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A STUDY OF A SPY

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HIS name is *not* in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Rarely to find, in that magazine of learning, the information which one wants, is no new sorrow. The supplementary tomes, the Lives Left Out, ought to be agreeable reading, and among these should be recorded the career of him concerning whom I desire to be instructed—Oliver Macallester, Esq. He was the author of a work "as interesting as anything of the kind," according to his own opinion. This book contains more than five hundred solid pages in quarto, and has a title nearly as long as a leading article.

In "A Series of Letters" (London, 1767), Mr. Macallester reveals the "Scheme projected by France, for an intended invasion of England with Flat Bottom'd Boats, in 1759." He also proposes to divulge "the Secret Adventures of the Young Pretender," and, moreover, "the Chief Cause which brought on the late Expulsion of the Jesuits from the French Dominions, *a Secret as yet concealed from the Jesuits themselves* . . . together with the particular Case of the Author, in a memorial to his late Royal Highness, the Duke of Cumberland."

The particular case of the author is the real question at issue. Was he more or less mad? Was he actually a spy and secret agent of the French Police, who tried to sell his knowledge to England, and made a bad bargain? Was he a romance-writer with an extraordinarily bad style? What, in brief, are the precise proportions of fool, knave, and novelist in Oliver Macallester, Esq.? And how much trust can be given to his rambling and scarcely readable narrative? These are the questions which perplex the rare and sorely puzzled readers of Oliver Macallester. He had good materials; his situations are not ill-invented; he assuredly possessed some private knowledge of Jacobite intrigues, though on certain points, as on Prince Charles's secret journey from

Rome to France in 1744, he is utterly misinformed. He asserts that His Royal Highness decamped from Rome to France in 1744 without the knowledge of his father. The scheme, in fact, had James's full approval, though he neither knew beforehand nor approved of the invasion of Scotland with seven men, in 1745. Probably Macallester was one of the many Jacobite hangers-on who, after 1748, tried to vend the cause and the Prince to the British Government. In Lord Holderness's papers, now belonging to the Duke of Leeds, we find letters from one such turn-coat, whose terms were reckoned too high by the Duke of Newcastle, but who did bring about the arrest of Mr. Walkinshaw of Scotstown in April 1755.*

The English Government, having already, as early as 1749, secured a trustworthy informer in the inner circle of Charles's *entourage*, paid slight attention to "little *videttes*" (*sic*), as the more important scoundrel styles minor spies. Macallester was, or wished to be, one of those little *védettes*, but meanwhile, he was ready to act as an agent of France, and to sell France to England, if he could. In the same way, and on a larger scale, the Earl Marischal, an ex-Jacobite, when he was Ambassador of Frederick the Great in Spain, sent to the English Government the secret family compact of the Bourbons. But *his* pardon was already gained. Like the Earl Marischal, our petty Macallester was a furious enemy of Charles Edward, who seems to have become an *idée fixe* with him, as the Empress Maria Theresa was in the addled brain of Lady Mary Coke. "The Jesuits and the Young Pretender" haunt Macallester's

* "Historical MSS. Commission," x.; Appendix, part vi., pp. 216, 217. Mr. Walkinshaw is here described as the father of Miss Clementina Walkinshaw, the Prince's mistress; but *he* was Walkinshaw of Barrowfield.

fancy, and to their secret machinations he attributes his deserved misfortunes. In spite of this half-crazy idea, Macallester does throw a dim light on a period of the Prince's history neglected by Mr. Ewald in his "Life of Charles Edward," namely, the adventures between the break-up of the English Jacobite party, in 1754-1755, and the attempt to bring over the Prince with a French fleet, in 1759. For this reason, and because he really knew the backstairs Jacobite and Court gossip of the day, Macallester is worth some notice, even if we discount his extraordinary tale about the Jesuit Hamilton.

