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ADVENTURES

OF

TWO AMERICANS

September, 1830.

BY ONE OF THEM.

EDMUND H. BEAUMONT,
Printer,
ST. MICHAEL'S ALLEY, CORNHILL.



ADVENTURES
OF
TWO AMERICANS,

In the Siege of Brussels, Sept. 1830.

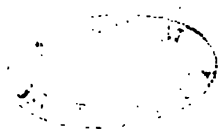
SINCE many men have taken in hand to write of the doings, and imaginary doings, of Brussels; it seemeth good to me also, most excellent reader, to tell what did happen, what at least I saw. As it is most desirable to write in the third person, or perhaps, in imitation of Cæsar, I shall drop the "I" for a more modest pronoun.

On Monday, the 20th of September, 1830, ARTHUR and AUGUSTUS BEAUMONT, two natives of the New World, quitted Paris for Brussels, to give their aid in the Revolution then *progressing*, to depose the King, by the grace of God set over the Belgians by order of the Des-pots of Vienna.

The Brothers wished to return to Lafayette their portion of the debt which every American owes that Patriarch of Liberty, (*a*) and which each friend of the rights of man can only liquidate by doing all he can for the same cause—the benefit of the whole human race.

Mid-day, on Tuesday the 21st, the Brothers arrived at Mons, (some thirty miles from Brussels). At the Inn where the Diligence stopped for an hour, they found the

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family in great distress, one son had been killed that morning in a rencontre with the King's troops ; but one more male descendant remained to them, and he had just been called out to supply his brother's place in the ranks of the Citizen army.

His sister was deploring the actual death of one brother, and the probable loss of the other ; but still, as Belgians are quite accustomed to Revolutions, and their consequences, she did not fall into hysterics,—nor did she confine herself to her chamber,—nor send for her friends and lovers to dry her tears : it is a pity to spoil the tale in English eyes,—the young lady dried her tears with one end of a towel, and wiped plates with the other, disposing all matters for the dinner of the guests by the Diligence. The high state of civilization which Captain Hall boasts for his countrymen, will prevent British ladies from at all sympathising with the daughter of an Inn-keeper, but unpolished Americans are not yet so polite as to believe that none but aristocratical emotions are worthy manly and womanly consideration. They are bears enough to be persuaded, that the feelings of an Inn keeper's servant for a brother's death, are as much the subject of regard, as those of Princess Vittoria ; and they are coarse enough to be convinced, that the tears dried with diaper, are quite as interesting as those polished away with cambric. Captain Hall and Theodore Hook ! this is vulgar, we know ; it is republican, it is American too ; and England is welcome to her high civilization, and to " her order ;" to her Newcastles, her Halls, her Hooks, and her Swings ; and we will give her into the bargain, our Washington Irving in exchange for her Jeremy Bentham. America wants no aristocracy.

Augustus wished to stay at Mons, but Arthur having learned, that the contest at Brussels would determine the question of Belgian liberty or slavery, the Brothers resol-

ved to proceed to that City. On the road, dismal and direful were the accounts passing to and fro, quite à la Belge, for the nation has a very fertile imagination, almost as romantic as that of Captain Hall. Cæsar's remark on the *news* propensity of the nation is as true as ever. At one time the Brothers were told, that there had been a skirmish; anon, that the Dutch were flying; then, that Brussels had surrendered at discretion. Augustus had been the Editor of a Paper, and had acquired some experience in the *news line*, and therefore did, in no wise, credit the story of the pitched battle; nor of the surrender. One or two gentlemen, whose occupations did not permit their being cooped up in a besieged city, quitted the Diligence shortly after it had gone out of Mons, that town to which the Austrians retreated, when, at Jemappes, the Genius of Liberty led the Republican army of France in triumph against the hordes of Austria; a land fertile in slaves and kings; slaves at home, kings abroad;—high civilization no doubt, Captain Hall! America has not yet learned, and so dull is she, that she never will learn to send to Germany for tyrants, and to Switzerland for tyrant's guards. The United States are yet so rude, that they see no necessity for importing an Austrian adventurer to marry their President's daughter—pensioning him for his *private services* with *public money*, to the tune of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. I have a *pretty considerable guess*, Captain Hall, they are a long way from this civilization, and I have a notion it will be a nation long time before the States are so polished, as to have for their President, a Girl who speaks broken English. (b)

The *men* of the *United Kingdom*, will lose much of their polish, when they get the Reform they are so clamorous about, and what a loss they will then sustain! No more Girls speaking broken English for Queen

Regnants or Presidentesses ; no more Marchionesses to sell their favors for the People's money, or to steal Crown Jewels, purchased by the blood and tears which civilization has forced from a noble people.—A people, which is Brother to America, despite of Treaties and Tyrants, parchments and prejudices. The humbug of treaties will pass away : England and America were, and are the same family, the Elder and Younger Brother ; that is, the working class of each nation are so allied—but of the polished part we dare not speak. The Aristocracy of England is all its own, and that highly civilized body is welcome to Captain Hall, to Day-and-Martin their boots, and to Washington Irving, to brush their inexpressibles, and osculate their Western Ends. (c)

To return to the Brothers,—they were left with one Belgian in the Diligence ; he was a Medical Student, and was proceeding expressly to Brussels, to aid his country. No dread of the threatened dangers stopped him ; he was ready to risk the enemy's fire, and the Monarch's Gallows, for the liberty of his native land—and he was the son of a Tailor. “ Oh, mine Got ! vat can vone tailor, have de love of him country ? Would the Princess * * * * * say, if she was able to read so much English. Yes, Miss President-ess, Miss Chief Magistratess that is to be : Yes, and all who fought for liberty in Belgium, were people of the working classes. A brother of this tailor's son, and himself a tailor, fell in the first day's fight, shewing the Dutch, that he was no fraction of a man. When the Brothers arrived about half-way between Mons and Brussels the Conducteur of the Diligence at first refused to advance any further, but entreaties and threats at length persuaded him to proceed. He was a fine portly, able-bodied, do-little, aristocratic-looking gentleman ;

eternally abusing the postillions—quite one of “the order:” but a little Republican vulgarity, induced his Lordship to proceed a short way beyond Halle, (a town about four miles from Brussels) where he declared he would go no further, as his countrymen were seizing all the Diligences they could find, to aid in the construction of Barricades. And here, John Bull, I must stop to tell you, how *them ’ere* things are constructed, d’y’e see—for I have a pretty considerable notion, that you are pretty considerably damned tired of Germany and Coburg, and German-accent-English-speaking-Presidentesses; and polish and high civilization. So Mr. Bull, (I beg pardon, Your Serene Highness, My Lord John Bull) whenever you mean to toss off Germany, and Coburg, and the polish, and become Citizen Bull, you will thank me for teaching you how to make Barricades.

An Essay upon this popular fortification, I design for another day, and at present you must be content with a few hints, which may at all events, be useful in *****.

In the first place, take all the Hackney and Stage Coaches you can get, throw them on their sides, fill up the interior with heavy stones, and “sic like”—there is the best of Barricades. If you can get no Coaches, Cabs and Carts will do: even barrels are good: or if none of these conveniences are at hand, why even make what we people of the new country call, “a dry stone wall,” by piling up the paving stones on one another: and your wives and children can carry up a convenient quantity to the tops of the houses—then you may bid the Duke of Wellington, and even Citizen Jackson defiance. See, my Lord Bull, how far regard for you, has carried me from my tale.

The Brothers and the Tailor’s son were obliged to quit the Diligence and enter Brussels on foot. On arriving

at the gate of Brussels, called La Porte d'Halle, the sentry refusing to admit aught but their persons, their baggage remained outside. The streets were filled with Boys and Girls throwing up Barricades, and every demonstration was making of a most desperate defence. All this seemed genuine—not *genuine* Captain Hall, but the fact afterwards appeared to be that the Aristocracy—the *polish* of the land were putting all in train to *run away*—a resolution these “*Corinthian Columns*” magnanimously took, leaving the State to be supported by the Doric Pillars. In England it would be otherwise, for none can tax “the Order” with want of courage in defending its usurpations.

The Brothers were warmly greeted by several Belgians, who informed them that nothing was to be done for the night—they then placed one or two stones on a barricade to show their devotion to the cause, and took up their abode in the Hotel de la Paix, at this time the Head-Quarters of the Revolutionary Spirits.

The next morning the Brothers provided themselves with two muskets, by purchase, and volunteered their services at the Hotel de Ville. This place was abandoned by all the authorities, excepting one of inferior rank, Baron Fellner, who afterwards perished bravely in the defence of his country's liberty. This poor Gentleman was harangued almost out of his life—whilst answering the Spokesman of one Band, he was called on to reply to the Orator of another, and at last he put his hands to his forehead, as if he were anxious to see whether his “o'erfraught” brains were oozing out. Arthur addressed him, called his attention to a proclamation which had been issued requesting all persons who had been officers in any service to report themselves at the Hotel de Ville—stated that he had been an officer in a Colonial Militia, and was ready to give his services in disciplining the

volunteers, or in any capacity. Fellner replied that an expedition was about proceeding to attack the enemy, who were encamped out of the Town—the Brothers expressed their anxiety to volunteer on this service, and their offer being accepted, they quitted the Hotel de Ville to fetch their arms. On their return, they were informed that the expedition was postponed, and that it was determined to wait for the enemy within the Town. The Brothers asked what service they could render, and they were requested to join the corps under the command of Pleytinckx, the proprietor of the Hotel in which they were residing. On their return to the Hotel they enquired for this Officer, and understood that he had followed the Aristocratic example by putting himself into some place of safety. This report may have been true or false, but the fact is, that the Brothers did not see him till the second day of the Siege, when a chance of success had gleamed forth.

