

## The Books of Robert Grenville Wallace<sup>1</sup> by Peter McWilliam

*But, besides the Hindoo and Mahomedan population, there is a numerous class of subjects, called Half-casts, who require particular attention. They are excluded from the military and civil service, although many of them are men of talent and education. It may gratify pride, to consider their energies inferior to those of their fathers, because there is a shade of difference in their colour but man is everywhere essentially the same, and national superiority seems to be produced by artificial causes<sup>2</sup>.*

*. . . About 150 years ago, there lived in Sheetrim a descendant of the chiefs of Farney, named Baron McMahon. He was the grandfather of Hugh McMahon (Hughie Hugo) of Sheetrim who took an active part in Irish politics during the early days of the Land League. Lord Blayney offered McMahon £300 to consent to erase his name from the records of the estate but he refused. Blayney afraid that something might turn up resolved to put him out of the way. Blayney sent secret instructions to the Yeomen to be ready on a certain night. A tailor named Trayner was working late and heard the affair being discussed by two Yeomen at a place known as Betty's Corner, either at end of Muckno Street, Castleblayney, or near Billy Douglas', on Broad Road. After Yeomen left, Trayner got up out of his bed and, in his*



*stocking-soles ran from there to McMahon's, in Sheetrim, McMahon roused his followers – a few hundred. They loaded an old oak cannon and waited. Sent out scouts who discovered that Yeomen came to Cullyhanna and stabled their horses in the Chapel and proceeded to Cloghoge Lodge, then in possession of Major Wallace, (in McClean's) who was to lead them to McMahon's house. McMahon set out with his men for Cloghoge and found the Yeos feasting. Got his cannon in position before door and fired it,*

*smashing many windows and wounding several of the Yeos. Then, a volley from McMahon's men sent Yeos scampering for shelter. When daylight came, they retired from the district<sup>3</sup>.*

### Introduction

Robert Grenville Wallace was born in Dublin in about 1789. His father, John, a solicitor with offices in Dublin & Dundalk, may have been born in Rathcarbery, Loughgilly parish. Robert's mother, Emilia Hoar, died young and John remarried in 1793 to Jane Donaldson whose father, Joseph, had inherited Cloghoge Lodge in Creggan parish from his father, Alexander. John emigrated to America supposedly due to financial difficulties and remained there till about 1805. Robert was left with his grandparents near Newry. Later records show that he was educated in Maghernahaley school in Killevy parish<sup>4</sup>. About 1805, as a fifteen

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<sup>1</sup> 'Fifteen years in India' (TCD Library) and 'Forty Years in the World' in 3 volumes (National Library of Ireland, Call number, 9154 w 2) published in London in 1822 & 1825 respectively. Both of these books have been digitised and can be readily accessed and downloaded for free on the internet. Pdfs can also be found on the author's web-site: <http://www.treasureyourexceptions.com/wallace.html>

<sup>2</sup> Fifteen Years in India pp. 101

<sup>3</sup> From the 1798 Rebellion Bicentenary Commemorative Issue of the Journal of The Creggan Local History Society, pp. 33-34

<sup>4</sup> King's Inn admission papers: Wallace, Robert Grenville, sic, only son of John, Dublin, attorney, and Emilia Hoar, dec'd; over 16; ed Magernahailey; afft. father. E 1825

year old, he ran away to Dublin and stayed for a while with his maternal grandmother and her sister. These ladies could ill afford his keep and rather than return north he joined the army. As is frequently the way this seems to have been a spontaneous response to an opportunity - viz, meeting a recruiting officer.

He was immediately shipped to England, where because of his literacy he was employed as a clerk, in time obtaining promotion to pay-sergeant. Within a year he was posted to India where he stayed for 15 years. In 1819 encouraged by his father who offered to help support him and his young family he returned to Ireland. Relations with his father and stepmother deteriorated so in an attempt to support his family he wrote the two volumes of disguised autobiography referenced earlier using the name Charles Thoughtless as his alter ego.

This article will describe some of the highlights of these books detailing his life both in India and on his return Ireland. Sufficient contemporary documentation survives to confirm the essential accuracy of these works.