As for Macallester's social position and means of obtaining information, we learn that he was brought up "by ancient, superannuated relations," in the spirit of loyalty to the exiled royal family. Through his mother, he was descended from Oliver Plunket, Lord Louth; was related to the Cusaks, the Nugents, and to many descendants of the banished Irish Jacobites. He claims acquaintance with Lord Clare—the Marshal Thomond about whom Mr. Carlyle confesses a general ignorance—and was most intimate with Lord Clancarty. This nobleman, in a disgust with the English Government about a property which he could not recover, went to France before the Forty-Five. The Marquis d'Argenson, then French Foreign Minister, mentions Clancarty as the one man of title in England or Ireland whose name the Jacobite agents could give him as that of a pronounced adherent. "They had a list of names, but no authentic signatures or proofs."*

The English Jacobites, as one of their leaders, Dr. King, of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, assures us, would never put hand to paper. The case of Bishop Atterbury, in 1722, had frightened them away from pen-and-ink. So the Beauforts, Westmorlands, Wyndhams, Gorings, Dawkinses, have left scarcely a permanent trace of their traffic with the

exiled House of Stuart. All business was done by word of mouth; consequently the French Government had no ground of confidence, for nobody relied on such a broken reed as the one-eyed, slatternly, drunken, and blasphemous Irish peer. This Lord Clancarty, according to Macallester, was a profane ruffian, cursing all and sundry, and ready to side with any party—Jacobite, French, or Sardinian even—which promised the restoration of his estates. We know from d'Argenson that the Duc de Richelieu, with the Duke of York, lay at Boulogne all through the winter of 1745, awaiting the chance of carrying over a large French army to England. But, according to Macallester, when the Earl Marischal and Clancarty visited d'Argenson at the camp in Flanders (where d'Argenson saw the battle of Fontenoy), the Minister declined to give even 7000 men for a new Scotch invasion. He taunted the Earl Marischal with his absence from Charles's side in the race to Derby, and remarked to Lord Clancarty, "Vous n'êtes bien coiffé, Monseigneur. Voulez-vous que je vous envoie mon perruquier, il sait bien coiffer?" Thereon Clancarty, who wore an "ordinary black tie-wig," and "is a man generally careless in his dress," leaped up angrily, saying, "Damn the fellow! He is making his diversion of us!" Unluckily, the part of d'Argenson's "Mémoires" which might report this incident is lost. But Lord Marischal, by this and other trifles, was practically lost to the cause, which, had he listened to Atterbury, he might have won at the death of Queen Anne. † Though he saw much of Lord Clare, Clancarty, and other French and Scotch people of rank, if we are to believe him, Macallester's information was probably derived from a more lowly source, from one Gilshenagh. This man had been Lord Clare's butler, and, according to Macallester, became the steward of Prince

* D'Argenson. "Mémoires," iv. 317.

† Spence's "Anecdotes," p. 168. London, 1820.

Charles's household. From him our spy got some curious gossip.

We must pass over Macallester's account of the Rising in 1745, but a story or two may be noted. In his extreme distress, after Culloden, the Prince, according to Macallester, met Malcolm Macleod, who concealed him in his sister's cottage. "There was a young child lying in a cradle, which the Pretender took up and carried about with him, and the next morning, very early, amused himself in the same manner. He ... saw himself at once reduced to the low and mean condition of amusing himself with an infant in his arms." Persons who had not turned their coats might regard the Prince's love of children as a trait rather pleasing than "low and mean." Another proof of Charles's infamy is that, by aid of Marshal Belleisle, he deprived Æneas Macdonald of his pension from France. As the said Æneas, after betraying the cause, like Murray of Broughton, had the singular impudence to apply to James, demanding a peerage for his nephew, we may think that Charles's conduct scarcely stands in need of excuse.* But how did the Prince hear of Æneas's treachery? According to Macallester, the gossip of Versailles ran that the news came "from someone then near his Royal Highness, Frederick, the late Prince of Wales," and this is not the only case in which Macallester gives similar hints. Was "Fred" a bit of a Jacobite? Horace Walpole suggests "a tartan waistcoat" under Fred's green coat.