In the evening it was reported that the enemy would enter the town that night by the Gate of Schaerbeck. The Brothers proceeded there and gave in their names to the *non*-commissioned Officer commanding that Post, offering to fight with them. The Party here were exceedingly dispirited, and complained that they had been abandoned by their magistracy and oligarchy, who had incited them to revolt, and now, instead of coming forward to lead them, had run away at the approach of danger. It appeared that nothing was to be done that night but grumble, and in that occupation John Bull, when his posteriors are kicked by his beloved Nobility, could not excel the Belgian vulgar deserted by their Corinthian Columns. Imagination was at work to know what had become of the Van de Weyers and the Merodes, and sundry others who have since seated themselves on the Provisionary Throne. Divers had hid themselves

at Lille and Valenciennes, (*d*) into which last place one of them (some say Van de Weyer, others De Merode) made his entry of Peace and Self-preservation, meek and riding on a mule. A brother of this De Merode and himself a Count, died afterwards of a wound received in his Country's Cause at Antwerp—but then, the Belgians were successful patriots—at Brussels they were Rebels and Insurgents—at the Antwerp affair there was no dread of the Guillotine and the Gallows; for it was then that the Allied Sovereigns finding the people were too much for the King, also found out that humanity required their interference. The Man in the Palace might have murdered at will all the Men in the Cottage, without rousing the feelings of royal humanity; but when the piece of tinsel on the head of the Man called the King, was about to be broken up, then flowed the blood of Sympathy to Royal hearts. Ah, they are funny people these Kings! They interceded for the cold-blooded-people-destroyers, Polignac and Co., they interceded not for the People of England, driven to despair by starvation. (*e*)

The impulses of humanity are asleep while the Emperor of Russia has the probability of extirpating the Poles; but should the Vile Rebels become Brave Patriots, should “but a day's, an hour's success, exalt them to immortal fame,” how would not Royalty's Pulse beat for humanity? (*f*)

Captain Hall excuse the unpolished mind of an American, who imagines the life of a man with a Basket upon his head as important as that of a man with a Crown on his—the Basket is good for something—but the Crown for nothing, unless it be melted down and given among the people even as was done in the United States. William the IVth. is the constitutional King of England and Scotland—the Proclamation King of Ireland, (the

present Algiers)—and the absolute King in Germany. He talks nonsense to them all, and all are delighted with him. His acts in Hanover would be called tyranny in England; yet the English say their beloved Sovereign would not be absolute in England if he could—that is to say, he (we beg pardon, his Majesty, for personal pronouns are not Aristocratic enough to denote Kings) has one mode of thinking for England—another for Hanover. Which people does he love best, or for which cares he most? a straw would adjust the balance: his own ease, and the power of using mankind as his beasts of burden? Ah, that's quite another affair; that feeling you will find at the bottom of all Kings' hearts; disguise it to the nation as they will by mock generosity, giving the people a part of their own, in times of clamour, in order to take back twice as much at a more seasonable opportunity. (g)

How I quit my subject—these Kings so completely set one astray, who has been accustomed to believe, that every man is born free, the equal, and only the equal of other men.

As the Brothers were returning to the Hotel, from the Gate of Schaerbeek, they lost their way, and were challenged by the Sentry of an advanced post—"Qui Vive?"—"Bourgeois."—The Corporal of the Guard, having understood from Arthur, who spoke French fluently, that the Brothers had come from Paris to Brussels, expressly to assist in the struggle for liberty, held a lanthorn to their hats, and seeing their tri-colored cockades, with an "Ah!" of exultation, seized their hands; but to be certain that they were the persons they represented themselves to be, two files of Soldiers accompanied them to the Hotel where they lodged. On their arrival, the Brothers invited the Soldiers who had escorted them, to take something to eat. This proposition was gladly acceded to, and some bread and cheese, with the &c. &c.

were ordered for them ; and how the poor fellows did eat ! —loaf after loaf disappeared—they declared, and their looks and appetites avouched that the truth and hunger were in them, and that they were in earnest, when they said it was the first meal they had that day eaten—that they were *dans la misère*.

It being proposed to them, to take the remains of the repast to their starving comrades, the offer was gladly accepted, and the Citizen Soldiers bent their way back to their post. At this time, all the wealth of the city was in the keeping of the Vulgar Rabble, deserted by the Gentlemen and Aristocracy—yet all that the starving populace asked, was bread ? The multitude corrupt ! forsooth !!— the Aristocracy virtuous !—aye. !!

The next morning, the Brothers were awakened by the sound of cannon, bellowing forth the reasons of Kings—they breakfasted—no wise warrior goes fasting to fight—(at least, neither John Bull, nor any calves of his breed like to do so,) and then they marched out to join the insurgents, and rebels, and traitors, upon the business of King-destroying—a sport much akin to that of a tiger hunt, only the last named beast fights in person, and the first by his Jackalls.

The servant who guided the Brothers, was all discretion. Great was his care not to put his person in the way of receiving any of the *usually* convincing arguments of Royalty. No sooner had he come to a spot where two Dutchmen were lying dead, (left in the streets, to encourage the Citizens, as it was said) than he took himself off. The first view of the dead in battle, is horrid—but it is still more horrid to see your own friends in the pride of youth and courage fall at your side. One moment the smiles of gaiety and devoted valour playing on that face, which the next instant distorts with the convulsions of death. A Belgian woman kicked the slaugh-

tered foe, calling them *Cochons*. The whole sight was sickening. The Brothers found all in confusion—the Dutch, or to be more accurate, the Royalists, (for there were many Belgian Soldiers in the Monarch's army,) entered far into the town, and occupying the most favorable positions: nothing to oppose them but a half-armed rabble of thirty or forty persons running to and fro, without rule, order, or discipline. They exclaimed, they were betrayed by their leaders. Arthur said, "I will be your leader!"—"Ah," was the answer, "what can such a handful as we, do against so many soldiers? Arthur, "But let us try, we can but die for liberty." "Oh, there is no hope of success.".....And indeed, at this moment, there were very few who could be got to make a determined stand. The enemy's cavalry was said to be approaching. Arthur proposed, to receive them, front rank kneeling, and the rest firing. The position was very favorable for this measure. It was agreed to adopt it. A small number knelt down—the cry was raised—"the horse, the horse, the horse are coming;" Augustus looked around, and saw only his brother, himself, a young French boy, and a fourth person, a Belgian it is believed, at this post. "Well," said Augustus, "we four cannot receive a regiment." The French boy cursed the cowardice of the Belgians, and their countryman excused it, on the ground that men could not be expected to fight bravely, when their leaders had abandoned them. Augustus then remarked to Arthur, as they quitted this position, "I see no good we can do here; the people will not fight for themselves; we must either be killed here without honor, or perish by the hands of the executioner, as has been promised us and other foreigners, by the "Prince."

"We should have thought of all this," said Arthur,

“ before we came here. Successful or not, this is the
 “ cause of the people against Kings, and I will abide by
 “ it in life.”

“ Well,” rejoined Augustus, “ if the people wont
 “ fight, the Kings must succeed. I remain at your side
 “ but for love of my brother, and not for love of those who
 “ can only talk for freedom.”

Arthur. “ I’ll follow that brave man, wherever he goes.”
 At this moment a Belgian, well dressed, but with his
 apparel covered by a blue linen shirt, ran forward ; the
 Brothers joined him, the French boy, another of his
 countrymen from Cambray, and one or two others fol-
 lowed. They flew to a barricade, behind which were a
 band of the King’s troops, who fired their guns, but in
 such a desperate hurry, that the sun, and the moon, and
 the stars alone were in danger ; and then their Holland
 Mightinesses ran away. Their *Royal reasons* did not
 this time work conviction.

From behind the barricades, both parties now began
 to reason with another, most royally. The rebels were
 armed with musquets, fowling pieces, and other wea-
 pons, which may be called inexpressibles—the Shades
 or Ghosts of muskets,—and in most of their cartridges,
 charcoal was mingled with the powder, whether by acci-
 dent or treachery, it would be difficult to say. The
 Royalists by this time, found their situation behind one
 of the barricades too hot. In the Western Indies, their
 is a water-bird called the Diver, which watches the
 fowler, and espying the flash of his piece, dives before
 the shot can reach it. Now, suppose a parcel of Divers
 armed with fowling-pieces, shooting at each other, and
 you have a fair idea of the reasonings of both parties at
 this moment. So soon as the head of a Dutchman was
 seen from above the barricades, or from behind the wall
 of a house, aim was taken at him. This compliment he

returned to the Rebels, and several were killed and wounded on both sides. Among the wounded was Arthur, who received a slight remembrance on the shoulder, and a blow on the side, from nails and pieces of glass, which cut his belt and clothes, and penetrated to the skin, leaving a severe contusion. Augustus was struck at the same time on the wrist, by a piece of stone, which a ball had shattered from the barricade which covered him. The Dutch not liking the Diver sport, quitted the barricade and the *impasse*, or blind alley leading from the street: the Rebel party then occupied this position, and there being no cartridges, a Belgian ran and procured some loose powder, which the women in the houses on each side the *impasse*, made into cartridges, and threw through the windows to the friends of the cause. As fast as received, so quickly were they expended. The people's party defended by their favorable position, (having the *impasse* or blind alley in flank, and the barricade in front) fired on the King's myrmidons so furiously, as to expel them from barricade to barricade, till they took shelter in the park. The brave Belgian before mentioned, was wounded in the chest: a non-commissioned officer, who had recently joined the insurgents, was killed by a nail through his breast, received just as he sprung over a barricade in front of the Dutch, and waving his sword, was calling upon his comrades to follow him—the little Frenchman was wounded at the same time. The Dutch King's troops, shewed not much stomach for the fight; they never waited for the close combat, nor was there any considerable number of Belgians inclined to try such an experiment, as crossing bayonets with an enemy. One Belgian, quite drunk, (for the beer and *schnaps* were distributed freely) mounted a barricade, presented his stern to the Dutch, and used gestures quite contrary to *bienseance*—the

enemy fired at him about a dozen times before they hit him. In the meantime, the Belgians continued to increase, but from want of discipline, in the midst of confusion, were often shooting one another. The Dutch having disappeared, Augustus and Arthur proceeded to reconnoitre them ; they ran forward to the entrance of the park, and then returned with the account, that the enemy's foot were reposing themselves within the shelter of the park trees, but a squadron of cavalry was occupying the street between that position and the city. At this moment, a fellow, who pretended to be a Lion in bravery, for he could roar most valiantly, annoyed Augustus, finding he could speak but little French, saying, " you wear a sword, you are an officer, lead us on." Augustus then ran forward, calling on the pretended hero to follow him, which invitation was however declined. At this moment, fifty determined men could have entered the town in the direction where the Brothers fought, without meeting serious resistance from more than half a dozen : the residue, certainly not one hundred, were your lip patriots, all jaw and no fight.

In this posture of affairs an officer in the Dutch service appeared at a corner of a Street, waving a white handkerchief. The two Brothers, a Belgian and the little Frenchman ran up to him, when he requested to be carried to the authorities at Brussels, as he had a message to communicate. But before the Brothers came up to him a rabble, which had kept out of the way of all danger, broke in, and tore away the officer's sash and epaulets, while one of the pretended heroes stole his horse, which he rode off with.

