his house, complaining strongly of his Delay.

I wish you Kerry Gentlemen would be more punctual to the fixed rules of our Colledges, that must be strictly followed to a precise Day.

Tom FitzMaurice, our Cousin, is arrived safe at Bordeaux. I received letter from him two Days since. I Dare say he will his . . . in the best manner in his power. He is to come up to Paris. I shall see him on my return there. He has acquired great honour in the command of his Reg^t in the West Indies, and is very justly considered a most deserving officer, and a man of the most honourable principles.

Farewell, Dearest Brother. Pray attend carefully to what I mention with regard to Maurice and to O'Sullivan, and Let them set out, the Latter as soon as possible, and the former also, so as to be at Paris the 1st of October, or the 10th at Latest. My Duty and most tender love to my Mother, most cordial Affections to my Sister, etc.

Yours during Life,

D. O'CONNELL.

Abbé Moriarty's nephew has ere now rec^d the Six Guineas . . . [a line and a half torn] . . . some time since to Mr. Mathew Conway, urging him to assist his poor Brother Tom. He has not thought proper to make an answer, so that I fear nothing is to be expected from that side.

I've rec^d some proposals of marriage with a Lady of quality, posses'd, I am told, of a handsome fortune. As I've never seen her, I gave no positive answer. I am, in reality, little inclined to matrimony. I think the true Soldier shu'd form no Engagement that may tend to soften him too much, and Endear life to him, as he shu'd be always ready to part with it when honour commands.

Paris, 9th the 20th, 1784.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your Letter of the 20th August I rec^d on my return to this place, and Ever Since Various circumstances have prevented my answering it. I send you inclosed Moriarty's Receipt for 6 Louis d'ors, which have been remitted him many months since. According to your Commands, Maurice Jeffrey arrived here last Month, and, after spending a fortnight with me, went down to join the Regiment to Belfort, in Alsace, where it now is. I was tolerably pleased with his figure, but found, as you observe, a good deal of the torpid, heavy disposition of his mother's family about him. I hope he will shake it off as he grows in years and reason. I shall do everything in my power to give him an opportunity of improving his Natural dispositions, and, tho' Narrow the limits of my fortune, Shall still Endeavour to support him. Maurice,¹ son of Charles Phillip, who is in Paris these 2 or 3 years on one of Dr. Connell's burses, now declines the Church, therefore must relinquish said burse; therefore, if his friends intend sending over the son of Jeffrey Maurice of Tarmons, who you tell me is fit to fill it, they must previously procure a certificate and a demand from the Bishop of Kerry, who, it seems, is Vested with a right to present to those Burses in Virtue of the Will. That which had been heretofore filled by Doctor Connell's Son has been Disposed of in favour of some other person whose name I forget, on the recommendation of y^r Kerry Bishop.

There's now another article to be settled between you all, Viz. what you intend doing with Maurice, son of Charles Philip, who absolutely declines the Church. He wishes to study Physick; but then, will his friends support him? Let them but give him 30^l a year between them all for 2 or 3 years; I promised him to add ten pounds a year to said Sum, besides some assistance in cloaths, so as to enable him, with the addition of said yearly allowance of thirty pounds from his father and Cousins, to continue his Studies. I wish you would be so kind immediately to acquaint them of what I here mention, and Let me know their final resolution. If they promise to Support the young man, then for Heaven's sake let them be exact and punctual, otherwise he must be in great misery, and, of course, will fall on me, as I can't let him Starve. I think in honour some Attention should be paid to the free efforts I so willingly exert to assist our poor relations, nor indeed shall I be able to continue always to strain myself to the degree I have hitherto done. I shall Expect an immediate answer on this Subject.

¹ Maurice Charles Phillip, future British general and Colonial governor.

Cousin Tom FitzMaurice, who is now here and in good health, desires his affectionate wishes to you all. He intends a very generous exertion in favour of Mrs. Burke, his Sister, and only prays you to Lett him know which you think may conduce more to her advantage and that of her family—to make her a remittance of three hundred pounds ster., with which sum she may purchase a little property, or make her a yearly and punctual remittance of thirty pounds. He is willing to do either, according to what you shall point out as most Eligible. He is apprehensive least the money, when once remitted, may be spent unaccountably; and, if so, Distress must needs Enssue, nor cu'd he afford any further relief when once he had given so considerable a sum as three hundred pounds sterling. In short, your Sentiment on this matter shall be the rule of his conduct, therefore pray be explicit and precise on the Subject.

I am sorry to tell you Chevalier de FitzJames complain'd to me that our Nephew Sullivan was heavy and of an ordinary figure. I requested you w'd make a choice of those of our relations you send over for the Colledge. I am sorry you forgot or neglected it; such things have often consequences you don't attend to, such as hindering me from being able to procure places for others, and, besides, without an Extraordinary Degree of merit, a bad figure makes an impression not Easily overcome, therefore very unfavourable to the success of the person unfortunately Endowed with it. I wish young O'Sullivan may turn out well, but I am informed his Brother Dan was much better qualified to succeed. Perhaps he is rather too old to begin. Farewell, Dear Brother. My most tender Duty to my mother, and Love to Sister Mary, Brother Morgan, etc.

Yours sincerely and most Affectionate,

D. O'CONNELL.

My address is: Chez Monsieur de La Borde, fermier général, place du Carousel, à Paris.

The Marriage I mentioned to you in my last I found, on close examination, to offer very Little immediate Advantage. It's true there are prospects very many, but these very remote, and as immediate Enjoyment will be necessary, circumstanced as I am, I declined the proffered Match, therefore still remain your Brother Batchelor as usual.

Addressed: Maurice O'Connell, Esq., Darinane, near Tralee, Kerry County, Ireland.

The interesting letters of the year 1785 may be styled educational. The penal laws precluding all Catholic schools

at home, boys learned the rudiments from hedge schoolmasters, and the classics and French from the priests, who of necessity were educated abroad, and who generally lived about in the houses of the gentry. While it was yet unsafe to appoint regular parish priests, it frequently happened that a friar ministered to a large district, having his headquarters in some gentleman's house, and visiting the surrounding country on his pony, putting up where duty or inclination called him. There are many quaint traditions of holy, simple old men, the resident friars, who, early in the last century, made their head-quarters with my dear husband's ancestors, both at Darrynane and at Barry's Court, in County Cork, though I believe that Father Grady, mentioned in many old books about the Liberator, was not a friar. Scores of similar anecdotes abound near all the old houses of Catholic gentry. For any sort of proper systematic education the boys had to go abroad. There were Irish family burses everywhere through Europe, and a pretty keen competition between founders and their kinsfolk, even to the extremest limits of Kerry cousinship, and the bishops, who, as Dr. Moylan justly expresses it, absolutely required these endowments to supply priests to the poor districts. Dr. Moylan was a remarkable man. He belonged to a wealthy and well-connected mercantile family in Cork, and was educated in Paris, where he was the intimate friend of the Abbé Edgeworth. He was a favourite of the Archbishop of Paris, and refused brilliant preferment abroad to go and work in the back slums of Cork; was thence sent as bishop to Kerry, and, on the apostasy of Lord Dunboyne, was made Bishop of Cork. He had a great deal to do with the revival of female Catholic education by Nano Nagle,¹ and kept his people quiet when the French Revolutionists were hovering about the coasts of Munster. The Government entertained the highest opinion of him, and he was presented with the freedom of the city of Cork by the old Tory corporation. He was a very handsome, dignified man, looking very like a Louis the Fourteenth French prelate of the stateliest type.

¹ Foundress of the Presentation Order, now widely diffused.

The contest of argument between him and Hunting Cap is very good reading. Years later, my hero is very indignant with the use made by the gentlemen of the name of O'Connell of their patronage. All these private endowments in France, and I believe in Spain, are now swept away, and the funds are applied to the maintenance of clerical students in general.¹

Paris, March the 20th, 1785.

DEAR BROTHER,—I rec^d both your Letters of the 20th and 27th January, which I shu'd have answered earlier, but that Cousin Tom FitzMaurice wrote to you, Letting you know neither he nor I had it in our power to do anything for your Mr. Eager, of Killarney. He is too far advanced in years to enter into the Military Career, and no Colonel wu'd for that reason receive him in his corps; besides that obstacle, which cannot be removed, it becomes impossible to Engross the whole of the vacant Employments for County Kerry People only, and, indeed, there's already no proportion in that line, for there are 3 Kerry people in the Irish Reg^{ts} for one of any other County in Ireland. It gives me great regret not to have it in my power to answer the expectations of the Widow Eager. I beg you'le be pleased to assure her on't.

However friendly my dispositions be to assist and promote the indigent class of our relations, I see with reluctance I shall be henceforth under a necessity to Cease my acts of friendship towards them, for want of having it in my power to support them in this Country when unassisted from home. The first years in a Military Life require in all Countries the support of Parents. All those of our relations who have been placed on my recommadation within some years past, have remained entirely dependent on my narrow revenue, and, notwithstanding my own calls and Emergencies, I've done for them far beyond my means, but *sunt certidæque finis*, etc.

I must, therefore, beg leave to request no more shall be expected, for it's not reasonable to require that, after the many hardships and dangers I've gone thro' these 24 years past, I should renounce every Enjoyment, nay, to what my Station decently requires, in favour of relations whose parents refuse them the Sacrifice of the extravagancies which put it out of their power to support them.

¹ I hear that family endowments still exist in Belgium. Burse, i.e. bourse, "purse," was the technical term for the endowment sufficient to maintain one student.

I cannot express to you what trouble I've been at to procure a place for the son of our Cousin Charles Philip, on account of his age; the unsteady temper of this youth, whose behaviour in other respects is very good, is now the Cause of his not having a Company in the Dutch Service, which wu'd be worth him 150 *Stér.* per Annum. I've procured a Like advantage for our Nephew Eugene, and for Cousin Rick O'Connell, and expect to do the like for young David Barry, of Killarney, thro' the channel of my old friend Maillebois, who is gone to Holland to take the command of their Army. I was to have gone with him on very advantageous terms to that Country, but was refused permission from our Court. I two years since offered Charles Philip's Son to get him a Commission, but he was then quite bent on the Church; had he accepted it that time, he wu'd have acquired within the space of two years a tincture of the service which might Authorize me to call for a Company for him, which I shu'd be certain of obtaining. Such undetermin'd fluctuating minds have, no doubt, caused in early periods the ruin of our Country, and I've ever constantly remarked that disposition among the Irish everywhere.

Cousin Tom FitzMaurice wrote to you about the money he intends for his sister, so refer you to his Letter. Farewell, D^r Brother. Pray let Brother Morgan know I rec^d his obliging Letter of y^e 18th Last Month, and shall with pleasure correspond with him from time to time. I am sorry to find the narrow prejudices of our Country have the power to biass so enlarged and solid a judgement as yours in your political reflections on this Country. Be assured that if the quarrell between the Emperor and the Dutch shu'd come to be Serious, that our Court shu'd take an active part therein, such a measure on their side shall proceed from no other motive than that of protecting an oppressed neighbour and ally, and supporting the balance of power in Europe. His Majesty has most conspicuously displayed his moderation and disinterested principles in the Course of the last war, and he wu'd be wanting in what he owes the honour and dignity of his Crown were he not to support the treaty of Munster, which he guarranteed as well as the other powers of Europe. Their lethargick indifference in a matter of such importance can be no rule for him; therefore do us some justice; we want and seek no increase of power. Farewell once more, D^r Brother.

The burses occupy most of the next set of letters. I knew an old doctor educated on this O'Connell endowment.

Paris, May the 29, 1785.

DEAR BROTHER,—I send you enclosed a Letter addressed to you by old Colonel James Conway, who, as you'll see by perusing it, wishes to procure one of Doctor Tim Connell's burses for Kitt Conway, his Nephew. The enclosed fully explains to you the steps to be taken for that purpose, so I need not enter into a more minute detail about it. I am persuaded you'll with pleasure second the kind view of the old Colonel in favour of his Nephew, and procure the young man one of those Burses, which is now filled by one Duckett from Killarney, who, it seems, has no title to it. Be so kind as to send me over your nomination signed by your Bishop, who I don't suppose will refuse it; but shu'd he, you then will only have to act as explained in the enclosed Letter I send ye.

I part this night for my Regiment. You'll find my address immediately underneath, and I shall expect the pleasure of hearing from you as soon as you've settled the above affair.

Tom FitzMaurice parted the 26th for Rochefort, whence he is to embark for Cayenne, where he is charged with a Military Commission from the Minister of the Navy, and thence to proceed to Gaudeloupe to take the Command of his Regiment. I don't suppose he will arrive at the latter place before December next, as the affair he is charged with at Cayenne will require some months' stay at that place. He parts in very good health, and leaves me the care of his affairs during his absence, with directions how to dispose of his small fortune in case of Death—a circumstance always to be feared in our Line of Life. He also empowers me to make an annual remittance to his sister, which I shall be very punctual in discharging. Said remittance to commence next year.

The Nephew you insist he shall place here he has also thrown on me. Pray let me know his age in y^r next, and I shall give you directions when and how to send him over, and endeavour to provide for him as soon as possible. The son of Charles Phillip is provided for. I sent him down to his Colledge and previously rigged him out, and gave him 10 guineas to defray his journey and the first Expences. I've recommended him to his superiors, who are all my friends, therefore I've put him in a way of doing as well as cu'd be expected. The two Barrys, his cousins german, will direct him how to act. He cu'd not possibly fall into better hands, and they are both exceeding good subjects, studious, prudent, clever, and well informed.

Farewell, my Dearest Brother. My tenderest wishes to your wife and Morgan, etc.

Everything denotes that we shall have no war this time. How long peace may continue I can't foresee, for altho' our Monarch's equity and pacific disposition be conspicuous to the last degree, still the protection he owes his allies may compel him one day to exert his power and influence in their support. The universal esteem and the Love of all his subjects ensure him every exertion on their part to support him when needful. The military will cheerfully spill the last drop of their blood for his service, and no one more cheerfully than yr fond brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

Rick Connell and our nephew Eugene [McCarthy] are in Holland, where I have been so happy as to get them Companies. I expect shortly to hear from them.

My address is : A Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte O'Connell, Mestre de Camp, Commandant du Regt. de Salm-Salm, chez Mr. de la Borde, fermier Général, Place du Carrousel, à Paris.

The above-mentioned Mr. de la Borde will forward any Letters wherever I be. I most tenderly embrace you all.

Strange that the writer should entertain such sanguine notions about royal popularity and devotion of the soldiers so near the Revolution! He must, doubtless, have greatly shared the infatuation of the nobility with whom he mixed, and who persistently ignored the volcano beneath their feet.

The following is the missive mentioned as being enclosed in the preceding letter :—

The Abbé O'Connor to Count — [I presume Conway].

MY DEAR COUNT,—I've just returned from Ermonville, where I was obliged to go last Monday about four o'clock in the evening, which deprived me of the pleasure of sending you the instructions I had the honour to promise you about Doctor Connell's Bourses. The reason Mr. Kelleher [Abbé Kelleher, head of the Irish College, and a very able and distinguished man in his day] alledges for not granting Kitt [Conway] the vacant Bourse is that the subject who presents himself for any of those Bourses must be named by two of the O'C. families and the Bishop of Kerry, and consequently that he can do nothing for him, as he did not get their nomination. He says it is his business only to receive those that are sent to him by the Nomination in due Form. Now, my Dear Count, the surest method of succeed-

ing—I mean of getting one of those two Bourses, as they both may be deemed vacant, one Duckett having no right to the one he enjoys—is to get Count O'Connell to write to his Brothers Maurice and Morgan, and give Kitt a Nomination as their immediate relation. This Nomination must be presented to the Bishop, and if either of the two gentlemen design writing a couple of Lines to him on that subject, he won't refuse signing it; but if he does, let the Nomination be sent with a Certificate of the Bishop's refusing to sign it, and the Chancellor of the University will put Kitt in possession of one of the Bourses. It must be specified in the nomination that Kitt is now a Student in Paris, and a fit and proper subject for to enjoy said Bourse. In case there should be e'er a child of the O'Connells to come on one of the Bourses, that won't hinder Kitt of getting t'other, as the Bishop said if he should find a relation fit for it, he would take it away from Duckett. Here's all that's to be done at present; it's needless to call for dimissaries for Kitt untill th' affair about the Bourses be decided, for, if he enters the Irish Community, he won't want any. I wrote to John Egan to make him speak to the Bishop about this matter, and told him it's the Gout hinders you from writing to both one and the other, and you begg him to let his Lordship know that it's no favour you want from him; that it's a matter of strict justice, from which you are Confident he will never deviate. As I only arrived last Night, I had not time to assure Chev^r Butler of my respects. I hope, Sir, you have not forgot speaking or writing to him. I have the honour to be, with profound respect, and zeal, and attachment, and affection,

My Dear Count,

Your most obedient and most humble serv^t,

O'CONNOR, Pr^t.

April the 1st, 1785, Au College de Rheims, Rue des 7 voyes.

Bishop Moylan to Maurice O'Connell.

DEAR SIR,—I have been so much pressed by my occupations since I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. Egan that I had not the leisure to answer it as soon as I would have wished.

Doctor Connell's will specifies in the 8th article that the Bishop should not appoint the subjects to fill the Burses without first informing himself of two gentlemen of his name if they be qualified; but I presume the qualifications on which he was to be informed by said gentlemen regard only the regulations set down in the 9th article of the Will

immediately succeeding, which particularise the different Conditions that should always be preferred in the Disposal of the Burses, with whom the gentlemen of his name being acquainted, they must be the properest persons to inform the Bishop concerning them, and prevent his being imposed upon. But when no one of the family mentioned or of his name be found "qualified according to the act of foundation," I really judged the Bishop to be the most competent Judge of the Dispositions necessary in the Subject to occupy the Burse in order to fulfil the Intentions of the Worthy and Charitable Founder, w^{ch} was no other than to procure pious and able Ministers to carry on the great Cause of Religion with Success in this poor Diocese, and that such also were the Sentiments and Intentions of the Doctor I think may be inferr'd from the act of foundation, wherein it is expressly said, "that should it happen that no Relative of the Founder, either on his Father's or Mother's side, be found qualify'd to profit of the foundation; in this Case the said M. Connel wills and understands that two Subjects of the Co. Kerry of his name, if to be had qualified, should be admitted, and in failure of them *any two other subjects recommended by the Bishops to the Administrators of the Foundation.* However, I am sure we shall never have any difference on this head; after the present appointment I trust there will never be wanting subjects well qualify'd, of the good Doctor's Relatives or of his name, to occupy his Burses, and should it happen during my Administration that in failure of such I should be under the disagreeable necessity of nominating thereto other Subjects, it's my Intention not to appoint any one without first consulting the Respectable Gentlemen of the name, who I am convinced wish nothing more than to see the charitable and pious intentions of the late worthy Doctor duly complied with, by the appointment of such subjects as by their Talents and Dispositions may be a Credit to the foundation, an honour to the Diocese, and by their ability and zeal promote the great Cause of true Religion which the good Doctor had so tenderly at heart. I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Connell and to your venerable mother, and am, with much esteem and regard, Dear Sir,

Y^r affectionate humble Serv^t,

Ts. MOYLAN.

Killarney, y^e 13th May, 1785.

This letter very clearly specifies that the bishop will, whenever it is possible, apply the burses to train up priests;

and the colonels, the "worthy doctor's" kinsmen, are very much bent on training up batches of future colonels.

Hunting Cap, after getting Abbé O'Connor's letter concerning old Colonel James Conway's young nephew, Kitt Conway, thus addresses the president, the Abbé Kelleher. I copied it from a paper endorsed, "Copy of my letter to Abbé Keleher, Munster, Superior at Paris, relative to Dr. Tim O'Connell's Burses, and with the copy of the letter I formerly wrote Dr. Moylan on same subject, and his answer."

Maurice O'Connell to Abbé Kelleher.

Darrinane, 26th August, 1785.

REVD. SIR,—Though I have not the favour of an acquaintance with you, yet as acting Executor to the Will of the late D^r O'Connell, of Saint Denis, you'll allow me, I hope, to break in upon you on the following occasion—that gentleman having expressly provided in his Will that no person should occupy any of his Burses till he was first recommended and approved off by a Certain Number of the gentlemen of his Name in this Country, and also by the Bishop of Kerry. I was about 13 Months since much surprized att hearing that Doctor Moylan, our Bishop (a prelate I have a high respect and esteem for) had, without consulting any of the Name or paying any attention to the provisions made for them by the Testator, some time before recommended a M^r Duckett to one of the Burses then Vacant, who in Consequence obtained and occupied it. I soon after waited on D^r Moylan, mentioned to him my opinion on the part he had taken, assured him I would Support the right of the gentlemen of the Name and prevent to the utmost of my power any Infringement of the letter and spirit of the Will, and that I would directly set on and commence a proceeding for the Expulsion of M^r Duckett, tho' I had no personal objection to him. After some further Conversation on the Subject and some Compliments and obliging declarations of the Doctor towards the Gentlemen of the Name, he said his wish was to have the affair Amicably Settled, and if, after my return Home, I would at my Leisure look over the Copy I had of the Will and point out to him by letter any parts of it which would Support and Substantiate my Claim, he wu'd cheerfully acquiesce and give up without further Contest or litigation, and hoped at the same time, as M^r Duckett was in possession, I would permit him to enjoy his Burse unmolested. To all of this I con-

cented, and Accordingly, in some Time after my return, Wrote to Doctor Moylan, and pointed out to him the 5th and 10th paragraphs or Sections of the Will (to w^{ch} I also Beg leave to refer you), in which the right of the Gentlemen of the Name is most clearly and unambiguously Expressed and provided for. The Doctor's answer was not Indeed so Explicit and decisive as I had a right to expect, but still it was Such as left me Ample reason to Conclude he had agreed to the very fair and well-founded Claim I made, and I therefore have ever since rested satisfied, not suspecting there would be any future Variation, either on this or F. side of the Water, but by a letter of last Month from Paris I am informed that when Johnny Connell on his arrival there last April produced to you the Abbrotation of some Gentlemen of the Name and of this Country his favour, you seemed rather surprized, and said the Gentlemen of the Name of O'Connell had Nothing to doe with the Burses, the whole right of disposing of them being in the Bishop of Kerry only. This, Sir, is the reason for my Troubling you with this letter, and entering into a detail of what passed between D^r Moylan and me on the subject. You will at the same time permitt me to ask how you can reconcile the opinion you Expressed to the parts of the Will above referred to, within. Words always pass according to their plain simple meaning, and in my Idea the words of the Will must be uncommonly wrested to afford any other meaning than what I apply to them; but perhaps you have not attentively considered that part of the Will. If you have, being always open to conviction, I shall be glad to hear the Construction you give It, as I have nothing more in view than to support and establish the intention of the Testator and the Spirit and Letter of the Will. The Ample Donations made by Doctor O'Connell demand attention to his Memory from his Countrymen, and more particularly of the Church, and it wu'd be peculiarly ungenerous to attempt to deprive the gentlemen of his Name of such powers as he has vested in them towards carrying them into Execution. Noe Station, noe Situation, noe specious pretensions can justify such a Measure, and from your general Character I may, I hope, promice myself you will not be induced to Countenance It. I shall request the favour of an answer directed to me att Darrinane, near Tralee, and am, etc.,

M. O'C.

A Copy—

A Monsieur, Mons^r l'Abbé Kelleher, Supérieur du Séminaire Irlandois à Paris.

I observe that Hunting Cap freely uses O to O'Connell, as he had done since the relaxation of penal laws in 1782. Before that he avoided it.

My hero was a complete educational agent for his connection. A scholar himself, he had a natural love of promoting learning, and, besides, to be well educated was the only chance for the young Irish boys ever to rise in the profession of arms. An elderly man, detained in idleness as a sort of prisoner at large under Napoleon's *détenu* enactments, he turns to study and meditation as the purest sources of enjoyment. It is consoling to know that one eminently satisfactory small boy was coming out, though as yet he had not made the acquaintance of that phenomenon. During 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788 he was busy with the regiment in the summer, and trying to push his fortunes in the winter in Paris. He had achieved an excellent position and a good income, and was full of hope for the future. Just as success seemed within his grasp, the Revolution came, destroying his prospects, with those of thousands of others who served the old French monarchy. During these "piping years of peace" we see him ever busy about his multitudinous Kerry kindred, though, as sometimes "the worm turns," the good colonel growls. However, he never leaves a boy in the lurch.

The English reader will do well to skip these pages, but to the many descendants, lineal and collateral, of the last generation of officers of the Irish Brigade they have considerable interest.

The few letters of 1786 chiefly concern other people. Kind Robin Conway's detailed account of his family strikes me as a valuable social study. It gives us the retired Irish officer married to a foreigner, and getting his children out into the world as foreigners. My hero expatiates with his usual energy on the enormities of the wild boys he has brought over, but has the consolation of one satisfactory small—alas! very small—boy. However, the paragon, "little" Johnny Burke, is only a cousin, and he is the nephew and importation of his dear friend and first cousin, Colonel Tom FitzMaurice.

Paris, June the 24th, 1786.

DEAR BROTHER,—I wrote to you last April, and sent you enclosed a bill of 400 Livres, French, on Dublin, for the use of Mrs. Burke, sister to Colonel FitzMaurice. [Here follow additional details and directions about it.]

I part the 27th for New Brisack, in Alsace, where my Regiment is now quartered. I shan't come to Paris before the beginning of 8^{bre}. Please to address to me, Mestre de Camp, Commandant du Régiment de Salm-Salm, Au Neuf, Brisack, en Alsace. Your Letter can't fail coming to hands. Nothing new here since my Last. I requested you wu'd send over young Burke, the Nephew of Colonel FitzMaurice, and address him to Robin Conway, at Bergues, to whom I've given the necessary directions about that youth. I again pray you'll send him off as soon as you conveniently can.

Cousin Morty O'Connell is to come down from Germany to spend some Days with me at my Regiment. His affairs won't permit him to make a long stay, but tho' short I shall feel a real pleasure at seeing him. Maurice Jeffrey is at the Waters and is well. Eugene [McCarthy] is immediately to return to Walsh's regiment, where his place has all this time past been kept for him. [M. de Maillebois, as before stated, took Eugene McCarthy and Rickard O'Connell into the Dutch Service as Captains, with a pay of £150 a year.]

I had a letter of the 13th February last from Cousin Tom FitzMaurice, from Cayenne. He was then in perfect health. All our friends on this side of the water are well, and desire to be remembered to you and their friends.

Farewell, dear Brother. My Love and Duty to My Mother. I was happy to be informed by a letter from Doctor O'Connell, Jn^r., that she looks as well as within these many years. Indeed, I most eagerly and impatiently wish to be able to see you and Embrace her and you. Be assured, whenever my affairs will permit me, I shall eagerly embrace that much wished for happiness. My best affections to my Sister, Brother Morgan, his wife, etc. Mathew Conway retired lately from the service with £90 stg. a year half Pay. He is much broken. Give Jemmy Baldwin my affectionate compliments. I am sorry to let him know that Mr. O'Leary, of Ultonia Regiment, in the Spanish Service, has lost, I believe, the whole of what he had been all his life labouring to spare on his pay, amounting to between £2 and £3,000 stg. He had lodged this money with an English Merchant at Alicant, who failed, and thereby ruined the fabrick poor O'Leary had with so much pains and anxiety been so long erecting.

[A great-granddaughter of Mr. Baldwin's, Miss Byrne, of New Grove, has seen the actual letter with a Spanish superscription to Don Diego Baldwin, in which the poor gentleman tells his story, and even offers to let his friends have the greater share of the money, if he can recover it from the defaulter.]

Pray let me know whether, in the course of next winter, you could send me over, by the way of Havre de Grâce, a pair of stout handsome horses, about six years old, of a size suited to mine, and of a handsome figure, but rather stout than delicate, and what they may stand me in price. If you can procure them without any great trouble to you, and if they don't come in too dear, that is much above £90 apiece, I shall be bold to request you'll buy them for me, no matter what the Colour be, but let them be sound and active.

Farewell once more, my Dearest Brother. I shall be impatient to hear from you.

Ever your Affectionate Brother During Life,

DANL. O'CONNELL.

Cousin Mathew Conway assures me that his intention is to assist his Brother as much as shall be in his Power all his life [out of £90 half-pay], and wishes to know if Mr. Falvy has paid him the money Mathew Conway paid in Landrées for his son Jerry. If he has not, I request you'll use all your influence with Mr. Falvy to prevail with him to act thus. 'Tis but an act of Justice, for which God will bless him, for no good action remains long unrewarded.

[The grimly proper colonel, who never played, and whose potations were of the most limited, comes out in fierce denunciation of a pair of young scapegraces. He had previously denounced his nephew Eugene, who turned out so well, in very similar terms. In my capacity of veracious chronicler I give the passage as it stands, but would take it *cum grano salis*. The good colonel sometimes reminds me of Colonel Newcome, occasionally of Major Pendennis, but he denounces in the style of the Baron of Bradwardine.]

Mathew complains to me very severely of his Nephew, the son of Tom, and of our Nephew Sullivan, who both got into Debt and spent their money unaccountably, and in very bad Company. I've given Sullivan notice that on the first fault he commits anew, I shall have him locked up in a Castle for a year and send him packing after, if he won't mend his conduct. The Chev' Mahony, his Colonel, will look sharp after him, and if he won't lead he'll make him Drive. [This is evidently intended to be read to the de-

linquent's mamma, for he continues in a milder strain.] Remember me affectionately to Sister Norry and her family. They may be assured I only mean to make Mark a good subject and a Sober man, which I apprehend is no easy affair.

The little nephew of good Colonel Tom FitzMaurice was duly sent out, and a most bright, lively, satisfactory, good little boy he proved in every point but one—he would not grow. Now, Count O'Connell's standard of the ideal perfection of an Irish boy required that he should seem likely to attain to at least six feet, of which Captain John Burke fell far short. In every other way he more than realized all expectations. Kind Robin Conway and his good-hearted Flemish wife are, as ever, ready to receive and cherish his young Irish kinsmen when they land, raw shy boys, in a strange land of strange speech and strange ways, and Providence rewards him by a good provision for his own young folk. A boy of thirteen an officer already seems strange to us, until we realize that a sort of middy on land was a feature in the French Service.

Bergues, St. Vainoix, July the 12th, 1786.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—Your letter of the 10th June was handed to me yesterday by Johnny Burke, who made his passage from Cork to my house in 6 days. He landed at Ostend, 31 miles from here, and I must own to you that it gave me Great pleasure to see so sprightly a Boy come from them parts. This day I forwarded your Letter to Comte O'Connell, who is now with his Regiment att Neuf Brisack, in Alsace, where he remains till the Latter end of August next.

As you are kind enough to Ask for your friends and Relations in this Country, I shall begin with giving you an account of my Little ffamily. I am Blessed with five children, two sons and three daughters. My eldest Daughter, now 19 years old, is with me, after passing two years at the Best Convents in this Countrey for her Education. I must own that she has profitted, which pays all the expences I was att, tho' she cost me 1200 livres a year att the Abbaye Royal of Markert, where none are rece^d but gentlemen's Children. My eldest Son, now 13 years old, is an officer in Berwick's since the 3rd of May last that he quitted me to join his Regiment, now in garrison at the Island de Rhée, 200 Leagues

from here, and don't expect to see him these two years to come. Had he not been made an officer so soon, my Intention was to send him to Cork for 12 Months to perfect him in the English, which must be his fate one day or another. My son by name Daniel, I propose for the Church, if God gives him grace to study well, and hope Comte O'Connell, who is his godfather, will get him a Benefice or a Canonship, which are Lucrative in this Country. As for the Daughters, they must wait God's mercy; they are more Expensive in this Country than boys.

My Brother quitted the Service, and is retired to Angoulême, the capital town of Angoumois, within 25 Leagues of Rochelle. Him I never expect to see, being so far off, more than 200 Leagues from hence, and that unfortunate — [I omit clue to youth in question] that my poor Brother has sent to this Country has vexed me more than anything that ever happened to me. An old proverb, Not being fit for anything else, to make a soldier of him. The poor man, his father, must be blind to send him to me. That Burke was made an officer on his arrival, and was taken great care of by his Uncle, [who] gave him everything necessary for a young officer. My Brother absented himself from the Regiment for six weeks; in his absence, this Rascal found means to run himself in debt 900 Livres during that time—a Scoundrel that never touched a penny in his Lifetime. In short, my Dear Maurice, I wish the Devil had him the first day I saw him. He stayed with me near Eight Months. I gave him every day five different masters to make something of him, but such a dunce was never framed. My Brother is still at the Regiment, waiting to find an occasion of sending him to the E. Indies or some outlandish country where he will never more see him.

General Conway is now at Bath for his health. 'Tis time. He was in a fair way of making money at the Cape of Good Hope, but General Conway is such a man that spends a deal of money and nobody knows how; he owed, I am told, on his return to Europe 70 thousand Livres. His Brother is much more prudent and much a better Country Man. He has done a great deal for his Cousins, the sons of Ned Conway. I cannot tell you at this moment where his son is.

This is a long account I give you of your Relations. I finish that, and come to the point of thanking you for your repeated Civilities to my poor Brother and his family, as also I thank your Brother Morgan and Danⁿ Connell, who, the poor man tells me, are always kind to him. God Almighty may ever Bless you and them, and continue your

health and happiness, which is the greatest treasure any man can expect. I mean health—a thing I feel much these years past, tho', thanks to the Almighty, find myself better these 15 months past.

It makes me happy to hear that your Mother and Lady are in perfect health. Be pleased to assure them of my love and Respect, and am for Ever, my Dear Cousin,

Your Afft. Kinsman,

R. CONWAY.

P.S.—My wife and family prays their Love to you and yours. When you see my poor Brother, tell him I have nothing to write to him, but tell him the conduct of — in this country. Johnny Burke is to stay with me till I hear from Comte O'Connell, which will take up 20 days. I am almost sure he will find him in the Colledge at Dunkerque for a Couple of Years. When that is decided, I will gett the Boy to write to his father.

The following letter explains itself :—

Count O'Connell to Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane.

Paris, November the 5th, 1786.

DEAR BROTHER,—Nothing cu'd have been more unseasonable than the arrival of Mr. Eager, Jnr., at this moment, as there's no possibility of getting him a genteel post, all being filled or promised for two or three years to come. I therefore, after having done, tho' to no purpose, everything in my power to serve him, advised he shu'd go to Spain, as he was determined to pursue his design. Altho' I had made him quite sensible that he shu'd relinquish it, return home, and take to an other course of life, my opinion had no weight—he was resolved and wu'd push on ; so I gave him an attestation, signed by General Thomas Conway and me, certifying that Mr. Eager is our relation, a gentleman, and requesting the friendship and kindness of our Countrymen in Spain for said young man. Both Mr. Conway and I are known, either in person or by character, amongst all the chief and field officers of our Nation in that Service, and we flatter ourselves they will pay some regard to our reccommendations. Mr. Eager is to write to me from that Country for any other acts of friendship he may want from me, w^{ch} I shall most readily comply with. It gives me much concern. I cu'd not do better, but then I had previously given notice that his age wu'd be an obstacle ; indeed, it was at this moment impossible to give him a place any way. I think it very imprudent to come over such uncertainties ; for was I not here, I know not what Mr. Eager cu'd have thought of doing, and it wu'd be

but fair to ask my opinion of matters before they would be put in Execution. This neglect I very well felt, and shu'd have very obstinately resented had I not received your Letters, which calmed my passion.

I remitted Arthur Ferris 15 guineas or Louis d'or, which Cousin Morty of Germany gave me this summer for the use of his Brother Jeffrey. I send you enclosed Mr. Ferris's notes, but was very sensibly moved to see so great a change in them for the worse. I fear the poor man won't live long.

[The young man referred to in the next paragraph is the tall, handsome, clever lad, who had first wanted to be a priest—the future Sir Maurice of Australia, if I may copy my hero's formula of "Morty of Germany."]

I believe young Maurice Charles Philip is arrived ere now at Iveragh. Pray tell my Mother I request she may gett a dozen shirts made of the same sort with the last I received, but I insist on paying them. Therefore I shall remit the money to Maurice, and let him pay it to my Mother from what his friends will give him to bring me over my shirts, which must be previously washed and smoothed.

I gave Arthur Ferris 6 pair of Silk Stockings for your use, three black and 3 coloured. Farewell, my Dearest Brother. I got a touch of the Ague this Summer, but drove it off by hard Exercise and by swallowing Jesuits' Bark. My Love and respects to my D^r Mother and Sister Mary. Let me soon hear from you, and be assured I am ever and for ever yours,
D. O'C.

Little Burk is doing mighty well. His Uncle, the Colonel, was well the 18th of July last at Cayenne.

Pray send me Cousin Jeffrey's rec^t for the 15 guineas, in order I may remit it to Cousin Morty. Maurice is well and is with the Regiment at Brisack.

I have only come across one letter for 1787. It contains the news of the death of two of the Conways—old Colonel James, one of the many Count Conways, and the patriarch of the fighting band of kinsmen on French soil, and of the retired Captain Matthew, his (I think) nephew. It contains a reference to one of my hero's many disappointments. He was kept on garrison duty at home, when he was longing for opportunities of distinction abroad. Years before, the king would not let him go to America, and now he anticipates being refused leave to go and fight a campaign or two against the Turks—which anticipations came true. His heroic com-

panion-in-arms of 1782, the Prince of Nassau, had specially invited him to Russia. The marvellously volatile and versatile prince, who had Lord Peterborough's gift of serving as anything in anything, and my prim, decorous, studious colonel were an oddly assorted pair of friends. They were exactly the same age. I may recall to the reader the verbal message my hero had borne from the prince on the burning ship to the commander-in-chief at the attack on Gibraltar. The Prince de Ligne thus describes the Prince of Nassau in a letter quoted by M. Charles Lacroette.

The following extract is translated from Charles Lacroette's "Histoire de France pendant le 18th Siècle," vol. iii. p. 186: "Prince de Ligne traces a striking portrait of this ever-wandering soldier, renowned everywhere he went for matchless daring. He says, 'I have just seen naval battles gained by a volunteer who, since he was fifteen years of age, has been gaining renown by his brilliant exploits. Brave and handsome, he was the dainty little aide-de-camp of a general who found plenty for him to do; then an infantry lieutenant, then a captain of dragoons, a courteous knight-errant avenging the wrongs of ladies and redressing social wrongs; then throwing up society to go all round the world, renouncing all pleasures for a while; then winning the good graces of the Queen of Otaiti, and positively slaying monsters, like Hercules. Back again in Europe, we find him colonel of a French infantry regiment; then of a German cavalry one, without knowing German; then leader of an expedition, captain of a man-of-war, nearly blown up and drowned in the Spanish Service, and made a Spanish major-general. Then this general officer in the land services of three countries, most of whose languages he could not speak, became the most brilliant vice-admiral that had ever served Russia. He had been refused a legitimate career at home, and had carved out one for himself while waiting for the law to restore his rights.

"Nassau-Siegen, by birth, he was Nassau-Sieger by achievement, for in German *sieger* means 'conqueror.' At Madrid he was acknowledged as a Spanish grandee of old standing; in Germany he is a Prince of the Empire, though

his states have been bestowed on another. If during some time he had simply vented his impetuosity against wild boars and perhaps poachers, even thus his love of danger would have soon taught him how fitted he was for war."

Such was the brilliant and erratic leader under whom my hero, having once served, longed, but in vain, to serve again. Count O'Connell, however, got work to do in France, but of a very different character from campaigning in Russia or Austria. It was tedious, monotonous office work, very excellent and very useful, no doubt. He was the subordinate and, doubtless, consequently hardest-worked officer of the Royal Commission of improved infantry regulations and drill.

I saw the advertisement about the "Manual of Infantry Tactics" in the re-issue of the *Moniteur* in Trinity College Library. It refers to two editions freshly brought out in 1792, "Règlement concernant l'Exercice and les Manœuvres de l'Infanterie du 1^{er} Août à Paris," in folio, 40 gravures, par M. Petit, graveur de la Marine et de Guerre—a smaller and cheaper edition, 8vo, at twelve livres, selling at the Bureau du Journal Militaire.

How far the following extract from notes to Burke's "Commoners" may be over-coloured by friendship I cannot say, but I think it quite probable a good deal of the drudgery and actual editing would fall to the lot of the subordinate officer. Burke states ("Commoners," vol. ii. p. 568), in a note—

"Without protection, without favour, he had risen to a colonelcy before he had attained his fortieth year.¹ But a few meetings of the Board had taken place when the superior officers, struck with the depth and accuracy of information, great military genius, and correct views displayed by Colonel O'Connell, unanimously agreed to confide to him the *redaction* of the whole French Military Code. [This must be a slight mistake, as the advertisement only relates to infantry tactics, with which, in every department of that arm of the service, he was concerned.] He executed the arduous duty so perfectly that his tactics were followed in the early campaigns of Revolutionized France, adhered to by Napoleon, and

¹ As a matter of fact, he was only thirty-seven when made a full colonel.

adopted by Austria, Russia, and England. For this remarkable circumstance in the life of Count O'Connell, the author is indebted to his friend, James Edward Devereux, Esq., of Carrigmenan, in the County of Wexford, who had been in the closest habits of intimacy with the count for several years."

A sort of confirmation of this is found in a letter of Count O'Connell's to Hunting Cap, written in 1802, concerning the invitation he had received from the Portuguese Government to go over and reorganize the drill of their army. He had Pitt's approval, also that of his royal master, the Count d'Artois; but, having gone over to France on private business, he was detained there, like other British subjects, so the project fell through.

"In 1787," says Grant, in his "Cavaliers of Fortune," quoting pretty freely from the "Biographies Générale" and "Universelle," "the Government of France, having resolved that the military economy of their army should undergo a complete revision and remodelling, appointed a Military Board, consisting of four generals and one colonel, to prepare reports and recommend alterations, where necessary. The colonel chosen was O'Connell, who drew up a system of regimental economy and a code of tactics which was afterwards used with brilliant success against himself and his loyal comrades during the first campaigns of the Revolution. When the labours of the board ceased, he was appointed to the onerous situation of Inspector-General of Infantry, with the duty of regulating the new uniforms and equipments of the line, when many alterations and improvements were adopted in 1791."

The tedious, minute, and monotonous labours of the code of tactics kept him busy for the period covered by many of the letters.

Count O'Connell to Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane.

Paris, October 23, 1787.

DEAR BROTHER,—Inclosed is a note of Counsellor Curran, of Dublin, for £15 14s. Irish, being the amount of 15 Louis d'ors remitted me last summer by our Cousin Morty of Germany, for the use of his Brother Jeffrey, which a want of an opportunity prevented me from remitting Earlier.

This money has been paid here by my friend, Captain Fagan, to said gentleman, who gave the enclosed note, which I make no doubt he'll strictly acquit when presented to him in Dublin, where he is shortly to be.

We have been some time past in Doubt—I won't say Expectation—of a War with you, but matters seem now to be amicably made up, and it's said orders have been issued to stop our Naval preparations, which were immense, and to dismiss the Seamen already assembled to the number of 28 thousand. I presume as much will be done on your side, so that our Arms shall have time to grow rusty and our powder mouldy. We half-Politicians in this quarter thought it much against the interest of England to provoke the dissolution of the late treaty of Commerce with France, so glaringly advantageous to the Britons; it would be a new proof of Virgil's observation, "*Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.*"

From the late changes which have taken place in our Ministry, it becomes uncertain whether I shall be able to effectuate my expectation of placing Brother Morgan's son in the Navy, but, on the arrival of the New Minister of that Department, I shall see what's to be done in that line, and Let you know the measures to be taken.

I am very sorry to inform you of the Death of poor Mathew Conway, the Brother of Tom and Robin, which happened last Summer. I fear his loss will deprive poor Tom of the small succours he drew from him, Robin being not in a condition to continue them. Old James Conway also died this summer. We were all absent, so the poor old Gentleman had no relation to close his Eyes and receive his last farewell. Such is the doom of man. Our first and last moments in Life are commonly attended with pains and distress, and the intermediate space but too frequently a series of misfortunes and miseries; but in that, as in all the rest, the Aim of Providence is to detach our hearts from worldly happiness, and to raise our Contemplations towards the Solid bliss of a future life.

I received the Linen you was so good as to send me by young Maurice Charles. It's beautiful, and I request you'll accept my thanks for the present. He also brought me a letter from Sister Sullivan of Coolagh, concerning her son, in consequence of which I wrote to him he may go to pass the Winter in Ireland; but, prithee, no demands for more than the usual time of absence, for I can't think of pestering the Minister with such incessant Demands. [Having administered this rebuke, our disciplinarian relaxes a little and softens

“ Sister Sullivan” into “ Sister Norry,” the homely pet-name for Honora.] Pray give my tender affections to Sister Norry, and tell her I thought it useless to write to her, as you’ll do my Commission.

If we have no war, as we probably shall not, I purpose asking the King’s permission to go to the Austrian or Russian Army, to make a Campaign or two against our old Allies the Turks. My old Companion, Prince of Nassau, with whom I served in the floating Batteries, strongly invites me to go join him in the Russian Army, where he is in high esteem, but I fear leave will be denied me. Then I shall be condemned to slumber away life, like many others, *fruges consumere nati*.

Farewell, my Dearest Brother. May all happiness attend you all, and may Heaven preserve you, my Dearest and Most Beloved Mother, etc.! Address to me here as usual, and believe me,

Ever your tender and sincere friend,

D. O’CONNELL.

Our Cousin Tom FitzMaurice is well. Tell his Sister Burke she can count on a remittance of £20 in the . . . [torn].

Pray let young Sullivan learn to read and write during his stay among you. [The colonel is a very neat calligrapher, and would have his young folk extra perfect in the three R’s. We must take his lectures about them, as he would classically say, *cum grano salis*.]

Cousin Jeffrey would do well to write a Letter of thanks to his Brother Morty, and Address, à Rothembourg sur le Tauber, en Franconie, Allemagne.

NOTES TO BOOK V.

NOTE A.

CHEVALIER FAGAN AND THE FAGAN FAMILY.

D'Alton gives the following notice of Chevalier Fagan. I find it impossible to believe he can have married, as he is so constantly and affectionately mentioned in the old letters, and never a word of wife or child. I fancy D'Alton may confound a brother or nephew with a son.

He states, at p. 331, Christopher Fagan, who was a captain in Lord Kenmare's Infantry, was a cousin of Captain Richard Fagan, of the King's Own Infantry. "This Christopher fought at Anghrim, was included in the articles of the Capitulation of Limerick, bought property in Kerry, and married Mary, only daughter of Patrick Nagle, of Ballinamona, by Catherine, daughter of Hugh de Lacy, of Bruff. He settled in Kerry, and, dying in 1740, was buried in the Abbey of Killarney. His grandson and namesake, Christopher, entered the French Army in 1755, in which he distinguished himself and bore the style of Chevalier de Fagan; but by his attachment to royalty he too lost, on the breaking out of the Revolution, what he had acquired there, and died in London in 1816, at the advanced age of eighty-three.

"Christopher, his eldest son, a captain in Dillon's French Brigade, afterwards entered the English Service, and died unmarried in the West Indies. Charles, his brother, married a marchioness, daughter of a grandee of Spain of the first class, and by royal permission bore the title of Count de Fagan. He died in 1813. (See Burke's 'Landed Gentry.')

D'Alton states that the son of Captain Christopher Fagan, of Lord Kenmare's Regiment in King James's time, was Stephen Fagan, a merchant in Cork, and his son James married Ellen, daughter of Ignatius Trant, Esq., lineal descendant of Sir Patrick Trant, whose attainders and confiscations are mentioned above. William Fagan, late a Member of Parliament for the City of Cork, was the eldest son of that marriage, and he, too, lived to mourn the loss of a son, Lieut. Hornby Fagan, in the Massacre of Cawnpore.

With all due respect to Mr. D'Alton, I can scarcely believe that a man who was M.P. a few years ago could be grandson to Lord Kenmare's captain fighting in 1690. He speaks of Chevalier Fagan as his grand-uncle, so I infer he was grandson to the chevalier's brother Stephen, whose advent in Cork is mentioned in Count O'Connell's early letters.

FAGAN FAMILY.

Arms registered 1607, in Ulster's Office—

Per chev. gu. and erm. in chief; three covered cups ar. Crest: a griffin arg. winged and tufted or, supporting in the talons an olive branch fructified gold.

D'Alton, in King James's Army List, states that the Fagans were a powerful family in Meath, connected with the De Lacys, Plunketts, and Barnewalls. "In 1358 John Fagan was High Sheriff of the Liberties of Meath, and in 1373 was appointed Governor of the important Castle of the Pale at Trim; while in 1401 Nicholas Fagan was one of the commissioners selected for assessing the barony of Moyallen therein with a corn subsidy. . . .

"Christopher Fagan, the representative of the Meath line, and inheritor of their estates, was induced to lend his influence in maintaining Perkin Warbeck's claim to the crown. He (as it is said in an old family pedigree, verified by wills and funeral entries in the Office of Arms, and lately in the possession of Mr. William Fagan, of Cork) was slain with four of his sons at the siege of Carlow, when a great portion of their Meath estates was, as confiscated, granted to the Aylmers, Barnewalls, and other gentry of the Pale. John, the youngest son of Christopher, was also at Carlow, being then but eighteen years of age; he, however, escaped the slaughter and fled to Cork, a city that held out strenuously for Perkin. He there married Phillis, daughter of William Skiddy, of Skiddy's Castle in that city, by whom he had two sons and a daughter Phillis, who married Thomas Gould.

"Thomas Fagan acquired that estate of Feltrim in the County of Dublin from which the head of the family since derived another territorial designation. His eldest son, another Christopher, was High Sheriff of the city of Dublin in 1565 and 1573; and it was during his possession of Feltrim that the unfortunate Earl of Desmond, being a prisoner of state in the castle of Dublin, and his health failing so as to need the air of the country, this Christopher Fagan was selected to take charge of his person at his residence. But when it was intimated to Fagan that it would be his duty to watch the captive, he magnanimously replied that the earl

would be welcome to diet and lodging at his house ; yet would he never consent to be his keeper. Desmond, it may be added, in such liberal guardianship was allowed to walk abroad on his parole ; but, abusing the privilege, he escaped into Munster, where, entering soon after into open rebellion, he was treacherously murdered. In 1611 John Fagan had a grant of the castle of Bullock in the County of Dublin, with the fishery and haven and castle of Rochestown, and in 1669 Patrick O'Fagan had a patent for 301 acres in Louth " (King James's Army List, vol. ii. pp. 16, 17).

Another Christopher, who died February 12, 1683, had Feltrim restored to him at the Restoration, and by his daughter Elizabeth, wife of Lord Strabane, was ancestor to the Earls of Abercorn.

John Fagan, uncle to this lady, was the founder of the Munster line, says D'Alton. The attainders of 1691 give four names of the Fagans. Richard of Drakestown, County Meath, had confiscated estates worth £100,000.

CHEVALIER FAGAN'S NEPHEWS AND GRAND-NEPHEWS IN INDIA.

John Fagan, of Kiltallah, County Kerry, by his wife, Mary Hickson, of Tralee, had eight sons, whereof five distinguished themselves in India under " Old John Company."

George Hickson Fagan lost his left arm at the siege of Seringapatam, and at thirty-four was Adjutant-General of the Bengal Army.

Patrick Charles Fagan died of hardship and fatigue after the siege of Bhurtpore, where he had planted the regimental colours on the ramparts.

Major-General *Christopher Sullivan Fagan*, C.B., served in the Mahratta campaign and reduction of various forts, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

He had four sons in the Bengal Army—

George Hickson, a distinguished Engineer officer, who had to retire from ill health a lieut.-colonel.

John, who was wounded at the siege of Guznee, and died in Afghanistan, a captain in the Royal Bengal Fusiliers.

Robert Charles Henry Baines, Bengal Artillery, wounded eight times during the Mutiny and killed at Delhi the evening before the attack. " He was an admirable officer, and of such reckless courage that he could not be restrained from exposing himself over the breastwork of his battery, and was shot through the head by a musket-ball from the ramparts of a fortress which his Engineer brother had assisted in constructing from 1831 to 1834."

Robert Fagan, uncle to preceding, son of John Fagan, of

Kiltallah, was wounded in the British Service at the assault of Bona Fortuna, in the Island of Martinico, in 1802, and fell the following year, at the taking of St. Lucia.

John, a captain in the Company's service, died at Mallow in 1809.

James Patrick, the youngest brother, served with great distinction under Sir Ralph Abercromby, and received a special report from Lord William Bentinck, Governor of India.

He and his brothers were called "the military family" in India—a title merited by the next generation (pp. 332—334).

Had these nephews and grand-nephews of the chevalier lived a century earlier in penal times, the blood they poured out like water in the British cause would have been shed for an army probably in opposition to their monarch.

NOTE B.

WHAT FRENCH HERALDS CALLED AN ANCIENT FAMILY.

Madame de Créquy, in her "État Général de la Noblesse de France avant 1789," a pre-eminently curious and interesting treatise, defines an *ancienne famille* as one whose origin is unknown, and whose *noblesse* dates from before 1400. The 552 ancient families admitted to the honours of the Louvre under the edict of 1759 derive their *noblesse* from some ancient charter or deed, of date previous to 1399, in which their first traceable ancestor is described by a title implying *noblesse*. In one case only was the *noblesse* based upon letters patent from the king, that of Rouault de Gamaches, ennobled as "Argentier du Roy," in 1372—the first letters patent of nobility issued in France.

The house of Bourbon, beyond all doubt the most ancient and illustrious of royal houses, heads the list of 552 elect families, dating from 776; that of De Castelnau, qualified "Noble Seigneur" in act of December, 1398, closes it. The list is worth reading, if only from the extraordinary variety of titles found in it. De Brienne is "Comes miseratione divina," in 982; Polignac-Polignac is "Vice-Comes Deo favente," in 984; Mirambeau is "Magnus et Potens Vir," in 992; D'Estaing is "Haut-Baron," 1057; Montmorency, "Dominus," 1028; other noble races spring from a Captal, a Bannaret, a Vidame, Mestral, Eques, Princeps, Porte-Oriflamme, Page-du-Pape, Seigneur du Sang, Donzel, Sénéchal, Noble Garant, Miles, Scutifer, Noble Champion, Libre Baron, Varlet du Roy, Baillif d'Epée, Ostage de la Ste. Ampoulle, etc. Admission to *les honneurs du Louvre* was a jealously guarded privilege.

Mons. Chérin, "Généalogiste des Ordres de Sa Majesté," surnamed "l'Incorruptible," seems to have devoted considerable attention to Count O'Connell's pedigree. O'Connell had the pedigree drawn up to enable him to take an airing in the king's coach; he received it in 1784, but he was not admitted to the honour he sought until 1788. An apposite illustration of another Chérin's scrupulous care is given by Mr. McCarthy, in the life of his illustrious kinsman, Florence McCarthy Mor. When the head of the house of McCarthy Reagh, the great-grandson of Donal-na-Pipi McCarthy Reagh, fled to France, he bore with him a wondrous pedigree, duly attested by Clarencieux and Norroy (Sir Isaac Heard, afterwards Garter), and enriched with copies of all documents contained in the Heralds' College. McCarthy submitted this volume "to the searching eyes of M. Chérin père," and was in consequence admitted *aux honneurs du Louvre*. Thus far Mr. McCarthy, who does not, however, tell us that Mons. Chérin, after due inspection of this pedigree that reached back into the night of time, accepted it as proved from the year 1209 only; he did not dispute the genuineness of previous generations, but the evidence produced, in spite of English official attestation, was not sufficient for the Cabinet de l'Ordre du St. Esprit. This Chérin was the worthy father and predecessor of the gentleman who took four years to inspect Count O'Connell's pedigree.

After the edict of 1759 about a dozen foreign families naturalized in France registered their pedigrees in the Cabinet de l'Ordre du St. Esprit (Heralds' Office), and were in consequence granted the honours of the Louvre.

One Scotch family appears, Drummond, who, Ducs de Melfort from 1701 and Lords Drummond from 1487, are writ down rather small as "Drummond de Perth and Melfort," and granted precedence from 1318.

There are five Irish names: Nugent, Lords de Delvin, 1166; Butler, Des Comtes de Cahir, 1206; McCarthy de Reagh, Thanist, 1209; O'Mahony de Carbrye, Thanist, 1220; Talon du Liménéagh du Bouloy, 1300.

Forty-eight French houses enjoyed *les honneurs du Louvre* without having furnished the proofs of 1399, as a reward for distinguished service rendered to the king in camp or council. Among them are the well-known names of Lys d'Arc, Bayard, De Lomenie, Colbert, De Maillebois, De Genlis, De Maurepas, and the seven ducal houses of De la Vrillière, De Gèvres, De Villeroy, De Crillon-Mahon, De Coigny, De Broglie, and De Villars.

Any individual whom his Majesty delighted to honour,

and who was unable to produce the necessary qualifications, was personally presented "by command of the king," and permitted to occupy a seat, or a portion of one, in his Majesty's gilded, and often overcrowded, coach. Such presentations were, however, of very rare occurrence, and grew rarer as the monarchy grew older. There were only twenty-two between 1715 and 1789, and one of the last was that of Madame la Comtesse du Barri, in 1769. Such presentation conferred no rights upon the descendants or relations of the presented.

A curious proof of the jealous scrutiny of French heralds, MM. Chérin and Cie.: the family De Rambures, one of the oldest in France, could, after the edict of 1759, take precedence only from 1897; all previous charters and deeds having been destroyed by fire in 1591, though it was well known that such charters had existed and had then been destroyed.

The outward signs of inward grace allowed to those who enjoyed the honours of the Louvre were—

1. A dais erected in one of their reception-rooms.
2. A scarlet hammercloth.
3. Their shield borne upon an ermine-lined mantle.—

[R. O'C.]

NOTE C.

IRISH FORTUNE-HUNTERS.

The following letter gives a curious view of the marriage mart. It has been published in "Historical Collections of Ireland, 1691-1700." The writer was probably John O'Connell (died 1741), of Darrynane, the count's grandfather; the addressee, but not the recipient, as it is evident that the letter never reached its destination, Daniel, eldest son of John O'Connell, of Ballinabloun (will proved August 23, 1726).

Thackeray has given us a delightful, but slightly exaggerated, sketch of the Irish fortune-hunter in "Barry Lyndon." The profession unfortunately no longer flourishes.

London, the 27th June, 1699.

DEAR COZEN,—The very same Day that I received your Last letter I answered it, and Directed according to your direction, which I understand never came to your Handes; and, indeed, what I writ then is what I write now. You knowe me to be no Bragger; therefore, though I do not desire you to come, yett I am not in the leaste against your coming,

because you are left Exposed to your own Industrie and events of Fortune, which you maie meete with heere as well as anie where, and as soon, tho' in realitie you may never Meete with anie, which is but meer hazard. If you are well Rigged, and not Empty in your Pocket, it is certain that you maie easier make yourself here by Marriage than anywhere that I knowe. Great manie rockes and Ruffians of our Country gett fortunes here, but, generally speaking, spoyled it by their Extravagant courses; others deserve such. In what I can serve you I believe you do not question but I'll never be Deficient as far as I can. Your Friend and quondam Fellowscholar, Mr. Thomas Sullivan, is of the same opinion as I am. Who knows if you should Faile in this butte you should get some Employment with some of the Greate persons that are going to Rome to the Jubilee next year?

My dear Cozen, you see how I am Divided. I wish that you should doe well as if you had been my Brother, a hundred times, so that to be positive with you I durst not. It may be the Best thing that ever you should doe, as on the other side it maie not thrive; generally speaking, if they have Discretion, and being in a condicion to support themselves, some of ours doe Well, but the rest are drown in Debauchery, etc., etc. God direct you to the Best. You need not Insist too much to get a Passe, if you cannot easily get itt, though it should be Better that you should get it if you can. You may pass by the Name of Holcomb. All your Friends are well. My Lord Kenmare gott Six hundred a Year out of his estate.¹ I am now at Liberty from my Confinement, which is alle from your Cousin and humble servant. Remember my Service to F^r Donoghue, and tell him that his Cozen Jeny, that was married to Captain Ferriter, died; so did O'Sullivan More; the Rest are well. When you come you shall find me at the Portugal Invoy's in Lincoln's Fields, which is all from your Loving cozen and Friend,

J. CONNELL.

ffor Mr. O'Brien, Gentleman to Count Dona, att Loo, in Holland, to be Delivered to Mr. Daniel Connell.—[R. O'C.]

¹ Rental in 1782, £10,000; valuation (rental about 30 per cent. higher) in 1883, £34,273.

BOOK VI.

THE REVOLUTION AND THE EMIGRATION.

1788-1793.

O Connell presented at court—*Les honneurs du Louvre*—Ambition gratified—Count de Vaudreuil—Police spy—Gouverneur Morris—Madame de Flahaut's salon—"Love of glory"—No letter to describe our hero's reception at court—Marie Antoinette—Snuff-box, the gift of Marie Antoinette—Good nature—(Paris, February, 1788) the count to Hunting Cap—Leave refused to join the Austrian or Russian Army—Young Burke—Other people's affairs—Major Moor, of "Berwick's"—"Our little nephew John"—General Conway—Count Mahony married—"Brother Baldwin"—(Paris, May, 1788)—Colonel Tom FitzMaurice and his relatives—A good boy at last—Pestered by cousins—Going to Metz—John (of Grenagh) advised to try another mode of life, not soldiering—Changes in the Military Constitution—Pay reduced—Gloomy prospects—"Cousin Morty" at the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle—Liège Regiment—Vanities—Presentation to his Majesty—The King's coaches—Gouverneur Morris on French society—M. de Laborde, Fermier-Général—Society gossip—Madame Adèle de Flahaut—Ohit-chat—Young Hickie of Killelton writes from Paris—Dinner-party at the Countess Watters's (*née* Rice)—"Dragging the devil by the tail"—A crowd of marquises, counts, and countesses—No healths drunk—No getting half-drunk—The Carnival—Morris's diary again—The Bishop of Autun—Duc de Biron—Abbé Bertrand—Count O'Connell thrice mentioned—(October 1, 1789) entertainment given by the Regiment of Flanders at Versailles—Gloom—O'Connell—O'Connell at Madame de Laborde's—Bills of exchange—(Paris, April, 1789) Count O'Connell to Maurice—Con O'Leary (son of Arthur the Outlaw)—National Assembly—(Paris, June, 1789) to same—Mother's failing health—Schools for Dan (the future Liberator) and Maurice of Carhen—St. Omer's—The boys' education—Very interesting letter from the Abbé Edgeworth on the state of Paris—Only two letters for 1790—Gloom—Exiles—Infantry tactics—(Paris, January, 1790) Count O'Connell to Maurice—Troubles of the country—Letters stopped—"Honour of spilling my blood"—A spectator of events—Austrian Netherlands—Politics—"The boys"—Mr. John

O'Sullivan, of Couliagh—(February, 1790) Comte de Vaudreuil writes to the Comte d'Artois from Rome—A very sad letter—Court of Spain—Speaks of the Queen—He has heard from Count O'Connell—Count de Ségur's sentiments—O'Connell fitted for great enterprises—Poli-gnac family—On the 30th of July Vaudreuil writes to Comte d'Artois from Venice—"O'Connell: I can count on him"—Vaudreuil's August letter—Count O'Gorman—O'Connell—Countess Watters (*née* Rice) to Mr. Hickie (August, 1790)—Critical times—Crushed by taxes—Lady Fitzgerald—Vaudreuil writes on September 4, 1790—The Salm-Salm Regiment in mutiny—O'Connell inconsolable—(Paris, September 2, 1790) Count O'Connell writes to Hunting Cap—Gloomy days—Utter ruin dreaded—"Wretched situation of the finest country of Europe"—No more boys to come out—Count O'Connell's proposal to rescue royalty—Louis XVI. would not consent—Family traditions about Count O'Connell—Count O'Connell willing to risk his life for the King—Schemes—Our hero in Paris—"Le beau Fersen"—A colonel without a regiment—O'Connell from the "Biographie Générale"—Military tactics again—Promotion—Jealousy—(Paris, March, 1791) Dan writes to Hunting Cap—Mrs. Burke—Con O'Leary—Unsettled times—Good spirits—The regulations for the army—Hard work—Bad pay—Duc de FitzJames and the Irish Brigade—Its dissolution expected—(Paris, June, 1791) Count O'Connell to Hunting Cap—Death of Maurice's wife—Affairs daily more critical—Major-general—Changes in military affairs—Insubordination of the army—"This unhappy country"—Gouverneur Morris on the position of French officers—Our hero refuses offers of command under Carnot—Joins the Royalist Army—Flight—Fate of the French Irish Brigade—Disbanded—Count O'Connell negotiating—Helping Catholic Emancipation—Duc de FitzJames's letter to the King—Claims of the Irish in France—Thirty thousand Irishmen—Brigade wants to go to Spain—Fidelity and valour—Sir Charles McCarthy-Lyragh—Irish regiment of Berwick—Loyalty—Count de Provence—Count Arthur Dillon—"Le beau Dillon"—Count Edward Dillon—Unpublished document—Captain James FitzSimon's certificate—Real crisis of our count's life—Matrimonial affairs—About to be arrested—Flight to the Royalists—Incognito—(Paris, 1792) Count to Hunting Cap—Trouble and confusion—Letters of Count O'Connell to the King seized—With the Royalists at Valmy—Account of the *Émigré* army—Our hero a trooper—Sir Charles McCarthy again—The Duke of Brunswick—Comte d'Artois—The King of Prussia—A letter from Count Edward Dillon to Captain James FitzSimon—An affecting picture of the *Émigré* army—O'Connell in Brussels—Count O'Connell's nephews—St. Omer's—Maurice O'Connell, of Carhen, writes to his uncle Hunting Cap—Douay—Mr. Duggan—Had a letter from "Uncle Dan"—His escape—Going up the Rhine—(London, November, 1792) Count O'Connell writes again—Duel—Arrived some days ago—Decree of the National Convention—French emigrants—Misery—(London, November 23, 1792) Dan to Hunting Cap—Love-story—The lady still in France—Laws forbidding return of *Émigrés*—Left Paris in July—A simple

hussar—The express command of the King—French spies—Mendacious certificate requested—And sent—(London, December, 1792) affairs of his lady-love—Mr. McCarthy, of Berwick's Regiment—A son of Dr. Connell's an officer in the Brunswick Service—Baptisterium—Wants his mother's consent to his marriage—The Irish Brigade—Not going to Austria—Poverty—Chevalier Fagan—*Émigrés*—Memorandum—(London, January, 1793) leaving for France—Borrows money from Chevalier Fagan—Johnny Burke—Colonel O'Connell seeks employment in England—From a letter of the Duke of Portland—Colonel O'Connell proposes to raise a Catholic regiment—French Catholic Royalists—(March, 1793) the future Liberator writes from London—Count O'Connell at home—Young Maurice writes from London in July, 1793—Count O'Connell's life at home—Stories of his mother—A kinsman arrested in Paris—Mistake for the count—The Count de Castelverd—Citizen O'Connell—Set free—Official documents—Destitute—Hunting Cap's generosity—Chevalier Fagan—Lord Moira's passport—(Milford Haven, November, 1793) "Arrived an hour ago"—Going to London—Sister Seggerson—"Poor Andrew" Fitzzy Burke in Cork—(London, December, 1790) Lord Moira's Expedition—Trying for an English commission—General James Conway—What to do next—Undecided whether to join Lord Moira, join the Royalists in La Vendée, or take no part in military affairs—On the list of the outlaws—The vicissitudes of fortune—Dan (the Liberator) promising everything good—Viscountess de Gouy—Dan Mahony, of Dunloe—Maurice O'Connell a deputy-governor—Lord Glandore's letter.

In the year 1788 my hero accomplished his ambition of being presented at court, with the fullest compliance with every rule and ordinance, and the attainment of every privilege. He was admitted, as a Brahmin of the Brahmins, to the fullest privileges of *les honneurs du Louvre*. My colleague, Ross O'Connell, has given a very full and exhaustive report thereon, which is too good to be packed away in a footnote, and will be found incorporated in the text.

To my hero courtly honours were but as a means to an end. The end was, indeed, deferred to his old age, but he did achieve a by no means inconsiderable share of success, and, when he died, was the only Irishman in France who was at that time lieut.-general and Grand Cross of St. Louis. Of these latter dignitaries there were but twenty-four, exclusive of princes of the blood. His ambition was, however, baulked in what he most desired, professional renown. The laurels of the Irish Lacys came between him and his rest. He

would fain have joined the Prince of Nassau, or shared the toils and fatigues of his dear friend and cousin Morty against the Turks, but he was wanted for the infantry tactics, and had to stay at home and grind at routine business and the great drill-book.

His dear friend, the Comte de Vaudreuil, tells the Comte d'Artois that O'Connell is a man suitable for great enterprises. The police spy, his ex-valet, calls him a man of wit and courage. The keen-witted American, Gouverneur Morris, who is constantly meeting him in the lovely Madame de Flahaut's political salon, notes his ambition, and suspects him of a disposition to make use of other folks' wits, notably of a suggestion of his own, "because he has a good dose of what is called by different names, but in a soldier is the love of glory."

Ambition he always admits to be his ruling passion, till age, disappointments, and perhaps domestic happiness cause him to make over all his ambitions to his famous nephew and namesake, to whom he looks to shed a lustre on their name with his genius, as he had once hoped to do with the sword.

I have heard of a letter describing his reception at court, but, alas! it cannot be found.¹ A man would be more or less than mortal who could unmoved have kissed the beautiful hand of Marie Antoinette. He had long been officially acquainted with her worthy but prosaic spouse. I wonder what he said of them. I received from the present owner of Darrynane an exquisite little round snuff-box of no great intrinsic value, but always said to have been given to Count O'Connell by the Queen in the days of her adversity, when he was secretly corresponding with royalty at the risk of his own neck. It is made of tortoiseshell, covered with red enamel, and hooped with wrought gold. A band of pale blue enamel and some gold scrolls enclose a very tiny miniature of Marie Antoinette, with powdered hair, and dressed simply in pink, with the King beside her in a short wig and dark-green suit, displaying a monstrous breadth of waistcoat behind as well as beside the graceful long-waisted figure of his Queen. The Queen's hair is dressed rather low, and in a style from which I should

¹ Since writing the above, the letter has been found, but it merely records the dry fact of the count's presentation.

fancy the miniature was done not very long before their troubles.

Only two of my hero's letters have reached me of this period. They give an account of his disappointment about foreign service, and his worries about every one's business. Certainly no man ever took more trouble to help on his friends and kinsmen.

Paris, the 22nd February, 1788.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,—I rec^d in due time y^r Letter of the 23rd 9^{bre} last from Dublin, which various affairs, schemes, and plans of different kinds prevented me from answering e'er now. I've been peremptorily denied leave to make the Next Campaign either in the Austrian or Russian Army, which I very earnestly wished to obtain with a view of extending and ripening thro' experience my Military ideas, so you see his Majesty has concurred with your care for my Safety. Inclosed is a bill for 400 French Livres for Mrs. Burke, amounting to £17 3^s and 3^d Irish, for which sum you'll please to send me her receipt. The Bill is on Mr. Sexton, of Limerick, but hope this will answer full as well. Young Burke is still in pension [*i.e.* boarding-school] at Dunkirke. I shall be careful to provide for him as soon as possible. Our friend Colonel FitzMaurice was well at Gaudaloupe last X^{br}. I hope soon to hear from him.

Poor Mathew's [half-pay Captain Conway] effects were of no value at all, by what his Brother Robin tells me, the greatest and best portion having been sold to acquit the expenses of his illness and burial. I am extremely sorry to think poor Tom has nothing to expect in that line, nor do I believe that Robin can have it in his power to assist him, considering his own charge and narrow faculties [*i.e.* means]. Robin writes to me that he found in Mathew's papers a Bill or Receipt of our Nephew Marcus O'Sullivan, for, I think, 200 Livres, which Mathew advanced him. I am ignorant whether or no this money has been paid in Ireland to Tom Conway, as by Mathew intended. If not, pray make it your business to see it paid. Young O'Sullivan can best inform you about it. The bill for his use on Mess^{rs} Bernard, of Lorient, has been long since paid. I sent it to Major Moore, of Berwick's Reg^t, who advanced the amount to pay off Marcus' Debts. Surely that he can't be ignorant of 't? For my part, I am so pester'd with the affairs of all the World that I can't possibly remember them all.

[The next paragraph refers to my dear husband's father.]

With respect to our Little Nephew John of Carhen, as y^e circumstances won't permit of your sinking £300 for him, I must relinquish the idea of putting him in the Navy. The Land Service, tho' less promising for futurity, will suit him better. Therefore you must think of sending him over at the age of 12, and till then give him the best Education the Country offers. No late account from General Conway. Chev^r Mahony, now called Count Mahony, has made a marriage not easy [rich, he means] at present, but what probably will prove so hereafter. I thank you for the Linen; it's exceeding good indeed. I've neither seen nor heard of M^r Godfrey. If I shu'd meet him, be assured I shall show him every civility in my power. I am rejoic'd to hear my Sister, your Wife, is much better, and most heartily wish she may continue so, as well as my D^r Mother. Pray give 'em both my most tender affections. Remember me to Brother Morgan, etc., and believe me always, most cordially and unalterably,

Your fondest Brother,

DAN O'CONNELL.

I shall be more punctual hereafter. Pray send the inclos'd paper by a messenger immediately to Brother Baldwin. I find my Letters to him miscarry all, tho' I address to Clohinah, near Macroom; therefore I send you this paper, which you'll please to inclose to him without Delay, as it's of some importance to him. Farewell. How do all our friends? Maurice Jeffrey and Eugene McCarthy are well.

The first page of the next letter (May 28, 1788) is taken up with elaborate money arrangements concerning kind cousin Tom FitzMaurice's annuity to his sister Burke, and a gift from Morgan O'Connell, of Carhen, to Jeffrey's son John, a most admirable young man, a clever student, and no trouble to our much-bothered colonel. I omit these arrangements, and go on with the rest of the letter—

You desire to know whether it's likely the usual remittance shall be continued to her [*i.e.* Mrs. Burke]. I've no reason to think it will not, as her Brother, the Colonel, is exceedingly well disposed, and as he told me, when he parted from here, that he did mean to allow her that sum yearly. He is not to come over this year, but will, I hope, the next. He is in perfect health at Guadeloupe. Young John Burke parted from here four days since to join Walsh's Regiment, where he is made sub-Lieutenant, and is to embark shortly with

his corps for the Island of France, otherwise called the Island of Mauritius. He goes out very well furnished, and is, altho' very small, one of the smartest, the most tractable and intelligent, and most promising boys that yet came over. I hope he will do well, for I've recommended him to the particular care of our Nephew Eugene McCarthy, who goes out with his Regiment as first Captain en Second; therefore the first company that falls vacant will be his. I assure you Colonel FitzMaurice has layed out already £200 on his nephew Burke, a sum far above his means. I've got our Nephew O'Sullivan a Congé [*i.e.* leave] with full pay till the 1st of Sep^{bre} next. His Regt. is now at Boulogne, within seven leagues of Calais. If he does not join it precisely on that Day, 1st 7^{bre} next, he will infallibly lose his pay, as I shall by no means demand a prolongation for him. This he may rely on. I am pester'd by Cousins and Nephews, and I can't answer all their Demands. Pray let James Baldwin know I am doing the utmost to get him paid the Arrears of the pension due to him, but I fear I shan't succeed. The Clergy of France made a rule long since to pay no Arrears above two years. James Baldwin either was ignorant of that rule, or he paid no attention to it, and now he is likely to be a sufferer by it. However, it may still be recovered by dint of favour and protection. I am taking every step possible, and I shall be very happy to succeed. I part for Metz after to-morrow. My Regiment is quartered there, and you can address to me to said town till the 1st of 8^{bre} next; then Paris as usual.

Now, my Dear Brother, with respect to our Nephew John, the son of Brother Morgan, my desire is that you apply him to some other course of life than mine. Some late changes in the Military Constitution of this Country are exceedingly unfavourable to Strangers destitute of fortune, that it's destining them to certain misery to send 'em over. The pay of Colonel, hitherto good, has been reduced from 12 to 8000 Livres a year, and it's next to an impossibility to support that Rank with so short a Pay, when a person has no fortune of his own; nor is that reduction only for a limited space of time, it's a permanent regulation. I therefore earnestly recommend to you to look out for another course of life for our Nephews; for was I to begin the world over again, I shu'd never engage in the Military Service in the present state of things. I shall probably become Major-General in three years, then lose my Regiment, and be reduced to half the pay I now enjoy, so that the further one advances the worse it becomes. Farewell, my Dearest

Brother. My Love and Duty to our Dear and Respectable Mother. Affections to Sister Mary, Brother Morgan, etc.

Yours most faithfully and invariably,

D. O'C.

Tell Sister Betty [Mrs. McCarthy] that her son Eugene parts in very good health and spirits, tho' with some reluctance, to go to so distant a Country, but the Climate is very good, tho' hot.

I am sorry to tell Cousin Jeffrey Maurice he has no remittance to expect this year from his Brother Morty, who is now at the Waters of Aix-la-Chapelle for his health. His [Jeffrey's] son Maurice is well, and I hope he'll be soon a Captain en Second in a Liège Regiment newly rais'd, so that he will be in a condition to live on his pay. It's high time, for he ruins me to support him these four years without a penny of any pay whatsoever. Farewell. This new rais'd Liège Regiment is in our service.

The colonel's prospects were rather gloomy, with the reduced pay, the prohibition to seek a career abroad, and the dreadful prospect of compulsory retirement and promotion. To court favour alone he could look for a chance of a career; but, alas! the gilded doors opened too late, and all that his costly pedigree availed him was to taste the pleasures of hope and see the last of a brilliant, unreal world, bright and splendid to the eye as a glimpse of Fairyland, but equally evanescent. Ross O'Connell shall now discourse of it.

Count O'Connell's name appears in the official list of the "Entrées des Carrosses du Roi" early in 1788.

It is necessary to distinguish between *les honneurs de Versailles* and *les honneurs du Louvre*. O'Connell, perhaps through his friend Vaudreuil, who was well seen at court, and in 1788 appointed Grand Fauconnier de France, was early admitted *aux honneurs de Versailles*, that is, to simple presentation to the King. To this any man of decent position or birth could aspire: it meant little—perhaps nothing more than presentation to her Britannic Majesty or her Britannic Majesty's representative does nowadays. But *les honneurs du Louvre*, *alias l'honneur de monter dans les carrosses du Roy*, were a very different matter. They included—

Presentation to his Majesty and to the members of his family—the Queen, Dauphin, Madame, Mesdames de France, etc., as the case may have been.

The right of following, in one of his Majesty's coaches, the King when he went to the chase.

The right of playing at the card-table of her Majesty or of the Dauphin, etc.

The right of paying one's court to their Majesties, following male Majesty a-hunting, and gambling of an evening with female Majesty, whenever the spirit moved one to do so.

