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Title: The Eve of All-Hallows; Or, Adelaide of Tyrconnel, v. 2 of 3

Author: Matthew Weld Hartstonge

Release date: February 15, 2013 [EBook #42095]

Language: English

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**THE  
EVE OF ALL-HALLOWS;  
OR,  
ADELAIDE OF TYRCONNEL;  
A ROMANCE.**

*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

---

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

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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.

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VOL. II.

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LONDON:

FOR G. B. WHITTAKER, AVE MARIA LANE.

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1825.

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# THE EVE OF ALL-HALLOWS.

## CHAPTER I.

—————I have marshalled my men,  
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one.  
 They are true to the last, of their blood and their breath;  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

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CAMPBELL.

Many a trumpet sounded forth the bold advance, and many a drum beat to arms, and full many a heart throbbed high, upon the morning of the ever memorable first of July, 1690. Then burst forth the signal-gun that loudly pealed forth the approach of day, re-echoed by the woods and waters of the Boyne. This signal was to announce to the troops of the Prince of Orange instantly to commence their march as soon as summoned by the cannon's roar. Their march was about three miles distant from the margin of that stream which on this day was destined to become the rubicon of empire!

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The plan of attack, upon the part of the Prince of Orange, consisted of three parts. We shall now begin with the first:—Count Menard Schomberg (the son of Field Marshal Duke of Schomberg, and Commander-in-Chief under the Prince of Orange) was to lead on the right wing towards the westward of some fords which adjoined the bridge of Slane; the force consisted chiefly of cavalry, and amounted to ten thousand men; Count Schomberg commanded the cavalry, and Lieutenant General Douglas the infantry. Their route to the ford, which it had been determined they were to pass, lay through an unenclosed country, the grounds of which were partly covered with low brush-wood, over which the horses sprung with delight; and had the soldiers been clad in green a spectator might have imagined he looked down on a hunting party, instead of beholding an army upon the burst of battle; for, startled and roused from their peaceful lair, numerous rabbits and hares were seen to jump forth from beneath underwood, furze, fern, and heath; which soon set the soldiery at fault, and who for the moment gave up (tumultuously dashing into the merry greenwood) the hunting of men for chase of the leporine tribe; and they were not brought back to a sense of duty until thrice the bugle of recall had sounded; when having knocked on the head some hundreds of these peaceful, harmless animals, the troops gave up the chase, which is the symbol, for the dire reality of war.

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They had now arrived on the margin of the Boyne, and upon the opposite banks were entrenched King James and his army, consisting of English, Scotch, Irish, and French troops. The latter were the experienced veterans of Louis the Fourteenth, who had toiled and conquered in many a desperate conflict.

The camp of King James was stationed thus:—On its right was the city of Drogheda, filled with Irish soldiers: upon the further banks of the Boyne, and to the eastward, their tents were extended in two parallel lines, and protected by a deep morass, and on the left it was difficult to be passed. In front of the camp were the fords of the Boyne deep and dangerous, protected by rugged banks, and defended by some breast-works; while the huts and hedges were lined with infantry on the rere; and at some distance arose the church and village of Donore, upon whose commanding heights King James in person was stationed. Three miles further onward was the pass of Duleek, on which King James firmly depended for a retreat, if such should be found wanting. The works thrown up for the defence of the camp were strong, and well fortified in front by the broad and deep waters of the Boyne; while the ditch, or fosse, defending this position, was deep, and flanked with redoubts, batteries, and pallsadoes.

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The batteries of James kept up a brisk fire, pouring forth cannon-shot upon the assailants, and not without due effect. This was to awe the troops of Count Menard Schomberg, and incapacitate them from fording the river. But it was not long erewhile that this deep salutation from the cannon's mouth was duly responded to, and with correspondent effect, by Count Schomberg, who, advancing to the margin of the ford, planted on the spot three twenty-four pounders, which instantly commenced to fire upon the enemy's intrenchments. This was soon again answered on their part by five field-pieces returning the cannonade, which General Sarsfield had mounted on his batteries. However, after an hour's heavy and destructive cannonade, the superior weight of metal and calibre irresistibly carried its expected success. Several of the French and Irish artillery were killed; guns might then be seen dismounted, some with their wheels broken, and others hurled from their carriages, all thus rendered useless. Count Schomberg thus witnessing their batteries to be effectually silenced, gave the signal for fording the Boyne; and boldly and

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promptly dashed first onward at the head of his squadron, the trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums, and all the accompanying bands, striking forth their martial music, to which the waters of the Boyne re-echoed. This was of course to encourage and arouse the ardour of his troops, who, with a firm unbroken front, dashed impetuously into the stream, as though it had been their natural element. The waters were indeed deep, the infantry found them breast-high, and were compelled to carry their muskets above their heads, to preserve them dry and fit for service; while the horses of the cavalry were forced in many instances to swim, the current of the river having been stopped by this sudden and mighty influx of men and horses, which, as might have been expected, raised the waters of the Boyne to an unusual height. In the mean time a large squadron of infantry arrived on the opposite bank, who kept up a galling fire, at which time some of the cavalry of King James plunged into the stream to oppose the landing of the troops of the Prince of Orange. It then became uproar, noise, and confusion, all the while death was busy on the Boyne, and upon its opposite banks.

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"Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan!"

With the loss of many wounded, and in a greater ratio of others who were slain, Count Menard Schomberg effected the landing of his troops; at which time the dragoons of King James began incontinently to retreat towards the main body, which was attended with very considerable loss. The main body of King James's infantry was extended in two parallel lines. Lieutenant General Douglas finding how matters stood, sent promptly for a reinforcement of foot to extend his lines in a similar manner; but this intention was impeded by the intervention of an extensive bog to his left, which rendered it quite impossible for his cavalry to pass; he therefore ordered them to defile to the right, and the infantry to march in open column to the left, and then to pass the bog, or morass, in single files. This passage of the troops was effected below the bridge of Slane. And having now dispersed the troops which opposed him, his object was to force his way to the ford of Duleek, so that at once he might attack the enemy from behind, and totally cut off his retreat at the same moment. King James perceiving Count Schomberg to march for Slane, and great bodies of troops moving with him, concluded that the whole army were taking the same route; and that the English and Dutch troops, conscious of the difficulty of forcing the fords between the camps, would not, thus circumstanced, dare to attempt them, discouraged, as well they might be, from an expected attack on their flank, in such an enterprise. However, should they attempt, and succeed, he apprehended that his communication with Duleek might in the mean time be cut off. Accordingly, under this full impression, King James sent forward a great force to watch Count Schomberg, and by his doing so he weakened his principal force. The Count Schomberg, in consequence of these improvident movements of his opponent, found but little opposition to his ulterior passage of the ford, soon dispersing the few troops which had soonest arrived to oppose him; and then he dashed on with his infantry, and boldly floundered through the bog; while he sent his cavalry round over a narrow tract of firm ground. The boldness of which action completely discouraged his opponents; in consequence of which they rapidly retreated to Duleek.

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We are now come to the *second* part of the attack, as devised and planned by the Prince of Orange. The moment that the prince was informed that Count Schomberg had passed the ford, and had accomplished the landing of his troops, although his Highness had long been quite prepared to ford the river, yet the information which he received of the complete success of Count Schomberg increased his desire to commence the march, which he instantly began. He was attended by Duke Schomberg, who was to command the centre of the army. The Dutch Guards, in their blue jackets and orange facings, first plunged into the waters of the Boyne. The Brandenburgers at the same instant, impelled by national competition, dashed also simultaneously into the stream, led on by their gallant colonel.

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The Dutch Guards, who thus led on the van of battle, were broadly exposed to the fire of their enemies, whose lines were intrenched along the opposite heights of the Boyne, and also by several battalions stationed upon the banks beneath. These troops of King James not only resisted on the banks, but plunging into the stream, manfully opposed the approach of the infantry of the Prince of Orange. But the troops of his Highness, even while in the river, fired a grand discharge of musketry, which instantaneously checked their opponents. Here a chivalrous combat for the standard of green Erin, fought for in the very bosom of the Boyne, is worthy of being recorded, while

"Advanced—forced back, now low, now high,  
The pennon sunk and rose." <sup>[1]</sup>,

The standard of the golden harp was borne by Cornet Hamilton, nephew to Major General Hamilton, and an officer in the General's regiment of horse. The combat for the armorial banner was sustained by a brave officer of the Brandenburgers, who seemed determined at every risk to possess the standard, and place it as a trophy at the feet of the Prince of Orange. The conflict was fought with desperate fury; they fought in the flood—they fought at the ford; they next landed on the banks, and fought upon the verdant shores of the Boyne. Here Hamilton, dreading to lose the banner he had so gallantly defended, tore the banner from the standard-staff, (it was the work of only a moment,) and instantly wrapped the banner around his body, while with earnest enthusiasm he exclaimed:—

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By death alone shall Erin's harp be won,  
And through the life-blood of her faithful son!

The dreadful personal combat now recommenced, and in the fierce and astounding shock of the charge, the sword of Hamilton was shivered in twain; and within the same moment, from the overpowering shock and impetus of the charge, both the combatants instantaneously were flung, horse and rider, to the ground. They now arose upon equal terms, for both were disarmed; but still they met, while each with daring desperation contended for the prize; foot opposed to foot, knee to knee, and arm to arm! For some time they strenuously contended with doubtful success; but soon the Brandenburgh officer was upon the point of success, when Cornet Hamilton, with deep determined desperation, aided by bodily strength, instantly seized upon the Brandenburgher, and with all resistless force plunged himself and his adversary into the waters of the Boyne, from whence neither ever more were seen to rise! And it was horrifying to hear the splash of the gurgling waters into which the brave combatants, fighting with an unsubduable valour, sunk entombed, never more to rise! and this amid the applauding shouts, or rather shrieks, of either contending army, who had meantime given a pause to the battle; while intently gazed both friend and foe, with wonder, awe, and admiration, upon such a determined deadly feat of chivalry! seldom equalled, and probably never surpassed, neither in the annals of war, nor amid the feats and fictions of chivalry!

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The Duke of Tyrconnel gallantly headed and led on his own regiment of dragoon guards in headlong charge, with signal bravery, and not without due effect. At length, however, the duke was repulsed, and his charger which he rode was shot dead, and fell with his manly master to the ground. However, he was soon seen mounted again, having arisen without hurt from the earth, and briskly vaulted on a led horse of his own, which was conducted instantly to him by his groom from the rear of the regiment. The Irish troops were, at this period of the battle, thrown into some confusion, and compelled unwillingly to retire. But the duke conducted the retreat in a masterly and gallant manner. Soon after this the English and Danish troops, with the brigades of Sir John Hanmer and Melionére, immediately followed, and passed the ford without opposition. The cause assigned for this disposition of the forces was this:—that the Prince of Orange well knew that both the Dutch and Brandenburghers were warmly attached to his person, and he felt convinced that the Huguenots and Enniskilliners were as deeply attached to their religion. But the Danes at that time he did not as yet sufficiently know; and much he feared to oppose the English forces who now supported the princely James, their lawful sovereign, and who had formerly commanded them, as now he did, in person.

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Field Marshal Duke of Schomberg, who was most anxious, yet at the same time doubtful of success, thinking the attempt a desperate one, still firmly retained his station, surrounded by a strong body of troops, in order to yield assistance wherever most it was wanted. The French troops of King James now seemed to start from the earth, for hitherto they had remained undiscovered; but now they arose upon the sight from among the little hills, appearing far more numerous than what they really were. This deception arose from the circumstance of their gradually, and at intervals, arising to view from the brush-wood, thickets, and ditches, where they lay stationed; and furthermore from the extension of their ranks, from the interposition of trees, walls, and hedges, and the intervention of houses, hamlets, and other objects, which had hitherto obscured them.

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Major General Hamilton, at the head of his own regiment of dragoons, made a truly gallant charge, while fiercely he attacked the squadron of the Danes, and withal with such vigour and success, that they soon fled back incontinently through the river. Hamilton's cavalry, and that of the Count de Lauzun, meanwhile pursued them, and having briskly chased them, but without effect, as soon they returned, and then fell furiously upon the French Huguenots, who having no pikes to sustain the dreadful charge, their ranks of infantry were instantly broken through. Here suddenly the cry arising of "*horse! horse!*" (of which to support them they were in great want) having been mistaken for "*halt! halt!*" still further threw the centre of the squadron of the Prince of Orange into great disorder. The Dutch?—They *halted* indeed, and with a vengeance. The Huguenot ranks were broken through, while slowly the English succour advanced; and the Danes, without even waiting to be attacked, wheeled somewhat precipitately "right about," then fled panic-struck, and plunged into the Boyne to effect a retreat. Not slow, however, were some companies of Hamilton's dragoons to pursue, who promptly dashed into the river to cut off a retreat.

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At this point of the battle, the brave, the intrepid Callimoté, who in person commanded his valiant corps of Huguenots—he who had been the faithful partner of the toils and victories, and partaker of the glories of Schomberg in former battles—at this moment was cut down by one of Hamilton's horse. He had indeed received a mortal wound! He fell, but was soon upraised by his brave soldiers; and while they bore him away, bleeding even to death, in their arms, still strong and deep in agony was heard the hero's voice. He called aloud to his brave companions in the battle, "*A la gloire, mes enfans—á la gloire!*" and while thus exclaiming, he died in the arms of his valiant comrades! Thus nobly sunk this valiant man. He died a hero, and fell as the brave should fall, shouting even in death the cry of victory! Meanwhile Duke Schomberg was distinctly seen spurring onward his noble charger even in the deepest part of the Boyne, encouraging and calling aloud upon the Huguenots to rally, and accompanying this with his gesture, his voice, and his sword. His strenuous and manly exertions were beheld and heard in vain, for no succour advanced!

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Hamilton's cavalry, a second time breaking through the ranks of the flying Huguenots, wounded Duke Schomberg in the engagement, and hurried him along; when his own troops firing at the duke through mistake, he fell lifeless from his war-horse.

Hamilton's terrific charge on the part of the Irish, and the relief brought to reinforce the Duke of Schomberg's squadron, on the other, gave time to both sides to rally, and prepare for a renewed engagement. The Duke of Tyrconnel performed prodigies of valour. He here had a second horse shot under him while sustaining this dreadful conflict.

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We must now come to the *third* part of the battle, as it was arranged (as we have before premised) by the Prince of Orange.

During the two former attacks every where was to be seen the blue and orange plumes of Nassau waving over flood and field! Now also every where was he to be seen quickly to rush into danger, riding rapidly from place to place, examining every regiment and troop, exhorting and inspiring them by look, gesture, and action. The soldiers were well pleased at this attention; they were flattered and animated, every man considering himself under the immediate inspection of his royal leader, while every motion and manœuvre his counsel, conduct, and courage directed.

The Prince of Orange led on the left wing of the army, accompanied by Prince George of Denmark, and they passed the Boyne at the ford of Old Bridge, between the army of James and the town of Drogheda; and it was not without difficulty that this measure was accomplished. Here the charger of the Prince of Orange got entangled in a bog or morass at the other side of the river, where he had landed, and where he was forced to alight until one of the royal attendants succeeded in extricating "Sorrel" (for so was the royal charger named) from his entanglement in the morass, and assisted the prince to remount.

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As soon as all the troops had passed over the Boyne water, and were put in some order, the Prince of Orange commanded them to march; and constantly was he seen upon the alert, with his large conspicuous triangular hat and nodding plumes, urging "Sorrel" in full gallop at the head of his cavalry, his sword drawn, and his wounded arm freed from the scarf which had supported it. He waved his sword on high, and encouraged and inflamed the soldiery to battle.

At this sight the troops of King James manifested a disposition to retreat. King James, however, endeavoured by every method and persuasion he could use to rally his men, while loudly he repeatedly called out to them,

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"On, on ye brave!"

while to his general officers he expressed his fixed determination "to make a bold and resolute effort for the recovery of his throne; for *that all the hopes of his restoration depended upon the result of that day!*"

The Prince of Orange now despatched twelve battalions and nine squadrons to strengthen his right wing, and placed himself at the head of the left wing of his army. The right, as we have before observed, was commanded by Count Menard Schomberg; the centre by Field-Marshal Duke of Schomberg, and the left by William.

In the meantime all the forces of King James, except the detachment which had retired to Duleek, promptly gathered from all quarters, and formed a firm and formidable phalanx around their king. Here the battle raged loud and stormy, but with various success, for about an hour, representing both to the eye and ear all the horrors of civil and foreign war commingled. Here waved in the breeze the silver lilies of France; there undulated the silver harp of Erin, the golden lion of old merry England; and the Scottish unicorn, with the bordure of the thistle; next the Belgic lion in refulgent gold; then the dark, black eagle of Brandenburg, with the ominous raven of Denmark, all waving in the morning breeze, and in the fierce discordant attack shaken to and fro, like the woods of some ancient forest. Here, and every where, resounded the languages of France, England, Holland, Denmark, Germany, and Ireland—all spoken promiscuously. May we then not observe, what a scene was there combined! withal the various and varied nations, their troops' uniforms consisting of various and discordant hues, all combining and forming the different tints of the rainbow, including many *ultra* and even *plus-ultra* dyes of the arc of heaven!—green, blue, black, yellow, scarlet, and some undefinable colours. The varied look that caught the eye, and the varied language that irresistibly reached the ear, rendered this ever most remarkable battle-scene truly another Babel! While Frenchmen fought against their fellow-subjects in some quarters of the field—while in others brave Britons contended against Britons—and, alas! the sons of unhappy Ireland fought against each other in opposing ranks!—Oh, the reflection was dreadful!

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At this period of the battle Tyrconnel defeated the English, who were commanded by General De Ginckle, and who thereupon suddenly retreated. The Prince of Orange, perceiving what Tyrconnel had done, rallied the English cavalry, and remonstrated with them upon their flight. When thus urged, they rushed again upon the charge, and not without some success.

The Prince of Orange brought up his Dutch cavalry and the Enniskilliners to support the charge; his Highness then wheeled to the left, and the Enniskilliners, through mistake, did the same. Upon this the prince galloped furiously to the right, and drew up his Dutch troops. The Enniskilliners upon this became conscious of the mistake which they involuntarily had committed, and they instantly reoccupied their ground, and fought resolutely.

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At this momentous crisis of the battle, the brave Tyrconnel strained every nerve to support the troops under his command. He galloped in front, and from flank to rere, while every where he exhorted, encouraged, and animated the troops, as onward he galloped through the ranks.

"Rise, might of Erin, rise!  
Now on the foes' astonish'd eyes  
Let thy proud ensigns wave dismay!  
Here let the thunder of thy battle roll,  
And bear the palm of strength and victory away!"

Here Tyrconnel encountered the Brandenburgh cavalry, with their gallant colonel at their head, who, not unobserved by Tyrconnel, throughout that well-fought field performed prodigies of valour. The duke and colonel met, and closed in single combat, managing the broad sword with equal—nay, with consummate skill; when a private of the Brandenburghers, perceiving that the duke had the advantage of his leader, presently level ling his carbine, and aiming at Tyrconnel, he suddenly fired it off. The duke escaped, but his noble charger fell, and flung with tremendous force to the earth the hero whom he had borne. In an instant the colonel was on his feet, and raised his gallant opponent in his arms.

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"Brave and truly noble colonel! accept my warm and grateful thanks for this truly generous and heroic act; and permit me, at the same time, to know to whom I am so much, so highly indebted?"

"Noble duke," rejoined the valiant stranger, "for such I know you to be, indeed you much overrate my service. However, at some future time, more propitious than the present, my name shall be divulged to you; at the present moment I have reasons quite sufficient to cause me to decline the explanation which you require. But you shall have two pledges, and from a true knight, for the fulfilment of my promise, solemnly made in the battle-field!"

He then loudly called to his equery: "Ho! Malcolm, bring Fergus from the rere!" While on the instant the equerry advanced, bringing a noble Hanoverian charger of a beautiful cream colour, who loudly snorted, neighed, and proudly pawed the ground. The stately animal was ready caparisoned for the field.