The Brothers and a Belgian, with some others, guarded the Officer to a place of security, the rabble several times attempting to murder him ; and one villain was most anxious to be High Priest of the sacrifice—attempting

to stab him with a bayonet in the back. Augustus, with the aid of a Belgian, wrenched the instrument from the hand of the assassin, who endeavoured to stab the American with it, crying out that he was a foreigner. Yes, said another, but he was fighting when you were running away. The vile rabble who had beset the Dutch Officer, assailed with blows and even wounds his escort, who saved his life at the imminent hazard of their own.

The Hotel de Ville was now quite abandoned by the authorities—they had run away. Much praise has been bestowed upon the Baron d'Hoogvorst, who is at present called the LA FAYETTE of Belgium, but this first day he too had got out of the way. The Dutch officer was then carried to a *Caserne*, where he was kept a prisoner in reprisal on the enemy, who had detained the Belgian deputy Dupectiaux. The report was now rapidly spread, that the Citizen Volunteers had repulsed the Dutch and taken several prisoners, and among them the Prince's aid-de-camp. Then out came many of the Patriots who had been hiding in the cellars. A considerable number of Volunteers presented themselves, and they were marched to the Place Royale. The Brothers accompanied them. All this time (between the detention of the prisoner and the march of the Volunteers from the *Caserne*) it would be hard to say what the Dutch troops were about. One-twentieth part of their number might have taken the town without spilling "an ocean of blood," or hewing down the people in masses à la Charles X. in Paris, or à la George IV. at Manchester. When the Brothers arrived at the Place Royale they saw no enemy, but they were told they were in the Park; they looked, but saw only trees. The Dutch it appeared were hid in a deep hollow in the Park, which effectually covered them from any fire but that of bombs or rockets, and these the Belgians did not possess. From this time till

the Dutch quitted the Park, it was quite an unexpected pleasure to see Mynheer's face ; he kept himself in a state of complete preservation. A violent firing commenced, principally on the side of the Belgians ; little injury was done, excepting to the trees and statues in the Park, (which suffered severely from the rebels) and the two houses Café de l'amitié and Hotel de Belle Vue, which were most desperately wounded by the Royal Syllagisms. To it they went, hammer and tongs. A Belgian, with a white flag, then advanced towards the enemy. The Brothers joined him, supposing he was an officer bearing a flag of truce, and the three ran forward to the end of the Hotel de Belle Vue next the Park. The Belgians then most stupidly recommenced their fire, and the Dutch exasperated at this apparent treachery, (really the consequence of ignorance) fired at the white flag, and the balls, stones and glass, passed over the heads of the truce bearers—whistling, rattling, and discoursing other kinds of music, not at all resembling the harmony of the spheres. At this time Augustus cried to his Brother, " Arthur—there—there, look there." Mynheer was then seen, under cover of a pillar, preparing to level them ; however they, along with the Belgian who carried the white flag, got under cover of the Café de l'Amitié, and another wound was inflicted upon that building. The flag of truce having been fired upon, the tricolor, black, yellow, and red, was then advanced, and flourished about, its bearer capering most curiously ; his comrades contented themselves with calling out *formez vous en bataille*, they might as well have "called Spirits from the vasty deep." The Brothers alone were alongside—alone accompanied the standard bearer who posted himself just in front of the hidden enemy—they fired, and a shot took effect, Arthur fell—a ball passing through his leg ; he merely exclaimed, " I've got it, *Vive la liberté.*" His brother and

a young Irishman (*h*) carried him off the field. Here the cowardly scoundrel who had been previously annoying Augustus, attempted to rob Arthur of his watch and pistols. Augustus threatened to shoot the brigand, who charged his bayonet on him, the pistol of Augustus was then cocked and presented at his head, when he gave over his hope of plunder and bolted. Arthur was carried into the Café de l'Amitié, which was formed into an *Ambulance* or temporary hospital, where his wound was examined and rough dressed. The young Irishman and some Belgians then placed him on a mattress and carried him on their shoulders to the Hotel de la Paix—one of them exclaimed, "Never mind, my brave friend, you have the wound for freedom; Vive la liberté." "Yes," (cried Arthur) "et vive l'égalité." If ever pain of wound was soothed by sympathy, mental gratification and the pride of having fought for liberty, it was on this occasion. The wounded man was escorted to his Hotel by a crowd, cheering "the Brave American who had come to fight for liberty," and the women almost stifled him with caresses. On his arrival at the Hotel every care was lavished on him, and the pain of his protracted cure was alleviated by the friendship which it conciliated to him of some of the most amiable ladies of Brussels. Augustus accompanied his brother; he, at the moment Arthur was wounded, had been struck by a spent ball on the wrist; this injury, and intense fatigue, (conceivable only by those who have been eight hours in constant action, with a heavy musket loading and firing continually) had disabled him from any other efforts that day, so he laid himself down and went to sleep, dreaming of the events of the day, and imagining himself still in the heat of the strife. The sensation after such a *rencontre* is like that arising from a fever on the brain—all confusion and night-mare. Arthur was done up for this cam-

paign : his wound was dangerous, the bone being splintered, and he was confined to bed during five months. The next day Augustus marched forth alone to the Place Royale, where he found about one hundred persons firing at the trees in the Park most furiously. He aided them some time in this work of arboricide, but considering it a pity to waste so much powder and ball, he proposed that they should apply more cogent reasoning to Royalty, using the argumentum ad bayonetum. This was agreed to, Augustus had the flag, and marched forward accompanied by about fifty—the Royalists fired so soon as the assailants were beyond cover of the Café de l'Amitié, which building stood diagonally between the Royalists and the Rebels. Augustus received a contusion in the right leg from a spent ball, and one or two more of the party were slightly hurt ; but the Dutch fired out their King's logic with such very little judgment, and with so much trepidation, that it was inconclusive and almost farcical. However the Bourgeoisie, not much accustomed to such ratiocination, instead of dashing forward and taking two pieces of the Royal Artillery which the Dutch in their fright had left unprotected outside the Park, yielded to the force of the kingly, paternal, fatherly correction of their beloved Sovereign, and like good boys all ran away. One of their Chieftains put his hand through the window of the Café de l'Amitié, and snatching the Belgian flag, (from Augustus, who stood underneath,) put it into a place of security.

The Revolutionists again got under cover of the further end of the Café de l'Amitié, and the Hotel de Belle Vue, buildings opposite each other, one on each side of the Rue Royale, leading from the place Royale to the Park. Augustus then ran across the street to the end of the Hotel Belle Vue, next the Park, in order to see what new reasons his paternal Majesty was preparing. Having

sat himself down, under cover of a small stone pillar, he espied a Dutch Soldier opposite to him under the protection of a large stone column. Augustus and he began to reason together—As fast as either shewed a glimpse of his physiognomy, so often did he receive a specimen of the other's oratory. At last, the Dutchman disappeared. Whether he fell, or ran away, yielding to superior logic—or declining further controversy went to his quarters to dine, cannot now be determined. Several attempts were made by some fine young Frenchmen, and one or two Belgians, to induce an attack on the slavists, and capture their cannon, which it was evident they were afraid to defend; but all efforts to attain this object were vain. The people were quite undisciplined—there was no head—no recognised officer, and “every man did that which was right in his own eyes.” The Loyalists now tried another species of rhetoric; they commenced firing bombs, but these hollow arguments were all marvellously ill-directed. Several shells exploded in the Place Royale, but they killed no one, and only slightly wounded a few, amongst them Augustus; bits of glass tearing off a piece of skin from his leg, and a small atom of that of his nose. Fearing his beauty might be spoiled, he proceeded to examine the injury, but after washing off the blood, the wound disappeared. Thousands of cartridges were expended, and as far as could be seen, the only severe sufferers still continued to be the trees and statues in the park.

And here let us do an act of justice to Prince Frederick, who commanded the Royal Soldiers. He and his troops have been accused of wanton cruelty—now His Gracious Highness, (to use the Royal parlance, or as O'Connell admirably calls it, the Algerine dialect,) was, for a Prince, wonderfully humane. He seemed to take pains to do no more injury to his father's subjects, than

that which he conceived necessary to frighten the undutiful into obedience to the God-given-Vienna-Congress-presented-King. Had he—(I mean His Highness,) commenced to batter the town about their ears, which having the occupation of the higher parts of the city, he might easily have done, they would soon have surrendered at discretion: and then the *Rebels* might have been hanged *à l'anglaise*, or scourged to death *à l'irlandaise*, instead of now almost dictating to Europe, as the champions of *Liberty* and *Public Order*. (i) If the Prince wished to save the town from destruction, and therefore did not bombard it—did his Highness's humanity prevent his charging the undisciplined bands of his subjects with the bayonet! but perhaps the Dutchman's better part of valor was alien to this attempt. Certain am I, that had it been made, the Citizens would have run away, leaving their cannon and muskets to take care of themselves. As each man fought how, and when he pleased—eating his breakfast, then going a Dutchman-shooting—then returning to dinner—then out again for a little more sport—afterwards to the tavern to boast his exploits, tell how many he had killed, eaten, &c. &c. and then to bed, it may be easily conceived that the Citizen's Posts were often slenderly guarded. Indeed, sometimes the important position of the further end of the Place Royale, adjoining the Café de l'Amitié, was entirely deserted. The side of the Place Royale, leading to the heart of the city through the Montagne de la Cour, was guarded much in the same style. The Rebel artillery was planted there, and the Royalists might have often had it for the trouble of fetching. At the best of times, and when the spirits of Beer, Patriotism, and Schnaps were most powerful, there was not a position of the Patriots which would have stood one demonstration of the Bayonet. So matters passed this day—Augustus did not see one man killed, though he was

several hours at the Place Royale. On returning to visit his wounded Brother he encountered on the way several persons reading a proclamation, without any signature—quite an anonymous production. It congratulated the Citizens, assured them that “to-day, and the day before, they had nobly resisted their enemy, and recommended them like the People of Paris, to take Paving Stones into their houses, and thus repel the enemy if he advanced.” Few had any inclination to follow this advice. The houses in the vicinity of the Dutch invaders, belonged for the most part to persons favorable to the Royal Cause, and even those whose sentiments were more rebellious, did not like to trust the insides of their dwellings to the Patriots, who might, it was feared, have exchanged their Paving Stones for Silver Spoons. But to do justice, and mere justice to the Artisans of Brussels,—they never, during the whole siege, soiled their hands with plunder of any description. The town was under their sole care: they alone fought; and for all their ardour, all their love of liberty, and all their blood, and for the loss of their friends, fathers, brothers, what have they received? Nothing—they are not even permitted to give a vote in the election of their Representatives—No, all their rights are in the hands of “the better order,” who had run away in the moment of danger, and only returned to their country, when they could in safety milk her. In what they are the “better order,” (excepting in assumption and impudence) it would be passing difficult to imagine, yet for their benefit alone the widowed wife and orphan child have been made to mourn (*k*).