Macallester has his own remarks to make on that fatal hidden treasure of Loch Arkaig which was the Dwarf Andvari's hoard of Jacobitism, and caused heart-burnings and mutual accusations among the melancholy

* Æneas was examined in England, and told what he knew, on Sept. 17, 1746. Mr. Ewald frequently quotes his deposition, from the State Papers. The demand for a peerage is contained in a letter from Æneas to James's secretary, Mr. Edgar, Oct. 12, 1751. See Browne's "Highland Clans," iv. 91.

exiles. According to our spy, Æneas Macdonald helped himself freely to the £30,000, and also got Charles's gold snuff-box, a diamond ring, and other things of value. He attributes Archibald Cameron's death (1753) to his greedy search for the same hoard, but here, like many of his contemporaries, he is mistaken. The good Doctor was engaged on quite another affair. Finally, we note in this early part of Macallester's prolix and wandering work, the adventures of one Dumont, who came over to bring Charles off from the Highland coast, but only succeeded in rescuing his companion, Sullivan. This Dumont plays a great part in Macallester's later revelations.

All these details are matters of ancient history, and merely prove that Macallester was intimate with discontented and, usually, disloyal supporters of the Stuarts. His own narrative of his private and personal romance begins in the Seventeenth Letter. His "private affairs" brought him to Dunkirk in 1755. On returning to London, he was apprehended at Sheerness, an ungrateful caitiff having laid information to the effect that our injured hero "had some connection with the Ministers of the French Court, or was upon some dangerous enterprize." He was examined at the Secretary of State's Office (Lord Holland's), was released, and returned to Dunkirk, uncompensated for all this disturbance. Here he abode, on his private business, living much in the company of the ranting Lord Clancarty. Lord Clare (Comte de Thomond) was also in Dunkirk at the time, and attached himself to the engaging Macallester, whom he invited to Paris. Our fleet was then unofficially harrassing that of France, in America. As Mr. Gladstone would say, we were *not* at war, but there were naval operations. Braddock had been beaten and slain in America, a cause of joy to Jacobites, and notably to Lord Clancarty. He cherished a distaste for General Braddock, "who had some years before unfortunately deprived Lord Clancarty of the sight of one of his eyes by the unlucky throwing of a glass

bottle, while they were at supper together at the King's Arms, in Pall Mall." General Braddock was of Conisidine's opinion that "a cut-glass decanter, aimed low," is occasionally a serviceable missile.

Meanwhile, France negotiated the secret Treaty with Austria, while Frederick joined hands with England. Dunkirk began to wear a very warlike aspect, in despite of treaties, which bound France to keep it dismantled—"Je savais que nous avions triché avec les Anglais," says d'Argenson—the fortifications were being reconstructed. d'Argenson adds that now is the moment to give an asylum to the wandering Prince Charles. "The Duchesse d'Aiguillon, a great friend of the Prince, tells me that, some days ago, while she was absent from her house at Ruel, an ill-dressed stranger came, and waited for her till five in the morning, Her servants recognised the Prince."*

In August 1756, d'Argenson again notes activity at Dunkirk. Mr. Macallester, rather in the spirit of Mr. Pepys, reports the cleansing of the great harbour as "a most grand and curious piece of work." There was mustering, marching, practising of embarkment and disembarkment, and at last war was proclaimed in London; but, as we know, Minorca was attacked, not the English coast. Charles Edward is said to have been offered a command in Richelieu's assault on Minorca, and to have refused to serve as a mere *épouvantail*, or bugbear. Macallester, omitting the Minorca business, and careless as to dates, runs on to the attempted assassination of Louis XV. by Damiens (Jan. 5, 1757). He appears to think that the Court knew the secret causes and springs of an affair which connects itself later with his own adventures.

