

was among the O'Caans of the Roe, under whose patronage and protection, at the seminary of Dooneven, he had received his education.

The next question started almost by half the company was did he ever hear of the celebrated Maolduin, king of that district, held the monarch in captivity, a large pillar of fire was seen by the soldiers on guard, hovering over the prison, and an angel calling to him Arise, Scandon, and follow me, which he did, his iron falling off, and the soldiers, through terror, not opposing his passage.—The manuscript also says, that being fed on salt meat, his throat was inflamed so that he could not speak to the saint until he supplied him with drink, and that many of his posterity were afflicted with the same disease.

The following account of a very curious relique of antiquity is now in the possession of Adam McGlean, Esq., of Belfast, which appears to have been the gift of Donald O'Lochlin, or Lachlin, King of Aileach Neid, or Oilgeach na Rengh, the royal palace of Innis Eagan, to his friend Donald M'Amalgaid, promoted to the See of Ardagh, in 1092.

The relique consists of a four-sided hand-bell, of rather uncouth form, and composed of two pieces of hammered iron connected by brass solder and by twelve rivets. The bell itself has probably been designed for the internal use of a chapel, being only nine and a half inches in height, five in length, and four in breadth.

When struck by the tongue, a dull solemn tone is produced. There is little interesting about it except that it is an instrument of great antiquity; but it is accompanied by a splendid cover, unique in its kind, which serves at once to preserve it from injury, and to announce the veneration in which it had been held in former times.

The ground of the cover is brass, edged with copper, and enriched with a great deal of elegant ornaments, raised in all its parts; its top represents a compressed mitre, one side of which is adorned with fine gold filigree work and silver gilt. It is also to be observed that there is a hole in the bell worn by time, as by the injury it has sustained in the lapse of ages.

In the areas of the two other narrower sides or ends are pier-shaped spirals adorned with silver, which has been gilt on one of these sides, which is beautiful with stones. There are ornaments with fine gold, representing serpents curiously and elegantly intertwined in most intricate folds, and various knobs, like the complicated involutions in the collar of the order of the knights of St. Patrick. It may be worth remarking that, on one of the ends, and below the knobs and ring by which it is suspended, there are eight serpents so singularly infolded and intermingled with one another, that it requires minute attention and considerable discernment to trace each separately, and to distinguish it from its fellow.

Their eyes are skillfully formed of blue glass. Above the cross are four of the same kind, and in each of the four compartments into which it is divided, there are two golden serpents in relief below the knobs of suspension. On the opposite side, or end, are six other serpents with blue eyes but differently entwined.—On the top is a strange representation of two of these creatures, with two legs on each of the suspending knobs of the case. Two of the sides are also ornamented in a similar manner.

When the bell is enclosed, a sliding brass plate on which it rests fills the bottom of the case. On this plate the lower edge of the rim of the instrument has strongly impressed its form—a collateral presumption of the antiquity of its cover, for the weight is not sufficient to have produced the effect there by its pressure, or by any friction which it could have occasioned, except in a long period of time. It proves also that when the cover was made the bell had an under case, as at present, for the indentations seem not to have been the effect of wearing, but of reiterated percussion. It appears unquestionably that the case is as old as the eleventh century, as the inscription implies.

How much older the bell itself may be is matter of inquiry for the antiquary. It was styled St. Patrick's bell by the family in whose possession it had long remained. It is said that bells were used in churches by Paulinus at Nola, in Campania, so early as four hundred and nine. We learn from Bede that they were applied to ecclesiastical purposes in England in the seventh century. Auduit ait ille subito in aere notum Campanie sonum quod orationis excitari vel convocare solebant.—Columba, in the sixth century, said to one of his attendants—Clocam pulsa, strike the bell. He is stated by one of his ancient biographers to have found a bell which had been the property of the Irish Apostle, and to have transmitted it to Ardagh.

