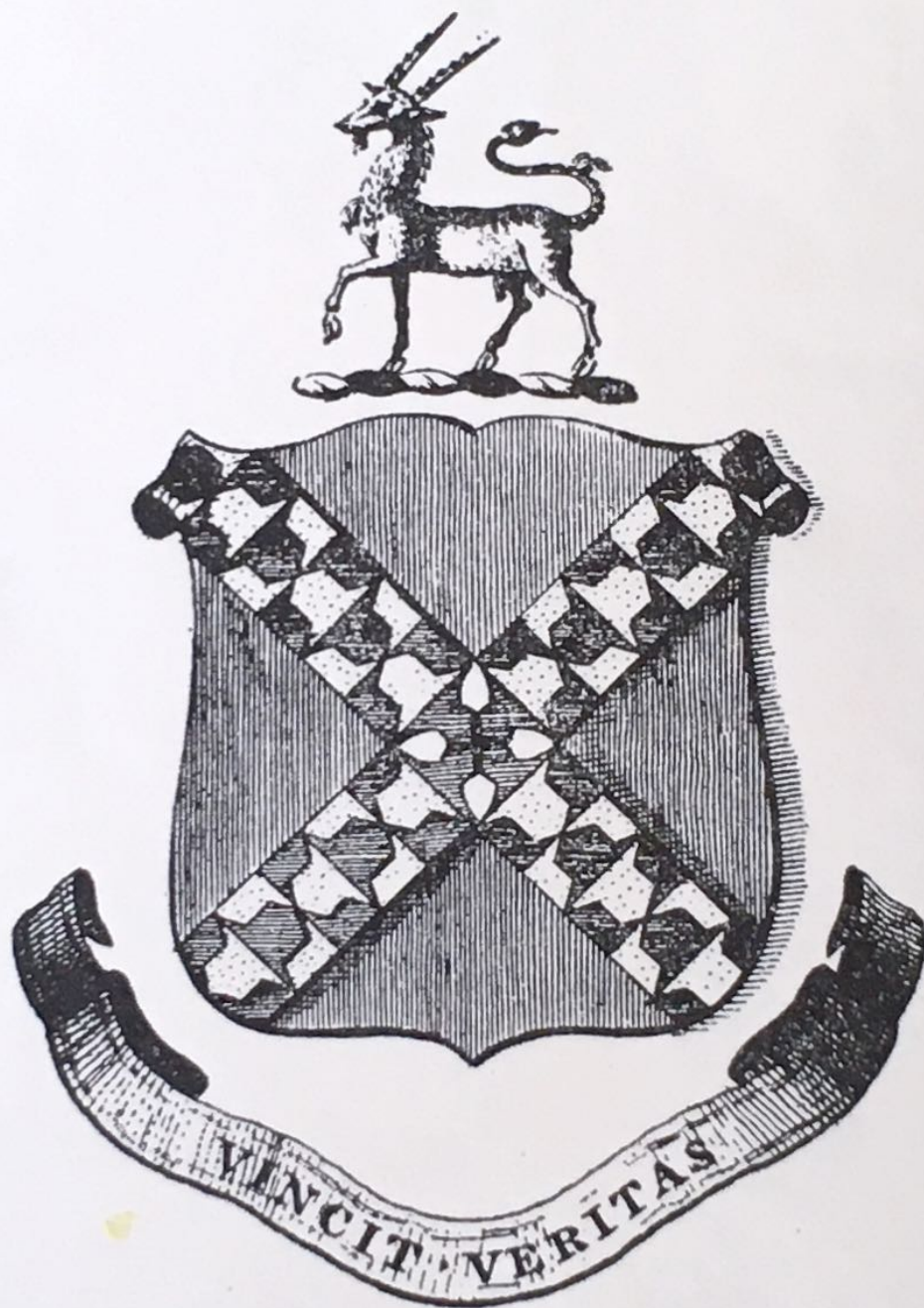


The Prisoner of War,

By J.P.

A.D. 1794-5.

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THE PRISONER OF WAR.



JOURNAL
OF A CAPTIVITY IN FRANCE
DURING THE
REVOLUTIONARY WAR OF 1794 AND 1795.



BY
JEFFREY PRENDERGAST, ESQ.,
AFTERWARDS
GENERAL SIR JEFFREY PRENDERGAST, KT.
(BORN 1769, DIED 1856).



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INTRODUCTION.

The Prendergast family were amongst the earliest of the Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland. Sir Maurice de Prendergast, Lord of the Castle of Prendergast in Pembrokeshire (an Anglo-Norman knight), accompanied Strongbow in the invasion of Ireland, A.D. 1169, and eventually settled in that country, having previously bestowed his Castle in Wales on the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In later years he joined the Order himself, and died as Prior of Kilmainham.

On the abdication of James II. in 1688, one of Sir Maurice's descendants who had fought on the Stuart side, followed the King into exile, and after his death passed from St. Germain's into Spain, took service in the Spanish army, and soon afterwards, on marrying a Spanish lady, adopted her country as his own. Señor Moret y Prendergast is now the distinguished representative of this, the Spanish branch of the family.