At this very time (January 1757), Lord Clancarty began to rail in good set terms against all and sundry. For his own

purposes, "for just and powerful reasons"—in case it might come in useful—Macallester kept a journal of these libellous remarks, obviously for use against Clancarty. Living at that nobleman's table, Macallester played his favourite part of spy for the mere love of the profession.

Tuesday, January 11, 1757.—When we had drunk hard after supper, he broke out, saying, "By God! dear *Mac*, I'll tell you a secret you don't know; there is not a greater scoundrel on the face of the earth than that same Prince; he is in his heart a coward and a poltroon; would rather live in a garret with some Scotch thieves, to drink and smook, than serve me, or any of those who have lost our estates for his family and himself. ... He is so great a scoundrel that he will lie even when drunk: a time when all other men's hearts are most open, and will speak the truth, or what they think. ..."

In calling the Prince a coward, Lord Clancarty, though drunk, lied.

"He damned himself if he did not love an Irish drummer better than any of the breed." "The Prince has no more religion," said this pious enthusiast, "than one of my coach-horses." ... "He asked me if I knew Jemmy Dawkins?" I said I did not. "He could give you an account of them," said he, "but Lord Marischal has given the true character of the Prince, and certified under his hand to the people of England what a scoundrel he is. ... The Prince had the *canaille* of Scotland to assist him, thieves, robbers, and the like. ..."

Jemmy Dawkins, of Over Norton, and Lord Marischal did, indeed, express these sentiments, as may be read in the letter of the English Resident at Berne, published by Mr. Ewald.† Lord Marischal would not start for Scotland with Charles in a fishing-boat after the failure of the French attempt in 1744. From that hour he detested the Prince, whose private behaviour by this time (1756-1757) was about as bad as possible. About

* July 12, 1756, "Mémoires," ix. 296, 297.

† "Life of Charles Edward," ii. 223. May 28, 1756.

Jemmy Dawkins there are curious tales to be told: he, also, is not in the "Dictionary of National Biography," though he has various claims to that pride of place.

Lord Clancarty now called Louis XV. "a beast," with many curious and disgusting particulars. He wished Ireland in the hands of the French. As to his own ancestor, Lord Sunderland, being asked if he did not die a Catholic, Lord Clancarty said that "he knew better things than to give himself any trouble about religion," though he went on to blame Prince Charles's laxity, and the profession of Protestantism which he left in the hands of Dr. King, of Oxford, probably in 1752. The Prince had confided to Clancarty the English Jacobites' desire that he would put away Miss Walkinshaw. "The Prince, swearing, said he would not put away a cat to please such fellows"; but, as Lord Clancarty never opened his mouth without a curse, his evidence is not valuable. On March 8, hearing that Loch Garry was in the neighbourhood, Clancarty called him a "thief and a cow-stealer," and bade the footman lock up the plate. The brave Loch Garry, however, came to dinner, as being unaware of his Lordship's sentiments. Loch Garry it was who offered to lie in wait for the Duke of Cumberland, after Culloden, and shoot him between Fort William and Fort Augustus, which the Prince forbade. Loch Garry remained loyal to his death. There is a curious legend to the effect that when his son went over to sue for a pardon, the old chief threw his dirk after him, imprecating a curse on the house of Loch Garry while any of his name held it under a Hanoverian king. Consequently the house of Loch Garry remained in the possession of a noisy rapping spirit, till, in despair, the owners pulled it down.*

Enough of the elegant conversation of this one-eyed, slovenly Irish nobleman,

whom we presently find passing his Christmas with Prince Charles. Mr. Macallester now made two new friends, the adventurous Dumont and a Mr. Lewis. In July 1757, Lewis and Macallester went to Paris and were much with Lord Clare (de Thomond). In December, Lord Clancarty came hunting for our spy, "raging like a madman," after Macallester, much to that hero's discomposure, for, being as silly as he was base, he had let out the secret of his "Clancarty Elegant Extracts." His Lordship, in fact, accused Macallester of showing all his letters to Lord Clare, whom Clancarty hated. He then gave Macallester the lie, and next apologised; in fact, he behaved like Sir Francis Clavering. Before publishing his book, Macallester tried to "blackmail" Clancarty: "His Lordship is now secretly and fully advertised that this matter is going to the press," and it was matter to make the Irish peer uncomfortable in France, where he had consistently reviled the King.

