

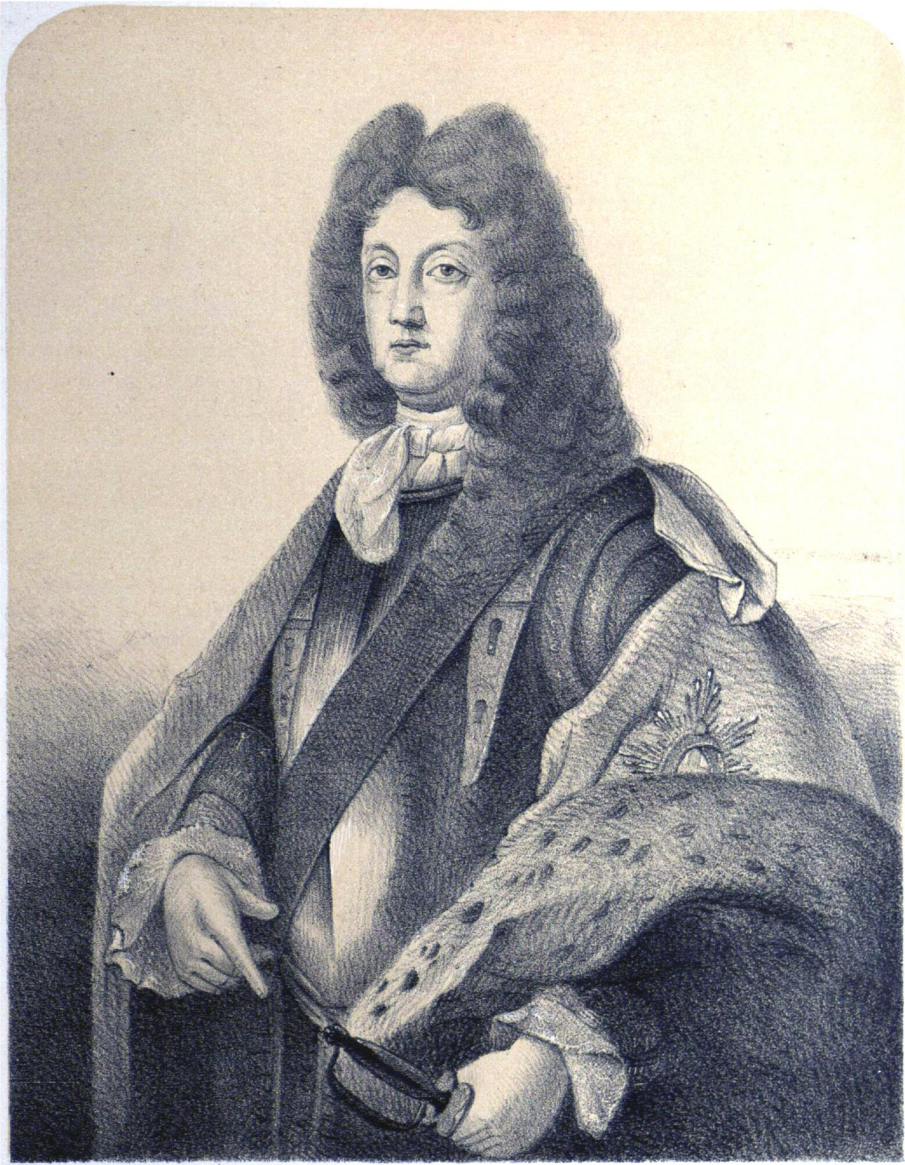
## RICHARD TALBOT, EARL AND DUKE OF TYRCONNELL.

BY HERBERT F. HORE.

Few surnames stand so high in the family and general histories of England and Ireland as this of Talbot—one of the illustrious names rendered “familiar in our mouths as household words” by the mighty deeds of John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, the warrior hero of Shakespeare. Besides this renown, not many English names can boast a more venerable descent, in well sustained rank and honour. The same may be said of the Irish Talbots, who have lived in high station from the time of Henry II. until now, when the value of their genealogic tree is shown in the present Lord Talbot de Malahide, a nobleman whose personal worth is its latest and best fruit.

Sir Egerton Bridges observes, in his introduction to the account of the Earls of Shrewsbury, that “whoever considers the numerous accidents and decays to which great families are liable from the waves and weather of time, will look with some respect and wonder on those whose male line has survived in the baronial rank for upwards of seven centuries.” It has also been the singular good fortune of the Irish branch of the family to have survived the still more stormy and tempestuous periods of Irish history, unscathed by attainder, forfeiture, or degradation; having retained the lordship of Malahide, and other ample possessions, for the same period that the kings of England have held the sceptre of Ireland. During those ages they distinguished themselves variously in the service of the crown; sometimes holding the vice-regal sword of state, and ever acting loyally and readily in the council and the field.

Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, the subject of this short memoir, and whose portrait, taken when he was lord lieutenant, is now before our readers, was, as is generally known, a scion of a junior branch of the Malahide family. His actions and character belong to history: many historians have dealt with the one and some have gone far in vilifying the other. These pages are too scant to admit of an elaborate vindicatory biography of so celebrated a countryman; but a few may be devoted to an endeavour to remove some of the aspersions which a great modern historian has attached to him. The writer of this memoir has no wish to be an apologist either for the subject of it, or for the Protestants or the Catholics of the time, desiring but to give some truths regarding the Earl of Tyrconnell, so far as he has studied and sees them; and, not having space to give the whole truth, is restricted to a few remarks on some passages in Macaulay’s *History of England*, relative to the earl, which admit of refutation. The first paragraph admits of it not the least easily. The accusation, quite a minor one, is as follows:—“Talbot was descended from an old Norman family,

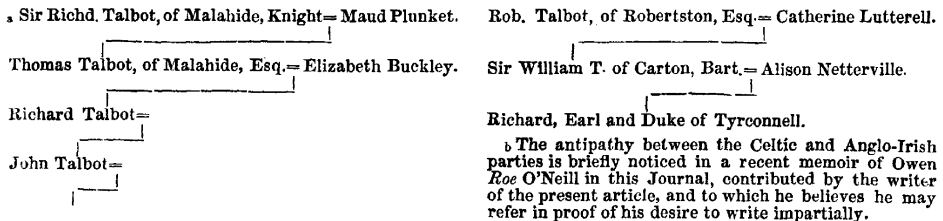


RICHARD TALBOT, DUKE OF TYRCONNELL.

*from a contemporary portrait in the possession of Lord Talbot de Malahide.*

which had been long settled in Leinster; which had there sunk into degeneracy; which had adopted the manners of the Celts; which had, like the Celts, adhered to the old religion; and which had taken part with the Celts in the rebellion of 1641.' Now, it so happens, that his forefathers seem never to have intermarried with the Irish, and that no other family in the English pale had partaken less of any degeneracy that may have resulted from Celtic alliances and habits. In all probability there existed as much antipathy to the Mac's and O's in the breast of his father, Sir William Talbot, Bart., of Carton, county Kildare, as is felt by the most prejudiced person of the present day. Certainly the Talbots of Malahide did not take part with the native Irish in the insurrection of 1641; and it is nearly certain that neither did the Carton branch of their house. The subjoined pedigree<sup>a</sup> of the subject of this memoir shows that he was of a distinguished family, which had, it would seem, more than any other, preserved its English blood and loyalty; and, though he was of the Roman Catholic faith, there is many an instance (besides the most memorable one of the heroically loyal Marquis of Clanricarde) in proof that the profession of this religion is compatible with tried and due allegiance. Equally untrue is it that all his efforts were directed against the English colonists, and that he joined the Irish in fighting against them during the great rebellion. On the contrary, he fought against the Celtic party led by Owen Roe O'Neill,<sup>b</sup> and commanded by Rinuccini, the papal nuncio. He was even so high in loyalist rank as to have served in the Duke of Ormond's army, and was by the duke put into Drogheda, when this town was besieged by Cromwell; and he lay there amongst the dead after the cold-blooded massacre of its defenders. The Anglo-Irish party maintained the cause of the exiled Charles longer than it was maintained in any other part of his dominions. Evelyn remarks that the last stand in arms for him was made by his trusty officer, Sir Daniel O'Neill. Perhaps Mr. Macaulay considers the Anglo-Irish as rebels for the same reason that Cromwell did,—because they opposed the parliament. As for their loyalist acts, he totally ignores them.

In fact, this modern historiographer seems to us to write more as a poet than a faithful historian. He creates, and, painting in words, shades and colours his graphic *tableaux*; in this resembling Sir Walter Scott, who, in the opinion of those whom the romance of human character and life touches most sensitively, is more poetical in his prose works than in those that possess the additional beauty of rhythmical harmony. Similarly, in the kindred art of painting, the genius of Turner glorifies scenes



that would be tame when delineated by an ordinary pencil, and the imagination of Ruysdael enhances the bright light in which the prominent objects are placed by *dark artistic shades*. Historic events which, described by a mere chronicler, would be almost without interest, become, from the manner in which a real poet exhibits them, affecting to the feelings and impressed upon the mind; moreover, the descriptive drama is that of real national life, presenting all the royal and noble, the leaders and the people, on the stage. But admirable as this treatment is in a professed work of fiction, the first consideration in writing history ought to be to show events and characters fairly and faithfully. Mr. Macaulay exhibits his favourite heroes in so brilliant a light that no defect can be seen. William the Third is especially glorious. Not only is his gold carefully gilded, but some blemishes that appear in other portraits are either omitted or studiously concealed. None can believe that Queen Elizabeth was beautiful at the time she forbade limners to paint her wrinkles; and *ogni medaglio ha il suo reverso*. Mr. Macaulay not merely spares and flatters William, but carefully prepares foils for him. The king's perfections, great as they undoubtedly were, required, in the eyes of our dramatic writer, a dramatic contrast. The villain, quite black enough, stood forth indisputable in Jeffreys, and the reality in his case needed no exaggeration even for stage effect. But a second villain, or variety in wickedness, was deemed requisite—one who should have the vices that could not be attributed to Jeffreys; and accordingly, our author fixes upon Richard Talbot as another foil. Making use of plausible means to blacken him, by merely giving the calumnies of enemies, or at least of those unfavourable to him, and the vulgar libels of the anti-James party, Mr. Macaulay also suppresses all accounts that are not injurious, or which are contradictory of the vile accusations. He even goes so far as to distort the statements of some authors whom he quotes. For example, he refers to Grammont's *Memoirs of Court Scandal* for the purpose of throwing the chief blame on Talbot in the affair of the Duchess of York; although it was only Killigrew who positively asserted anything serious against her conduct.<sup>c</sup> With a hearty admiration of the high merits of Macaulay's epic in prose, we should, however, be glad if the author could now and then have found room for doubts, and are sure that the torch of history ought never to be lighted to throw a glare on some personages and besmear others with smut.