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The colonel next took a ring from off his finger; it was an antique cameo, exquisitely sculptured; the gem was a ruby of immense value; the subject was the genius of Victory crowning Hercules.

"This," said the colonel, "you must permit me to place on your hand, as an humble mark of my esteem and admiration of the brave who belong to every country. This and my trusty charger are the gages for the fulfilment of my promise."

"In return," replied the duke, "noble and generous stranger," at the same moment taking from out his bosom a diamond star, which was appended to a chain of gold, "receive this diamond star!" And flinging it with much grace around the colonel's neck, he added: "Wear this for sake of me! This morning it was given me by my king, who commanded me to place it around the bravest neck and the boldest heart I should this day meet in the field."

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"Then," rejoined the stranger, "you should have reserved it for your own, and have allowed it to remain; for where it *was* placed it best became!"

"Not so, gallant Sir," resumed the duke, "my beloved sovereign's mandates I have now faithfully fulfilled."

Here the bugles of the contending squadrons pealed forth "a recall," and the duke of Tyrconnel and the Colonel of the Brandenburghers parted, highly and mutually pleased, and earnestly hoping yet to meet. Having warmly shaken hands, the duke adroitly vaulted on the Hanoverian steed—it was the third which he had mounted on that bloody day! And when both were on horseback, they once more cordially shook hands, while each with much regret bade the other adieu!

Throughout this momentous battle Tyrconnel had performed prodigies of valour: he was every where to be seen, every where to be heard; his rallying voice and look remonstrating with and encouraging the timid and wavering, while gallantly he led on the brave to the charge. During this deadly fight he lost three horses, which were shot beneath him, as has been already mentioned. But still undismayed, he each time returned to the charge; and if the crown of King James possibly could have been preserved by the talents, loyalty, affection, and invincible courage of an individual, it would have been fully secured by the firmness and fidelity of Tyrconnel.

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—————"Si Pergama dextrâ  
Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent!"

During the heat of the action at Old Bridge one of the Dutch dragoons of the Prince of Orange rode up, and not knowing his person, clapped a pistol to his head. "What!" calmly observed the prince, and with much presence of mind, "what! do you not know your friends?"

The Count de Lauzun held firm for a considerable time in the village of Old Bridge, although his troops were severely galled with the shells which were incessantly poured against them from the

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mortars which the Prince of Orange had planted at the entrance of the village. The count's force was principally composed of French troops. At length, being overpowered, he was reluctantly compelled to yield; however, he retired in good order, leaving numbers of his opponents dead upon the field of battle.

Major-General Hamilton, of whose exploits we have already made honourable mention, was certainly, it must be allowed by all, an experienced commander, and a brave soldier. He headed his cavalry in conjunction with the Irish infantry, who were allotted to protect the ford of Duleek. Several attempts hitherto, but in vain, were made upon the enemy's post to force the ford; but now they were compelled to yield to superior numbers. General Hamilton, upon finding that matters stood thus, placed himself at the head of the cavalry who were to cooperate with his infantry, fought with fierce and obstinate courage in repelling the assailants; but being wounded in the head by a sabre blow, he was taken prisoner. The right wing of the Irish upon this event gave way, and they retired from the hedges and ditches, &c. where they had been intrenched, and retreated across a bog to Duleek, where they attempted to rally. But upon hearing that the left wing of their army was defeated at Old Bridge, they gave way, and again retreated, leaving the pass at Duleek undefended. Upon this, without losing the moment of advantage, the Prince of Orange placed his troops in order, and directed a general pursuit from all quarters. The close pressure of the enemy, the consequent hurry of the flight, and the determination of the pursuers, prevented the troops of King James from defending the pass at Duleek, and the victory became complete and decided upon the part of King William—which title he had now obtained by the sword; and then tumultuous cries were heard shouting through the air, of "Nassau and victory!—*Vive le Roy Guillaume!—Vive le héros Guillaume!—Orange Boven!—Een overwinnaar Boven al!*" &c. &c.

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King William pursued with promptitude the flying troops of James, and committed slaughter, chasing them four miles beyond Duleek. Night coming on put a termination to the pursuit, and the pursuers were ordered to return. They took possession of booty to a large amount, an extensive train of baggage, chariots, waggons, horses, arms, and ammunition. All the night the army of William stood to their arms. In this well fought battle the Irish lost three thousand men; King William lost about one thousand. The persons of note who were killed among the former army were the Marquis d'Hackinkourt, Lord Dungannon, Lord Carlingford, and Sir Neal O'Neal. Upon the part of King William was slain Field Marshal the Duke of Schomberg, the wisest, bravest, and the greatest captain of the age, and at the advanced age of seventy years this brave and valiant hero fell! The brave Callimoté also was killed, and gloriously at the head of his regiment, as has been already observed. At this battle also was slain the celebrated and Reverend George Walker, who had so gallantly defended Derry; he was killed a few steps behind King William. When the account of his death was brought to the king, His Majesty said, "Fool that he was, what had he to do here?" "Words," as Sir John Dalrymple justly remarks, "which dishonoured the living, not the dead!"

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The passage of the Boyne by King William was an enterprise certainly the most courageous that history can attest; and however great and glorious was that day's victory, yet, nevertheless, dearly was it purchased in having cost the life of Field Marshal Schomberg. Throughout this arduous and bloody day King William received no manner of hurt, although he was actively engaged in the height of the action. However, a cannon ball carried away a piece of his coat; but he received no wound in consequence. Throughout this eventful fight he was seen to chase the field, to dispose and arrange every attack, and several times to lead on the charge; and whenever his troops began to shrink, he was instantly observed to rally and support them, displaying upon every occasion firm conduct, courage, and determined resolution.

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King James had been often heard to declare, that "he was born to be the sport of fortune!" But had he acted differently from what he did at the battle of the Boyne, he would have placed himself above the reach of fortune; had he determinedly mingled in the fight, and had he animated his troops every where and upon all occasions by his presence and example, instead of looking on, as latterly he did, a tame and timid spectator from the church of Donore; in a word, had his nerves been as firm as the hands and hearts of his Irish subjects were true, then indeed all his hopes and fondest expectations of his restoration might have been fully realized.

King William (in historic truth we must admit) did all that man, statesman, or general, could do, to win over to his cause the Duke of Tyrconnel. But the duke was too true, too just, too firm, and too loyally fond of his royal master, to be tampered with, or even to give an ear to the proffered corruption. No! "he was true to the last."

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The fate of this important battle was decided in a great degree by its locality; for, however strange it may appear, both parties had neglected to occupy the pass or ford of Slane. King William advanced in three columns to the opposite banks of the river, reconnoitred, and adjusted his plan of operation, determining to attack by the right and centre.

On the morning of the battle, in pursuance of this determination, he detached a corps to pass by Slane. This force arrived sooner at its destination than that sent by King James, who quickly saw his error when it was too late to counteract it. The curve of the river there forced the troops of James to make a considerable *detour*, whereby time was given to William's detachment to arrive and seize the pass before they could effect it; which having forded, and then formed, they advanced on the left of the army of James, and extending their lines to the right, they turned it, notwithstanding a morass in its front, by which manœuvre it was compelled to fall back in confusion towards Duleek. William so judiciously had combined his attack, that his centre was to

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pass precisely at the time that his right should completely have engaged the left of the army of King James. When that took place, his centre column advanced against Old Bridge, and his left proceeded to the fordes, which having passed, they obtained the opposite banks at the projecting curve of the Boyne; they then formed at that point, and received an attack from the right and centre of James, which having fully repulsed, they advanced. In consequence of which movement the army of James fell back in the distance of two miles to the heights of Donore, where they formed, and then they again advanced to the charge; but the cavalry of William having, in obedience to his orders, completely turned their left, the fortune of the day was irretrievable, and they were thus compelled to fall back with considerable loss to Duleek, behind which station once more they rallied.

We certainly think that too much praise cannot indeed be possibly given to the brave and faithful Irish who so manfully supported King James, however undeserving he might have been of that support. They acted according to their conscience—according to their religion—and devoted to their sovereign, as they were, by their sworn allegiance. Their lawful, but unfortunate king, threw himself into the arms of his Irish subjects for protection and a restoration to his rights; they instantly thronged around the royal standard. Although certainly James was wholly undeserving of this support, from his tyranny and oppression—"not fit" indeed "to govern," but we cannot say "not fit to live;" yet still his various arbitrary measures—his confinement of the seven bishops in the tower of London—his cruel and ill advised Bill of Attainder in the Irish Parliament—his reversal of the Act of Settlement, and various other despotic acts, which impartial justice must ever assuredly condemn;—yet still let History inscribe on the bright margin of her page, and record down to the remotest point of time, the love, affection, fidelity, and allegiance of a nation (but too often rashly and unjustly condemned) upon whom the royal exile had flung himself, as on a dear but desperate hope—a *dernier resort*—and upon whose hearts and arms he relied as the forlorn hope of his crown, dignity, and restoration!

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Let history hand down this, while it must not be denied that of this protection and support James was in every respect wholly undeserving; for in two words his character may be told—he was a bigot and a tyrant!

James having ungenerously, as unjustly, thrown some reflections on the courage of his Irish troops, observing to some of his general officers, "that he would never again trust his cause to an Irish army;" with much spirit they replied: "That throughout the fight their troops had acted no inglorious part, though unanimated by a princely leader; that while William shared danger in common with his army, encouraging them with his presence, by his voice, and by his example, yet that King James stood aloof at a secure distance, the quiet spectator of a contest on the result of which depended his crown and realms!" And then, with deep and wounded indignation at such ingratitude, they nobly exclaimed: "*Exchange kings! and once more we shall fight the battle again!*" A more noble burst of deeply taunted feelings and justly aroused indignation than this cannot be found in history.

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The title of King William to the throne of these realms was the choice of the people, from whom the sovereign power emanated: and in whatever point of view the Revolution of 1688 may be considered, it cannot be, however, denied, so long as truth exists, that it was most important to the religious and civil liberty of three kingdoms; and, moreover, it established an important *dictum*, or principle, in the Constitution, then hitherto unknown, defining the duties of the monarch and of the subject, and holding forth to both prince and people the immutable and immortal truth, THAT ALLEGIANCE AND PROTECTION ARE RECIPROCAL OBLIGATIONS!

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## CHAPTER II.

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—————Dread echoes shall ring  
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king;  
Anointed by heav'n with the vials of wrath,  
Behold where he flies on his desolate path.  
CAMPBELL.

Throughout the entire night previous to the battle of the Boyne, fearful forebodings and dismal auguries preyed upon the superstitious mind of King James. An owl had perched upon the apex of the royal pretorium, or pavilion, which incessantly hooted mournfully throughout the live-long night; and at break of day, when the army commenced its march, a flight of ravens, the ill-omened birds of augury, accompanied and every where pursued the royal standard, cawing, and wheeling around it in continuous circles; and whenever it became stationary, they winged their hovering flight above it in mid-air, while it waved in the breeze. The same night the royal standard which streamed at Dublin Castle, from Birmingham Tower, and which had been neglected in not having been taken down at the royal departure, was rent in shivers from the force of the storm which that night raged impetuously; and the gilt crown, which had blazed on the top of the standard-staff, was hurled off into an adjoining cemetery. Strange and unearthly noises were heard; and the mournful wail of the banshee was distinctly heard, even amid the howling of the storm; for such were the superstitions of those days, and in which even many of the wise believed!

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The troops of King James returned back to the Irish capital, but not, as they had gone forth to



battle, elate with hope, and flushed with the expectance of victory. No, they returned with the hurried haste of a rapid rout; while the crimsoned blush of indignant shame and defeat in each visage as it passed, was too fully apparent to the scrutinizing spectator. Fatigue and lassitude seemed somewhat, however, to retard, if not paralyze, the return of the troops; while vexation and disappointment were deeply impressed in every look and motion, from the general to the private soldier, which too manifestly told that they had returned covered with defeat, not crowned with victory!

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With all the rancour of fanatic rage, and all the ferocity of atrocious civil war, the troops of King William pursued the royal fugitive. And history is wholly silent as to whether any royal mandate was issued to spare the life of King James, the father of Mary, who was the wife of William!

For upwards of four hours, like a pack of ravening hounds tracking the scent of blood, the soldiery continued to pursue at the heels of the fugitives; and not satiated with the carnage of the victory which they had achieved, having strewed the field of battle with three thousand slain, and with which slaughter they might have been fully satiated. However, when the army ceased to pursue the fugitives, it was not from a desire to desist, but from a physical inability to proceed, having become wholly exhausted from the toil of battle, and fatigue of pursuit. And under this conviction, King William gave the troops an entire day to recover from the hardships which they had undergone.

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King James, as he retired from the defeat, broke down all the bridges in his rear; which act arose from the suggestions of the French officers,<sup>[2]</sup> who, impatient to revisit their own country, hurried him from Ireland, and added wings to his fears. As soon as King James had returned to the Castle of Dublin, a letter awaited him from Louis the Fourteenth's own hand, in which the French monarch informed James of the victory of Fleurus, which had put it in his power to draw his garrisons from Flanders to the coast; and also told of the station which his fleet had taken, and prevented his enemies from succouring each other. In this letter Louis urged him instantly to sail for France, and to leave the conduct of the war to his generals, with direct orders to protract it; and promised to land him in England with thirty thousand men. A letter which, while it filled James with hopes, covered him at the same time with mortification, when he reflected upon the contrast between his own situation and that of his ally.

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It is a curious, but undoubted circumstance, that all the dispositions made at the battle of the Boyne by King James, were counting upon defeat, not on victory; for with a presaging mind he reflected that all the precautions which he had taken were contrived to make retreat less dangerous, but not to improve on victory. It was with the same melancholy and ominous foreboding, that previous to the battle he thought proper to despatch Sir Patrick Trant, a commissioner of the Irish revenue, to prepare for him a ship at Waterford, that in case of defeat he might secure his retreat to France.<sup>[3]</sup>

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The Duke of Tyrconnel, who had fully resolved not to abandon the fallen fortunes of his generous, but unfortunate king, made immediate and prompt preparation for accompanying his sovereign into exile; and he proceeded with this intent accordingly to take a tender farewell of his duchess, his beloved daughter, and his sisters. He determined that the duchess, Adelaide, and his sisters, should immediately depart from Ireland, and proceed to the continent; and he recommended that Brussels should be the city where, ultimately, they were to sojourn until more propitious and peaceful times should arrive. To Sir Patricius Placebo, upon whose known fidelity and prudence he felt every reliance, he intrusted these dear pledges to his guidance and protection, and strongly advised and urged their immediate departure for Parkgate, in one of the royal yachts; they were to travel in as private a manner as might be; and having staid a few days with their friends the Bishop of Chester and Mrs. Cartwright, in the ancient city of *Deva*,<sup>[4]</sup> (as Chester was called when in possession of the Romans,) in order to recover from the fatigue of their voyage; and then they were to proceed to the most convenient and safe port in England, from whence they were to embark for the Netherlands.

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The time of departure now approached, King James's saddle-horses, travelling carriages, his suite and servants, &c. were now all in readiness in the upper castle-yard. The duke, who had been some time sitting with his family, now arose to attend a council, and then to depart with his royal master. He looked mournful and desponding, while cordially and affectionately he bade farewell to his beloved family.

"Go!" said the duchess, in a melancholy accent, but accompanied with a fixed and determined look; "Go, my dear lord, where duty, allegiance, and affection call you, and where your king may well command your presence. Go, and may the same Almighty power that so often hath saved thy life in battle, still guide, protect, and guard thee upon the seas, and in distant lands! But the wife of Tyrconnel breathes no sigh!—the wife of Tyrconnel shall shed no tear at her loved lord's departure! Now a fallen and hapless sovereign well may claim thy presence, for in the summer and sunshine of his fortune he forgot thee not! Indeed hadst thou, my lord, neglected to depart, and to have remained here ingloriously at home, then assuredly there would have been too meet occasion for a wife's sorrow, to witness a husband's shame! But no;—the soul of Tyrconnel shrinks from the touch or thought of aught that is base and ignoble. I will only therefore say, (while she fondly embraced the duke,) my dearest lord—farewell, and still remember me, and mine, and thine!"

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The duchess supported this affecting scene with much calmness—nay, with firmness; however, it was apparent that she forcibly subdued, and had conquered her feelings on the occasion.

But it was not so with Adelaide, who wept bitterly while her parents vainly endeavoured to repress those tears which then deeply burst forth, which made her beautiful face more lovely still. Adelaide affectionately doated upon both her parents, who were all tenderness and affection to her: but particularly she loved her father; she was his daily companion in his rides and in his walks. No wonder then, indeed, that Adelaide should be the delight of his eye, and the pride and the happiness of his heart!

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The parting of friends is proverbially ever more or less affecting; our minds misgive us, for we know not but this departure of those we love may prove the last. And thus indelibly is associated the feeling and apprehension, that *in this world* we *may* not ever meet again!

Immediately previous to the departure of King James from Dublin, on his route for Waterford to embark for France, the king held a council, when the Duke of Tyrconnel formally surrendered to him his patent as chief governor of Ireland, which King James graciously accepted of. The magistracy and common council of the city of Dublin were then introduced, and presented agreeably to the royal command, when King James stated to them, "That he had caused their attendance upon that day, previous to his departure, in consequence of its having been reported to him that upon the event of his departure from the city, and upon King William's approach, it was intended that the city should be given up to plunder, and destroyed by fire."

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Among other matters his concluding words were: "I do therefore charge you, by your allegiance, that you neither rifle the city by plunder, nor destroy it by fire; but to your best preserve the peace and tranquillity of this great city."

Having said this, he bowed most affably and king-like to all, and then retired.

Without any further delay King James instantly ordered his suite to draw up at the grand portal of the castle-hall; and this being obeyed, he descended the great stair-case. He was attired in a round beaver hat, surmounted by a large waving plume of ostrich feathers, which were dyed of a crimson colour; he wore a flowing peruke; a leather doublet, richly gilt and embossed, was his dress. The ribbon of the garter flowed gracefully from the right shoulder, while on his left breast sparkled a small embroidered star of the garter; his flowing neck-handkerchief, of rich lace, was tucked under the front of the doublet. He wore large military gloves, with the Vandyke termination. His small-clothes corresponded with the doublet, terminating with castellated trappings at the knees; and on his feet he wore sandals, or royal *talaria*, richly laced, with the Vandyke point; nearly a fac-simile of which may be seen in an engraving of Le-Bas, from the celebrated painting of *l'Enfant Prodigue* of Teniers: while over his majestic shoulders was flung a royal roquelaire of rich crimson velvet, lined with ermine, and clasped in front with a gold fibula, richly studded with diamonds.

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The unfortunate James forthwith approached his Normandy charger, which having borne him from defeat, was now destined to bear him on his way to exile from the throne of his fathers! He now with great grace and facility adroitly and majestically mounted his steed, and uncovering his head, and gracefully bowing to all, set out on his melancholy way, surrounded by his general officers and staff, proceeding on his return to France, a second time to seek an asylum at St. Germain.

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He had just passed through Dame-gate, (now no more existing,) and which led into the present crowded thoroughfare of Dame-street—at least such it had been previous to the fatal and destructive union of the two legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland—when two men of the vulgar description of lounging blackguards that formerly infested the streets of Dublin, (whose number fortunately has decreased, is hourly decreasing, and is at the present point of time duly diminished, if not wholly eradicated,) impudently here advanced, and were of that description which might be called half wits and whole knaves, with a tongue glib at joke or slander, and a hand alert and adroit in cleaning a shoe, as it was prompt and tricky in picking a pocket. These fellows now commenced whistling, tenor and counter-tenor, but in a subdued measure, the tune of "Lilli burlero." [5] This was evidently not music to the royal ear, for it was quite fully apparent that it deeply annoyed the royal James. The Duke of Tyrconnel immediately intimated to the officer of dragoons who rode with him, to order the trumpets to peal forth a loyal note; which was instantly done, and "Lilli burlero" soon was silenced. The reader may possibly recollect that this song attached a large portion of unpopularity and ridicule to the cause of King James, against whom and the Duke of Tyrconnel this lampoon was written. It has been attributed to Lord Wharton, but we are rather inclined to ascribe this satirical song to Lord Bath.