### **Fifteen Years in the World**

In the introduction to this book, Robert describes his time in India:

*(he) went out to India in the beginning of 1805, and returned in 1819. During that period it was his lot to traverse a great part of the peninsula, from the Ganges to the Indus. He landed at Madras, and saw part of the Carnatic, joined his regiment in Malabar, and served with it in Mysore and Travancore; after which his fortune led him to Bengal, and a few years afterwards to Bombay, where he was employed with the army in Guzerat which invaded Kutch-booge for the first time, marched through Kattywar, and destroyed the fastness of the pirates in Okamundel. His corps being then called to join the Poonah subsidiary force, and opportunity was afforded him of seeing a considerable part of the Deccan during the late Mahratta war. The impressions made upon his mind by the scenes which he beheld in India, are now, with deference, offered to the public.*

As well as descriptions of various campaigns and observations on life in India, there are some more personal details including his marriage and also a period when he left the army and worked for a period as a schoolteacher in Calcutta.

### **Marriage<sup>5</sup>**

*Charles, upon rising to the rank of pay-serjeant, had found his society courted by the European shopkeeper of Cannanore, who had an eye to the sale of heel balls, shirts, and nankeen for the use of the soldiers, and he was invited to a party at his house. . . .*

*"There, said Morris," are the ladies. That elderly dame is the deputy commissary's wife of Mangalore, and that young creature tripping by her side is an orphan whom she has educated, having no children of her own. . . ."The graceful form of the young female had fixed the attention of Charles, whose telescope gave her the appearance of an angel, and she was immediately surrounded by all the graces and loves that the warm imagination of boyhood confers on a pretty girl. She wore a turban, beneath which her dark tresses played upon a fine complexion, while the infant swell of a lovely bosom gave to her tripping step the*

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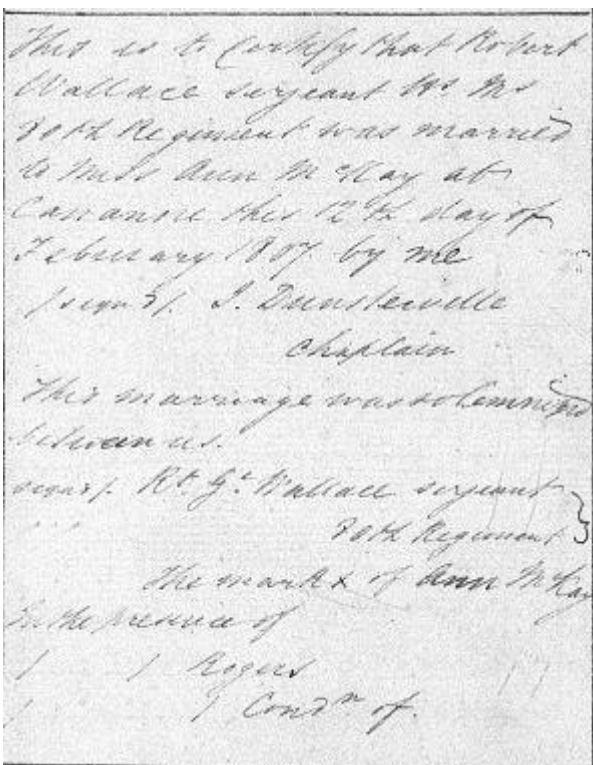
<sup>5</sup> Fifteen Years in India pp. 142-147

interest of maturity, with the playfulness of childhood. In her eleventh year, she was just displaying that fine expansion which the female form in India then discovers, and her modest retiring look seemed to avow some consciousness that shew as a half-blown rose. Before Charles heard the music of her voice, or saw the pearls that seemed to enhance the lusciousness to her lips, his fancy had endowed her with every accomplishment. A sweet temper beamed in her smile, cheerfulness lodged in the dimple of her cheek, and he discerned mirth lurked in the arch glance of her eye, yet restrained by the charming timidity of virgin simplicity and confined education; for knowing she was merely on a visit here, he considered her as just emerged from the solitudes of Mangalore. Such is the delusion of a youthful mind.

