

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND '98.

NICHOLAS MURPHY received his noble guest with a *cead mille failte*; but next morning both were thrown into a state of alarm by observing a detachment of military pass down the street, and halt before Moore's door. The source from which the espionage proceeded has hitherto remained a dark and painful mystery. Murphy hurried Lord Edward to the roof of the warehouse, and with some difficulty persuaded him to lie in the valley.

To return to Mr Francis Magan. On the day following his interview with Miss Moore, he proceeded to her residence in Thomas street, and with a somewhat careworn expression, which then seemed the result of anxiety for Lord Edward's safety, though it was probably occasioned by bitter chagrin at being baulked in a profitable job, said: "I have been most uneasy; did anything happen? I waited up till one o'clock, and Lord Edward did not come." Miss Moore, who, although a woman of great strength of mind, did not then suspect Magan, replied:—"We were stopped by Major Sirr in Watling street; we ran back to Thomas street, where we most providentially succeeded in getting Lord Edward shelter at Murphy's." The following has been communicated by Edward Macready, Esq., son of Miss Moore, May 17, 1865. Miss Moore, afterwards Mrs Macready, died in 1844. One of her last remarks was: "Charity forbade me to express a suspicion which I have long entertained, that Magan was the betrayer; but when I see Moore, in his life of Lord Edward, insinuating that Neilson was a Judas, I can no longer remain silent. Major Sirr got timely information that we were going to Usher's Island. Now this intention was known only to Magan and me; even Lord Edward did not know our destination until just before starting. If Magan is innocent, then I am the informer." Mr Magan was consoled by the explanation, and withdrew.

The friends who best knew Magan describe him as a queer combination of pride and bashfulness, dignity and decorum, nervousness and inflexibility. He obviously did not like to go straight to the Castle and sell Lord Edward's blood openly. There is good evidence to believe that he confided all the information to Francis Higgins, with whom it will be shown he was particularly intimate, and deputed him, under a pledge of strict secrecy, to make a good bargain with Mr Under-Secretary Cooke.

After Lord Edward had spent a few hours lying in the valley of the roof of Murphy's house, he ventured to come down. The unfortunate nobleman had been suffering from a sore throat and general debility, and his appearance was sadly altered for the worse. He was half dressed, upon a bed, about to drink some whey which Murphy had prepared for him, when Major Swan, followed by Captain Ryan, peeped in at the door. "You know me, my lord, and I know you," exclaimed Swan; "it will be vain to resist." This logic did not convince Lord Edward. He sprang from the bed like a tiger from its lair, and with a wave-bladed dagger, which he had concealed under the pillow, made some stabs at the intruder, but without as yet inflicting mortal injury.

An authorised version of the arrest, evidently supplied by Swan himself, appears in the 'Express' of May 26, 1798:—"His lordship then closed upon Mr Swan, shortened the dagger, and gave him a stab in the side, under the left arm and breast, having first changed it from one hand to the other over his shoulder, (as Mr Swan thinks). Finding the blood running from him, and the impossibility to restrain him he was compelled, in defence of his life," adds Swan's justification, "to discharge a double-barrelled pistol at his lordship, which wounded him in the shoulder. He fell on the bed, but recovering himself, ran at him with the dagger, which Mr Swan caught by the blade with one hand, and endeavoured to trip him up." Captain Ryan, with considerable animation, then proceeded to attack Lord Edward with a sword-cane, which bent on his ribs. Sirr, who had two and three men with him, was engaged in placing pickets round the house, when the report of Swan's pistol made him hurry up-stairs. "On my arrival in view of Lord Edward, Ryan, and Swan," writes Major Sirr, in a letter addressed to Captain Ryan's son, on December 29, 1838, "I beheld his lordship standing, with a dagger in his hand, ready to plunge it into my friends, while dear Ryan, seated on the bottom step of the flight of the upper stairs, had Lord Edward grasped with both his arms by the legs or thighs, and Swan in a somewhat similar situation, both laboring under the torment of their wounds, when, without hesitation, I fired at Lord Edward's dagger arm, [lodging several slugs in his shoulder], and the instrument of death fell to the ground. Having secured the titled prisoner, my first concern was for your dear father's safety. I viewed his intestines with grief and sorrow."

Not until a strong guard of soldiery pressed Lord Edward violently to the ground by laying their heavy muskets across his person, could he be bound in such a way as prevented further effective resistance. When they had brought the noble prisoner, however, as far as the hall, he made a renewed effort at escape, when a dastardly drummer inflicted a wound in the back of his neck, which contributed to embitter the remaining days of his existence. He was then removed in a sedan to the Castle.

The whole struggle occupied so short an interval, that Battigan, who, the moment he received intimation of the arrest, rushed forth to muster the populace, in order to rescue Lord Edward, had not time to complete his arrangement. 'The Comet,' (newspaper), September 11, 1831, says:—"The original proclamation is now before us, offering a reward of £300 for the 'discovery' of Battigan, Lawless, and others. Battigan escaped, entered the French service, and was killed at the battle of Marengo. Lawless, the attached friend and agent of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, after undergoing a series of romantic adventures, also succeeded in eluding the grasp of his pursuers, and rose to the rank of general under Napoleon." Battigan was a respectable timber-merchant, residing with his widow mother, in Bridgefoot street. In 'Higgins' Journal' of the day, we read:—

"A number of pikes were yesterday discovered at one Battigan's timber-yard in Dirty Lane; as a punishment for which his furniture was brought out into the street, and set fire to and consumed."