It is probable that Macallester was now engaged in the French Secret Police. At all events, on March 31, 1758, he received a letter from one Buhot, in that service, who took him to Bertin, then Lieutenant-General of the force. He was presently put on an extraordinary task, and invited to be at Versailles on Sunday, whither Bertin always carried his week's budget of business. Macallester was now presented to one Trefraville, and warned, as he had been before, of the necessity of secrecy. After many mysterious dealings, he was sent to La Rochelle, and thence, after some stay in that town, to Paris, receiving six hundred livres. But the meaning of this expedition he never discovered. Some weeks later, Buhot came to him, in the gardens of the Luxembourg, and asked if he knew one Hamilton, a priest. He did not; but, in November, 1758, Buhot sent for him again, and bade him bring clothes for a trip into the country. About two miles from Paris they stopped, in this pleasure tour, at a noble but deserted palace, named Bicêtre, of which the guileless Macallester had never heard any mention

* The tale is given in Mr. Mackenzie's "History of the Macdonalds."

made. The nature of the establishment was explained to him; it was a lunatic asylum, and "you may go in there, perhaps, for a little while, to talk to one of the inmates on an affair which I shall mention to you." So, in brief, Macallester was soon under lock and key. His depression was increased by "a most overcoming, uncommon, and extraordinary smell, such as I never perceived in all my life," pervading the interior of the noble but deserted palace. He also learned from the jailer that he was himself committed as a prisoner by the name of Philip Grandville, and we may, perhaps, pity a gentleman of Ireland, whose family boasted of high antiquity, when he finds himself in a situation so devoid of agreeable promise. Locked up in his cell, Macallester opened a piece of paper given him by Buhot at parting. This note contained

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MR. MACALLESTER.

"The person who is to be studied speaks often of Jesuits, and notably of Father Florian it is necessary to discover adroitly where he lives, and in what convent."

Mr. Macallester's honourable office, then, was that of a *mouton*, or gaol-spy; he was to worm information out of a fellow-prisoner. If he succeeded, he was likely to be assassinated by Jesuits, or locked up for life by the French Police, lest he should reveal his secret discoveries. There were conveniences for such locking-up, as *Galbanon* was no further away than across the yard, and in *Galbanon* men were kept chained till they were fleeced over in their own white hair, like Menzel, the Saxon Foreign Office clerk, who sold despatches to Frederick the Great. *Galbanon* was pretty full at the moment, and satirists who rhymed against Madame de Pompadour lay there, in filth and chains, twenty feet under ground. Still, there was ample room for another prisoner, and what if he should be an Irish gentleman of old family!

Next night, a tall, fierce fellow, in wooden shoes, and in the brown uniform of the gaol, was kicked into Macallester's presence, obviously suffering great pain. He was locked up in a bare, cold cell, opening out of our hero's room, and therein he sang Latin anthems to a late hour, repeating the same exercise very early in the morning. Next day, he opened a conversation in English with Macallester, observing that he spoke many languages, among others Greek and Hebrew. He had been captured first at Fontainebleau, had escaped from prison, been retaken, and had hurt himself terribly. His body looked as if it had been torn by dogs. The wounds were caused by a fall during an attempt to escape, in which his friend, Father Fleurian, he said, had been successful. Macallester wrote an account of his talk, but did not believe that Fleurian had really got clean away. Hamilton's "confessions," recorded by Macallester, were a tissue of nonsense. He had been sent, he declared, to assassinate Prince Charles; or, at least, Prince Charles accused him of this intention. Finally, he fully admitted that he had been bribed to commit the crime, by money down, and the offer of a Bishoprick! What interest the Jesuits had in killing Charles (at that moment secretly a Protestant) is not obvious. There were many tales of such plots, true or false, but England had hitherto been regarded as the perfidious employer of the pistol or dagger. Macallester himself moralises on the untrustworthiness of all such declarations as Father Hamilton's. As for Hamilton (his real name was Vlieghe), "his person and figure were bold, strong, and engaging; he was very learned; had a memory beyond belief or human imagination; he spoke several languages fluently, from all which flowed a powerful elocution; and with all this he seemed to be of great vivacity and activity, quick in his conceptions, with an undaunted courage and intrepidity." When his examination was ended, Hamilton implored, with tears, that he might be executed rather than sent back to the awful *Galbanon*. Back

