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Author: Matthew Weld Hartstonge

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE EVE OF ALL-HALLOWS; OR, ADELAIDE OF TYRCONNEL, V. 1 OF 3 ***

THE EVE OF ALL-HALLOWS;

OR,

ADELAIDE OF TYRCONNEL;

A ROMANCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE, Esq. M. R. I. A.

Nescia mens hominum, fati sortisque futuræ Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis! ****** tempus erit, **** et quum spolia ista diemque Oderit!

Virgilius, Æ. x. I. 501.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

FOR G. B. WHITTAKER, AVE MARIA LANE.

1825.

TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT, OF ABBOTSFORD, BART.,

&c. &c. &c.

(WITH WHOSE KIND PERMISSION,)
THE FOLLOWING TALE OF ERIN
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY HIS EVER OBLIGED FRIEND
AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

Molesworth-street, Dublin,

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THE EVE OF ALL-HALLOWS.

CHAPTER I.

Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite, et idem Subductâ ad manes imos descendimus undâ. Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere; Ter spumam elisam, et rorantia vidimus astra. V_{IRG} . Æ. l. III.

Lay her aloof, the sea grows dangerous: How it spits against the clouds! how it capers, And how the fiery element frights it back! There be devils dancing in the air, I think. The Sea Voyage.—Fletcher.

It was upon a dark and lowering afternoon, the 30th day of October, one thousand six hundred and—the day preceding *The Eve of All-Hallows*, when the Rev. Doctor M'Kenzie, at that time Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Tyrconnel, and who had been for some time in the ancient realm of Scotland, on a visit to his kind relatives and friends in that hospitable land, had formed a resolution to depart for the shores of Ireland, to meet his noble patron. When, in pursuance of this intention, he embarked on board "The William Wallace of Ayr," the sails of the vessel were unfurled, and the signal-flag was seen streaming from the pendant of the main-top-gallant, all giving true and significant indications that the sea-worthy vessel was upon the eve of sailing, and her destination was known to be for the northern coast of Ireland.

Torrents of rain had showered down during the entire of the day, as is not unusual at that advanced autumnal period; these were accompanied with loud peals of thunder, while continuous sheets of lightning illumined and flashed throughout the darkly tinted horizon, which were succeeded by frequent squalls of wind, that at intervals dying suddenly away, served but to make the returning roaring blast the more tremendous and disheartening.

The vessel was to have sailed at the full tide, but this measure was entirely prevented by the strong and continued recurrence of the storm, which blew with such pertinacious force and opposition that "The William Wallace of Ayr" lay close to its anchors all that afternoon, the whole of the night, and during the next succeeding day. About nine o'clock, however, of the evening of the thirty-first, *The Eve of All-Hallows*, the storm to every appearance had wholly abated, and preparations accordingly were commenced for the ship to sail, without any further delay, as bound on its destination. At that point of time the Reverend Chaplain, Doctor M'Kenzie, and his servant, were the only passengers on board. "All hands unmoor!" was now loudly and manfully rung forth by the crew; and all matters having been duly arranged for setting sail, while the wind blowing fresh and fair, the ponderous anchor was raised from its oozy bed.

The reader may well imagine, from all these previous preparations, that the vessel and crew were on the point of sailing; when, hark! the hoarse exclaiming "halloo!" and the clattering hoofs of horsemen in full gallop, were heard sounding sullenly on the ear, and next loudly thundering their deep echoes through the hollow and deserted streets of Ayr, which rivetted the sailor to the deck, and at once, as if by magic influence, paralyzed and arrested his motions. The rapid progress of the strangers exciting the curiosity of the sailors, called forth in a no less degree the astonishment of the quiet and peaceable burghers of the good and loyal town of Ayr, who were then about to retire to repose. Two horsemen now advanced, their wearied steeds pressed onward with the utmost velocity; who halting for the instant at the brig of Ayr, inquired with breathless and hurried anxiety, if a boat did not there await in readiness to convey passengers on

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board "The William Wallace?" But the boat was gone! The few sailors, however, or fishermen, who loitered on the quay, said in reply, that they had gude reason to ken that the Bonnie Wullie had not slipped cables, sic warstling winds had blown sic a hurricane, that the gude and bonnie ship was unco snug in harbour.

The strangers now dashed desperately onward, as if life or death were staked upon the attainment of their object. The vessel was not yet under way when they arrived on the beach, their panting steeds besmeared with blood and foam, and nearly exhausted by fatigue.

The principal personage attracted the gaze of every eye, so noble and martial was his mien; a tall, graceful, and commanding figure, whose whole appearance bespoke the undaunted warrior; his firm step, and manly air, and sinewy arm, boldly told that he knew well how to wield the falchion in the doubtful fight; while his intrepid eye blazed forth the talisman of feats in arms and war, and nobly indicating how oft it had flashed defiance and death upon the daring foe.

"From gory selle and reeling steed Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound, And reeking from some recent deed, He dash'd his carbine on the ground." [1]

He was enveloped in a plaid, and wore a Highland bonnet, richly surmounted with plumes; the stranger was nearly breathless from fatigue and the rapidity of his flight, for such it seemed to be; added to which the pallid brow and glaring eye-balls, gave strong and powerful demonstrations that there existed some other more influential, though latent source—perchance, it was of sorrow! which affected him even still more than bodily fatigue. But still these might have been only mere suspicions, suggestions probably unjustly awakened at the interesting moment, from the lateness of the hour, the hasty, embarrassed approach of the stranger; and added to all this, his impatience and manifest anxiety to embark. It might be assumed that "the sum and front" of all amounted to no more than this. What then of the extraordinary or the marvellous could by possibility attach to circumstances that doubtless any individual, placed in similar situations, must unavoidably have felt, and betrayed a strong and equal portion of awkwardness and embarrassment to have encountered?

But without further interlocution we proceed onward with our tale. The stranger hastily, but urgently, inquired if the vessel would immediately sail? Upon his being answered in the affirmative, and the boat on the instant having been hauled down to take him on board, he promptly flung into it a small valise, which he had carried at his saddle-bow, and instantly springing after it himself, was followed by his attendant. When placed in the boat, he took his station at the stern, where, enveloped in his plaid, he sat immoveably silent, wrapped in gloomy meditation. Upon the stranger's having reached the ship, he still seemed deeply absorbed in thought; the same continued gloom and silence were preserved, while with hurried strides ever and anon he stately paced the deck. At intervals, however, he would suddenly stop, and then he would deeply and intently muse within himself, with folded arms, and dark and lowering brow. Upon his valise was his address written, "Colonel Davidson,——Brigade;" the term or epithet preceding the word "brigade," was torn off, whether by accident or intention did not appear.

All matters on board having been duly arranged and adjusted, while a momentary interval of silence prevailed—"I say," said a sailor, addressing his comrade, "its a fearfu' mirk to-night, which bodes nae gude!"

"Aye, aye!" replied his companion; "but what is still warse, it is Hallowmass; and too weel I ken that the arch-fient, wi' a' the weirds and warlocks, will be abread, and alake! I spae the Bonnie Wullie wull tint the gate! and then we a' maun gang down auld Davie's locker."

"Weel," rejoins the comrade, "it is a donsie night, but I'm nae fasht my cantie carl! whare we a' maun gang togither, a' that's kenspeckle, sae nae mair Claivers!"

"Aye, but I wiss, Sandy," replies the other, "to make a' sicker, that the Deil haed a houd o' the haly man belaw!"

"Whom do you mean?—what holy man below do you speak of?" said Colonel Davidson, the first time that he had noticed aught was going forward.

"A haly auld chiel belaw," rejoined the sailor, "that's boune for Eirin."

"Who--what--how--whom do you call him, friend?"

"I ca' him nae doot Maukeenzie. Pray wha do ye ca' um, your worship?"

"Is the vessel bound for Ireland?"

"Yea it be, anely frae the gate o' the wind, that says nae to it."

Occasional squalls of wind now arose, the compass veered, the wind became adverse; and the storm, or rather hurricane, of the preceding day threatened to return. Under these gloomy presages

"Short time there were for gratulating speech."

Suddenly sounds like the mournful cadence of the plaintive Æolian harp, were heard above the

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waves; but no shape, no form, was visible, not even in shadowy indistinctness: but solemn musical sounds, wherever they might have proceeded from, and mocking the human voice, only were heard, sad, slow, and solemn, as the choral chant, *De mortuis*.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

LOQUITUR.

Where loud tumultuous tempests rave,
And foaming surges daunt the brave;
I mount my storm-swept throne, the wave!
When midnight fiends their vigils keep,
While lightnings rend the mountain's steep,
I, scowling, rise from out the deep!
When hope within each bosom dies,
While heard the drowning seaman's cries,
The raving spirit of the storm, I rise!
Now list! with more than mortal fear,
The dismal dirge which strikes the ear!

THE DIRGE.

Once we held fair Scotland's throne,
Aye, once we claimed that realm our own;
Fuimus, non sumus!
Valorous deeds our claymores crowned,
We ever were true heroes found.
Fuimus, non sumus!
But feuds, dissension, strife arose;
Oppressed by ranks of hostile foes.
Fuimus, non sumus!
Behold! the last of all our race
Is forced to fly his natal place!
He bears the vengeful, fatal knife,
Deep stained by bloody feudal strife!
Fuimus, non sumus!
[2]

The chant and dirge were audible to the crew, who listened with deep consternation, and were awfully impressed upon the recollection of the Reverend Chaplain.

Every succeeding blast of wind bore increased terror as it swept along, and every startling sound excited suspense and dismay. Again the howling tempest burst forth, and raged with loud and renovated force, what time the stately stranger, or more correctly to speak, Colonel Davidson, in deep apparent despondency, was incontinently observed furiously to pace to and fro the deck, as if in a state of mental aberration. He appeared of more than mortal size to the terrified eyes of the beholders; his action was wild and frantic. At one time he walked with such rapidity as if pursued by an enemy; anon he would suddenly halt, and, folding his arms, gaze upon the troubled deep, which seemed in unison with his troubled mind. Next, loudly he uttered a deep and contrite groan; when having rapidly pushed aside his plaid, he drew forth dirk, sabre, or sword, whatever it might be, which brightly glistened in the lightning flash; and then, with hurried impulse, he at once precipitated it down the side of the vessel into the foaming waves. It sunk with a hissing noise, and its descent was accompanied by a fiend-like laugh, which arose from the billows; while at the moment, in a deep, base, sepulchral tone, the chorus of the dirge again fearfully was chanted from the waves:

Fuimus, Non Sumus!

When this dolefully awful chorus was repeated, the Colonel's countenance assumed the horrible expression of one writhing under intolerable pain, and seeming to undergo the agonizing tortures of the damned! His eye-balls flashed fire, he gnashed his teeth, then clenched his brawny hand, and made a sudden spring, as if in the very act of throwing himself over board. When at the moment his faithful attendant manfully grasped him by the shoulder. The Colonel was seized with a trance, and instantly fell, apparently lifeless, upon the deck. This fainting fit lasted for some time. At length, however, he was heard deeply to respire; then broke forth a hollow moan; a cold and clammy moisture was perceivable on his face and hands. His attendant had him carried down immediately to the cabin, where he was placed in his bed.

The unearthly dirge and chorus, as has been before observed, were long remembered by Doctor M'Kenzie, who was then in bed in the cabin below; and he has been often heard to express his feelings deeply excited upon this awful occasion; and to declare, that to the last expiring moment of his existence, he never could forget the mysterious sounds of that ominous night!

The events, beyond all dispute, were passing strange and fearful; but then all on board "The William Wallace" bore strongly in their remembrance, that this portentously awful night was "*The Eve of All-Hallows*;" and then they ceased to wonder, while each thought to himself, that

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They scarcely had been a few hours at sea, bound on their destined track, when again, with resumed fury, the storm returned. They consequently were obliged to make several tacks, still endeavouring to force their way upon the perilous voyage. The harbour of Ayr is a dangerous one, and to attempt to regain it were to encounter greater danger than what might eventually await the navigators upon the open seas. For a length of time they beat between the isles of Arran and the Firth of Clyde; when at last the wind changing, the breeze blew fair from the north-east, while the staunch vessel proceeded on her watery way. They were now sailing along the deep-indented and romantic coast of Ayrshire, when wearied by the eternal tacking to and fro, the heat and pent-up-air, and all the dull monotony and purgatorial misery of the cabin of a ship, Doctor M'Kenzie ascended the deck, and thence inhaled the invigorating and refreshing breeze, while intently, with admiring gaze, he surveyed the bold and broken masses of those picturesque shores, which had become strongly illuminated by the bright lightning flashes then briskly darting over the wild masses of rock, bank, and brae, and glanced athwart steeple, fort, and tower, o'er lofty peak and promontory; when suddenly again all was immersed in darkness! Yet he perceived that this interesting scene totally failed to attract the stranger's attention, who had returned about the same time on deck that the Reverend Chaplain had done, and continued with persevering pertinacity to pace it, as upon the preceding day.

At that period of time nobly frowned in feudal grandeur those fortresses, castles, towers, and rampires, which then defended the romantic shores of Ayrshire from the sword of the invader, extending their line of defence from Loch-Ryan to the port of Irvine; but which in our own days have become picturesque ruins, festooned with fern, lichen, and ivy, and affording solitary shelter to the owl, bat, and raven.

All these were passed by unlooked at and unobserved by the singular and silent stranger; those classic shores of fame, destined in subsequent ages to be immortalized in the ever imperishable song of the tender and inimitable Burns; these scenes, the favourite haunt of his "Tam o' Shanter," the rich and verdant lawns, and the romantic rocky braes of lordly Cassilis. All these delightful scenes were passed by unheeded, for the stranger did not even look to shore, but studiously turned his eyes seaward; and wrapt in deep, moody, mournful meditation, he seemed to rejoice in the bounding billow, and in the roar of the tempest. Not the mighty towering pyramid, of stupendous height, the colossal craig of Ailsa, [3] which now they sailed past, could arrest his eye; nor the fierce wild scream of the osprey, on its summit, could strike his ear, although joined in hoarse, sullen, and dissonant chorus, by myriads of the Solan tribe, that plumaged its surrounding base; while other sea-fowl, like a misty-halo, hovering in mid-air, crowned its conic crest.

The vessel had just shot past Ailsa-Rock, when fiercely the rising tempest blew such a violent gale, that it caused "The William Wallace" to be hurried, with vast impetuosity, through the straits between Fair-Head and the Mull of Cantyre, and then boldly to be at once launched into the Irish Sea.

The storm now raged with such fury, that it was necessary to furl every sail, and to beat about the entire night under bare poles; while the pitchy darkness of the sky, added to the horrors of the storm, made their situation still more alarming and formidable.

The Reverend Chaplain, much fatigued and wearied, thought it advisable to retire below to his hammock; so thought too even the solitary stranger, who, although hitherto he seemed to woo the breeze, and enjoy the storm, yet also thought it prudent to resume his station in the cabin, and descended accordingly.

None now remained upon deck except such of the crew as were upon immediate duty, and who were lashed to the masts; the hatchways were closed down, and the sea, in mountain cataracts, burst over the deck with impetuous roar; while overpowered with fatigue, perhaps too with fear, the passengers fell into a sound sleep. Thus passed away the first tempestuous night of their voyage.

Before the morning watch the wind strangely and perversely changed to the opposite point of the compass, while squall fiercely succeeded squall; and the dawn of day witnessed them coasting, west and by south,

"The storm-swept Orcades," [4]

in a boisterous swollen sea, and beneath a darkened sky. Sorry we are here to have it our duty to narrate that the vessel, probably from the straining of her timbers, unhappily sprung a leak. All hands instantly were at their post, and the crew exerted them-selves to the utmost in closing the chasm, and incessantly, without respite or intermission, plying every pump; and at length their efforts providentially fully succeeded: for what will not determined resolution do, and persevering unabating energy achieve! Relieved from this imminent and impending danger, once more they proceed on their perilous course, amid this fearful warfare of the elements.

The entire of this eventful day the storm raged with unabated fury, the wind continuing still in the same point, and onward tumultuously they were driven by force of wave and wind. Towards night-fall the vessel came close to the Feroe Islands, where it shortly got hemmed in amid a cluster of rocks, not noticed in their charts. The night was pitch-dark. However, after an interval, the clouds partially giving way, the moon, which was nearly full, arose, and afforded a sufficient friendly light for the Captain to ascertain the extent of the danger which he had to encounter. He immediately caused the gunwale to be lightened, by throwing the guns overboard, which

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effectually raised her, and the waves of the returning tide assisted in extricating the vessel from imminent peril. They at length happily succeeded in clearing the vessel from her jeopardy, and rescuing the crew from impending destruction. Still, however, it was momentarily dreaded that a new leak might break forth, or that the vessel, bulging upon other unknown rocks, might go to pieces, and the sufferers be swallowed up by the treacherous and remorseless deep. These apprehensions continued throughout the entire day.

The storm ere long returned more furious than at its first onset, and soon broadly launched the vessel into the Northern Sea,

"While to the helm unfaithful still she lies."

The masts now became dreadfully shattered from the intensity of the storm. Dangers and difficulties so increased, that all hopes of safety seemed nearly at an end. Upon Providence, nevertheless, still the hapless crew devoutly placed their trust; the Captain, from the very perilous situation in which they were placed, was compelled to try one desperate remedy, namely, to cut away the shrouds, and stay, and with all possible expedition to hew down the mizen-mast. During this awful operation the crew did not conduct them-selves like men without hope, although around them all was danger and despair! They felt, however, fully aware that little less than a miracle could extricate them from the horrors which surrounded them. With instant promptitude having obeyed and executed the orders of their Captain, with bold and skilful celerity they soon lightened the vessel, which bounded with desperate rapidity into the vast and boundless German Ocean: the watery world was now all before them, and Providence their guide!

Once more it was day. Nothing however, worthy of being recorded, occurred at that period, nor during the night.

On the fourth morning a watery sun arose in a hazy sky, they now were close in view of the coast of Austrian-Flanders, with such rapidity, had wind, and tide, and currents impelled them onward. They now proceeded at the surprising rate of twelve knots an hour, the wind and tide conjointly impelling, unassisted by any sail!

On the disastrous afternoon of this day the vessel made a desperate plunge, striking upon a cluster of rocks some leagues distant from land; the shock was so violent that nearly it had split the stern of the gallant ship. Overcome by terror and fatigue, depressed by despair, and more like the dead than the living, they remained awfully wedged in between these dreadful rocks. Eventually, after an interval of suspense and horror, which appeared to all as though it would never end, the force and ascendant power of the buoyant billows heaved the vessel completely over these formidable crags. She was now once more afloat, but her rudder was borne away; and onward she was drifted at the sport and will of the fiercely rolling waves.

Thus rapid was the vessel whirled, the mounting waves every moment dashing in torrents athwart the deck. Again a second shock was encountered. It was then all despair, desperation, madness! But, oh how appalling to every feeling heart was the dreadful cry,

"All's lost! to prayers, to prayers! all's lost!"

Still in this state awfully the vessel rapidly was impelled, and approached more closely to the coast of Austrian-Flanders. But alas! it is our painful lot to record the unhappy fate of "The William Wallace of Ayr;" when approaching Ostend the ill-omened bark struck upon a sand bank, which but too truly is called "Banc-Dangereux;" then her crushing timbers fatally loosened, and, dissevered by the convulsive shock, promiscuously scattered upon the surface of the waves were seen floating the disjoined wreck, shattered spars, divided stores, bales of cargo, &c., along with the mangled corses of the dead, and the struggling bodies of the living, all commingled, and tumultuously undulating upon the agitated billows. But providential it was for the survivors, who, in number, we grieve to state, were but few, that this dreadful catastrophe occurred so closely to the shores of Ostend. Sorry, however, we are to relate that all the crew (except two persons) perished; and that among those who were saved, we have only to count the Captain of the ship, the Mate, the Rev. Doctor M'Kenzie, Colonel Davidson and his servant, these forming the very confined list, we regret to say, of those who survived the terrors of that eventful day.

Impelled by the resistless call of humanity, several boats had put out from the harbour, perceiving the perilous situation of the poor unhappy sufferers; so that when the dread event took place, these were ready and prompt to save the remnant of those who survived what time "The William Wallace"

"Bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost!"

The humanity of the Flemish sailors was rewarded by preserving the lives of five individuals, as we have already observed, from a watery grave; great manual and unwearied exertions were necessary for success, and the unhappy sufferers were landed in safety upon the quay of Ostend.

Ostend is well known to every intelligent reader as a strong fortified sea-port; but at the period of our narrative it did not appear under the most favourable point of view, from the devastation that had ensued in consequence of the long protracted siege of three years and three months, which it had sustained against the Spaniards, under the command of Spinola, when fifty thousand of the garrison and inhabitants perished in this fatal siege, either by disease or the sword; which losses were severely retaliated and multiplied by the deaths of eighty thousand of the besiegers!

Upon their landing on terra firma, Colonel Davidson and Doctor M'Kenzie put up their quarters at

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the old Saint Michael Inn; and there having been refreshed and invigorated by a hearty substantial meal, which fully and essentially answered every purpose of three or four breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, they heartily congratulated each other in a bottle of genuine and veritable Rhenish wine, upon their most miraculous escape from a watery grave! They subsequently retired at an early hour to repose, overcome, as they had been, by their sufferings and fatigue both of body and of mind, to recover, by the renovation of slumber, "kind Nature's gentle restorer," from the lassitude and horrors of this eventful day.

The next morning they arose quite, or nearly, recovered from their past sufferings; however, with the exception of the Reverend Gentleman, who rather somewhat gravely grumbled at the perils which they had passed. Nevertheless, with good seeming appetites, both began a tolerable *coup de main et de fourchette* upon the breakfast placed before them. Doctor M'Kenzie observed, while he and the Colonel were sipping some admirable coffee, assisted by the *agrèments* of excellent Flemish bread and eggs, and swallowing *con amorè* some Malines ham, which, accompanied with a flowing flagon of Louvaine beer, no doubt put the grave and Reverend Gentleman into the following train of thought: "I feel, my dear Sir," said he, "such a decided and unconquerable objection to a sea-voyage, at least for some time to come, from which, although it may be silly in sooth to say I have suffered so much, yet for the present I quite forego my intention of returning to Ireland—I have indeed too much in my recollection the

'Quæque ipse miserrima vidi, Et quorum pars magna fui——.'

I therefore purpose to proceed to Aix la Chapelle for the benefit of its waters. Indeed so great is the decided repugnance which I feel to again encounter an aquatic expedition, that in the words of our old classical acquaintance, Ovid, I needs must confess that—

'Æquora me terrent, et ponti, tristis imago!'

'The expansive ocean now affrights me, And sad the mournful aspect of the deep!'

Moreover, gallant Colonel, I must say that I prefer the peaceful scenes of nature and rural life to the war of elements, and the rage of battle!"

"Well spoken, my Reverend Sir, like a peaceful gownsman, and quite becoming the doctrine of that Gospel of which thou art a sacred minister. But as for me, I like the din of battle, the neighing of the noble war-horse, and the battle-stirring trumpet's brazen voice, the groan of death, where contending squadrons commingle in the dreadful shock, chorused by the cheering shout of victory."

The Colonel had just, in an emphatic tone of voice, twice shouted "victory!" and had fiercely made another gallant attack upon the Malines ham, when the door of the apartment was rudely opened, and entered by a party of Gen d'Armes, who immediately proceeded to arrest them as prisoners of war, on suspicion of being spies; and after a short interval they both were led off and escorted to prison, where, attended by the Colonel's servant, for the present we needs must leave them, however reluctant, in durance vile.

The above Chapter, unquestionably in unison both with the history and chronology of our Tale, should indeed occupy a much more remote station in this our Romance of the days of superstition; but as we felt and considered it of importance, and besides imping too our flight with some portion of epic boldness, we have nobly dared and adventured to dash at once "in medias res;" in the pursuance of which truly magnanimous determination, courteous reader, we shall tell thee fair and softly, yet in candour, that we shall necessarily be obliged (if thou wilt so graciously permit us) to make some retrograde motions in the subsequent chapters.

But, gentle reader, if thou wilt deign to recollect, that once a year even mighty Sol himself, beneath Cancer, the influential sign of the summer solstice, becomes retrograde. When thus we plead such high authority thou wilt not perhaps deny an extension of the same privilege, albeit to a disk, small and insignificant even as ours, undiscernible by the eye of a Brinkley or a Herschell! [6]

Permit us then, kind and patient reader, to retrace our steps and story to the early part of this our notable history; then shalt thou learn the birth of our interesting heroine, and become acquainted with personages, characters, and events, connected with our Tale, which we trust thou mayst find to be withal not unpalatable to thy taste; for which favour, and all retrogressions, and progressions, and egressions, (we hope no transgressions!) thanks and health to thee, mild and patient reader! We laud thee for thy gentle forbearance and good humour in having accompanied us thus far in this our long peregrination; wishing, courteous reader, that thou couldst bestow on us the "plaudite" of old Plautus, but without his valete, as we shall meet anon!

CHAPTER II.

Still in the vale the village bells ring round, Still in Tyrconnel hall the jests resound; For now the caudle-cup is circling there,

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Now glad at heart the gossips breathe their prayer,
And crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe.

HUMAN LIFE.

The lovely Adelaide Raymond, the heroine of our Tale, was the only child of Raymond Duke of Tyrconnel. An old prophecy or tradition had immemorially prevailed, that what time a raven should build her nest in the ducal coronet which decorated the summit of the loftiest pavilion-tower of the castle, a male heir, upon this event, should then be wanting to the noble house of Tyrconnel. And this sad occurrence, so deprecated by the dark and credulous terror and tenor of those superstitious times, actually occurred some months previous to Adelaide's birth: a raven had then built her nest within the ducal coronet; and a few posts after brought an account that Lord Richard Raymond, the Duke's only brother, had been killed in a duel at Paris. From this partial fulfilment of the augury the Duke's dependants were filled with the melancholy forebodings that the Duchess, expiring during the pains of parturition, should give birth either to a still-born, or a female infant.

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However the latter supposition proved to be well-founded, as the Duchess was soon safely delivered of a female child, in due and given time, upon the Eve of All-Hallows, the 31st day of October, in the year one thousand six hundred and—pending the bodings of the raven, and the vaticinations of the vicinage.

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The family of Tyrconnel, through the female line, traced their high descent from a proud and ennobled ancestry, (not less illustrious than that of the noble Duke;) the pedigree was traced from the hight chieftain, famed *Nial Necalloch*, (or, Nial of the Nine Hostages,) who in his glorious and chivalrous career had achieved various noble feats in arms. But not content with these successes at home, he sought for fame in foreign lands, where in the ardent search and attainment of glory, his gallant course of valour run, he closed his brave and honourable life amid the sunny regions of France; where this warlike planet, this Mars of Erin, expired upon the banks of the Loire, [7] falling like the valiant Richard I. of England, "The lion-hearted," by the arrow of the assassin.

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Indeed the house of Tyrconnel might be truly called *a noble family*, "for all the daughters were chaste, and all the sons were valiant." Per acuta belli was the motto which fearlessly they bore, and which, ever unchanged amid the war-trumpet's clang, the burst of battle, and the shouts of victory, or the dismaying groans of defeat, they proudly and nobly maintained; their escutcheon might oft have been encrimsoned by the blood of the bold, but it still defended the heart, and was upheld by the arm of the brave!

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The Duke traced his ancient, lordly, and lineal descent from Raymond Count of Toulouse, who was the first zealous champion in serving, and enthusiastically heading, the Christian cause in the holy wars.

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Adelaide Raymond, the only child of Raymond Duke of Tyrconnel, was born upon the 31st day of October, *anno salutis*, one thousand six hundred and—upon the Eve of All-Hallows, as we have already noticed. His Royal Highness James Duke of York, (brother and presumptive heir to Charles II.,) and who afterwards succeeded to the throne of the triple realms as James II., upon this happy event was most graciously pleased to signify his royal intention of standing sponsor for Lady Adelaide; which high distinction was gratefully and proudly accepted by the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel; and the Lord Glandarrah was chosen as proxy for the royal sponsor.

Adelaide almost immediately after her birth had been privately baptized; but the first day of May, which had now arrived, was the day appointed for the state christening. The Duchess d'Aremberg, an early friend of the Duchess of Tyrconnel, stood godmother for the Lady Adelaide, and appointed Lady Lucy Raymond, the Duke's youngest sister, as her proxy. Nor did the Duchess d'Aremberg forget to send a baptismal present upon this august occasion, which arrived in due season, in the shape and form of an infant's cap and frock, all beautifully formed of exquisite Brussels lace, and made under the eye and express directions of the illustrious godmother: and to these were added a scarf and sash of rich Mechlin lace. Nor did Her Grace omit also to send, as was then usual, a handsome *honorarium* to the child's nurse, Mrs. Judith Braingwain, with whom our gentle reader, in due and given time and place, shall become better acquainted in the following pages of this our eventful history.

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But with due leave and respect we must now be permitted to say a word or two concerning the ancient and noble baronial castle, where the high and exalted ceremonial of this day was with such pomp to be celebrated.

The castle of Tyrconnel was situated in the province of Ulster, where its majestic stately ruins still remain magnificent even in decay. It stood upon the verge of a triangular village, to which it gave its own ennobled name, as it was the generic name at that period of the town and the county, which was a district of large extent. Since that time, in these our modern days, the ancient name of Tyrconnel has been changed into Donegal.^[8]

The castle is boldly elevated upon the rocky and precipitous margin of the river Eske, which rolls its impetuous torrent into the Atlantic Ocean, from which it is only half-a-mile distant. Mountains surround the castle on every side, except to the west, from which point receding, they open a

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noble vista to the sea, and give a solemn and magnificent character to the entire scenery. Here the curving and fantastic outlines of the distant mountains, clad in ë blue, arise in endless and beautiful variety, glowing or darkening with every varying tint and tone of sun-shine or of shadow, reflecting each rainbow hue of the atmosphere, and then boldly blending sky and mountain into one congregated mass of undefinable tint; so that the dark blue cloud which rolls above can with difficulty be distinguished from the dark blue mountain that, towering, frowns beneath.

The approach to the majestic steep where this ancient and celebrated fortress stands, is through the well-known pass of *Barna-More*, or the great gap; which is here formed by the opening arms of the stupendous mountain of Sleavedoon, whose gigantic heights constitute vast continuous barriers to the extent of fourteen miles, girdling within their extended embrace a varied and lonely valley, which expands and smiles beneath.

This massive fabric was planned and piled in the twelfth century by the first Earl of Tyrconnel, and was then, and subsequently for a series of years, garrisoned as a fortress. The castle, although by no means deficient in architectural grandeur, yet appears to have been constituted principally with a view to strength; and that object unquestionably in those days was fully attained, for it was utterly impregnable to all hostile attacks in that early age. The form of the castle is square, and flanked by frowning turrets of similar conformation; the ground-plan is constructed upon an extended scale, and the design of the building is withal irregular: a large magnificent quadrangular court-yard adorns the interior, which is surrounded by bastions, battlements, and towers.

There is a projecting barbican, whose fragments yet remain still boldly overhanging the river Eske, and which seems to have been intended for the purpose of supplying the castle with water, while it is also supposed to have been occasionally used as a donjon-keep, and which afforded an expeditious mode of despatching the prisoners whom the haughty Lord refused to surrender, or was unwilling to maintain, by plunging them down the vortex of the ceaseless current which rapidly rolls beneath.

When the Duke of Tyrconnel resided here several small pieces of cannon were pointed from the embattled bartizan of the central tower, adding to its ornament as well as to its defence. The grand front of the castle was situated seaward; to the west extended a lofty terrace; the embrasures of the parapet wall which enclosed the terrace were furnished with about a dozen of twelve pounders; while the deep foundations of the bastions were moated by the impetuous waters of the Eske, fiercely rolling onward to the Atlantic Ocean.

This lordly pile was this day (the 1st of May, one thousand six hundred and——) destined to be the scene of uncommon festivity and grandeur; indeed such pomp and magnificence never before were witnessed within the walls of Tyrconnel castle. All the nobility and gentry in the country for many miles round were invited to assist at the baptismal banquet given for the noble and lovely infant; and every princely preparation was in readiness duly to celebrate this distinguished day.

The noble banner, quartered and emblazoned with the ancient bearings of this illustrious family, from its gilt flag-staff, which was crowned with the ducal coronet, proudly floated over the high central tower, which latterly had obtained the *agnomen* of "the raven tower," from a circumstance which already has been related. The guns on the parapet fired a loud *salvo* to welcome the happy day; while the ancient harper (old blind Cormac) and the piper were put in immediate requisition, to add the notes of harmony to the loud reports of joy.

The tenantry and peasantry, both male and female, were invited, and gladly came, clad in their holiday suits, to partake of a rural banquet, prepared expressly for the occasion within marquees erected on the lawn. The costume of the servants of the Duke was truly princely, and all who wore livery appeared richly apparelled in their state attire of green cloth, deeply laced, and embroidered with gold. The old cathedral tower pealed forth many a merry chime, which duly was responded to by the distant tinkling of the surrounding village bells.

While these preparations were advancing, the Duke happened to be walking upon the terrace, and hearing old Cormac touch his harp and prepare to sing, with the intent, no doubt, that his voice and strings might sound in due tone and harmony at the approaching festival; the Duke had the curiosity to step onward to hear the notes of the aged minstrel—for he was both minstrel and harper; and His Grace listened to learn whether old Cormac had composed any rhythm or song for this great and happy occasion. Accordingly with this fixed intent His Grace advanced to the door of the great hall which led out to the terrace, and which happened to be then open; from thence he listened, and heard the following lines sung by Cormac, which the old man accompanied with his harp:—

CORMAC'S SONG.

Loud strike the harp! and raise the song! To Raymond shall the verse belong! And hail his noble, lovely child, The image of her mother mild.