In short, Charles asked Mary how she liked Cannanore. "It is a charming place," said she.— "Then, perhaps, you would like to remain here," observed Thoughtless, half angry with himself for being so bold.— "That may not be," replied Mary.— "It entirely depends upon yourself," continued the rash boy.— "How, pray?" enquired she, quite unconscious of his purpose.—

"Will you marry me?" answered the young dog, with characteristic abruptness. She blushed—but with the frankness of an unsophisticated heart, said, "You may ask my mother; for she called her parent by adoption that tender name. After escorting "his simple Mary" to the fort, he returned home to build castles in the air, and write verse about genuine love and connubial felicity.

Poor Charles was now a smitten deer. He consulted with his friend Frank, after he had made



up his mind on the subject. To his benefactor, the adjutant, he also imparted his intention, begging his advice on a subject of such importance. "I expect my company shortly," said that worthy man," and shall then go home on leave. I have your interest much at heart, and it is my intention to recommend you for an ensigncy to a friend who is high on the commander-in-chief's staff. Marriage at your age seldom turns out well, and it may ruin your prospects in the army. However, it would be injustice on my part to throw any obstacle in your way.

He was obliged to succumb. Proposals were formally made and accepted, and there being no delays of law, the day was fixed, the turkey killed, and the ham boiled, the wedding dinner being provided by Mr. Rogers, who was bride's man, when the aforesaid order to march against the Nairs of Wynaud retarded the completion of happiness for some time. On the return of the

force therefore to Cannanore, arrangements were made without delay, and the Reverend Mr. Dunsterville performed the ceremony with gravity, and drank the bride's health with spirit. The kind adjutant had built a neat bungalow for the young pair; and after dinner, it was warmed with a dance, and a profusion of excellent old Madeira, sent by Captain Solomon,

*with a note to Charles, expressing his wish that the union of that day might be crowned with felicity during a long life*<sup>6</sup>.

While the marriage of a girl at eleven years seems to our eyes shocking, in that place and time it does not seem to have unusual and another example is cited in the book. Robert and Annie Wallace are buried in St Patrick's, Newry and their birth dates calculated from the inscription confirm the ages described in the book<sup>7</sup>.

### **Teacher in Calcutta**<sup>8</sup>

As a married man with a young daughter Charles was anxious to secure his future and further advancement. His adjutant promised to help him secure promotion:

*The adjutant came into the office one day, and with a smiling countenance said, "Thoughtless, I have for some time been exerting myself to promote your interest, and I think, I know at present of a situation that would suit you well."*

*The adjutant then informed him that he was to be an assistant in a classical school on a very extensive school in Calcutta owned and run by the adjutant's father. "Good God, sir, are you jesting with you humble servant; I am a humble man, know comparatively nothing of the Latin language, and feel myself deficient in the grammatical use of my mother tongue."*

However he allowed himself to be persuaded and transported himself and his family to Calcutta where he was overcome with the welcome he received from his employer.

*He was one of the most noble looking Irish gentlemen his eyes had ever rested upon. His venerable age, for he was upwards of sixty, gave peculiar interest to the dignity of his person. Dressed in black, and powdered with care, he handed Mary up to his drawing-room with an air of grandeur that struck Thoughtless with awe. Everything was in readiness for their reception; the accommodations were excellent, being on a scale of liberality much beyond expectation, and the most generous solicitude was expressed to supply omissions. His son had not exaggerated, when he stated that his father's academy was a large one. It consisted of about seventy pupils, forty of whom were boarders.*

*Thoughtless . . . explained to his master the great deficiency and inaccuracy of his education, and the fear he entertained that he should be found an incapable assistant. The master was kind enough to express a contrary opinion. "You are anxious to acquire a knowledge of Latin," said he, "and I know not a more certain way of learning that fine language than by teaching it." Charles looked at him with astonishment. "You will understand the truth of what I tell you hereafter," said he; "there is nothing more correctly true, than that by teaching we learn. Your grammar class, by constantly repeating their*

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<sup>6</sup> British Library: Ref N/2/3 folio 178: Robert Wallace, a sergeant in H.Ms 80th Regiment married Miss Ann McKay at Cannanore February 12th 1807.