With regard to another assertion, which is mixed up with so much elaborate crimination that one marvels at the finish of the caricature, viz., the assertion that Talbot "had laid a plan to murder the Duke of Ormond," it is the easily-made, but unfounded accusation of an enemy. Had the charge been true, is it likely that, within a few days after the plotter had been sent to the Tower, he would have been seen "swaggering," as the historian writes, "about the galleries" of Whitehall? Plans

<sup>c</sup> Hamilton considered "*les témoignages*" against the duchess as *faibles dépositions*," including the manifestly false evidence of Killigrew. He regarded her light proceedings as merely "*quelques tendres privautés*," *les menus plaisirs d'un commerce*." She escaped well from the plot to induce the duke to discard her; but the plot itself was Berkeley's, not Talbot's, as Mr. Macaulay would have it believed. It is due to say that some of the text

is taken from an unpublished paper penned by a relative of the present family, successfully rebutting the odious insinuations connected with this affair, and otherwise vindicating the subject of our memoir. Certainly no writer has evinced more aptitude in condemning characters whom one might otherwise have been inclined to respect and honour, than the brilliant historian alluded to.

and plots were abundant in those days, at least in the informations of Titus Oates. The true cause of the Duke of Ormond's quarrel with the Irish Catholic colonel was, that the latter was the zealous agent of his countrymen for the restoration of their estates. Without accepting all that French of Ferns and Peter Walsh wrote against the illustrious duke on the score of his having profitted by those estates, a case in point may be presently adverted to, in which, as French reprehensively states, his grace's influence served to enrich his secretary at the expense of some of those claimants. In supporting such claims, the Irish colonel was, doubtless, often transported into violent expressions: but his character as a man of business could not have suffered much from such ebullitions, if, as Mr. Macaulay observes, "he was heard with attention on matters of business." "He affected," continues our author, "the character of an Irish patriot, and pleaded, with great audacity and sometimes with success, the cause of his countrymen whose estates had been confiscated." It must have required no small combination of inherent right on the side of a claimant, and of talent on the part of his advocate, to have succeeded in recovering an estate at this period, when, in the words of a simile applied at the time, Ireland was like a prey thrown to hounds, each riving and seizing a piece for himself.

One of the petitions drawn up by this active and patriotic agent at court is signed by all the principal nobility and gentry of Anglo-Irish descent; but not by any of the old native families, who had been so generally and deeply engaged under the dictates of the papal nuncio that they had lost all credit for loyalty, and were bankrupts in reputation, having blindly yielded to every censure of the archbishop, and to every order of Owen Roe O'Neill.<sup>d</sup> These petitioners pleaded the cause of those unfortunate and miserable members of their party, who, numbered by thousands, were deprived of all hope of regaining their patrimonies by the arbitrary and cruel premature closure of the celebrated Court of Claims, in which were tried the titles and political innocency of such as sought to recover their estates from the firm grasp of the parties then in power,—namely, Cromwellian veterans and loyalist Protestants. At the time this court was closed, in August, 1662, there were several thousand claimants whose cases were absolutely unheard, and who thus were for ever barred from all chance of redress! Their number is variously reported. A memorial presented by the sufferers, praying for an extension of the term of session of the court, states it at 8,000. The attorney-general, in reply, reduced it to 5,000; who, if there were no more, were so many victims reduced to beggary by being unjustly deprived of all opportunity of asserting their claims. Colonel Talbot, connected by blood and religion with most of these families, (many of the young men of which soon afterwards joined the armies of the continent) was, as the author of De Grammont's memoirs remarks—"*patron des Irlandois opprimés.*" Hence his quarrel with the Duke of Ormond, who, high in power, was more unfavourable to Talbot's *protégés* than Talbot could well bear. The duke, indeed, disapproved of leaving them unheard; but made certain proposals, some of which were vehemently opposed by their agent. It would seem that the proceedings in the Court of Claims were not so

<sup>d</sup> Dr. O'Connor's *Bibl. Stov.* p. 244.