At night, Augustus went into the Kitchen, and met there a little Spaniard, * * * * *. His name is left out from fear of subjecting him to “Royal Clemency, Justice, Goodness, &c.” He and another young countryman of

his had been sent abroad by the Spanish Government for education. The first was to perfect himself in the coach-making business, being by birth one of the "worse order"—the other being of the "better order," or in Earl Grey's parlance, "the order" was delegated to study diplomacy—the first was to be *useful*, the last *mischievous*. The incipient coach-maker and diplomatist, however, were both studying rebellion at Brussels, in place of their respective trades at Paris. The embryo coach-maker took an energetic part in the revolution, and acted in various military capacities—aid-de-camp to Van Halen—Scout—Spy—Sentry—and occasionally going out Dutchman Shooting, just as he would have gone after as many snipes; or as we Americans say, a-gunning. This Spaniard informed Augustus, that his (the coach-builder's) countryman, Van-Halen, had taken the command of the Revolutionists, and that he was at that moment in a little room off the Kitchen concocting the plan of a midnight attack on the Park. Augustus proceeded into the room, introduced himself to Van-Halen, gave him the Masonic signal, and was very cordially received; Van Halen remarking, that he could not find many such volunteers. The only map Van-Halen possessed of the city, was a miserable little abortion of a Chart of Brussels and its environs, taken out of a twopenny primer, describing the Mannekenpis and other wonderments of the city. He was several hours poring over this map, and arranging his plan of operations. In the meantime, Augustus was sitting in the Kitchen, surrounded by people of all grades—laughing at his broken French, and drinking to the success of their approaching expedition. Pleytinckx, the master of the Hotel, was the second in command, and he was sitting by his wife and sister. Pleytinckx kept the Hotel, and was a Colonel! "Well now, a tavern-keeper to be a Colonel—this is just as bad as the Yankces"—

and why not, Miss? He had been a Waterloo Officer, and it was said had also served under Buonaparte—his friends were scant—he married, and instead of vegetating idly on a pension stolen by intrigue, or robbed by force from the people, he gained his bread industriously, by the money willingly paid him by those who got value for that which they bestowed on him. It was very ungenteel to be sure—only fit for Americans, and such like swine, as wallow in liberty, and have not a temple of Government adorned with Corinthian Columns. Well! if no worse could ever be said of Colonel Pleytinckx!

But to return to the Kitchen and the Conspirators. Madame Pleytinckx when Augustus proposed the toast—"Our approaching expedition, down with all Kings," observed, it was fortunate he was not married, or he would not be so ready to run into danger. The young Spanish coach-builder drank the toast with enthusiasm—the Diplomatist in the shell excused himself in the Talleyrand style. The whole assemblage of Conspirators in the Kitchen did certainly afford the striking resemblance of a band of Brigands. All were armed with muskets and bayonets excepting Van Halen, Pleytinckx, and Fellner, as the attack was to be one of desperation---quite a forlorn hope, it being understood that the Park was to be taken or Brussels surrendered, and in the latter case there was to be an execution of the ringleaders, and of all the foreigners who had taken a part against his most excellent Majesty, appointed to be Ruler of the Belgians by God and the Congress of Vienna, the interpreters of his will. (*l*)

About midnight Van Halen and his party quitted the Hotel de la Paix and proceeded to the Grande Place, where a considerable number of Citizen Soldiers was assembled, but who had no great Stomach for the fight, and openly declared that they would not go to the But-

chery. So Colonel Pleytinckx, the hotel-keeper, arrested several, and as there was some hesitation in obeying him, he with his own hands laid hold of the spokesmen and turned them out of the ranks. All those who *would* fight for liberty were required to rendezvous at a Caserne near the Place Royale. Baron Fellner and the little coach builder were sent in different directions to make reconnaissances—Augustus remained with Van Halen and Pleytinckx, who inspected all the barracks and sentries, which were certainly not in the most effective condition, and then proceeded to reconnoitre the Royal vedettes. It being reported that the enemy had gained possession of the Café de l'Amitié, Van Halen, another officer, and Augustus (the two last) taking off their shoes, came under the windows and listened attentively to hear the Dutch whispers if awake, or hard breathings if asleep—no whisper or snore was heard—all was still as death, and it appeared that the Dutch reciprocating with our Belgians, quitted the post of danger at night, for the bed of safety—Royalty and populace, loyalty and rebellion—all snoozing.

The party next reconnoitred the enemy's advanced post; at this moment Van Halen quitted them to inspect some other point; the other two returned to the advanced vedette of the Citizen army. Pleytinckx said something to the sentry in a whisper and turned away, standing apart from him about three paces; the sentry then called on Augustus to fire, who of course refused to comply, as it is not usual to discharge muskets when reconnoitring in secret. The sentry then pulled the trigger of his own gun—it snapped, and instantly a light was seen to rise up from the Park. Augustus crept to Pleytinckx and whispered to him what had been done; but he spoke French so very imperfectly that it was with difficulty he could make himself comprehended. However, considering that the conduct of the sentry and the signal of the

enemy required investigation, he persisted in his efforts till he was certain his meaning was perceived. He shewed, by signs, to Pleytinckx how the Sentry had snapped his gun, and the other answered by supplying the word *raté*, and then observed the circumstance was of no consequence. At this time Van Halen returned, and the three, Van Halen, Pleytinckx, and the American, proceeded to an (*estaminet*) (or place of rendezvous for smoking) filled with Citizen Soldiers—they went up stairs and took up their quarters in a miserable little room—bread and cheese were brought in and they munched what they considered might be their last meal before they supped in Elysium, or the other place—in the abode of the happy, if successful, and so Patriots and lovers of the people; or in the dwelling of the damned if abandoned by fortune, and so false and wicked rebels to the King, appointed by God through his Procuration Attornies at Vienna. The three stretched themselves on a bed; Pleytinckx went to sleep, Van Halen remained awake, receiving from time to time the reports of the Scouts whom he had sent out to reconnoitre. The American considered the conduct before referred to, of the Sentinel and the accompanying circumstance of the light appearing in the Park, too important to be kept from the knowledge of the General commanding. Van Halen listened very attentively to his narration in Spanish, and then asked if he had mentioned the circumstance to Pleytinckx; he replied, that he had, but that Pleytinckx had said it was of no consequence; Van Halen answered, “I think it of much consequence; there is evidently some treachery.” Several officers continued to come in with their reports. It had been fixed (as Van Halen said) that the attack was to take place about an hour before day-break. However, he saw reasons to prevent its being made that night, and about four in the morning he proceeded to the Hotel de

Ville, where the Provisionary Government was sitting. Who the men were who composed it, Augustus did not know : One of them was sitting close to a very comfortable fire in a superb room—camp beds were laid beside the fire—Pleytinckx and Augustus threw themselves on one of them, Van Halen placed himself next the individual (evidently in high authority) who was sitting by the fire, and reported that it was in vain to attempt to take the Park, as he could not muster three hundred men willing to go to the attack, and that so small a force could not avail against five thousand—that besides, there was reason to suspect treachery among themselves, and that indeed there seemed to be some intelligence between the enemy and the Sentinels. The person to whom Van Halen made his report, and to whom he spoke with much deference, replied, that it was necessary to take the Park or to surrender the City. Van Halen rejoined, that he was ready to make the attack, it was his duty as a soldier to obey, but he could not conceal the hopelessness of the attempt. The Ruler (whoever he might be) then asked who Augustus was, Van Halen replied, an American volunteer, a friend of Pleytinckx ; Van Halen and the ruler (apparently a civil officer) then whispered together. Some others joined in this sort of council of war, and it was at last determined that Van Halen should go over to the Prince with a flag of truce ; for what particular mission Augustus did not hear. The contrast between the elegance of the room and the faces of the rebels, drawn to their extreme length by the watching of the night, and sooth to say, by fear, for they began to despair of success, and they knew the forfeit if they lost the game—the disordered appearance they presented standing, walking, sitting or lying on the little camp beds, in twos or threes, armed to the hilt ; musket, swords, pistols, commingled ; the alarm excited by Van Halen's bad tidings, and that worst

of panics, the dread of treachery, all conspired to deaden the heart. Augustus was firmly convinced that it was the intention of the leaders to make the best terms for themselves, and as it was possible that the fear of being prematurely discovered, would induce them to wish him out of the way, he thought they might assassinate him. This idea took entire hold of him, and it was confirmed by Pleytinckx, in his sleep, casually throwing his hand across Augustus' belt, in which were two brace of Pistols, and remarking—the Devil! how well he is armed. Well, thought Augustus, if I am to be killed one of you shall accompany me; he accordingly drew one of his Pistols from his belt, and cocking it, held it ready for action. Pleytinckx continued to sleep on. How the minutes did drag on as the American contemplated a clock on the opposite table. He called up his philosophy—"it was but to die—if it be not now, it is yet to come—if it be now, it is not to come:" but the matter of fact, Partridge-soliloquy still obtruded itself—"there is a great difference between dying now and fifty years hence"—the agony of lying in this state of suspense and dread was great; he rose and went to the extremity of the room, standing by himself, and keeping a watchful eye on his companions; however, he was quit for his fear. The morning commenced to dawn; various Scouts had continued to enter, all apparently the bearers of unfavorable intelligence; the last was the little coach-building Spaniard, who after making his report, came up to Augustus, and replied to his question in Spanish; what news? "Carrajo! very bad indeed; the town must be surrendered." Van Halen, Pleytinckx, Augustus, the little Coach-builder and several others then returned to the Hotel de la Paix. It was understood Van Halen was to carry a flag of truce to Prince Frederick in the Park. Two ladies of Van Halen's family embraced him, beseeching him not to go, as

the Prince had threatened to execute all foreigners in Brussels who had taken a part in the insurrection. Van Halen replied, that it was his duty as a Soldier who was in command to take the responsibility. A tear glid down his cheek as he bid them farewell, but he was evidently nerved for the effort he was about to make, apparently trusting to the humanity of the Prince, or perhaps hoping to intimidate him.

