

shortness of all things of time here on earth, as compared with eternity, must surely, under such conviction, be nearly, if not altogether, relieved from much mental suffering, and enabled to depart in comparative peace, and even with hope and joy and confidence in the goodness of God.

" That this account of my dream may occasionally soothe and cheer the anxious spirits of persons so circumstanced, I humbly hope and fervently pray.

" Amicus."

CHAPTER XII.

ITZGIBBON was never idle. His old energy and anxiety to be of use to someone—to do what little good might be within his power--- never flagged. He read all the papers with avidity, making notes of interesting items, clipping paragraphs containing information suitable for the acceptance of some of his youthful correspondents among his nephews and friends ; occasionally, where a reminiscence of his own was *apropos*, replying to or writing articles for the press, military matters especially attracting his attention.

The following is, perhaps, as apt an illustration of this interest and the " grist he sent to the mill " as anything among his papers :

" MONDAY, *November 22nd*, 1852.

" SIR,—In the supplement to the *Weekly Despatch* of yesterday, I have just read the following words : And never let us forget to honor and care for the humblest soldier who has done his part of the great task in the faithful spirit of his chief. The individual honors cannot be his, and he knows it. He is proud to see decorations on the breasts of his officers, they are tributes to his valor; his bayonet helped ' to win them ; his discipline, his firmness held the ground ; his energy was in the last decisive charge.' I cannot withhold from you the statement of a simple

fact which, I think, beautifully illustrates the truth of your hypothesis.

" The battle of Queenston, in Upper Canada, was fought on the 13th of October, 1812. Captain Dennis, of the Grenadier Company of the 49th Regiment, commanded the post at the beginning of the battle, and for about an hour afterwards. Major-General Brock arrived from Niagara, and was killed, and Captain Dennis was wounded, but he still kept' the field. The invaders were all killed or taken prisoners ; among the latter was Lieut.-Colonel Scott, the present Commander-in-Chief of the American Army.

" In three months after, a general order was read at the head of that grenadier company, which promoted Captain Dennis to the brevet of Major.

" On the company being dismissed, one of the soldiers tossed his musket high above his head, and cried aloud, ' Hurrah, boys, we have done something for the old Roman at last !'

" That Captain Dennis is the present Major-General Sir James B. Dennis. Because of his zeal and his daring in battle, his soldiers usually called him ' the old Roman '

" The tribute you have paid to the memory of the Duke and to the army, and especially to the privates of that army, is most gratifying to me, having been once a private soldier myself, and I am most grateful to you for it. I wish every soldier in the army had a copy of it. The study of it would add to his just pride, would increase his devotion to the service and nerve his hand in the day of battle.

" May I request of you to give this effusion a place in a future number of your journal.

," I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

" AN OLD GRENADIER OF THE LAST CENTURY."

The mention of an old comrade would again lead to a renewal of intercourse or letter of enquiry.

The following is a reply so 'evidently characteristic that we give it. The top of the page has unfortunately been mutilated by some enthusiastic collector of crests for the impression of the coat of arms :

" I am, indeed, my dear sir, the same Tom Mansel who shared with yourself the glory of victory at Nelson's ever-memorable battle of Copenhagen, but certainly not possessing the youthful bearing which then animated my aspiring spirit, as both body and mind are fearfully, in the present stage of progressive old age, fast approaching the lee-shore of beam-end position, yet I endeavor to preserve an even keel as long as remains a shot in the locker to keep off the *ennui* of natural infirmities. As I intend, in the course of a short time, to clinch the tow-rope of pleasure by hailing your snugger at Windsor Castle, I therefore cut my pen yarn short, and will spin one as long as the main top bowling when we meet to talk in good earnest, and fight our battles of glorious record o'er and o'er again.

" Believe me to be,

" My old comrade and friend,

" Yours very faithfully,

" Tom MANSEL

" P.S.—If you happen to visit the gallant Naval Knights of Windsor, will you kindly convey my royal mast-high regards to Lieut. Henslow, who served under my command some years gone by ; a gentlemanly, exemplary officer thus I held him in estimation, and no mistake,"

His correspondence with George Combe led to an enthusiastic study of phrenology. He was a firm advocate and believer in the science, and in many of his letters speaks highly of its influence for greater contentment and increase of hope in the future improvement and development of good in humanity.