quiet and reputable as in our present Court for the Sale of Encumbered Estates. There was a little bribery, and too much false swearing:—evils that probably led to the sudden closing of the court. In 1664, it was attempted, when drawing up the Act of Explanation, to defeat, by statute, the claims of any who had had them confirmed in the court by such iniquitous means; and, in the December of that year, “Colonel Richard Talbot was committed to the Tower, by the king, for using threatening words touching the Duke of Ormond; because the duke would have introduced an exception, in the new act of settlement, of all such as had received decrees in the court of claims, either by perjury or bribery.”<sup>c</sup> Doubtless, the aged and illustrious duke—the WELLINGTON of the time, if so much might be said—was perfectly right in requiring this proviso. In expostulating, the irascible advocate conducted himself with such insolence towards the ducal premier as to cause his committal. Subsequently, the merry monarch, delighting in mischievous fun, taunted the duke with his endurance of Talbot’s violence; till, worried by the royal pleasantries, Ormond turned shortly upon the king, exclaiming:—“Odds my life, Sire, does your majesty then wish that I should doff my doublet at this time of day, to fight a duel with Dick Talbot?”

Mr. Macaulay loads Talbot with abuse for these endeavours to procure the restoration of some of the estates of the loyalist and semi-loyalist Irish Catholics, which had been applied by the parliament and Cromwell to pay their own soldiery, and the confiscation and appropriation of which were, for the most part, confirmed by Charles II., on the plea of necessary state policy. The semi-loyalists had been, to say the least, less rebellious than the Cromwellians whom the restoration of the monarchy found in possession of the confiscated lands. But as, in fact, it was the leaders of the old parliament army, such as Colonel Monk, &c., who brought in Charles, on condition that the army should retain their allotments in Ireland; and, as the island was too limited in extent to satisfy all the claims upon her soil, the least flaw that could be alleged against the claim of any Roman Catholic was eagerly advanced to defeat it. When, indeed, a family like this of Talbot of Malahide boasted an irreproachable loyalty, and where, as in their case, their mansion and patrimony was found defiled by the temporary ownership of a regicide such as Miles Corbet, there was no difficulty in their reinstatement. But in cases where, although the “innocence,” as it was termed, of the native claimants was regularly established, some ancestral lapse, or dubious legal impediments, could be discovered; and especially, when the lands claimed were in the possession of some powerful Englishman, the “merry monarch” and his courtiers may have felt indifferent whether the “innocents” migrated to Connaught or quitted the world for a worse place! In our view, it is no slight proof of the magnanimity of Colonel Talbot, that he undertook to redress the cruel wrongs of many Anglo-Irish families. A remarkable petition drawn up by Talbot on behalf of the loyalist Irish Roman Catholics, dated 28th November, 1670, is given in the appendix to Carte’s *Life of the Duke of Ormond*. It sets forth their services to the crown, and strongly disapproves of the acts of settlement. The sixth article of this document commences with a case which, besides coming first, may per-

<sup>c</sup> *Add. MS., Brit. Mus., No. 1328.*

haps be fairly referred to and commented on by the writer of the present memoir as one of especial hardship. The case is that of the grandchildren of Philip Hore, Esq., of Kilsalaghan, Co. Dublin, who were decreed "innocent" by the rules of the act of settlement, yet whose decree was made void in favour of Sir George Lane,\* the Duke of Ormond's secretary, who had obtained a grant of their estate, comprising some 11,000 acres in the shires of Dublin and Wexford. Their grandfather, who was high sheriff of the metropolitan county previous to the insurrection of 1641, had acted as president of the first assemblies of the Catholic confederates, held at Wexford in the winter of that year, and, as a consequence, had been attainted. In July, 1660, Lane took out a patent for these lands: but in August following, the heirs laid claim before the Commissioners of Claims, produced a deed of feoffment made long before the attainder, and eventually obtained a favourable decree. The patentee challenged the deed, declaring it to be a forgery; alleged that, were it ever so good, its provisions were barred by the attainder; and that he was entitled by the act of settlement to enjoy the estate during his life, because Philip Hore had accepted lands in Connaught during the usurpation. In rejoinder, the heirs attested the loyalty of their ancestor, by showing that he had so strenuously opposed the papal nuncio as even to have torn down the famous notice of excommunication of 1646<sup>f</sup> from the church doors in Wexford, an act for which he was himself personally excommunicated; and that he had been forced to accept lands during the usurpation rather than starve.<sup>g</sup> They might, indeed, have added that, so insupportable to his family was the thought of exile, that one of his daughters preferred to commit a crime usually requiring more than woman's intensity of feeling,—namely, suicide: so at least, the peasantry around the old walls of Kilsalaghan still relate.<sup>h</sup> Whether the feoffment was actually a forgery, was a legal question which Sir George Lane then obtained the king's leave to try; but at this juncture Colonel Talbot interfered, and drew up an agreement by which the estate was divided between the English knight and the Irish claimants. Had there been forgery, Ormond's secretary would hardly have compromised a matter in which he had law, as well as favour and acts of parliament, on his side. Even under this partition, the case was deemed one of extreme hardship, and was therefore brought forward by Talbot; but the account of his conduct in so doing, as found in Carte, does not elevate his character as a man of business. He seems to have been over-vehement in his advocacy of the claims of the ousted Roman Catholic landlords of Ireland; and it was this advocacy, strenuously persevered in, that made him so many enemies. To understand his position, it must be kept in mind that he had a great many bitter opponents, belonging to two classes. On the one hand, the Protestant Whigs and Republicans were naturally his deadly foes. But it is not so well known that he was equally distasteful to the extreme Papist party, which had almost become a French faction, and was ready to sacrifice every vestige of nationality in order to sever the connection between Ireland and England. Tyrconnell was resolutely op-

\* First Viscount Lanesborough, ancestor of George Lane Fox, Esq.