Another fighting member of the clan was Sir Thomas Prendergast, first Baronet, so created in 1699. He re-purchased his lands from the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates, and settled at Gort, Co. Galway, where he married Penelope, daughter of Henry Cadogan, Esq., and sister of

the first Earl Cadogan. He was a Brigadier in Queen Anne's armies, and was killed at the battle of Malplaquet, 9th September, 1709—his death having been foretold to him in a dream exactly a year before. The forewarning was so vivid and distinct that the next morning he related it to his wife and also to his steward, and even made a note of the date in his pocket-book. When ordered into action on the fatal day, he therefore felt convinced his last hour had come, and wrote a letter of farewell to his wife, with directions that it was to be sent to her in case of his death.

Strange to say, he escaped unhurt during the battle, while others were falling around him.

But in the evening, while sitting in his tent and adding a postscript to the letter saying that after all the dream had not proved true, and he should never believe in omens again, he was struck by a spent ball and killed on the spot.

Sir Thomas left a son of the same name, who married, and left several daughters but no son, so at his death the Baronetcy became extinct.

One of these daughters married Mr. Vereker of Roxborough, and became the mother of the 2nd Viscount Gort, whose family have since added the name of Prendergast to their own patronymic of Vereker.

The elder brother of "the Spanish Prendergast" seems to have been of a less loyal disposition,

or perhaps had rather more to lose by adhering to the fallen dynasty ; for he appears to have lost no time in conforming to the Established Church and taking the Oath of Allegiance to William III., whereby he saved his estates from confiscation ; and so passionately Protestant did the family afterwards become, that in 1761 his grandson Thomas, of Johnstown Park, whose wife is said to have been somewhat lax in her attendance at the services of the Parish Church, challenged a neighbouring Squire who had publicly accused her of being "a concealed Papist," to a duel with pistols at twelve paces, nothing but the death of the traducer being sufficient in his eyes to wipe out the deadly insult. Unfortunately it was the irate husband who fell mortally wounded on the Green of Clonmell, and the orthodoxy of the lady's religious opinions remained unvindicated.

This Thomas left a son, born in 1719, also Thomas, of Johnstown Park, Clonmell, who held for many years the office of Deputy Registrar of the Court of Chancery in Dublin, in which office he was afterwards succeeded by his second son Francis. Thomas married in 1757, Jane, daughter of S. Gordon, Esq., of Spring Garden, Co. Waterford, at that time a very young lady in her fifteenth year, by whom he had a numerous family. His third son Jeffrey, the writer of the following narrative, was born in 1769, and according to the custom of that day was placed out at nurse in his

foster-mother's cabin till he had attained the age of five years. Seventy or eighty years afterwards he often entertained his grandchildren with stories of his life at that period, when he ran about bare-foot, lived on potatoes and buttermilk, and played all day in the open air with the two cats, whose names were "Charley" and "Larry." He well remembered his mother arriving in a coach and four and carrying him off to Dublin, howling and lamenting at being torn from the only home he had ever known.

In the year 1794, having been promised an appointment at San Domingo by a relation of his mother's, at that time holding an influential position in the Island, Jeffrey sailed for the West Indies, with what result his own narrative relates.

After his release from captivity in France, he found, as he expected, that the appointment promised him a year before, had been filled up, and he must now seek for another.

This he was not slow in finding, a friend of his father's to whom he applied in London, procuring for him almost immediately a Cadetship in the H.E.I. Company's service, and a Commission in the King's army, with directions to sail at once for Madras, and on arriving there to choose which of the two commissions he preferred to accept.

Finding on enquiry that all the best appointments were at that time given to the Company's officers, and that the pay and pensions were on an

extremely liberal scale, Jeffrey decided for the Cadetship, and entered at once upon his duties as Ensign in the Madras Fusiliers, a regiment in which not only the officers, but also the rank and file, were all Europeans.

With this regiment he soon went on active service, and was engaged in the siege of Seringapatam under Lord Harris, and on the death of the notorious Tippoo Sahib, Jeffrey Prendergast was on the guard placed over the body of the Sultan on the day of the assault, and also during the following night.

In 1804, being then A.D.C. and Military Secretary to Lord Harris at Madras, Jeffrey married Elizabeth, daughter of Hew Dalrymple, Esq., of Nunraw (a great-grandson of the first Lord Stair), whose three sons, known as the tallest men in the British army, had been Jeffrey's brothers-in-arms at Seringapatam. Apropos of these three gallant brothers Dalrymple, there is an amusing story in the family that an uncle of theirs in Scotland composed the following toast in their honour, which was duly recited every night over the punch-bowl:—

“Here's to Hew and Sam and Kirkby,
And may they make Tippoo's army to fly!
Here's to Kirkby, Hew and Sam,
And may they take Seringapatam!
Here's to Kirkby, Sam and Hew,
We'll drink their health till we are fou!”