He was also a great reader, and many of his letters of this date contain his opinions and impressions of the books he was at the time perusing. In July, 1857, during the mutiny in India, he refers to the life of Sir Charles Napier as "the most exciting work I have ever read."

He understood the antagonism of the directors of the East India Company to Sir Charles Napier's measures. Sir Charles' difficulties were a more extensive reproduction of his own in Canada prior to the rebellion. He believed that had Sir Charles "been duly supported, the present mutiny would never have occurred. For years he had warned the Indian Government of their danger. He had prevented mutinies, and pointed out clearly how to govern all safely and well, but as his counsel involved changes in the civil departments, which affected the vast abuses -of patronage, he was treated as an intolerable nuisance, and driven from the country.

"Were it not for the destruction and ruin consequent upon this mutiny, I would rejoice at it. Never have men so well deserved disaster and punishment as these directors."

He paid one or two visits to Dublin before the year

1855, but though he made many plans and promises to repeat them later—promises which he was, however, careful to speak of as "conditional only"—he was unable to fulfil them. He valued and loved his sister-in-law (wife of his brother Gerald) highly, and his letters are full of kindly, grateful reminiscences of her hospitality and affection for him. It is to her care of his correspondence we are chiefly indebted for the details necessary for the last chapter of our veteran's life.

The night schools and classes established in the town of Windsor were also of great interest to Fitz-Gibbon. He frequently addressed the boys, and while entertaining them with graphically depicted accounts of incidents in his own experience, anecdotes of men and soldiers he had known, he drove home many a lesson and maxim of value. He never lost an opportunity of impressing upon them the desirability of cultivating truth, sobriety, courtesy and kindness to the least of God's creatures. He noted everyday incidents in the streets, trifles which others passed by unheeded, and turned them to account in his friendly talks with the boys.

He was always ready to drill a score of ragamuffins, and halfpennies never stayed long in his pockets when others' need seemed to demand their expenditure..

During the last few years of his life, while still able to go up to town for the day, it became necessary to see that he had a return ticket on the railway ;

otherwise his soft heart for a hungry lad or sympathy for a doleful tale of want would have left him without the means to pay his fare back.

He was repeatedly called upon by the Dean to act as trustee for the widow or orphan daughter of a deceased brother knight, or for advice and assistance in preparing pension papers and arranging their affairs.

Although he corresponded with many friends in Canada during these first few years of his life at Windsor, none of his letters has come within my reach except the following to the late Mr. Walter Mackenzie, of Castle Frank, Toronto. He had been one of Fitz-Gibbon's rifle corps organized previous to the rebellion of 1837, and ever remained one of his most devoted friends and admirers. In this letter a strong love for Canada is expressed, and one cannot but regret that his version of the history of the war of 1812 was not written for the benefit of those now so deeply interested in that little known period of Canadian history.

"LOWER WARD,

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *May* 10th, 1855.

" MY DEAR MR. MACKENZ[E,—I must begin this answer to your interesting letter of the 14th ultimo, by making an admission, or more properly a confession, that I really am unequal to making it an adequate return to your epistle. Your idea that the 'Celt being especially distinguishable from the Saxon by retaining the fire of youth amid the snows of winter's age,' is no longer fairly to be entertained by

me. It is true that my physical condition is now far better than ever hitherto I could have hoped for. I can jump and dance with as light and elastic a bound as at any period during the last forty years, and certainly more so than during any period of the last ten years. But I cannot say so much for the mental energy. Would that I could guide, aid or forward in any way your efforts in the cause of Canadian advancement, either historically, politically or socially.

' In fact, my desire is so strong in this direction that it requires an effort to make me refrain from making you an offer of help wherever you may think I could render it. But in justice to you I dare not. The only way in which I can concoct anything like an adequate answer to yours is to go over it paragraph by paragraph and say something to each.

" Should Dr. Widmer not have left Toronto before you receive this, pray charge him from me to come to Windsor, which he can do in less than an hour by rail, or if he cannot from any cause, that he will write me to come to him. I think the meeting would make us both a year younger.

