

"And give us yours too, Corporal; I never thought the Orangemen had the spirit to stand fire that way before."

While the two combatants thus lay upon the ground, the space which they had occupied was filled by other individuals. The instant that the schoolmaster was seen falling, a body of his followers rushed forward to demolish Hall, and not finding him, they immediately attacked old Switzer, and felled him to the ground. Hogan, who had hitherto been inactive, bounded into the road, and in a few moments cleared with his short alpen the assailants from the body of the fallen Palatine. Hundreds called out to him to retire, or he should be "exterminated like one of the Orangemen." Hogan refused to obey the command, and a rush was about being made upon him, when a tramp of feet was heard, and, in a few seconds afterwards, twenty policemen drew up in a line across the road. Orders to prime and load were given, and at once obeyed. "The first man who attempts to push forward on either side," called out the young commander, "is my prisoner, and those who remain here for five minutes will be fired upon." The adherents of O'Kelly, seeing that they would have to encounter such a body of armed police, aided by the Orangemen, immediately retreated into the village, carrying with them the body of their leader. The poor Corporal was in the meanwhile borne off by the police, and his drunken companions escorted to their different homes.

In a few days subsequent to the encounter, the Corporal had ceased to breathe—he and his antagonist were interred in the same churchyard. Hogan soon had conferred upon him by the magistrates, the pen, the ink-horn, the printed Summonses, and the awful Decrees, with the other insignia of his office. Thus ended the Election of Ballyporeen—while old Switzer in gratitude for the service rendered him on the 12th July, bestowed upon the fortunate candidate the hand of the lovely maiden, the announcement of whose marriage excited a curiosity, which I have thus attempted to gratify.

SECRET POISON.

THE art of poisoning never excited more attention in France than about the year 1670. Mary Margaret d'Aubray, daughter of the Lieutenant-civil Dreux d'Aubray, was, in the year 1651, married to the Marquis de Brinvillier, son of Gobelin, president of the Chamber of accounts, who had a yearly income of thirty thousand livres, and to whom she brought a portion of two hundred thousand. He was *Mestre de Camp* of the regiment of Normandy, and during the course of his campaigns became acquainted with *Godin de St. Croix*, a young man of distinguished family, who served as a Captain of cavalry in the regiment of Trassy. This young officer, who was then a needy adventurer, became a constant visiter of the Marquis, and in a short time paid his addresses to the marchioness; who lost her husband after she had helped to dissipate his large fortune, and was thus enabled to lead a life of infamy in greater freedom. Her indecent conduct gave so much uneasiness to her father, that he procured a *Lettre de Cachet*; had St. Croix arrested while in a carriage by her side, and thrown into the Bastille. St. Croix there, got acquainted with an Italian named Exili, who understood the art of preparing poison, and from whom he learned it. As they were both set at liberty after a year's imprisonment, St. Croix kept Exili with him until he became perfectly master of the art, in which he instructed the marchioness, in order that she might employ it in bettering the circumstances of both. When she had acquired the principles of the art, she assumed the appearance of a nun; distributed food to the poor; nursed the sick in the Hotel Dieu; and gave them medicines, but only for the purpose of trying the strength of her

poison, undetected, on these helpless wretches. It was said in Paris, by way of satire, that no young physician, in introducing himself to practice, had ever so speedily filled a church-yard as Brinvillier. By the force of money, she prevailed upon St. Croix's servant, called La Chaussee, to administer poison to her father, into whose service she got him introduced, and also to her brother, who was a counsellor of the parliament, and resided at his father's house.

To the father, the poison was given *ten times* before he died; the son died sooner; but the daughter, Mademoiselle d'Aubray, the marchioness could not poison, because, perhaps, she was too much on her guard; for a suspicion soon arose that the father and son had been poisoned, and the bodies were opened. The marchioness, however, would have escaped, had not Providence brought to light the villany. St. Croix, when preparing the poison, was accustomed to wear a glass mask; but as this once happened to drop off by accident, he was suffocated, and found dead in his laboratory. Government caused the effects of this man, who had no family, to be examined, and a list of them made out. On searching them, there was found a small box, to which St. Croix had affixed a written request that after his death it might be delivered to the *Marchioness de Brinvillier*, or in case she should not be living, that it might be burned. Nothing could be a greater inducement to have it opened, than this singular petition; and that being done, there was found in it a great abundance of poisons of every kind, with labels on, with their effects, proved by experiments made on animals, were marked.

When the marchioness heard of St. Croix's death, she was desirous to have the casket, and endeavoured to gain possession of it, by bribing the officers of justice; but as she failed in this, she quitted the kingdom. La Chaussee, however, continued at Paris, laid claim to the property of St. Croix, was seized and imprisoned; confessed more acts of villany than were suspected, and was, in consequence broke alive on the wheel in 1673.

A very active officer of justice, named Degrais, was despatched in search of the *Marchioness de Brinvillier*, who was found in a convent at Liege, to which she had fled from England. To entice her from the convent, Degrais assumed the dress of an Abbe, found means to get acquainted with her; acted the part of a lover; and having engaged her to go out on an excursion of pleasure arrested her. Among her effects at the convent, there was found a confession, written by her own hand, which contained a complete catalogue of her crimes.

She there acknowledged that she had set fire to houses, that she had occasioned the death of more persons than any one suspected.

Notwithstanding all the craft she employed to escape, she was conveyed to Paris, where she at first denied everything; and, when in prison, she played piquet to pass away the time. She was, however, convicted; brought to a confession of her enormities; became a convert, as her confessor termed it; and went with much firmness to the place of execution, on the 16th of July, 1675, where, when she beheld the multitude of spectators, she exclaimed in a contemptuous manner, "You have come to see a fine spectacle!" She was beheaded, and afterwards burned; a punishment too mild for such an offender.

As she had been amused with some hopes of a pardon, on account of her relations; when she mounted the scaffold, she cried out, "*C'est donc tout de bon.*"

The following description of Brinvillier may perhaps be of use to physiognomists. Her features were exceedingly regular, and the form of her face, which was round, was very graceful. Nothing proves more, that *Metoposcopy*, or the science of Physiognomy is false, for this lady had that serene and tranquil air which announces virtue.