<sup>f</sup> T C D., F. 2, 11.

<sup>g</sup> *Registers of the Privy Council Office, Whitehall*; in which

there are several entries of audiences of this case.

<sup>h</sup> "Mary Hore's cross," i.e., the cross-road where she was buried, is still pointed out.

posed to such an insane scheme. Sheridan, his secretary—one of the most impudent men of an impudent time, and one of his most assiduous detractors—belonged to this party. The deep odium into which Tyrconnell fell, with the revolutionists, was clearly owing to those measures of his which enabled King James to make a stand in Ireland. In his portrait, the viceroy points with melancholy significance to that *ultima ratio regum*, the sword; but it surely was eventually fortunate for our country that his rapier was speedily beaten down by stronger “cut-and-thrust” weapons, since she sooner ceased to be what her own bards used to style her—“sword-land.”

Mr. Macaulay’s assertions against the manners and deportment of Colonel Talbot are sufficiently invalidated by the personal accounts given of him in Grammont. Let us make a rough sketch of his appearance, and of his early life. At nineteen he must have been, at the least, a soldier-like looking young fellow; and it was probably about this time, when, as youngest of the numerous family of a Roman Catholic baronet in Ireland, and despairing of obtaining a livelihood in his native country, where those of his creed laboured under extreme disadvantages, he set out for the French court, hoping there to achieve the honour and preferment that were denied him at home. In the service of a country where military merit has always received speedy acknowledgment, young Talbot rose to the rank of colonel,<sup>i</sup> and would have done well to have continued in France; but he seems to have been attracted back to his native country during the civil war, by strong sympathy with his party, whose position, of all others, was most embarrassed; for, as Roman Catholic Irishmen, they were detested by the parliamentarians, and yet they were in a large degree alienated from both their king and the hierarchy. During some engagement, or perhaps during the massacre at Drogheda, his life was saved by Reynolds, one of Cromwell’s leaders.<sup>j</sup> Escaping to Flanders, he entered into the service of the Duke of York, afterwards James II.; came into England with his master at the restoration; and merited by his fidelity to be selected by Titus Oates for one of his victims. By a timely flight to the continent, he escaped from the fangs of the informer; and, on his return, was rewarded by James with rank and office. “Tyrconnell,” writes Dr. Lingard, “was brave, and generous, and devoted to the person of his benefactor; but rash, impetuous, and confident.” In person he was far above the common stature, and was extremely graceful and well made. From the reduced lithograph copy of his portrait at Malahide castle,<sup>k</sup> our readers may believe the expressions in Grammont:—“Talbot was possessed of a fine and brilliant exterior; his manners were noble and majestic, &c. ;” and *il n’y avait point à la Cour d’homme de meilleur air.*”

The modern historian of England describes Colonel Talbot as a mere cully to the Duke of York, “carrying billets backward and forward between his patron and the ugliest maids of honour.” Whether Dick Talbot acted “Sir Pandarus of Troy” in this manner we cannot, at this time, by referring to the amusing pages of Grammont, verify, or disprove: but fear that many courtiers have

<sup>i</sup> “*Life*,” 1689.

<sup>j</sup> Clarke’s *James II.* I., 326.

<sup>k</sup> Lord Talbot de Malahide does not know the history of the large picture of which we are enabled, through his courtesy and appreciation of archæology, to present

the annexed lithograph. There is also at Malahide another picture, copied by Zoffany from an original which once formed part of the Jacobite Gallery of the late Lord Beauhieu; and, also, a small miniature portrait, by the celebrated Petitôt.



fallen into the error of aiding the amours of others, especially of royal dukes. At any rate, if the duke's mistresses were as plain as is reported,—“prescribed by the priests,” as the king imagined, “to his brother, by way of penance,”—there was little danger that even this stalwart Irishman would play false on his own account; more particularly as he twice sacrificed himself on the shrine of beauty, by marrying two of the handsomest of the honourable maidens at that brilliant court. His first wife, Miss Boynton, maid of honour to the queen of Charles the Second, was daughter of Mathew, second son of Sir Mathew Boynton, bart. Her sister married another and more justly celebrated Irishman, the Earl of Roscommon, the poet:—

“Roscommon, not more learn'd than good;  
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood.”