We know that the good wishes expressed in the first and second couplets were fulfilled, and trust that the intemperate promise of the third was never acted upon!

From the first Jeffrey's career seems to have been a successful one. He continually held good appointments, and for many years before his retirement in 1835, was Military Auditor-General at Madras.

It is related of him that when as a young man he was selected to march troops up country to a distant station, and as usual a sum of money was placed in his hands for that purpose, he, all unknowing of "the custom of the country," which allowed the commanding officer on these occasions to pocket the surplus, kept a strict account of every rupee spent, and on his return to Madras handed over a considerable sum to the authorities, who were so taken aback at the unheard-of probity of the proceeding, that they could hardly believe in its reality, and made enquiries to ascertain if this extraordinary young man was in his right senses. Their enquiries appear to have been satisfactorily answered, as from that time he was constantly employed.

During the whole of his forty years' service Jeffrey never once returned to Europe, spending two out of his three furloughs at the Cape, and one in China. In spite of this prolonged sojourn in the East, his health was excellent, and he retained

a remarkably fresh and healthy colour to the last. This fine constitution he always attributed to his early life having been passed with his foster-mother in an Irish cabin among peasant surroundings.

It was not until his retirement in 1835 that Sir Jeffrey Prendergast was able to gratify the wish expressed in his journal of visiting France under happier circumstances. In that year he travelled in a post-chaise for three months through France and Belgium, accompanied by his eldest son Harris, who was to him a new acquaintance, the father and son not having met since 1809, when the son, then a child of four years old, was sent home to England for his education!

General Sir Jeffrey Prendergast died at Brighton in 1856, at the advanced age of 87, leaving four sons and a daughter—1, Harris; 2, Thomas; 3, John Dalrymple; 4, William Grant; 1, Dorothea. His second son Thomas entered the Madras Civil Service in 1825, and married in 1827 Caroline, daughter of Marton Dalrymple, Esq., by whom he left two sons, both in the Royal Engineers—1, General Hew Lindsay Prendergast (d. 1892); 2, General Sir Harry North Dalrymple Prendergast, K.C.B., V.C., whose distinguished services in India, Burmah, and elsewhere are too recent to require more than a passing reference.

JOURNAL.

LONDON, June 5th, 1795.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Before I give you an account of my unintended journey into France, I must inform you of what occurred previous to it at sea. On the 27th July, 1794, the *Belmont* sailed from Gravesend, anchored for a few days in the Downs, and after passing Lord Howe's fleet, which was daily expected to sail, proceeded alone on her voyage to St. Domingo. The weather was fine, our party large and agreeable, and for several days, we had every reason to expect a short and pleasant passage, little anticipating the visit with which we were so soon to be favoured. The *Belmont* carried twenty-two guns, and what added much to our ideal security, was the hope of being overtaken by the Grand Fleet, and convoyed a part of our voyage. This, however, did not occur.

On the 11th August, while at supper, we heard the distant report of a cannon, which disturbed us a little. It was supposed to be a signal fired by a ship separated from its company, but, from the darkness of the night, nothing could be seen, nor could it be ascertained from what

direction the sound came. We therefore finished our supper, and, I believe, took a few glasses of wine extraordinary, to banish the cheerless idea of a French squadron being near.

On the following morning, about five o'clock, by the assistance of telescopes, three ships were discerned at a great distance, and a little afterwards, when they had approached somewhat nearer, were known to be French frigates, and of no inferior size. Our sails were therefore instantly crowded to steer away from them, but to no purpose, as, in comparison to our heavy-laden merchant-ship, the French frigates were light, and, of course, swifter sailors; and, besides, had the advantage of sweeps (the oars used in men-of-war) with which we were unprovided. They therefore, after a chase of a few hours, came within gun-shot, and fired. I shall not attempt to describe the confusion and disorder that now reigned on board our ship, all hopes of escape having vanished, and several French emigrants being amongst our passengers (one of whom was a lady) who saw in the countenance of the French sailors, each an executioner, and in their ships, the guillotine.

This was the height, as well as the conclusion, of the celebrated Robespierre's reign, whose death occurred about this time. To the emigrants he shewed no mercy, and even to the English prisoners of war, his decrees were such as to leave no very agreeable impression on our minds.

The frigates repeated their shots, which we returned, and, after a short engagement, in which, fortunately, no person was hurt, the colours of the *Belmont* were lowered.

In a short time our ship was filled with French sailors and *bonnets rouges*, the chief part of the sailors intoxicated, and all singing with a degree of fury and enthusiasm, their hymns to liberty, and echoing the cry of "Vive la République," etc. A general plunder now commenced, in which, contrary to the orders of the French officers, the property of the passengers suffered much. It was their first object to remove the ship's provisions, which they did so effectually, that for this day and a part of the following, it was with the greatest difficulty we could get anything, good, or bad, to eat; and what we did get was not obtained without absolute riot and force. After some time we found out a quantity of biscuit which had escaped the French search, and we each filled our pockets with them. We next got to a cask of hams, and then to a small keg of brandy, which, with some sugar that one of the passengers had, made a tolerably good supply. But we now found ourselves at a loss for fresh water, fire, and vessels to cook our meat in.