" Our ' tilt' with the Dean and Canons is now fully in the lists before the Chancellor. Whether we, like the slender Ivanhoe, shall roll their Reverences in the dust, as he rolled the brawny Bois de Guilbert, time alone can tell. Your letter shows me that we have the good wishes of one honest heart. The gentlemen of the long robe are now actively employed in preparing questions and answers, replies and rejoinders, and all the usual prolonged fence of such gladiators. The last note to me, as chairman of the Knights' Committee, from our chief champion, is very encouraging. Still I will not indulge in much hope, and I am pursuing my own course without any reference to aid from that quarter. If it come, *tant mieux*.

" For the honor and prosperity of old England, I grieve to see its clergy so grasping and avaricious. No class of this nation is doing so much injury to the public mind, and it pains me to learn that a like spirit is manifesting itself in your thriving province.

" I have not a copy left of the letter you mention. I believe it was the substance of a paper I wrote at the request of Lord Seaton, in 1849, and which I had soon after printed in London. I have been sometimes urged to give my version of the war of 1812, but I could not reconcile myself to do so ; because, if I did, I could not refrain from telling all the truth, and this would expose to public blame, if not shame, some I would fain not wound. But at this long distance of time I might say much without reluctance which then I would decline. Therefore, should you ever enter upon a sketch of Canadian chronicles, and would call on me for an account of any single occurrence or series of events known to me, I could give you detached sketches, some of which may help to fill up or amplify a narrative for you.

" It is interesting to me to learn that you went to Sir Francis Head, with Judge McLean, to urge him to attack the rebels on Tuesday morning, because I also went to him soon after sunrise and entreated of him to give me three hundred out of the five hundred then armed in the Market Square, and with the only 6-pounder then brought from the garrison, I promised in two hours to disperse the rebels. - His hurried answer was, ' Oh, no, sir, I will not fight them on their ground ; they must fight me on mine.' I could not help mentally exclaiming, What an old woman I have here to deal with (Perhaps you have a copy of a pamphlet which I had printed and published in Montreal in 1847, *An Appeal to the People of Upper Canada* ;' if you have not, pray

obtain one if you can ; I suppose Rowsell may yet have some unsold.) At that moment I considered it of the highest importance to disperse them with the least possible delay, that the news of their defeat should accompany, if not precede, the news of the outbreak, and thereby paralyze and confound all other disloyal men in the Province before they could act in concert ; and had the rebels the presence of mind and the daring which their first steps indicated, the Upper Province might have fallen under their power. The steps taken by you and me and our other few friends, such as the shooting of Anderson by Powell and the ringing of the city bells on Monday night, gave the first check.

" As to the Navy Island campaign, it was disgraceful to us. The rebels and sympathizers were on the island like rats in a trap, and the moment the detachment of the 24th joined at Chippewa, an attack should have been made. Elmsley had boats enough, and a descent upon the island was easy and certain to succeed. But there was no will and therefore no way. So far from thinking you not the fit person to record the events of that outbreak, I know no man who knows more of its details, or observed them with so earnest a zeal and spirit as you did—no, not one.

" And here I must break off to attend the summons of Margaret to tea—as you broke off to attend the summons to tax costs.'

" What you say as to your lack of love for your profession brings vividly to my remembrance the case of the only son of old Col. James Green, long secretary to Lieut.-General Peter Hunter, once Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada. He desired above all things to go into the army, but his father sent him to Oxford, to be educated for the Bar. He was called to the Bar in Lower Canada, and took up his post,

not of exercise, but of practice, in Three Rivers. The headquarters of the 49th were then there, in 1810, and young Green told me that when in Portsmouth, England, on his return to Canada, he was on the point of enlisting as a private soldier, which, however, he did not, but returned to Canada. We invited him to become an honorary member of our Mess, where I became most intimate with him. His life became a most unhappy one, and although he became Clerk of the Peace at Quebec, he died early, as I believe, of something like a broken heart. He was a high-minded, noble and generous young man. (Mrs. Grasett is his daughter, or other relative of his.)

"But surrounded by such 'specimens of humanity' as you mention, you must cultivate cheerfulness, self-confidence and perseverance for their sakes, and not sink, nor even bend, beneath the burden of mortified feelings or disappointed hopes. For Mrs. Mackenzie's sake and their sakes, cheer up and cherish a manly pride and a lofty resolution to meet and surmount every obstacle to a final success and independence.