O softly rest, sweet baby there, And as thy morn, thy life be fair! [Pg 40]

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Long may that smile of angel grace That now illumes thy beauteous face, Attend thee through life's stormy race!

May no mischance destroy thy rest, Be thine the sun-shine of the blest; And when thy earthly course is past, Be thine the joys shall ever last!

Friendship on earth be thine, and love, And thine eternal bliss above!

The Duke felt exceedingly pleased at the attachment and feeling expressed by the old man in his extempore song, although he might not think very highly of the poetical composition. But the words came from the old man's heart, and the strain to which his harp rang forth was an old Irish air, so the Duke was fully satisfied; and having advanced and entered the hall, he approached old Cormac, and in a gracious tone he said to the sightless bard, "Thanks, Cormac, accept my grateful thanks; and moreover, here is largess for the minstrel, and withal it is stamped in gold." So having said, he passed a gold *Carolus* into the minstrel's hand; for which bounty, with tears flowing from his sightless eye-balls, the grateful old man made a low and respectful obeisance, adding due courtesy.

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Here the Duke retired to dress, to receive his company; and meeting with his physician, Sir Patricius Placebo, on his way, he deputed him to do the honours should any of the guests arrive while His Grace was attiring for the banquet.

Sir Patricius Placebo had been created a baronet by king Charles II., in grateful return for active services and personal kindnesses performed in favour of the monarch during his long exile from the throne of his ancestors; and he was, through the favour of His Royal Highness James Duke of York, who afterwards became James II., introduced, with every favourable recommendation, to the Duke of Tyrconnel.

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Sir Patricius Placebo now became forth-with family physician to the Duke. He had been baptized plain Patrick, but assumed that of Patricius; whether it was selected for the euphony of the sound, or the dignity which it implied, or both considerations probably swaying together, the reason of the selection has not been sufficiently defined, nor do our historical annals record the cause. But thus the baronet in sooth was called, and so he wished to be designated.

The attire of Sir Patricius was in due accordance and conformity to the medical costume of the time, which is worthy of being preserved as a historical morceau. His head was enveloped within an enormous bushy peruke, which at this period was confined to the learned professions, or those who affected gravity. This said peruke was bien poudrè, and upon its summit was perched a small gold-laced hat of triangular shape and form, fastened with gold loops, and a button at the sinister side of said triangle. His costume was a rich black velvet coat, without a cape, made singlebreasted, with long and portentously extended skirts, starched, and stuffed, and stiffened forth, with a magnanimous expenditure of stay-tape and buckram; from out of which sprung, and sparkled forth, the ornamented hilt of a small sword. The sleeves of the coat were large and slashed, each capacious enough to have contained a moderate sized turkey. The waistcoat, formed of the same materials, was likewise in unison with the coat, single-breasted, with long flaps or skirts, which might have given no bad idea of the Roman sportula. His cravat was formed of the richest muslin, deeply edged with Mechlin lace, which, after passing several times around the neck, meandered through the button-holes of the waistcoat, so as nearly to reach the extremity of the waist. His small-clothes were made likewise of black velvet, according to the curious, and certainly not very seemly fashion of the times. The hose, or stockings, were of scarlet silk, which were tightly drawn up, and ascended the knees upon the exterior of the smallclothes, and that too to the very utmost of their outstretched extent; at the ankles the hose were adorned with clokes of gold net-work. [9] The shoes were fashioned with broad square toes, made with short quarters and high tops, and were so highly polished that they might well indeed have elicited the admiration, if not the envy, of the fabricator (if then living) of "Warren's jet blacking!" [10] The shoes were fastened by small square gold buckles richly wrought. His solitaire of rich black satin, must not perish in oblivion, along with all the dignified et ceteras of a proud chevalier of that chivalrous day. His ruffles and chitterlin were of rich Poyntz lace; while over and around his shoulders was flung a long Spanish càpa ròpa làrga, a large wide cloak or roquelaire of rich Spanish cloth, the inside dyed white, the exterior scarlet; and it is certainly imagined that no one ever yet stood in proximity with the Doctor's red flowing roquelaire without wishing

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But we must now complete the portrait of Sir Patricius. He constantly carried an Indian cane, surmounted with a gold head of beautifully perforated filligree-work, the interior of which contained cotton steeped in aromatic vinegar; and it was amusing to behold with what dignified gravity and grimace he ever and anon applied the said cane to the olfactory organ, and with much seeming satisfaction. When this stately toy was relinquished, it gave place to a more magnificent bijou, in the shape of a gold snuff-box: upon the lid was inserted a miniature of Charles II. by the celebrated Samuel Cooper. And let it be remembered that "he was the first who gave the strength and freedom of oil to miniature!" This fine production of original genius was appropriately encircled around with large brilliants. The act of snuff-taking was slowly performed

mentally for the approach of a fire-engine!

by the grave pressure of the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand, deliberately and ceremoniously performing a curve, or segment of a circle, while with a sly and approving gaze he contentedly ogled a large diamond ring placed on the little finger. When the Baronet spoke it was with a rich and most mellifluous brogue, and to which the tone of consequence did not seem wanting: albeit to those who invited him to a good dinner when the Duke was absent, or who annually vouchsafed to take or order a box of his *Pillulæ Vitæ*, he was, in sooth, a very pleasant, accommodating, and polite gentleman.

Sir Patricius was standing on the terrace, and leaning thoughtfully upon his cane, when Captain Heaviside rode up to the steps; and alighting from horseback, he ascended the stately terrace. Captain Heaviside was all things to all men—ay, and to all women. He was the $pious \ Eneas$ in church, conventicle, or chapel; but he was the $dux \ Trojanus$ in the grotto or drawing-room.

"Good morrow, Captain."

"Sir Patricius, your most humble servant."

"Would you wish, Captain, to view the demesne?"

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"Certainly, Sir Patrick—I mean Sir Patricius. I beg pardon, dear Sir; but will you first allow me to jump out of these leathern turrets? I hate all confounded French fashions."

The Captain retired to the chamber appropriated for him. There freely disengaged from the ponderous encumbrances which were worn at that era. After a few moments he rejoined the Baronet in the great hall of the castle. It was not then the fashion, á la Turke, to wear mustâches; nor was it considered necessary to announce the approach into the drawing-room or dancing saloon, of the man of war, by the loud clank and clatter of his iron heels, steel chains, and brass spurs, or the ponderosity of an immense sabre, enclosed in an iron sheath, and "dragging its slow length along." No; Captain Heaviside came in full-dress, according to the studied propriety and etiquette of the age.

The great baronial hall was sumptuously fitted up as an armoury; the walls were adorned with all the ancient arms and weapons which were peculiar to Ireland; it was wainscoted with carved native oak; the ceiling also was of oak, ornamented with carved, basso-relievos of armorial escutcheons, armour, warlike weapons, coats of arms, crests mottoes, &c. Several horns of the moose-deer, of immense dimensions, surmounted the architraves and door-cases. At either end of the hall were two large fire-places, with gigantic chimney-pieces of Irish marble; the central compartment of each was decorated with armorial sculpture, representing the Irish harp, surmounted by the radiate, or Irish crown, the supporters, two wolf-dogs of the Irish breed, and underneath, in Gælic, a motto under each device; the interpretation of which, partly in allusion to the Irish wolf-dog, as also to the manly character of the inhabitants of the island, was, "Gentle when soothed, fierce when provoked." Various war-weapons tastefully displayed and arranged, of ancient Irish make and form, glittered upon the walls; viz. spears and javelins, "the heavy broadeyed spear of battle," swords, daggers, skeines of iron and brass, two-handled swords, and among them conspicuously shone forth the double-handled sword of the renowned NIAL NECALLOCH, richly ornamented and inlaid with gold; metal halberts were arranged in the same class with tuagh-catha, i.e. battle-axes, tuagh suaighte or clipping axes, fiadhgha, crannuibhs, spears, clubs, Irish lances, spears, javelins, jacks, corslets, haubergeons, targets, bucklers, pavices (shields), cailmhions, salets, skulls (i.e. helmets), sceptres beautifully inlaid with gold, fibula (brooches) of brass, silver, and gold, richly and exquisitely wrought; bits and spurs of an enormous size, and inlaid with gold; druidical scythes, ancient Irish harps (the cithara), ancient Irish trumpets of various kinds and names, the stuic or stock, the buabhall, the beann, the adharc, and the corna or bugle-horn; the dudag, the gall-trompa, the cibbural or corabus, the cornan or cronan, and the iachdarchannus (quasi, cantus bassus.) But here we close our antiquarian summary, as we begin fairly to suspect that many of our readers have no partiality to such ancient researches; suffice it then to say, that all these various specimens were arranged in diversified ornamental shapes and forms of sun, moon, star, and crescent, that fancy could conceive or taste execute.

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Here Sir Patricius again proposed to the Captain to accompany him in a ramble to view the grounds; to which Captain Heaviside readily and gladly assented. As they stood upon the terrace, Sir Patricius said, "My worthy Sir, just as you had arrived I was upon this spot, thinking with what taste and judgment my very excellent patron—

(O et præsidium et dulce decus meum!)

has so much improved and adorned these lawns, when, Captain, I can well remember what they were. Great natural capabilities, no doubt, presented them-selves, and His Grace has acted upon them with spirit, taste, and judgment, and withal no expense has been spared. However highly meriting the meed of praise, which doubtless His Grace so well is entitled to, I was just thinking of the great Archimedes, who so sagely and appropriately said,

DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!

And I——"

"I must beg a thousand pardons, most gallant, illustrate, and learned Sir Patricius," said Captain Heaviside, interrupting the Baronet, "but, under favour, my good Sir, I do not in verity understand one word of *Hebrew*; no, nor any of these nostrums; albeit I have little doubt that

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Archimedes the great was, in good sooth, a most famous and skilful physician and gifted leech in his celebrated day." [11]

"Nay, Captain Heaviside, I cry nay. Mark me, he was a geometrician and astronomer, and very celebrated as both! The passage which I have put into the mouth of the renowned philosopher of Syracuse is Greek; and if I may be indeed permitted to pique myself upon any kind of erudition, (although, perhaps, in modesty I might say, *Vix ea nostra voco*), I should then pride myself upon a knowledge of the Greek tongue; and moreover too, the proper pronunciation and due intonation of voice, what Horace so sonorously and emphatically calls the *ore rotundo Græcorum*. Indeed I do flatter myself that I speak the best Greek beyond any other person in the island!"

"Oh, come, no disparagement, good Sir Patricius! to all your learned acquirements; you excel in speech, and no doubt succeed as well in the gift and exercise of your pen! but I, Sir, the hapless child of wayward fortune, am only acquainted with *this*! [half drawing his sword from its scabbard.] On this simple stake rest all my fortune and my hope, which, while I have a hand to wield, shall be held forth in the defence of my king and country!"

"Well said, i' faith, my master! and spoken nobly, like a brave and honest soldier! Ay, to be sure, Sir! *every man in his vocation, Hal!* as the inimitable Shakespeare sagely saith; although, nevertheless, a little knowledge methinks, after all, to the tune of the old proverb, is in sooth no great burden! But come, presto! we shall change the topic and the scene. The day beams forth its vernal glow beneath a brilliant sky, and the melodious strains of the feathered songsters, vying in harmonious notes, invite us abroad. Come, we have stayed too long."

Thus at last the learned physician and the preux chevalier sallied forth to behold the varied and noble domains of the illustrious proprietor. The lawns, shrubberies, walks, gardens, &c., were all kept with the greatest possible care and neatness. Several artificial lakes fed by a living stream, and of great extent, so as to seem as if placed there by the hand of nature, wound along beneath the shadow of ancient groves, and fully diversified the scene. The lawns and parks were smooth and verdant as a bowling-green from the frequent pressure of the roller. While the walks, parterres, and terraces, were so trimly kept that not a fallen leaf was to be seen; which order and regularity was placed to the account and agency of several old females, habited as witches, whose brooms, ever on the alert, kept all in due and perfect neatness. Part of the grounds which adjoined the castle were laid out in that old-fashioned style which we confess we are antediluvian enough to admire; however, be it known that no tree, shrub, nor ever-green, whatever, was clipt and mutilated by the shears to shrink into the abortioned form and pressure of a wizard's broom, or a true-lover's knot! no pyramid of clipped beech, no cypress-tree which assumed the fantastic form of Cleopatra's needle. No: nor did shivering Adam and Eve, and the cold clammy serpent and "forbidden tree," astound the spectator in shorn yew; no fountain impotently attempted to spring upward in boxwood; no such puerilities were tolerated to disfigure by grotesqueness the scenery of nature. So far on the contrary, that every thing was in good taste—at least it was so at the distant time of which now we write. The grounds were laid out in what would now be called the improved English taste: here lawns of richest verdure, and cultivated to the highest degree of luxuriance; there wild rocks of granite or limestone, as placed by the hand of nature, trailed and festooned around with lichen grey and ivy green; while the Osmunda regalis, the royal fern, spreading wide its majestic plumes, and undulating in the breeze, gracefully waved and bent over the apex of these romantic rocks, and gave a pleasure to the eye that scenes of nature only can bestow. The terraces which surrounded the castle were kept gravelled and rolled to the extreme of neatness, and were hedged with luxuriant myrtle. The now old-fashioned ponds, which it would have been little less than sacrilege to remove, reposed beneath the terraces, which gave a tone of grandeur to the whole; jets d'eau sprung from the centre of these to an elevated height, and over the head of many a triton and river deity; while the waters, as the declination of the ground permitted, bursting forth at once the bonds of artificial force, they

"From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd, Or rose from figured stone,"

brightly spreading and sparkling beneath a brilliant sun. It must, however, be admitted, that it was somewhat chilling, even in the merry month of May, to behold the shivering deities who presented them-selves in cold tangible marble sans chemisé, sans robé, et sans drapé, while they sentinelled the verdant banks of pond, lake, or canal; and which, in some degree to qualify our praise, we are ready and free to admit were after all somewhat selon le ecole d'Hollandé!

Here suddenly a vernal shower coming on, the Doctor and Captain, at no great distance from the castle, were glad to make a race to avoid a wetting; and before their dress could receive any damage they entered the castle-hall, having luckily accomplished their object. Sir Patricius now proposed to show to Captain Heaviside the Duke's great gallery of paintings, *pour passer le temps* until the hour appointed for the baptismal ceremony should arrive.

Just at this moment the Duchess of Tyrconnel drove up in her equipage to the castle door. It was a low demesne cabriole, drawn by two small ponies, and driven by a postillion; in it was seated the Duchess, Mrs. Judith Braingwain, the nurse, and in her arms the lovely child, the Lady Adelaide. Sir Patricius hastened forth to hand them from the vehicle, and the Duchess most graciously saluted both her guests, the little Adelaide sweetly smiled, and the Duchess with all due courtesy retired.

"There she goes—there goes Her Grace," said Sir Patricius; "that highly intellectual lady; the *rara avis*—the black swan of literature of this our day—my right noble patroness; shining amid her

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compeers a bright star of intellectual, and literary, and domestic worth, and rich indeed in all,

'Velut inter ignes Luna minores.'"

Captain Heaviside here rejoined—"Although, Sir Patricius, I knew well that the Duchess gave with her noble hand a distinguished fortune to the Duke, yet verily I did not until now learn that Her Grace had any estate in the *Minories*!"

"No, no; ha, ha!" said Sir Patricius, with a most self-applauding laugh. "Oh no! nor in the *Stannaries* neither. But *allons nous donc, mon preux chevalier*! Apollo and the muses now invite us.—So, ho! to the picture gallery." To which the learned Theban and the valiant Captain now hastily ascended.

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The grand picture gallery, which now they entered, was of truly magnificent dimensions, and lighted from an elevated dome. This truly splendid collection of paintings was most judiciously arranged on the walls of the superb gallery, collected and selected with a taste and discernment that spoke volumes in praise of the liberality of the distinguished collector. This splendid gallery was adorned with the *chefs d'ouvres* of the most ancient celebrated masters; forming, on entrance, a truly grand and most imposing *coup d'œil* of the different works of Reubens', "the prince of painters;" Raphael, "the divine!" Angelo, Guido, Titian, with a long and noble extended *et cetera*, too magnificently formidable to be here introduced.

The first painting which they approached was from the pencil of Teniers; it was that of his famous *Alchymist*.

"This," said Sir Patricius, pointing to the painting, "is a work of Teniers!"

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"Vastly fine, indeed, Sir Patricius!—Oh, monstrous fine! grand, expressively sublime! eh! But here," added the surprised Captain, "what, *ten years*!—was the patient artist employed ten years thereon? Monstrous length of time! what sad solemn patience and perseverance the fellow had to be sure!—tedious faith, as the old siege of Troy!"

"No, no, my very good Captain, I did not say that the renowned artist was *ten years* employed in accomplishing this fine painting, but merely announced that his distinguished name was Teniers."

"Oh, a thousand pardons, Sir Patricius!—eh—ten thousand pardons! But then the painting is truly monstrous fine!—upon my s—l it is vastly fine indeed—eh!"

The next painting which they approached was the famous painting of Europa carried off by Jupiter in the shape of a bull, from the distinguished pencil of the celebrated Claude Lorraine.

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"The painter who has produced that truly ennobled specimen of his divine art," said Sir Patricius, with great pomp and emphasis, save when he was interrupted by a constitutional cough, "the painter, hem, hem, hem, was, Sir Captain, let me tell to you, inimitable! He deeply studied nature, and hence he acquired that elevated $g\dot{u}sto$, which has justly stamped a superlative value upon all his masterly works; his truly lovely landscapes, glowing with Italian suns, and with Italian verdure, *Italia diis sacra*, hem, hem, hem! Yes, bold Sir, upon these he acted, and on the noble inspirations of nature! verifying on glowing canvass the most apposite and veritable saying of the great and learned Archimedes,

'DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!'

'That, brave Sir, means—'Give me a point to stand upon;' and Sir, aye Sir, I shall move 'the great globe itself; yea, and all that it inhabit!'—That, Sir, is a Claude!"

"Heaven and earth!—clawed! What do I hear," said the astonished Captain, in a most lachrymal tone; "clawed!—what a thousand pities! irreparable—hopelessly irreparable! Indeed I always knew too well that cats were most destructive, malicious animals. But say what inducing cause—what motive? here was depicted no lively representation of rat, rabbit, pigeon—no, nor mouse! wonderful! 'Fore Jove I swear, that all the confounded pestilential breed of cats in the county should swing before I should endure to have such a noble painting as that clawed by any cat o' the mountain in the province!"

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Here Sir Patricius Placebo raised his intelligent eyes in dumb despair, very nearly indeed allied to positive contempt. But after a short momentary gaze of astonishment, and a slight expression of contempt, his muscles relaxed into a cheering smile; and seeing from the window, as he looked out, some of the guests to arrive, he gaily said—"I see clearly, Captain Heaviside, that you prefer living faces to their mute representation on canvass, so let us adjourn, *si vous voulez*, and attend the ladies; and egad I think I can show you some fine girls; there, Captain, you see are some fair specimens, the six Misses O'Carrol, and all dressed so gay in pink, blue, and crimson, smiling and blooming like a bed of budding pæonies in June!"

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"Vastly koind, good Sir Patricius; vastly koind, *j'irai la sans failler*, eh?—Yes I do admire pretty girls exceedingly; and I must say, by Jove, that I prefer them to all your *Hebes, Cupids*, and *Ganymedes*, on copper, canvass, or panel!"

The chimes of the bells of the ducal chapel now gave warning note that the baptismal ceremony was nigh at hand, and all the guests consequently approached the sacred edifice. And at the high altar, gorgeously decorated, from a golden ewer the ceremony of ablution was performed. When the lovely Adelaide received the sprinkling she smiled most sweetly; and as her nurse, Mrs.

Judith Braingwain, (whom we shall hear more of anon,) afterwards very appropriately told it: "Heaven bless the dear bonnie babe, how sweetly it was she smiled bekase she was made a Christian cratur!"

The ceremony concluded upon the return of the noble party to the castle. Cake, caudle, and wine, and various confectionary, were dealt out with no sparing hand. Many of the company sat down to different card-tables, and played, as was then the fashion, at ombre, cribbage, loo, *jusqué a diner*, when they were entertained at a most princely and magnificent banquet.

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The Duke of Tyrconnel received all his guests with frank and due welcome and courtesy. His Grace was attired in the following costume:—a large well powdered peruke, which freely flowed over the splendid mantle and robes of the order of the garter. His Grace also wore the magnificent collar and gem, and resplendent star, of the illustrious order. His stockings were of light blue coloured silk, and drawn up in a fashion similar to those of Sir Patricius Placebo; and around the left leg, beneath the knee, was buckled the embroidered and mottoed garter, which pertains to, and from which this distinguished order receives its appellation. The stockings were adorned "with quirks and clokes about the ancles" of gold withal, and curiously and richly wrought.

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The Duke of Tyrconnel was considered as the handsomest man of the age, and upon this occasion looked uncommonly well, every inch the nobleman. Lord Glandarrah was attired in the magnificent robes of the order of the Bath. All the guests, of both sexes were splendidly arrayed, and the entertainment passed off with undiminished eclat.

But we have already exceeded our limits, and have yet to speak of the highly gifted Duchess, who indeed deserves a chapter to be appropriated to herself, to which we shall now proceed, and to the acquaintance of other persons, matters, and things, connected with this our delectable history.

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CHAPTER III.

Hæc mulier, genere atque forma, preterea viro atque liberis, satis fortunata fuit: litteris Græcis et Latinis docta, **

* * prorsus multæ facetiæ multusque lepos inerat.

Sallust.

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The noble guests sat long and cheerfully to celebrate with due honour the baptismal day; while potations of claret, liberally flowing, and constantly renovated from *magnum* bottles, according to the approved custom and social fellowship and habit of the times, were deep and frequent. The splendid supper which followed the sumptuous dinner was accompanied with the unqualified commendations of Sir Patricius, who insisted "that it even excelled the Roman banquets of Lucullus or Apicius; and was in sooth so luxurious, that, verily, his old friend Flaccus would have called it a *dubia cœna*; and although they had neither the juice of the Tuscan nor Falernian grape, they had still nobler potations to quaff!" And it has been currently reported that his actions sagely comported, *pari passu*, with his asseverations, that he "suited the action to the word," and did most ample, nay summary justice, to testify beyond all possible contradiction how highly his palate lauded the excellence of the entertainment! All this was confidently and cautiously whispered, and discreetly intrusted to a chosen few. But it met with the fate usually attendant upon all such confidential communications, *videlicet*, to be made known and published in a few hours to the unselected many; or in other words, to all the king's liege subjects throughout the vicinity!

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The supper was served at ten o'clock; an hour which was considered at that period as late, and was prolonged still later, while jest and joke, and revelry, and song, and glee, and glass went round; and at a protracted hour the guests retired to repose; and thus terminated the social hilarities of the festive night.

The Duchess rose upon the following day at an early hour, as invariably was her custom, and having retired to her classical cabinet, opened the latticed casement to admit the enlivening rays of a brilliant vernal sun, and to inhale the balmy breeze of the morning. It was truly a beauteous spring morning; the Eske rolled rapidly over his stony channel, pouring forth his tributary torrent into the peaceful bosom of the Atlantic Sea; while with mournful plaint the wood-quest called her mate, perched on her favourite sycamore; and the red-breast and linnet sweetly warbled forth their matin-hymn from bush and spray,

"To gratulate the sweet return of morn."

The Duchess of Tyrconnel was indeed an extraordinary woman, highly gifted by nature, instructed by education, (in these days, certainly an unusual occurrence), and still more learned from her own assiduity and perseverance. All this was the more remarkable, when we pause to consider the period in which she lived! The vast powers of her mind were demonstrated by the universality of her knowledge, the various accomplishments which she possessed, her acquaintance, even to a colloquial knowledge, with several different languages, the numerous acquirements, in all of which she excelled. No less distinguished was the Duchess of Tyrconnel

[Pg 72] [Pg 73] for her singular modesty, her unaffected manners, and that retiring grace, at once characteristic of those high endowments which flung around her such imposing charms. Indeed it has generally been remarked and acknowledged, that affectation and conceit are seldom found to be connected with genius, but are the satellites of those who would usurp her throne; and that the never-failing attendant upon true genius is simplicity of manners.

The Duchess had been educated at the convent of Vernon sur le Seiné, where she was wont

"To walk the studious cloisters pale, And love the high embowed roof, With antic pillars massy proof, And storied windows, richly dight, Casting a dim religious light."

Here, during her novitiate, the Duchess (then Lady Katherine O'Nial) formed a friendship with a young lady, an inmate at the convent, which terminated only in death. The friend of her youth was the beautiful Lady Adelaide Alençon, daughter of the Duke of Alençon. They became dear and inseparable friends, from similarity of taste and talent. The *idem velle*—the *idem nolle*—was theirs! The same, or nearly the same, distinguished talents, a similar and uncontrollable wish for information, led them on in the paths of science and of literature, of virtue and of religion. Then, oh! how delightful it was, after a short sojourn with their friends, again to return to the sacred convent, and to hear at early morn the solemn anthem from the hallowed choir, which pealed over rock and flood, deeply re-echoed by the convent walls: or if at eve they returned, to hear floating upon the silent and slumbering bosom of the Seiné the sad and solemn evening vesper, which was wafted to the skies!

But this pure and disinterested friendship was doomed to be only of short duration. Lady Adelaide Alençon's powers of mind were superior to the fragile tenement they illuminated and adorned, and over-studiousness brought on a consumption, which unfortunately was a hereditary disease. The physicians ordered the patient to remove to Tours, from thence to the aromatic isles of the Heyéres. But, alas! it was all in vain! The promises at first were fair, like expanding snowdrops on the cold breast of spring, which blow—then bloom—then die! But each sad succeeding account only brought fresh accession of regret; and at an early age, in the ever-blooming green islands of the Heyéres, the lovely and the gifted Lady Adelaide Alençon drooped, and pined, and died! deeply deplored by all her relatives, and justly and duly lamented by her friends.

"The hectic form, the beauteous maid, That just as life its charms displayed, To death devoted, glides away; With brilliant eye, that watery gleams, While still the rosy spectre dreams Of many a morrow gay."

Upon the deeply regretted event of Lady Adelaide Alençon's death, the Duchess made a vow that if she married, her first female child should be called after her first regarded, her early and lamented friend; and to this cause our heroine was indebted for the illustrious name which she bore.

The Duchess, even during her juvenile abode at the convent of Vernon sur le Seiné, had manifested much talent and infinite taste, and at that early period had displayed an extraordinary degree of ingenuity and delicacy of tact; she cut paper into an innumerable variety of figures, characters, and landscapes, solely dictated by her own genius, and executed with much taste and spirit. Her Grace also drew in crayons, flowers that were so naturally depicted, that they seemed to have been recently culled from the garden. She was conversant, besides, with vocal and instrumental music; and, moreover, displayed much skill in oil-painting and in sculpture: indeed her talents seemed to rival those of that noble and distinguished lady, Anne-Maria Schurman. A proficient too in etching. Her writing in various languages was inimitable. She was also perfect mistress of the Greek and Latin languages, and understood and spoke with facility French, Italian, and German; and no less excelling in the sciences of geography, astronomy, and philosophy, with many other rare acquirements, which we shall pass by unnoticed, as we do not choose to classify this gifted lady with the heroines of romance. Under the guidance and instructions of such a mother everything was to be hoped for, if not realized, in the education of an only and beloved daughter—her first-born, and possibly her last; certainly her only one!

With all these splendid acquirements, the Duchess was an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature. She took delight in beholding the sun, with glorious burst, to ascend and illuminate the lofty mountain-peak; and at night to behold the starry host of heaven, the moon, and all the unnumbered stars that gem with imperishable lustre the canopy of the skies. Even while the morning dew impearled the grass, she was wont to traverse the verdant lawn, with "daisies pied and violets blue;" all these charms of rural nature gave delight and indescribable pleasure to a mind at peace with itself, and in harmony with the tranquil solitude which surrounded her. Who can doubt, then, that it was with unmixed contempt that the Duchess looked down upon the green and frivolous field of a loo, tredille, or cribbage-table, and that even primero had no charms for her!—a preference at that period very remarkable, and that completely puzzled all the suppositions and gossipings of the courtly card-playing dowagers of those courtly days.

However, with all this wild love for nature, and with all those commanding accomplishments to boot, we cannot, howbeit, deny that the Duchess was proud of the country which gave her birth,

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and pardie proud perhaps too of her own ennobled descent; although we must observe that, with due discretion, she was never known to dwell upon the latter, while upon the former, conversant as she was with the aboriginal language of her country, when time and opportunity offered, she then indulged herself therein, in learning the wants and the necessities of the lower orders; and, furthermore, in acquiring a knowledge of the character and the feelings of the native Irish, with which the more she became acquainted, the still more she became endeared.

While thus we have been endeavouring to delineate the mind and acquirements of the Duchess of Pg 79][Pg 80] Tyrconnel, we must, however, not silently pass by her remarkable costume, for this is strictly in unison with the history of those times; and it must be confessed that it was sufficiently outré and extraordinary. Her Grace's head-dress, or head-gear, was strangely elevated, indeed we might say castellated, upon the stiff, formal, and firm foundation of an internal satin cushion, on bastion of silk, surmounted by a natural coronal of fine auburn hair; so that she might have been mistaken for Cybele, the mother of the gods; and like the goddess too, she was crowned with the model of a citadel. The hair was raised with such force, that it appeared from the process to be nearly starting from the roots. A double tier of curls formidably flanked and circled round this superstructure, on which were arranged three magnificent rows of eastern pearls, while above was placed a costly coif or cap of superb Brussels lace, bordered with Mechlin. Large pendant diamond rings sparkled in each ear; a superb brilliant necklace glittered on her bosom; her kerchief was of the richest Poyntz lace; her jacket or bodice was short, formed with close sleeves, and made of light blue Spanish cloth, adorned with longitudinal stripes of gold. This bodice was fastened at the breast, so as to form a most splendid stomacher, by means of two parallel superb rows of large brilliant diamond buttons, which were interlaced by crimson ribbons, enclosing it in front. The sleeves were of deep crimson velvet, trimmed with rich gold net-work. The petticoat was of rich blue velvet, festooned by golden cords and tassels, and richly trimmed with a border of deep gold net-work. The petticoat, it must needs be confessed, was distended to a disfiguring circumference, swelled out by the unseemly and uncouth bell-hoop, which was then the appanage to a lady's full dress, and still further increased by long peaked stays, which gave a most Dutchlike and awkward solemnity, if not an armorial stiffness of carriage, to the wearer.

Her Grace's shoes were of red Morocco leather, with high tapering heels, so elevated as to form with the sole the outlines of an arch; and the colour, to contrast with the red upper leather, was blue. The shoes were tastefully stitched and worked in a pattern of gold-thread work, and fastened with diamond clasps. The hose were of light blue silk, ornamented with clokes of gold. [14]

Upon the festival of the previous day the Duchess was thus attired as we have endeavoured to describe her state dress; her beautifully formed hands and fingers were adorned with bracelets and rings set with "gems both rich and rare;" while her animated countenance, and still more brilliant eyes, and affable manners, spread joy and delight around the festive circle which she graced and adorned.

We must here by no means whatever pass over an important character in the *dramatis personæ* of our history, (at least so she was in her own personal estimation), and forsooth be it known too, moreover, a highly privileged person. We here venture to speak of Lady Adelaide's nurse, Mistress Judith Braingwain, who was in every respect most truly Irish. Her superstitions were deeply rooted, so that nothing could shake them; and her belief in ghosts, wraiths, banshees, and fairies, and all that was marvellous, was truly orthodox. She believed in astrology, then much in vogue; in dreams, omens, prognostications, and

"Chimeras all, still more absurd or less,"

and all the attendant phantasmagoria of credulity. Mrs. Judith's attachment to her country was great and strong, as likewise was her affection for her child; but her whole stock of fondness seemed to be concentrated in her foster child, whom she actually loved better than the child she had borne in her own maternal bosom. "My dear, dear child, my darling," she would say, "oh, my Adelaide! may the sun-shine and peace of this world ever be thine *mavourneen*!" [i.e. my beloved.]

Mrs. Judith's dress^[15] was so perfectly and truly aboriginal, that it may amuse the reader, and possibly afford a reminiscence to the antiquary, while we notice it in the following description.

The curious specimen of Irish costume worn by persons in Mrs. Judith Braingwain's station in life, prevailed in Ireland at the close of the reign of the second Charles, and during the reign of his successor, James II., the patron and friend of the Duke of Tyrconnel. It was as follows:—

Mrs. Judith wore placed upon her head-top a cushion of linen or stuff, which she called help 84 [Pg 85] "system;" it was not dissimilar, save in its want of utility, to the roll or plait twisted cushion of hay used by milk-maids in carrying their pails; but with this difference, that it was not flat, but rose higher to the back of the head; it was fastened and attached by long pins, and over and around this under-structure she combed and attached her long hair, of which the Irish were always proud, even to absurdity, and which withal looked as stiff and formal as if it had been hewn out, the work of some primeval statuary, sternly staring in stone, certainly most Medusa-like, upon some ancient tomb! This most strange redoubt or fortification of hair-work was supported by a side-battery of two curls on each side of the head above the ears, and masked on high by a little round cap or coif, surrounded with a cambric border, over which was thrown a kerchief, which being made fast upon the apex of the head, was allowed to fall down carelessly behind, where it

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streamed, when she walked abroad, like a banner over a fortress. Her jacket was of brown cloth, and made to fit close to the shape, by means of whalebone scientifically, as now we would say, wrought into it both in front and at the back, but managed so as not to meet; while it was laced in the front across the breast, forming there a stomacher, and evidently borrowed from the Spanish costume. The sleeves, halfway to the elbow, were constructed of the same kind of cloth as the jacket, and from thence they continued to the wrist, formed of longitudinal stripes of red camlet, interwoven with green ferreting, and then being turned up, formed a little cuff, embraced within three circles of narrow green ribbon. Her petticoat was formed of scarlet broad-cloth, bordered with three rows of green ribbon. Her apron was of green serge, striped longitudinally with scarlet ferreting, and bound with the same. Her hose were of blue worsted; and her shoes were of black leather, laced with scarlet galloon, and ankle high, and withal mounted upon heels of a most portentous height. But *eheu! jam satis*, we are glad to have done with this specimen of costume, of which we are not over fond; but writing of the history, &c. of the times, from such we found it to be our bounden duty not to depart or swerve one single iota.