The entry reads; this marriage was solemnized between us Robert G. Wallace and the mark X of Ann McKay. (Document located by Beverley Clarkson)

<sup>7</sup> St Patrick's Church of Ireland graveyard, Newry

In memory of Robert G Wallace, solicitor, formerly Lieut. in HM 65th Regt, died 12th Aug 1851 aged 62 years. Annie Wallace his wife died 16th May 1859 aged 63 years.

<sup>8</sup> Fifteen Years in India pp. 237-260

*lessons, will impress them on your memory; and any difficulty you meet I shall explain. Every evening we will look over together the subjects for the following day, and thus prevent you from either falling into mistakes or exposing yourself."*

*In short, his employer wrote to his son that Charles was of more use than all his other assistants; but expressed some apprehensions that he would kill himself by intense study both night and day.*

Unfortunately after some time the headmaster died. Charles attempted to continue running the school in partnerships. However it appears he was a better teacher than businessman and eventually the venture ran aground so he applied to the Marquis of Hastings who directed him to be gazetted and he re-joined the army as an ensign.

He was posted to Bombay, where he served in the campaign in Guzerat and the third Mahratta War as he summarised in the introduction to *Fifteen Years in India*.

Between these two campaigns Charles received a letter from an army friend who had returned to Ireland informing him that his father had returned from America, and is in very flourishing circumstances near Dundalk, without male issue by his second marriage.

In due course he received an invitation from his father to return home<sup>9</sup> which he took up on the conclusion of the Mahratta War since he felt unable to leave the army in the middle of an active campaign.

*"With emotions of joy," said Charles's father, in his first letter, "which I am unable to describe, I received your letter of the 3<sup>rd</sup> June. Thank God that my son is yet living; that his father has been spared after various fatigues, dangers, and troubles by sea and land: I shall deem it the best gift of Providence to receive a long absent son, his wife, and little offspring, with all that tender parental affection which the human heart can possess."*

*He went on to describe the success he had met with in the United States, and the affluence in which he lived in his native country. "You, my dear Charles," he continued, "are my only son; but I have three daughters by a second marriage, smart lively girls, the eldest has a striking resemblance of you, and the mother says that she is the pet on that account.*

*. . . my dear Charles, come hither with your family as soon as possible; thank God I am able to make a handsome provision for you;*

*Your grandmother and aunt in Dublin are dead. My mother died last October, good old lady; she was pleasingly affected on hearing your former letter read. I am now in the fifty-fourth year of my age, and enjoy good health. I am still fond of music, and keep my violin and flute in good order, and sometimes play for the children, who dance well. Since your letter arrived they have had much chat about your little ones, and I assure you my wife will be most happy to see you all.*

*I reside in the country, ten miles from Dundalk, during vacation, but I have a house in Dublin, and one in Dundalk also, where I intend to fix you and family, for I spend nearly half my time in it, being a lively improved country town, situated in one of the best parts of Ireland.*

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<sup>9</sup> *Fifteen Years in India* pp. 459

*It is my intention to make you an allowance fully adequate to support yourself and family genteely, till in the course of nature you will succeed to my income, which, without exaggeration is eight hundred per annum.*

*At length he touched the land of his birth after an absence of seventeen years. The meeting of a father and son under such circumstances is a scene best suited to the imagination. Thoughtless took possession of a handsome well-furnished house in Dundalk.*

## **Forty Years in the World**

Fifteen Years in India is mostly a narrative of Robert's life in India. Forty Years in the World is in three volumes. Volume 1 mostly concerns India while volumes 2 & 3 are a mixture of observations and biographical incidents from the time of his return to Ireland. This material gives some insight into Ireland as the campaign for Catholic Emancipation gathered strength, into the operations of the law courts in provincial towns, some acerbic observations on the noted evangelical and orange leader, the Earl of Roden and an interesting description of the wake and funeral of his step mother, Jane Wallace / Donaldson in Cloghoge Lodge.

The main narrative thrust in this book after his return to Ireland concerns relations with his father and more critically with his step mother. His father had promised him a suitable allowance and initially set him and his family up in a house in Dundalk. However it appears that his stepmother wanted to protect the interests of daughters and, according to Robert, gradually turned his father against him and his family.