"I would gladly see you employ such spare time as you can command in literary exercises which may be most agreeable to you. I dream of preparing some essays for the guidance of the young in Canada in the exercise of their social and political duties, adding now and then a few hints on the parable of the Good Samaritan, with special reference to my discordant countrymen, the Orangemen, and their adversaries, the Romanists, who mutually dishonor our common Christianity by their almost total want of the great Christian virtue, charity. From time to time I fear much for the future harmony and prosperity of Canada.

"But I find my firmness of purpose becoming, day by day, less firm, or rather more feeble. It just

occurs to me that if I were near you I would give you leave to exercise authority over me, which, if sternly exercised by you, might produce some fruit ; for I really have the needful health and physical strength, and lack only the strong will to bring all into active operation.

"The first *Anglo American* magazine you sent me, and the only one I have received, I lent to the Earl of Albemarle and have not received it back. As chairman of the Committee of the Military Knights of Windsor, I have been in correspondence with his Lordship for some months, he being our advocate in the House of Lords. On seeing the appointment of Lord Bury to an office in Canada, I have from time to time sent to the Earl Canadian papers of various descriptions, finding they are acceptable to him and to other individuals of the family.

"You say, 'Last week I sent you one containing a second article on the same subject, which I took complimentary but somewhat mistaken notice of,' but this I have not received. I fear that all things sent by post are not surely delivered. Occasionally I send newspapers to Canada, and know not if they ever reach. I cannot enter into a correspondence to ascertain if they do. Last week I sent you a *Times*, and occasionally I may obtain one to send you hereafter, though uncertain if they ever reach you. But the Provincial papers, no doubt, republish all, or nearly all, that can interest you Provincials.

"I cannot think of offering you any comment on the thousand and one errors and blunders of our great men here. The public prints say much more than any private correspondent possibly could ; to them, therefore, I must refer you. In November I was on the point of addressing a letter to the *Times*, giving sage counsel to Lord Raglan. (What presumption ! !)

The letter which I thought of writing, I was sure the *Times* would not publish. Nevertheless, I am since sorry I did not then write it, as it would have actually foreshadowed almost every evil which has since been inflicted on that doomed (as it then appeared to me) army. I, who witnessed three campaigns in the winters of Canada, might well foresee the horrors in store for those gallant fellows. But the horrors have been so patiently, so heroically borne, that the soldiers of that army have added a new and beautiful ray of glory to the character of the British arms, or I should rather say, to the character of the British soldier. I consider this result as almost an equivalent for those losses and disasters—and the like, I say, of the insane charge at Balaclava, ordered by Lord Lucan. The men who made that charge have earned a place for themselves in history above that of any of their predecessors. These two examples will bring forth good fruit in due season.

" The Roebuck Committee's report will be printed by order of the House, and, I suppose, sold as usual. I will, if I can, procure a copy for you.

" You talk of blind and brainless men. Query : Have we any other now, after forty years of systematic exclusion of all talent, as such, or if any one of the favored class did possess natural talent, had he any encouragement to cultivate his talent ? Or would he not have exposed himself to ridicule had he seriously attempted it ? Now, however, we are on the eve of changes which as yet cannot be clearly seen.

" Being now old, and no more work in me, I often imagine myself as if standing on the WI) of the flag-staff on the Round Tower of this castle, and surveying all the passing displays of folly and wisdom exhibiting

on the surface of this globe of ours, and sapiently commenting thereon. I often wish to record my imaginary comments, but it is too late in the day. Of the views and objects of the Royalists, the Aristocrats and the Democrats in Europe, I entertain opinions which I believe to be clear and well founded, but to detail them would be too much for me to write, and perhaps for you to read. But I am convinced that the period is approaching when Napoleon's saying at St. Helena will be verified, that "in fifty years Europe will be Republic or Cossack," and I think the danger is greater of its becoming Cossack than Republic. The despots everywhere are armed and well prepared to pounce upon the first uprising of any of the peoples, who are everywhere isolated and, as it were, prostrate. I sometimes exclaim, ' Thank God, I have Canada to fall back upon.' Its future seems to me more full of promise than that of any other section of the human family. I long to be among you. I think I could make my pen useful to you all, but this hope is not a very strong one.