This maid of honour is the “languishing Boynton” of De Grammont, who describes her as slender and delicate, given to languishing, and sometimes even to fainting. “The first time that Talbot fixed his eyes upon her,” writes he, “she was seized with one of these fits.” Ever after this accident, the gallant Irishman showed the lady kindness, “more with the intention” continues that *méchant* writer, “of saving her life, than to express any affection he felt for her. This appearance of tenderness was well received, and at first she was visibly affected by it. Talbot was one of the tallest men in England, and to all appearance one of the most robust; yet she showed sufficiently that she was willing to expose the delicacy of her constitution to whatever might happen in order to become his wife.” She died in Dublin, in March, 1679, probably in child-bed, since there is an entry of the burial of her child, in Christ Church Cathedral, on the 12th of that month. Her eyes were not closed a year when those of her husband encountered the object of their former admiration, the fascinating Frances Jennings, widow of Sir George Hamilton, but still young and charming. Her former wooer renewed his addresses, and accordingly, in 1679, they were married at Paris.<sup>m</sup> She was sister of Sarah, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. Let us pause to contrast, in merely suggesting the thought, the careers of their husbands. The character of Colonel John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, seems directly contrary to that of Colonel Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel. For ourselves, we dislike the cool and selfish vices of the former much more than the warm and self-sacrificing faults of the latter. But the character, and particularly the military genius, of the victor of Blenheim, was well adapted and serviceable to his era. Since the time of John, Earl of Shrewsbury—

“The Talbot, so much scared abroad,  
That with his name the mothers still their babes,—

no English leader had struck such terror in France. Even at the present day, the peasantry purchase and hang up, as a memorial that he is dead, a flaunting painted print of his funeral obsequies, giving every verse of the old popular song, the most consolatory of which declares—

“Monsieur d'Malborough est mort,  
Miron-ton, miron-tain, miron-taine,  
Monsieur d'Malborough est mort,  
Est mort et enterré !”

<sup>l</sup> Tatler.

<sup>m</sup> Jesse's *Court of the Stuarts*.

Hamilton, the author of Grammont's memoirs, cannot be supposed to have been favourable to Talbot. He was nephew to the Duke of Ormond, rival in love to Talbot, and, also, the brother of Miss Hamilton, whom it appears that Talbot would have married but for his quarrel with the duke, her uncle, since no objection was previously made to him; whereas, certainly, objections would have been made, had the suitor of the beautiful and distinguished Miss Hamilton been all that Mr. Macaulay describes him. The characteristic given of him by the cotemporary author,—his over-readiness “to speak bold offensive truths, and to do good offices,”—is quite incompatible with his being, according to the modern writer, a mere cringing courtier. Of these pungent truths several instances are recorded. For example, on an occasion when King Charles remarked with severity on the hypocrisy of a Catholic outwardly conforming to the religion of the state, Talbot observed, brusquely enough:—“Does not your Majesty do the same?” Again, to Louis the 14th, who, struck with the handsome foreigner's likeness to himself, insolently asked him if his mother had not been at the court “*du roi notre père*:—” the answer was—“*non Sire, mais mon père y était.*” Rejoinders like these must have made the circle of courtiers bite their lips; and their effects may have taught Talbot the lesson Raleigh learned, that if we follow truth too close at the heels, there is danger of kicks. Truly, the personal appearance presented by Dick Talbot does not accord with a cringing disposition: and, indeed, it is to be believed, that, with his commanding form, martial education, and Irish heart and head, he erred rather in the opposite way. His foes styled him “bully:” but the English courtiers, (always excepting the gay ladies,) could hardly have been content with an Irishman who excelled most of them in the natural advantages and the accomplishments which ensure success in much that many men are ambitious of or desire.

During the reign of Charles the Second, Colonel Talbot probably passed almost as much time in his native country as at court. In Ireland he was regarded by all of his creed as a countryman of theirs who stood high in favour, and would stand higher, so soon as their chief hope, the Duke of York, should succeed to the throne. It was, therefore, natural that he should be placed in power in his own country, where he was popular and beloved, so soon as that event occurred. Some of the motives that induced the king to give high military command in Ireland to Colonel Talbot are mentioned in Clarke's *Life of James II.*, in a statement that, in the year 1685, his majesty, with a view to effecting some reforms in the army in Ireland, “and to mitigate a little the cruel oppression the Catholicicks had so long groaned under in that kingdom, thought it no injury to others, that they, who had tasted so deeply of his sufferings, should now in his prosperity have a share at least of his protection;” and for other considerations thought it “necessary to give a commission of lieutenant-general to Colonel Richard Talbot, a gentleman of an antient family in that country, a man of good abilities and clear courage, and one who for many years had a true attachment to His Majesty's person and interest.” He was shortly after created Earl of Tyrconnell; and soon superseded the king's brother-in-law in the vicerealty.<sup>a</sup> He then commenced a systematic preparation for the

<sup>a</sup> Lord Talbot de Malahide possesses the original instructions given to the earl on assuming the government. They are framed in a very moderate spirit, and, it is believed, have never been published.