he was carried, however, almost before Macallester left Bicêtre.

What meant all this mystery of iniquity, or is Macallester merely romancing? We shall never know the truth, but, as time went on, and Macallester was not paid for his disgusting services, he took it into his wise head that "The Young Pretender" was at the bottom of the business. Hamilton was originally arrested just before Damiens' attempt on Louis XV. Macallester supposes that these two affairs of Hamilton and Damiens induced the French Court to take up Charles Edward's cause, and, at the same time, to attack the Society of Jesus. In Charles's cause, they schemed an invasion in 1759; the Jesuits they expelled somewhat later. In all this there is no more truth than the fact that Prince Charles was to have been with the invading force of 1759. This we know from the information of the really valuable Jacobite spy in the English service, and we may also gather it from the letters of Andrew Lumisden, secretary to the Old Chevalier.*

For the purpose of the invasion of 1759, Dumont (who, as we saw, rescued Sullivan in the Highlands) was commissioned to make a secret study of the English coast. Sullivan got a command in the invading force, and Prince Charles, after "damning the Marshal's old boots" (the boots of the Maréchal de Belleisle, "always stuffed full of projects"), went to Brest in disguise. Even Sullivan was not in his confidence, which was now reserved for Alexander Murray, Lord Elibank's brother. This gentleman concocted "the great affair" of kidnapping George II. in 1752-1753. He was now in much favour with the Old Chevalier, and was created Earl of Westminster. Macallester says that Mr. Murray was given to cheating at cards, and was detested by all the Scotch. This is only

* In Mr. Denmstoun's "Life of Sir Robert Strange." ii. 187, 188.

one of Macallester's fables, probably. Mr. Murray was assuredly on very good terms with Lord Airlie.†

But with Mr. Macallester Mr. Murray was on terms the reverse of good; hence, doubtless, these tales about gambling. As for poor Sullivan, he was rather under a cloud, as he was accused of having been Miss Walkinshaw's lover before she joined the Prince. Here Macallester tells a long, dull tale, on the evidence of Gilshenagh, the butler, about the Prince's being detected while *incognito* by a woman who looked after Miss Walkinshaw's daughter, later created Duchess of Albany. This woman once accidentally saw Charles, who seldom stirred out except after dark, and who was then living over a butcher's shop in the Rue de la Boucherie, Faubourg St. Germain. She knew him as the gentleman who every Sunday went to mass at the Cordeliers, where a little chapel, with iron railings, was reserved for him. So much for his secret Protestantism! Charles, finding that he was discovered, withdrew by night to other quarters, so fugitive and secret was his existence before the attempt of 1759. The invasion was ruined by Hawke's defeat of the French fleet. "Hawke did bang Monsieur Conflans," as the sailors chanted, in Quiberon Bay. Consequently there was no descent on the West Highland coast, and Thurot merely fidgetted about Islay and on the shores at Carrickfergus.