It does not seem to have been the wish of the higher members

of the Government that Lord Edward should fall into their hands." "Will no one urge Lord Edward to fly?" exclaimed Lord Clare. "I pledge myself that every port in the kingdom shall be left open to him."

It is not possible to overrate the fatal severity of the blow which Lord Edward's arrest at that critical moment imparted to the popular movement. Had he lived to guide the insurrection which he had organised, his prestige and eminent military talents would probably have carried it to a successful issue. Four days after his arrest three out of thirty-two counties rose; and to extinguish even that partial revolt cost the Government twenty-two millions of pounds, and twenty thousand men.

The late Lord Holland furnishes, in his "Memoirs," many interesting illustrations of Lord Edward's sweet and gentle disposition:—

"With the most unaffected simplicity and good nature he would palliate, from the force of circumstances or the accident of situation, perpetrators of the very enormities which had raised his high spirit and compassionate nature to conspire and resist. It was this kindness of heart that led him, on his deathbed, to acquit the officer who inflicted his wounds of all malice, and even to commend him for an honest discharge of his duty. It was this sweetness of disposition that enabled him to dismiss with good humour one of his bitterest persecutors, who had visited him in his mangled condition, if not to insult his misfortunes, with the idle hope of extorting his secret. 'I would shake hands willingly with you,' said he, 'but mine are cut to pieces. However, I'll shake a toe, and wish you good-bye.'"

"Gentle when stroked, but fierce when provoked," has been applied to Ireland. The phrase is also applicable in some degree to her chivalrous son, who had already bled for his king. To his wounds received in active service, and his ability as a military officer, C. J. Fox bore testimony in the House of Commons on the 21st December, 1792. Cobbett said that Lord Edward was the only officer of untarnished personal honor whom he had ever known. Even that notoriously systematic traducer of the Irish popular party, Sir Richard Musgrave, was constrained to praise Lord Edward's "great valour, and considerate abilities," "honour and humanity," "frankness, courage, and good nature." Murphy's narrative, supplied to Dr. Madden, says:—

"It was supposed, the evening of the day before he died, he was delirious, as we could hear him with a very strong voice crying out, 'Come on! come on! come on!' He spoke so loud that the people in the street gathered to listen to it."

Two surgeons attended daily on Lord Edward Fitzgerald. One of the surgeons was Mr Garnett, who, in a diary devoted to his noble patient, noted several interesting facts. Lord Edward manifested great religious feeling, and asked Mr Garnett to read the Holy Scriptures to him. We are informed by Mr Colles, Librarian of the Royal Dublin Society, that this MS. is now in his possession.

This delirium is said to have been induced by the grossly indecent neglect to which his feelings were subjected by the Irish Government. Lord Henry Fitzgerald, addressing the heartless viceroy, Lord Camden, "complains that his relations were excluded, and old attached servants withheld from attending on him."

Epistolary entreaty was followed by personal supplication.

"Lady Louisa Conolly," writes Mr Grattan, "in vain implored him, and stated that whilst they were talking her nephew might expire; at last she threw herself on her knees, and, in a flood of tears, supplicated at his feet, and prayed that he would relent; but Lord Camden remained inexorable."

Lord Henry Fitzgerald's feelings found a vent in a letter, addressed to Lord Camden, of which the strongest passages have been suppressed by that peer's considerate friend, Thomas Moore:—

"On Saturday, my poor, forsaken brother, who had but that night and the next day to live, was disturbed; he heard the noise of the execution of Clinch at the prison door. He asked eagerly, 'What noise is that?' And, certainly, in some manner or other, he knew it; for—O God! what am I to write?—from that time he lost his senses: most part of the night he was raving mad; a keeper from a madhouse was necessary."

Lord Edward Fitzgerald died in great agony, mental and bodily, on the 4th of June, 1798, and was deposited in the vaults of St. Werburgh's Church.

The 86th Royal County Down Regiment received a very high complement from Lieutenant General Sir A. Conynghame on the occasion of its annual inspection on the 30th and 31st of March, at Capetown. Addressing Colonel Jerome, General Conynghame said that he had had nearly every regiment of infantry in the service, at one time or another under his command, and that he had never inspected "a handsomer, or more athletic body of men" in his life. Sir A. Conynghame complimented the men highly on the precision and steadiness of their manoeuvring, and on their careful attention to all the details of their *tense*. "The Regiment," continued General Conynghame, "I consider most efficient, and ready for active service whenever called upon. . . . It has been my lot to command a regiment 1080 strong, of which 999 were Irishmen; and though I have been repeatedly told that Irishmen are improvident and reckless, I never found it so, but on the contrary, that if they were properly managed they were the bravest, most warm-hearted, and best conducted soldiers in the world."

The following telegram was sent from New York to various parts of the United States on April 23:—"Obediah Bound, aged sixty, living at Richmond, Staten Island, went to a newspaper office here yesterday evening and wanted the best reporter on the paper to take home with him last night and prepare a sensation for to-day's reading. The reporter accompanied him home, and, after Bound had spent two hours giving him a history of his life, he coolly exclaimed, 'Mr reporter, I shall be a corpse in a few minutes;' he then swallowed a very large dose of laudanum, and, to the horror of the reporter, was soon dead. Bound inherited \$50,000 dols. a few years ago, and had run through it all in dissipation."