In addition to these priceless privileges, the pre-eminently happy man admitted *aux honneurs du Louvre* was, if he did not already possess a title, granted a handle to place before his name—comte, vicomte, or baron. These titles were not territorial, and, though nominally personal, were practically hereditary, as the honours of the Louvre were themselves hereditary, save in very rare cases hereafter to be noticed.

By a decree of December 29, 1771, the King limited the number of coaches from his stables, for the use of his courtiers, to two, and laid down regulations to prevent their being too frequently occupied by certain persistent courtiers, to the exclusion of others equally entitled to the privilege. These rules were not to prevent the "seigneurs et gentilshommes," who had the right to do so, from appearing at the rendezvous and following the King with their own horses.

The decree was issued in consequence of a petition from the Comte de Croixmare, Master of the Horse. He stated that the expenses of the *petite écurie* were becoming enormous, as the princes hunted every day, and Mesdames de France and Madame la Dauphine constantly, each of them accompanied by a separate suite, all of whom Monsieur de Croixmare had to supply with horses. He adds that the number of courtiers attending the rendezvous was ever increasing; that they crowded into the coaches assigned them to the number of eighteen or twenty in a single coach (*gondole*), to the injury of the said coaches, and in a fashion, "if I may dare to say so, by no means decent."

A decree of July 30, 1759, lays down the law concerning admission *aux honneurs du Louvre*. "No lady (*dame*) shall

be presented to his Majesty, and no gentleman (*gentil-homme*) permitted to follow his Majesty hunting, without having established, by the production of deeds, etc., to the satisfaction of his Majesty's genealogist, continuous noble descent (*filiation noble suivie*) from 1399." The lady was to prove her husband's pedigree, not her own.

By this decree the genealogist is forbidden to give the certificate of noble birth to be produced before presentation, when he is aware that the ancestor of the applicant derived his *noblesse* from having occupied any position connected with the administration of the law (*charge de robe*), or, stranger still, when the ancestor was ennobled by letters patent (*lettres d'anoblissement*). The King in France was the fountain of hereditary title, but not the fountain of *noblesse*.

Thus writes Ross O'Connell. Gouverneur Morris has depicted from the outside the lives of the people who have painted themselves in a score of memoirs. His journal was only published in 1889.

Gouverneur Morris, a distinguished American statesman, came to Paris in February, 1789. He has the keenest possible eye for all that goes on in the courtly circles of the old world, where his introductions gain him admittance behind the scenes. My hero's name occasionally crops up in his pages, and we find a good deal about some of the fair, frail dames whose brilliant salons he frequented. He requests some of his letters to be addressed to the care of the prominent financier, the Fermier-Général de Laborde, to whose agreeable spouse both the handsome American with the wooden leg and the courtly Irishman seem to be paying their devoirs in a sufficiently harmless fashion.

Gouverneur Morris tells us much of a lovely lady, whose salon my hero frequented. "She was," says Morris's editor, Anne Carey Morris, "at this time in the glory of her youth and attractions, and with possibly a touch of sadness about her, and certainly a rare sympathy, which, added to her thoroughly trained mind, with its decidedly philosophical cast, gave her an unaccountable power over men." At fifteen she was married to Count de Flahaut, a scamp of

fifty, who neglected her. She was under the influence of Talleyrand, then in the very unsuitable condition of Bishop of Autun. Morris writes of her in his journal, "She speaks English, and is a pleasing woman: if I might judge from appearances, not a sworn enemy to intrigue." "Madame Adèle de Flahaut," continues Miss Morris, "during the dark days of the Revolution received many substantial proofs of friendship from Morris. She was destined to fly for her life, and to be made a widow by the guillotine in 1793. Those were pleasant days and evenings in the grand salons of the Palais Royal, and the lesser ones of Paris generally, before the Terror came. A change had undoubtedly come since the death of Louis XV. There was no dancing, and fewer love-making couples scattered about the room; large groups of people came together for more general conversation; the gaming-table was always to be found, where one woman and an abbé tried their luck with the dice-box; while some one reading a book by the window was not an uncommon sight." "The society was there," says Goncourt, "but not the pleasures of the salons of Louis XV.; but the ladies had not lost their spirits by reason of the sorrows that came later, and their natural graces of manner and mind lent a charm to their conversation that nothing else could give." Morris surely counted himself born under a fortunate star to be the favoured guest of such as they. In the boudoir of the lovely Madame de Duras-Dufurt he was one evening charmed by the surroundings. "For the first time," he says, "I have an idea of the music which may be drawn from the harp. In the boudoir of madame, adjoining the salon, I have the pleasure to sit for an hour, alone by a light exactly resembling the twilight, the temperature of the air brought to perfect mildness, and the sweetest sounds. Later in the evening came a change of scene, and a bishop from Languedoc makes tea, and the ladies who choose it stand round and take each their dish. This would seem strange in America, and yet it is by no means more so than the Chevalier de St. Louis, who begged alms of me this morning after introducing himself by his own letter."

I append a companion sketch. Young William Hickie,

of Killelton, abroad for his education, writes home to Kerry an account of a dinner-party at the house of a charming French-Irish cousin, the Countess Watters (*née* Rice), sister to the Miss Rice who had prescribed speedwell-tea to Captain Rickard O'Connell, and which receipt, transcribed for the benefit of the curious, will be found in his correspondence.

Few young men have seen more of the world than I have on the sum allowed me. Countess Watters is astonished at it, and does me the honour to say that I must have a great deal of cleverness and oeconomy. It is true both one and the other is requisite to bring both ends of the year about with my allowance. It is at best, according to my Uncle's phrase, dragging the Devil by the tail. If I spend too much one month, I must bring it up in the next. However, Countess Watters w^d have me remain another year in France. She jokes with me, and says that the irregularity of my Father's payments express his desire of my return. She continues as usual very polite to me. I am to dine there to-morrow. There is to be a crowd of Marquises, Counts, and Countesses there. It is probable I shall be the only person without a title, but still I shall feel myself as much at my ease as if I was still at Killelton, Pride and that stiffness peculiar to the Irish nobility not being known in this Country. According to our ideas of manners in Ireland, some things are very singular and quite different from those of the French. No fuss about going out of the room to dinner, no ceremony about sitting down to table, no healths drunk; in short, those matters are accidental and not ceremonious. The Gentlemen retire with the Ladies, and do not remain together to get half-drunk as in Ireland. They take Coffee and Liqueurs together in the Drawing-room, and then play at cards, laugh, sing, or chat; in short, they are always gay and in good humour, and one seldom or never sees a grave-looking countenance.

He continues in the same epistle—

All is mirth and pleasure at this moment, as the Carnival has commenced. Masquerades, Balls, public Suppers, in short, every luxury is going forward, but all will cease on Ash Wednesday. The streets are now crowded with masks on carriages and a-foot. There is a remarkable fair going on in this quarter of the city, and the Coffee-houses are crowded on account of the bands of Musick that are in them to attract strangers and the Public.

À propos of a dinner-party briefly recorded in Morris's diary in July, 1789, which he found "very agreeable," Miss Morris says of the guests, "It would not be difficult to imagine the wit and *abandon* of the conversation; the *spirituel* and delicate repartee which fell from the lips of the fair hostess; the sarcastic and subtle wit, joined with immense tact, which characterized the Bishop of Autun [Talleyrand]; the careless, daring indifference to consequences that seemed to belong to that Don Juan the Duc de Biron, the Abbé Bertrand, whom Morris always found agreeable, and, last of the number, Morris himself, not very much behind the Frenchman in wit and appreciation" (vol. i. p. 193).

In October he goes several times to dine and spend the evening with the fair politician, and thrice specially mentions Count O'Connell. On October 1, the fatal entertainment to the Regiment of Flanders, at Versailles, stirred up the Paris mob to drag King, Queen, and royal family to Paris, to get bread for the starving mob, as they believed. On the 5th, at Madame de Flahaut's, the company at supper was reduced almost to a *tête-à-tête*. The guests all decline, from the public confusion.

On the 6th the unhappy royal family are dragged to Paris. Very soon the fine folk resume their visiting, gossiping, dining, and supping. Morris and my hero encounter each other frequently. "The King forbade all resistance," says Morris (vol. i. pp. 176, 177). "Madame de Flahaut hears (October 7) from Versailles, and the Queen, on retiring to her own chamber, told her attendants that as the King was determined to go to Paris, she must accompany him, but she should never leave it. Poor lady! this is a sad presage of what is too likely. The King ate a very hearty supper last night. Who will say that he wants fortitude? At the club there is a good deal of random conversation on public affairs. Most men begin to perceive that things are not in the best train. There are still, however, a number of *enragés* who are well pleased. If my calculations are not very erroneous, the Assemblée Nationale will feel the effects of their new position. There can be no question of the freedom of debate in a place so remarkable for order and decency as the city of Paris." In

the next sentence he mentions my hero, and Morris has been giving a bit of his mind to Talleyrand, to Lafayette, to Necker, and to that most illustrious talker, Madame de Staël's own self. It is no small compliment for our poor Irish colonel to be harangued by the eloquent and sagacious Yankee. "I told O'Connell that they must give discharges to all the soldiers who asked them, if they want to have an obedient army, and recruit next winter when they are hungry and cold, because misery will make them obedient. I think he will circulate this idea as his own, because he has a good dose of what is called by different names, but in a soldier is the love of glory."

The next day Morris writes—

"Visit Madame de Flahaut. M. Aubert is there, and before he goes Mr. O'Connell arrives. He stays till nine o'clock. I then tell her that I want to see her bishop [Talleyrand], and that he pledges himself to support Lafayette."

Towards the middle of the month we find another casual mention of my colonel—

"At half-past nine to the Louvre to supper [Madame de Flahaut had apartments there]. Madame de Reilly had come in before I left. She gave us some anecdotes, and also the state of Corsica, where her husband is now with his regiment. At Madame de Flahaut's we have Colonel O'Connell and Madame de Laborde, his friend,¹ with her husband. After dinner the bishop comes in and the rest go away" (p. 184).

¹ Gouverneur Morris talks of our hero as "Madame de Laborde's friend"—a word of rather doubtful significance in old-world French society. However, I think these excellent persons were friends in a purely Platonic sense. M. des Cars married Pauline, the young daughter of the great financier, M. de Laborde. It was a purely business arrangement between birth and hard cash; but Pauline's beauty, talents, and merits gained her husband's esteem. He says that her father, wonderfully gifted as to business and arithmetical calculation, was ignorant of classics, but delighted in the company of men of genius.

At p. 247 of vol. I., describing his new people, Des Cars says, "My wife was really handsome and attractive; she loved the study of literature, history, and the English and Italian languages. My father-in-law's house was filled with the highest society in Paris, the most prominent people, Frenchmen and foreigners, men of letters and distinguished artists, which I found most enjoyable. He also received many guests in the country. Mesdames de La Live, de Ventimille, and de Fezenzac, his daughters, were all three very witty, most agreeable, and exceedingly literary."

The mother of these four charming dames must have been of mature age.

Next day Morris sups at Madame de Laborde's, and after supper makes tea for them.

The Labordes were great friends of my hero's, and my note describes the lady and the *ménage* (p. 190): "The most sumptuous table, perhaps, in Paris was that of M. de Laborde, over which presided his wife, a sensible woman, who, wiser than many others of the financial set, took with pleasure and graciously the advances of the *grandes dames*, but withal maintained her dignity."

She receives the Bishop of Autun with infinite attention (p. 191).

On another occasion Morris hears M. de la Harpe read some observations on La Rochefoucault, La Bruyère, and St. Evremonde at the financier's table, after which they fall into politics. "The Bishop of Autun" seems a frequent guest there.

In November Morris takes Madame de Flahaut to the opera and weeps over "The Deserters."

But, says Morris's editor (vol. i. p. 227), "by November society began to feel the exodus from its ranks. The most brilliant salons of a few months back were closed and silent, and their gay inmates languished in foreign lands. In the few that remained open the society forgot that persiflage and coquetry which had been its life."

Charming Madame de Flahaut held on longer; so did Madame de Laborde; so my hero had two houses wherein to make his bow and discuss events with those who knew what went on.

Such letters of my hero's for 1789 as have reached me only relate to other folks' worries, moneys, and boys. One of these boys, however, is the famous Daniel. Cousins and

It was no slight compliment to our hero's social talents that a poor Irish gentleman, with nothing but his own hard earnings, talents, good looks, and good manners, was the intimate friend of the household of the great business man who played Macænas a good deal in his day. It was especially creditable to our colonel as he possessed none of the reflected glories of the *grand seigneurs* whose relatives were always elbowing the poor Irish gentlemen out of the good places which supplied the want of private means. He had not wealth enough to be a valuable client to the court banker, so that it must have been purely as an agreeable and rising man he found himself a welcome guest in the rich salons, whose genial owner perished on the guillotine.

nephews combine to bother our colonel, who growls, but executes their behests. He has another nephew on his mind now—wild, wilful sister Nellie's son, Con O'Leary, eldest son of the murdered "rider of the peerless mare with the snow-white star on her forehead." He arranges remittances between Ireland and the Continent, and saves rates of exchange. He acts as almoner for kind cousin Morty, who was destined to live to be as old as our hero, and who did squeeze out the annual gift to his brother, in spite of campaigning and illness. Colonel Dan's object in the complicated transactions referred to was to save Mrs. O'Leary and Morty's brother the heavy cost of exchange from British to French coinage, and to similarly save Mrs. Burke the exchange on French to British for the remittance kind Colonel Tom FitzMaurice always sent the parent of the one eminently satisfactory little boy, Johnny Burke, liveliest, smartest, and less troublesome of all the nephews we come across.

Paris, April the 17th, 1789.

DEAR BROTHER,—Inclosed is a Bill of £15 1. 9. on Mr. Latouche, of Dublin, being the full amount of 15 Louis d'or remitted me by Cousin Morty, of Germany, for the use of his brother Jeffrey. Be so kind as to hand the latter this Money, which I presume he may want, and to let him know I had some difficulty to prevail on his Brother to grant this Succour, because the Expence of the last Campaign against the Turks has fallen very heavy on him, and I fear there's no expectation of any remittance from him untill the War be over. Farewell, D^r Brother. I sent you three Days ago the receipts of Con O'Leary and John O'Connell the son of Jeffrey, for 300 Livres. I payed them by orders of Brother Morgan. That sum is to be payed to Mrs. Burke, and being added to 100 Livres I already payed John O'Connell, also by order of Morgan, make the full amount of 400 Livres for Mrs. Burke, for which sum be pleased to send me her receipt.

Yours most affectionately,

D. O'CONNELL.

Love, duty, and respects to my Mother and Sister.

The next letter is written in June, on the very day of the night when the stormy sitting of representative France decided on the fateful title of "National Assembly." It con-

tains no word of the exciting politics of the hour. It, however, has a certain human interest, as it shows that my hero selected the school where his famous nephew was to study, and gave his rich brother some very good advice concerning the proper liberal treatment of young scholars.

Paris, June the 16th, 1789.

DEAR BROTHER,—I received some Days ago y^r Letter of the 21st last Month. The account it contains of the declining state of our truly respectable [*i.e.* venerable] Mother afflicts me beyond Expression; I am well convinced no Care or expence will be wanting on your Side to prolong a life so justly dear to us all; but, alas! no human power can resist the invincible effects of old age and Nature. A profound resignation to the will of the Almighty, and to the order of things His Divine Providence has been pleas'd to create, is the only resource of our weakness, and a due Submission to our Duty. Pray assure our Dear Mother of my most tender Duty and Respect, as well as of my most fervent prayers to Heaven to prolong her Life, far more dear to me, indeed, than my own.

I have made all possible enquiries for the properest place to send our Nephews, Dan [the future Liberator] and Maurice of Carhen, and from the informations I collected have room to conclude that the Colledge of St. Omers is the most suitable. Our Cousin Maurice of Tarmons [Jeffrey's tall, good-looking, heavy son] proposes, I believe, to spend next Summer in Ireland, and you can charge him with the care of the two Boys as far as St. Omers, where I shall previously make it my business to ensure their admittance. I presume they may cost you about £40 or £50 a year each; therefore the properest step to be taken about sending them over will be to send me at the same time an order from Mr. Latouche, of Dublin, on Mr. Perrigaux, Banquier, and his Correspondant in Paris for £100 a year, in order to save both you and me the useless trouble of partial remittances. You will surely do me the justice to be well persuaded that I shall make no personal use of the Money, and that if it be more than sufficient to defray the Expences attending the education of the two Boys, the surplus of the first year shall be reserved for the second. I cu'd wish to know their age exactly, and shall only make you one observation, *Viz.* that Colledge Education has the sole advantage of pushing youth to the Study of belles Lettres, by giving them a knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, a tincture of Mathematicks, Logick, and Philosophy, and that one year and a half are far from being sufficient for that

purpose, and that if your object is to give our Nephews a polite literary Education, so as to qualify them to appear in the World with some advantage, that purpose can be fulfilled only by resorting to good Company, and at no small Expence in this Country, and also when reason and understanding have acquired a certain degree of maturity. After giving you this my opinion on that matter, I shall with pleasure second to the best of my power whatever resolution you take.

Farewell, my Dear Brother.

Believe me very sincerely,
Your truly affectionate,
D. O'CONNELL.

I found a most graphic account of the state of Paris in 1789 in a letter written by Abbé Edgeworth to Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork. The faithful priest, who stood by the King's side on the scaffold, writes in English, but the letters were translated for a French life of him, lent me by the Rev. L. Gilligan, C.C., County Clare, and I re-translate this portion. The joyous letter of the young Irishman, already given, full of fine parties and Carnival junketings, and the sad letter of the old Irish priest, seem to me full of human interest, showing two sides of life at a most eventful time.

Abbé Edgeworth to Bishop Moylan.

Paris, 28th October, 1789.

MY LORD AND EVER DEAR FRIEND,—I wrote to you two months ago by Mr. Burke, but I sent you no news, because the bearer had been an eye-witness of our troubles, and could have told you more in half an hour's conversation than I could in three pages. Since then our affairs, instead of improving, seem going from bad to worse. The Republican party continues to predominate. Our King, the best of men, has been obliged to quit Versailles and to come to Paris, where he has now taken up his Abode; I leave it to yourself to infer what amount of freedom he enjoys. The National Assembly has followed him, and holds its session in the Palace of the Archevêché until a more commodious hall can be got ready for its sittings. We have not less than 80,000 men under arms, who for the most part are citizens of Paris, as genteel and as little inured to war as one can fancy. Well, the same occurs in proportion in each town, and even in each village in France, for on all sides they seek to rival the capital, and each aspires to govern itself. I suppose that

your newspapers have already acquainted you with all the details of our astounding Revolution, and I doubt not that more than once you may have been tempted to think they had exaggerated the details of that event, and they were totally false; but the French people of to-day nowise resemble those you knew long ago. No nation in the world has undergone in so short a space of time so complete a change of principles. Modern philosophy has destroyed all religious principle and all the ties which bound society, together. Unbelief has infected all classes of society, from master to valet. If this lasts a few years longer, nothing will be left of the Frenchmen of other days but their language and their name. In truth, what daily passes before our eyes is, according to me, the peremptory refutation of the new system, no matter how well reasoned the arguments brought against them.

God alone knows what the issue of events will be, but in all probability, if France be saved from ruin, it will be through the distant provinces, where principles have not been so generally corrupted. Have heard it said that some of them are beginning to complain of the National Assembly, and discontent might easily spread from one province to another; but then, alas! we should have a civil war, which would be a still greater evil than those we now endure. Meanwhile, our Assembly is destroying everything it pleases, and calling in the dregs of barbarism and ignorance.

To-morrow the great question of the goods of the clergy will come on. The result of the debate ought to make us know whether they belong to the clergy or to the nation; if they are national property, as is supposed they will be made out to be, the natural consequence appears to be that they will all be taken, and that Bishops, Parish Priests, Priests, and Curates will all be reduced to accept salaries.

This, my dear friend, is a sketch of our position at the present moment. About 800 of our deputies have lost patience, and have returned home under different pretexts. It unfortunately happens that the worse ones remain. The Archbishop of Paris is among those who withdrew; his life had been threatened, and it seemed more prudent to make him leave France. One of our fellow-countrymen, the son of the ill-fated General Lally, one of the most brilliantly talented men in the Assembly, has also retired; but before leaving France he published an excellent work against all the proceedings of the States-General.

The rest of the letter is about friends and relatives of the writer and his friend.

I can only find two of my hero's letters for 1790. One explains the singular lack of details about passing events in his epistles. He was fully convinced that the letters would be tampered with. Both are full of gloomy forebodings. The loss of his pension of 8500 livres (£140) a year made a considerable difference to a man without private means, but still more ominous was the manner of its withdrawal. It had been a mark of court favour, and was swept away with other marks of court favour and all future possibilities thereof.

His friends, the Polignac people, were in exile with his princely patron, the Comte d'Artois. He had made up his mind to remain on in France as long as it was possible to serve France without loss of honour. The *émigré* party would have had him join them. He continued to correspond with his good friend, Count de Vaudreuil. Meanwhile he was working away at the infantry tactics and regulations. He writes home somewhat gloomily in the early days of the new year—

Paris, January the 14th, 1790.

DEAR BROTHER,—I rec^d with great pleasure y^r Letter of the 15th Last Month, and am extremely surprised to learn you rec^d neither of the two Letters I wrote you since that of the 17th last June, which you acknowledge the receipt of. The miscarriage I can only attribute to the troubles of this Country. Altho' they contained no mention whatsoever of 'em, yet it's probable they might have been stopped. I am heartily sorry to find this Circumstance has been the cause of terrors and apprehension to our Dear and much respected Mother. Nothing in nature could make me so unhappy as to think I might have been the wilful occasion of giving her the smallest uneasiness. Pray assure her that her happiness is far more dear to me than my own life, and that I never passed a day since I quitted her and you without the most tender and the most lively remembrance of her Virtues and her Goodness. I am sure this Sentiment is indelible and can never be impaired within my breast. The events which come to pass in this Country, what may hereafter come to pass, I can't answer for, but as an Army will be always necessary, whatever be the form of Government, I think I may always aspire to the honour of spilling my blood, whenever the occasion offers, for the defence of the Country. So that I presume no alteration will happen to me with respect to my

rank, but very probably there will be a diminution in my pay—an event I philosophically resign [myself] to bear. My health is, thank God, always very good. I've been but a Spectator of Events, and my constant wishes have been and ever will remain to be, for the general prosperity of the Nation. I am not of opinion that you shu'd send our young nephews to St. Omers until tranquillity be more solidly established than it is. I shall let you know in the month of April or May my fixed sentiment in the Matter, and if things shu'd not bear a prospect of peace, I would be very much at a loss to point out a proper place to send them to. It's very probable the troubles of France may hereafter, and very soon, extend to the neighbouring Countries on the Continent. You know the Austrian Netherlands are in a very critical Situation. Germany, Italy, and Spain may have their turn, and it may be said of Holland, *Latet anguis in herba*. There certainly will come about, Sooner or Later, a new revolution in that Confederacy of Different Republicks, whose present Situation appears to be very repugnant to the Maxims and Principles of a free Country. You see, Dear Brother, that it's no easy matter to determine a proper place to send two Children without a Governor, and I durst not advise you to dispatch them for any part of the Continent till the present Clouds be dissipated. [Here follows a long paragraph about rates of exchange and arrangements for Mrs. Burke's annuity, remitted for Colonel Tom FitzMaurice.]

Colonel FitzMaurice was well some time ago. Tell Sister McCarthy that Eugene was also well, so are Maurice and John Jeffrey—the Latter, one of the most shining scholars abroad, and possessed of every virtue. I am very sorry to hear of the bad situation of our nephew John O'Sullivan, of Couliagh. Pray remember me to him and his mother. Present my love and respects to my beloved Mother, affections to Sister Mary, etc.

Yours most sincerely and most steadfastly,

D. O'CONNELL.

Let Mr. Alex. Eager, of Killarney, know I answered his Letter two days ago.

After all our colonel underwent with other folks' children, it is truly refreshing to find him occasionally encountering a truly satisfactory boy. Poor John O'Sullivan, a very kind and amiable man, was dying about that time. His will is at Darrynane. He trusted all his concerns to his uncle Maurice.

The next letter is full of ominous forebodings. As already

stated, only two appear for 1790. In the long interval between them I find many traces of my hero in the Vaudreuil correspondence. On February 27 the Comte de Vaudreuil writes to the Comte d'Artois from Rome a very sad letter. He bewails the King's irrevocable step in swearing to the constitution, "breaking his own sceptre with his own hands, abandoning the two first orders of the state, and yielding all power to the people." He gives a description of the complaints of the court of Spain, of the state of men's minds in the provinces, anticipates an outbreak at Strasbourg, speaks of the Queen and Lafayette, the intrigues against the Comte d'Artois, and the umbrage taken by the Spanish ambassador, Florida Blanca. Nothing can be more melancholy than the tone of the letter. He says, *à propos* of my hero, "I have received an extremely friendly letter from Count O'Connell. He thinks all will come right, but that time is required for that. He is on the spot, and has good use of his eyes. I wish he would attach himself to you, for I know no better man in every sense. Permit me to try and bring this about." ("J'ai reçu du Comte O'Connell une lettre extrêmement aimable. Il pense que tout reviendra, mais qu'il faut du temps. Il est sur les lieux, et a de bons yeux. Je voudrais que celui-là s'attachât à vous, car je n'en connais pas de meilleur dans toutes les acceptations. Permettez-moi d'y travailler."¹)

Vaudreuil, writing on March 18, 1790, from Rome, is in agonies of apprehension that his kind but hot-headed patron will probably do some rash act and destroy both himself and the royal cause and family. He never realized the fatal quality of the royal brethren, who could forget nothing and learn nothing. He evidently thought a discreet, experienced, and yet daring officer of distinction at his prince's heels might keep him out of fatal mischief, and enable him to do something of some avail. He says, "The lives of the King and Queen, of your tenderly loved sister, and all your family, would be endangered if you gave any pretext for a crime." He then proceeds to suggest two possible saviours of royalty,

¹ "Correspondance du Comte de Vaudreuil avec le Comte d'Artois," vol. i. p. 124.

and honours my hero by giving him the second place. He says, "Do you know Count de Ségur's sentiments? He is ambitious, full of energy, talent, and capacity. All he wants is good direction. Try and manage that with tact, without compromising yourself. He is too far superior to M. de Lafayette not to see how mediocre he is, and I don't believe in his friendship for him. Provided a great part to play be assigned him, Count de Ségur's ambition will be fully satisfied, and I think he has too high a spirit and too much capacity to believe it possible he would fail to seize a chance of saving his King and his country. He is one of the men we must have. How to get at him I know not. O'Connell is also another of those men who are fitted for great enterprises, and I think he is well disposed. These are the things you could have sounded by persons you can count on in Paris, without compromising anything, for it is the state of captivity of the King and royal family, which places obstacles in the way of everything, and the conspirators know it well." ("O'Connell est encore un de ces hommes propres aux grandes entreprises, et je le crois bien intentionné. Voilà ce que vous pourriez faire sonder par des personnes sur lesquelles vous comptez à Paris."¹)

In July of the same year (1790) Vaudreuil asks the Comte d'Artois about my hero. The former had then moved to Venice with the Polignac family.

"Do you know what has become of O'Connell in all this crisis? What does he think of it? What is he doing? He wrote me an excellent letter, and promised to write me some more. I answered him, and since then, about three months ago, I have not heard a word about him." ("Savez-vous ce qu'est devenu O'Connell dans toute cette crise? Ce qu'il pense? Ce qu'il fait? Il m'avait écrit une fort bonne lettre, m'en avait promis d'autres: je lui ai répondu, et depuis ce temps, depuis 3 mois je, n'en ai plus entendu parler.")

Now, the letters show us that, so far as his old friends were concerned, he was doing nothing; he was writing them polite notes, keeping clear of their intrigues, and working at the

¹ "Correspondance du Comte de Vaudreuil avec le Comte d'Artois," vol. i. p. 139.

great book of tactics which came out the following year. Though he was not going to join in the plans of his hot-headed patron for saving royalty, he had a little private plan of his own, which fell through, owing to the King's want of promptitude and pluck. Just as Vaudreuil is wondering what he is at, he resumes the pen, this time to their patron.

On July 30 Vaudreuil writes to the Comte d'Artois from Venice—

"I am delighted that O'Connell has written to you. I did not hear from him this long time, but I like to feel I can count on him." ("Je suis enchanté que O'Connell vous ait écrit. Il y a longtemps que je n'ai reçu de ses nouvelles, mais je me plais à compter sur lui.")

My hero must have written to Vaudreuil himself almost immediately after, because he mentions his letter in writing, on August 7, *à propos* of Count O'Gorman. This Irishman had a West Indian estate quite near Vaudreuil's in St. Domingo. Count O'Connell's future wife, Madame de Bellevue, also had an estate in the same island. The O'Gormans, both the count and the chevalier, were great friends of Vaudreuil's, who seems to have had quite a fancy for the Irish—

"O'Connell sends me word that my friend Count O'Gorman will come to me at once. He will assuredly pay his court to you in Turin. I beseech you, treat him well; he deserves it for his devotedness and his principles. He made his children, who are only fifteen and sixteen years old, swear they would give their lives to avenge their sovereign and re-establish the monarchy. He makes them say it for a night and morning prayer. He is going to San Domingo on my business and his own."

My hero's letters obscurely reflect the anxiety and depression of the foreign military caste; Vaudreuil's vividly depict the sufferings of the Emigrants; the following, from our kind and charming countrywoman, the Countess Watters, shows how much better persons fared who took refuge on their own estates. I make no apology for slipping in the lady's letter here. It bears the post-mark A, 13, 90. Addressed, "Mr. William Hickie, att Kilelton by Tarbert, in the County Kerry, Ireland"—

A hurry of affairs inseperable from a change of residence and a long absence from home, join'd to a very indifferent state of health, have obliged me to defer answering my Dear Cousin's two letters, each of which I receiv'd a long time after date. You sett too high a value, Sir, on the trifling opportunitys Count Watters, Miss Rice, or I had of obligeing you; you overpay them by the interest you are kind enough to take in our safety and welfare in these Critical times. We quitted Paris without having received the most slight *desagrément*, and while most of France was in a flame, we were receiv'd in this province with an unusual degree of regard. Our property, game, pigeons, etc., have been scrupulously respected and preserv'd, but we are Crush'd by the taxes. Out of a property of neer 800 p^{as} I dare say we shall not have a clear 350. I fear our legislators aim att a perfection imcompetent with the errors and weakness of Humanity. I wish with all my Heart an Happy issue to their good intentions. They have been so kind in regard to foreigners, for they allow them to continue enjoying the advantages of birth and extraction.

I could not prevail on Miss Rice to accompany me; she has an insuperable aversion to the Country. My Daughter is with me; she has been on a round of such pleasures as the province can offer since her arrival; yet I believe she w^d prefer the life of Paris.

To avoid you, Sir, the trouble and perhaps expence of remitting, as you propose, so trifling a sum as twelve guineas and a half, be so kind as to forward them to my brother Dominick, who will dispose of them in the manner I shall pray him when I know the Epoque most convenient to you. I can give you no account of your Uncle Nagle. I fear the present state of affairs may have influence on his fortune, as it will infallibly on that of each particular. I believe Lady Fitzgerald, her mother, and eldest daughter still in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Pepper parted before me.

I request my affectionate Compliments to your father and Mother. I should think myself Happy in executing any Commands they may have for this Kingdom. Count Watters joins my Daughter and me in best . . . and thanks for your offers of service, and

I remain, my dear Cousin,
Your affectionate Kinswoman and Humble Servant,
WATTERS.

Maisonfort, par Kerzon en Berri, ce 2^d August.

My hero's September letter is somewhat gloomy. I wonder whether he anticipated the horrible catastrophe that

was about to befall him almost as he wrote. While he was detained in Paris, the Revolutionary emissaries had got at his Germans, on whose solid qualities he had fondly counted, and they had broken out into mutiny and massacre like so many other regiments. A footnote to p. 284 of vol. i. of Vaudreuil states that the Salm-Salm infantry regiment, in garrison at Metz, had for its colonel-proprietor General Prince Salm-Salm, and for its colonel-commandant Count O'Connell.

On September 4 Vaudreuil writes from Venice—

“It is said that the Salm-Salm regiment committed atrocities at Metz. Until then it had been uncontaminated. O'Connell will never be consoled for this.” (“On dit que le regiment de Salm a fait des horreurs à Metz. Il avait été pur jusque là. O'Connell ne s'en consolera pas.”)

Count O'Connell gives a sad account of his position in the following letter to Hunting Cap :—

Paris, Sep^r y^r 2^d, 1790.

DEAR BROTHER,—I send you inclosed a Bill on Mr. Latouche, of Dublin, for the sum of £31 Irish, being the amount of what you were so obliging to advance me, Viz. £16 to Mrs. Burke, and £15 to Sister Nancy. I hope you will Excuse my not having made you this remittance sooner. The delay proceeded only from the very unfavourable course of our Exchange with Great Britain and Ireland within this year past, but as instead of becoming better it promises to be shortly still more unfavourable, and being unwilling to keep you any longer out of y^r money, I determined to send you a Bill for the amount of what I owe you, tho' dear it costs to procure one from this Country to yours.

I must inform you that the Events which have taken place in this Government within a year have been Extremely disadvantageous to me as well as to all persons who held any favours from Court. My pension of 3500 Livres French I've lost, which circumstance makes no small breach in my very Middling fortune, but unhappily that's not the worse; for other Misfortunes, nay, our utter ruin is much to be Apprehended from the State of inward trouble and distress we are in, and, Except Affairs turn out better, we shall be unable to have either Fleet or Army, and the total ruin of all those who have passed their lives in the Service must be unavoidable. Such, my dear Brother, is our present prospect.

I sincerely feel the weight on't, not for me—indeed, my fortitude is beyond the reach of such Events, and I learned from my infancy to spurn danger, hardship, and misery—but I can't help bewailing the wretched Situation I see the finest Country of Europe reduced to. Farewell, Dear Brother. I shall from time to time inform you of whatever befalls me. Be not uneasy if occasionally you may pass many Months without hearing from me. Present my fondest Sentiments to our much beloved Mother. Sincerest regards to Sister Mary, etc.

Y^r for Ever,

D. O'CONNELL.

I think you must lay aside all thoughts of sending our young Nephews over. I know no place either in France or the Low Countries where you can safely send 'em.

Pray acquaint me of y^r receiving the inclosed Bill. I send by this post to Cousin John FitzMaurice a bill of £98 6 Irish, which cost me 100 Louis d'or here. I rec^d his Letter and yours of the 15th ult^{mo} from Tralee Assizes.

Doubtless this was money from the generous Colonel Tom FitzMaurice. Like so many other Royalists, our hero had a scheme to save the royal family. Many similar proposals appear in old memoirs. Count Rice's curious project for saving Marie Antoinette appears in the notes to this chapter.

I am not quite sure what date to assign to a proposal made by Count O'Connell to rescue royalty. The late Mr. Morgan O'Connell, Registrar of Deeds, his grand-nephew, knew him well; he had been staying with him in Paris when the old gentleman was arranging about his entering the Austrian Service. The present Daniel O'Connell, of Darrynane, frequently heard his uncle Morgan O'Connell, who had a most retentive memory, state that at the beginning of the Revolution Count O'Connell had a command of infantry near Paris, and wanted to be allowed to use them against the mob. Louis XVI. would not consent. The old gentleman used to maintain that, had he been suffered to turn them on the populace, the Revolution would have been put down. Daniel O'Connell wrote me out a statement to that effect in 1889. The Liberator's youngest son throws some light on what Count O'Connell had purposed doing for the King. I think

there is a slight inaccuracy in saying he had the actual command of the foreign troops assembled for the new drill, because in his own letters my hero talks of a command as yet in the far future. I make no doubt that, as the prime mover and working member of the drill committee, he could have led and controlled these foreign troops. Here are John O'Connell's exact words ("Sketch of Life of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.," prefixed to his speeches): "Eighthly, he [Count O'Connell] was entrusted in 1789, by Louis XVI., during the Revolutionary violence, with a command of ten thousand foreign troops, by which Paris was surrounded, and the writer of this sketch has often heard him declare that, if Louis XVI. had permitted the foreign troops to crush the Parisian Revolutionary mobs, they were both able and willing to do so; but the humanity of that benevolent but weak monarch prevented the making of the experiment of suppression."

Now, I heard all about the transaction some twenty or twenty-one years ago or more, but at that time I was a happy young wife, with no idea of writing books, but much interested in the general, because I had heard and read of him, and copied his handsome youthful miniature on my bridal visit to Darrynane. It so happened that in those years my husband and I visited at many Munster houses, and met many people, so that I am unable to state who was the person who told me, or exactly where I heard the anecdote.

The person who told me was an Irish Catholic staying in some Munster Catholic house, where we were. He told me his grandfather or great-grandfather was a young Irish officer serving in France. He was not, I remember, in the Salm-Salm Regiment, but he was somehow mixed up with Count O'Connell. Perhaps he may have been lent to it, as we find young men lent from "Walsh's" to the Liège Regiment. I forget exactly how, but I know they were in close proximity.

Count O'Connell's plan was to get the King, Queen, and royal family in the middle, and surround them with German and Irish troops, fire on the mob, and cut through them. I am sure of these two nationalities; or it may be with German and Irish officers, who may have led French troops. There

were a sufficient number at hand to execute this *coup de main*. The high-spirited Queen was ready to take her share of the risk, but the King would not agree to the plan, which I infer must have been known to the Queen beforehand, or some idea of its being possibly required should certain exigencies arise. The moment came when it was feasible; it would have been too dangerous to write, and this young Irish officer conveyed the verbal message that all was ready. He used to say he conveyed it at the risk of his life. The message, I am positively certain, was a proposal to put themselves into the centre of a body-guard of faithful foreigners, who would carry them through with a rush at point of sword and bayonet. I rather think there was also some elaborate scheme of opening fire on the mob from cannon, and an infantry fire, but I am quite certain about the actual proposition. Marie Antoinette pressed the King, and would have risked herself and her children in the venture; but the King refused, because he said he would not spill the blood of his people, and a considerable effusion of blood would have followed had his people stood to be shot down. I rather fancy my astute hero thought they would have taken to their heels. In any case he wanted to risk the thing. I hope some descendant of the gentleman who carried the message to and fro may see this and give us the true version. There was day and date and place and all in the version I heard long ago.

My hero remained on in Paris during the whole of 1791, and until the middle of July, 1792. He only left it just in time to take the field for the ridiculous affair of Valmy, and the subsequent disasters of the *Émigré* army. By staying on in Paris, drawing his pay and doing his work, he exposed himself to considerable animadversion. "Le beau Fersen" is justified in saying he accepted the Revolution; however, he proves he had the hapless King's own orders for what he did. Of this, of course, Fersen was ignorant. All through 1790 and 1791 Count O'Connell was occupied with the infantry regulations. As he was a colonel without a regiment—his regiment having mutinied in the September of 1790—it was probably rather lucky he had this work to do. In the *Moniteur* of 1792 an advertisement of a second and smaller edition

of the Infantry Drill Book runs through all summer numbers containing the King's trial. The original edition is in folio : "Règlement concernant l'Exercice et les Manœuvres de l'Infanterie du 1^{er} Août, 1791, à Paris ;" in folio, forty plates by Monsieur Petit, engraver to Naval and War Departments. The new edition, with reduced plates, can be had for eight livres or twelve livres by post, at the offices of the *Journal Militaire*. In fact, this product of the Royal Commission seems to have been a revised manual of tactics. The "Biographie Générale" states that Count O'Connell was charged with the editing of these regulations, and that he was removed from the command of the Salm-Salm Regiment to become Inspector-General of Infantry, and to edit or revise these regulations, put into force in 1791. It first mentions his command of the Salm-Salm Regiment, then says what I have rendered above : "Qu'il commanda peu de temps, car il fût bientôt nommé Inspecteur-Général et chargé de rediger l'ordonnance pour l'Infanterie, laquelle fût mise en vigueur en 1791." Among conflicting authorities, I cannot make out how large a share he had in the regulations ; but given three generals and one colonel, or any three persons of superior rank with a fourth somewhat lower thrown in, we may fairly predict who will get the lion's share of the work. My hero does not seem to make very much of it ; he just mentions incidentally in March that he will probably have to spend the whole summer in Paris, because he is employed in making the regulations for the army, with the pleasing result of much work and no extra pay.

In June he mentions his promotion, which so vexed Fersen, who says bitterly about him—

"This O'Connell, who had served in the Royal Swedes, who was such a *protégé* of the Comte d'Artois and the Polignacs, who then stayed behind in the Revolution and got himself made a major-general [*maréchal-de-camp*] out of his turn, and before every one else." Now, with all due respect to Fersen, four years' grind at the regulations, revisions, and inspections, without a penny extra pay, could not be considered as very grandly rewarded by the step of major-general (*maréchal-de-camp*) to a distinguished colonel, who

was nine years *mestre-de-camp* (equivalent to brigadier) already. He makes light of the honour which stirs his rival's bile, and demonstrates that it is no manner of advantage. The curious phrase about a man being exposed to the loss of honour, and the necessity which compels him to remain, are doubtless allusions to the King's secret orders to remain. A well-known scientific soldier could have easily got soldiering to do in other countries. I also infer that his projected marriage detained him, though he does not tell of this until much later on.

I have only succeeded in finding two of the letters for 1791. The first page of that written from Paris on March 18, 1791, is mostly filled with details of the annuities of Mrs. Burke and Con O'Leary, which passed through his and Hunting Cap's hands. The latter must have made peace with his wilful sister, for she is no longer "the unfortunate Widow O'Leary," but "our sister Nellie." He bids Maurice

tell Mrs. Burke she can certainly rely on't her Brother Tom [Colonel FitzMaurice] will keep any promise to help her he made her, but in the present Circumstances the course of Exchange between France and England is so much to the disadvantage of France, that was her Brother to remit her £300 stg., he or she would Lose at Least £50 in the Exchange on said sum; therefore it's impossible to think of it till the Exchange comes to be on a par, or, at least, something near it. To act otherwise wu'd be throwing away money.

Farewell, My Dear Brother. Our affairs in this Country are far from being settled, nor is it Easy to foresee when they may. I am always hearty, in Spite of all the rubs I meet with. My small income is considerably impaired, but I never sett a great value on money for its own Sake. I probably shall be obliged to pass the Summer at Paris, because I am Employed in making the regulations for the Army, which gives me a great deal of trouble, and not a penny profit.

My most tender Duty to my Mother. Affections to Sister Mary, etc. Yours most affectionately and for Life,

D. O'CONNELL.

You can tell any young gentlemen of our Country who might have intended coming to the Irish Brigade to look out hereafter for some other line of Life.

This postscript relates, doubtless, to the rejection of the Duc

de FitzJames's noble appeal for the preservation of the Irish Brigade, or, if not, for its transfer in its entirety to the service of another Bourbon king. This request had been made in vain the previous month, and all the friends and kinsmen of the brothers were in the greatest state of anxiety and distress, expecting a speedy dissolution of that famous corps.

Paris, June the 28th, 1791.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I rec^d but a few days since the Letter by which you give me the melancholy Account of the Death of my worthy Sister.¹ I need not tell you how deeply and sorrowfully that event has affected me. My feelings are, I hope, too well known to you to make any doubt on't; therefore I shall only add that I will ever retain a lively memory of her virtues and of her friendship for me.

I presume your papers relate exactly the various events of this Country. The Situation of affairs becomes daily more critical, and our horizon more gloomy. How all that will finish, what the result may be, God alone can foresee. I have been lately promoted to the rank of Major-General, and shall soon part for to take a command of troops, but the place of my destination is yet unknown to me. My new rank produces me only the same pay I had as Colonel of a German Regiment, and makes me liable to much more Expence. I confess to you that, had I any means of livelihood, I should have declined new honours and quitted the service, which is become almost intollerable thro' the changes that have taken place. Necessity alone could determine me to continue in a line of life which exposes a man daily to more than the loss of his life—I mean the loss of his honour. The insubordination of the Army is grown to a degree inexpressible, and nothing less than a Miracle can in my opinion restore order and policy; therefore, I fear, the state of Military Anarchy will finish by a total dissolution of the Army. Farewell, my Dear Brother. I shall from time to time inform you of my Situation. Notwithstanding the difficult circumstances we are involved in, I hope Providence will continue to protect this unhappy country. My best love and respects to my Mother, and Believe me for life,

Your affectionate Brother,

DAN. O'CONNELL.

Be so kind as to pay Sister Nancy for me the sum of £15, which I shall most punctually remit you as soon as the Exchange will become more moderate. Her necessities make

¹ Maurice O'Connell's wife, Mary Cantillon, of Ballyphillip.

this small relief a matter of importance for her, and I feel a great satisfaction in assisting her. Be assured what ever may happen, this money shall be refunded to you, otherwise I shu'd not engage you to advance it. Farewell again, my Dearest Brother. My best affections to all friends.

Gouverneur Morris gives us an illustration of how very unpleasant the position of French officers was at this time. In his journal, under the heading of July 13, 1791, he says—

“At Mme. de Ségur's Puiségur and Berchini are here. The former has resigned, but the latter holds his regiment because he cannot afford to relinquish it. These gentlemen declare that the discipline of the army is gone, and that I believe to be very true.” Berchini brought over his hussars, or at least the officers of them, to the army of the princes, and my hero rode in their ranks as a common trooper through the campaign against France, as he preferred the additional hardships of this course to the risk of publicity if he accepted a commission. Both these gentlemen were devoted adherents of his patron, the Comte d'Artois. Count O'Connell's promotion to be a major-general implied the possibilities, nay, the probabilities of a command, and it required very uncommon tact to elude these offers or orders to assume such a command. However, the witty Irishman did contrive to avoid the undesired honour. The “*Biographie Générale*” and the “*Biographie Universelle*,” both voluminous and important works, concur in stating that he declined offers of command under Carnot and his friend Dumouriez, who would have placed him at the head of one of the armies they were hurling against the European coalition, but that he refused, and fled to join the royalist army. He was in some way or other obliged to communicate in writing with the King, and the discovery of these letters compelled him to fly.

I see by Gouverneur Morris's most valuable record of the everyday events of the time in Paris, that Madame de Laborde is constantly coming into personal contact with Marie Antoinette. As she was my hero's intimate friend, she may have been the channel through which the letters passed containing the propositions to the King, which would

have cost my grand-uncle his head had he not discreetly fled "o'er the border and away," like Jock o' Hazeldean.

It now becomes my mournful task to quote a record of the fate of the Irish Brigade, whose inner life has been so minutely set forth in these pages.

From the previous year my hero dates the steady retrogression of his fortunes. It is the second, of the six years of ill luck mentioned in the letters.

The Disbanding of the Irish Brigade, 1791.

The famous old Irish Brigade, for a hundred years the foster-mother of Irish valour and Irish military genius, perished in the throes of the French Revolution. It was for a brief period galvanized into life in the English Service, when its officers had the honour of serving their "natural-born King," without forswearing their creed, and thus opening the British military career to Catholics. Protestant jealousy caused its final and gradual extinction in the British Service, as revolutionary passion had first crushed it on French soil. From O'Callaghan's "Irish Brigade," and Grant's "Cavaliers of Fortune," I shall draw a few brief notices of its last moments. Daniel Charles O'Connell had long left its ranks in the service of France, but he played a prominent part in the negotiations which led to its entering that of England, and claimed to have helped on Catholic Emancipation by so doing.

In February, 1791, popular clamour demanded the abolition of foreign regiments in France, and the Duc de Fitz-James, grandson of Marshal Berwick, addressed a noble letter to the King.

Mr. Grant says (article "Count O'Connell" in "Cavaliers of Fortune")—

"After briefly and modestly stating the services rendered by his father and grandfather to the line of St. Louis, he thus advanced the claims of the Irish in France in a letter to Louis XVI.—

"Sire, my grandfather came not alone into France! His brave companions are now mine, and the dearest friends of my heart! He was accompanied by THIRTY THOUSAND IRISHMEN, who abandoned home, fortune, and honours to follow

their unfortunate King. For the descendants of those brave men, whom your ancestors deemed so worthy of protection, because they had been faithful to their sovereign, I now entreat the same bounty from the great-grandson of Louis XIV. It is reported that the National Assembly propose disbanding the Irish regiments as foreign troops. The blood they have shed in the cause of France ought to have procured them the right of being denizens of that kingdom, even though their capitulation had not entitled them to that privilege.

“ ‘Sire, permit me to lay at your Majesty’s feet the ardent wish of the Irish regiments, who were as much attached to France by gratitude as formerly they were to the *house of Stuart* by love and duty. If the Assembly now reject their services, they implore your Majesty’s *recommendation* to the prince of your family now reigning in Spain, in presuming to assure you that the present will be worthy of being made by a King of France, and of being favourably received by a prince of your royal race.

“ ‘Fidelity and valour are their titles to recommendation! Of the former they expect an authentic testimonial from the French nation, as they have never ONCE failed in their duty during a century, and wherever they have fought their valour has been conspicuous in battle.

“ ‘Sire, I entreat you to listen to their request. For myself I ask no compensation—for me there is none! The honour of commanding *them* cannot be repaid. It secures my glory, as to lead them against a foe ensures immediate victory.’

“In July,” says Grant, “the National Assembly decreed that the standards of the Irish,¹ German, and Liègioso infantry should be the tricolour, inscribed, ‘Discipline and Obedience to the Law,’ but when Monsieur of France (the Comte de Provence) and Charles Philippe, the Comte d’Artois, fled to Coblenz, the formal defection of several Irish officers

¹ The banner of the Irish Brigade is portrayed in the series of Plates of French eighteenth-century uniforms lent me by Lieut.-General Sir Martin Dillon, C.B. The banner is half green and half red, the first and third quarters being red, the second and third green. A red cross is defined by a single wide white line, and bears in gold a harp and crown, and the motto, “In hoc signo vinces,” all on the cross, which is as wide and high as the banner. Each corner bears the device of a crown. The Irish regiments were all red-coated.

hastened the destruction of the old Brigade of immortal memory, and with it, after August 10, disappeared the ancient Swiss, German, Italian, Scottish, and Catalonian regiments of the monarchy. . . .

“The first of the French troops to proffer their loyalty were the Scottish and Irish soldiers of the old Regiment de Berwick. The depôt of this corps was then quartered at the strong town of Givet, on the frontiers of France, under the command of Sir Charles McCarthy-Lyragh, who immediately marched his men to Coblenz, and joined the battalion. Sir Charles afterwards passed into the British Service. . . . The loyalty of the Irish Brigade met with a warm response from the fugitive princes.”

O’Callaghan gives their address and the reply—

“‘The officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the Irish Regiment of Berwick, filled with the sentiments of honour and fidelity which are hereditary among them, entreat Monseigneur to place at the disposal of the King the devotion which they make of their lives in order to support the royal cause, and to employ their arms with confidence on the most perilous occasions.’

“To which the Count de Provence replied—

“‘I have received, gentlemen, with genuine sensibility the letter which you have written to me. I will cause to be forwarded to the King as soon as possible the expression of your sentiments towards him. I answer you by anticipation that it will alleviate his troubles, and that he will receive with pleasure from you the testimony of fidelity which James II. received a hundred years ago from your forefathers. This double epoch should for ever form the device that shall be seen on your colours, and all who shall be faithful subjects will read their duty there and recognize thence the model they should imitate. As for myself, gentlemen, be well convinced that your last act will remain for ever engraven on my soul, and that I shall reckon myself happy as often as I shall be able to give you proofs of the feelings with which it inspires me towards you.’”

O’Callaghan mentions that some of the Brigade remained on in the French Service. I fancy few of the officers did, for the following reason :—

Count Arthur Dillon, the hero of St. Eustache and St. Christopher, accepted the Revolution, and served against the Royalist invaders of France. He refused to proceed to the extremities of the Terror, and was guillotined April 14, 1794. Count Theobald Dillon, to whom he had given over the command of "Dillon's" in 1780, known as "le beau Dillon," when serving under the Republican commanders, was torn to pieces by the mob.

From this it would appear as if "Dillon's" went with the Revolution; yet Count Edward Dillon had led most of the old officers to the army of the princes, as is shown by the signatures to the following unpublished document belonging to the FitzSimon family, of which O'Callaghan could not have known. It was among some family papers brought together by the late Mrs. FitzSimon, of Glencullen, O'Connell's daughter, and her brother, Morgan O'Connell, late Registrar of Deeds, which papers were lent me by Mr. P. J. FitzPatrick, the Irish biographer.

Captain James FitzSimon's certificate is signed by twenty-four officers of "Dillon's" in 1792 (of whose names only five appear in "Dillon's" in English Army List in 1797):—

"Regiment de Dillon, Infanterie Irlandaise.

"Nous Colonel Comandant, Lieutenant-Colonel, Capitaines, Lieutenants et Sous-Lieutenants presents du dit Régiment certifions, que le Sieur James FitzSimon est entré au service de sa Majesté le Roi de France en 1785, est passé par les grades de sous-lieutenant et capitaine, et a passé la revue du Commissaire dans le mois de Novembre, 1792, s'est ensuite absenté d'après une permission, a fait la Campagne de 1792, avec les Princes Frères du Roi de France avec honneur et distinction en faveur de quoie avons signé le present certificat.

"Coblentz, le Jour le 25 Novembre, 1792.

" STACK, COL.	BURKE.	WM. MCCARTY.
D. O'FARRELL.	CORR.	O'MAHONY.
J. MAHONY.	TARLETON.	R. O'CONNELL.
D. O'MAHONY.	BAILLY.	A. A. QUIN.
SHEE.	WARREN.	J. MAHONY.
PAT. WARREN.	O'SHIEL.	J. KEEP."
STETZ.	J. CONWAY.	

On the large red seal the arms are undecipherable.

The document states that James FitzSimon entered "Dillon's" in 1785, and passed through all steps from sub-lieutenant to captain; was inspected in 1792; granted leave of absence, and served with honour and distinction in the army of the princes, brothers of the King of France.

Nothing can be of less interest than Count O'Connell's one letter from Paris in 1792, yet it is written at the real crisis of his life. Everything was arranged for his marriage, in a few months, to a woman of rank, virtue, and wealth, whom he had long loved, when the sudden discovery that he was about to be arrested compelled him to fly. He might have ignobly fled to England; he might have hired out his sword to Austria or Prussia, where there were plenty of profitable staff appointments; he might have accepted a command under the princes, where officers of far less repute held high-sounding titles. He did none of these things. He fled to the Royalist army, and served *incognito* in its ranks. All his biographers insist on his having served there in his military grade of major-general, but we have his own positive words that he served as a common hussar, under his friend Berchini. At this turning-point of his career, when his life was in danger, when his matrimonial plans were thrown into direct confusion, he calmly sits down and indites the following laconic epistle concerning Mrs. Burke's annuity. People, of course, dared not say a word of what was passing around them in those terrible times. I am quite sure had my general been under orders to the guillotine, he would have seen that no penny of undue rate of exchange was charged on the annuity his dear friend and cousin was remitting from his blazing hot tropical station to the poor widow lady in remote Iveragh.

Paris, May the 17th, 1792.

DEAR BROTHER,—I give you notice that I addressed you the Day before Yesterday a bill for £16 Irish for the use of Mrs. Burke, sister to Colonel FitzMaurice. The bill is drawn by Sir — Herries, Banker, in Paris, on Mr. Thomas Black, of Dublin. The Bill is payable in Six Days after Sight, and its Number is 177. As the state of trouble and confusion of this Country may possibly be the Cause that the bill be inter-

cepted, and may fall into the hands of some rogue who may forge your Signature in order to receive the amount on't, I pray You'll immediately give Mr. Thomas Black, of Dublin, notice not to pay it but on orders from you, and inform me when you receive it.

Farewell, my Dear Brother.

DAN. O'CONNELL.

The only account our *Émigré* trooper gives of his adventures is that he had his full share of peril and hardship. Probably among the great body of officers serving as common soldiers there was no one so well suited for poverty and hardship as the wiry, active, abstemious mountaineer.

My hero's loyalty was a good deal aspersed because he had accepted the Revolution, but his royal master had accepted it, for that matter. Count O'Connell remained on in Paris, as will be read in his subsequent letters, by the King's express orders, and the approximate cause of his flight was the fact that letters of his to the King were seized in the unhappy monarch's private papers after the abortive flight to Varennes. When the King was a close prisoner, and nothing could be done to rescue him in France, he joined the small army of the princes acting with the great forces of Prussia and Austria armed for monarchy. My hero was just in time for the battle of Valmy and the latter portion of the wretched and abortive campaign, where the Duke of Brunswick so strangely belied his high military reputation. The greatest misery, sickness, and privation decimated the *Émigré* army. I found the following very graphic account of the muster of the allied forces in Mrs. Trench's work.

The late Archbishop Trench's "Remains of Mrs. Richard Trench" (his beautiful and charming mother) contains a letter from the half-brother of her first husband, which describes in no flattering terms the *Émigré* army. "It is from Colonel Cradock, afterwards Lord Howden," says Dr. Trench, "and written after a visit to the Duke of Brunswick's head-quarters, and on the memorable day that the Prussian Army entered France with the intention of marching on Paris, releasing the King, and putting down the Revolution."

It is written from Luxembourg, August 19, 1792.

The English officers "found the King of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick, and the main army of fifty thousand men encamped at Montfort, four miles from the town. They were presented to the King and duke with a quite remarkable absence of ceremony, and were struck with the 'martial simplicity and modesty' of their surroundings.

"On that morning arrived at head-quarters Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois from Treves, with *écuyers gardes*, etc., without number. The vain pride of people in their circumstances added highly to the scene; for who could behold the contrast without admiration and wonder—poverty and exile in the gay trappings of pride and vain-glory, and real power and dominion over thousands and tens of thousands concealed, yet augmented, by the moderation of the possessors? . . .

"The Prussian Army," he says later on in the letter, "seems to be exasperated to a degree against everything that bears the name of Frenchman, and patriot or emigrant appears to make but little difference of sentiment in them. The emigrants everywhere conduct themselves with so little good sense, and so regardless of good will and conciliation, that the world regard them and their cause with much indifference, and was it not thought that their cause would ultimately affect others, no one would stir a step in their behalf."

Again, towards the end this shrewd observer continues—

"I am very anxious to see the three thousand officers doing the duty of soldiers and the common drudgery of the camp. Though a painful sight, yet it is interesting and worthy of observation."

My hero, though a major-general, was one of these three thousand. Curiously enough, his biographers all make him serve as a major-general, while we have his own words that he served as a simple hussar. He uses "simple" prefixed to "soldier," in the French sense, meaning "private." He evidently thought but poorly of the venture, and made the luckless campaign in this uncomfortable fashion to conceal his identity, and thus be enabled to return to France. He served in Berchini's hussars, as he himself informs us.

Why an infantry major-general elected a cavalry regiment does not appear.

I am acquainted with Mdlle. McCarthy de Mervé, whose grandfather, Sir Charles McCarthy-Lyragh,¹ was distinguished in this luckless campaign, and, passing into the English Army with the other Irish officers, was eventually killed by Ashantees in 1824, when Governor of Senegal, where he had distinguished himself in suppressing the slave-trade. She showed me most interesting letters to him from the Duc de Castries, whose regiment he virtually managed. These and other letters I have seen are melancholy reading. Great privations of every kind were endured by the luckless *Émigrés*. The Duke of Brunswick marched into France and marched out again, and the defeat of Valmy is supposed to have precipitated the fate of the royal family.

On the 19th of the following November, the Comte d'Artois writes to his faithful friend, the Comte de Vaudreuil, who had left him after the campaign—he is then at Liège—

“We will not, we cannot, pronounce the dissolution of our army until we know the intention of the Court of Vienna, and shall have received the money from the King of Prussia. But everything is drifting to pieces, and we are dying of hunger. I pass my mornings in continuous tortures. However, we are expecting an answer from the emperor. We have sent two couriers to the King of Prussia, and a glimmer of hope sustains us.”

The remnant of the Emigrant army clung together and hung about Germany, and the Comte d'Artois let La Vendée rise and fall without appearing on the scene of conflict and disaster.

Among the FitzSimon papers procured for me by Mr. FitzPatrick is a letter from Count Edward Dillon to Captain James FitzSimon, whose nephew married the Liberator's daughter Ellen. It is in French, as the Dillons, who had followed King James, were quite French after three generations on French soil.

Writing from Dusseldorf in November, 1792, he draws the following affecting picture of the wreck of the *Émigré*

¹ See Note B, p. 129.

army: "Your wretched comrades and the greater part of this army are in a pitiable state. Their means and the generosity of strangers are exhausted. It is impossible to foresee how this tragedy will end." Every book of memoirs of the time confirms these statements.

We get glimpses of Count O'Connell in the letters of his young nephews at St. Omer and Douay. He contrives to look after the boys, and eventually gets them off to England. "Le beau Fersen" mentions having seen O'Connell in Brussels in August, and hearing from him horrid accounts of the treatment of Marie Antoinette.

In spite of Count O'Connell's warnings, his brother had sent their young nephews to a foreign college. They, however, left St. Omer when the troubles reached a certain pitch, and proceeded to Douay, whence the Revolution again drove them. Almost every schoolboy letter mentions "Uncle Dan." Maurice generally writes. He was his rich uncle's namesake and, I fancy, his destined heir.

Maurice O'Connell, of Carhen, to Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane (his uncle).

[Endorsed] 4th Sep., 1792.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I received yours of the 17th of July on the 17th of August, and, according to your orders, we left St. Omer the Monday following, and were received into this house that evening.

Mr. Stapleton, tho' he knew we should want no inconsiderable sum of money on our arrival, has not as yet mentioned anything of that in your letter to him. He gave us only what was necessary for our journey. On our arrival here we got acquainted with a Mr. Duggan, who lives near Millstreet, who lent us some money, which, together with some we got from the Procurator, may serve us until we should hear from you.

It is, therefore, very necessary to send us in your next a bill of any sum between £12 or £13, to mention what you wish we should learn as Musick, etc., and that the Procurator should get us whatever we wanted. Dan joins in duty to my Father, Mother, and Grandmother, and in love to my Brothers and Sisters and to all other friends. We should write to them at Present, but that we have not time, because the course of Rhetorick had begun before our arrival, and there-

fore have no time to spare, but will in our Vacation, which begins shortly.

I remain, my dear Uncle,
Your grateful and dutiful Nephew,
MAUR. O'CONNELL.

Douay.

P.S.—I have received a letter from my Uncle Dan, written from Brussels, dated the 4th of August, besides one that I may acquaint you of his escape out of this unfortunate Kingdom, and says he was then in good health, going up the Rhine, and would soon write again.

Will send the Colledge rules in our next.

Our Direction to Monsieur O'Connell, Au Grand Collège des Anglais, Rue des Morts, à Douay.

Our *Émigré* reached London safe and sound and healthy, but in a state almost of destitution, late in the autumn of 1792. His dear old friend, Chevalier Fagan, had long been settled in the English capital, and was ever ready to act a father's part. Thirty years before he had lent the boy-cadet of the Thirty Years' War the money he wanted for the expenses of the campaign, and now he at once presses thirty guineas on his beloved Dan. Our hero's letter, on arrival, is remarkable, as it expresses his marked disapproval of duelling. The only instance he seems to have ever approved of duelling was in the case of the abortive political duel projected between Sir Robert Peel and the Liberator.

From henceforth my hero's letters become as full of human interest as they have hitherto been dry and formal. He shall narrate his own adventures and tell his love-story himself. The biographer retires, *vicè* Count O'Connell, for the rest of 1792, save for a brief commentary on the subject of his marriage, which naturally attracts a woman. In his letter of November 5, 1792, we find him safe and sound in London.

In the next letter again he tells his love-story. The middle-aged general officer and the mature widow lady, long old friends, are on the point of marrying, when the march of events forces him to take the field. All through those stirring times my hero's conduct was guided by the following system, from which he never deviated: To accept and embrace all risks of his person, but to lessen the risks to his pocket

as much as possible. He had too long tasted poverty and a certain dependence on his family not to look on a moderate competence as the one good thing in life. Personal risk he would have scorned to avoid. The possible chances of being shot or guillotined did not depress him ; but the prospect of not securing at least £150 a year for the rest of his natural life did.

London, 9th 5th, 1792.

DEAREST BROTHER,—My joy is inexplicable on having a certainty that you were not the Person engaged in the Duel near Castle Island, a certainty which I've just Acquired from new Circumstances mentioned in this day's paper. Nothing, indeed, can be compared to the Disturbed state I've been in for some days past on this occasion ; but now, thanks to the Almighty, all my fears and anxiety are removed, and I feel a degree of happiness which I am unable to convey or give a just idea of. Pray, Dear Maurice, let me hear from you immediately, and be assured I shall with the deepest impatience reckon every moment that will elapse untill I receive your Letter. I arrived here 8 or 10 Days ago. How long my stay may be in this City I can't yet well know, because it depends of Letters I expect from the Continent. You know the unhappy events of the Campaign, I may say the *unaccountable* event, and suppose your papers have informed you of the Decree by which the National Convention has for ever banished the French Emigrants, forbidding them, under pain of Death, ever to put a foot in the territory of the new rais'd republick. The state of Distress and Misery to which the Decree reduces the unfortunate Nobility and Gentry of that once flourishing Country is impossible to be expressed, and such are their numbers as well as their inability to make out a livelihood by any Mode of Labour or industry, that they must needs sink under the weight of their Misfortunes. Providence alone can save from begging their bread as objects of Charity, men who a little while ago were rolling in the Superfluities of Wealth and Luxury. What shall become of myself or befall me, I can't tell. I wish not to become a burthen to you, and ere that takes place shall seek every means of Livelihood that an unbroken Courage, a long Experience of the World, and a strong Constitution qualify me for. Farewell, my Dear Brother. My Love and Duty to our Dear Mother, and best Affections to all Friends, and believe me for ever,

Your truly Loving Friend and Brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

Address to me, to Daniel O'Connell, Esq^r, Hungerford Coffee House, No. 470, Strand, London.

London, y^e 23^d Nov^r, 1792.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—This morning I received your most Acceptable Letter of y^e 14th Ist, containing offers which impress me with the deepest sence of gratitude, convinced as I must be, from what I so often experienced, of your kindness; still I shall postpone being a burthen as long as my Situation shan't absolutely require it, therefore shall not make use at present of your oblidging propositions. It gives me the deepest concern, my Dear Brother, to find myself prevented from going over to see you as soon as I cu'd wish, and that from the following motive, which I trust you'll not disapprove.

When I left Paris about the middle of July last to join the Emigrants' Army, I had solemnly Engaged my honour to a Lady of that Country, one of my oldest acquaintance, universally beloved and Esteemed, and in possession of a handsome fortune, to return there in October and marry her. You know the unhappy Circumstances of the Campaign and the Decrees passed by the National Convention which make that measure impracticable at present, but as there's every reason to Expect the rigour of the Laws enacted against Emigrants will be relaxed hereafter, as these laws are levelled chiefly against their properties, and that I've none—in short, my having joined the Emigrants not being known, I presume, at Paris—I flatter me that I may, after some time has Elapsed, Venture back to that Kingdom, then to Marry and pass the remainder of my life *à couvert* of the vissisitudes of fortune Untill that favourable turn of affairs takes place, I promised that interesting woman, whose unshaken and, indeed, somewhat romantick attachment demands all my acknowledgements, to remain as near as possible, in order she may hear from me twice a Week, and I am confident it wu'd be plunging her into the deepest despair were I to go to Ireland, which to her would seem as if I went to China. I wish, therefore, to bring her gradually to agree with my making a tour there in March or April, if not sooner, and if I can succeed in reconciling her to this step, I shall be happy beyond Expression, my Dearest Brother, to spend a Month or two with you, and once again to Embrace our Dear Mother. You know I left Paris only about the middle of July last. I joined the Army only three days before it took the field, and made the whole Campaign with the Vanguard, as a simple Hussard, refusing any Command, in order my name should not be mentioned within France, which, in case of non-success, I foresaw must Exclude me for Ever from returning there. I need not tell you that I had more than my share of hardships and Dangers of every sort, but Providence has been pleased to protect me,

and I was never in better health, tho' my spirits are low. The Cause of my Emigrating so late was the express Command of the hapless Monarch, whose situation made it impossible for me to abandon his person until I saw everything in readiness for the overture of the Campaign. Then I repaired abroad, being always determined to act a part in the scene, the unhappy and unaccountable result of which has for ever reduced the French Nobility and Gentry to a state of utter Misery and ruin. *Quorum pars magna fui.*

Farewell, my Ever Dear Brother. Pray mention to nobody the contents of this Letter, and burn it as soon as you shall have perused it. Be Careful never to mention my having made the Campaign with the Emigrants, as the French have Spies in all quarters, and shu'd that circumstance come to be ascertained, I must never think of returning to France. My most tender Love and Duty to our Dear Mother, and believe me, to my last breath,

Your most affectionate Brother,

[A long dash replaces signature.]

You'll render me a particular and most Essential favour if you will be so kind as to procure and send me over as soon as possible an attestation drawn up by a Notary, certified by the principal Magistrate of Tralee, Killarney, or any other Corporation, as well as by the Sheriff of the County, ascertaining that *Daniel Charles O'Connell, born at Darrinane, in the County of Kerry, in August, 1747, arrived in said place in the latter Days of July last, where he remained for the purpose of settling his affairs with his Brothers until the middle of October.*

The seal of the Notary, that of the Corporation and of the Sheriff are to be affixed to the above act, which I request you'll forward to me with all possible diligence, in order I may transmit the same to Paris, as that alone can prevent my effects being seized; and it will, moreover, facilitate my return to that Country, but its immediate effect will be to save all I left behind me from being confiscated; therefore all Dilligence is requisite, otherwise I shall be too Late. Farewell.

Folded in the letter is Maurice's rough draft of the perfectly barefaced lie by which these highly respectable persons and the leading Kerry gentlemen, their neighbours, thought it a perfectly allowable *ruse de guerre* to spoil the Egyptian, or rather to protect an Israelite. In the matter of date and age certificates my hero's notions were decidedly lax; in all else he was sternly and rigidly truthful.

“County of Kerry, In the Kingdom of Ireland.

“We, whose names are hereunto Subscribed, doe hereby freely affirm and Certify that Daniel Charles O'Connell, born at Darrinane, in this County, in August, 1747, arrived att said place in the later Days of July last, where he remained settling some ffamily affairs with his Brothers Maurice and Morgan O'Connell, Esq^r., until the Middle of October last, when he sett out from thence for London, and that we each of us Respectively, frequently saw and Conversed and kept Company with him during that time. In Confirmation whereoff we hereunto signed our names this Day of December, 1792.”

London, 25th Dec^r, 1792.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I rec^d the Certificate you were so good as to transmit to me, and return you my most sincere thanks for your friendly and effective exertions. I immediately drew up in French a copy of the attestation, which I sent over to my friend at Paris, persuant to her desire. She is to lay it before some persons who will be able to Lett her know how far Safety may be derived therefrom, and her answer, which I expect to receive, shall determine me either to go over, or to make a longer stay in England. In the latter case I shall probably retire to some Country town within a Day's Journey of London, in order to avoid Expence as far as in my power. With respect to her coming over, far from recommending that step, I shu'd oppose it, from my being perfectly well acquainted with the Spirit of the people who now govern there. Any pretext, however glaringly unjust, wu'd, I am sure, be eagerly laid hold on to strip every person of her description of their properties, therefore no sort of colour is to be given by which that design may be effected. As for selling out, the present situation of affairs makes it impossible, except with a loss of at least two-thirds of the Capital, therefore it would be madness to think of it.

Pray let Brother Morgan know I yesterday rec^d his Letter, inclosing a Bill for £12 Irish for Mr. McCarthy, of Berwick's Regiment. That young gentleman is still on the Continent. I don't know where, and am much at a loss how to send him the money; however, as I presume he may be at *Maestricht on the Meuse*, I shall write to a son of the deceased Doctor Jeffrey Connell, of Cork, an officer in the Brunswick Service and now in garrison there, to request he may look out for Mr. McCarthy, and pay him said sum, for which he shall draw on me. This is the only method I can light upon to answer the expectations of Mr. McCarthy's friends, whom I would very gladly oblige.

Be so good as to send me as soon as possible my Baptis-

terium, signed by your Parish Priest, setting forth my being born the 24th August, 1747. Send me also my Mother's Consent to my marrying, Drawn up by you, Sealed with your arms, and signed by her.

Farewell my Dear Brother. I am inexpressibly happy to hear our Dear Mother is well. Pray Embrace her most tenderly and respectfully from me. My best wishes to all friends, and believe me,

Your affectionate friend and Brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

I think it needless, from what I here tell you, to answer Brother Morgan's last Letter. Pray assure him and family of my affectionate regards. I am sorry to tell you the report of the Irish Brigade being taken into the Austrian pay is devoid of truth. All the unfortunate young men of that Corps are daily coming over here destitute of everything, and have no resource left but going to live with their friends in Ireland. Farewell, my D^r Brother. Send me immediately the two papers I mentioned, and address them to the care of Christopher Fagan, Esq., no. 22, Strand, London.

London, 11th January, 1793.

DEAR BROTHER,—I shall be leaving this City in a Day or two, and intend steering my course towards France, where I trust, with God's blessing, I shall arrive without meeting any difficulty, as the Certificate you was so good as to send me must be an all-powerful preservative. Be so good as to warn the Gentlemen who signed it that, in case any Enquiry should be hereafter made with respect to my having been in Ireland (which I do not presume), they shu'd support with Obstinacy Every thing set forth in said writing. Be so good also to address to Mr. Fagan, No. 22, Strand, London, the Baptisterium I called to you for by my last, as well as my Mother's Consent to my marriage, both as soon as possible.

Finding myself rather short of money from the almost insuperable difficulty of getting over any from France, under the present circumstances, I have been necessitated to borrow £30 from my friend Fagan, not only for the Expence of my journey to France, but also to procure some articles of clothing much wanting to me. That sum I trust you'll be so good as to refund my very worthy friend Fagan as soon as shall be convenient to you, having too much Experienced your kindness to make any doubt of meeting with a new proof on't on the present occasion.

Give me leave, My Dear Brother, to recommend to your particular kindness and attention Johnny Burke, the Nephew

of Colonel FitzMaurice. He is a youth bless'd with every Virtue and quality that begets friendship and Esteem, and I doubt not but you will find him so; therefore do request you'll render him every service in your power, and keep him with you as long as the present circumstances shall enforce his stay at home. The other young men, our relations, are in general very much entitled to the attention of their friends. Farewell, my Dearest Brother. I very much wish you may not find my charge on you too heavy, but your friendly offer of more than double that sum makes me hope you will not. My Duty and most warm affections to our much-honoured and beloved Mother, and believe me for Ever,

Your most affectionate and truly grateful Brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

I shall write to you shortly after my arrival in France. Don't be uneasy for me. I trust in the protection of the Almighty.

Endorsed by Maurice O'Connell—

24th January, 1793.

I have wrote of y^e date to Sir Riggs Falkiner and Co., dirt^d to remit Mr. ffagan the £30 English Mentioned in this Letter, and att the same time wrote Mr. ffagan, advising him I had done so.

How generously the economical Maurice responded to his brother's appeal appears from the following rough memorandum of Maurice O'Connell's, endorsed, "Brother Daniel's Account, 1793 :"—

	£ s. d.
Cash laid out on my Brother Daniel since his arrival in England the latter end of October last, 1792, viz. December, '92, remitted Captain Fagan by his desire and for his own use, £30 English, which makes Irish	32 10 0
July 1st. Given him here as we set out for Killarney Ffair, Cash	22 15 0
August 13. J. Power's bill for Cloathes for him, amounting to	5 18 9
Do. For Murphy's bill for Boots and a Pair shoes for Him ...	1 9 9
November 17. Cash to him the day before we set out for Killarney Ffair, whence he was to proceed to Cork on his way to England (Bank-notes 300 Guineas Irish) ... (gold)	341 5 0
Ditto, to him same time in change	1 2 0
	£405 1 4

There are several very interesting letters for the years 1792, 1793, 1794, and 1795, all referring more or less to the Irish officers. I infer that very soon after his arrival Count

O'Connell began to seek employment in England. From a letter of the Duke of Portland's in the Pelham Correspondence, which will be found under its proper date, 1797, it appears that Count O'Connell and Count Dillon were the first to apply for permission to raise Irish regiments. Dillon seems to have proposed to bring over his officers *en masse*, and to raise the regiment anew, recruiting in Ireland. Count O'Connell proposed to raise either a Catholic or a mixed regiment, officered by the Irish-French officers. Notwithstanding the penal laws, they had some grounds on which to found this application. French Catholic Royalists were employed largely by the English Government, who had subsidized several noblemen and their regiments who had been serving in the hapless army of the princes, and the Irish Parliament had passed a seemingly liberal but unworkable law allowing Catholics to serve as colonels in Ireland. I shall try and piece together my hero's personal adventures so far as I can. His immediate necessities were relieved by Captain Fagan just after he landed. He did not write home for about a week after his arrival in London, and his first letter bears the date of the 5th of November. In the month of January Hunting Cap remitted the £80 to repay kind Captain Fagan. On the 11th of January, 1798, Count O'Connell writes home, full of going to France. In a boyish letter of the Liberator's, dated London, March 11, 1798, he says he sends the Douay accounts by "my Uncle Dan's" orders. "My Uncle Dan" joins the usual greetings, consequently he was still in London. In the account Maurice mentions making a payment on the 1st of July, as they were setting out to the fair of Killarney, so that he must have reached home by that date. It is impossible to be certain whether he went to France or not, but I infer that he did, because the Liberator's young brother, writing from London on the 3rd of July, supposes his uncle Dan has already arrived at Darrynane. However, his uncle Dan might have set out from London.

During the four or five summer and early autumn months that Count O'Connell spent at Darrynane in 1798, he saw more of his mother than he had done for years. All sorts of little anecdotes about Maur-ni-Dhuiv and her sons are remembered

yet. Landing without a fraction, except what he owed to his brother's kindness, and just after witnessing the grinding poverty of the proudest and most lavish set of people on earth, my frugal hero was a little shocked at the good old dame's prodigality, especially in the matter of kishes¹ of turf hurled in perpetually to a red cavern of kitchen fire in the dog days. Now, there are two styles of good housewives—she who scrapes and pinches and glories in saving cheese-rinds and potato-peels, and she who glories in always having “full and plenty” in bin and larder. To this latter variety Maur-ni-Dhuiv belonged. The huge unceasing fire was a true emblem as well as a factor of patriarchal hospitality. If friends rode over the mountain, or profited by wind and tide to sail over from a neighbouring creek, there was no delay in raking up smouldering seed² of red turf-embers when the piles of sods were ever glowing, and she made a verse, saying she never knew who or how many would ride down the mountain-side. Besides these possibilities of parlour guests, there were infinite probabilities of men passing with the cattle of friends from farm to farm, or fair, or market, messengers with letters and gifts, and poor scholars, wandering pedlars, and pipers, and “shulers”³ pure and simple, *i.e.* wandering mendicants, all of whom would have hot food set before them. The old lady took her soldier-son's rebuke very ill indeed, when he ventured to remonstrate with her on her monstrous prodigality of fuel, and Hunting Cap backed her up in asserting that, while she lived, that fire should never be lessened.