Revolution—an event which cast shadows at its dawn. The obvious mode of securing Ireland for his master was to fill the ranks of the army with men attached to his master's cause. When he became viceroy, his power in this and other measures was greatly increased, and used with a precipitancy that drew on him excessive odium from the opposite party. There is wit enough on this subject in the following satiric verses in the *Irish Hudibras* to entitle them to be quoted :—

“The Roman tribe would be too strong,  
 If this good luck” (the vicereignty of Tyrconnell) “should last too long.  
 How many gallant troops this set  
 Will he condemn unto the pot?  
 How many, fitter to command,  
 And soldiers, too, will he disband?  
 And carry on the sly intrigue,  
 To make a vacancy for Teague.”

“Change kings, and we will fight the battle over again!” cried the Irish, bravely, after the battle of the Boyne. Let our readers whose sympathies run wholly with the victors change their point of view of Tyrconnell's conduct, and they will perhaps admit that the methods he used for the safety of his king, are, at least, not open to higher objections than those employed by the opposing party. When national and religious factions ran so high as in our stormy Revolution of 1688, one of the minor results was that the leaders were bespattered with the frothy foam of the waves of political satire. Let us give some further passages from the poem already quoted :—

“Tyrconnell, with his spoils posses't,  
 The bravest king of all the rest,  
 His haughtiness, bred in the bogs,  
 Shall call his betters rogues and dogs;  
 From butcher's brat raised to a peer,  
 To be a king in Shamrogshire.”

In another passage the natives are represented speaking; they boast loudly of what their favourite “lord debity” shall accomplish for them, to the total discomfiture of the puritans, and to the extent of restoring Ireland once more to the Irish :—

“This devil” (Tyrconnell) “shall do that which no man  
 Could yet effect,—restore the Roman;  
 And in his time establish Popery,  
 Which “Curse ye Meroz” calls a foppery.  
 Chappels shall up, the churches down,  
 And all the land shall be our own!”

One more extract, from verses equally archaic, the famous ballad of *Lillibullero*, once sung, with great effect, to the tune now called “Protestant Boys :”—

“There is an old prophechy, found in a bog,  
 That Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog;  
 And now this prophecy is come to pass,  
 For Talbot's a dog, and James is an ass!”

Our archæological readers are well aware of the powerful effects of political satire when the storm of such a cause as then shook the three kingdoms raged; and some may, perhaps, be inclined to give out something from their stores which may show that the wit and poetry of the time was not all on one side.

Little is to be gleaned towards any memoir of the Duke from the "Life" published of him in 1689, a small and rare pamphlet, well-known to book collectors. This unsatisfactory piece of pseudo-biography, written by an enemy, printed in London, under the title of "The Popish Champion, or a complete History of the Life and Military Actions of Richard, Earl of Tyrconnel, Generalissimo of all the Irish forces now in arms," is dedicated to King William's army, then preparing for Ireland. As this *brochure* was struck off to inspirit the English soldiery, it represents its subject as a coward and barbarian. "His greatest glory," says the author, "is, that he is become the champion of the Roman cause." One single paragraph is worth extracting,—the description of the entry of King James into Dublin. His majesty was met and received ten miles from the city by the viceroy-earl, who conducted him thither, having caused the forces to be drawn up at the entrance into the city, where they saluted their sovereign with three volleys of shot, the streets being lined with the Irish life-guards up to the castle gate. The municipal authorities met him with all formality. At night, bonfires blazed in all parts of the metropolis, and James the Second slept in the castle, the old centre of English power in Ireland, amidst the clang of bells, the rattling of *feu de joie*, and the shouts of an enthusiastic people. His next entry into that city was by no means in triumph. When, at nine o'clock on the evening of the battle of the Boyne, he arrived in Dublin, after a hasty flight, the Duchess of Tyrconnell met him at the castle-gate, and, after he was up stairs, asked what his majesty would have for supper; he replied that his breakfast had left him no appetite, and ironically complimented the fair vice-queen on the alertness of her husband's countrymen's heels—a sarcasm that produced and deserved the rejoinder that, in this respect, *his Majesty had the advantage of them*.

It has been asserted that the Duchess was reduced to such poverty, after her husband's death, that she was obliged to live by keeping a milliner's stall under the Exchange in the Strand. But, as sister of Sarah of Marlborough, and related to some of the first families of both kingdoms, it is improbable that this could have been the case; and we have the authority of White, the Westmeath poet, quoted in Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*, that she lived in a highly respectable manner in Dublin, and died there, at her lodgings in Ormond-Quay, on Sunday, the 7th March, 1730-31. White published an elegy on her death;—among the lines, eighty in number, are the following:—

"Tyrconnel, once the boast of British isles,  
Who gained the hearts of heroes by her smiles;  
Whose wit and charms throughout all Europe rang;  
From whom so many noble peers have sprang;  
Whose virtue carriage, parts, and graceful mien,  
Made her a fit companion for a queen."