## **Law Courts<sup>10</sup>**

*My father had expressed a wish that I should devote myself to his profession, and I felt anxious to do so; believing that it would be in my power to contribute to the comfort of his old age. I, therefore, accompanied him to the different towns in which he had offices, where, on market-days, he attended for the purpose of being near his clients.*

These visits to various court-houses provided Robert with an insight into Irish issues and society in the 1820s.

## **Tithes<sup>11</sup>**

*“‘Ah! Dr -, I am happy to see you,’ said my father, soon after; while I placed a chair for a reverend-looking old gentleman, who hobbled into the office.*

*“This father of religion had three good church-livings in County Louth; on one of which there was no church, and his parishioners had been advised to resist the payment of tithes on the ground that he had no duties to perform, for they were all Roman Catholics. In consequence of this, he had entered an action against them in chancery, which had already cost him about £2,000. The contortions which his countenance underwent, when my father explained the necessity of further advances, were truly grotesque.*

## **Evictions<sup>12</sup>**

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<sup>10</sup> Forty Years in the World Vol 2, pp. 153

<sup>11</sup> Forty Years in the World Vol 2, pp.155

*“A young country squire, who was agent for another nobleman, entered, with all the consequence which generally attends ignorant pride. He had taken a whim to make a sheep-walk of a mountain facing his romantic abode. All the tenants, along its side, were served with ejectments in the depth of winter, and dispossessed forthwith. One unfortunate woman died in the pangs of childbirth at the end of her own cabin. An old man, who begged in vain to remain in his house till his daughter recovered from typhus fever, had the roof of his cabin cut down over the heads of his sick family. For this outrage he had brought an action, and received a decree for £300 damages; but the defendant had appealed, in the hope of defeating the award by a law quibble. When I heard this, and understood that the rich man had no chance of success in the superior courts, I rejoiced in the protection of our glorious laws. I was thrown, however, into profound melancholy upon learning that perhaps not a shilling would be left of the damages to reward the poor man for his trouble; so much would be consumed in costs between attorney and client, and in the innumerable extra expenses which a needy man incurs in a lawsuit.*

*In short, I came to the conclusion that a poor man should seldom attempt to obtain civil satisfaction for oppression from the rich; for he stands like a lamb in the fable – ‘Facile est opprimere innocentum,’ is generally translated, in the language of experience, ‘The weakest goes to the wall.’*

### **Party Spirit<sup>13</sup>:**

*He describes a session in a flourishing town, forty miles from Dublin – presumably Dundalk. It was attended by a large congregation of the lower orders; the men were dressed in blue frieze great-coats, and the women in red cloaks.*

*Thus the day passed. Numerous were the instances of opposition to the laws, and of the detestation in which the payment of tithes was held; but in this part of the country there was no room for the display of much party-spirit, the inhabitants being chiefly of one sect in religion.*

*When the sessions closed in the county to which I have alluded, we proceeded to the next. The town in which the sessions were held is, from locality, equal to any in Ireland; but it has the character of being under the influence of party-spirit, which has prevented its merchants from pushing their advantages to full extent.*

*There were 129 cases of assault, arising out of party quarrels in the neighbouring fairs and markets, between Orangemen and Catholics. To describe such scenes of ill-blood, prejudice, and perjury, would serve no good purpose. Both parties were wrong, and all were enemies to their own essential interests, while they thought their violence was serving their cause.’*

His attitude to Catholic Emancipation is quite clear:<sup>14</sup>

*Give the Catholics all they ask - you will then give them no more than they have the right to, as British-born subjects - and they can neither ask nor desire more than what Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Treaty of Limerick, and their birth entitle them to enjoy. Then give the man who is willing to work something to do, and reward him for his labour; punish the idle, and the roguish, and you will have made Ireland what England is - the wonder of the world,*

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<sup>12</sup> Forty Years in the World Vol 2 pp. 156

<sup>13</sup> Forty Years in the World Vol 2 pp. 167 & 173

<sup>14</sup> Forty Years in the World Vol 3 pp. 170

*and the study of philosophy ----- it is impossible that men can be quiet and peaceable when starving.*

Examining Robert's discharge papers from 1828, it can be seen that his three eldest children were born in India, a fourth in Dundalk while the next three were born and baptised in Newry Presbyterian Church<sup>15</sup>. Presumably he was a member of Freeduff Presbyterian Church when he moved to Cloghoge Lodge on the death of his father in 1827. From the mid-1830s on the ministers in this church were successively Rev Daniel Gunn Brown and Rev Thomas McWilliams. Both of these men were decided liberals though to what extent it can be argued that Robert influenced them in their views is unclear.