A tenant, John James Gallavan, told me that when Hunting Cap was young there were absolutely no cash payments to workmen. He has heard his old grandfather and other people's old grandfathers say so. All payments were in kind. When the change of times came—I fancy the great agricultural prosperity of the old war-times—ready money, which the poor people seldom saw before, came into use, and, instead of feeding great gangs of boys and girls, people began to pay workmen. Maurice O'Connell was too enlightened a man

¹ Tall baskets.

² In turf countries the one charred sod covered up in ashes to keep in some fire when cooking is not in progress, is called the “seed.”

³ Strollers, from the Irish verb *Sjúbájl*.

not to see the advantage of the new system, and he adopted it. Whenever he went away, however, his liberal old mother would summon in all hands to dinner. On one occasion, at a very busy time in late autumn, he returned (probably from November fairs), and found that all his paid workmen were having a very good dinner, the old lady looking on approvingly. He addressed her in Irish before them, so that the men might have no doubt as to his views—

“I thought, mother, I had stopped that work.”

“The day was very cold,” rejoined the old lady, “and they could not work if too cold.”

“I keep a steward to make them work.”

“The best steward,” rejoined the irrepressible old dame, “is a full stomach.”

This argument proved so unanswerable, that John James Gallavan told me “he would not cross her after,” and the men got their master’s money and their mistress’s food, and a hundred years after her pithy rejoinder is gratefully remembered to her.

Meat, unless on very rare occasions, was only given to the upper servants, but Maur-ni-Dhuiv would always tell the cook to give an odd bone to the little boy who minded the calves, and one little calf-herd grew up such an athletic young giant on this liberal dietary, that, being sent to the rich Limerick country with cattle, he nearly smashed the skull of a Cantillon follower in a dispute concerning the respective merits of their countries and their ladies.

I only wish the stream of local tradition flowed more in my hero’s direction, and that I could find out if he had gone to Paris before his trip to his home.

Whether he reached Paris or no, a kinsman and namesake certainly got arrested in mistake for him. The Count de Castelverd, who made thorough searches for me in the French National Archives, sent me attested copies of the arrest, examination, police-watching, and subsequent liberation of “a Citizen O’Connell,” whom he and I both supposed to be my hero until the signature struck me, “G. O’Connell,

Ch. D.”

Now, my hero often signed formal letters “General” or

“Gen.,” and most French official documents have the Christian name after the family name. “Ch. D.” might stand for “Daniel Charles” inverted, but why on a lower line? It was suggested to me, however, that no sane man would call himself anything but Citizen, so that G. could not stand for “General.” I sent an original letter of Count O’Connell’s to Count de Castelverd, who assures me that signature, flourish, and handwriting all differ from those of “G. O’Connell, Ch. D.” He says it must have been the colonel who was arrested; however, as the colonel was at the fair of Killarney in the first week of July, while the citizen was under police inspection in a hotel in Paris, he was not our man. The count mentions Dr. Jeffrey Connell, of Cork, who had recently escaped from France, and I infer he was the person who was taken up in mistake, Geoffroy being the French for Geoffrey or Jeffrey, “G. O’Connell, Ch. D.,” is simply “Geoffroy O’Connell, Ch(irurgien) D(octeur).” It was the customary cipher for “Surgeon and Physician.”

Another hypothesis about my hero’s movements is possible, viz. that he went to France during the month of February, and was back again in March.

The following copies of official documents were made for me by M. de Castelverd, who states that he ransacked in vain the Ministère de la Guerre, the Musée Carnavalet, and the Bibliothèque Nationale, and found them in the Archives Nationales. The entries are five in number:—

[TRANSLATION.]

National Convention.

General Safety and Vigilance Committee of the National Convention, Théâtre Français Section.

24th day of April, 1793, second year of the French Republick, One and Indivisible.

The Committee of General Safety of the National Convention charges the Commissioners of the Committee of the section of the Théâtre Français to present themselves at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, Rue St. André des Arcs, opposite that of l’Épéron, using armed force if necessary, and seize on the person named O’Connell, an Irishman, therein residing, bring him before the Committee, examine his papers, and bring to the Committee those which shall seem

to them of a suspicious nature, and to affix their seal on the remainder, and draw up a report of their oral examination. Given in committee the aforesaid day and year.

(Signed)

MAURICE AINÉ.

(Signed)

TUGRAND.

[Large red seal of the French Republic.]

[TRANSLATION.]

National Convention.

Committee of General Safety and Vigilance of the National Convention.

This [blank for day], 1798, second year of the French Republic, One and Indivisible.

In consequence of the receipt of report of oral examination and documents mentioned therein from the Commissioners of Public Safety of the Théâtre Français Section, called of Marseilles, the Committee of General Safety of the National Convention has decreed that the herein-named O'Connell be led back to the hotel where he lodges, placed under arrest in one of the rooms of the hotel until it shall be otherwise ordered, and that the Commissioners mentioned below shall be authorized to establish such a warder as they shall think proper, to whose charge he shall be committed. Ordered at said Committee the 29th of April, the 2nd year.

(Signed)

MAURE, BRIOAL, CAVAINAC, and MAULLE.

For similar copy—

(Signed)

ALMER, Prd.

In virtue of a stamped decree of the National Convention and a decree of its Committee of General Safety and Vigilance, dated the 10th day of July, the year 8, which permits Citizen O'Connell, an Englishman, to return to his own country, and which invites the constituted authorities to aid and assist him in case of need, the Committee of Public Safety has restored to him, by virtue of this superior order, the papers seized in virtue thereof in the possession of the C. O'Connell, whose arrest had been ordered by the Committee of General Safety.

[No signatures to this paper.]

“Le C.” doubtless stands for “Le Citoyen,” as the definite article “le” (the) would not be put before a Christian name.

Receipt entirely in the said O'Connell's handwriting—

I acknowledge receipt from Committee of Public Safety of the Théâtre Français of a parcel of papers belonging to me, and which were sealed up in consequence of an order of the Committee of General Safety of the Convention the 24th of April, 1793.

Executed at Paris, the 24th of July, 1793.

(Signed)

G. O'CONNELL,

Ch. D.

It is evident my hero remained unemployed at Darrynane for at least four months, and the fact that he was presented with boots and shoes and a suit of clothes, and had some repairs to his shoes even, executed at Hunting Cap's expense, would show that, whether he went to France or not, he had failed to redeem any of his savings, and was wholly and utterly destitute. Hunting Cap, who could behave with great generosity on great occasions, gave him at parting three hundred English guineas in notes and gold—a sum which a century ago represented a good deal more than its present value. This sum, in this portable form, was, of course, intended to provide for his wants in any sudden emergency. His good friend, Chevalier Fagan, had remained in London, and was looking after his interests, receiving and forwarding his letters, and exercising a paternal vigilance over the boys Dan and Maurice, who give repeated accounts of what he has said and done respecting them, and hope he is pleased with them. It is with him that Lord Moira's passport is left for my hero's admission to the ill-starred expedition to Brittany, which he providentially missed by a few hours. How lucky he was to have been delayed by the adverse winds he soon learned.

Hubberstone in Milford Haven Harbour,
Tuesday, 26th, 3 o'clock, afternoon.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I arrived here an hour ago, after a tedious passage of 64 hours from *Chickpoint*, 5 miles below Waterford, where I had been detained from 2 o'clock on Thursday until 10 on Saturday, with a strong gale at South-East (Straight in our teeth) which lasted during the whole passage. Notwithstanding these little disappointments and some foul weather, I got here, thank God, in perfect health and good spirits, and shall set out to-morrow morning about 7 o'clock by the Mail Coach for London, where I hope

to arrive on Friday next. I shall be careful to let you hear from me from that City, but not before 8 or 10 Days after I get there, being desirous to give you some idea of my future Expectations, as well as of any particulars relating to Dan and Maurice.

Now, my Dear Brother, I shall take leave of you in order to eat a bit of Dinner and go to sleep, which I have not been able to do with any comfort since I left Waterford, owing to a continual heavy gale and very rough Sea. My most warm wishes and every sentiment that is dearest to the heart shall attend the remembrance of so good and kind a Brother, and whatever scenes of life I may go through, the thoughts of you shall always be uppermost in my breast. Be so good as to present my most dutiful love to our Dear Mother, and sincerest affections to Sister Seggerson and Kitty. Pray remember me also to the friends of Carhen, of Castle Lodge, and all other friends, not forgetting Mr. Barry. I should not forget poor Andrew [Andrew Connell, the old butler, whose will is at Darrynane], whose care of me nothing could surpass, and whose genuine concern at parting with me at Corke did not a little affect me. I hope he got safe home, and that your horses met with no accident. We were told in Cork the Ballybegg road had been repaired, which gave me great pleasure. Farewell again, my Dearest Brother. Accept my most warm Embraces, and rest assured of my most cordial love and gratitude.

D. O'CONNELL.

I saw Fitzy Burke in Corke, just as I was getting into the Mail Coach for Waterford. When you see Captain O'Connell, remember me to him. This letter goes off by to-morrow's packet, so I hope it will get to hand soon. Pray embrace my Dear Mother and Sister Seggerson for me.

London, 11th Decemb', 1793.

DEAR BROTHER,—I hope you have long ere now rec^d the Letter I wrote you on my Landing at Milford Haven, by which any uneasiness you might have entertained respecting me, on account of the tempestuous weather, has been removed. I presume you might have seen in the Papers that I was gone out with Lord Moira on his Expedition to the Coast of France. Finding this report current on my Arrival here on the 30th November in the morning, and Captain Fagan having delivered me a passport left for me by Lord Moira, I set out on the following Day, 1st X^{ber}, at 5 in the morning, for Portsmouth, in hopes of overtaking his Lordship there, but he had sailed at 10 o'clock the very morning, and it was 6 in the

afternoon when I got there, by which my Expectations of meeting the General were disappointed. I therefore returned to London the next Day but one, having in vain pursued the Fleet in a boat so far as *the Needles*, about Six Leagues from Portsmouth. I proposed to myself to urge the General on the Expediency of obtaining for me an English Commission, without which I should make it a point not to serve on the Expedition. This point I have, since my return here, made the condition, *sine qua non*, of my going out, but though much it seems to be the Earnest Wishes of people of all descriptions to have me there, yet my demand appears so novel, so unacceptable to Ministers, or at least to their Agents, with whom I have hitherto negociated the matter, that I apprehend it will not be granted, in which case I shall find myself obliged either to join Lord Moira as an Aide-de-Camp, in which capacity General James Conway, and some others whose necessities made the pay attached to that temporary place an object worth their acceptance, went with him; or to postpone serving for the present moment.

Now, my Dear Brother, the situation of things is such that I must shortly come to a final determination on the plan I am to adopt. Three things offer, between which I must make a choice, and being determined never to come to a momentous resolution without having previously consulted you, and being assured of your perfect approbation, I must Entreat you will, without any loss of time, deliver me your opinion and wishes on the subject.

The first of these three determinations is to join Lord Moira as one of his Aide-de-Camps without a *British Commission*.

The second, to join the Royalists in La Vendée, or wherever they may be, with the Count d'Artois, whenever he throws himself into that quarter, which I know from the surest intelligence (this to remain between you and me) he intends doing if any prospect of being able to make a stand offers on the part of the Royalists.

The third, to take no part in the Military Operations, and in that case to return home without delay, in order to be out of the way and Escape the Sollicitations and call both of the Prince and the French Nobility, which on the spot I could not easily elude. With respect to the first, It can in my opinion be productive of no solid advantage to me; the pay of Aide-de-Camp I shall be obliged to expend, and can expect rank nor pension in the British Army, whatever the Merit of my Services may be. Nay, not even a provision in case I had the Misfortune of losing a leg or an arm; so that, in

a word, my only certain prospect would be *the Guillotine*, if unhappily taken prisoner, even tho' I had a *British Commission*, as I am on the list of the Outlawed persons, Some Letters of mine to the Late King of France having been found amidst many others in his papers, and having been printed in the collection of said papers by order of the Convention, as I am confidently informed by Doctor Jeffrey Connell, of Corke, lately Escaped from that Country, who read them.

As to the second, it may be reduced to this brief position, Namely, to Engage in a Civil War, the Extent and Success and Duration of which cannot be foreseen, the most bloody and cruel that has been ever waged, but productive of glory and honours to such as may live to see the end of it.

The third resolution, undoubtedly the most agreeable to the dictates of Cool Reason and the Philosophick Mind, implies the renunciation of all military honours, and of casting myself a Burthen for Ever on you, if, on a counter Revolution, the fortune of the Lady I was to marry should be impaired to such a Degree as to make it unadvisable to form the Connexion.

Having thus laid before you, my Dear Brother, in the most candid light the circumstances for and against, the high Idea I entertain of your judgement, the deep sense I have of your lively affection for me, as well as the numberless obligations I owe you, induce me to refer Solely to your determination what I am to do—whether to go and join Lord Moira, whether to accompany Count d'Artois to La Vendée whenever the occasion shall offer, or whether to return to Ireland. Whatever you determine on the matter shall be strictly and unreluctantly attended to. I am prepared and perfectly reconciled to anything, and I shall be happy in any situation with the consciousness of your friendship and approbation.

Speak your Mind freely, and fear not, whatever be the consequence, a reproach from a Brother whose affection and gratitude towards you are immortal.

I can make up my mind with equal indifference to living in a Camp or in retirement. The Vissitudes of Fortune have made me almost deaf to the Voice of Ambition and Vain Glory, so that I can be happy under the Royal Standard and in dying for so good a cause, or in living with you, remote from the bustle and noise of the World. I shall add no more on this subject, but await your answer.

Our two Nephews are well and improved in their carriage and Demeanour. Dan is, indeed, promicing everything that

is good and estimable, and I hope Maurice will conform to your Commands and merit your goodness. In my next I shall give you a fuller account of them, being now stinted for room.

I rec^d two Days since a most affectionate Letter from the Viscountess de Gouy. It was addressed to my friend Fagan, and came by Switzerland, dated 3 November. She was then well, and her only thoughts, she says, are our future union. Poor Dear Woman, May the Almighty protect her! Dan Mahony, of Dunloe, is here, and lodges in the same house with me. He is come for the purpose of settling his accounts for his Company. Farewell, my Dearest Brother. Direct to the care of Mr. Fagan, No. 22, Strand. Present my love and Duty to our Dear Mother, affections to Sister Seggerson, and be assured no words can express the sentiments with which my heart is filled for you.

D. O'CONNELL.

The year 1793, which saw one brother reduced from commanding as a general to serving as a trooper, saw the other, once a recalcitrant Papist who had been in danger of his life in 1782, entrusted with the Commission of the Peace, and with the highest compliment the local authorities could pay a commoner, viz. the commission of a deputy-governor. Deputy-governors were much the same as deputy-lieutenants nowadays.

Lord Kenmare's religion precluded his being lord-lieutenant of the county. Old ladies now living knew other old ladies who used to visit the defunct Lady Glandore, but the title is now extinct.

Ross O'Connell informs me that a commission as Deputy-Governor for Kerry is made over to Maurice O'Connell, Esq., of Darrynane, dated the 27th of April, 1793, and signed "Glandore, Gov. and Cus. Rot. [Governor and Custos Rotulorum], Co. Kerry."

Lord Glandore writes as follows:—

Dublin, Thursday, April 11th, 1793.

DEAR SIR,—Having received his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant's commands to appoint 20 Deputy-Governors of the C^o of Kerry, to carry the Militia Act into execution, I request to know whether you will allow me to name you one of them, in which case you will please to call upon the Clerk

of the Peace immediately to perform what the law requires in this instance. I have sent him a copy of the Act of Parliament which points out what is necessary to be done with respect to the Qualification.

I have the honour to be, with great esteem, y^r most obedient and faithful serv^t,

GLANDORE.¹

Maurice Connel, Esq^r.

¹ Catholic Relief Bill (Ireland), 1793, Lecky, vol. vi. chap. xxv. p. 587.

The qualification required to authorize a Catholic to bear arms was raised in committee on the motion of the Chancellor, and, in addition to the oath of allegiance of 1774, a new oath was incorporated in the Bill, copied from one of the declarations of the Catholics, and abjuring certain tenets which had been ascribed to them; among others, the assertion that the Infallibility of the Pope was an article of their faith. For the rest, the Bill became law almost exactly in the form in which it was originally designed. It swept away the few remaining disabilities relating to property which grew out of the penal code. It enabled Catholics to vote like Protestants for members of Parliament and magistrates in cities and boroughs; to become elected members of all corporations except Trinity College; to keep arms, subject to some specified conditions; to hold all civil and military offices in the kingdom from which they were not specifically excluded; to hold the medical professorships on the foundation of Sir Patrick Dun;* to take degrees and hold offices in any mixed college connected with the University of Dublin that might hereafter be founded. It also threw open to them the degrees of the University, enabling the King to alter its statutes to that effect. A long clause enumerated the prizes which were still withheld. Catholics might not sit in either House of Parliament; they were excluded from almost all Government and judicial positions; they could not be Privy Councillors, King's Counsel, Fellows of Trinity College, sheriffs or sub-sheriffs, or generals of the staff (33 Geo. III. cap. 21). Nearly every post of ambition was reserved for Protestants, and the restrictions weighed most heavily on the Catholics who were most educated and most able.

* To which there has never since been a Catholic appointed.—[G. S.]

NOTES TO BOOK VI.

NOTE A.

COLONEL THOMAS FITZMAURICE.

[FitzMaurice (Duagh, County Kerry, descended from the fifth Lord of Kerry): ar. a saltire gu. and a chief erm. Crest: a centaur drawing a bow and arrow ppr., the part from the waist ar. Motto: "Virtute, non verbis." From Monsieur de la Ponce's manuscript about Irish Brigade, R.I.A.: Born, 1738; was a cadet in "Rothe's," 1751; second-lieutenant "Rothe's," 1752; lieutenant, 1757; sous-aide-major (assistant-adjutant), 1763; aide-major (adjutant) in Roscommon's Regiment, 1767; captain, 1769; attached to "Walsh's," 1773; Chevalier de St. Louis, 1776; Governor of St. Eustache (or Statia, in the West Indies), 1783; granted a pension of 2000 francs, 1789.]

Colonel Tom FitzMaurice, my hero's lifelong friend and comrade, was his first cousin. He was also nearly related to the Trants of Dingle, a branch of the family of Dovea, County Tipperary. Through the Trants he was connected with Count Bartholomew Mahony. His family do not seem to have been well off, and were probably some of those numerous Catholics who traced back, through younger sons and sons of younger sons, to important families. FitzMaurice was the name of the Earls of Kerry, who were Lords of Lixnaw. Colonel Tom seems to have been a bachelor. He was highly distinguished in the West India Expedition, led by Count Dillon, of the picked men of "Dillon's" and "Walsh's," which he rather wanted Captain Rick O'Connell to join in 1782, and for his distinguished services, as may be seen in p. 629 of O'Callaghan's "Irish Brigade," was made Governor of St. Eustache.

His most interesting letter about his escape from the revolted negroes, and the equally interesting letter of his nephew about Irish life in the West Indies, may fit in here.

Colonel Thomas FitzMaurice, to his cousin Trant. (Copy forwarded to Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane, and preserved there.)

Antigua, August 21st, 1793.

MY DEAR TRANT,—Young Rouvolet, who was for some short time a Volunteer in my Regiment, arrived here a few days ago, and told me he had lately seen you and y^r family near Cork. If anything could give me in my distressed position comfort and satisfaction, the assurance of your being well, and all y^r family's, would in a high measure contribute to it. I have answered your letter of the 2nd November last, which I only rec^d at Monserrat in the latter end of February. I charged Captain Goodhall, who sailed the 1st or 2nd of March for England, with my Letters to you, my Brother, and my Cousin German, Maurice Connell, of Darrynane. Tho' informed some time ago of his having been captured off Scilly by a French Privateer, I was in hopes that thes Letters were among the papers he secured from the hands of the Captor, but Mr. Rouvolet having assured me that you mentioned nothing of it to him, convinces me they did not come to hands. It would be too tedious to relate here to you the various scenes I have gone thro' since the 21st X^{br} [December], when I escaped by a miraculous concourse of circumstances being massacred by the Populace at Pointe à Pietre, where I arrived the 5th of January. I arrived in disguise, without any other cloathes but what I had on my Back, and a Negro Servant, who remained faithful to me, at Montserrat, where I was received with distinction, where I remained at Mr. Meads', in the Country, and another gentleman's House in Town, without the least Expence, till the end of the last Month. Then I betook myself hither for safety from the democratic villians of Guadaloupe, who threatened to come during the hurricane month to Montserrat, which is a defenceless Island, to take me away with the other French Emigrants that were there, who equally retired here along with me, where we are treated in the most distinguished manner. By the various reports from England, and by what the English Newspapers of Feb^y, March, and April last mentioned, we were all certain that the British forces would possess themselves of those French Islands in the course of the Summer; the persuasion I was in of this occasioned my remaining in these Islands till I would have seen the issue of it, which unfortunately has turned out unfavourably to all the Royalists of all our french Islands, and most particularly to those of my C^o, the greatest part of which had only just time, when the Island was evacuated on a sudden by the British troops,

to run away with their lives without their having a moment's leisure to provide themselves with the money that lay in their Trunks. Thousands ran away in this manner, and the Desolation at Carnavire, where the fleet lay during the Evacuation, to which I was an attentive Witness, is beyond Description. I went to the Expedition as a Volunteer, where I suffered a good deal of fatigue, and, which was worse, trouble of mind. I joined 21st Regm^t under the Canon of fort Bourbon, and have been rec^d by Coll. Graham and all the officers, and treated by them with distinguished marks of civilities and kindness. I am still in great hopes that the British Court will send out here, in October or November next, a force sufficient to reduce the infernal and barbarous murderers of the French Islands, and if they don't accelerate the Expedition, it is possible that the Spaniards may be beforehand with them, as I am assured from Trinidad that Spanish Forces are already arrived at Porto Caballo with an intention to attack these french Islands, but others pretend it will be St. Domingo. My only hopes are that either one or the other of these two powers will possess themselves of them, and, as probably Success will attend this turn the undertaking, I will be able to return to Guadeloupe, where I have a claim of four or five hundred Johannes to make, and which it will be impossible to refuse me, having lost the little property I had in France. This, if I can recover it, will help me to subsist till the King is restored, if I live to see it. I have wrote to my Brother, and to my Cousin, Maurice Connell, about 3 weeks ago; in case that my Letters have not reached them, pray transmit them an Extract of this if you think proper.

Pray my respects to y^r firside, etc. I suppose she finds Cork and its neighbourhood more agreeable than Curraçao or Statia; the latter, I am told, is a dismal place. Governor Runnells, the only person there with whom I fell out in y^r time, sent me offers of Service since my Emigration. Make my respects acceptable to y^r worthy Moth^r, and be assured, my D^r Trant, of my eternal attatchment and friendship.

FITZMAURICE.

*John Bourke of Content Poline, Montego Bay, Jamaica, to
Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane.*

Feb. 26, 1793.

SIR,—I hope the Goodness of the cause will Plead my excuse in giving you this Trouble, exclusive of the knowledge I have had of the goodness of your Heart in rendering

Services to mankind—much more so to those who have a claim of Kindred. Enclosed therein you will receive a bill of Exchange of £100 Stg., drawn on John Duffill and Co., by the Drawer, Leonard Parkinson, Esqr., Montego Bay, Jamaica. It will command Cash at a small Discount, either at Cork or Liverpool, and, indeed, I think to await the Payment. The appropriation of this Bill I wish to be as follows: £60 to my Father for his sole and exclusive use, to be laid out in land, stock, or interest, as you best like, and, in case of his Death, to be equally divided between such of my Sisters as their Uncle, Colonel Thomas FitzMaurice, has made no provision for. In this last case an interest or annuity is preferable. £25 Stg. to my Brother, FitzMaurice Bourke, to be laid out in clothing and other necessities, to accomplish him to come to me to Jamaica. Any Liverpool or London Captain trading to this Port will besides take him as a cabin passenger, for which I will pay them here. I would much wish him to pass what time may intervene between the receipt of this Letter and his time of sailing—say about Xmas next—either in a genteel private family or boarding school at Corke, where he should learn to put off that distinguishing characteristic of Irishmen, the Brogue. I left him a very fine boy, and shall be happy to meet him a young man of Prudence, and sense, and taste. As I never intend to alter my condition, so I may be said to work for him and the rest of my Brothers and Sisters. I have received all my father's Letters, and the answering not was more owing to the want of means of sending something than to any slight or forgetfulness. In one of my father's Letters I was sorry to learn that your brother-in-law, Maurice O'Connell, was obliged to sell his estate of Lative, to clear himself from that extravagant bargain of Brookhill. If you would be so good as to remember me kindly to him and wife, and beg him to write me a Statement of that business true, if in my power, I will extricate him were I obliged to sell my own property here which is at the least valued at £400. I had a Letter last year from a Mr. Richard Barry, from Grenada, informing of their Uncle's goodness to my two eldest sisters. It will be my study to help them all, and thank God, if God spares my life and Health, I have now prospect. I have followed the planting line—say the cultivation and manufacture of sugar and rum—in only two employs these 18 years. What with sickness, etc., did not save much till within these few years, for it is an established fact in this Island making the first 100, then the next 500, and so on. I last year sold negroes to the amount of £1500, besides other property, and had then a Notion to go and fetch my brother, and take a

peep at the rest and all my worthy friends; but this same Mr. Parkinson, who is a great Man, worth at least £100,000, has been my employer, protector, father, and best friend, advised me, saying £5 to one, £10 to another, and so on would soon reduce the capital, and I acquiesc'd. Since then I have bought 82 negroes, which bring in £4 every day, at the rate of 2/6 each. I have a Provision plantation house and home containing 50 acres of land, and from there I date this. The remaining £15 I beg may be laid out on my brother Thomas as you will think most Fitting. Now let me recapitulate the interest of the £60 Stg. What think you of fining it down for the life of my father, or as you like? My brother FitzMaurice, £25; ditto my brother Thomas, £15 (£100). I shall be glad to hear at all times from you, and how you may command my services of any kind. Irish herrings are selling here now at 42/6 y^e barrell, and I think Irish friezes would sell well. Please remember me to all your large and worthy family individually. A letter from your nephew, Mr. John McCarthy, I should take kind.

I remain, sir, with great respect and regard,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BURKE.

With respect to the FitzMaurice connection, Mr. Leyne notes that "the Liberator's wife was the eldest daughter of Thomas O'Connell, of Tralee, by Ellen, daughter of David Tuohy, of same, by Ellen, daughter of — FitzMaurice, of Cosfely, County Kerry. Her brother, Captain Tuohy, in my young days known as 'Uncle Jack,' used to hold that his mother was descended from the 'Blind Lord' (FitzMaurice), deprived of the succession to the family (now Lansdowne) estates and titles, because of his infirmity, such being a custom of the time." The cousinship mentioned in above letters, however, may come about in a different way, according to Burke's "Landed Gentry." John MacRobert FitzMaurice (a descendant of the Earls of Kerry) married Alice O'Connell, daughter of Daniel of Darrynane and of Alison Segerson. Their daughter Joanna married Redmond Burke, who died in 1798, at Derrine. They had issue two sons—John FitzMaurice Burke, of the French Service, who died in 1826; Thomas FitzMaurice Burke, major-general in the British Service, born 1776, married Elizabeth Conner; and two daughters—Margaret, the younger, who married Richard Murphy, Kerry; and Alice, who married Francis Segerson, of Dungegan, one of whose granddaughters is now Miss Hoare, in religion Sister Dympna, Convent of Mercy, Tralee. Major-General FitzMaurice Burke, of Prospect Villa, County Cork, had

three sons—John, born 1815, officer in the 56th Regiment; Edmund; and Thomas, who, in 1854, married Catherine Segerson, of Dungegan.”—[G. S.]

NOTE B.

SIR CHARLES MCCARTHY-LYRAGH, KILLED BY ASHANTEES, 1824.

MacCarthy (MacCarthy-Lyragh, allowed by Betham, Ulster, to Lieut.-Colonel Charles McCarthy, Lieut.-Governor of the Island of Senegal, 1812; descended from Donel MacCarthy-Lyrash, Esq., of Manshie, *temp.* James I.): erm. a stag attired and unguled or. Crest: out of a ducal coronet or., an arm, embowed vested az., cuffed ar., the hand holding a lizard ppr. Motto: “Lamh Laidir a buagh.”

Among the few Irish-French officers who rose to eminence in the British Service were Sir Maurice Charles O’Connell and Sir Charles McCarthy-Lyragh. This latter brave man’s career and family history were so curiously typical of the vicissitudes of the old Irish Jacobites that I cannot resist giving a short account of them. I have the pleasure of knowing his granddaughter, Mdle. McCarthy de Mervé, who allowed me to ransack her papers.

The McCarthy-Lyragh family owned the castle of Manche, near Dunmanway, in the County Cork, with much adjacent territory. The head of the family in the end of the seventeenth century was Charles McCarthy, who was married to Celia O’Cronin. He shared in the hapless Jacobite rising, lost his property, and followed his royal master to France. His eldest son, Charles, became a priest, and the second, Michael, married a French lady and settled in Caen.

Father Charles had been chaplain to King James in his exile and old age, and when his reverence’s nephew, a dashing young officer, fascinated a long-descended Norman heiress, he procured the testimony of the Old Pretender, in a signed certificate, as to the faithful services and long descent of his family. He also swore before a notary in Cork that the young captain was his nephew and the lawful descendant of these well-born and meritorious persons. By Marie le Grand d’Emmerville this nephew had many children. The second son entered the British Service, and is thus described in the pedigree: “Charles Thadeus Francis McCarthy, colonel in the Life Guards of Louis XVI., Knight of St. Louis. Later, an officer in the 9th Regiment of Infantry, in the service of the King of England, a widower without issue, living in October, 1811, and then a prisoner at Chartres, in France.”

The elder, John, was a captain in the Irish Brigade, a Knight of St. Louis, died unmarried before the Revolution, and was buried in his mother's country at Nogent le Rotrou, in le Perche.

They had a sister, Charlotte Michelle, who married Jean Gabriel Guérout, Commissaire du Roi, a high legal official.

Colonel Charles Thadeus, her brother, adopted her son, afterwards Sir Charles. The following extract from a document he executed in London gives his nephew's early history. The family had been a hundred years and more in France; young Charles was the son of a Frenchman, the grandson and great-grandson of Frenchwomen. The castle of Manche was a ruin, the adjacent lands long forfeited. The *Émigré* colonel has only his name, his sword, and his English half-pay, but he is as anxious that his nephew should inherit the two former as if all the long-forfeited possessions of their race were his to bestow on his heir. The young man never seems to have borne his father's name.

I translate the important portions, skipping the preceding pedigree paragraphs of his uncle's document.

"I declare that it was with my consent and our [his and his late brother's] expressed wish that Charles Guérout first an officer in 'Berwick's,' subsequently a captain in same, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, captain in his Britannic Majesty's Service, since October, 1794, attached to the British Infantry Regiment of the Earl of Oxford, son of John Gabriel Guérout, late Procureur du Roi, and of Charlotte Michelle McCarthy, our eldest sister, has assumed and borne the name of McCarthy.

"That, but for the troubles caused in France by the Revolution, my brother and I had determined to request of the King the necessary authorization to legalize our intention.

"That from early childhood he has always been known in his father's house by our name, and so designated by the officers of the corps in which he served.

"And as it is natural to wish to perpetuate the name he has hitherto borne with honour, and shown himself worthy to bear, and that my brother having died without issue, and I being childless, we have the right to ensure the succession of the issue of our eldest sister to any goods or titles belonging to our family; that my nephew is the only person entitled to recover these; and that we not only desire, but stringently enjoin him, for the above reasons, to continue to bear our name, and never to assume any other, my intention having been to impose it as a legal obligation on him when bestowing on him all the means in my power to dispose of, to help

him to honourably keep up a name which our ancestors have borne without a stain, which I have also borne untarnished, and to which the virtues, the probity, and the valour of my nephew cannot fail to add a fresh lustre.

“Therefore, I give him this certificate, which I hope, God willing, to get sanctioned by the lawful authorities, until which official signing and sealing I beg all those to whom I can address myself not to hinder his using the perishable possession of a name he has borne in accordance with the wishes of my late brother and myself. I hereby enjoin him to ever continue to use the name and arms of McCarthy, which have become his own.

“In testimony to which I have affixed my customary seal.

“Executed in London, the 28th of May, 1800.

“CHARLES T. F. MACCARTHY,

“Lt.-Col. de Cavalerie.”

Count Bartholomew O'Mahony's Certificate.

“I, the undersigned, Brigadier-General [Maréchal de Camp], formerly Colonel in command of the Irish Regiment of Berwick, in the Service of the King of France, certify that Mr. Charles MacCarthy has served without intermission, and with the highest distinction, in that Regiment until the unfortunate period of its dissolution in 1792. That his conduct has won him the esteem of his superiors and the friendship of his comrades, that no officer gave higher proofs of devotion to the King's service and the cause of Monarchy, and I know no one whose actions and talents more deserve recognition by his Majesty.

“Having borne testimony to the virtues and merits of this excellent officer, I join my entreaties to his, to those of Mr. Charles Thadeus MacCarthy, his Uncle, Lt.-Col. of Cavalry, to beseech his Majesty to grant them the favour they solicit.

“If the greatest zeal and the most perfect fidelity in the service be grounds on which to obtain it, I think no one better deserves this favour.

“The antiquity and distinguished position of the McCarthys in Ireland are too well known to your Majesty for it to be necessary to place them before your Majesty's notice.

“In verification of which certificate I have affixed hereunto my signature and armorial seal.

“LE COMTE O'MAHONY.

“London, May 1, 1800.”

In 1812 Sir William Betham drew up a document, signed by the Lord-Lieutenant, and granting British permission to

Charles McCarthy, then a British lieutenant-colonel, to use the name and arms of his mother's race. It is accompanied by a copy of various old documents and a pedigree richly emblazoned.

The monarch whose permission is sought for in the two certificates of McCarthy and O'Mahony is the throneless Louis XVIII., a wanderer and an exile, like the throneless James III., who had vouched for Father Charles's loyal services to James II. Truly these men were, as some one has called the Irish-French *Émigré* officers, "courtisans du malheur."

The following list, headed "États de Service de mon Grand père," I abridge, translate, and annotate:—

Charles McCarthy entered "Berwick's"	1778
He volunteered into the Corps de Damas in the Dutch Service ...	1793
Was lieutenant in the Duc de Castries' Regiment, in the <i>Émigré</i> Army	1794
(Wonderfully interesting letters passed between him and the duke, which I have perused.)	
Ensign in Count Conway's Regiment of the English Irish Brigade	1794
Captain-lieutenant same year, in same regiment.	
Lieutenant-Governor of Sierra Leone and Governor-in-Chief of Senegal	July 13, 1812
Brigadier-general on the West Coast of Africa	1821
Killed in an action with the Ashantees	January 21, 1824

These extracts are made from copies of papers given me by Mlle. McCarthy de Mervé, for purposes of historical research, but the other papers she allowed me to examine are full of interest. The chief occupation of British troops on the West Coast of Africa was putting down the slave-trade. Sir Charles captured several slavers. I had the curiosity to read all the documents concerning one, *La Golondrina* (the *Swallow*). Large sums of prize-money were distributed to the captors.

He received several addresses from England and the colonies where he served, about these distinguished services to the cause of humanity. On one were the autograph signatures of Zachary Macaulay and William Wilberforce. His wife died early, and he sent his boy to friends in France, to be reared far from the pestilential climates which did not seem to affect his own health. His childless sister, the Comtesse de Mervé, adopted his son, whence my friend's double name.

After his father's death, le Comte McCarthy de Mervé recovered some of the prize-money. More of it is yet unclaimed. Mlle. McCarthy de Mervé found some papers

about these moneys after her father's death, and petitioned the Queen, who kindly received the petition and ordered a search, when nothing was discovered. Some years afterwards, Mdlle. McCarthy de Mervé found an old bill of costs, which I examined, showing exact sums and dates, and all details, so that they could be at once identified and paid out, but she has no friend who would present a petition a second time. I feel assured the first lady in the land would not mind being somewhat bored a second time if she knew the facts of the case concerning the granddaughter of a man who perished heroically in the British Service.

The "Annual Register" for 1824 (p. 127) gives the details of his fate. Sir Charles McCarthy-Lyragh was sent out by his Majesty's Ministers to assume the command when the administration of Cape Coast Castle was taken away from the African Company. Sir Charles immediately proclaimed defiance to the power of Ashantee, and promised protection to the Fantees, who now rose in revolt against their conquerors.

Sir Charles, lulled into security, set out to visit Sierra Leone.

Hostilities began by the seizure and murder of a sergeant. The king sent word to Sir Charles that his skull should soon adorn the great drum of Ashantee.

About Christmas, 1823, he heard that the whole Ashantee force was in movement towards Cape Coast Castle. Preparations were immediately made for concentrating the regulars, the Cape Coast Militia, and the unorganized part of the inhabitants of the town, together with some few of the adjoining Fantee chiefs, at Djuquah, distant from Cape Coast about eighteen miles, to which place Sir Charles proceeded in person.

Two thousand men were collected, but the formation of the country necessitated their being broken into small bands.

On January 8, 1824, accounts were received of the entrance of the enemy into Western Wassaw, and of the precipitate retreat of the allied forces before them. Sir Charles at once set out with about 318 white men, with allies and irregulars, making 758 between regulars, militia, and blacks. The perils and adventures of the march are full of interest, but too long to quote.

Ten thousand Ashantees on January 21 attacked Sir Charles McCarthy, who was in advance of his corps with one hundred of Appia's people and forty natives of Cape Coast. They sustained a fight against desperate odds for two hours. The enemy and the troops were mingled in one scene of confusion. Sir Charles was shot full in the breast by a musket-

ball. Three officers, named Buckle, Wetherell, and Williams, carried him under a tree, and sat down beside him to await certain death. The Ashantees rushed at them with their knives. In the struggle, Mr. Williams was saved by the orders of a chief after he had received a deep gash in the neck. "When he could look round he saw his three companions lying headless corpses at his feet" (p. 181).

Thus perished Sir Charles McCarthy-Lyragh, whose sole representative is now the maiden lady, Mathilde McCarthy de Mervé, separated by yards of red tape from her grandfather's hard-won prize-money. Surely, if the Queen could but know of the facts, his granddaughter would reap the reward of his gallantry.

NOTE C.

COUNT RICE'S PROJECTED RESCUE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(Communicated to Mr. Ross O'Connell by Mr. Stephen Spring-Rice, in an extract from a letter received by him from Mr. Aubrey de Vere.)

"I can quite confirm Cecil's¹ romantic story. It is perfectly true, and I have often heard old Lord Monteagle narrate it, and lament the failure of what was so nobly planned. Count Rice had not only risked his life in the chivalrous attempt to save that of Marie Antoinette, but he had perfected all his arrangements to the minutest details. The Queen had consented; relays of post-horses were procured all the way to the coast; he had provided a vessel, which awaited her there, and was to have taken her to his own house at Dingle. At quite the last moment, and when he felt assured of success (a disguise, etc., having been procured for her), the Queen changed her mind, and I think the cause was that she would not leave her husband. What a pity!

"Count Rice was a cousin (I think first cousin) of my grandfather, Stephen Edward Rice. He was much better known on the Continent than at home, and belonged, probably, to one of the Irish Brigades in foreign service. He was a special favourite with the Emperor of Austria, and served probably in his service. His popularity had made enemies for him, and Lord Monteagle told me that on one occasion some Austrian nobleman went to the palace to make a complaint of him, and was much discomfited, when shown up to the emperor's apartment late at night, to find no one with him except the count, with whom he was playing

¹ Cecil, second son of the Hon. Charles Spring-Rice.

cards. Late in life he returned to Ireland, and built a house on the top of the hill south of Mount Trenchard, one beam of which was transferred to Mount Trenchard by my grandfather when building the new house there."

NOTE D.

COUNTESS WATTERS (*née* RICE).

Burke's "General Armoury" gives two coats for Watters : Watters (Reg. Ulster's Office): Az. a chev. engr. erm. between three bezants, each charged with a trefoil, slipped vert. Crest: a demi-tiger, ramp. per pale, indented ar. and az., holding in the dexter paw a branch of three roses, gu. slipped ppr. (No motto given.)

Watters, Edinburgh, Bellville, 1876: Per fess, wavy az. and ar., a saltire engr. counterchanged. Crest: a talbot's head erased az. Motto: "Toujours fidèle."

Rice (Ballymacdoyle, County Kerry, allowed by Hawkins, Ulster, 1766, to Thomas Rice, Esq., of Ballymacdoyle, and his brother, James Rice, of Nantes, in France, seventh in descent from Edward Rice, Esq., of Dingle, County Kerry, whose ancestor, Sir James Rice, Knight, of Buttevant, was possessed of lands in County Cork, *temp.* Edward III., 1357): Quarterly, 1st and 4th per pale, indented, ar. and gu.; 2nd and 3rd, az., a lion ramp. or. Crest: a leopard's face gu., ducally crowned or. Motto: "Fides, non timet."

Charming Countess Watters, *née* Rice, figures a good deal in the papers of the Hickies of Killelton, County Kerry. The grandson and namesake of her correspondent lent me a most interesting bundle of eighteenth-century letters, on which I shall largely draw. Curiously enough, the great-granddaughter of young William Hickie, studying in Paris, married the great-grandnephew of my hero (Mary Pauline, daughter of Colonel Hickie, of Slievore, married Morgan Ross, second son of Sir Maurice O'Connell, Bart., Lake View).

Young Hickie's letter, quoted in the text, was written on Shrove Tuesday, 1789. The lady had a true spirit of Irish hospitality, for in another letter he says he generally dined with her three times a week.

The Rices of Dingle were connected with the Trants of that town, and both with the O'Connells. Mrs. Daniel Sugrue, *née* Watters, lent me a very interesting copy of a document sent to France to qualify the family of Watters for a French title (see next note). It sets forth how the founder of the family settled in the County Cork in the reign of Henry VII. The

family possessed considerable estates for nearly two hundred years, but lost them on the Catholic and Royalist side in the troubles of Cromwell's time and in James the Second's wars. One branch fled to France; the other stayed at home. The refugees became great bankers. In the first year of the eighteenth century La Rochelle was crowded with Royalist Irish Catholics. In that Huguenot city my dear husband's thrice outlawed and attainted ancestor, William Coppinger, of Ballyvolane, and all his brothers, several Nagles and Gooldes, and other Cork people, had also taken refuge. The three daughters of exiled Alderman Stephen Goalde married Mr. Nagle, of Aghnakissy, and William Coppinger's two sons. Their mother's will, bearing date 1725, leaves one of them some money in the hands of "Mr. Waters, Banquier, Paris."

George Watters, jun., and Richard Quain, bankers, Paris, in 1743 sent over a power of attorney to Dublin acting for two nuns, daughters of the exiled and attainted Lord Power, whose only son had died mad in Dublin. The bankers seek to get the little means left to him for the use of his surviving sisters. Watterses and Cantillons appear in many old Jacobite papers as great bankers and general business helpers to their countrymen. The Watterses abroad were easily able to prove a sufficiently long and honourable descent, and received their title. I hear that the posterity of the hospitable lady of the letters still exist and flourish as French counts possessed of considerable estates.

NOTE E.

THE WATERS DOCUMENT.

The following document was furnished by priests of Macroom to an ancestor of Count Waters, and a copy has been lent to me by Mrs. Daniel Sugrue, *née* Waters:—

"I, the undernam'd Clergyman of the Parish of Macroom, in Ireland, do declare to all those whom it may concern that Geo. Waters, legitimate son to Geo. and Mary Waters, both of the same family, and married with the dispensation of our Holy Catholick Apostolick and Roman Church, was born the fourth day of November, of the year one thousand seven hundred and five, and baptized the 7th day of the said Month by Donal Sum, Clergyman, and formerly Curate of the afores^d Parish, having for Godfather Bartholomew Creagh, and God Mother Elenor Meade, both also of the same profession (members of our holy Mother Church), as well his father Geo. Waters, his grandfather John Waters, his great-grand-

father Christ Waters, his great-great-grandfather Dominick Waters, and all the other Ancestors of the said Geo. Waters, now residing in y^e Kingdom of France, not only for the sake of his Temporal but also Eternal Welfare, being there allowed to make a free Exercise of the Religion of his Illustrious Ancestors, whom we do hereby declare to be, according to the testimony of the most able Genealogists of this country, both *Ancient and Noble*—*Ancient*, having shin'd in England for many ages, as well also as in this country; and *Noble*, as the first of the name was John Waters, Knight of the Garter, and son to my Lord Fitz Waters, who has been in this Kingdom support at all times the most unblemished character ever since the Reign of Henry the 7th. In witness of all which I hereunto sign my name, having Rec^d the testimony therefore of the principal inhabitants of the city. Dated in Macroomp (who sign it jointly this 27th day of Oct., 1729 [signed], DENIS PEVY, with me), Clergyman, Curate of the Parish of Macroomp, seal'd. On the strength of this extract are also signed,

“ ‘ ANDREW KENT.’ ”

“ Underneath is added—

“ ‘ I, the undersigned, do hereby attest the truth of the above.

“ ‘ T. MCCARTHY, of Cork.’ ”

“ It ends here, and is sealed.

“ ‘ The enclosed must be a copy of a certificate given to Geo. Waters after he settled in France, which he did early in the eighteenth century. His only surviving male descendant is a French military man, and Prefect of Tours or some other department. He was a younger brother of my great-grandfather, Patrick Waters, who was a merchant in Cork, and suffered severely in the South Sea Bubble. Mr. George Waters's son became a banker in Paris, and lost immensely at the time of the French Revolution. His daughter, Miss Waters, married Count de Tiley. His son is Count Waters, now Prefect at Tours or some other department.

“ ‘ (Signed) D. WATERS.

“ ‘ Sept., 1834.’ ”

“ This is a copy of a very old tattered document in my father's handwriting.

“ He, Dominick Creagh Waters, was born in Cork, March 6, 1791. His parents were Dominick Waters and Clarissa Creagh, daughter of John Creagh.

“ ‘ CLARA MARY SUGRUE.’ ”

BOOK VII.

KING GEORGE'S IRISH BRIGADE.

1794-1796.

Extracts from the *London Gazette*—General O'Connell's regiment—Jealousy—Secretary Wyndham—Society—La Vendée—Comte d'Artois—Grant's "Cavaliers of Fortune"—Emigrant troops—O'Connell and William Pitt—Offers of military service under the British Government—"Clare's," "Lally's," "Dillon's," "Berwick's," etc.—A story from Burke's "Commoners"—O'Connell's commission—List of colonels—Grant again—(London, January, 1794)—The army on the Rhine—General Würmser—Count O'Connell asked to draw up a plan of campaign—He submits it for judgment—Annihilation of the Royalists—Indignation—Affairs in the Low Countries—Every Government in Europe in danger—(London, March, 1794) to Hunting Cap—Bad spirits—Plan of operation—William Pitt—Dundas—A flattering opinion—Colonel Mack, the Austrian military adviser—A Catholic regiment—The Duke of York—Young Maurice—Cousin Morty in Vienna—He offers his purse—"Our nephew Dan"—Sister Seggerson—(London, June, 1794) to Hunting Cap—The French Emigrant Corps—Affairs on the Continent—Peace contemplated—War news—Looking forward—Uncertainty—Counter-revolution—(London, August, 1794)—Government adopts a measure O'Connell had proposed long ago—Conferences with the ministers—The first to open the military career for Catholics—Laws of England—Marcus O'Sullivan—Death of Sister O'Sullivan—Nephew Maurice—"The Barrys are well"—(London, November 6, 1794) to Hunting Cap—Hoping for beating orders—Money matters—Good company—Recruiting—(London, November 29, 1794) to Hunting Cap—Two regiments more—Commands given to Generals Conway—Kissing the King's hand—And the Queen's—Lord FitzWilliam and Lord Milton—Knight of Glin—Marchioness of Donegal—Queen's Drawing-room—Old Queen Charlotte—English War Office—Irish Parliament—Death of Maur-ni-Dhuiv—Mrs. Seggerson composes a keen, or dirge—The O'Connell tomb—Hopes of Emancipation—(Dublin, February, 1796) to Hunting Cap—Nephew Dan—Recruiting difficulties—Emancipation Bill—"Our fate hangs on the Bill"—Kerry men—Mr. Day—

Lord Kenmare—Lord Glandore—(Dublin, March, 1795) to same—Changes—Lord FitzWilliam recalled—Politics—Deputation to the King—Baron Hussey, of Galltrim—Byrne and Keogh—Michael Davitt on the subject—(Dublin, March, 1796)—Maur-ni-Dhúiv dying—Irish Parliament—Lord FitzWilliam again—Nephew Dan—Lord Camden—(Dublin, March 25, 1795)—Maur-ni-Dhúiv's death—Kerry friends—Parliament—Mr. Pelham, the new Secretary—The Catholic question—(Dublin, April, 1795)—Delays—"Our Bill"—Doubts—Mr. Grattan—Family affairs—Chevalier Fagan—"Jeffrey Maurice's" son—Mr. Dennis McCarthy, of Dromore—(Dublin, April 30, 1795)—A note from Secretary Pelham—Going to London—(London, June, 1795)—No news—Secretary Wyndham mysterious—Major Barry to recruit—"With respect to the Brigade"—Ambition extinguished—The Viscountess de Gouy—Pros and cons—Explanations—The *Émigré* coterie—The Baron de Breteuil—Political gossip—Gouverneur Morris and our colonel—Comte de Provence—The Comte de Moustier—Politics—Comte d'Artois—Terms on which Catholic regiments are to be raised—Count O'Connell has been in Ireland—Captain Mark O'Sullivan—Old stories—(Kinsale, October, 1795) to Hunting Cap—Couliagh—Rindonegan—Going to Clohina—Brother Baldwin—Recruiting—Mr. White, of Bantry—The count married—Marquise de Sers—Madame O'Connell—Not his first love—Count O'Gorman—St. Domingo people—Hunting Cap objects to his brother's marriage—(London, March, 1796) to Hunting Cap—Cousin Morty—Chevalier Fagan—Nephew Dan—Troops to the West Indies—Sister Seggerson—The Duke of FitzJames—The six colonels—Two hundred men recruited—The elder General Conway—New Geneva—Sir Charles McCarthy—Sir Maurice O'Connell—News of the Brigade—The old colonel-proprietor—Blighted hopes—State Papers—Extract from the Pelham Papers—Secret and confidential letter from the Duke of Portland—Memorial of the Duke of FitzJames—Irish Brigade Army List, 1797—The French Fleet off the Irish coast—Interesting letters—Christmas, 1796.

EXTRACTED from the *London Gazette* of July 14 to July 18, 1795—

"Commissions signed by his Majesty for the Army in Ireland, dated October 1, 1794.

"General O'Connell's Regiment: Daniel O'Connell, Esq., to be colonel of a regiment forming part of the corps known by the name of the 'Irish Brigade.'"

A series of really interesting letters describe Count O'Connell's protracted negotiations with the British Government, leading up to the signing of his commission. Though the commissions of the six colonels were signed on October 1, 1794, they did not take effect until the following July.

The original idea had evidently been an *Émigré* corps, chiefly of Irishmen, which gradually developed into the Catholic West India Regiments, raised at home. The jealousy of the party of the Protestant Ascendancy, who looked on the military service as their birthright, compelled the Catholic officers to accept work on these terms, as the French Revolution had reduced them almost to beggary.

But for his rich and generous brother, my hero would have gone off at once as an aide-de-camp to some general, but Hunting Cap's gift enabled him to live on "in the best company," to make "a genteel though modest appearance," and to carry on the long and complicated negotiations at his ease. Secretary Wyndham, who was a genial, pleasant man and a distinguished classical scholar, acted in a very friendly manner towards him all along. The project grew by degrees, and the Government, who had been a year negotiating with Dillon and O'Connell, as private individuals who were to be commissioned to raise regiments themselves, as other loyal noblemen and gentlemen occasionally did, then invited over the Irish Brigade *en masse*. My hero naturally consorted a good deal with what the writer of the interesting "Papiers d'un Émigré" calls "La République de Manchester," i.e. the Count d'Artois's set, which lived about Manchester Square, where, indeed, Count O'Connell resided later as a benedict.

Gouverneur Morris, who frequented that society a good deal, tells us that Wyndham had charge of the affairs of La Vendée. There seem to have been perpetual half-notions of sending over the Comte d'Artois, but they never came to anything. My hero was evidently held in reserve, to be sent over as a species of brains-carrier to his royal highness. An Irish Papist more or less would not have mattered had he got killed, and he was a prudent, steady person among a giddy and not very wise *catérie*. I shall quote Grant's excellent synopsis of the raising of the Irish Brigade, in "Cavaliers of Fortune" (article "O'Connell"). It will render my hero's letters perfectly clear and intelligible:—

"In reduced circumstances O'Connell reached London, where he resided for a time in comparative obscurity, and

where, for many reasons, his residence was far from being a pleasant one. Still, undiscouraged by the aspect of affairs in France, and the numerous bloody defeats and massacres sustained by the emigrant troops and other supporters of the Bourbons, he took a warm interest in the attempts meditated in 1794; but fresh conflicts seemed only to fire the zeal of the Republicans anew, till the French armies, following their victories, drove their enemies across the Meuse, and then beyond the Rhine; after which they penetrated into Holland, revolutionized it, and succeeded in detaching Prussia from its alliance with Britain.

“At this epoch O’Connell laid before William Pitt the plan of a new campaign, which so pleased that minister that he made the count, then in his fifty-second [error—forty-ninth year really] year, an offer of military service under the British Government. This he at once accepted, and proposed to form a new Brigade, to be named ‘*The Irish*,’ and to be raised principally from the officers of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Berwick, etc., emigrant officers and men who represented the old Brigade of King James. But O’Connell’s religion, which was strictly Catholic, prevented him, in those days of intolerance prior to the Emancipation Act, attaining in the British Service a higher rank than that of colonel, and this rank he held till the day of his death.”

À propos of this rank, I must quote a story told in Burke’s “Commoners” of a Major-General Stack, who was in the Irish Brigade. On some occasion, after distinguishing himself, he applied to be made a major-general, and was asked his religion. He not very piously replied that he was of the religion of major-generals.

But Count O’Connell was, I am proud to say, too staunch a Catholic for it to be supposed possible he could waver. The cheerful piety and ceaseless flow of beneficence which characterized his old age made him to be looked on almost as a saint, but he had not yet attained to these lofty spiritual heights when he was struggling with every effort of his keen wit and powerful will to resume a military career.

I return to Mr. Grant’s summary: “The Brigade consisted of six battalions, each of the strength usual on a war establish-

ment, but O'Connell had the mortification to find himself gazetted by the Horse Guards colonel of the *fourth* regiment, instead of the first, to which he was justly entitled by his previous position and general military character.

"His commission was dated October 1, 1794.

"The list of colonels was as follows: 1st Regiment, the Duke of FitzJames; 2nd Regiment, Anthony, Count Walsh de Serrant; 3rd Regiment, Hon. Henry Dillon; 4th Regiment, Count Daniel O'Connell; 5th Regiment, Charles, Viscount Walsh de Serrant; 6th Regiment, James Henry, Count Conway.

"Several of his old friends were appointed to the corps; amongst these were Bartholomew, Count O'Mahony [le Chevalier Mahony of the letters], colonel, January 1, 1801; John O'Toole, colonel, 1805; Colonel James O'Moore, who was appointed major-general in 1801.

"This Brigade, which was embodied under circumstances so singular, instead of being sent to fight upon the Continent of Europe, as O'Connell and his brother emigrants had fondly anticipated, after many changes in its constitution and organization, was ordered to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and the then pestilential West India Isles. The snows of America and the burning sun of the tropics soon had a fatal effect upon these unfortunate wanderers, and they were nearly all swept away by disease and death. Of the six regiments only thirty-four officers of all ranks were alive in 1818, on the Irish half-pay."

Of these, quite a little knot of veterans were settled in Paris, like my colonel. I do not agree with Mr. Grant, that Count O'Connell had any just cause of complaint at being only given the 4th Regiment, nor do I see the least trace of complaint in his letters. Had the regiment been a new corps altogether, as first intended, doubtless he would have suffered a slight; but when the Duke of FitzJames, colonel-proprietor of "Berwick's," was specially invited to bring over the Irish Brigade, no one could grumble, still less my hero, who had long served in the honoured ranks and worn the red coat with black and yellow facings of Marshal Berwick's own old original regiment. The duke declares he should have felt aggrieved in the matter of the new Irish

regiments to be added to the original King James's Brigade, but for the especial distinction of his old adjutant (capitaine-aide major), and is mightily aggrieved indeed about Count Walsh's appointments. This memorial will be given in full in its proper place; I now quote the few sentences referring to this period.

Having mentioned that the invitation to enter the English Service with the Irish Brigade was forwarded to him on September 30, 1794, and that he arrived with the Duchess and family on October 15, he says—

“His Grace the Duke of Portland observed in his letter that a fourth regiment, commanded by Mr. O'Connell, would be added to the three ancient regiments of the Brigade—*Dillon, Berwick, and Walsh*. The Duke of FitzJames, knowing Mr. O'Connell to be one of the most distinguished officers in the French Army, applauded this measure.”

But the Duke growled very much indeed over other distinguished officers and other brand-new regiments. We see by his memorial that the regiments had ranked in France by seniority of arrival, viz. “*Dillon's,*” “*Berwick's,*” and “*Walsh's.*” In England the Duke, who had been specially invited over, got precedence. Count O'Connell, as in command of the first of the *new* regiments, seems to me in exactly his proper place, and so he seems to have considered himself, as colonel of the 4th Regiment.

London, 26th January, 1794.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your Letter of 2nd Inst. come to hands in due course, and has impressed me with the deepest sence of your unequalled goodness and affection, which I should have expressed earlier, however words may fall short of my feelings, were I not induced from the uncertain state of affairs to postpone writing to you until matters were somewhat cleared up. I am sorry to tell you the predictions I ventured to throw out amongst some Gentlemen of weight in this country respecting the fate of the army on the Rhine, from the knowledge I had of General Würmser's position, and also respecting the *Royalists of La Vendée*, have proved but too true, An event which I must Lament, notwithstanding that it has been productive of some credit to me. In consequence, I presume, of my supposed Sagacity, I have been called, two or three days since, by a gentleman closely connected with

the Administration,¹ to draw up a plan for next Campaign, which I have done to the best of my abilities, and Submitted it to the judgement of one or two French General Officers, both men of talents, whose Entire approbation it has met with; therefore I shall Venture to give it in this week, altho' well convinc'd it will not be carried into Execution, as requiring a force which I believe the Allies unable to bring into the field; notwithstanding which I thought it proper to point out the only possible Method I conceive of obtaining any solid Success and attaining the desired End, namely, the overthrow of the present ruling power in France. Whether or not these trifling specimens of some share of Military Knowledge may be productive of any benefit to myself, I do not know, but from the principles which guide the Ministry of this Country, I indulge little or no hope that way. With respect to Lord Moira's Expedition, it's all now over, as the total dispersion and Annihilation of the Royalists is unfortunately no longer doubtful; so I can but congratulate myself on my not having Engaged in that business precipitately, as the consequences would be now the Expenditure of the money for which I am beholden to your kindness for the purchase of horses and many necessary articles, which under the present circumstances I should have no further use of. I had taken every possible step to be employed under Lord Moira with an Appointment and some possible prospect of its leading me into some future advantage. That it was only intended to throw me into La Vendée, supposing me better qualified than others to establish Discipline and Confidence in the Royalists' Army, and that with so absolute a disregard to my Seniority or pecuniary resources, that neither a temporary commission nor any supply of money would be given me,—I must confess that indignation contributed not less than my previous Conviction of what must be the fate of that Army to the temporizing plan I adopted, and for which I thank Providence that inspired me.

The Situation of things in the Low Countries appears to me at present very Critical, and I must confess I very much apprehend Matters will shortly take an unfavourable turn in that quarter. I have no doubt but the French will assemble such a force there as to enable them to invade and overrun the Netherlands, the Success of which attempt can only be prevented by giving them a great defeat; but should fortune turn her back on the Allies, God knows what may ensue. Upon the whole, I think Every Country, or at least every Government of Europe, in great danger, and so deeply im-

¹ Secretary Wyndham.

pressed am I with that Idea that the state of Confusion and Civil Commotions likely to be brought on by the progress of the new opinions and Various other causes, that I declare, if I were possessed of any moneyed property, I should transfer it without loss of time to America, and place it in the funds there, in order to make some provision against impending Dangers and Misfortunes.

Dan Mahony and our Nephew Eugene [McCarthy], who are now in my room, desire to be warmly remembered to you. Eugene is to return next week to his Corps, quartered near Liège. His wife is with child, which may prove useful to his fortune hereafter. Our Nephews both well. Maurice will return home with Dan Mahony alone. Should Dan be detained much longer he will be the bearer of a Letter from Eugene to his Mother. Dan shall be entered next week at the Temple, and remove from the pension [boarding house], where he now is, to a genteel house more convenient for attending the Courts. Mr. Duggan is already a boarder there, and the price is not unreasonable. I have every expectation that our Nephew Dan will show himself worthy of your unequalled favours, which he entertains the deepest sence of, and I likewise cherish hopes that, under your own eye, Maurice will acquire that Steadiness and Solidity of Judgement suited to the situation you intend him for.

With respect to my plans under the present circumstances, it is this—To exert myself by all possible means to be Employed in the Service of this Country. If that fails, to go over to the Continent in a month or six weeks, and endeavour to be employed with the Austrian Army, even as Aide-de-Camp to some principal General Officer; and finally, should my Efforts fail there, to return home to sitt down with you at Darrinane, as you properly said, *procul a Jove, procul a fulmine*, untill the Conclusion of this Unhappy and destructive War.

Farewell, my Dearest Brother. Be assured of my gratitude and affections for you are as sincere as they are unbounded. Present my Love and Duty to our Dear Mother, affections to Sister Seggerson, Kitty, and all friends, both at Carhen, Castle Lodge, and elsewhere. I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Barry and to poor Jenkin, for whom I implore your unceasing goodness. Farewell again, my Dear, Dear Brother. Remember what I owe you, and you will ever conclude how tenderly I love you.

D. O'CONNELL.

I am happy to hear our poor Mother is well. Pray let us know how Sister Sullivan does. Remember me to Captain O'Connell. Direct to me at Chris. Fagan's, Esqr., No. 4, Duke Street, Strand, London.

Count O'Connell to his brother, Maurice O'Connell.

London, March 12th, 1794.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I duly received your very affectionate Letter of the 15th ult., which corresponds so perfectly with the many proofs you have given me on all occasions of your unbounded friendship and kindness towards me. Nothing but the consciousness I feel that my Love and gratitude for you are adequate to the obligation conferred on me, could make me think myself any way justifiable in subjecting you to the heavy expences attending my journey to this country; and when I consider that, notwithstanding all my efforts, it is likely to be productive of no sort of benefit to me, I must confess the idea of it depresses my spirits exceedingly. Maurice carries you a translation made by Dan of the memoir I drew up of the Plan of Operations for the Campaign of 1794. This writing was handed to Messrs. Pitt and Dundas by Mr. Wyndham, who assured me the former, after reading it, was pleased to express a very flattering opinion of the Author. I strenuously requested to have it laid before Colonel Mack, the Austrian Officer sent over here for the purpose of concerting with ministers the Plan of Operations, and to be admitted to Justify my ideas on Military motions and arguments in presence of the Council assembled to determine on Mr. Mack's Plan, observing to Mr. Wyndham that a Fair discussion on so important a point appeared to me to be the only proper way to enable the council to form a true judgment on the matter, etc. But whether Mr. Wyndham urged the object of my wishes to the Ministers, or whether, on being urged, it was Rejected by them, I could not learn, but certain it is I have not been able to obtain a hearing, and that Colonel Mack's plan has been adopted *bonâ fide*. What this plan is remains yet a profound secret, which the course of the operations of the Campaign will unravel. From this statement you will judge, my Dear Brother, of the little Encouragement towards those in my situation, however favourably they may think of themselves.

Mr. Wyndham, who has shown himself indeed particularly zealous in my behalf, assures me that Mr. Pitt entertains a very flattering idea of what he is pleased to call my *talents*, and will regret exceedingly if no situation can be provided in which they may be usefully employed, but the difficulties held out to every sort of means suggested both by myself and my friends give me but too much room to suspect the Veracity of such professions. It has been proposed to raise a Catholick or a mixed Regiment in Ireland at the cost of the

Government, afterwards to form a Corps of the French deserters on the continent, to serve under the Duke of York. These proposals were at first successively listened to with some appearance of favour, and have been from time to time repeatedly and strongly urged, yet no Determination has been taken on the subject, which makes it probable, considering the advanced period of the season, that it has been condemned to oblivion.

Lord Moira's Expedition is now considered as given up, except some unexpected happy event should restore power and means to the remnants of the Royal and Catholick Army of La Vendée. The forces under His Lordship's command are very inconsiderable, not amounting, by what I am credibly informed, to 6000 men, including the Hessians, who it is thought will soon return to the Duke of Yorke's army. Some English Regiments, intended to reinforce Lord Moira's corps, are also, it is said, to be sent to the Continent, so that everything concurs to make it highly probable that all thoughts of an Expedition to the Coast of France are given up for the present. I had the honor of being introduced to His Lordship by Mr. Wyndham, his friend. Nothing could be more polite or flattering than his reception of me. Our conversation, which was not very long, as it was in Carlton House Gardens, ended by his telling me he hoped we should serve together, of which I expressed an earnest desire. But at that time [here half a line is torn and illegible] . . . to him, which I have great reason to think he has no longer. In short, almost all the French Officers who went to join his Army at first have now left it, and altho' he does not say that all hopes are vanished, he has told some that this Expedition was put off to some more favourable opportunity. Such, my Dear Brother, is at present the State of things. The Campaign will be opened ere long, and as it would be high time, if anything were intended which might afford me a prospect of being employed, of putting the springs in motion, I must conclude that I have nothing to expect. I am, however, determined to wait a month or 6 weeks more, in hopes some event may happen of which I could avail myself. With respect to the idea I mentioned in my last of going over to the Netherlands to see if I could not serve as Aide-de-Camp to some Austrian General Officer, besides that it would be rather late in six weeks' time hence to be looking out for such a situation, I cannot but be sensible that it would lead me into a very heavy expence, without any probable benefit; therefore, shall probably give up that scheme. I must confess the series of disappointments I have been encountering these six years past begins to weigh heavy

on my mind, notwithstanding all my efforts to meet them with fortitude and resignation. The bill for £6 you sent me has been paid in to Captain Fagan for the use of our Nephews. Maurice is to sett out this afternoon, with Dan Mahony, for Dublin, and immediately from thence for Cork. He should have been sent off earlier, but that I thought it more prudent to commit him to the care of a Friend than to send him unaccompanied, with the money that he must have been entrusted with to defray the expences of his journey. I most sincerely wish he may be so happy as to please you, and merit the continuance of your goodness to him. This I have strongly recommended to him, and I am sure he is most desirous to do so.

I had lately a letter from Cousin Morty O'Connell, from Vienna, expressing the greatest joy at hearing thro' Lieut.-Colonel William Mahony that I was yet amongst the living, the German prints having made mention that I had been put to death. He, moreover, offers me his purse, desires I should draw on him for any sum I may want, and concludes with assuring me that he will share his last shilling with me. As I trust you think I am as capable as any man of feeling a generous proceeding, I need not say that my answer to him carried with it the affections I had received. I no doubt, however, declined his kind offer, but thinking it a favourable opportunity, I stated to him the distressed situation of his brother Jeffry and family, and the generous behaviour of his brother Dan towards him. It would afford me infinite satisfaction if my intercession had the desired effect. Our Nephew Dan has been entered at the Temple with the requisite Formalities, and is now in private lodgings. I really think, from what I have learned and from what I can compute, that he would be unable to support himself in the most modest gentility under £120 English per annum.

Farewell, My Dearest Brother. Present my most tender Love and Duty to our much-respected Mother, and affections to Sister Seggerson, friends at Carhen, etc., and be assured I shall ever remain,

Your most tender and grateful brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

I hope you will approve of my protracting my stay here for a month or 6 weeks more, to await events. I trust you will be convinced it is not through love of Dissipation. Let me hear from you speedily, and whether you think I should continue here longer, or go to the Continent, or return to Ireland, if nothing offers here. My friend Fagan desires his best compliments to you.

I send you herewith a Map of the French Frontiers from the Sea to the Rhine.

As Dan Mahony is not sufficiently provided with money to bear Maurice's Expences, he begs that money may be given for that purpose, so Captain Fagan has given 15 guineas, out of which something will remain after carrying him to Cork, but then it will be necessary he should have some little money in his pocket till he gets home—I mean Maurice.

London, 19th June, 1794.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I shall begin my letter by imploring your forgiveness for having let such a space of time Elapse without writing to you, but I hope you know me too well to impute it to any neglect towards you. Surely, my Dearest Brother, you must be convinced that my heart is impressed with every sentiment of affection and gratitude for you that the human heart can feel. It is the pride and comfort of my life to reflect on the kindness and favours you have conferred on me, with that Generosity and Sympathy for my situation which so highly enhanced the Value of them, and let me beseech you to believe it is as impossible for me to cease loving you more than my own Existence, as it is to alter my Nature. Now to account for my being so long without writing to you. I shall only say that I was from one day to another in Expectation of being able to tell you positively what I could expect here with respect to the French Emigrant Corps. This business, tho' in Agitation these three months, is not yet determined, and from the Extraordinary Slowness with which it is carried on, I begin to think that the present unfavourable state of affairs on the Continent induces Government to postpone this Measure. The season is now so far advanced that it would be impossible to expect these new Corps could be able to serve this Campaign, and for this reason it may be thought that it will answer full as well to raise them in the course of next Winter, in order to take the field next Campaign, unless Peace be concluded before that period, which in my humble opinion is held strongly in Contemplation by the Combined Powers, if means can be devised to effect it on such terms as might promise some degree of Security on the Part of the French. The Allied Army in the Low Countries is so very inferior to that of the [French] Carmagnols, that its operations are now only defensive, and I fear even that mode will prove ineffective, particularly towards the close of the Campaign. Under these Circumstances what remains to be done? It's pretty clear that no augmentation of forces can be brought into the field which the Enemy will

not be able to outnumber, whereas, from the Strength of its barrier and the manifold advantages it possesses from the nature of their present Government, it would require a Superiority on the Side of the Allies to overcome such immense difficulties. This being now felt by the combined powers, I am strongly of opinion that Peace is universally thought of and anxiously wished for, and I shall be much mistaken if the present Campaign be not the last of this War, notwithstanding that it appears no easy matter to bring about a peace. I should not be at all surprised if this Country first attempted to throw in on the Coasts of France as many of the Emigrants as could be collected, and then let them shift for themselves. This *Entre Nous*.

Now, My Dearest Brother, as to what regards myself. It is yet an uncertainty whether or no I shall have the command of one of the Emigrant Corps, in case they be raised. If it be offered me, I shall accept it, although it is my thorough Conviction that all hopes of a Counter Revolution in France, to be effected by foreign Powers, or by Emigrants raising the Royal Standard in that Unhappy Country, are henceforth Vain. [A rent in the paper affects part of page; I supply conjectural words in brackets.] The Nature of things and the Native dispositions of the [French] incline me to think that a republican form of government can never be solidly Established [among] them, but their present Enthousiasm must be suffered to subside, or take another form, ere any change can be brought about.

Farewell, my Dear, Dear Brother. Present my most tender Duty to our most beloved Mother, and best affections to Sister Seggerson, the family of Carhen, and all friends, and believe me, with unbounded affection and every sentiment due to the Dearest and best of Brothers,

Yours during life,

D. O'C.

I hope Maurice studies to merit your goodness. Remember me to him.

Address to me at Mr. Fagan's, No. 14, Duke Street, Strand. Dan is very well. Pray let Sister MacCarthy know Eugene is well at Brusselles.

London, August 21st, 1794.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I rec^d in due course your Kind Answers to my two last letters, and feel myself more and more indebted to you for your unremitting goodness and affection. I begin at length to entertain some expectations that my journey to this Country prove not entirely fruitless, Govern-

ment seeming determined to adopt a measure I long since proposed, namely, to raise one or more Catholick Regiments in Ireland for the service of this Country, in consequence of which I had within a few days several Conferences with Ministers on the Subject, and given in my proposals, which they seemed to approve of. However, untill matters are concluded, I shall not consider myself victorious. Should such an event take place, it would afford me no small satisfaction to be the first to open the Military Career for the Catholics of Ireland, and I should flatter myself with being countenanced and assisted by them in raising men and completing my Corps. So far matters seem to have a favourable aspect; but here is the reverse of the medal, Viz. the existing laws of England, and perhaps a degree of distrust lurking within the breast of the leading party in Ireland, determine Government to stipulate that these Corps shall be *permanently* employed in his Majesty's foreign Dominions, *i.e.* out of Europe, a distinction by which we shall be doomed never to enjoy the comfort of living amongst our friends, and I must confess this clause does away with no small degree of the happiness I should otherwise feel from the prospect of being restored to an honourable Situation in life. However, under our present Circumstances, it must be complied with. The West India Islands will probably be our permanent Station; it is not the most eligible one, yet better than none at all.

Farewell, my Dearest Brother. As my hopes may still be disappointed, I believe you will think it proper to make no mention of it. If I succeed, you may rely on the most early information from me. Is Captain O'Connell still at home? Where is our Nephew, Marcus O'Sullivan? The Death of his poor Mother has afflicted me most sincerely. May God be merciful to her soul! How is our poor Mother? Give her my Duty and Affections, and remember me to Sister Seggerson, the family of Carhen, and all other friends. Poor Dan, our Nephew [the future Liberator], has had a severe fit of sickness, but is now recovered and returned to town. I am sorry to add that his Malady has been attended with a good deal of expence, which you will easily conclude from the enormous rate of Doctor's fees and apothecary's Drugs in this country. It is, however, a great Comfort that he is perfectly recovered, having been severely attacked. Accept my most warm Acknowledgements for your kind offers of money. I want none, and hope I shall [have] no occasion for any hereafter, as, whether my hopes succeed or not, I have still a good deal remaining of the sum you gave me when we parted. Be as-

sured, my Dearest, Dearest Brother, of my most heartfelt gratitude and affection.

D. O'CONNELL.

Pray do not give up our nephew Maurice; he will be undone if you shake him off. His defects, tho' many, may be corrected, and as you have been a kind parent to him from his cradle, don't abandon him at the most critical period of his life. Forgive me, my Dear Brother, the liberty I thus take. I am sure it is with reluctance you withdraw your favours and attention from this giddy Boy, but tho' he may not answer your expectations to their full extent, he is yet not incapable of improvement, and I believe his heart is good, which I hope will induce you to endeavour to make something of him.

Eugene and the Barrys are well.

London, 9th 6th, 1794.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Hoping to leave London towards the latter End of this Month, unless some unforeseen delay takes place on the part of the Ministers for the Dispatch of our beating orders, I should be happy to receive your Commands ere I part, respecting the Disposal of some money I have in my possession which most unquestionably belongs to you. I have still 150 guineas or thereabout remaining of the 300 which you had the goodness to give me on my leaving Ireland, and as I shall have no occasion for this Money when once my pay shall Commence, I beg to know whether you chuse I should leave it in the hands of my friend Capt^a Fagan, for our Nephew Dan's use, or should take a Bill on Corke or Dublin to be remitted you. Were that my own property, I could not dispose of it in any way more congenial to my feelings, nor so agreeable to my own interest, as remitting it to you and requesting you to apply it as you may think proper; therefore I hope, my D^r Brother, you will make no difficulty in permetting me to act on the same principle where the property is derived solely from your munificence and generosity. I shall not attempt justifying my having spent so large a sum as 150 guineas in the course of one year, but merely by stating that the accomplishing the object I had in view required I should live in the best company and make a decent, tho' modest, appearance. On that line I have walked those twelve months, and trust you will approve of it. I assure you, my Dearest Brother, with the greatest candour and Sincerity, that the greatest comfort of my life will always be to merit your approbation. The part you have ever acted towards me being that of a kind

Parent, I consider myself as much bound from Duty as I am led from inclination to lay my heart and actions before you on every occasion. Farewell, my D^r Brother. Present my tender and Dutiful respects to our beloved Mother. Affections to Sister Seggerson, the family of Carhen, etc., and believe, with true and unceasing love and gratitude,

Your fond Brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

I have not yet rece^d your Answer to my last. I trust you have taken some steps towards Ensuring the success of my recruiting. I also flatter myself Captains O'Connell and Marcus O'Sullivan are not idle in that line. I shall expect a speedy answer to this letter. Dan is very well. Hardly one of the Prisoners taken up for high treason was yesterday acquitted.

London, 29th 9th, 1794.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Since my last, two regiments more have been added to the four Originally Granted, one of which, the 5th, was given to Gen^l Tom Conway, and the 6th fortunately fell to Gen^l James Conway, as the Senior Officer of all those who remained unprovided for. The Six Appointed Colonels had the honor of Kissing the King's hand on Wednesday last, and the Queen's on Thursday. Nothing has been hitherto determined on with respect to the Conditions for raising the regiments. We had yesterday the honor to Wait on Lord FitzWilliam and Lord Milton to request they would forward the business, as we have reason to believe the final arrangement will be left to them, as Lord-Lieut. and Secretary of Ireland. I Confess to you, my D^r Brother, that I am under no small apprehensions of our not being able to raise our men. With respect to me, I fear that the Competition of the General Conways in the County Kerry will prove an additional Obstacle to my succeeding, for which reason I could wish to bespeak before them as many men as possible. I wrote to the Knight of Glin to request his favour and influence in his part of the Country. [The Knight of Glin's village and estates are in the County Limerick, but just on the borders of North Kerry.] I had the pleasure of meeting him here; he had determined to raise a regiment himself, but since that time has, I understand, given up that Idea. Farewell, my Dear Brother. I hope you have e'er now received my last, in which I begged to have y^r Commands with respect to the Disposal of some Cash remaining in my hands. Dan is in my room, and begs his love and respects to you. He has moved near Lincolns

Inns, and is settled in a family much to his Satisfaction. My most affectionate Duty to our Beloved Mother, and best regards to Sister Seggerson, and the family of Carhen, etc.

Yours most unalterably,

D. O'CONNELL.

I met the Marchioness of Donegal [the beautiful Kerry woman, *née* Godfrey, who was Tom Moore's patroness] at the Queen's Drawing-room, and overhearing her tell the Duke of Clarence she knew my brother, I went up to her and had some Conversation. She was by far the most magnificently dressed of any Lady at Court that Day.