Although we have the above testimony that she died in the Irish capital, there is to be seen in the chapel of the old Scots College in the Rue des Fosses St. Victor, at Paris, among other monuments which recal the misfortunes of the House of Stuart and of their adherents, a plain tablet, bearing the following inscription :—

D. O. M.  
 Æternæ Memorix  
 Illustrissimæ et nobilissimæ Domine  
 Franciscæ Jennings,  
 Ducissæ de Tyrconnell,  
 Reginæ Mag. Brit. Matronæ Honorariæ,  
 Hujus Collegii benefactricis,  
 Quæ Missam quotidianam in hoc sacrario  
 Fundavit perpetuo celebrandam  
 Pro animâ suâ et animâ ejus Do<sup>ni</sup> Georgii  
 Hamilton de Abercornæ, Equitis aurati,  
 Conjugis sui primi, et D<sup>ni</sup> Richardi Talbot,  
 Ducis de Tyrconnell, Proregis Hybernix,  
 Secundi sui conjugis.  
 Obiit die XII Martii. An. Domini  
 MDCCXXXI.  
 Requiescat in pace.

The registers of Christ Church Cathedral show that Lord Tyrconnell had several children, two of whom he lost, within one month, in the year 1684. Two of his daughters by "la belle Jennings" grew to womanhood. Of these, Lady Charlotte Talbot married the Prince de Vintimiglia; but of her sister the name and story have alike passed into oblivion.

It must be observed that as the title of duke was conferred on Tyrconnell subsequent to James's abdication, it cannot be legally ascribed to him. His character has been estimated according as it was considered by either foes or friends. The Duke of Berwick, in his memoirs, seems to have sketched it impartially, as follows:—"He was a man of very good sense, very obliging, but immoderately vain, and full of cunning. Though he had acquired great possessions, it could not be said that he had employed improper means, for he never appeared to have a passion for money. He had not a military genius, but much courage. After the Prince of Orange's invasion, his firmness preserved Ireland, and he nobly refused all the offers that were made to induce him to submit."

Recent researches tend to show that great pains were taken, and great temptations held out by King William, though in vain, to bring over Tyrconnell to his interests; a fact which his descendants in France could have made manifest. Cox, in his *Life of Marlborough*, says that Hamilton was sent to Ireland for this purpose; but Talbot, unfortunately for his fame in England, remained faithful to his sovereign, and instead of gaining the name and reward of a patriot, as an assistant in the glorious Revolution, with exemption from the accusation of the vices now attributed to him, or at least the preservation of his fortune and rank, by playing a double part between the two kings,

like so many others, at once gave up his position for the sake of his duty, and died in arms as a loyal subject. Our brief memoir cannot be more happily closed than by the following eloquent passage from the pen of a gifted countrywoman, Lady Morgan:—

“Of Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell, much ill has been written, and more believed; but his history, like that of his unfortunate country, has only been written by the pen of party, steeped in gall, and copied servilely from the pages of prejudice, by the tame historians of modern times, more anxious for authority than authenticity. Two qualities he possessed in an eminent degree—wit and valour; and if to gifts so brilliant and so Irish be joined devotion to his country and fidelity to the unfortunate and ill-fated family with whose exile he began life and with whose ruin he finished it, it cannot be denied that in his character the elements of evil were mixed with great and striking good. Under happier circumstances the good might have predominated; and he, whose deeds are held by his own family in such right estimation, might have shed a lustre on his race, by the talents and heroism which gave force to his passions and celebrity to his errors.”

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## VESTIGES OF KELTIC\* OCCUPANCY IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

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The interest which the literati of France, and still more those of Germany, have begun to take in the study of the aboriginal language and antiquities of Ireland, is a gratifying fact in the literary history of our era; and Irish scholarship ought to regard this contrasted zeal of strangers as a suggestive rebuke to its own relative inactivity. Dr. O'Donovan, no doubt, has accomplished marvels of industrious research; Mr. Eugene Curry has also done much; and the name of Dr. Petrie will live in future history: but, while we would not unduly depreciate the individual or associated efforts already made, truth obliges us to acknowledge that, as a community, we have done nothing in the higher or *scientific* departments of our national archæology. So far as systematic adjustment is concerned, the antiquities of Ireland, both historical and linguistic, are still in a chaotic condition by no means creditable to our national reputation. With the exception of Dr. Pritchard's book on the *Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations*, we have not in English a really *good* dissertation on what may be termed the philosophy of antiquarian research, in its application to Ireland; and the substance of Dr. Pritchard's information has been avowedly borrowed from Continental sources.

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\* *Keltic*.—After the example of the German, and even of some British authors, the writer intentionally adopts this orthography for the purpose of *restoring* the *genuine pronunciation* of the word; as its etymology, and especially its relation to the terms *Gael* and *Gaelach*, are obscured by the vitiated pronunciation in current use; while a native Irishman must stare in bewilderment at hearing himself called a *Selt*! The Greeks invariably

write *Κελτοί* and *Κελτική* for *Celte* and *Celtica*. The Scotch Highlanders at the present day call their country *Gaeltachd*; the *d*, as in many other cases, being probably supernumerary. The original form was consequently *Gaeltach*, or, without the aspiration, *Gaeltac*, of which *Keltica* is merely an attenuation, with a Latin or Greek suffix for the purpose of declension.