In the fifth century St. Patrick presented some bells to the Cenacht churches. Donald's bell, we are assured, was for some generations in the possession of a family named Mulholland, and lastly in that of Henry Mulholland, a worthy old schoolmaster, now deceased, who lived in Slane's castle, formerly Eleduffcarick, the seat as is well known, of one of the ancient and princely sept of O'Neill. The silver work is partly scrolled in alto relievo, and partly in bass-relief, resembling knots in the order of St. Patrick.

In the centre of the top is a blue stone set in gold, and inscribed in a glass bead, in its centre are four pearl-colored stones, with four green ones of a smaller size, representing an intersected cross. Under this is a circular space, now vacant, which had been, probably, once occupied by a gem. The other side of the mitre is silver, cut into various crosses. One of the quadrangular sides under the mitre is formed into thirty one various compartments by silver divisions. Nineteen of these are filled with various ornaments in pure gold filigree, exhibiting the form of serpents and snakes curiously entwined. Two of the other compartments are now vacant. In two of the remaining ten are considerably projecting oval pieces of polished rock crystal, or Irish diamond, each about an inch and half in length, and set in silver. The setting of that which occupies the central compartments is silver, representing, on its edge, small fleurs de lis. Of the eight smaller divisions is one occupied by an oval garnet, and three by oval cornelians; the remaining four have lost their ornaments. The other side of the mitre top is of silver, which has been substantially gilt. The top is in bass-relief, with scroll-work representing serpents. The remainder of it is divided into three compartments. In the central one of these appear two birds; the other two present the profile of a nondescript animal.

The area of the quadrangular surface under this side of the mitre is covered with a substantial plate of silver, cut into thirty-two crosses, with an inscription. On its four edges are quarters in old Irish characters, indicating, as far as has been discovered, that the bell was presented by Donald O'Lochlin to Donald the comorbho of St. Patrick. The letters in this inscription are not separated into distinct words, and the difficulty of interpreting it is greatly increased by the points or marks formed by rivets. The number of thirty one compartments on one side, with the two compartments on the mitre, make thirty-three,—the year of our Saviour's age; the thirty-three crosses might easily be made out on the other side by gaining two of the incomplete ones. The two rock crystals that remain in the principal front of the sides, with a niche where a third had been, may have indicated the three years of Christ's ministry. These conjectures are perfectly consistent with the spirit of the times. Bells of a similar size are not uncommon. One of these was found concealed in an ivied wall in the ruined church of Kibruny. It was agitated and rung by the wind during the continuance of a storm, and, having been discovered by this singular accident, was, a few years ago, conveyed to Newry chapel. A physician in Belfast has another, which was raised in a field near Bangor, in the county of Down. It is formed of iron, with a perfectly smooth surface and

brated Toal O'Caan, or could he perform any of his favorite pieces? His answer was that he could, and that he was also in possession, he believed, of all the remaining fragments now to be found of that bard.

(To be Continued.)

rounded corners. Its height is twelve inches by eight in breadth and nine in width. A similar hand bell was found in the Route, county Down, and is now in the possession of James McDonnell, M.D., Belfast. In 1092 a fire, which wasted a considerable part of Ardagh, destroyed the church, and of course ruined the bells. It is not improbable that the antique bell in question may have been one of a complete set presented by the monarch Donald to his namesake and friend, the Primate, to repair his loss. From the expenses so profusely lavished on that curious piece of the cover, it seems manifest that the bell itself, the principal object of former veneration, had belonged to a cathedral, or monastery, and had been venerated as a precious relique of antiquity, even in the eleventh century. So much for the antiquity of Daire Calgach.—Stewart's History of Armagh.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD AND HIS MOTHER.