My colonel is not a descriptive writer. He might have said a word of comparison on the contrast of homely Queen Charlotte and stately Marie Antoinette. Sir Jonah Barrington, who possesses all the interviewer qualifications in which my hero is so deficient, thus describes his adventures and impressions at her venerable Majesty's Drawing-room a little later:—

“ Old Queen Charlotte.

“Wedged far too tight to permit even a heaving sigh at my own imprisonment, I could only be consoled by a perspective view of the gracious Charlotte, who stood stoutly before the throne like the stump of a baronial castle to which age gives greater dignity. I had, however, in due rotation, the honour of being presented and of kissing the back of her Majesty's hand. . . .

“The bearing of Queen Charlotte certainly was not that of a heroine in romance; but she was the best bred and most graceful lady of her age and figure I ever saw, so kind and conciliating that one could scarcely believe her capable of anything but benevolence. She appeared plain, old, and of dark complexion; but she was unaffected, and commanded that respect which private virtues ever will obtain for public character.”

The year 1795 was chiefly spent by my colonel in weary dealings with the English War Office and the Irish Parliament. In that year his venerable mother died. She was certainly not very far from ninety years of age—probably about eighty-seven, as her eldest son was born in 1725, and

she probably had married early, as the old custom was. Her daughter, Mrs. Seggerson, composed a beautiful keen over her, portions of which I have heard the venerable Miss Julianna O'Connell recite in Irish and explain in English.¹ Mrs. Seggerson was herself an old woman, as she had been married more than fifty years before. She had early lost her husband, but had never married again, devoting herself to her children. She came to live with Maurice when his wife died. Lamenting the death of her mother, Alice Seggerson exclaimed—

“Mother of my heart! If you meet the good man of my house,
 Tell him since the day he left me
 I have found no pleasure in anything;
 No music raised my heart.
 Forgive me for bringing down any grief but yours;
 But tell him I find no pleasure in anything
 But his child.
 Since the voice of my wailing
 Will not reach the good man of my house,
 Who left me long years ago,
 Tell him, mother of my heart,
 That I have been ever true to him;
 And when reunited with the firstborn of your youth
 Tell him also his Mary has never changed his name,
 Nor the sable colour of her garments.”²

And this is spoken over a dead body, within five years of the dawning of our prosaic century!

¹ Miss Julianna had once recited to me about three verses in Irish, but was too feeble to try and recall them when asked later by Father Martin, at my request.—[M. A. O'C.]

² Only a fragment of the first verse in the original Irish has been recovered—

Fear maire mo tuisce
 O'n lá d - fás re mē
 Ní b-fuarnear ronaí m' aon nīd
 Ní tórfad cead' mo ciorde.

With deep poetic feeling she combined executive ability. On the marriage of her grandson, John Spotswood, in 1810, to Catherine Leyne, daughter of Maurice Leyne, Esq., M.D., “Alice Segerson, of Glenville, widow of John Segerson, Esq.,” is named as possessing the towns and lands of Aghatubrid, Cloghancanuge, Rathkearin, Corobeg, and both Kilbuoneys. Catherine, who had a dowry of £1500, was given a jointure of £227 a year, whilst £7000 was allocated to her younger children. In case of her death, the lands might be charged with £80 a year for “another taken wife.” Catherine was niece of McGillicuddy.—[G. S.]

The tradition about Maur-ni-Dhuiv is marvellously vivid still; her keen wit, her caustic tongue, her despotic rule, and her open hand are as vividly remembered to-day as if a century had not elapsed since she ruled all who came within reach of her influence.

The tidings of her death evoked a natural sadness in the youngest son, whose life had been passed so far away from her; but it did not really affect the even tenor of his way. Though so near home as Dublin, no pause in his negotiations, no days taken from work, were permissible to the representative of the Irish colonels, many of whom were really Frenchmen, unacquainted with British and Irish ways. Our colonel does not seem to have gone home to his mother's funeral, or joined the mourners who carried the aged widow across the silvery strand to the ruined abbey where her kindly husband lay. A quaint tomb, approached by steps and bearing a very long inscription, occupies an angle of the ruin, and covers Donal Mor and Maur-ni-Dhuiv, their son Maurice, and the Liberator's wife, the fondly loved "Mary" of his letters. Maur-ni-Dhuiv's epitaph mentions her twenty-two children, and styles her a model for all wives and mothers to admire and imitate. From a paragraph in a letter of Count O'Connell's I infer the tomb was erected at his expense. At least, he so desired.

Count O'Connell's letters describe the principal events of the year pretty fully. The last epistle of 1794 (given above) reports the six colonels as solemnly kissing the hands of royalty on their appointment in the October of that year. In the following February we find Count O'Connell in Dublin about the Irish regiments. He naturally considers this acceptance of Irish Papists' swords as a step towards Emancipation, and the letter has considerable interest, as it is full of anxiety about the first step in the career of the future Catholic champion. All through the letters of 1795 we see hopes of Emancipation running high among the Catholics of Ireland. They could not, of course, know how the personal bigotry of the old King prevented Pitt's enlightened views in their favour being carried out.

Dublin, 26th February, 1795.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The Day after I had written to you, I called on Mr. Franks, and have taken care that every requisite information be given him in writing for the purpose of enabling him to have Nephew Dan entered in Dublin next term, which he pledges himself to do. He Showed me a Memorial which he presented to that End, in which were Several Blanks which I filled in, Namely, the Name of his Mother before her Marriage, whether he be the Eldest Son of Mr. Morgan O'Connell, where he had been Educated, etc. I fortunately was able to answer all these questions, by which all further difficulties are removed. Dan's Letter to Mr. Franks came to Dublin at a time when he was absent, therefore the Disappointment, or rather the Delay, cannot be imputed to our Dan, because he could not foresee the circumstance. I hope you have before now received his letter, which I forwarded you from here, and I beseech you to relieve him from the anxiety he feels least he might have incurred your displeasure. We are flattered with the hopes of speedily receiving our recruiting orders. I shudder at the idea of the difficulties we shall Encounter to get men, and from the present appearance of things, and the insufficiency of the Bounty Money, I very much fear we shall not be able to accomplish the thing. If such should be the Case, our Situation would be no ways bettered, for probably we could Expect no half-pay.

It is very much apprehended by the Catholics here, that the bill for the Emancipation of their Body will meet with a very strong opposition, and perhaps be thrown out. Should so untoward and so unexpected an Event happen, it is to be feared that it may be attended with very disagreeable Consequences, which Heaven forbid! but I Confess I believe their apprehensions ill founded, unless the Portland Party in England goes out. In that Case, I consider it very possible, the old System of Government in this Country may be Continued, however repugnant to every Maxim of Sound Policy, as well as to Justice and Liberality; but Ambition and Avarice and deep-rooted prejudices make men Deaf to reason as well as to all honest and honourable feelings. The Existence of our Regiments I Consider to be Closely Connected with the Question of the Catholick Emancipation, and, indeed, but a branch of that System. Therefore I am of opinion our fate hangs on that of the bill. Farewell, my Dearest Brother. As soon as I shall be at liberty to leave this town, I will let you know it, and any other thing worth imparting. Untill then, accept my most tender affections,

and have the goodness to present my fond Duty to our Dear Mother, and best regards to all friends.

D. O'CONNELL.

I yesterday met, at the Arch-Bishop of Cashel's, a gentleman, who on hearing my name, asked me if I knew you. I believe he is Agent to the Arch-Bishop, and that his name is Cooper.

I have received Every attention and mark of friendship from all the Kerry Gentlemen I have met with here. This being merely in compliment to you, I think I should let you know of it. Mr. Day has been particularly obliging. As for Lord Kenmare and his son, there I am at home. Lord Glandore has been also very friendly.

Letter addressed: Maurice O'Connell, Esq^r, Darrinane, near Tralee, in the County Kerry.

Dublin, 1st March, 1795.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Ere this letter comes to hand you will have learned by the publick papers that the very unexpected and, indeed, Extraordinary change that has taken place in the administration of this Kingdom, an Event which Every honest heart and every true friend to Ireland must lament. Lord FitzWilliam would have not only procured the Catholic Emancipation, but also promoted by all other means in his power [the] general good of the Country; Now that he is recalled [in] the very zenith of his popularity, should it unfortunately come to pass that the minds of the people were still more irritated by seeing themselves frustrated of the Enjoyment of what they so sanguinely wish for, and were at the very Eve of obtaining from His Majesty's Bounty and gracious interposition on their behalf, what the consequence may be, God alone can foretell. This Extraordinary occurrence has also suspended for the present moment the Issueing of our beating orders,¹ but I hope, however, the measure will be soon taken up again and carried into Execution. Be that as it will, the removal of Lord FitzWilliam and those who acted under him must needs prove a great injury to us, because they really wished well to the King. How their Successors may be disposed in that respect is a problem to be resolved. Various are the conjectures about what has given rise to this political change, but the most general opinion seems to be that it has been brought about by persons who were stripped of the places they held under the late administration, and have

¹ "Beating orders," i.e. orders to recruit.

found friends and patrons in London who worked on the minds of the men in Power there. Time will unravel this Mystery. It has been agreed on at a meeting of the Catholics, which was held the day after the account came of Lord FitzWilliam's removal, to send a Deputation with an address to the King. The Deputation appointed are, I am told, Baron Hussey of Galtrim, Byrne, and Keogh, and they are to set out for London very shortly. Farewell, my Dear Brother.

I remain, with fond Duty and Love to our most beloved and respected Mother, and affections to all the family, Your most devoted Brother,

DANL. O'CONNELL.

I am informed this very moment that the Mail which is just come in has brought Lord FitzWilliam a letter from the King, requesting him to remain in Dublin, and to send over a confidential person, and that in consequence Mr. Grattan was to set out this afternoon at 7 o'clock for London. Though I cannot vouch for the truth of this information, I am inclined to think it may be soe.

The veteran royalist, Count O'Connell, and the revolutionary Mr. Michael Davitt are as wide as the poles asunder in their ideas of what constituted true love of their native land; yet a paragraph in the latter's great speech at the resumed inquiry of the Parnellite trials sums up the episode of Lord FitzWilliam so ably that I cannot resist quoting it. My father saw the venerable ex-Viceroy entertained at a triumphant banquet after that Emancipation had been achieved which he would fain have granted a generation earlier.

"It is now a matter of historic certainty that the recall of Earl Fitzwilliam in 1795, when he was actively and honestly devising a policy of conciliation, led to the insurrection of five years afterwards. It is equally certain that Lord Castlereagh actively fomented disaffection through his agents in order to justify the contemplated extinction of the Irish Parliament, and that this nefarious policy, working upon the disappointed hopes which Lord Fitzwilliam's dismissal had occasioned, rendered the events of 1798 so memorable a chapter in Anglo-Irish history. Many testimonies might be adduced from the most eminent English authorities to

substantiate these statements. I will quote but one, and I will select this one because of the names which are called by the writer in proof of his assertions. Lord John Russell, in his 'Life of Fox,' vol. iii. p. 396, says, 'The language of Fox on the subject of Ireland was always peculiarly strong and vehement. He, like Mr. Burke, detested the rule of a miserable monopolizing intolerance of that *Magnum Latrocinium*, which, having kept the Irish in bondage, goaded them into rebellion in order to stifle their rightful requests in blood. Not only Burke, not only Fox, not only Lord Fitzwilliam, not only Mr. Grattan, but that gallant and upright soldier, Sir Ralph Abercromby, who went to Ireland as commander-in-chief of the army quite unconnected with any political party, saw, like Burke and Fox, the injustice of the existing tyranny. As a man of sense and feeling his mind revolted against the *Magnum Latrocinium*.'

"Here is the impartial judgment which such a man formed of the state of Ireland in January, 1799: 'Long observation has convinced me that all your misfortunes, that all the evils with which you are threatened, proceed from the illiberal, the unjust, and the unwise conduct of England. Your legislature and your executive government partake of course of the vices flowing from the wretched system of English domination. The vices of the Government affect the manners of the people. If I find a peasantry cunning, deceitful, lazy, and vindictive, I cannot attribute it without impiety to the hand of God; it must come from the iron hand of man. Although the French Revolution and Jacobin principles may be the immediate cause of the events which have lately taken place in Ireland, yet the remote and ultimate cause must be derived from its true origin—the oppression of centuries. Do not imagine that I am weak enough to imagine that a few effusions of lenity and benevolence are to soften and subdue the minds of a people burdened by oppression. It will require the wisest system you can devise and length of time to effect it.'

"To the same purport was the reply of Fox in 1801 to those who alleged that the people of Ireland were disaffected: 'Much has been done since 1801 to remove the oppression

of centuries, but the wisest system that can be devised has still to be discovered.'

"It is but natural that the bugbear of the French Jacobins should have been present to the mind of Sir Ralph Abercromby as one of the factors in the revolution of '98, as most of the evils which threatened England at that time were traced to the same source. But before Wolfe Tone had invoked the aid of French interventions he had declared himself willing to accept of the Fitzwilliam policy as a satisfaction of the then grievances of the people, and it is as certain as anything historic can well be, that if the humane and enlightened views of Lord Fitzwilliam had prevailed, there would have been no Irish rebellion in 1798."

Dublin, 14th March, 1796.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Yours of the 5th ist. I rec^d in due course. Since had a letter from our Brother-in-Law Maurice, of Killarney, intimating as probably not far remote, the loss of our poor Mother. Altho' from her advanced age the event may be daily expected, and tho' in the present deranged state of her body and mind life can not be consider'd a blessing, yet our natural fondness for a most deserving and respectable [French idiom for "venerable"] parent makes the heart shrink at the idea of her dissolution, and I confess all my feelings are as much alive on this occasion as I think they possibly could be were she in the bloom of five and twenty; and I am sure you feel as I do. I will drop this melancholy Subject, and pray the Almighty to receive her Soul in Mercy, whenever it shall please him to cut the thread of her life.

I expected to have long ere now finished our Business in Dublin, but it proves to be quite the reverse. It never occurred to the gentlemen in administration on the other side of the water that an Act of the Irish Parliament was necessary for levying our Regiments, and so little was it thought of by those in power at this side, that on our arrival here we were told our Beating orders should be issued within a Week, and all Matters settled to our satisfaction. It now appears they can not before an Act of Parliament to that purpose passed, and as Parliament will sit only on the 24th Ins^t, I am inclined to think, when I consider the forms to be gone thro' respecting this Act, and the slow manner in which business is in general carried on in both Countries, that it will be the middle or perhaps the end of April before

the thing is set agoing. I will not anticipate obstructions that may possibly be thrown in our way by the New Administration. I flatter myself there might be none, yet the removal of Lord FitzWilliam and his friends was most certainly considered a misfortune, because they were undoubtedly well disposed towards us, and inclined to hold out to us every assistance in their power. What the ultimate event may be God alone can foretell. Peace must, I think, take place in the course of the present year, and as our Regiments can not possibly be ready for that time, it appears to me not improbable the Measure may be dropped; however, this is an Idea which I wish not to go abroad. Be that as it will, provided we get half-pay, all will be well.

Your thoughts on the subject of recruiting are perfectly right. I have yet determined on no place, but shall certainly have on recollection what you have suggested when I do. Farewell, my Dearest Brother. I really spoke from conviction when I told you our Nephew [the future Liberator] could not possibly live in London under 130 or 140£ per annum. Every article has risen in price very considerably, and in the line he lives in a certain appearance must be kept up. You know as well as I do that professional Abilities, however transcendant, require to be supported by genteel Manners and gentlemanly Education. Mixing in good company is the only way of acquiring them, and if a young man is obliged, for want of means, to live as a recluse, it can not be expected that he will appear in the World with all the advantages which the habit of living in good company can alone confer—a consciousness of which is, in my opinion, likely to beget a Diffidence and timidity which the World is apt to construe in an Uncharitable light. I submit to your better judgement, and believe me Ever, with the greatest respect and love,

Your Most affectionate,
D. O'CONNELL.

Direct to Post Office, Dublin.

I am much obliged to you for the horse.

I long Sadly to see and Embrace you.

Lord Cambden is said to be appointed to the Government of Ireland. I believe it admits of no doubt.

Count O'Connell to his Brother Maurice, on their Mother's Death.

Dublin, 25th March, 1796.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I received your Letter of the 19th, giving me the melancholy account of the death of our Dear

and truly Respectable Mother. It is unnecessary to tell you how much I have been affected at it, altho' it was a thing I long had expected. Yet I shrink and my heart recoils at the idea of seeing our dear Parent never more. However, the will of God be done, and may his Blessings reward the many Virtues she exhibited in this world.

I easily conceive how lonely you must feel at Darinane, my Dear Brother, since you have lost the tender companion of your life from the cradle to the day of her death, and, indeed, I could wish to see you removed from that once happy, but now dull and solitary spot. The time of life you are now at would, methinks, exclusive of other motives, require more comfort and care and Society than you can possibly have there, and surely, altho' living elsewhere may be attended with more Expence, you should not forego your own Comforts for the sake of benefiting your friends, and the obligations they owe you already are innumerable, and the Favours you may have in contemplation to bestow on them at a future period they would be Unworthy of, if they did not most sincerely Prefer your happiness to any consideration whatsoever, and I am Confident they really do. Lord Kenmare has expressed to me his most earnest wishes that you would settle in his neighbourhood. He mentioned a place called *Wood Park*, where a Mr. McCarthy now lives, but from which he intends to remove, and he desired me tell you that you should have a key of his park, and that he would have a gate opened on purpose in the part most contiguous to your house if you wished it; and indeed, the worthy Lord and his whole family speak of you in terms of the highest regard. Your old friend Luke Godfrey, who still entertains a great Friendship for you, wishes you to take his place between Miltown and Castlemaine, now occupied by a Mr. Twiss, who he thinks could easily be induced to give it up. Mr. Godfrey would give you his own term of the place, namely, two Lives and three more in reversion. I state these matters, my Dear Brother, in compliance with their wishes; how far they may be worth your attention you know best, but I will once more say I should be sorry to see you remain in solitude and loneliness at Darinane, where, were you to fall sick, you could not have even a Doctor before three days at soonest.

Parliament met the 24th, and adjourned the same day to Wednesday, the 8th April, so that our Business—I mean the Beating Orders—still remains undetermined. I really begin to apprehend it may be laid aside for good and all; however, Mr. Pelham, the new Secretary, whom I knew in London,

and met yesterday at Lord FitzWilliam's levee, told me it was not. Our situation is very unpleasant, it must be confessed, if Lord Camden does not bring over positive Instructions on the subject. I probably must return to London to remonstrate to Ministers there on the necessity of bringing the matter to a conclusion as speedily as possible.

Lord Cambden is expected here after to-morrow, Saturday. Lord FitzWilliam set out for England yesterday, much regretted. The people took out his horses and dragged him down as far as the Pigeon House. A better nor a more Benevolent man I believe never existed. He expressed the most lively sensibility at the marks of Affection shown him, and his Face was bedewed with tears.

With respect to the Catholick Question, no one can tell how it may go; but most people seem to think it will be carried. The Deputies met with a gracious reception at Court, but were referred, for an answer to their Petition, to the new Viceroy. It seems they have not thought proper to see him on the subject. I understand two of the Gentlemen are coming back, and that the third [Mr. Byrne] remains in London, the better to urge the point, in case of any Difficulties or Objections.

Farewell, my Dearest Brother. Believe me, with the most Warm and Unalterable Affection,

Yours during life,
D. O'CONNELL.

I shall expect an immediate Answer.

I have received many civilities here from your friends; it would be tedious to mention them all. Mr. Gun, who is married to General Cuningham's niece; the Prime Sergeant, Mr. FitzGerald; Counsellor Frankland; Sir William and Luke Godfrey; a Mr. Roche, of Limerick, now residing in Dublin, etc., have been particularly Civil, for which I am beholden to you.

"Mr. Roche, of Limerick," was the ancestor of Sir David Roche; he had, as agent for the Carberry (now Hartopp) property, business connections with Hunting Cap.—[D. O'C.]

Dublin, 24th April, 1795.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—My Last informed you that I was to set out for London; in fact, was a point then settled, that two of the Colonels should instantly go over in order to use their utmost exertions to have our business expedited from that quarter, as it is now beyond all doubt that if the British Parliament does not take the lead, the Legislature of

this country will never [surmount] the difficulties which impeded the conclusion of it. I am impressed with a full conviction of the truth of this opinion. I urged the other Colonels to come to the above resolution; they at first adopted the Idea, but since have given it up, therefore here I am and shall remain, untill Parliament breaks up, which the Speaker assured me would be in the space of three weeks from Tuesday, 21st is^t. This is not all. I have had from the Speaker's Mouth, and from the Commander-in-Chief, that, if within a fortnight from said Day a Bill be not sent over, our business can not possibly pass in Ireland this Session, because it will be too late, as Parliament will, after a three weeks' sitting, adjourn for a fortnight or Three weeks, then meet for one Day only, to pass the bills that will be returned from England, and be immediately prorogued until next Winter. Under these Circumstances, our fate appears to me very doubtful; but one thing I would venture to say, which is, that if the Measure be not carried into effect this Session, it may be considered as relinquished, and from that moment our attention must be directed to an Indemnification, which it must be allowed the honor and Dignity of the King and the Nation at large are pledged to give. What this Indemnification will be, remains to be determined, but certainly nothing short of half-pay could be considered as Such, and I am strongly inclined to think that it is better to mention nothing of the matter, for fear of damping the spirits of the people, as it is still possible the regiments may be raised. For my own part, I have already told you I shall feel perfectly content and happy with half-pay. It will produce me about £200 per annum—full as much as I wish or want.

This Day Mr. Grattan brings forward the Catholick Bill. It is thought the Motion will not be debated before this Day Se'night, when it will be read a second time. The general opinion is that it will be thrown out, but the Minority, *i.e.* the supporters of the Measure, will be very respectable, both in Number and Consequence, and, I am assured, will be such as to Command the Attention of Government; yet I would venture to predict they will not carry their point.

I had yesterday the pleasure of a visit from Counsellor Dom. Rice, who told me he thought he should soon conclude with you about the purchase of a place called *Nunstown*, part of the concern of Aghadoe. This would indeed afford me singular satisfaction, as I feel most earnestly anxious to see my Dearest Brother removed from a once happy but now solitary Spot, where every object must call forth dull recollections and thoughts painful to him. I am happy to find

you agree in the propriety of so doing. I communicated that pleasing intelligence to the respectable Lord of Killarney, and he expressed the greatest satisfaction. Farewell, my most sincerely beloved Brother. Direct to me here, *Post Office*. You shall be informed of what ever concerns

Your Affectionate friend and fond Brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

Captain Fagan desires his best Comp^{ts}.

I have appointed Jeffrey Maurice's son *Maurice* to the adjutancy and an Ensigny in my Regiment, which will ensure 7s. 8d. a Day to him. From what motive I have done this you will easily conceive. It is not from any personal liking to him.

I had yesterday a Letter from a Mr. Dennis McCarthy, of Dromon, near Milltown, who says he is son to Florence, of Slahinny; he wishes I should get him appointed inspector of the Revenue on the Bay and Harbour of Castlemaine. Pray, what sort of man is this Mr. McCarthy? I answered his Letter, and told him I had no means of getting him the place he wanted.

Dublin, 30th April, 1795.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I had this morning a Note from Mr. Secretary Pelham, desiring to see me, which I instantly obeyed, when he communicated to me a Letter from Mr. Wyndham, desiring I should repair to London as speedily as possible, but Enjoining it should be supposed I went on my own private business, and not as called on by Government. Therefore you will please to mention it to no person whatsoever, you being the only person, except my Friend Fagan, whose discretion I am sure of, to whom I have or shall mention the matter. What may be intended with respect to me on the other side of the Water I know not, but when I shall be informed of it, be assured I shall impart it to my most Beloved Brother, to whom my heart shall ever be open. Farewell.

Believe me, to my last breath,

Your most attached friend and affectionate
and Grateful Brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

London, 8th June, 1795.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I postponed writing to you since I arrived here, hoping to have it in my power to let you know what had induced Mr. W . . . m [evidently Secretary Wyndham], but I do assure you that altho' I have been now above a Month in this City, and have waited on s^d Gentleman Several

times, I am as much a stranger to the motive that induced him to bring me over, as when I left Dublin. I had an interview with him three Days ago, and told him that our Commissions having been forwarded to Ireland, and being informed our Beating Orders were to be issued shortly after they should be received, I thought it my Duty to repair to that Country, but that, having been sent here by his orders, I judged it both proper and necessary to be informed of his intentions in that respect before I came to a resolution. His answer was that I should give the necessary orders to the Officer next in Command for carrying on the business, and Executing the Lord Lieutenant's orders on that subject, but should myself remain here untill further Orders, in Consequence of which answer I have Written to Major Barry (L^t-Colonel McCarthy being in England on some business of his own) to do the needful and act the best he can to forward the Recruiting.

I am at a loss to form any solid conjecture as to what I may be Employed in, but if I were to risk any it would be this—that if an Expedition against France should take place, it's intended I should be of the party, in what situation I can not tell. With respect to the Brigade, when raised, it is, I think, very probable it will be sent to St. Domingo, and, on the peace, will always be left in the West Indies. When I consider the very great likelihood that it will turn out so, at my time of life the horrid climate of that Country, so destructive to the human Constitution, the probability of a peace in the course of next winter, the prospects I have of a comfortable Situation in France [he does not mean a situation in the English sense of an employment, but refers to his possible marriage with Madame de Gouy] whenever a regular Government is Established there, and the happy change that is daily gaining ground in that Country towards a better state of things, I confess I feel very reluctant to go out to the West Indies. My Ambition is Extinguished. Tranquillity, retirement, peace of mind, with a Revenue merely sufficient to keep me above want, is the sole wish of my heart, and I think my going out to St. Domingo would retard these Blessings. I have rec^d some Days ago a letter from my female friend, the Viscountess de Gouy, from Paris. She is perfectly well, and lives in her own house quiet and unmolested, and ardently looks forward to the hour when it may be safe for me to go join her there. This hour will be when peace is made. It can't be far distant, and it is at the very Eve of it that I should go carry my bones to meet the Yellow Fever at St. Domingo. On the other hand, were I to miss this occasion

of ensuring an Independant, tho' dearly bought livelyhood in His Majesty's Service, on the principle of the above-mentioned prospect, and the Viscountess to Die before we could meet and be married, what then would be my fate, and how much must I lament what I had done ?

In Vain do I weigh things for and against. My mind remains perplexed and my resolutions wavering. I should have preferred by far to be put on half-pay, because £200 a year would in all cases suffice for me, and I should be at Liberty to Act as Circumstances might direct and point out to me ; however, as the Regiment will not be compleat so soon, I shall have time to consider more fully on the Subject. Dan has set out last night for Ireland by the way of Milford Haven and Waterford.

Farewell, my Dearest Brother. Let me hear from you immediately, and direct No. 13, Manchester Street, Manchester Square. Whenever I know anything more of my fate you shall be informed on't. Till then, believe me, with the most cordial and lively affection,

Your most obliged and fond Brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

Best wishes to all friends.

The following extracts from Gouverneur Morris's invaluable journals show what Mr. Wyndham wanted with Count O'Connell, and how very nearly he had been packed off to La Vendée. Had the Comte d'Artois insisted on joining the Royalists, doubtless the way would have been opened for him, but by Vaudreuil's letters he seems to have been strangely irresolute when the moment came, not from any want of courage, but, it would really seem, from a want of brains.

Gouverneur Morris gives us an interesting glimpse of the *Émigré* coterie, and how my colonel button-holed him cruelly, but not inexcusably, considering that all his interests were at stake.

The Baron de Breteuil is the sheet-anchor of one party and the *bête noire* of the other. The Comte d'Artois's people abhor him, the Comte de Provence's people swear by him. The keen-eyed American has jotted down his various interviews.

Early in June, 1785, he left Hamburg for London.

I abridge from his journal for July 5 to July 15.

M. de Bonnal calls on him in London in the morning, and

sits a long time. He wants him to prepare a manifesto for the new King of France, to which he reluctantly consents. At dinner at M. de Spinola's he meets the Baron de Breteuil, who "takes possession of me in the afternoon," says Morris (vol. ii. ch. xxxi. p. 100). "Spinola tells me the British Ministry will probably acknowledge the French King; also that a good proclamation will be made as soon as they get footing in La Vendée."

While endeavouring to indite the rough draft of this proclamation, Mr. Morris is seized on by my colonel and a worse bore, an ex-Minister.

"I sit down [July 7] to write, but O'Conel comes in and is desirous of information respecting France, and so solicitous to obtain my sentiments as to future conduct and my opinion of the success, that I am obliged to give him some time, which I very much regret."

He is followed by an ex-Cabinet Minister, "one of the *Ministres éphémères* of the unfortunate Louis XVI., the Chevalier de Graave, who has wild ideas respecting the succession to the throne! He is truly a bore!"

On the 8th Morris goes to Lord Grenville's, who takes him to the levee, where they are late, and he gives him a sketch of his proclamation for the Comte de Provence, as Louis XVIII.

He pays various diplomatic visits, and thinks, from what dropped from Lord Grenville, that Britain means to acknowledge the King of France.

"The Comte de Moustier calls on me," he continues; "says he was long in connection with Wyndham, the Minister at War, and had urged him lately to see and consult me. He says Mr. Pitt has consigned over the affairs of La Vendée to Mr. Wyndham. He (Moustier) has sundry plans respecting France, but French liberty does not enter into them." Here follow many old political details. On the 11th he calls on Count Woronzow, and shows him a draft of the French King's manifesto, already shown to Lord Grenville. Count Woronzow is well pleased with it, and thinks the Duc d'Harcourt should give money to the person who will carry it to the King. "He gives me an account of the strange levity and wild negotia-

tions of the Comte d'Artois ; the pitiful folly of M. Serenne, to whom he gives his confidence. He fears that, when arrived in La Vendée, he will surround himself by such *petits maitres* and disgust the chiefs who have acquired the confidence of the people in that quarter, namely, Puisaye Labourdonnaye, Charette, Stoffet, etc., and wishes me to caution some of his *entourage*. I tell him that it would have no other effect than to lead the persons to whom I may give such caution into a communication of it to all who are about the Prince, and by that means more effectually produce the mischief we mean to avoid."

On the 15th Morris visits Mr. Pitt. He says, "I tell him that, as I presume Lord Grenville has given him the purport of our conversation, it will be best that he should ask me questions. He does so, and I reply to them. Our interview is long, and he is much satisfied with it. I recommend earnestly sending some man to the Comte d'Artois to keep him from doing foolish things. Ask the parole of Piquet's sons, which he promises and to pay them £50 apiece. He asks me my ideas respecting a future Constitution for France, which I avoid giving as much as possible. Some points, however, we examined."

The Comte d'Artois was so far kept from "doing foolish things" that he did nothing at all, and the heroic men of La Vendée were left to their fate.

My colonel came over to Ireland to see about the recruiting for the Irish Brigade. There was no great ardour on the part of the peasantry ; however, somehow or another, men were got together. The following memorandum of the recruiting was found at Darrynane. Unfortunately, it is not complete. It is written on the four sides of a large sheet of thick letter-paper with gilt edges :—

"Terms on which the six Catholic Regiments are proposed to be raised in Ireland—

"1st. The pay of the officers who have borne commissions in the Irish Brigade are to be allowed from 1st October, 1794.

"That of the rest of the commissioned officers to commence from the dates of the letters of service to the Colonels.

"The pay of the first-mentioned class of officers accruing between the 3rd October and the date of the letters of service

to be issued without retaining the arrears, but after that period it must be subject to the same regulations as the pay of the Army in Ireland.

"2nd. The pay of the non-commissioned officers and privates then to commence from the date of attestation.

"3rd. The recruits in general to be 5 feet 5 inches in height, not under 18 years of age, nor above 5 feet 8 inches; the whole to be engaged without limitation as to the period or place of their service, but not to be liable to be drafted, except from one to another of the six Regiments.

"4th. Each corps to consist of the establishment subjoined, to be completed in four months from the issuing of the beating orders; and then, after a careful examination by a surgeon, to be inspected by a general officer, who will reject such men as are unfit for service, or as have not been enlisted in conformity to the conditions of the Colonels' engagement with the publick.

"5th. Government to allow levey money at the rate of £20 per man, but the actual bounty, including his necessaries, not to exceed £15 for each approved recruit, and to admit no further charge for loss by desertion or death before approval or by rejection.

"6th. On the letter of service being made and a certain sum to be issued to each Colonel or his agent on account of levey money and subsistence, namely, £4000, paid, the remainder of the levey money and further subsistence to be issued from time to time during the levey, according to its progress, upon the application of the agent supported by a statement of the men actually recruited, agreeably to the practise in the new corps, British or Irish.

"7th. In regard to arms, accoutrements, pay, allowances, quarter, and to the issue of monies under those several heads, or for any other services not herein specified, these corps to be on the same footing and subject in all respects to the like regulations as His Majesty's other Regiments of Infantry on the Irish establishment.

"8th. No commission to be permitted to be sold in these regiments on any consideration whatsoever, but the officers to be admissable to promotion by purchase in the other parts of the Irish Army.

"9th. No stipulations to be made in regard to the mode of filling up the future vacancies in these regiments, which can only be regulated by His Majesty's orders to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

"10th. All officers actually commissioned with these corps at the period of their reduction to be entitled to half-pay,

subject to the established rules and restrictions respecting that bounty.

“11th. The officers and men, in the event of their being wounded or worn out in the . . . [rest missing].”

The October letter, next in order in the letter-book to that of April 30, is evidently written after Count O'Connell had finally departed from Darrynane, where he had been visiting his brother Maurice. It was natural they should meet as soon as possible after their mother's death, and my hero had also the business reason of wanting to superintend the recruiting which he was carrying on at various places. There are sundry stories of his fiery nephew, Captain Mark O'Sullivan, a noted duellist, and how he tamed the pride of the most notorious Protestant fire-eater in some County Cork town, where the scion of ascendancy refused to give the wall side of the path to the Papist, who severely chastised his insolence and spent a good deal of his time in working up points of honour and rights of the wall among his neighbours; efforts, however, which his uncle sternly repressed whenever he heard of them in time. Like many brave and sensible men, he had a horror of duelling. The following story was told me by the tenant, John James Gallavan, before referred to.

Long before Hunting Cap could have been possibly made a magistrate, he administered a rough-and-ready patriarchal justice among his people. Without some such ruler, no village community could exist. As before mentioned, his token was the crooked knife. When he duly received King George's commission of the peace, and was entitled to employ a process-server and petty sessions clerk, the people would not mind any one who did not show the old familiar token; so the crooked knife travelled as before—I suppose in company with a lawful summons.

Two men from Loher, near Waterville, were brought before him for an aggravated assault, committed by one of them on the other, and arising out of a free fight. There was no court-house then in Cahirdaniel, and a sheltered rock by the strand served as the bench. Hunting Cap carefully adjudicated, and imposed a penalty of half a guinea for the broken head.

On their way back, when they had only got as far on their way as across the mountain of Coomakista, the man who had been fined was twitted by his foe with having been mulcted, and swore a big oath he had another half-guinea about him, and would have the worth of a whole guinea before he went home. Whereupon he proceeded to assault his taunting enemy again. They were separated, and again brought before Hunting Cap—I rather think next day. The assailant did not much like going, but he was afraid, John James Gallavan assured me, not to follow the crooked knife, though he was a fellow who was afraid of little else.

Hunting Cap thought he had made light of the law and despised its penalty, and was furious, and as they came in sight with a large following, he swore that if he caught the fellow he would impose ten guineas fine on him for despising the law. Happily this was before the case was opened. As the little procession was drawing near, Count O'Connell, who had been strolling on the shore with his brother, where the two tall men loved to pace up and down together by the "far-resounding sea," suddenly interposed, "Well, brother, I will never darken your doors again if you fine him a penny. I wish I had a thousand men like him in my regiment." Hunting Cap heard the case, took the provocation into account, ordered the men to shake hands and make friends, and acceded to his brother's request. The belligerents went home fast friends, and the recruiting of the Irish Brigade did not suffer.

The following is evidently the first letter written to Maurice after our colonel's departure from Darrynane:—

Kinsale, Wednesday, 28 8th, 1796.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I arrived here last night from Dunmanway, where I slept on Monday. My stay at Couliagh [O'Sullivan's place. "Sister Norry," mother of Captain Mark, had lived there, and some of her sons were there still] was much longer than I proposed, but the badness of the weather prevented me leaving it before Sunday last. That Day I came up to Bantry, and had a very pleasant passage of about three hours from Castlehaven. Dan O'Sullivan came along with me to Rindonegan [more O'Sullivan kinsfolk dwelt there], where we slept that night. He returned home early next morning, and after Breakfast, Maurice and I sett out for

Dunmanway. In the Course of the Journey we have had the good fortune to escape rain, and we and horses got here in good spirits. The man who is to carry them back will be here this Morning, I hope time enough to go to Clohinah this night; if not, he shall set out early to-morrow. [I don't know if it was on this occasion that the general carefully inspected Mary Baldwin's children, and declared all the prettiest to be O'Connells, so that his good brother Baldwin had to inquire—Were only the plainer ones Baldwins? My hero, riding forth from the lonely old house to seek his fortune a second time, evidently felt deeply on leaving his brother, advancing in age, without wife or child, or the mother whose life had been so marvellously prolonged. The eldest and the youngest sons of the large family were closely united in a curious bond, half filial, half fraternal in sentiment. Brother Morgan, with his charming, sensible wife and fine family had ties and cares and joys enough. These two childless men clove together in heart, and yet lavished a wonderful amount of natural human affection on Morgan's children.] Your letter [resumes my hero], which he [the groom sent to fetch back the Darrynane horses] delivered me on my arrival at Rindonegan, renewed the painful sensations I felt at parting you, and I most sincerely assure you, my Dearest Brother, they are still, and will long remain, alive in my fond breast. Your tenderness and unbounded Kindness I shall never forget, and it will ever be the comfort of my life to cherish the remembrance of [them]. Unfortunately, I shall never have it in my power to indulge the desire I have long entertained of never parting you, but wherever I am, and whatever may be my fate, Believe me, my Dearest Brother, when I assure you my fond affection for you shall always be the ruling sentiment of my heart.

I can not yet determine what my stay here may be; I believe I must remain a week at least. My Departure from Dublin will be as speedy as I possibly can, and when I get there you shall hear from me. I have determined on sending Maurice to recruit in and about Macroom [their sister Baldwin lived near this town].

This will save him a great deal of expence, as he can take up his quarters at Clohinah for the most part. He desires his most dutiful respects to you; Major Barry, his brother, Eugene, etc., desire their best regards. My best affections to Sister Seggerson, and Believe me during life,

Your most tenderly devoted and grateful Brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

I have met with the warmest reception from my friends at

Couliagh, and hope Mark's affair will be amicably terminated; his antagonist is, I am assured, satisfied to beg his pardon, and Mark promised me he would then forgive and forget. Honny and her husband seemed extremely happy to see me at Rindonegan, and it was with great difficulty I could gett away from them on Monday. In the morning of that Day I received the honor of a visit from Mr. White, of Bantry [Lord Bantry's ancestor], and a very obliging invitation to his house.

I was so confused by my feelings at leaving Darinane, that I forgot to take my leave of Poor Andrew [Andrew Connell, Hunting Cap's Caleb Balderston]. I beg you will tell him it was not from indifference or want of regard for him.

Please, Dear Brother, to forward the enclosed. Your man's Money was out, and I therefore gave him two shillings on parting.

The year 1796 was in one respect an eventful one for Count O'Connell. He married a charming and amiable woman, whose children became to him as his own. From the Marquise de Sers, a friend of my friend Judge Kelly, of Newtown, County Galway, I heard (through him) many particulars of Madame O'Connell. Her great-grandmother, Madame O'Connell, was, as I have said before, a charming widow; but she was not *the* charming widow so long the object of Count O'Connell's elderly affections. The Vicomtesse de Gouy disappears from the letters, and my colonel is married to Marthe Gourand, Comtesse de Bellevue (*née* Drouillard de Lamarre). We have in his French will her full married name, and her descendants have given me her maiden name. Both family and territorial designations are furnished in full.

Now, what became of the old love-story with Madame de Gouy? It is impossible to believe that people of mature years, long acquainted with each other, in the habit of writing twice a week, should indulge in a lovers' quarrel. The stability of his friendships and the calm and even tenor of his mind were two of my hero's distinguishing qualities. No man was ever less disposed to squabble. He had a calm, unruffled self-esteem, a perfect consciousness that he was a distinguished officer, a polished gentleman, and a handsome, healthy,

vigorous being ; so he had none of that uneasy, fretful self-assertion which makes people assert small pretensions and expose a prickly front to mankind. Nothing could be less likely than a squabble between these mature and dignified persons. That a man with the most delicate sense of honour should jilt his lady-love is not to be thought of for a moment. That a man of so much worldly prudence should jilt a rich woman who was living comfortably in her own house and enjoying her own means, is equally incredible. The death of the Vicomtesse de Gouy is the only possible solution of the problem.

Of the precise date of my hero's marriage I cannot be sure. The Marquise de Sers and the Baron d'Etchegoyen, the present representatives of his wife, can only tell me he married Madame de Bellevue in London during the Emigration. He wrote from Kinsale in the end of October, 1795, and there is nothing in the letter leading one to suppose he was then married ; yet in March he talks of his marriage as an accomplished fact. Now, Catholics seldom marry without necessity in Advent or Lent, so I should be inclined to assign the Shrove of 1796 as the natural time for the marriage.

The *Émigré* cliques had pleasant little social gatherings among their sets, the adherents of each prince detesting those of his rival. The Orleanists abused "La Republique de Manchester ;" the d'Artois partisans gathered round Manchester Square, and they in turn hated several of the Orleans and Provence followers. The Baron de Breteuil appears in the blackest and whitest of colours, and so does the Comte de Vaudreuil, for which sentimental elder dandy I have a sneaking kindness. He had great estates in St. Domingo, where Madame O'Connell's family, the Drouillards de Lamarre, were old-established planters, and where I infer her first husband's estates were also situated. Count O'Gorman, one of whose sons served in my hero's regiment, had estates there too. It is exceedingly likely that, associating with these St. Domingo people, he met Madame de Bellevue with them, as many of the nobles had fled from the revolted negroes to British protection. Vaudreuil's charming young wife was his cousin and namesake, and her family were also connected

with the island. The sight of his domestic happiness with the charming young creature, against whose fair fame envious tongues prattled in vain, perhaps spurred on my cautious colonel to the rash step of marrying on his half-pay, a small pittance an uncle safe in Hamburg could remit the De Bellevue children, and the chances that British occupation would restore their estates. In Count O'Connell's French will he orders Masses to be said for himself, his wife, her son, her daughter Louise, and his sister Anne. I infer from this that she had a son, who must have died early, for no one ever mentioned any family except the two daughters who were so good to him, Célinie and Aimée, who married Baron d'Etchegoyen and his brother, M. Benjamin d'Etchegoyen.

Hunting Cap and Maur-ni-Dhuiv had solemnly blessed and agreed to his union with one fair widow, and now the survivor very much objected to transferring his approval to this other one, especially as her large estates were in the hands of the revolted negroes of St. Domingo. He had acted a truly fatherly part to his youngest brother, and now he wanted to have his wishes attended to. Dan took up a manly and spirited tone. He wrote in a much later letter that Hunting Cap was justified in showing his displeasure by withholding his gifts, but not by withdrawing his friendship, as he was of that age, condition, and experience that justified him in choosing a wife for himself, and that the present condition of her property was the only objection to his wife. Surely the youngest son of an obscure country gentleman, in a remote part of a poor country, could be considered as doing fairly well when he married a lady of rank and standing and, as eventually turned out, of large fortune. The formal tone of the letter of March, 1796, shows a great coolness between the brothers. Instead of the familiar signature, it is the formal "Count O'Connell," which French usage prescribed for ceremonious epistles.

Count O'Connell to Maurice O'Connell, of Dorrynane.

London, the 7th March, 1796.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The enclosed is a letter I received three days back from our Cousin Morty, for his brother

Jeffery's perusal. I have received £20 Stg. British, which I shall deposit here in Captain Fagan's hands, for the use of our Nephew Dan, in case you should wish it to be so employed, or to be remitted to you by bill on Dublin, if you prefer the latter method. I have, therefore, only to request you will please pay the sum of the £20 English to Cousin Jeffery O'Connell, and draw on Captain Fagan for a like sum; or give him your directions on the manner in which you wish him to dispose of it for your account. His address is No. 10, Great Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, London.

Accept the wishes of my Wife. Some indiscreet persons have told her that you had condemned me for marrying her, which hurts her very much. Yet, as the uncertainty of the present state of her fortune is the only objection, I hope the arrival of our troops sent to the West Indies will remove it. Believe me, with unceasing love and gratitude,

Your Faithfull Friend and Brother,

COUNT O'CONNELL.

Dan is well. My best affections to Sister Seggerson and all friends.

During part of the year 1796 all the colonels were in Ireland. The Duke de FitzJames's spirited memorial gives a synopsis of what occurred during that year. I shall quote it in full at the end of this chapter, and extract here the principal events noted.

The six colonels got full pay on and from July 1, 1795, when they received final recruiting orders. The Duke de FitzJames was over in Ireland with the other colonels. A very curious rule seems to have been made—that much should have more, and that the regiment which had already most nearly filled up its ranks should be recruited from the recruits of other regiments. In this very month of March, when my hero is writing the one letter of 1796 we can find, two hundred very fine men collected for "Berwick's" were, much to the duke's annoyance, drafted to "Dillon's" and "Walsh, junior's." The elder General Conway had died in June, 1795, and his regiment had fallen to the Vicomte Walsh de Serrant, brother of Count de Serrant, colonel-proprietor of "Walsh's," under whose friendly wing my colonel had placed so many of his young kinsmen.

By a very curious change of plans a specially "anti-

Popish" place was selected for the mustering of the first Catholic levies. They were located in great buildings at New Geneva, opposite Duncannon Fort, near Waterford. These had originally been erected for banished Calvinists flying from Catholic intolerance abroad, who were invited to set up manufactures in New Geneva, as their Huguenot brethren had done in Ulster; but the attempted colonization was a failure, and the empty barrack-like dwellings were made into a real barrack for the first Catholics who were permitted to serve the British King. This attempt was to prove as abortive as the other, as they were sent to perish in pestilential regions, and never were much use to his Majesty. A few of them, such as Sir Charles McCarthy-Lyragh, Sir Nicholas Trant, and Sir Maurice Charles O'Connell, did get opportunities of distinguishing themselves under British colours.

September 17, 1796, was the day fixed for the review of the six Irish regiments. Doubtless my colonel must have been on the spot. The very keenest competition for recruits prevailed among all the colonels. On the 16th "Berwick's" boasted the largest number of men, notwithstanding the two hundred whom the Duke de FitzJames had been obliged to give up to "Dillon's" and "Walsh, junior's" in the month of March previous. On the very eve of the review Count Walsh de Serrant received an unexpected supply of a hundred and eighty men, whereby, like "Dillon's" and "Walsh, junior's," the ranks of his regiment became much fuller than those of his neighbours, and the men of "Berwick's," "O'Connell's," and "Conway's" were immediately incorporated with his. The state of mind of the three colonels and their officers can be conceived.

The Duke de FitzJames, who had served for forty years, was a general and the recognized representative of the Irish Brigade. He was the person whom the Government had specially invited over, and with whom they had treated. He was the old colonel-proprietor of "Berwick's," which had followed his grandfather, the Marshal Duke of Berwick, to France.

What FitzJames was to the old Brigade, O'Connell was

to the new. He had proposed the raising of the new Catholic regiments, which proposition, as may be seen by the following extracts from State Papers, had put it into the Duke of Portland's mind to suggest bringing over the Brigade. He was the person who had besieged Wyndham and Pelham, persecuted the Speaker of the Irish Parliament, gone backwards and forwards between the English and Irish Secretaries, drawn up plans, and written out memoranda. The Duke de FitzJames only came over when most of the preliminaries were done. What can have been my hero's feelings when he saw himself left a colonel without a regiment, the very first day a Catholic could have ridden at the head of his own regiment since the passing of the Test Act of Queen Anne?

General Count Conway was a distinguished officer, grown grey in the foreign wars of France, so that he, too, had a fair cause of grievance, but not equal to the two representative colonels of the old and new Brigades, who were actually anticipating being placed on half-pay with all their officers.

The story will now be told in State Papers. To the two extracts from the "Pelham Papers" and the Duke de Fitz-James's memorial, I append the lists of officers from the *Gazette* of 1797, and the list of "Berwick's" in 1780.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Lecky, the historian, for the following extract from the "Pelham Papers," one of the three concerning my hero and his friends which he found in studying the period for his great "History." I need hardly say how valuable these State Papers are, especially when read in connection with the letters.

Extract of a secret and confidential letter from the Duke of Portland to Pelham.

(In Pelham MSS., in the British Museum.)

August 9, 1797.

About some claim of Lord Dillon's brother, to whom the command of a regiment of Irish Roman Catholics was designed and determined to be given, before it occurred to me to suggest the idea of restoring all the Irish officers that had been in the French Service to that of their own country, and, by obliging them to serve anywhere except in Great Britain and Ireland, to make a provision for the families of

the Roman Catholic persuasion, which would not have been liable to any exception on the part of the old Protestant interest. . . .

When I found that O'Connell and Dillon were each of them to have raised a regiment of Irish Roman Catholics, and that it was an object to raise two more of the same description to serve in the West Indies, I proposed that an offer should be made to the officers of the FRENCH Irish Brigade to enter into the King's service, and that Dillon, whose name one of the three regiments in the Brigade already bore, having already got a regiment, the two which were to be raised should be offered to the Duke of FitzJames and Walsh [a word follows here which Mr. Lecky could not read, but which, in all probability, was Count Walsh's territorial title, "de Serrant"], who had commanded the two other regiments which, with that of Dillon, composed in the latter times of the monarchy the Irish Brigade.

Mr. Lecky writes me concerning the Pelham collection in the British Museum: "There is also in this collection a letter of Pelham's to Colonel Brownrigg, who had some official position with the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of York, May 11, 1797, relating to the Duke of FitzJames's memorial. He says that it is quite true that the Duke of FitzJames's regiment was one of the original Brigade in France; that it was an admirable regiment, and that Colonel Moore in it had acted with great merit in the Bantry Bay affair; but Lord Camden had had no discretion—he had positive orders to draft the weakest regiment, and the Duke of FitzJames's was inferior in numbers to Count Conway's. The Duke of York can put the matter right."

"A Memorial of the Duke of Fitz-James.

(Add. MSS. 33,102, fol. 216, Brit. Mus.)

"The Duke of Fitz-James is not ignorant of the extreme modesty which is always expected from the unfortunate; but he feels also that misfortunes like *his* are truly respectable; and he has too high an esteem for his Majesty's Ministers to fear telling them how much he is hurt at the unexpected *Treatment* he meets with at present.

"Being on the Continent, in the Month of October, 1794, he received His Majesty's gracious Invitation, through the

medium of His Grace the Duke of Portland, to enter into the English Service with the Regiment of the *Marshal de Berwick*, and with the Irish Brigade on the same footing as it had been in the Service of his Christian Majesty. The delicate manner in which this Invitation was expressed made the Duke of Fitz-James consider it as a very signal favour on the part of his Britannic Majesty, and left him no room to hesitate one moment in accepting it.

“His Majesty’s Invitation was forwarded from England on the 30th of September, 1794; and the Duke of Fitz-James, who renounced every other project, arrived in London with all his Family before the 15th of October following. His Grace the Duke of Portland observed in his Letter that a fourth Regiment, commanded by Mr. O’Connell, would be added to the three ancient Regiments of the Brigade—*Dillon*, *Berwick*, and *Walsh*. The Duke of Fitz-James, knowing Mr. O’Connell to be one of the most distinguished Officers in the French Army, applauded this measure.

“But there was no mention made in his Grace the Duke of Portland’s Letter of the Plan for adding a fifth, and afterwards a sixth Regiment to be commanded by two Brothers, whose Services, however meritorious they might be in other respects, separated them entirely from the Irish Brigade. It was incompatible both with the name and the Character of the Duke of Fitz-James to pretend depriving any one of his Majesty’s favours. However, he was constrained, both by duty and by his ardent desire for promoting the good of the Service, to observe to the Minister, that, the Irish Brigade being, in its present state, composed of Officers only without Soldiers, it was much to be feared the raising of three new Regiments would prevent the three ancient ones from being completed.

“The levy of the three new Regiments (of which one was to be named *O’Connell*, and the other two *Conway*) was definitively decreed, as was also the Re-establishment of the three ancient ones.

“The Elder of the Mr. Conways died in the Month of June, and was succeeded by Mr. Walsh, brother to the Count Walsh-Serrant, and Lieutenant-Colonel in his Brother’s

Regiment. So that there were two Regiments of the name of *Walsh*, instead of two in the name of *Conway*.

“In the French Army the Precedence among the *ancient* Irish Corps was regulated according to the date of their Arrival in France in the year 1688, and was as follows: *Dillon*, *Berwick*, and *Walsh*. Since their Entry into the English Service they have been ranked according to the Seniority of the Service of their present Colonels, and have been classed thus: *Berwick*, *Walsh*, and *Dillon* for the ancient Regiments, and *O'Connell*, *Walsh*, and *Conway* for the new Regiments.

“To the real difficulty of raising men to fill up six Regiments, has been added the delay (no doubt unavoidable) of the Arrival of Orders from the Minister, without which the Colonels could take no measures of recruiting. These Colonels were all in England in the Autumn of 1794, but they did not receive their Orders for levying Men before the Month of July, 1795.

“The Duke of Fitz-James went to Ireland, where he as well as the other five Colonels experienced the difficulty which he had foreseen and announced to the Minister. He spared neither pains nor expence to surmount this difficulty, and to make the Regiment of *Berwick* appear with the same advantages in England as it had always done in France. He had already collected a considerable number of excellent men, when, in the Month of March last, two hundred of his Soldiers were draughted off, and incorporated in the Regiments of *Dillon*, and *Walsh Junior*, under pretence that these two Regiments, having the greatest number of Men, were to be completed from those which had the fewest. This Plan, it was said, was to be put in execution, at the first Review, with regard to the other four corps.

“Although these Arrangements were contrary to the tenour of his Grace the Duke of Portland's Letter, written in the name of *His Majesty* in 1794, which Letter alone determined the Duke of Fitz-James to come to England, yet he could have willingly yielded thereto with regard to the Regiment of *Dillon*, which was the first that passed into France in 1688; but as to the Regiment of *Walsh Junior*, the Duke

of Fitz-James cannot help observing that to complete it from the others is to establish too great an equality between the ancient and the new Brigade—between the three Regiments which have reapt Laurels in the Field of Battle during a hundred Years, and the three new ones which are just forming.

“The announced Review took place at New Geneva the 17th Instant. The Returns prove that, till the Eve of the Review, the Regiment of *Berwick*, or Fitz-James, had constantly had the greatest number of Men; the Count Walsh received an unexpected Supply of 180 Men the *day* before the *Review*, in consequence of which, those of *Berwick*, O’Connell, and Conway were immediately incorporated into his Regiment; and it is now said that the Regiments of *Berwick*, O’Connell, and Conway are to be dissolved and the Officers reduced to Half-pay.

“The Letter of his Grace the Duke of Portland, which brought the Duke of Fitz-James and all his Family to England, contains the following words: ‘*His Majesty authorizes me to offer you the same Rank of Colonel in this new Corps as you had in the ancient. As to your Grace’s quality of proprietor, I must desire you to remember that our Constitution admits of no such privilege. However, although your place is only entrusted to you for one Year by the Legislature, yet the possession of it may be considered as certain, during your good behaviour, and that, I am sure, cannot be shorter than the duration of your life.*’

“Can any thing be alledged against the Duke of Fitz-James’s *Conduct*?

“He must at least be allowed to say that neither he nor any of his Officers of the French Army, where that Brigade was as much honoured as it was beloved, will see without astonishment that, after its having been taken into the English Service, after having increased it to Six Regiments and then reduced it to three, the last result is to exclude from it the Regiment of the *Marshal de Berwick*, commanded at present by his Grand-son, a French peer, and a General Officer who has passed 40 Years of his life in the Military Service, and before him, by two Marshals of France, the first

of whom was the Duke of Berwick, peer of England and of France, Grandee of Spain, but whose name alone was his most honourable title.

“After these observations, which are made with extreme reluctance, the Duke of Fitz-James has reason to hope that his Majesty's Ministers will favourably attend to the new proposal which he has the honour of laying before them at present.

“The Duke of Fitz-James would be less concerned on this occasion were not the fate of others inevitably involved with his own. He cannot possibly persuade himself that, after the generous Invitation of his Britannic Majesty, which made him abandon every other pursuit, and place all his hopes in England, he will be reduced to the Half-pay of £150 for himself, the Duchess of Fitz-James, and a numerous Family.

“London, 29th Sept, 1796.”

Endorsement: “A Memorial of the Duke of Fitz-James.”

IRISH BRIGADE ARMY LIST, 1797.

[1.]

A Regiment of Foot—Part of the Irish Brigade [“*Berwick's*”].

[Note, the names marked * figure in “*Berwick's*” in 1780.]

	Date of commission.
* Colonel, Duke of FitzJames.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Lieut.-Colonel, James O'Moore.	”
* Major, Anthony Egan.	”
Captains—	
John Geoghegan.	”
* Walter Grace.	”
* John Mulhall.	”
Garrett FitzSimons.	”
David Jennings.	”
Edward Pierce.	”
Thomas Cavendish.	”
* Captain and Lieut.-Captain, Gregory O'Byrne.	”
Lieutenants—	
John Farrell.	”
Richard O'Farrell.	”
Alexander Cameron.	”
John Sutton.	”
Patrick Sutton.	”
George Langford.	”
Augustus Rothe.	”
— Long.	”
Edward FitzJames.	”
Peter Jennings.	Oct 31, 1795.
Peter Saunders.	Dec. 31, 1794.

	Date of commission.
Ensigns—	
— Devereux.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Maurice Pierce.	”
Richard Hilliard.	”
Stephen D'Arcy Kelly.	”
Robert Plunkett.	”
William Fuller.	”
Thomas Hare.	”
Gerald O'Farrell.	Aug. 31, 1796.
Chaplain, John Fallon.	Oct. 1, 1796.
Adjutant, Patrick Sutton.	”
Quarter-Master, Patrick Duggan.	”
Surgeon, Hugh McNevin.	”
Agents, Messrs. Atkinson and Woodward, Dublin.	

In “The Irish Brigade in our own Time,” by J. P. L.,¹ in the *Nation*, June 23, 1860, the author gives a list of “Berwick's” in 1780.

IRISH BRIGADE, 1780 [“*Berwick's*”].

Uniform: Coat, dark red; white breeches; black facings; collar, yellow; buttons, white. Stationed at [place not mentioned].

Officers—

Colonel-Proprietor, Marshal Duke of FitzJames.
 Colonel-Commander, Marquis of FitzJames.
 Colonel-in-Second, Le Chevalier de FitzJames.
 Lieut.-Colonel (rank of Colonel), M. Ryan.
 Major, M. Plunkett.
 Treasurer, M. Peter.

First Captains—

Richard O'Dwyer.
 Walter Hussey.
 — Comorcan.
 — Elliot.
 — Conway.

* Gregory Byrne.

— Moore.
 Maurice Kennedy.
 — Cruise.
 — Paston.

Second Captains—

— Joyce.
 — Hussey.
 James McSwiney.
 T. Toole.
 — Reed.

* — Egan (Grenadiers).
 Jerry O'Dwyer.

¹ The late Mr. J. P. Leonard, for nigh forty years a resident in Paris, Professor under the University of France. He was named Officer de l'Académie, because of his academic labours. During the Franco-German War he was appointed Inspector of Ambulances and decorated as Officer of the Legion of Honour for services “sur le champ de bataille.”—[S.]

- Second Captains—
— Mervyne.
Eug. MacSwiney.
— Lauanders.
- First Lieutenants—
Darby O'Brien.
— Macraith.
Terence Kennedy.
Thadde O'Meara.
— Barret.
— MacCarty.
— Lynch.
Denis Lynch.
— Mullens.
— Prendergast.
- Second Lieutenants—
— Legge.
— Geoghegan.
— Burke.
— Falvey.
— Hearty.
— Tuite.
— Swanton.
* — Grace.
Patrick Lynch.
* John Mulhall.
- Sub-Lieutenants—
William Kennedy.
Daniel MacCarthy.
Peter Hussey.
— Turner.
— Burguer.
Patrick Mulhall.
— Luther [FitzSimons].
— Cormogan.
— Power.
Anthony O'Meara.
James Macraith.
— Wall.
— Blake.
— FitzGerald.
John Byne.
— Brennan.
Patrick Toole.
— O'Connell.
Wm. Hussey.
— Jennings.

I have abridged the following notes from Mr. Leonard's article :—

“ Captain Elliot rose to be lieutenant-colonel, lived at Nancy, was *chef d'escadre* of the 6th Regiment of La Charente, in 1817. Joyce, I find by a letter of General O'Meara's, died in 1787, was of florid complexion and a gay, cheerful fellow. O'Toole had a

son in Paris, who now resides in Bourbon, and has an influential position there; I believe he was only major when he died.

“Of the lieutenants, Macraith became a colonel, says General O'Meara. Thadee O'Meara: there were three brothers O'Meara—Thadee emigrated with the princes and entered British Service; William, of 'Dillon's,' stayed in France and became a general; Maccarty, mentioned in General O'Meara's correspondence, became a count—his grandson was distinguished at Magenta. Several Lynches—one old general, formerly colonel of 'Walsh de Serrant's,' used to live at Tours. Prendergast's name does not appear after 1787. Geoghegan became colonel, was a very brave officer; General O'Meara and he used to meet in Paris in 1822 and 1830. Burke, a brother to this lieutenant, in the Brigade in 1792, entered British Service; a general, living near Cork, 1860. Tuite became a colonel; son residing in Paris.”

To resume the list of the regiments—

[2.]

A Regiment of Foot—Part of the Irish Brigade [“*Walsh's*”].

	Date of commission.
Colonel, Anthony Count Walsh de Serrant.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Lieut.-Colonel, O'Toole.	March 1, 1796.
Major, Count Philip Walsh.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Captains—	
James Tobin.	..
Edward O'Shiell.	..
Terence McMahon.	..
William Cruice.	..
John Walsh.	..
Nicholas Trant. ¹	..
Mathew Meade.	..
Captain and Lieut.-Captain, Ernest Misselt.	..
Lieutenants—	
Andrew Creagh.	..
Anthony Walsh.	..
Patrick Sutton.	..
Gaston O'Gorman.	..
Mathew Sutton.	..
Patrick Cruice.	..
Jeffrey O'Connell.	..
James Francis Wyse.	..
John Cruice.	..
Hon. Charles Southwell.	July 3, 1795.
John Hamill.	Dec. 3, 1795.
Ensigns—	
Edward O'Rourke.	Oct. 1, 1794.
James Flood.	..

¹ Sir Nicholas Trant, general Portuguese Service. Distinguished in Peninsular War (see vol. i. p. 329).

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	Date of commission.
Ensigns—	
Samuel Leonard Mills.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Thomas Hare.	"
J. Costighan Meagher.	"
Tieg McMahon.	"
Richard Ryan.	"
Robert Quickly.	Dec. 25, 1794.
Wm. Purcell Creagh.	Dec. 31, 1794.
Chaplain, Edward Cruice.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Adjutant, Ernest Miaselt.	"
Quarter-Master, Thomas Plunkett.	"
Surgeon, Richard Murray.	"
Agent, Mr. Carr and Co., Dublin.	"

[3.]

A Regiment of Foot—Part of the Irish Brigade [“Dillon's”].

Colonel, Hon. Henry Dillon.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Lieut.-Colonel, Thomas McDermot.	"
Major, Walter Hussey.	"
Captains—	
George Greenlaw. ¹	1794.
Denis O'Farrell (2). ²	"
Henry Redmond.	"
Patrick Warren (2).	"
Ignatius Hussey.	"
Christopher Fagan.	"
James Henry FitzSimon (2).	"
Lieutenants—	
James Cullen.	"
Thomas Farrell.	"
James Mullone.	"
Henry Hearne.	"
Gerald Keon.	"
William McCarthy (2).	"
Robert Barnewall.	Oct. 10, 1795.
Jenico Preston.	"
Edward Browne Mostyn.	Feb. 27, 1796.
Lawrence Taffe.	Oct. 3, 1796.
Ensigns—	
— FitzPatrick.	Oct. 10, 1795.
John McDermott.	Dec. 31, 1795.
Henry McDermott.	"
William O'Falvey.	April 30, 1796.
James O'Riley.	July 2, 1795.
Hyacinth Fallon.	July 3, 1795.
William O'Connor.	July 4, 1795.
Pierce Aylward.	July 5, 1795.
Chaplain, — O'Fallon.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Adjutant, James Cullen.	"
Quarter-Master, Thomas Farrell.	"
Surgeon, John Tieghe.	Feb. 29, 1796.
Agent, Mr. Cane and Son, Dublin.	

¹ Lieut.-colonel in the list of officers of the Army of the Princes, 1793.

² Those marked (2) held the same grade in 1793.

[4.]

A Regiment of Foot—Part of the Irish Brigade [“*O’Connell’s*”].

	Date of commission, &c.
Colonel, Count Daniel O’Connell.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Lieut.-Colonel, Eugene McCarthy.	”
Major, David Barry.	”
Captains—	
R. Sutton de Clonard.	1794.
Richard Barry.	”
Maurice O’Sullivan. ¹	”
Maurice Charles O’Connell. ²	”
Jeremie O’Connor.	”
Daniel Mahony.	”
Charles McCarthy. ³	”
Captain and Lieut.-Captain, John McMahon.	Dec. 31, 1795.
Lieutenants—	
James Burke.	1794.
John Dehouse.	”
Arnold O’Gorman.	”
Maurice Jeffrey O’Connell.	”
Daniel O’Donoghue.	”
John Brennan.	”
Thomas M’Namara.	”
Charles O’Keefe.	”
— Stanton.	Nov. 30, 1795.
Maurice O’Connell.	Nov. 31, 1795.
Mau. Morgan O’Connell.	May 9, 1796.
Ensigns—	
Jeffery O’Donoghue.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Thomas Whyte.	”
Charles Kearney.	”
William McNeagh.	”
Richard Murphy.	Dec. 31, 1794.
Francis Whyte.	April 30, 1796.
John McCarthy.	May 29, 1796.
Richard McCartie.	”
Chaplain, Daniel McCarthy.	”
Adjutant, Samuel Hamilton.	”
Quarter-Master, Daniel O’Donoghue.	”
Surgeon, Hugh Duggan.	”
Agent, Mr. Cane and Son, Dublin.	

[5.]

A Regiment of Foot—Part of the Irish Brigade [“*Second Walsh’s*”].

Colonel, Charles, Viscount Walsh de Serrant.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Lieut.-Colonel, Edward Stack.	”
Major, William O’Shee.	”

¹ A mistake for Marcus.

² Afterwards General Sir Maurice, Military Governor of New South Wales.

³ Sir Charles McCarthy-Lyragh, Governor of Gold Coast. Killed and eaten by Ashantees, 1824 (see Bk. VI. Note B, p. 129).

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	Date of commission.
Captains—	
John Mahony.	1794.
Walter Devereux.	"
Charles Fagan.	"
Charles Power.	"
William Hussey.	"
Francis Geraghty.	"
William Hely.	"
Captain-Lieut. and Captain, John Tempest.	"
Lieutenants—	
Gerald Pierce.	"
Darby Mahony.	"
Thomas Sutton.	"
William Brenan.	"
Darby Falvey.	"
Cornelius MacGillicuddy.	"
John Blair.	"
John Ferris.	May 25, 1796.
Gerard Stack.	"
Ensigns—	
Thomas Bourke.	"
Connell O'Connell.	"
Arthur O'Leary.	"
John Harold.	"
John Evans.	Aug. 31, 1795.
Lewis Gordon O'Niel.	May 25, 1796.
Andrew Kelly.	"
Chaplain, John O'Brien.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Adjutant, Gerald Pierce.	"
Quarter-Master, Darby Falvey.	"
Surgeon, Peter Nugent Rorke.	"
Agent, Mr. Armstrong.	"

[6.]

A Regiment of Foot—Part of the Irish Brigade [“Conway's”].

Colonel, James Henry, Count Conway.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Lieut.-Colonel, Count Sutton Clonard.	1796.
Major, James Conway.	1794.
Captains—	
Thadde O'Meara.	1794.
William O'Kennedy.	"
Charles Cornocan.	"
William O'Meara.	"
Charles Blake.	"
William O'Toole.	"
Charles O'Connor.	"
Captain-Lieut. and Captain, Bryan O'Toole.	Dec. 31, 1795.
Lieutenants—	
Patrick Jennings.	1794.
Luke Allen.	"
Francis O'Flaherty.	"
Eugene Develin.	"
Henry O'Grady.	1796.
Ambrose Sutton.	"
James Nash.	Oct. 31, 1795.

	Date of commission.
Lieutenants—	
Charles McCarthy.	Oct. 31, 1795.
Thomas Conway.	" "
James Connor.	June 30, 1796.
Ensigns—	
Edward Ferris.	1796.
Edward Byrne.	"
Charles Mackermyne.	"
Pierce Mahony.	"
Jenkin Conway.	"
John Mahony.	"
Chaplain, — Mackermyne.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Adjutant, Bryan O'Toole.	"
Quarter-Master, Edward James Tason.	Dec. 31, 1795.
Surgeon, Denis McArthur.	Oct. 1, 1794.
Agents, Messrs. Atkinson and Woodward, Dublin.	

" DILLON'S."

This famous corps took precedence of the other regiments of the French Irish Brigade, owing to its priority in entering France (see Duke de FitzJames's memorial). I am indebted to Lieut.-General Sir Martin Dillon for the following *précis*. I have omitted, in the list of engagements, the names of generals and countries, but have preserved the names of the series of memorable fields in which it served. He lent me some old coloured French prints of uniforms during the times of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., from which I shall endeavour to describe the apparel of these brave men.

The uniform was always red, with black facings. In 1724 they wore the large long frock-coat which was commonly worn at the period, and which, a generation later, was made much smarter by being turned back at the breast and tails.

In 1724 the officer of "Dillon's" is portrayed with the usual three-cornered hat, with gold binding and a black cockade. He wears a gilt gorget, lace ruffles, and yellow gloves; some of the cravat shows above the gorget. The large coat has wide, turned-back black cuffs, and is cut a little open, showing a black waistcoat with gilt buttons. He wears scarlet stockings with yellow garters, and high shoes with gilt buckles. He wears a sword and carries a pike.

Private of "Dillon's," 1726.

He wears a similarly cut coat, but neither gorget, cravat, nor ruffles. He has a turned-down black collar, a coat turned

back with black, black waistcoat, red stockings, and high-flapped shoes. His pouch bears a silver shield with a harp; the shield is surmounted by a crown. He wears a long heavy sword and carries a musket.

"Dillon's," 1785.

The whole costume is much smarter than in 1724, though the colours are identical. Three-cornered hat, peaked in front, turned up behind, bound with gold lace. Black stock shown by open waistcoat, which is very long, with flaps and pockets. Waistcoat is red, turned back with black. Coat has turned-back black cuffs, showing ruffles; buff waist-belt and cross-belt; buttons and sword-hilt gilt. White breeches and gaiters, sword and musket without bayonet.

STUART IRISH REGIMENTS IN FRANCE.

Two regiments of horse, fifteen of foot, and several smaller corps, numbering between 20,000 and 30,000 men of James II.'s Irish troops, were taken into the service of France in 1691.

In 1698, after the Peace of Ryswick, these regiments were reduced to one of cavalry and eight of infantry, and took part in all the great wars of France as Irish troops to 1791.

During the Revolution they were numbered and lost their distinctive nationality, but they preserved their traditions as "Berwick's," "Dillon's," "FitzJames's," etc., and "Irlandais."

THE REGIMENT OF DILLON.

Raised March 26, 1653. Disbanded February 29, 1664.

Re-formed in two battalions of 1500 men each in 1688; in 1690 the second battalion passed over to France; the first followed in 1691, after the fall of Limerick.

From 1690 to 1791 the regiment appears in the French Army Lists as "Régiment de Dillon."

It was a proprietary corps, held by a member of the family.

At the Revolution it became the 87th of the French line.

The Hon. John Dillon, a major-general in the armies of

France and of Spain, holding that rank also in Ireland, as a Royalist, fought against Cromwell. On March 26, 1653, he raised "Dillon's Regiment," which in 1654, under Turenne, was distinguished in forcing the lines of Arras; it served under him at Dunkirk in 1660, and was disbanded in 1664.

In 1688 Theobald, seventh Viscount Dillon, re-formed the regiment in two battalions, of fifteen companies each, each company consisting of one hundred men.

The first battalion, commanded by his eldest son, the Hon. Henry Dillon, served with James II. against William III. at the battle of the Boyne, at Aughrim, and at Limerick.

The second battalion, under Lord Dillon's second son, the Hon. Arthur Dillon, proceeded to France in 1690, and with Lord Mountcashel's and Lord Clare's Regiments, formed the original "Irish Brigade" in the service of France. The first battalion followed the second battalion to France in 1691.

The services of Dillon's Regiment, showing the actions in which it shared, the commanders of the armies under whom it fought, and their opponents, have been taken from French records and from those in the British Museum.

General Count Lally, the defender of Pondicherry, nephew of the seventh Viscount Dillon, served in the regiment; Marshal MacMahon's father was one of its captains, and Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarento, was a lieutenant in the corps; Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, and Viscount Gormanston served in the regiment.

"Dillon's Regiment" in the British Army.

In 1793 the first battalion of Dillon's Regiment was quartered at Lille, the second battalion at San Domingo. This battalion capitulated September 22, 1793, to Commodore Ford, Royal Navy, and on October 1, 1794, was taken on the strength of the British Army.

It is described in the Army Lists of that period as "A Regiment of Foot—Part of the Irish Brigade," commanded by Colonel the Hon. Henry Dillon. It was disbanded in 1798.

In June, 1795, Colonel Edward Dillon raised in Ireland,

for the British Crown, "Dillon's Regiment," and commanded it. While the men were all Irish, many of the officers were French (*Émigrés*). The regiment served in the expedition to Egypt in 1801, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. It was disbanded in 1812.

In 1806 Henry Augustus, thirteenth Viscount Dillon, raised on his estates a regiment which he commanded. It was called "The Duke of York's Irish Regiment of Foot," and numbered 101st. It was disbanded after Waterloo in 1817.

SUCCESSION OF COLONELS OF DILLON'S REGIMENT.

Hon. John Dillon	1653 to 1664
Hon. Henry Dillon	}	1688 to 1728
Hon. Arthur Dillon		
Charles, afterwards tenth Viscount Dillon to 1734
Henry, eleventh Viscount Dillon to 1743
The Chevalier James Dillon, brother of above, killed at Fontenoy 1745
Edward Dillon, brother of above, killed at Laufeld 1747
Count (Hon.) Arthur Dillon, guillotined 1794 to 1780
Count Theobald Dillon, killed at Lille to 1792
Hon. Henry Dillon, commanded the second battalion in the British Service	1794 to 1798
Edward Dillon commanded the new "Dillon's Regiment" in the British Service	1795 to 1810

The following is the list of the engagements in which the Irish Brigade took part :—

IN THE FRENCH SERVICE.

Year.	Engagement.	Year.	Engagement.
1654	Arras	1695	Catalonia
1660	Dunkirk	1696	Colfilla
1690	Guillestre	"	Palamos
"	Embrun	1697	Barcelona
"	Marsaglia	1701	Chiari
"	Cintram	1702	Cremona ¹
1691	Urgel	1703	Caneto
1693	Pratz de Mollo	"	Luzzara
"	Rosas	"	Guastella
1694	River Ter	"	Barvisalla
"	Palamos	"	Borgoforte
"	Girona	"	Riva
"	Ostalric	1704	San Sebastian
"	Castlefolliot	"	Vercelli
"	Raised siege of Ostalric	"	Ivrea

¹ Casualties, 13 officers and one-third of the rank and file.

Year.	Engagement.	Year.	Engagement.
1705	Cassano ¹	1745	Ostende
1706	Castiglione	"	Nieuport
"	Defence of Toulon	1746	Ath
1707	Siege of Lerida	"	Roucoux
"	Montanara	"	Brussels
"	Almansa	"	Antwerp
1708	Alcoi	1747	Namur
"	Tortona	1748	Laufeld ⁴
"	Alicante	"	Maestrecht
1709	Noguera	1757	Hastenbeck
"	Briançon	"	Kloster-seven
1710	La Vachette	"	Rosbach
1712	Denain ²	1758	Bay of St. Cass
"	Marchienins	1760	Cosbach
1713	Friburg	"	Warbourg
1733	Khel	"	Clostercamp
1734	Ettingen	"	Fritzlar
"	Phillipsburg	1761	Marbourg
1735	Covered retreat of French Army from Germany	"	Schiedingen
1743	Dettingen	"	Soest
1744	Menin	"	Unna
"	Ypres	1779	Grenada
"	Fort Knuck	"	Naval action, July 6
1745	Fontenoy ³	"	Savannah
"	Tournay	1780	Three naval actions
"	Melle	"	Naval action, April 29
"	Ghent	1781	Tobago
"	Oudenarde	"	St. Eustache
"	Dendumonde	1782	St. Christopher

IN THE BRITISH SERVICE.

Year.	Engagement.	Country.	British Commander.	French Commander.
1800	Alexandria ...	Egypt ...	Sir Ralph Abercrombie	General Menou

I cannot better conclude this chapter than in the noble words of Lecky. They occur just after his description of the

¹ Encountered the Prussian Guards.

² Duke of Berwick killed.

³ Colonel Dillon killed, 14 officers killed or wounded, and one-third of the rank and file.

⁴ Colonel Dillon and 12 other officers killed, and 350 men killed or wounded.

French Fleet hovering off the Irish coast. First I will give the actual letters I found relating to this event.

The French Fleet off the South-West Coast of Ireland.

Two curious and interesting letters are at Darrynane for the year 1796—one from Hunting Cap's nephew, who lived on the shores of the Kenmare river, quite near Bantry Bay; the other from Lord Kenmare's agent, acknowledging its transmission. The respectable people seem to have been very nervous indeed as to what would befall them if an outbreak occurred, as people who have stacks to burn, kine to slaughter, and gold to lose usually are. The letters describe this alarming Christmastide of 1796.

