

of Kerry, who was one of the most erudite professors of the university of Louvain, and Dr. Sinnich, who was also a professor. Ypres, referred to in one of Thomas Davis's ringing ballads in the following lines :—

" The flags we conquered in the fray
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say,
We'll win them, company, to-day,
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons."

is a drowsy mediæval town of some 15,000 inhabitants. The old Benedictine convent, the chapel attached of which sheltered the English flags, won by the Irish Brigade, still defies the ravages of time. This establishment was originally founded by the Queen of James II. of England for the education of the daughters of Irish officers, who had espoused her husband's cause. The chapel is a veritable architectural bijou, and literally an Irish necropolis. Under the polished marble floor lie the ashes of many a saintly Irish woman—among them being Dames Butler, Marie Lynch, Benedicta O'Byrne and many others, all of Irish birth. The tattered banners, once hung up in the flush of triumph by Morrrough O'Brien in this sacred edifice, as an offering to God and fatherland, are now no longer there. In my visit in 1888 to the convent I asked the Superior what had become of the banner, and she could not tell me; "but," she added, "as this convent was sacked by the revolutionists of 1793, probably they stole these historic flags."

On the slopes of Lake Leman, near the picturesque town of Lausanne, repose under the foliage of cypress and weeping willow trees the remains of officers of the old Irish Brigade. These military heroes had suffered in life "the exiles' exile." Hunted out of their native land by the garrison of Eng-

land in the penal epoch, when no Catholics were tolerated, they took service in the army of France when that nation was ruled by the Bourbon dynasty. Finding themselves in the cataclysm of a revolution, they did not trim their sails to the popular breeze, and became on that account political pariahs in the land of their adoption. Stripped of their epaulettes, and denounced as possible enemies of the Republic, they had to fly from France, and seek refuge in Switzerland. Count Dillon, a devoted champion of the Bourbon cause, worked in secret against the Republic. His features were chiselled with such perfect harmony, and his figure was so lithe and elegant in an officer's uniform that he was called "le beau Dillon" in the fashionable salons of Paris. Having fallen under the ban of the Mountain Party in the Republican legislature, Count Dillon was arrested, and, having been judged guilty of treason by the revolutionary tribunal was next day summarily guillotined. It is recorded of him that a young lady ascended the scaffold, Dillon following. When the executioner invited the aristocratic lady to bend her neck under the steel blade, she turned a piteous gaze towards the Franco-Irish officer, and requested him to advance first, in order to give her courage to pass through the ordeal.

"Anything to please a lady," exclaimed Dillon, while he bowed gracefully to the fair one, and a sweet smile lit up his handsome face. Then turning to the populace with quite another expression of countenance he shouted: "Vive le Roi!" and thrusting his head in the half-moon of the guillotine, was immediately beheaded. His corpse was placed in a casket by the Abbe Edgeworth, who was chaplain in the court of Louis XVI., and his