The Duchess allowed to nurse Braingwain very extensive liberties, and latitude of converse too, induced by the affectionate, nay, almost more than motherly care which she bestowed upon her child; as well as amused withal, she permitted nurse occasionally to show off that strange originality which she possessed.

The Duchess having gone through her morning devotions, ascended the nursery to embrace her dear child, who was sweetly and serenely reposing.

"See, my honoured lady, how sweetly *mavourneen* sleeps! Och, and may be I didn't dream last night that my dear young princess was one day to be queen of auld Ireland; and in troth, in my dream, sure enough I saw, not a crownet, but a royal crown placed upon her sweet baby brow. But as for you, my lady Duchess, I moreover drimt that Your Grace was created *Impress of Europa*—and long, long, my lady Impress, may you live and reign over us, and over all the world besides! Musha amen, says a grateful heart!"

"Prithee, Nurse, be silent; you will awake my child with your nonsensical rodomontade!"

Just here a message arrived from the Duke, that he wished to speak with Her Grace in his closet. The Duchess immediately left the nursery, in obedience to the ducal summons.

The Duke took the Duchess by the hand: "Here's great news, my Kate! Charles is dead, and the noble York that was, is now monarch of England; and permit me to kiss the fair and lady-like hand of the vice-queen of Ireland," he said, gaily kissing Her Grace's hand.

"Why, my Lord Duke, I really believe that you have laid this scheme of cajolery with so very great a personage as the very high and mighty lady, Mrs. Judith Braingwain, who even just now saluted me with the *all hail hereafter*! of Macbeth's witches: for Duchess of Tyrconnel though I be, yet Empress of Europe I *am to be*, or "Impress of Europa," as I was styled. What think you of that, my Lord? Surely I must feel quite shocked and horrified, as you must well conceive, at this dreadful and unexpected downfall from my high imperial state! Only think, at once too, without meet preparation, to be deprived of the diadem which fancy was fitting upon my brow, and *only* to be dubbed vice-queen of Ireland; oh! my Lord, you must needs confess what a provoking falling off was here! But no; it will not do; I am resolved that I must be empress, or only simple plain duchess!"

"Now Katherine you think I am rallying, but no such thing, I seriously assure you a patent has arrived, constituting and appointing me, and so forth, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland! And now, fair lady, I must kiss the hands of the vice-queen of Ireland, according to the statute in that case made and provided." And having thus gaily spoken, he affectionately and tenderly embraced his Duchess.

"Well then it appears quite a hopeless case, your patent has arrived; you not only achieve greatness yourself, but likewise have greatness thrust upon you, as Malvolio says; so I suppose that you must have even the grace to submit, and entrap yourself forth-with in the harness of office. As for my part, I shall sigh for the charms of the dear country, and would rather wear a simple coronal of hawthorn-blossoms than a diadem studded with resplendent gems, and "the rich east to boot;" and I, my Lord, warn you, for you must prepare to hear ejaculations from the towers of Dublin castle somewhat to the tune and measure of—O rus quando ego te aspiciam? Then you, my Lord, with your high waving plumed crest of chivalry come rushing up to the turret, fancying that you are most heroically about to liberate some captive dame, or forlorn princess, who has been cruelly incarcerated by some old cruel-hearted necromancer, when I shall fly into your arms, forgetting pomp and power, and even the divine country too; I will rush into your bosom, and only remember that I am your wife—the wife of Tyrconnel!"

"Bravo, bravo, viva, viva, sèmpre l'imperatrice!" exclaimed the Duke in rapture. "Yes, dearest Katherine, you are the empress of my heart, and need never, never fear a rival near the throne: come then to my arms, and with your simple diadem of hawthorn I shall ever adore you, in cottage or in palace!"

The Duke was a Major-General in the army, he had served under the banner of the illustrious Turenne, and his royal patron the Duke of York, now James II., had also fought beneath the same victorious standard. The Duke was considered the handsomest man of the age, and was beloved alike in camp and in court. His knowledge and attainments were great; he was not only *aliquis in omnibus*, but also *singularis in omnibus*. He was indeed—

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"A courtier of the chamber, A soldier of the field; Whose tongue could never flatter, Whose heart could never yield!"

The Duke's two sisters, Lady Letitia and Lady Lucy Raymond, who constantly resided with him, affectionately approached to congratulate their brother upon his appointment to the viceroyship. "Oh joy, dearest brother!" they both exclaimed, while each at the same moment kissed the Duke's cheeks.

Lady Lucy had been educated abroad, and was always speaking in warmest raptures of "the dear continent," or of whatever was foreign, or *recherchè*. Indeed her friends were obliged to admit that it was a vast pity that Lady Lucy, with all her amiable qualities, should be somewhat a little tinctured with conceit; and apprehended, that as it had been of long continuance they feared it was too late to be remedied, her affectation having become something very like second nature. Thus argued her kind, consoling friends, who sat down most contentedly beneath the shade of their own sage conclusions.

Lady Lucy continued her expressions of joy in a sort of soliloquy: "Oh really this will be quite deloightful! quite $impos\grave{e}!$ surpassingly deloightful! Why actually we shall hold a little court of St. Germains at Dublin castle!"

Lady Letitia during her infancy had been a sickly child, and, in consequence of her inability to travel, had remained at home; while her family were sometime resident abroad, and her education was wholly unattended to; or to speak more explicitly, was never once thought of as a matter of the slightest concern—no uncommon occurrence in the olden time. This deficiency at this period was not confined to two or three noble families;—nay, gentle reader, start not, for thou wilt please to recollect that we are speaking of what happened above one hundred and forty years ago. In consequence of this neglect Lady Letitia made such broad and palpable mistakes, and of so extraordinary a kind, as could not of failed to have beaten that modern personage, Mrs. Malaprop, of blundering notoriety, completely defeated from the field.

"No, Lucy, no!" rejoined Lady Letitia, "No, nothing *German*; neither caps nor boots, rats, whiskers, nor muskatoes. I hate every thing German; no, our court shall not be a German one, but a second St. James's. And old Cormac shall compose such a grand ode upon the solemn occasion, to be said or sung in the old hall at Dublin castle; aye, and we shall have duly chanted for my dear brother such a noble hypothesis as ear never——"

"Apotheosis, you mean, Letitia," said the Duke, interrupting her. "Yes, indeed, *that* would be a *solemn occasion*; but I pray you be not in such mighty haste to send me so soon 'unanointed, unanealed,' to the other world before my time too; this is not altogether so kind, sister; and besides, previous to the possession of the honours which you would somewhat too prematurely celebrate.—But a truce to this badinage; I must forth-with prepare for my journey to take possession of the government of Barataria!"

Sir Patricius Placebo now advanced to join and congratulate the family circle, and to express his joy upon the Duke's appointment. "My Lord Duke in verity believe me, that this day there exists none whose feelings and whose heart are more truly gratified by this gracious selection of my sovereign than what mine are; and I also must congratulate your Grace's friends, and the country too, at the happy choice which king James has made. And I further beg to say, with meet reason, and under due discretion and correction, that you confer more honour upon the king by your acceptance of it, than His Majesty has done you by the presentation. Yea, and I may truly and fearlessly add, in the words of old Flaccus,

"Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus,

in publica commoda peccem Si longo sermone morer tua tempora——"

Just at the moment that the words of old Flaccus were flowing forth from the tongue of the obsequious Baronet, in a mellifluent Cork or Kerry brogue, the butler entered the drawing-room, and announced, to the great delight of Sir Patricius, that "dinner was served." The Duke, drawing the arm of the Duchess beneath his own, for a moment stopped, and said playfully—"See, my good Sir Patricius, how opportunely Mercury pops in to clip the wings of Pegasus, and announce that the banquet of the gods is ready; and now to our repast with all the appetite we may!"

Sir Patricius bowed, and handing the ladies Letitia and Lucy, followed to the dinner-room, solemnly muttering to himself,

DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!

while stately he moved along with an increased stride and attitude of dignity.

CHAPTER IV.

Por cierto, Senôr Gobernador * * * * que vuesa merced tiene mucha razon en quanto ha dicho: y que yo ofrezco en nombre de todos los insulanos desta insula, que han de servir à vuesa merced con toda puntualidad, amor y benevolencia, porque el suave

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modo gobenar que en estos principios vuesa merced ha dado, no les da lugar de hacer, ni de pensar cosa que en deservicio de vuesa merced redunde.

DON QUIXOTE, tome IV.

TRANSLATION.

Doubtless, Sir Governor * * * * you have much reason in all you have been pleased to say: and let me promise you, in behalf of all the inhabitants of this island, that they shall serve your will and pleasure with all due diligence, love, and good-will; for the sweet and mild mode of government that hitherto in the beginning you have administered to them, causes them neither to do, nor even to think, aught that may redound disloyal to your government.

DON QUIXOTE, vol. IV.

Before the Duke had arisen upon the ensuing morning the Duchess thus addressed him, and pronounced, if we may so express it, the curtain-lecture, with which the reader is here made acquainted:—

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"My dear and much beloved Lord, you are now about to assume the government of your native island, a land richly abundant in agricultural and commercial resources, possessing a peasantry inured to toil, hardy, industrious, and intelligent; keenly alive to and sensible of wrong and injustice, yet still a passive and a patient people, who, like the Roman ox, stand ready victims, stationed between the ploughshare and the altar, alike prepared for the yoke or for sacrifice!—a soil luxuriant for tillage or for pasture, abounding in quarries, mines, and minerals; blest with a mild and temperate climate, and adorned with scenery picturesque, romantic, and sublime; with mountains high as the lofty spirit of the race who inhabit them, and with harbours (open as their generous hearts) expanding their numerous emporiums to receive the tribute of every coast and every clime.

"Remember, I pray thee, my good Lord, a passage which once we read, and that I never caff^{g 97][pg 98]} forget; we found it in the Lives of Plutarch, where we are told the courtiers of Philip of Macedon essayed to mount and master the noble animal Bucephalus, afterwards the war-horse of the great and renowned Alexander. Courtier succeeding courtier attempted to mount the back of Bucephalus, but in vain. They knew, indeed, how to cringe, and fawn, and flatter in a despot's court, but they were wholly ignorant and incompetent how to manage this nobly spirited warhorse; their shadows, as they successively attempted to mount, startled the steed, and they could make nothing of it. It was then that the son of Ammon sprang forth, and said, 'Father, give him into my hands; I see the noble bearing of the proud and generous animal, let me too, therefore, have a trial!' The request was granted. When Alexander, leading him into the shade where the steed neither startled by the shadow of his person nor the flowing of his mantle, Alexander instantly sprung upon his back, and galloped him several times past the presence of Philip, reining him with full command, wheeling him round in full career, and then suddenly halting to address his admiring king and father, and no less astonished courtiers. At length, overcome with joy and admiration, Philip exclaimed to Alexander, 'Go, go, my son, and seek to rule over other realms, for Macedonia is too small for thee!' Yes, my dear Lord, I at once see you forcibly feel the allusion. In the hands of ignorant, or stupid, or bigoted governors, and their underlings, Ireland shall ever prove and remain untractable, as Bucephalus was in the clumsy and untoward hands of the courtiers of Macedon; but rule the inhabitants of this isle with gentleness and moderation, with equal and impartial justice, alike administered to all beneath a mild and conciliatory government, and then mark how submissively they shall obey their ruler. In peace you shall see drawn home the heavy harvest team; and on the day of battle our navies shall ride triumphant, and our armies march victorious!"

The Duke smiled at the conclusion of this lengthened lecture; but he was truly pleased withal Au 99IPg 1001 the judicious remarks, the sound sense, and also with the enthusiastic feeling of his Duchess; and he said somewhat gaily, "Bravo! well done, my Katherine. I long knew the extensive range of your reading and information; but, 'fore Jupiter Ammon, I certes did not know until the present what a famous politician thou hast become. Thou assuredly hast pronounced a very notable and altisonant lecture upon legislation, wherewithal from which I fully trust that I shall ultimately derive much advantage. But yet under favour, lady mine, my vice-regal femme covert, you will peradventure please to carry in your noble recollection, that I am no sovereign prince or potentate, and that the roy le veult belongs not to me, but to my royal master; that simply I am but a deputy, and therefore it is evident that I can have no will of mine own, but, on the contrary, that every measure must emanate from the throne. However, it is nevertheless true, that although I owe much to my regarded sovereign, yet unhappily should this reflected light of majesty prove to be but mere "disastrous twilight," I have still the power to resign; and albeit I am not devoid certainly of ambition, yet there exists not a man who is more attached to retirement than what I confessedly am;—none, I am sure, more devoted to his country, friends, family, and home!"

The intention of the Duke of Tyrconnel being fixed to pursue his journey onward without unnecessary delay, to assume the reins of his vice-regal government, His Grace and his amiable Duchess descended betimes to the breakfast saloon. The Duke was in uncommon good spirits, spoke sportively to his beloved Adelaide. The Ladies Letitia and Lucy soon made their appearance, and Sir Patricius was not the last to take his station at the breakfast-table, on which

was duly placed every solace for the regalement of the worthy Baronet, if indeed a salutary morning walk amid the mountain-air could have rendered his appetite fastidious.

The Duke soon began in a jocular way to rally the Ladies Letitia and Lucy, by observing, "I propose very soon, gentle ladies, so hearken to me both, to dispose of you twain by promotion—in the temple of Hymen! What say ye, ladies fair, to my proposition? Doubtless it will meet with your joint approval, and most dutiful concurrence to my high and puissant command!"

Lady Lucy replied, that she had no wish nor intention whatsoever to alter her situation, feeling perfectly happy and contented as she was, desirous of no change, and fully resolved, as far as was within her control, that no cruel *empêchement* should ever separate her from those she so dearly regarded and loved."

Lady Letitia said in reply: "As for your *high men*, they are always sure to have their own high ways in aught perchance they would do or dare; and I needs must observe that I have no wish whatever to be connected with such high cavaliers, having, alas! upon a former occasion experienced much vexation and disappointment at the hands of one of those said *high men*."

"Prithee, Letitia, explain in what manner," rejoined the Duke.

"You must know, then, that a proposal of marriage was made to me from one of noble birth, and likewise of affluent fortune, while you, my Lord, were absent in foreign lands. The gentleman was the Honourable Mr. Gwillim Ap-Gwillim, of Caper Ap-Shenkin, in North Wales, who was not slow in using every endeavour to win my love and affections; and, alas! he succeeded but too well in the accomplishment of his wishes. But after all, a long courtship and fair promises, this Cambrian proved himself to be one of your 'perhaps' knights-errant; and so, my good Lord, no more of them for poor me! The man, prince, potentate, or peer, who deals in the shuffling word 'perhaps,' shall never possess my affection, nor have my hand in the tie of holy wedlock. Never, I am resolved. No; for ever I forswear and detest the word, as being the most offensive and deceitful in the English tongue, past, present, or to come."

"Hold, hold, Letitia," said the Duke, "you are off in full gallop from your story. Pray rein in thy noble indignation and imagination awhile, and do let us have the conclusion of your most tragical hero, whom you stigmatize with the title and appanage of 'perhaps?'"

"I fairly promised my hand where before I had given my heart; that is to say, provided you had so approved; and while matters were, as I conceived, happily arriving, as I had fondly hoped, at the long wished claracism (*eclaircissement*), who would have suspected or have dreamed the result?

"'I am told, Sir,' addressing Mr. Gwillim Ap-Gwillim, of Caper Ap-Shenkin, 'I am told, Sir,' said I, with proud tears in my eyes, 'that you at present entertain a paramour?'

"'Well, Madam,' rejoined he, 'perhaps' (oh, the abominable word) 'I do; and if so, it is surely not unusual or marvellous in an unmarried man.'

"'But then, Sir,' I replied, (somewhat enraged at his tawdry 'perhaps',) 'sure before we become man and wife, you will no doubt part with and discharge this said paramour?'

"'Perhaps,' he rejoined, 'perhaps, (the third time, observe,) Madam, I may.'

"'Perhaps, Sir,' I loudly re-echoed, my blood boiling, my breath parting, my tongue gasping, and enraged to the very utmost, 'Perhaps, Sir,' I said vehemently, 'know, my hand never shall be yours—never, never!' Then with a strong impulse of collected coolness, for very often what is the most opposite will occur, I distantly retired, with the utmost indifference I dropt a low court courtesy, and never beheld him more."

The Duke proposed, previous to departing, to accompany his noble consort and family in a promenade on the pleasure grounds. Their Graces led the way; and while apart from the attending group, the Duke addressed the Duchess in a low voice—"I shall do every thing, depend upon it, that is within my power, to render my vicegerency popular; not from a love of popularity, but from the impulse of administering even and equal justice to all His Majesty's subjects, which is a debt I shall not fail to discharge, so far as the responsibility of my station admits, and my duty to the king allows. The salary which I may receive during my administration shall, to the uttermost farthing, be expended among the generous people, from whose purses I am to receive it; I shall assist the poor, and the great I will entertain. Thus when the termination of my government arrives, I trust that my departure from the viceregency shall not be mistaken for that of a collector of taxes, who retires sub umbra, having embezzled the public coffers, and who departs ex-officio, attended, justly I admit, with "curses, not loud but deep!" Oh no, my dearest love, by no earthly possibility shall any one mistake me for a Jamaica planter, a bullock feeder, or a Jew broker! Never; my private fortune shall be expended in addition to the princely income which I receive from the nation; and I am resolved that in every way it shall be my study, as it will be my pleasure, to prove indeed the true and appropriate representative of a noble and generous king!"

To this expressive burst of loyal and ardent feeling, the Duchess fully accorded her hearty assent. While the noble pair remained thus employed in discussing the high and grave affairs of state, the ladies Letitia and Lucy, attended by Sir Patricius Placebo and Captain Heaviside, were employed in admiring the surrounding scenery.

"What a romantic delightful prospect here presents itself to the spectator," observed Sir Patricius

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Placebo to Lady Letitia, who stood next him.

"Oh yes," replied her Ladyship, "it is truly a noble tract of verdant valley and lofty mountain, scenery, sea, and river; the goats on the rock, the sheep on the hill, and the cows in the vale; indeed the Duke positively asserts that the surrounding scene displays perhaps the most beautiful cow-dell (*coup d'œil*) in the whole kingdom."

The promenaders returned from their ramble, and were stationed on the terrace when the Duke's travelling coach and six drove up to the embattled porch of the castle. The Duke, addressing himself to Sir Patricius, pleasantly and playfully said: "Sir knight we do hereby, by the powers in us vested, constitute, nominate, and appoint, with all the briefness and celerity the occasion demands, you, Sir Patricius Placebo, M. D. Baronet, eques non male notus, our locum tenens, and Lord Constable of this our good castle of Tyrconnel during our absence herefrom; and thou, Sir Patricius Placebo, art bound, in due accordance with right, ancient, and laudable usage, to dispense all manner of ancient hospitality, as if we ourself were in person present; and within a few given days to escort our beloved partner and family to His Majesty's castle of Dublin; all which fail not to do, under the pain and penalty of our heavy displeasure."

The Duke fondly and affectionately embracing his Duchess, his beloved Adelaide, and his sisters, and cordially shaking hands with his guests, entered his travelling carriage, which set off, the horses travelling in a brisk pace, for Dublin, to assume the chief government of the island. The ladies followed the Duchess, who retired into the castle to regret even the temporary absence of her lord

Meanwhile Sir Patricius proposed to Captain Heaviside an excursion on horseback, to pass away the time *jusqué a dinér*. After a short interval Sir Patricius having doffed his grave professional peruke; and having assumed his hunting wig, mounted his gallant steed, and set out with the Captain in a ramble through the country. While thus they were employed in exploring the surrounding scenery, Captain Heaviside, addressing Sir Patricius, said, "Pray, my good Sir, did I ever repeat to you my *chronicle*?"

"Oh no, never, Captain, upon my veracity; but in sooth I should be quite delighted to hear it, so pray let us have it by all manner and means."

"I call it," continued Captain Heaviside, *my* chronicle, but I must say, really and truly, that it was never written by me;—positively not mine, but written indeed by a particular friend."

"Come, come, bold Captain, that is very well, and likewise most sagely and discreetly expressed; very good indeed—an excellent come off, *cum grano salis*, hem! It is, however, to be sure, vastly convenient upon all such occasions to enlist a friend into the service who shall enact you the part of a poetical godfather, and act too as pioneer: a most meritorious gentleman truly, who is disposed with such magnanimous generosity to place all our written sins and verses upon his own muster-roll. Vastly, egad vastly convenient, I needs must observe, master Heaviside, hah, hah, hah, sed, litera scripta manet! There is no getting over that, my gallant young Captain, by my halidam!"

"My good Sir Patricius accredit me, it was really written by my very excellent friend, Captain Drinkwater, a dashing dragoon."

"I can then flatly tell you, Captain, that it will never do—I know it will never do; for as friend Horace sings,

'Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.'

I hate and detest your *aquæ potoribus*, all your drink-waters, and your water-drinkers, they are beyond all compare the very worst description of enemies that our profession has to contend with: so no more of this; give me your drinkers of *aqua vitæ*, and honest stout-hearted topers of genuine Drogheda usque-baugh; these are the generous souls whose quaffing I admire, and whose fees I dearly prize. But come, my brave Captain, notwithstanding we must positively have your *chronicle*."

"Well, Sir Patricius, since it must be so, here it is.

CAPTAIN HEAVISIDE'S CHRONICLE,

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW ANACREONTIC, AND WRITTEN BY

CAPTAIN DRINKWATER OF THE HORSE-GRENADIERS.

Julia first met me with bright sparkling eye; Next Sally so sober, yet so very sly, Margery, matchless at grin and grimace; Then Susan so simple, with innocent face. Betty was breathless when told of a fray, And Judy in sooth would have her own way: Of Nelly 'tis needless ought for to tell, On ev'ry occasion she bore off the belle.

There was rattling, laughing, roaring young Kate,

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Who many did think was perturbed in her pate: Of Kathlane so cunning, and Mollys a score, Och, I could sing till I tired you sore. Let this little sample the truth only tell, That, ah! I have lov'd too long and too well!"

"Olet lucernam, good master Heaviside! methinks it smells somewhat rather too strong of the lamp. Nay, nay, come noble Captain, I say, cheer up man! never mind, my brave boy, for in faith I like your chronicle, master Heaviside, passing well; and the very first open day, to speak the *vox parliamentaria*, that is to express, that the first day that the Duke shall dine abroad—hah, hah, which, 'fore Jupiter, egad he does this very day—aye, good—very good,

DOSS MOI. TANE STIGMEN!

this very day, by my halidam, we shall have it! By the mass he who gainsays it wets not his lips with a cup of hermitage! Nay more, down goes my gauntlet; Captain—there is my hand for you! A fig, I say, for your black rods, your white rods, and your green rods! I would fain flagellate them all with their own proper *insignia* of office; aye, marry, I say, a plague upon them all, master Heaviside! I am a man somewhat gifted with authority, as you are, Captain, fully aware, being no less than grand Seneschal of yonder ancient castle; and by the mass, indubitably, with due and meet discretion, we shall have *viva voce* this very day your much to be lauded Anacreontic, and that too without a single repugnant 'perhaps,' against which vague, dubious, and most distrustful adverb, that sage and circumspect Lady Letitia doth so continently and cautiously enter her solemn protest. But my good Sir, time and place—place and time? methinks as I don't toss off drams in a morning, that songs sound sweeter heard in the evening. Oh, ever time and place are to be taken into account, my good Captain, for

DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!

as the venerable Archimedes enforces it—hem; and I shall——But come, Captain, for once I will give a gratuitous prescription—take my nostrum—sing, or hear it sang, Captain Harry Heaviside's new Chronicle, which be sure to wash down with the potation of two honest quarts of old bottled Chateau-Margut, or good Burgundy, for I am not squeamish, which shall answer just quite as well;—swallow the dose, charily, charily, but without shaking the bottle!"

The equestrians soon approached the castle on their return to dinner, and the first bell was now heard pealing over battlement and tower, duly giving warning note; hence from a smart trot they hastened to a brisk gallop.

"Ahem," said Sir Patricius, "see, noble Captain, how strong and lustily the smoke mounts up from the kitchen chimney, *bonum signum, bonum signum*, by Bacchus and Ceres a most propitious omen! Ahem, spur on, my gallant chevalier!"

The two worthies now reached the lordly castle; and entering the embattled porch, Captain Heaviside observed in a whisper to Sir Patricius: "A d—d bore to be sure it is, all this dressing for dinner, my good Sir Patricius. But no matter, it is some consolation, however, that we shall have an excellent feed; and I am resolved to do it justice, exercise and the mountain air having sharpened a natural good appetite."

"But," rejoined Sir Patricius, "hark, again this accursed bell, how it frights the castle from its propriety.

'Ring out the alarum-bell, blow winds come, crack, At least we'll die with harness on our back.'

But never mind, we shall be ready before the bell rings a third time."

The man of physic and the man of war having thus spoken, they wended their way to their respective toilettes, which were quickly despatched. Here then we leave them to pay their attentions to the Duchess and the ladies, and enjoy all the good cheer at the ducal $salle\ \acute{a}$ manger. Meanwhile, in our next chapter, we shall return to the Duke, and escort His Grace to the vice-regal abode at Dublin castle.

CHAPTER V.

----Al llegar à las puertas de la villa que era cercada, salio regimiento del pueblo à recebirle, tocàron las campanas, y todos los vecinos dièron muestras de general alegria, y con mucha pompa le llevàron à la iglesia mayor à dar gracias a Dios, y luego con algunas ceremonias le entregaron las llaves del pueblo, y le admitièron por Gobernador de la insula.

Don Quixote, tome IV. ch. 45.

TRANSLATION.

When he approached the town gates (for it was walled) the officers came out to welcome him, the bells rang, and all the inhabitants made show of a general gladness; and they carried him in great pomp to the high church, to give God thanks; and shortly after some ceremonies they delivered him the keys, and admitted him as Governor of

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the island.

Don Quixote, book IV. ch. 45.

The Duke of Tyrconnel took his departure, as was observed in the last chapter, at an early hour; the roads were in excellent order for travelling, the morning appeared settled and serene, and an enlivening sun shone forth propitiously on his journey.

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The vice-regal carriage had just reached the town of Ballyshannon, when one of the fine animals (a leader) which drew the vehicle lost a fore shoe, which caused the cavalcade to stop. This interruption to the journey afforded an opportunity to the Duke, of which he availed himself, of visiting the venerable ruins of Ashrow Abbey, which were at that point of time noble and imposing even in decay. The beautifully pointed gothic arches, and the gilded ceilings in the vaults of the cloisters, called forth and attracted the attention and admiration of His Grace. When the Duke had returned to his inn from the inspection of these venerable monastic remains, a large party of horsemen were discerned trotting onward at a round and rapid pace. The Duke was stationed in a small gallery, or balcony, surmounting the door of the inn, when a tumultuous congratulatory roar from the equestrians, and addressed to His Grace, resounded on all sides, and the well-known Irish welcome of "Cead millia failtha," (that is "a hundred thousand hearty welcomes,") saluted the ducal ear. His Grace took off his hat, which he most gracefully waved, and graciously bowed. He then addressed them, and was pleased to say, "My good friends, I feel truly grateful for this warm burst of loyalty; but I request to ask whither, and in such rapid haste, ye are all proceeding?

'Go ye in peace, or go ye in war?'

There is surely no fair now going on in these parts of the country; there is no wake, no saint's patron-day recorded in the calendar; there is no racing, no hurling-match, no rural sport that I know of; and therefore I feel at a loss how to account for thus assembling in numbers, and I must needs doubt whether the motive be justifiable."

The troop of peasants, to the number of twelve or fifteen persons, were mounted on horseback; most of the horses carried double, in accordance to an old strange Irish usage, and which custom prevails in many parts of Ireland even at the point of time in which we now address our readers. The peasants replied, in respondence to the queries of the Duke, to this effect: "So may it please your Lordship's noble Reverence, we are men of the mountains, just going up for a bit to town, to procure a little law," [i. e. being duly interpreted, means *litigation*.]

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"Then," rejoined the Duke, "if such be your intention, my serious and friendly advice to you all, my good men of the mountains, is simply this, that you do all at the present immediately return back to your respective districts, and peaceably retire to your native hills and homes; avoid law, strife, and litigation; return to the tranquil heights of the lofty Tyraugh, and there enjoy, undisturbed by the factious or the turbulent, that peace and tranquillity which is shed around your happy cottages, beyond the turmoil of the world, and there dwell, and likewise cultivate the Christian virtues of peace and brotherly love. Forget and forgive the past; bear and forbear! And if I wore the sacerdotal garb, I could not in so few words, perhaps, advert more to the present purpose which has, be it what it may, conjured up some bad blood, as I have strong reasons to apprehend. This line of conduct, my countrymen, you must be sensible, it is your bounden duty to pursue; attend to your farms, cherish your families, and look to yourselves; obey your magistrates, and attend to your religious duties; and last, though not least, honour and reverence your noble king. I feel it incumbent on me to tell you such ought to be your line of conduct, and to this effect, too, will all your Clergy to a man pronounce to you, whether parson, priest, or prelate!"

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This speech allayed the threatened storm; and as if the wind had changed to a different point, gently impelling a vessel in a contrary course, thus suddenly were the litigious intentions of the "men of the mountains" changed. They thanked his Lordship's "glorious Honour for his kind condescension, and solemnly protested that they would forego *the bit of law* which they had intended, and willingly abide by his Lordship's most worshipful advice." Reining round their steeds, they proceeded upon their return home in a trot more rapid even than that in which they had approached; and giving three loud distinct cheers of "*Cead millia failtha*," were soon out of sight.

The book of wisdom saith "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" and it is no less true, that a generous act, or even a kind expression, makes an indelible impression upon the grateful heart of an Irishman!

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While the Duke was engaged in the foregoing expostulation with "the men of the mountains," the farrier, as he called himself, was meantime actively employed, in which his tongue was as prompt as his hand was ready, in performing, as he conceived it, the proud destiny of replacing the fore shoe on the noble leader, in lieu of that which had been lost; and thus from his anvil he addressed the Duke's valet: "Och then, plaze your honour, master Brushwell, may be it isn't I who understands, any how, in a jiffy to whip on a shoe upon any poor beast in the four bordering counties; and a great sin and shame in me it would be if I didn't exart myself for one of the true ould Irish stock? In troth in a jiffy I will knock off the job, and by J—— it shall be properly well done! for oh, *naboclish*, sure enough may be Tom Hob isn't the boy, after all, for quickly knocking off a job for a parson he loves; and in troth he may say with the ould ballad—

In these remote days the peaceful methods of life, the arts of agriculture and husbandry, were but imperfectly known; and the practice of farriery was rudely and ignorantly performed; then veterinary professors did not exist, [the foregoing incident of the lost horse-shoe has led to this short digression,] and farriery was clumsily practised, save, perchance in the forge of some farrier of heavy dragoons. The arts of war, meanwhile, were but too successfully carried on, while the happy arts of peace slumbered in the shade, and neglected agriculture sunk depressed beneath the warlike tone and temper of the times. The sickle and the ploughshare, the attributes and implements of husbandry, were destined to be neglected, else otherwise to be transmuted into the spear and falchion of war.

But we resume our narrative.—The first day and night of the Duke's departure he dined and slept at the hospitable abode of Castle-Caldwell, the noble and magnificent mansion of the Baronet of the same name, which delightful residence derived its name from the owner. The promontories that raised their peninsular summits above and around the beautiful and expanded lake of Lough Erne, were all brilliantly illuminated by bonfires made by the peasantry. The beacon-flame also blazed from the crowned summit of every surrounding hill and mountain. These bright testimonies of gladness burst forth to hail the Duke's welcome arrival. In furtherance of which the furze, fern, heath, and tall sword-grass, on hill and rock, were all set into one universal conflagration, the brilliant coruscations of which flashed, flamed, and undulated upon the expanded waters of Lough Erne; while bonfires were seen to burn and blaze upon the cloud-crested heights of the Tyraugh mountains.

Meanwhile, in sympathy with the scene, the great promontory of Ross-a-Goul brightly bore the beacon blaze upon his lofty brow, which flamed forth and flashed volcano-like above the adjacent woods and groves, illuminating every islet, rock, and indented shore, and reflecting its ruddy light in brilliance upon the dark waves of Ross-Moor, which seemed emulous to flash back their radiance on Ross-Goul.

The town of Churchill manifested similar demonstrations of joy and gratulation upon the arrival of the popular viceroy. It is time, however, to return to the hospitable board of the worthy host, who, with his noble and distinguished guests, sat down to a magnificent dinner at the good, early, rational, but now antiquated hour of four o'clock, which was the healthy custom in these times remote. Among many surrounding nobles and gentry present at this splendid banquet, we must not pass by unobserved two notable characters who were seated at the Baronet's table: the one was the Lord Viscount Glandarah, and the other was the Rev. Doctor Dismal Drew, L.L.D., a quondam Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, [16] and who had been collated to the valuable living of ----, the advowson of which was in the gift of the University of Dublin. These two worthies formed a remarkable and striking contrast to each other.