Van Halen having been told (it is considered by the little Coach-builder) that Augustus possessed a Riband, called usually the Prince's Riband, he requested it to put in his button-hole. It should have been stated, that the colours of the Prince were *Red, Orange, and Black*; those of the town the same, with the substitution of yellow for the orange; and when Arthur and Augustus had first come to Brussels, they by mistake, had purchased two sashes made of the Prince's Riband); Augustus replied to Van Halen's application, that he had given one of his sashes to Mademoiselle Pleytinckx, who was at this time in the kitchen along with them. She did not, or would not, recollect the circumstance. Augustus then requested Van Halen to accompany him to his room, and out of his desk handed the chieftain such a Riband as he required. Van Halen cut off a piece, and was putting it into his button-hole, when Mademoiselle Pleytinckx came to the door and said, "Ah, you are going to betray my brother;—" he answered, "never! I love your brother as myself; but it is my duty to go to the Prince at the hazard of my life, for the sake of us all." He then put the Prince's riband into his button-hole, removing the town colors previously attached to his breast. Augustus offered to accompany his brother Mason, to share his fate; but Van Halen saying he must go alone, departed, and it was understood that he was to go over to the Prince; but this did not happen, for Pleytinckx, it after-

wards appeared, went to the Prince, and was by him detained. All these minute details about the Riband, are given to confirm the statement of the mission to the Prince, to surrender the town, and it was fully expected that it was to be yielded that day. Madame Pleytinckx, though much distressed, packed up her valuables in the cellar. Barricades were raised in the front of the Hotel. The people were starving, and went from house to house demanding bread; and a large party declared, that if they did not get good terms from the Prince, they would burn the Hôtel de la Paix and its inhabitants, Pleytinckx, Van Halen, and others, who had occasioned all their miseries, by inciting them to revolt.

Augustus, who had been up the whole night and previous day, retired to bed, to dream of being hanged; ever and anon he felt the rope around his rebel's neck, and awoke but to think that the feeling was only in anticipation. He called to his wounded brother, and asked him what he thought of their chance of being hanged.

Arthur:—certain, if the town is surrendered, the name of stranger and alien is enough; that is one of the artifices of Kings to make mankind hate each other, and prevent their aiding their species against tyrants.

Augustus:—Will our Government interfere to save our lives?

Arthur:—No, we cannot expect it, and I do not wish it: we came here knowing the risque we ran, and we must play out the game by ourselves.

Augustus:—I should not have cared to be shot,—but to be hanged—!

Arthur:—Well, and what then: hanged or shot: life is given for liberty; we have done our duty to mankind, and our lives will not be lost in vain. It is another artifice of Kings to represent a particular kind of death as dishonourable, though the cause be never so noble; but, by the bye, you can escape out of the town.

Augustus :—No, I do not love the gallows I admit, but certainly I will not forsake my brother.

Augustus then applied to an English bookseller, telling him that his brother was desperately wounded ; and asking him, where, in the event of a bombardment, he could put the wounded man in safety,— “ You should have thought of that before you fought : mind your own business, I have enough to attend to of my own,” said the brute. (*m*)

At this time there was a perfect stillness in the town. It was reported that Pleytinckx was detained. Some said he was in reality a partizan of the Prince of Orange. Certain it is, that when he left the town on his mission, he was, or affected to be, a violent opponent of that Prince. Witness the Letter he wrote His Highness' Brother, Prince Frederic, and of which copies were circulated throughout Brussels. (*n*)

It is said that this Letter was never sent, but it is certain that Colonel Pleytinckx owed much of his popularity to the opinion of the public, that he had openly defied the Princes. When Pleytinckx returned to Brussels, subsequent to the retreat of Prince Frederic, he was one of the warmest partizans of His Highness' Brother, the Prince of Orange. Strange conviction produced by arresting him, when he was the bearer of a flag of truce ! It was however reported, that the Prince embraced him when he came on the message, whatever it was ; and the Royal hug quite renovated his loyalty. The firing however re-commenced a few hours after Pleytinckx had gone to the Prince ; and the artillery was better served than on previous days. A great deal of fuss has been made about an artillery man with a wooden leg, popularly called *le Jambe de bois*. He did what every sailor in the American, or British, or French service would have

done, without exciting more than a passing remark. He stuck by his gun certainly, and for this he received a Captain's commission. Why, at this rate, *all* our sailors would be Captains. To shorten the tale, the Prince's troops abandoned the Park at midnight, on Sunday, the 26th, being the last of the four days of Brussels. On the subject of the extraordinary attack, and the yet more *extra-extraordinary* evacuation of Brussels, I have the following theory: the Prince never contemplated reducing Brussels by main force; if he had, being in possession of the heights commanding the town, he might have buried the people under its ruins. It has been said, and there do appear numerous circumstances to warrant the opinion, that he had been induced to enter the town by the instigations of many of the Citizens in the Royal interest, who made him believe that he might count on a very slender resistance; and indeed that which he did encounter the first day, when the "Corinthian Columns" had hid themselves at Lille,—at Valenciennes,—in the Cellars of Brussels,—and in the Forest of Soigny, would not have stopped the Duke of Wellington, or General Diebitsch one second. (o)

The Royal troops are accused of cruelties. I saw none—they manifested the greatest forbearance: whether the result of cowardice or compassion, I do not pretend to determine. As however, the forbearance did not procure the Prince possession of the Town, he tried negotiation, and I feel quite convinced, that he quitted the Park, with an understanding that the dynasty of Nassau was to be preserved.

If the Almighty's Attornies (*p*) at Vienna should at any time choose the Devil to be King by the Grace of God, of any particular nation, it would be unjust to refuse His Most Gracious Satanic Majesty credit, for the good he did, and it is but rendering justice to Prince Frederick to

say, he manifested as much clemency as Royal Blood might suffer against Rebels. He could not have meant to destroy the beautiful houses of Brussels; it would have taken from his pleasures too many taxes to have rebuilt its Palaces. (9) He intended to have let the Gallows and Guillotine do their work. Indeed, if there be a rule of humanity which prescribes death to men who refuse to be governed by their equals, when made their masters by the Vienna Vicegerents of God, certainly the people of Brussels well merited execution. Every where their King has left traces of his efforts to benefit the nation—he protected its commerce—encouraged and even advanced money to forward the people's enterprizes. Why the slaves should rebel against a good master, to seek one afterwards of an unknown character, amongst strangers, it would be hard to say. Do they complain that King William was a foreigner. What is the Prince de Leuchtenberg, or the Duke de Nemours? But they pretend that the Dutch manners and language were forced on them. What affinity is there between French and Flemish, which last is the language of a large portion of the lower orders, and which is of the same family as that of Holland! Dutch is Flemish improved and polished: yet the Belgians now seek a Prince, whose language is quite alien to their own. Look at the past and present state of Belgium—in vain you try to find some real cause for the Revolution. Slaves loving slavery, wanted to change masters—bad for good!—"it matters not, so there be a change." Debtors too, wished a revolution in their ledgers.

When the "Corinthian Column" had found that the Park was evacuated, they returned to Belgium, and assumed the public authority, as a Provisionary Government. Impudence—*Vive l'impudence*—Impudence for ever: what a useful quality!—The men who had excited the Revolution, ran away in its dangers—came back when

there was no more jeopardy—seized, and were allowed to hold the public rule—the Corinthian Columns quitted the fabric in the storm, but returned to adorn it in the calm. People of Brussels, who fought your battle? the very lowest orders, aided and commanded by foreigners, especially Frenchmen. (r)

When the "Order" had returned, they refused to recognise, or it is likely did not know what had been agreed on between the previous authorities, with whom they were now associated, and Prince Frederick. His Highness was, as it were, swindled out of the city. Hostilities were again carried on against the Dutch, till the Powers—the five great Powers, seeing Royalty in danger, were instigated by regard to the sacred rights of humanity, and to spare effusion of blood, carnage, and so forth (though humanity was asleep, when Brussels was threatened with extermination), to make an intervention, though protesting against interventions, &c.&c. Van Halen was removed from the command, subsequently arrested, tried for a conspiracy on behalf of the Prince of Orange, and after a verbose trial acquitted.

To conclude this long digression—I have only to say, that Arthur recovered, and so Mr. Reader, Good Night. If an American, thank the STARS and the STRIPES, that you have no King; and if an Englishman, wish your country was without "Corinthian Columns," and "Royal Cornices." (s)

APPENDIX.

(a) Lafayette by his recent eulogy of Monarchy, has very much diminished the debt the World owed him; his claim on America remains the same.

(b) "The Princess Vittoria speaks English with a German accent—her studies having been in that language." *Court Journal*.

Exquisite compliment this to John Bull—Polished Animal—were he not so, he would refuse to carry the load any longer, and indignantly toss it off—German Kings—German Princesses—Coburg Stallions and Standing Armies, Pensions and Sinécures! This is *vulgar*, but it is also like most vulgar things, *true*.

(c) Vide Hall, and other Anti-Americans passim—"western end"—in allusion to the Western States, or back settlements. They say, American Ladies talk of the western end of their gowns, and American Gentlemen of the western part of their trowsers. Another heavy charge is the want of polish on Yanky boots.

(d) Towns of France on the Belgian Frontier.

(e) During the trial of these *illustrious* peers of France several labouring peasants of England were also on *their* trial—the peer and the peasant were both convicted—the people interceded for the peasant; the kings for the peer—the peer was virtually pardoned—the peasant actually hanged;—the crime of the peer was *murder by masses*—the crime of the peasant *striking one man* with a weapon which might have murdered him, but which did not. However the masses murdered were mere swine—the common people; the man knocked down was a ruler over the swinish herd—an Aristocrat.

A great deal of exclusive odium has been cast on the Ex-King Charles (*le bien aimé*) because he required the soldiers to hew down the people in masses—yet George *the magnificent* did the same thing, and thanked his soldiers for having well played the Executioner. See his Letter of thanks for the Manchester Massacre.—George the Third (*the good*) was continually at this work. Yet the Scoundrel Press of London, fills its columns with invectives against a French King, not a bit worse, if so bad—Merely because he was unsuccessful.

Patriot—Successful Rebel.

Rebel—Unsuccessful Patriot.

New Nomenclature of the Press.

- (f) "Rebellion, foul dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd,
The holiest cause that tongue or sword,
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's—an hour's success,
Had wafted to immortal fame."

Moore.