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As the unfortunate monarch rode along, the tradesmen in the principal streets through which he was to pass, had caused all their shop windows to be closed; a silent, but impressive and delicate, tribute to fallen greatness! James deeply felt it. "Generous nation!" thought he, "much have I wronged you, but now you forget it all. You have indeed shed your best and bravest blood in my defence; and now on my fall, and my final departure, you pay me this last, silent, but sincere, tribute of regret at my departure. Oh, indeed I never shall—never can forget you!"

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Having passed through the city of Dublin and the adjoining villages, the royal fugitive proceeded in his flight, and soon reached the borders of the county of Dublin. Here, beneath a vast cromlech, was seen seated an ancient harper, his long thin grey locks streaming in the breeze; he heeded not the royal cavalcade as they were passing along, but still continued playing on his harp a mournful melody, sad and solemn as the *Cath Eachroma*. Meanwhile King James had reined in his Normandy steed to listen to the song. The bard again commenced in a measure, *dolce ed affettuoso*, the following

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I heard them repining for Erin declining,  
 Her shamrock entwining the conqueror's sword;  
 Misfortune combining, his crown James resigning,  
 His laurels all blasted at Boyne's fatal ford!

Lo! neglected her lyre, whose magical fire  
 Rous'd princes and chieftains in battle array;  
 Erin's minstrels and bards indignant expire,  
 They saw not, survived not, their country's decay!

Wherever I wander I mournful ponder,  
 Lamenting the issue of Boyne's woful fray;  
 O Erin, my country! no lover loved fonder,  
 Tho' fame with thy freedom have parted asunder;  
 Like summer clouds fleeting at close of the day,  
 Their glories fast fading in twilight away!

King James did not appear, in sooth, to be overcharmed with this mournful ditty; and having hasty recourse to his spur, he pressed onward his gallant courser; when dropping one of his stirrups, like Jason of yore, of Argonautic fame; in this expedition the king lost one of his sandals, or royal *talaria*. So far the mishap differed from Jason's case, that it fell not into a stream, but upon dry ground; and tradition, to the present hour, points out the place, or, as the gentlemen of the long robe would express it, "lays the venue" at Red Gap, where this occurrence took place. [Pg 53]

Whether the royal sandal was, or was not, made of *red* Morocco, or Turkey leather, which thus may have happily given an *agnomen* to the gap, seems such a dilemma, that we shall not rashly venture to pronounce upon so knotty and important a point as it appears, but leave the discussion to learned antiquaries, and the exposition to profound etymologists, more conversant with such grave and consequential matters than we can possibly presume to be acquainted withal.

At this place King James alighted from his horse, and accompanied by the Duke of Tyrconnel, entered the royal travelling carriage. No occurrence worthy of notice took place during the remainder of the journey; and the same evening the royal cavalcade reached Waterford in perfect safety. There Sir Nicholas Porter, the mayor of Waterford, and the corporation, respectfully waited upon King James; and the mayor had a grand banquet most hospitably prepared at Reginald's Tower, where the king dined and slept. [Pg 54]

The Duke of Tyrconnel expressed his ardent wishes and determination to accompany his royal master to France, which King James said he would not hear of, nor admit. The king then took a valuable diamond ring from his royal hand, and placing it on Tyrconnel's, he said, with much feeling and emphasis, while he warmly pressed the hand upon which he placed it, "Tyrconnel, I well know that you *will* remember me!"

"Yes, my beneficent Sire, I shall beyond all possibility of doubt; when I shall forget my beloved king, then may heaven for ever forget and forsake me!" [Pg 55]

Here Tyrconnel knelt, and with warm affectionate zeal and affection kissed the hand of the royal exile.

"Wear that, Tyrconnel, as a pledge of my unaltered and unalterable affection. I am at present, from the cogency and crisis that my fortunes have assumed, necessitated to yield to superior force; but I shall never cease to labour for the deliverance of my faithful Irish subjects so long as I shall live."

He then added in a slow, solemn, and affecting tone: "I charge you, Tyrconnel, upon your allegiance, and by your love for me, to hasten, so soon as you shall witness my embarkation, to return back to the bosom of your family; restore a husband to your wife, and, to *my* Adelaide—my beauteous god-child, a father. Hasten to go! and the most affectionate regards of your faithful sovereign and friend attend you! I say prepare to go!"

"Please your Majesty," the duke replied, "I most respectfully obey; but surely your Highness will not, cannot, I humbly hope, refuse me a boon, and that which I respectfully conceive to be merely the duty of a loyal subject to claim, and that is, my liege, to witness your safe return to Saint Germans; and then I will return to my family." [Pg 56]

This request was at once acceded to by King James; who concluded by saying, "I was indeed born to be the sport of fortune!" This he had often said before; and now he repeated his favourite apothegm.

King James withdrew to repose at an early hour; and Tyrconnel, who slept in the outward room, adjoining his sovereign, was in attendance. The Duke of Tyrconnel retired to bed, but not to repose. He now rapidly retraced in mental review the occurrences of years, and the still more surprising events, the fatal result of a very few days, that had so rapidly succeeded each other in a fatally consecutive train. "Oh, what a contrast," he thought, "there is between the triumphant

landing some months before at Kinsale, and the deeply humiliating departure that upon the following day shall take place on the royal embarkation from Waterford!"

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Oppressed more by mental than bodily fatigue, at length Tyrconnel insensibly sunk into a profound sleep; but it was unaccompanied with that refreshment which the balmy sleep of health ought to bestow. It was restless and disturbed. The vision of his beloved monarch's landing at Kinsale floated in vivid colours before him, and once more presented in detail the event as it had happened; once more he stood uncovered upon the beach of Kinsale, anxiously awaiting the landing of his sovereign, and to pay his dutiful homage; once more he heard the loud exultant exclamations of congregated thousands; once more he witnessed the rapid flash, and heard the succeeding thunder of deep-toned salutation

"From the loud cannons' mouth."

Again standards waved in the air, and were lowered to the earth, to hail the sovereign's auspicious approach; the military presented arms; the burst of harmony from the various regimental bands, and the universal shouts of joy made the welkin ring. The entire body of the Roman ecclesiastics, all habited in their meet and proper costume, assembled, and kneeled upon the beach, while the host was borne in high and solemn procession. The congregated nobles and gentry were all duly marshalled upon the strand, in meet accordance to their rank and dignity, loyally and affectionately to receive, and congratulate the arrival of their beloved monarch, while "every inch a king," and right royally arrayed, standing erect in the royal pinnacle which rowed him to the Irish shore; while the royal standard floated at the stern, and the stately pinnacle, decked and emblazoned with all the circumstance, pride, and splendour of heraldic pomp, blazed forth richly illumined by a vernal sun, and seemed at once to diffuse hope, joy, and confidence around.

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Here, upon his landing, King James was welcomed by a number of young persons of both sexes—the one remarkable for their manly graces, as the other for their lovely faces and forms—who joined hands in the celebrated *Rinceadh-Fada*,<sup>[6]</sup> or Irish dance, which pleased the monarch exceeding well, who often afterwards spoke of it, saying how highly he had been delighted with it. King James now approached Tyrconnel, whom he warmly grasped. Upon this "the fabric of his vision" was completely dissolved; for Tyrconnel was now broad awake. He took off the diamond ring which his royal master had given him the night before, devoutly pressed it to his lips, and arose, for it was now day, feverish and unrefreshed from his couch.

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He opened the casement of his window to admit the balmy breeze of the morning, and taking from his finger the diamond ring, he cut with its sharp and brilliant point the following lines on a pane of the lattice:—

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When Boyne ran red with human gore,  
And royal Stuart fled Donore;  
While William seiz'd King James's throne,  
A people's voice had made his own;  
This tow'r did friendly refuge give  
To James, the royal fugitive;  
And loyal love had here the pow'r  
Awhile to cheer misfortune's hour!

Oh, then for aye this antique tow'r be blest,  
Which succour gave to royalty opprest!

King James and his suite having breakfasted, and all matters being in readiness, the embarkation commenced. Gloom, silence, and despondence seemed every where to prevail. The king, in ascending the vessel prepared for him, and which was called "the Count de Lauzun," was assisted by the Duke of Berwick, the Duke of Tyrconnel, Marquis Powis, the Marquis d'Avaux, ambassador of France, &c. &c. &c. But it was amid universal silence they embarked! No shout, cheer, or exclamation, was heard; no pomp, no parade, was exhibited; not even a royal salute from the guns in the harbour!

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However, amongst the populace there was, or seemed to be, a feeling of pity, but somewhat allied to contempt, and more approaching anger rather than sorrow. Thus the royal exile departed from the shores of Ireland, without a single cap having been flung up, or an individual voice to exclaim,

"God save King James!"

Such ever is the fate of fallen greatness! King James now spread full sail for the coast of France, and was the first who brought tidings of his own dreadful defeat.<sup>[7]</sup> All the French court appeared to be much affected, and sorrow was manifested throughout the entire realm. But one piece of news so sad for France, was immediately followed by another, which produced a general joy,<sup>[8]</sup> although, however, it was of short duration in the hearts of all those who were interested in the disgrace of that fugitive prince.<sup>[9]</sup> A *valet de chambre* of King James, who preceded his master, returning from Ireland to Paris, related as a fact that the Prince of Orange was killed by a cannon shot, which he had received on the day of the battle.

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The prince was considered dead throughout all France; and as one believes with facility what they are desirous should happen, people did not wish to stop or examine if that news should prove false. The report, as circulated, was, that the Prince of Orange had been killed by a cannon shot in fording the river Boyne. The first account which they had at Paris arrived at midnight; and all the commissioners of the wards were despatched, by order of Louis XIVth, to knock at the doors of the citizens, and to tell them in a triumphant tone that the Prince of Orange was dead, and that they must arise and rejoice! At the expiration of a few moments the whole city appeared illuminated. Drums and trumpets were heard in all directions, nor was there to be seen a single street where they had not lighted fires. Never, even at the birth of princes, had been displayed so many attestations of joy as then blazed abroad in France, at the account of the pretended death of the Prince of Orange. The populace hastily made effigies of King William and Queen Mary, which they drew through the dirt, treated with every indignity, and afterwards burned them. The bells of *Notre Dame*, and many other churches rang peals of joy, and the cannon of the Bastile were fired. Finally, nothing was forgotten which was customary to be done on the most solemn occasions. These rejoicings lasted for many days, which were celebrated in feasts and all other kinds of diversions.

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The public joy spread itself from Paris to all the other cities, accompanied with the news of the death which was the cause of it. But it was more astonishing, and what, perhaps, no prince ever before did for the death of an enemy, the King of France gave orders to all the garrisons of provinces to cause to be fired *feux de joié* in all places of public resort!—and, finally, to crown all, (what horrid impiety!) even religion was called in and made a partaker of the public joy!

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*Te Deum* was chanted in the cathedral church of *Notre Dam*, where members of the parliament assisted, clad in their red robes, to return thanks to heaven for the death of the Prince of Orange!!!<sup>[10]</sup>

For the present we must proceed to other matters, while the Duke of Tyrconnel is employed in attending his unfortunate sovereign<sup>[11]</sup> to the court of Saint Germain, and while the duchess and her family, escorted by Sir Patricius Placebo, are performing their voyage to Parkgate, we must, in the mean time, advert to our shipwrecked voyagers, who were very early noticed in our history, and whom, with very little consideration indeed upon our part, we have allowed so long to remain at Ostend, and in durance vile.

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"It was omitted to mention in the foregoing chapter that King James, in his passage to France, met with the French fleet of frigates which M. Seignelai had originally intended to burn the English shipping on the coast of England, and which subsequently was destined to burn William's transports upon the coast of Ireland;—but communicating to other nations the bad fortune which attended himself, he carried it back to France with him for the security of his person."—*Rapin's History of England*.

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## CHAPTER III.

Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.  
LATIN PROVERB.

[Pg 67]

Ostendam metiri ulnis pedibusque necesse est;  
Quemque premas, dubiâ morte parare locum.  
URBIUM BELGICARUM CENTURIA.

It is incumbent here that we should again return to Ostend, and attend our shipwrecked voyagers, who have been left so long in durance vile, as contained in the first chapter of our first volume; and advert to other notable accidents worthy to be known, related, and recorded.

Our readers then will vouchsafe to recollect of what importance, as a seaport, Ostend is, and ever has been considered, being only second in rank to Dunkirk. Indeed the possession of Ostend in every war has been always accounted of the highest consequence by every belligerent power, as well as by the sovereigns too of the Low Countries. The oriental situation of Ostend has given to it its name, by which one might express *a port which looks to the east*; and its armorial bearing<sup>[12]</sup> implies that it is one of the principal keys of Austrian Flanders.

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Ostend had formerly been the simple station of fishermen, established between Nieuport and Helvoetsluys; but, increasing from various combining events, it gradually arose to consequence, numerous causes having co-operated to its enlargement. The origin of the civil wars—the fears created by the numerous pirates throughout the entire provinces of the Low Countries, &c., these gradually led to its increase, and Ostend became a place of strength and importance; her port enriching her trade and revenue by bringing home the merchandize of Europe; while her strong fortifications protected and secured the inhabitants from the machinations of their enemies; and, finally, the peace of Ghent having completely established the power of the confederated states.

At the period of which we speak Ostend was progressively recovering from the fatal effects of a protracted siege, conducted by the Spaniards under Spinola, which had lasted for the space of

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three years; and upon the last day of the siege it was as uncertain as upon the first whether it would be captured by the Spaniards or not; or to which side victory finally would belong. The account of the loss of lives on the part of the besiegers and the besieged in this disastrous siege, is truly most formidable; it is computed that fifteen thousand of the latter perished; some slain by the sword of war, others fell by pestilence, and others perished the victims of the marshy climate of Ostend, from fatigue of the siege, the sorties, engagements, and fire of the enemy; while the Spaniards suffered the severe loss of upwards of seventy-eight thousand men.<sup>[13]</sup>

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But we must now return to the detail of our voyagers, who having ate a hearty supper at their hotel, soon retired to repose in their respective chambers. Oh, how refreshing to the wearied spirit is the renovating balm of sleep; and how invigorating is a night's undisturbed repose! And how great, how unspeakable the change, and how joyful the contrast, from the almost certain expectancy of death by a watery grave, it is upon the succeeding morning to awake, as if from the tomb, upon a bed of down, and to hail the blessed cheering light of morning! Who could forbear to raise the adoring eye and the grateful heart to heaven, for an escape so unexpected and providential! All this they deeply and devoutly felt.

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The morning succeeding their preservation, while they were actively and busily occupied in the important despatch of an incomparable breakfast, and the fellow-sufferers were passing a high and well deserved eulogium on some excellent Malines ham, to their great surprise and dismay a party of *Gens d'Armes*, as has been before remarked, arrived at their hotel, when (the three of them) the colonel, his servant, and Doctor M'Kenzie, were arrested under suspicion of being spies, and were thrown into prison.

"This is somewhat too hard," observed Doctor M'Kenzie, "not to be allowed to swallow our rations of excellent ham! A few hours ago to have escaped the whirlpool of Charybdis, and this morn to be shipwrecked on the rock of Scylla! The sea was well nigh swallowing us yesterday, and to-day we are to be immured in prison on suspicion of being spies;

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'Dextrum Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis Obsidet.'

"Yes, my Reverend Friend," replied the colonel, "this is all but too true, we have had our share of suffering indeed; but while we feel it as men, let us also bear it like men, and hope the best! For my own lot I care not; to me death, not captivity, would be welcome!"

To account for this arrest we must apprise our readers that Marshal de Rantzau had made a desperate attempt with only two thousand French troops, a very few years previous to the period of which we now speak. But eventually the French force was put to flight, with the loss of twelve hundred brave and gallant men, who fatally fell in this rash attempt. And this event it was which caused such alertness and suspicion regarding strangers to be adopted by the government and garrison of Ostend.

The prisoners were marched along under a strong escort of the *Gens d'Armes*, and were conducted to the chief prison, and handed over to the surveillance of the head gaoler, Mr. Phelim O'Neale, who, by the way, happened to be a countryman of the Reverend Doctor M'Kenzie. At that period the janitor of a gaol did not enjoy the present high diplomatique distinction of being termed the *governor* or *warder* of a grated citadel.

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While Mr. Phelim O'Neale was showing his prisoners the apartments allotted to them, he said, addressing the Reverend Clerk:—"I know that your Riverence is my countryman, and perhaps I know still more; I therefore feel all the respect and affection which I ought to do for a countryman in a foreign land. My life has been a varied and changeable one, and it may perchance beguile away an hour of captivity, that you should deign to listen to my story. Och, I was once a roving and untamable bird, wild as the haggard-hawk<sup>[14]</sup> of my native hills, that is ever on the excursive wing; and like to it, I was not to be tamed at all; but now, in troth, I am tame enough, any how! For the present I shall only say, that from peculiar and urgent circumstances I was compelled to leave my native land. I embarked from the bay of Tyrconnel in Ireland, in a vessel bound for Virginia; at sea I was taken prisoner by the fleet and squadron of Marshal de Rantzau; and with the force of his Highness I was landed at this good city, ould Ostind. Well here I was a wandering raw recruit on Flemish ground, an unknown exile and outcast, forsaken by all, from Dan to Beersheba! Howsomdever, I was shortly thrown in the way of my brave countryman, Count Dillon, whom I knew when I was a gossoon. He was a lieutenant curnell, sarving under the marshal; and he was not slow in discovering that I possessed both cuteness and genus.—*Vous avez rason mun infant!* he would often say to me, (he had lived for years in France,) and yit, by my blessed sowl, I often thought that his honourable worship himself had no rason at all, at all!"

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"Fie, fie! Mr. Phelim O'Neale; swear not at all! it is a work of supererogation for selling yourself, both body and soul, gratis to the infernal power! Let me hear no more of it."

"Well, your Riverence, no sooner said than done," says poor Phelim O'Neale; "by — I will swear no more!"

"There again!—swearing an oath that you will not swear! Who ever heard the like before;—what impious inconsistency!"

"Your pardon, Riverend Father, for this time, and you shall no more catch me tripping, nor stumbling, nor swearing. Och, murder! although I have endured enough to make any feeling

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Christian swear hard enough—at times, any how, to be sure! by — I mean maybe through a thick deal board itself! Well, your Riverence, to continue the thrird of my story:—Count Dillon one day took me aside, and said, 'Phelim, I clearly persave that you are a quick, cute lad, and you must assist me in a plan which I have in disjunction joined with the Marshal Rantzau, for suddenly surprising Ostind, and taking it by a parabolous stratagism, the most admirable and intripid that was ever known, thought of, or yet imagined by any bould pioneer,' as your Riverence shall hear anon. It was in the month of June, and upon the memorable fifteenth day thereof, in the year 1600 and—though I can't precisely recollect the date upon which we resolved for the execution of this intended daring and glorious enterprise, for our attacking force consisted of but two thousand men. Our stratigismus was to surprise Ostind by the gate of Nieuport, which lay upon the land side, and next to the town of Nieuport. We hoped that by the introduction of a large body of men we might possibly, perhaps certainly, possess ourselves of the town and citadel of ould Ostind. Accordingly, to be sure, with this intint, we well surveyed the gate; and before that we had geoggraphyz'd the intire country, and all the roads and passes disjacent, whersomby that by every measure and means, and all due secrecy, that our attacking force might be intraducted, and back our noble and elegant enterprise. Accordingly some half dozen soldiers, clad in garb of Flemish peasants, in their blue caps and blue frocks; and wherewithal supporting upon their backs sacks well stored with chesnuts, walnuts, &c., were to seem as if they had brought them for sale into town; and thin, upon an appointed signal, (the sacks loosely tied,) the pretinded peasants were to let them fall, (accidently on purpose no doubt,) and scatter their contints around upon the ground, which was to cause a general scramble, and take off the attention of the guard from the object which we had in view. This having taken place, the fore-said soldiers, or disguised peasants, were to rally around a waggon, or, as they call it here, a charabbon, under the same pretence, laden with baskets of fruit and vegetables, strawberries, cherries, peas, beans, &c. &c. The thing was so managed that within the waggon there were concealed about thirty soldiers. As being the chief projector, the honourable post of heading this desperate attempt, (which, if it succeeded, was soon to be followed by a powerful force,) was consigned, gentle Sirs, to your intripid and very devoted sarvant, Phelim O'Neale."