Lord Glandarah, imitating the profitable example of the wise Ulysses, who

----"Multorum providus urbes Et mores, hominum inspexit,"

had visited foreign countries and courts, where he had resided during a very long period, even from his early youth. It was whispered, and it was also believed, that he was at heart *un bon Catholiqué*. However, whether the assertion was true or false, certain it is that his Lordship took his seat in the Irish House of Peers; so that his case was completely *in foro conscientiæ*, and with which nobody had any right to intermeddle, it being a matter between him and a higher power than any court upon earth, temporal or spiritual.

His Lordship was an accomplished and polished nobleman; he had seen, and with no unobserving eye, the different nations and courts of Europe; had examined their laws, their governments, and establishments; he had been so long resident upon the continent, (even from his earliest years,) that from his foreign intonation of voice, and speaking, as he did, broken English, he might readily have passed for a German or a Frenchman. Lord Glandarah was personally known by the Duke of Tyrconnel, who, upon this interview, heartily shook hands; and the former warmly congratulated the latter upon his promotion to the viceroyship of Ireland: "Gad save my soul, mon trés-excellent Duke, I am absolumént delighted; je suis ravis entirement á vous revoir. I am tout delighted! Jamais, jamais si bien heureux! Un verre de vin: á votre tres bonne santè, et aussi la de votre tres amiable et accompliè Madame la Duchesse. Nous aurons une petit Cour de Versailes á la Chateau de Dublin. Sans doute et comme certainement nous verrons! Tres joli, tres joli! Sir Jacques Colville, j'ai l'honneur de saluër votre santè."

Lord Glandarah was attired in a court dress of green Genoa velvet, richly embroidered with gold; and the old aristocratic peer was so orthodox that even his hunting wig, when he rode on horseback, had *une petite bourse* attached to it, and the peruke was surmounted by a small cocked hat, trimmed with broad gold lace, with an appendant feather; and these he considered as indispensable appanages of *un gentilhomme comme il faut*! or, as Horace has expressed it, "*Homo factus ad unguem*"—a finished gentleman, even to the paring of his nail! Compared with Doctor Dismal Drew, he was "Hyperion to a satyr." Doctor Drew was in stature six feet by two, without diminution or subtraction, but awfully

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The Doctor's head was of a portentous size, which induced his cotemporaries, while a student in college, to bestow on him the epithet or sobriquet of "the bull-headed (βοῦς κέφαλος) student;" and most certain it is, that the exterior exceeded in dimensions every other head within the precincts of that learned corporation. He was extremely near-sighted, and always wore either goggles or spectacles made of green glass, which, as our readers may fairly suspect, did not by any means add to his personal appearance or attraction, whatever they might have abducted. He was however, be the truth spoken, an excellent scholar, philosopher, and moreover this same "learned Theban" was a mathematician to boot. His manners were unpolished—nay, repulsive. His gait in the street or drawing-room was so strange and inhuman-like, that it was only ideally to be compared to the floundering motion of a wounded walrus standing on its hind legs, then dragging its heavy weight along. At table the movement of his arms was so exceedingly annoying to his neighbours that it invariably caused them to keep a most circumspect and respectful distance. His voice, when he spoke, which was only when he wanted to be helped to some piquant viand, was harsh and stentorian, and might not unaptly be compared to the discordant cadence of a cracked bassoon. He was learned—he abounded in anecdote; and if he chose to be at the trouble, he could be witty. But no; during dinner, and even when the cloth was removed, solemn as the grave he sat doggedly pinioned to his chair, silently sipping drop by drop his Burgundy. He seemed to be apprehensive that the time he would occupy in conversation would interfere with the time allotted for the act of deglutition; therefore he sat taciturn, as if the use of his tongue was inevitably and irretrievably to destroy the powers of his palate!

Doctor Drew was by no means deficient in dry and sarcastic humour; and many anecdotes may be still found savoury in the college-courts and dinner-hall of this quondam queer-fellow of old *alma mater*; however we will trespass on the reader's attention only with one anecdote:—

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Doctor Dismal Drew passing one morning through the college courts, from the library to his chambers, happened to meet a young student who had been only a few days matriculated, and such are, in popular parlance in the university, called *jibs*; the young student had the ill-fortune to pass this learned Leviathan, without the usual salutation of doffing his four-cornered cap to his mighty superior:—"Halloo," roared the Doctor, "come back; hark ye, I say, young master, pray how long, young gentleman, allow me to ask, have you worn the academic gown?"

"Just eight days, may it so please your Reverence."

"Ay, ay; in sooth, young master, I thought as much, for we all know that puppies cannot make use of their eyes until they are nine days old!"

When Doctor Dismal Drew had with-drawn from the dinner-room, Lord Glandarah addressed the Duke of Tyrconnel in an under tone: "Gad save me, my Lord Duke, mais cette est un homme austere, outré, et tres singulier; et, par tout, un bête horriblé."

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"Adonis, you recollect, my Lord, was killed by a boar!"

"Excellent, O Duke! and I too should be killed by—the Doctor's company!—non, pardonnez moi presence, I should say; he be no company! en verité two entire days would despatch me. He is assurement Polyphemus le second, mais avec cette dissemblance par tout que le monstre il eut un œil bel excellent, pendant que, le Docteur ave sans doubté deux diaboleúx bad eyes!"

"Oh, unquestionably, my Lord! but then he has an intellectual one; and we must give due credit to Sir James Caldwell for the attention and kindness which he dispenses to his quondam tutor. It is kind, considerate, grateful, and honourable, to his feelings."

Sir James Caldwell, for whom the Duke of Tyrconnel entertained a great regard and affection, from long acquaintance and intercourse, took an opportunity, previous to the departure of His Grace, of making a strong and impressive request that the Duke would be pleased to appoint his worthy and learned friend the Doctor to be one of His Grace's domestic chaplains.

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"Why really, my kind and worthy friend, your request appears to me to be a matter of greater difficulty than you, Sir James, seem to be aware of, biassed, no doubt, by your kindness and partiality for the Doctor; however you must needs acknowledge that there is somewhat outrè and repulsive in the tout ensemble of this extraordinary man; his general appearance, his manners, his dress, and address, and those unindurable appendices of green goggles, and his je ne scai quoi impression, which is better seen than described. However, if it be possible I shall willingly assent to your request, provided that you, on the part of the learned Doctor, accede to my capitulations, which I require and demand. First, I insist upon the total abandonment of those everlasting green goggles, in which I verily believe he sleeps withal. Secondly, I resolve, as a sine qua non, that the learned Doctor, upon his arrival in the metropolis, shall employ either a drill sergeant or a maitre de danse, to mollify his movements of legs and arms! You stare in astonishment, my good Sir James, but marry, I do not mean, in sooth, that your grave Doctor and L.L.D. should slowly glide down the sober minuet, or the more solemn paven, with formal features and extended cassock, chausse the cotillion, or trot down the merry contredanse; no, mehercule, by no means, but this exercise I would fain prescribe merely in order to give a gentlemanly ease and deportment of person. And thirdly, I must require that the Doctor should purchase a new gown and cassock; these habiliments having become threadbare in the service of old Alma. Fourthly, that the Doctor shall, sine mora, have constructed a neat orthodox wig, curled and powdered a la Louis Quatorze, &c. &c."

All these sage and precise preliminaries being agreed, ratified, and concluded upon, by the high contracting parties, the Duke upon the following morning took a friendly leave, and set off to

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pursue his journey to Dublin. He kindly offered the Lord Glandarah a seat in his carriage, who was likewise destined for Dublin; and which offer was most thankfully accepted by the noble peer. Having duly paid their respective devoirs to their hospitable host they departed, much gratified by their reception at the noble and social mansion of Castle-Caldwell.

The Duke and his noble *compagnon de voyage* travelled onward without any accident or occurrence worth narrating, and arrived that day to dinner at Tarah-Castle, the noble residence of the Lord Tarah. But at the present day no vestige of this once celebrated castle remains, where

"To chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tarah swelled!"

Upon this distinguished day the hospitable board was loaded with every luxury; generous Burgundy and enlivening Champaign flowed around in bumpers; while it seemed a mooted matter of opinion which was most to be admired, the generous courtesy and hospitality of the noble proprietor of the castle, the excellence of his viands and wines, or the "soul of music" that breathed around!

Moments of convivial joy and harmony, however, soon pass by, and are forgotten likewise in the advance of time.

The following morning, soon after breakfast was concluded, the Duke of Tyrconnel bade an affectionate adieu to the Lord of Tarah, and accompanied by Lord Glandarah, set off in his travelling carriage for the castle of Dublin. The journey was safely proceeded on to Dunshauglin, where the Duke's state carriages and horses were in attendance to convey him to Dublin, accompanied by a squadron of horse.

As he approached the city of Dublin, at the barrier of Barrack-street the horses were taken from the carriage by the populace, and His Grace was drawn in triumph to the capital; all the cathedral and church bells ringing forth a merry peal. His Grace was sworn into his high office, the patent having been read, before the privy council; at the same moment three rockets in succession ascended from Birmingham Tower, which were signals of His Grace having been sworn into his high official station; and were duly responded to by the salute-battery in His Majesty's royal chase, or park; and the salute was again returned by the battery stationed on the south-wall of the Liffey. At night a general and splendid illumination succeeded, which concluded the rejoicings of this most memorable day.

CHAPTER VI.

----The nature of our people, Our city's institutions, and the terms Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in As art and practice hath enriched any That we remember. There is our commission!

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Fully resolved justly and conscientiously to discharge with unremitting and unceasing attention the responsible duties of his high office, the Duke now commenced his vice-regal career. He arose at an early hour, and whatever public business was to be transacted, he constantly despatched before the hour of breakfast. He was polite, courteous, and accessible to all; his was the *suaviter in modo*, but it was also accompanied with the *fortiter in re*.

The first day for holding a vice-regal levee, as specified by public notice from the Chamberlain's office, having arrived, it commenced exactly at one o'clock, and was most numerously attended. Among the vast assemblage were noticed the Lord Mayor, the Lord High Chancellor Sir Alexander Fitton Lord Baron of Gausworth; the judges and great officers of state; a long train of gentry, numerous members of the lower and upper houses of parliament attended; many a grave and reverend prelate, and many a baron bold—"Post alios; fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum," &c.

The company appeared arrayed in full and appropriate court costume. There were likewise present the different staff officers, besides those of the garrison; and a large body of ecclesiastics, Protestant and Catholic, attended. The ceremonies of the day were throughout conducted with great decorum and propriety.

Among the notable personages that were this day presented to the Duke, we must not omit to notice the Honourable Mr. Berenger, M. P. for the County of——, of an ancient and ennobled family, whose ancestor came to Ireland in the time of the second Henry. He wore a very large black curled peruke, which flowed like a lion's mane adown his shoulders; his coat and small-clothes were of light blue velvet, richly embroidered; a waistcoat richly worked, and adorned with foliations formed of various precious stones. He wore, too, a superb diamond-hilted sword; diamond shoe and knee buckles; silk stockings, with gold embroidered clokes; and the heels of his shoes were of red Morocco leather. He was indeed, beyond all dispute, the unparalleled dandy of his day! Mr. Berenger had been in his youth a very handsome man; but his face now was deadly pale; and his eyes, which had been once brilliant as the diamonds which adorned him, reposed, dim and shorn of their beams, within their hollow and shrivelled sockets. Time, too, had

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[Pg 138] [Pg 139] left his stern impress in the indented furrows of the cheek and the care-scored wrinkles of his brow: he looked the languid voluptuary, while surfeit and satiety seemed to seal up his lips. His figure, notwithstanding, was yet even still fine and commanding. His countenance, however, spoke more plainly of the preterpluperfect than either of the present or future tense. His eyes reposed on the carpet or upon vacancy; they had in them "no speculation, that they did glare withal." When attending the gay and dissipated court of the second Charles he had often revelled with Rochester, and jested with Killigrew and, moreover, had the high distinction paid him of being called "a very finished gentleman indeed" by the witty monarch, "whose word no man relied on!"

The eccentric Mr. Berenger had severally proposed at three different times a matrimonial alliance with Lady Lucy, the Duke's youngest sister, who politely, but positively refused him; and upon some overtures to renew his solicitations, Lady Lucy observed, that as she had so long delayed to marry for love, she was now resolved not to marry in the capacity of a nurse-tender! This was so home an *argumentum ad superbiam* a cut and thrust at the pride of the Honourable Member, that he now seemed to have no intention of becoming a Benedict. Lady Letitia found great fault with her sister, complained of her cruelty, and sturdily maintained "that the Honourable M. P. having shewn such a confirmed constancy, ought not to have met with this sharp repulse; for it was evident and manifest that Mr. Berenger did not indeed belong to the shabby class of 'perhaps' suitors.

But it is now time that we should return from this digression. Sir John Caldwell was at the levee, and his *protegé*, our quondam acquaintance Doctor Dismal Drew, a newly-appointed chaplain, in a gown and cassock spick and span, who having fully acceded to the rules and stipulations of address, costume, and conduct, appeared indeed to have been moulded into quite a different personage. However his strange absence of mind and defect of judgment fully remained unaltered, as was fully exemplified on the ensuing Sunday, when he preached a sermon at the castle chapel before the Duke and his vice-regal suite. The text was chosen in bad tact, however, and still worse policy: it was selected from the xxvth chapter of Proverbs, 5th verse: "Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness!" This was unquestionably an uncalled for attack upon the ministry, upon the noble viceroy, and on his patron; and his name was struck out of the list of chaplains, never to be again restored. So much for Doctor Drew! whose head seemed to be obtuse albeit—certainly, however, it was never destined to be encircled with that ornament with which Sancho crowned the head of his favourite Dapple.

Early on the succeeding day her Grace the Duchess of Tyrconnel, the lovely Lady Adelaide, Ladies Letitia and Lucy, escorted by the polite and facetious Sir Patricius Placebo, arrived safely at Dublin Castle, and were most warmly and affectionately received by the Duke and viceroy.

The vice-regal party sat down to dinner at their usual and not irrational hour of four o'clock, which, in these our modern days of dissipation and late hours, would be considered as an hour for dinner quite gothic and \acute{a} la Bourgeois; for in these our polished days of finished taste and refinement, late hours seem to be the very acme of fashion; late dinners necessarily being succeeded by late suppers, and, par conséquence, afternoon breakfasts, in consequatory succession, bringing up the rere of fashionable high-life to the great practice and benefit of the College of Physicians.

The conversation after dinner was lively and agreeable. The Duchess described their journey, and gave many traits of the good feeling and humour of the lower classes, as witnessed in their journey from Tyrconnel Castle. When the ladies had retired, Lord Glandarah, who was of the party, speaking of the eccentric Mr. Berenger, who had been at the levee on the preceding day, turning to Sir Patricius, inquired of him if he knew that eccentric personage? and the following reply, aided by the effects of brisk Champaign, thus effervesced and flowed from his lips: "Oh, yes, my Lord, I have before these days met with Count Berenger, as he was called; I have too heard him converse with the Windsor beauties, whose similitudes Sir Peter Lely, of pictorial fame,

----'On animated canvass stole
Their sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul.'

Ay, my Lord, and often have I met him at the carousals of old King Carolus, now defunct, but of blessed memory! He is certes the completely finished gentleman. He was once gay, and airy, and agreeable; but now in sooth I must say that he looks as sombre and demure as a solemn gentleman of the long robe extending his silken train, and dancing down a paven!^[17] In the sublime art of eating he is not a professor, but an artist, only munches the sunny side of a peach or a nectarine; when he wishes to be helped to fowl or chicken, he is always sure to be peak the liver wing; knows all the nice cuts in a haunch of venison, and he can carve you twenty nice morceaux from the head of a cod-fish; he knows too how turtle should be cooked, and how duly to appreciate callipash and callipe; a glass of liqueur or genuine Coniac he knows as well as I do to be a safe, salutary, and no unpleasant condiment to his fish. In a word, his is the true art of sçavoir vivre; and 'fore Jove or great Apollo, if this were a writing or a printing age, I should incontinently like and admire to have 'Culinary Lucubrations, or the whole divine Art of Cookery,' from the pen of the honourable and polished Mr. Berenger! But it was a sad omission of mine, my Lord, not to include among his various accomplishments, that he is an excellent judge of wines, and an excellent taster too, to boot; for he would never mistake Port wine for Tokay, Chambertin for Chateau-Margut, nor Vin de Grave for Hock! I think there is no going beyond these. Here,

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[Pg 144] [Pg 145] then, I sum up the climax of his character, 'not to know him argues one's self unknown!'—My Lord Glandarah, your Lordship's very good health."

Here the noble Duke, concluding from the foregoing symptoms that the Doctor had not omitted taking his *quantum sufficit* of Burgundy, proposed another flask to Lord Glandarah, or some coffee with the ladies. The ladies had the preference given them; and the Duke retiring to the drawing-room, was followed by his guests.

"I have," whispered Sir Patricius to Lord Glandarah, "observed, in divers companies and upon several occasions, that His Grace in these matters always leaves the discussion to the *liberum arbitrium* of his guests."

"And," replied the Peer, "Gad save my soul, I laud his discreet resolution!"

The Duchess appointed her first drawing-room for the succeeding evening. It may not be amiss here to acquaint the reader, that at the period of which we now write, court dresses were universally worn by both sexes at evening routes and balls: the gentlemen appeared in full court costume, with bags, swords, and buckles; and the ladies with monstrous bell-hoops, and portentous stomachers of an ell in longitude! and withal incased in the cumbrous accountrement of a heavy stiffened silk mantua; while their false and elevated tetes reminded one of Pelion piled up on Ossa.

The above remarks will be sufficient to account for the short notice given for the intended drawing-room. We would also observe upon the hours at which the worthy folks of these days assembled at their evening parties. At this period of time the fashionable hour of paying visits was not, as it is now, in the morning, or rather mid-day, when every body is abroad, but it was in the evening, when every one almost was at home; and the visiting hour commenced at so early an hour as seven o'clock. In the autumnal and winter months the saloons and drawings-rooms of the noblesse and gentry in Dublin were at that hour, or at the first visitor's knock at the door, immediately brilliantly lighted up, and if both parties were perfectly disengaged, the guests remained; each room displaying richly cut glass lustres and glass chandeliers illuminated with wax; there was a numerous display of card-tables; the servants attending in rich liveries; while lords and knights, and commoners, and stately dames, and ladies gay, came attired in their court costume. The company partook of tea, coffee, &c.; in the course of the evening lemonade, orgeat, cake, wine, negus, jellies, sweetmeats, and confections, (for the luxury of ice was then unknown,) were handed around to the company, many of whom had meantime sat down to the card-table, some playing whist, cribbage, or tredrille; some at ombre, and others at loo. And as the clock struck ten the company separated, and all retired.

Ladies of high rank usually visited in their state sedan-chairs, which were stuffed, and lined with white and pink satin, and externally decorated with different rich ornaments; large silk tassels dangled at the four angular points of the roof, and the highest top, or pinnacle, was surmounted by a gilt coronet reposing on a crimson cushion; three, sometimes four, footmen, according to the rank of the individual, habited in splendid liveries, and arranged in single files, preceded the sedan-chair, each bearing a lighted flambeau. And sooth to say, some of the old dowagers, when the doubtful light of the flambeau flashed upon their withered visages, incontinently reminded the spectator of the waxen figure of queen Elizabeth in the glass-case at Westminster-Abbey!

The drawing-room night arrived, and was crowded by numbers of the nobility and gentry of both sexes, when the old and the young were assembled together. It was indeed a splendid scene—a galaxy of beauty and magnificence; the dresses were superb; and bright and brilliant were the blaze of gems and jewels that adorned the brows, ears, and encircled the lovely necks of the young, and sparkled on those of a more matronly description. The youthful and lovely fair presenting no unfavourable specimen of the beauty of the daughters of Erin; their cheeks rivalling the rose, and blushing in graceful adolescence; while their lovely bosoms, glowing in healthful bloom, reflected a pearly radiance around the diamonds which sparkled upon and adorned them.

Several ladies of the nobility and gentry, amounting to many hundreds, were presented, and all of whom were most graciously received by the truly kind and agreeable Duchess.

The amusements of the evening commenced. Several grave minuets were danced in a most marvellous solemn pace; to these succeeded the minuet de lá Cour, which was danced by Sir Patricius Placebo and Lady Letitia Raymond, to the great entertainment of the Duke and Duchess, whose gravity, in sooth to say, was upon this occasion quite borne down and vanquished. Then followed cotillions, which were succeeded by contre-dances, which ended the amusements of the night. Numerous card-tables were placed, and were not unoccupied by the elder part of the assemblage, many of whom went away with their purses many a minus diminished, when they at solemn leisure reckoned their losses on the said night or ensuing morning. But the fun and the drollery of the evening seemed to concentrate in the ridicule attached to Sir Philip Fumbally, a civic knight and alderman, who somewhat resembled, in corporal shape and form, the paunch of Falstaff, with all the stiffness of mine ancient Pistol—aye, and the very nose of renowned Bardolph! However we must take up the brush and finish our portrait. Sir Philip was in stature about four feet five, a perfect rotundity in corpulence, fat short hands, fat short legs; and his face—oh, ye gods, such a face was his! Forehead, he had none! his hair was red, his small ferret eyes were grey, if eyes they could be called, which were indeed to him no windows of the soul! but closed as if under the awful influence of Somnus! His nose was flat, and in colour ruddy red, his chubby cheeks the same; and his mouth opened and grinned

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[Pg 150] [Pg 151] with all the agreeability of a cayman or crocodile! His laugh and look were horrid, the former the diapason of a demon, and the latter the very outline of Memistopheles. Leaning upon his unwieldy arm was seen his long-necked, long-armed, and long-legged ugly lady. The Irish, who are somewhat "both the great, vulgar, and the small," too much given liberally to bestow soubriquets, nicknamed this unparalleled pair flesh and bone! And Sir Patricius Placebo somewhat wittily observed, upon his word of honour, as a true knight, that Lady Fumbally always reminded him of an undertaker's horse, a Rosinante covered with a compound of velvet trappings and nodding plumage, withal to cover the skeleton which they adorned!

When the presentations commenced, Sir Philip, "like a doating mallard," waddled after the unfurled train of "his darling duckie," (by which endearing name he familiarly styled my Lady Fumbally,) it so happened that in discharging this uxorious task he tripped up fairly, or rather foully, his lady's train, and by which losing his equipoise, the worthy knight was very nearly tripped up himself. The courtiers all tittered, and some indeed extended it to a most uncourtly loud laugh. The lady, like unto Lot's wife, would fain turn around in defiance of all courtly etiquette, and her visage seemed deeply to participate in the bouleversement of her velvet train. Here the amiable knight, compassionating her trodden down vanity, fairly took up the said portentous train, which was soon somewhat incontinently snatched by a chamberlain in waiting from the grasp of the knight, and again permitted to perform its meanders on the carpet ad libitum. The laugh and titters were again renewed. Mr. Berenger, who was standing close to Sir Patricius Placebo, seemed to be quite roused from his usual nonchalance, and whispered Sir Patricius, "this is too bad, risu ineptu nulla res ineptior est; (nothing is so foolish as the laugh of fools!) however, we courtiers are always too fond of a laugh, that is to say, (crede experto,) provided that it be never directed against ourselves! Sir Patricius, we (with his fore-finger touching the facial nerve of his nose) have been at the court of good old Carolus!"

The worthy Baronet, to whom these observations were addressed, did not commit himself by one single comment, but silently nodded, and was meantime taking snuff with immoderate rapidity, and in no stinted quantities; and when these piquant remarks were made by the ornament of the old court, Sir Patricius politely and gently as possible laughed (voce depresso) his heh, heh, heh, and his ahem! "Yes, yes, Mr. Berenger, indeed we have seen the world!—ahem!

DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!"

Sir Philip Fumbally was the renowned and recorded alderman who at a civic feast loudly proclaimed that Marshal Turenne had taken Great Umbrage, and proposed as a right gallant toast -"Health to the mighty and glorious conqueror of Great Umbrage, the valiant Turenne!" The toast was drank with great enthusiasm; but soon each civic guest asked significantly his neighbour the geographical position of Great Umbrage; was it in France, in Flanders, Utopia, or the Lord knows where? The Gazetteer was put in requisition, and the general atlas (such as the times afforded) were called for, and were conned over. But alas! UMBRAGE—the proud, the great, and mighty, could no where be found; its place was a blank amid the nations!

What conduced to the mistake or blunder was, that a pique had arisen at that time between General Konigsmark and General Geis (subsequent to the passage of the river Neckar in Germany,) against the Duc d'Enghien, (by whose valour that pass was won, and also Wimpfen was taken;) declaring that the two former would guit the army, &c. At this declaration the Field Marshal Viscount Turenne, it was rumoured, had taken Umbrage! It was upon this datum that the worthy alderman had built his el dorado, his airy citadel, his undiscoverable principality and victory! But Turenne soared above the impetuosity of Konigsmark, and the obstinacy of the other two. Turenne was a hero! and one who would scorn to the city achievement of taking Umbrage from friend or foe!

For about the space of an hour the lovely Lady Adelaide was permitted to remain at the drawingroom, the delight of every eye, and the theme of every tongue.

The Duke sat down to play at tredrille with the Countess Dowager of Ossory and Lord Glandarah. This game, as the name implies, was played by three persons at a small triangular table, which in these our degenerate days, are shown only as curiosities in the cabinets of the curious; and the Duke, when they left off play, arose a winner of about twenty pounds; for in their quiet, snug way the good folks of those days often lost or won fourteen or fifteen pounds of the current coin of the realm at a pool of tredrille, which was then considered most moderate play!

About the hour of eleven o'clock the Duke and Duchess, who had been much gratified and amused during the course of the evening, arose, and bowing most gracefully and courteously to their guests, broke up the drawing-room, and retired.

The company soon departed for their homes, highly pleased and gratified with the courteous deportment of the noble pair; charmed alike by their affable manners and fascinating attentions equally bestowed on all. It would be tedious at this time of day to detail the names, and it might seem invidious to record the particular beauties that graced the brilliant circle, which upon that memorable evening crowded and adorned the splendid suite of rooms at Dublin Castle.

CHAPTER VII.

Young innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild

The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,

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CAMPBELL.

The faculty having strongly recommended sea-bathing as salutary and beneficial to the health of Lady Adelaide, the Duke, in consequence of this advice, purchased a hunting lodge, not remote from the sea-shore, and beautifully situated amid the romantic scenery of the county of Wicklow, which, from its proximity to the metropolis, afforded a convenient retreat, and from whence he could, with little or no delay, receive and despatch the duties attendant upon his high official situation. As soon as the mansion was placed in a state of proper repair, and becomingly furnished to be worthy of the reception of the representative of majesty, the Duke resolved, for the benefit of the health of a beloved and only daughter, as well as for his own repose from the fatigues of office, to retire to his newly-acquired purchase of Lætely Abbey—for thus was this hunting lodge denominated; and this resolve was not long without being carried into execution. The Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel, accompanied by Lady Adelaide, the sisters of the Duke, not forgetting Sir Patricius Placebo, that witty knight; along with a numerous attendant suite, left Dublin Castle for their sojourn at Lætely Abbey, and after a few hours travelling, they safely reached the place of their destination.

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Letely (or Lætely) Abbey (quasi lætus locus), for by this latter designation antiquarians insisted that it should be called, was indeed a lovely place, surrounded as it was by all the combining beauties of natural scenery: here stood the venerable ruins of a decayed abbey, its walls wreathed and its summits crowned with ivy, while its grand oriel or eastern window, magnificent even in decay, was festooned and enlivened with various creeping plants, the sweet-smelling clematis, the jessamine, and woodbine, trailed around the ruins of the stone casement, through which the sun-beams cheerfully shone, while the foliage gracefully waved in the blast, and the blossoms all sweetly perfumed the surrounding air. To the right of the abbey arose an extensive sheep-walk, whose boundaries were crowned by lofty groves of arbutus, or the strawberry tree; laurel, holly, added their combining greens and shades; and though last, not least, myrtle groves, which in this county grow to an amazing height, verifying the very just description of the great pastoral poet, Virgil, "amantes littora myrtos"—myrtles which rejoice in being near to the shores of the sea. While in the fore-ground of the landscape, in all its splendid azure majesty, burst forth upon the delighted spectator's view the mighty ocean, its bosom studded with frequent white sails, which, as they scudded along, brightly glistened in the rays of a refulgent autumnal sun. The shore was indented by high and undulating downs, all richly cultivated, whose green sward, in smoothness and brilliance, vied with, if not rivalled, any carpet from the looms of Bruxelles, Turkey, or Persia. A range of meadows succeeded the downs, which were bordered with hedgerows of oak, sycamore, and ash. Adjoining this enlivening scene stood a dense grove of forest trees, now glowing in all the rich and diversified tints of autumn. The dark green hue of the American spruce formed a rich and striking contrast with its deep brown cones, which gracefully clustered amid their parent verdure, and undulated upon the waving branches, while they bent to the breeze. The lemon-tinted leaves of the Alpine larch here were also seen, which were finely opposed to the deep copper colour of the umbrageous beech, and alternately blending with the bright green of the Scottish fir, or the deeper shades of the ilex, or ever-green oak.

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To the left yawned a rocky, dark, romantic glen, surmounted by stupendous rocks frowning on the abyss beneath, whose sides were studded with every variety of wild herb and plant indigenous to a mountainy region, and, among others, that rare plant, the *adianthum*, fringed the interstices of the frowning cliffs.

Beneath reposed in a secluded dell the cottage of the Duke's steward. The latticed windows were trellised with the rose, jasmin, and woodbine; the blue smoke which ascended and curled into clouds amid the overhanging foliage, betokened habitation and comfort. To the cottage was annexed an extensive farm-yard, with all the appendices of corn-stacks, turf, and hay likewise, cum multis aliis, besides the various addition of live stock, all of which added interest and animation to the scene.

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Through the bosom of this glen slowly meandered along a mountain stream, (in winter a torrent,) whose devious course was distinctly outlined by an accompanying range of alder trees, that in double columns densely shaded its winding banks.

In the back ground, veiled in dark neutral tint, arose a craggy mountain, whose base was richly dotted with groves of larch and spruce. Prominently in the fore-ground was situated the Duke's hunting lodge, which, as we have already said, was denominated Lætely Abbey. This structure was built in the style of architecture of the family mansions of the Elizabethan period. An extensive lake, supplied by a copious mountain stream, presented itself in front of the house, until, winding onward, it was lost amid the adjoining woods. Close by was a deer-park, well enclosed, and numerously stocked with deer, some of whom gregariously reposed, while others were seen trooping through the dense woods, and gazing at the passing stranger, which added interest and a picturesque beauty to the scene.

But the pride, grace, and ornament of Lætely Abbey was to be found in the attractive and lovely Adelaide, who had now entered upon her fifteenth year—so rapidly onward does time advance. Indeed it was no flattery to say, that Adelaide was most truly engaging in her manners. Her statue would have graced the design of Phidias or Praxiteles; her lovely and expressive

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countenance captivated every beholder; the rose of youth was upon her cheek, and her skin was fair and pure as the unsunned lily; her dark blue eyes sparkled intelligence, beaming beneath her beautifully arched eye-brows. Her look, gesture, and demeanour, communicated joy; and we shall not deny a parental pride to the Duke and Duchess, at the same time, that her looks beamed forth delight upon all who beheld her; while her converse, sustained with a voice sweet, distinct, and melodious, charmed every listening ear. Her manners were unaffected, as they were natural, and all was silence when she spoke. Her figure was graceful, as we have before noticed, and beautifully and finely proportioned. When animated by discourse her features seemed to be lighted up by almost celestial fire; her brilliant eyes sparkled bright as the native diamond, and her entire countenance became irresistibly charming.

To those of inferior rank her deportment was kind and unassuming, and down to the lowest domestic she was beloved, for they felt and knew that her delight was to protect those beneath her power, and not to tyrannise over them.

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With an ardent and sanguine admiration of the beauties of nature. Adelaide too possessed an enthusiastic love of literature, conjoined to a correctly formed and delicately refined taste. Every day her mind expanded, from the literary lore which she imbibed, and gradually, but extensively, her brilliant talents developed their powers. Poetry, painting, and music, principally fascinated, as they are ever wont to do, the feeling and romantic mind of youth. Some of those impressions thus elicited Adelaide was occasionally in the habit of committing to writing. One day, while some workmen of the Duke were employed in breaking up ground upon the confines of an ancient, but neglected cemetery, which surrounded a small dilapidated church, stationed on a green and rising knoll, whose ruinous walls were thickly overspread with ivy, while the alder, holly, and thorn, had stoutly installed them-selves in what had been once the chancel-it happened that, upon digging at the foot of an ancient thorn, they threw up a human skull, which the Duke caused immediately to be reinterred in the same spot; and within no distant space of time a tombstone was prepared to surmount the grave, upon which was duly chiselled a crucifix, with the usual accompaniments of a death's head, &c., and having called upon his daughter's muse for some lines to be inscribed thereon, the interesting Adelaide wrote the following, which was sculptured upon the tomb:-

INSCRIPTION.

Rest here in peace beneath this ancient thorn! Perhaps thou once didst rural life adorn, And raised thy hopes to heaven in yonder aisle: Now droops thy relick nigh yon ruin'd pile! Still peaceful rest beneath thy parent earth, Until awakened to a nobler birth!

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The Duke and Duchess having attentively perused this brief inscription, fondly and affectionately embraced their lovely and much beloved child, no less pleased with the religious feeling which had called forth their warm approbation, and which they distinctly expressed, than delighted as they were with the poetic feeling (for thus their partial fondness adjudged) with which it was written; considering it as no unfavourable specimen of the expanding powers of a youthful mind. Adelaide was infinitely far more delighted by this praise of her parents, an incense so grateful to her heart, than any aspirant to fame in these our degenerate days could receive from the partial praise and prejudiced columns of any literary critick.