However it is clear that they all shared liberal political views. When two Catholic neighbours of Rev Thomas McWilliams were accused of murder, he provided them with a character witness. Robert Wallace was the defence attorney. Rev McWilliams, Rev Brown and Robert Wallace were all on the platform in the 1837 Cullyhanna meeting and all proposed resolutions.

Robert also refers to a visit to Tollymore Park the residence of the Earl of Roden, Grand Master of the Orange Order and a noted evangelical. While acknowledging the charitable work of the couple he was not an uncritical admirer<sup>16</sup>:

*We were ushered into a spacious hall, fitted up as a chapel: - - - When we had all taken out seats, our noble instructor read a short passage from the New Testament, and explained it by a long commentary - - Such a practice, I think, must be highly useful to his lordship, in preparing him for his annual display of eloquence in the great assembly of the nation. It was a lecture - - that inclined me to be rather hypercritical - -*

*After this, we had some fine singing by the girls of a charity school, patronised by the Countess, and then such a long prayer, that I really feared it would reach to the day of judgement.*

*The topics of this prayer were so numerous that I shall not attempt any description. I shall merely inform the reader, in case of his being fond of imitation, that eleven of its paragraphs, or invocations, were about Jews and Gentiles; five respecting the spread of the Scripture in Asia and Africa; seven of such a spiritual nature, that I could not comprehend their meaning or bearing; a great many others, which I thought out of time and place: and not one respecting ourselves. His lordship seemed fully sensible of the state of sin and misery in which others were sinking; but he clearly felt no apprehension about himself, whilst he prayed loudly and heartily for the return of the prodigal sons who had never known their father.*

Roden was one of the organisers of the famous meeting at Hillsborough in 1834, called chiefly to protest the National System of Education. At this meeting Rev Henry Cooke 'published' the infamous Banns of marriage between the Established Church and the

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<sup>15</sup> Emma 23rd Nov 1808 at Seringapatam

Harriet 6th Jan 1811 at Calcutta

John 11th Apr 1817 at Servor

Anne Jane 9th Sept 1819 Dundalk

Sarah 24th Oct 1821

Robert Smyth 1st July 1824

Mary 8th Sept 1826

Catherine 23rd Sept 1828

<sup>16</sup> Forty Years in the World Vol 2 pp. 252



Presbyterian Church. This elicited a pamphlet which Finlay Holmes, Cooke's biographer, attributed to Daniel Gunn Brown<sup>17</sup>.

### **Wake and Funeral of Jane Wallace<sup>18</sup>**

By 1823 it appears that relations between Robert and his father had completely broken down but everything changed, if not immediately, when Jane Wallace died suddenly. Robert was summonsed to Cloghoge Lodge and leaves a graphic description of events there:

*It was in the dusk of the evening that we arrived at my father's. The candles were lighted, and a stream of neighbours was flowing from and towards the house of mourning: the whole scene displayed vivid contrasts of joy and sorrow. Here were my sisters weeping and sobbing: there were unconcerned spectators laughing and chatting as cheerfully as though a marriage, instead of a funeral, had been in prospect. In one part of the house were sad-faced relations, whose hearts felt no real sorrow; in another, lively wake-attenders, whose tongues rattled forth merrily the gaiety of their spirits.*

*After this I visited the room in which the corpse was laid out, and stood for a considerable time contemplating the placid state of that countenance which so lately had been agitated with all the passions, desires, affections, and cares of busy existence. . . I became an amused spectator of what was passing.*