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"And pray, Mr. Phelim O'Neale, if it be not taking too great a liberty, may I inquire what induced Count Dillon to place such confidence in *you*, and make *you* the head of the pioneers, or of this stratagem, upon the success of which, it would appear, turned the entire success of the attack?"

"Och, botheration! and that too I will confiss to your Riverence. 'I think,' says I, Curnell, plaze your worthy honour's worship, that I could suggist a matter to your grace's judgment that would, all in all, carry the day, and, in troth, we should soon be in possession of ould Ostind!"

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"Indeed! Mr. Phelim O'Neale; pray tell, are you on the staff?—I suppose a general at least!' said he.

"Not I, by my own sowl!' says I. 'No, not even a corporal! But then your noble and valiant worship knows, howsomdever, that there is a little fish, not larger than four inches in lngth, and about one in bridth, that pilots and leads on the great commodore of the ocean; I mean, plaze your most noble worship, the pilot fish,<sup>[15]</sup> that steers onward the mighty shark, the goliathan of the ocean, to the wictims of his prey! What do you think now, noble commander, of this apt dissimilitude?"

"Oh, pardon, good honest friend O'Neale, *vous este une bon garcon!*"

"Upon my own conscience we call this better in ould Ireland by the name of gossoon!—but no matter as to that. He then axed me if I had any patience; 'for,' said he, 'you Irish have no patience at all;' and then talked to himself, that the Irish were like one fiery hot Harry Hotspur, an Hottentot I suppose, that had no forbearance nor patience at all, at all!"

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"Och, then, noble commander,' said I, 'I am the patient, enduring boy after all; I am stationary as an owl at mid-day within an ivy bush! and as patient and forbearing (baring till the time comes) as a heron perched upon the brink of a fish-brook! Och, then, by my own sowl, 'tis I am the lad that will wait for you till the very cows come home!—troth, sure enough, I would at any hop of the ball!"

"Bravo, bravo! my bould boy;' replied Count Dillon, 'you are the very boy for my business and project—all shall go on well!' He then ejoculated, '*vous avez rason, vous avez rason,*' until I fairly thought that he would have lost his own rason all out and out, any how!"

"But pray proceed, Mr. Phelim O'Neale, with your narrative, in which I begin to take some little interest."

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"Thus emboldened, your Riverence, as I was by my commander's lave, I up and tould him, as I till you and your friend, all my plan, of which he highly approbated. Every matter being duly prepared, a time for making the grand attack was appointed. The soldiers who were to make the attempt, as I have already tould your Riverence, were all disguised as Flemish peasants, in their blue caps and blue frocks, and were each man to have a Flanders' pipe stuck in his jaw, and smoking away briskly, as much as to say, *the devil may care for yeez all!* I will now till the whole of my contrivance, as plotted and planned from the first to the last, without any deviation or prevarication from the truth at all, at all! To go on then with my story:—the charabbon, or waggon, contained, as already I have said, thirty soldiers, who upon this occasion were to be headed by me; in the cart we had several stout planks of oak, which were destined for a treble

purpose: firstly, to hide us who were packed beneath, but whose hearts were strong and unbending as the planks over our heads; and secondly, to support some baskets of fruit and vegetables, for which this country is most remarkable."

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"Yes," said Doctor M'Kenzie, addressing Colonel Davidson, "it is recorded that when Anne of Cleves, the queen consort of King Henry VIII., wanted a sallad, she used to despatch a messenger to Flanders to procure one."

The colonel nodded his assent, and requested Mr. Phelim O'Neale to proceed onward with his tale.

"Well the planks were, as I said, destinated for a treble purpose, I have tould two of these; the third was, in the last place, to erect them as uprights, to prevent the falling of the portcullis upon our skulls who were to make the attack. And the charabban was intentionally, on purpose to be sure, to be overturned at the door of the guard-house to block up the guard while cracking their walnuts, &c. If this attempt of gaining the Nieuport-gate had succeeded, a carabine was to have been fired to give a signal to the Marshal de Rantzau, who was stationed with the remainder of our force, which, as I have already obsarved, amounted to two thousand men; and upon their coming up in time, in obedience to the signal, we were sure and sartin of the capture of Ostind.

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"We had thus anxiously planned, and with strong grounds and hopes of success, this elegant enterprise, which was to burst forth upon the fifteenth day of June; whether the termination was fortunate or the reverse will soon be tould yeez. The military gait and air of the supposed peasants it is thought led to suspicion, and seemed to awaken the attention of the garrison. Just when the charabbonier<sup>[16]</sup> drove up his vehicle in which I was, and approached to the Nieuport-gate of Ostind, forward advanced the damniers, (douaniers,<sup>[17]</sup> or custom-house officers,) and with their accustomed agility forth flew their rapiers, flashing in the bright summer glow of the harvest moon; they cut, and thrust, and terced, prodding the contints of the waggon without any distinction or respect of persons or property, whether dead or alive stock, but according to custom, searching for counter-brand goods and chattels. At length a sharp Toledo of one of these damned damniers stuck in one of my ribs, and sure enough the blood began to leak. 'Arah,' roared I, 'what the d—l are you perpetrating; and would you be after murdering me, you Flanders' boucher!'

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"Ah, hah!—*Jean Bull!*—*Jean diable!*" cried he aloud, '*emportez soldats! ca herse—bas—bas—ouvrez le fenetre!*' Which every body knows is 'shut the gate!' And sure enough bang down went the portcullis, up leapt the draw-bridge; and closed and securely bolted and barred in no time were the gates. And, oh, 'tis true enough, poor Phelim O'Neale had got sartain and sure at the wrong side of the gate, where he was soon made prisoner, and all his brave plans completely dumb-founded and knocked upon the head in one short and sad moment. I with several others, thus caught in this Flemish trap, were made prisoners; while suspicion being aroused, and all our resources having been cut off, outnumbered as Marshal Rantzau was by the enemy, it was only left him to sound a retreat, and retire to his chaloupes, (large boats.)

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"After having remained for a long period in prison, I at last caught the attention of the head gaoler, who taking a fancy to me, made me his under gaoler; and some years after, (seven I think,) upon his death, I was constatuted head gaoler. And here I am; I have a good salary, a good roomy house, and with the allowance of coals and candles. I am married to a pretty, and what is far better, to a good Flemish lass; and we have already four childer in the space of three years, and the Lord be praised they are all the right sort—they are all of the emasculate ginder! So that I am, in troth, in some sort of mizzure indamnified for my losses and sufferings by the post which I here hould."

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Mr. Phelim O'Neale, the head gaoler, or, in phrase modern, *diplomatique*, the head governor of the citadel, paid the most marked attention to his prisoners; and said, that before the morning's dawn he would think of something that would ixtrickate them from their prison. "For when a man gets into a scrape or difficulty, Riverend Father, he has only to consult an Irishman, who will be sure and sartain to get him safely and genteely out of it."

"Ay, the Nieuport-gate of Ostend and the Spanish Toledo to wit," thought Doctor M'Kenzie to himself, "is a full elucidation of the truth of this proposition!"

Now having left them a most comfortable dinner, or supper, and which answered for both; with a bottle or two of *vin du pays*, and some true and veritable Rhenish wine, the warder of the citadel wished his inmates a good night. But before he departed he took Doctor M'Kenzie aside, and whispered him—"I have so managed it that by to-morrow you and your friend shall have separate apartments at night; to-morrow the arrangement shall take place, and I have much to say to you, holy Father, in secret, and to make many confissions when we shall meet alone on the morrow."

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The next morning by times the warder arrived, and introduced a plentiful and excellent breakfast, not forgetting some excellent Malines ham, in the digestion of which they had been so rudely interrupted at the inn of the old Saint Michael. When breakfast was over he again returned; when opening his cloak, he produced a violin and clarionet. "Do any of you play upon these instruments?" said Phelim O'Neale.

"Yes," rejoined Doctor M'Kenzie, "I was wont in happier days than these to play for my pastime upon the violin. But such a question now in such a place—say to what can it tend? I have no such fancy in deed at present, I can assure you, my good and kind Mr. Phelim O'Neale." Who,

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however, proceeded, quite unrestrained by his Reverence's rebuke—"Can nobody play upon the clarionet?"

After some delay and hesitation, at length with diffidence the colonel's servant said, "Yes, Sir, I once could play upon it when I was——"

"Oh, that," said Phelim, "will do capitally! excellent! quite enough! strim-stram—drimendreich! All will now, in troth, go on quite well, and with grate success, any how!"

He then laid down the musical instruments, and putting his hands in his pocket, produced several files and saws of various forms and sizes, and then produced a bottle of vitriol. "My plan," added he, "is now fully ripening for the liberation of yeez three; these instruments and implements are intinded to saw asunder the prison bars of your dungeon window, which being within a short distance from the ground, your freedom easily can be afflicted without either damage or difficulty, or even resaving a slight prod in the small ribs, when you shall have duly accomplished the nibbling asunder of the meshes which confine yeez! And the Rev. Doctor with his fiddle, and this honest-faced lad with his clarionet—och, och, it will all do bravely and rarely to murder and drown, aye, and bother, that brave and grave gentleman's operatusses in sawing the bars; och, by my sowl, the filing will be fairly bothered. And troth yeez shant want for paper and paste to hide and cover your dainty devices in caase any body should come in, he must needs admire the nateness of your apartment."

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"Sawing iron! ah," said Doctor M'Kenzie, "that is a harsh and grating amusement!" And then turning to the man of war, he said:

"They little know what ills environ  
The man who meddles with cold iron!"

The colonel frowned, and seemed displeased.

The honest-hearted Phelim O'Neale, for such he was with all his faults and transgressions to boot, now bade a good night to his imprisoned friends, as he called them; and then whispered aside, that on the ensuing morow he would beg the favour to make his confessions to the Reverend Clerk what time the apartment should be ready for his gallant friend, which was under preparation, and would be ready to receive him early upon the following morning. He then bowed, and wished them all "a very good night's repose."

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## CHAPTER IV.

———In brief, he is a rogue of six reprieves, four pardons of course; thrice pilloried, twice sung *Lachrymæ* to the virginals of a cat's tail; he has been five times in the galleys, and will never truly run himself out of breath till he comes to the gallows.

### THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

"Now, holy and most Riverend Sir, that my eyes are blessed with seeing your benevolent visage once more," said Phelim O'Neale, "and that I behold you in these sad towers, the abode of crime and of guilt, which indeed never belonged to you, and that we are in private, with your riverend permission, I will make my confission unto you. Don't your reverence remember me?"

"Not I, in sooth."

"What! not remember Phelim O'Neale?"

"Not I, in sooth, honest Mr. Phelim O'Neale."

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"Oh, baring (excepting) *honest*; that any how for the present we will pass by. But, holy Father, if you knew but all, you have far too many reasons not to forget me! Do you not remember that you stood by me during my last moments, and gave me the holy rituals of the church?"

"What do I hear! Stood by you in your last moments, and gave you the holy rituals of the church! and here you are!! The poor man is deranged—quite crazed. You are beside yourself, Mr. Phelim (without *honest*) O'Neale!"

"Nay, nay, Riverend Father, I am *beside you*, or rather forenent you. Do you not remember, your Riverence, that some tin years ago (small blame howsomdever to your Riverence any how, for grate rason you have, in troth, to remember Phelim O'Neale, if you knew but all!)—well, as I said, some tin years ago you attended me at the gaol of Tyrconnel in my last moments; you were present when I was hanged—ay, regularly hanged!!"

"Hanged! hanged!" ejaculated Doctor M'Kenzie; "and yet you are here!—You speak, you address me! How is this? It is madness all!"

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"Not so neither, craving your excellent Riverence's pardon; I was tried for high-way robbery at the assizes of Tyrconnel;<sup>[18]</sup> I then most justly was found guilty, and condemned by the circuit-going judge, Justice Jocum, to be hanged. And sure enough, by my sowl, hanged I fairly was—no doubt whatever of it! That is to say the hangman did his part, as the judge and jury had before

done theirs; and my friends did the rest. Och, they did their part, sure enough—long life to them for the same! At that most memorable 'pocha of my life—or death! as it was by all supposed, thought, and credited, your worthy and excellent Riverence attended me in my last sad and awful moments. Thin you saw me mount the fatal ladder; the hangman gave me a hempen cravat, which, in troth, I but too well deserved! and the ladder having been suddenly taken away, I made a spring, and, as all thought, I jumpt into itirnity. But you remimber, or might remimber, that before I was launched from the fatal tree, I bouldly kicked off my brogues, and died true game. And och, may be I didn't kick them off in stylo! as much as to indiccate to my commeradoes, 'Yeez see, jewels, that I die true game; and moreover, none shall suffer in the dead man's shoes—not one of yeez! This plainly tould them all a true tale, that I had not confissed, or betrayed any of them by a cowardly disacknowledgment."

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"Oh, shame, shame!" rejoined Doctor M'Kenzie, "kicking off your brogues upon the scaffold, on the confines of eternity, in the sad and solemn hour of death and suffering for crime! Oh, shame, shame! What blasphemy—what hardness of heart, and perversity of head! Detestable and abominable folly and wickedness. Why, I say, man, if you were upon the stage of a mountebank, performing pantomime tricks, to please and gull the stupid populace, such a proceeding would be indecent, indecorous, and irreligious; how much more so then, when parting from the stage of human life, branded with crime, and condemned by the voice of justice and the offended laws of your country! I cry shame upon such indecency, such horrible levity, upon so solemn and so awful an occasion as the departure of a guilty culprit (and guilty too by his own confession) from life to eternity, to answer in another world, before an offended God, for the crimes committed in this!"

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"So may it plaze your Riverence, troth it was no livity at all, at all; but merely a sort of sharp signal or freemason's sign to my comrades that I had died intripid, and true to them, not having betrayed one of the gang, or club, as we called it. And now once more I am alive again, to repint anew of the same, which I most sartinly do."

"Ay, indeed!—Are you sure of that, Mr. Phelim O'Neale? Can I depend upon your living word, when your dying one was false? A proof, a proof; give me a proof, and then I shall give credence to you."

Phelim slowly drawing forth a watch from his fob: "It is here, holy Father! this is my proof. This watch was yours, became mine by the chance of war, or rapine, and now I restore it—it is yours again! Your Riverence will examine it: the maker's name, your chain, your seals—you cannot forget them any how?"

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"Yes, yes, I must confess that is, or was my watch; the identity of that I cannot possibly gainsay. And if you can make out that it was you who deprived me of it, and that now again restore it, why assuredly I shall then confess that you are *certes* the honestest man in your calling that I have ever met with. But, Mr. Phelim O'Neale, I have a question to propose, and upon your answer to it will depend my credence of what now you say. Pray, *if* (I say *if*) hanged, how were you restored to life. A watch may be found, and a watch can be wound—may be stolen, and may be restored, but the vital spring of life is not so easily renovated.—Come, to the point."

"Your Riverence must then know, that I was cut down by my friends, and through their means restored to life, after having, to all appearance, fallen a forfeit to the law."

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"As how—as how? Mr. Phelim O'Neale! explain."

"By means of hemlock juice infused by well intentioned friends into my throat and lungs. Oh, but too well I remember that, and but too well they succeeded; for after the means they used for susscitation I recovered; but the pains which I endured were beyond those upon the fatal tree, the punishment I had endured, and the shame I had borne, for my family were indeed respectable. Upon my restoration to life, my friends disguised me in female attire, and hurried me off in a merchant vessel then in the bay, ready to slip her cables, and bound for Virginia. So away I went in the same vessel. Och, may be it was not without a sad and sorrowing heart that I left my mountain shores; for, sweet Ireland, still, with all thy faults, art thou dear to me; and with all my own too, with filial love yet do I adore thee, *mavourneen*, my early loved, my dear natal isle!"

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Phelim O'Neale continued: "Your Riverence knows the rest of my story. A cannon shot of Marshal Rantzau's squadron soon compelled the vessel in which I was bound for Virginia<sup>[19]</sup> immediately to strike her flag; and the result of the Marshal's attack upon Ostind you are in full possession of already. Here then my story ends, but not my gratitude to you, of which, before we part, I shall endeavour to convince you of with sincerity, marked by more than mere words."

"Why, Mr. Phelim O'Neale, you have really become eloquent, and have astonished me quite by your display of words."

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"No, no, Riverend Sir, they only burst forth from the heart with a full tide of over-flowing gratitude to you, and with deep contrition to myself, for all the past!"

"This my friend, my *honest* friend, (for such I now must call you, Phelim, for the restitution which you have made by words as well as in deeds, and I needs now must prize thee,) yes, this promises good; and sooth to say, I am pleased withal right well. There, take my hand, and along with it my best benison on you, your wife, and children."

Phelim knelt down, kissed his hand, and prayed that heaven might shower down its choicest

blessings upon his reverend head.

Three entire days subsequent to this confession soon passed over, and were occupied only at intervals, in order to obviate detection, in sawing *per diem* a bar. Each bar was cut slanting, or diagonally, so as to be readily re-adjusted as if it had not been severed; and then the entire bar, when replaced, was covered over by means of paper, which was neatly pasted thereon, as if no undermining operations had been sapping the grated barriers of their prison-house.—Meanwhile the Reverend Chaplain was on the alert, scraping his old Cremona, and the colonel's servant thundering forth the bass tones of his clarionet, to serve as masqued batteries to drown the more subtle operations of the saw and file of the son of Mars.

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Upon the evening of the third day Phelim O'Neale came into their cell just as the last bar to their enlargement was severed in twain. Suddenly then all filing and fiddling, and piping and papering, at once ceased.

"All is right," exclaimed he, "and all is well. Before two days more shall dawn you must away from this. I shall manage matters thus: I have got disguises for yeez three; you, Riverend Sir, are (in the time of travel) to be a midwife, going on a job to the town of Nieuport, three leagues from this, where I have a friend, to whom I will address a letter in behalf of all. In the furtherance of this my deep design, you shall have a silk gown, cap, rich gilt ear-rings, necklace, with a large cross—all, moreover, right tawdry enough; and a Flemish hood thrown over all, to protect Madam Needful from being sun-burnt. And, sir soldier, there shall be a lackey's dress for you; and, to boot, I have likewise got a horse, which your worship is to bestride, and which is to be mounted withal with saddle and pillion, upon which latter my lady-in-need is to ride.—And as for you, sir lackey, you shall be caparisoned in a blue check frock of true Flanders make and hue; for thou art to be a Flemish peasant riding withal in such brave company. But mind, my youth, I warn thee, that with all meet, becoming respect, thou shalt demean thyself, and ride in the rere of these gallant personages. Three horses and a guide, when we shall fix the day and hour, shall be found waiting at the *porte de Nièuport*."

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Many hearty thanks were returned for the ingenious stratagem of Mr. Phelim O'Neale, which met with the cordial concurrence and approbation of the prisoners.

Here Mr. Phelim O'Neale resumed his speech: "It must appear that yeez all have broken prison at the time that yeez depart, so down with all the bars when yeez go, that it may fully and fidentively appear that it was any how without my will, knowledge, aid, abettance, or assistance, whatsomdever, any thing at all to the contrary notwithstanding, that yeez fled from prison, in order that I may not suffer pains, punishments, and penalties, from these Bellawagians, who, after all, to do them justice, are fond of the English nation; and I verily and fidentially believe that the craturers would sooner again fight with Spinola Rantzau, or the d—l, nor with John Bull!"