Let us go back to the year 1830, and to Marie Caroline de Bourbon, the widowed Duchesse de Berri, the mother of a Young Pretender—herself youthful, high-spirited, petulant, enterprising, brave as the Gid, obstinate enough for several ladies, and like the Mrs. Bond of the nursery legend in the matter of the ducks that declined to come and be killed, "in a very great rage." She was destined to pass through a series of adventures fully as perilous and even more romantic than those which fell to the lot of Charles II. after Worcester and of Charles Edward after Culloden; for a parallel to which we must go back to the Life of Bevenuto Cellini, or to Swift's Memoirs of Captain Crichton. Poor old Charles Dix had retired, utterly demoralized and "played out," to Holywood; but the valiant little Duchesse was of the precise opinion expressed by a celebrated character immortalized by Milton, that "all was not lost." Stung to resistance by high disdain and a sense of injured merit, her thoughts turned at once to the traditional home of devotion to her race—La Vendee. There the deeds of Stofflet, Charette, and La Roche Jaquelin, might be repeated; there the Breton war-cry, "Eparillez-vous, mes gars!" might once more be heard on the Bocage, as the Chouans, deriding volleys of heavy musketry, scattered themselves behind the bushes, and picked off the detested "Bleus" from their covert. It was on the 29th of May, 1832, that having formed the resolution of setting France in a blaze in the cause of Henri Cinq, the Duchesse arrived, in the Carlo Alberto steamer off Marseilles. Some wild notions had been entertained by the Legationists of the feasibility of an insurrectionary movement in the Provençal city itself. It was a very stormy night and the captain of the Carlo Alberto proposed standing out in the offing until morning; but the Duchesse insisted on a boat being lowered, declaring that she would reach the shore alone. "It was a peculiarity in the Duchesse's character," wrote General Demonceourt of her, "to adhere more strongly to her resolutions when any opposition was offered to them." So the boat was lowered, and the Duchesse, accompanied only by M. de Menars and de Bourmont, was rowed to land. Having reached a desolate spot on the coast, Marie Caroline wrapped herself up in a cloak, and quietly went to sleep; the two faithful gentlemen keeping guard over her. Meanwhile the knot of Legationist conspirators in Marseilles, with whom the Duchesse had been in correspondence, had drawn up the curtain for the performance of their preposterous drama. It proved the shortest of farces. They succeeded in hauling down the Tricolor from the steeple of St. Laurent's Church, in hoisting the White Flag in its place, and in sounding the alarm bell of the old facade to serve as a tocsin. But the drums of the garrison beat to arms, and the constituted authorities very soon succeeded in replacing the tricolor banner on St. Laurent's steeple. This news, brought by faithful emissaries to the Duchesse, reached her on the morrow of her landing; but it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be dissuaded from tempting fortune in Marseilles. At last she consented to take refuge in a charcoal-burner's hut, while Bourmont went to make inquiries. He very soon returned with tidings that the insurrection had been squelched as though it had been a decaevd apple under the wheel of a barrow, and that the gendarmes, having an inkling of the Duchesse's landing, were in hot pursuit of her. As for the Carlo Alberto, a French Government frigate had by the simple process of opening her ports and running out the guns on her near side, prevailed on the Sardinian steamer to give the Provençal coast a wide berth. Two alternatives now remained to Marie Caroline—either to escape by some unfrequented Alpine pass into Piedmont, or to turn westward, cross the greatest breadth of France, and seek an asylum in La Vendee. Her determination was akin to that recently expressed, under similar circumstances by the King of Italy, when the Pope suggested that he should leave Rome—"Here we are; and here we will remain."

The Duchesse declared that, having re-entered France, she intended to stop there, and that her resolve was forthwith to bend her footsteps towards Bretagne. There was neither horse, nor mule, nor carriage available for the journey; but, the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux having declared that she was a very good walker, and the charcoal-burner having offered his services as a guide, the little party, shielded by the shades of night, left the seashore.

At the other extremity of the bay they could distinguish the Phoccean city, and its numerous lights, twinkling like stars. "Adieu, Marseilles!" cried the cheerful Duchesse; "ou retournera t'embrasser, ma belle!" So out they went into the night. It was so dark that they could with difficulty see their way before them; yet for five consecutive hours did they plod and stumble onwards. As last the charcoal-burner guide came to a full stop, confessing that he had lost his way; and at the same time the Duchesse was fain to avow that she was worn out, and could walk no farther. Again she wrapped herself up in a cloak, and with a portmanteau for a pillow, went to sleep as soundly though she had been reposing on a cedar dune beneath the "lambris dorés" of the Pavillon Marsan. The faithful gentlemen—surely they must have been of the same stock as those heroic Gardes du Corps who fell sword in hand on the staircase at Versailles, hurrying back to the last hideous Menards who were howling for the blood of Marie Antoinette—once more kept watch over "La Belle Bourbonnaise."