" Tell Mrs. Mackenzie that if I go to Chatham, I will call upon Al ajor Durk. But this is not likely, unless I can obtain more money from the Dean and Canons ; for I have reserved to myself only the bare means of subsistence, and have appropriated all else towards paying off my remaining debts. How cruel of this heartless Government to stand between me and the grant of land three times voted for me by the two Houses of the Upper Canada Parliament ! And yet they assented to the Rebels' Losses Bill, and voted to Papineau \$4,500 which he had forfeited by his acknowledged rebellion. I sometimes lose my patience and my temper. God bless you and yours.

J. F.G.

Although the letter to the *Times* of which FitzGibbon speaks was not written, the following extract from one to his nephew Gerald, of a later date, may be interesting as a soldier's opinion on the cause of some of the disasters in the Crimea. The letter is dated Monday evening, 5th February, only, but from the context we may conclude the year to have been 1856.

" My indignation against those who have caused so many unnecessary evils to our army in the Crimea was boiling over when I wrote my last note to you, and I therefore forgot your request as to the Toronto magazine. It was then lent, and has not yet been returned to me, but when I receive it back I will send it to you by post. The charge will be sixpence only.

" From all I have now read, I am confirmed in my opinion that those evils have been chiefly caused by the want of a good road from Balaclava to the camp. The want of that road I ascribe chiefly to Sir John Burgoyne, the commanding engineer there. Next to him I would blame Lord Raglan himself, who should early have foreseen the necessity for such a road. I consider that every officer on his staff, certainly the Quartermaster-General, Lord de Ros, and every general belonging to that army, as most shamefully wanting in military skill and foresight. They were there for weeks before the bad weather set in, during which time I wonder the want of a winter road does not appear to have occurred to them ; or if it occurred to the juniors, they, perhaps, had not courage to offer an opinion to a senior. For many of our commanders I have known to have met such advice, or even sugges-

tion, with a contemptuous repulse. General de Rotenburg gave for answer to a suggestion offered to him by an excellent officer in Canada, in 1813: ' Colonel Nichol, when I want your advice I will ask you for it.' Yet if the colonel's suggestion had been acted upon, Buffalo would have been taken during the following week, and all the stores for the approaching campaign captured or destroyed, which would have made it impossible for the Americans to invade the Province that summer. They, however, did invade it, and we lost Fort George and the lives of many hundreds of our officers and soldiers, together with many valuable stores and much provision.

"I rejoice that the French army is side by side with ours, thus to prove, beyond all doubt or denial, our shameful mismanagement, which would be stoutly and insolently denied were our army acting alone, for it would be impudently said that such evils were inevitable."

His knowledge of Canada and Canadian life brought many to him for information or letters of introduction for themselves or friends about to emigrate. All sorts and conditions of men came to him ; some he could put off with his card to be exhibited in Canada, but the majority requiring more particular attention, occupied much of his time and increased his correspondence extensively.

The following letter, addressed to Mr. Stayner, Post Office Inspector of Upper Canada, and sent to the care of FitzGibbon's eldest son, is a specimen of the many kindly letters of introduction he wrote to old friends in Canada in behalf of parties in whom he was interested :

" 9 LOWER WARD,

" WINDSOR CASTLE, *Sept.* 24th, 1859.

" MY DEAR SIR,—I can hardly expect that you can recall me to your memory, for I never had the honor of an intimate acquaintance with you. I first saw you in Montreal in 1807 or '08, when you married the daughter of Mr. Sutherland, with whom I was then acquainted. I was then the Adjutant of the 49th Regiment.

" I am now impelled to address you in behalf of a young gentleman (son of one of the Military Knights of Windsor, Capt. Douglas, a neighbor of mine) who has ventured to identify his fortunes with the Province of Canada, and is now employed in the Provincial post office at Toronto. The Hon. W. H. Merritt, of Upper Canada, spent a day with me here this week, of whom I enquired if you were yet at the head of that department in Canada, and he thought you were, as he had recently seen you.