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"Yes," rejoined Doctor M'Kenzie, "that I believe to be an undoubted fact, inasmuch that the united states of Flanders ever have wished, if possible, to preserve peace and amity with England, and ever sorely have they rued the day whenever they have been forced into a war against England."

"That is most true," added Colonel Davidson, "for, Reverend Sir, you recollect the favourite saying, or apothegm, of the Emperor Charles V.:—

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*'Con todo el mundo guerra,  
Y puz con Ingalat jerra!'*

*'With all the world have war,  
But with England do not jar!'*

And while speaking of Charles, who had the magnanimity to relinquish a throne and to retire into the monastery of Saint Jüst, it must not be forgotten the memorable declaration which he then made. While in the monastery he employed his leisure time in works of mechanism, such as clock-work, &c.; he then exclaimed, "*Oh, what a fool I have been!—during my whole reign I have endeavoured to make all my subjects think alike in religious matters,* AND YET I CANNOT CAUSE TWO WATCHES TO KEEP TIME TOGETHER!"

"Yes, noble colonel, there is my hand for that remark, and with it is accompanied my heart! You are a Protestant and I am a Catholic, yet do I regard you and revere you, although we differ in tenets."

"And there is my hand and heart in return," said the valiant colonel; "and would to God that this could be a lesson to all the bigots of the wide world, who, however, appear, I must needs confess, alas! more zealous to frame sectarian systems, or incontinently to wage doctrinal disputes and controversies, than meekly to disseminate *peace and good will upon earth!* and inculcate the mild, forbearing doctrines of Christianity, the two principal virtues of which are *charity* and *humility*."

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The evening of the day which succeeded that of the developement of the projected plan of escaping from prison had arrived, when, as soon as it had become dark, Mr. Phelim O'Neale

commenced his operations by bringing in the different dresses in which his captives were to be disguised to facilitate their elopement; this he did gradually and cautiously, bringing sundry articles of attire at different times, so as to escape suspicion. Mr. Phelim recommended that when all were duly clad in their costume of disguise, that their own clothes and changes of linen, &c. should be carefully packed up in two valises, one of which was to be carried by the colonel's servant, and the other to be borne by the guide. "And then," he added, "yeez can throw off your disguises at my friend Malone's house, in the suburbs of Nieuport, and to whom yeez bear a letter from me."

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This arrangement was assented to and resolved to be acted upon *nemine con*.

The trio felt exceedingly grateful to Mr. Phelim O'Neale for all the kindness which they had received, and especially for this last very strong proof of his great generosity. Dr. M'Kenzie especially felt obliged to him, as he was fully sensible that it was on his account expressly that freedom was likewise given to his fellow-sufferers.

"Many, very many thanks, kind-hearted Mr. Phelim, for all the favours which you have bestowed upon us, and most particularly for this last evincing proof. But, in sooth, we must remunerate thee for all the expense which thou hast put thyself to upon our account."

Here Phelim O'Neale whispered the Reverend chaplain: "Holy Father, I tell thee nay; for always remember that once upon a time I robbed your Riverence upon the high-way of tin times the value of which I now poorly endeavour to repay you, so that I must beg to hear no more at least upon this score. I am your debtor still! Silence, firmness, and obedience to my commands, (who am, by the powers placed in me, commandant and generalissimo of these dark towers,) are all the conditions that I now require or impose at your hands, and those of your fellow-sufferers."

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"Well, well, Phelim, I suppose it all must be so as you have advised, and I do not gainsay it. But, I must indeed acknowledge that you are, beyond all doubt, hesitation, or even comparison, the most honest man whom I have ever yet met in your calling."

The prisoners now anxiously lay down to take some repose upon their beds, the sheets of which had been purposely broken up, and formed into ropes, to facilitate their descent from the gaol window, and permit their *exeunt* to liberty."

On the following morning the prisoners were called up at a very early hour by this kind-hearted gaoler, when they found themselves duly invigorated and refreshed by a night's sound repose. And now they hastened to put on the disguises in which they were to pursue their journey, in the adjustment of which no great time was lost. They then proceeded to dismantle the bars of the prison window, while the door and outer door, upon the retirement of the gaoler, were to remain doubly locked.

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"Come, pray come, my gentle masters;" said Phelim O'Neale, "is all ready?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "Well then, any how, small blame to me, I must give precedence to the church, then shall the sword support the cross, and the servant attend on his master. Come, Riverend Sir, we must now despatch—so we now proceed to business; thus before you can patter two *Credos* or an *Ave* I will have you dangling at the rope's end. Och, then, may be, any how, that wont be turning the tables upon your Riverence!—ha, ha, ha! But sure, any how, nothing can be more true nor one good turn deserves another."

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Mr. Phelim O'Neale now proceeded to lower the Reverend Chaplain by means of the rope. Having duly adjusted all, he observed, "I say, your Riverence, I am now paying you off in kind."

"Marry, Phelim, a truce now to your joke-cracking, for which, by my halidam, I have neither will nor leisure at present to mind. So I say, prithee, a truce to the explosion of thy witticisms, which are, methinks, immeasurably ill-timed and chosen; so I pray reserve them for some meeter occasion of merriment."

"Your Riverence, in troth, only speaks in razon; but you know, your Riverence, that Pat can no more forego his joke at all, at all, let bide what may, than can Justice Jokum his pun, which he cracks while the rope is fairly cracking the neck of the victim to the laws."

"Well, well, Mr. Phelim, having cracked your joke, pray spare my neck from the same, and likewise my ribs from carte and tierce, for at this present moment I see before me, with terror in my mind's eye, the retrospect of the Nieuport-gate of Ostend, and all that you have told me thereof. So have pity upon our nerves and necks while pending in air, and *depending upon you!*"

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The Reverend Doctor was now safely landed upon *terra firma*, and he in a subdued tone gave his hearty thanks and farewell to Mr. Phelim O'Neale, who prayed that the blessings of the poor and distressed might ever be showered upon, and protect the Reverend Chaplain.

Colonel Davidson's turn now came of being manumitted from the prison window, and while adjusting the linen cord to the lower fragment of the window bar—"Oh, Sir Soldier! how much you remind me of a print which I have seen at Tyrconnel Castle of the famous Hungry Kat, [Henri Quatré,] the famous king of France; and, och, long life to you, may you have, like him, an angel Gabriel [meaning Gabriella d'Estrees] for a wife; och, and your worthy honour, may she be as kind, and good, and true, as my own humble Justiné; and moreover, besides, may you have a whole house full of childer!"

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Colonel Davidson, laughing, good humouredly protested against this part of the benison, as he smilingly observed, that if a soldier could manage his military baggage, he had enough to do, without being encumbered with live stock.

Our adventurers having all most kindly bade adieu to Mr. Phelim O'Neale, proceeded onwards, attended by their guide; and in about a quarter of an hour, or so, they came up with the attendant, who was in due waiting with the horses. Colonel Davidson most respectfully lifted up the Reverend Chaplain, now appropriately dressed in the assumed disguise, and who looked withal most right, grave, and matron-like, duly seated upon the pillion destined for the journey; and fully equipped as a livery servant the colonel mounted the saddle, and was followed by his attending servant disguised as a Flemish peasant, who most respectfully kept his distance in the rear, while the guide led on the van. And at a gentle and sober trot they proceeded for the Nieuport gate, where having arrived, and being challenged by the sentinel, and the guide giving the countersign, they were allowed to proceed; the draw-bridge was let down, and onward they wended their peaceful way. Mr. Phelim O'Neale, with his usual dexterity, had caused their horses to be shod with the shoes turned the contrary way, with the intent thereby to prevent pursuit; by thus puzzling the pursuers, if such should follow, that thus deceived by the shoe-track, they should be like hounds at fault, and thus in despair give over the pursuit.

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Nieuport had been formerly only a hamlet, called Sandeshove, but upon the destruction of the neighbouring port of Lombarsyde, being choked up by the sands, a new port was constructed at Sandeshove, which caused the town to assume the name of Nieuport, (in Latin, *Novus-portus*, or *Neoportum*.) Lombarsyde, in consequence, was changed from a town into a village, and Nieuport from a village into a town. It is regularly fortified, distant about two leagues from *Furnes*,<sup>[20]</sup> three from Ostend, four from Dunkirk, and seven from Brugès and Ypres. The air of this town is so unhealthy that the garrison do not long remain without being relieved. It is remarkable that Nieuport is the only place throughout Flanders that has never been taken or retaken.—"*Urbs intacta manet*."

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The weather proved somewhat unpropitious to our travellers, as several very heavy showers of rain fell during their route from Ostend to Nieuport, the weather in Flanders being generally moist. Doctor M'Kenzie fortunately recollected, during their progress on the road, that there was a convent of English Carthusians established at Nieuport. This body had been instituted in 1415, at Sheen, in England, by King Henry V.; but in consequence of the persecutions of Queen Elizabeth, they were compelled to depart their country; and having remained some time at Malines and at Brugès, they finally established themselves, *anno salutis 1626*, at Nieuport. The monastery was situated at the western extremity of the main street of the town, called *Rue de Porte l'Orient*. Dr. M'Kenzie had heard much praise bestowed upon the present learned and worthy abbot, Father Philip de Comines, he resolved therefore to make his way to the abbey, and consult with him upon the best mode of returning to his native land. Pursuant to this determination the wearied travellers now approached Nieuport, severely drenched by the showers which fell during their journey. The Reverend Gentleman threw off his female attire, and resumed his own, which was done at a house where they halted, and situated in the suburbs of the town, belonging to Malone, the friend of Mr. Phelim O'Neale, (to whom it may be recollected that the latter had addressed a few lines;) at the same time the colonel and his servant having also resumed their proper costume, forthwith attended Doctor M'Kenzie, who proceeded to the abbey,

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—————"where the Reverend Abbot  
With all his convent honourably received him."

And not only the Reverend Clerk, but Colonel Davidson and his servant likewise were hospitably received, and kindly entertained by the good-natured monks.

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The next day Doctor M'Kenzie was so severely indisposed from the wetting which he received during his journey, that it was found necessary to call in medical aid. A slight fever seized him, which confined him for two weeks to his bed; and when he arose he found himself so weak and debilitated, that the physician strenuously recommended him to try the waters of Pymont so soon as he should be sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey. Finding his fellow-voyager and sufferer now somewhat recovered, Colonel Davidson prepared to take his departure, and having affectionately embraced the Rev. Gentleman, and cordially shaken hands with the good abbot and his hospitable brethren, the colonel, accompanied by his servant, proceeded to Dunkirk, where he safely arrived after a few hours travel, and from thence it was his intention to proceed for Holland by way of Rotterdam.

After a few weeks' sojourn at the Carthusian convent, where the Reverend Chaplain received every hospitality, kindness, and attention, that it was in the power of the reverend brotherhood to bestow, with many a kind *valetè et benedicite* he departed, finding himself sufficiently strong to endure the fatigues of a land journey. The doctor set out for Westphalia to benefit his health by using the mineral waters of Pymont, and after several days, having travelled by slow stages, he safely reached his destination.

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But it is now full time, indeed, that we should return to the Duchess of Tyrconnel, and accompany that amiable lady and her highly gifted daughter, the lovely Adelaide, in their voyage and

journey; from whom the occurrences of important political events and the fatal scenes of war, have too long detained us, but of whom an account may be found in the succeeding chapter.

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## CHAPTER V.

Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;  
Nos patriam fugimus.

VIRGIL.

Round the wide world in banishment we roam,  
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and happy home.

DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION.

Sad and sorrowful ever is the parting hour when beloved friends separate, perchance never more to meet again! But oh, how sad must that separation prove if not accompanied with the consoling hope—"we yet shall meet again!" The Duke of Tyrconnel was then departing from his beloved wife and darling daughter, yet no enlivening hope allayed the feverish throbbing of his heart, with the bland promise, "we yet shall meet again!" Deep, bitter, and gloomy were the parting pangs and presages when these affectionate friends separated, destined, perchance, never more to meet! Still manfully the duke concealed the wound which rankled in his breast, and with promptitude made ready to follow the fallen fortune of his fallen master. He recommended that the duchess should, without procrastination, depart for England, and retire thence to the continent, until such time as the political tempest which was raging should subside. It was also proposed that the duke and duchess should at the same time depart for their respective destinations, and the determination, upon the same day it was resolved on, was carried into effect. The plan was, that the duchess, Lady Adelaide, Ladies Letitia and Lucy, escorted by Sir Patricius Placebo, should proceed to England, *viâ*, or rather *mari*, to Parkgate, thence journey onward to Chester, only twelve miles distant, remain there a few days with their kind friends Doctor Cartwright, bishop of Chester, and his lady; and next set off for the most convenient port to embark for France. Thence make a *detour* to the Netherlands, and take up their residence in the city of Brussels, where the Duchess d'Aremberg, Adelaide's godmother, resided.

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The duke accompanied his family to the packet which was to convey them from their native shores, possibly for ever! The parting scene was exceedingly affecting, the duchess, rallying all her fortitude, was enabled to address the duke ere they fondly embraced and parted, in these empassioned words:—"Go forth, my dear lord!" said the duchess. "Go, my beloved lord, where every filial tie calls your attendance, where glory, your country, and your king, demand your presence. Go, and the god of battles be your guide and guard! But the wife of Tyrconnel breathes no sigh—the wife of Tyrconnel sheds no tear at her loved lord's departure. Had he remained ingloriously at home then there would have been too ample cause for lamentation; the blush of every feeling cheek, and the throb of every manly heart, would have revolted at conduct so base and selfish. But, thank heaven, this is not—it could not be! Go forth then, my dearest lord, and the blessings of a wife and of a mother ever attend thee!"

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Adelaide, however, could not command those feelings which were instinctive to her sensitive feelings, she sobbed and wept deep and bitterly; she endeavoured to check the rooted sorrow which was preying on her heart, but the attempt was all in vain, her affection burst forth more strongly from her endeavour to counteract it; and tears of sorrow for her father's departure flowed in deep succession. The duke was highly affected with this parting scene; yet sternly checking himself, he said:—"My dearest Adelaide this must not be; virtue carried to excess—honour carried to excess, lose all their original intrinsic worth. Nay, even religion may be transmuted into persecution; and eternal silence and seclusion from the world be considered as its divine attributes, so that each shall lose all the original stamp of their native worth. I therefore tell you, my dearest daughter, that this must not be; I shall, with the permission of divine providence, so soon as it shall be in my power, rejoin you all in a foreign land upon my return from attending my revered monarch to Saint Germain. And, my beloved, although we shall have lost our rank, and reside as persons quite unknown—perhaps wholly unnoticed; yet, my dearest Adelaide, we shall nevertheless retain that which is much dearer to the human breast, self-esteem, and social love, and social leisure, and these undisturbed by courtly crowds, unchanged by time or circumstance, or loss of power. These social ties too well I know, my dearest child, are dearer to thee than wealth, rank, pomp, and power; and believe me truly we shall feel far happier than ever we felt before. So I pray thee, dearest Adelaide, that we may have no more of sorrow or repining, for all will yet be well!"

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The duke affectionately embraced his duchess, Adelaide, and his sisters, and cordially shook hands with Sir Patricius Placebo; when having descended the side of the vessel, his Grace jumped into the boat which conveyed him to the shore, and entered his carriage which waited for him, to attend upon the fallen fortunes of his fallen master. When intimation was given to Sir Patricius that he was to proceed to England, and take charge of the duchess and family, *certes* he received

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the communication not without some portion of surprise, and of pleasure too we must admit: "*Jacta est alea, jacta est alea!*" he exclaimed: "The dye is thrown, so now 'For England Ho!' ha, ha, ha! As Prince Hamlet says in the play, 'For England Ho!' ehem!—

#### DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!"

The packet, with all her canvass unfurled, and proudly swelling before a brisk and favouring breeze, promptly set sail onward in her direct course for the seaport of Parkgate,<sup>[21]</sup> in Cheshire. The day was uncommonly fine, and a warm exhilarating summer sun refulgently shone forth, richly gilding the expanding sails of the vessel, and with its genial enlivening rays cheering the voyagers, who sat beneath an awning upon the deck. By this time Adelaide, pursuant to the monitory parting injunctions of her father, had become tranquil and composed. While receding from the beloved shores of her native land, Adelaide was particularly struck with the romantic headlands and mountains that, south and north, bounded the horizon—the romantic peninsula of Howth, the hoary promontory of Wicklow-head, the conic hills "the Sugar-loaves," so denominated from their peculiar conformation; the long continuous chain of the Dublin and Wicklow mountains which adorned the southern point of the horizon, while anon they melted into distant aërial perspective. Adelaide was at once charmed and delighted with the scene, which called forth from her pen the following effusion:—

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#### TO HOPE.

Hope dispels the mists of woe,  
And with the sun's resplendent glow  
Illumes poor wand'ers on their way;  
Like polar star, whose argent light  
Gems the dark diadem of night,  
And sheds a heav'nly guiding ray.

Hope helms the bark mid these wild seas,  
Where the white swelling billows roar;  
The seaman cheers, to brave the breeze,  
And steer the prow for Albion's shore.

The sun illumes yon mountain's brow—  
'Tis gone, and all's in shadow now!  
So flits the vision of the past  
Joy's sunny beam is soon o'er-cast!

Happy my days while yet a child,  
When blandly hope my hours beguiled;  
Like green Oäsis on the sun-burnt plain,  
And Hope doth still her syren charms retain!

Little of interest, and still less of variety, the reader can reasonably expect to have narrated in a short sea-voyage from the shores of Erin to those of Albion; but on the contrary, much tameness, much sameness, and much monotony, must necessarily be encountered by the voyager.

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However, the breeze blew propitious, the weather smiled a settled and serene summer day; the resplendent azure of the sky was unruffled by a cloud, the sun was warm, and the scene proved genial and exhilarating, as onward the gallant bark ploughed her watery way.

A numerous host of seagulls circled in many a merry gambol around the vessel, then right-joyously plunged into the water, and boomed upon the billow, while they seemed to rejoice in the summer sun, and sport on halcyon tide; while ever and anon the Diver (*Colymbus Troile*) plunged beneath the glassy surface of the sea; a large flock of *Terns*, or sea-swallows (*sterna hirundo*) congregated about the vessel, flying around in quick and circling evolutions; now rising from, now sinking in the deep, in frolic play, then gliding along close to the surface of the sea; sometimes snapping at the insects in their way, or then suddenly checking their course, they were seen to dart down upon their finny prey, which was swallowed in the ascent, without the operation by any means retarding the progress of their flight.

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The gallant vessel throughout the entire day had joyously scudded onward in a prosperous course before the favouring breeze, and in no longer space than fifteen hours from her departure from the port of Dublin, had arrived at the mouth of the river Dee. But the tide was at this time at ebb, which of necessity retarded the landing of the passengers, as likewise from other co-operating difficulties, the dangerous sand-banks which blockade this harbour, and above all, the total *deficit* of deep water, a difficulty not to be surmounted, left no choice whatever to the captain but to cast anchor, and cause the packet to remain at her moorings to await the morning tide, which, consequently, put the patience of the voyagers much to task.

The passengers paced the deck to and fro, while they amused themselves with whatever object

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caught their eye, ear, or fancy; the operations of the crew, the passing sail, the darkening cloud, the sea-fowl retiring to rest, or the slow and hollow murmurs of the receding wave as it foamed, while it retreated, from the adjoining sands of the winding Dee.