She awoke at dawn, and, perceiving a country-house close by, inquired of a peasant as to whom it belonged. She was told that the villa was the property of the furious Republican, who was, moreover, mayor of the adjacent commune. "Very well," quoth Marie Caroline; "conduct me thither!" Turning to her amazed dependents, she told them that they must now part. M. de Bourmont was commanded forthwith to repair to Nantes, there to await her coming; M. de Menars was instructed to proceed to Montpellier, there to await further orders. "Adieu, gentlemen," concluded the little Tragedy Queen; "I wish you a safe journey, and may God be with you." She gave them her hand to kiss, and the trio parted. The remainder of her story belongs more to the domain of romance than that of sober history. The undaunted Marie Caroline walked coolly into the "salle-a-manger" of the Mayor, and, accosting that functionary said, "Sir, you are a Republican, and a Government officer; and I, a proscribed fugitive, have come to ask an

asylum at your hands. I am the Duchesse de Berri." What could the Republican Mayor—beswore the mayor who would make out such a suppliant's "mittimus"—do save tell the Duchesse that his house was at her service. Upon this Marie Caroline, still cool as a cucumber, went on to explain that she required, not only a refreshment and a bed, but a passport to enable her to go to Montpellier.—And in Montpellier, on the following evening, the undismayed Duchesse accordingly found herself. There Marie Caroline rejoined M. de Menars, with whom and another devoted adherent she travelled with fictitious passports to La Vendee; where, in spite of the remonstrances of all her friends, she attempted to send out the Fiery Cross in the Bocage. M. Berryer posted down from Paris to implore her to relinquish the mad enterprise, but in vain. The Vendean leaders themselves entreated her to pause; but the obstinate little lady challenged them on their allegiance. "Are you for God and the King, or are you not? If you are, 'en avant!' if you are not, 'sortez!'" Forty-five Chouan gentlemen, many of them nobles, with two peasants who had learned to play the light infantry bugle, met at the Chateau de La Penissiere de la Cour, there to raise the standard of rebellion. In this house they were beleaguered by a detachment of the 29th Regiment. They barricaded themselves, and a terrible fusillade commenced. Then the soldiers set fire to the chateau; and in the conflagration of this obscure Hougonnet nearly all the Chouan gentlemen perished. They died, crying "Vive Henri Cinq!" One of the peasant bugle-players succumbed early in the siege; the other, with three bullets in his body, continued to sound his puny trumpet until he fell fainting into the burning ruins. Have such deeds never been equalled, never surpassed? Think of the Jacobite gentlemen, after the '46, on Kensington Common, who, in sight of the fire which was to consume their hearts, in sight of the quivering block, in sight of the reeking entrails of their comrades, cried out "God save King James!" and went up the ladder to the gallows, smiling, and kissing the white cockade. Think of the Highland Chief, captured at Culloden, who, doomed to more than a felon's death, smote his fettered hands on the ledge of the dock at Carlisle, and thus bespoke the judge, "Had I a hundred lives, my lord, I would have perilled them all in this quarrel." Loyalty dreads no ignominious punishment, since, by loyalty, ignominy itself is annihilated.