The first is addressed, "Maurice O'Connell, Esq^r., Darrynane," and is written by Daniel O'Sullivan.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—We are all in the greatest Uneasiness here on account of the French fleet, which are turning up Bantry Bay. There are 16 sail of them Anchored in the Bay to the Southerd of the Island of Beerhaven since the night last; the rest of the Fleet were drove down to leward off the Dorseys in the gale the night before last. They are beating up fast this Day, and also those that were to Anchor are also Beating up Bantry Bay. I think they won't be able to land before to-morrow. I rec^d a Letter yesterday from M^r White, mentioning the Cork Army arrived at Drimoleague. I am told that is the place they mean to make a stand. We are all in the greatest hopes, Expecting the English Fleet, which I hope in God will soone be the case, as I mentioned to you in my former Letter. I think the Number of Ships in the Fleet 36 or 38 Sail, and 28 of them appear to be men of War of the Line. I went near Bantry yesterday and returned again on Receiving some letters. I am happy to say that the People in this Country are quiet, and I hope will Continue so. I shall use every exertion to keep them so. In haste, my dear Uncle,
Your Ever Affec^t Nephew,

DANL. O'SULLIVAN.

Cooliagh, Saturday, Dec^r 24, 1796.

Killarney, Dec. 24, 1796.

DR. SIR,—A weakness in Lord Kenmare's eyes, in consequence of cold, prevents him from writing, and he has directed me to return you many thanks for your kind attention to him in communicating to him the information you received from

Mr. Sullivan. On receiving it, his Lordship sent an express to Bantry, and detained your messenger until he returned, that he may be able to give you some further information. You will see by the inclosed what he has learn'd. I shall keep my letter open for the arrival of the post—he is just come in, and I now transcribe to you the most essential paragraph of a letter I received from Stephen Coppingier.

Now 8 o'clock Saturday morning; no express arriv'd from Bantry during the night, but Admiral Kingsmil just arrived from Cove, and mentions that the Cangaroo Frigate, commanded by Captain Bayle, had arrived at night at Cove from a Cruize, had positively sail'd by a Fleet of 20 odd Sail of the Line off the Western Coast, and believed them to be French; they appeared to be making for Bantry Bay, as the largest and safest on the Coast. It is said he was chased by them, but out-sail'd them. We will certainly never go back, as Admiral Coalpoize is off the Coast with 17 Sail of the Line, besides Frigates and Sir Edward Pellew's Squadron.

This is the entire of the intelligence I can give you; I hope my next information will be more to all our satisfaction.

Believe me, D^r Sir,

Y^r most obed^t and most humble Servant,

THOMS. GALLWEY.

Addressed: Mau. O'Connel, Esq., Darrynane.

In writing of the French Fleet off the Irish shores, and the apathy of the peasants concerning it, Mr. Lecky is led on to speak of the Irish Brigade. His noble testimony to these brave men seems to me worthy to rank as a monument with the great stone lion Thorwaldsen hewed from the rock near Lucerne, in memory of Louis XVI.'s Swiss Guards. Mr. Lecky is not of our race or of our faith, and therefore what he says of the Irish Brigade is free from any such suspicion of partisanship as might attach to my utterances, or to the long, minute, and exhaustive treatise of John O'Callaghan, whose "History of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France" ends with a notice of Count O'Connell.

He was kind enough to hand me over for this work some of the papers referred to in the notes of this extract, and they tell their own story; but I am desirous that an historian, alien to us in race and creed, should bear his testimony in these homely pages, which I hope will penetrate into many a lowly home where his great eight-volumed history would not be found.

In his twenty-seventh chapter and seventh volume he says, "One of the most remarkable facts in the history of this expedition [Hoche's] is the almost entire absence of those naturalized Irishmen who had so long and so bravely fought under the French standard. Great numbers of the very flower of the Irish race had, during the past century, taken refuge in France, and the three regiments of Dillon, Berwick, and Walsh, which had been formed, in 1689, out of the Jacobite refugees, and replenished by the many Irish Catholics who fled from Ireland during the period of the penal laws, continued to the end of the Revolution. No regiments in the French Army had for a hundred years a higher record of honourable services, but since the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle their character had gradually changed. The severe law passed by the Irish Parliament against those who enlisted under the French flag, coupled with the abolition of the penal laws against the Catholics, and with the great increase of industrial prosperity in Ireland, had checked the tide of emigration to France, and the Irish element among the soldiers had been reduced to small proportions. The officers, however, were still Irish or of Irish origin, and, to a large extent, representatives of distinguished Catholic families. There was a time when such men would have borne a foremost part in a French expedition for emancipating Ireland from English rule. But the same desperate fidelity with which their fathers had sacrificed home and country and fortune for their faith and for their King, still continued, and the children of the exiles of 1689 were now themselves enduring, for the same cause, proscription, confiscation, and exile. With few exceptions they ranged themselves against the Revolution. Many had gathered round the Prince de Condé in the first stage of the struggle, and now, by a strange and most pathetic turn, the exiled descendants of the Irish Jacobites found a refuge under the British flag. In September, 1794, the Duke of Portland invited the Duke of Fitz-James into the English Service, 'with the regiment of the Marshal de Berwick, and with the Irish Brigade, on the same footing that it had been in the service of his Christian Majesty,' and he stated that it was the intention of the King

to add a fourth regiment to the Irish Brigade, and to place it under the command of O'Connell, one of the most distinguished officers in the old French Army. The offer was gladly accepted, and soon after some of the officers came to Ireland to recruit."

Mr. Lecky adds in a footnote that our hero was the uncle of Daniel O'Connell, meaning, of course, the Liberator.

"They found it seething with disaffection and revolutionary ideas. Grattan, it is true, spoke with entire approbation of the enlistment, although he expressed his wonder that the Government should think the presence of twenty or thirty Irish Catholic gentlemen in the Irish Parliament endangered the throne, while they prepared to arm a Brigade of six thousand Catholics under Catholic and French officers. But Grattan's influence was now for a time eclipsed. The united Irishmen did all in their power to discredit them, and the Catholic Committee, who were pervaded by the same spirit, utterly repudiated them. The representatives of the old Catholic gentry of Ireland found themselves strangers and aliens among their people, and were exposed to gross insults, as Wolfe Tone afterwards related, to the keen delight of his French friends. Nor were they well treated by the English Government. It was determined to raise the Irish regiments to six, and it was soon found that recruits did not come in sufficient numbers to fill them; and an order was given that the regiments which were numerically weakest should be drafted into those that were strongest, and the superfluous officers reduced to half-pay. The regiment of Berwick was one of those that it was proposed to abolish in favour of a new regiment, and FitzJames complained bitterly that the compact was violated under which he and his brother officers had enlisted in the English Service. Many of the officers were reduced to the most abject poverty; some afterwards distinguished themselves in the English Service; and the Irish Brigade was not reconstructed when the Bourbons regained their throne."

In a footnote to p. 255, after referring to the Pelham Papers, which will be found quoted here, Mr. Lecky gives a letter of Secretary Pelham to Wyndham. "I have never

troubled you," he writes, "about the Irish Brigade, but it is a most shocking and disgraceful thing. I have been obliged to advance £1500 upon my own responsibility for the bare subsistence of the officers, who otherwise must have starved, and I very much fear that the opportunity of recruiting is lost, unless some of the rioters in Roscommon should be induced to enlist" (Pelham to Wyndham, May 17, 1795). Mr. Lecky also tells us that "something was said in the House of Lords, by Lord Blaney, about French Emigrant officers, which the Duke of FitzJames considered an insult, and a duel took place in the Phoenix Park, in which the duke was slightly wounded ('Annual Register,' 1797, pp. 9, 10)."

It seems a curious example of the irony of fate that the Duke of FitzJames's own regiment, and the first of the new regiments specially mentioned in the agreement with the Duke of FitzJames, should have been abolished at the moment of their embodiment, and that the duke and the one officer outside the Brigade who was mentioned by name in the negotiations, and employed as acting negotiator all through the transactions, should have found themselves half-pay colonels without a command. My hero used sometimes to boast of his powers of endurance, and they were certainly put to the fullest test on this occasion.

NOTES TO BOOK VII.

NOTE A.

MAUR-NI-DHUIV'S VERSES.

Since writing down such fragments of Maur-ni-Dhuiv's verse as were attainable before this memoir of her son went to press, I have recovered another fragment.

Sergeant Michael O'Connor, late R.I.C., has happily remembered it. He says she made the lines on being suddenly summoned to the beach to watch a vessel, which was supposed to be bringing back some of her posterity.

Could it have been *le Bon Homme Richard*, where Paul Jones had on board her grandson, Eugene McCarthy, and many another gallant Irishman, going out to serve America? or was it an allegorical verse which Father O'Connor-Kerry altered considerably in the rhymed translation?

Dr. Sigerson does not agree with my theory that the following is a verse of a lament, but admits that the idea may have been used in a longer poem. Sergeant Michael O'Connor remembered the following verses. Dr. Sigerson translates them, and says, "The two Irish stanzas which follow were composed in the form of riddles by Maur-ni-Dhuiv and her friend, Maur-ni-Segerson ('Mary of the Segersons'). In these the two Marys enigmatically indicated that which they most desired to see. The ladies show considerable skill in verse-making:—

Պայրե յի Չհսն՝ ցեցողք.

Շլչոյն արձամ արօրն

Ձի արանն յի ձիւ ար եր՛

Նար արլեւած յամի

Ձիսր յար յոտ՛

'ՏԵ՛՛ արօր յարօրն ար ար՛՛.

“ I see approach from the east
A Tree, the fairest on earth.
It never lost,
Nor ever fled,
And nine nine within it are.”

Պայրե ոյ Տեջերոյ ԵԵԵ.

Շչնոյ Եւջան Գրար
 Շէրե Եարսլլ, Շէրե Դրան
 Շէրե սեւա Գր ԵԵԵ Գր Եր
 Պչր Շէրե ԵԵԵԵ ԼԵԵԵԵ ԴԵԵԵ.

“ ‘I see approach from the west
 Four steeds, four reins,
 Four Apples with the colour of gold,
 And four chords of hide of deer.’

“Maur-ni-Dhuiv, in the first riddle, plays on the Irish word *crann*, which means ‘tree’ and ‘mast’—by extension ‘a ship.’ She beholds a ship come to her, triumphant, bringing her twice nine kinsmen from over the sea. Mary of the Segersons plays on the Irish word *ubhall*, which means ‘an apple,’ or ‘apple tree.’ ‘Flower of the fragrant apple’ is a favourite metaphor of Irish bards as applied to maidens. Here the term indicates Mary’s four nearest and dearest. She beholds her four golden-haired ones come riding home to join in hunting the wild deer amongst the mountains of Iveragh.”

NOTE B.

MAUR-NI-DHUIV’S MOTHER.

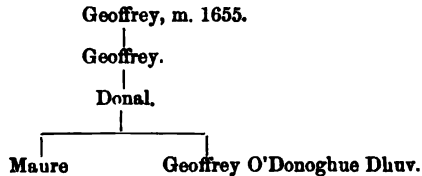
Since informing me that Maur-ni-Dhuiv’s mother was the daughter of Donal Mahony, the “great and terrible Papist” of Mr. Froude,¹ Ross O’Connell has changed his mind, and says he thinks the weight of evidence brought to bear on Mahony manuscript pedigree is against that supposition, and that the Donal O’Donoghue Dhuv who married Mahony’s daughter was the younger son of the chieftain of the Glens.

If Donal of Dunloe was born in 1676, as stated in Burke’s “Commoners,” he could hardly have been the grandfather of Maur-ni-Dhuiv, who had married children by 1750; but I am inclined to think either that his sister may have been her grandmother, and married to a younger son of the dark chief of the Glens, or that he was born much earlier, and that the Donal born in 1676 was his son. In the Dunloe pedigree only three generations of Mahonys are given for a period where there were six generations of O’Connells; so some Mahony names must have been omitted from Cromwell’s time down to 1750, when the cousins, John of Dunloe and John of Darrynane, were corresponding. There is no doubt respecting a redoubtable Dark Geoffrey O’Donoghue, who

¹ See vol. i. pp. 7, 51.

married in 1655, and the doings of whose wild sons and Donal Mahony's own deeds are duly recorded in the second volume of Miss Hickson's "Kerry Records," circa 1712. He had a very wild son Geoffrey. His eldest son Donal married Mary McCarthy, of Drishane. His three sons were Donal the chief, Geoffrey, and Florence. Donal had a son Geoffrey, who married McCarthy Mor's sister, and died in 1758. There was certainly a near relationship between the young Mahonys of Dunloe and Maur-ni-Dhuiv's children, and only by the supposition of Maur-ni-Dhuiv's Mahony motherhood can it be accounted for.

Their only other Mahony-O'Connell relationship was by the marriage of Honora O'Connell, of Cahirbarnagh, to Donal Mahony's father, and she was the sister of the great-great-grandfather of the Darrynane young people. Nothing is more common in Irish pedigrees than great slips about marriages of daughters as to the generation in which such marriages occurred, and the Christian names of parties. I am inclined to think that Black Geoffrey, younger son of the black chieftain, founded the O'Donoghue Dhuv, and was the father of Donal O'Donoghue Dhuv, of Anees. Maur-ni-Dhuiv was not a chief's daughter, nor yet do I think was she a chief's granddaughter; but indubitably she was of the "chiefly race," and these descents would exactly tally with probable chronologies, and the epithet *Dhuv* (genitive *Dhuiv*, "of the dark") O'Donoghues would refer them to Dark Geoffrey.



Kerry people called each other "cousin" up to second or rarely third cousins, and then "kinsman." The Mahony-O'Connell letters are full of "dear cousin."

The only possible way of accounting for it is the Mahony-O'Donoghue marriage, and which I take to be that of Donal Mahony's daughter, which would bring the young people as near as second or third cousins. Maur-ni-Dhuiv's sister-in-law, Alice O'Connell, who married a Mahony, married Miles of Castlequinn, in Iveragh. That lady's daughter married an O'Moriarty of Castle-Drum, through whom the O'Connells are connected with Major-General Dennehy, who represents the O'Moriartys of Castle-Drum. Of that race was the blessed martyr-Prior, Thadeus O'Moriarty, hanged by Ireton after the fall of Ross Castle.

NOTE C.

GENERAL SIR MAURICE O'CONNELL (DIED 1848).

Maurice Charles Philip O'Connell, notwithstanding his curious fluctuations in the choice of a career, turned out a brilliant and successful soldier. I heard he was a handsome, elegant, and very charming old gentleman, and much liked in Australia. He was as kind in trying to settle young relatives and get them rich husbands and wives and commissions as Count O'Connell or Colonel Tom FitzMaurice. Ross O'Connell supplies me with the following sketch:—

Maurice Charles was the son of Charles (son of Philip O'Connell by his wife, daughter of John O'Connell, of Darrynane). Charles Philip was a younger son of John O'Connell, of Ballinabloun. Maurice Charles served as captain under the Duke of Brunswick in 1792, and served afterwards for several years in the West Indies. He received the thanks of the House of Assembly of Dominica in 1805, and at the same time a sword worth £50; a piece of plate worth £100 was given him from the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's for his behaviour at the siege of Roseau, when that town was attacked by the French, February, 1805. He died May, 1848, Lieut.-General Sir Maurice O'Connell, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in New South Wales, and Colonel of the 80th Regiment, leaving by his wife Mary, daughter of Admiral William Bligh (*Bounty* Bligh), two sons and a daughter.

The elder son, Sir Maurice Charles O'Connell, died without issue in 1878, President of the Legislative Council of Queensland, of which colony he had three times been acting governor. He had previously served as captain in the 28th Regiment, and succeeded Sir E. de Lacy Evans in command of the British Legion in Spain, for which he raised a regiment in Ireland.

He received the Orders of Isabella the Catholic, San Fernando, and Charles III., conferred for services in the field.

William, his second son, married Mary, daughter of General the Hon. Sir P. Stuart. The daughter, Elizabeth, married Henry, son of Lord William Somerset, son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, and has issue.—[R. O'C.]

The early but honourable poverty of Sir Maurice is easily understood when we scan the above pedigree, which shows him to have been the son of the son of a younger son.

NOTE D.

SEGERSON, OR SIGERSON.

Arms: arg., a chevron sable between three ravens' heads, erased sable, two in chief and one in base.¹

The name is a modification of the Norse. Sigurd, Jarl of Orkneys, fell at Clontarf, raven banner in hand. Of his five sons, Hundi, Somerled, Bruse, Einar, and Thorfin Sigurdson, four ruled as earls; Thorfin, the youngest and greatest, extending his sway over North Scotland, the Western Isles, and lands on both sides of the Irish Sea to Dublin. His grandson, Hacon (Karl) Sigurdson, and his great-grandsons, Hacon and Brynholf Sigurdson, of Westness, are described as noblemen and great chiefs in the Orkney Saga, at the date of the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland. They appear in Irish historical romance as the "Seven sons of Sigir" (*Seacht mic Sigir*), whose adventures are mentioned in "The Battle of Moyléana."

The name of Ricardus filius Segeri de Swoinesea occurs on the most ancient muniment-roll of Dublin in the reign of Henry II.; in that of Richard Cœur de Lion the name of Henricus filius Segeri de Gloucestría is inscribed. Seafarers, they held property in the principal ports of the Anglo-Irish Channel. They had estates in the "Vale Royal" at Wych Malbank and Walgherton. At the close of the reign of Henry VII. was born Rolf or Rauff Segerson, who became bailiff of Liverpool under Henry VIII., mayor under Edward VI., alderman in Mary's reign, mayor and five times Member of Parliament under Elizabeth. He was one of the makers of Liverpool, defending its rights, extending its privileges, devising sanitary improvements, and founding its first educational institute. He was a distinguished speaker in Parliament, where most were mute. His daughters married two mayors of Liverpool, Raynforth and Bavand. A touching cryptic entry in the town-records, on the occasion of their death in 1572, shows he remained a Catholic. He had a son in Nantwich, Chester County, whose family was connected with

¹ The arms are recorded in Sir Bernard Burke's office, Birmingham, in a manuscript book dating from Elizabeth or James. Rauff of Liverpool was styled "gentleman" and "generosus." These terms had then a distinct and specific meaning, for Selden says, "the name of gentleman should signify one only that were ennobled by his blood, as *nobilis* did in the more ancient times of Rome; or as *generosus* out of its own notation doth, *generosus*, i.e. *qui bono sanguine ortus et non degenerat*" ("Titles of Honour:" 1631).

Mayors Babington and Sneyd of Chester, and a son in Dublin, Edmund Segerson, "generosus," who received a pardon in the first year of Queen Elizabeth. Rauff appears to have died in Dublin, having doubtless gone there in the endeavour to obtain repayment of the sum of £550, borrowed by the Lord Deputy in critical times, when he was unable to raise money in Ireland or to obtain any from London. This sum, a vast one at the time, has not yet been repaid.

At the close of the sixteenth century, the Segerson family had estates in Cheshire, Liverpool, Dublin City and County, in Kildare and Wexford (by knight's service *in capite*). They were connected, by marriage, with Bavand and Raynforth, mayors of Liverpool; Babington and Sneyd, mayors of Bristol; Morphe, *i.e.* McMurrrough Kavanagh, alderman, sheriff, and mayor-designate of Dublin (with estates in the "Morowes' country") and with Richard, the first and "great" Earl of Boyle. John Morphe (died 1608), an eminent and wealthy surgeon, whose benefactions honoured Dublin, had surgeons Richard and John Segerson as pupils, and bequeathed his property to his wife, Margaret Segerson, and his nephew, John Segerson. In 1600 Sir William Sarsfield and Sir Gerald Aylmer granted, by deed of feoffment, the rectories of Athnowen, Kilbride, Rennybrough, Kilbrogane, Kilmainane, and Agneholtie, parcels of the Abbey of Grany, or Grange (near Kilcrea, Cork), to Roger Segerson and his wife, with reversion to Edmund Spenser's heirs. Richard Segerson, son of Roger, and of Elizabeth Spenser (*née* Boyle), widow of Edmund Spenser, the poet, was quarter-master at the battle of Knocknanos, in 1647, on the Royalist side.

The Kerry branch obtained their possessions in a romantic manner. Richard Harding, of a great Bristol family, had obtained large grants of land in several counties of Munster and Leinster, after the confiscation of the Earl of Desmond's estates. He made over the reversion of his manor at Ballinskelligs to Christopher Segerson,¹ in 1615. The tradition is that, having made acquaintance with the young knight in Ireland, the latter became a favourite, and was taken over to Bristol that he might marry Harding's daughter. As they were about to enter his home they met her funeral coming out of the door. Richard Harding still treated him as his son-in-law, and gave him the manor. Christopher Segerson was one of the sons of John of

¹ In recent times the name was sometimes written *Sigerson*, as well as *Segerson*, in the registered deeds, south as north. Curiously enough, the same difference is seen in Domesday Book, where *Segarus* and *Sigarus* are given as holding estates in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

Wexford and Dublin City. He became lord of the manor, with rights of warren and chase, enjoyment of waifs and strays, powers to hold courts baron and leet, markets and fairs, and a "court of pie-powder," in about the year 1636, and the estate was confirmed to him by royal grant in 1637 (Charles I.). The property comprised "the late priory and house of Fryers of Ballyneskilleg," with "the townes and lands of Ballyneskilleg, Kinard, Ballintemple, Argyll, Kinnagh, Cloghanemore, Dungegan, Killurley, Coolagh, Imlaghmore, Cashell, Tuoroglassoge, and Kildonan."

At this time Christopher Segerson held a half-moiety of Cloghran-Swords, in Dublin County. He ran risk of losing his life, having been lawlessly seized "as hostage" by some of Sir W. Denny's marauders, who burned the village, but they were compelled to give him up owing to the success of O'Sullivan Mor's forces.

Less fortunate, a few years later, all his Kerry property was confiscated under the Cromwellian Government. In 1658 transplantation certificates were made out for Christopher Segerson, of Valentius, and Richard Segerson, of Ballinskellix. In the "Book of Survey and Distribution" the details of the estate are set forth; it covered about 7500 acres of present measurement. Two castles are mentioned. The original grantee was Robert Marshall, but the property quickly passed to Sir W. Petty, surveyor-general, who thus built up the fortunes of his family. By the Commission of Grace, Christopher got back some of his Dublin possessions.¹ In 1696 Henry Petty (Earl of Shelborne) made a lease in trust to his agent, for John Mahony, of Dunloe, who immediately re-leased the estate in 1697 to Christopher's heir, Thomas Segerson.

Though the lands were regained under cover, the penal laws reached this old Catholic family in many ways. Thus, in 1711, one Alexander Eager, of the Barony of "Ivrahay," deposed that he was twice robbed "by Privateers and Robbers of the Popish religion," and Thomas Segerson, of Kinard, gent., and Darby Crohan, "two of the Popish inhabitants of the said Barony," had to pay a fine of £12 17s. In spite of all, the family increased and flourished.² The

¹ Notably a mansion "in vico pellipariorum," or Skinner's Row, which occupied the site of Nos. 13 and 14, Christchurch Place, Dublin. This mansion, which had been part of Joan Segerson's (otherwise Morphé's) dowry nearly three centuries before, was sold in 1774 by Thomas of Ballinskelligs, for £900, to David Latouche, the eminent banker, the niece of whose partner, Redmond Kane, married an uncle of the present writer.—[G. S.]

² In the O'Connell pedigree, the name of Segrave has been hitherto entered in mistake for Segerson. Miss Julianna O'Connell had rectified this

Catholic list of 1776 makes mention of Christopher of Kinard, James of Cahirbarnagh, Edward of Cove, Christopher of Canuge, and John of Cahirbarnagh.

In 1779 James of Ballinabloun, being aged, made a transfer for a rent-charge to his son, John of Dromore, which shows him possessed of the lands of East and West Murregh, Coolroe, Coolnaharagull, Killerelig, Conbornin, Canuge, Gnews, and Cahirbarnagh, with "80 horses and 342 cattle, of which 216 were milch and dairy cows."

They intermarried with the principal old families of the county, *e.g.* Mahony, Conway, O'Connell, McCarthy, O'Sullivan, Sugrue, Spotswood, Leyne, Lalor, Blennerhassett, Hoare, FitzMaurice Burke. There are several alliances with the O'Connells. Alison, or Alice, daughter of the first lord of the manor (Christopher of Dublin), married Daniel O'Connell, of Aghort and Darrynane.¹ She was consequently great-grandmother to General Count O'Connell, and great-great-grandmother to the Liberator, who thus had Norse blood blended with Celtic in his veins. Thomas Segerson, 1697, married Miss O'Connell, of Ballinabloun. The count's sister Alice (of the keen) married John Segerson. Charles O'Connell, of Ballinabloun, married Joanna Segerson. Geoffrey of Ballybrack married Bridget Segerson, mother of "Maurice Jeffrey and John Jeffrey," of France, and grandmother of Miss Julianna O'Connell, "the oldest of the O'Connell gens." A kinswoman of the O'Connells and of the FitzMaurices, Lords of Kerry, Alice FitzMaurice Burke, sister of Major-General F. Burke, of Prospect Villa, Cork, married Francis of Dungegan, and Thomas FitzMaurice Burke married Catherine of West Cove, in 1854. Francis of Cove married Miss Haly, sister of J. Haly-Coppinger; their daughter, Maria, married Charles Sugrue, Esq., of Fermoyle (represented by Mr. J. H. Sugrue,

error, which was repeated in the case of her own grandmother, where Bridget Segrave is given instead of Bridget Segerson. Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell states that her late husband held Segrave to be impossible; that it should have been Segerson or Sugrue. Prof. W. M. Hennessy, M.R.I.A., himself a Kerry man and Irish scholar, also mentioned the relationship. I may add that in a transcript book in the Registry of Deeds, the name of James Segerson, 1812, is given in one place as James Segrave. Alison Segerson is mentioned in the will of John Morphe (*recte* McMurrugh Kavanagh) in 1603, as one of his nieces, to whom he bequeathed over £1000 (present value), to be paid on their marriage.—[G. S.]

¹ An Irish saying, communicated by a school teacher, himself a native of Kerry, indicates the relative positions of three local families—

"Segerson bi, O'Mathghamnaigh tã, O'Connaill do beidh."

In English—

"Segerson was, O'Mahony is, O'Connell will be."—[G. S.]

Cork). John Segerson, of Drumfadder and West Cove, bequeathed (1825) the Ballinskelligs property to his daughter, Lucinda Catherine, mother of the present Richard Mahony, Esq., D.L., Dromore Castle, Kenmare, whose children are Harold Segerson Mahony and Nora Eveleen Segerson Mahony. A granddaughter of Francis of Dungegan, Bridget Segerson Hoare, is now Mother Dympna of the convent of Mercy, Tralee. One of the most remarkable men of the family was John, a man of fiery temper and quixotic character, who fought fourteen duels, and was known as "Fireball." He was killed at Killorglin.

John Segerson, of Benburb, Tyrone, whose father, by marriage a connection of Sarsfield, had gone north with the Jacobite army, married Hannah Kelly. Their descendants were connected by marriage with the families of Buchanan, late President U.S., Nelson, Alderman of Belfast, Redmond Kane (Bank of Latouche and Kane), Captain Loder, Mrs. Chisholm (whose two sons married the two Misses Loder, Sydney), and of Estudillo, the great Spanish family of San Leandro, California, whose estates are worth millions of dollars.¹ Francis B. Ward, officer in the U.S. Navy, married Señora Concepcion Estudillo, in 1852. His children, Mr. J. F. Ward, of Alameda, and Mrs. Sullivan, as descendants of Redmond Kane's niece, who married James Segerson (uncle of the present writer), are entitled to claim the reversion of the Kane-Bunbury estates, devolving through Kane's daughter, in case of extinction of issue. These estates are now in possession of the Earl of Rathdonnell.—[G. S.]

NOTE E.

SECRETARY PELHAM.

Sir Jonah Barrington thus describes this very honourable man ("Personal Sketches," p. 173)—

"Mr. Pelham, now Earl of Chichester, was secretary to Lord Camden, then Lord-Lieutenant. I had the good fortune and pleasure to be on good terms with this amiable, engaging, and friendly gentleman, and have seldom met any public personage I liked so well; moderate, honourable, sufficiently firm, and sufficiently spirited. I had a real gratification in attaching myself not only to his measures, but to his society. In all our personal intercourse, which ceased with his departure, I found him candid and just, and experienced at his hands several public acts of kindness.

¹ *San Leandro Reporter*, July 13, 1889.

“Mr. Pelham’s Parliamentary talents were not of a splendid order. The people of Ireland never required *stars* for ministers ; but a fair and candid secretary was a great treat to them, and Mr. Pelham was making full way in public estimation. The last day I ever saw him in Ireland he and his brother-in-law, Lord Sheffield, did me the favour of dining with me in Merrion Square. I perceived he was uncommonly dull, and regretted the circumstance much ; he obviously grew worse, at length laid his head on the table, and when he departed he was extremely ill. Next day he was in a violent fever, his life was long despaired of ; he recovered with difficulty, and on his recovery returned to England. Mr. Steward [afterwards the famous Lord Castlereagh], by marriage the Lord-Lieutenant’s nephew, was named as *locum tenens* during Mr. Pelham’s absence, or, should he not return, until the appointment of another secretary. But he was soon discovered by his employers to be fit for any business ; and as it had been long in the secret contemplation of the British Ministry to extinguish the Irish Parliament, either by fraud or force, and Lord Campden being considered too inactive, perhaps too conscientious and honourable to resort to either of those weapons, it was determined to send over an old servant-of-all-work, who had fought till he was beaten and negotiated till he was outwitted. This person, Lord Cornwallis, with the assistance of his young secretary, would stop at nothing necessary to effect the purpose, and they could between them carry a measure which few other persons, at that period, durst have attempted.”

BOOK VIII.

A MAN OF OTHER DAYS.

1797-1833.

Estrangement—Count O'Connell retired—A colonel unattached—Disappointment—Illness—Chevalier Fagan—(London, October, 1797) Dan to Hunting Cap on his marriage—The vanities of this life vanish—(London, March, 1798) Captain Burke ("Johnny" of long ago)—French doctrines—Brotherly affection—(London, April, 1798) death of young Maurice—St. Domingo—Mr. McMahon promoted—A deputy-governor cannot smuggle—Interesting note to Hunting Cap about the Rebellion—(London, July, 1798) the count to Hunting Cap—Economy—His step-children—Their estates in St. Domingo—Affairs in St. Domingo—Emancipation of the negroes—Death of Mrs. Gould—Andrew Connell—(London, February, 1799) to Hunting Cap—Maurice's sight failing—Affairs on the continent—Nephew Dan—"Nancy and her governor"—(London, May, 1799) to Hunting Cap—Death of an old servant—Disturbed state of the country—The count wants Maurice to leave Darrynane—French politics—Existing Governments in danger—Ireland—(Ramsgate, July, 1799) to Hunting Cap—Illness—Cannot go to Darrynane—Expects monarchy to be restored in France—Politics—Lord Kenmare—"Our brother-in-law, Maurice Geoffrey"—Chevalier Fagan writes to Hunting Cap (October, 1799) concerning his brother's health—His wife's affairs—Count O'Connell begins a new correspondence—Irish Act in favour of Catholic officers—The colonel writes to young Dan (the Liberator), (London, 1801)—Resignation of Ministers—And their successors—Changes in Ireland—Prayers for peace and tranquillity—Eugene McCarthy—Recruiting accounts—Heraldry again—Congratulations on success—(London, May, 1801) the count again to "Nephew Dan"—To whom he transfers his ambition—Captain John Burke—"The little boy James" (afterwards Sir James, of Lake View)—John—Claims of Mr. McCarthy—Death of Colonel Eugene—(London, June, 1801) to Dan again—Coat-of-arms, forfeitures, etc.—On French soil again—His wife's property—Napoleon's iron hand—(London, February, 1802) to Hunting Cap—Passport from Paris—Licence from his Majesty—"Our Minister at Paris"—"All letters are still opened"—Comte d'Artois—

Received from the Court of Lisbon offers to enter that service—Rank of major-general—Another code of military regulations—Sir J. Mitford—Maurice O'Connell to his nephew Dan (Darrynane, May, 1802)—Heard from the General from Paris—About his wife's property—Police reports—(Paris, June, 1803) the count to Hunting Cap—The British subjects arrested—Fontainebleau—Prisoners of war—The colonel a mediator for his namesake—Dan the Liberator marrying for love—(Orleans, August, 1804) the count to Hunting Cap—Still a prisoner—Thoroughly easy and unmolested—His wife and step-daughter share his captivity—Hopes for peace—Dr. O'Reardon—Captain O'Connell—Nephew Dan—Nephew John—Sister Anne—Niece Ellen—Nephew James—Dr. Sugrue—No letters for 1805-1806—Report of a police spy on our hero—Official notes, etc.—From national archives—O'Connell—Baron d'Etchegoyen—Infirmities of age—(Paris, May, 1810) the count writes to Hunting Cap—Dr. O'Reardon—Hopes to come to Darrynane—Exchange of prisoners—The Restoration—M. de la Ponce—Count O'Connell a lieutenant-general—Commander of the Order of St. Louis—Count Bartholomew O'Mahony—The Irish Brigade—Duc de FitzJames—Last scene of the old Irish Brigade—"Semper et ubique Fidelis"—Mr. Roche, the literary Cork banker—The most distinguished of the Irish Brigade—Napoleon's downfall—Count O'Connell in Ireland—Anecdote of the count and the Liberator's wife—Spends some time at Grenagh—Description of the count—The brothers at Darrynane—Marriage of his step-daughter—The Liberator on his uncle—Marahal Ney—Anecdotes—Charity—Naturalization—Count's will—More stories—Recollections of Count O'Connell—The Liberator and his family abroad—Baron Moritz O'Connell ("Cousin Morty" of years gone by)—Young Morgan, the Liberator's son—Austrian Service—Baron Nugent's Regiment—"Quentin Durward"—Description of our hero's French home—Death of Louis XVIII.—Count O'Connell and Charles X.—"A most superior man and a saint"—Schools—Hunting Cap writes to Catholic Association, 1824—William Fagan, M.P., on the Liberator and Hunting Cap—A letter written by the Liberator—Mr. Henry Arthur Herbert—Hunting Cap's coffin—Hunting Cap to Mrs. Morgan O'Connell, of Carhen—Death of Hunting Cap—His will—(Paris, March, 1825) the count to his nephew James—On his brother's death—Lord Headley—Charles O'Connell—Arthur O'Leary's son—Burses—(Paris, July, 1825) to same—Tomb of his parents—Judge Day—Catholic claims—"Little Morgan's" success—(Paris, 1825) again to Sir James—Family troubles—Troublesome boys—The Catholic question—Mrs. FitzSimon—Emancipation—The O'Donoghue—Happy and honoured old age—The count an anti-Repealer—Schools and charity again—Young people in Paris—Stories of the veteran—St. Patrick's Day—(Paris, July, 1829) the count to Sir James—Political letter—The Clare election—The O'Donoghue—His death—"Your nephew Maurice" (the Liberator's eldest son)—Uneasiness at the great changes—(Nice, December, 1829) to Sir James—Dan's profession sacrificed to politics—Family affairs—

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1830: The citizen-king—A marshal's staff for our colonel—Charles X.—“Too old to turn traitor”—Retires to Mâdon—Leave to bequeath his peerage—Naturalization—Letters of naturalization—“Marrying and giving in marriage”—(Château de Mâdon, April, 1831)—Letter on marriage—(Mâdon, August, 1831)—Dan returned for Kerry—Maurice for Clare—Duel—Knight of Kerry—Reform Bill—France—“All our pensions are cancelled”—(Mâdon, April, 1832) to Sir James—Liberator's election—In opposition to Government—Bill for the Suppression of Inaurrection—Views on Repeal—“Little Maurice of Grenagh”—Boys of the rising generation—(Mâdon, April, 1832) to Sir James—Morgan John O'Connell—His distinguished talents—The count on Repeal of the Union—Summary of his French will—A quiet funeral—His great-granddaughter writes of the count—Count Daniel d'Etchegoyen-O'Connell—His death—Testamentary letter of General Count O'Connell—The young O'Donoghue—Death of the last Colonel of the Irish Brigade—Reminiscences by the Marquise de Sers.

THE last years of the eighteenth century wore away drearily enough for my hero. All the hopes of a brilliant career, of “the bubble reputation” to be won at the cannon's mouth, had melted away. His loyalty to a fallen race had shut out the scientific soldier of fortune from all share in the most marvellous campaigns the genius of one man had ever conceived and carried out. The long-cherished hopes of the Irish *Émigré* officers to be let share, on the Royalist side, in those great wars had been baffled by the jealousy of the Irish ascendancy party. Our colonel had to possess his soul in patience, and bear with obscurity and inaction for many a weary year. In a word, every hope and plan he had conceived was turned to disappointment, except one very prosaic hope of an assured competency. This the moderate pay of a colonel, which soon became half-pay, secured to him. His domestic hopes were equally blighted. He was very fond of children, and would naturally have desired to see children of his own playing round his knee. Twice such expectations were entertained, and each time doomed to premature extinction. Considering all the fears, flights, and hardships the Countess O'Connell had undergone, this was not to be wondered at. The disappointment must indeed have been bitter, but it was borne with his usual cheerful patience. The estrangement from Hunting Cap cut him to the quick,

more especially as his brother's generous behaviour exposed him to a charge of ingratitude in thus opposing the wishes of so beneficent a head of the family. To his elder's somewhat unreasonable pique he opposed a manly and dignified attitude. He asserted his undoubted right to choose a wife for himself, in the mildest and civilest but most decided manner.

There are many letters written from London during the years between 1797 and 1802. Husband and wife were both stricken with severe illness, and both happily recovered. The affection of dear old Chevalier Fagan was actually paternal. "My poor fellow," he calls the mature colonel, whom he regards with the same warm affection as "the good boy Dan" of the days of the Seven Years' War. I group these years of enforced idleness and inaction into one record.

To my mind, the letters to his estranged brother are very affecting. Strange that Hunting Cap should have so carefully preserved Count O'Connell's epistles, unless it was that his warm-hearted nature and the endearing ties of blood remained the same in spite of the temporary coolness. No letter has been found for the year 1796, and only the following one for 1797:—

London, 26th Oct^r, 1797.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have been some months back in daily expectation of a letter from you in answer to my last. Otherwise should long ere now have broke in on your unusual, and to me very painful, silence. I wish to flatter myself my Letter has not reached you, yet, even supposing that to be the case, I cannot but be hurt at the Idea that your friendship for me did not compel you in that length of time to make any enquiry about me. When I reflect on this apparent indifference, which I can't help often doing, I confess I am deeply affected at the contrast between it and the tender anxiety you were wont to show me. I trust, however, I have given no cause for it. I certainly am conscious of none, for I cannot suppose that your condemnation of my marriage as an imprudent step under the then existing circumstances could possibly induce a dereliction of your wonted sentiments for me. A difference of opinion in such a case is, at worse, very pardonable, and at my time of life [52], with the degree of Experience I may be supposed to have acquired thro' numberless Vissitudes and a long inter-

course with the world, cannot be justly deemed even presumption. I shall always sincerely lament that the Measure did not meet with your approbation, but surely that can never be a sufficient reason to justify a breach between us. It might justify you in bestowing no favours, but I hope you know me too well to think any such consideration could ever have any effect on me. I value in you the Man, the friend, the fond Brother, *pretereaque nihil*.

Forgive, my Dear Brother, this candid developement of my sentiments. My heart is too sincere to conceal them, and, I assure you, far too tender to disregard any coolness from you. The frowns of fortune I have fortitude enough to resist, but when the Vanities of this Life Vanish from our View, friendship alone can strew the Path with flowers and brighten the gloomy horizon.

Farewell, my Dear, Dear Brother. Believe me, with unbounded gratitude, respect, and love, your devoted Brother,
D. O'CONNELL.

My wife desires her best affections to you. She has had, a Month ago, a Second miscarriage of near six months, but is perfectly recovered. I beg to be remembered to all friends.

No. 12, Hans' Place, Sloane Street, London.

There are three letters from Count O'Connell to Hunting Cap in this eventful year, two of them, however, written before the actual outbreak of the rebellion. The second is, indeed, melancholy reading, describing as it does the premature ending of a bright young life. The boy Maurice would follow the drum, and would not stay at home and mind his rich uncle's farming, and step eventually into his shoes. The letter about St. Domingo is very interesting, and subsequent events showed the correctness of my colonel's prognostics of poverty to the Pearl of the Antilles.

London, 14th March, 1798.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I avail myself of the opportunity of Captain Burke [the admirable and sprightly little Johnny of long ago] to present you my respects, and inquire how you are. I shall be happy to learn you continue to enjoy good health, and that your district is exempt from the troubles which appear to have made their way into the neighbouring Counties. With respect to myself, my situation is the same as when I last wrote to you. Nothing but a return of the

blessings of Peace is likely to meliorate it ; yet I only wish for such a one as will be consistent with the honor, safety, and happiness of these kingdoms and effectually preclude the importation of French Doctrines, the greatest, in my idea, of all Calamities. I shall be at all times anxious lest any event may trouble your tranquillity and happiness, which I may truly assure you I am more interested about than for anything that regards me personally. I have been now nine years back accustomed to the frowns of fortune, and, independently of that, my disposition is to feel for my friends much more than for myself, and surely no Man on Earth has so great a claim to my Love and warmest affection as you have. Be assured, My Dear Brother, the Coolness you have assumed towards me for some time back, although it has made the deepest impression on my heart, has not in the smallest degree impaired nor altered my Sentiments for you. I shall ever lament that any act of mine has met with your disapprobation, because the first of my wishes always and always shall be to preserve and cherish the Brotherly Union that subsisted between us from my earliest years. Farewell, My Dear Brother. Accept the affectionate Comp^{ts} of my Wife, and believe me, with unceasing tenderness, your fond and truly attached,

D. O'CONNELL.

I hope you will speedily favour me with an answer that you will give me credit when I assure you that my only reason for not writing to you oftener is my apprehension that a more frequent correspondence may not be acceptable. I beg to be remembered to all friends.

London, 16th April, 1796.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am Extremely sorry it falls to my lot to convey to you the Melancholy tidings of the Death of our poor Nephew Maurice, at St. Domingo, in the month of Dec^{ber} Last. The first Notice I had of it was thro' the *London Gazette* of the 11th Inst., in which are inserted the promotions, etc., in the Army. I there found a Mr. McMahon promoted to a *Lieutenancy in Serrant's Regmt, Vice Maurice Morgan O'Connell*. Alarmed at this, but still hoping it might be a Mistake, I went to the War Office to ascertain it, but to my great concern I there found a Confirmation of what I apprehended, and I have thought it may be proper to give you early notice of the Melancholy Event, in order that you may have an opportunity of preparing the Minds of his Parents to it, before the information should reach them thro' some other Channell. I am well assured, my Dear Brother, the untimely

Death of this unfortunate Boy will give you great pain, as it has to me; for, notwithstanding the levity of his temper, he was possessed of a great stock of honor, honesty, and good nature, and had he lived to the age of maturity would, I am confident, have turned out a man of real worth and of very Endearing qualifications. It is impossible to reflect on his fate, without lamenting that inordinate passion for the Army, which led him to pass into another Corps without consulting any of his friends. It would seem as if there was a fatality that hurried him on to his own destruction.

Farewell, my Dear Brother. I have written to you some time ago by Lieutenant John Bourke, and flatter myself with the pleasure of hearing from you ere long, as it's now 4 months since you have favour'd me with a Letter. I cannot think but you know my feelings too well not to be fully convinced that nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to Correspond regularly with you, Were I certain it was also your wish. What happiness in life can equal that of pure, genuine, and disinterested brotherly affection? and who better than me knows how to estimate such a blessing?

I remain, with unshaken attachment,

My Dear Brother, yours,

D. O'CONNELL.

My Wife desires best regards.

The following letter from the merchant to whom Hunting Cap was obliged to consign the butter a loyal deputy-governor could no longer smuggle by water, shows the feelings of the business community in Cork during the Rebellion. It is endorsed, "Butter notes of 8th June, 1798 :"—

Charles Casey to Mau. O'Connell, Esqr., Darrynane.

Cork, June 18th, 1798.

DR. SR.,—Y^r Butter turn'd out a better quality than expected for y^r first Turn. I enclose you what was published this Day. Troops from England arriving every Day. I have no Doubt but that y^e Rebellion will be put Down in another week. A grand attack is to be made on Wexford to-morrow. Our Forces are numerous and well appointed. Gen. Lake is come from Dublin to command. May we live once more to see peace and quiet established! We did not sufficiently thank God for the happiness we heretofore enjoy'd.

Y^r sincerely aff^{ct} ob^{le} serv^t,

CHA. CASEY.

Count O'Connell to Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane.

London, 26th July, 1798.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am just now favor'd with your Letter of the 18th Inst., which I hasten to acknowledge, as well as to express my warm obligations for the fresh mark of Kindness you bestow on me. Your expressing a regret that your circumstances will not allow you to be as Liberal as you would wish is to me a further proof of your Affection, which I value far beyond any pecuniary favors; nor should I enjoy them with any Happiness to myself were they to trench on the ease and comforts of your life. I hope the addition of 60 pounds, and the £180 of my half-pay, will enable me, with the help of the strictest economy, to bring the two ends of the Year together. And œconomy in the strictest sense of the word shall be attended to. With respect to my Wife's children, I assure you they have never occasioned me a Shilling's expence hitherto; some small Remittances made from time to time from their Estates of St. Domingo have been more than sufficient for their support. Since that Island has been evacuated, one of their Uncles has undertaken to make them a monthly allowance adequate to their wants, which he remits from Hamburgh, and will continue to remit very punctually untill Government shall have come to a determination on the subject of the Provision intended to be made for the children of the Planters whose estates had been occupied by the British Forces in that Island, by virtue of the Capitulations with Government. Under these circumstances, to send the children to France would be to deprive them of the allowance they have to expect here from Government, without any benefit to myself, whereas, instead of being a burthen on me, it is certain the small sum they will throw into the common stock will make our situation more comfortable. I assure you that, notwithstanding my Wife's tenderness for her Children, there is no measure I could propose that she would at all object to. Her confidence in me, her good sense, and her virtues will always weigh down any other considerations, and induce her to comply, without the smallest hesitation, with my wishes, whatever they may be. Nor should I be deterred, thro' a mistaken delicacy, from Recommending anything I thought likely to be of advantage to the Children and to ourselves, tho' much it would grieve me to hurt her feelings. As I may assure you without the smallest partiality, there are few, if any, more amiable or more deserving women living than she is, and I am thoroughly convinced that, if she were

known to you, the Picture I draw of her would not appear to you flattered nor exaggerated.

I shall not follow you, my Dear Brother, in your arguments respecting St. Domingo, least you may think I intended to Rescue myself from the charge of having taken an imprudent step in marrying. To form a true opinion on the Subject, we should take into consideration the Political and Relative state of things at that moment. I could also Demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt that England employed more men and money than would have been sufficient for the Total Conquest of that Island; and that the bad success that attended the operations is ascribable merely to the want of judgement and good management, and not to the Resistance of the enemy, nor to the mortality proceeding from the climate, in proof of which I refer you to the several memorials on that subject delivered by myself and some others to His Majesty's Ministers, better than two years back. I will boldly assert that, had I been entrusted with the command in that country, Great Britain would ere now be in full Possession and full enjoyment of the Extensive Commerce of that fine Colony. Whatever you may think of the pretended Emancipation of the Negroes, you may be assured they are, even at this hour, for the most part far from thinking their Present Situation as happy as when under the mild and Paternal authority of their old masters, and that the Colonial System laid down by the Governors of France will, if acted upon, prove in the event the Total Annihilation of Industry, Peace, and Happiness in St. Domingo.¹

¹ Alison, in his "History of Europe," describes this splendid colony—its Spanish portion, "mountain, forest, and cliff," in the centre of the island; its French colony, the fertile plains and valleys at their feet. The French portion alone, he states (chap. xxxvi.), was more valuable than the whole of the British West Indian Islands. On the 8th of March, 1790, the negroes were emancipated. They revolted in August, 1791. Their outbreak, "unparalleled in the long catalogue of European atrocities," led to a complete massacre or banishment of the planters. Civil war, led by Toussaint l'Ouverture, the negro general, lasted for years, and led to the storming and massacres at Capetown, and loss of 30,000 inhabitants. In 1794 the abortive British attempt at annexation began. In 1800 Napoleon confirmed Toussaint as governor. In 1801, when peace cleared the ocean, Napoleon attacked the island to subdue the lieutenant-governor. In July, 1802, Toussaint capitulated and was treacherously taken prisoner. The island was pacified; but in October the perfidy of the French caused a fresh outbreak, and in 1803 the negroes eventually prevailed. The accuracy of my hero's prognostications about the negroes is verified in the following extract from Alison (chap. xxxv. vol. viii.):—"Since the expulsion of the French from the island, San Domingo has been nominally independent; but slavery has been far indeed from being abolished, and the condition of the people anything but

I am exceedingly concerned at the death of our poor Niece Goold, notwithstanding that in her Situation death may be considered a Blessing.

Farewell, my Dear Brother; accept the best wishes of my Wife, and believe me, with the most lasting affection, gratitude, and respect,

Your most obliged Brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

I beg my best regards to Nancy and her husband.

Mr. W. J. FitzPatrick, with a chivalrous absence of pique at my intrusion on his domain of Irish biography, has, unsolicited, placed at my disposal some notes he jotted down from the dictation of his venerable father-in-law, Dr. O'Reardon, who lived to even a greater age than the doctor's distinguished relative, Count O'Connell. He makes a slight mistake about that kind stepfather having entirely provided for the sisters de Bellevue, but of course the doctor did not know that an uncle of theirs, who had some funds in Europe, made them a small allowance when they got absolutely nothing from their St. Domingo property. It is extremely probable the General had to supplement this later. I am sure, from the sums he disposed of during his life, that either the property or a considerable indemnity for it passed into the hands of the family; otherwise, he could never have helped so many relatives, given so much in charity, besides giving about £20,000 to his own family. How could he save such sums out of the gains of a half-pay officer, even though he had both British and French half-pay and an annuity from his brother in the latter part of his life? Madame O'Connell's singular placidity and resignation did once break down, as we see by a letter of Chevalier Fagan's that she contracted a

ameliorated by the change. Nominally free, the blacks have remained really enslaved. Compelled to labour, by terrors of military discipline, for a small part of the produce of the soil, they have retained the severity without the advantages of servitude. The industrious habits, the flourishing aspect of the island, have disappeared; the surplus wealth, the agricultural opulence of the fields, have ceased; from being the greatest exporting island in the West Indies, it has ceased to raise any sugar, and the inhabitants, reduced to half their former amount, and bitterly galled by their Republican taskmasters, have relapsed into the indolence and inactivity of savage life" (quoted from Mackenzie's "St. Domingo," vol. i. p. 260, by Alison).

serious illness from anxiety and fretting at seeing herself and her children a burden on the slender half-pay of a British colonel—only £200 a year.

Mr. FitzPatrick has jotted down as follows:—

“His [General O’Connell’s] wife had large estates in St. Domingo. The agents became [word illegible], and the Count O’Connell lost a noble estate which he held in right of his wife. Toussaint confiscated them. His wife was a member of a French family long settled in St. Domingo. She was a quiet, mild, amiable gentlewoman. Dr. O’Reardon asked the General if the loss of her estates disquieted her.

“‘I assure you, John,’ said the General, ‘she never thinks of it.’

“She was a widow lady, and had two daughters by a former husband. He adopted them, and at his own expense gave them the benefit of a first-class education, both in Paris and in London. He got the first masters for them, and regarded them through life with the affection of a father. The girls married brothers, bankers. The St. Domingo property, according to settlement, was finally to revert to them, but on the establishment of Toussaint’s republic this arrangement, of course, fell to the ground. They had therefore no one to look to but the General, and he did his part nobly.

“Count O’Connell observed to Dr. O’Reardon that throughout his life he had always found it considerably easier to train a Frenchman to the use of arms than a German; that, in fact, on this point no comparison could be made between them.”

By the first letter of 1799 we see that the estrangement between the brothers had nearly passed away. Maurice O’Connell had forgiven the fascinating widow, and thawed so far as to send her his remembrances. Darrynane was too remote to be affected by the Rebellion, and as there is a total lack of all tradition about it in that home of eighteenth-century tradition, I fancy Hunting Cap pursued the even tenor of his way unmolested. He had now lost both wife and mother; the lad he had intended to adopt had perished in his prime, and so had his poor niece Abigail, whom he had so petted long ago, and who, I fear, died of a broken

heart. His sight, too, was failing him, though he was many years yet from total blindness. He sustained another loss in his faithful henchman, Andrew Connell, who had been almost a lifetime in his service. Miss Julianna tells me he had taken the old man with him to Tralee, where Andrew fell sick and died. No hearse could have crossed the mountains, even where roads were made, and these gave place to a bridle-track for the last seven miles close to Darrynane. Andrew's coffin had therefore to be conveyed on a cart as far as wheels could travel; his old master rode behind the homely vehicle every inch of the way, and in like manner followed the remains when the bearers met the funeral and carried the coffin from Waterville. Andrew had requested to be buried in the abbey, at the foot of the grave Maurice O'Connell had selected for himself, with his wife and parents, and there he now lies at his old master's feet. His will, drawn up by Hunting Cap, is at Darrynane still.

London, 28th February, 1799.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am just favoured with your Letter of the 8th Inst., which I find has come by post from Killarney. I rejoice that Lieut. Burke did forward it that way, because otherwise I might have received it much later, and that I can never be too early in hearing from you. Be assured it was entirely owing to a fear on my part of making myself too troublesome that I have been so long without writing, but now that you encourage me to do so without waiting for regular answers, I shall feel the greatest pleasure and happiness in corresponding with you more frequently, leaving it to your friendship to answer when you find it not inconvenient. It is extremely painful to me to reflect on the reason you assign for being less punctual, yet I feel no small emotion at your telling me that your health and powers of body—

Here several words have quite faded out. From what can be deciphered I infer the General condoles with his brother on his impaired sight, and rejoices that his bodily health and vigour continue unimpaired; prays "the Almighty God" may "long" send him favours and "blessings and" sustain him under "all the infirmities of age." There seems to be some reference to himself previous to the words, "stage of life that"—probably that he had reached that stage of life when

old ties were doubly dear—and, after another blank, the words, “from my heart I hope,” evidently refer to his hopes that actual blindness may be long deferred, which it was. After a blank line, we find—

Hamburgh Mails are now due, therefore we remain in ignorance of what is going on on the Continent, except from what we learn from some French Papers that occasionally make their way to this Country, and little credit is due on the whole to whatever comes thro’ that Channel.

I think it extremely probable the Emperor will submit to the most humiliating terms rather than renew the War, and such is the apparent Torpor or terror of the Continental Powers, that I no longer perceive the smallest hope of arresting the French Revolution in its destructive career. Europe may well be compared to an Artichoke which the French devour leaf by leaf. When the stock is exhausted some new order of things must necessarily take place; what it will be is hard to devine, but it is scarcely to be doubted that the destruction of all the Existing Governments, both in Church and State, as well as the Annihilation of all the higher orders and indiscriminate plunder of property, will be the immediate effect. I sincerely lament to hear that several parts of Ireland continue to be a scene of outrage and Massacre, and that Martial Law is considered as the only remedy to the Evil. Such a state of things must render a residence in that Country extremely unpleasant and insecure, and I cannot help wishing you out of it, untill good order and tranquillity are restored. If wishes were likely to produce that happy effect, I should most sincerely wish it may take place; at all events, I wish that you could make up y^r mind to come and pass some time with me until things wear a more promising aspect. I need not say, Dear Brother, how happy it would make myself and Wife if you would profit of the fair Season to come over and take up your quarters at No. 16, Georges Street, where you would be received with open arms and accomodated to the best of our power. Nothing short of the distracted state of Ireland can encourage me to indulge in a hope so flattering, but it is what is, I really think, warrantable to press it on you, as you must be sensible how delicate the Situation of a Roman Catholic of some fortune and consequence must be under such circumstances as I think likely to occur before its long, whatever may be his Loyalty and attachment to Government. I have not heard from our nephew Dan this age past; I am glad to hear he is well, and hope he will spare no pains to distinguish himself in

his profession. Please to remember me very affectionately to Nancy and her Governor, as well as to the family of Carhen, etc.

I remain, with the warmest affection, my Dearest Brother,
Your ever attached and faithful,

D. O'CONNELL.

My Wife returns her best thanks for your obliging remembrance of her, and begs leave to offer her sincerest good wishes. I assure you she wishes as fervently as I do that you should be prevailed on to come and spend some months here.

London, 2^d May, 1799.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have just received a Letter from our Brother-in-Law Maurice Jeffrey, of the 25th April, by which I learn the Death of poor Andrew [Connell], your most faithful Domestic, whose loss I most sincerely lament, by reason of his honesty and his attachment to you. I am sensible how painful his death must have been to you, and that it will be extremely difficult to meet with another as deserving of your confidence, because in the best times men of that stamp were not common, much less, no doubt, in the present Malady of the publick mind, when all [remains] of gratitude and morality have been rotted by the subtle poison of the French principles. The picture our Brother-in-Law draws of the Morals of the Town as well as the Country, and the daily accounts of Murders and Robberies in the papers, compel me, my Dearest Brother, to express my anxiety about your present lonely and perilous Situation, left as you are at Darrinahe.

Here three lines are so faded that we can only conjecture from still visible words that the count "takes the liberty of hoping" his brother will leave "the gloomy" abode, where he has no young person with him, and where the position of the lonely rich man, with failing sight, in a lonely spot, much oppresses him. The venerable Miss Julianna O'Connell told me a gang of robbers, taken on some other occasion, confessed they had intended to "moonlight" Darrynane, where it was known money and silver plate were plentiful. Some providential circumstance prevented the attack; so my hero's fears were not unfounded. When we come to tolerably fresh ink, he seems to have returned to the subject of the faithful Andrew Connell, whose memory lingers yet in the house where he so long and so faithfully ministered until ninety years ago.

When I reflect [he resumes] upon poor Andrew's loss, for the Vigilance and Care he shewed for your preservation, that now that he is no more, I am uneasy while you continue to reside where you are. You are too well acquainted with the weakness and bad passions of the Common people to suppose that gratitude or religion would be any bar to restrain them where they could hope for impunity. Their ignorance and misery leave them open to the worst passions. There is no temptation that operates so powerfully with them as money. You pass for being rich, and that is sufficient to expose you to dangers. Amongst the numerous tribe of our fosterers and followers about you, I fear there are very few, if any at all, that would stand by you in the hour of Danger, or perhaps resist the temptation of sharing in your spoils. Why, then, not consult your safety and tranquillity by absenting yourself for some time from Darrinane? The present state of things cannot hold. Order must be re-established or Ireland be ruined, and I confidently hope things will get daily better. For Heaven's sake, my Dearest Brother, retire to some Asylum untill the Storm is over, and persist not at your time of life . . . unnecessarily bidding defiance to an unprincipled Mob, who scruple nothing and consider the Rich as their prey. Surely no consideration of money or expence should have the least weight to prevent your doing so. Attention [illegible word] you to your own Ease, tranquillity, and preservation, which should be the leading object with all your friends, and not the feelings they may entertain for the loss of a neighbour or benefactor. So yield, then, my Dear Brother, I ask you . . . no less earnestly change your dwelling to Cork, Tralee . . . [Here several words have faded out. I think the count begs him to try Cork, Tralee, or even Dublin, and to set aside all pecuniary considerations, as the words "sufficiency," "the doing so may," "income," lead us to infer.]

Would to Heaven [he resumes] London or any part of England could be more agreeable to you! With what gladness should I fly to fetch you over! but that's a felicity I dare not hope for; yet I am at liberty to say it is the first wish of my heart. Farewell, my Dearest Brother. Favour me with an immediate answer, and give me the comfort to read under your own hand that you will condescend to comply with my wishes, and be assured my happiness is involved in the Event. All the fond sentiments of my heart centre in you. My Wife desires her affectionate regards.

Your truly loving Brother and friend,

D. O'CONNELL.

Address: 16, George's Street, Manchester Square.

My colonel's next letter is an unusual one. It relates to a severe and dangerous attack of illness. He had evidently been in great danger, and nothing but his iron constitution saved him from the violence both of the disease and of the remedies then in vogue. Perhaps his wife's tender devotion helped to save him too. It is very sad to see her stricken in her turn, but pleasant to know she recovered, and that husband and wife enjoyed years of health and happiness. Their affection was as warm and sincere as though they had married in their youth.

Ramsgate, Kent, 21st July, 1799.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have been yesterday favoured with your Letter of the 2nd Ist. The very kind and affectionate manner in which you are pleased to express your uneasiness about me, and the very friendly invitation by which you accompany it, demand my most warm and cordial acknowledgements, which I pray you will accept with your usual goodness. Satisfaction of mind has the power of affecting the health of the body; the pleasure I felt at the perusal of your letter cannot fail of contributing to the re-establishment of my health.

I am sorry to say the state of debility I am in at present will not allow me to avail myself of your kind offer. I feel much better, thank God, and have reason to hope that the Blisters, a great many of which have been applied in constant succession during the last two months on my back and over my shoulders, have effectually removed the cause of my complaint. The Cough has almost totally ceased, and the pain in my breast is much diminished, but the continual action of the Spanish flies during so long a time has produced a prodigious irritation in the Nerveous System which nothing but time, tranquillity, and moderate exercise can soften. Such is my present State. I am, of course, much emaciated, but I think there is no further room to be uneasy. I hope in a few months to find myself in a condition to pay you a visit at Darrynane. I came down here about ten days ago, by the advice of the Physicians, to change air and to bathe in the Salt Water as soon as the pain in my breast shall cease, but, as I still feel a little tenderness in that part, I have postponed bathing whilst it continues. Be assured, my Dear Brother, I shall omit nothing that reason points out to re-establish my health . . . [Here follows a perfectly harmless but rather plain-spoken sentence—the third only I have had occasion to omit.] Nothing can exceed the affection and tender care of

my Wife. She is, indeed, most fairly and most justly entitled to my esteem, love, and gratitude, on this as well as on every other occasion, and this I am in justice bound to declare without the smallest partiality. I shall from time to time inform you, my Dear Brother, of the progress of my Convalescence, and ever shall feel a grateful remembrance of the anxiety you have felt for me, and shall after that hardly regret my Illness.

I exult with you on the success of our armies, and have no doubt that Monarchy will be restored in France, if the Powers engaged in the War act on that principle and avail themselves of the favourable dispositions of the very great majority of the people of that Country, by adopting such measures as will best beget confidence *in their Views and plans and effectually remove Suspicion and Jealousy*. I have still some uneasiness in my mind with respect to the Cabinet of Vienna. The accession of His Prussian Majesty to the Coalition would be likely to fix any irresolutions in the Councils of the Emperor and throw an immense weight into the scale against France, and I am inclined to think that an explicit declaration on the part of the Combined Powers *that they are determined to re-establish His M. C. M. [Most Christian Majesty] on his throne* and induce Prussia to act a part in the great work of the salvation of Europe.

I left Lord Kenmare and family in London very well, and shall not fail to present them your best respects on my return, if they are still there. I believe he will be shortly made an Irish Earl. This *entre nous*, as I have it confidentially from himself and Lady Kenmare. It is time to conclude this long epistle, which I shall do by assuring you of the unspeakable pleasure I will have in spending some weeks with you at Darrinane, and of that unbounded affection and gratitude with which I shall ever be, My Dear Brother,

Yours,
D. O'CONNELL.

Direct to . . . as usual. Accept the best regards of my Wife. Our Brother-in-Law, Maurice Geoffrey, has been lately gazetted as Lieutenant in the 51st Foot. I hope he does not mean to take his wife with him. I had yesterday the honour of seeing the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal, daughter of your friend the late Luke Godfrey. She desired to be remembered to you.

Chevalier Fagan to Maurice O'Connell.

DEAR SIR,—Your Brother's health is certainly better.

Here the letter is torn and the ink very pale. So far as I can make out, it refers to a severe nervous illness which just

then affected Madame O'Connell's health very seriously. However, she recovered, in spite of the medical prognostics, and was able to be with her husband in England in 1801, when the letters to Maurice O'Connell recommence. I can find none for 1800. The chevalier reports the (happily erroneous) prognostics of the physicians concerning this "amiable creature."

I am sorry [he continues] no hopes of recovery are entertained by the first Physicians who have been consulted. Her state, they thought (as she speaks of nothing else), originated in her love and the apparent disappointment in her fortune. She felt that she and her children must be a burthen on one who has scarcely a sufficiency for his rank. It is unnecessary I should expatiate on your brother's heartfelt reflections and feelings. They are more easily imagined than expressed.

Those of this unfortunate Lady's relations and friends who have been consulted are of opinion that she and her children should be sent to two sisters and a brother she has in Paris. Steps have been taken for that purpose, and this they are convinced that your brother's means are not equal to the heavy expences attendant on such a malady.

The rest of the old chevalier's letter is so touching in its heartfelt sympathy that I copy it—

I understand [he continues] that there has been an interruption in your correspondence for some time back, which I attribute to *mauvaise honte* on my poor fellow's part, and not to want of affection or neglect. I have hesitated a long time whether I should communicate these disagreeable circumstances. I have at last yielded to my attachment and friendship for your Brother. This I do without his knowledge, on my honour. The dear Man grieves and dwindles to nothing, his wonted courage [illegible] by his position, and I am clear that you alone can administer the requisite consolation by the expression of that brotherly affection he has ever looked unto.

I hope you will excuse my interference, and believe me to be truly,

Dear Sir,
Your Humble and obedient Servant,
CHEV. FAGAN.

Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, 18 Oct', 1799.

No letters for the year 1800 can be found, but they begin again in 1801. Perhaps that year Madame O'Connell and her children went to France, and our colonel visited Darrynane. With the new century the old-world soldier, Count O'Connell, begins a new correspondence. Its recipient is his famous namesake, so essentially a man of our own time. Each Daniel O'Connell may be said to represent an Irish type of a different age. The elder Daniel is truly a typical eighteenth-century Irish cavalier of fortune, driven to work out his career in foreign parts with his sword. The brilliant nineteenth-century orator, whose tongue is a more efficient weapon, is essentially a man of our own age. The elder Daniel opened the career of arms to his co-religionists on British soil, though the remnants of the penal enactments prevented his attaining higher rank or employment than the position of a colonel.¹

A very remarkable sentence occurs in one of these letters. The soldier of fifty-five writes to the barrister of twenty-five: "Doomed . . . to a career of obscurity and idleness for the rest of my life, I have transferred my Ambition on you, and do declare you from this hour Debtor to your name and family for the Lustre it was long my wish and hope to attach on them."

The future Liberator had come prominently to the front in the last year of the old century. The old Catholic party, led by Archbishop Troy of Dublin, Bishop Moylan of Cork,

¹ IRISH ACT IN FAVOUR OF CATHOLIC OFFICERS.—In 1793 the Irish Parliament passed an Act in favour of Catholic officers. It gave them the same privileges they obtained in the new Irish Brigade. It was a perfectly futile piece of legislation, inasmuch as it only operated within the kingdom of Ireland, where a Papist might hold a colonel's commission. However, as he could not hold it in any other part of the British dominions, and as there were no regiments always kept in Ireland, the Act was practically a dead letter. Consequently, Count O'Connell could truthfully claim that he had reopened the career of arms in the British Service to Irish Catholics. I hope the reader perceives the point on which I found this claim, viz. the special raising of new regiments serving out of Ireland and officered by Catholics. The negotiations with the Duke of FitzJames and the Hon. Henry Dillon were for the remnant of their old original regiments. The negotiations with General O'Connell were for new Irish Catholic regiments. The scheme finally adopted comprised both old and new regiments of Irish Papists. Some of these officers, indeed, though bearing old Irish names, were really Frenchmen, whose fathers had followed King James to France.

Lords Fingall and Kenmare, had been perfectly fooled by the Government. The King's bigotry and Pitt's fears of bringing on a fresh attack of madness if he excited George the Third's religious scruples, proved an irresistible obstacle to Catholic Emancipation, after a compromise had been actually negotiated vastly more favourable to the Government than Emancipation as granted a generation later. The Liberator's maiden speech was delivered at the great meeting of Dublin Catholics in 1799. Says Lecky (vol. vii. p. 425), "It was on this occasion that Daniel O'Connell made his first appearance on a public platform. In a remarkable passage, which was probably elicited by Canning's threat that it might be necessary to re-enact the penal code if the Union were defeated, he declared that the Catholics of Ireland would rather accept that code and throw themselves on the mercy of their Protestant brethren than assent to the extinction of the Legislature of their country, and seek advantages as a sect which would destroy them as a nation."

While the young barrister plunged stoutly into the struggle in Ireland, the old soldier was vegetating in England. Study and domestic happiness were the solace of that long period of enforced idleness and inaction. Countess O'Connell must have recovered rapidly, in spite of medical prognostics, as she is mentioned as at home and sending greetings to Dan early in 1801. Our colonel, always of "a frugal mind," wishes his nephew to recover for him a balance of certain recruiting funds which a careless gentleman had not remitted when closing the accounts. Fresh publications on Irish history and genealogy had staggered his faith in the wonderful pedigree with which Chevalier O'Gorman and Sir William Betham had supplied him long ago, and he begs his nephew to examine into the matter. I confess I have much pleasure in copying these remarks, because they prove he had firmly believed in the document, and used it in all good faith in the old days when it opened to him the gilded doors of the King's coaches, of which the reader has heard so much.

Count O'Connell to the Liberator.

No. 10, Upper Berkley Street, Portman Square,
London, 12 February, 1801.

MY DEAR DAN,—I intended to write to you long since, but postponed it under the Idea that our friend Cap^m O'Connell would be the bearer of my letter. I am sorry to say all his endeavours to be permitted to exchange or to sell out have proved unsuccessful. He ultimately found himself compelled to go out to the W. Indies, and from his letter to me from Portsmouth which I received yesterday, it is probable he will sail this Day or to-morrow. He is *au reste* in good health and spirits. Your papers have already made you acquainted with the resignations which have taken place in most of the high offices of the administration, as well as with the cause to which they are generally ascribed. The new administration, as far as it is hitherto ascertained, is composed wholly of the friends of the late Ministers. The late Speaker succeeds Mr. Pitt as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir J. Mitford has been chosen Speaker, Lord Eldon Chancellor in the room of Lord Loughborough, etc. This Day it is supposed all the new Administration will be officially made known at the Levee. I am sorry to think the Event is likely to deprive Ireland of the virtues and abilities of the present Chief Governor, to whose moderation, firmness, and humanity that Unhappy Country owes the peace and tranquillity it now enjoys, and for the duration of which I most devoutly pray God. I trust the good sense of my Countrymen will divert them from lending an Ear to the suggestions of any ill-minded persons who may attempt to work on their feelings and passions at this Awful Crisis, and that the Roman Catholics of Ireland will, on the present occasion, acquire an additional claim to the favour and protection of their Sovereign, as well as to the confidence of their Protestant Brethern, by their loyal and peaceable demeanour. Have you lately heard from Iveragh? [Carhen was in that barony.] I hope all friends were well. Poor Eugene [McCarthy] is still very low. Nothing short of the strong constitution and stamina Nature had blessed him with could have resisted so serious and so severe a Malady, but I trust he will get over it. I am extremely sorry to hear Mrs. Murray is in a very bad way.

I have to trouble you, my Dear Dan, to do me a piece of service in your line. A Mr. Crotty, of the County of Cork, owes me on a recruiting account a sum of £82 9s. 6d., which I wish you to recover for me. The young gentleman in question had received money from Captain Barry, the pay-

master, to raise men for the Regiment. He was recommended to me by a Mr. Nash, his Brother-in-Law or near Relation, who then lived in Corke, on the Parade, but now lives somewhere in the County of Waterford. Mr. Nash is a gentleman of a competent fortune, and when he recommended Mr. Crotty to me, he said he would be answerable for any Money that may be advanced him for recruiting. The Voucher for the Debt is the Paymaster's Book, the authenticity of which in such cases is, I believe, admitted. I am inclined to think an application from you on my part to Mr. Nash might induce him to acquit the Debt. If not, Mr. Crotty is to be call'd on to pay, and if he does not is to be compelled by the legal process to do so. I believe Mr. T. Power of Corke, or Mr. Casey, will be able to inform where Messrs. Nash and Crotty are to be found.

I could likewise wish that when you are at liesure you would give a call at the Herald's Office in Dublin, to ascertain whether the Coat of Arms we make use of is conformable to the one in that office. I have reason to believe it is not, because the Coat of Arms of the O'Connells, as set down in D' Keating's "History of Ireland," is not the same. A Drawing of that in the Herald's Office, if different from ours, would be highly acceptable to me.

It is now time to congratulate you on your increasing success in your profession. Be assured, my Dear Dan, no man living can take a more warm interest in you than I do, or shall exult more in any that can tend to raise you in the publick Estimation. Your Aunt desires you will accept her most affectionate regards. I may assure you she is much attached to you. I shall write to my Brother next Week. Farewell, my Dear Dan. Let me soon hear from you, and rest assured nothing can exceed my tenderness and warm attachment for you.

D. O'CONNELL.

When I came thro' Dublin the last time I forgot to pay 18 pence to the hair Dresser at the Mail Coach Hotel where I lodged. His name is Daniel; he will remember me, and I request you will acquit my debt.

Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, No. 10,
London, 9th May, 1801.

MY DEAR DAN,—I presume you have been *de retour* in Dublin long ere now, and hope your time was actively and usefully employed during the Circuit. I sanguinely wish it, not for the lucre, but for the credit it must reflect on you, and as it must prove a Stimulus to increasing Exertions on

your part. Nothing can be more commendable than an honest and generous Ambition to shine in the line of life one has Embraced. At the Bar in particular Merit is more likely to make its way without interest or fortune than in any other profession I know of. In most others many years are spent, often wasted, in inferior situations before the Man of Abilities has an opportunity of bringing them to light; but at the Bar, the Lists are open every Day, nay, every hour, the Publick at large are the Judges, and the Crown awaits the most distinguished Champion. In such a situation I should wish to be placed were I to recommence my long and laborious career, but, doomed as I am now to obscurity and idleness for the rest of my life, I have transferred my Ambition on you, and do declare you from this hour Debtor to your name and family for the Lustre it was long my wish and hope to attach on them.

I had not long since the pleasure of a Letter from our dear and most respected friend of Darinane. I am happy to hear his leg is now perfectly restored to its former tone and firmness. You, no doubt, have met at the Assizes of Tralee, and I am sure the *Rencontre* was highly gratifying to both. When do you mean to Visit that Country? I suppose next month, and I sincerely congratulate you on the pleasure you will have in passing some weeks with your friends. Cap^m John Burke has been here for a few days. I was happy to hear from him your Father's health was much improved, and the family of Carhen all in good health.

I feel much interested in the Little Boy James [the future baronet and leader of the Liberal party in Kerry]. Pray where is he, and has any line been as yet struck out for him? With respect to our friend John [my father-in-law] I am not uneasy, altho' he has my most sincere regards and good wishes, because I remember what you told me concerning him, and I trust and hope your Brotherly affection will ever remain unimpaired. [This evidently referred to some intention expressed by Maurice, who provided handsomely for his nephews, leaving the family property and leaseholds to the Liberator, with some other securities, and dividing his own large savings, mostly invested in land, between his two younger nephews.] Farewell, My Dear Dan. Let me soon hear from you, and let it be your care, as it is my wish, to indulge me from time to time with a letter from you in return for my warm and unfeigned affection for you.

Pray have you been at leisure to take any steps about my claims on Mr. Crotty? If you have put the affair in any train I should be glad to know it, and also request you will

take some early and safe opportunity of sending me our coat of arms from the Heralds' Office. As I mentioned to you before, I think it would be well worth your curiosity to ascertain the forfeitures of Brigadier O'Connell at the Revolution of 1688 or 1690. I suppose there is a register somewhere extant in which the different forfeitures incurred at that period are duly entered, and it would be satisfactory to know how our family then stood with respect to Property. However, this is only a matter of curiosity, and itself of no import. I only suggest the idea, without attaching any great value to it; therefore *Valeat quod valet*.

You have long since been informed, I doubt not, of the death of poor Eugene McCarthy [Colonel Eugene, the once wild handsome boy Sister Betty got so many lectures about], and I was sorry to hear you had to lament but shortly before the loss of your friend, Mrs. Murray. Tho' my acquaintance with her was very slender, yet I could not be indifferent to an event which would be very painful to you. Pray where is poor Evis? If in Dublin, remember me to her. I fear the Death of so good a friend has proved as great a loss as it has been a shock to her. Accept, my Dear Dan, the kindest and most affect' regards of your Aunt and her Daughters, and believe me always,

Your loving and sincere friend and Uncle,

D. O'CONNELL.

I have not a word from Cap^m O'Connell since he left England.

London, 3rd June, 1801.

MY DEAR DAN,—I have written to you about six weeks back, and directed my Letter to No. 19, Lower Ormond Quay; but as I have received no answer, I conclude it did not come to hands, which induces me to address this letter for you to Mr. Murray's.

My last contained nothing of any great importance; indeed, my chief object was to open an occasional correspondence with you, from no other motive than a wish to hear from you from time to time, feeling, as I do, most sincerely and warmly interested in what regards you.

I believe I mentioned a debt due to me of a Mr. Crotty, which I had before made you acquainted with and requested you would procure to be paid. This affair I beg leave again to recommend to your attention, knowing of no reason why I should lose so much money to a person I am utterly unacquainted with, and who had no other claim on me than the recommendation of Mr. Nash, his Brother-in-Law, who appeared to me a very honourable Gentleman, and who promised

to make good any money that might be advanced to Mr. Crotty by the Regiment. I also expressed anew my wish to receive the description of our family's Coat of arms out of the Heralds' Office, and I think I moreover touched upon the subject of the forfeitures we . . . at the period of 1680 or 1690, as a Matter of curiosity, by which the Situation and consequence of the family at that period may be ascertained. You will probably think researches of this nature to be ill worth bestowing either time or trouble on. I, indeed, must allow it to be of very little importance this Day to ascertain what our Ancestors have been more than a Century back, but for one who having lost all the bright prospects of my past Days, ne vis plus que de mes souvenirs, I am fond of indulging in dreams, particularly historical. Farewell, my Dear Dan. Accept the warm affections of your Aunt and her Daughter. Remember me to poor Evis. I presume you are at the eve of setting out for Kerry. I regret I can't meet you at Darrynane; it would be the greatest happiness of my life to pass some weeks every year with my Dear Brother, and my satisfaction would be very great to enjoy the pleasure of your company there during that time, but the journey is too long and too expensive to be frequently undertaken, particularly at my time of life.

I remain, with the sincerest affection, My Dear Dan,
Your truly attached friend and Uncle,

COUNT O'CONNELL.

Direct to me to the care of Messrs. T. Coutts and Co., Bankers, Strand.

The second year of the century was an important one for my hero. He set foot on French soil after a long absence. He landed a real Rip Van Winkle, in the midst of the new order of things. The first letter of 1802 is the most important, in one sense, of the whole collection. It affords the proof of my hero's unspotted loyalty. His prince had already given a proof of his friendship by writing to the Duke of York in his behalf, as Count O'Connell mentions in a letter to Vaudreuil from Holyrood.