At this time the passengers became highly and deeply interested by seeing, or imagining that they saw, human beings upon one of the distant sand-banks, whom the returning tide inevitably would destroy. The telescope was put in requisition, and this only confirmed their fears; for in the days we mention, no Dollond, no Ramsden, was in existence; of course the lenses were dim and defective, and objects, instead of being duly reflected, were misrepresented to the eye. From the repeated remonstrances and apprehensions of the passengers the jolly-boat was lowered into the water, the boatmen briskly plyed the oar, and soon reached Dee's yellow sands. When lo! those whom they had come to rescue, as they imagined, from a watery grave, suddenly took wing, and flew away!<sup>[22]</sup> Yes, gentle reader, too true it is; for the objects which had attracted the attention and the sympathy of the passengers were no more nor less than a large company of cormorants,<sup>[23]</sup> who somewhat hungry no doubt, had been busily fishing for their supper, and were at the moment they were disturbed by the approach of the boat, in the very overt act of despatching their meal upon the banks of the Dee, who thus suddenly took flight, croaking in hoarse, hollow, and discordant shrieks, their disappointment at being interrupted from their evening banquet; for these stern, sullen, and circumspect plunderers, are most greedy and insatiate gluttons. The great Milton, in his immortal poem, finishes the sketch of this unrelenting tyrant, by causing Satan to personate the corvorant,<sup>[24]</sup> while envying the happiness of our first parents, as undelighted he surveyed the beauties of Paradise.

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"Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life  
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death  
To them who lived." <sup>[25]</sup>

But it is now full time to say that a calm night succeeded the tranquil day of our fair heroine's voyage, that the duchess and all the party enjoyed a most refreshing night's repose. Upon the return of the tide the raising of the anchors and unfurling of the sails awoke the passengers, who accordingly arose, and ascended the deck. The morning was most lovely; it was then between seven and eight o'clock, the tide was full in, and brilliantly shone forth a July sun, whose cheering beams illumined the sea and all the surrounding scenery. The vessel was once more under weigh, they crossed the bar of Chester; and in less than an hour and a half they were at anchor off Parkgate. The long boat was put out, and our heroine for the first time trod upon English ground. An excellent breakfast was prepared for the voyagers at "The Welch Harp," and very soon smoked upon the board. The carriages and horses of the noble personages were landed in the space of about two hours' time, in perfect safety; for at this period seamen were not so experienced in the tackle and machinery necessary for this purpose as they are in our own days.

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When breakfast was concluded the noble party sauntered along the sea-shore, and Sir Patricius having proposed to them a walk along the pathway to the very beautifully situated and retired village of Neston, and the proposal having met with universal approbation, was soon carried into effect. And upon return the thanks of the noble party were voted, *viva voce*, to Sir Patricius, without one dissentient *no!*

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Upon their return the travelling carriages were all duly paraded in harnessed array before the door of the inn, and ready for the road, which however, by the bye, proved to be none of the best. In a short time the distinguished travellers started, but the journey, although in distance not more than ten miles, ended in a long and fatiguing one from the badness of the road, and the delay consequent thereon; the first three or four miles were over deep sands, and the remainder of the way was over a rough and badly paved road, which continued without intermission until they reached the gates of ancient Chester. Sir Patricius stoutly insisted that this road had been paved by the Romans, and reminded him, he observed, strongly of the *Via Appia*<sup>[26]</sup> which is noticed by Horace. "Ah!" said he, "in achieving victories, in forming camps, and making of roads and cheese, the Romans were a great people indeed!"

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The ladies complained of fatigue, having been much shaken and jolted on their tiresome journey; but Sir Patricius Placebo solemnly averred, that the only effect which he had experienced was, that it had strongly created in him a most immoderate hunger, excited, no doubt, as he supposed it had been, by the heat and action of shaking, jolting, &c.; all which keenly operating upon the gastric juice, withal had acted with such an impetus and energy, to which, in sooth, he was wholly unaccustomed, had, he was free and honest to confess, called forth so very unexpected a craving for food! But Sir Patricius was ever upon the *qui vivé*, and was sure warily to be provided with a pretext, like proverb-loving Sancho, whenever he wished that a *dejeûnè a lá fourchette*, or a collation, should be put in requisition.

The noble party were set down at the noted and far-famed "White Lion," where compassionating the *fames Canina* under which poor Sir Patricius languished, a cold collation was called for, where, amid various meats and pastries, a cold and excellent pigeon-pie attracted his hungry attention, and ere long the contents thereof suddenly disappeared, and then he seemed to be relieved from the evident distress under which he had incontinently laboured. This operation was

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promptly succeeded by a liberal libation (as a salutary condiment to the pigeon-pie) of some excellent old Hock, the *anno domini* of which was unknown to honest Boniface of "the White Lion."

The ladies too were induced to take some slight refreshment; when the baronet, who now seemed himself again, proposed a walk to the ladies, which he thought would both please and refresh them; and that which he selected was around the walls of this ancient and singular city. This proposition being readily acceded to, the party set forth upon their intended peregrination.

Sir Patricius seemed to be more inclined to the talking mood than he had been disposed to previous to the collation; and made several very apposite remarks during the progress of their walk, which were particularly addressed to the duchess. [Pg 133]

"This truly ancient, venerable city, was called by the Romans, *Colonia Deva*, or *Devana*, from its having been the station of the xxth Victorious Legion. It is evident that *Deva* means

"The ancient hallow'd Dee."

"*This city without parallel* is of Roman origin, as is fully evinced by the form of the city, which is completely Roman, being constructed in the peculiar figure which the Romans always preserved in their stations or castrametations, wheresoever the nature of the ground would permit. The plan or figure of this city is a peculiar one; in shape it is quadrangular, with four principal gates leading to the four principal streets, which run directly from east to west, and north to south; besides a variety of lesser ones, all crossing each other at right angles, so as to divide the whole into lesser squares. The form likewise of the walls is also Roman, which are the only entire specimen of ancient fortification now in great Britain. The walls, as you may perceive, are in many parts, especially on the north and east sides, guarded by towers placed in such a position as not to be beyond bow-shot of one another, in order that the archers might reach the enemy who attempted to attack the intervals. They also are mostly of a round form, as was recommended by the Roman architects, in order the better to elude the force of catapulta and battering-rams." [Pg 134]

Here Sir Patricius (in which we shall not follow him) delivered a very erudite antiquarian lecture upon salient angles, action and reaction, salient towers, *propugnaculi*, and the whole range of Roman military architecture.

He next observed: "Chester is a city and county of itself; the Dee river half encircles it by a winding curve, flowing from east to west, where, nearly at about twenty miles distance in its course, it empties itself into the Irish channel. Look down, my lady Duchess, from these walls, upon the objects below, and you will then appreciate their great height. Originally they were constructed for defence, but they are now converted into a promenade for the health and recreation of the inhabitants; and indeed I must do them the justice to say, that they keep them in excellent repair. The walls are so narrow in some particular places that only two persons, as you must observe, can walk abreast. The circumference of the walls extends to one mile three-quarters, and a hundred and one yards, ehem! *be the same more or less*, as the gentlemen of the long robe might express it." [Pg 135]

In their progress around the walls, the ladies all were highly pleased by the surrounding scenery, and none more so than the Lady Adelaide:—

"How beautiful are the views from several parts of these venerable walls! How luxuriantly green the pastures that margin these walls, and that beautiful spot, the race-course!"

"Which, my lady," rejoined Sir Patricius, "they now call popularly Roodee, but the orthography is Rood-eye.<sup>[27]</sup> This beautiful pasture ground belongs to the corporation, and comprises eighty-four acres. Yonder are the mountains of Flintshire and Derbyshire; there the hills of Broxton; while the insulated rock of Beeston, crowned with its romantic castle, forms the background of the picture upon which your Ladyship seems to gaze with such delight; while the landscape is still further enlivened by the devious winding of the Dee, in its majestic circling course to Boughton." [Pg 136]

While walking around the walls of Chester, the duchess and her party encountered a handsome young stranger, who was also promenading this frequented walk.—We have already premised the narrowness of the walls, that they in some parts only admitted two persons to walk abreast.—The stranger, to make way, retired to a small recess nigh one of the towers, and courteously bowed as the party passed onward. [Pg 137]

His eyes were deeply rivetted upon the Lady Adelaide, while her's seemed as intently fixed upon him. Thrice during their walk, in a similar manner, they encountered the stranger; at the last meeting it so happened that Adelaide (accidentally, no doubt,) dropped her glove just as the stranger met her; he raised it from the ground, and in the most courteous and graceful manner restored it. While in the act of returning the glove to its fair owner, it so happened that his hand touched her's; instantly the blood mounted to her cheek, and she deeply blushed; but sweetly smiling, she politely thanked him, made her obeisance, and passed on. [Pg 138]

"Who can this stranger be?" thought Adelaide to herself. "He is surely no ordinary being—none of the common-place creatures of this earth. And oh, his fine manly beautiful countenance that seems born to command!"

Then, with a sigh, "she thought too that he looked likewise as if born to love. Oh, what I would give (just from mere curiosity!) to know his name and rank;—there can be no doubt but that he [Pg 139]

must be a person of distinction."

After this mental soliloquy she hastened to rejoin the duchess and her aunts. They all now returned to "the White Lion;" and the next day was to be devoted to their visit to the episcopal palace, to pay their respects to the Bishop of Chester and Mrs. Cartwright. The evening proving remarkably fine, Sir Patricius ventured to propose a walk to the ladies, to view the interior of the city, the shops, "the rows," &c. As they passed along, they observed that many of the houses were of wood, and most of them built of brick, and wooden frame-work, alternately painted black and white, in certainly a most coffin-like fashion. The pinnacles and gables, they observed, were adorned with various curious and grotesque carvings. Sir Patricius seemed now very anxious to display all his gothic lore.

"This, my Lady Duchess," he observed, "is in verity a most ancient, venerable city; and perhaps the most striking of the many peculiarities in which it abounds are these remarkable covered galleries, or, as they are ycleped, 'Rows,' which extend the entire length on each side of many of the streets in front of the range of shops, which are covered over head, and you ascend them from the four principal streets by flights of stairs. The effect is as if the front room in every first floor was scooped out, and the upper stories of the premises supported on pillars, while the lower tier of rooms, thus purloined, are occupied as shops. The space thus scooped out forms a covered gallery on each side of the street, with a ballustrade or railing in front, over which various goods are flung for exposure to the public—namely, silks, stuffs, shawls, &c. This ballustrade faces the street; the back parlours of each house thus circumstanced are converted into rows of shops, and are a great convenience to the public, from the facility of passing from street to street, effectually secured from rain or heat, affording a sheltered walk in winter and a shady one in summer to both inhabitants and strangers. The streets had been excavated out of the earth, and are in many places several feet below the surface. The carriages drive far below the levels of the kitchens, on a line with the range of shops.

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"There can be no question, my Lady, whatever," added Sir Patricius, looking very knowingly, and taking with much gravity a pinch of snuff from his Carolus snuff-box, "there can be no doubt," said he, "but that these 'rows' are precisely the same as the ancient *vestibules*, and appear evidently to have been a form of building preserved from the time that this city was possessed by the Romans. These *vestibules* were built before the doors, midway between the streets and the houses, and were the places where dependants waited for the coming forth of their patrons, and under which they might walk, and pass away the tedious minutes of expectation. Plautus, in the third act of his *Mostellaria*, describes both their situation and their use,<sup>[28]</sup> namely, that the vestibule in front of the house answered the purpose of a piazza, or covered gallery. The shops beneath these 'rows' were certainly the *cryptæ* and *apothecæ*, the magazines and repositories for the various necessaries of the owners of the houses."

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The party had now descended from the rows, and pursued their route under one of the arched gateways ascending from the walls, when who should at this time be seen but the youthful stranger whom they had encountered in their morning walk. He took off his hat and lowly bowed. Adelaide, blushing, returned the salute, being the only one of the party who had caught a glimpse of him—the duchess and her sisters listening in wonderment at the learned lore which Sir Patricius had displayed and poured forth with such wondrous volubility; and he was himself, in sooth, too much occupied by his own eloquence, to see, to hear, to think of ought but old Plautus, the *Colonia Devana*, and the Roman centurions!

The duchess and her party having returned to "the White Lion," tea was immediately ordered; and as Sir Patricius had most ably done his part at the morning collation as well as at dinner, he thought it only decorous to go supperless to bed, which deficit he was, however, resolved to make up from the supplies of the tea-table. They all shortly retired to rest, the ladies complaining that they had not as yet got the tossing of the vessel from their heads, nor the shaking of the Roman paved way from their shoulders.

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"After all," said Sir Patricius, "however, commend me the Romans, whether for their armies, their victories, for making roads, or manufacturing cheese!"

The duchess took this as the signal for departing, aware that if this topic were once begun, it would prove no easy matter to stop Sir Patricius in his eulogium on the Romans.

The next day, at meet season and time, the duchess, attended by her party, drove to the episcopal palace, and found the bishop and his lady at home, expecting their arrival. But it is necessary that the reader should be previously introduced to the bishop and his lady.

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The Right Reverend Doctor Cartwright, Lord Bishop of Chester, was in the sixty-first or second year of his age, and having passed by the sunny side of his sexagesimal year, was verging fast to his grand climacteric; he enjoyed a strong and healthy old age. Piety was stamped on his fine expanded brow, and benevolence and good-humour sparkled in his eyes, and played upon his lips; his eyes were hazel, large and intelligent, beaming beneath his deep black eye-brows; his nose was aquiline; his figure tall and graceful. He wore a black camlet riding-coat; his hat was of the episcopal fashion; his peruke was bushy and well powdered; and in his right hand he carried an ivory-headed cane, not from necessity, but from choice.

Mrs. Cartwright was somewhat further advanced in years than her Right Reverend Lord. She had never, even in youth, been accounted handsome; however, the expression of her countenance was pleasing, and accompanied withal by a liveliness and good-humour, approaching somewhat

the *vis comica*, but in no way allied to the satirical. Mrs. Cartwright was a plain, honest, excellent woman, possessed of a good understanding, and considered in those times as being well informed. No heart was ever found more fond of doing a kind, generous, and benevolent act, many of which are on record; but this was none of her seeking, as no one disliked ostentation more than what she did; her desire was to do good without its being promulgated. The bishop and his lady never had any children, but they were too wise and grateful to make themselves miserable upon this account, and lived contented and happy upon those blessings which providence had bounteously bestowed, without vainly and impiously repining for what they never had possessed. Loving and beloved, this couple lived mated and matched, regarded and respected by all ranks and conditions in society. They were never weary of well-doing; daily acts of charity, hospitality, generosity, and kindness, emanated from the kind and excellent feelings congenial to them both; indeed they fully verified the words of the inspired Psalmist: "The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous."

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Such were the Bishop of Chester and his lady, to whom the duchess and her train now presented themselves, and by whom they were most warmly and affectionately received.

"Welcome! most heartily welcome, my good, excellent, worthy Lady Duchess," exclaimed the bishop, warmly taking her Grace by the hand; at the same moment almost she was cordially embraced by Mrs. Cartwright.

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"A kind and warm welcome to you and yours," continued the bishop. Then looking intently at Adelaide, he pressed warmly her hand, saying to the duchess, "Beshrew my heart, but, lady, thy daughter is most passing fair, exceeding fair; nor hath fame in aught out-heralded the Lady Adelaide's beauty!"

The duchess made a low courtesy, and thanked his lordship for his polite gallantry. "But," said the duchess in an under tone, "when, my Lord, you shall know more of my daughter, I trust that you will like her mind better than now you like her visage." Next, aloud, her Grace said, "My daughter has reason, my lord, to be proud of your praise, for *laudari a laudato*—your lordship knows the rest."

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"No, my Lady Duchess, no! I am no orator, and, I thank God, no politician! I am no great man, albeit I am a peer spiritual, and so forth; therefore my praise on that score can be of but little value indeed!"

"Not so, my Lord, the praise of a good man ever is of value."

The bishop bowed. His Lordship next proposed a walk in his garden; and then they adjourned to Chester walls, which closely adjoin the palace, to promenade until dinner. Adelaide looked to the left and right, but "the unknown knight of Chester walls" was not to be seen. Upon their return to the episcopal palace dinner was ready, and soon smoked upon the hospitable board. It was a sumptuous entertainment. The bishop having helped the ladies, soon discovered that Sir Patricius was in complete possession of the *scavoir vivre*.

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"I warmly recommend you; Sir Placebo—Sir Patricius, I beg your pardon—to have some Severn salmon, or some choice dories, caught in the Llyn; and I do think, above all, that I can speak in positive commendation of some stewed carp, which is truly delicious. I saw them caught yesterday (for I am fond of fishing) in that *Piscosus amnis*, which we call the Vyrnyn."

"No, my Lord, I thank you, I have just made a grand assault, *vi et furca*, upon your venison, which is actually the finest I have ever enjoyed. The lean is so ruddy and the fat is so white, that I think, my Lord, I shall just try a *modicum* more, [the fourth time he was helped!] and some sweet sauce withal!"

Indeed the opinion and "great capabilities," to use his own phrase, of Sir Patricius Placebo, at a well-chosen dinner, were never yet, even by his enemies, considered as apocryphal; and in the culinary calendar this notable day was deserving of a mark of approbation, and should be held in savoury remembrance by every follower of Epicurus. The first and second course removed, cheese was put down, to which Sir Patricius helped himself liberally.

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"My Lord, your Cheshire is positively excellent. We are indebted to the victorious *Colonia Devana* for it. To these same Roman centurions who introduced the art of cheese-making, until then unknown in England, into Cheshire; and for my part, my Lord; to adventure upon a pun, I would call this admirable cheese *divina*.—Ha, ha, ha! It is every way deserving of the *Cretâ notanda* of Horace, or the *Cretâ notare* of Persius: it should truly be marked with white chalk in the calendar!"

"It seems, Sir Patricius, that you are disposed to *chalk your cheese* with a note of admiration!—eh? Ha, ha, ha. However, I certainly agree with you that the art of cheese-making to be the most valuable memorial which the Romans have left us, and in an especial manner to this country. Indeed so extensively was cheese-making carried on that these cohorts exported large quantities of cheese, not only to the distant colonies, but even to imperial Rome herself!"

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"Most true, my Lord; and to such perfection has it been brought, that it is now (*me jndice*) far superior to any imported from classic Italy, or dull, plodding Batavia. Centuries have passed by, and Rome's centurions have mixed their dust with the defunct Cæsars, but Cheshire cheese still holds its high estimation; and long may it do so, while British palates, teeth, and taste remain—*Semperque manebit!*"

A magnificent dessert, crowned with the oldest and choicest wines, concluded this princely banquet, and each day's entertainment, although varied, was equally as splendid as the feast we have recorded.

The next day being the sabbath day, all the guests accompanied Mrs. Cartwright to the cathedral, (where the bishop was to preach) and sat in that lady's seat in the gallery. As soon as the service was over the party proceeded to inspect this grand and venerable pile.

"The cathedral of Chester was built," as the bishop informed the duchess, "during the reigns of Henry VI., VII., VIII." He observed that there was much to admire in the beautiful west end of the nave. "The window over the door is richly adorned with much tasteful tracery, and architrave of the door enriched with figures and other subjects in sculpture. The choir is considered handsome, and the gothic tabernacle work over the stalls is carved in a light and elegant manner. The arches in the galleries are divided by slender pillars of admirable conformation."

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His Lordship then came to the bishop's throne, which he pointed out as standing on a stone base; and he observed that the form was an oblong square, or parallelogram, which was remarkable for its sculpture, each side being richly ornamented with gothic carvings, with arches and pinnacles. Around the upper part of the canopy stands a range of little images, designed to represent the kings and saints of the Mercian kingdom. The party now advanced to the chancel, where there are four stone stalls for the officiating priests, richly ornamented above with carved gothic work. The duchess and Lady Adelaide particularly admired the magnificent piece of tapestry which adorns the altar; it represents Elmius the sorcerer struck blind by Saint Paul. The design is taken from one of the cartoons of Raffaele, and the execution is truly admirable.

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The bishop and his noble guests returned to the palace, where a magnificent dinner was prepared for them, and the bishop entertained Sir Patricius Placebo, so soon as the ladies retired, with "*A brief and succinct account*," as his lordship termed it, "of the ecclesiastical state of the ancient city of Chester." But as two flasks of old Burgundy disappeared during the narration, we are somewhat apprehensive that it would prove rather heavy on our reader's hands, and therefore we shall in *toto* decline the discussion.