"Capt. Douglas is now an old man, as all these Military Knights are. He has three daughters here with him. At his death I fear these three young ladies will be wholly unprovided for. They have two brothers. One is employed in the Post Office Department here in England, usually in taking charge of the mails to Alexandria and other ports in the Mediterranean. His conduct has given so much satisfaction that he has recently been promoted in the Department. This brother remits to his sisters all he can possibly spare from his income. That his brother in Canada is equally desirous of aiding them I entirely believe.

" The interest I take in these young ladies impels me to address you ; they are intimate with my two nieces who reside with me and keep house for me,

and I am therefore acquainted with the particulars which I thus communicate.

" Should the brother in Canada be really deserving of your favorable consideration, may I venture to bring him to your notice, in the anxious hope that he may be soon enabled to contribute his share to the support of these excellent girls.

" The only apology I can offer for thus trespassing upon your benevolent attention is my desire ' to do good to my neighbor ; ' and my impression of you makes me believe that my appeal will not be unacceptable, but rather the contrary, if you can depend upon my judgment and discretion in making this statement. And I venture to hope that the recollections of those days, and of the 49th Regiment, will be pleasing to you, especially of the family of the late Dr. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, who were intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland.

" Do not take the trouble of acknowledging the receipt of this letter. I write it in the hope that you are yet at the head of the Department in Canada, and that it may possibly be in your power to advance this young man should his good conduct deserve your patronage.

" Should Mrs. Stayner be yet alive to bless you, pray offer my kind remembrances, for I well remember her while she was at school.

" Very truly, my dear Sir, yours,

" JAMES FITZGIBBON."

This kindly letter was never delivered. Mr. Stayner had been succeeded by Mr. John Dewe, and he being a more intimate friend, and the letter being unsealed, its contents were conveyed to him verbally.

In the postscript to the letter to his son, FitzGibbon says :

" Since writing the foregoing I have looked over a Canadian almanac, and see that Mr. Dewe is Inspector of the Department in Toronto. He called on me here a few days ago in company with Mr. Van-koughnet, of Toronto. I knew him in Kingston formerly, and I feel confident he would willingly oblige me. Show him my letter to Mr. Stayner, and I think you had better follow his advice in regard to young Douglas.. He may be able to do more for him than anyone else."

FitzGibbon's energetic service did not stop here. A short time before his appointment a question had been raised by the knights over the appropriation of the revenues from which their pensions were paid.

Few among them had influential friends who cared to exert themselves in their behalf. They could only bemoan their wrongs and condole with each other over the iniquity of those who had deprived them of their just rights, the supineness of those who had benefited by it, and the coldness of the Government that could not be moved to take any action in the matter. They were literally " poor knights," although the march of manners had altered the title to "Military and Naval Knights," and were proving the worldly wise maxim that " those who cannot command friends at Court, find it hard to obtain them by begging."

But FitzGibbon was not one to rest content under a wrong without making an effort to right it, especially



when he could thereby benefit others. Though poor in purse, he was rich in friends, in resource and ability. Fortunately for the success of his efforts, one of the next vacancies among the knights was filled by the appointment of Sir John Millais Doyle. Sir John was a man of family and position in the army. He seconded FitzGibbon's efforts, and brought many influential friends to bear upon the question. They worked together, and succeeded in making such a stir, both through the press and in Parliament, that the knights' cause was taken up and carried into Court.

The correspondence the case entailed fell principally on FitzGibbon. The business carried him frequently to London to interview those whose interest could further the settlement of the claim of the lawyers who had taken it under their charge.

Sir John Doyle knew little of business matters other than military, and he was willing enough to leave it to his more enthusiastically energetic friend. Lord Albemarle took a great interest in it, and friendly letters passed between him and FitzGibbon on the subject. The latter's letters to Dublin from the years 1851 to 1859 are full of the hopes and fears to which the various delays and law proceedings gave rise ; regret at the delay and the consequent deprivation as one or other of the knights, who had watched the case in anxious anticipation of an increase of income, passed away without receiving any benefit ; and of indignation at the slow progress, dilatoriness and law

quibbles resorted to in order to postpone the hearing. (See'Appendix XI.)