The giddy, thoughtless, impracticable, but heroic widow of the Duc de Berri, showed that she herself did not shrink from danger. She determined to enter Nantes, and to go in the dress of a peasant girl. She was attended only by Mlle. de Kersabiec, who also assumed the dress of a paysanne, and by M. de Menars, who was disguised as a farmer. This was on the 16th June, 1832. After an hour's pedestrianism, the clumsy hobnailed shoes and coarse woollen stockings worn by the Duchesse so galled her delicate little feet that she philosophically pulled them off, put them into the large pocket of her hose, yetticaut, and, like an Irish colleen going to Mass, continued her march barefooted. Thus triumphantly did this Bourbon of the Bourbons give the lie to the pedantic gentleman-usher's aphorism about queens having no legs. Anon she reflected that the aristocratic whiteness of her lower limbs might betray her; so she picked up a handful of mud and stained her symmetrical supports therewith. Nantes was reached at last, and the Duchesse put on her shoes and stockings. After crossing the Pont Pyramid, she found herself in the midst of a detachment of troops, commanded by an officer of the ex-body-guard of Charles X., whose face was perfectly familiar to her. She passed, however, unrecognized—perchance the ex-Garde du Corps did not care about recognising her—when, in the Place du Rouffai, somebody tapped her on the shoulder. It was an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit on the ground, and was unable to replace it on her head. "My good girls," she said, addressing the Duchesse and Mlle. de Kersabiec, "help me, pray, to pick up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple." Marie Caroline immediately seized one handle of the panier, made a sign to her companion to take the other, and the burden was speedily placed in equilibrium on the old woman's head, who—such is the way of the world—was going away without bestowing the promised gerdoun, when the Duchesse caught her by the arm, exclaiming, "Eh! la mere, ou est la pomme?" She got her apple, and while she was munching it read very placidly a proclamation, signed by the Ministers of the Interior and of War, placing four departments of La Vendee in a state of siege, besides setting a heavy price on her own head. Not caring to trust herself just then to the tender mercies of Louis Philippe—who was bound to take care of her, nevertheless—the Duchesse consented, much against her grain, to go into hiding. An asylum was found for her at the house of a Legitimitist lady named Dugigny, and there she doffed her peasant garments, which were long, and may be still, for aught we know, preserved as relics. The Legitimitist lady hid her guest in a garret on the third floor, having a "priest's hole," so to speak, in case of need, being a recess within an angle formed by a chimney. An iron plate at the back of the grate was the entrance to the hiding-place, and was opened by a spring. In this wretched room Marie Caroline remained until the month of October, very much annoyed; but occasionally manifesting signs of her unconquerable vivacity. She and M. de Menars—that good and faithful servant to whom surely it has been said "Well done!"—absolutely re-papered the garret, covering it with a gay and flowery pattern devised between them. Was the art of flower-painting in water-colors ever pursued under more curious circumstances, we wonder?

The Duchesse de Berri was betrayed—betrayed by a horrible apostate named Deutz, to whom she had stood sponsor on his "conversion" to Christianity, to whom she had been exceedingly kind, and who had been recommended to her by Pope Gregory XVI. as a person that she could safely trust. This Judas wormed himself into her secrets, and was her go-between and confidential man. Then he went to the Ministry of the Interior, and sold the secret of his benefactor's hiding-place to M. Adolphe Thiers for two hundred and fifty thousand francs. There is a story that the infamous bargain was struck on a dark and stormy night in the Champs Elysees—little Monsieur Thiers, wrapped in a very large cloak, leaning against a tree while Deutz whispered into his greedy but revolted ear the fatal address, "Numero Trois, Rue Neuve du Chateau, Nantes." There was a report also that the man had demanded, in addition to the blood money, the cross of the Legion of Honor; but at that request the conscience of M. Thiers stuck. It is somewhat consolatory to remark that prior to joining the Iscariot family, *la bas*, Simon Deutz took to rabbling absinthe; was drunk night and day in the hotel he occupied at Belleville, where the *chiffonniers*, when they met him, used to spit at him; and that he died intoxicated, in horrible agonies.