The ships, at this time, were all lying in the Bay of Biscay, where, in general, the sea was very rough; and where, for the first time, I had the pleasure of drinking tea made with salt water, and sitting down to dinner (on recollection, it was

standing, for we had no chairs) without a table-cloth, plate, knife and fork, spoon, or dish; but meat was brought to us in the pot in which it was boiled, and everyone helped himself who could procure anything to eat with. Pen-knives were, at this entertainment, very valuable, and had we been less, or somewhat differently interested in it, the scene would have been amusing.

From the day of our capture, the 12th August, to the time of our being landed at Brest on the 16th September, we were obliged to sleep on the cabin floors, or on tables, which, at first, was a severe hardship to us; necessity, however, and habit soon reconciled us to it, and in a short time we used to stretch ourselves on the floor to sleep, with as much composure as, on land, we should take off our clothes and get into bed.

I was removed with the captain of our ship, and a few of the passengers, on board the ship commanded by the commodore of the French squadron, who was a very genteel man; and during the few days we remained with him, we were treated with much attention and civility. We dined and supped every day at his table, and in private received some advice from him, which we afterwards found of great service to us.

While we remained on board this ship, it was constantly cruising, and took several English prizes. During the engagements, the prisoners were all ordered down to the lower deck of the ship, and we

were sometimes absolutely near being suffocated by the smoke.

On the 22nd August we arrived in Brest Harbour, and were removed with what we had saved of our luggage, to a prison-ship, in which I met the Mr. Kent through whom you heard of me.

He and a respectable English family of the name of Jarrett were taken in a neutral ship, and detained a long time as prisoners, but have since been liberated.

The letter which Mr. Kent wrote to Ireland, was conveyed from France by the captain of the neutral ship, who could not be prevailed upon to take any others, or else I should have written by him.

While we remained on board this Prison-ship we were really half-starved, and in general got up from our meals with as good appetites as we had when we sat down. I had about twenty guineas in my purse, which I fortunately saved by concealing it in my cravat. Others, but not many, saved theirs by different modes; we could, however, make no use of our money till we got on shore, for if the sailors knew we had any we might be certain of being robbed.

At this time we lay in the centre of the French Grand Fleet, which had just recovered from the wounds of the 1st of June; and being entirely new painted and rigged, looked remarkably handsome.

Every morning and evening the crew of each ship assembled on deck, and sang their patriotic hymns and songs in chorus, which was remarkably fine, and were then their only prayers. The firing of the cannon from the batteries on shore and the echo caused by the hills on each side of the harbour, added much to the effect, and made it that kind of scene which the idea of being prisoners did not prevent us from enjoying.

On the 16th of September, at 5 o'clock in the morning, we were (to the number of fifty) conveyed to shore, where a strong military guard waited to receive us, and, as is usual everywhere, a great mob to look at us. We brought our baggage to land with us, but our unfeeling guards, unauthorized even by their own laws, refused to send it with us, and would scarcely allow us to put a second shirt or pair of stockings in our pockets. However, we got at a few of our clothes, though with difficulty, and loaded our pockets. About 9 o'clock, after having had pieces of paper sewed to our coats, with P.M. conspicuously written upon them, to mark us as Marine Prisoners, we were marched by beat of drum all through Brest, attended by our guards and the mob, who by their shouting and constant exclamations against the English, gave us no reason to expect very cordial treatment. We really considered ourselves fortunate in escaping personal injury, as it is not uncommon for the people to throw stones and brickbats at the

prisoners as they pass through the streets. After several hours walking we found ourselves so much fatigued that we could not proceed further on our journey without resting and getting something to eat, for we had not eaten anything that day, and it was then about 2 o'clock. The Guards (though very unwillingly) permitted us to rest, but absolutely declined and refused to procure any food for us, as at the end of each day's journey there was a stipulated allowance for each prisoner to receive, and till then it was not in their power (so they told us) to give us any kind of refreshment.

In a little time we proceeded on our journey, and at length arrived at Landernau excessively jaded and fatigued, where a small dark stable was procured for our lodging, with dirty wet straw to sleep on. That day I think I shall never forget, as till then I never knew what it was to be really hungry, and when our meal was brought to us nothing but absolute hunger could have induced us to eat it, both meat and bread being so very bad. The meat was tainted and of the coarsest kind, and I am not certain that it was not horse-flesh. The bread, too, was well seasoned with sand, and very old and black. Our party consisted of thirty-eight common sailors and twelve officers and passengers, but the French ideas of equality prevented any difference being made in the treatment or pay of any of us, as was the established custom in former Wars. In this miserable lodging we almost all

slept and rested perfectly well, being much fatigued by the heat of the weather, and not having been accustomed for some time past to take any exercise. This was the kind of treatment we in general experienced. On the second and third days of our journey many of us suffered severely from so much walking, and my own feet were so much blistered that I really could scarcely walk: nor should I have done so but that I knew if I remained behind the other prisoners I should be sent to an hospital, and in exchange for my blisters might perhaps procure myself a fever.