The proposal from the Portuguese Government shows in what esteem he was held as a tactician. The number of times he had tried to serve in strange lands sums up a very pretty total. At different times he had sought to try America, Holland, Russia, Austria, and Portugal; he had served France, Spain, and England; so, could he have carried out

his wishes, he would certainly have enlarged his experience and perfected his knowledge of the art of war by eight different styles of soldiering. Some campaigns in the service of a foreign power were considered essential to perfecting the education of a scientific professional soldier.

Count O'Connell's motives for going to France were doubtless to see about his wife's property. They seem to have got back and then sold the Bellevue estates in St. Domingo, or received compensation for them if confiscated, and, later on, to have invested part of the money in the purchase of the château and estate of Mâdon, near Blois, now the seat of Countess O'Connell's great-granddaughter, the Marquise de Sers; I fancy it was not, however, purchased till some time later. It is certain that the little group—the colonel, his wife, and the two girls, who were almost like his own children—were about this time translated from genteel poverty to affluence; later, to wealth and luxury. Comparative poverty they had borne without a murmur, cheered by their mutual tenderness. Prosperity was only to draw them together in bonds of closer affection. However, Napoleon's iron hand was to be felt by the Royalist family group, ere all went merry as a marriage-bell with them, and all the good things of life were theirs once more. The next letter is to Hunting Cap.

Count O'Connell to Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Having been detained three weeks longer than I expected in order to receive a Passport from Paris, I have thought it right to anticipate the period at which I intended writing to you, least you might be uneasy about me, if I delayed to write.

I mean to sett out after to-Morrow, the 8th Ist. [February, 1802], for Dover, and to sail for Calais, at the earliest convenience. There is not a shadow of Danger of any kind to be apprehended, as I am provided with a *Liscence* from his Majesty and a French passport, besides a Letter of recommendation to Mr. Jackson, our Minister at Paris. I shall write to you from thence in the course of next Month, and give you an Idea of the country as well as I shall be able, *consistently with prudence*, as I know that all Letters are still opened. You will therefore excuse me, My Dear Brother, if I am not as explicit

as I should otherwise be, on a subject which must interest every Enlightened Mind, and you in particular, who are well acquainted with the manners and customs of that Country prior to the Revolution. I am prepared to find it very much altered, yet many of my old acquaintance I shall find here, but in Situations very different from what they were in 12 years back.

Monsieur [the Comte d'Artois] has returned to Edinburgh. Before he left London I had the honour of submitting to H.R.H. the imperious motives [to try and save his wife's West India property] that called me to go to Paris, and altho' he is in general very averse to his friends returning to that Country, he was pleased to receive my communication with all that good nature, kindness, and flattering confidence with which I have been honored by him these many years back; said he regarded me as a steady and approved friend, wherever I might be; with many other Expressions too flattering for to repeat.

Since my last to you, I have received from the Court of Lisbon an offer to enter that Service as Major-General on the Staff, which I have shewn to Lord Kenmare. My answer to the proposal has been that the rank of Lieutenant-General, with a suitable Stipend, could alone induce me to undertake the arduous, laborious, and unpleasant task of new Modelling, instructing, and disciplining their Army, and devoting some years, out of the few I am likely to live, in drawing out a Code of Military Regulations, etc. A Definitive Answer is to be addressed to me at the Portuguese Ambassador's, at Paris, the result of which I shall impart to you.

What think you of Bonaparte's newly acquired Dignity of first Consul of the Italian Republick? It is an event that opens a vast field to Speculation and Conjecture.

Farewell, my Dearest Brother. May the great and good God Bless you, preserve you, and grant you all the favor my fond heart so devoutly wishes you! Be assured you are dearer to me than Life, and that, wherever I go or live, the grateful remembrance of your kindness and innumerable favors shall ever be present to my mind and incessant thoughts. Accept the best regards of my Wife. Remember me most affectionately to our Nephew Dan and all friends, and believe me most unalterably,

Your fond Brother,

D. O'CONNELL.

Be cautious what you write me to Paris, because your Letters will be opened on both sides the Water. Government here wishes much I should go to Portugal.

Lord Kenmare and family are well. Sir J. Mitford, the present Speaker, is spoken of as likely to Succeed to Lord Clare as your Chancellor.

London, 6th February, 1802.

Maurice O'Connell to his nephew, the Liberator.

Darlanne, 27th May, 1802.

A few posts agoe I had a letter of the 23rd of Aprill from the General from Paris. He was well, enquired very kindly for you, and desired to be affectionately remembered to you. He does not expect to return to London till August. He had Hope of succeeding in the claim of his Wife to her property in St. Domingo, but it is probable the Devastation of the Negroes will reach it, and much reduce the value of it for some years.

This and an official document are all I can find concerning my colonel for the year 1802. The English Government having seized some French subjects before war was actually declared, Napoleon very properly proceeded to reprisals, whereby my hero became a *détenu*. Charming Mrs. Trench and her husband met with a similar annoyance, and she gives us in her letters and journals a most graphic description of the exceedingly wearisome and worrying process it was. No injury seems to have been done to their persons or property, but they were practically on ticket-of-leave. The Comte de Castelverd has made out the actual police reports of spies on Count O'Connell during portions of this period. Madame O'Connell ever remained with her husband, prepared to share any troubles or annoyances that might arise. Mr. W. J. FitzPatrick tells me he has seen in old letters mention of our colonel as being some time at Verdun, with other British subjects. He seems to have moved to different places—whether of his own accord or not I cannot find out.

The year 1808 was spent by British subjects in a sufficiently uncomfortable manner, but my colonel had plenty of old friends in Paris, and bore his exile cheerily in that delightful city. He does grumble, however, when he has to vegetate in remote provincial towns, with nothing to do but listen to the growls of brother Britons with whom he had so little in common. Nothing can be more laconic than the spies' report

of our hero. Evidently his wanderings, whether of business or pleasure, were suspected as being of a political nature.

From National Archives—

“ No. 1649.

“ O’Connell, an Englishman, makes frequent journeys through France.”

In the following letter to Hunting Cap he gives such an account of his adventures as prudence permitted, and prudence was one of our hero’s strong points :—

Paris, 26 June, 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It was my hope, as it was my most earnest desire, to spend part of the Summer with you at Darinane, and I was at the very eve of my Departure when, unexpectedly and to my great concern, an order of Government was issued, by virtue of which the British Subjects within the Territories of the Republick were arrested till further Orders, by way of a Reprisal for the French Subjects taken by the English before war was declared. How long this order may be continued we know not; in the mean time, we are perfectly well used, and those who have friends to claim them and answer for them are at full liberty to live in Paris and its vicinity in the same manner as before the War. The rest live at Fontainebleau and some other towns that have been marked out for that purpose, where I understand they have no cause to complain of the treatment they experience. Be not uneasy about us, my Dearest Brother. I trust our Captivity will not be long, and that we shall be at Liberty to return home in some time hence, as it’s probable our Government will not detain nor consider as prisoners of War any of the Natives or Subjects of France that might have been taken up prior to the declaration of War. Nay, some there are, and not few too, who flatter themselves to see matters amicably adjusted betwixt the two Countries before the Summer is over. That such may be the Event is my hearty and devout prayer.

I have been deprived of the pleasure of hearing from you, My Dearest Brother, for a length of time back; indeed, I am to blame myself for it, as I requested you in my last to direct to me to the care of Mess^{rs} Tho. Coutts and Co., Bankers, in London; it is very probable that they may have a letter of yours for me, and be at a loss to convey it. I may assure you that to find myself deprived of the comfort of hearing from you is to me a most sensible displeasure, and what I

Endure with the greatest reluctancy. Farewell, Most beloved and respected friend and Brother. I pray God this letter may reach you, to dispel any gloom or uneasiness you may feel about me. Your answer I beg to have directed to the care of Mess^{rs} Countts of London, who will either keep it or send it me, according as things may stand. As neither you nor I ever meddle with Politicks, nor reflect on Governments, and as our correspondence is merely an intercourse of love and friendship, never involving any concerns but those of our family and relatives, I flatter myself it will be allowed to pass. Accept the affec^t regards of my wife and the Effusions of the heart of your most devoted Brother,

D. O'C.

I beg to be remembered to all friends.

The letter of 1804 has considerable interest, as my colonel appears as the mediator for his favourite and namesake (the Liberator of the future), who has committed the unpardonable sin of marrying the girl he loved without taking thought for *£ s. d.* Among all the connections of the sage of Darrynane, very few ventured on this audacious step without his sanction. Three who pleased themselves—Dark Eileen, my colonel, and the Liberator—were all eminently happy in their disobedience.

Orleans, 1st August, 1804.

MY EVER DEAR BROTHER,—I hope and trust you have received in due course my answer to your Letter of 15th February, the only [one] with which you favor'd me ; at least, the only one that reached me for a considerable time back ; nor have I been more fortunate of late, whereas I had no direct account of you since the above-mentioned period. I say *direct*, because I have heard thro' the Channel of Dr. Riordan, who corresponds with the Bishop [Dr. Sugrue] from time to time, that you are well. Otherwise I should have been much earlier in addressing you on that, to me, the most interesting concern. Notwithstanding I am extremely anxious and impatient to have it under your own hand that your health and constitution continue unimpaired, I have nothing to say in addition to the account I gave you of my Situation here. I remain thoroughly easy and unmolested ; I cannot say that I am quite as happy as if I had my full Liberty, but Study and Meditation fill up my vacant hours, and often incline me to believe that the pleasures of the mind are the first, as they are certainly the most noble, in the scale of human Bliss. The far greater number of our fellow-subjects

that were here in a predicament similar to my own, have been permitted to return to Paris, others to different parts where they wished to go. We are not at present above half a dozen remaining. How long it may be before we shall experience the same indulgence, I can't foresee. My wife and Step-Daughter are, of course, the companions of my captivity, and my other Daughter, who resides at Paris, comes to visit me frequently with her husband, in so much that I am never alone. The greatest mortification I feel is to be precluded from visiting my Dear Brother. My thoughts and wishes are absorbed in that pleasurable idea; all turn that way, and would hurry me to his fond embraces, but necessity, dire necessity, has otherwise decreed for the present. *Sic fata voluerunt*; I hope it will be also *Post Nebula Phœbus*, and that smiling peace will ere long wipe away the tears of love and friendship in despair.

I have learned with particular Satisfaction, but a few days since, from Dr. Riordan, that our friend poor Maurice Jeffry had given his wife a very pleasing account of his situation. This very welcome piece of intelligence relieved my mind from the apprehension I was under of his having been amongst the Victims of the revolt of the Chingulars some months ago. I sincerely wish he may reap the fruits of his enterprize, and he surely deserves it. Does Captain O'Connell of the West Indies write from time to time to his friends? I trust he is now thoroughly seasoned to that insalubrious Climate, so they may have no cause to be uneasy about him in future. Temperance is the surest preservative against Malady in every country, more especially in that, nor can anything supercede the necessity of it there.

Now here my venerable General turns to the subject of "our nephew Dan," who had furiously provoked the old gentleman at Darrynane by marrying for love his slenderly dowered distant cousin, Mary O'Connell, of Tralee, when Maurice wanted to arrange a very grand match for the rising young barrister, who would probably have been his heir. The lovers concealed their marriage for a time, which only provoked the old man more, though he could not resist the fine baby-boy, called Maurice after himself, and eventually acted like the good uncle in a stage-play. However, instead of leaving all his great wealth to Dan, the eldest of his nephews, he divided it in three nearly equal parts among the three brothers who survived himself—Maurice having died young

—Dan's share, however, contained the old family property and the leaseholds of old date.

If my reader remembers the excellent sentiments of the elder Daniel concerning "Sister Nelly's" terrible misfortunes when Arthur O'Leary was murdered, and his entreaties that she may be forgiven her disobedience in marrying him, he can reconstruct this passage too private to print in full. Dan's misfortune is not, of course, a murdered spouse, but a living family, increasing too rapidly for a man solely depending on his profession. The manner in which the General deplores the foolish and undutiful behaviour of his nephew to Hunting Cap prepares the way for a neat little appeal to his magnanimity. Dan's undutifulness being an admitted fact, the veteran declares that the delinquent no doubt bitterly repents of it.

His fate [he continues] must be truly deplorable if you have irrevocably cast him off. The bare perquisites of his profession are probably very inadequate to the support of a wife and family, besides his personal expences. Much will depend of his Professional Abilities, but, great as they might be, I conceive it will require time and labour to bring them under notice. I shall dwell no longer on a subject so painful to your feelings and my own, only pray God to open his eyes and heart. How is our nephew John [my father-in-law]? I hope his prudence, conduct, and principles approve him worthy of your kindness and of his future prospects. I sincerely wish the unfavourable change in the Expectations of his Brother, to which no sense of his Demerits, whatever they may be, is likely to reconcile his mind, may not create a dislike, or at least a *froideur*, between them.

The Almighty preserve you long in health, spirits, and peace of mind, and may I soon be blessed with the inestimable happiness of seeing you, the first and dearest of my wishes! Accept the best affections of my Partner, and believe me to my last breath,

Your devoted Brother and truest friend,

D. O'CONNELL.

Direct me to Paris as usual. I should not omit mentioning that Mess^{rs} Tho^s Coutts, of London, did advise that they had placed to my credit the sum of £50 stg. remitted them from Corke by your orders. I know not whether that Money is a gift of your own, or has been paid into your hands by Mrs. Daniel O'Connell, of Portmagee, in discharge of the Bond

I left you. Be that as it may, you have my most sincere thanks for it. If Sister Anne be still at Darrinane, let me congratulate her on the pleasing account from her husband. Pray let me know if our niece Ellen is married, and if our nephew James [Sir James, first baronet, of Lake View] has been turned to any profession or business.

How is our nephew Dan [O'Sullivan] of Couliagh? Has he taken a wife? Any particulars concerning our friends will always be acceptable to me. As you and I never deal in Politicks, you of course expect nothing of that sort from me, nor I from you. Family concerns have always been the theme of our correspondence, and shall continue to be.

When you have an opportunity I request you to acquaint Colonel David Barry that I paid D^r O'Reardon 268 French Livres for the Account in consequence of a letter from the Bishop [Dr. Sugrue] to D^r O'Reardon, saying that M^r O'Reardon, the father, had paid in that sum to the colonel, and that the latter had written to me to desire I should remit the above amount to the Doctor. The colonel's letter to me I have not received, but on a voucher such as the Bishop's Letter, I could have no hesitation to pay the money to his nephew, who is a very well-conducted, gentlemanlike, and studious young man, already possessed of considerable Literary and Scientific acquirements, and likely, to the best of my judgment, to make a figure in his profession.

The obituary notice of Dr. O'Reardon, which I shall quote, proves the accuracy of this forecast.

The young Doctor O'Reardon of these letters was the father-in-law of Mr. FitzPatrick, the well-known Irish biographer, who first told me of Count O'Connell's letter-book. He was nearly related to our hero, his mother being the daughter of Joan O'Connell, of Darrynane (Mrs. Sugrue, of Fermoyle). His uncle, Dr. Sugrue, a very elegant, polished old man, was Count O'Connell's nephew—his sister's son. Mr. FitzPatrick has given me the following notices of the bishop and the doctor of medicine.

“The Right Rev. Dr. Sugrue was born March 11, 1761, according to the certificate forwarded to the Propaganda. He had officiated as Curate at Killarney until, the infirmities of Dr. Gerard Teaghan, Bishop of Kerry, demanding the aid of a coadjutor, he received from Rome, on December 10, 1797, his faculties for the episcopal office. Dr. Sugrue died at Bath,

September 29, 1824. A fine monument, with the following laudatory epitaph, has been erected in Killarney :—

“D.O.M.

Sacred to the Memory of the

Right Rev. CHARLES SUGRUE, D.D.,

Bishop of the Antient Union of Ardfert and Aghadoe,

A See which he filled for 27 Years.

He was a Prelate

of unaffected Piety, of dignified Manners, and universal Benevolence.

To the Poor he was a Father, to the Wretched a Benefactor.

He was the Patron of Liberal Education.

He promoted the Sacred Cause of Charity by his Precepts much,
by his Example still more.

The Public Institutions which Console and Dignify the Town of Killarney
are principally indebted for their Existence

to his liberal Contributions and unwearied Exertions.

A kind Relative, an accomplished Gentleman, a pious Prelate,

He was an Ornament to that Antient Church of which he was a Revered
Dignitary.”

He was buried in the old chapel of Killarney, since made into a school-house, but his memorial tablet has been removed to the beautiful new cathedral just outside the town.

The following is from the *Freeman's Journal*, March 17, 1866 :—

“ Dr. O'Reardon, whose death took place on Wednesday last, at Killarney, had reached the patriarchal age of ninety, and was the oldest member of the College of Physicians. Under the patronage of his uncle, the late Most Rev. Dr. Sugrue, Bishop of Kerry, Mr. O'Reardon entered, in 1797, the College of Maynooth, where he received instructions from Dr. de la Hogue and Rev. John Chetwode Eustace, author of the ‘ Classical Tour in Italy.’ A pause in his speech having unfitted him for the pulpit,¹ he relinquished theological for physiological studies, and in 1802 he became a physician. During this year he published in Latin some medical dissertations, dedicated to Drs. Clarke and Purcell. Sound sense, free from the theorizing flights to which some young physicians are prone, characterize these productions, while their Latinity is

¹ This phrase is not very clear. Dr. O'Reardon had an impediment in his utterance, which he had not the energy of Demosthenes to overcome.

pure and vigorous. In 1808 Dr. O'Reardon proceeded to Paris for the purpose of gathering experience at the hospitals of that city, and of enjoying the advantages of a course of botanical instruction under the celebrated Baron Cuvier. Prolonged hostilities between France and England sprang up shortly after, and Dr. O'Reardon, together with his grand-uncle, the General Count O'Connell, of the British Service, with whom he resided, were detained in France until the restoration of the Bourbons, nine years later. The longevity of the family is remarkable, General O'Connell having attained the age of ninety-one at his death in 1834. In 1814 Dr. O'Reardon returned to Ireland, and became physician to some public institutions, from which he received formal addresses of thanks; but it is in connection with the fever hospital in Cork Street that he will be chiefly remembered. For thirty years he was, with the late Dr. Harkin, its zealous and efficient medical attendant; but on the reduction of the hospital grants in 1848 his services were relinquished. The medical reports of the hospital, of which many exist, from his pen, attest the unremitting zeal with which Dr. O'Reardon watched over the patients committed to his care. He was also the writer of a small memoir of Kirwan, the eminent chemist, whose friendship he possessed. He was the associate in consultation with Colles, Cheyne, Crampton, and Carmichael; and, although he did not hold quite as high a rank as those eminent men, he largely shared their friendship and high opinion. Dr. O'Reardon was first cousin to the illustrious Daniel O'Connell, whose family physician he had been. The infirmities of age led to his retirement from the profession, and a few years ago he removed to Mount Prospect, overlooking the Lakes of Killarney, where he tranquilly breathed his last, almost on the spot where he was born. He had always been remarkable for practical piety; and it may with truth be said that the whole tenor of his long life was one uninterrupted preparation for the next."

I have been unable to procure a particle of information or a scrap of writing for the years 1805 to 1808. In the year 1809 we again take up Count O'Connell's history, this time in the National Archives at Paris. We have the report

of a police spy, and the official comments and queries thereon. There would be no particular use in quoting the original French. I thus translate the reports :—

“ Police Report.

“ National Archives, 6.

“ No. 1649.—2, F. P. 6587.”

There is written across the top of the page a note on the informer's report, and another note in the margin. These I shall append to the translation of this unsigned report. “Monseigneur,” the style of address to a duke or archbishop, must refer to Fouché, the ducal head of the police under Napoleon.

“ Monseigneur,—I consider myself bound to communicate what I have learned from a man named Robert, who was in my service for about six months, who says he is a native of Metz, and who tells me he was in the service of Mr. O'Connell, a former colonel of the Salle-Salle [mistake for Salm-Salm] Regiment, a courageous and clever man, who went over to England, where he says he has a regiment.

“ This Mr. O'Connell travels through France by unknown routes ; he sees what is taking place at the seaports, remains only a short time in each place, and has no attendants.

“ I have heard it would be very interesting to follow up this man.

“ Robert said he had a room, Rue des Capucines, in a mansion opposite the public Treasury, where he stays indoors but little when in Paris. I cannot guarantee the truth of all this, but I thought it my duty to communicate it. Since about four months this Robert is no longer in my service, and when he was, this Mr. O'Connell had not been in Paris for the previous six months that he could discover.”

There is no signature—it is probably a police report.

Note written across the top of left-hand margin—“ The 1st April, 1809.

“ Received at the 2nd Division, 2 May.

“ To ascertain if this Englishman be known here.

“ There is an O'Connell, Daniel, an Irishman, a former general officer in the French Service, who is well known. He

was left in Paris when measures were taken against the English."

Marginal note—

"It is not known where the O'Connell mentioned here resides now."

Now, the mansion mentioned in the police reports as in the Rue Neuve des Capucines was a spacious "Hôtel entre cour et Jardin," long since demolished, the town house of my colonel's son-in-law, Baron d'Etchegoyen. He had a permanent apartment there. The marriage of his step-daughter had taken place full five years before.¹ Baron d'Etchegoyen was a native of the Basque country, probably of the French portion of Catalonia, a very rich man and a widower, with one daughter, for whom the fatherly old colonel entertained a warm affection. Curiously enough, it was the younger daughter of Madame O'Connell that he married. In his French will the count leaves certain charities to be dispensed as she thinks best, and calls her "Marie Caroline Célinie." She was the tender and devoted prop of his old age, but, sad to say, he had the sorrow of losing her a short time before he died, in her husband's château. From the police spy's report I infer that Count O'Connell must have been at perfect liberty to travel about. I also fancy that his wife must have died before this. It is his eldest daughter—step-daughter I cannot call one so loving and devoted—who looked after him. The infirmities of age are now beginning to steal on him, but, on the whole, he seems fairly well and cheerful, and able to do all he wants. Like most unusually healthy people, he finds it hard to recognize any diminution of bodily vigour when the first inroads of time begin to tell.

The letter of 1810 is full of hopes of revisiting Ireland.

Paris, 13 May, 1810.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I take the opportunity of Dr. O'Reardon's departure for Ireland to let you hear from me. I hope you duly received my letter of February last, expressing my gratitude for the remittance of £80 st^s you made to the house of Mess^{rs} Th^o Coutts and Co., of London, for my use, which they punctually advised me of, and my ardent prayers to Heaven for the recovery of your Sight and for the con-

¹ See letter of 1804.

tinuance of the blessings which the bountiful hand of Providence has so liberally bestowed on you to this hour. I am now to express the joy I feel at the prospect of being able, much sooner than I expected, to pay you a visit. I know nothing so capable to afford comfort and consolation to my dull heart as the idea of seeing and embracing you once again. It is not in my power as yet to fix the time, for if an exchange of Prisoners takes place, it is so generally believed. I delude myself with the hopes of seeing you in the course of next year. The state of my health . . . will not allow me to travel as heedless of all seasons, particularly as I shall have no servant; therefore I must avail myself of the fair Days next spring, and proceed on my journey with slower marches than I was in the habit of in my better stages of life. My complaint [a dyspeptic disorder plainly expressed] and a Dizziness of the head which require of me carefully to avoid anything that might overheat me, will cause my journey to be the more tedious. But enough about what concerns me; let me only add that nothing, with the assistance of God, shall Prove an obstacle to my favourite plan of visiting my most beloved Brother and invaluable friend. I shall also be very happy to embrace our Nephews and their young families, for whom we are making room, declining as they rise, and my few surviving old friends and acquaintances. My only remaining wish is to find you in your usual good State of health and the cate-racts on your Eyes, if not recovered, at least not increased.

Farewell, my dearest Brother. Remember me very affectionately to all who are so kind as to remember me and ask about me. I hope I shall retain in your thoughts and affections the place due to my unequalled and [abiding] gratitude and respect for you.

DANL. O'CONNELL.

If you should have an opportunity of meeting Dr. O'Reardon, I beg to recommend him strongly to your attention and friendship. He is a worthy man, of the best morals and principles, and is considered by the professional gentlemen in this City as possessed of Eminent medical Knowledge in its various manifold Branches.

The letter of 1810 is the last to Hunting Cap which I have been able to find. Doubtless many others passed between the brothers, but they have not been found.

It is a great pity we cannot find any about the Restoration. Doubtless the good man's loyalty was poured forth

in appropriate phrases. In a short time it reaped its reward.

M. de la Ponce, who generally gives day and date for every brevet, merely states that in 1817 Count O'Connell was a lieut.-general and a Commander of the Order of St. Louis. Grant states that his old rank of colonel was also restored to him. At all events, his old masters, the Bourbons, did not forget him. His dear old friend, Count Bartholomew O'Mahony, who had likewise entered the English Service, obtained similar honours. I like to see these Irish veterans wearing the broad red cordon of the Grand Cross of St. Louis, the order of military merit. It was an honour not easy of attainment, as the "Commanders" were limited to twenty-four, exclusive of the royal family. When Count O'Connell died he was the only Irishman in France who had recently borne these honours. He was not only the last Colonel of the Irish Brigade, but the last survivor of the long series of Irish lieut.-generals and Commanders of St. Louis. He was a favourite at court when the Comte d'Artois succeeded to the throne, and to the end he was honoured with his friendship.

O'Callaghan tells us of one touching episode—the last gathering together of the relics of the old Irish Brigade, and their final dismissal. Thrice the Duke de FitzJames had stood forth as their representative and spokesman, and each time their hopes had been frustrated. Sad, indeed, is the scene of broken faith and disappointed hopes; yet the King, who owed his restoration to English help, was powerless to treat with the subjects of his patron, and the survivors of the Brigade belonged to an order of things destined to extinction by the operation of social and political causes.

Last Scene of the Old Irish Brigade.

The Duke de FitzJames and the remnant of the old original Irish Brigade were among the devoted Royalists who looked forward to great things when the scion of the house they and their fathers had served so brilliantly for a hundred years was restored to the throne of St. Louis.

I take the following from O'Callaghan's last chapter. He

has translated the account from a French manuscript given him by the Liberator's son, John O'Connell, when he abandoned the idea of writing a history of the Irish Brigade, for which he had begun to collect materials :—

“In 1814 the officers of the old Irish Brigade in France requested the Duke de FitzJames to present them to the King, which request the duke, after thanking them for the honour thereby done him, complied with, in these words, ‘which are a summary of the Irish character in all its chivalrous sublimity,’ says my French authority.

“‘Sire, I have the honour of presenting to your Majesty the survivors of the old Irish Brigade. These gentlemen only ask for a sword and the privilege of dying at the foot of the throne.’

“Louis,” says O'Callaghan, “was too deeply indebted to England for the recovery of his throne to do anything directly opposed to the wishes of her Government, and it was particularly pressed on him, through Lord Castlereagh, that there should be no restoration of an Irish Brigade in France. ‘This is certain,’ alleges a contemporary in 1814, ‘and that very uncommon exertions must have been used to procure this concession from Louis, because, independent of the general claims of this body on the gratitude of the French monarchy, one of these regiments had received a promise from the King that, in the event of his restoration, the regiment, for its fidelity, should be promoted to the rank of the Guards of the King.’”

O'Callaghan also tells us, on the authority of the French manuscript, that in 1792 the King, then Comte de Provence, had conveyed the thanks of his family to the representatives of the Brigade, then reduced to the three regiments of Dillon, Berwick, and Walsh. He presented them with a *drapeau d'adieu*. This farewell memorial banner bore an Irish harp, and was studded with shamrocks and fleurs-de-lys.¹

“It was accompanied with these words: ‘Gentlemen,

¹ I have already described the veritable original banner of the Brigade—a red cross outlined in white, on a parti-coloured banner, whereof two corners were green and two red. Never was banner so decked with crowns—a crown in each corner, and one surmounting a harp in the middle of the cross. On the cross were the words, “In hoc signo vinces.”

we acknowledge the inappreciable services that France has received from the Irish Brigade in the course of the last hundred years, services that we shall never forget, though under an impossibility of requiting them. Receive this standard as a pledge of our remembrance and a monument of our admiration and of our respect; and in future, generous Irishmen, this shall be the motto of your spotless flag—

“ ‘ 1692—1792.

“ ‘ *Semper et ubique Fidelis.*’ ”

The words, “ Ever and everywhere faithful,” form, indeed, at once the motto and the epitaph of the noble old Irish Brigade in the service of France.

My hero would not come under the category of the veterans of the Brigade, as he had been transferred from “ Berwick’s ” to the German Legion. He and his friend O’Mahony attained precisely similar honours. Several of their old companions settled in Paris, where they met Mr. Roche, the literary Cork banker. He speaks of them in his “ Critical Essays of an Octogenarian.” At p. 60 he says he knew “ some of the most distinguished of the Irish Brigade—O’Meara, Sir Nicholas Trant, Count Walsh, General Conway, and, above all, the Liberator’s uncle, General O’Connell, whose high order of mind, of principle, and of conduct commanded the esteem, as the amiableness of his character won the love, of all who approached him.”

During the uneventful years of the veteran’s retirement I find but few papers. My fellow-worker, Ross O’Connell, transcribed a few bits of letters, and old people have told me a few detached anecdotes. After the peace which followed Napoleon’s downfall, Count O’Connell visited Ireland with his charming elder step-daughter, Mdlle. Aimée de Bellevue. I possess a little water-colour sketch she did of my dear husband, then a very pretty little boy, in a short-waisted, low-necked dress with a falling frill of cambric. He remembered the kind young lady, and the impression her huge gigot sleeves made upon him, that fashion not having yet penetrated to Kerry. She also painted his little sister, and made a bodice for a young cousin, so that she must have spent a considerable time at Grenagh, my father-in-law’s home, near

Killarney. They had previously visited the Liberator's family in Merrion Square, and probably spent several months in Ireland. I have only one clue to the exact date of their visit. My venerable informant, Miss Julianna, coming home as a child from Jamaica in the great trading fleet escorted by war-ships, remembers their meeting a ship bearing the news of Waterloo. She was detained six weeks in Bristol by adverse winds, and took a week to reach Cork. There two tall gentlemen—one stout and genial; the other tall, thin, white-haired, but very handsome and courteous—came to see their little cousin, and made a great impression on her, especially the elder. These were the two Daniels. The elder was on his way back from Darrynane, preparing to return to France.

Since writing the above, I have obtained a nearer clue to the date of their visit. The Liberator's daughter, Mrs. O'Connell, of Ballinabloun, tells me she often heard her mother speak of the long visit the General and Mdlle. de Bellevue paid them in Merrion Square, and that he was there in 1816, during the time Sir Robert Peel and her father were near fighting a duel. Nothing is more remarkable in the veteran's letters than his horror of duelling; in fact, on that point his ideas were far in advance of his age. Still, with all his general objection to the practice, he was in favour of the popular champion's taking up the challenge. Mrs. O'Connell's suspicions were excited by the long private conferences between her husband and his uncle, generally carried on in French, and changed to Irish if any one who knew French came into the room. She adopted the extreme measure of sending word to the police-court that she feared a duel, and one fine morning, as the Liberator stepped out of his bedroom, he was arrested on the landing by two constables. The old gentleman occupied the opposite room, and on hearing the loud voices, he stepped out just in time to see his nephew in custody. He was exceedingly annoyed at the whole business, and at breakfast gravely but courteously rebuked his hostess—

“Mary, this is the only time in my life I ever was angry with you, and you have made me very angry.”

"I am sorry to have annoyed you, uncle," replied the triumphant wife; "but I would much sooner vex you than let my husband be killed."

There are many anecdotes told of the meeting of the two old brothers. The General, so long absent from his brother and his home, was enchanted to meet his dear Maurice once more. Old people describe the two tall old men pacing up and down the beach, arm-in-arm, for hours. Dan was a passionate lover of the beauties of his own lovely birthplace, and, indeed, seems to have been fond of all natural beauty. There, too, they could converse unmolested. The country-people sometimes came up to greet the General, who very properly returned the poorest man's salutation, and took off his hat. Now, this vexed Hunting Cap, partly as a reckless thumbing of good Carolina beaver, and partly as disturbing his arm passed through his brother's. He suggested that a nod was greeting enough, and my hero, quoting or perhaps plagiarizing Washington's remark about the negro, said, "Brother, would you have me outdone in civility by a peasant?"

All through the long years of absence, Hunting Cap had solemnly toasted him every day. The ladies even were not suffered to leave the table until they had supped a little wine to "Our absent friends, coupled with the name of my honoured brother, General O'Connell." When there were many guests, "The King," "The Pope," and "A secure and speedy emancipation to the Catholics of Ireland" were solemnly drunk, after the ladies had departed. Hunting Cap's own snuff-box was a deep and narrow silver one, which he sometimes found difficult to open, being nearly blind, and his brother brought him a Scotch mull, very easily opened. It is made of thick black leather, with heavy silver mountings. It was probably the gift of some fellow-countryman, as it bears the O'Brien crest and motto. The General made many presents; among others, he gave my mother-in-law a set of classical cameos, handsomely set, and my father-in-law a little pair of fine gold knee-buckles (now in my possession), which the General used to wear at court. Every one who met them then retained the pleasantest recollections of the veteran and of Mdle. de Bellevue.

It was only in 1815 that Maurice O'Connell gave up attending the grand jury, though he had to ride a part of the way. Doubtless the General used his influence, by letter, on the blind but energetic and vigorous old man of eighty-five to relinquish the expedition, which was such a pleasant break to the monotony of his existence.

I don't know if it was on his return from this trip, or on a later visit to England, that our General made some valuable additions to his library.

Count O'Connell frequently mentions study as the chief enjoyment of the long years of compulsory inaction to which his fidelity to the royal cause had doomed him. It continued the unfailing source of pleasure through his prolonged and happy old age. When affluence and prosperity succeeded to honourable poverty, we find him indulging in moderation in the true scholar's taste for rare old editions. Mr. V. J. Coppinger, B.L., most kindly lent me a book of Count O'Connell's he picked up second-hand. It is Dibdin's two-volume record of rare Bibles and editions of classical authors. It bears his book-plate—the arms, same as now used, with the coronet and supporters he may fairly claim to have earned. The motto differs. It is in Irish, meaning “Of the stock of Milesius.” The margins are annotated in his neat, precise Italian handwriting, with the prices fetched at Hill's great sale in 1817 by certain editions mentioned in the text. It is evident from this commentary that he attended the sale in person. He gives his own purchases and bids; for so frugal a person as our General, some of these are pretty high.

“ ‘Silvius Italicus’ [Drackenborch, 1717] £8, at D. Hill's sale, 1817. I bought a copy at the same sale for 1½ guinea.

“ Tacitus, 4 vols. [Brotiers, 1771], £4 15s.

“ Terence, 2 vols. plates [Westerhoven, 1720], £4 11s.

“ Theocritus, 2 vols. [Wharton, 1771], £4 1s.

“ Cicero, 9 vols. [Olivet, 1740]. A copy with an Amsterdam title sold at Hill's sale for 18 guineas; I bid £10 10s. Celandi calls it Paris.

“ ‘Calimachus,’ 1 vol. [Etienne's Greek and Latin, 1577], 18s. at Hill's, 1817.

“Euripides, fol., Greek and Latin [Barnes, 1694]. I gave £3 15s. for a copy at Hill's, much cut down.”

Some time after the Restoration, Aimée de Bellevue suffered herself to be persuaded to change her name and estate, and married the younger brother of her sister's husband, M. Benjamin d'Etchegoyen. There was a considerable difference in age between Célinie and her husband, as the count's death-certificate states that Baron d'Etchegoyen, who notifies his death in 1833, was then seventy years of age. The present Baron d'Etchegoyen states that Mlle. Aimée was near forty when she married, and that she had only two children, his father and the Marquise de Sénarport, his aunt. The great mansion in the Rue Neuve des Capucines had room for every one. The different families of kinsfolk lived in different suites of apartments, meeting at meals and in the evening. The count's apartment was downstairs. He had his own valet, his own library and collection of military maps, for he was a student to the end, and loved, bought, and read classics as well as professional volumes.

The Liberator, in his account of his uncle in the *New Monthly Magazine*, quoted by O'Callaghan, thus describes his return to France and subsequent events: “General O'Connell, during the peace of 1802, returned to France to look after a large property to which his lady was entitled; he became a victim of the seizure of British subjects by the then First Consul, and remained a prisoner in France until the downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons. That event restored to him his military rank in France, and he enjoyed in the decline of life, amidst the affectionate respect of his relations and friends, the advantage of full pay as a general in the service of France and colonel in the service of Great Britain [mistake—half-pay British], an advantage which circumstances can perhaps never again procure for any man, but which he enjoyed with the full knowledge and approbation of both powers.

“During the peace of 1814 General O'Connell met Marshal Ney at dinner at the house of one of the then Ministry. A good deal of conversation passed between them, and at length Ney stated that he had known General O'Connell before the

Revolution, and mentioned, in particular, having frequently seen him in the year 1787. 'My memory,' replied the General, 'is particularly good. I have seen few officers whom I do not recollect, and I do not think I could have seen a person so likely to be remarkable as Marshal Ney, without recollecting him.' 'General,' returned Ney, 'you could not have remarked me; you then commanded the regiment of Salm-Salm. I was a corporal of hussars; our colonel and you were fast friends, and frequently exchanged guards, and I have often, as corporal, posted and relieved the hussar sentinel on your tent, while one of your corporals was going through the same duty on my colonel's.' "

I gather a few trifling anecdotes from scraps of letters. Ross O'Connell tells me that those at Lake View mostly refer to long-past money matters. The General seems to have written about once in every three months. In every letter he sends sums varying from £10 to £200, either in charity or to poor friends and relatives.

The General's precise nationality seems rather a complex matter. He seems to have been detained under Napoleon as a British subject, then restored to his original rank and promoted a step beyond it in France, on or before 1817. In the following year he was naturalized as a French subject, by a short and summary process of royal decree, without royal letters. My father, Charles Bianconi, was naturalized by some similar short process, much less costly than the usual form. In the case of my father, he could not have entered Parliament, though he could buy land and vote. Count O'Connell's first naturalization must have, in some similar manner, fallen short in some matter of detail, as he obtained royal letters signed by Louis Philippe, who was no friend of his or of the other steadfast adherents of the elder branch. By a curious oversight, our General is naturalized the second time as Denis Charles, instead of Daniel Charles, which led to sundry affidavits after his death. Happily, his parents had never had any son named Denis, and he was the only Irishman alive in the beginning of 1833 who was both a lieutenant-general and a Commander of the Order of St. Louis.

As already mentioned, the Marquise de Sers, great-

granddaughter to Madame O'Connell, writes that her great-grandfather was made a general, a count, and a peer of France at the Restoration. But he received his title of count in 1783. Probably he was made a peer when he was advanced to be a lieutenant-general. *Maréchal-de-camp*, which he translates "major-general," was his rank under Louis XVI., and the bearer of that rank does not seem to have been addressed as "general." However, we see by the letters he was made a count shortly after the siege of Gibraltar. These purely military personal titles did not confer the privileges of a peer, so I fancy the "Pairie" was conferred at the Restoration and led to the naturalization, and she naturally assigned the one date to both title and peerage. The French naturalization did not in any way interfere with the English half-pay.

Exhibit D., Prerogative, D. O'C.

[These odd translations are copied *verbatim* from law papers at Lake View.]

NATURALIZATION.

The Mayor's office for the First District of Paris.

Before us, Mayor of the First District of Paris, officer of the Legion of Honour, came Count Daniel Charles O'Connell, lieutenant-general in the King's armies, and Commander of the Order of St. Louis, residing in the New Street of the Capucines, No. 12, within our district, who declared to us that, being born at Darrynane, in Ireland, on the 21st May, 1745, he in one thousand seven hundred and sixty-two (1762) entered the military service of France, under which he successively ascended the various [grades omitted] up to and including that of lieutenant-general, and obtained the cross of a Commander of the Order of St. Louis; that since 1802 he has resided in Paris, where he continued incessantly to reside in said Street of the Capucines, said number, in our district. That, in respect of his services, of the rewards bestowed on him, and his residence there being settled in France, as with his native place, he intends finally to fix his domicile there, with the purpose of enjoying civil rights, which declaration he makes in order to obtain letters of naturalization from the good pleasure of the King, all of which this act to serve and be valid inasmuch as right, and we the said appearer signed it, having previously read it. Paris, this 22nd April, 1818.

(Signed) COUNT O'CONNELL, and
LECORDIER, Mayor.

As a copy faithfully taken, the Registry, Paris, 6th August, 1838; the Mayor Marcelotte, and examined by a peer of France, Prefect of the Seine, for attestation of the signature of Mr. Marcelotte, Mayor of the First District above written, August 7, 1838.

COUNT DE BAMBUTEAU,
Whose signature is attested by Minister of Foreign
Affairs, August 9, through head of his Chancery,
De Lamarre, whose signature is attested by
the British Consul, Thos. Pickford.

As before stated, the General left his title and peerage, by special royal permission, to his godson, the Baron d'Etchegoyen's second son, who took the name of O'Connell. He left him his sword, uniforms, maps, and military library, but only £400 in money. He left and gave during his lifetime large sums of money to his nephews. I heard my husband say that his father got about £5000. He thought the Liberator got about as much; Sir James got more. This he was entitled to, however, as he managed the General's British business for years, and had much trouble about his charities and gifts. The Liberator purchased the remnant of the O'Mullane property, worth about £300 a year, with his uncle's gift. The General also left £1500 each to his godsons and grand-nephews, John, the Liberator's youngest son, and Daniel James, second son to James. I am told by persons capable of forming an opinion that, between gifts and bequests and charities during his lifetime to his relatives and the poor of his native parish and adjoining district, he expended at least £20,000.

He delighted in seeing his relatives, and had various youngsters brought over to see him.

I recently received the following copy of a letter to one of his elder sisters from his great-great-grand-nephew, John Maurice O'Connell. "Sister Seggerson," though left very well off by her husband, had impoverished herself by providing marriage portions for her granddaughters. The great peace was ruinous to the large class of middle men, who had thriven on the war prices, and were responsible to the great landlords for the rents of their under-tenants as well as their own rents. The grandsons-in-law of Mrs. Seggerson appear to have suffered severely, and the poor old lady seems to have had

some young people, seemingly great-granddaughters, absolutely depending on her, long after she had parted with most of her means. Her kind brother thus comes to her rescue—

Count O'Connell to his sister, "Mrs. Alice Siggerson, Glencville, near Cahirsiveen, County of Kerry."

Paris, 15th March, 1819.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—I avail myself with the greatest satisfaction of an opportunity for Kerry to assure you of my unceasing affection, and to acquaint you that the trifling remittance, which it is my good fortune, as also my greatest comfort, to afford you, shall be punctually paid in to you by our nephew James next August at the latest, and in the same regular course in future whilst it pleases God to spare your life. I shall make the necessary arrangements for that purpose, and trust you shall never experience delay or disappointment in that respect, which I am confident will never happen. I request you will immediately let me know it.

I hope, my dear and revered sister, that your health is good, tho', of course, enfeebled by the accumulation of years, and by many severe trials. Pray take every possible care of yourself for *Mary's sake*, and for that of

Your most affectionate Brother,

GENL. O'CONNELL.

I embrace you and Mary most warmly.

I have got many pleasing glimpses of the dear old man in his foreign home from my husband, his sister, and cousins. The young girls were older than the boy when they knew their grand-uncle, and noticed details more keenly. All concur in saying that he was most kindly and pleasant, to all intents and purposes a foreigner, living as foreigners of rank lived, but speaking English perfectly, though with a very strong Kerry brogue. All the years he had lived in England, though they had restored him to the use of idiomatic English, instead of the semi-foreign idiom he had used before, failed to shorten the broad, soft, drawing vowel-sounds of his Kerry speech. To my mind, there is something very musical and pleasant in that southern tongue, and most Kerry men have very soft, pleasant voices.

When my husband was a little boy he was taken to Paris to see his grand-uncle. He always remembered the pilgrimage with delight. He was emancipated from the

feminine authorities of the schoolroom, and brought over by his father, one of the kindest and most genial of fathers. They had a long, delightful journey in the *banquette* of the diligence, which he thought very like the hood of his mother's barouche perched on the top of a coach; but the delight of delights was a fellow-passenger, of no less consequence than an alligator, on his way to the Jardin des Plantes. This delightful reptile's travelling case was too short for him, and his tail flapped down behind, where a small boy could touch it when he got down behind the vehicle. The kind old uncle sent him specially to the gardens afterwards to see his travelling companion. He used to tell me the General was still handsome, very kind and gracious, like a foreigner, and speaking French habitually, but English to them, with a strong brogue. He had never lost the intonation of his native province. Odd as it seems to us to see boys sent to Cork to lose their brogue, the quicker speech of the town was supposed to correct the long-drawn intonation of the Irish-speaking mountain-land. The old General kept up his Irish to the last, and Miss Evelina McCarthy, his grand-niece, who spent a good deal of her youth in Paris, often heard him recite long Irish poems.

My husband remembered evening card-parties, and seeing the old gentleman collect in church. Ladies usually make the *quête*, so I suppose it was as a squire of dames he was solemnly shaking the long velvet bag and gravely bowing to contributors, to the vast amazement of his small grand-nephew, who did not understand this begging business. Many a time the old man alludes to my dear husband's scholastic distinctions with affectionate pride.

I have had the pleasure of editing, for publication, the "Recollections" of the youngest daughter of the Liberator, in which were fragments of letters and journals of her brother Morgan, late Registrar of Deeds. He was the Liberator's second son, and was given the little property purchased with his grand-uncle's gift. Their sister Kate, Mrs. O'Connell, of Ballinabloun, has written down some charming little reminiscences, too, and for my especial benefit.

The Liberator's much-loved Mary suffered from her chest,

and was ordered to spend a couple of years out of Ireland. She and her children spent part of the time in France. While they were in Tours, in 1823, the General arranged that Morgan should enter the Austrian Service, where his dear friend, "Cousin Morty of Tarmons," was a general by this time—the kinsmen having, as it were, kept step during their march to fortune. He was now Baron Moritz O'Connell—Morty¹ having proved unmanageable to German lips, so he changed it to Maurice, which sounded something like that name.

The young soldier writes home long, amusing, gossipy letters, in which he declares his uncle is the kindest of men. He tells how he has bought a lovely little watch for Ellen, the eldest daughter—my dear and special old friend, whose daughter married my brother. The young girl is not to be told, as it is to be a surprise. Young Morgan describes how the General trots about to the Austrian Embassy; writes to Baron Brady,² who founded burses for Irish boys for the Austrian Service; and finally gets him into the regiment of Baron Nugent, whom he knows, and who was, I believe, a relative of his old friend, Count Nugent. It was the 4th Regiment of Light Horse (*Chevaux Légers*). The young man had to enter as a cadet in those days. He mentions in one letter how he saw Marshal Davoust's magnificent funeral, how Madame d'Etchegoyen lent him an amusing English book, and how Sir Nicholas Trant told him he had read a notice of the approaching publication of "Quentin Durward." Sir Nicholas and our General, and many more of the old soldiers, who were eagerly looking forward to Walter Scott's next book, had been themselves *Quentin Durwards* of a later date, as servants of another King Louis.

Morgan leaves Paris in July, 1823. Availing myself of permission to plagiarize and pilfer, I shall quote Mrs. Ffrench's description of the home in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, which she first saw in September, 1823. Her mother and most of the children had then come to Paris.

¹ *Rectè* Muirceartach, pronounced *Muirartah*.

² A great-great-grand-nephew of our General, Mrs. FitzSimon's grandson, Charles Hayes, is now training for the Austrian Service on one of Baron Brady's burses.

She describes the house much as I have done, mentioning that the street it stood in was off the Rue de la Paix. She says there was a *porte cochère* in the lodge. "The wife of the *concierge* never went out. She was an old grey-haired woman, and the day that the good Princess de Lamballe had been decapitated, at the first outbreak of the French Revolution, she had met the mob carrying the murdered lady's head on a pike. This gave her nerves such a shock that she never recovered it."

Mrs. Ffrench mentions that by this time Madame Benjamin d'Etchegoyen, who for so many years had been the General's devoted friend, was dead. "Poor Madame Benjamin," she says, "had left two children—one a girl [the Marquise de Sénarport], named Célinie, and a baby-boy about three years old, named Henri [the father of the present Baron d'Etchegoyen]. He thought he was married to me, and used to call me 'Ma femme.' I was very fond of the dear little child, whose aunt doted on him."

Baron d'Etchegoyen had been married before, and had a daughter by his first marriage living with him. She was a widow, Madame Boutillon. I think her husband had been a Spaniard. She afterwards married a cousin of hers, a very nice fellow, M. Isidore d'Etchegoyen, but she died at the end of her bridal year. She was very elegant, but not handsome.

The various families, besides meeting at meals, spent the evenings together. Mrs. Ffrench says Baron d'Etchegoyen had three children by his second wife—Charles, Daniel, and one daughter, whose quaint name was Bonite. She married Baron de Paraza later on.

The old General got his young relatives permission to see various sights about the court. They heard Mass in the royal chapel; saw the Duchess of Angoulême, grave, sad, and reverent; the Duchess of Berri, lively and flippant. They visited the private rooms, where the old fat King's bath-chair stood at the door, and heard all sorts of pretty stories about the Duchess of Berri's children, and wonderful accounts of Louis XVIII.'s greediness. The fat old sovereign died the next year.

Mrs. O'Connell, of Ballinabloun, the Liberator's second daughter, has given me the following little narrative, besides various things she told me. It would be a pity to cut up anything so pleasing in its perfectly simple and graceful form of an old lady's recollection of a dear old relative, who very frequently mentions his dear niece Kate.

"Clontarf, December 12, 1890.

"My first remembrance of my dear old grand-uncle, Count O'Connell, is rather cloudy, as I was very young at the time. He came to visit his family, chiefly his brother, Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane, who was the eldest of, I think, twenty-four children. [He was the eldest surviving, but not the firstborn, of twenty-two children, and the count was the youngest, or at least one of the younger ones.] His step-daughter, Mdle. de Bellevue, came over with him. I admired and liked him very much, charmed with his truly loving manner to children. They stayed some months [in Dublin], and then they, with my father and mother, set off for Kerry. My mother took me. I was delicate, and was brought for change of air. We travelled by coach, which I did not like, being used to travelling in my mother's own carriage, with post-horses, which was *soit dit en passant*, the most agreeable way of travelling. We separated in Killarney, my uncle and Mdle. de Bellevue stopping at my uncle John's place, Grenagh, when my mother and I went on to her mother's home in Tralee. I was left on in Tralee with my aunt and uncle Connor when my mother went home, and during that absence the count and Mdle. de Bellevue returned to France; but his sweetness of manner and kindness left a most lasting impression on me.

"It was long, indeed, ere I met him again. A loving intercourse was kept up by letter, and sometimes an occasional nice gift to us young folk, and, on one occasion, a black-lace dress to my mother—at that time a costly rarity. My sister Ellen used to write to him, and he always replied most kindly to her letters.

"It was on our return journey to Ireland, about the year 1823 or 1824, when in Paris, coming from Tours, where we

had spent the winter, and where my father joined us after some time, that I saw much of the General, as my father and the rest usually called him. [Here I may observe that my reason for sometimes calling him the count, instead of the General, is to prevent confusion with other generals of the name; but as "General" he was always addressed. He had obtained the rank of major-general before the death of Louis XVI., and was made lieut.-general at the Restoration. —M. A. O'C.]

"The General was then recovering from a severe fit of illness under a *régime* and most special care from his step-daughter, Madame d'Etchegoyen. He did not leave his room till a late hour, and received visitors in the French fashion, while still in bed. He told Ellen and myself to come and visit him on two or three days of the week. We used to be asked up by his valet and remain with him, and he chatted away with us. We would all be pleased, the dear dignified old soldier and his youthful grand-nieces who felt the charm he possessed of making himself agreeable. He used to have other visitors, and we left as we liked. He used to dine early, but the days we dined—and he generally insisted on three or four times a week—he came into the *salle-à-manger*, walked about, chatting to every one he chose, the conversation being in English (which all the family spoke perfectly). This was because my mother did not know French.

"He used to be dressed warmly, and wore a small cap on his head for fear of cold. He was still very handsome, with a sweet expression, tall and straight. My brother Dan, then a very little fellow, said to my mother, 'The General would look very handsome only for that nasty little cap.' She told him, and he never wore it again. [The old gentleman had plenty of snow-white hair.]

"Some years before, when my husband and The O'Donoghue left school, they travelled on the Continent, with a servant to look after them while on the *grand tour*. Of course, both young men were welcome guests at the Hôtel d'Etchegoyen. The General took a liking to my dear husband. He was a tall, handsome-looking lad, and the General set store on good-looking folk. He desired to protect Charles from extra-

vagance, and said to him, 'Be sure to leave your money with me. You can ask for it when you want it.'

"This was arranged, and the money taken in charge; but Charles was not troubled by *mauvaise honte*, and came so frequently that the General said, 'My dear, you had better take it all. It seems no check on your expenditure to give you the trouble of coming here.' To which Charles willingly assented. Though the count was no longer his banker, he used to send for him up to his bedroom, and always made him welcome. He came in one morning and found the General in the act of saying his prayers, and he would never get off his knees for any one. He was about going to court later in the day, and his full uniform, with all its grandeur, was laid out. The lad quietly slipped off his clothes, and decked himself in the full regimentals. When the General rose from his knees and saw the martial figure, he bowed profoundly, and inquired whom he had the honour of receiving. The wild boy burst out laughing, when the old man recognized him and joined in his merriment, quite enjoying the joke, in which I hope you won't think it ill of me to join, who am,

"Ever your affectionate cousin,

"KATE O'CONNELL, *née* O'CONNELL."

I have totally failed to find anything definite about my hero at the Restoration, and I was still more provoked to find nothing about him also during the period immediately following the accession of his old companion-in-arms and faithful friend, Charles X. I had actually opened my record of the year 1824 with a jeremiad to that effect, when his grand-niece, the "dear Kate" of so many letters, came to the rescue, and told me the following anecdote:—

As in duty bound, he attended the King's first levée, and appropriately expressed his loyal devotion.

"Sire, an old servant comes to lay his homage at your Majesty's feet."

The kindly monarch caught him by both hands, and exclaimed, "Do not say, 'an old servant,' O'Connell; say, 'an old friend.'"

The royal compliment was strictly true, for in the dark and evil days of poverty and exile, Count O'Connell, like many another Irishman, had earned the title of *courtesan du malheur*. Miss Evelina MacCarthy assures me that her venerable great-uncle was supposed to be almost as perfect a specimen of the gentleman of the old school as his Majesty, whose charming manners were as remarkable as his lack of worldly prudence. All old people tell me he was high in the favour of the kindly monarch.

Count O'Connell had always been very steadfast in his religious principles—a field-marshal's baton would not have tempted him to embrace "the religion of major-generals;" but it does not appear that he was particularly religious. However, when he got old he became excessively devout, but with a most cheerful and happy sort of devotion, which made him welcome the sufferings and troubles he encountered. Religious resignation even added to his natural cheerful serenity. The Marquise de Sers, who can remember his death, and of course often heard old people speak of him, writes, "My great-grandfather was a most superior man and a saint."

Ross O'Connell tells me much of the General's desire for schools in his beloved Iveragh.

In the year 1824 Maurice O'Connell wrote a very remarkable letter to the Catholic Association. I quote the *Liberator's* letter about it, and the remarks of Mr. Fagan, his biographer. He was once a well-known M.P., and the grand-nephew of the kind-hearted old Chevalier Fagan. It is from the "Life of Daniel O'Connell," by William Fagan, Esq., M.P., pp. 314–317 (1847).

"The reader has doubtless often heard of Mr. O'Connell's uncle, Maurice O'Connell. From him he inherited, in 1825, Darrynane Abbey, and an income of at least £4000 a year; the tenure of a part of which, Hartopp's property, has terminated with his life. This gentleman was known in Kerry by the name of 'Hunting Cap,' on account of his always appearing with that part of the sportsman's costume. He was an exceedingly clever man, and from the period of his coming of age [this must be an error, as he came of age in the penal times] to within a few years of his death was always on the

grand jury of his county. But age and total blindness obliged him to give up public occupations. He was never married [an error], and, as a matter of course, became peculiar in some habits. He was most kind and hospitable to the humbler classes. No matter from what quarter the wayfarer, be he farmer, dealer, or labourer, approached the mansion at Darrynane, he met a hearty Irish welcome, and was permitted to prolong his sojourn to a period only limited by his own sense of propriety. No question was permitted to be put to him by any of the domestics as to the time of his arrival or the probable day of his departure. The epithet of 'Hunting Cap' had its origin in the reluctance evinced by the wearer to pay a tax imposed at one period of our history on beaver hats, to avoid which he betook himself to the velvet cap, which is thus indissolubly connected with his memory. We introduce his name now to our readers, because of a very remarkable letter which, at the close of 1824, he wrote, or rather dictated, to the Catholic Association. He was then in his ninety-sixth year, and quite blind; but the strong intellect and wisdom exhibited in that letter were very striking. He sent in his subscription as a member, and called on the body to persevere steadily and fearlessly, but with moderation. He pledged his word—it was a prophecy—that they must succeed.

“ We shall introduce here a letter written by the Liberator, in which he makes reference to the one emanating from his uncle. It embodies some personal characteristics, that, described by him, must be considered truthful and interesting.

“ ‘ *To the Editor of the “ Southern Reporter.”*

“ ‘ Darrynane Abbey, November 19, 1839.

“ ‘ SIR,—You have taken from a Kerry newspaper and published a letter of Mr. Henry Arthur Herbert, respecting a statement made by me at the late meeting in Killarney. That letter does on the face of it contain, I do think, about as much presumptuous absurdity as could well be stuffed together in so small a space.

“ ‘ To make this plain, I will just state the facts.

“ ‘ At the meeting in question, I was tracing the atrocities

of the Irish Orange faction in former days. I specified the laws which had been passed, in violation of the Treaty of Limerick, and by which, if a Catholic purchased an estate, paying the price, any Protestant could by law take away the estate from the Catholic, and leave him at the total loss of both the estate and of his purchase-money.

“‘Mr. Henry Arthur Herbert does not venture to deny that this was the state of the law when I was born and for some years after; although he had a deep interest in denying it, if he could, as he belongs to the *political party* who would re-enact that law, if they had the power, although *he*, individually, might oppose its re-enactment.

“‘To illustrate the mischief of that law, I stated what I had repeatedly heard from my uncle, the late Mr. Maurice O’Connell, of Darrynane. It was precisely this—that when the estate of “Tomies on the Lake” was offered for sale, he agreed to purchase it, and had the purchase-money ready; and that thereupon the ancestor of the present Mr. Herbert sent him a communication to this effect, that if he (my uncle) became the purchaser, he (Mr. Herbert) would immediately file a bill of discovery (that was the technical name of the mode of legal plunder) against my uncle, and deprive him of the estate. So that my uncle would have in that case lost his money and his land. On this communication, my uncle, of course, withdrew from the purchase. Mr. Herbert afterwards became the buyer of the estate at a sum considerably less than my uncle was to have given for it.

“‘Such was the statement which my uncle frequently made. It was with him a common illustration of the working of the penal laws. Such was the statement I made at Killarney, upon his authority. If born at the time of the transaction, I was quite too young to have known anything of the facts from my own knowledge. I therefore took them on his authority. That authority no man who knew my revered uncle could or would doubt.

“‘He died in his ninety-sixth year, in 1825. He carried with him to the age of close upon a century all the clearness of a powerful intellect, and, what is still more rare, all the tenderness of a most affectionate heart. In the year

before he died he wrote a splendid letter to the Catholic Association, in which he distinctly alluded to this very transaction.

“‘He was a man of the most singular accuracy of intellect, and of the highest order of integrity. In Kerry everybody knows that he was a magistrate and deputy-governor of the county as soon as Catholics could hold the commission; that he was a grand juror from the same period, until in his eighty-sixth year he used to attend the assizes; that he was a man esteemed by every one who knew him. Why should such a man invent what in that case would have been a gross calumny? He had no object to gain by it; he entertained no resentment to the individual; he only blamed the law. On the contrary, he said that Mr. Herbert had behaved fairly to him, in cautioning him *beforehand*. Others would have allowed him to purchase, and then have taken the property, without any price, as the law would have then enabled them to do. He entertained no hostility whatsoever to Mr. Herbert or his family. On the contrary, this young gentleman’s grandfather stood several contests for the representation of Kerry; my uncle supported him in every one of these contests, and was always upon the most friendly terms with the Herbert family.’

“Mr. O’Connell then proceeds to comment on the matter in dispute between him and Mr. Herbert, and concludes—

“‘I have the honour to be,

“‘Your faithful servant,

“‘DANIEL O’CONNELL.’”

At p. 593 Mr. Fagan says, “We now close this long chapter by correcting a mistake made in reference to Mr. O’Connell (Maurice O’Connell). We stated he was never married. Our information was incorrect. He was many years a widower without family; and the majority of the two last generations who knew him were not aware he was ever married.”

I append another anecdote from the same work.

At p. 452 Mr. Fagan quotes William Howitt’s charming description of Darrynane, and relates the following anecdotes.

After describing the beautiful views from a mountain grove above the garden, Mr. Howitt says—

“Descending again by another path, you discover, at the foot of the rocks, a simple rural seat or bank, overhung by trees, and with the flower-garden lying displayed at your feet.

“This seat used to be the favourite resort of the uncle of Mr. O’Connell from whom he inherited Darrynane. This old gentleman, who seems to have been a man of both powerful physical frame and lofty moral character, lived to within one year of a hundred. He was for some years blind before his decease, and delighted to sit here, where, beneath the fresh canopy of trees and rocks, he could distinctly hear the distant sound of the sea. That sound, so full of majesty, seemed not only to soothe him, but to bring, as it were, a visible perception of the scenes around, in which it made so grand a figure, and to call up the vivid acts and images of his past life.

“‘There was no fear of death in his strong and prepared mind,’ said Mr. O’Connell one day as we passed this place. In front of this seat, at some distance, grew a splendid ash tree. Once, having sat for some time as in deep thought, he said—

“‘Daniel, I have a favour to request of you.’

“‘Of me, uncle? What can that be?’

“‘Measure me the girth of that tree.’

“He told him what it was.

“‘I thought,’ he said, ‘it was as large as that. The favour I would ask you, Daniel, is that that tree may now be felled.’

“‘May be felled! What! that tree, in which you have always seemed to take such pleasure?’

“‘Yes; I would have it cut down.’

“‘Then certainly let it be cut down. There is no occasion to ask permission of me.’

“‘Yes; as this place will be yours, I would not do anything without consulting you. I thank you for giving me leave to fell it. It is to make my coffin of its wood. I have for some time thought it would be large enough, and now find that it is. Send for the carpenter.’

“The carpenter came, and Hunting Cap asked him how many feet of the tree would make his coffin.

“The carpenter, running his eye over the fine old man, and considering in himself for some time, replied—

“‘I should say seven feet, your honour.’

“‘Why, I never stood more than six feet three. Age has somewhat decreased my height, but death, I know, will stretch me out again. But seven feet! Why, that is the proportion for a giant. Let it be six feet five!’

“With this, the old gentleman dismissed the carpenter and the subject. The tree was felled, the boards sawn and seasoned, and the coffin made according to his directions.”

I cannot resist the temptation of inserting here a most characteristic letter of Hunting Cap's to his sister-in-law. Miss Julianna could not supply the date, though she remembered all the rest.

Maurice O'Connell, of Darrynane, to Mrs. Morgan O'Connell, of Carhen, when the future Liberator had borrowed his favourite horse, and gone off on a pleasure tour on the animal.

“Your son left this ten days ago, and took with him my favourite horse. Had it not been for that, I might have dispensed with his company. He is, I am told, employed in visiting the seats of hares at Keelreilig, the earths of foxes at Tarmons, the caves of otters at Bolus, and the celebration of Miss Burke's wedding at Direen—useful avocations, laudable pursuits, for a nominal student of the law! The many indications he has given of a liberal mind in the expenditure of money has left a vacuum in my purse as well as an impression on my mind not easily eradicated.”

Miss Julianna in her youth had gone to keep house for her aged kinsman, Maurice, and she told me about his death. He was almost blind, but able to distinguish light from dark, and able also to make out the sheen of a red silk shawl she used to throw over her head when he would call on her to lead him out to pace up and down in the sun.

He used to ride to Mass, there being no carriage-way, and

would be led to a flight of steps in the courtyard, where his big, strong grey horse used to stand while he mounted. The horse was, of course, led to Mass. Though in his ninety-sixth year, he took a keen interest in men and in things, and, of course, especially in the Catholic cause. He was not spared to see the final triumph of his creed brought about by his brother's son. His actual death-illness only lasted two or three days, and when it seized him he was engaged in listening to Miss Julianna reading—by no means for the first time—Plowden's "History of Ireland," where his nephew's name figured on many a page.

He had settled an annuity of £200 Irish—about £175 English currency—on the General, and left him an additional gift of one hundred guineas. He divided his considerable wealth nearly equally among his three surviving nephews of his own name. He left his old family property and inherited leasehold interest and some money to the Liberator, his brother's eldest surviving son. To my father-in-law, whose marriage with Miss Coppinger, of Barry's Court, he had negotiated, he left the fine provision of £2600 a year; to his third nephew, afterwards Sir James, about as much, but by James's prudent speculations in land in the bad times, it amounted to more than three times the original bequest. Sir James got much more money than land from his uncle.

Sir James told the present Daniel O'Connell, of Darrynane, that Hunting Cap left £54,000 between money and securities, which was divided between his three nephews, share and share alike. My husband always said his uncle James acted with remarkable fairness and impartiality in the matter.

Maurice O'Connell died on the 10th of February, 1825, and was buried in the tomb of his parents, in the abbey on the island near Darrynane.

There is a very picturesque tradition connected with the O'Connells, that when death was imminent in their family, a single wild swan would appear, uttering its piercing cry like a human wail. No swans resort to the country near Darrynane under ordinary circumstances.

Hard, stern, and caustic as Maurice O'Connell could be,

he had a kind heart and a very strong feeling for his own kith and kin. The tie between him and his brother Daniel was singularly close and tender, a love "passing the love of women." Here is what Daniel writes of him—

Paris, 21 March, 1825.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I received both your letters in due course, but was so overwhelmed with grief that I have been literally incapable of writing you a line earlier. The loss of an *only* Brother, so dear to my heart, so justly venerated, has left an impression which shall never be effaced from my fond recollection, and to my last hour I shall not cease to offer up my prayers to God for his soul. I was long aware of the testamentary arrangements, yet I should be glad to learn from you what the actual situation of each of you is, in landed and monied income. You know my inquiry arises solely from my regard and warm interest for you.

Maur. Connor tells me his sister has paid you in full ten pounds for him. I have recommended to his Cousin Dan' O'Connell to write to his father to do the same, and I shall repay them the amount at Paris. Of this sum of £10, I wish you to give £8 to Mrs. Lucy S——, and £2 to the poor woman at C—— as you did last year. The remaining £10 I wish to be given to a Mrs. S——, sister to Lucy S——, and residing at a place called A——, near Kenmare, who has written to me to solicit some relief. If I am to believe the picture she draws of her misery, she is much in need of it. I trust the arrangements John and you made with the creditors of Lucy S——'s unworthy husband will enable her to dispense in future with my assistance.

Now, with respect to what my Dear Brother bequeathed me, I pray you will remit to my Bankers in London, for my use, the 100 guineas immediately, and the £800 every year in two half-yearly instalments.

Your friend Lord Headley is here. He did me the favour to dine with us last week. We spoke a great deal of Kerry; he seems much attached to that Country, and has expressed a particular regard for you—a sure way to win my heart.

Pray embrace your two boys for their old Uncle. My warm affections to their Mother [James O'Connell had married Jane, daughter of old Madam O'Donoghue, and his brother-in-law, The O'Donoghue of the Glens, married his niece, Jane O'Connell, of Grenagh, a few years later. Their son, the late charming and popular chieftain, so well known in London, died in November, 1889], and respects for old Mrs. O'Donoghue. Where is her son? His friend Charles O'Con-

nell is here, very well conducted in point of morals and prudence, but very idle. [The old gentleman was so overpoweringly industrious, that his declaration of another man's idleness requires the traditional grain of salt. The next person mentioned is Arthur O'Leary's son, the little Connor of the poem, who ran through the house of mourning looking for his murdered father; he served in the Gardes Françaises, and embraced the professions of physic and law, and married three wives.] Con O'Leary desires to be remembered, also the McCarthy family. O'Leary [the son of Eileen O'Connell] is very desirous to obtain for his eldest Boy the first Bourse that falls vacant on the O'Connell foundation at Paris, and surely he has a fair claim to it; yet Maurice Connor tells me that you and your Brothers have nominated a younger Brother of his to the first vacancy. I must observe to you that you ought never, nay, that you have no right to do so, and that it would be exceedingly unfair to dispose of two Bourses in the same family, to the prejudice of a nearer relation. Adieu, my very Dear James. Believe me unalterably

Your truly fond Uncle,
GENERAL O'CONNELL.

Paris, 19th July, 1825.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I trust my letter has reached you in due course. I forgot to mention that it is my earnest wish to have a *decent marble* tomb built for my honored and beloved Parents. I request you will comply with my intention as soon as your other affairs will leave you a little leisure; the cost, of course, to be at my charge.

I have had the pleasure of seeing our old and esteemed friend, Judge Day, at Paris. We spoke more than once of my dear deceased Brother, with the kindest Expressions on his part, and with feelings of the deepest sorrow on mine. He appears a warm Advocate of Catholic Claims, and entertains strong hopes of their ultimate success, as the Cause is likely to become a *National* one by the accession (he thinks) of a very great majority of the Protestant Nobility and gentry of Ireland.

[The next paragraph refers to my husband of after-years, who was then a very clever, handsome and charming boy. He was afterwards very distinguished at Trinity College.]

Remember me most affectionately to John and his family. I was proud to read in a Dublin Paper that our dear little Morgan had conquer'd the *gold medal* at the last Publick Examination. Does John contemplate bringing him to a

Seminary in England? If he does, I shall expect a Visit from him, as he promised. In such a case, I would rather you would postpone your's untill next year, as I don't chuse to eat all my white bread in one meal.

Adieu, my Dearly beloved James. Believe me, with the warmest affection,

Your most steadfast friend and Uncle,

GENL. O'CONNELL.

This letter will be handed by our very worthy friend, Mr. Bernard. I am sincerely sorry to hear of the death of poor Alexander Lawlor. Charles O'Connell is well, and desires his comp^{ts} to all, but in particular to his friend O'Donoghue.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I owe you an Apology for my long and unusual interruption of our Correspondance, but ever since my letter to our valued friend your brother John, all my thoughts were absorbed in grief and sorrow for the loss of Mr. d'Etchegoyen's only Daughter by his first marriage, a most amiable and valuable young woman, who died of a consumption at the age of 32, leaving an only child, now only 8 months old. This melancholy event has been a severe blow to M. and Madame d'Etchegoyen in particular, and indeed to every individual of the family to whom she was so justly dear. I believe you will remember having seen her. Be that as it may, I am certain you will partake in the deep concern of a family so sincerely attached to all my friends.

I have to acquaint you that my Bankers in London have acknowledged your Bill for £105. Mrs. S—— of A—— has likewise acknowledged the £10 you paid her; the remaining £10 I am certain you disposed of Agreeably to my wishes.

I assume you have drawn the £500 I directed my Bankers in London to hold at your disposal, and that you have laid them out for the benefit of your Brother Daniel's son John. If a more safe opportunity has offered I hope to do as much next year for his Brother Morgan, if it pleases God to prolong my life till then.

Master D——, of ——, and two or three others have been dismissed by the Superiors of the Irish College here, for what reason I have not been able to learn; however unpleasant it is to be discarded, it is not otherwise to be regretted for my namesake that the event took place. He was doing nothing in his studies; he is, unhappily for him, uncommonly destitute of natural talents, and, I fear, incapable of receiving any improvements by Study, for which he has no taste; his memory is extremely shallow, his conception slow and imperfect. I believe his friends had better turn him to something that may suit his inability.

John and you have given me hopes of a visit this summer. I need not assure you both of the heartfelt pleasure you will afford me. You will find me somewhat lonely. All our family are gone to their country seat [Mâdon], near Blois. I have remained for the benefit of taking Sulphur Baths, which have been recommended to me by the Physicians, and particularly to have the pleasure of receiving your *visit at Paris*, and spare you the trouble of going to join me at Mâdon.

How is my esteemed friend, your Brother Daniel? His journey to London has been a heavy loss to his Purse, but has afforded him an opportunity of displaying his great and splendid talents, and manly and honourable character. The Catholic Question is making its way. It is patronized by the ablest men in England, by every enlightened mind, and must succeed if it be pursued with temper, moderation, and kindness towards all Classes and Sects.

Adieu, my very Dear and highly esteemed friend and nephew. My fond love to all your family and to John.

Ever your devoted,

GENL. O'CONNELL.

I am inform'd Daniel's family are to pass the Summer at Darinane. I expect my friend Morgan John early in August. Dr. O'Leary and family are well and send their love, so do the McCarthies. I assume it unnecessary to recommend to you and John to invest your Money in Lands whenever you can with safety do so (even if you were to high price); in the course of a few years there will be, in all probability, a vast influx of the precious metals, and the value of money must sink in proportion as the quantity increases, but landed property will rise in the same ratio.

Pray, is Ellen married to Mr. FitzSimon [the Liberator's eldest daughter, a charming and accomplished woman, whose second daughter, Eilie, married my only brother, Charles Bianconi, Junior]? Your friend Charles O'Connell is well. [Here the paper is somewhat torn. The portion seems to refer to an arrangement he was getting made for a widow lady with her husband's creditors, and his refusal of help to another applicant.] Pray, what arrangement has Daniel entered into respecting the Demesne of Dear Darinane and the Islands? [The Liberator had succeeded to his uncle's family property.] All my family desire their affectionate regards, and will be most happy to see you next September, as you mention, but have but little hopes of your visit. If Catholic Emancipation takes place, I think it would be likely to enhance the price of Lands and tend to depress the interest of money.

I have not been able to see a letter for 1826 or 1827. The veteran's delight and pride at the part his nephew had taken in the great struggle and final victory of Catholic Emancipation can be easily imagined. I could reconstruct the letter he must have written to his dear Dan. He doubtless recalled the words written twenty-five years before—that he had looked to this younger Daniel to shed a lustre on the family with his talents, as he had once hoped to do with his own sword; that he had long hoped to see that day; and that his joy as an Irishman and a Catholic was only incomplete because his best-beloved brother had not been spared on earth to see this day of deliverance. Though Maurice, like Moses, had not entered into the promised land, he had wisely led all who came into the wide circle of his influence, and was doubtless enjoying the reward of a long and useful life and remarkable filial piety, and his spirit rejoicing in the emancipation of his race and creed, led by the man who now sat in his chair.

Ross O'Connell tells me the aged General spent part of several winters in Nice with some of the ladies of the family. As Madame Isidore d'Etchegoyen died of consumption, it is likely he escorted her thither, and was glad to benefit by the "balsamic airs," which he expected would cure The O'Donoghue when a deadly illness had stricken his young grand-niece's husband.

Besides his cosy quarters in the Paris mansion, he had his apartment in the château of Mâdon, and there delighted in inspecting and directing improvements. The venerable curé of the parish, Canon Noury, appointed only six years after the veteran's death, says that his memory is still revered among the people, and they say he died like a saint. The Liberator says that his "son-in-law's country seat near Blois was a beauteous spot on the Loire, which he himself had ornamented in the most exquisite style of English planting." There he elected to lay his bones, and purchased a vault where he sleeps, surrounded by those who had lovingly watched and tended his old age. Foreign travel, a lovely country abode, a town house in Paris, plenty of cheerful society, and a love of study and mental improvement carried on to the very end of

life, complete an ideal picture of a happy and an honoured old age. To the very last he took an immense interest in politics, but I fear "nephew Dan's" democratic tendencies rather frightened the old gentleman, who had witnessed the horrors of that Revolution which was heralded by the utterance of the noblest sentiments and largely promoted in its earlier developments by men of lofty patriotic heroism. He must have seen analogies enough between the Girondins and the Repealers to make him shake a handsome head, which might have fallen under the deadly knife but for its owner's uncommon sagacity in times of peril.

There is something comical in the conflict between pride and family affection on the one hand, and the natural conservatism of an old soldier of a despotic monarchy on the other.

I append the few typical bits from letters which Ross O'Connell has sent concerning charities and young kinsfolk.

The General sent money to build four schools in different parts of Kerry where his nephews had property. Curiously enough, the actual wording of a letter led to a violation of its spirit. His brother Maurice had a very valuable middle interest in the village of Cahirdaniel and surrounding lands under the Hartopp family, which it never occurred to the veteran would pass away from the family. All these old leases to Catholics contained renewal clauses with fines. In this case these were suffered to lapse, and the property was lost. The terms of the gift were to schools on the property of his nephews, and when Cahirdaniel reverted to the owner, the endowment was removed to a school on the property of his nephew James, in strict accordance with the wording of the gift. Ross O'Connell sends me the following extract. It refers to some poor young ladies in Kerry. I do not give their names.

"About the shop you mention, he writes from the Château de Mâdon, August 30, 1828: 'Some time previous to my leaving Paris I received a letter from a Miss Maria —, who, with another little girl, a sister of hers, lives with her grandmother at G—. From what she writes, the two sisters appear to be in the deepest misery, their grandmother

being unable to afford them anything besides their bare subsistence. This is, of course, an appeal to my charity, and I feel quite disposed to relieve them, not, however, until I have consulted you as to the best manner of doing so. It seems to me that by giving them a credit for 50£, the elder sister might set up a little shop at Cahirsiveen, and make out a livelihood for herself and her little sister. I w^d willingly add 20£ more for to buy them cloathes and a little furniture.'

"He hardly ever writes a letter without sending money for some one or something—£100 to the chapel at Cahirdaniel; and then the schools are always coming in; he seems to have built four, one at Darrynane-beg, one at Cahirdaniel, and two in other parts of Iveragh."—[R. O'C.]

For the subsequent year Ross O'Connell sends me the following scrap:—

"Paris, 1829: Jane and Miss Galway come to dine from their Convent to meet O'Donoghue and his travelling companion, C. O'Connell."

Both these gentlemen married his grand-nieces—the young chieftain married Jane O'Connell, of Grenagh; Charles O'Connell, of Ballinabloun, married Kate O'Connell, of Darrynane. My sister-in-law was at school with Miss Galway, of Killarney, at the old famous Convent of the Dames Anglaises, so beautifully and sympathetically described by George Sand. She had just left it, and the clever girl's wonderfully beautiful themes—full of piety and fervour then—used to be given as models of style to the Irish girls. My sister-in-law's recollections of the kindly and charming old man were just similar to those of her cousins. She remembered being fetched to see some bride preparing for her presentation at court, and learning from a great dancing-master the prodigiously sweeping old-world curtsy required, and which the General thought would be an improving spectacle to young girls. She and Miss Galway used often to spend Sunday with the family circle in the Rue des Capucines, and were amused watching the guests, as there was often a small informal reception in the evening. They

were expected to conform to French customs for young ladies in the schoolroom, and looked on, but did not take part in the conversation unless specially addressed.