Sanguine expectations of obtaining redress, anticipations of an increase of from two to three hundred a year to the one shilling a day allowed, dwindled as the years passed and their cause was deferred from term to term ; and hope dying hard, they were thankful to accept the sixty pounds a year derived from the lapsed canonry finally allotted to them.

The sum varied according to the proceeds or revenue derived from the "new canonry," as it was called by the knights. In 1863, the amount they received only reached the sum of thirty pounds fourteen shillings.

In a letter dated January 19th, 1853, he says : " The knights' case before the Chancellor does not appear to make much progress. We are just told that the Dean and Canons are about to demur to the jurisdiction of that Court. Should the demurrer be allowed, I am told our case will be the stronger. But will it be the sooner terminated ? Time will tell, but it may be a long time. Procrastination is to these fat divines rich living; while to the lean old soldiers it is short commons. However, with the fins of the Dogger Bank codfish,* and the wings of the Windsor Park pheasants,f my larder can furnish more than one

* Sent FitzGibbon from Ramsgate by Major Plenderleath, a brother of his old friend and brother officer of the 49th.

f- A brace of pheasants sent annually *as a New Year's* gift to each Military Knight by H. R. Highness the Prince Consort.

sporting dinner. Thanks to the sinners rather than the saints—the cormorants."

On December 5th, 1856, he writes : " I send you a copy of a note from our solicitor, that you may see the progress making in our suit against the Dean and Canons here. I begin now to indulge hope a little ; but even if not successful, I will not be disappointed. Your father, who knows so much of ' the glorious uncertainty of the law,' will approve of the resolution. But if my income be increased, and I live to be out of debt, I fear I shall not then know how to ' demean myself ' in circumstances so entirely new to me."

The copy sent is but the usual lawyer's letter, reporting proceedings, and there being " every prospect of success attending our efforts."

This hopeful prospect was, however, not realized, and the disappointment felt by his clients was proportionately great. Sir John Doyle died without receiving any benefit from the lapsed canonry finally granted them, and FitzGibbon enjoyed it only for one year and a half. Small though the addition was, the knights owed it, certainly to some extent, to FitzGibbon's energy, perseverance and determination to do his best to succeed.

Other friends who were most instrumental in aiding him to force the case upon the attention of the authorities, were Colonel North, of Wroxham Abbey ; Sir Francis Doyle and General Read, M.P. for Windsor. Charles Grenfel, also M.P. for Windsor, was also one of the most active supporters of the claim, and FitzGibbon

was able to repay him in kind. When the representation of Windsor was being hotly contested by Mr. Grenfel and Lord Charles Wellesley in 1859, Fitz-Gibbon brought up the knights in a body to vote, and turned the poll in favor of the man who advocated his cause.

This was almost the last flash of the old energy and enterprise. The malady, a sort of epileptic or apoplectic seizure, which eventually caused his death, showed its first symptoms shortly after, and though he recovered from the first attack, he never regained the old strength. His grand constitution, a life of steady abstemiousness and healthy exercise, his steady perseverance and sanguine temperament, enabled him to rally after each successive attack with surprising vitality.

The knights' case ended, there was no longer any incentive to exertion, but he kept up a lively correspondence, his handwriting and diction showing few signs of decaying powers. When reading the papers now and then, the old fire flashed out in protest against injustice or pusillanimous fears.

The following letter, written after reading the report of a debate in the House of Commons, on the question of the rumored threatened invasion by the French, is an instance :

"August, 1860.

"SIR,—I have just read the communication addressed to you, signed "H," and published in the *Star* of this morning. I am in the eightieth year of my age, and too feeble to express at much length in writ:

ing the feelings excited in my mind by the perusal of that paper. **But** I cannot refrain from expressing myself as follows :

"I entered the army as a private soldier in the year 1798, and was placed on half pay as a captain on the reduction of the army in 1816. I have met the French repeatedly in action among the sand-hills of Holland in 1799, and other enemies of England in other countries for several years afterwards.

"I have ever looked with contempt upon batteries and breastworks in almost every position. I look upon fighting face to face as the true mode of trial for the British soldier. Batteries and other works of defence I have thought rather diminished the soldier's bravery.