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Time rapidly moved onward, the winter had passed over with an uncommon mildness; but the spring, which had now succeeded, proved unusually harsh, tardy, and severe. The cold north-east wind had incessantly blown, and vegetation had consequently been chillingly repelled; while the usual flowers that form the chaplet of spring were chained in their petals, or wholly destroyed by the frost. And when the merry month of June arrived, it was indeed unusual and extraordinary to behold the blossoms of the wild rose, hawthorn, and the laburnum, all mingling their beauties and their perfumes amid the numerous hedge-rows, and presenting a diversified mass of colours and foliage, like to the bloom of a Russian spring, when, melted by a genial vernal sun, trees, plants, and flowers bud, and immediately burst forth into luxuriant and varied vegetation; the annual resurrection of nature vigorously springing forth in renovated youth from the tomb of winter!

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One morning while Lady Adelaide was seated in the library reading some interesting work with that deep attention and wrapt enthusiasm with which she always dwelt upon a book of merit, she was suddenly interrupted in her studies by the approach of that important person, (as in her own estimation she considered herself;) we here speak of the redoubtable Mrs. Judith Braingwain, who, rushing incontinently into the library, and quite out of breath, exclaimed, "Oh, my Lady, who would have thought it? But however marvellous it is, see, yonder they come; see, there they are, Bishop Rocket along with his tall wife, who, by the bye, is hardy as a seagull; and, moreover, a whole flock, aye, a beautiful bevy of dainty damozels besides! See, my Lady, there—there they are; they are now just entering the porch; aye, there they come, sure enough!"

"How strange!" replied Lady Adelaide, "we left them at Tyrconnel; what unaccountable anomaly brings the bishop and family from his palace to this retired spot?"

Here Mrs. Judith catching at the word *anomaly*, and wholly uncomprehending it, while she thought proper to confound its meaning, thus rejoined:—"Anne O'Mally! Oh yes, my dear young Lady, just as if now before my eyes, I ken that sweet and charming creature, worth a whole fleet

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and cargo of such like ladies as Dame Rocket. I remember, ay faith do I, she was the finest——Oh no, not the finest—that belongs to another; but as fine a girl as a body might see on a fair Mayday in ould Connaught, any how! And beside, and moreover, she was right loyally discended [lineally descended] from the great bould pirate princess, Grace O'Malley, in troth, and sure enough, far and near, and abroad and at home, far better known, mavourneen, by the famous name of Grana Uile, who (it is a storical fact) visited Elizabeth, [18] the grand and conquering queen of all England, in her gallipot [galliot,] afar across the salt water seas. Oh, Lady Adelaide! Anne O'Malley was indeed a promising young lady—the finest——"

"Nay, nay, nurse," said Lady Adelaide, "be not so flippant in thy praise, else I shall grow positively jealous. I therefore must stop you just now, for it seems your tongue runs riot quite with your discretion; and has bounced off at a tangent in full gallop, jumping pell-mell, hop and step, from the young and lovely Anne O'Malley to grey-head old Grana Uile, (of neither of whom, by the bye, did I speak,) until in most crab-like motion you pounce upon the majestic Elizabeth; and all this in most manifest and notable contempt of time, place, and circumstance. This really is not to be endured. Besides, I pray you to remember, that once, however, there was a time when no one was so handsome, so good, and all so angelic and so forth, as your own Adelaide! And, in undisguised truth, I was in a very fair and hopeful way of being utterly spoiled, but that happily I turned a deaf and obdurate ear to all your too partial praise, as well I knew that your commendations all sprung from overweening kindness. However, just now I am happy to find that you are converted from your former heresies, and that at length you behold your poor idol in its mortal shape, imbued with all its natural and perverse imperfections; and that you are now free to confess that, in sooth, I am not, as I never was, that angel of excellence, and that paragon of beauty, which your early devotions conceived me to be. You have broken your idol, and it has fallen from the pedestal upon which you had proudly placed it, shivered into atoms on the earth!"

This Lady Adelaide said in a playful way, half pretendedly serious, and the other half wholly comic.

"Ah, my dear young Lady! and so you are still the idol of goodness, and the very dragon of beauty! none who ever saw you, who ever knew you, can think otherwise; this I ever thought you were; and I defy Guy of Warwig, the seven Champions of Chrysostom, and Saint Patrick himself, to boot, to deny it if they durst, but that you are the best, the brightest, and finest young lady in the 'varsal world; and I challenge ould England and ould Ireland to gainsay me!

It now becomes necessary to say a word or two of this said Bishop Rocket, who came a visitor to the Duke. Patronage—all powerful patronage—had placed the mitre upon his brow, as it too often has done upon the head of many an unmeritorious aspirant to the hierarchy. His classic acquirements and literary attainments will best be told by the subsequent details:—Three friends who came to dine *en famille* one day at his house in Dublin, sat down, previously to dinner, to play a snug rubber of whist, thus to pass the intermediate time. It happened to be of a Friday, during a parliament winter; the printed proceedings of the House of Lords of the preceding day were brought in, and, as is always the case, the day of the week and the date of the month surmounted the top of the page, as the head and front of these transactions. It ran thus:—"*Die jovis*," &c. "What?" inquired the prelate, addressing one whom his Lordship considered as the most classic of the trio, "pray, what is the meaning of *Die jovis*?"

And in order that such of our fair readers who are not conversant with the Latin tongue may not burst in ignorance with the hierarchical inquirant, we shall give, *in totidem verbis*, the answer of the learned Theban, the bishop's friend:—"Why, my good Lord," said the facetious gentleman, smiling withal, "'fore Jove, my Lord, the two words conjoined mean nothing more nor less than *Thursday*! upon which day your Lordship gave your *benedicite* to the House of Peers!"

His Lordship lost the odd trick, looked all quite discomposed; nor did he recover himself again until the sumptuous and savoury dinner smoked upon the board.

Bishop Rocket had enlarged the palace at the See-house of—— and had built, or caused to be built, with his usual want of tact and judgment, a grand and heavy portico, which fronted the north! Upon the final completion of this most notable and extraordinary structure the prelate seemed quite pleased; in which it was conceived that he remained solely in the singular number. However, he thought fit most condescendingly to write to a friend, then residing at Rome, a long letter, the burden of which ran to the following tenor:—"Now, dear and Reverend Sir, as you are seated, or I, who am a bishop, may say, enthroned at the fountain head of the fine arts, I have to request that you would have the goodness to purchase for me twelve statues of the heathen gods and goddesses to adornate my grand portico, which I have built at an immense expense; and it is allowed by all the curates in my diocese to have been accomplished with no inconsiderable portion of taste! And by so doing you will vastly oblige me."

The Reverend friend thus wrote back a letter, the chief paragraph of which, in reply to Bishop Rocket, ran to this effect:—"Most dear and Right Reverend Lord, as your Lordship requires the statues which you specify, to adorn the portico of a Christian bishop's palace, what would your Lordship think—(and oh, good, my Lord, I pray you not to be offended at the voice of truth, which is seldom heard with patience either within the precincts of courts or the palaces of prelates!)—what, I pray, my Lord, would you think if I should select for you, instead of the heathen gods of antiquated Greece and Rome, *videlicet*: Jupiter, Vulcan, Mars, Venus, Apollo, Bacchus, and Co., shall I, most dear and Reverend Lord, transmit to you statues of the twelve apostles, which surely, most venerated Prelate, you will find to be, upon mature deliberation, every way far more

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[Pg 174] [Pg 175] episcopal, apostolical, more in good taste, and indeed I must add, quite orthodox. And assuredly, my good Lord, I feel, and am most fully confident to say and pronounce it, that the Reverend Head of the holy see would most freely and cheerfully acquiesce in yielding his assent and consent to permit these said apostolical statues to be removed and transported to 'the Island of Saints,' so soon as His Holiness shall be informed that these stone-sculptured saints are destined for a brother bishop!"

But know, gentle reader, that Bishop Rocket, whatever might have been the cause, never even deigned to return any answer to this remonstrative letter of his too candid friend; and here consequently the proposal fell to the ground, and never was again resumed. The portico, however, still stood, presenting its dark *facadé* to the bleak northern blast, unsurmounted by statue either mythological or apostolical.

Mrs. Rocket *had been*—we must speak here historically in the past tense—had once been a fine woman, and still a portion of that beauty, though somewhat clipped by the shears of old Father Chronos, still remained. It was this attracted the bishop when only a curate, and

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year."

But all powerful love, whose transcendant sway remains undisputed from the days of the Teian bard down to those of the mighty minstrel of our own time, in whose own words we are told,

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"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, And men below, and saints above, For love is heaven, and heaven is love!"

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This potent urchin slily sprung a shaft, which securely settled in the curate's reverend breast, but which was not long permitted by the compassionate lady hopelessly to rankle in the bosom of her accepted mate; for ere long the "happy, happy pair" were indissolubly united in the bands of holy wedlock. Some folks however, and, by the bye, not few in number, gave it as their opinion, that the lady happening to be the niece and nearest relative to the bishop of—who was unmarried, and besides much attached to his niece, that there appeared to be more of prudent calculation for the future, than ardent love at the present, in the transaction; inasmuch, that a large portion of the uncle's fortune, if not the entire, would ultimately vest in the selected fair one; and perchance, moreover, a rich benefice to boot, which might be expected from his Lordship's great episcopal patronage, that in the developement of time would be bestowed upon Curate Rocket. And all these conjectures, in due and ordinary course, finally and fully occurred. Indeed, in confirmation of these conjectures, there existed an additional cause for nobody's doubting the truth of this popular surmise; it was no less a cogent reason than this, that the lady was by some ten years, at least, elder than the man to whom she was affianced. This was indeed an objection not to be overruled by any thesis or syllogism of the schools; there was here

"No quirk left, no quiddit,"

to defeat its truth. It was in contradiction to sense, to propriety, and meet discretion. Upon this subject thus speaks the immortal Shakespeare, the great moral bard, and poet of nature:—

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"Too old, by heaven; let still the woman take An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart. For—however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost or worn, Than women's are!"

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We must now attempt to present to the reader's eye a just description of the peripatetic, or walking-dress, of Mrs. Rocket, which no doubt pertained to a strange, peculiar, and extraordinary costume, which was in vogue in the times to which we advert. Upon her head she wore a small cap of Valenciennes lace, which was enveloped in a large and ponderous machine, ycleped a calash; which was so denominated from its structure and conformation, bearing a close similitude to the head or leather covering of the French vehicle which is called by a similar name. This structure was formed of various hoops of whalebone, arranged in equidistant, semicircular, parallels, forming en massé a huge and outlandish head-gear; the outside was covered with black lutestring; and the penultimate circle of this pent-house was adornated and fringed with deep lace; the interior was lined with rose-coloured silk, which artfully threw a bloom upon the wearer's visage, whether wife or widow. This ponderous machine could be advanced or drawn back (like the head of a modern barouche or landau) by the occupant ad libitum, according as wind or weather permitted, or caprice might dictate. Likewise, with equal facility, the head of the wearer might be wholly divested of this incumbrance, which, in such a case, was handed over to the custody of the attending lackey.

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The reader will please to observe, that this head costume was prevalent before the modern umbrella, or still more recent parasol came into general use; and indeed, in some degree, so far as the covering of the head was taken into calculation, this invention, strange though it may at the present time appear, so far fully answered the functions and intentions of these later discoveries of modern art. The lady wore a large silk cloak, trimmed and flounced with ermine; she also carried a muff, small in size and calibre, formed of the same materials. To these were added, as the *materialé* of her dress, a stiff flowered silk mantua, supported upon a bell-hoop; an apron trimmed with lace; high heeled shoes formed likewise a part of the dress, with the

dangerous appanage of pattens, long since exploded in these parts.

Such was the strange costume which formed the morning or peripatetic habiliments of Mrs. Rocket. This lady also carried a walking-staff, or cane; by this we do not, in any measure, mean to assimilate it to the most formidable and terrific walking-staff once borne by the bluff king Harry of tyrannic memory, and now exhibited in the tower of London with sundry other curiosities that belong not to our province to enumerate. No, gentle reader, the simple staff which the lady bore was of a most placable description; it was, in sooth, a tall tapering indian cane, and adorned on the top with a head of beautiful china porcelain, upon which, in rich and brilliant colouring, were depicted some of the most beautiful wild flowers of summer. And through every change of weather, hail or snow, storm, rain, or sun-shine, was to be seen this indefatigable pedestrian trudging her daily peregrinations. Often, when remonstrated with for thus running the risk of catching cold, and so forth, when in good humour, which was *not always* the case, she was wont to hum or troll forth an old ditty, one stave of which ran pretty much to the following effect and tenor:—

Why at home should I budge, Not abroad freely trudge, My bairns and I altogether? While my skin I don't grudge, So be heav'n my judge! To melt or to freeze with the weather.

Very often her temper was extremely cross, which she vented in scolding the servants right and left, wrong or right; and Sunday being a day of rest, was very often selected, with due circumspection, for this wholesome exercise of her lungs. An auld Scottish steward, who superintended the agricultural establishment, upon having auricular proof how matters stood within the mansion, slily remarked: "Ah, wae to the hoose where hens craw, and the cocks are silent!"

Madam Rocket had the reputation all throughout her husband's diocese of being truly a most notable lady in every sublunary concern. She was constituted as sole manageress of the entire home department at the See-house of——; and it was there bruited abroad and around the country far and near, that the "omnia Romæ cum pretio" of Juvenal, might be fairly applied to Madam Rocket's establishment; but it was insisted that the "cito peritura" did by no means belong to the lady. However, rumour went on, with its gossip tongue, to whisper that at the Seehouse of—every thing was vendible, from the produce of the farm, the barn, the poultry-yard, the piggery, the dairy, the fruit and flower garden—nay, even down to the kitchen garden; every article of which was duly transmuted, as was insisted, into the Regina Pecunia.

The Bishop and his lady, albeit they were no favourites with the Duke and Duchess, were nevertheless most hospitably invited, and even pressed, according to the custom of the times, to remain to dinner, and also to continue their guests for some days at Lætely Abbey. But this was upon their part most gratefully declined. The Bishop and Mrs. Rocket partook of a collation, and departed for Dublin, declining the warm and hospitable invitation upon plea of business in the capital, and to rejoin their family, who had been with them at Arklow for the benefit of seabathing, and who had that morning proceeded on their way to the metropolis.

During the residence of the vice-regal visitors in the county of Wicklow, they visited all the romantic scenery and the various picturesque views, each lofty mountain, retired valley, and secluded stream or glen, within the precincts of that fairy region.

The lake of Luggelaw made a deep impression upon the Lady Adelaide. She thus expressed her feelings upon viewing it: "It was," she said, "a scene so sad, so lonely, and solitary; so wild, so rude, and mountain-locked, that one here might almost imagine that they saw one of the secluded pilgrims of Salvator Rosa studiously wrapt in silent devotion, intent on the sacred volume which he held, and praying to his Creator; the wilderness his temple, and his choir the roaring cataract and the accompanying winds of heaven!"

"Vastly well, Adelaide," said the Duke, smiling with pleasure, "vastly well, indeed; and now, my love, to complete your sketch, people these craggy heights above us with three or four banditti; put helmets upon their heads and lances in their firm hands; then on a sudden our whole party, spurring onward our jaded steeds, are to fly from the attack; add to this too to your sketch, and I really think it will be then a finished *tableaux*, and quite in the due and terrific tone and style of this great poetic painter."

Adelaide sweetly smiled, but replied not.

They next visited Glendalough, or the Seven Churches, and the "sweet Vale of Ovoca." Ascending the high hill of Knockmokil, Adelaide, in impromptu, repeated the following lines:—

Romantic spirit of this mountain glen
Tell the blest time we may here meet again!
Wilt thou to distant Aughnavanock stray,
Or wend, 'mid Lara's wilds, thy lonely way?
Or here ascend Knockmokil's lofty height,
Where vales transcendant burst upon the sight;
Sea, grove, and forest, rivers, all combine
Their matchless charms, to stamp the spot divine?

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They next visited Loch Dan, the Demon's Glen and Waterfall, the Waterfall of Powerscourt, &c. &c.

Lady Adelaide derived the greatest benefit from sea-bathing, and her health became completely re-established, which one day called forth the following eulogium from Sir Patricius Placebo; while engaged in conversation with the Duchess, he observed, "Oh, my Lady, how truly lovely the Lady Adelaide looks in renovated health and beauty! Each day still adds to her charms; and, in verity, I should be fully justified to speak of her in the words of the historic worthy, old Titus Livius, (whose name, by the bye, the ridiculous French sink down into *Tit Live*—just, my Lady, as if they were speaking of the little bird called Tom Tit!) his words are these: 'Adulta virgo; adeo eximia, forma, ut qûacunqué incedebat converteret omnium oculos'—'An adult virgin of such exquisite form, that wherever her steps were turned, thither with delight the looks of all beholders were directed.'"

The Duchess duly curtsied, and thanked the Baronet for the classical compliment which he had paid; and said, "that inasmuch as she was mother to the object of his praise, she confessed that withal she was indeed too partial to her beloved daughter to gainsay the polite eulogium of Sir Patricius."

The Duke and Duchess determined to remain during each year for some months at their delightful retreat amid the romantic beauties of the county of Wicklow; this residence only to be interrupted by the occasional absence of the Duke to hold a levee or a privy council at Dublin Castle; the routine of state dinners, or when her Grace presided at drawing-rooms, balls, &c. or in occasionally going in state to the theatre royal, &c. &c. The autumnal months were passed at Tyrconnel Castle, but the winter invariably was spent at Dublin Castle.

Thus days and months passed over, marked only in the calendar by health, tranquillity, and social pleasure, without the occurrence of any event of importance sufficient to be recorded here. Two years at this point of time had passed over in peaceful serenity, Lady Adelaide daily improving in the expansion of her mental powers, and in gradual increase of personal beauty. The Duke, who had been long absent from Tyrconnel Castle, proposed to pass the ensuing summer and autumn at that lordly residence, and with all due pomp and solemnity there to celebrate Adelaide's birth-day, who would at that time enter into her seventeenth year; and from thence, these high ceremonials completed, his Grace proposed to proceed to Dublin, to open the biennial session of parliament: and preparations were immediately set on foot to carry these intentions into effect.

During the absence of the noble proprietor Tyrconnel Castle had undergone a thorough repair, and many judicious alterations and improvements had taken place in the internal decoration of the castle, as well as in the external adornment of the lawns, parks, and gardens of this princely abode. Pursuant to their determination, their Graces set out accordingly, upon a fine summer morning, on their journey to their ancient castle; and the space of a week having been occupied in travelling, the entire family of the Duke safely arrived at their destination.

Adelaide was peculiarly delighted once more to behold the scenes of her infancy, which to every feeling mind have indelible charms; and the morning after her arrival at Tyrconnel she ascended the ramparts of the castle, to review the surrounding prospect, so dear to her recollection. It was a serene summer morning. Our readers perchance may recollect the scenery which surrounds the castle of Tyrconnel, the lofty mountains of Slieve-Doon, and the great gap or pass to the mountains, called Barna-More, all of which we have endeavoured to describe in the second chapter of this work. Adelaide's mind was fully in unison with the serenity of the morning, and being deeply impressed with the poetic impulse, she produced her tablets, and poured forth her tribute to the *Genius Loci*, in the following

INVOCATION TO THE RIVER ESKE.

Roll onward, fierce torrent! roll on to the main! What bastion or tow'r may thy billows restrain? Resounds thy hoarse current's loud thundering roar

Round cloud-crested Slieve-Doon and wide Barna-More.^[19]

How oft hath the foe-man deep plunged in thy wave,

Thy billows encrimsoned with blood of the brave! These towers shall yet crumble, these rampires shall fall.

But thou, rapid Eske, be survivor of all! While down to the confines of uncounted time, Thy waters roll onward in measure sublime!

Swift emblem of LIFE, changing, flowing anew;
Still the symbol thou art of eternity too!
Unceasing thy current, impetuous thy force,
Speeding on, full-tiding thy unaltered course:
Still glide, regal stream! let thy bright waters flow,
And foam 'gainst these bastions, which frown'd on
the foe.

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Oh, murmuring Eske! from thy deep rocky bed, O'er dream of my childhood sweet charms thou has

shed,

Whilst gurgling thy waters, to sleep lulled my head!

Nor shall mem'ry ever her pencil withdraw From thy waters, bright Eske, and thy heights, proud Tyraugh!

Flow on, rapid Eske! still roll in commotion; Unite thy deep foam with the wave of the ocean!

Time onward rapidly fled on downy pinions, and the birth-day of the Lady Adelaide, which occurred upon the Eve of All-Hallows, was now fast approaching, in celebration of which most magnificent preparations were making, had been made, and were in a progressive state of continuation at this hospitable chateau. The Duke and Duchess seemed fully resolved to spare no expense to testify, if indeed it were at all necessary so to do, their love and attachment to an amiable and affectionate daughter, who was most truly worthy of her parents' love, and of every respect and honour that could be awarded her.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Vetus opinio est, jam usque ab heroicis ducta temporibus,
Eaque et populi Romani et omnium gentium firmata
Consensu, versari quandam inter homines divinationem
Quam Græci MANTIKE appellant,
Id est, præsensionem, et scientiam rerum futurarum.

CICERO, DE DIVINATIONE.

The thirty-first day of October, *anno salutis* sixteen hundred and ----, being the Eve of All-Hallows, happened also to be the anniversary of the birth-day of our heroine, which was duly to be celebrated upon this memorable day with more than its accustomed splendour, as we have already premised in the foregoing chapter.

Adelaide had now entered her seventeenth year; so rapidly doth old father Time speed along, borne upon his ever fugitive wings, verifying the truly appropriate motto that we have somewhere seen engraved upon the dial of a clock, "DUM SPECTAS, FUGIO!"—"while you look on, I fly!"

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Mrs. Judith Braingwain, Lady Adelaide's nurse and foster-mother, and who from the very beginning seemed resolved not to hold a subordinate place in the back ground of our story, but firmly determined to carry matters on in somewhat a consequential way, had now become her young Lady's *femme de chambre*, and was ever and had been on the alert in instilling into her youthful and susceptible mind the superstitions of her native isle; and these stories, daily and hourly as they were repeated, did not fail to make an impression upon a youthful and romantic mind. This morning, at an early hour, she attended upon her young lady and foster-child, a title she was pre-eminently proud of using upon all occasions. The Irish have been ever proverbial for loving their foster-children even beyond their own, and the ancient crone who made her appearance was a living proof of the truth of the assertion. Mrs. Braingwain having respectfully and affectionately congratulated her noble foster-child upon the anniversary of her birth, entered into a long and elaborate series of reminiscences of all the sad and mournful events which had happened to herself and others upon the Eve of All-Hallows. But as we are inclined to imagine that the old lady's melancholy ditties are not very likely to awaken an interest and sympathy in the reader's breast, we have therefore magnanimously determined to suppress them altogether.

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The loquacious old dame continued her long-winded reminiscences without the slightest compunction of mercy or conscience, until interrupted by the tolling forth of the breakfast bell, which luckily saved the Lady Adelaide from further prolixity, by at once silencing the garulous old nurse, whom she regarded from her early years, and wished not to offend. Adelaide rejoiced at the timely interruption that cut short the prosings of the old crone, and promptly descended to the breakfast-room.

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A number of young people of both sexes were invited to dinner, to celebrate Adelaide's birth-day; and the party was to be enlarged in the evening by an invitation to crack nuts at the castle, which was sure to include the *nucleus* of a good supper. All the principal persons of distinction for several miles around the castle were invited, and all with alacrity obeyed the festive summons.

Lady Adelaide, although not always much interested upon such festivals, yet upon this occasion manifested some degree of anxiety, which was caused no doubt by that noble generosity of character which she so eminently possessed, and ever invariably felt greater pleasure in the gratification of her friends, than in being personally gratified.

The dinner went off with much *eclat*; pleasantry, wit, and good-humour, all aiding with their potent charms. When the cloth was removed from the ducal table, and the desert and wines were duly placed in order, a stately plateau of confectionary and pastry arrived at the side-table, which was destined for the juvenile guests, who were there seated. That day was indeed a right busy one to all the cooks, scullions, and kitcheners of the household. The thrifty pastry-cooks of these happy days were most notable for, and assumed very considerable pride, in raising those superstructures called "pastry fortifications." The display chosen for this festival was the model of Tyrconnel Castle, flanked by bastion, battlement, and tower; armorial flags, heraldically emblazoned in sugar, decorated the summit of each tower and parapet; and the fosse was floated from its parent Eske, which, instead of a mountain-stream, supplied the said fosse with a broad and deep portion of excellent Spanish flummery, upon which was anchored a tiny Armada; the heights of the barbican and the embrasures of the terrace were defended with a long train of "eatable artillery," and manned by a large disposable garrison of sugar-almonds; the watch-towers were alternately constructed of jelly and *blanc manger*.

The Duke now gave the word of "assault!" which command was incontinently obeyed, the juvenile party in every direction making one grand attack, by a general *coup de fourchette, de couteau, de cullier*. The assault was crowned with entire success; the fosse of Spanish flummery quickly disappeared; the whole train of "eatable artillery" promptly were destroyed; the jelly and *blanc manger* towers were scaled, battered down, and swallowed in a thrice; the Armada shattered and dispersed; the entire garrison without any remorse or mercy were devoured, and the "pastry fortifications" completely razed, without leaving a wreck behind! This attack upon the confectionary *bijou* much gratified the juvenile assailants, and highly pleased the noble hosts, and the grave company seated at their festive board were most marvellously entertained withal.

In some short time after, *selon des règles*, the sightless bard, old Cormac, was led in, bearing his harp beneath his arm. He courteously expostulated with those who would fain save him the trouble, by observing, "that he had long borne that instrument his companion in joy or in sorrow, his last and almost only solace upon earth; and that when he was unable to bear his harp, his wish was then to be borne to the grave!" Upon the entrance of the aged minstrel into the saloon, the Duke ordered that a goblet of mead, foaming and sparkling to the brim, should be given to old Cormac; which was accordingly done; and then the toast of that high festival was to be drank, which he repeated: "The health of the noble young Lady Adelaide," said the sightless bard; and to which he was facetiously pleased to annex a friendly addition of his own, which was, "and long may the Lady Adelaide reign!" This is a favourite expression of fervent zeal and affection used by the warm-hearted Irish to their superiors. Now in crowds advanced the young folks, who in various circles thronged around old Cormac, making various inquiries, and asking numerous questions: "Was the old man always blind?"

"Nae, nae, that I was not. I once could see, and well; and *truly the light was sweet, and a pleasant thing it was to behold the light of the sun*! But now all is dim and dark. Yet I trust that I shall hereafter be permitted to behold the light of heaven! That fervent hope and my harp are my consolations during my pilgrimage of darkness!"

It was next inquired of him how long he had been blind? He replied, "I was of the same age that our dear and ever honoured young Lady (heaven bless her here and hereafter!) has entered into this holy day.—I was in my seventeenth year."

The Duke interdicted all further interruptions: "Cormac, my honest fellow, I fear that my young friends are somewhat disposed to trespass too much upon your time and patience; so quaff your flagon and strike your harp. But remember, Cormac, nothing dismal upon this happy day; no dirge—not even an overture, will be endured!"

Cormac made due obeisance; and seizing his harp, struck its accompanying notes, while he sung the following:—

SONG.

Who would not toast that lovely maid,
And drink the health of Adelaide,
And fill a bumper round?
Who, in wandering o'er the glade,
Could meet a nymph like Adelaide?
Then fill a bumper round!

The beauties of a court would fade When they're compared with Adelaide—

Let all fill bumpers round!

Of sweetest flowers a crown we'll braid, To deck the brow of Adelaide, While bumpers flow around!

Alas! old Cormac he is blind,
Or soon the flow'rets he could find
Should braid the brow and gem the breast
Of Adelaide the loveliest,
While bumpers foam'd around!

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Much applause rang forth a chorus to the minstrel's impromptu Anacreontic, and flowing bumpers were quaffed to "the health of Lady Adelaide!" A glass of Burgundy was handed to old Cormac, which he respectfully declined, but with the request that a glass of pure Innishowen (whiskey) might be substituted in place of it; and with this sturdy appendage to his request, "that it might be unadulterated!" These demands being all strictly complied with, he most devoutly gave his young lady's health, tossed down at the instant the pure Innishowen, and in due approval cordially smacked his lips as the beverage disappeared.

The ladies soon retired, Adelaide deeply blushing at all the honours and attentions bestowed this day; and felt most grateful to the sightless old bard, who had in so feeling a manner manifested such attachment to his young mistress.

The ceremonies of the tea-table being duly concluded, the graver portion of the company sat down to their cards: various games were played, loo, cribbage, gresco, ombre, and lansquenet. The Duke sat down to primero, "which," observed his Grace, "is my favourite game, as it had been with Lord Strafford, when he held the high station in which I am at present placed."

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The younger part of the company, in the mean time, not to discompose the gravity of the card-playing dowagers, retired apart to the great saloon, where were stationed all the preliminary *accessoirés* proper and duly prepared for the mysteries of the Eve of All-Hallows, in order to commence the various spells, tricks, sports, and charms, which national superstition and credulity have consecrated, and hoary tradition handed down from age to age as the records of popular faith.

"Allons nous," said Lady Lucy, playfully, "allons mes enfants!"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, dear Lucy," rejoined Lady Letitia, "pray let us have no more of this outlandish gibberish; but I pray you let the young folks at once begin their play, without preface or prologue."

"Thy design and intention, sweet sister of mine, displeaseth me not; for be it known, that I also am fully possessed with a most marvellous disposition, a wondrous curiosity for the commencement of the various charms, or mysteries, or incantations of this memorable night, call them by any name you think befitting; and here am I ready and willing to be the lady mistress of the ceremonies to be done and performed—ay, without the fee or reward of even plumb-cake or a single poesy! And now, my merry maids all, for the full and complete execution of the important duties attending my most consequential appointment, we shall soon commence our ceremonies of office, and all the various charms of this night of incantation." Then, with much sprightliness, she added, "But where, oh, where is my wand? my wand—my kingdom for a wand! I can do nothing with effect, unless armed with the insignia of my office."

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A servant then came in, and presented a peeled wand or rod, which was framed from a witch-hazel that had grown on the Tyraugh mountains, and had been cut and stript of its bark at the express desire of old Cormac, and was now assumed and wielded with all due and becoming authority.

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"Yes, yes, this is comme il faut! this will do. Now I am the most mysterious mistress of these enchanted revels, and this the wand of my stately vocation! Young ladies fair, young lords so gay, hear ye, hear ye all! In full plenitude, potency, and execution of this my office, hear and obey the important injunctions which I have to premise to each and to all of you-[this was expressed with much $gaiet\`e~du~cœur$.] Be it then known to you all by~these~presents, (as an old dotard once upon a time began his will);—but I am not dead, yet my will is this: hear, hear ye all good people and true! and thus I do proclaim, amid all our play and revels to-night, but without sound of trumpet or kettle-drum, that there still remains a charm yet to be consummated, and of such confessed potency too, that this night should not be passed over without giving it a fair trial, and at once putting its efficacy to the test! Having thus premised, it would be but foul play that my young friends should burst in ignorance as to the mode and nature of the charm. Eh! bien donc, mes chers enfants! you then must know, the fair young lady who wishes to recognise her future spouse for life, is to proceed at just this hour to a sequestered lime-kiln, bearing a charmed ball of untwisted cotton thread, and strongly holding the cord, is to fling the ball adown the cavern of the kiln; and upon its having reached the bottom, stoutly to exclaim, 'Who holds the ball?' When this is duly performed, the person who accomplishes it is to retire before midnight to bed; a banquet must be spread, and a mirror in which her fortune shall be read! Now, my gay and merry lasses all, where is to be found that courageous one who dare do this?"

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The young ladies all, as if by tacit consent, drew back, dissenting from the proposal. But not so Lady Adelaide, who advanced: "That daring one am I, and I accept your challenge;" seizing at the same time upon the charmed ball of untwisted cotton which Lady Lucy then held in her hand, and of which Lady Adelaide now became the possessor. "I hold now the charm; it shall not perish until at least its efficacy be tried. But remember I go alone!"

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"Oh, my dearest, my best beloved Adelaide do not go!—I beseech you that you do not go at this hour of night—at this season of the year! storm and rain may overtake you, and cause you to lament the rashness of your undertaking! In what I have said I wished to raise youthful curiosity, but at the same time I likewise meant to intimidate, but not to encourage the attempt!—Why will you go?"

"Because," rejoined Lady Adelaide, "from the very first I resolved that I would undertake the

execution of the charm; and no remonstrance, not even force, shall compel me to relinquish my purpose; call it fate, call it destiny; describe it as rashness; call it e'en what pleaseth thee; it must —it shall be performed!"

"But," observed Lady Lucy, "should your absence be noticed what is then to be done to account for it? What will the Duke say?—what will the Duchess? And you will bring down the united raillery of all the loo, tredrille, primero, and cribbage tables, upon your truant head for this nocturnal adventure of romance!"

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"Oh, tell the Duke and Duchess that as they know *the gods have made me poetical*, that the fit of inspiration was upon me; and now or never! If I were not to obey the impulse my precious verse would perish for ever!"

Adelaide then most sweetly smiling, said: "It boots not what remark may come from the sober dowagers and solemn wig-pated personages at the loo and ombre tables; they will be too much absorbed in their winnings and tricks to think of me. And now I go!"

"Oh stay, I prithee, stay a moment!—just until I tell thee," said Lady Lucy. "For before you go you must be told of what positively and fatally happened in our own family to a kinswoman of mine own, a young lady, upon the Eve of All-Hallows, who——"

"Not for the wide world," said Lady Adelaide, "would I hear another word. If the story, my dear aunt, be amusing or horrific, I pray thee tell it to my young friends, and then I shall have it told me when I return. Now wave thy mystic wand, and like a spirit I vanish.—*Prèsto* I'm gone!"