(g) Amongst the Defenders of Brussels, were an old Irishman and his sons. The father had been compelled to leave his country (by the effects of the "beautiful system of Government, which works so well—") when Castlereagh was meriting the execution he afterwards awarded, and as an act of signal justice performed on himself—when his Lordship and the other constitutional authorities under the mild and Most Gracious King of Great Britain and Ireland, were flogging Irishmen and Irishwomen to death, fixing pitch caps on the heads of croppies, and then tearing them off, with hair and skin—picketing this happy people—and shooting them if found out of their houses after sun-set! What an ungrateful nation the Irish are, not to be thankful for all these tender mercies, and manifold benefits of the admirable constitution—work of our wise ancestors, &c. &c. The Irishman alluded to as having quitted Ireland for Belgium, was so foolish as to run from the beautiful Government, at a time when they were going to flog him to death if they had caught him. He was a most unfit subject for a Constitutional King. Such a want of taste, as not to get flogged, and then bless the Glorious Constitution! Ballads and jests often shew the character of a nation, and its feelings. What, but a system of Constitutional Monarchy, could have rendered relateable a jest told of the Irish Constitutional Royal proceedings at this time, commonly circulated in English, but which for decency, a Vulgar American puts into Latin.

Quaerenti militi cuidam, quomodo sacerdotes duos bello captos accipere-deceret; dux regius petulanter respondet, "masturbandos esse." Hinc abijt miles, mox redit, "rem perfectam" narrat; "Quamnam?" interrogat dux. "Id quod mihi imperasti ut Sacerdotes masturbarem, quorum alter jam siccus est, alteri inguen rigere non vult."

If it be said, this is a mere jest—The answer is, it shews the English Spirit to the Irish. Would a New-Yorker think of such a joke against a Pemsylvanian?

(h) The father of this Irishman, is mentioned in a preceding note, as having been compelled to expatriate himself from Ireland, for loving liberty too well.

(i) There were many Belgians in the Royal Army, and it is said, they protested against a bombardment of their unfortified city, declaring that they would not participate in its destruction.

(*k*) The most talented portions of the French Press, belying their own principles, lent, or rather hired themselves to the Nobles of Belgium, eulogising the De Merodes for their tardy bravery, and wondering at these place-hunters grasping the hard hand of the brave labourer, who had been fighting their battles. Thus it is, that the Press degrades itself, by pandering to Aristocratic baseness!

(*l*) In the Jew-days, there was One King among the Prophets, Saul at Kirjath Jearim or Jabesh Gilead—now a-days, all Kings are Prophets, or declarers of divine will—Louis, Francis, Nicholas, Frederick, William, &c. at Paris, Vienna, Petersburg, Hague, Berlin, London, Hanover, &c.

(*m*) An English Gentleman applied to the Brothers to aid him and his Sisters in getting out of Brussels. With much difficulty this object was attained; the Authorities (who they were it is hard to say, or by what form constituted) having refused to allow any males to quit the town; but this obstacle was at length got over, and the Gentleman allowed to depart with his Sisters.

(*n*) The following is the Letter, *verbatim* as it was circulated in Brussels by *manuscript*, on the first of the “four days of Brussels.” Mr. Reader! pray remember that we take no merit to ourselves for the *perspicuity and elegance of style* in which the literary effusion of Colonel Pleytinckx is couched, any more than for the new accentuation and orthography of which it is a specimen.

AU PRINCE FREDERIC DES
PAYS BAS.

PRINCE,

Resté seul à l'hôtel de ville dans l'abandon complet ou les autorités ont laissé le brave peuple de Bruxelles—Je sens le besoin de vous exprimer ma pensée toute entière et de ne rien vous déguiser, votre conduite et celle de ceux qui vous envoient me semble déplorable et ne tient à rien moins que de perdre la Belgique à la tête des troupes que vous nommez nationales, et que nous ne considérons que comme les supports de la tyrannie : vous menacez de *sans* froid l'existence des familles vous exasperez le peuple pour le décimer ensuite, et non content de diriger vos canons contre ceux qui votre père décorait jadis du nom de citoyens vous retenez en otage les parlementaires qu'ils vous en-

PRINCE FREDERICK OF THE
LOW COUNTRIES.

PRINCE,

Remaining alone at the Hotel de Ville (Town House), in the complete desertion in which the authorities have left the brave people of Brussels, I feel the necessity of expressing to you my whole sentiments, and of disguising nothing to you. Your conduct, and that of those who *sends* you, appears to me déplorable, and aims at nothing less than the destruction of Belgium, at the head of troops whom you call national, and whom we consider only as the supports of tyranny. You menace with *sang froid* the existence of families; you exasperate the people to decimate them afterwards; and not content with directing your cannons against those whom your father decorated formerly with

voient. Perfide comme tous les membres de la maison d'orange vous usez de ruse, et ne tentez pas même d'entrer en ville : bien sur par votre presence à l'exterieur de nous livrer deux *ennemis* aussi laches que vous, le pillage et l'incendie, si j'avais un conseil a vous donner dans l'interet du Peuple, moi aussi je vous engage-rais a entrer en ville car l'agonie que vous faites supporter a la ville de Bruxelles doit la perdre irrevo- cablement.

Je vous maudis Prince, et que tout le sang que vous vous preparez à repandre retombe sur votre tête ; quant a moi je ne vous appartiens par aucun lien a une maison qui se *sont des Sermons* et qui dans son egoisme de domination sur un Peuple brave et guerrier. Prince ! Je vous renvoie deux *Brevets* que j'avais obtenu en rependant pour vous et les vôtres un sang que je me reprocherai toute ma vie d'avoir versé. Je quitte Bruxelles et j'irai dire a l'étranger les hauts faits du Prince Frederic des B. P. (Pays Bas ?) la bonté et la clemence de son pere, la fermeté et la courage de son frere. L'Europe entiere m'entendra et tot ou tard quoiqu'il advienne des circonstances deplorables ou nous nous trouvons, elle vous chassera du ter-ritoire Belge.

Je suis avec le plus profond Mepris,
Prince,

*** & PLEYTINCKX.

the name of Citizens, you detain in hostage the flags of truce which they send you. Perfidious, like all the members of the House of Orange, you use craft and do not even attempt to enter the town : quite sure by your presence without, to deliver us to two enemies just as cowardly as yourself, pillage and fire, if I had a counsel to give you in the interest of the people, I also would request you to enter the town, for the agony which you cause to the town of Brussels will lose it irrevocably.

Prince, you be damned, and may all the blood which you are now preparing yourself to shed, fall back again on your head ; as for me I do not pertain to you by any tie to a house which makes oaths, and which in its selfishness of domination over a people brave and warlike. Prince, I send you back two Commissions which I obtained in shedding for you and yours, blood which I shall reproach myself all my life with having spilt. I quit Brussels, and I will go and tell in other lands the high feats of Prince Frederic of B. P. [Query, " Pays Bas "—" low countries ;"] the goodness and the clemency of his father, the firmness and the courage of his brother. All Europe will listen to me, and sooner or later, whatever may result from the deplorable circumstances in which we find ourselves, she will chase you from the Belgic territory.

I am with the most profound contempt,

Prince,

*** & PLEYTINCKX.

(o) The comparison must of course be made between the Generals of Kings ; for the argument of the Bayonet is not practised in the citizen contests of America, since George III. of blessed memory

ceased to honor us with eating drinking &c. &c. at her citizens' expense, and then murdering them to support the dignity of the Crown, and the honor of the illustrious House of Brunswick.

(p) If any saintling should object to the expression "Almighty's Attornies" let him peruse Royal Proclamations and Priestly Sermons, he will find ample justification of such language. The Emperor of Russia "by the Grace of God, King of Poland, calls upon the Almighty to aid him against his rebellious subjects, whose Sovereign he is by divine act"—and how was the divine will to this act declared? why, by the Congress of Despots at Vienna, who claimed (as acting in the name and on the behalf of the Creator) to dispose of nations just as an Attorney does of his constituent's land, or as a Steward does of his master's cattle. Again, the Parsons tells us, "that Kings are on Earth the Vicegerents—the representatives of the Creator;" that is, the Attornies of the Almighty. "I thank thee Priest for teaching me the word." It is curious to examine the Royal power of procuration—Humbug wrote it—Ignorance set her mark to it—Superstition sealed it.

Before we quit thinking of Vienna and the divine attornies, let us ask John Bull, why *he*, the prattler about the *casus faderis*, allows the despot to violate with impunity that part of the Vienna Sovereigns, which made Nicholas King of Poland, and to which England is a party, so far as good faith is concerned.

(q) See Note (i).

(r) See Note (k).

(s) If Belgium gains nothing by her Revolution, never forget that the fault *was the people's*—not for arrogating too much to itself, but for trusting implicitly to its worthless Aristocracy of birth and impudence!

It must not be forgotten, that "the Order" created Three Classes of Stars—(the highest for those who distinguished themselves before the Four Days—thus, attributing the highest place to themselves and the other runaways,) and distributed medals, bearing inscriptions in an unknown tongue. Behold a Copy of this unique inscription in the following Extract from a Belgian Paper.

CÉRÉMONIE FUNÉBRE.

—Le service ordonné par le Congrès en l'honneur de nos concitoyens, morts en combattant pour la liberté, a été célébré aujourd'hui, dans l'église de SS. Michel et Gudule, à onze heures et demie. Environ cent trente membres du congrès, le gouvernement provisoire, toutes les autorités civiles et militaires, des détachements de la garde civique, des volontaires, notamment les chasseurs du Marquis de Chasteler avec leur drapeau criblé de balles, et de la troupe de ligne, y assistaient à des places désignées d'avance. Le reste de l'église était rempli par un public nombreux; on a chanté une messe en musique. Une quête faite au profit des blessés, a produit environ quatre cents florins.

On a remarqué que les membres du gouvernement provisoire, excepté MM. de Mérode et Rogier portaient l'uniforme de la garde civique, *la Blouse*.

Après la célébration de la messe, le cortège s'est dirigé vers la place des Martyrs, là, M. Surlet de Chokier président du Congrès a prononcé d'une voix émue, un discours dans lequel nous avons remarqué le passage suivant. "Braves Belges, ensevelis sous cette terre après avoir payé de votre sang la conquête de nos libertés, dormez en paix, entourés de la reconnaissance de vos frères. La nation vous pleure, le monde vous admire. Vos noms vivront plus longtemps dans l'histoire, que le monument périssable que nous allons vous élever."

Ces mots ont été accueillis par les acclamations de tous les assistants. M. Surlet de Chokier est ensuite descendu dans l'ouverture préparée pour recevoir les fondations du monument funèbre : on lui a apporté sur un plat d'argent toutes les médailles frappées depuis le commencement de la Révolution, il les a enfermées dans une boîte de plomb avec l'arrêté du gouvernement provisoire, la décision du Congrès, et le procès-verbal de la cérémonie.

A l'issue de la cérémonie funèbre d'aujourd'hui une médaille a été distribuée.