*The room in which I stood was a small apartment. On one side was the death-bed; on the other were assembled about twenty old women, seated on forms, one above the other, rising as in a theatre, who, during the whole night, sang Methodist hymns. There were also a few old men among them, whose deep bass voices gave a good roundness to the shrill female pipe. This vocal band was regulated and controlled by the parish-clerk, schoolmaster, and singing-master of the place, who exercised considerable authority, and expressed himself in loud censure, when, as was too frequently the case, discord reigned. He had his book, from which he read two lines at each musical interval: these having been sung, a general pause ensued, till he gave out another stave; and so he continued exercising his lungs, in a fine round big voice, nasally expelled, like a street ballad-singer, in which it was the glory of every old woman to imitate him. These nightingales were occasionally cheered with pipes and tobacco, and frequent rounds of tea and coffee.*

*In the next room, which was a large parlour, sat a multitude of neighbouring farmers, their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, eating fruit, drinking tea, telling stories, making love, and talking scandal; occasionally amused with the music in the adjoining apartment, but more frequently with themselves, and the hoarse laughs which coarse wit excited.*

*On leaving this parlour, you enter a hall, connecting the two wings of my father's house; in the centre of which hall, the street door is placed, and out of the hall you go down a passage opposite the street door, to the kitchen, and servants' rooms. The hall and all these apartments were filled with the lower orders, drinking whiskey, of which they were allowed two glasses each during the night, with a supper of fried bacon and eggs. The noise and uproar here were deafening. In a small room off the kitchen passage sat several old women, Roman Catholics, demonstrating their sorrow by singing in loud strains the praises of the deceased, in the Irish language . . . .*

*On entering the hall again from the kitchen, and turning to the left, you go into a large parlor in the other wing of the house. This room was filled with the gentry of the neighborhood, or*

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<sup>17</sup> The First and Second Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Union of Presbytery and Prelacy by a Member of the Synod of Ulster. Belfast, 1835

<sup>18</sup> Forty Years in the World Vol 3 pp. 300

every person who had wealth and respectability to entitle him to rank as one of the aristocracy. The ladies were served by the gentlemen with wine and cakes, after tea and coffee; and about one o'clock a supper table was covered, and a comfortable repast spread for the whole company, whose sedateness of manner and assumed sadness of deportment formed a striking contrast to the revelry and folly of the noisy scene before sketched. Beyond this parlor my father secluded himself in his library, or office, where he sat musing upon the sudden occurrence which in a few hours had disarranged his hopes and prospects, and filled his peaceful mansion with riot, sorrow, and seeming grief; affording a curious observer, such as I account myself, an opportunity of witnessing a display of country manners, nearly the same as we read of in history, two hundred years ago.

At two o'clock on the following day, the population for five miles round assembled to accompany the deceased to her long home. The crowd was prodigious. At length the deceased was placed in her coffin, carried by her nearest relatives to the hearse, borne to the church, where her life was eulogized as free from reproach, and all that was mortal of her committed to the silent and gloomy mansion of the dead. Over her grave I breathed a sigh of pity and forgiveness, but I could not shed a tear.

Next morning I bade my father and his family adieu, and returned with my wife and daughter to our own peaceful home; having been desired by the dear old gentleman to announce the melancholy event in the newspaper, and to say on the subject whatever I deemed proper.

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**DIED,**

The Lady of JOHN WALLACE, of Cloghob Lodge, Esq. in the 55th year of her age, of apoplexy, on Sunday the 13th instant. By this sudden and lamentable occurrence a happy family has been plunged from earthly felicity into the depths of human affliction; three daughters left at a most interesting period of life without a mother's watchful eye, a husband doomed to mourn an irreparable loss, and the labourer and beggar deprived of such a sure and liberal friend, that gloom and despondency are now the tenants of many a cabin — The ways of Providence are beyond the comprehension of mortal intellects. She who was a bright example of female excellence in all the relations of life has been snatched away while in the full possession of mental and bodily vigour. — But, spirits of the just! ye are not called in vain; your bright examples remain to stimulate imitation, and to serve as awful lessons of the uncertainty of existence here, for even the flight of a swift moment, and the vanity of human wishes, cares and perturbations. As a daughter, wife and mother, she will ever be considered by all who knew her, a pattern of the highest character. — Devoted to her domestic duties and the delights of home, she travelled forward from infancy to age in the performance of every duty. To God she offered the unostentatious piety of the heart, to her parents obedience, to her husband honor, to her children tenderness, to her neighbour good will, and to all the world Christian charity. In retrospect she had seen the dispersion of black clouds that tried her in the crucible of adversity, where she was found to be pure gold, but in prospect she beheld the sun in all the glory of hope which abundance promises. Her children's children climbed her knee surrounded by prosperity, and the present was gilded by the past and burnished by the future. No more she will cheer drooping poverty around her, nor will her counsel awaken resignation to suffer under misfortune. But thousands will drop a tear upon her grave stone, and say to their children, in the beautiful language of scripture, "Go ye and do likewise." In the city of Dublin.