M. Thiers, at all events had got the precious address; and an honest, brave old General, Demonceourt by name, was ordered to surround the house in the Rue-Neuve du Chateau with a strong body of troops. The fugitives, M. de Menars and de Guibourg and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, had barely time to enter the "priest's hole." The Duchesse was the last to conceal herself, observing with a smile, when her companions offered her precedence that in a retreat "le general est toujours le dernier." She was in the act of closing the iron plate of the chimney when the soldiers entered the room. Now, Deutz did not know the existence of this hole; and for many hours soldiers, gendarmes, police-spies, architects, and masons were all baffled. The search was protracted until a late hour in the night; and

then General Demonceourt and the Prefect of the Department went away; taking care, however, to leave sentries in every room of the mansion. Two gendarmes were placed on guard in the room where there was the recess behind the chimney. Meanwhile the luckless prisoners had remained perfectly still in a small closet only three feet and a half long and eighteen inches wide at one extremity, but diminishing gradually to eight or ten inches at the door. In this exiguous silice of space they suffered frightful tortures; the gentlemen in particular, being taller than the two ladies, had scarcely room to stand upright, even by placing their heads between the rafters. The Duchesse never complained. At the dead of the night the cold was so piercing that the gendarmes stationed in the room could hold out no longer. One of them went down stairs and returned with some dried turf, and in ten minutes a beautiful fire was burning on the hearth. At first the prisoners, who were half frozen in their concealment, hailed the change of temperature as a boon; but it grew hotter and hotter, and the wall itself became so charged with caloric that they shrank from touching it. The iron chimney-plate was tending towards a red heat. Meanwhile the gendarmes recommenced their search, and began to batter at the walls and ceiling with pickaxes and crowbars. The noise nearly deafened the poor little half-roasted Duchesse; yet so unconquerable was her gaiety that she could not help laughing at the bark-rack room jests of the policemen. Surely the names of these two gendarmes should have been preserved. Were they, we wonder, ever heard of afterwards at the Bouffes Parisiennes, or at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, marching and countermarching to the portentous refrain of "We'll run 'em in?"

They ran the unlucky Duchesse and her companions in, or rather out, at last. They enjoyed a short surcease from their torture when the gendarmes came to sleep towards five in the morning, the fire burned low and the chimney-plate grew cool. But dire agony awaited them. One of the police agents woke up, and proceeded to feed the flickering fire with a quantity of old numbers of *La Quotidienne*, which happened to be in the garret. The fumes from the burning paper penetrated through the chinks of the wall of the chimney, and all but suffocated the Duchesse and her friends. Again the chimney-plate grew red-hot. Twice the Duchesse's dress caught, and she burnt her hands sorely in crushing out the flame. In her agitation she pushed back the spring which closed the door of the recess, and the iron chimney panel gaped a little. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec immediately stretched forth her hand to close the aperture; but a turf sod, rolling back as the plate moved, attracted the notice of one of the gendarmes. The honest fellow—be must have been attached to "Golo's army"—fancied that there were rats in the wall of the chimney. He awoke his comrade; and the pair placed themselves with drawn sabres on either side of the chimney, waiting to cut down the first rat that appeared. The Duchesse by this time was "in extremis," half choked, half roasted, and her dress again ablaze. M. de Menars at last received a sign from the fainting lady, and kicked open the accursed iron plate. "Qui vive?" yelled the gendarmes, starting back in affright. "C'est moi!" was the reply, as the captive strode over the blazing hearth. "Je suis la Duchesse de Berri." She was every inch a Duchesse, and should have been every inch a Queen. She and her loyal henchmen, and the young Vendean lady, had been in this hole, without food or light, for sixteen hours. The remainder of the Duchesse de Berri's story belongs not to Romance, but to History of the plainest and in some respects, of an unpleasant nature. Her captivity in the Castle of Blaye, and its attendant circumstances, reflect infinite discredit, less politically than personally, on Louis Philippe, who used his fair and brave, though erring, kinswoman in the scurviest and shabbiest manner possible. It does not matter now, "Sans de grands obstacles la vie est impossible." Louis Philippe sleeps at Claremont; Marie Caroline in the vault of the Capuchins' Church at Goritz; and Fusion and Reconciliation reign among their descendants. Yet will posterity have something to say for the mother who valiantly upheld her son's rights? Those 50,000 swords which Burke invoked were, alas! never drawn from their scabbards to avenge the wrongs of Marie Antoinette; but in times to come, when the story of the Comte de Chambord and his mother is related, there will surely arise among the nations a cry of "Brava! Bravissima! Marie Caroline!"—London Telegraph.

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