Nous croyons rendre service au public, et faire plaisir aux membres du gouvernement provisoire, qui nous ont paru vouloir s'assurer un passeport à l'immortalité, de donner la traduction des mots latins gravés pour les morts. A les lire, on croirait qu'ils sont pour les vivans.

Les voici :

Jug. batav. excus. A. Gendebien, S. Van de Weyer, com. Fel. de Mérode, Ch. : (ce qui veut dire Chalos, en Français) Rogier, E. B. V. D. L. d'Hoogvorst, Jolly, F. de Coppin, J. Vanderlinden in Belgio gubernantibus, E. L. Surlet de Chokier general. comit. praeses monum ad perpet. mem. martyr. libert. publica gratitud. consecrati prim. lapid. prosuit (lisez posuit) (1)) die IV DEC. MDCCCXXX.

curante Isid. PLAISANT sec. pub. adm. gen.

Sur le revers en exergue.

dulce et decorum pro patriâ mori.

Voici la traduction :

Après avoir secoué le joug des Hollandais, sous le gouvernement en Belgique de MM. Gendebien, Van de Weyer, comte f. de Mérode, C. Rogier, E. B. V. D. L. d'Hoogvorst, Jolly, F. de Coppin, J. Vanderlinden, E. L. Surlet de Chokier président de l'assemblée générale, a posé la première pierre d'un monument consacré par la reconnaissance publique à la mémoire éternelle des martyrs de la liberté.

Par les soins de M. Isid. PLAISANT, administrateur de la sûreté publique.

Personne n'est oublié, excepté le peuple ; les morts, le congrès, ont chacun leur petite place sur le petit monument de la petite vanité de nos gouvernans, qui ont presque oublié qu'ils sont provisoires.

Nous aurions cru que dans cette circonstance solennelle, d'autres soins les auraient occupés.

L'Emancipation,

Lundi, 6 Decembre, 1830.

ADDENDA.

“ Deux frères Américains, logés *hotel de la Paix*, et venus expressement pour soutenir nos efforts, ont été blessés grièvement.

COURRIER DES PAYS BAS,

Jeudi 30 Septembre,”

Année 1830.

FROM THE “ EMANCIPATION ” OF BRUSSELS,

October 27, 1830.

A. M. LE REDACTEUR DE L'EMANCIPATION.

Monsieur,

Blessé à la défense de Bruxelles dans une des journées de septembre; à la suite d'une convalescence un peu lente, je n'ai pu avoir qu'une connaissance tardive de votre feuille du 14 octobre, renfermant un discours prononcé à la *Reunion Centrale*. Citoyen américain, je me dois à moi-même et à mon pays de réfuter une assertion de ce discours, que je suis forcé de qualifier d'erreur de mauvaise foi.

Après des lieux communs, des vérités banales, des complimens d'usage et plusieurs mauvais raisonnemens, l'orateur ose affirmer qu'en 1812 et 1813, “ l'Angleterre, quoiqu'épuisée par la guerre du continent, a *presque vaincu l'Amérique*; cette Amérique qu'on vante trop ” suivant lui, et qui pourtant tient tête, il y a plus de 50 ans, au puissant empire britannique, quand sa population ne dépassait pas le tiers de ce qu'elle était en 1812, quand elle était pauvre et sans organisation, quand tout le monde était encore sous le joug des anciens préjugés, joug que l'Amérique a brisé la première.

Est-il possible qu'il suppose aux hommes éclairés qui l'ont entendu pérorer, une telle ignorance? Ai-je besoin de rappeler cette victoire brillante de la Nouvelle Orléans que le général Jackson remporta sur les anglais, qui mit fin à la guerre et qui lui vaut aujourd'hui la présidence des Etats-Unis? Je ne dirai pas, au jeune orateur, de consulter les feuilles américaines; qu'il s'en rapporte aux récits de ceux qui, jadis, nos ennemis, ont signé depuis avec nous le pacte de la concorde.

Nous, qui vous avons devancé plus d'un demi-siècle dans la carrière si glorieuse de la liberté révolutionnaire, nous n'avons pas dégénéré non plus que vous des vertus de nos pères. L'ancien compagnon d'armes de Washington donne encore la main sans honte aux fils de ses amis. Vienne un oppresseur parmi nous, et vous verrez si le cri de liberté et d'indépendance trouve encore des échos sur les bords de l'Hudson et du Mississippi.

Tant que nous aurons une ville à faire sauter, tant qu'il nous restera une seule forêt qui nous serve d'asile, quand *presque* tout, excepté l'honneur, sera perdu, jamais aucune puissance ne se vantera d'avoir *presque* vaincu l'Amérique.

Monsieur, quoiqu'étranger, je suis trop jaloux de votre gloire, pour laisser passer sans réponse des plaisanteries du même orateur, sur ce qu'il appelle le vœu du peuple. Oui, les Belges ont le droit de vouloir, puisqu'ils en ont le pouvoir. *Possunt qui posse videntur.*

On dit que pour être constitué en république, la France est trop grande, la Belgique trop petite; que dans les deux pays il y a trop d'ambitieux, comme si l'ambition n'était pas innée dans le cœur de l'homme; comme si sans ambition il ne devenait pas croupissant et abruti, comme si dans les monarchies elle n'était pas remplacée par l'intrigue, qui, au lieu de gagner l'amour d'un peuple libre et éclairé par des bienfaits éclatans, s'accapare la prodigalité d'un vieillard radoteur ou d'un enfant gâté, par l'incrimination des gens de bien ou les faveurs d'une courtisane. On dit aussi que l'état fédératif tend à introduire des nouvelles dénominations et de la discorde. Est ce que les termes de Connec-ticut et de Massachusetsois établissent des différens chez nous? Est ce qu'il existe des défenseurs plus zélés de nos libertés, des citoyens plus fiers du titre de républicains américains que les habitans de la Louisiane? Est ce que les naturels de l'Ecosse, de l'Irlande, du pays de Galles et même de la ville de Londres ne sont pas désignés par des appellatifs tirés des lieux respectifs de leur naissance? Est-ce qu'on confond en France les Gascons avec les Normands, ou ceux-ci avec les Parisiens? Par opposition, affirmera-t on qu'en dépit de *l'unité monarchique*, la guerre civile des deux Roses en Angleterre, en France, celle de la Fronde n'ensanglantèrent pas ces deux royaumes? L'histoire des conducteurs de char des deux factions verte et bleue à Constantinople est-elle donc inconnue?

Le fait est que tous les termes d'un emploi journalier sont d'un vague extrême. La république des Etats Unis si peu connue en Europe, ne ressemble sous aucun rapport, ni à l'oppression patricienne de Rome, ni à la tyrannie insupportable de la noblesse vénitienne. Je ne suis pas étonné si elle ne convient pas à tout le monde. En Amérique le gouvernement est à *bon marché*. Les modestes gains de la classe industrielle ne sont pas gaspillés, les intrigans sont méprisés, les méchans châtiés. Pour jouir de la considération, il faut avoir du mérite, et pour remplir les hautes fonctions de l'état, il faut s'en montrer digne. *Voici l'état fédératif.*

J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer.

BEAUMONT, *citoyen américain.*

FROM THE LONDON TIMES,
October 6th, 1830.

NARRATIVE OF THE LATE STRUGGLE IN BRUSSELS.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 22nd of Sept. it was understood that the Prince commanding the King's forces had published a Proclamation, stating his intention of entering the City of Brussels, and promising an amnesty, excepting the ringleaders of the disaffection, and strangers. The vague terms of the exception excited no small consternation. Every man engaged in the affair, of course imagined himself of sufficient importance to come within the vengeance denounced by the commander of the King's forces. Strangers in particular were incensed, and determined not to be the tame victims of the Prince's unresisted success. In consequence, they did not regard that part of the proclamation, which ordered them to retire unarmed, within their dwellings. Much of the ultimate success of the revolutionists, is due to the gallantry of the foreigners, who, from various causes, had arrived in Brussels. English, Scotch, Irish, Americans, French (in considerable numbers), and Spaniards, all fought

well;—some actuated by attachment to the popular cause, others by the natural pugnacity of their characters, and many from the conviction, that implicated or not in the practices of the Revolutionists, they would be equal endurers of the sufferings, which it was not doubted that the Dutch, if successful, would inflict.

Had the Prince proclaimed a general amnesty, and marched in at the head of his Belgian forces, and not attempted to force the Dutch soldiers into the city, I am confident he would not have been resisted. Many of the opulent inhabitants were attached to the cause of the Crown. They felt and appreciated the commercial advantages resulting from the Royal residence at Brussels; they had experienced the evils resulting from several weeks' stagnation of business; were wearied of soldiering, and desirous to compromise, on any reasonable terms. A party certainly was determined to attempt to achieve a revolution at all hazards; but their efforts would have been rendered abortive (had the Prince acted more consistently) by the men of property, who had much to loose and little to gain by a Revolution; and by the disinclination of the lower class of inhabitants to continue the longer endurance of the great privations they had undergone, for several of the Burgeois soldiers were almost starving. To prove this I shall just mention one fact: Two Gentlemen who had been walking about the city on this evening, (Wednesday, the 22nd) were taken up by the Garde Bourgeoise, and conducted to their Hotel, to ascertain if they were the persons they described themselves. These Gentlemen requested the guard to partake of some refreshment, and the poor fellows ate like famished men, stating, that for several days they had scarcely tasted bread,—that their present supply had given them new vigour,—and requested to be allowed to carry with them a loaf or two of bread for their comrades. Though thus evidently enduring starvation, the Garde Bourgeoise committed no excess; and I can speak from personal experience, of the admirable conduct of most of the privates of that corps: not so of most of their Officers.

Thus stood the matter on Wednesday evening: the Prince had an army under his command; he enjoyed popularity in the city; he was aided by famine and disorganization prevailing among his opponents, who were deserted by the principal part of their chiefs,—the “foul cravens who bleached from the helm when the wind blew the highest,” but who returned when success became probable, to guide the efforts of those few who had still struggled on when all was dark, gloomy, and hopeless.

Despite of all his advantages, in opposition to all human foresight, the Prince has been the defeated party. His Highness was aided by many circumstances. but he forgot he had a formidable opponent in the excited, the indescribably excited hatred of the Belgians to the Dutch, and which could only be rendered tractable by a conqueror's success, or by the conciliation of a beloved Prince. His Highness had the choice of two courses;—to enter Brussels in triumph, as the vanquisher of the Belgian nation, or as the friend of the people, relying on their love, and unaided by a foreign army of mercenaries, as the Dutch are considered by his Belgic subjects. The Prince was indecisive: he adopted neither course, but traversed from one to the other. To pursue the first course, and to enter as a conquering Prince, he, on Thursday, the 23rd, required but a few resolute troops; the disunion of his enemies, and the flight of their chiefs would have left but little for disciplined men to effect. To have adopted successfully the other alternative, and to have commanded in Brussels as a Prince, beloved by the people, he needed only have granted a more precise amnesty, and promised to enter the city with those troops alone who were Belgians by

birth, and who, as events have proved, were not inclined to desert his cause till its success became more than dubious, and that of his opponents absorbingly popular.