On the sixth day of our march we stopped at Pont Brioux, formerly St. Brioux, and were introduced into the common gaol to lodge. In this place we were closely confined and very badly used; and here as well as at Brest I saw the guillotine, which but the day before had performed its cruel duty on a priest, and was the next day to put an old man out of the world, who was one of those with whom I passed the evening. At this time I could understand very little French: I, however, knew enough of what he said to convince me that he possessed a tranquil and resigned mind.

At Lamballe we received, if possible, worse treatment, being lodged in a most horrid prison, and, as usual, lying altogether on straw in a small room. At Dinant our prison was one of the finest and handsomest convents in France, which was at this time appropriated to the reception of prisoners.

It was encompassed with beautiful gardens and high walls, and well fortified on all sides. There were about two thousand prisoners confined in it at the time when I was there, and many of them were very respectable people. We had not been here more than a quarter of an hour when it was observed by the keepers that we had entered into conversation with the prisoners who were already lodged here. In consequence of this we were suddenly ordered to the dungeon, which was a large stone-floored room, very dirty and extremely offensive, from being the place to which the unhappy inhabitants of the prison had for a long time had recourse on indispensable occasions.

Our breakfast, dinner, and supper, which we were then in the habit of eating all at the same time, was shortly afterwards brought to us, but the view of it was sufficient to banish every desire of eating—it was literally *all alive*. We had this night no straw; I lay, or rather, sat down, but could not sleep, and in the morning felt myself very ill and weak, with pains all over my body. About six o'clock each morning we received orders to prepare for marching, which we usually were glad of, as anything was preferable to remaining in those miserable prisons.

A little before we set off from Dinant some of the prisoners who were locked up in their rooms made a tea kettle full of coffee, and, with sugar and cups and saucers, let it down by a cord from a

high window, and requested that we would accept of it for our breakfast. It did not require much pressing to induce us to agree to this. We soon finished our breakfast, which was the best we had tasted since we had been taken prisoners, thanked our kind friends most cordially, and having, with great sincerity, wished them a better fate, took our leave. In general our treatment was similar to what I have mentioned, except when any of our guards were gentlemen, for then we always received better treatment, and often our parole in the evenings to go out and lodge or sup at inns, and amuse ourselves in the towns.

At Caën in Normandy we had full liberty for the greater part of a day, by which means we were able to see the whole of the town, and in the evening went to the theatre, where we were much taken notice of, from our not wearing the French Cockade, but did not receive the smallest insult; on the contrary we were rather complimented. We observed that the further we got into the interior of France we received much better treatment, and always found the people less prejudiced by the then prevailing opinions.

We had the same liberty at Rouen, Chartres, Corbeil, Sééz, and many other principal places, which it is pleasant to have seen. Our Guards even, one or two days, permitted us to have horses, but for this, and indeed every other indulgence, we were obliged to pay most enormously; and there

were only four of us, viz., our Captain, two passengers and myself, who could afford to accept of these favours.

At a place called Ramillard we were billeted in pairs at the houses of the citizens. I was at the house of an honest tallow chandler, who with a large family were all violent royalists. It was his duty to give us a certain allowance of meat and wine, but we requested him to prepare us a good dinner and accommodation, and promised to pay him for any expenses which he might incur above our allowance. He had a good French dinner for his family, to which he invited us, and in the evening took us to a large party of ladies, where we got an exceedingly good supper, and joined with a number of young people in dancing and acting some small plays. I do not recollect that I ever laughed or enjoyed anything so much. I could just speak enough of French to make them laugh most immoderately. It was a late hour when we broke up, and at our departure we received every mark of good wishes and every compliment which those agreeable people could give us. Our friendly landlord provided us good beds, and refused any payment whatsoever. In the morning, when we were marching through the streets attended by our guards, we saw many of the ladies whom we had met the evening before, and who now openly wished us a "*bon voyage*." The recollection of this and many other instances that occurred in

France, of unexpected friendship and civility, leaves a very strong impression on my mind, and if ever I am independent enough to take a journey of pleasure in Europe, I shall most certainly visit France.

Our route from this place was to a small village called Lille la Montagne, where we arrived on the 14th of October, but on account of the Royalists being in force in that part of the country, fresh orders were issued that we should be conducted to Provins, upwards of one hundred and fifty miles distant.