"I consider it impossible for the French to land half a million of men in England, perhaps even half that number could not be brought over at one time. Have we not five millions capable of bearing arms ? Could we not in a few days bring together half a million of these to meet the French ? Would not our men be filled with indignation against any enemy who dared to insult us by such invasion ?

"I know that the French soldier advances to meet the British bayonet with more hesitation, I will not say trepidation, than he would advance to meet any other enemy. The British soldier rejoices in his bayonet. It does not require much skill or manoeuvring to bring an enemy at once to close quarters. We have only to rush upon an opposing line and decide the issue at once by a hand-to-hand encounter. No two lines have ever yet crossed bayonets in battle. I was often assured that it was done at the battle of Maida, but I did not believe it. Long after that battle, Sir James Kempt, who commanded our battalion making that charge, declared in my presence that the

bayonets did not cross. The French, while advancing, hesitated, and at last halted, turned round and ran away ; but they delayed too long in doing so ; the British rushed in, and laid upwards of three hundred of them on their faces with the bayonet. Very many years after, I repeated this to Commodore Sandham of the navy, who said to me : I am glad you mentioned this matter to me, for I was that morning a lieutenant in one of the ships which landed our force in the Bay of St. Euphemia, and witnessed the action from our decks. After the battle was over the men were re-embarked, together with many wounded French soldiers, and it was curious to see the wounded in the sick bay the following morning—all the French on their faces, being stabbed in the back ; while all the British lay on their backs, being shot in front by the volley which the French fired as they advanced to the charge.'

" Would that I could cry aloud in the ear of every Briton, calling upon him to hold in contempt all defensive works. An enemy must land upon an open beach. We must know of his coming many days before he can possibly come. We may, therefore, be to some extent prepared. Even though we be not at hand to meet him, telegraph and rail-cars can soon bring us upon him ; and then if we do not kill and capture his army, we deserve to be conquered and enslaved. But of the issue I have no doubt.

" I do not now hesitate to declare that no army from France will ever invade England. For it is manifest to me that no nation of 20,000,000 people can ever be overcome by any force which can possibly be brought from abroad. I am ashamed of the debates in the House of Commons upon the question of the projected defences. They fill me with indignation. Is it that those members are chiefly of the feeble

aristocracy, the plutocracy and dandyocracy, that they seek to defend our country by means of spade and pick-axe, rather than by strong hands, stout hearts and British bayonets ?

" It requires but little previous drill to qualify our yeomanry to fight the battle of the bayonet, and therefore I rejoice at the organization of our volunteers. Of these we may organize a number quite equal to the destruction of any invading force. Upon these our old men, our women and children, may look with confidence, with pride and affection, and they will never be disappointed.

" I pray of you to publish this, which may be called a rash effusion, but I write it with the fullest conviction.

" Your obedient servant,

" AN OLD SOLDIER, WHO DESPISES ALL FEAR

" OF INVASION."

FitzGibbon clung more closely to the fireside as the end approached, and seldom quitted the precincts of the Castle. He was always glad to see and chat with his old friends from Dublin, London and Canada, and many visited him. The old love for Canada returned with redoubled force ; the burden of all the latest letters is to be once more among the old scenes, and to be to his grandchildren what his grandfather had been to him. So strong was this longing that his medical attendant was consulted on the possibility of his being able to endure the voyage. But it was not to be. The soldier who had fought for Canada was not to find a grave within her borders.

During one of his many visits to the Castle, his nephew, Gerald FitzGibbon, induced him to have a photograph taken to send to the grandchildren he wished so much to see. It was sent with a loving message and apology for what he considered an "unsoldierly beard," but his hand had grown "too infirm to trust it with a razor." It is from this photograph that the frontispiece is taken.

He died at Windsor, on December 10th, 1863, and was laid to rest in the catacombs of St. George's, beside those he had loved and honored most among his fellow-knights.

Thus ended the life of one whose enthusiastic temperament and excitability led him often to run counter to the world's opinion, or the more coldly calculating worldly wisdom of his superiors, but whose fearless integrity and honest singleness of purpose carried him to the goal he sought ; one whose sole aim in life was to be an honest man, a simple soldier, to do his duty to his country, good to his neighbor, and walk humbly with his God.

FINIS.