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Adelaide departed. This young lady was indeed the child of romance, with feelings the most tender and acute; and one who deeply had imbibed the superstitions of the age in which she lived; all of which had chiefly been instilled, even from the very cradle, by the old talkative crone, her quondam nurse; and although possessing a strong understanding, yet still, as the ever constant dropping of water will impress and penetrate the hardest stone, in like manner the tales of superstition unceasingly told, and the numerous attestations of popular faith, did not fail fully to operate on her credulity.

Adelaide alone sallied forth from the ducal towers of Tyrconnel Castle, with deep determination to fulfil the spell of the charmed ball. The moon with pearly radiance shone forth on her fearless enterprise; enthusiastic in this adventure as in every thing which she thought, said, or did, she now boldly advanced to commence the solemn charm; and with firm and unshaken step she proceeded to the accomplishment of her nocturnal visit; while intently she looked around, fully to be assured that no human eye gazed upon the orgies which she was about to perform.

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Adelaide then with quickened step approached a lime-kiln. This fabric had been for a lapse of time deserted and disused; its apex was crested with saxifrage, snap-dragon, and foxglove, which told its desolation; and the ivy too, in curling festoons suspended, overhung the passenger, and undulated in the breeze. The autumnal gale in mournful gusts swept, sighing in its course, over hill, and vale, and stream; while the owl hooted her solitary scream as Adelaide reached this deserted pile, now the lonely asylum of the nocturnal bat and wary field-mouse. The kiln had been constructed at the angle of a green knoll, which served as an ascent to it; and by this mount, or hill, Adelaide with facility ascended to the empty crater of the lime-kiln; when duly turning her face to the south she produced an untwisted ball of cotton thread, and firmly holding the end of the cord, or thread, of the ball, she flung the ball, as if a plummet, down the concavity of the kiln; when sounding its depth she ascertained that it had duly reached the bottom, then she undauntedly inquired in a loud and firm tone of voice—"Who holds the ball?" The cotton cord on the instant dropped promptly from her hand, whether by force or fear she knew not; while she thought she heard a voice unknown ascending in hollow tones from the echoing depth beneath, emphatically reply—"I grasp the ball!"

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This might have been merely the effect of fear and mental deception, yet still she thought she had heard the awful response. No shape, no form, no figure, met her eye; but the words struck her ear and pierced her heart. Adelaide stood motionless, silent, and pale, as a statue; she had not the power to scream, articulation was totally suspended; and the powers of locomotion too were completely paralized, her imagination became spell-bound, her recollection was fled! At length nature completely overpowered, she fainted; and it was not for some time that she recovered the powers of animation, when all the solemn scene that had so lately occurred appeared to her but as a frightful dream that had passed in review before her deceived imagination while she slumbered in that dreadful swoon.

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For some considerable pause of time Adelaide sat motionless upon the sward of the little knoll that adjoined that ominous fabric, where so lately that awful charm, consecrated by the credulity of ages, had been performed.

After much mental exertion Adelaide found upon trial that she had sufficient bodily strength to arise; and now having stood up, she proceeded upon her return to the castle. The moon had retired behind a cloud, when, with a deep sigh, she exclaimed, "Oh, how much I wish that the deed had remained undone, and then my mind would have been at rest! But now I am sadly disquieted, and my heart is sick within me. Oh, it was not well done!"

After a pause she continued—"But what will they all this while think of me at the castle? How shall my absence be accounted for? Why—why do I shudder thus in self-condemnation? This should not have been!"

Thus, in self-crimination, Adelaide vented her contrition, while with trembling fear and step she slowly wended back her wearied way to Tyrconnel Castle.

Still advancing, terror seemed every where to accompany her.

"Horror ubique——simul ipsa silentia terrent!"

The distant murmurs of the Eske uniting with the ocean affrighted her, as did her footsteps,—she thought them not her own; while ever and anon she would stop to listen; but no sounds were heard but those of the adjoining brook brawling^[20] over its rocky channel, or the autumnal gale rustling the fallen foliage as it swept its plaintive blast along. At times when partially the wind reposed, and all, for the interval, was in silence lulled, still her mind was not at rest; occasionally she would stop, and seemed to meditate to herself; then would she rehearse the ominous incantation at the kiln, she would raise up her right arm, bend the hand, with thumb and fore-finger conjoined together; next suddenly dip the arm and hand, as when she plumbed the charmed ball adown the mystic concavity of the kiln. When having violently acted this, she would utter a piercing scream, and then awaken from her reverie.

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As Adelaide was proceeding onward in her return to the castle, the sky suddenly became deeply darkened, and a thunder-storm arose; the thunder loudly re-echoed through the vaulted heavens, and the vivid lightning-flash preceded each awful peal; then descended torrents of rain, which fell with the plenitude and the force of a water-spout.

"Ah, if I had here a friend, a companion in this my hour of trial, I then would slightly value the tempest that now surrounds me! But the deed was all my own doing, and plaints now are of no avail. So unto the castle with whatever remnant of strength or courage may remain.—This is my only resource!"

All terrified, pale, and her garments deeply drenched with rain, at length Adelaide regained the castle; where, when she had put on fresh attire, forgetful of all the fears and perils which she had encountered, (such and so great are the contradictions of human nature,) that she fully, nevertheless, resolved to abide the full completion of the mysterious charm.

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The awful thunder-storm served as a well-timed explanation for the deadly paleness of her countenance as the Lady Adelaide rejoined the social circle. The juvenile party were employed in the various pastimes of the night, in burning the boding nuts, while

"Some lovingly in flames consume, Till wasting into embers grey."

Meantime others parted company, north and south, with the rapidity, if not with the force, of a modern Congreve rocket. In others the spark soon expired, while the gentle relict that was left behind, "like Patience on a monument," kept stationary on her ordeal bar of trial, tranquil and serene, until, in expiring embers she blazed, and was no more! The melting of lead, and various other dainty devices followed. All which were now succeeded by the grand finale of a ball, in which minuets, cotillions, and contre-danses followed in course, and were succeeded by a splendid supper.

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The supper, which was superb and princely throughout, commenced and ended with delight to all the guests. And while sipping the noble beverage of the grape, pressed and brought from every generous clime, the following erudite discussion upon presages, prophecies, and predictions, occupied the grave and learned portion of the company:—

"Some presages," observed the Duke, "may certainly appear to have been casual, and subsequently adapted to the occasion by the ingenuity of others; but still there are others that appear supported by such a connected mass of evidence, that they can be neither questioned nor denied. Mariana, the famed historian of Spain, (A. D. 1453,) makes mention, in speaking of the tragical end of Don Alvaro, Earl of Luna, 'that it had been foretold to Alvaro that his death would be at Cadahalso, by which he supposed to be meant, a town he had of that name, and therefore he never went thither; but Cadahalso, in Spanish, means a *scaffold*,' (this prophecy thus 'paltered in a double sense,') for upon the scaffold Alvaro suffered, and there concluded a life eminent in glory."

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"And you may recollect, my Lord," said the Duchess, "that George Buchanan, the famed Scottish historian, relates the very remarkable forewarning which James the Fourth of Scotland had in the church of St. Michael, Linlithgow, from an old man of venerable aspect, and clad in blue habiliments. This person forewarned the king from his proceeding in his expedition against England, fore-telling to him that it would prove his ruin. The queen also remonstrated with him against the project of invasion, by acquainting him with the visions and frightful dreams which she nightly encountered. But no warning could avert his destiny. And he fell with a number of his nobility in the ever memorable field of Flodden Sept. 9, 1513."

"There is," said the Duke, "another case in point; it is that of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, who foretold that his son, Robert Devereux, afterwards Earl of Essex, should never survive his thirty-sixth year; observing at the same time that his father had died at that period of life, and that he would himself die at that age. The death of his son, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was beheaded in the thirty-fourth year of his age, 1567, is a well known and recorded fact."

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Here the Duchess rejoined:—"And you may recollect too, my dear Lord, that Mezeray, the historian of France, records, that it had been foretold to Henry the Fourth of France and

Navarre, that he should die in a coach; so that upon the least jolt he would cry out, as if he beheld the grave opened ready to swallow him. And it is as well known that this prediction took place, Henry the Fourth having been assassinated in his coach as he was proceeding to the arsenal to consult with the immortal Sully, when he was stabbed by the knife of an assassin, 1610 "

"Sully too," rejoined Lady Lucy, "in his admirable memoirs, makes mention of those black presages which, it is but too certain, this unfortunate prince had of his cruel destiny; they were indeed dreadful and surprising to the last degree!"

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Lady Adelaide next paid a short tribute to this learned and mystical investigation:—"It may not be amiss," she said, "briefly to notice the prediction of the death of the Duke of Buckingham, as related by Lord Clarendon in his history, and built, as he emphatically expresses it, upon better foundations of credit than usually such discourses are founded.—His account is strikingly remarkable; but to recount the accompanying circumstances would occupy too much time, and seriously intrude on the pleasantry of the company by entering into the awful and appalling detail; I must beg, therefore, to refer those friends who may be desirous to gratify their curiosity on this subject to consult the pages of the noble historiographer. The presages of our poet Dryden are deserving of notice, he was extremely addicted to judicial astrology: upon the birth of his son he took his horoscope, and all his calculations respecting him marvellously were accomplished; and which are too recent in the recollection of those present to render it necessary for me to dwell upon; only to observe, that these astrological calculations were fulfilled with an accuracy almost amounting to mathematical correctness."

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It came next to Sir Patricius Placebo's turn to contribute to these ghostly recollections, who began with a stately hem. "I rather think I can notify to this noble company a very remarkable circumstance, and I flatter myself indeed it is one not generally known. It is recorded in the life of the very erudite and estimable scholar, John H. Hottinger, that when he ascended the pulpit of the academy of Basle to make *a farewell oration* to that society previous to his departure for the city of Leyden, where he had been appointed Professor of the Oriental Languages at the College of Leyden, he observed a line written upon it, which much disturbed him, and surprised the whole auditory, as being prophetical of his death, which happened soon after. The line was from Ovid:—

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'Carmina jam moriens, canit exequialia cygnus.'

'The dying swan his fun'ral song doth sing.'

Shortly after this the very learned and accomplished scholar was drowned with part of his family in the river Lemit, in the year 1667. The due application of this celebrated line, and the analogy of the water-bird fore-telling the time and manner of his death—hem!

DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!

Yes, doubtless, there is much grave matter for deep reflection in this well-authenticated event."

Lord Glandarah prepared to yield his contribution to the strange topic under discussion. His Lordship had resided nearly all his life upon the continent; he was a Roman Catholic, and this, it was believed, was the disposing reason for his living abroad. He spoke broken English so like a foreigner, that he might have been almost mistaken for one, as has been already observed in a previous chapter. "Gad save my soul, my Lady Duchess, I do remember one of a very remarkable occurrence that happened some few years ago when I was travelling through Normandy. My Lord Roscommon, being then a boy of ten years of age, had preternatural intelligence of his father's death. Gad save my soul, it is the very most extraordinary circumstance to be sure! Your Grace must know that it happened at Caen: one day his Lordship was, as it were, madly extravagant in playing, leaping, getting over the tables, and playing, Gad save my soul! many other wild gambols. He was, sans doubté, wont to be sober, staid, lad enough. Those who saw him exclaimed, 'heaven grant this bodes no ill-luck to him!' In the heat of this extravagant fit he suddenly cried out, 'My father is dead!' And assurement, Gad save my soul! a fortnight after accounts arrived from Ireland that the Earl of Roscommon was dead! This account was told me, Gad save my soul, by Mr. Knolles, who had been his governor, and at that time with him. And, Gad save my soul! I have often heard my Lord Roscommon's relations affirm this account to be true. Now, Gad save my soul! could any thing be more extraordinary? Sans doute c'est impossible!"

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The hour was indeed very late; and the guests arose, and making due obeisance, withdrew. Adelaide, according to the good old fashion, embraced her parents, and retired to her chamber. But she had no sooner lain down to rest than she heartily repented of what she had done. The tempest continued with unabated rage; so much so indeed that the guests departed not from the Castle, but there found a safe retreat from "the pelting of the pitiless storm." The storm still continued to increase; the roaring waves of the Atlantic thundered against the shore, and burst upon the firm foundations of Tyrconnel Castle.

Adelaide's chamber was ever and anon illuminated with brilliant flashes of vivid lightning; and often did she wish the mysterious deed undone!

———"Oh, Between the acting of a dreadful thing And the first motion, all the interim is But what Adelaide saw upon that awful night ever remained untold.—She could never be prevailed upon to divulge the tremendous and frightful circumstances of that eventful night. The next morning, as it afterwards appeared, she complained of being very unwell, and kept her bed for some days. The blame was very discreetly thrown upon her having eaten too many nuts—having danced too much; and, moreover, supper having disagreed with her; besides a variety of et cetera explanations. It was a long period before Adelaide resumed her usual serenity and gaiety of temper; and whenever her friends or acquaintance would interrogate her upon the adventures of that memorable night, she would assume much reserve, and seemed displeased: this the only occasion, it was by all remarked, that she had ever been observed to have appeared displeased since they first had the happiness to be acquainted with her.

The unwarrantable practice of inquiring into futurity prevailed very generally at and before the period which we write of; and most strange to say, at times the sacred volume of the Scriptures, [21] and at others the poems of Virgil and Homer, were consulted for oracular purposes. The sortes Prenestinæ, sortes Homerianæ, and sortes Virgilianæ, which were modes of inquiring into the secrets of futurity, are well known to the classic reader. A remarkable instance of the trial of this latter sortilege occurred to King Charles I. when at the city of Oxford, during the civil wars. Going one day to inspect the Boedlian Library, His Majesty was shown, along with other volumes, an early copy of Virgil, beautifully printed and exquisitely bound. Lord Falkland, to amuse the King, insisted upon His Majesty's trying his fortune by the sortes Virgilianæ; whereupon the King, opening the volume, hit upon the fourth Æneid, line 615, which much disconcerted him.

The passage is prophetic of the fortunes of \mathbb{E} neas, and, $mutato\ nomine$, it was applicable to the royal martyr. [22]

Lord Falkland, upon observing that the King was discomposed, resolved to try his own fortune in the same manner, hoping that perchance he might alight on some sentence that would bear no relation to his own, and thereby turn aside the thoughts of the King from any impression the lines might have occasioned. However, the subject of the passage upon which he unluckily stumbled was fully as unpropitious and as applicable as that upon which his sovereign had alighted. It was the lamentation of Evander for the untimely death of his son, in the 11th Æneid. It is well known that the eldest son of this nobleman, a young man of amiable character, had been previously slain in the first battle of Newburg.

It is recorded of the famous and excellent sculptor Giovanni Lorenzi Bernini, that upon his beholding a painting by Vandyke, which presents three portraits of King Charles I. on the same canvass—the one a front face, the other a half side, and the third a profile—the artist observed: "whoever the individual be whose likeness these three portraits represent, I am of opinion that the same will come to an untimely end."

This painting had been expressly taken and forwarded to Rome, in order that Bernini might, from the resemblance, sculpture a marble bust of the King, which accordingly he did; and King Charles, the greatest and best patron of the fine arts that England can boast of, was so much pleased with the performance, that he sent Bernini a ring of very great value; and said to the person who was deputed to bring it: "Andate a coronar quello mano, che ha fatto si bel lavorno."

All attempts to inquire into and penetrate the secrets of futurity are highly to be condemned, as they are nothing less than tempting the Almighty; it is not for frail man to anticipate the ways of Providence, and discover these events that heaven always in its wisdom, and often in its mercy, withholds from mortal eyes. But it is indeed full time to close (as we apprehend we have trespassed too long on our reader's forbearance)

---- "The day to superstition dear,

Hallow'd and reverenc'd in the olden time, Sacred to every saint of every clime."

CHAPTER IX.

----Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think ye see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng.

PROLOGUE TO K. HENRY VIII.

The celebration of the birth-day of the Lady Adelaide passed over as we have described in the preceding chapter, and our lovely heroine was now quite recovered from whatever cause it might have been which had so disturbed and agitated her upon that eventful and recorded night. The Duke and Duchess, according to their previous determination, towards the close of November set off with their suite on their route for Dublin Castle; for the time was now fast approaching when in great pomp and state the Viceroy-Duke was to open the sessions of the Irish parliament.

Their Graces travelled by short stages on account of the abridgment of the days, and arrived in about four days in perfect health and safety at the vice-royal palace; no incident, occurrence, or

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even pleasantry, happening, that could possibly amuse the story-loving reader, or important enough to be handed down to posterity in savoury remembrance.

At this epoch of the Irish history the parliament met only once in two years; and a member of the lower house, the House of Commons, then held his seat for life, or at least certainly during the period of the life of the reigning sovereign, upon whose demise alone a new parliament was to be called. What then had a member thus chosen under these circumstances to apprehend or fear from the resentment of his constituents? Nothing!—certainly nothing! The member was virtually placed beyond their control, beyond their remonstrance, and above their resentment; while his hopes and expectations of reward from a minister for services done, or to be performed, were reasonably great, and held forth attractive bait to corruption. The representative would, or might, oppose the measures of a good minister, in order that his services might be brought into action, and duly paid for upon the performance thereof; and it would be equally his interest, upon the same corrupt data, to sell himself to a bad and profligate minister for prompt payment! But both these alternatives were fraught with evils to the constituents; and against these evils they had, they could have, no control! The minister too could indeed well afford to bid high and imposing terms, when the purchase was for life. Thus, although a small portion of virtue might resist a small portion of temptation, nevertheless that resistance would become weaker as time advanced, in an increased ratio; and, moreover, as a long duration and manifold opportunities were given for the temptation and the tempter, which could not, by possibility, be the case if parliaments, instead of being for the life of the sovereign, [24] and meeting only once in every two years, were to have met annually, and the conduct of the representative were placed under the eye and the control of their constituents. And assuredly it must strike the good sense of the reader that the prolongation of the term of parliament weakens the security of the people, for whose benefit parliaments were constituted; and that nothing can make it safe to repose so great a trust in any body of men, as the constitutive body delegates to its representative, but the shortness of the term for which such delegation is made.

It appears, from consulting the page of history, that England was one of the first countries in which the representatives of boroughs were admitted into the great council of the nation; for until the year A. D. 1265, it was a privilege unknown and unclaimed.

The cause of calling the burgesses to the great council, or parliament of the nation, (according to Dr. Robertson, in his "View of the State of Europe,") was "in order to add greater popularity to the party of the barons that had armed against Henry the Third, and to strengthen the barrier against the encroachments of regal power."

But, alas! how fatally has the converse of the intention of our wise progenitors been established! From lapse of time, ministerial influence, the pecuniary embarrassments of the nobles and proprietors of boroughs, and the all powerful lever of corruption, the boroughs have changed masters. Those boroughs that were erected as mounds and ramparts against the powerful influence of the crown, have many of them been purchased by the crown, and now powerfully preponderating to the opposite scale, have increased, in a formidable degree, the royal influence and prerogative which they were created to check; and have but too effectually magnified the evils which they were formed to repress!

The day for the assembling of parliament had now arrived, and the Viceroy-Duke proceeded in great pomp and state to the House of Lords to open the session. The cap of maintenance was borne by Lord Mount-Leinster, and the sword of state by the Lord Glandarah. His Grace was seated in the superb antique state-coach, which was lined with crimson velvet, and trimmed with gold lace; the exterior was richly and magnificently adorned; the pannels had been painted by a celebrated Venetian artist, and the subjects were chosen from the heathen mythology. The statecarriage was drawn by eight beautiful black horses, with long flowing tails, and right nobly caparisoned; they were a present from His gracious Majesty James the Second. The harness and all the accessoirés were in unison in their magnificence. Six state-carriages and four preceded that which bore the Duke of Tyrconnel; and the state-carriage was surrounded by the battle-axe guards. The streets were lined with soldiery, and no demonstration of respect was wanting as the noble Duke proceeded to the House of Peers. We need not tell that his Grace wore the robes of the order of the garter, nor dwell upon the brilliancy of the diamond star which glittered upon his breast, nor upon his fine appearance; for the Duke was justly accounted by far the handsomest man of the age in which he flourished. With great and unaffected dignity he entered the House of Peers, the trumpets, &c. all pealing forth the now national anthem of "God save the King," which no former monarch or viceroy had ever received, as it was composed expressly for James II. Meanwhile the long and continued peal of cannon told to all that the noble viceroy was seated upon the throne.^[25] We mean not to harass our kind reader to actual death by giving him, in totidem verbis, the speech of his Grace, but we will however venture to record, for historical remembrance, the mode entré:-The Duke of Tyrconnel enters the House of Peers, the Earl of Mount-Leinster bearing the cap of maintenance; the Lord Glandarah carrying the sword of state; the train being supported by Sir Richard Talbot. His Grace made his *congés* to the cloth of state; then taketh his seat on the throne under the canopy, the Secretary of State standing at his right hand. The Lord Chancellor then proceeds to his stall on the Lord Lieutenant's right hand, and acquaints the Lords that it is the Lord Lieutenant's pleasure that their Lordships should be covered. Next, the Lord Chancellor, kneeling, receiveth a direction from the Lord Lieutenant; and thereupon standing up again wills the Gentleman-Usher of the black-rod to acquaint the House of Commons that it is the Lord Lieutenant's pleasure that they should attend his Grace. When the speech contained the following items:- 'Thanks to the House of Peers for their loyal devotion so

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often manifested for the honour of the crown, and so forth; their unshaken loyalty, &c. to the king's person and government. Thanks followed to the House of Commons for the necessary [Pg 236] provisions for the services of the ensuing year so cheerfully made, &c. Then followed a general appeal to both houses, entreating them that when they returned to their respective counties to use their utmost endeavours to inculcate and bring to bear the same loyalty and affection by them so often and efficiently demonstrated.' The Duke concluded his speech in these emphatic terms:-"And I cannot conclude, my lords and gentlemen, without the hope that you will permit no apprehensions of grievances or causeless jealousies to interrupt that tranquillity and social order, and obedience to the laws, which constitute the fountain of all political happiness—the source and the support of industry, agriculture, commerce, and all national amelioration, which has been ever the unvaried pursuit of the best of kings. And I shall not fail to represent to my

His Grace upon quitting the throne was dutifully received by the house uncovering, and rising from their seats. An address was then moved as an echo of the speech, by the Earl of Clanrickarde, and was seconded by the Viscount Kilmallock; which passed the noble house, nemine contradicente. In the lower house the address was moved by Mr. Murtagh Magennis of Balligorionbeg, and seconded by Mr. James Lally of Tallendaly, and passed the house unanimously.

royal master your dutiful devotion; and the only reward which I look to, is your free and

unbiassed approbation!"

Leave was granted for an act to be brought into the house, entitled, "The Tithe Agistment Bill," which was read next day the first time, and after a few days a second time; and a day was appointed for the third reading. When that day had arrived Lord Glandarah, who was in the robing-room, observed a strong muster of bishops; and upon entering the house he whispered a friend—"I clearly perceive, Gad save my soul! that we shall have a very angry political debate today, for I left my lords the bishops duly caparisoning them-selves in their celestial armour!"

Some altercation took place in the robing-chamber between Lord Mount-Leinster and Bishop Rocket, between whom there existed a private pique.

"I see, my Lord Bishop, that charity covers a multitude of——Hem! I mean, my Lord, that I verily saw your Lordship giving alms to the amount of-one shilling just now as I arrived in the house!"

"Yes, my Lord Mount-Leinster, I deny it not: and I perceived that your Lordship followed on the instant so excellent an example; for, from the cogency of the case, you too were forced to pay twice the sum! Ha, ha, ha!—two shillings into the poor's box."

All which being translated, (no offence to Bishop Rocket,) signifies that the Bishop and the Earl were both late in their arrival in the House of Peers, and they had accordingly to pay the penalty for arriving in the house "beyond a quarter of an hour after prayers had been read"—secundum regulam.[26]

The clerk read aloud at the table, "Hodie, tertia vice lecta est billa." This act was "the Tithe Agistment Bill," entitled, "An act to quiet and bar all claims of tithe agistment for dry and barren cattle."

When an angry debate ensued, Bishop Rocket arose with much warmth, and contended "that it was an act tending most forcibly to wrest the rights and privileges of the Church, to the great detriment of the hierarchy, and the all unalienable properties and immunities of their lawful successors; and forcibly militating against the welfare, property, and prosperity, of the Church and State, as then by the laws of the land established and in force."

Lord Mount-Leinster arose: "My Lords, this is a bill which I would call as one of the most pacificatory nature, and tending to repress the grievous mode in which tithes are generally collected from the population of this country, who have, if they are of the Catholic persuasion, to pay two pastors; and I will moreover, my Lords, be bold to say, that no school-boy, studying his as in presenti, could be so stupidly credulous as to give credence to the monstrous assertion of the Right Reverend Lord, or for a moment believe that posthumous piety to his successors can or could be the predominating cause of the vote given this night by the Right Reverend Prelate."-[Hear, hear, hear.]

With the most violent indignation Bishop Rocket arose: "Lord Mount-Leinster, but for these black rags," shaking indignantly his sacerdotal robes; "look ye, but for these black rags, I would fight you!"—[Here numerous cries were heard of "Order, order, order"—"Chair, chair, chair!"]

Sir Patricius Placebo and Mr. Berenger were stationed at the bar of the house, and the risible muscles of the Baronet were incontinently put into play, which had been certes audible, but for the noise and uproar in the house. Laughingly, he whispered Mr. Berenger, "Room, room, my Lords and Nobles all; I cry make room for the incensed worthies!

DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!"

He then laughed immoderately, and took snuff at a surprising rate from his King Carolus' snuffbox. "Yes, yes, Mr. Berenger," he added, "ha, ha,

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'Πάντες οἱ μωροὶ μαίνονται.'[27]

That is at least according to the doctrine of the stoics."

The gallant, gay Mr. Berenger so politely smiled ever and anon, that it nearly amounted to a laugh. But this had been interdicted at the court where he too often had

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----"listened, When the last Charles's beauties glistened In splendid robes of gaudy vice, And could with syren songs entice."

However the question, upon being put, was resolved in the negative, by the motion that the bill should be read that day six months! The Chancellor could make no peace between the enraged combatants, who adjourned to the robing-room, when this scene of altercation took place:—

Lord Mount-Leinster, addressing Bishop Rocket, emphatically said: "My Lord Bishop, you are now unharnessing yourself from that celestial panoply or armour in which you flourished in the House of Peers, and which, I must observe, you somewhat unseemingly, if not indecorously, called your "black rags,"

"Tutius est igitur fictis contendere verbis, Quam pugnare manu."

I have ever been, my Lord—mark me—a gallant swordsman; nor would I brook an affront from a king. Let not then your sacerdotal robes, or, as you were pleased in mirth to call them, your "black rags," let them not, I say, prove your peace-makers in this gross breach of decorum. I must observe, that, according to the spirit and strict laws of the Duello, or single combat, the ceremonies thereunto affixed and appertaining, connected and deducible from chivalry, are duly and implicitly laid down by the celebrated Caranza, [28] the oracle of duelling, and the no less sage and famous Master Selden, in his very learned and unimpeachable treatise upon the laws of the Duello; and in good sooth my very grave and reverend Lord Coke has it as a punctum in his Institutes, 'that in these matters, where the person possessing a right, or sustaining a grievance, could not act, on account of professional or personal disability, or perform the service required in person, he was then to name a sufficient person for his deputy! Now, my Lord Bishop, I must needs observe, that I think that this was truly a marvellous right praiseworthy custom, that when any grave and reverend personage, willing to give satisfaction, as you profess, finds himself impeded by his reverend skirts tripping up the laws of the Duello, from being, for sad ensample, a son or dignitary of the Church, and so forth, that upon such occasions their next and nearest of kin should take up the gauntlet: and such a proxy, my Lord Bishop, I now claim from you to enter the lists with me, as becomes your true knight and representative!"

BISHOP ROCKET.—"Know then, Lord Mount-Leinster, that I shall send my sedan chairmen to fight you!!"

"A precious boon, and peerless proxies, I needs must say, my Lord Bishop, thou hast chosen!!! In sooth I oft have heard of knights of the lance and eke of the bucket, [29] but never until now heard of knights of the pole! But although, from your Lordship's reply, it appears that your *next* and *nearest* of kin happen to be your sedan-chairmen!! my own dignity prevents me having any further parley with you, much less contact with *your kindred*!" And then Lord Mount-Leinster, wheeling around, made his exit from the robing-room, flinging a rapid and most contemptuous look at the discomfitted bishop.

All peers and prelates, much diverted at the result, now withdrew. *Solventur risu curiæ*. The enemies of Bishop Rocket (who had certainly sprung from a low origin) insisted that his two sedan chairmen were his own proper kinsmen, and, moreover, bore his name. His friends did not deny the charge; but said, in extenuation, that "after all this was no wondrous thing, as the Marèschal de Richelieu, when at Vienna, had purchased baronies for his two *portèurs de chaise*; and when some ladies of fashion boasted that they had in their kitchen several French Marquises, 'I believe it,' replied the Marèschal, 'for my sedan chair is supported by a brace of German barons!'"

The eulogists of Lord Mount-Leinster loudly lauded him for the chivalrous spirit which he had manifested in this *rencontre* with the Church, which they considered and maintained as in no wise inferior to the adventure of the redoubted knight *de la Mancha*, when he encountered the windmill, and whose valour it was confessed was only to be paralleled with his discretion!

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CHAPTER X.

Times have their changes; sorrows make us wise: The sun itself must set as well as rise!

Perkin Warbeck.

While matters were going forward in Ireland as we have endeavoured to describe them in the preceding chapters, the tide, meanwhile, of political occurrences in England arose to a

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tempestuous and uncontrollable flood, that was wholly unexpected by Tyrconnel, and quite unapprehended by his royal master. To England, therefore, we now must trace our steps.

The various unpopular and arbitrary acts of King James the Second paralyzed those loyal effusions that burst forth when he ascended the royal throne of the Stuarts. The acquittal of the seven bishops who had been arbitrarily imprisoned in the tower still further increased the king's unpopularity. The confiscation too of property which followed, and the attainder of many loyal Protestants, soon swelled high the torrent that shortly was to burst against the abutments of his throne, and destroy that prerogative of power which he had so unjustly and so unconstitutionally assumed. Many now doubted the justness of the appellation of "James the Just," which had been awarded him shortly subsequent to his having been proclaimed king. Indeed his going publicly to mass two days consequent to his succession to the crown, at the time gave surprise and offence to the nation. Some events too occurred in those superstitious days, that in the present times would be slightly passed over, but which, albeit, were certainly considered as ill omens in that age. At the solemnity of the coronation, the crown not being properly fitted for the royal head, was often observed in a tottering condition, and likely to fall off. Mr. Henry Sidney supported it once with his hand, and pleasantly told the king, [30] that "this was not the first time that his family had supported the crown." "In one of the churches in London, the king's arms, stained on a glass window, suddenly fell down and broke in pieces, while the rest remained standing, without a possibility of discovery why that part should fall down sooner than the rest. The canopy also, which had been borne over his head at the coronation, did break." [31]

James II. espoused the Princess Maria d'Este, the sister of Francis Duke of Modena, who was as beautiful as she was unfortunate. The queen had been married some time without presenting her royal consort with a child. When this event did take place, malice, falsehood, envy, and intrigue, were not slow in pronouncing that the heir apparent thus born was a "suppositious Prince of Wales." Then followed the ridiculous episodes of the "sham conception," and "the warming-pan," which were all a tissue of forgery and falsehood, still further intended to diminish the king's decreasing popularity, and bring his person and throne into disrepute. But upon the whole mass and evidence of history that is presented, the only conclusion to be drawn was this, and only this —that the Prince of Wales, so far from being suppositious, was royally and legally born, the royal and lawful successor to his father's throne and realms.

In consequence of all these combining unpopular results, a resolution was taken by many of the disappointed, disaffected nobility and gentry, of calling in the Prince of Orange of Nassau to ascend the throne of Britain. And in pursuance of this determination several noblemen and gentlemen were secretly deputed to go over to the prince, and invite him to assume the sceptre of England. To these invitations the prince fully acceded, and firmly determined to head the party. It need not be told the reader that the Prince of Orange was the son-in-law of King James, having espoused his daughter, the Princess Mary. The intriguing party used all their endeavours to prevent the secret of their project from being divulged. In this matter the Earl of Sunderland basely betrayed his royal master. Meanwhile King James remained wholly incredulous to the belief of the existence of these political machinations; and although he was advised thereto by Mr. Skelton, his Majesty's Envoy at the Hague, "that a great project was secretly carrying on against him," yet was this incredulous sovereign so sure of success, that he quite neglected this intelligence, conceiving that it was only an artifice to divert him from his designs; and he, therefore, to all such reports closed an unwilling and unbelieving ear.

Numbers of the English nobility and gentry now addressed the Prince of Orange to deliver them from that oppression under which they bent. And in reply to a long *memoiré* presented to the prince, he published two manifestoes, declaratory of, and justifying his descent upon England, which were accompanied by his embarkation from the states of Holland, and shortly followed by his arrival in England, where by numbers his Highness was warmly received. Many personages of high rank declared to him their support; and furthermore, several regiments of the army of King James joined the standard of the Prince of Orange.

At length the landing of the prince, and the cordial reception with which he met withal, awoke the royal and too incredulous James from his trance, and he now finally resolved upon the measure of flying from his discontented subjects, whom he considered had betrayed him by thus calling in a foreigner to assume the sovereignty; and he forth-with determined to sail with what expedition he might from the shores of England, and put himself at once under the protection of the King of France.

However, previous to the flight of the unhappy James from his throne and realm of fair England, he resolved in the first instance to provide for the escape of his queen consort, and his son, the infant Prince of Wales. King James was so surrounded by spies and informers, that the very greatest circumspection was absolutely necessary to shun the hundred eyes of Argus which environed him; for, as but too often is the unhappy case with kings, that almost literally he knew not whom to trust. While flatterers and sycophants surround and blockade a throne, it must not be expected that truth, sincerity, or friendship, can there be found;—no! they are quite unknown within the stately precincts of a court! But still there was one found, and one worthy of the royal trust—the Count de Lauzun, a noble, brave, and generous Frenchman; and to this nobleman the king intrusted his queen and infant son, to assist them in conducting them in safety to France, aloof from all the enemies of the royal James.