A general discontent prevailed in consequence of this new order, as we had already suffered severely from the hardships of our journey, and were constantly told that we only had the following day to travel ; so that by frequent contradictions of this nature we were always kept in the dark, and knew not when to expect the end of our journey. We were also much discouraged by the circumstance of several of our party being obliged by illness to remain behind us in Hospitals. We therefore laid a statement of our case before the Municipal Officers, and were by great favour allowed to remain a few days in this place to rest and get our clothes washed. During this time we lived pleasantly, and were quite a novelty to the inhabitants. We lodged at an inn, and were allowed full liberty to walk whenever we chose. We had a pack of English cards, and used every even-

ing to play whist at a table in a public coffee room, where we were regularly visited by the ladies, who, as you may suppose, were not of the genteelest sort, though really very good kind of people. They used to come completely dressed in all their finery to see the four English prisoners play at cards, and were much flattered by receiving any attention, of which, therefore, you may be sure that we were not sparing. You may judge how well we played our cards when I tell you that on the day before we parted a Dinner was purposely provided for us, to which we were invited, and a collection was afterwards made amongst the inhabitants of the village for the sailors, who appeared to be in want of shoes or other clothing. By what I have mentioned, you can conceive how perfectly tranquil the French were at the time, and how much more freedom of opinion existed among them than people of this country imagined. To this remark, however, Paris and some particular parts of France must form exceptions.

On the 19th of October we again set out on our journey, sometimes receiving good and sometimes bad treatment. There was much wet weather during our journey, and it unfortunately almost always happened that on those days we were put into confinement. Frequently, after a long march, we have been obliged to pass the night in our wet clothes, lying on straw, and sometimes even straw was denied us. This, I par-

ticularly recollect, occurred at Alençon, where after travelling the whole day under an extremely heavy rain, we were ordered altogether into a most wretched prison, where a quantity of straw was spread out for us to lie on, which had already answered the same purpose on many former occasions, and was at this time so full of inhabitants that we preferred sleeping on the boards without it.

By this time we were so accustomed to long journeys and wettings that they did not much disconcert us, and as kind Providence directed, we in general found ourselves well and refreshed in the mornings. By degrees we got our guards into the habit of letting us go to inns on the road to procure breakfasts, in which they were sure to be included, by which means our journeys were rendered less oppressive. In fine weather, particularly in Normandy, our marches were really pleasant, the country being very beautiful, and at that season very full of fruit, of which we ate great quantities, as we were allowed to go into the orchards and take as much as we pleased, the unfortunate owners, who were for the most part great men, having either emigrated or suffered by the guillotine.

On the 30th of October we arrived at Melun, after a severe wetting, which with several other reasons induced me on the following morning to feign sickness, that I might be allowed to remain

there. This I did successfully. My principal motive was a desire to be separated from the English for the purpose of perfecting myself in the French language. When the Commissary of War was informed of my illness, he ordered me to be sent to the Hospital, to which I had a great objection to go, but could not then avoid it. There were none but wounded soldiers in it, a few of whom were officers, and the greatest attention was paid to all. I remained in it two days, and was then brought to the Commissary, who told me to meet him at a house where an English lady resided. I went there accordingly, and met a Miss Power who had been detained in France since the commencement of the war. She was an ordinary woman, and not unlike in appearance to Miss G., Mrs. R.'s sister. Through her means, the Commissary allowed me a good lodging and bed in the barracks, which were at that time occupied by prisoners of war.

I remained a month in this town with full liberty, and obtained the use of as many books as I chose to borrow from Miss Power. I dined once with a respectable family of her friends, who were kind enough to ask me in compliment with her. She mentioned that her father was a Mr. Thomas Power of Clonmell, a relation of the Barrons, but she herself did not know any of our friends whom I named to her.

In the List of prisoners sent from Brest the

place of birth of each person is always attached to their names; mine was taken down "Clonmell," but by mistake the clerk who wrote out the list wrote "Colonel" instead of "Clonmell" with my name; and had it not been for this error, I should have been liberated in November last, as an order was at that time issued to send out of the country all prisoners of war, except such as were either soldiers or sailors. If I could have proved to their satisfaction that I had been merely a passenger on board a ship, I should not have been detained, but after doing all in my power to prove the mistake, without effect, I found myself obliged to remain a Colonel, and was ever afterwards looked upon as such in France.

On the 29th November, I was ordered to follow my company of prisoners who were about forty miles off. I got a written direction, and was desired to go as I pleased, without any guard. I set off, therefore, directly, on foot, and on the first of December joined them at a small poor village, where four of us joined and took a small room to lodge in. It contained two beds, and served us "for parlour, for kitchen, and all." We lived here for a month pleasantly enough, though much too expensively for our finances, for meat, and in short, everything else was very dear. Our amusements were walking, skating, and playing at cards, for we had no books to read. While we remained here, we were all paid equally—ten sous per day, and a

pound and a half of bread to each during the first ten days. On the beginning, however, of our second decade, an order was received from Paris, to send the passengers out of the country, and to pay each captain and all above that rank, six livres a day, and inferior officers in proportion. Under this order I was detained, and received pay as a colonel, and the passengers were ordered to be marched out of the country by way of Bruxelles. Till this occurred, my confinement never seemed to me to be severe; but to behold others set at liberty, and to find myself, through a trifling mistake, detained prisoner, though equally entitled with them to freedom, did, I confess, disconcert me much; not that I regretted their good fortune—far from it—but while they were with me, my time passed quickly and agreeably, and would then, as I thought, be likely to change much for the worse.