The duchess and her family having very pleasantly passed a week at the palace, now prepared for their regretted departure, and next sadly to bid an affectionate farewell. Mrs. Cartwright obtained a promise from the duchess of writing to her as soon as her Grace should reach either Amiens or Lille. They proceeded to the town of Tarporly, and thence to Wrexam, where they stopped to change horses and to take some refreshment.

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Wrexam is the largest town in North Wales, and its parish the most numerous; it is the principal town of Denbighshire. Struck by the beauty and airy lightness of the lofty tower of Wrexam church, the duchess and Lady Adelaide resolved, while the necessary operations at the inn were going forward, to wend their way to visit this fine gothic pile; and Sir Patricius, "albeit," as he said himself pleasantly enough upon the occasion, "although he was much more addicted, he must needs confess, to the *memento vivere* than the *memento mori*" yet, nevertheless, right gallantly esquired the ladies.

"The church of Wrexam is the glory not only of the place, but of North Wales." The inside of the church is very spacious, and consists of a nave, two aisles, and a chancel. Much grotesque carving surmounts the capitals of the various pillars in the nave, and within the arches are placed many armorial bearings of the ancient British and Saxon princes. Many of the monuments which adorn the nave and the aisles are admirably designed, and the sculpture exceedingly fine. The epitaphs are numerous and curious: many a "*hic jacet* Ap-Howel—Ap-Morgan—Ap-Jhones," may be found in the church and in the church-yard. On the outside of the church is placed a great variety of ludicrous and grotesque sculpture. The steeple is an extremely handsome tower, richly ornamented on three sides with rows of saints placed in rich gothic niches. Among the group is that of Saint Giles, the patron saint of the church, with the hind that so miraculously nourished him in the desert, as monkish legends tell. At every angle of the church tower is a light turret, with a winding stair-case, twenty-four feet high. The entire height of the church tower, which is seen to a considerable distance, is one hundred and twenty-five feet. The church was built in the reign of Henry VIII., and is in the florid style of gothic architecture.

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Know, gentle reader, that there occurred a little incident in Wrexam church, which must needs have the additament of being known unto thee. When the noble travellers entered the nave they were much struck by beholding a robin perched upon a brass chandelier, which was suspended from the ceiling in the nave, opposite to the reading-desk. The minister was engaged in reading the Psalms, the clerk the responses; and the robin expanding his wings, and straining his little throat, as if to overpower and surpass their voices conjoined. The congregation consisted of but three elderly ladies. It was of a week day, to which circumstance, in all probability, was to be attributed the paucity of the congregation.

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This little occurrence produced the following lines from the pen of Lady Adelaide:—

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THE RED-BREAST,  
IN WREXAM CHURCH, DENBIGHSHIRE,

I roam'd on a cheerful bright summer morning,  
The sun, unclouded, the hills was adorning;  
My heart beat in transport, but brief was the hour,  
When onward I hasten'd for Wrexam's famed tow'r,  
A feeling I have—and that feeling it led,  
For pensive the pleasure to muse o'er the dead;  
And ponder o'er graves where the good are at rest;  
Who no son of sorrow yet ever oppress'd.  
"Glad tidings and peace" are of heavenly birth;  
Fulfil them, frail mortals, by kindness on earth!  
Oh, still the wise counsel, "Bear yet, and forbear!"  
We daily from wisdom sublunar may hear.  
The blest precept, "Forgive, and then be forgiv'n!"  
Is written alone in the records of heav'n.

The church door I enter'd.—The morning was young;  
Delighted I heard a sweet Redbreast who sung:  
The notes were seraphic, distinct, shrill, and clear,  
Sweet Robin the choirist on high chandelier!  
Oft quiver'd his bosom, and flutter'd his wing,  
While matins he chanted to heaven's high King!  
The hour was early;—and time swiftly soon fled  
When Robin allur'd me from tombs of the dead.  
That space then sufficient I might not well spare  
An hour to devote in the temple of prayer.

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Farewell, tuneful warbler, farewell to thy lay,  
Which fondly I'll cherish for many a day!  
Far hence, all unwilling, from thee I depart;  
Impress'd be thy memory still on my heart!

The duchess and Lady Adelaide felt with much sensibility the contrariety between the notes of the tuneful Redbreast and the nasal base of the veteran clerk slowly drawling forth the responses. Lady Adelaide compared the one to the other as the silvery tone of the Welch harp, contrasted with the wintry gale that sweeps o'er Snowden.

From Wrexam, where the horses were baited, and our noble travellers refreshed, they onward pursued their journey, passing through Llangollen, and visiting its lovely vale. Highly pleased was every one with the beautiful scenery through which they had passed, the course of the Dee, and the windings of the Severn; while with gratified recollections they thought on the very kind and hospitable reception which they had experienced at Chester palace. They proceeded next by way of Oswestry and Shrewsbury, on their route for Bristol; in the performance of which journey, for the present, we must leave our distinguished travellers.

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## CHAPTER VI.

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To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,  
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.  
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please.

GOLDSMITH.

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LETTER FROM THE DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL,  
ADDRESSED

"TO MY DEAR AND INTRINSICALLY ESTEEMED FRIEND, MRS. CARTWRIGHT, AT  
THE EPISCOPAL PALACE OF CHESTER."

*Dated, Lille, August 12th, 169—*

"I now most willingly take up my pen to give you, my dear Madam, some account of our voyage, and also of our journey, in fulfilment of the promise which I made in parting from you and the worthy prelate at Chester palace:—

"Well, we proceeded on our route to Bristol, where, you are aware, it was our intention to have embarked for some safe port in France; at Bristol in due course we arrived,

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*sans* accident and *sans* adventure of any kind. But, lo and behold, we could find no vessel destined for the fair shores of France! What was next to be done? why we set off, *au désespoir*, for Dover. When we arrived at that seaport Sir Patricius made instant inquiries for a packet, and was told that there was then only one on the station, and that too was engaged. As he was retiring from the beach who should he meet, think you? why none other than 'the unknown knight' whom we had so often encountered on the walls of Chester; this, you will freely admit, was rather somewhat extraordinary, if not marvellous, certainly. Well, my dear Mrs. Cartwright, an explanation took place, when this singular 'knight unknown' informed Sir Patricius that he himself had engaged the packet, but that it was exclusively at our service; and in the politest and most obliging manner he relinquished it to us, and was so truly chivalrous as wholly to decline a passage for himself.

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"This was indeed nobly kind and generous, and we all felt it as such. At our embarkation the graceful, interesting 'knight unknown' was on the pier of Dover, and you never saw, my dear friend, with what a dignified grace this *preux* chevalier handed us all on board, and how graciously he bade us 'adieu.' My dear enthusiastic Adelaide is still further convinced that he must be a prince *incognito*. He said, as we were about to part, 'I understand that your Grace and family are now departing on your way to Brussels.'

"I nodded assent. 'Shall we, pray, stand any chance,' I inquired, 'of seeing you, Sir, in that ancient city?'

"The stranger hesitated. '*Perhaps*,' quoth he, 'my Lady Duchess.'

"Oh, if then you were to have seen the indignant glance that Lady Letitia flung on the courteous stranger, while it would seem involuntarily she echoed, or rather screamed, '*perhaps!*' For you must know that to this adverb the Lady Letitia hath, and entertains an entire, instinctive, and unconquerable detestation, to the very extinction, I verily credit, of every other given adverb in English grammar, be it *aye*, or be it *no*.

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"'But,' continued the gallant stranger, 'I yet may speak in more decided terms. It is my full determination to proceed to Brussels, unless ought unforeseen and unexpected should arise to prevent it. I most respectfully and sincerely wish your Grace and friends every prosperity, a safe and expeditious voyage, and a pleasant journey.'

"Then bowing with all the grace of one who had been familiar with courts, he took off his hat, which he several times waved on high, until the packet got under weigh. I could not but observe that when he took Adelaide by the hand to lead her on board, that my daughter coloured most deeply. Indeed I cannot but apprehend that an *impression* has been made on her young and feeling heart. But this is *entrè nous*. Is it not most strange, and does it not look exceedingly like *love at first sight*? But who can be 'the unknown knight' of Chester walls? I can form no opinion, but I am not certainly inclined to agree with Adelaide that he is a prince *incognito*.

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"But to resume my narrative:—We embarked at Dover on Friday morning, at eight o'clock, on board a neutral vessel bound for Calais; it was a Flemish packet, named *De Zee-Schilpad*, Captain Bulderende master. The weather when we left Dover was fine, but the breeze soon became squally, attended with heavy rain, and a rough and swelling sea; but in the event our passage proved a good one. Many of the sailors were Flemish, and some were French; and, I must say, the most lubberly and awkward I had ever beheld, *par exemple*, one of them sat down to haul a rope! So that really we felt far more indebted to the wind and waves than to the nautical skill of either French or Flemish sailors. And I must own, and am quite free to confess, that their inferiority to our own gallant tars, in verity, did not displease me.

"Calais, as we approached it, is seen to much advantage, the spire of *Notre Dame*, and the turrets of the *Maison de Ville* nobly arising over the waves, have certainly a fine and imposing effect; it is indeed a neat and handsome town; the harbour presents a pleasant and enlivening scene, and is defended by many forts. The citadel is strongly fortified, and the city surrounded with walls, gates, &c. The parish church was built by the English, and has been much admired for its architecture. The fishery here for herrings and mackerel is considerable, and of both kinds we partook with much *goût* during our short sojourn in that ancient city.

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"You know what an incurable enthusiast my Adelaide is. During the entire progress of our voyage, which occupied some five hours, the whole way from Dover to Calais Adelaide sat on deck, and could not be prevailed upon, by any persuasion or entreaty whatever, to descend into our cabin, although the wind, which was fair, blew also fresh, and accompanied with some showers; still stationed on deck sat Adelaide, intently gazing upon the Shakespeare-cliffs,

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"From the dread summit of this chalky bourn;  
Look up a height ... the shrill gorg'd lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard:—do but look up!"

"So intently did Adelaide gaze, that one would have thought that the spell-bound charm that fascinated her looks to those lofty cliffs, could only be broken and dispelled by the wand of the enchanter. The following quatrain is my Adelaide's:—

Ye chalky cliffs! unchang'd ye stand,  
As pencil'd by great Shakespeare's hand;  
Still to the clouds your summits rise,  
Nor perish until nature dies!

"Never once changing her position on deck sat the fair enthusiast, until cliff and sky became commingled in one dark-blue mass, and soon completely lost in aërial distance.

"We viewed the church of *Notre Dame* at Calais, where there is an ill-executed, clumsy statue of the Virgin and Child in statuary marble; the walls are surrounded with paintings of Scriptural subjects, but the design and the execution are very *mediocré*. As we walked around the walls of this memorable town, we could not but recollect, with the deepest interest, that this city had for upwards of two hundred years appertained to the crown of Britain;—that here had been manifested the most generous and devoted love of country;—that here our own Edward triumphed over the arms, as the benevolent Emma did over the hearts, of the patriot citizens of Calais.

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"Once more I tread the sunny region of merry France, endeared from youthful recollection; once more too I tread the same soil that holds him I love the best!—no, *not* the BEST!—in this earthly globe, and no longer two seas separate me from him whom I acknowledge by the two most endearing titles of my husband, and my Adelaide's father. Yes, dearest friend, this is consoling, and it is balm to the wearied heart of a poor exile roaming in a far and foreign land!

"But I must continue our route:—From Calais we proceeded by Boulogne-Sur-Mer of which I shall just observe, *en passant*, that it is a handsome town, it is said of great antiquity, and is very remarkable from the circumstance of its having been selected as the port from which the Romans embarked when they invaded Britain; and here still remain the fragments of a Roman tower built during the reign of Caligula. From Boulogne we proceeded to Amiens, where we remained for a couple of days to repose from the fatigues of our journey, and if it will not *fatigue* you, you shall have a very brief sketch of that fine city.

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"Amiens is a city of great antiquity, it was called *Ambianum* by the Romans, and is noticed by Cæsar in his Commentaries.—Amiens is the capital of Picardy, and an episcopal See; it is the *Samaro-Briva* of the ancients. This city is situated on the navigable river Somme, which traverses it in three branches, all which unite below the town, beneath the bridge of St. Michael.

"Amiens is a rich and flourishing city, and abounds with numerous manufactories; it is very pleasantly situated in a fertile and well cultivated country. It is the residence of the governor of Picardy.<sup>[29]</sup>

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"Amiens is encompassed by a wall and other fortifications, the ramparts are planted with trees, which form an agreeable walk; the mall, called *l'Autoy*, is also much admired as a delightful promenade. The houses are well built, the streets are spacious, and the town is embellished with regular handsome squares and public buildings; namely, the palace of the Bailiwick, where the governor of Picardy resides, the *maison de ville*, or town-hall, the citadel, the square, or *place des fleurs*, and the great market square, all which are well deserving the attention of the traveller. There are ten churches in this city, independent of the great cathedral of *Notre Dame*, which is a truly sumptuous and most magnificent pile, it is built in the florid style of gothic architecture, and is accounted one of the finest cathedrals in France. The nave of the church is greatly and deservedly admired. The building contains numerous aisles, chapels, and altars, all gorgeously decorated with shrines, statues, paintings, and monuments. Many of the statues are of marble, as also the monuments; some others, for instance that of the Bishop of Amiens, (whose name unluckily I have forgotten,) who founded the cathedral, are of bronze. There are some oil paintings in the nave, the subjects taken from Holy Writ, but the execution is very indifferent.

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"As we entered this venerable pile the priests and choir were chanting the high mass, while the loud, solemn, pealing of the organ's swell echoed from aisle to altar, wafted the soul beyond the narrow confines of mortality. The grand altar was brilliantly lighted up, the perfumed incense arose in clouds to the fretted ceiling, the congregation seemed sunk in deep and dumb devotion; the service was enchantingly performed,

some exquisite voices assisted; and the scene was truly captivating and impressive, much to charm the eye and move the heart.

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"We have been at this place (Lille)<sup>[30]</sup> now for four days, but depart on the morrow for Brussels; and indeed it is with regret that we leave this delightful city, of which I adventure to give you a brief historical detail:

"Lisle, or Lille, is a large and strongly fortified city in the north-east of France, and the capital of French Flanders; it is situated on the navigable river Deule. The origin of this town is ascribed by tradition to Julius Cæsar, who is said to have built a castle on an island in the Deule, whence it derived the name of *Insula*, *Isla*, and eventually of *Lisle*; the Flemish name is *Ryssel*; the Latin, *Insula Flandrorum*; it is now called *Lille*.

"Lille is situated in a dead flat, the soil whereof is rich and fertile, and the people industrious. The Deule, although a small river, yet is navigable, and is divided into several branches, parts of which supply the moats of the citadel, and the fosses of the town; while one branch of this river, called *La Basse Deule*, intersects the city. The form of Lille is that of an irregular oval; it is a large and handsome town, its appearance is imposing from its extent, its fortifications, its canals, its bridges, its squares, and public buildings. It is assuredly one of the handsomest cities of France; much architectural elegance is displayed not only in private edifices, but particularly in the public buildings, viz. *la bourse*, or the exchange, crowned with its cupola and minaret, the barracks, the corn market, the theatre, five principal hospitals, besides others. *La maison de ville*,<sup>[31]</sup> or town-hall, adjoins the grand place, or square; it formerly had been the palace of the Dukes of Burgundy; it was built in the year 1430 by Duke Philip the Good.

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"Lille had been formerly the residence of the Foresters and Counts of Flanders; it was founded by Baudouin, surnamed *Le Belle Barbe*, Count of Flanders, so early as 1007. His son Baudouin Le Debonaire surrounded the city with walls, and built the magnificent church of Saint Peter, where he was interred; and in the middle of the nave of this cathedral may be seen the tomb of its founder, who was also called by another designation, *Baudouin of Lille*. Two Chapters of the order of the Golden Fleece were held in this collegiate church of Saint Peter, the first in 1431, the latter in 1436.

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"There is in this church a beautiful chapel of our Lady of Treille, which was built by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in which is to be seen a beautiful *mausoleum* of Bronze, where is represented the Count Lewis de Male, Count of Flanders, placed between his wife Margaret and his daughter.

"The other parish churches in this city are, St. Stephen, St. Maurice, St. Saviour, St. Catherine, St. Andrew, and La Magdelaine. Lille has seven gates:—1. Porte de La Barne. 2. De Notre Dame. 3. Des Malades. 4. De Fives. 5. Saint Maurice. 6. Magdelaine. 7. Saint Andrew.

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"This city, as, my dear friend, I have before observed to you, is the capital of French Flanders, as it was anciently called *Flandria Gallica*; and is one of the most populous, rich, and magnificent cities in the entire circle of French Flanders.

"You will here, no doubt, my dear Madam, pause, and naturally enough inquire why I should make this long *detour*, when my ultimate destination is Brussels;—what necessity should urge me to visit Amiens?—why should I proceed to Lille?—why not start straight forward at once for Brussels? I shall explain to you the cause, my dear friend, as I hate mysteries, and prefer being candid in preference of appearing absurd or inconsistent. There have been for these many years some near and dear female connexions of mine, and likewise of the duke, who long since have forsook the world, and who are abiding in this country, all of whom have taken the veil; two sisters are stationed at Amiens within the convent, or *Abbaye de St. Sepulchre*; and two other relatives have retired here into the convent *des Sœurs Noires*. These ladies are now far advanced in years, and fast approaching that goal that one day we all must ultimately reach. Could I then, my dear Madam, remain in the same country, inhale the same air, and withal placed within a reasonable distance, and it resting wholly in my power and inclination whether I should see them for once, and perhaps for ever! or decline doing so? I could not—I would not decline it! No earthly consideration could warp or cause me to forego this duty! I have seen these venerable saints, for such I believe them to be, and I am gratified that they are happy; at least to me they appeared to be so, as they did to my daughter and sisters. This must be the last time probably that I shall ever see them imprisoned within those sad monastic walls, the world forgetting, and by the world forgot! and the leave which I took of them resembled that sad, solemn, and final farewell, which we receive from the departing voice of those we regard at the close of their earthly pilgrimage!

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"You shall hear from me again so soon as I am established at Brussels, where I purpose to remain for a year certainly, and for which city we start on the morrow. Until then, dearest friend, adieu.

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"P. S.—Please, my dear, most kindly to present all our united remembrances to your truly worthy lord and prelate. Once more farewell."

The day subsequent to the writing of the foregoing epistle, as has been determined upon, the duchess and Adelaide, the Ladies Letitia and Lucy, escorted by Sir Patricius Placebo, departed from Lille on their route to Brussels. The journey occupied the space of nearly three days; at the expiration of which the illustrious *voyageurs* safely arrived at the noble, the ancient city of Brussels; the drivers were directed to stop at the hotel *Du Flanders*, in preference to the hotel *d'Angleterre*, as it was the wish of the duchess to remain retired from any observance or unnecessary intercourse with her countrymen; and instructed by the political tone and temper of the times, courted privacy, not publicity; and this was now the more necessary, as acts of attainder had been proclaimed by King William against all the adherents and partisans of King James the Second.

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## CHAPTER VII.

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Erin my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But, alas! in a far, foreign land I waken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!

CAMPBELL.

The apartments at the hotel *Du Flanders* were not only roomy and commodious, but were likewise fitted up with a considerable degree of elegance. However, depressed by fatigue of body, as likewise overpowered by anxiety of mind, the duchess and her fair and lovely daughter retired at an early hour to repose, which example was as immediately followed by the retiring of Ladies Letitia and Lucy, and Sir Patricius Placebo, to their respective dormitories.

The duchess and Lady Adelaide had two beds stationed in the same chamber, which always, during the absence of the duke, was invariably the custom; and in the adjoining bed-chamber reposed the Ladies Letitia and Lucy.

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Sir Patricius was not neglectful of his personal comforts upon any occasion, at least that has been recorded, and happy to find himself once more stationary for a determinate time at Brussels, he emphatically ejaculated his favourite sentence—

DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!

and soon was enfolded in the silken fetters of Morpheus.