The plan of proceeding, and all the consecutive details, were accordingly secretly arranged, and the greatest and most scrupulous care and caution were duly taken to keep these determinations

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a profound secret, lest the flight of the queen and infant prince being known or suspected, the measure might be wholly frustrated by the intervention of the emissaries of the Prince of Orange.

The solemn hour of midnight was selected as the safest time for the flight of the royal fugitives. The young prince, to escape suspicion, was placed in bed at his accustomed hour; and shortly after the king and queen, having duly dismissed all their attendants, retired seemingly to repose, but not to rest!

When the eyes of all in the palace were closed, save the waking, watching, unwearied eye-lids of the royal sufferers, the king and queen arose from their couch, and cautiously opened the private door leading to the royal closet, where in readiness awaited the noble and faithful Count de Lauzun. The queen raised the infant prince from his cradle, wrapped him in a swathe of flannel to keep the infant warm; indeed no unnecessary precaution, for cold and bitter was the winter weather in which the royal child was thus in silent secrecy of night taken away from the princely hall of his royal progenitors.

King James affectionately embraced them both, as sad and sorrowful he bade them a mournful farewell; and wept most bitterly at this parting scene, in which affliction his royal consort fully participated. His Majesty then intrusted them both to the loyal charge of the noble and faithful count, who taking the royal infant under one arm, while he assisted the queen with the other, they set forth from the palace to pursue their perilous and melancholy journey.

Stormy and tempestuous was the night, the wind blew with violence, and rain impetuously descended in torrents. They now approached the banks of the Thames, in order to procure a boat to cross over to Lambeth. At this point of time Count de Lauzun had previously engaged a boat to be ready in attendance, thence to escape down the river to Gravesend, to come up with the vessel which he had hired, and there awaited to convey them to France. But unluckily it happened that so pitchy dark and stormy was the night, the boat, when hailed, was not to be found. In total despair for some moments he remained; but again, more loud and stoutly once more he hailed the boat: the signal was heard, and obeyed. They descended down the Whitehall stairs and embarked; and finding a great swell in the river the count resolved not to proceed by water to Gravesend, but to land at Lambeth, and thence proceed by land. They arrived in safety at the Lambeth stairs, and landed, when the count surrendered to the queen the royal charge to hold, while he went forth to obtain a coach from the nearest adjoining inn.

Meanwhile the hapless queen—queen of the greatest realm in Europe, arrayed in disguised habiliments, stood trembling under the shelter of the ruined walls of a church, shivering in the blast, and dripping with rain, wistfully listening to every sound, and piteously raising her eyes to heaven. Oh, what a fearful lesson was here! a few days ago she might have proclaimed to all the world—"This is my throne, let kings come bow to it!" And this awful night she might envy the poorest cottier in her dominions. However, after long suspense, suffering, and delay, the count returned, having procured a carriage; and he lost no time in placing the trembling queen and shivering infant in the vehicle.

Without any accident whatever the royal fugitives reached Gravesend in perfect safety. Here, trembling with fear, and nearly overpowered by sorrow, the queen alighted on the quay, where the boat, (which was an open one,) belonging to the brig destined for Calais, awaited their coming. The count, without a moment's delay, placed the queen and prince in the boat, and flinging around them the boatman's cloak, he sat down by them, and bade him to row on. He told the boatman that the persons he bore away were his wife and child; and thus no suspicions were awakened in the mind of the boatman of the great personages he thus bore off amid the shades of night.

"Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark, Wherever blows the welcome wind; It cannot lead to scenes more dark, More sad, than those we leave behind!"

By the morning tide they had reached, without molestation, a small brig destined for France. To the captain the count also pretended that the queen and prince were his own wife and child; he bargained for the voyage, and the contract was agreed to. But the vessel was no sooner under weigh, when how great their surprise, and how proportionate must have been their apprehensions and alarm, while they beheld the whole of the English fleet stationed at the mouth of the Thames, to examine all vessels, and prevent their escape. But fortunately the vessel was so small that, being unsuspected, she was permitted with impunity to pass the admiral of the fleet, in no wise suspecting that her hull contained such very distinguished personages on board, so no examination took place. The vessel sailed on unmolested; and that very night the Count de Lauzun had the happiness of safely landing the royal sufferers on the pier of Calais. From thence they proceeded to Versailles, where her Majesty and infant prince were received by Louis the Fourteenth with great marks of affection and of the highest respect, which afforded some consolation to the queen under her melancholy reverse of fortune.

Meanwhile King James suffered great and intense anxiety concerning the fate of his unhappy queen and infant prince.

His Majesty now fully determined to follow the queen, and waited but one day to execute his design.^[32] The following night, in a plain suit, and a bob-wig, he took water at Whitehall,^[33] accompanied only by Sir Edward Hales, Mr. Sheldon, and Abbadie, a Frenchman, and a page of

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the back-stairs, without acquainting any other person with his intentions. All writs sent out for the electing of parliament he ordered to be burnt; and when he took water he threw the great seal of England into the Thames, (which was some time afterwards taken up by a fisherman in his net,) that nothing might be legally done in his absence. "If," continued Rapin, "this may not be called a real desertion of his kingdom, it will be difficult to give a name to such proceedings!" [34]

However, the king did not succeed in this attempt to escape, inasmuch as he was arrested at Feversham, and abused and insulted by the rabble; he lost a number of valuables, and gave up to the mob about between three and four hundred pounds in specie. Here he was protected by the Dutch guards of the Prince of Orange, and chose to retire to Rochester; where, in the space of about ten days from the time he had attempted his first escape, he now resolved upon trying a second. About three o'clock in a dark winter's morning he privately withdrew, taking with him only the Duke of Berwick, (his natural son,) Mr. Sheldon, and Abbadie, the page; and went on horseback to a place near the river, where he embarked in a small frigate, which landed him safely at Ambleteusé, in France; from whence he repaired to the court of Louis the Fourteenth, where with much satisfaction he rejoined his queen and infant prince. "This abdication," emphatically observes Rapin, "paved the prince's way to the throne!" [35]

Upon the departure of King James from the shores of England, an *interregnum* occurred of such a nature as was hitherto unknown in England. It was not caused by the death, but by the flight of the sovereign. Hence this incongruity took place, that the nation was without a king, nay, even without the representative of one, that would take the charge of the government! Yet still, strange to say, there was a king!—albeit a fugitive; who, although he had fled, and abandoned his throne, yet still pretended to retain his rights!

How short and limited is the narrow space between popular adoration and popular disgrace! To-day a king, an emperor, a demi-god—To-morrow a fugitive, an outcast from his realm, unregarded and forgotten! for ever blotted from the page of kings, his fate or banishment or the scaffold! Who can then rely upon the popular breath, wayward, fickle, and uncertain as the wave or wind? Oh! then, let the true patriot, *if* such is to be found upon earth, think on this; and, divested and purified from the dross of poor mortality, reflect upon all this; aye, and let him then, firmly armed in integrity, despise equally alike public censure or public praise!

From this melancholy digression upon fallen greatness on English ground, we shall reconduct the reader once more to the shores of Erin, and again return to the family of Tyrconnel in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

-----O, behold
How pomp is followed! mine will now be your's;
And should we shift estates, your's would be mine!

Antony and Cleopatra.

We now bring back the reader to the realm of Ireland, which was doomed shortly to be the scene of anarchy and civil war, where disastrous tidings of awful import, posting incessantly onward, hourly arrived, rapidly heralded by rumour's thousand tongues, to afflict the loyal and disconcert the brave.

An official despatch soon followed, which communicated and confirmed to Tyrconnel the sad and dismal event of the flight of his royal master to France, which truly gave him deep and sincere affliction. This voluntary abdication of his throne upon the part of King James II. gave Tyrconnel sorrowful concern for the present, and a sad and mournful foreboding of the future! "Oh, had my royal master only stood his ground," said the duke, "and have firmly held his throne, who would, who could have dared to hurl him from it? No; even with all his political miscalculations, nevertheless his enemies could not have succeeded. The Prince of Orange would still have found it a difficult, perhaps an impossible task, to have ousted his truly royal, accomplished, and brave father-in-law, from his lawful throne; for brave and valiant was the king, and I doubt not but still brave he is. And there was a time, be it not forgotten, while he was Duke of York and Lord High Admiral of England, when nobly he fought beneath the British banner, and gloriously led on his fleet to victory!"

The Duchess of Tyrconnel, whose powerful mind and firm nerves were "albeit unused to the melting mood," yet when her Grace heard the mournful recital of the sufferings and voluntary exile of her afflicted queen; she then indeed was deeply affected, and

"Dropt tears as fast as the Arabian trees Their medicinal gum."

The Duchess was a wife—moreover a mother, and she knew how to pity and compassionate the unfortunate, from the palace of kings down to the cottage of the poor. And equally distressed was our lovely heroine, whose generous bosom ever beat, and felt, and assisted the afflicted.

Some months had now elapsed, when one morning, while the duke was at breakfast with his family, a despatch for his Grace, and in the hand-writing of King James, arrived. The despatch intimated that His Majesty was then on his way to Ireland, and summoning the immediate

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attendance of Tyrconnel at Kinsale, where the king proposed to land. The despatch was brought over in a fast-sailing French corvette, called "l'Eclair," which had been detached from the French fleet which was to escort King James to Kinsale, expressly upon this mission. And his Grace, in obedience to the royal mandate, instantly set off by land for the town of Kinsale.

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King James II., upon abdicating, or deserting (for great debates in the British parliament ensued upon the proper term to be used) the throne of England, had sought and obtained an asylum in France, generously yielded to him by Louis XIV. King James now fully resolved, as His Majesty expressed himself, "to make one more glorious attempt to recover his throne;" which to effectuate he sailed from the shores of France, attended by fourteen ships of war, six frigates, and three fire-ships, which had been prepared in the port of Brest by the French king. At the same time seven French battalions embarked in the fleet which conveyed King James. The troops were commanded by the Count de Lauzun, the same gallant, generous nobleman who had escorted King James's queen and the Prince of Wales to the court of Versailles. The forces were accompanied with twelve field pieces.

King James was attended in this expedition by several noble personages. His Majesty landed at Kinsale amid the loudest cheers, and was warmly received and welcomed by all descriptions, from the peer to the peasant, with the greatest joy and enthusiasm. Here, in pursuance to the instructions given to Tyrconnel, he was in readiness on the beach to receive his royal master, where he knelt as the king approached; who instantly upraised him, and affectionately embraced his faithful viceroy; and instantly set off in his travelling carriage for his good city of Dublin, accompanied by the Dukes of Berwick, Albemarle, and Tyrconnel.

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Sir Patricius Placebo, from the very moment of the announcement of the intended arrival of his much loved sovereign at Kinsale, was constantly on the qui vive, considering himself, if not the locum tenens, at least the Lord Constable of his vice-regal lord, and spared no pains to make every meet and solemn preparation to receive the right royal Stuart into his loyal city of Dublin.

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"Yes, yes, my lady Duchess," observed Sir Patricius Placebo one morning, while at breakfast, "we will indeed receive our king right royally, more majorum—ha, ha, ha! Certes we shall, my Lady! with no lack whatever of respect, and albeit with no deficit of heart!—there, in sooth, no failing was ever yet found in an Irishman; although I asseverate it, who, pardie, ought not, my Lady: for

DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!

as indeed the learned, great, and renowned Archimedes said of old. And I will "do a deed"—not "without a name" however; for this moment I shall fly to old Cormac, whom I shall adventure to appoint and depute, in the absence of my superior, as the vice-regal poet laureat. Next I will post to Ulster King at Arms; ay, and shall advise and give him hints and innuendos of far more value and importance than all the gilt tinsel and crimson silk which surround his brow. I shall admonish him, and his tributaries and gallant pursuivants, one and all, decorously to furbish their tabards, and to hire, beg, borrow, or steal stately palfreys, to bear the herald king and suite, to meet and receive their lawful and beloved king upon his honoured entrance into his loyal and ancient city of Eblana, vulgo dicta Dublin. Then will I hie me to the Commander (pro tempore) of the Forces, and tell him of the programme which I have planned for the king's entré. And next, noble Lady, returning to this His Majesty's royal Castle, I shall give sage and precautionary hints and instructions to all the state battle-axe guards, state kettle-drums and trumpets, and so forth:—

> -----"trumpeters, With brazen din blast ye the city's ear; Make mingle with our rattling tambourines; That heaven and earth may strike their sounds

Applauding our approach!"

Ha, ha, ha! I think, my lady Duchess, we shall get on vastly well-vastly well indeed, and not only receive the applause of my vice-regal lord, but perchance that also of my mighty monarch."

together,

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The Duchess smiled. "I doubt not," said her Grace, "that all matters shall go on well, te duce. But Sir Patricius you are, (it were in vain to deny it,) you are an enthusiast!"

"Well, well, my lady Duchess, I shall not gainsay it. Perchance, your Grace, I am an enthusiast; and after all, my Lady, I do not see, constituted as this cold and phlegmatic planet of ours is, I see, really, after all, no very great harm in this said enthusiasm, if indeed it doth not degenerate into bigotry of politics or religious rancour; and therefore, when my king doth come, my tongue must utter the loyal inditings of my heart."

We must now adventure to describe the triumphant entry of King James into his good city of Dublin. Regiments of foot, stationed in parallel files, lined each side of every street extending from the great gate of Dublin Castle the entire way to Saint James's gate, at the western extremity of St. James's-street, through which the king was to make his entré. That morning all the principal avenues were purposely strewed with fresh gravel, to facilitate the king's approach.

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A triumphal arch of living laurel, surmounted by the crown of England, adorned St. James's gate, and the armorial quarterings, richly emblazoned, of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, were tastefully displayed in the arrangement. Various wreaths, laurel crowns, cordons, and garlands of various living flowers, were suspended across the principal streets through which the royal cavalcade was to pass.—Every window in every avenue was festooned with laurel, oak, and

various evergreens, all tastefully contrasted and displayed.—These demonstrations of joy were not confined merely to the city, but extended to all the adjoining villages, towns, and hamlets, for several miles in circuit. The royal flag was hoisted on Bedford Tower, and on the steeples of the different churches. At night the city shone forth in a brilliant blaze of universal illumination, which was vividly reflected in the sparkling and undulating waves of old father Liffey, as he joyously rolled onward to the main.

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Various loyal mottoes and devices caught the eye: The harp and crown; "Rejoice, O Erin, for behold thy king cometh unto thee!"

"The king shall have his own again!"

—"Welcome Erin's king!"—"Hibernia hails her noble king!" &c. &c.; with many other mottoes and devices, with which we shall not weary our reader. A large platform was erected without James's gate on the west and county side, on which, under a splendid gonfalon, or canopy, were stationed several friars beneath a large cross, who sang "Te Deum laudamus," as King James approached. To the right of the gate, on the city side, was erected a large stage, covered with tapestry, on which were stationed two Irish harpers, in due and proper costume; one of them was no less a person than our old acquaintance, blind Cormac, the sightless harper and minstrel of the Duke of Tyrconnel. Sir Patricius Placebo albeit was fond of comparing the sightless bard to old Tiresias, of prophetic memory, whose ear and recollection nearly supplied the deficiencies of sight.

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'Όφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε', &c. &c.

as Sir Patricius was wont to express himself; and then he would say, "Yes, verily, old Cormac doth much resemble, in multiform coincidence and fortune, the wise Tiresias! but then with this sage and discreet difference to boot, that old Cormac will never die the death of old Tiresias, to wit, from drinking cold water! No, no, inasmuch his fond and strong addiction lies in genuine *aqua vitæ*, or the true Drogheda Usquebaugh; so that Cormac will never die from drinking cold water, as he hath "forsworn thin potations," unless, peradventure, he should happen one day or another to be drowned in the Eske or the Liffey, and there can be no doubt then vastly against his choice and determination!"

A shout of universal joy now burst forth: "The King! the King!!" The heavy dragoons came thundering down with an astounding clatter; the trumpets rung a levant, the foot soldiers presented arms; standard, and banner, and pennon, kissed the pavement; while drum, fife, cymbal, French-horn, and trumpet, resounded through the stricken welkin, "God save the King!" The foreign, English, and Scottish nobility, who accompanied the king, were marshalled duly according to their respective rank. And now, amid shouts that rent the air, King James approached. He was mounted on a beautiful long-tailed roan charger, bred in Normandy, which His Majesty right royally and gracefully bestrode; the steed was gorgeously caparisoned; the trappings were of damask gold, bordered and interspersed with the rose, shamrock, thistle, and fleur de lis; and fringed withal with a deep pursell of ermine.

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From the vast crowd, and the extended length of the pageant, and prolonged procession, King James was obliged to rein up his charger, and to halt. It so did happen that this stoppage occurred just at the stage where the two harpers were stationed to greet, with their native harp and song, the entrance of their king into his capital of the island of poesy and song. They performed several loyal and sprightly airs, which seemed to please the monarch well: among others was

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OLD CORMAC'S WELCOME.

All welcome be the royal James, Let all confess his legal claims; While ev'ry loyal heart exclaims, God save the king!^[36]

From war, dissension, anarchy, Kind heav'n protect this kingdom free! United may it ever be! God save the king!

From exile see the monarch bring
The olive round our harp to string!
With transport let each patriot sing,
God save the king!

Then welcome be the royal James, None shall resist his legal claims; While ev'ry honest heart exclaims, God save the king!

During this pause the public curiosity had sufficient time for its indulgence by a full view of the royal person. King James looked extremely well; he possessed a manly and animated countenance, illumined by fine penetrating hazel eyes, his eloquent lips, his stately person; his head was enveloped, according to the fashion of the times, in a deep flowing full-dress peruke, surmounted by a large black beaver triangular cocked hat, deeply edged with white ostrich

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feathers; the peruke descended down freely, even to the richly polished silver corslet^[37] which he wore; his neck was adorned with the ribbons and gems of St. George and St. Andrew; and the star of the garter sparkled in diamonds on his breast. His whole deportment was fraught with that attractive grace and commanding elegance of manner and address which he so fully and peculiarly possessed, and which charmed every beholder.

A number of handsome young women, amounting nearly to the number of fifty, all dressed in white, and with coronals of white roses, now advanced, and preceding the monarch, danced before him the entire way to the gate of Dublin Castle, the Irish dance, called *Rinceadh-Fada*, which delighted the king exceedingly. The same had been performed upon the king's landing at Kinsale, and then too pleased him well, the particulars of which will be found in a succeeding chapter. These young and beautiful nymphs strewed the streets, while they danced along, with *bouquets* of flowers. The supply for this ceremony was contained in small wicker baskets, which they respectively bore, with much appropriate grace, upon their left arm; and, ever and anon, in sylph-like attitude, they wheeled round and made obeisance to the king; while oft, with the grace of Raphael, the right hand was duly employed in scattering flowers, thus manifesting their unbought homage to majesty. "The rich citizens, to testify their joy upon this occasion, hung their balconies with tapestry and cloth of arras; those who were not so provided displayed silk, or hangings of rich cloth; while the poorer kind were content to sew together the coverings of Turkey-work chairs; while others were obliged to arrange draperies of linen cloth." [38]

At the limits of the Liberty His Majesty was met by the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and common council, the masters, wardens, and brethren of the twenty-five corporations of the city. Ulster King at Arms was in dutiful attendance, accompanied by the Dublin Herald at Arms, the Athlone Pursuivant at Arms, and lastly followed the Cork Herald at Arms. The heralds and pursuivants all mounted upon their grey palfreys, and attired in new and splendid tabards, made expressly for the occasion, and which shone forth in all the blaze of heraldic pomp; while they onward proceeded in accordance to their rank and station. Next onward rode an esquire bearing a royal standard, on which were richly embroidered the initials of

"JACOBUS II. REX."[39]

The letters were brilliantly surrounded with a garland composed of the rose of England, the shamrock of Erin, the thistle of Caledon, and the lily of France. Next was borne another standard, on which was emblazoned the armorial bearing of the harp, with the motto,

"EX CORDE LÆTUS,"

and encircled with shamrocks. Next, the standard of England waved in the breeze, on which was embroidered the motto,

"NON SIC MILLE COHORTES." [40]

Various other banners and armorial escutcheons were borne in the procession;—namely, the heraldic bearings of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland. Then came on the state trumpeters, no less gorgeously and characteristically attired than their party *per-pale* cousins at arms, and withal accompanied by the drowsy base of "the Almaine's sullen kettle-drum," which closed the rere of this truly rare and illustrious procession.

So soon as the royal cavalcade had approached the Tholsel, the Recorder of Dublin, Counsellor Dillon, knelt to the king, and presented to him the keys of the city; and loyally and dutifully addressed the king, expressing "the great and unqualified joy of all the loyal citizens of His Majesty's ancient and faithful city of Dublin, to hail their beloved king, and welcome him within their gates; whereby was presented the glorious opportunity of testifying to all the world their untainted loyalty and unshaken affection; and that in defence of their sovereign's throne they were ready and willing to risk, to the uttermost, both their lives and fortunes." [41] The king most graciously and majestically received the keys of the city; and on the instant graciously returned them, while he knighted the Recorder on the spot; saying, with the greatest courtesy and kindness, "I return them to you, Sir Recorder, fully convinced that the keys of my most faithful city of Dublin could not be placed in the custody of honester hearts, or more loyal hands, than those who guard them now." And having thus said, he gracefully bowed, and courteously waved his hand.

This interesting ceremony and speech having been concluded, the king continued his route to the castle of Dublin, followed by a number of the state-carriages of the nobility, each drawn by six horses; various other vehicles attended—calashes, covered carriages, &c.; these were followed by squadrons of French dragoons. Major Barker, of the Royal Guards, next came onward, clearing the centre of the street, and ordering the troops again to "present arms." Then approached the Grand Prior, (the Duke of Albemarle,) in a coach drawn by six beautiful horses. Next approached several officers of the Guards, mounted on high-mettled chargers, and followed by grooms, each of them adroitly conducting a led horse. Then came on several officers of the army, attended by five trumpets and as many kettle-drums, all arrayed in new state-dresses. Next advanced twenty of the band of gentlemen at large, who were on horseback; they were followed by the messengers, Sergeants at Arms, bearing the maces of the Lords and Commons. Then came on the pursuivants, heralds, and King at Arms.

And now the Duke of Tyrconnel presented himself, mounted on a noble milk-white charger, and martially arrayed in steel armour, highly wrought and polished; the star of the garter glittered on

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his manly breast; and the magnificent collar, with its splendid and appendant gem, swung from the graceful shoulders of the valiant duke. The Marquis d'Estrades and Lord Drummond were on the right hand of the Duke; the Earl of Melfort and Lord Seaforth supported the left. Then succeeded many troops of dragoons, a numerous list of nobles and gentry, with numerous servants and attendants; a large assemblage of state-carriages of peers, drawn by six horses, some with four, and others with only a pair. Thus was the rear of this princely cavalcade brought up. And the procession was last of all closed by an immense assemblage who rent the air with loud and continued shouts and acclamations of joy.

"In this stately progress King James reached the capital, and made his triumphant entry, followed by a splendid train of French, British, and Irish; and attended by the Count d'Avaux in the character of ambassador of France."^[42]

Meanwhile all the bands of the different regiments joined in playing the then well known air of

"The king shall enjoy his own again!"

When this warlike symphony had ceased the populace with one accord huzzaed, and shouted "God save the King!" They hailed and warmly congratulated His Majesty's arrival at his Castle of Dublin, where, having alighted from his horse, he was met at the portal by the host, which was overshadowed by a gonfalon, or canopy of state, borne by four Roman bishops, and accompanied by a numerous train of friars singing, and attended by other clergy of the same persuasion, along with the titular primate at their head, who wore a triple crown, or tiára. The king was conducted by them into the chapel-royal, which had been built by the Duke of Tyrconnel, where *Te Deum* was chanted upon the welcome and happy arrival of His Majesty.

These ceremonies being concluded, His Majesty subsequently retired to the new apartments, which had been recently built and decorated by Tyrconnel, where the king dined.

It having been intimated to the king that upon the following day the triennial perambulation of the liberties and franchises of the city of Dublin was to take place; and His Majesty having been humbly solicited to witness the same, most graciously gave his consent. The riding of the franchises, or "riding the fringes," as popularly called, was in fact a most brilliant and truly imposing public spectacle, not to be equalled, and quite surpassing, every other pageant then or since known in Europe.

CHAPTER XII.

Prætexta, et trabeæ, fasces, lectica, tribunal. Quid, si vidisset Prætorem curribus altis Enstantem, et medio sublimem in pulvere circi In tunica Jovis, et pictæ sarrana ferentem Ex humeris aulæa togæ, magnæque coronæ Tantum orbem, quanto cervix non sufficit ulla?

Juvenal, Sat. x.
----Fasces, chains, litters, purple gowns.
What! had he seen, in his triumphal car,
Amid the dusty cirque conspicuous far,
The prætor perched aloft, superbly drest
In Jove's proud tunic, with a trailing vest
Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread
A crown too bulky for a mortal head?

Gifford's Juvenal.

Peradventure, kind reader, thou art no lover of history or chronicles, no admirer of antiquarian research, and art withal (forefend us!) in thine heart a determined foe to every matter and circumstance pertaining to the "dark, backward, and abysm of time." If such, gentle reader, be the materials of which thou art made, pause fair and softly, if it so beseemeth thee, ere thou venturest again to open this volume, from perusal of which, in sober seriousness, we would make bold to dissuade thee, courteous reader! lest perchance the discussion might "hurt thy health, and prejudice thy conscience," as the sage Sancho Panza hath said of yore.

The day appointed for the display of the grand and solemn pageant of the perambulation of the liberties and franchises of the city of Dublin had arrived. This event only occurred every third year; and upon this august occasion was to be witnessed by the royal eye of the princely James. The arrangement of the procession and of its various details presented the most grand and magnificent spectacle ever witnessed in the Irish metropolis. It was a custom so singular, so unlike any procession or pageant known in any other realm, that when it did occur the nobility and gentry from every near and foreign land crowded to Dublin to behold the splendid array of this unique and magnificent spectacle. Upon this triennial occurrence the interest was most highly increased, and the stately pomp and splendour of the pageant aided and augmented by the cheering presence of the sovereign.

The grand cavalcade in slow and solemn measure advanced, preceded by a noble troop of heavy dragoons;—we mention heavy dragoons distinctly to mark to the reader's attention the distant

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period of time of which we here speak; for at that period light dragoons were unknown in the British service. The enlivening trumpets rent the air; meanwhile the military bands played at intervals loyal and national airs; banners waving on high, and the various flags and ensigns attached to the numerous vessels in the river, all undulating in the breeze; while around and upon every side the genius of ancient chivalry seemed to preside and conduct the procession. Sir John Ottrington, Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin, came in great pomp, pride, and circumstance of civic distinction, in his magnificent state coach; his dignified head was arrayed in a full flowing peruke, upon which much care and caution had been studiously expended for its adornation; and that day witnessed good-man shaver, Bob Basin to wit, the city barber, a proud and happy man, who seemed all-sufficient to enjoy the triumph of the day, in which, as he modestly conceived, he had done "the State some service, and they knew it." This most formidable bushy specimen of a peruke was cumberously surmounted by the bulky civic crown, which was in sooth unwieldy and most unbecoming in its conformation and appearance; indeed not dissimilar to that worn by the Herald King at Arms upon the high ceremonial of a coronation. The Lord Mayor was attired in full court dress, over which was worn a flowing scarlet gown, and around his neck was suspended the splendid gold enamelled collar which had been most graciously presented to the city of Dublin by Charles the Second, of chaste and pious memory! It must not forsooth be disguised that the costume was as cumbersome as it was unbecoming; yet still the ladies all unanimously agreed in the opinion that Sir John Ottrington was "a very pretty fellow in his day;" a most portly personage he was, who would have become any costume, civil or military, nay, even the hodiern foppery of an English Field-Marshal—tags, bobs, cordons, trappings, ribands, feathers, and so forth. However, had any modern taken a glance at a similar figure, he must assuredly have been incontinently reminded of his facetious old acquaintance, Lord Grizel, in the inimitable and humorous burletta of O'Hara's Tom Thumb!

All the *accessoirés* of city regalia were duly and circumspectly displayed at this truly splendid pageant. The ponderous city mace was regilt and richly burnished, which shone conspicuous and refulgent from the sinister window of the civic coach; while from the dexter side gently undulated, *in transitu*, the mayoral wand, like the caduceus of Mercury, imposing peace and silence on the dense and congregated multitude.

The sword of state was carried in the van, while the silver baton was borne by a corporate officer in the rere, attended by the city battle-axe guards, who followed the state coach two by two, while others of the guard flanked it, and the remaining number closed the procession. It is but just to say, that all the civic regalia, in due pomp, and circumstance, and order, were displayed conformable to the ancient, laudable, and loyal usages of this most enlightened corporation.

The persons who personified the civic battle-axe guards were grenadiers hired for the occasion expressly, and duly selected from the ranks. The costume of these worthies, although varying in colour, yet resembled in shape and fashion that of the royal Buffetteers, (in popular parlance called beef eaters, from their portly appearance, no doubt;)^[45] the bonnets were formed of green velvet, with a rich gold foliage of shamrocks, which surrounded them. The exterior habiliments were of rich green cloth, laced, and richly embroidered with national devices; and upon the breast of each were duly embroidered the city arms, namely, three castles in flames, and the motto, "obedientia civium, felicitas urbis." The hose were of red worsted, with large open clokes; the shoes short quartered and high heeled, with the appanage of small brass buckles. The partisans which they bore were similar to those of the royal battle-axe guards. As the procession slowly proceeded onward, the populace accommodated them-selves with great attention and most discreet silence, being right marvelously amazed at such unusual pomp and splendour.

Next in the proud pageant came the High Sheriffs, each in his own splendid state chariot, with a crowd of lackeys in rich liveries behind. These worthies, Sir Mark Rainsford and Sir Edward Lloyd, not forgetting the Lord Mayor, did not escape the ceremonial of being knighted by King James. The Aldermen followed in their respective carriages. They were succeeded in the procession by the several guilds or corporations of the city, amounting in the aggregate to the number of twenty-five; at the unprecedented splendour of whose appearance the populace were verily struck with downright delight and astonishment.

The particular detail and explanation of each guild, as it advanced, halted, and retreated in the proud pageant, was explained most minutely by the Duke of Tyrconnel to his gracious and royal master. His Grace certainly acquitted himself with most sage, cautious, and circumspect discretion, but attended withal with sundry and various circumforaneous explanations; all which long ambages and diffuse prolixities purposely to avoid, we have cut down and curtailed the whole, which would otherwise not be contained in a chapter, but require an essay to give the entire. We have therefore abridged the particulars, and thrown the whole into as brief a narrative as the subject would admit of, premising that the splendid and imposing spectacle was beheld from the windows of the presence-chamber of Dublin Castle by the royal James, surrounded by all the beauty of the land, and encompassed by all the flower of chivalry.

The magnificence of the pageant of riding the franchises (or fringes, as corruptly called in popular parlance) was considerably increased in pomp and effect from the introduction of different individuals of the different corporations, who were attired in habits emblematical and illustrative of the different trades of the different guilds. The characters were generally borrowed from the heathen mythology, and were strictly and classically arrayed in proper pantheon costume.

We must observe in a general way, that the five-and-twenty guilds, or corporations of the city,

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formed an unrivalled pageant, the most singular and remarkable in Europe; it would occupy too much time to enter into a minute detail—however, a few we shall briefly notice.

Neptune, surrounded by his attendant tritons, dolphins, &c., sat proudly enthroned in a triumphal car. He was the presiding deity of the guild of merchants. The marine deity was followed by their corporate friend Mercury, bearing all his attributes, and stately standing in an elevated illuminated caravan, representing the clouds.

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The tree of knowledge, adorned with the forbidden fruit, the serpent encompassing the bole of the tree, and supported on each side by our first parents, duly preceded the corporation of Tailors. Adam and Eve were clad in flesh-coloured garments, fitting close to the person; and, sooth to say, the fig-leaf was not forgotten by the grateful corporation!

But we must needs be brief in this general outline:—

Vulcan presided over the corporation of Smiths. He was stationed on a superb car, with his attending Cyclops, who were intently working on a mounted forge; a lovely Venus graced his side; and as the arrows came formed from the anvil, they were handed to Cupid.

Saturn, with his attributes, his scythe and serpent, and attended by Esculapius, presiding over the guild of Barbers and Surgeons, followed in a splendid car.

Ceres, seated in a triumphal chariot, drawn by four oxen, presided over the corporation of Bakers. In a caravan which followed was placed an oven, which was briskly at work; whence cakes were made, and distributed to the populace.

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The guild of Carpenters were preceded by a most magnificent caravan, adorned with the various orders of architecture; in the centre of which was placed a representation of Mount Ararat, on which reposed a model of Noah's ark; thereby the corporation slyly intimating that their handicraft was as old as the deluge!

Crispin and Crispianus, the two tutelar saints of the corporation of Shoemakers, duly personated, and attired in strict saintly costume, preceded the worthy guild.

Bacchus, "ever fair and young," crowned with his own ivy, bearing the Thyrsus wand in his right, and a golden goblet in his left hand, duly enthroned on a wine-cask, and mounted on a triumphal car, decorated with festoons of grapes and vine-leaves, presided over the guild of Cooks and Vintners.

Jason supporting the golden fleece, (with the ship Argo in the back ground of his splendid car, blazing in burnished gold,) presided over the guild of Weavers.

Iris, enveloped in her own rainbow, and borne in a car, adorned with transparent clouds, presided over the Sheermen and Dyers.