The passengers, however, had not proceeded more than four days on their journey, when a counter-order was sent to recall them. This, as you may suppose, was a most severe disappointment to them, and they really felt it to be so. As for me, the mistake of calling me colonel now proved fortunate, as my pay was still continued at six livres per day, when, as a passenger, I should have received only ten sous.

About the beginning of January, I and my three companions above-mentioned, got permission to leave the village, and to live at Provins, a large

pleasant town about nine miles off. In this place we spent five weeks really very pleasantly, and soon had many acquaintances. We used frequently to go twelve or fifteen miles off to visit prisoners, who were in the different towns or villages about us; and sometimes remained absent for several days, without any enquiry being made for us.

In these towns, Provins in particular, we never received the smallest slight or insult. We had pleasant lodgings, and dined every day at a tavern, where the family of the house were always very attentive and civil to us. In this town we found means of changing our few remaining guineas, to great advantage. The first time that we changed any of our gold, was at an inn in some part of Brittany, where we obtained only twenty-five livres in assignats for a guinea. (A livre is ten pence sterling). At another place we got fifty, afterwards a hundred, and latterly one hundred and sixty for a guinea. It was dangerous business, and, if known, would have been severely punished, on account of its tendency to depreciate the value of their paper money.

In the course of my journey, I met at different times, a great many English officers, prisoners, but none of whom I had ever before known anything. It was, however, pleasant to us to meet, but particularly to them, because we could give them much later news from England than they, in general, had heard.

The churches, which at that time were employed for public works, and which were often assigned to us for our lodging, exhibited the most melancholy ruins of former grandeur. The heads of all the images were carefully taken off, and the bodies broken and thrown about the ground. Mottoes were written upon all sides, expressive of the public abhorrence of religion and piety; the beautiful stained glass and expensive ornaments were almost totally destroyed; and, in general, the churches and convents were made use of for the manufacture of cannons and gun-powder.

About the middle of January, it was ordered that the officers' pay should be reduced to ten sous per day, as formerly, which circumstance first induced us to attempt to escape, as we could not live on that pay, and our purses were then much reduced.

I here subjoin a list of the places where we stopped on our journey from Brest, with each day's march particularly expressed.

JOURNEY FROM BREST.

With each day's march particularly distinguished.

September 16th. From Brest to Landernau.

			4 leagues
"	17th.	To Laandi-vizian	4 "
"	18th.	To Morlaix	6 "
"	19th.	To Belle Isle	9 "
"	20th.	To Guingamp	4 "

September	21st.	To St. Brieu	7 leagues
"	22nd.	To Lamballe	4 "
"	23rd.	To Dinant	9 "
"	24th.	To Dôle	6 "
"	25th.	To Pontorson	4 "
"	26th.	To Avranches	4 "
"	27th.	To Ville Dieu	5 "
"	28th.	To Vire	6 "
"	29th.	To Villers	8 "
"	30th.	To Caen	5 "
October	1st.	To Argences	4 "
"	2nd.	To Lisieux....	7 "
"	3rd.	Remained all day in the Church at L.		
"	4th.	To Bernay....	6 "
"	5th.	To Bourghthrop	5 "
"	6th.	To Rouen	5 "
"	7th.	Remained at Rouen at liberty.		
"	8th.	To Bourghthrop again, having been led by mistake two days' journey out of our way	5 "
"	9th.	To Bernay a second time	5 "
"	10th.	To Gersay....	10 "
"	11th.	To Sèze	5 "
"	12th.	To Alençon	6 "
"	13th.	To Frenayle Vicomte	4	"

October	14th.	To Lille la Montagne Remained at Lille la Montagne till the 19th, and then on.	3 leagues	
	„ 19th.	To Frenay a second time 3	„
	„ 20th.	To Mamars 6	„
	„ 21st.	To Bellesme 3	„
	„ 22nd.	To Ramillard 3	„
	„ 23rd.	To Laloup 5	„
	„ 24th.	To Courville 4	„
	„ 25th.	To Chartres 4	„
		During the 26th re- mained at Chart- res at liberty, lodged at an Inn.		
	„ 27th.	To Ste. G��nevi��ve....	9	„
	„ 28th.	To Arpajou 5	„
	„ 29th.	To Corbeil.... 5	„
	„ 30th.	To Melun 5	„
		I remained at Melun till Nov. 29th, when I was ordered to Mourmons 6	„
November	30th.	To Provins 7	„
December	1st.	To Chalantr�� la Grande 3	„
		where I joined a party of prisoners from whom I had separated at Melun.		
Total		<u>218 leagues</u>