Miss Julianna told me sundry stories she heard of the veteran and other young people, and one story of a full-grown man, one of the many O'Connells who had passed from the Irish Brigade to the British Service in Count O'Connell's regiment, and then into other British regiments.

On some occasion the Duke of York reviewed some troops, among whom this gentleman's regiment figured, on March 18. The Irishmen who did not share our General's horror of drink had been drowning the shamrock to some purpose, especially this very tall stout Kerry man. His friends went to hunt him up in the morning, and found his orderly vainly endeavouring to get him into the very tight and complicated regimentals then worn. Before he was half ready he was obliged to turn out.

The Duke perceived an officer whose costume was very untidy, and sent an aide-de-camp to know what British officer presumed to appear in such a trim.

With tipsy dignity, the officer in question responded, "Does not his Royal Highness know that last night was Patrick's Day?"

The matter-of-fact Englishman had to laugh, and so had the royal Duke, when this Irish bull was repeated to him. The hero consequently got off with a few hours' arrest and the following reprimand: "Tell the officer in question to retire to his quarters, and make Patrick's Night of to-day."

A very fine-looking young relative, who had not cultivated his mind to the pitch Count O'Connell thought essential, came to see him in Paris. He was taken out for a stroll, and, I fear, cross-examined as to his attainments. Passing along a fine new street of tall houses, the old gentleman said, "My dear So-and-so, do you see that house? It reminds me of you."

The young man looked up at a lofty new mansion, felt rather flattered, and inquired in what the resemblance lay.

"That is a very fine house to look at outside, but it is very badly furnished in the upper story."

In July, 1829, the General writes a long political letter. He had given £200 to the fund for the Liberator, so he had some right to comment on some of the emancipated ones, on whom it seems a pity not to have left some portion of their chains, so strangely did they requite their deliverer.

Paris, 3 July, 1829.

MY DEAR JAMES,—Permit me to address you as my agent, and request of you to call in the twelve Months of my annuity due since the 1st of May, and to remit that Sum to Messrs. Coutts and Co., of London, for my account.

I am extremely anxious to be informed how the subscription for your Brother Daniel goes on. That of the Catholic Peerage of England has been shamefully shabby, if the account in the Papers be true. I own I expected nothing handsome from them, but I could have never supposed it would be so paltry. Pray, what has Lord Kenmare subscribed? I hope he has not followed the example of his Grace of Norfolk.

The Clare Election is soon to come on. The Papers say Daniel's return is certain. His address to the Freeholders seems to me calculated to Embody all the Aristocracy of the Country against him, but at the same time, to rally for his support the independent freeholders, and I trust these latter are by far the most numerous. Pray, who is the other candidate?

I had some time back a letter from your Brother John, concerning a pretended Deposit of a large Sum of Money in Mr. Lafittes' Bank for the benefit of the heirs of a Mr. M^cCarthy, of Ardcannaght, who died at Mexico. I trust John has long since got my answer to his letter. Pray assure him and Bess [Elizabeth, daughter of William Coppinger, of Barry's Court, County Cork] of my sincere Affection. I hear that Jane [their daughter] is quite well. It is but justice to her to say that she is an uncommonly amiable, well-informed, and sensible girl. She expects her father and mother in September. We shall be then at *Mádon*, but we hope that they will come to pass some weeks with us. I suppose my young friend O'Donoghue arrived long since at Lake View. I beg you will assure him of my esteem and good wishes, presenting my respects to Mrs. O'Donoghue.

The uncommonly well-informed young lady and the highly estimable young gentleman, whose names occur in

such close proximity, got married very soon after, and I suspect the veteran had some hopes that way when he coupled their names. A union which was so suitable and auspicious in every way was soon terminated by the death of the young husband, and the veteran's grand-niece, married just after she left school, found herself a widow with a child before she was of age. All through the series, even when the General's sight had failed him and he employed some kind hand to write for him, his letters are full of his dear Jane and her husband and child. Even in his testamentary letter, he prays Heaven to guard the sole offshoot of an ancient line, the handsome and popular O'Donoghue who has just passed away, leaving many sons to perpetuate the name. James O'Connell had married The O'Donoghue's sister Jane.

Adieu, my Dear James. My love to your aimiable Partner and to your Boys. Accept the sincere regards of all your friends in the rue des Capucines, and believe me unalterably your affect. friend and Uncle,

GENL. O'CONNELL.

In the next paragraph, the postscript of above, all the old gentleman's prudence crops up. In the affluence of his old age, with his comfortable apartments in the mansion in Paris and the château in the country, and French and English half-pay, and fraternal legacy, he never forgot the days when he was an *émigré* in London, when the possibility of earning £200 a year and owing nothing to any man was the dream of his existence. Substance, not shadow, had always attracted him. He seems to have had a curious regret that the circumstances of his country in his youth had prevented his embracing the legal career. As he more than once states, he had transferred his ambition from his own career, hopelessly checked by the Revolution, to that of his nephew and namesake, Daniel. Daniel's handsome and clever eldest son naturally interested him deeply; but the veteran had got a surfeit of politics in France, and mourned to see father and son turned from the profitable paths of law to the flowery, but no wise fruitful, paths of popular patriotism.

Pray, how does your nephew Maurice go on? He seems to have given up his professional pursuits, and to devote his time altogether to his Father. God grant that they may not both be the worse for it! I can't help feeling uneasy at the ultimate result of the great change likely to take place in Daniel's situation and affairs. [The Liberator's fee-book, preserved at Darrynane, shows a clear gain of £6000 the year before he abandoned the law for politics.]

Pray give me candidly your and John's opinion on a subject so near to my *heart*. Daniel's character stands high; no doubt his abilities are universally acknowledged, but I see no provision made for his large family in the event of any misfortune. I assure you, my Dear James, this melancholy thought often deprives me of rest.

Ross O'Connell mentions the General's annual visits to Nice for years in the latter part of his life, and quotes this caustic judgment on the Liberator, written to his brother James—

Nice, Dec. 20th, 1829.

I regret to see the sure emoluments of his [Daniel O'Connell's] profession sacrificed to Parliamentary Pursuits, which may perhaps prove creditable to himself, but are likely to prove injurious to his children; but Vanity is his predominant Passion.

Little Bonite d'Etchegoyen has grown up, and marries a Spanish gentleman, Baron de Paraza. In 1830 a story is added to the Paris mansion, so that she can have her apartment under the family roof-tree, and we soon begin to hear of a little Marie de Paraza, who is now Madame de Sers, still living, and I hope likely to live long. This very year, in July, 1830, Charles X. had to fly from his kingdom, and the citizen-king ruled in his stead. I am not aware if Mr. Roche ("Essays of an Octogenarian") had any real authority for the following statement, or if it merely represented current gossip. In any case, it shows the opinion entertained of our General. At p. 41 he says, "It is well known that a marshal's staff was destined for Count O'Connell by Charles X., whose life he had saved at the siege of Gibraltar in 1782, and only stopped execution by that sovereign's dethronement. No one could be worthier of that or any other honour."

Of course, a new oath of allegiance was administered to the army of King Louis Philippe, and those who refused it were disbanded and struck off the paymaster's list. I hope there is no need to say it was equally a matter of course that my General refused it. My husband always said he heard his uncle had said he was too old to turn traitor at over eighty years. The Liberator simply says, "He refused to take the oath of fidelity to Louis Philippe, and was of course destituted." He then mentions that the old man retired to Mâdon, where he awaited with resignation the "Nunc dimittis."

Grant poetically describes his old age and retirement thus: "O'Connell lived in tranquillity and honour, a remnant of other days and of old romantic sympathies, until 1830, when he was again deprived of his French emoluments for his unwavering fidelity to Charles X. and the elder branch of the Bourbons. After this he retired to Mâdon, near Blois, where he died on July 9, 1833, in the ninety-first [really eighty-ninth] year of his age, the oldest colonel of the British Army and the senior general of the French."

But before he died the veteran had work to do, and joys and sorrows to experience. He was much attached to the step-daughter of his step-daughter, and he saw her borne to the grave from her loving husband and baby-child. There was something peculiarly sad in this to the aged childless man, who was ready and willing himself to obey the last summons hence; indeed, his old age was one long preparation for death.

Notwithstanding my hero's staunch loyalty, he was obliged to seek one favour at the hands of the usurper. Perhaps the question of the validity of his summary naturalization after the Restoration had been raised to spite the old Royalist, or that a doubt was cast on the transaction. He had obtained from one of the Bourbon kings leave to bequeath his peerage and his title to his step-grandson, Daniel d'Etchegoyen, who, during his lifetime even, bore the name of O'Connell. It was probably necessary to get this full and perfect form of letters of naturalization signed by the reigning King to legalize the reversion of the peerage. In his

French will he speaks of the young man as "Monsieur Louis Charles Daniel d'Etchegoyen-O'Connell, my godson;" and there is no mention of the title and its accompanying privileges of representation, so that the adoption must have been arranged by a previous legal instrument. The young man was always called Daniel, according to a common custom with foreigners of not using the first or even the second Christian name, and calling the person by the name of some sponsor, which might be low down on the list. My own father's names were Gioachimo Carlo Guiseppe, yet it was as Charles Bianconi that he was always known.

Prerogative Court.

Exhibit F.

Letter of Naturalization.

Louis Philippe, King of the French, to all whom these may concern, now and hereafter, greeting. Denis¹ Charles Count O'Connell, Lieutenant-General retired from the service, Commander of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, born at Darrynane, in Ireland, on May 21, 1745, states to us that by a decree of December 12, 1818, he has become naturalized; that his sincerest wish is to devote the remainder of his days to our service and to that of a country the only one which he this day acknowledges; and he supplicates us in consequence that we may be pleased to grant him letters of naturalization in pursuance to the decree above said, dated December 12, 1818. Accordingly, wishing to act favourably towards the petitioner, upon the report of our Keeper of the Seals, the Minister for Justice; considering the declaration made by the claimant before the Mayor of the First District, April 22, 1818; considering that he still adheres to his intention of settling altogether in France; considering the decree as above dated, December 12, 1818:

By this our special grace it is our will and pleasure that he should be admitted, as we do admit him, by these presents, signed under our own hand, and which will be published and inserted in the Bulletin of Laws, to the enjoyment of the franchises, privileges, civil and political rights, enjoyed by all true and French-born subjects. We do forbid that under any pretence he may be molested in the enjoyment thereof so long as he shall continue to reside in our kingdom. We direct and command our courts and tribunals, prefects,

¹ An affidavit explains the mistake of putting Denis Charles for Daniel Charles.

administrators, and all bodies to uphold and forward these presents, to cause the same to be observed, upheld, and forwarded. And in order to render them more notorious to all persons, to cause the same to be published and registered wherever it may be required of them, and in order that it may be of a firm and everlasting standing, we have caused our seal to be affixed hereunto.

Given at Paris, at the Royal Palace, the 7th day of December, 1830.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Seal.

Exhibited at the Seal Office, by the King, the Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice—

DUPONT DE L'EURE,
Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice.

Whole fee, 100 francs ; referendary's fees, 50 francs ; registering fees, 22 francs ; material fees allowed the referendary, 8. Total, 180 francs.

The Secretary of the Seal, the head of Division at the Ministry of Justice.

CUVILLIER.

Seal.

These are to certify the signatures of his Majesty, Louis Philippe, King of the French, and of M. Dupont de l'Eure, Keeper of the Seals of France and Minister of Justice.

Paris, this 10th day of August, 1838.
His Britannic Majesty's Consul at Paris,

THOMAS PICKFORD.

Seal.

These are further to certify that the seal attached to the present "Lettres de déclaration de Naturalité" is a true impression of the Great Seal of France.

Paris, this 10th day of August, 1838.
His Britannic Majesty's Consul at Paris,

THOMAS PICKFORD.

Seal.

Exhibit H.

Bulletin of Laws.

Second part Decrees, No. 87.

No. 2437. Decree of the King granting letters of declaration of naturalization to Denis Charles Count O'Connell, Lieutenant-General retired from the service, Commander of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, born at Darrynane, in Ireland, the 21st of May, 1745 (Paris, 12th of December, 1818), certified to be a true copy by us, Keeper of the Seals of France, Minister, Secretary of State at the Department of Justice at Paris, the 14th of July, 1831.

BARTHE.

This date is that of the Chancery receiving the bulletin. Subscriptions to the Bulletins of Laws taken at the rate of nine francs a year at the cahiers of the Royal Printing Office, or at the directors of provincial post-offices at Paris, from the Royal Printing Office, July 14, 1831.

Marryings and givings in marriage fill much of my General's mind. He writes a very pretty letter to his grand-niece Kate on her sister's marriage. The bride-elect, who is still living, though her dear sister has recently passed away, had been little more than a child when he used to see her in Paris, but he noticed and remembered her early love of beautiful scenery—a trait he shared with her.

I have peculiar pleasure in quoting this letter, because it shows how completely devoid of snobbery my hero was, notwithstanding the atmosphere of courts and camps he had long breathed. Very few Munster folk could be content to take his advice of seeking personal, even when devoid of hereditary, qualifications. There is one excuse for them. During the greater part of the last century it was impossible for Catholics to rise to any position of consequence, and even if they made money by retail trade they were very likely illiterate, as all the educational endowments belonged to the few old respectable families who had contrived to struggle on in their original position. These conditions led to a great prejudice among old-fashioned gentlewomen against any man who did not come of a respectable family. The letter is bound up with others Mrs. FitzSimon had collected with a view of using them in the opening chapters of a life of the

Liberator, her father. I have never seen her manuscript, but have heard it contained a good deal about her great-uncle, whose picturesque career would naturally attract a woman of her poetic temperament.

Au Château de Mâdon, par Blois, Loire et Cher,
April 18, 1831.

MY DEAR KATE,—Your letter has been a very agreeable surprise to me. I was apprehensive my friends in Merrion Square had forgot me, but your letter has convinced me of my error, and I very gladly retract it. The information it conveys of Betsy's marriage with Mr. French gives me great Pleasure. His family, his connexions and independant Fortune, and, what in my Estimation is far more valuable, his personal qualifications, are sure pledges of Betsy's future happiness. It seems they intend to visit the Highlands. If I remember right, she always discovered a partiality to that Country (she had probably read "Ossian"). I suppose they will visit *Glasgow*, the Caledonian Canal, and the Clyde, which is the Brenta of Scotland; but whilst the latter, formerly the Summer Abode of the proud Venetian Nobles, is now decaying fast, the former is as quickly improving. *Sic fata voluerunt.*

I regret to find that the derangement of Morgan's health has prevented him from joyning his Colours at the expiration of his *Congé*. He is now with you in London, I suppose, on his way to Germany, where I trust he will consider it his Duty as well as his interest to remain a long time ere he may think of revisiting Ireland.

I have been informed by the Papers of Maurice's having been returned for the County of Clare, which is but an additional proof of your father's permanent popularity in Ireland. I wish it may tend to induce some opulent *Heiress* to share her fortune with Maurice. You know a Seat in Parliament is far from being a *Sinecure*.

Give my love to your Mother. I am greatly flattered to think that in giving away Betsy she remembered me and our old conversation on the subject of Matrimony. If I may be allowed to deliver my thoughts on that delicate Question under existing circumstances, I must confess that I would not reject a person well principled, well Educated, and possessing a good Fortune, acquired by honest and honourable industry and Exertion, even if he were what you call a *man of yesterday*.

I am expecting your Uncle James on a visit to me at Mâdon towards the close of this Month or the first Days in

May. He comes by Bristol, Southampton, and Havre. I hope to retain him here for at least a fortnight.

Adieu, my very Dear Kate. Give my sincere love to your Father and Mother and to every member of your family, and I deeply regret to think that my advanced Age, with some Infirmities, altho' not so many or so severe as several others of my Contemporaries, still preclude the possibility of my visiting once more my native shores. Poor Darinane, so dear to my remembrance! I am happy to hear the air of it agrees so well with your Mother.

All your friends at Mâdon desire to be affectionately remembered. M^{de} de Paraza has a sweet little girl, *Mary*,¹ nearly two years old, and she bids me give you her love. She speaks English.

Adieu again, Dear Kate. When shall I be informed that you are married, *well* married? It is, indeed, one of the warmest wishes of your old but profoundly attached Uncle,

GENL. O'CONNELL.

His niece, Jane O'Connell, of Grenagh, had greatly pleased him by her marriage with The O'Donoghue, whose handsome sister had long before married the young Madam's uncle James, and it was a proportionate blow to him that her husband became dangerously ill. The old gentleman's touching anxiety about the homes and families of his Irish kindred mingles with scraps of politics and news.

His marked and decided horror of his nephew Dan's politics is natural enough, but one of his notions is peculiarly odd, viz. the possibility of a transfer of Lords and Commons once in three years to Dublin. I believe it has the merit of being the only strange panacea not brought forward in our age of nostrums social, political, and economic. It is sad to see the old man pining for a line from his dear Dan of other days, or at least from his family; but I must excuse the younger Daniel. From all my husband told me, and no one knew his illustrious uncle more intimately, the Liberator was incapable of inflicting deliberate pain on any living being. He had a great deal of the old Irish family feeling, and he was fond and proud of the old man, who affirms stoutly he did him no discredit; but he was busy with the weightiest cares, he was in a whirl of triumphant excitement, and he

¹ Now the Marquise de Sera, of Mâdon.

could hardly be expected to sit down and indite dutiful epistles to a prim and conservative old gentleman, who was always throwing cold water on his enthusiastic visions. The ladies of the Liberator's family would naturally somewhat resent this criticism of the kindest and fondest head a family ever possessed. With these few preparatory and qualifying remarks, I shall quote such letters as have reached me. The ruin which overtook my father-in-law in the early days of the famine have caused a total dispersion of his papers, so that I have none of the General's letters to him. Sir Maurice, of Lake View, sent me those which follow, and allowed me to make what extracts I pleased from a huge document of the Prerogative Court, wherein I gathered many particulars.

Mádon, 17 August, 1831.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I was much pleased to hear y' brother Dan had been returned for Kerry, *una voce* or nearly so, and that his son Maurice had been likewise returned for Clare, but not without a warm contest and a Duel (say the papers). Please to mention who was his Antagonist and anything important relative to that mighty unpleasant Event. I can't but regret that our approved and esteem'd friend, the Knight of Kerry, the unvarying and warm advocate of Catholic Emancipation, has been thrown out, yet I am Sensible his opposition to the Reform Bill render'd it unavoidable. I trust that bill will be productive of important benefits to all, as it goes to a total extirpation of many gross abuses that had taken deep root and corrupted and vitiated the genuine Spirit of the Constitution, and lead to a Repeal of several obnoxious Laws still in force in Ireland, and thereby completely remove every idea of a Repeal of the Union. . . . Paris has been some time back in a state of agitation, but now things wear a better aspect, and promise both Domestic and foreign peace. France has an immense and well-trained army, and, if united within herself, may bid defiance to all Europe. Great plans of economy are in contemplation, and some Already carried out. All pensions on the Military Order of St. Louis are already cancelled, by which I lose 3000 frs. a year as Grand Cross.

Ever, etc.,

GENERAL O'CONNELL.

This letter is written by one of the ladies of the family, as are several others. They are signed in a very shaky and

irregular way. Evidently the old soldier, who had been such a neat and clear calligrapher, could hardly see to guide the pen.

Mádon, April 8th, 1832.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I received your letters of the 14th Nov^r and 4 January, and was happy to hear that our friends had arrived safe at Pisa.

Here comes a long paragraph, full of fallacious hopes of the recovery of The O'Donoghue, who died of consumption a few months after in Florence. His young wife, little son, and the old Madam, James O'Connell's mother-in-law, accompanied him. So little did the old man, slowly, peacefully drawing to his end, realize the true state of his grand-niece's husband, that he is full of hope a sojourn of a year or two will set him up. He hopes the old lady and the child, a very fine handsome little fellow, will profit by it, especially if they let little Daniel take plenty of exercise.

It is very interesting to see the views this keen old observer of men and things takes of the dawning of our modern Irish democracy. Having had a very narrow escape from the guillotine, his name being on the list of the proscribed, he had a certain reason for distrusting King Demos.

The information you give me respecting your brother's Election would surprize me had I not been prepared for it, but the Reform Bill, by strengthening the Middle Classes, left no doubt in my mind as to the result. I see in the papers that your Brother Daniel has mustered all his Irish forces, with their auxiliaries, English and Scotch, in opposition to Government, but hitherto very unsuccessfully. The Bill now pending for the suppression of Insurrection and restoration of good order will unquestionably pass by a large majority in both Houses, and tend to restore peace and tranquillity to that distracted country—an effect greatly to be wished for. I likewise trust his attempts and exertions to enforce a Repeal of the Union will prove equally unsuccessful.

We must bear in mind all the difficulties the Irish-French officers had encountered in their dealings with the Irish Parliament, and the delays thrown in the way of their recruiting for the six Catholic regiments of the new Irish

Brigade. The veteran, who had carried on the secret negotiations for his comrades, many of whom were far more French than Irish, had no very tender recollections of the Irish Parliament, though for Grattan in person he entertained grateful esteem.

The next paragraph specially refers to my husband and his young brother Maurice. The latter was a very clever lad—won the chief prize at Oscott, but died there before he had begun a university career. He was a very active, plucky boy; his school name was "The Deer." At the examinations before his death he recited, amid great applause, verses of his own composition, in which the following lines occur, singularly applicable to a Christian's death such as his own was, and within the walls of the school.

From an "Ode to Man," by young Maurice O'Connell, of Grenagh, written in 1834—

"I saw him on his death-bed.
No frantic fear was there,
But seraph hope was throned in his breast
As he muttered forth a prayer.
A crucifix was in his hand,
Redeeming pledge of a brighter land;
To clasp his dying Saviour he tried,
And in that fond embrace he died.
Oh, man was made for this!"

It is touching to see the old man, whose wife had never borne him a living child, though twice his hopes were frustrated by a premature birth, taking such a fatherly interest in the children of the children of his brother. He goes on—

Remember me affectionately to your brother John and family. The account you give of Morgan is, as usual, highly satisfactory, and what you also say of little Maurice, his brother, allows his Friends to hope that he will not be less distinguished than his Brother. I am very glad to hear your dear Boys are making rapid progress with their studies, and I think you will act wisely in taking them over next July to *Prior Park*, and leaving them there until they finish their studies.

I have now to request, my Dear James, you will call in the sum due to me in May next on my annuity, and remit

the same to Messrs. Coutts, Bankers in London, as usual, recommending them at the same time to advise me of the reception of your bill when paid.

Accept, my dear James, the Affectionate wishes of all your Friends about me. They are always highly charmed to hear of you and your family, and extremely sensible to your remembrance and good wishes for them.

The state of my health is always the same, neither better nor worse. I am prepared to Experience the same infirmity during the rest of my life, happy, thrice happy, if God be pleased to accept of my sufferings in expiation of my sins.

Believe me, my dear James, with the warmest affection to you and your family,

Your unalterably and warmly Attached friend and Uncle,
GENL. O'CONNELL.

MAdon, April 20, 1832.

MY DEAR JAMES,—Nothing could gratify me more than your letter of the 16th of February last. I longed sadly to hear from my friends about Killarney [Lake View and Grenagh, where his nephews lived, were near it], and am now quite happy they are quite well. I congratulate you and Jane on Dr. Baines¹ satisfactory report respecting your boys. I also most sincerely congratulate your brother John and his partner on the uncommonly happy dispositions of their two sons. Providence has blessed Morgan with distinguished talents, and with, I trust, sound and solid moral Principles; and I hope his brother Maurice and your two boys will in a day forthcoming emulate him [my dear husband, Morgan John, for seventeen years M.P. for Kerry, the friend of Thackeray and of most of the people worth knowing of his day. He grew wild and extravagant enough in his young manhood, but always retained high honour and the Faith. He bore ruin with perfect cheerfulness, took to the English Bar in middle life, inherited a fine property, and at fifty-three married a young wife in the person of myself. His genial and delightful age, during our ten years' married life, was marked by all the good qualities the veteran prognosticated, and by a genial and cheerful piety like the old man's own. He died July 2, 1875].

From your brother Daniel I never receive a line, nor from any of his family. His neglect of an old Uncle so devoted to his friends, and who has been no discredit to his name, I can easily forgive, but I regret to learn he still invariably pursues his old plan. His idea of a Repeal of the Union can never succeed, and I think so fortunately, as two Legislatures, quite in-

¹ Superior of Prior Park.

dependent of each other, although under the same Monarch, could not fail to produce Civil strife or a base corruption as heretofore. Had he managed well, and exerted his talents with prudence and wisdom, he might have perhaps gained a great point, viz. Parliament to sit once in three years in Dublin.

Ever yours, my Dear James,
GENERAL O'CONNELL.

The last letter, a copy of which I possess, is practically Count O'Connell's Irish will—a testamentary letter, in fact. Before quoting it, I shall give a summary of his French will; not on account of the moneys, which are under £2000, but on account of the insight into character it gives. When he drew it up, in his own handwriting, on October 8, 1831, his dear daughter, the Baronne d'Etchegoyen, was living, and to her he looked for various charitable arrangements. He had given away the bulk of his means before, and these two wills are mere lists of trifling bequests, except the sums already invested in Ireland, and which are assigned in the Irish testamentary letter to his two godsons. The French documents are most queerly translated, so I give the substance rather than the translator's words. The veteran had purchased a vault at Coudé, close to Mâdon, which is the family burial-place of his step-descendants. He says, "My wish is to be buried without pomp or honours of any description, and will have no sepulchral monument but a simple marble slab. My intention is that my funeral expenses do not exceed a sum of 2000 francs." If there be any surplus from this moderate sum (about £80), it is to be handed to his step-daughter, Marie Caroline Célinie, wife of Jean Louis Bernard d'Etchegoyen. All the connection were rich people, so that the legacies which follow are mere souvenirs. He states he bequeaths 1200 francs to Madame d'Etchegoyen to be for her mourning. He leaves 1000 francs each, probably for a similar purpose, to her second son Charles, and to poor Aimée's children, Henri and Marie Célinie d'Etchegoyen (the latter now Marquise de Sénarport). He leaves his little pet, Marie de Paraza, now the Marquise de Sers and owner of Mâdon, 500 francs.

"I give," he says, "to M. Louis Daniel Charles

d'Etchegoyen a sum of 10,000 francs (about £400), together with my furniture, my books and maps, and my military uniforms, including my sword, hilt-tassels, epaulettes, and hat. I also bequeath to him the sum of which M. Jacques Drouillard, my brother-in-law, shall happen to be in my debt at my decease." This was doubtless a reference to an annuity settled on him by his late wife.

Count O'Connell orders six hundred Masses to be said for the repose of his soul, of his sister Anne's, and of the souls of his wife Martha and her children, Charles and Louise. The Masses are to be celebrated by the priests of the Madeleine, in Paris, and of the country parishes of Chaumont en Loire, Coudé, Montils, and Chailles, near Mâdon.

Small sums, varying from 800 to 200 francs, in some cases 300, in others 100, and down to 50 francs, are given to charities—to the poor of each of the twelve arrondissements of Paris; to the sick poor of the parish of the Madeleine; to the poor of the three parishes about Mâdon; with 100 francs more for Madame d'Etchegoyen to give in charity as she thinks best. To the poor debtors in Paris, and to the Petits Séminaires of the dioceses of Paris and Blois, 300 francs each. The other charities are—Providence Asylum, Paris; Refuge for Boys, Paris; Female Penitents, Paris; Orphan Girls, Paris; Savoyard Boys, Paris; Aged Priests, Paris; Aged Nuns, Paris; and the Foreign Missions, Paris.

He leaves his servant six months' wages and his wardrobe, except the regimentals, and leaves his table-linen and sheeting to the house—probably it had belonged to his wife. He directs his executors, the two D'Etchegoyen brothers, to get in all arrears of pay, and if anything remained over, to apply it to the redemption of poor people's pledges from the Paris Mont de Pieté. He concludes by requesting them to send a duly attested certificate of his death to his nephew, James O'Connell.

The will is officially described as a holograph document, without blot or erasure or interlineation, all in testator's handwriting, on two sides of one sheet of paper, bearing a stamp of 1 franc 75 centimes.

He lived nearly two years after drawing up the document, but, as hand and eye were failing, he wisely used both while he

could still write himself. He had naturally looked forward to his dear daughter to close his eyes, but she was taken from him a short time before he was called to his reward. He still had with him her daughter and niece, and her daughter's little Marie, on whom he seems to have doted, and who remembers him, especially his death, though she was only about four years old. She mentioned about her uncle Daniel O'Connell in her interesting letter to Judge Kelly. She says, "After my grandmother married M. d'Etchegoyen my great-grandfather never lived away from his children. He had adopted my uncle—my mother's brother—his godson, bestowing on him his title, his peerage, and his name. Though he adopted my uncle Daniel, as far as his name and title went, the General did not in any way wrong his own family so far as his own money was concerned. All his fortune reverted to one of his O'Connell nephews; certainly none of it came to us.

"My uncle was known as Count Daniel d'Etchegoyen-O'Connell. After the death of my great-grandfather, the General, my uncle married Mdlle. de Louvancourt. He lost his life eighteen months after his marriage by a fall from a carriage, similar to that which caused the death of the Duke of Orleans."

It is sad to think that the young man on whom the veteran of France had fixed to bear his name and the hard-won honours of a long life should have thus perished in his prime, without a son to carry on the traditions of the last Colonel of the Irish Brigade.

Just a month before his death, Count O'Connell dictated a beautiful letter to his nephew James. He gives in it minute orders about helping a poor lady whom he had often helped before. From the directions about money matters I should infer that the old man did not expect his end so soon as it came, but that he was setting his house in order. To the very last he could take thought for others in his own distant but ever beloved land.

Testamentary Letter of General Count Daniel O'Connell to his nephew James O'Connell, of Lake View, Killarney (from Record Office copy).

June 10, 1833.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I received your letter of the 1st, and most deeply lament with you the death of your beloved friend and brother-in-law, O'Donoghue. Pray assure his disconsolate mother and his young widow that I most sincerely partake in their affliction. Far from anticipating the sad event, I entertained sanguine hopes of his recovery after a residence of a few years in a soft and mellow transalpine climate. It has pleased Providence to ordain it otherwise; His holy will be done. Let us pray for the preservation of the child, and may the Almighty Maker bless and Protect the sole remaining representative of a most ancient and venerable stock! I hope Jane will also live with you at Lake View, to assist her worthy mother-in-law in the care she will have to bestow on the child.

I observed that you are to remit early in September to Messrs. Coutts and Co. the sum of £150 10^s for my use. I am sorry my letter of last April did not reach you, owing, I suppose, to its not having been properly directed. I am ever obliged to borrow the hand and assistance of one or other of the family, as a tremor in the hand prevents me from writing myself. It is now time, my dear James, to transmit you my last intentions with regard to the remittances I from time to time made to you. I had then in contemplation to bestow £8000 on your brother Daniel's younger sons, Morgan, John, and Daniel, but circumstances now induce me to abandon that plan. I therefore request you may appropriate one-half of that sum for your nephew John only when he attains the age of 25. The remainder I bestow on my little namesake and godson, your second son, Daniel; you will manage that sum and any others that may now or hereafter revert to me or to him for his benefit. I have received a letter from Mrs. S—, of K—, announcing her having been ejected from her farm. She is now living with her poor family, and intends setting up a shop, if she can only procure some little means for that purpose. I therefore request you will give her a credit of £10 on my next account; you'll refund yourself that sum when you remit me the November gale of my annuity. Farewell, my dear James. Remember me affectionately to your brother John's and your own family. Accept the best wishes of all your friends at Mâdon, and believe me, ever most affectionately and unalterably, your sincere and loving Uncle.

I shall direct Messrs. Coutts and Co. to draw any pay that may be due to me of Government on the day of my death, and to hold it at your disposal, as well as any balance that may be due to me on their books, which sum you will be pleased to dispose of as you may think best for charitable purposes. I shall make no testament. I commit to your care to fulfil my intentions agreeably to the contents of this letter. With respect to my health, my sight, my hearing, and my memory are considerably impaired, and the infirmity I am afflicted with requires the constant and incessant use of the catheter. I beg to hear from you at least once every three months.

GENERAL O'CONNELL.

The child, sole surviving male of an ancient stock, so pathetically referred to, is the late O'Donoghue of the Glens, the well-known handsome, popular, and charming M.P. for Tralee. By his wife, Mary, daughter and eventual heiress of Sir John Ennis, of Ballinahown Court, he has left five sons.

The *Liberator* thus touchingly describes the last years of the life of his honoured kinsman in the exquisite home by the wide waters of the Loire, in the château of Mâdon—

“There, in his declining health, he awaited with resignation the call of his God, which occurred on July 9, 1833, he having then nearly completed his ninetieth [eighty-ninth] year, and being the oldest colonel in the English Service. He had never in the season of his prosperity forgotten his country or his God. Loving that country with the strongest affection, he retained to the last the full use of her native language; and, although master of the Spanish, Italian, German, Greek, and Latin, as well as the French and English languages, it was to him a source of the greatest delight to find any person capable of conversing with him in the pure Gaelic of his native mountains. There never lived a more sincere friend, a more generous man. His charities were multiplied and continuous, and it was to the surprise of all who knew him how he could afford to do all the good he did to his kind. He was all his life a practical Catholic, and had the comfort of dying without a pang, amidst all the sacred and sweet consolations of that religion which he had not forgotten in his youth, and which did not abandon him in the days of darkness and death.

“Requiescat in pace.”

The touching testamentary letter shows how alive he was to all that concerned those dear to him. From it we can fancy what he must have felt at the death of Madame d'Etchegoyen, as devoted a child as ever Ruth had been. His illness was tedious and protracted, requiring almost daily surgical attendance to assist the failing natural functions, but he probably did not suffer much pain, and was apparently not long in a sick-room. The slight tremor in his hand, the dulled hearing, and the dimmed sight must have stolen on too gradually to be acutely distressing, and the letter written within a month of his death would not lead us to infer that he was actually then an invalid. Everything that love and wealth could procure was his. Probably the little great-grandchild, prattling baby English at his knee, was the sweetest thing in life left to the old man.

Death stole on gently, and the stout soldier, who had calmly faced it among the blazing floating batteries of Gibraltar Bay, now met it with equal composure. He lay dying through the short summer night. He lived to see the radiant dawn of the bright July day. At six o'clock on the morning of the 9th of July, 1833, he peacefully passed away in the presence of his dear ones.

Death Register.

“Baron d'Etchegoyen, widower, 70 years of age, domiciled at Coudé, Canton de Coulres, Department Loire et Cher, and Dr. Egret, aged 65, declare the death of Count O'Connell, widower, aged 88, who used to reside in Baron d'Etchegoyen's house. He died at six o'clock in the morning on the 9th of July, 1833.

“Before the Mayor, Jacques Augustin Deschamps.”

The veteran was buried, as he had desired, in the chapel of the village cemetery, where he had bought a vault, at Coudé, which is the parish where Mâdon is situated. The inscription on his monumental tablet could not be simpler. It is in French, which I translate literally. The venerable curé, who transcribed it, promised me some anecdotes, and mentioned how the memory of the holy life and singularly

happy death of the old soldier still linger about his home. I regret to state that while these sheets were actually passing through the press the Abbé Noury dropped dead.

“ Here lies

DANIEL CHARLES, COUNT O'CONNELL,
Lieutenant-General, Grand Cross of the Royal and Military Order of
St. Louis.

Born in Ireland, on the 21st of May, 1745.

Died at the Château of Mâdon, the 9th of July, 1833.

Requiescat in pace.”

The following additional particulars are extracted from a letter written in English to the present Count O'Connell, by the Marquise de Sers. They unfortunately reached me too late for insertion in their proper places, according to dates.

As stated above, the venerable pastor of the parish, appointed only six years after the death of Count O'Connell, had promised the count's namesake to send me some anecdotes and details, when he was stricken down himself, and the kind châtelaine of Mâdon sends what she can remember, to Count O'Connell.

As she was only three years and a half old when the General died, her only distinct recollection is of his death. She writes, “ General O'Connell lived and died like a saint. I can see him on his death-bed, when he blessed me.”

She saw the marriage register of her great-grandmother with Colonel O'Connell in the French Chapel, King Street, London. Her great-grandmother was a Creole, Mdle. Drouillard de Lamarre. Her first husband, M. Guorond de Bellevue, was also a Creole, but his family came originally from Brittany and settled in St. Domingo. Both families were immensely rich, but were plundered of all in the Revolution. Madame de Bellevue, when a widow, was living in London during the Emigration, with two young daughters. When France once more became habitable, M. and Madame O'Connell returned to Paris with Aimée and Célinie de Bellevue. General O'Connell never had any children of his own, and Célinie de Bellevue, the youngest daughter, married Baron d'Etchegoyen, a widower. She was fifteen, he was forty-five, and, notwithstanding the disparity of age, it was a most happy union. M. and Madame O'Connell lived with

their daughter and son-in-law, and, after three years, Madame O'Connell died. The General stayed on with his adopted children. Madame de Sers mentions, as she had previously mentioned to Judge Kelly, about the General's adopted son, Daniel d'Etchegoyen-O'Connell, the eldest of Célinie's three children, to whom he did not leave his fortune, but his honoured name. The object of a complicated process of naturalization for the old man, and adoption for the young one, was to qualify him to inherit the General's French peerage; but the Revolution of 1890 abolished these hereditary peerages, and Madame de Sers' uncle only succeeded to the name and title of the veteran. By his marriage with Mdlle. Adolphine de Louvancourt he left no issue. Bonite d'Etchegoyen, who married Baron de Paraza, had only the one child, now Madame de Sers; Charles, the third son of Célinie, married Mdlle. Valentine de Talleyrand Perigord.

The Marquise de Sers mentions one very interesting anecdote of the old General, though she says she naturally heard more about his sanctity, charity, and capacity than of his daily life. The Liberator mentions, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, how beautifully he had laid out the grounds of his step-daughter's home, in the English style, but omits to mention how the labour was procured which so beautified the park of Mâdon. The General was there in 1815, when Napoleon's disbanded soldiers of the Army of the Loire swept through the country in great disorder. In the words of Madame de Sers, "When the soldiers de l'Armée de la Loire passed in great disorder, he found means, by his firm attitude, to inspire a great respect in these riotous men, and got them to work quietly here. They made the park, which I hope some day to show you."

Nothing could be more characteristic of the veteran's cool determination and clear-headedness than this expedient. I only wonder it escaped his biographers.

The portrait of General O'Connell at Darrynane was evidently done while his blushing honours were fresh upon him, in the early days of the Restoration. It represents him as a very elegant, tall, erect old man, with a still fresh

complexion, white hair, and dark eyebrows. The outline of head and face forms an almost perfect oval, the forehead being high, full, and well developed. There are some wrinkles and crows' feet on the handsome keen old face, but the blue eyes are still clear and lively, the slightly shrunken lips are firm and clean cut, and there is a strongly marked dimple in the chin. The veteran wears a dark-blue uniform with a prodigiously high collar, opening in front to show a high black stock and a narrow rim of white shirt-collar. It is heavily embroidered in gold, with wreaths of oak leaves, and he wears massive fringed gold epaulettes. The eight-pointed great cross on his breast is crossed by a wide scarlet watered ribbon, the grand cordon of the Military Order of St. Louis. The identical ribbon, now faded to a pale cherry colour, with an eight-pointed cross enamelled in white hanging to the ends, is preserved at Lake View, with the swords and medals of dead soldiers of later generations of his race.

An exceedingly pleasant-looking, keen, composed, and lively personage our General seems in this picture. There is not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, neither is there any indication of wasting or attenuation. There is no indication of a spirit wearing out its tenement of clay. *Mens sana in corpore sano* describes him. He looks just what he was—a man whose one boast was that he had never wasted a moment of his time or a farthing of his money. It was painted by M. Paulin Guérin. He sent the picture now at Darrynane to the Liberator, some time after the visit of the Liberator's family to Paris. The picture at Lake View is a replica.

It is pleasant to have the veteran thus handed down to posterity in the first blush of his restored and augmented honours, basking in the sunshine of prosperity in the early days of his cheery old age, when love and wealth brightened his fireside, while the faith he had ever clung to was triumphant in Ireland, and the cause he had served so loyally prevailed in France.

What the painter has done for the person of Daniel Charles O'Connell, I have essayed to do for the actions, the aspirations, and the feelings of the Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade.

NOTES TO BOOK VIII.

NOTE A.

LETTER FROM THE PARISH PRIEST OF COUDÉ, NEAR MÂDON,
ABOUT COUNT O'CONNELL'S TOMB.

"Canon Noury to Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell.

"Caudé, 6 Avril, 1891.

"MADAME O'CONNELL,— Votre bonne lettre m'est arrivée au plus fort de mes travaux du temps Pascal. Je l'avais mise de côté pour y répondre dès que je serais libre, mais j'ai le regret d'avoir tant tardé à le faire. Vous serez assez bonne pour *agréer mes excuses.*

"Dans le tombeau de la chapelle du cimetière, mais pas de Mâdon, qui est la résidence de l'honorable famille d'Etchegoyen, mais de Coudé, qui est la paroisse on lit l'inscription suivante :—

*" Ici repose
DANIEL CHARLES C^{te} O'CONNELL,
Lieutenant-Général, Grande Croix de l'Orde Rⁿ et M^{re} de Saint Louis.
Né en Irlande, le 21 Mai, 1745.
Décédé au Château de Mâdon, le 9 Juillet, 1833.
Requiescat in pace.'*

"Je suis curé de la paroisse depuis, 1839. Il y avait six ans que M. le C^{te} O'Connell était mort.

"Son nom est resté vivant dans le souvenir de mes paroissiens. Sa mort à été celle d'un Saint. Veuillez très honorable Madame O'Connell agréer l'expression des mieulleurs sentiments qui j'ai l'honneur de vous offrir.

*"NOURY,
"Curé de Coudé, Chan. hon. de Blois."*

NOTE B.

THE NEPHEWS OF COUNT O'CONNELL.

There is such constant mention of the sons of their brother in the letters of the childless men, Daniel and Maurice, that I append a brief notice of the sons of Morgan O'Connell, of Carhen. Daniel, the eldest, the Liberator, is too well known to

need any further notice. Maurice died young, but the survivors, John and James, were men of great force of character and local influence. I append a few notes about them.

CARHEN O'CONNELL BROTHERS.

(From a Kerry paper.)

Sir James O'Connell was the youngest of four brothers. Maurice died early, an officer in the British Army. The other brothers, Daniel the Liberator, and John O'Connell, of Grenagh, lived amongst us, were scrutinized by us and judged by us; and we venture to say that in no country in the world have three brothers, born of the same parents, been distinguished by the same amount of eminent qualities as marked Daniel, John, and James O'Connell. No doubt the palm will be given to Daniel, though many say that, if John had had an equally cultivated intellect, he would have equalled his elder brother; and there are not a few who think that the late Sir James, while not wanting, or rather whilst abounding in, the qualities which made his gifted eldest brother the great Tribune of the Irish people, possessed in an eminent degree other qualities which combined to make him one of the most useful public men that ever lived in the sphere within which he moved.— (From the *Tralee Chronicle*, July 30, 1872.)

SIR JAMES O'CONNELL.

(Reminiscences by Samuel Murray Hussey.)

The late Sir James O'Connell, Bart., was the fourth son of Morgan O'Connell, of Carhen, Cahirsiveen, who married a Miss O'Mullane, of Whitechurch, in the County Cork. His brothers were John of Grenagh, Daniel (known as the Liberator), and Maurice, an officer who died in the British Army comparatively young. Although Daniel and John inherited the greater portion of the estate left by their father Morgan and their uncle Maurice of Darrynane, yet James, by prudence and judicious investments of large sums given and left him by his uncles and saved by himself, accumulated an estate which in his lifetime was worth £8000 a year. Still he maintained a most hospitable house, and was kind and indulgent to his tenants. He was also a most improving landlord in the way of buildings, and few indeed of his tenants were without an ample slated house and offices.

His wisdom was such that he was generally called "The Nestor of Kerry." He was equally remarkable for his caustic wit, wonderful memory, apt quotations, and graphic anecdotes. Many can remember (although he was a sincere

Catholic) his saying that the first blow at Irish property was made by the attack on the revenues of the Irish Church, and that more would follow soon. As he remarked, if property which had existed for three hundred years is not safe, what is?

He did not live to see the annihilation of Irish landlords by the Act of 1881.

At a Tralee Road Sessions a road was projected which Sir James opposed as likely to lead to increased taxation, of which he had a just apprehension. It was alleged that if not absolutely wanted now, it would be in a few years, to which he replied that it was a very absurd argument with the present prospect of a change in the land laws. He said it reminded him of the story of Colonel Maurice O'Connell and Private John Barry, on the morning of the battle of Aughrim. Barry was reprimanded by O'Connell for having come on parade with his face unshaved and his hair uncombed, to which he replied, "It is very uncertain whom the head will belong to in the evening; let whoever has it then curl and shave it." Barry was killed. "And," Sir James added, "it is very uncertain whom Mr. Gladstone will give our properties to; let whoever has them make roads for them."

At a dinner given to Mr. M. J. Power, on his being appointed Secretary to the National Bank, Sir James presided. On the toast of the Army and Navy being given, Mr. A. Morphy,¹ solicitor, who had been in a West Indian Regiment, rose to respond, and said, "It must be a peaceful country where no one more nearly connected with the army than myself can be found in the room, and it is a very long time," he added, "since I laid aside the sash and sword." "Yes," shouted Sir James, "but you never forgot the charge!"

Dining in company with a lady who was remarkable for the cleverness with which she managed her affairs, and being pressed by her to subscribe to the fund for building the new cathedral at Killarney, Sir James inquired if she had herself sent a subscription. "No," she replied; "I can't at present, but I intend to leave all my money for the good of my soul." "Were you not one of the original shareholders of the Provincial Bank, who bought in at £25 and whose shares are now up to £80, Miss H——? What a fine speculation that was!" "Oh, I don't understand those calculations. I am not quick and clever, like you, Mr. O'Connell." "Now, don't say that again, my good friend. Any little savings I had I laid out in land burdened with a set of idle fellows, and I am very thankful to get five per cent. for my money out of them, but you have

¹ Late Crown Solicitor for Kerry.

twenty per cent. in this world and eternal salvation in the next. Good Heavens! It's the most damnable interest I ever heard of!"

JOHN O'CONNELL, OF GRENAGH.

Mr. Fagan, in his "Life of the Liberator" (p. 5), speaking of the children of Morgan O'Connell, of Carhen, mentions Daniel (the Liberator), Maurice (who died in the West India Service), and John. "The next was John, known to fame as 'The Poor Man's Magistrate,' an excellent country gentleman and a very able man. He was distinguished in the time of Catholic agitation for the manly and fearless manner in which he acted in his own county. Every one has heard how dangerously wounded he was in a duel [with Richard Blennerhassett] in the year 1818. His life was saved by the unremitting attention of a near relative, a lady [Miss Mary Hussey, my husband's godmother], whose name, for her devotion to him, deserves to be recorded; but, not knowing how it would be appreciated by her relatives, we refrain; indeed, we merely glance at the transaction, though it suggests many interesting topics connected with the history of that period, lest it may revive unpleasant memories which should remain in oblivion."

This duel was fought entirely on public grounds, John O'Connell being practically the Catholic champion in the matter. He was a man of indomitable courage. Once he stopped a faction fight in the streets of Killarney by riding through the conflicting rioters, whom he dispersed by the sheer weight of man and horse, charging them on his huge bay mare Peg, and flourishing the redoubtable hunting crop with which he used to clear the course at Killarney Races. On another occasion there was a riot in the workhouse in the early famine times, and he walked right out into the yard, where the paupers had armed themselves with stones and pelted out the workhouse attendants, and restored order and discipline. He was a famous sportsman, and kept a renowned pack of Irish beagles of gigantic size, with which he hunted hares. The hunt followed on horseback in the usual manner in winter, but he gave occasional stag-hunts in summer on the mountains. The stag, being driven from his lair by beaters, was pursued on foot, and finally driven to take the water, where the principal people turned out in large barges and the shores were lined with country people.

No man ever did more for the popular cause. He never touched a penny of the O'Connell Fund, and spent £9000 of his own money on one of my husband's contested elections.

Hounds, open house, my dear husband's London life and contested elections, ruined him. His property was sold for £20,000 below its value, being one of the first estates in Kerry sold under the old Encumbered Estates Act. He bore ruin without a murmur, and retired to Dinan, in Brittany, where his cheerful resignation and exemplary piety won him universal esteem. He died suddenly, but not unpreparedly, on September 5, 1859, at Dinan. He had been always an abstemious man, like his brothers, and early in Father Mathew's movement had taken the total abstinence pledge for example.

Through his marriage with Elizabeth Coppinger, of Berryscourt, my husband eventually inherited the estate of that family, part of which (Ballyvolane) had been in their possession since the thirteenth century. Through her mother, Jane McMahon, of Glenagh, a Clare heiress, Elizabeth inherited and transmitted to him a portion of the McMahon estates in that county. Ross O'Connell has drawn up fourteen of the sixteen quarters of Elizabeth Coppinger.

NOTE C.

THE O'CONNELLS OF IVERAGH.

[By Ross O'Connell.]

I have no intention, gentle reader, of scourging you with an elaborate pedigree of Count O'Connell; if, though I fear this is most unlikely, you care for such, you can find in John Burke's "Commoners," or in the "Speeches of Daniel O'Connell," edited by his son, pedigrees of sufficient accuracy. Mr. Burke says that he derived his information from "family papers confirmed by historical research," and from a work, "Mémoires de diverses familles qui prétendent aux honneurs de la Cour," which, in 1825, was to be found at Paris, in the Palais des Archives du Royaume, section historique, lettre M., No. 1144. This was doubtless the O'Connell pedigree compiled for Count O'Connell by Chevalier O'Gorman, and corrected by the count's subsequent researches in Ireland. It is probably not innocent of inaccuracies, but as, after four years' scrutiny and supervision, M. Chérin, surnamed "the Incorruptible," *généalogiste des Ordres de sa Majesté*, was satisfied that it was genuine, and on the strength of it admitted the count to the jealously guarded *honneurs du Louvre*, I think we may be satisfied also.¹

¹ A pseudonymous writer, under the signature of "Verax," picks Burke's pedigree to pieces in an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1839, vol. ii. pp. 359, *et seq.* He begins by being exceedingly severe on the expression,

The energetic and enthusiastic lady who has gathered from many dusty drawers and unexpected presses the letters written by Count O'Connell during some seventy years, has asked me to put together a brief note upon the count's forbears and kinsmen. Her will is my law.

It is difficult to write becomingly of one's own people; my note shall be therefore rather a stringing together of the notes of other men than a note of my own. The family tree of the O'Connells of Iveragh does not spring from the midriff of a prostrate king, nor did the count descend from a long line of mailed warrior-princes, frequent in the fight; neither, however, were the O'Connells the respectable farmers that Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell appears to imagine.¹

The count came of what is called in the south of Ireland "a good old stock." If to have dwelt for at least five centuries in the same district confers distinction, then were the O'Connells in 1745 a distinguished house; in no other sense can they be described as an illustrious race. To be born, to be married, to produce a numerous family, was their whole duty of man: "Fruges consumere nati." They dwelt at Ballycarberry in the fifteenth century much the same placid, lotos-eating life of smiling self-realization that they dwelt at Darrynane in the eighteenth.

The waves of the world's wildest storm had time to lose their power to wreck before they reached Iveragh. At a

"qui pretendent aux honneurs de la Cour," and exceedingly facetious at the expense of "the pretending O'Connells;" a slight knowledge of French would have taught him that *pretendre* means "to claim," and a very slight knowledge of the court jargon of Versailles under the Bourbons would have taught him that *pretendre*, thus used, means "to claim as one having the right." "Pretendre aux honneurs," "pretendre le tabouret, le pour, le fauteuil," or "au tabouret," etc., occur hundreds of times in the memoirs of the period. "Le Duc d'Orleans ne pretendait qu'un tabouret" (St. Simon, vol. x. p. 66, edit. Paris, 1842); i.e. had a right to a tabouret and claimed it, had no right to a fauteuil, and did not claim it.

I have selected this criticism, the first that offered, as a specimen; the remainder of "Verax's" observations are equally remarkable for wisdom and wit. "Pretendre aux honneurs de la Cour" was in itself a patent of nobility.

Verax usually means "true," but Tibullus, if I remember rightly, uses it in the sense of "an old woman," and the author of the criticism in the *Gentleman's Magazine* may well have been some worthy ancient dame, of either sex, opposed in politics to the Liberator, looking upon him as Antichrist, and absolutely unable to allow him even the doubtful merit of decent birth.

¹ Keating, in his "History of Ireland" (1st edit., London: 1723), traces "the antient and noble family of the O'Connells" through a long line of mythical monarchs, to Magog, son of Noah; there are, however, but few Irish families that he does not deify with equally phenomenal ancestry.

time when every man was at war with his neighbours, the O'Connells enjoyed the distinction of not having any neighbours. Darrynane, as late as 1756, is described by Smith, in the *chanson de geste* of Elizabethan and Cromwellian settlers that he styles "History of Kerry," as "the only plantation in these parts" (p. 94), and very much "the only plantation" it remains to this day. Over and above the advantages of a position "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," the O'Connells seem to have possessed from father to son, in a superlative degree, a useful faculty, if not for minding their own business, at least for abstaining from minding the business of other folk—a faculty unfortunately denied the greatest, the one great, son of their house.

The three torpid and mud-loving fishes of the Chillinglys would suit the O'Connell shield better than the buoyant stag it bears. The epitaph "Teufelsdröckh," wrote for Count Zaehdarm, could be easily adapted to fit 99 per cent. of the O'Connells of Iveragh.

Sir Bernard Burke ("General Armoury") sums up the opinions of divers compilers of Irish pedigree who escape the difficulty of assigning a date for the arrival of the O'Connells in Kerry by looking on them as autochthonous. He states that they were driven from Magonihy (Kerry) to Iveragh (Kerry) some time *before* the Norman Conquest. One must only suppose that they "grewed" in Magonihy (see vol. i. p. 5).

O'Heerin, who died in 1420, says in his bardic topography—

"O'Connell of the sharp swords
Rules over the shaded fortresses of Magonihy;
Like a stately tree in the hazel woods
Is the Munster leader of the cavalry forces."

Lynch ("Feudal Dignities of Ireland," p. 231) states that shortly *after* the English invasion the O'Connells ceded their patrimony of Connelloe (100,000 acres) in Limerick to the Fitzgeralds, doubtless under the pressure of very forcible argument, and moved into Kerry. This was the first territory obtained by the future Desmonds in Ireland, and the head of the house was for centuries described as Lord of O'Konnyl. John Fitz-Thomas, the father of the first Knights of Kerry and Glin, in granting his sons those titles, styles himself "Custos Pacis in partibus O'Connell." In the middle of the fifteenth century James, seventh Earl of Desmond, writes himself down "Earl of Desmond and Lord of O'Conniloe." The Desmond rental, compiled in 1453, is known as the "Rental de O'Connyll" (Chief Rememb. Roll, Dublin, 31, H. 6).

D'Alton (King James's Army List, p. 876) and Archdeacon Rowan ("The Olde Countess of Desmond," p. 40)—the latter a very high authority upon all matters of Kerry history—are of the same opinion as Lynch anent the O'Connells and Conniloe.¹

In early Irish records the name Connell appears now with the prefix "O," now with the prefix "de." David de Conal was free of the city of Dublin in 1225 ("Historical Documents of Ireland," Longmans: 1870); Joannes de Connell is rated 26s. 8d. in the taxation roll of Kildare, 1294 (Cotton's "Fasti").

Cornelius Conyll, or O'Connyll, Archdeacon of Kildare, died May 2, 1510, leaving to the Convent of the Holy Trinity, Dublin, 15 lbs. of silver to buy a cope of red velvet. It would be easy to multiply examples. The royal house of Stuart was granted a Keltic pedigree of phenomenal antiquity, until the researches of an antiquarian of our own day proved, "with a logic agonizing to unseemly demonstration," that its founder came over with the Norman in 1066.

However, whenever, whence-ever, or why-ever the O'Connells came to Kerry, it is certain that they were there in 1245. Robert Huish, F.R.S., in his "Memoir of O'Connell," quoting from an ancient Irish manuscript preserved in the British Museum, informs us that in that year Daniel O'Connell proceeded from Kerry to the north at the head of a large troop, to repel the invasion of a force from the land of Morven. He conquered, and victors and vanquished sat down to a banquet, whereat O'Connell was him-

¹ To help the perplexed student to reconcile these conflicting statements, irreconcilable at least as far as dates are concerned, the erudite compiler of "Old Kerry Records" suggests that the O'Connells came over with William the Conqueror. The name of the Sieur de Connell certainly appears in the Roll of Battle Abbey, and is given in what I believe to be the first printed list of William's companions, "Historiæ Normanorum Scriptores Antiqui" (Paris: 1619). The list is taken "ex tabula Monasterij de Bello in Anglia, 1190."

The Duchess of Cleveland mentions the name in her "Roll of Battle Abbey," but her Grace does not throw much light upon the matter.

D'Alton (King James's Army List, p. 876) states that the chief of the O'Connells was one of the leaders in the battle of Clontarf, 1014, but I know not upon what authority, nor have I found the name O'Connell in Ware or the Four Masters, or any Irish record before the year 1117, when the death of Catafach O'Connell, Archbishop of Tuam, is recorded. A friend, whose sole mistress is heraldry, told me that some years ago he saw, "somewhere in Galway, I think," a stone carved with a coat of arms, or (?) a fess gu. in chief three torteaux, impaling the ancient arms of the archdiocese, a bishop in the act of giving benediction. Or a fess gu. in chief three torteaux was the coat borne by William's companion, the Sieur de Connell.

self conquered by the charms of the "snowy-bosomed Agandecoa," daughter of the hostile leader. O'Connell immediately proposed, but the damsel was previously engaged. The enamoured Kerry man formed a plan to carry her off by force, but the lady discovered his intention, and suddenly returned to her mysterious native land.

For many generations the O'Connells dwelt at Ballycarberry as hereditary constables to the McCarthy Mor. The ruins of the old castle, one of the largest in the south of Ireland, still cast their giant shadow, now "upon the sonorous fruitless furrows of the pure clean-coloured sea," now, as the daily sun rises and sets, upon the insignificant and dirt-coloured village of Cahirsiveen.¹

Aodh (Hugh) O'Connell was knighted by the tenth Lord Delvin, afterwards lord-deputy, before 1444. The eighth in descent from Sir Hugh was Maurice O'Connell, head of the family in 1641, and then "annorum plenus." He appears to have lived at Ballycarberry until that year, in spite of its previous forfeiture by McCarthy Mor.

This Maurice forfeited, after 1641, eighteen estates or denominations of land in Kerry (Book of Forfeitures and Distributions, Record Office, Dublin), and retained possession of one estate only—Barkenagh, or Drumlahort, then estimated to contain 2415 acres. This estate has never been forfeited, and is now in the possession of Mr. O'Connell, of Darrynane. "It is free from all chiefry, imposts, and Crown charges—a very unusual circumstance, and demonstrative of antiquity of possession" (John Burke).

Maurice's very-much-younger brother, John Connell, of Ashtown, County Dublin, seneschal to the Duke of Ormonde, and described by Lord Orrery as a "notorious rogue and Tory" ("Letters," vol. i. p. 141), forfeited lands in Kerry and Dublin, including what is now the Phoenix Park. His estate of Ashtown gives the title of baron to the Trench family. "Morrish Connell, of Caherbearnagh, gent.," was transplanted, or rather ordered to transplant—

¹ McCarthy Glas, in his "Life of Florence McCarthy Mor" (p. 224), quotes from one of Sir George Carew's despatches: "If Florence be gone, it were necessary to place the Earl of Desmond presently in his country, and that he be master of the castles there, especially the Pallice, Castle Logh, Ross-o-Donogho, and Killorglan, but above all of Ballycarbry, for although these four . . . may stop all the passages of Desmond, yet Ballycarbry is of far more importance, for it is upon the ocean sea adjoining the Island of Valentia, which is a very good harbour for shipping . . . besides that the castle will command all the country on that side, which is between the fastness and the sea. The fastness of that country is incredible."

it was not always the same thing—to Brentree, in Clare, December 14, 1659. His worldly transplantable goods consisted of “59 persons, 14 acres of sommer corn, 40 cowes, 20 garrons, 30 sheep.” Maurice’s younger son, Charles Connell, of Begnis, whose grandson, John O’Connell, of Ballinabloun (will dated March 18, proved August 23, 1726), was ancestor of the present Daniel O’Connell, of Ballinabloun, and of the late General Sir Maurice Charles O’Connell, also forfeited and was ordered to transplant.

Morrogh Connell, of Valentia, Daniel Connell, of Ballyhirney, Rickard Connell and Connell O’Connell, both of Killarney, were also “transplanted” (certificates preserved in Castle and Record Office, given in “Old Kerry Records,” i. p. 33, *et seq.*).

Four great-grandsons and one great-great-grandson (John O’Connell, of Darrynane, *ob.* 1741) of Maurice of Caherbarnagh appear in James II.’s Irish Army List (1689). One of the great-grandsons, Brigadier Maurice Connell, of Brentree, was killed at Aughrim in 1691, leaving by his wife Katherine, daughter of Sir Edward Langton, “of the west of England,” an only child, Rickard, a minor, who died *s.p.* in or before 1739, when the Brentree branch became extinct. Charles, a brother of the brigadier, was colonel of dragoons; John, another brother, lieutenant in the King’s Regiment of Infantry, was killed at the siege of Derry, in 1689. Their first cousin, Maurice Connell, of Dunmaniheen (*ob.* 1715), lieutenant-colonel in Lord Slane’s Infantry Regiment, was taken prisoner at Aughrim (O’Callaghan, “The Green Book,” p. 229, edit. 1845). His nephew, John Connell, of Darrynane, the count’s grandfather, was captain in Lord Slane’s Regiment, for which he raised a company; he “signalized himself” at Derry, the Boyne, and Aughrim, and was included in the capitulation of Limerick.

Several other Connells, less nearly related to the Darrynane family, are also given in King James’s Army List, edited by John d’Alton—a James, a Jeffray, a Teigue, and a Morgan, whose positions in the family tree I have failed to discover.

D’Alton’s list is accurate as far as it goes, but he took for his foundation-stone a tract, “The Muster-Roll of the Army of King James in Ireland,” which is incomplete, as it was compiled when many of the regiments possessed little more than a colonel and a name. Lord Iveagh’s Regiment (p. 908), for example, consists of the colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, one captain, and one ensign.

A Rickard Connell, who does not appear in D'Alton, writes an interesting letter to his father, "Mr. Ricard Connell, neare Killarney," from "Lym^t, y^e 10th —, 1691." It is published in "The McGillycuddy Papers." He says, "I have all y^e charge of y^e garrison to supply with all things belonging to prevision." He meditates a journey from Limerick to Killarney to "get men for ffrance," and for it "I shall want but horses, three of y^e best."

Rickard, younger brother of Maurice of Caherbarnagh (John of Ashtown, generally called the second brother, must have been far younger than either Maurice or Rickard), born at Ballycarberry, about 1575, was Bishop of Ardferit, and sat as a spiritual peer in the Supreme Council of Confederated Catholics in 1647. O'Brennan, who edited the "Dirge of Ireland" (Dublin, Mullany, 1855), a poem by John Connell, the bishop's great-nephew, says that the bishop was taken while riding by the Cromwellian soldiers, and hanged by them with his horse's bridle at Fair Hill, near Killarney; he appears, however, to have died, far less dramatically, indeed, in his bed, at Killarney, in 1658. On the death of Rickard O'Connell, of Brentree (*circa* 1739), Maurice O'Connell, of Iveragh, became head of the O'Connell family; he was the eldest son of Sheara-na-mo-Mor, or "Jeffray of the Vast Herds," on whose tombstone, in the old churchyard at Cahirsiveen, the following words were, in 1846, still decipherable: "Here lieth Jeffray O'Connell, who had honour, wit, and virtue. He died —, 1722, aged 38 years." He was eldest son of Maurice of Dunmainheen. Sheara-na-mo-Mor's wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Edmund Conway, of Glenleigh, by whom he was great-grandfather of Mary O'Connell, the Liberator's wife. Sheara's third son, Charles (died 1784, *circa* seventy), was father of Captain Rickard O'Connell, of the Legion of Maillebois, who in March, 1785, being then a lieutenant in Walsh's Regiment, married Mary, daughter of James Burke, of Clonkelane, in Clare. Mr. Leyne, of the Record Office, has a curious document drawn up on the occasion of this marriage, giving the eight quarters both of bride and bridegroom. The groom's are a study in intermarriages; three of his eight great-grandparents were born O'Connells of Iveragh, and two O'Callaghans of Clonmeen.

Count O'Connell, a typical Irishman of the best type, had plenty of English and Norman blood in his veins, like most Irishmen who achieve anything; indeed, like most Irishmen who achieve or do not achieve. The blood of O'Sullivan, O'Briens, O'Donoghues, Mahonys, O'Niels, McCarthys, O'Callaghans, O'Connors, ran in his veins, as did that of

Conways, Segersons, Salusburys, Wares, Roches, Roes, Stanleys, Fitzgeralds, Butlers, and, through a distant Desmond ancestress, even a diluted drop of Plantagenet ichor.¹

John Burke states that Morgan O'Connell, of Ballycarberry, was appointed High Sheriff of Kerry by Edward VI., December 20, 1550. His grandson, Maurice of Ballycarberry, was sheriff in 1586, and his son, Jeffray of Ballycarberry, father of Maurice of Cahirbarnagh, was sheriff *temp.* James I. For nearly two hundred years Kerry dispensed with Catholic sheriffs; in 1889 John O'Connell, of Grenagh, the count's nephew, filled the office. This John of Grenagh married Elizabeth, elder daughter and co-heir of William Coppinger, of Barryscourt and Ballyvolane, County Cork, by his wife, Jane, daughter and sole heiress of Stanislaus McMahon, of Clenagh, County Clare, by his wife, Lucinda (called Elizabeth by Sir Bernard Burke), daughter and sole heiress of Sir Walter Esmonde, last baronet of the elder line. His son, the late Morgan John O'Connell, M.P.,² thus represented, in right of his mother, three very ancient families—the Danish Coppingers, the Keltic McMahons, and the Norman Esmondés. The O'Connells of Iveragh, now of Darrynane, of Ballyvolane and Ballylean, of Lake View and Ballybeggan, of Grenagh, of Ballinabloun, and of Millmead House, Surrey, bear for coat armour per fess arg. and vert a stag trippant between three trefoils slipped.

This coat was confirmed in 1666 to "John Connell, Esq., seneschal to the Duke of Ormonde" (Burke, "General Armoury"). It was borne in 1628 by Rickard Connell, High Sheriff, County Cork, in that year, whose daughter and co-heiress, Mary, married Henry Vereker, of Grange, County

¹ Miss Hickson, in "Old Kerry Records," vol. i. p. 335 (London: Watson and Hazell, 1872), gives the descent of Count O'Connell's father from Muiris-a'-Teotan Fitzgerald. Muiris-a'-Teotan ("Maurice the Firebrand") was son of John, fourteenth Earl of Desmond, who was great-grandson of Gerald, fourth earl, by his wife Eleanor Butler, daughter of James, second Earl of Ormonde, whose mother, wife of James, first earl, was daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, by his wife Princess Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Edward I.

Mr. Joseph Foster, in "Our Noble and Gentle Families of Royal Descent" (London: 1887), p. 590, gives the descent of children of Shear-na-mo-Mor O'Connell, of Iveragh, from Edward III., through the families of Conway, Blennerhassett, Lynne, Throckmorton, Nevill, Beauchamp, and Le Despencer.

Jane O'Donoghue, wife of Sir James O'Connell, descended from Edward I., her ancestor Florence McCarthy Reagh (great-grandfather of Florence McCarthy Mor) having married Catherine, daughter of Thomas eighth Earl of Desmond, who was sixth in descent from that king.

² Whose widow has compiled this memoir of Count O'Connell.

Limerick, and had a son, Connell, ancestor of the Verekers, Viscounts Gort.

The same arms were in 1755 "allowed" by Hawkins, Ulster, to James O'Connell, of Castle Connell, County Limerick, son of Michael O'Connell, of London, and Lady Philippa, his wife, daughter of the sixth Earl of Abercorn, and grandson of Hugh O'Connell, captain of horse to James II.

The use of supporters by the O'Connells is sanctioned by John Burke ("Commoners," vol. ii. p. 569), and by John and Bernard Burke in the earlier editions of the "General Armoury;" the present Mr. O'Connell, of Darrynane, does not use them.—[R. O'C.]

NOTES TO PEDIGREE "MALE DESCENDANTS IN MALE LINE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, OF DARRYNANE, AND MAUR-NI-DHUIV (O'DONOGHUE)."

1. Catherine O'Mullane. I have never seen any pedigree of the O'Mullanes of Whitechurch. The family is now, I believe, extinct. John Burke ("Commoners of Great Britain," vol. ii. p. 567, footnote), writing in 1835, says, "This ancient Milesian family is now represented by Captain Edward O'Mullane, of Cork."

Dermot O'Mullane, of Deonsbine, in Magonihy, and Ellinor and Thomas O'Mullane, in Irachticonnor, appear as Papist proprietors in Kerry, 1656, in a list given in "Old Kerry Records" (second series, p. 36), taken from Council books, preserved in the Record Tower, Dublin Castle.

Catherine O'Mullane's mother was an O'Donnell.

The O'Mullanes bore arg. a dexter hand couped at wrist, holding a dagger in pale ppr. between three crescents of the 2nd.

2. Shyne Lawlor, of Castlelough, now Huddleston of Sawston.

Denis Shyne, of Killarney, son of Denis Shyne, of Mount Infant, County Cork, married, 1807, Ellen, daughter of Martin Lawlor, of Killarney, and had, with other issue, Denis Shyne Lawlor, of Castlelough, born 1808, High Sheriff of Kerry, 1840, who married, 1840, Isabella, eldest daughter and (in her issue) heiress of Edward Huddleston, of Sawston Hall, County Cambridge, by whom he had Denis Alexander, born 1843, late Lieutenant 13th Regiment, who, in 1890, inherited Sawston under the will of his uncle, Ferdinand Huddleston, and in compliance therewith assumed the name and arms of Huddleston.

Isabella, married, 1861, Daniel O'Connell, of Darrynane Abbey.

Mary, married, 1876, Cecil Fendall, and has issue.

Frances, married, 1863, Daniel O'Connell, of Grenagh.

The Lalors, an ancient and illustrious house, settled at an early period at Disert, in Queen's County. Winifred Lalor married John Crosbie, Prebendary of Disert, who was named Bishop of Ardfert in 1601; he was accompanied to Kerry by one of his Lalor kinsmen, who founded the branch of the family that still flourishes there. The bishop's eldest son, Walter, was created a baronet 1630; from his (the bishop's) second son, David, came the Crosbies, Lords Brandon and Earls of Glandore (extinct), and the Crosbies of Ballyhigue; Bartholomew, Count O'Mahony, descended from Sir Walter Crosbie. The unknown compiler of the manuscript Mahony pedigree of 1763, quoted elsewhere, evidently considered the Lalors ancestors to be proud of, as he wrote "The Great O'Lalor," in capital letters—a distinction shared with McCarthy Mor, O'Donoghue Mor, and Lord Kerry.

MALE DESCENT

DANIEL O'CONNELL, OF DARRYNANE, CALLED DONAL M.
 who built a "fair new house" at Darrynane, 1745, and died therein, 1770.

John, b. 1725; m. 1748, **Mary**, dau. of John Falvey, of Faha; d. at Darrynane, s.p. m. 1751.

Maurice, of Darrynane, called **Hunting Cap**, Deputy-Governor settled at of Kerry, 1793; b. 1726; m. 1758, **Mary**, dau. and m. 1758, co-heiress of Robert Cantillon, of Ballyphillip, **John** M. co. Limerick; d. at Darrynane, s.p., 1825. co. Cork

Daniel, of Darrynane, called "The Liberator," Q.C., M.P. co. Clare, etc., Lord Mayor of Dublin, 1842; b. 1775; m. 1802, **Mary**, dau. of Thomas O'Connell, M.D., "of Tralee;" d. at Genoa, 1847.

Maurice, b. 177-, Lieut. Eng. Irish Brigade; d. unm. at San Domingo, 1797. settled at Greenan 1839; b. 177-; co-heiress of W. Court and B. lean, co. Clare. d.

Maurice, of Darrynane, barrister-at-law, M.P. co. Clare, etc.; b. 1803; m. 1832, **Frances**, dau. of Bindon Scott, of Cahircon, Clare; d. London, 1853.

Morgan, served as A.D.C. to Bolivar during War of Independence in S. America, and afterwards in Austrian Hussars, M.P. for Meath; b. 1804; m. 1840, **Catherine**, dau. of Michael Balfe, of South Park, co. Roscommon; d. s.p. in Dublin, 1885. (See note 3.)

John, barrister-at-law, M.P. Youghal, etc.; b. 1810; m. 1838, **Elizabeth**, dau. of James Ryan, M.D.; d. Dublin, 1858. (See note 4.)

Daniel, M.P. Dundalk, etc., Commr. of Income Tax; b. 1816; m. 1866, **Ellen**, only dau. of Ebenezer Foster, of the Elms, Cambridge. (See note 5.)

Morgan J. of Bally... co. Clare, etc.; b. 181-; 1865, **Mary** of Longfield of Charles F. of Longfield, Tipperary. Longfield. (See notes 6.)

Daniel, now (1891) of Darrynane; served in Royal Navy, 1850-53, High Sheriff of Kerry, 1860; b. 1836; m. 1861, **Isabella**, dau. of Denis Shyne Lamlor, of Castlelough, now Huddleston of Sawston, co. Cambridge.

John, b. 1839; m. 1873, **Mary**, dau. of Ardna-gheeha.

Daniel, bar-at-law; b. 1839; drowned at sea, unm., 1872.

John, C.E.; b. 1843; m. 1873, **Mary**, dau. of Judge Baldwin, Q.C.

Morgan, Capt. 37th Regiment, A.D.C. to Comm-in-Chief at Cape, 1880; b. 1845; d. unm. at Kingstown, 1881.

1. **Daniel**, b. 1873.

2. **Maurice**, b. 1874.

3. **Jeffray**, b. 1876.

4. **Morgan**, b. 1879.

5. **Edmond**, b. 1883.

6. **James**, b. 1888.

John M. Coppinger, O'Connell, of Barry's Court, Bally... volume, Cork, and Bally... co. Clare, b. 1871.

Maurice, b. 1864; d. 1865. (See note 2.)

Daniel, b. 1878.

Maurice, b. 1888.

John, b. 1875.

Daniel, b. 1879.

Henry, b. 1881.

* Arms: O'Connell, quartering Coppinger, McMahon.

NOTE: When a place-name is given w

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MALE LINE OF

**MAURE, DAUGHTER AND HEIRESS OF DANIEL O'DONOGHUE,
OF ANWYSS, "O'DONOGHUE DEUV." She died at Darrynane, 1794.**

m, en; b. 1739; erine, dau. of of Whitechurch, Carhen, 1809. te 1.)	Connell, b. 174-; drowned at sea, un. 1765.	Daniel, General Count O'Connell, last Colonel of the Irish Brigade, Grand Cross of St. Louis; b. 1745; m. 1795 or -6, Marthe, Comtesse de Bellevue, <i>née</i> Drouillard de Lamarre; d. <i>s.p.</i> at Château de Madon, near Blois, 1833.
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m, gh Sheriff of co. Kerry, 6, Elizabeth, dau. and oppinger, of Barry's a, co. Cork, and Bally- nan, 1853. (See note 6.)	James (Sir), settled at Lake View in 1821, created a baronet U. K., "of Lake View and Ballybeggan," 1869; purchased Ballycarberry, the residence of his ancestors until 1641, in 1857; lord of the manor of Ballycarberry; b. 1786; m. 1818, Jane, dau. of Charles, The O'Donoghue of the Glens; d. at Lake View, 1872.
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Maurice, b. 1819; l.un. at Oscott School, 1836.	John, Dominican priest; b. 1828; d. . . . 1872.	Maurice (Sir), 2nd bart., High Sheriff of Kerry, 1850, lord of the manor of Bally- carberry; b. 1821; m. 1855, Emily, dau. and co-heiress of Admiral Sir Richard O'Conor. (See note 8.)	Daniel, of Grenagh, bar.- at-law, High Sheriff of Kerry, 1868; b. 1825; m. 1863, Frances, dau. of Denis Shyne Lawlor, of Castletlough, now Huddleston of Saw- ston, co. Cambridge; d. at Grenagh, 1888. (See note 2.)	Charles, b. 1828.	James, b. 1832; d.un. at Lake View, 1855.	Morgan, Major Royal d.un. at Scots; Crimea Lake View, medal with clasp, Sebas- topol; Turkish medal and Medjidie 5th class, China, 1860, medal with two clasps, A.D.C. to Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1865; b. 1833; d. un. at Jhansie, India, 1870.
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rice, rut. es; co. Kerry, al S. ica, 79; 58; d in ion, frica, 81. note 9.)	Ross,† High Sheriff of co. Kerry, 1861.	Morgan, b. 1862; m. 1884, Mary, dau. of Colonel Hickie (7th Fus.), of Slevoir, co. Tip- perary.	James, Lieut. 85th Regt.; now in the service of H.H. the Khedive; b. 1863.	James, Lieut. Regt.; b. 1864.	Donal, now of 18th Grenagh; b. 1867.	Maurice, b. 1875.	Morgan, b. 1879.	Connell, b. 1881.
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Maurice,
b. 1890.

† O'Connell, quartering O'Donoghue, O'Conor, Ross.

out a county, the place is in Kerry.

The Lalors of Cregg and Long Orchard, County Tipperary, who descend from Lalor of Disert, bear respectively, vert a lion ramp. or, armed and langued gu., and or a lion ramp. guard. gu. The Lawlors of Castlelough bear vert a lion ramp. or, between three trefoils slipped of the 2nd.

The Huddlestonos were settled at Hudleston, County York, before the Norman Conquest. Sir John de Hudleston, *temp.* Henry III., married Joan, daughter and heiress of Adam de Boivill, Lord of Millum, Cumberland. Sir William Huddleston, youngest son of Sir John Huddleston, Lord of Millum, *temp.* Henry VI., by his wife Joan, daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Stapleton, acquired Sawston in right of his wife, Lady Isabel Nevill, sister and co-heiress of George, Duke of Bedford. Sir John Huddleston, grandson of Sir William and Lady Isabel, was Privy Councillor to Queen Mary, and Vice-chamberlain to King Philip, and from his house of Sawston, where she had been staying, Queen Mary set out to claim the throne on the death of her half-brother, Edward VI. Sir John died 1557. From him the late Ferdinand Huddleston, of Sawston, directly descended. There were eighteen knights of this family from Sir Gilbert, *temp.* Henry II., to Sir Robert, gamekeeper to Charles I.