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We shall only notice one guild more—the corporation of Printers, to whom we, in common with every Briton, owe such a debt of gratitude. A free press has always been acknowledged, and we trust ever may continue, the *palladium* of British liberty!

This guild, forming a magnificent and extended cavalcade, made a grand and interesting display; their ancient banners and standards borne in the van were tri-coloured, crimson, light-yellow, and blue. The first banner bore the legend, or motto, "Rex et Lex;" upon the second, "Pro rege sæpe, Pro Patria semper," upon the last banner was splendidly emblazoned the words, "Liberty of the Press!"

A statue of Minerva, placed on a high pedestal, and mounted in a triumphal car, headed the procession. A bomb-cart followed, heavily laden, containing ammunition and stores; that is to say, not gunpowder, chain-balls, and grape-shot, but more peaceful pastime, *videlicet*: cold meat, pasties, pies, confectionary, wines, &c. Next advanced four fine palfreys, covered with richly embroidered field-clothes, each led by a groom in splendid livery. Then came on a brother of the corporation, who personated Vulcan; he was arrayed in a noble suit of armour, which had belonged to king Charles the First; it was the gift of the late Colonel Joshua Paul, a free-brother of the guild, to the corporation. Vulcan rode on horseback, the housings, trappings, and horsefurniture, were decorated with appropriate emblems; he bore an immense sledge-hammer of richly polished steel, the handle curiously ornamented with fanciful Arabesque ornaments, inlaid in gold and silver.

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carriage was exhibited a handsome printing-press, with two pressmen and a compositor at work.

A hackney author was occupied in writing for and correcting the press. A printer's devil was

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busily at work; and a painter engaged at his eazle, all in meet and proper costume. The printing-press was richly and appropriately ornamented: in the front stood a figure of Mercury holding a poem, copies of which were struck off, and distributed among the spectators; it was in praise of the noble art of printing, in which honourable mention was made of the founders and benefactors of this glorious invention. Nor were the following distinguished worthies forgotten:—Wynkin de Worde, Caxton, Pynson, Kerver, Simon Vostre, Theodore Martin, Jean Petit, Plantin, the two

Next in succession advanced a triumphal car, or caravan, drawn by six beautiful black steeds, covered with handsome nets, the coachman and postillion in rich splendid liveries. Within the

Elzivers, &c. The printer's devil published impressions of the poem among the congregated multitude.

The masters and wardens of the guild, splendidly arrayed in appropriate costume, attended by kettle-drums mounted on horseback, the performers dressed in Turkish habits, and attended by grooms in Tartar habits, who led the horses, that were most splendidly caparisoned, next came on. They were followed by persons on foot bearing long silver maces; at intervals they obtained copies from the press of verses laudatory of King James, which were distributed among the people. Four copies were struck off on white satin, and sent into the castle to be presented to King James; the verses were by Waller and Lord Lansdowne; at receiving of which King James seemed most highly gratified. They were as follows:—

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"Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young; At sea successful, vigorous, and strong; His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind, Esteem and rev'rence thro' the world do find." [46]

"Tho' trained in arms, and learned in martial arts, Thou choosest not to conquer men but hearts; Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait, But thou prefer'st the name of just to great." [47]

Having perused these lines, King James most sweetly smiled, and with his accustomed gracious condescension, gracefully approached the centre window of the presence-chamber; he condescendingly looked down, and most courteously bowed to the corporation of Printers, his face illumined with a smile peculiar to himself, and in a most king-like attitude he gracefully waved his hand. Then addressing the Duke of Tyrconnel, who, with the other nobles of the household, surrounded His Majesty, the king was pleased to say, "I perceive your Grace's countrymen are *tam Marti, quam Mercurio*—they are courteous as they are brave." The Duke lowly and respectfully bowed his acquiescence to the observation.

The proud pageant having closed, all the troops assembled presented arms, lowered their banners; while drum, trumpet, and kettle-drum struck up the anthem of "God save the King!"

The Duke of Tyrconnel fully explained to the king the name, description, and detail of each guild as it made its entrance and exit. The duke had taken some pains to prepare himself to be the royal *Cicerone* of the day; and, in sooth, as King James remarked to him, like my Lord Hamlet, he was "as good as a chorus."

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The number of saddle, led, and draft-horses, produced in this splendid pageant were the best bred and most beautiful horses in the kingdom, being selected, by the courtesy and permission of the noble proprietors, from the most valuable studs the country then could boast of. The richness of the horse furniture, housings, trappings, harness, &c., quite surpasses description. Never were present upon any former occasion so many foreigners of distinction; and exclusive of those immediately attendant upon the king, the nobility and gentry crowded to Dublin, as did the noblesse of foreign realms, to witness, whenever it occurred, this magnificent spectacle, which could not be equalled in any other part of Europe.

King James was quite enraptured at the brilliant display, and addressing the Duke of Tyrconnel, said:—"Albeit I have sojourned for a length of time at my court of St. Germains, and have, in sooth, resided in the country of pomp, spectacle, and pageantry, yet assuredly never have I there witnessed such a scene of splendour as I have beheld this day, either at Versailles or at Paris!—It has given me great satisfaction truly, and I must observe that I consider that the taste, pomp, and splendour of the pageant of to-day has rarely, if ever, been surpassed."

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At night-fall the waits were in attendance at the upper castle-gate to serenade the royal James. As the usage has become obsolete, it is necessary to acquaint the reader that WAITS were a band of itinerant nocturnal musicians, who perambulated the streets, singing, and playing on different instruments, at different houses, where they addressed the master or mistress of the mansion; and at Christmas-tide they were usually most alert in their avocation, when they were tolerably sure of an *honorarium*. The Irish waits resembled the *musiqué ambulanté* of France. In England waits are very ancient. It is now about thirty-eight or forty years since this custom has wholly ceased in the city of Dublin. The Irish waits were always attended by a man who bore a long pole, from which was suspended a spherical illuminated lantern, which they called their moon; with Falstaff they might indeed say, "Let us be gentlemen of the shade—minions of the moon!" They sung and accompanied the following verses to the air of "God save the King!"

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O welcome be our noble king! Resound the harp, each dulcet string, While every loyal chord shall ring, And every loyal tongue shall sing, With filial burst, God save the king!

Oh, ever on his natal day Our grateful homage we shall pay; And bless the fav'ring breeze whose wing Wafted our great and generous king!

After this long digression we shall resume our story in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

----Hark! from camp to camp
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful
neighings,
Piercing the night's dull ear.

KING HENRY V.

King James, almost immediately after his arrival in his capital of Dublin, assembled and met the Irish parliament. His Majesty proceeded in great state to the House of Peers to open the session, where, arrayed in his royal robes, and adorned with his crown, [48] he met the assembled lords and commons of Ireland. He made a most truly dignified and impressive speech [49] from the throne, with all that native grace and dignity with which indeed King James was peculiarly gifted; and he adopted his royal residence, while he sojourned in his Irish capital, at the Castle of Dublin, from whence His Majesty issued various proclamations.

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The morning which succeeded the said meeting of parliament, at an early hour, the Duke of Tyrconnel received an express, which stated, that [50] "the Prince of Orange had landed at Carrickfergus, from the Mary yacht, attended by Prince George of Denmark, the Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Devonshire, Oxford, Scarborough, and Manchester, the Honourable Mr. Boyle, and many other persons of distinction. He tarried," it was added to the report, "only about half an hour after his landing, and then set off in Duke Schomberg's carriage for Belfast."

When this was told to King James, his only reply was, in allusion to Prince George: "What! has little 'est-il possible' deserted me at last!" [51]

The plain, but extraordinary fact now came forth, that the Prince of Orange had been actually six days in Ireland before any intimation or express to that effect had arrived thereby to acquaint King James of the event.

The Prince of Orange having driven King James from England, Ireland was now fated to become the scene of civil war, which, as will appear, was conducted with considerable talent on both sides. And very soon a battle was to be fought between two contending sovereigns, and the glorious prize depending upon the eventful issue of the mighty contest was no less than the triple crown of three powerful kingdoms!

At this period England was most critically circumstanced: defeat at home was succeeded by victory of the enemy abroad. The defeat of the fleet of Torrington off the shores of England, was the harbinger of the defeat of the Dutch in the great battle of Fleurus. The reins of government were guided by a woman, whose councils were distracted by two implacable factions. Invasion was impending; rebellion existed in one of the three kingdoms, and was expected in the other two; the king was absent; the army abroad in other countries; and an exiled master returning home, armed with power and vengeance. These combined causes shook the British empire to its centre.

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Numerous indeed were the difficulties and obstructions with which the Prince of Orange had to contend; and various the plots, intrigues, and conspiracies, that he had to overcome, which rendered the commencement of his reign (when styled William III.) so very tempestuous, that more than once he had resolved^[52] "to abandon his throne, and retire into Holland, and for ever to relinquish the sovereignty of England; distracted, as he found it, with political and religious contentions, and convulsed by party and faction."

However, he hesitated before he carried this measure into execution. He issued a proclamation previous to his departure from England, promising to the Irish who should lay down their arms and return to their homes, that they should not be molested in their persons or injured in their properties; and this he promulgated to some Irish lords, who were at that time in London, at the very moment that Duke Schomberg was departing for Ireland. The discourse which King William gave at a council held was to this effect:^[53] "He declared to them, that he had resolved, with the assistance of God, to reduce Ireland to the obedience of England, and not to stop at any measure that was necessary for its accomplishment; but that he loved not the effusion of blood—no, not even of his most implacable enemy; and that he had resolved, so far as human prudence permitted, to extend his pardon and his clemency to all those who were in arms against him, except the Duke of Tyrconnel, the Lord Chancellor Fitton," and about twelve peers more, who were enumerated in this proclamation, and were thereby excluded from the royal mercy; and in this exception some generals and field officers were included.

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Intrusting the government of England to his royal consort Queen Mary, the daughter of King James II., he proceeded immediately to Ireland, there in person to pursue the war with vigour; and very shortly landed, as has been already told, at Carrickfergus, where he was expected with impatience, and was met by his army, which in number amounted to forty thousand men, not only well appointed and provided with necessaries, but also well disciplined. They were attended by a commissariat corps, and a train of sixty large cannon, which completed the military force of

William. The army consisted of English, Dutch, and Brandenburghers, who received their illustrious leader with shouts and transports of joy. Upon the landing of King William he was received by the Duke of Schomberg, the Count Menard Schomberg (son to the duke), by the Prince of Wirtemberg, Count Solms, Major-General Scravenmore, Lord Sidney, Sir David Bruce, and Sir John Lanier, &c. &c.

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As soon as King James had positive intelligence of the arrival of the Prince of Orange, (who, strange to say, had been, as we before noticed, six days in Ireland without King James having been made acquainted with the event,) he then instantly commenced his march; and committing the guard of Dublin to Colonel Luttrel, who afterwards betrayed him, [54] and who then commanded a body of militia, His Majesty set onward in his march, attended by an army consisting of about six thousand foot, old experienced soldiers of the army of Louis XIV., the same which had lately accompanied him from France. These were destined to form a junction with the chief body of his troops, who were then stationed on the banks of the Boyne. These, when they should be united, although considerable, yet, in point of numbers, were still inferior to the army of the Prince of Orange.

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Several months previous to the arrival of King James, Duke Schomberg had landed at Carrickfergus Bay, at the head of twelve thousand men; and without any opposition, assisted by six ships of war, he took possession of the town. Upon his advance into the country the position of the hostile armies were thus constituted:-Schomberg then occupied Dundalk, which he was forced to fortify; while Marshal Rosen threatened his right flank. King James had lost previous to his arrival, by the defeat of his forces, the fort and garrison of Charlemont, along with a large store of ammunition, seventeen pieces of brass cannon, &c.; and want of provisions caused the surrender of this important fortress. The troops of Marshal Rosen then found it necessary to march to the banks of the Shannon, until they should ascertain how matters went on at sea. For Louis XIV. had sent them assurances that he would not only fit out a great fleet, but that as soon as the squadron which coasted in the Irish seas to guard the transport fleet, and to secure the Prince of Orange's passage over, should sail into the channel to join the grand fleet of England, he would then send into the Irish seas a fleet of small frigates and privateers, to destroy the transports of the Prince of Orange. [55] This indeed would have proved fatal if it had taken effect; and the execution of the scheme seemed easy, if not certain. It would have shut up the Prince of Orange in Ireland until a new transport fleet could have been brought thither, which would have taken some months to complete; so that England, in the mean time, might have been lost before, by any possibility, he could have repassed the seas with his army.

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There can be no doubt whatever that the destruction of the transports of the Prince of Orange must also have caused the ruin of his army; for the stores both of bread and ammunition were still on board, from whence he was to draw his supplies. Conscious of this, he made his fleet sail slowly along the eastern coast towards the capital, spread out in sight of his army as it advanced in its march, to elevate the spirits of his soldiers by the grandeur of the spectacle, and to inspire them with confidence by the idea of security which it presented."[56] Upon all that coast there was not a safe port to cover and secure the fleets and transports of the Prince of Orange; and it was this induced the staff and officers of King James to oppose the measure of bringing the war to a speedy termination. Meanwhile King James's army was stationed on the banks of the Boyne, to defend the capital. King James had now arrived at the head quarters of his army; and with the reinforcements which he brought along with him, as well as by his royal presence, gave hope and confidence to his army. But there was an oversight in King James when an opportunity was presented of totally defeating Schomberg, which, by remissness or want of determination, he wholly lost. Schomberg, upon the arrival of King James, was in the occupation of Dundalk, which he was forced to fortify. Marshal Rosen threatened his right flank at the same time that King James, with thirty thousand men, was stationed on the banks of the Boyne, at Drogheda. It hence appears that King James had thus Schomberg shut up there in a cul de sac, all retreat being cut off;^[57] Schomberg's army pining and diminishing by sickness, and enclosed in retrenchments; while King James, with a far superior army, stood in front. But strange to say, he permitted Schomberg to escape, and make good his retreat unmolested by any pursuit.

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However, this inaction of King James arose, it would appear, from his positive determination to remain where he was encamped, and defend the Boyne, which he considered to be the key that mastered the pass to the capital. "We must," said the king, addressing himself to his council of war, and principally to Tyrconnel, "couté qui couté defend the Boyne. Not to do this is to abandon Dublin; and by so doing we should lose our reputation, so that the people would desert us, and capitulate; and all our friends in England would be also dispirited; therefore I am fully resolved to have one fair and, I trust, decisive battle for my crown." [58]

Lieutenant-General Hamilton advised King James at this council, "to send a detachment of dragoons to defend the ford of Slane, which was below the town of Drogheda, (which the English either knew not of, or did not regard of importance,) and to despatch eight regiments to defend the bridge of Slane."

But King James coldly said in reply: "I shall send fifty dragoons to protect the ford." [59]

This reply put Hamilton into the utmost amazement, considering the importance of the place to be defended. But he remained silent.

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In many respects the determination of King James to maintain the post he occupied, which

certainly was well chosen, was as correct as his resolve was judicious; where encamped,

"His white pavilions made a show, Like remnants of the winter's snow, Along Donore's dark ridge."

"Stationed upon the commanding hill of Donore, which looked down upon the Boyne, his right approach was upon Drogheda, which he occupied, his front facing the Boyne, fordable, but still deep, and rising every tide, with strong banks, which, intersected by mounds of earth, and divided by hedges and ditches; hence his army presented a front of about three miles, extending towards the Slane, where he negligently failed to occupy a bridge, which had been advised by General Hamilton. The river Boyne forms towards the centre of where James was stationed a considerable projecting curve, and another in reverse higher up toward Slane." [60] This, as will be seen in a subsequent chapter, was of the utmost importance to the two contending princes. We must add, that the localities of the station added to the security of King James; for had his opponent succeeded in crossing the Boyne at this point, there was still a morass also to be passed, and then succeeded by the barrier of a rising ground.

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Thus advantageously was encamped upon the 30th of June the army of King James.—He had thrown up some breast-works upon the banks of the fords which lay between the two camps; and he now gave orders that "if his troops were driven from these on the morrow, then to retire to the line of houses; if from the houses, to the hedges; if from the hedges, to the range of small hills; and if driven from these, to occupy the heights of Donore: and if they could not then make that station good, they were to retreat to Duleek, and stop further pursuit by defending the pass."

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Throughout the whole of this eventful day, the precursor of the ever memorable first of July, salutation from the cannon's mouth had been interchanged between each contending army, and not without leaving numerous ostensible marks of slaughter in the camps of the two contending princes. But towards the close of day the thundering roar of cannon ceased at once on both sides; while in the rival camps of royal James and William was only then to be heard the "dreadful note of preparation" for the battle on the morrow.

King James having caused his army to pass him in single files, surrounded by his nobles, generals, and staff, he thus addressed his army:—

"Soldiers, and comrades of my toil! to-morrow I purpose putting an end to all our hardships and privations by terminating the war; by boldly encountering those squadrons who are now yonder encamped, and whose standards, waving on the banks of the Boyne below, seem to invite us to the battle. We shall not disappoint them! nor, brave men, shall you be disappointed! They shall indeed feel what loyal men, determined in a just cause, can do and dare for their lawful sovereign. And God protect those who fight under the banner of justice; -who fight for their lawful king, and for all that is dear to men! As for myself I have been bred in the ranks of war, (if your king may for once be permitted to speak of what he has performed;) educated alike in the school of hardship as of war. I have fought in different realms—in Spain, in France, and Holland, I have fought and conquered with the brave Turenne, for whom I have ever felt the tenderness of a son. I have fought by land and by sea, and with those same Dutch that now invade us; aye, and beat them too we have to boot! at the mouth of their Texel—upon their own shores, I did it! But to-morrow we shall meet them again, and their vaunting leader, in the battle-field; when and where, I trust, under the auspices of heaven, that again and once more I shall rout them, and that too upon my loyal shores of Ireland! For strongly I feel that the blood of the noble Edwards and the Henrys still pulsates in these veins; and that the valiant blood of the fourth Henry of France, my glorious grandfather, still survives, and animates his descended son. Soldiers! he too, like myself, met with ingratitude—with disloyalty! he, like me, was driven from his throne! But he had a Sully; and I can boast that I have a Tyrconnel! His loyal troops of Navarre restored him to his throne; and on to-morrow, with the benison of God, I shall witness my restoration to the ancient throne of the Stuarts, by my brave-my loyal Irish, and the gallant swords of my noble Frenchmen that now encircle me; and who, to a man, are fully determined to conquer or to die for me; and in that fate shall your king fully participate with you all—to vanquish or to perish!"

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Here shouts of "Vive le Roy," and of "God save King James," from the French, English, and Irish troops of the king, rent the air with loud and tumultuous huzzas; which bursting over the heights of Donore, were re-echoed by the waters of the Boyne below, and wafted to the camp of the Prince of Orange.

Meanwhile, in the camp of King James, the Duke of Tyrconnel was every where to be seen galloping from post to *piquét*. He ordered each soldier to wear in his cap a small cockade of white paper upon the ensuing day of battle, that in the heat of the engagement they might thence distinguish each other from their foes.^[61]

"The watch-word of to-night," said the duke, as he rode along the camp, addressing himself to the officers, "be '*Eblana*;' and our gallant war-cry on the morrow let it be—'James and Victory!'"

Here the whole army rent the air with shouts of applause; while Tyrconnel retired to his tent, impatiently awaiting the dawn of day.

From the moment of the arrival of the Prince of Orange in Ireland he had taken every pains, and had used every art, to inspire his army with confidence, and to ingratiate himself in their favour and love.^[62] All the arts of a general and of a man of sense he put in practice to draw the

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attention of his soldiers from the misfortunes of the last year in Ireland, and from the danger of the present. The day upon which all his troops from different quarters met and united with him: he then ordered the whole army to pass him, and thus threw a march into a review. Instead of keeping one station, he rode in among the regiments so soon as they appeared, to encourage the soldiers, and to satisfy himself of the state of every regiment. An order having been brought him to affix his signature for wine for his table, the prince said aloud:—"No, I will drink water with my soldiers!" He slept every night in camp, and was throughout the day on horseback; he flew from place to place to survey the army, or the country, intrusting nothing to others. While at one time he brought up the rere with an anxiety which fully engaged the affections of the soldiers; at another with a spirit which inflamed them, he was the foremost in advanced parties if danger seemed to threaten, or that the object to be known was of importance. [63]

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But it is now full time that we should attend in the camp of the Prince of Orange, and take a cursory view of some of the principal events of the remarkable 30th day of June, and notice his force, the occurrences of this day, and his preparations for the approaching battle.

At break of day the Prince of Orange, upon the 30th of June, being informed that the army of King James had repassed the Boyne, ordered his whole army to move forward at that early hour, in three lines, towards the river, which was distant from them about three miles. The advanced guards of horse commanded by Sir John Lanier; the Brandenburghers by Colonel Sir David Bruce. They moved onward in very good order, and by nine o'clock were within two miles of Drogheda. The Prince of Orange, who marched in front of them, observing that there was a hill to the east of the enemy, and to the north from the town, he rode instantly thither to inspect their camp, which he found to be stationed along the river in two parallel lines.^[64]

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Here different observations were made as to the force and numbers of the enemy by Prince George of Denmark, the Dukes of Schomberg and Ormond, and other generals. Amongst them General Scravenmore appeared to despise their numbers, observing, at the same time, that they were but a handful of men, for he could not reckon above forty-six battalions that were then encamped.

But both the Prince of Orange and Prince George replied, that they might have a great many men in the town; and that there was also a hill to the south-east, beyond which part of their army might be encamped.

"However," rejoined the Prince of Orange, "we shall soon be better acquainted with their numbers— $\,$

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'If fight King James, as well I trust That fight he will, and fight he must.'"

The Prince of Orange now proceeded in person to visit every outpost, every videt, every guard, and every *piquét*. He marked out his encampment, and fathomed the Boyne in order to ascertain where it was fordable for his army to pass, which he firmly resolved to do upon the following morning. While the prince was thus occupied, and advancing to take a nearer view of the situation of his enemy, and while the army was marching, he alighted from his horse, and sat down upon a rising ground, where he refreshed himself for about an hour. During which time a party of about forty horse of King James came on; but advancing very slowly, they made a halt upon a ploughed field opposite to the Prince of Orange. They brought with them in the rere two field-pieces, which, undiscovered, they planted at the angle of a hedge, which screened the cannon. The prince was no sooner remounted than the party instantly fired at him, and with the first shot killed a man and two horses very near to the prince. This bullet was presently succeeded by another, which having first grazed upon the bank of the river, then upon rebounding struck the Prince of Orange in the right shoulder, tore away a piece of his coat, and stripped off the skin; afterwards in the recoil it broke the handle of a gentleman's pistol.

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Lord Conningsby seeing what had happened, rode up hastily, and putting his handkerchief to the prince's shoulder, staunched the wound. The prince remounted his charger, and observed to Lord Conningsby, "*Il ne faloit pas que le coup fût plus pres*." There was no necessity that [65] the bullet should have come nearer!

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This accident having occasioned some disorder among the attendants of the Prince of Orange, caused the enemy to conclude that he was killed; who thereupon set up a great shout, and the report of his death reached Dublin, and even Paris. However, having his wound dressed, the prince remounted his horse, and showed himself to his whole army, to dissipate their apprehensions. He continued on horseback until four o'clock, dined in the open field, and then mounted his favourite Sorrel again, (for so was the royal charger called,) although he had been abroad from one in the morning. About the hour of nine at night he called a council of war, and declared his determination to pass the river Boyne upon the next day. Which resolve Duke Schomberg at first opposed; but finding the king positive, he advised that part of the army, horse and foot, should be sent that night towards the bridge of Slane, in order there to pass the Boyne, and so advance between the enemy and the pass at Duleek. This advice, which if followed would perhaps have ended the war in one campaign, seemed at first to be relished; but it was afterwards opposed by General de Ginckle, and the other Dutch general officers. Duke Schomberg retired to his tent, where not long after the order of battle was brought him, which he received with discontent and indifference, observing, that this was the first that ever was sent to him. The opinion of Schomberg was right; not to occupy the important pass of Slane was

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certainly a strange omission in the tactics of the two contending princes.

The Prince of Orange ordered that every soldier should be provided with a sufficient stock of ammunition, and all the army to be ready to march at break of day. And every man was to wear a green bough, or sprig, pulled from the adjoining wood which overhung the ford, that they might ascertain friends from foes during the fury of the fight. His Highness, attended by torch-light, rode at the twelfth hour at night through his camp, making his observations, and ascertaining that all was in readiness for the important day that was now about to arrive. He gave orders to his equery "to saddle blithe *Sorrel* for the field to-morrow!"

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The watch-word of the prince that night was "Westminster." And as he was retiring to his tent he said to the Prince of Denmark, "Our watch-word to-night is 'Westminster,' let our war-cry to-morrow be—'Nassau and Freedom!"

Having thus said, he saluted Prince George, and retired to repose.

END OF VOL. I.

Footnotes

- [1] Ballad, by Sir Walter Scott.
- [2] For the benefit of our fair readers, we venture to translate the Latin chorus to the Dirge; it means, "We have been, and are not!"
- [3] "The stupendous rock of Ailsa rises almost perpendicularly to the height of 940 feet. The circumference of this singular rock at its base is about two miles; its shape is somewhat conical, and it is on all sides extremely precipitous. The only landing-place is on the north-east, where there is a small beach, formed by fragments which have fallen from the neighbouring rocks. The cliffs of Ailsa are in several places distinctly columnar; and the whole isle appears to be composed of rocks belonging to the newest Flœtz formation, the individual members of which resemble those that occur in the island of Arran. This rock is inhabited by immense flocks of birds, particularly gannets, or Solan geese; and is rented from the Earl of Cassilis at £33 a year."—Description of Ayrshire.
- [4] The Hebrides.
- [5] This, by the way, seems too like a bold anachronism of the Reverend Gentleman's, but it has been correctly transcribed from the M'Kenzie MSS. at least *omnia quæ extant*. However, for our own part we must say, that we are strongly inclined to acquit the Reverend Gentleman and scholar upon this score, inasmuch as he has high authority to plead in self-defence the Bard of Mantua having thought proper to make Æneas and Dido cotemporaries; and yet the former flourished ONLY two hundred years before the building of Carthage! with which anachronism to compare the Doctor's little historical lapse, were indeed merely to match
- "A mole-hill with Olympus!"
- [6] Since the above was written Dr. Herschell has paid the debt of nature. The other celebrated astronomer lives, and it is hoped providence will yet grant him many years to preside over the noble science which his powerful mind so ably illustrates and adorns.
- [7] Histoire d'Irlande, par L'Abbe Ma-Geoghegan, tome 1.
- [8] This castle now belongs to the Marquis of Conyngham.
- [9] Silk stockings first became usual in the reign of Elizabeth. These articles of finery "were curiously knit with open seam down the legge, with quirks and clokes about the ancles, and sometimes (haply) *interlaced with gold or silver threads*, as it is wonderful to behold."—*Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. v. *Note*, p. 353.
- [10] "Shining shoes" are often noticed by Massinger, Jonson, and other old dramatists.
- [11] The reader will have the candour to recollect that this can mean no disparagement to the military profession.—This was said when knowledge was limited to the few—one hundred and forty years ago.
- [12] This fondness for drinking is noticed in Lord Strafford's Letters.—"In Ireland, where drinking was grown a disease epidemical."—*Appendix to Lord Strafford's Letters*, vol. II. p. 433.
- [13] For an account of this noble and distinguished lady, see "Moreri Dictionnaire Historique," folio, Paris, 1654, tome VI. p. 173;—and Descamps, in his "Vie des Peintres," &c., tome II. Paris, 1754, makes the following honourable mention of her: "Anne-Marie Schurman, les Poëtes Hollandois nomment dans leurs vers cette fille illustre, leur Sapho et leur Cornelie: si elle a meritè les èloges de ses compatriotes, elle a aussi obtenu les suffrages des grands et des sçavants de l'Europe," &c.—Tome II. p. 119.
- [14] There is another item of Her Grace's dress which is not noticed above, as it was only used on occasions of going abroad to visit, or when on horseback; we speak of a velvet mask, worn by ladies of rank at this period, and for which a high duty was imposed upon their being imported from France.
- [15] See Cooper Walker's able Essay on Irish Dresses.
- [16] "Anno 1590.—The Monastery of All-Hallows was granted by the citizens for the site of an university.

"——1591.—Trinity College founded by Queen Elizabeth. Opened 1593. Received a new charter and statutes 1637."—Annals of the City of Dublin.

[17] The paven (from pavo, a peacock) is a grave, majestic dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword; by those of the long robe in their gowns; by the princes in their mantles; and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given, with the characters for the steps, in the Orchesographia of Thoinet Arbeau.—See Note to "The Mad Lover." Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, vol. IV. p. 186.

[18] Queen Elizabeth received her graciously at court, and offered to create her a Countess.—See *Notes* v. III.

[19] i. e. The great gap, or pass to the mountains.

[20] "Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out upon the brook that *brawls* along this wood."

As you like it.

[21] Even so recently as during Wesley's time [See Southey's Life of Wesley] will be perceived the fondness of this celebrated preacher for divination by lot, and by the casual opening of the Bible, expecting thereby the peculiar and immediate guidance of the Almighty!

[22]

For the gratification of the curious we here subjoin the quotation from Virgil, with which is given a translation of the remarkable lines by Dryden:—

"At bello audacis populi, vexatus et armis Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Juli, Auxilium imploret; videatque indigna suorum Funera: nec quum se sub leges pacis iniquæ Tradiderit, regno aut optatâ luce fruatur: Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ "

Virgil Æ. iv. 1. 615.

"Yet shall a race untamed, and haughty foes, His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose: Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field, His men discouraged, and himself expell'd, Let him for succour sue from place to place, Torn from his subjects and his son's embrace.

First let him see his friends in battle slain, And their untimely fate lament in vain: And when at length the cruel war shall cease, On hard conditions may he buy his peace: Nor let him then enjoy supreme command, But fall untimely by some hostile hand, And lie unburied on the barren strand."

[23] Le Vite de Piu celebri Architecti, &c.—Pagina 358, Roma 1768.

[24] It was not, however, until the year 1768, during the administration of Lord Townsend, that the royal assent was given to an act for limiting the duration of parliament to eight years.

[25] At this point of time the Irish House of Lords met at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon; but when the house was engaged in the hearing of appeals they regularly assembled at the hour of nine o'clock in the morning.

[26] "Every Lord that comes not within a quarter of an hour after prayers, if he be a Bishop or Baron, he, is to pay one shilling, and if he be any degree above, two shillings to the poor man's box."—Standing Orders of the Irish House of Lords, p. 13. Printed by Sleater, Dublin, 1778. The title of the work was, "Rules and Orders to be observed in the Upper House of Parliament of Ireland."—The Clerk of the House was treasurer of the poor's box.—p. 39.

[27] "All fools are mad."

[28] The celebrated Caranza was, in sooth, the oracle and manual of duelling in his day. He was by birth a Spaniard; his name Geronimo Caranza. His famous work was entitled, "Verdera Destreza de las Armas"—"The true Dexterity or Skill in Arms." His talents are thus eulogized in the comedy of "Los Locos de Valencia," of Lope de Vega:—

----"El gran Caranza, A quien las armas en Espana deben Quanta mayor destreza el arte alcanza."

[29] This slily alludes to the *Secchia Rapita*, ("The Rape of the Bucket,") a burlesque poem, by Tassoni.

[30] Rapin's History of England, vol. II. pages 742, 743, and Note.

[31] Ibid.—pages 742, 743, 771.

[32] Rapin's History of England, vol. II. p. 781.

[33] Ibid. p. 782.

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- [34] Ibid. p. 783.
- [35] Rapin's History of England, vol. II. p. 783.

- [Pg 260]
- [36] The air of "God save the King" had been a French anthem, and words were appropriated to it, with the chorus of "God save the king," expressly for James the Second. Since which time it has been played and sung as a national anthem.
- [37] The above description of the person and appearance of King James the Second, is taken from a beautiful oil miniature, painted on copper; it is believed to be from the pencil of Samuel Cooper, when the king was Duke of York. It is in possession of the author.
- [38] Extract from the Life of King James.
- [39] Life of King James the Second.
- [40] Ibid.
- [41] Life of King James the Second.
- [42] Leland's History of Ireland, vol. III. p. 522.
- [43] Life of King James.
- [44] This is literally true: this chapel was pulled down, and a new one built during the administration of the present Duke of Bedford.
- [45] But actually so named from being the guard who preside over the royal buffet, or side-board.
- [46] Extract from lines presented to His Majesty King James the Second, upon his birthday, by *Edmund Waller*.
- [47] From Lord Lansdowne to King James II.
- [48] Life of King James.

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- [49] This speech will be found in the third volume of Rapin's History of England, page 85.
- [50] History and Antiquities of the County and Town of Carrickfergus.
- [51] Memoirs of Grammont.

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- [52] Rapin's History of England.
- [53] Rapin's History of England.
- [54] Life of King James.
- [55] Rapin's History of England.
- [56] Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, and Rapin's History of England.
- [57] Colonel Keating's Defence of Ireland.
- [58] Rapin's History of England.
- [59] Ibid.
- [60] Keating's Defence of Ireland.
- [61] Life of King James.
- [62] Story's Civil Wars of Ireland.
- [63] Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, by Sir John Dalrymple, vol. I. p. 135.
- [64] Rapin's History of England.
- [65] Histoire de Guillaume III. tome II. Amsterdam, 1703.

Transcriber's Note: The spelling and punctuation are as printed in the original publication, with the following exceptions: hight is now high, mags is now mass, Schurmann is now Schurman, downfal is now downfall, vulsa is now vuesa, vicegerency is now viceregency, possitively is now positively, immemediately is now immediately, ignonorance is now ignorance, angy is now angry, occacasions is now occasions, and inuendos is now innuendos.

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