On the 9th of February I set off with a Mr. Smith and a Mr. Silver for Switzerland, the weather being at this time very severe and cold. We each provided ourselves with a French cockade, a pair of strong peasant's shoes and worsted stockings, and a small pocket bottle of brandy, which on account of night travelling was likely to be very necessary. We also managed to procure a good post-map of France, which was afterwards of the greatest service to us. We constantly walked on the high road, and frequently met the French Guards on the roads, who are in fact employed for the very purpose of stopping emigrants and prisoners. They often looked at us narrowly, but observing our cockades and the confident appearance which we assumed, they fortunately never questioned us. It is the custom in France for travellers to wish each other a good day when they meet, as in Ireland the poor people say "God save you." This was often disagreeable to us, for though we could say "Bon jour" in return, it was still dangerous, as the French know a foreigner immediately, and particularly an Englishman by the peculiarity of his accent. In order to avoid the towns and cities we were frequently obliged to cross very rugged mountains, and in general slept at villages or single houses on the roads. Even in these we were constantly questioned, and asked who we were; and this was several times near proving fatal to us. Till we got near Switzerland

our usual characters were Swiss pedlars, which we were but badly able to support, from not knowing a word of the language, and never having been into the country. We afterwards called ourselves Americans, sometimes Hamburgers; but on the whole, to fortune, and not to any cleverness of our own, are we indebted for our good success. It was very often necessary, on account of rivers being in our way, to go through large towns and cities. When this occurred we always took care to clean our shoes, and throw off as much as possible the appearance of travellers before we went into them; and then by walking carelessly through, the Guards at the gates either supposed us to be inhabitants, or for some other reasons did not question us.

It was our custom to procure bread and cheese to carry in our pockets, which served for our breakfast and dinner, and at night we always got, or at least endeavoured to get, a good supper, and in general paid very handsomely for it. In the French towns near Switzerland provisions of every kind, and meat and bread in particular, were remarkably scarce; so much so that for two or three days it was with the greatest difficulty that we could procure even bread or potatoes to eat.

On the 19th of February we arrived at Porentruy. the first town of Switzerland, where we found ourselves very dangerously situated, from our not knowing that it was in the possession of the

French. We were in the midst of the town, and did not know which way to turn, nor even the name of the next town for which we ought to enquire, as our map was only one of France, and contained no more of Switzerland than the name Porentry. We went directly to an inn, but could not procure a lodging. We then endeavoured to escape out of the town, and unfortunately mistook the gate of a large building for one of the city gates. A sentinel was pacing at the entrance, who immediately demanded our business, and had he done his duty he should have arrested us. However, we evaded answering him, and walked away, expecting every instant to be seized. In a little time we came to one of the gates, and luckily got out of the town.

After walking a few miles we enquired from an old woman the road to Basle, which we knew was the principal city of Switzerland. She told us the road, and also that we were at a great distance from it. We, having no alternative, immediately directed our course towards it, till we got near a town called Délémont. We were at this time more than 20 miles from Basle, and still in the country occupied by the French, when at a poor public house we met an old Frenchman, who guessing what we were, and wishing well to our cause, gave us some useful information as to the places which we should avoid, and a direction by which in about one or two hours we could get into

a town under the Swiss Government. We thanked him for his kindness, and by following his advice really succeeded as he had told us, and reached a small Swiss village called Rose Maison. On the 22nd of February we arrived at Basle, and were much disappointed on finding that the English Agent or Ambassador resided at Berne, about fifty miles distant. Except the French paper money, which was not current in Switzerland, we had but one guinea remaining when we came out of France, and this was soon expended, except a few pence.

We however had still our watches; but, it being Sunday, we could not dispose of them, nor could we obtain any lodgings until the innkeepers were first sure of being paid, as our appearances were at that time far from being in our favour. Our only remaining resource was the German Ambassador, through whose interference we got good lodging and other accommodation. We told him precisely how we were situated, and mentioned that we had spent all our money, but neither asked nor expected any pecuniary assistance from him, but merely requested him to procure us a lodging till the following day. He afterwards came to the tavern where we were, and told us that he had ordered the innkeeper to advance to us on his account whatever money we should require to carry us to Berne, and that we might repay him when it would be convenient to us, as he could not think of letting us sell our watches.

On the following day we accepted of his offer, and took a few Louis d'or, for which, on our subsequent return from Berne, we had the pleasure of repaying him, and also of presenting him with a letter of thanks from the English Ambassador in return for his attention to us in our distress.

As you know what occurred after leaving Berne, I shall only add the names of the towns through which we passed until the conclusion of our pedestrian travelling.

JOURNEY AFTER OUR ESCAPE FROM PROVINS.

To Nogent sur Seine.

To Troyes.

To Chaumont.

To Langres.

To Vessoul.

To Belfort.

To Delle. So far all in France.

To Porentruy. In Switzerland, but under ye
French Government.

To Rose Maison, near Corondelle.

To Waldenburg.

To Basle.

To Liechstall.

To Soleure.

To Berne.