All through 1760, Macallester was dunning the French Police for his fee in the affair of examining Hamilton. At the same time (he says) a new invasion of the English South Coast was being planned, and Charles himself went over occasionally to England to examine the shores and places fit for a landing. Dumont was sent for to Versailles to present his charts and notes to the Ministry, and with Dumont, Macallester

† See Letters of 1763, in the Laing Collection of MSS. in Edinburgh University.

would often sit drinking. Over the third bottle Dumont promised to show Macallester some curious papers, and he did, in fact, lend him his charts and reports. Macallester now conceived that "Providence had some special blessing in store for him"; he determined to copy the papers and sell them to England for £2000 a year and a large sum of ready money. He felt that his Jacobitism had really been an obsolete superstition. "I was now a proselyte, a proselyte upon conviction." His fancy heard King George exclaim, "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and, in brief, he thought that he was in a very good thing. In point of fact, the documents were not worth twopence: they contained only a few notes as to the lie of the land and the depth of the water at Shoreham and Newhaven. In conversation, Dumont added that the attack was to be in the winter of 1762, that seven or eight hours would suffice for the transit, that flat-bottomed boats, once landed, would form a battery, and so forth. The Prince himself had just returned from England, after visiting the coast, in a Dutch yacht, and his worst enemies may admit that Charles was, at least, a person of untiring energy. Unluckily, his valet, Stuart, "hunting in Paris for Miss Walkinshaw" (who had fled from Charles to a cloister), became aware of Macallester's intimacy with Dumont, and that source of information was promptly closed. Mr. Macallester had gone about saying that the Prince's friend, Alexander Murray, deserved to be caned. This came to the Prince's ears; "as a man he ought to have applauded, if he had an atom of either honesty or honour in his heart or soul." But, "overflowing as he was with tyranny," the Prince did not applaud Mr. Macallester's censures on his friend. A few days later, indeed, Mr. Macallester was waited on by "a gentlemanlike man, dressed in black," who requested his company to Fort l'Evêque, near the Pont Neuf. Here Mr. Macallester was locked up, nor was he released till February 1762. The charge was one of corresponding with England, a

baseless accusation, on which he utters ethical reflections, concluding that the Young Pretender is an assassin rather worse than Damiens. As Mr. Macallester, by his own confession, was about to do the very thing of which he was accused, as he was only stopped by the term of imprisonment (four months), as he was a double-dyed scoundrel and traitor, his unfeigned indignation is a very pretty spectacle to the contemplative moralist.

We now find Macallester retired from France, and plaguing Sir Joseph Yorke, the English Minister at The Hague. He will sell his information for £20,000 and £2000 a year. He offers to show that Charles "has had early intelligence of matters that could only come to him from persons near the throne of England." He "havers," of course, at great length about his own adventures. Sir Joseph, in reply, said that he had no interest in Mr. Macallester's private history. If Mr. Macallester has anything to say, he may write it. Finally, he made some impression on Yorke, and was sent over to England, where he gave up his papers, and was assured, by Lord Bute, of a liberal reward.

But Mr. Macallester never got anything, and he occupies forty-five quarto pages in telling us this gratifying fact. Once only, outside of his own two quarto volumes, so beautifully printed, do I catch a fleeting view of Mr. Macallester. He talks of seeing, at Lord Bute's office, Mr. W--- and Mr. G---. Mr. G--- was probably Mr. Grenville. In a letter of Edward Sedgwick to Edward Weston ("Mr. W---"), Feb. 18, 1764, we find this: "By my Lord's [Bute's] desire, and in consequence of the encouragement you give me, I trouble you with the petition of a Mr. Macallester, who says you are well acquainted with his case and mentions you in it. My Lord wishes to know whether he really deserves more than has been done for

him, and, if so, what would be reasonable reward.”*

Nothing, he tells us, had been “done for” Mr. Macallester. His expenses had been paid for a few weeks, that was all. Once more he had done the devil’s work without the devil’s wages. How did he manage to print his Revelations with so much luxury of type and paper?

Fancy beholds this Irish gentleman of ancient family pining in the Prison of the Fleet, a button-holder and a bore, dreaded by his fellow victims for the prolixity of his narratives, yet nobly consoled by the reflection that he had rescued his country from Popery, wooden shoes, slavery, and the Young Pretender.

* “Historical MSS. Commission,” x. 1.; Appendix, p. 362.