Strange, that it should have fallen on me to eulogize one from whom I had, for four years, received not only total neglect, but inhuman injury! who cared so little about me and six children, that we were left by her to starve and endure all the demoralizing effects of want and wretched poverty. Yet, equally strange it is, that my stepmother, in her other relations of life, was entitled to just and great praise. She was an affectionate mother to her own children, and so excellent a wife, that she ruled her husband, while she appeared to be his handmaid. As a neighbour she was beloved, for in disposition she was ever ready to serve and oblige; as a relative she was kind to her needy kindred; as a friend she was firm and faithful; and as a mistress, obedience alone secured her liberal treatment, and drew forth all the benevolence of her heart. She had supported a character free from imputation, and sustained the repute of a loyal wife during her husband's ten years' absence in America. Yet such is the deceitfulness of the human heart, that while in all other points of view she deserved praise, in what respected the child of the man she loved, by a former wife, she merited censure. I leave you to account for

*this, and proceed in conclusion*<sup>19</sup>.

Jane Wallace died in 1823. As can be seen from the King's Inns Admission Papers cited earlier, by 1825 relations between Robert and his father had normalised and Robert inherited house and land in Cloghoge when the latter died in 1827.

## **Afterword**

This piece started with a piece from the 1798 Bicentenary Issue of this Journal and it is interesting to review what is known about the ownership of this property.

Alexander Donaldson of Phillipstown leased from Randal Donaldson of Castledillon the quarter of Cloghoge called McShanes quarter for the lives of Samuel and Joseph Donaldson, his fourth and fifth sons in 1740<sup>20</sup>.

'Alex likewise gave the one half of the north quarter to his fourth son Samuel Donaldson on his marriage; and bequeathed (among other things) his house and the remaining half of the north quarter to his youngest son, Joseph Donaldson'<sup>21</sup>.

The property and house appears to have passed from Joseph to his daughter, Jane and her husband, John Wallace. On John's death it passed to his son, Robert who held 56 acres in Cloghog in Tithe Applotment Books dated 1st Nov. 1827.

The Major Wallace mentioned can only have been Robert which certainly doesn't fit with a date of 1798. I have seen no reference to such an incident between 1827 and 1834 when Lord Blayney died. It seems possible Robert's later ownership was confused in the telling with the owner in 1798 who would have been Joseph Donaldson.

Throughout Robert's books it is consistently stated that John Wallace left for America in or about 1797 due to financial embarrassments; it occurs to me to wonder whether he had got himself into a political tangle, ultimately on the wrong side of both government and nationalist forces, and judged a discrete absence the best policy and thereby precipitating a series of domestic events which led to his only son enlisting and spending fifteen years in India.

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<sup>19</sup> Creggan graveyard:

D6 Here lie the remains of John Wallace, Attorney at Law, who died 30th Jan 1827, aged 67 years and of Jane, his wife who died 13th April 1823 aged 55 years; leaving behind them an unsullied character, an example of honour, integrity, humanity and resignation to the will of Providence, taking to this grave the sighs, the tears and the prayers of the poor.

<sup>20</sup> Registry of Deeds: 172:356:116790 17/11/1740 Reg. 19/04/1755

<sup>21</sup> Extract from Statistical Account of the Barony of Upper Fews by John Donaldson