Huddleston of Sawston bears gu. fretty arg. "quartering among others, Millum Lord of Millum, Stapleton of Ingham, Fitzalan, Ingham of Norfolk, Nevill Marquess of Montacute, Nevill admiral to William I., Bulmer Baron Bulmer, FitzRandolph, FitzRoger, Inglethorpe, Montague Earl of Salisbury, Holland Earl of Kent, Plantagenet, etc." (John Burke, "Commoners").

3. The Balfes have long been settled in County Roscommon. A sufficient pedigree of the family is given in Sir Bernard Burke's "County Families." The present Mrs. Balfe, of South Park, is Kathleen, daughter of the late John O'Connell, M.P.

4. Mrs. John O'Connell descended from Thomas Ryan, of Holycross, County Tipperary, born 1673, died 1731. His grandfather owned a large property near Holycross, confiscated under Cromwell. When the Cromwellian planter came to take possession, he was so struck by the bearing of the forfeiting proprietor that he allowed him £25 a year for life.

Thomas's grandson, Charles Ryan, born 1747, died 1810, was father of James Ryan, of Jubilee Hall, near Bray, who married Ellen, daughter of Mark McMahon, merchant, of Dublin. Their daughter Elizabeth married John O'Connell.

5. Mrs. Daniel O'Connell is Ellen, only daughter of the late Ebenezer Foster, the Elms, Cambridge, and granddaughter of Ebenezer Foster, Anstey Hall, Camba., and founder of the bank of Foster and Foster, Cambridge.

6. The family of Copiner, or Coppinger, originally of Danish origin, has been long established in the neighbourhood of Cork.

Stephen Coppinger was Mayor of Cork in 1319, and between that year and 1645 the Coppinger family gave eleven mayors to the city. Stephen Coppinger, of Ballyvolane, mayor in 1572, died 1600, was grandfather of Stephen Coppinger, of Ballyvolane, whose four sons, Thomas, William, Henry, and Mathew, were attainted of high treason for loyalty to James II. The second son, William, High Sheriff of Cork in 1687, settled in France, where his descendants still flourish. John Coppinger, of Ballyvolane, grandson of Thomas, married, first, Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Nicolas Blundell, of Crosby, County Lancashire, and secondly, Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Michal Moore, of Drogheda, and left at his death, in 1747, an only daughter and heiress, Marian, who married, 1767, Charles Howard, afterwards twelfth Duke of Norfolk, K.G., and died *s.p.* 1769, when Ballyvolane passed to her uncle, William Coppinger, of Barry's Court, who married, 1737, his cousin Elizabeth, daughter of John Galway, of

Stephen Copinger, ancestor of Walter Copinger, now of the Priory, Manchester, and of Thomas Copinger, of Lee Mount, County Cork, was M.P. for Cork in 1559, and a person of some importance in his day. Three of his great-grandsons were knighted early in the seventeenth century—Sir Walter, of Copinger's Court, County Cork; Sir Robert; and Sir John, High Sheriff County Cork, 1617, died 1642.

Copinger bears az. a bull's head ar., or az. a bull's head between three estoiles ar.

The McMahons of Clare are a branch of the house of O'Brien of Thomond. The family of Clenagh was founded in the fourteenth century by Tiegus, third son of Donogh, chief of the name, from whose second son, Turlogh, the Marquis de McMahon d'Eguilly, head of the McMahons in France, and his cadet, the Marshal Duke of Magenta, claim descent.

"In the reign of Henry VIII. Una, daughter of Turlogh McMahon, of Clenagh, married the tenth Lord Kerry. Her unpaid dowry led to the sale of the estate two hundred years later" ("Copingers, or Copingers," edited by Walter Copinger, Manchester: 1884, p. 220).

In 1694 Donogh McMahon, of Clenagh, great-grandfather of Jane McMahon, wife of William Coppinger, married Bridget Barnwall, daughter of Henry, second Viscount Kingsland, by his wife, Lady Mary Nugent, daughter of Richard, second Earl of Westmeath, according to Burke sixteenth, according to Lodge ("Peerage of Ireland," edit. 1754) twelfth, Lord Delvin. Lord Kingsland's mother was Bridget, daughter and heiress of Henry, twelfth Earl of Kildare; she married (1) Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell; (2) Nicolas, first Viscount Kingsland.

Another branch of the McMahons of Clare, nearly related to the Clenagh family, is represented by The O'Donoghue of the Glens, through the marriage of his great-great-grandfather, The O'Donoghue, with Margaret, daughter of Murtogh McMahon, of Clonina, County Clare.

Sir William McMahon, Bart. (creation 1815), and his cousin Sir Thomas McMahon, Bart. (creation 1817), descend from John McMahon, patent comptroller of the Port of Limerick, first recorded ancestor, who died 1789. They bear the three lions of the Clare house, granted to them by Ulster, in 1815.

McMahon of Clenagh bears ar. three lions pass. regard, in pale gu.

7. Charles Bianconi left Italy, his native land, flying from the all-reaching conscription of the all-mighty Napoleon. He settled in Ireland, and is known as "the inventor of Irish car-traffic." His life has been written by his daughter, Mrs. M. J. O'Connell.

8. John O'Conor "Failghe," the last who bore that distinctive title, married Emily, daughter of Bryan O'Reilly, third son of Colonel John O'Reilly, M.P. for Conlyn, County Cavan, by whom he had, with a son, Sir Patrick (of whom presently), two daughters: (1) Margaret, married 1775, her first cousin, Dowell O'Reilly, of Heath House, Queen's County, and died *s.p.* 1775; her husband, by his second wife, Elizabeth Knox, was ancestor of the O'Reillys of Heath House. (2) Anna Maria, married 1777, her first cousin, Mathew O'Reilly, of Knock Abbey, and had Mathew, of Knock Abbey, born 1779, married 1830, Susan, daughter of the Hon. G. de la Poer Beresford, and died *s.p.* 1841; and Anna Maria, married Richard Dease, and had Mathew O'Reilly Dease, of Dee Farm, Louth, M.P., born 1819, *ob. s.p.* 1887. On the death of his first wife, Anna Maria O'Conor, Mathew O'Reilly married, 1789, Margaret Dowdall, and had, with a younger son Walter, married Harriet, Duchess of Roxburghe, and died *s.p.* 1844, an elder son, William, born 1792, who succeeded to Knock Abbey and a portion of the O'Reilly estates on the death of his half-brother Mathew, 1841; he died 1844, and was succeeded by his son Myles, now of Knock Abbey; the remainder

of the estates passed to Mathew O'Reilly Dease, who, dying in 1887, bequeathed them, together with a large personalty, to go towards paying off the National Debt. The personalty went towards that laudable object, but the estates were rescued, and passed under an entail executed on the marriage, in 1777, of Anna Maria O'Conor and Mathew O'Reilly, failing heirs male to Sir Richard O'Conor, to Sir Patrick O'Conor's great-grandson, Edmund O'Conor—now of Dee Farm, County Louth, born 1868, married 1891, Maud, eldest daughter of Daniel James O'Connell, of Grenagh.

Sir Patrick O'Conor married Elizabeth, daughter of James Therry, of Castle Terry, County Cork, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Garrett Nagle, of Ballinamona, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Patrick Nagle, of Shanballyduff, County Cork. The Nagles of Ballyduff and Ballinamona are of the house of Nagle of Clogher, and descend from the De Angulos, Nangles, or Nagles, Barons of Navan, County Meath.

Elizabeth Nagle, wife of Garrett Nagle, and grandmother of Lady O'Conor, was first cousin to Edmund Burke, "commonly called the Sublime," and aunt to Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, K.C.B., Groom of the Bedchamber to William IV. A distinguished son of this house, Sir Richard Nagle, Attorney-general to James II., has been already mentioned. Pierce Nagle was High Sheriff of County Cork, 1686, and Patrick Nagle in 1689.

Sir Bernard Burke, in the earlier editions of the "Landed Gentry," devoted some space to the Nagles of Ballinamona, but the old ever giveth place to the new, and more largely aced though less longly descended families have ousted the Nagles and many another ancient house from the sacred pages of Ulster King's compilation.

The Terrys, or Therrys, of Castle Terry, are of French origin, and claim descent from Thierri II., King of Orleans, Burgundy, and Metz (587-613).

The Irish branch of this family established itself in Cork at an early period. In 1321 David Terry was Mayor of Cork, and between that date and 1628 the family gave twenty-five mayors to Cork; eleven of the name served the office of high sheriff between 1632 and 1739. Jacques Terry was in 1692 "Athlone, seul genealogiste et Juge de Blazon de S.M. Jacques II."

The name appears in the attainders of 1642 and 1691, and in King James's Irish Army List. D'Altón in a note on the De Lacys in the latter work (p. 400), says that a daughter of Francis, Count de Lacy (1731-1792), married "the Marquis of Canada, originally Irish of the ancient family of Terry."

John Therry, of Castle Terry and Ballydangan, the grandfather of Elizabeth Therry, Lady O'Conor, gave for five years the milk of several hundred cows to the prisoners confined in the Cork gaols.

Sir Patrick O'Conor had—with a daughter Louisa, who married Henry O'Brien, of Kilcor, County Cork, and was mother of Cornelius, last O'Brien of Kilcor, and of Margaret, wife of William Coppinger, and mother of John Coppinger, Colonel of Cavalry, U.S.A., a cadet of the house of Ballyvolane, and heir to that property (the issue of John Coppinger O'Connell failing), married Alice, daughter of Senator Blaine, Secretary of State, U.S.A., and has issue two sons, Blaine and Connor.

(1) Richard (Sir), K.C.H., rear-admiral, born 1785, married 1816, Hannah, daughter and co-heiress of John Ross, of Carshalton, Surrey, and Hertford Street, Mayfair, Director H.E.I.C.S.; Sir Richard died 1855, having had—

(a) Edmund Nagle Therry Ross, captain H.E.I.C.S., born 1823, died *s.p.* 1855.

(b) John Ross, lieutenant 16th Lancers, born 1819, died *s.p.* 1845.

(c) Elise Ross, married 1834, Conrad Rudolf, Count de Watteville de Loins, and had Fritz Conrad, born 1837; Richard, born 1839, killed at the battle of Custoza, 1866; Giovanni, born 1846; and Adèle, married 1869, Tommaso, Count Michiel, Equerry to H.M. Victor Emmanuel, by whom she has a son, Maximilian, born 1872. Count Michiel, who died 1876, was the direct descendant of Michieli, one of the twelve nobles who in 697 elected the first Doge of Venice. The Michiels have been for many centuries closely allied with the house of Giustinian, a younger branch of which settled at Rome, and is now represented by the Earl of Newburgh. Prince Giustiniani¹ has been already mentioned in these pages. Early in the twelfth century wars with Greek and wars with the Mussalman had left surviving but one male Giustinian, and he was a monk; in order to prevent the extinction of so noble and illustrious a race, the Pope absolved him from his vows, and he married a daughter of Domenico Michiel, Doge of Venice (died 1130), who bore him twelve children, whereupon he returned to his cloister. The elder branch has nevertheless become extinct, the last of the name, Count Michiel's sister, the Contessa Michiel-Giustinian, having died in Venice, 1889.

(d) Ellen Ross, died unmarried in Venice, 1882.

(e) Emily Clunes Ross, married 1855, Sir Maurice O'Connell, Bart.

(2) John, captain 6th Dragoons (Inniskillings), died unmarried at Berne, 1857.

(3) Patrick, born 1794, married 1819, Margaret, daughter and co-heiress (twin with her sister Hannah, Lady O'Connor) of John Ross, and had, with two daughters—Louisa Ross, married 1852, Monsieur Charmot de Bressan, and Hannah Ross, married 1847, Bernard, Baron and Freiherr von Wüllersdorf d'Urbain, admiral in the Austrian Service, Minister of Commerce, and at one time Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James—one son, Richard Ross, major 17th Regiment, born 1820, married 1867, Angèle de Beurain de Seyssel, now Comtesse de la Noue, and dying 1877, left an only child, Edmund, now of Dee Farm, County Louth, born 1868.

Alexander Ross, of Tain, "a soldier in Holland," younger son of John Ross, Baillie of Tain in 1729, married 1742, Margaret McIntosh, daughter of the Provost of Inverness, by whom he had two sons: (1) John, father of Lady and Mrs. O'Connor, died in Hertford Street, 1827. (2) Alexander, born in Holland, 1748, married Margaret Clunes; he commanded the Ordnance at Gibraltar during the siege of 1779-82; extracts from his diary have been given by Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell, in her account of the siege. He died at Gibraltar of yellow fever, 1804. John Ross, Baillie of Tain, was undoubtedly a cadet of the Morangie family, most probably a younger son of John Ross, in 1682 Baillie of Tain, first son by his second marriage of Walter Ross (? born 1566), of Morangie. The Rosses of Morangie descend from Hugh Ross I., of Balnagowan, second son of Hugh, son of William, sixth Earl of Ross (died 1320), and Matilda, daughter of King Robert Bruce. An elaborate and accurate pedigree of the Ross family, by Francis Neville Reid, is being published in the *Scottish Antiquary*, 1889-90.

Arms—

O'Connor: Arg. an oak tree eradicated, ppr.

O'Reilly: Quarterly, 1st and 4th, vert, two lions ra. comb. or,

¹ The Venetian name Giustinian became Giustiniani in Rome.

The arms of Mr. Walter A. Copinger's family differ from those of the Ballyvolane family. They are bendy of 6 or and gu., over all a fesse az. charged with 3 plates. Crest: a leg in armour. (See note 7, Copinger, pp. 317-319.)

supporting a dexter hand couped at the wrist, apaumée bloody ppr. ; 2nd and 3rd, arg. on a mount an oak tree, a snake (or lizard) descending the trunk, all ppr., supported by two lions ramp. gu. Lady O'Connell has a large silver salver of the time of Queen Anne, with these arms elaborately engraved, surrounded by much quaint chasing.

Nagle : Erm. on a fess az. three lozenges or.

Therry : Az. a fess arg. between three crosses crosslet or, on a chief of the last, a demi-lion ramp. gu.

Ross : Gu. three lions ramp. between as many stars arg. Gu. three lions ramp. arg. were borne by William, fourth Earl of Ross, in 1283.

9. Maurice O'Connell, lieutenant 60th Rifles, was mortally wounded in action with the Boers, at Ingogo River, February 8, 1881 ; he died the same evening. The following is an extract from a letter written in April, 1881, by Sir Michael Gallway, Attorney-General of Natal, to Sir Maurice O'Connell :—

“Poor Pixley,¹ who was so badly wounded through the neck at Ingogo . . . lunched here on Sunday. Your poor boy and he shared the same tent in the camp. The night before the battle of the Ingogo, your poor boy told Pixley that he had a presentiment that he would be shot the next day, when at the time he made the remark they had not the remotest idea that Sir George was contemplating an attack. . . . They were both engaged in the fight, and as Pixley and every man, even the general, were all hiding and protecting themselves behind rocks and stones, he was addressed and requested to lie down, and he refused, and continued walking up and down the side of his company. The advanced men were getting short of ammunition, and the brave fellow went back to the rescue, and having filled his helmet with cartridges, went through the line of fire and distributed them to the front men. I believe it was when on his way back for more that he received his fatal wound. Pixley says he was wounded in two or more places. He was carried out of the line of fire and placed under shelter, but as it was just then Pixley got wounded and became insensible shortly after, he knows no more. When so lying under a scorching South African sun, a poor private was loudly complaining about the sun on his uncovered head, when your poor boy took off his helmet, and placed it on the poor soldier's bare head. This last heroic act is recorded in the military records, and I presume has been communicated to you.”

NOTE E.

**MEMORIAL OF IRISH-FRENCH OFFICERS ABOUT IRISH BURSES,
ADDRESSED TO THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, PARIS,
DECEMBER 24, 1814.**

General Sir Martin Dillon has lent me the following translation of the Memorial of Irish Officers, about the transfer of Irish-French endowments to Maynooth. There is no need to quote their proud reference to Fontenoy and previous and subsequent services. They contend that these burses, having been founded for their sons and nephews for the religious, medical, surgical, and military professions, should not be transferred to Maynooth. They state—

¹Lieutenant 60th Rifles.

"A declaration of M. Walsh, formerly Professor of the College of the Lombards, made to the Mayor of Paris, February 20, 1790, in execution of a decree of the National Assembly, proves that all these foundations in France were in favour of students destined for the Religious state, for Medicine, for Surgery, and the Art of War. We learn to-day that a Prelate has arrived from Ireland to solicit the Government that all these foundations should be for the instruction of ecclesiastics alone." According to this policy, the Irish prelates demand that the Archbishop of Paris, who is head Superior of the Irish Houses in Paris, should have similar jurisdiction over the others. The officers declare the object of these negotiations to be "to obtain a new administration for the purpose of transporting these foundations to Ireland, to apply them to the College of Maynooth."

The officers proceed to declare that several founders have appointed the Chancellor of the University, the Abbot of St. Génévieve, and the Prior of St. Victor's to the charge of their endowments, and not one has selected the Archbishop of Paris. The King names, through the Archbishop of Paris, the Superiors of the Irish Houses of Paris. The King also nominates the Superior of the Irish Colleges of Toulouse and Bordeaux. The local Parliament nominates the Superior of Douay; the Bishop of Tournay the Superior of the Irish College of Lille; and the Colleges of Nantes and Poitiers appointed their own superiors according to their rule.

"All these attributes," protest the veterans, "are now found united to the Crown, and for what reason should the Government yield them up to the Archbishop of Paris? It would be to annul the foundations and the wills made for more than a century in order to transport them to Ireland, and endow the establishment of Maynooth, a stranger to us. What hope could our nephews and descendants in France have if the career of Instruction was closed to them? The Irish College in Paris furnished officers to the Irish Brigade. Several of them distinguished themselves by their military talents, and all by their fidelity to the King. The Prelates of Ireland would naturally desire to dispose of these endowments for their own ecclesiastics, instead of the young men destined for the secular state. We hope your Excellency will not alienate the rights of the Crown in favour of the pretensions of these Prelates, and that you will preserve and maintain those establishments on their present footing."

The fourth signature is Count O'Connell's. The signatures seem to me so specially valuable as a list of the surviving Irish officers of the olden time, that I copy them all.

- Le Maréchal Duc de TARENTE, MACDONALD.
 Le Comte O'SHÉE, Paire de France.
 Le Lieut.-Général Comte O'MAHONY, Com-
 mandeur de l'Ordre de St. Louis.
 Le Lieut.-Général Comte O'CONNELL.
 Le Lieut.-Général Comte EDWARD DILLON.
 Le Comte KINDELAN.
 Le Maréchal de Camp, Baron O'MEARA.
 Le Maréchal de Camp LAWLESS.
 Le Colonel Commandt. F. DILLON.
 Le Colonel D. O'MEARA.
 Le Colonel BARON SHÉE.
 Le Chevalier MARKEY, Major du 74^{ème}.
 Le Comte ARSÈNE O'MAHONY, Officier de ,
 Chevaux Légers.
 Le Chevalier O'NIEL, Major du 44^{ème}.
 Lieut.-Colonels and Captains—
 Le Comte de CLONARD.
 Le Chevalier D. JENNINGS.
 Le Chevalier P. JENNINGS.
 Le Chevalier O'RIELLY.
 Le Comte DE POWER.
 Le Chevalier O'SHEIL.
 Le Chevalier DILLON.
 Le Comte O'HAGARTY.
 Le Chevalier LARSONNIER.
 Le Chevalier MACSPECHY.
 Le Chevalier BLACKWILL.
 BURGESS, Ancien Officier.
 MM. the Officers of the 3rd Foreign Regi-
 ment, called the Irish Brigade—
 Le Chevalier MAHONY, Colonel.
 Le Chevalier WARE, Major.
 Le Chevalier COYNE, Lieut.-Colonel.
 Le Chevalier ALLEN, Lieut.-Colonel.
 Captains and Lieutenants—
 Le Chevalier MAGUIRE.
 Le Chevalier BYRE.
 Le Chevalier DONEGAN.
 Le Chevalier O'QUIN.
 Le Chevalier DOWLING.
 Le Chevalier DELANY.
 Le Chevalier MACEGAN.
 Le Chevalier LAWLESS.
 Le Chevalier O'BRIEN.
 Le Chevalier SAINT LÉGER.
 Le Chevalier BROWNE.

Le Chevalier SMITH.
 Le Chevalier PLUNKETT.
 Le Chevalier ESMONDE.
 Le Chevalier DE WALL.
 Le Chevalier GLASSER.

{ PARROTT, DELAMOTTE, RYAN, and MACRATH
 have also adhered as the representatives
 of Founders.

MM. Le Lieut.-Gen. Comte O'MAHONY.
 MACSHEEHY, Doctor of the King's Quarters.
 MACMAHON, Chief of the Medical Department
 in Paris.
 O'NIEL, *idem*.
 MACSHEEHY.

NOTE F.

THE PRAISES OF IVERAGH.

In the note on O'Falveys of Faha (vol. i. pp. 53-57) I quoted a famous quatrain in dispraise of Iveragh, describing it as producing no crops but ill weeds and lawless men, and unblessed by St. Patrick to its western mountain boundaries. It is ascribed to Darby O'Falvey's poet, in the early days of the eighteenth century. A hundred years later some Kerry gentlemen were driven by stress of weather to take shelter in a mountain hostelry, where a number of Iveragh peasants returning from a fair had preceded them. One of the gentlemen, who spoke Irish fluently, jokingly quoted the verse. One of the peasants instantly rejoined, "The finest of crops grow in Iveragh." The statement was received with derisive laughter. "What crops can it produce?" said the gentleman.

The peasant instantly broke into a paraphrase which, in Irish, sounds exceedingly like "the dispraise of Iveragh." The Liberator's old steward, Dan Sullivan, thus rendered it for me—

"Elegant Iveragh of the fine hospitable men!
 The crops that grow in it
 Are generals abroad, colonels at large,
 Councillors and spiritual lords at home."

Íbneata na b-fáilte ó'n fáil an báir fial,
 'Se an báir bhéaí n' áilne da b-faca an áirían;
 Ceannfáilte áirí da 'ra m-baile 'r coirneulla n-cian
 Fíor-áilte áirí coirneáilte a'r earbois a'r cian.

Every one had to admit that the rugged mountain-lands had borne a fair crop of valiant men, whose names and deeds have been traced in these pages. The "Councillor" was the young Liberator; the spiritual lord, Maur-ni-Dhuiv's other grandson, Dr. Sugrue, Bishop of Kerry, under the style of Bishop of Ardfert and Aghadoe. Dr. Douglas Hyde, to whom the English version was sent, has kindly turned it into Irish for me. The ideas are, of course, the same, but not knowing the language, I cannot state if the version be exactly similar in words as it is in spirit, to what Dan Sullivan proudly repeated to me. Iveragh and the adjacent south-western baronies had produced four generals then living—Count O'Mahony, Count Conway, Count O'Connell, and Sir Nicholas Trant, besides more than as many colonels, of whom the names of Sir Maurice Charles O'Connell (afterwards a general), Colonel Thomas FitzMaurice, Colonel Eugene and Colonel William McCarthy are still remembered by old folk. All of these valiant sons of the wilds had recently been admitted to serve their natural-born King. The Iveragh bishop could openly assert his spiritual dignities; and the Councillor, who was to free his fellow-Catholics from the last fetters of the penal laws, dared openly to raise his voice through the land. Iveragh, down to the meanest son of the soil which had borne this crop of valiant gentlemen, gloried in their fair fame, and the chances of an honourable career opened to Irishmen without the need of practically becoming aliens to their country or traitors to their faith.

APPENDIX A.

DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF ARTHUR O'LEARY,

AT Carraiganime, A.C. 1773, by Eileen Dhuv O'Connell, his wife. Taken down from the recitation of Nora-ni-Shindile (Singleton) Irish "keener (circa 1800);" copied from the manuscript of Edmund de Wall of Ballygoulla (Crookstown, Cork), by Donough O'Sullivan, Cork, 1860. [Revised by John Fleming, Dublin, 1891.]

Caomne¹ ar mhárbad
arís uí Laozáine
a 3-Carraiganime
a.c. 1773.

le h-Eibhlinn Dhúib n-í Chomhais, i. a bean.

Símhóid a ua beulrad Nóra n-í Shíndile, caomneoir
Jaedéilze, aríonáde ua laimhshuibhinn Emain de Bhall ua 'n-
m-Baillezalla. Donáad ua Suibhóain, Corca 1860.

I.

Mhó ára go damhson tu
Lá da bfacaró tu,
Ais cean tize'n mhárbad,
Do túz mo íúil aine túit,
'Sto túz mo énoide tairéadn túit;
D'éalúizear d'm áraio leat,
A b'fad ó baile leat;

¹ See translation, p. 239, vol. i.

J̄r d̄aí̄r̄a n̄ár̄ b̄'f̄aḍḍuī̄r̄eac̄:
 Q̄o c̄uī̄r̄ p̄ár̄l̄úr̄ ó'á ž̄eal̄a ó̄am,
 R̄ú̄m̄ān̄a¹ ó'á m̄-b̄r̄eac̄aḍ̄ ó̄am,
 B̄ác̄úr̄ ó'á c̄eap̄aḍ̄ ó̄am,
 B̄r̄íc̄ ó'á c̄eap̄aḍ̄ ó̄am,
 R̄ó̄r̄ta aī̄ b̄eap̄aī̄b̄ ó̄am,
 M̄aī̄r̄t̄ ó'á l̄eaḍ̄aḍ̄ ó̄am,
 C̄ool̄aḍ̄ a ž̄-cluī̄h̄ l̄ac̄aī̄h̄ ó̄am
 Ž̄o ḍ̄-c̄r̄ž̄eac̄² aī̄ t̄-eaḍḍuī̄r̄eac̄
 N̄o t̄ap̄eī̄r̄ ḍ̄á ḍ̄-t̄aī̄t̄eī̄h̄ž̄eac̄³ h̄om

II.

M̄h̄o caī̄a ž̄o d̄amž̄ioī̄ t̄ú
 J̄r b̄r̄eac̄ž̄ c̄r̄ž̄eac̄⁴ h̄ata c̄uī̄r̄
 M̄'ŕ̄ b̄aī̄h̄oḍ̄a ḍ̄'ó̄m̄ t̄ap̄r̄r̄uī̄h̄ž̄eac̄
 Cl̄oī̄ḍ̄eac̄ī̄ c̄ī̄h̄-aī̄r̄ž̄io
 M̄'ŕ̄ t̄u ž̄-coī̄r̄ c̄um̄ ř̄al̄aī̄aḍ̄o
 M̄'ŕ̄ eac̄ caol̄ c̄eaī̄h̄aī̄ ř̄ú̄t̄
 M̄'um̄h̄l̄uī̄ž̄oī̄r̄ ř̄ař̄aī̄aī̄ž̄eac̄⁵
 Š̄j̄oī̄r̄ ž̄o t̄al̄aī̄h̄ c̄uī̄r̄
 M̄'ŕ̄ h̄ī̄ aī̄ h̄āī̄t̄e l̄eaḍ̄
 M̄'c̄t̄ l̄e h̄-aōī̄h̄-c̄oī̄r̄p̄ eac̄ž̄l̄a
 Cl̄a ž̄uī̄r̄ l̄eo caī̄l̄leaḍ̄⁶ t̄u
 M̄'ī̄m̄ī̄r̄h̄ī̄h̄ m̄'aī̄aī̄a



III.

M̄'ī̄aī̄r̄caī̄ž̄⁷ h̄a m̄-b̄āī̄h̄-ž̄l̄ac̄!
 J̄r b̄r̄eac̄ž̄ ḍ̄o c̄r̄ž̄eac̄⁸ b̄j̄oī̄aī̄h̄ c̄uī̄r̄,
 M̄aī̄h̄ž̄ioī̄ ř̄aōī̄ c̄āī̄m̄b̄r̄uī̄c̄,
 M̄'ŕ̄ h̄ata ř̄aōī̄ l̄āř̄a.

¹ *rúmana* is a Gaelicised English word; *reomnaíde* preserves the metre and is Irish.

² *žo ḍ-cržeac̄o*.

³ *o*.

⁴ *c̄ržeac̄o*.

⁵ *řacranaíže*

⁶ *caīlleaḍo*.

⁷ *maīrcaīž̄*.

⁸ *c̄ržeac̄o*.

Ես եմ տե՛ստ Ես ընթացեմ,
 Մտնեմք ան ընթացք Ես;
 Ա՛յ ո՞ր և զքե՛ն Ես
 Ա՛յ և ինչպէս զքե՛ն Ես
 Ան զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ա՛յ ինչպէս զքե՛ն Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 'S Բայ՝¹ Օ լազարե՛ն ան լազարե՛ն
 Բայ՝² զքե՛ն Ես զքե՛ն
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 'S ո՞ր Ես³ ընթացեմ և Ես զքե՛ն

IV.

Ան զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ա՛յ զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ա՛յ զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ա զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես

Ան զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ա՛յ զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 'S զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ա՛յ զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ան զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ան զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես
 Ես զքե՛ն Ես զ Ես

¹ Otherwise Fear.² Բայ՝² զքե՛ն Ես.³ The Munster pronunciation is bejz.⁴ i.e. Western lands.⁵ Immokely (eastern).

Do buairear go luat mo bair
 Do bairnear ar na reataib
 Com mairt a'rbj re aзам
 Go b-fuarnear noiam tu marb
 Coir tuirih ijl aicimh
 Jan papa Jan earboz
 Jan clerneac Jan razant
 Do leizfeac¹ ort an tSaimh
 Ait fearn'-bean criona cairece
 Do leat ort bhj o'd falluimh

V.

• Mo cara 'ar mo rtor tu!
 • • • • •

VI.

Mo zrad tu go damhion!
 Ar eimh² ruar do fearam,
 Agus tar lom fém abale,
 Go z-cuirfeam marc o'd lezad,
 Go nglaoo'maoro an cõrri fahirimh,
 Go m-beiz³ azaimh ceol o'd rpreazad
 Go z-cõrnedcat duir-re leaba
 Faoi bnatuib ihe zeala
 'S faoi cuitceana bneazza bneaca
 J n-ionhad an fuaict' to glacair

VII.

Mo cara go buan tu!
 S na creio rih uata,
 Na an cozar do fuairair
 Na'n rzeal fear-fuata,
 Zur a coola do curadair-ra;

¹ leizfead.

² eimh.

³ m-beiz.

Νῆον ἐποη ῥυαη -οαη,
 ἄετ το βῆ το λεηβ πο βυαῖδεαῖτα;
 Ὑ το τεαῖτωῖδεαῖ-ρα μαῖτα,
 [Le] η-ἰαο το ἐυη cum ῥυαηῖηηῖ.

VIII.

Ἄ ὀαοηε ηα η-ἐηῖεῖῖ¹
 Beul² αοη βεαη αη Εῖηηη
 Ὁ λυῖο ηα ἕῖεηε
 Δο ῖῖηεαῖ³ αταοβ λεηῖ
 Δο βῖευῖεαῖ⁴ τηῖ Λαοῖ το
 Να ῖαῖαῖ⁵ le τῖαοῖαῖβ
 Ἄ ηοῖαῖῖ Ἄηε ἤ Λαοῖαηε
 Τά αηη ῖο τῖαοῖτα
 Ο ἡῖαῖοηη αηοῖ αῖαη.
 Ἄ Ἡοηηῖηῖη λέαη οηε
 ῖυῖ το ἐποῖοε ὀ'ευῖ leat
 Δο ῖῖῖle caoῖτα
 Δο ἕῖῖηε ηευῖτα
 Δο ηαῖβ ηο λαοῖ-ρα
 Ἄ'ῖ ἕαη αοη ῖεαη ἠ-Εῖηῖη
 Δο ἕῖεαῖεαῖ⁶ ηα ηεῖῖηη leat.

IX.

Ἡο caηα ἐῖ α'ῖ ηο ῖεαηε!
 Ἄ'ῖ ἐηῖῖ ῖυαῖ α Ἄηε,
 Λεη-ῖε ῖυαῖ αη τ-εαῖ,
 Εῖηῖ¹ ἕο Ἡαῖηοηα αῖεαῖ,
 Ἄ'ῖ ἕο η-ἡηεῖηοῖαῖ ταν αῖη;
 Βυῖεαῖ ῖῖοηα αο ἕῖαῖε
 Ἡαη α βῖοεαῖ² α ῖῖῖηα το ὀαῖο.
 Ἡο ῖαῖα-ῖηεαῖ, leαη-ἕῖηηε!

¹ η-εηῖεῖο.² ἕο β-ῖυῖ (?)³ ῖῖηεαῖο.⁴ βῖευῖεαῖο.⁵ ῖαῖαῖο.⁶ ἕῖεαῖεαῖο.¹ Εῖηῖῖ.² βῖοεαῖο.

Na rabar-ya taob leat,
 'Nuair lamaz¹ na peirer leat,
 A marcaiz² na peirò-zlac.

X.

Mo cneac zeur cuircaic!
 Na rabar q to cúlajb,
 'Nuair lamaz³ an púdar,
 Zo hzeobajh é an cum deat,
 No a mbhí mo zúna;
 Zo léizfirih ceat rúbal leat,
 A marcaiz na rúl hizar!
 Mar ir tú b'feáir leizion cúca.

XI.

Mo cara tú a' mo fearc—maonh!
 'S ir zráhna an éoir[i],
 Az (le) cur an zairziteac,
 Comhna a' cáirih,
 An marcaic an deaz-énoide,
 B'óeac az iarzairneac an zlarizib,
 'Saz ól an hallajóib
 Farnat mha na hzeal-éioic;
 Smo mhle meairat
 Mar do cailleat to éatuzo.

XII.

Zneada cúzat a' oic,
 A Mhorir zráhna an feill,
 Bann óiom féin mo éizear,
 Aitair mo leahb zan doir,
 Dhí aca rúbal an tíze,
 'San trua óuine aca' ruz an éif
 'S da doacat ná cuirfead óiom.

¹ lámh.

² marcaiz.

³ lámh.

XIII.

Ձո ճարս էն ընդ ճարտեմն!
 'Ի դարս աճաբարս առ ճարտեմն?
 Չ'իլլար ճարս այ ճարտեմն,¹
 Չա թոճարս ո ճարտեմն,
 Չո թոճարս մարս ա ճարտեմն ճարս;
 Չոճարս "Երևն ճարտեմն² ա ճարտեմն,
 'S cum ո ճարտեմն cum ճարտեմն,
 Չո ճարտեմն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն;³
 Չարտեմն ա ճարտեմն ա ճարտեմն,
 Ոճարտեմն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն;⁴
 Ոճարտեմն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն
 Չարտեմն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն.

XIV.

Ձո ճարս էն ընդ ճարտեմն,
 Ա ճարտեմն⁴ ա ճարտեմն,
 Երևն ճարտեմն,
 Ա' ճարտեմն ո ճարտեմն
 Երևն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն;
 Երևն ո ճարտեմն ճարտեմն;
 Երևն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն;
 Երևն ո ճարտեմն;
 Երևն ո ճարտեմն;
 Երևն ա ճարտեմն⁵ ճարտեմն ա ճարտեմն;
 Երևն ա ճարտեմն⁶ ճարտեմն ա ճարտեմն;
 Երևն ա ճարտեմն⁷ ճարտեմն ճարտեմն,
 Երևն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն,
 'S ճարտեմն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն ճարտեմն.

¹ ճարտեմն.² ճարտեմն.³ ճարտեմն.⁴ ճարտեմն.⁵ ճարտեմն.⁶ ճարտեմն.⁷ ճարտեմն.

XV.

Ձո չարս էն իրոս արմանի
 Տ իյ հ-է ան-բարս բար ԾԾ ճիյի,
 Նա բար մո քիսիւր ճիյի
 Նա Գոյնալլ մոր Օ Կոյնալլ
 Նա Կոյնալլ ԾԾ ԲԱՅԱՅ ան Կոյնալլ
 Նա Բար իյ ի Կ-Բարս ան Կոյնալլ
 Գո Կոյնալլ¹ անոյն ան Կոյնալլ
 Գոյնալլ Կոյնալլ ի Կոյնալլ
 Նի հ-Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Աճ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Աճ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Տոյնալլ Կոյնալլ ի Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ

XVI

Ձո ճիւղ էն իրոս Կոյնալլ
 Անոյն իյ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Տոյնալլ² Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Կոյնալլ³ Կոյնալլ Օ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Նի Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Աճ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ

XVII.

Ձո ճիւղ էն իրոս Կոյնալլ
 Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ
 Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ Կոյնալլ

¹ Կոյնալլ.² Կոյնալլ.³ Կոյնալլ.

Յերժեա՛տ անոո յան ողով,
 Զ' յօլ օղ Եյօղ Ե՛՛ Եյն,
 Զըր Կլաօճայրե ան Շրնոյ.

XVIII.

Ձո յնձօ՛ Եւ ԳՅըր մօ ըն
 Եա Ե՛ րԵԱԵրժե Եր Ե մ-Եօյն
 Փօ Ե՛՛ Եըրժե (օր ԵԵՅՅ) Ե՛՛ Ե-Երնձօ՛
 'Տար մօ Երօրժե Ե՛՛ Ե՛ Ե՛ Եյն
 Ոճ ԵրՅԵԱրբձ՛ Ե՛ ԵրՅԵ՛՛ Եյն
 Ոճ Յայնո Եյլեճն Ե՛ Ե-Եյն
 Յօ Ե-ԵյօԵՅ՛ Ե՛ Երժ Ե Լաօճայրե ԵյՅՅ
 Եյն ԵԵրժե՛՛ Եյլը ԵԵ՛՛ Եր Երն
 Յօ ըճձ՛ Ե՛ Եր ԵԵ՛՛ Եյն,
 Ո՛ Ե՛ Ե-Եյբձ՛ Ե՛ Երն Եր Ե Երն.

XIX.

Ձո յնձօ՛ր մօ Լաօճ Եւ,
 Զըր Եյ Լաօճայրե!
 Եյն Ե՛ ԵրնԵԵՅՅն, Եյն Ե՛ Ե՛Ե՛Ե՛՛,
 Եյն Լաօրն՛ Ե՛ Եյ Լաօճայրե,
 'Ոյն Ե՛ն Ե՛ՅՅԵրժե,
 'Տա Ե-Եյն Ե՛ն Ե-Ե՛Ե՛Ե՛՛,
 Եյն Ե ԵբձԵՅՅն Ե՛Ե՛,
 Զ' Երժ Եյն Եր ՅԵՅՅն;
 ԵԵ՛՛ Ե՛ ԵրժԵ՛՛,
 'Ո Ե Ե-Եյն Ե՛Ե՛՛.
 Երն Ե՛յնՅնձօ՛ Եյն Երն,
 Փ՛՛ Երբձ՛ Ե՛ Ե՛ Լաօճայրե,
 ԶՅըր Եըլ Ե՛՛ ԵրժԵ՛՛.

¹ ԵրՅԵԱրբձօ.
² Ե-ԵյօԵՅն.
³ ըճձօ.
⁴ Ե-Եյբձօ.
⁵ Ե՛Ե՛Ե՛՛.

⁶ Լաօրն.
⁷ Երն.
⁸ Երն.
⁹ Լարբօ.

'San zradh naomha
 'Ntois' maircais¹ na réir-ghlac
 'Ntois' an fiasaige zán traochá
 Óh nreanna ar raota
 'Nuair rataraois caol-cóm
 2 maircais² na z-claon-íor
 No cao d'íorais³ aréir or
 Óh to íorleat féin⁴
 Na marbtoad an raogal tū
 'Nuair ceannaisear tuisele.

XX.

Sho éna túrmo zradh,
 Saol maic-íluaz an rait!
 So m-bitead⁵ oet derz banaltreize
 an aon clár,
 So b-fuisoir loizead a' r lár,
 Cuidh 'ra h-ál,
 Shuilleann arat,
 Óh buide azur airtioo bán,
 Siodais azur belbet breas,
 Piora talainn ar rait;
 So h'oir cjoa tal,
 An laoz na m-bar-ghlac m-bán.

XXI.

Sho zradh a' r mo rún tu,
 A' r mo zradh mo colúir zeall
 Cé ná tairaz-ra euzat-ra,
 A' r ná euzat mo tréir hóm,
 Níon éir náire ruo hóm,
 Anar h'oir z-cuirzad;

¹ maircais.

⁴ féin.

² maircais.

⁵ m-bitead.

³ d'íorais.

1 Դեօմարծնն Ծնդտ,
 'Տա շօմարծնն Ընդանշա
 'Տա շ-ժօւած Յան հարշայտ.
 Պարս ա մ-բեյժեաճ ան Եօլշաճ,
 Ա'ր ան Եաճ Ծօրճ,
 'Տան Բաբար Գրօշօժաճ,
 Բեյժեաճ¹ ան մարս-իւաճ Եօրն Կի
 'Տարիանտա Ծ'ա շ-ժօւա ԸԸ,
 Ա' Ծեանի Բօճարի
 Ա' Ելժեաճ Ծօճ Իճարս
 Ա Արտ ան Երօլլայճ² Յլ.

XXII.

Պօ շրճօ Են Ըր մօ Եայժեանի
 Յաօլ ան հարս-իւաճ Յարն,
 Բեյժեաճ³ ԸՅ Լօրճ ան Յլեանա
 Պարս ա մ-Եանթեա Ըրտ Ըարճ
 Փա մ-Երեյտ Ըրտեաճ Ծան հալլա
 Պարս ա մ-Բեյժեաճ⁴ ԲաօԲար Ծա Ըր Ը ԳՅեանի
 Պարս-Բեյժեաճ ան Եօրն Ծա Յարիաճ
 Ըաօրն-Բեյժեաճ հա Ըանարեճ Ըա հ-Եարնա
 Ըօրն Ըրաօճ Երանթեաճ⁵ Կրտ Ըր Եաճան
 Ըարսլլ Յրուաճ ԸրԵաԸանիճ ԸԸ
 Ոճ Եանթեաճ Ծօլ'նա ԼեաԸայճ⁶
 Ոճ Ըր Բարճ Ըա շ-Ըարսլլ
 Փա Ե-ԲարթաԸօր Բեաճտիան
 Ա ԾարԵարեաճ Լարն հա շ-Ըարս.

XXIII.

Պօ Ըարս Ը'ր մօ Լաօշէնի
 Ա'ր Ըրիլիճ Ըրն հեւալն,
 Բրիլեաճ Ըրնի Ծան,

¹ Բեյժեաճ.² Երօլլայճ.³ Բեյժեաճ.⁴ մ-Բեյժեաճ.⁵ Եանթեաճ.⁶ ԼեաԸա.

ԱՅ-ԿՈՐԿԱՅ՝¹ ՅՕ ԴՔՂՅԵՊԻՃԷ,
 Ար leaba աղ աղար,
 Յար ըրիօղ աղ շաօ՞րն,
 Յար էլլը Գր Յ-Ընրտ ճօրն;
 Ա՛ր դար քան քրտօղ ճօ ըսօղ-ճօղ,
 Ոճ Բրիղը Գր ճՅ Եղարն,
 Ուարի քարաՅ² էն տրաօ՞ղն
 Ար լար աղ Ե-րլեյն՝ Գղար
 Յող րաՅարտ Յող ճլեղրեճ
 Աճտ րեղ-Բեղ ճօրն
 Ոճ Լեճ Բրիղ ճճ Բրեղ ճօրն
 Ուարի քարաճ ճօղ ըրն էն
 Աղրտ Աղ Լաճարն
 ՝Տօ ճար թօղ դա րլաճարն
 Աղ Գրողն ճօղրն.

XXIV.

Աղ ճարն ճճ Գր ող ընր էն!
 Կր Բրեճ ճլեճ ընր ճօրն,
 Տօղն ճարն Յ-ճնր ճօրն;
 Բարտար ճօղ ընր ճօրն;
 Caroline ճարնեճ,
 Ա՛ր ճար ճօղ ընրն,
 Աղ ճարն ընրն;
 Կր ճարն ճարն ընրն ընրն
 Բարն ճՅ քարարտ ՝ր ճ-ճնր ճօրն.

XXV.

Աղ ճարն ճօղ ճարնեղն էն!
 Ա՛ր դարն ճարնեղն ՝րն ճարն
 ճարն, ճարնեղն,
 Բարն³ ընր դա ճ-ճարնեղն,
 Աղ ընրն ճօղ ճօղ ճօրն
 ճօրն ճօղ ճարն ՝րն ընրն—

¹ Յ-ԿՈՐԿԱՅ՝.

² քարաճ.

³ Բարն.

XXVI.

Եա քյօր ԳՅ ԵօրԳ ԵրյօրԵ,
 Ոա երՅ¹ Եայօր Գր ԵԵԵԵր րոԵրհ,
 Ոա ԼԵրհ Երյր ԼԵր' ԵԵրհ,
 Ոա երհՅ Գր ԵրԵԵ րո Եօրհ,
 ՈԵ ԵրյօրՅ'Եր Գր ԵրԵԵ րո ԵրՅԵ,
 ՈԵ ԵրԵր ԼԵր Գր ԼԵր րոԵրհ,
 ՈԵ Ե-ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԼԵ ԵրՅԵ;
 Զ'Ե Եօ րԵԵԵԵ Երհ Եր Եօրհ,
 Զ ԵօրհԵԵ ԼԵր Գր րհՅ;
 Տ րԵր Ե Ե-ԵրԵԵԵԵ² րոԵրհ Եօր Ե-ԵրԵր,
 Եօ Ե-ԵրԵԵԵԵ Եր Եր Երհ,
 Եօ եօԵԵ րԵ ԵօԼԵ ԵրԵԵ,
 Զօ ԵրԵր Եօր րԵր րո րԵԵր.

XXVII.

Երհ Գր ԵրհԵ րօ ԵԵԵր-ԵԵ,
 Զր րԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԼԵ Գր րԵրԵրհ,
 Զ Ե-ԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ Ե րԵ-ԵԵԵԵ րԵԼԵԵԵ,
 'Ո-ԵԵԵԵԵ րԵԵԵԵԵԵ³ րԵ ԼԵրԵԵ ԵօրհԵ
 ԶԵԼԵ ԵԵԵԵ րԵր ԵրԵԵ Եօ ԵրԵԵԵԵ
 Զր' ԵրԵ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ Գր ԵրԵ.

XXVIII.

ԵրԵԵԵԵ ԵրհԵԵ ԵրԵԵԵԵ⁴ օրԵ,
 Զ ԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԶԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ,
 ԶԵԵԵԵ ԵրԵԵԵ Ե Եր ԵԵԵԵԵ,
 ՈԵր ԵԵԵԵԵ Գր ԵԵԵԵԵԵ;
 ԶԵ Եօ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵրԵ րԵԵԵ⁵ ԵրԵ;
 ԵԵԵԵԵ ԵրԵԵԵԵԵ,
 Զ ԵԵԵԵԵԵ⁶ Եր ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ.

¹ երՅ.² Ե-ԵրԵԵԵԵԵ.³ րԵԵԵԵԵԵ.⁴ ԵրԵԵԵԵ.⁵ րԵԵԵԵ is the pronunciation of րԵԵ, great in the Munster dialect.⁶ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ.

Τηρ ηα γλασταιβ
 Λά το έρμαόταηη
 Νο μαάα ηρεάζα βυαηβ ουτ,
 Νο καοηηζ' άγ υαη ουτ
 Νο ταλαη κυη τυαηρ ουτ

XXIX.

Α ηηαηαηζ¹ ηα η-βάν-ζλαα,
 Ο λαζαζ² το λάη λαα,
 Εηηζ ζο τ-εη Βαλδινγ,
 Αη γρηεληηη ζηάηηα,
 Αη φεαη καο γράζαά;
 Αγ βυαη δε γάγαν,
 Ηη-ιοηαο το Λάηαά,
 Αζυγ υγάο το ζηάό-ζαα.
 Ζαη αη ρεηρεαη ηαη βλάαηη,
 Ζαη τοάαη το Αηάηηε,
 Αζυγ ηη λε ζηάό έη.

¹ ηηαηαηζ.

² λαζαά.

APPENDIX B.

THE BLESSING OF THE SCHOLAR.¹

Beannaíct an Scolaire.

I.

Jr fáda me a tuinneadh,² gan doimneadh beo am cumleacht,³
Aníor o Banianloch an doimne caoile,
A' tuall an na h-éire, luí léigthe na z-caom-réar
Go Cill-Áine léir-loch cum léigthe do cum ríor doib.⁴

II.

Cum⁵ go h-Deachtóir go Dear-múiní an na h-Deal-cuirte gan
ceitheal,
Do b'fjal 'rto b'feardáiní 'rbuó deá-íolca zhoí,
An fáirce na h-áiní aní an lár an-áiní do bíor
Cum gan tuácar tuáirce éam' gan éruar an do bí orí
A' r' an a m-beirdeach an rí-Deaí breáí r'aral 'gan uairí
do beirí ríre.

¹ See p. 57, vol. I.

² tuinneadh, humbling, lowering.

³ cumleacht, Munster pronunciation of comleacht, accompanying.

⁴ doimne, in another copy áiní.

⁵ léigthe do cum ríor doib, to put down learning for them.

⁶ Cum should be go: go go until.

III.

Օհ դժալտիյն յո շահաճ Կիւրժ արե ճար լայնի կոմ,
 Ծո Շարայճ յոն-բարեաճ շառն-շրտոնար լե օջև:
 Ըսյ շար արլեար մո իճնոս, ճ'ր դն Եճոնար լե Կ-ճոն-դե
 մե
 Ծո բեճաճ լե բնի մե 'րճոն բճճայլ ար մո ճաօլտայն.

IV.

Ըսյ շար բեճ Պիս Գե մե ար ան Ե-ճայն յո յոն շի
 Ծո շիճ Բայլե ճո Կ-բարճո, ար բեճ շրեմիբ ճոն
 իճաօրճեան.
 Ծար Կան, Եճոնար, արալ Եիճ Եր ճ-օնօլաճ լե օջև
 Եր իճոճ ար Եր մորճայլ ճ ճ-Կան-Կրոճայն ճօլտ.

V.

Ձ իճն-իճն դա յաօնաճճ շար լեյն յար մո ճիոնարա
 Կոճ բեճոճճճճ ին Եճրճ լե բարան ծոճ ինիոս
 Ծո ճրեճաճճ,ճ յո օճարճճճճ յո յաօնաճճճճ յոն Կ-ճոն.
 Ծո Կրոճաճճճճ ին Եիճ ին լե Կ-Եճոն իոնն օյլբ.

VI.

'Տա լաճ-Եան իճնա ճո Ե-բայլ ճրճճճճ Պիս Գե յար,
 Ծո Եարճայն յո Եաճ-օյնբեճճճ 'րճոն բնի ար յո յաօնաճճ,
 Ծո Ե-բայլ Եաննաճճ ան իճօլայն Եճ ար բնի ար բար
 Երբեան,
 Ան Ե-բաճար, ին Երճճճ ինն միճ Եիճ ճոն օջև.

VII.

Երճ ճաօլ օբար Ա ինն յար յար յար յար յար յար յար
 Ա ճ-Կարն յո յանճեան ճ իճաճ ճ'ր ճ ճ-Կօրճեան,
 Ծո յինն դա Լօճանայն յո օճրճն դա Կ-Երբեան,
 Ան Եր յար Երբեան յո իճօլայն յո Եինն.

¹ These letters (Յ) are for ծ in the Munster dialect 'դա Եիճ is poetically for 'դա յայնճ.

² (The շ is for ծ) ինճ, a king is put for ինճաճճճճ a kingdom.

VIII.

Na Ƴar-Ƴir 8'η ηzeal-cōm ηj Ƴearm̄aƳ¹ Ƴam̄jao
 'Se jerry 3an mearm̄zao an Ƴear Ƴlajce Ƴo njan
 Ƴo Ƴrjall Ƴar lear cūzajj '3ur ƳaƳcu² ηa Ƴjaj3
 Ƴo Ƴjōlra3³ o Ƴajlbe Ƴuz Ƴjac Cārtaj3 Ƴaor le3r
 O bōrƳajb an arƳaj3⁴ bj an lājη a3 Turgesius.

IX.

Óη Job-Ƴác Ƴo Ƴam̄j3 Ƴo Ƴajrce 3o Ƴej 3eanác
 Ƴar an-bjƳeac Ƴjor-Ƴjōct ηa Spājneac a'Ƴ ar-Ƴjōct
 Ƴjlerjyr,
 3ac ƳlajƳa Ƴoη ar-Ƴul Ƴob Ƴeārη bj an 3aolƳajb⁵
 BuƳ cūƳaηjyl buƳ Ƴajleac a3-clār-lujnc ηa h-éjreanη.

X.

3ac Ƴola Ƴob arce Ƴa Ƴ-Ƴreay3raƳ an ƳaƳb
 O Rroηe an 3leanηa 3o Ƴj3eanηa ljoηá
 O ƳoηeáƳa an 3leanηa Ƴuz caƳ ar a ηajajro
 Ua SújhoƳám Ƴéara ηa 3aolƳa ar ηa ƳƳomác
 Na 3earalƳaj3 3lejzeal ar ηa 3aolƳa bj leƳ aca.

XI.

UaƳ Ƴrom-ηōr Ƴo Ƴam̄j3 Ƴo Ƴajrce 3o Ƴej3eanác
 Ƴar a η-bjƳeac Ƴj3eayac⁶ an clār a3 8l Ƴjōrca a'Ƴ
 Ƴaor Ƴuneh,
 Set aca an ƳajpljƳ an clārjyb Ƴaor éatac
 Ƴη ηajr-Ƴluj3 bneá3 áluj ηƳ Ƴeārη bj an 3aolajb.⁷

¹ Ƴearm̄aƳ in Munster, Ƴearm̄aƳ in dictionaries.

² ƳaƳcu recte ƳaƳ-cūjja great sorrow.

³ 3 for 3̄.

⁴ 3 for Ƴ̄.

⁵ Recte 3aorƳealajb, which would not rhyme.

⁶ Plural Ƴj3eayaj3e.

⁷ 3aorƳealajb.

XII.

Βυò ζαοι ουτ Φερατιη Βυηραυζε α'ρ Δύνβυρδε,
Α ηΔυηλό τολ' φατα το άραγο α ο-τιζεατ
Να β'δ'ο άρ μεαυβαλ φαρτα οα η-ι
Σι Νορα ηι Αηατζαηηα, αη ζεαλ-τριαυζ, το φαοη με
Αζυρ κοηηυαυζεαηη ρι'ραη Δεαυ-ηυηαη άρ φαυόε ηα
Φέηηε.

APPENDIX C.

DIRGE OF MUIRTI OG O'SULLIVAN.

THIS pathetic lament for Muinti (or Merty) og O'Sullivan was composed in Cork Gaol, 1754, by his foster-brother, Daniel Connell, one of the three prisoners doomed to the gibbet, the night before his death. It is still recited by the peasantry, and was noted down by Mr. J. J. Gallavan in 1890.

I.

Seán Puxley ó'fás óúbdáć rínn fáol lioinnub ná cáoipre,
Ás-Corcaig¹ fáol líubáib 'rzan rúil le ári rzaoisleadó;
Sháir a m-beig² ári ó-erí z-cínn ár erí rpiće mair show aca
Fáol íneácta ná h-oiróce á'í zác ríon eirle óa nzeobáiró
cužáinn.

II.

Á óearbriacáin ná n-áran ná fáz rínn zo h-aoine;
Tá an cpoć anáinne zán fáin ár an m-bolta;
Tá ná realáin óá b-fárzác 'íra cáinne aca óár m-
boóradó:
'S zróinn leat a mairíirerí cé zuir fázóair 'na b-power ríñ.

III.

Á Shuirtí ná n-áran, mo cáí erínn zo óeo éú!
Do óeaní zeal anáinne, róo óorp áinn mair show aca!

¹ z.

² ó.

Do cónnairc-ra féin lá tú 'rdo éiríocháin alain 'zac cum
cónnairc,
S do veairc-ra beáinín tne zaircáize Ríz Seoirre.

IV.

Ánarr do carláz 'r Spáin do ruair jointure
S zo h-éirín nion b-fuláin leat veact rpar cum ár
z-cailte...

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PEDIGREE INDEX.

THE genealogical notes to this work are chiefly taken from certified pedigrees brought out to France by Irish officers over a hundred years ago. Full modern pedigrees can be easily seen in Burke's "Landed Gentry," so there was no occasion to carry them on beyond the date when the persons mentioned in the text were living.

CANTILLON OF BALLYHEIGUE. (Vol. i. pp. 61-65.)

Representative: Baron de Cantillon, France.

Alliances and descents: Earls of Farnham, Stafford, and Gloucester; Viscount Bulkeley, Burke of Cornabullagh (McWalter), Blakes, O'Briens, O'Connell of Darrynane.

O'CONNELLS OF IVERAGE. (Vol. ii. pp. 308-316.)

Representative: Mr. O'Connell, of Darrynane. Counts of France, Barons of the Holy Roman Empire, Baronets of the United Kingdom.

The O'Connell alliances with O'Sullivans, Mahonys, McCarthys, O'Connells, and Blennerhassetts include nearly every branch of these families during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, so I here omit names of their places for brevity. Male descendants of Donal Mor O'Connell and Maur-ni-Dhuiv are intermarried with or descended from the following families:—

Baldwin of Clohina, Balfe of South Park, Biancoini of Longfield, Barrys, O'Brien of Killoor, Blennerhassetts, Butler of Kilcash, Cantillon of Ballyphillip, Conways of Killorglin and Glenbeigh, Coppinger of Barry's Court, Lord Cahir, O'Connor-Failhe, O'Connor-Kerry, The O'Donoghue of the Glens, O'Donoghue Dhuv, O'Donell, Esmonde, O'Falvey of Faha, FitzMaurice of Cosfeal, Foster, FitzSimon of Glancullen, Ffrench of Ffrench Lawn, Galway of Lota Goolde, Huddleston of Sawston, Hickie of Slievour, O'Leary, McCarthy-O'Leary of Coomlagane, Leyne, Shyne-Lawlor of Castlelough, Mahonys, O'Mullane of Whitechurch, Morrogh, McCarthys Mor, McCarthys, McCarties, McMahons of Glenagh and Clohina, Nagle of Ballinamona, O'Rielly-Dease, Ross of Carshalton, Ryan of Holycross, Therry of Castle Therry, O'Sullivans, Seggerson of Ballinakelligs, Sugrue of Fermoyla.

CONWAY OF KILLORGLIN AND OF BODRHYDDAN. (Vol. i. p. 135.)

Counts in France.

Alliances and descents: Stanley of Hooton, Blennerhassett of Ballyseedy, Roches, Blennerhassett of Killorglin, Mahony of Dromore, O'Connell of Darrynane.

BALDWIN OF CLOHINA. (Vol. i. p. 246.)

Alliances and descents: Herbert of Powis, Hungerford of the Island, Langton of Barry, The O'Sullivan Beare, O'Connell of Darrynane.

THE O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLENS. (Vol. i. p. 232.)

Present representative: The O'Donoghue of the Glens.

Alliances and descents: The McCarthy Mor, McMahon of Clohina, McMahon of Clenagh, Morrogh, Coppinger of Barry's Court, Markham of Brewsterfield, O'Connells of Grenagh and Lake View, Ennis of Ballinahown Court.

O'FALVEY OF FAHA. (Vol. i. pp. 53-57.)

Present representative: Mr. Morrogh Bernard, of Faha Court.

Alliances and descents: FitzMaurice, Lord Lixnaw, Viscount Netterville, Bernard of Ballinagard, Ferriter of Boncashla, Fitzgeralds, Morrogh, Mahony of Dromore, Mahony of Dunloe, Pierce of Ballinagard, O'Connell of Darrynane, The O'Sullivan Mor, and The O'Sullivan Beare.

FAGAN OF DRONMOLTON AND CARRIGCROHANE (originally of Feltrim, forfeited *temp.* James II.). (Vol. ii. p. 57.)

Count de Fagan, Spain; Chevalier de Fagan, France.

Alliances and descents: Earl of Strabane, Trant of Fenitt, De Lacy of Bruff, Skiddys and Goulds of Cork, Barnwalls and Plunketts of Meath.

FITZMAURICE OF COSFEAL AND DUAGH. (Vol. i. pp. 318, 319.)

Younger branch of the FitzMaurices, Earls of Kerry.

Alliances and descents: Mahony of Kilbonane, Holles of Knockanagulsey, Fitzgerald of Nurney, Browne of Rosse, The O'Sullivan Beare, Trant of Fenitt.

O'LEYS. (Vol. i. p. 246.)

Alliances and descents: Fitzgerald of Adare, Conway of Glanbeigh, The MacGillicuddy of the Reeks, O'Connells of Kilkeveragh and Mahera.

THE MCCARTHY MOR. (Vol. i. pp. 225-232.)

Present representative: Mr. MacCartie, of Carrignavar.

[MacCartie of Carrignavar is representative of the gens

McCarthy, and *de jure* Baron Muskerry (created 1495), and Baron Blarney (created 1578). But O'Donoghue is representative of McCarthy Mor in female line.]

English titles bestowed on different branches of the family now extinct or attained: McCarthy Mor, Earl of Glancar, and Viscount Valentia; McCarthy, Baron of Blarney; McCarthy, Earl of Clancarthy and Viscount Muskerry; McCarthy, Viscount Mountcashel, and Baron Castletnohy.

Alliances and descents: Earl of Antrim, Earl of Kerry, Lord Brittas, McCarthy Reagh, The O'Donoghue of the Glens, Herbert of Muckross, Conways, McMahons, The O'Donovan, Finch, Hussey.

MCCARTHY-LYRAGH OF MANCHE. (Vol. ii. pp. 129-134.)

Representative: Mdlle. Mathilde McCarthy de Mervé.

Alliances and descents referred to in this work: O' Cronin, Guérault, Le Grand d'Ennerville, Count de Mervé. Mdlle. McCarthy de Mervé possesses a great pedigree, registered by her grandfather, with most honourable Irish and French alliances too numerous to quote here.

MCCARTIE. (Vol. i. p. 232.)

(See note, "Female Descendants of O'Donoghue Dhuv.")

Alliances and descents: McCarthy, Lord Muskerry; McCarthy of Drishane, Barrett of Barrett's Country, O'Donoghue Dhuv, The O'Donoghue of the Glens, O'Leary of Iveleary, O'Connell of Darrynane.

O'MAHONY. (Vol. i. pp. 50-52, 316-320.)

Representatives: Mr. Mahony, of Dromore; Mr. Mahony, of Dunloe; O'Mahonys, grandees of Spain, Counts of Spain and France.

Alliances and descents: Prince Giustiniani, Marquis Bandini, Marquis de Goury, Earl of Newburgh, Count Conway, The O'Sullivan Mor, The O'Sullivan Beare, The O'Donoghue Mor, The O'Donoghue of the Glens, Weld of Lulworth, FitzMaurice of Cosfeal, McCarthy of Coshmaigne, O'Falvey of Faha, Holles of Knockanagulsey, Sugrue of Fermoy, De Coursey, Trant of Fenitt, O'Connells of Darrynane, Cahirbarnagh, and Ballinabloun.

SEGERSON OF BALLINSKELIGS. (Vol. ii. p. 208.)

Representative: Mr. Mahony, of Dromore.

Alliances and descents: Babington, Bavand, Blennerhassett, Boyle, Burke, Conway, O'Connells of Ballinabloun, Ballybrack, and Darrynane; Haly-Coppinger, Hoare, Kelly, Leyne, Lalor, McCarthy, MacGinnie, Mahony, Nelson, O'Sullivan, Spotswoode, Spencer, Sarsfield, and Sugrue, in England and Ireland; Buchanan, Chisholm, Loder, Estudillo, Ward, and Sullivan, in Australia and America.

SUGRUE OF FERMOYLE. (Vol. i. p. 52.)

Alliances and descents: FitzMaurice of Ballyhealy, Mahony of Dunloe, Conway of Killorglin, Segerson of Ballinskelligs, O'Connells of Darrynane and Ballybrack.

O'SULLIVAN (*viz.* the four chiefly families of O'Sullivan Mor, O'Sullivan Beare, MacGillicuddy of the Reeks, and McFineen Dhuv, of which MacGillicuddy is still flourishing). (Vol. i. pp. 132-135.)

Alliances and descents: These families have frequently intermarried with each other and with the following: McCarthy, Lord Muskerry; McCarthy Reagh, The O'Donovan, The Knight of Kerry, The Knight of the Valley, O'Leyne.

This list does not profess to be an exhaustive summary. It merely mentions the alliances and descents referred to in historical notices.

TRANT OF FENITT (Baronets *temp.* James II). (Vol. i. p. 319.)

Representative: Colonel Trant, of Dovea.

Alliances and descents: Prince d'Auvergne, Earl of Cavan, Lord Slane, Count O'Mahony, The O'Sullivan Beare, The O'Connor-Kerry, Rice of Ballingolin, FitzMaurice of Cosfeal, Trant of Dovea.

WATERS, OR WATTERS. (Vol. ii. pp. 135-137.)

Counts in France.

Representative: Count Watters.

Alliances and descents: Rice of Ballymacdoyle, Count Rice in France, Creaghe, Lord FitzWaters, Hickie of Killelton, Sugrue of Fermoyle, Count de Tiley.

IRISH OFFICERS, ETC.,

MENTIONED IN TEXT AND NOTES.

ANOTHER list of officers of the Irish Brigade transferred to English service will be found on pp. 185-192, vol. ii. The initial letters of Austria, England, France, Holland, Portugal, and Spain denote countries served by these Irish officers.

GENERALS.

Baron Brady. A.	Count Lacy. S.
Count Browne. A.	Lynch. F.
John FitzMaurice Burke. F. E.	Marshal MacDonald. F.
Count (James) Conway. F. E.	McGuire. A.
Count (Thomas) Conway. F. E.	Count (Daniel) O'Mahony ("le Brave O'Mahony," grandee of Spain). F. S.
Count (Daniel) O'Connell. F. E.	Count (Demetrio) O'Mahony. S.
Sir Maurice O'Connell. F. E.	Count (Bartholomew) O'Mahony. F. E.
Baron O'Connell. A.	Baron Nugent. A.
Count D'Alton. A.	Plunkett. A.
O'Donnell. A.	Count (Alexander) O'Reilly. S.
Baron McElligott. A.	Sir Nicholas Trant. F. E. P.
Christopher Sullivan Fagan. E.	Stack. F. E.
O'Kelly. A.	
Count Lally de Tolendal. F.	
Count Lacy. A.	

COLONELS.

Colonel Barry. F. E.	Colonel Macraith. F.
Succession of Colonel-Proprietors of "Dillon's"—	Colonel Meade. F.
Hon. John Dillon.	Colonel Murphy. F.
Hon. Henry Dillon.	Colonel O'Moore. F. E.
Hon. Arthur Dillon.	Lieut.-Colonel William Mahony. F.
Charles, tenth Viscount Dillon.	Colonel Count Daniel Mahony. F.
Henry, eleventh Viscount Dillon.	Lieut.-Colonel Cornelius O'Mahony. S.
Chevalier James Dillon.	Colonel Eugene McCarthy. F. E.
Edward Dillon.	Colonel William McCarthy. F. E.
Count (Hon.) Arthur Dillon.	Colonel Sir Charles McCarthy- Lyragh. F. E.
Count Theobald Dillon.	Colonel Charles Thadens McCarthy- Lyragh. F.
Colonel Hon. Henry Dillon. F. E.	Colonel Pierce. F.
Colonel Edward Dillon. F. E.	Colonel Count Walsh de Serrant. F. E.
Colonel Count James Conway. F.	Colonel Viscount Walsh de Serrant. F. E.
Colonel James Conway. F. E.	Lord Thomond (last Colonel-Pro- prietor of "Clare's"). F.
Colonel Thomas Conway. F. E.	
Colonel Elliott. F.	
Colonel Thomas FitzMaurice. F.	
Colonel George Hickson Fagan. E.	
Colonel Geoghegan. F.	

MAJORS AND CAPTAINS.

Major Barry. F. E.	Captain Chev. Christopher Fagan. F.
Captain John Burke. F. E.	Captain James FitzSimon. F. E.
Major Robin Conway. F.	Major O'Ghier. F.
Captain Mathew Conway. F.	Captain Maurice Kennedy. F.
Captain Maurice O'Connell (of Lative). F. E.	Captain Bernard McMahon. F.
Captain Maurice Jeffrey O'Connell. F. E.	Captain The McCarthy Mor. F.
Captain Rickard O'Connell. F. H.	Captain John McCarthy-Lyragh. F.
Captain O'Connor. F.	Major O'Sullivan. A.

OTHER OFFICERS,

of whose precise rank I am uncertain, also lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, several O'Mahonys and O'Connells mentioned in letters, exclusive of those given above—

Lieutenant Maurice O'Connell (of Carhen). E.	D. Swiney (I fancy it should be McSwiney). F.
Lieutenant Falvey ("Berwick's"). F. E.	John FitzMaurice. F.
Lieutenant Darby Falvey ("Dillon's"). E.	Robin FitzMaurice. F.
Ensign William Falvey ("Dillon's"). E.	Michael Falvey. F.
	Con O'Leary. F.
	Fagan. F.

IRISH PHYSICIANS (eighteenth century).

Dr. Bartholomew Mahony, Physician to Louis XVI. ("Médecin du Roi"). Paris.	Dr. Ankettle. Limerick.
Dr. FitzGibbons. Paris.	Dr. Finucane. Ennis.
Dr. Timothy Connell. Fontainebleau.	Dr. O'Loughlin. Ennis.
Dr. Jeremy Leyne (end of seventeenth century). Tralee.	Dr. Comyn. Ennis.
Dr. Jeremy Leyne (beginning of eighteenth century). Tralee.	Dr. McMahon.
Dr. Maurice Leyne (end of eighteenth century). Tralee.	Dr. Spellicy. Ennis.
Dr. Maurice Leyne (beginning of nineteenth century). Tralee.	Dr. Sheehy. Cork.
	Dr. O'Reardon (beginning of nineteenth century). Dublin
	Dr. Geoffrey O'Connell. Cork.
	Count Dease, Physician to Empress Catherine. Russia.
	Dr. Cronin. Killarney.
	Dr. O'Leary. Paris.

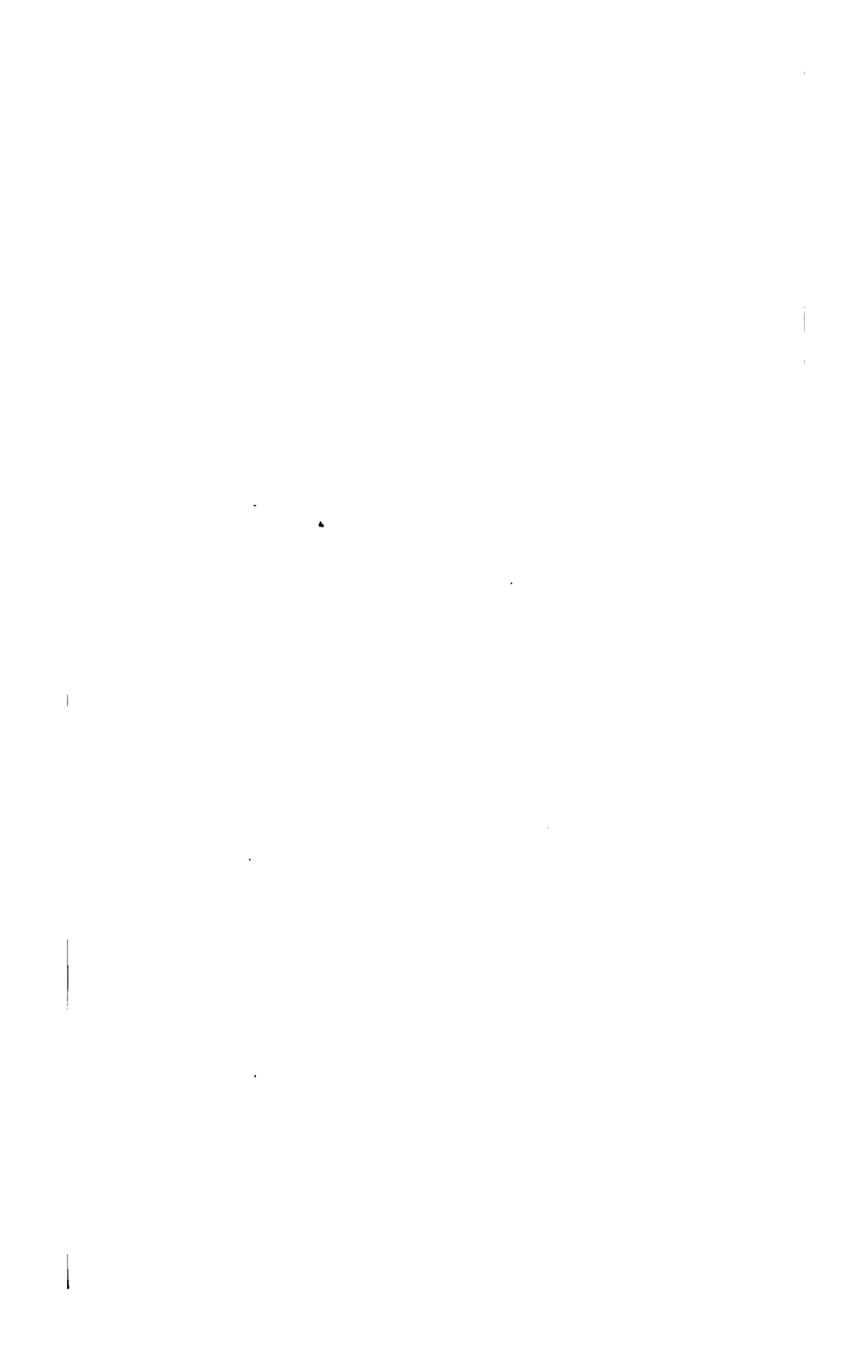
IRISH BISHOPS.

Dr. Moylan (afterwards translated from Kerry to Cork), Bishop of Ardferf and Aghadoe. Kerry.	Dr. Gerard Teahan. Ardferf and Aghadoe.
Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin.	Dr. Charles Sugrue. Ardferf and Aghadoe.

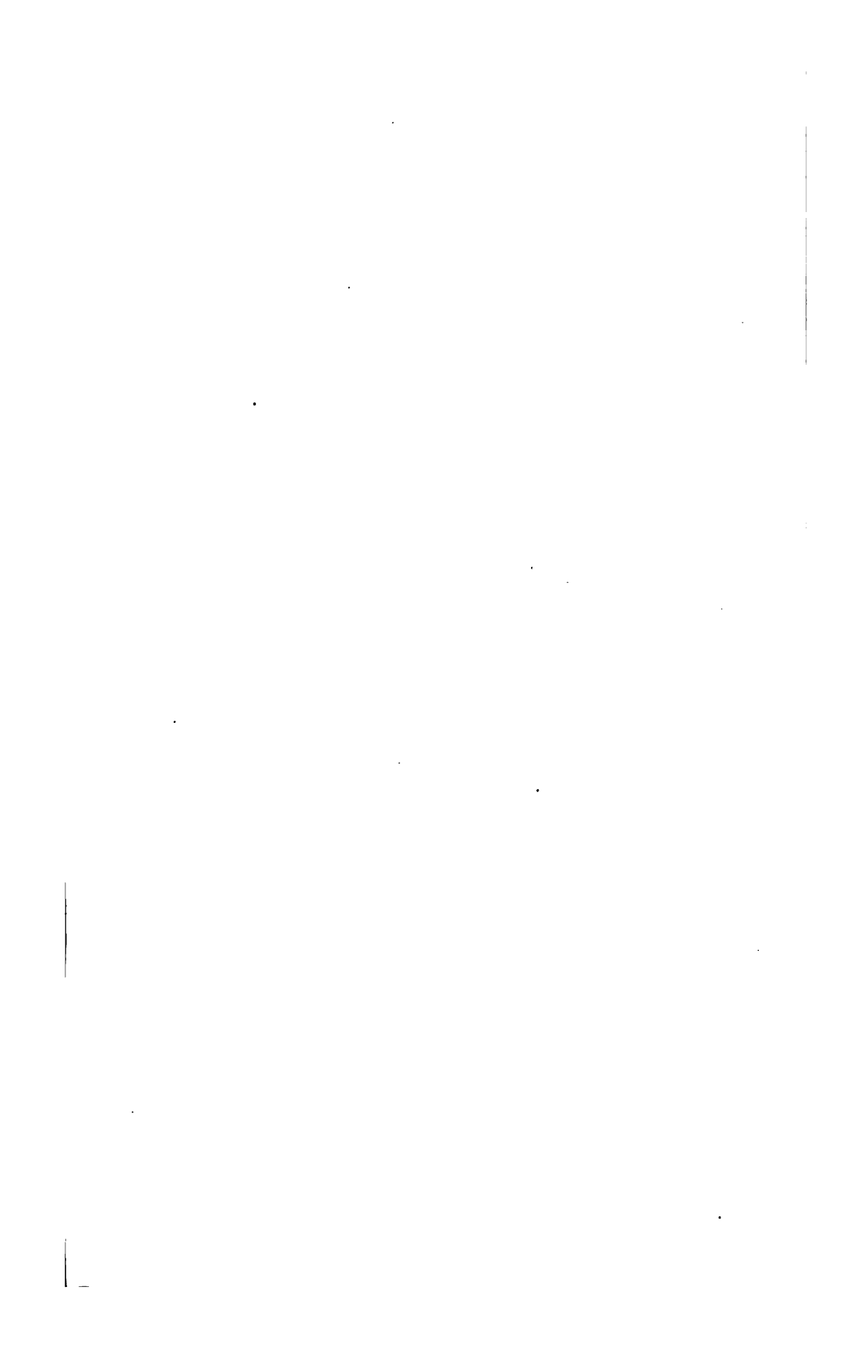
IRISH PRIESTS.

Abbé Connell. Kerry.	Abbé Kelleher, Superior Irish
Father Morgan O'Connell, P.P. of Killarney.	College, Paris.
Father Grady. Kerry.	Abbé O'Connor, Irish College, Rheims.
Father Owen Sullivan. France.	Abbé Edgeworth, Vicar of exiled Archbishop of Paris.
Abbé FitzMaurice. France.	Père Felix O'Dempsey. France.
Abbé Griffin, Canon of Cambay. France.	Father Guardian O'Brien, Irish Franciscan, Prague. Bohemia.
Abbé Moriarty. France.	Father John O'Houny. Spain.
Abbé McCarthy. France.	Fr. Liddy, O.S.F. Ireland.
Abbé Charles McCarthy-Lyragh. France.	Fr. Tully, O.S.F. Ireland.
Abbé Leyne. France.	

END OF VOL. II.









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