When in possession of Brussels, he might have conciliated all parties, for the people were weary of anarchy, and the possession of the capital by the King's forces would have crushed the hopes of the Revolutionists in other places. It is difficult to say what the Prince designed: his attack on the town was just sufficient to excite hatred and contempt: his soldiers must be the most atrocious of cowards—their leaders the vilest of traitors, or the most unspeakable idiots.

On Thursday morning, the 23rd, the Prince entered in the direction of Scaerbeck: his troops marched down the Rue Royale, and entered the park. At seven in the morning, he had encountered but little resistance, and at this period I first saw the conflict. The Place de Louvain (which lies between the gate of Scaerbeck and the Park) was at this time defended by not more than sixty or seventy undisciplined Burgeois, with only one Officer that I could distinguish. They complained bitterly that they were betrayed, and I did not imagine that above an hour would elapse before the Prince would have had full possession of the town, of which he already occupied the higher part, with the consequent means of easily subduing the remainder. At this time (seven in the morning) the Prince's army exhibited themselves in considerable force (of cavalry and infantry) taking up positions in front of the streets, from which however they speedily retired, sheltering themselves behind the corners of the houses, though they were resisted only by a handful of the Burgeois and a few strangers, who fought behind the barricades, which had been thrown up very carelessly, and which were not of sufficient height or breadth to have offered any material obstacle to either foot or horse; a very indifferent hunter would have thought little of leaping these barriers. At this time there was no firing from the houses. I saw the inhabitants close their doors, and refuse to allow their dwellings to be used as forts for the defence of the city against the Prince's forces. His Highness however, instead of advancing, commenced to retreat; his troops yielded up several of the barricades they possessed, and retired behind the trees of the Park. Their cowardice is inconceivable to men who have not witnessed it. I saw six persons drive a company of Dutch from a barricade. Amongst these six, were a gallant French youth apparently about sixteen, one of the bravest of the brave; a Belgian, who displayed the most adventurous valour the whole day; and two brothers, the eldest in 1825, obtained the double first honours of Oxford, and the other, a member of the Jamaica Assembly.*

But these acts of bravery were at this period of the first day almost solitary, and a general depression lowered over the city. About nine o'clock an aide-de-camp of the Prince, and as I understood a Count, but whose precise title I do not remember, appeared on horseback at a corner of a street near the Place de Louvain. He waved a white handkerchief, and called on the Bourgeois to advance to him. They did so, principally the six individuals before mentioned, who were in front. Whilst the aide-de-camp was stating the message he had received, a rabble broke in and dragged him off his horse. At first I considered they were showing their gratification at his arrival, but I discovered they intended to treat him as a prisoner, and to insult him. The gentlemen before mentioned (Messrs. Beaumont) and several of the Bourgeois defended him at their own hazard from the ruffians who however succeeded in dragging off his epaulets, and tearing away his cockade; still the gallant man, as he was escorted through the streets, manifested no particle of fear; his cheek was

unblanched, and no sign of dread came over him; occasionally his fine aristocratic face was lightened by a smile of scorn he cast on his base assailants. All that the really brave men could do to defend him was done at their own imminent peril. He was guarded to a barracks, and it was stated he would be considered as a prisoner, in retaliation of a similar detention of one of the delegates from Brussels. It is due to the bourgeois soldiers to say, that they in no way participated in the infliction of the insults this brave man received; it was the skulking cowards who assailed him, and one of them attempted to assassinate him with a dagger, which was wrenched out of his hand by one of the Messrs. Beaumont and a bourgeois. A most intolerable coward boasted he had made the aide-de-camp a prisoner. As well might *Isaac of York* have boasted of making *Ivanhoe* a captive to his spear, or *Wamba*, the witless, that he had vanquished *King Richard* with his shield of brawn. The *Courier des Pays-Bas* contains a dispute between two other persons, who also each claim to have "made an officer of rank prisoner." If they allude to the aide-de-camp I am referring to, they have both an equal right to the honour of his capture. The truth is, he came with a flag of truce, and was detained in reprisal; and, as far as I know, justly detained, for I have seen the Prince's troops more than once fire on the white flag of the Bourgeois.

The detention of the aide-de-camp gave vigour to the Prince's opponents, for a report was speedily propagated that the Dutch had been beaten, and the aide-de-camp of the Prince, "and several officers," made prisoners. Then forth came the coward and the dubious man. The revolutionary party understood well the value of such rumours. Immediately after the event of the Prince's aide-de-camp coming in, a considerable number of volunteers came forward, and I proceeded with them to the Place Royale, which lies on the opposite side of the Park to the Place de Louvain, from which last the Dutch had been beaten, or rather had most shamefully run away from absolute fright. Indeed, the face of a Dutchman was scarcely discernible during the whole period of the extraordinary conflicts. At the Place Royale two young Irishmen, resident in Brussels (whose names I do not mention for obvious reasons) distinguished themselves right valiantly, and made repeated attempts to induce the Bourgeois to resort to the bayonet; but I never saw this course adopted.

The first day of the conflict many of the townsmen were killed and wounded, because there was no discipline, and no small portion of the rabble was intoxicated.

The succeeding day there was some confidence, and the Provisionary Government published a proclamation without any signatures. In the night an expedition was organized to surprise the soldiers in the Park. I saw the Bourgeois at midnight assembled in the Hotel de Ville; but they had no stomach for the fight, and many declared they would not go to the butchery. The expedition did not succeed: whether rendered abortive by treason or cowardice I know not. On Saturday all was gloom: it was understood that the city was to be surrendered. The lower class of the citizens were in great distress from hunger, and I saw many instances of armed Bourgeois asking bread from the inhabitants, but they demanded nothing else.

On Sunday, the 26th, there was a continued firing from the Bourgeois into the Park, but the Dutch being sheltered by a deep hollow, in which they were lying hid, could not have sustained much loss: the trees were the greatest sufferers. Had many of the Dutch fallen, numbers would have remained on the field, or large graves must have appeared, or numerous waggons would have

been seen conveying off the slain. None of these circumstances took place, therefore but few must have been killed. On Monday, the 27th, when the Park was evacuated, I did not see so much as twelve bodies: there might have been more, I speak of what I saw, and I walked through the whole Park, but there was an immense assemblage of empty bottles, from which the spirit had departed, but certainly not entered the hearts of the Dutchmen, for even their proverbial Dutch courage did not avail them. How the Dutch came to quit the Park I do not know, as I did not see them decamp, but my opinion is, that they "summoned up a coward mind, and ran away." The cowardice of the Dutch is, I fear, unbelievable, except by eye-witnesses. I who saw the wonder, can hardly imagine it possible.

During all the period of the four days the Dutch threw occasional bombs, rockets, and red-hot shot into the city; they destroyed one or two houses, and excited the hatred and contempt of all classes. These soldiers of Holland kept themselves out of the way of all danger, but made a most vigorous attack upon the dram bottles, as the untenanted bodies of the numerous slain I found at their quarters amply evinced. The homely apophthegm says, that Dutchmen require their courage to be excited; but nought excited that of the Dutch at Brussels. Oxen and wain ropes may drag them to the combat, but native courage never: they resist even the charms of their bottles. "A plague of all cowards!"

P. S. I made every possible inquiry relative to the charge of rape preferred against the Dutch, and I have no reason to believe it founded on fact. An English gentleman whom they had visited stated to me that they had ravished only a few silver spoons, &c.

* Both these brothers were wounded, the latter slightly, but the former very severely in several places, particularly by a shot, which, at a later period of the day, he received through the leg at the Place Royal, whilst leading on the Bourgeois at the Café de l'Amitié, in front of the Park. He was carried from the field by his brother and an Irish gentleman to the next hospital; some of the vagabonds who were in the rear endeavouring to rob him. He was afterwards removed from the hospital to his hotel by the Bourgeois, and almost stifled with caresses. Several ladies of Brussels have continued to visit him during the procrastinated cure of his wounds, expressing their gratitude to him for having come express from Paris to defend them when many of the leaders of the people had deserted them. General Van Halen called on him to express his high approval of his conduct, and that of his brother, which last had been his companion in his nocturnal expeditions to surprise the enemy in the Park, and who was introduced by the General to the public authorities, as one of two brothers who had eminently served the people, and well deserved that medals should be awarded them.

GOVERNEMENT PROVISOIRE

De la Belgique.

Quartier Général le 4 Octobre 1830.

LE GÉNÉRAL COMMANDANT EN CHEF,
des forces actives de la Province du Brabant Méridional.

I. J. VAN-HALEN, the General Commanding in Chief the Belgian Army, with much satisfaction give my testimony to the brave conduct of my friend AUGUSTUS HARDIN BEAUMONT, during the four days of Brussels the 23d. 24th. 25th. and 26th. days of September, 1830, when he came to Brussels expressly as a Volunteer in the cause of liberty—was wounded on the 23d. and 24th. at the Place de Louvain and at the Place Royale when at the latter place he was carrying the Belgian Tri-color Flag in front of the Park in which the Dutch were encamped—was afterwards on the same night of the 24th. my Companion in the forlorn-hope in the mid-night attack on the park planned by me—and who never obtained and never sought any pay or other reward but the honor of fighting for freedom—of aiding his fellow-men.

JUAN VAN HALEN.

Bruxelles 4 Oct. 1830.

GOVERNEMENT PROVISOIRE

De la Belgique.

Quartier Général le 4 Octobre 1830.

LE GÉNÉRAL COMMANDANT EN CHEF
des forces actives de la Province du Brabant Méridional.

Certifie que Monsr. Auguste H. Beaumont s'est distingué dans les Combats qui ont eu lieu à Bruxelles le 23, 24, 25 & 26 Septembre, 1830, pour l'affranchissement de la Belgique; que le 23 au Parc son frère fut blessé à côté de lui et que lui même malgré une blessure assez grave qu'il y recut n'a pas quitté d'un instant le Théâtre de la Lutte.

C'est pour rendre justice à son noble devouement que je lui ai delivré la présente attestation.

I. VAN HALEN.

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