The duchess usually sat up an hour or two in her chamber previous to her retiring to repose, her time being occupied in reading, writing, or entering memoranda in her common-place book; but her Grace always finished with her devotions. When these were duly performed, slowly advancing to the bedside of her beloved daughter, she already be held her in a profound sleep. "Happy state of youth!" thought the duchess,

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"Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound."

"Oh, my darling daughter, may care, anxiety, and sorrow, ever be strangers to thy dwelling! and, oh heaven grant, that thy bosom, and thy peace of mind, may be ever calm and serene as at this present moment they are!"

Having mentally expressed this fervent prayer, the duchess retired to her pillow, mournfully revolving upon the past, and deeply meditating upon the future; much wearied both from mental, as well as bodily fatigue, she fell into a deep slumber. But her sleep was restless and perturbed, she went back to the days of her youth. For as Milton finely expresses,

"When nature rests,  
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes,  
To imitate her."

The duchess again beheld her early friends, once more she partook of their juvenile pastimes. Time advances—her courtship with the duke proceeds—her consent to the marriage given—the wedding takes place—the birth of Adelaide—the duke's increased favour with his sovereign—his several appointments—his promotion—the introduction of the duchess at court—the duke presented with the order of the garter, and appointed viceroy of Ireland—the scenes attendant thereon—Adelaide the admiration of every eye, and the praise of every tongue. All these events,

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conjured up by deceptive vision, passed in rapid succession, seen through the *camera obscura* of the past. Now floats before her tortured fancy the obverse of the medal:—The battle of the Boyne is fought and lost—King James is forced to make a precipitate flight—the Duke of Tyrconnel accompanies his deposed sovereign—the duke is outlawed by King William, who passes an act of attainder against him—the duchess is compelled to depart from Ireland—Adelaide accompanies her mother in her voyage. The dream continues:—The duchess much perturbed—at sea they encounter a violent storm—she and Adelaide are about to perish in a watery grave. The duchess moans, and becomes deeply depressed, which awakened Adelaide, who arose, and gently opening the shutter, the rays of a summer sun glanced in at the casement. Then putting on her attire with great caution and silence Adelaide seated herself by her mother's side. The duchess greatly disturbed in her sleep, with a deep moan and restless motion turned around in the bed; in doing so her arm fell next Adelaide; who gently, but affectionately, kissed her mother's hand, and while in the act the duchess awoke.

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"Oh! *this*, at least, is no vision to mock my misery!—I am awake—*this* is no dream! Oh, my dear, dear Adelaide!—my darling child is it you?"

The duchess sat up in her bed, and warmly embracing Adelaide, while the fond, maternal tear moistened as it fell upon her daughter's cheek, she said:—"May heaven ever bless and protect thee, my dear and duteous daughter, and its gracious mercy be always thine! for thou hast ever been dutiful to thy parents, and obedient to thy Creator!"

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The duchess now arose, and as neither her Grace nor Adelaide expended any unnecessary waste of time at their toilette, they were soon at their post at the breakfast table. Sir Patricius rung, and desired the waiter to place a Malines ham and a bottle of Louvain beer on the side-table, both of which he declared were excellent in their kind; some of the ladies tasted the ham, but the Louvain beer remained untasted except by the provident Baronet himself, who smacked his lips, and observed that it was passing good; and then noticed that there were three kinds of it, that which lay upon the table was of the weakest sort; the next was called Caniac, which was to be met with at the tables of the noblesse and the wealthier bourgeois; the strongest kind is called Peterman, which, he observed, was sold at the coffee-houses in the evening; and in such repute is Louvain beer held, he said, that annually one hundred and fifty thousand tuns are brewed for exportation; "but for my poor part," next continued Sir Patricius, (filling out a second glass,) "I have slight objection to quaff it at the fountain head!—"*Satius est petere fontes, quam sectari rivulos.*"—Ha, ha, ha!

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Breakfast having terminated, and the practical panegyric of Sir Patricius on Louvain beer and Malines ham being duly exemplified and concluded, the duchess sallied forth in search of a furnished house, which her Grace intended to engage for a term not less than that of a year. Three or four houses were inspected, but they were found not to answer; one was too small to accommodate the family, another was indifferently furnished, a third was objected to from its unpleasantness of situation; a fourth was examined, which was agreeably situated in the Rue Ducale, opposite to the park; this seemed to promise well, Sir Patricius rang the hall bell, and a tall, meagre figure, in a rich flowered silk robe *de chambre*, and his head enveloped in a red night-cap, opened the door; it was Monsieur Passemier, the proprietor of the house, who grinned and bowed most obsequiously; he was about sixty-five years of age, but seemed in spirits, and also in activity, to enjoy all the vigour of youth. He now proceeded to show the house: the hall, or vestibule, was spacious, and very handsomely ornamented with marble tables, bronze busts on brackets, and a statue of white marble of the god of silence. The garden, which adjoined the hall, was very tastefully laid out; a corridore of trellis work, entwined with parasite plants, led from the hall to the garden, where several walks, arched above, formed pleasant arbours, through and around which the clustering vines had entwined themselves, and now displayed their luxuriant bunches of red and white grapes.

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The duchess ascended to the drawing-rooms, which were hung with rich Brussels' tapestry, and hangings of Arras; the subjects represented were woven from designs of Teniërs, Snyders, and Rubens; the different compartments represented village fairs, rural merry-makings, and boar hunts.

The sofas, or settees rather we should say, the rude, gothic predecessors of the present modern sofa, were extremely long and extremely low, and yet withal of an enormous size; they were covered with blue velvet, and fringed with gold lace; the chairs, which corresponded, were on castors, and were of that formidable space and magnitude to have afforded seats to the two redoubtable city giants of Guild-Hall, Messieurs Gog and Magog, who, if hither transported, might have held thereon a seeming *tête-à-tête*, without any diminution or disparagement of their gravity and greatness.

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Monsieur Passemier, (for to the lank gentleman in the red night-cap the said mansion appertained,) ever and anon was restlessly employed in raising or lowering the red cap on his forehead, and with continued and extravagant grin, grimace, and gesticulation, became exceedingly loquacious, his teeth chattering most monkey-like. He dwelt much on the commodiousness of his house, the fine view of the park which it commanded, the fashionableness of the situation, the salubrity of the air, the convenience of his *jardin ornè*; and rung various changes on the fine furniture of his mansion, so superior, he insisted, to *les miserablès meubles garnis* of Paris; he once indeed (*malheureux!*) had, in an evil hour, let lodgings, but he would never do so again—*jamais!* He once, *pardié*, had set these apartments (*en haut*) to Monsieur Le Comte d'Egmont and Madame la Comtesse, *et quatre petites diables des enfants*; the lower

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(*en bas*) apartments were set to le bon Evêque de Brugès. But, *une jour*, Le Compte et Madam la Comtesse were abroad *pour faire visite*, when *les quatres petites diables des enfants* made, *mon Dieu!* such a *grand bouleversement*, you never did hear—no persone did ever see de like.

Here Monsieur Passemier acted to the life *encore le tres grande bouleversement*, flinging down, with great force, fire, fury, and energy, stool, tripod, candelabra, chairs, &c., and scattering around the broken fragments of marble tables. He then, with the agility of a Shamois goat, bounded from stool to chair and settee, indeed he seemed as if recently escaped from Bedlam; he jumped, he stamped, he danced, he laughed, he chattered, racing round the room, jumping on chairs and settees, and violently stamping and kicking thereon, and by practical illustrations demonstrating how *les quatres petites diables des enfants d'Egmont* had accomplished *cet horrible bouleversement!* and all dat in defiance of *le petite dieu de silence, dans le grande vestibule, who, avec le main droite*, to his lip does (*tout le gentilhomme*) impose silence, and *avec le main gauche*, does vid *beaucoup de politesse* point de way *en haut! pour vous montez. Le bon Evêque de Brugès* left me *au dèsespoir! pauvre homme, car, malheureux,*

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*Il ne pouvoit pas,*

*ni liré,*

*ni diré,*

*ni riré,*

*ni priér,*

*ni ecrire,*

*et mon Dieu! quelle horrible, il ne pouvoit pas dormire!*

The duchess came in for more of the *bouleversement* than her Grace had calculated upon; and having concluded her bargain, hastened to depart before the lank landlord in the red night-cap could, by possibility, be seized with another fit of *la maladé du bouleversement*.

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Sir Patricius was extremely diverted with the eccentricities of this original, and declared that the Monsieur was wondrous comical—most amusingly facetious.

The duchess and Lady Adelaide, &c. drove through the squares and principal streets of Brussels, they visited the park l'Alle Verte, &c.; and then drove to Soignies Forest: Adelaide was highly delighted, and with much liveliness and enthusiasm, she said:—"Fair Brussels! renowned in days of ancient chivalry, aye, full many a joust, tilt, and tournament, hast thou witnessed within thine princely walls, when kings and mighty paladines sought valour's prize and beauty's smile, while trumpets brayed the victor's fame, and damsels gave the guerdon to the brave! Nor, Soignies, ever be thy dark forest forgot, here many a chase has re-echoed throughout thy woodland waste, led on by prince and peer, what time the savage boar of the forest, roused from his lair, started forth on the hunter's path, and sunk beneath his valiant spear, while blithely the bugle reckless rung his requiem!"

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"My dear daughter, you are the child of romance, and you should have been born in the days of chivalry, for our own days are too tame and common-place for thee withal!"

"I do commend, my lady duchess," said Sir Patricius, "the enthusiasm of the Lady Adelaide; and I must take occasion to observe, that although there is much liveliness, there is likewise much historical truth in the young lady's remarks. *Certes* Brussels is a fine city; in many respects it may vie with Paris. Look at the park, at the promenades, the palaces, the mansions, churches, fountains, &c.; and I will be bold to say that in healthfulness of its climate, the beauty of its local situation, the spaciousness of its streets, the abundance and cheapness of its provisions, that at this period Brussels is probably second to no city in Europe. It is proverbial for the luxuriance of its fruits and vegetables.—And now, my Lady Duchess, I do remember me that Anne of Cleves, the consort of King Henry VIII. of England, whom he somewhat ungallantly called a Flanders mare"—

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"It was indeed," observed the duchess, "not only an uncourtly, but it was an unkinglike phrase!"

"I was about to observe, my Lady Duchess, that Anne of Cleves used frequently to send to the *Pays Bas* for a sallad! and I dare be sworn, my lady, that if her Majesty had only known what a luxurious fruit Flemish cherries and strawberries were, which latter they call here *fraisès l'Anglaises*, and in size are as large as the largest walnut, and their exquisite flavour quite unparalleled—no doubt, I think, but that the queen would have despatched a special messenger to procure a dessert of those delicious fruits of Flanders, provided they would have borne the carriage. Ay, though even her royal head were to pay the forfeit I' faith!—ha, ha, ha!"

"To lose one's head were rather an unseemly joke for a bunch of Flemish fruit; besides, methinks it were rather too dear a purchase even in the decapitating days of bluff Harry Tudor!" observed Lady Adelaide.

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"Commend me the spirit," said her Grace, "of the Duchess of Milan, who, when Henry had sent an ambassador demanding her hand in marriage, she boldly desired the ambassador to tell his master that she must decline the honour which his Majesty had so graciously intended, as she

had but one head: if she had had two indeed, one of them should certainly be at the disposal of his Majesty of England!"

"Ha, ha, ha,—'fore Jupiter," exclaimed Sir Patricius, "her Highness was as witty as she was spirited!—Ha, ha, ha."

The duchess now deemed it full time for her Grace to send a despatch to the palace of d'Aremberg, addressed to her old friend,—her once youthful, lovely friend—the kind associate of her early years, the Duchess d'Aremberg, notifying her arrival at Brussels, and likewise, meanwhile, expressing the cogent reasons which had rendered such a step necessary, if not imperative; at the same time also intimating her intention of calling upon the following day at an early hour specified, to pay her demonstrations of love, regard, and respect.

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Accordingly, upon the following day, and at the appointed time, the duchess, accompanied solely by Lady Adelaide, waited upon her Grace d'Aremberg at the ducal palace.

Our readers no doubt possibly may recollect the relationship in which the Duchess d'Aremberg stood to the Lady Adelaide, that her Grace was Lady Adelaide's *marrainé*, or godmother. They too may perchance recollect the princely baptismal presents given on the august occasion, and long since narrated in our story, all of which have been duly detailed in the second chapter of the first volume of this romance.

The meeting was of the tenderest and most affecting description. The Duchess d'Aremberg had been for some years a widow, but she was not childless, she had an only son, the present Duke d'Aremberg. Her sight was much impaired, being obliged to wear spectacles; but notwithstanding this, her countenance still bore striking traits that she had once been beautiful. Her constitution had been so much impaired by ill-health, caused by paralysis, and not by years, that her Grace had nearly lost the powers of locomotion: she moved on crutches. But still her brilliant eye beamed forth intelligence; and still warm and true to all its fires, her generous and expanded heart was alive to every social tie, to every noble impulse, and every endearing feeling. While, meantime, every object around bore strong indications of mortality; in one station was placed her once favourite paroquet, that had gaily talked in its cage, and had each successive morning duly greeted its mistress's approach.—There now it stood a stiff and motionless mummy, a mere mockery of what it once had been! The cherished and favourite lapdog too had undergone a similar transformation, and starchly stuffed, and studded with its glaring eye-balls, unspeculatively stared from its glassy cabinet.

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The Duchess of Tyrconnel warmly embraced with tender and intense affection her old, her once young, her still kind-hearted friend, while their tears, united, trickled down in comminglement on the cheeks of each beloved friend; while Adelaide, whose heart was ever responsive to every impulse of affection or affliction, wept a flood of tears. This transport of joy and tears having passed the Duchess d'Aremberg strongly pressed, with the kindest and most affectionate solicitation, that her early friend and her goddaughter should, during their sojourn at Brussels, make the palace d'Aremberg their home, where they would be as free from restraint as if the residence were their own. But the Duchess of Tyrconnel declined in terms of the deepest gratitude, at the same time in the tone of firm determination. Her Grace said that they should be often together, and that every day, if possible, during her stay, accompanied by Adelaide, they would have the pleasure of passing a large portion of their time with the Duchess d'Aremberg.

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Upon being made acquainted that the duchess had taken a house in the *Rue Ducale*, and that the Ladies Letitia and Lucy, and Sir Patricius Placebo, had accompanied her in her journey, matters were so far compromised by an invitation being made and accepted of, that on that same day the entire party should dine within the hospitable walls of the palace d'Aremberg.

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While the two old friends were in deep converse the young Duke d'Aremberg entered the apartment, and was formally introduced by his amiable mother to the Duchess of Tyrconnel and to Lady Adelaide.

The Duke d'Aremberg was a few years elder than our heroine. He was remarkably handsome, tall in person, and martial in appearance, well made, and much admired for the symmetry of his form. His deportment was dignified and graceful, as free from *hauteur* as it was devoid of conceit and affectation. His eye-brows were dark, his eyes hazel, which sparkled with intelligence. His complexion was, however, rather saturnine; and in person as well as in visage, he much resembled the portrait of his illustrious grandfather, which hung in the d'Aremberg palace, as drawn by the inimitable hand of Vandyke, of which a fine engraving by Earlom has been handed down to posterity. The same characteristic melancholy too which had predominated in the expression of countenance in his grandsire prevailed likewise in the lineaments of the grandson; but withal mildness and intelligence of expression gave an intense tone of interest to the manly and open expression of his visage, which was in sooth the index of his truly noble heart. He was generous, he was brave, and accomplished as he was learned: hence it is unnecessary to say that he was most agreeable and affable in his manners. He was truly beloved by all his dependants, as he was courted by his associates, and respected and adored by his friends.

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The duchess and Lady Adelaide remained about two hours at the palace d'Aremberg, and then returned to their house in the *Rue Ducale* to attire for dinner. At a few moments before three o'clock punctually they returned to the palace. Two, or even so early as one o'clock, was then the usual hour of dinner upon the continent; but in compliment to her friends it was postponed until the third hour. The Earl of Aylesbury and his countess, who was his second wife, and his son,

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Lord Eyrecourt, were the only guests invited, and they had first arrived.

We must here trespass a few words on our reader, briefly to say what he may perchance not be already acquainted with. The noble peer here noticed was Thomas, the second Earl of Aylesbury. He had rallied around King James upon the event of the Prince of Orange having embarked troops for England. But when King James withdrew himself from Whitehall, in order to embark for France, Lord Aylesbury was one of the twenty-five peers who signed the declaration applying to the Prince of Orange to rescue the country from "popery and slavery." He subsequently, however, took a different part, having been implicated or accused in an attempt to restore the abdicated monarch to his throne and realm, in consequence of which accusation his Lordship was committed a prisoner to the tower of London by order of Queen Mary, the consort of William III., at the time that William was in Ireland. The charge or accusation was for having consulted and conspired how to restore King James. His countess, the Lady Elizabeth, was so afflicted at her lord's confinement, that she died in childbirth, when the month following her husband, the Earl, was admitted to bail.

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His Lordship afterwards obtained leave of King William to reside at Brussels; and a year or two previous to this period he secondly married Charlotte, Countess of Sannü, of the ancient and noble house of Argenteau, in the Duchy of Brabant, by whom he had a daughter, Charlotte Maria, [32] an infant at this time of about twelve months old.

The Earl of Aylesbury<sup>[33]</sup> was a nobleman *de La Vieille cour* of the most polished manners. Every thing he said or did was done with a peculiar grace and ease. He had read much, and remembered with judicious advantage what he had read. He abounded in amusing anecdotes, had seen much of the world, and had read men as well as books.

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However, it cannot be denied that he was at times stately in his deportment; and he never appeared at his own dinner-table, even when none were present but his own family, unless in a full court-dress costume, with the appendices of star and ribbon, which made many to suspect that a deep affection for aristocracy was rooted in his breast.

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The countess was low in stature as she was in mind. Her figure, however, though small, was passing well; her complexion sallow; her eyes dark and lively. She possessed more envy than good-nature, more passion than sense, and more pertness than pride. Her chief, and probably only recommendations, were the ancient nobility of her family and the largeness of her fortune, two qualifications that rarely, if ever, bestow happiness upon the marriage state.

Lord Eyrecourt was the only surviving offspring of the deceased countess, and heir apparent to the earldom of Aylesbury. He was confessedly a finished *petite maitrè*—the daily slave of his barber, perfumer, tailor, and looking-glass. To Monsieur Jasmin, his perfumer, in the *Rue Madelaine*, he had lately paid the enormous sum of six hundred ducats, being his bill for the last year for lotions, perfumes, cosmetics, &c.

His Lordship never appeared abroad until close upon the hour of dinner, "for," he averred, "it would be vastly supersingular, and besides extremely vulgar in him, to be seen abroad before the sun had fully mounted the meridian, and the world had become well warmed!"

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Lord Eyrecourt was, in verity, a strange and singular model of a man, and, to use his own favourite expression—"Odds my life, my person and accomplishments are supersingular, and not to be matched!" His Lordship was in height about five feet five, with brawny shoulders and arms, a bronzed visage, that seemed resolved to outstare the world in confidence; his cheeks were meantime of that roseate hue that the scandalous chronicle of the times reported that they fully owed their blooming radiance to the cosmetics of Monsieur Jasmin. His neck was short, and bull-modelled; and this self-supposed Adonis finished his form by thighs and legs of elephantine shape and form. In London he had obtained the *soubriquet*, or nick-name, of "The Pocket Hercules," which title followed him to Brussels. "*Voilà, mi Lor Herculé, de la poche!—bah! ha, ha!*" has been often repeated within his Lordship's hearing.

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When this *great* man in his own eyes, did condescend to speak, he lisped most miraculously; and his whole mien and manner were in complete variance with nature and simplicity.

It was marvellous strange, but true, that this misshapen model of mortality in his own eyes really fancied himself the handsomest man of the day, whether in England, France, or Belgium, the true and most redoubtable Antinous of the age! and he fondly fancied that every dame who set eye upon his irresistible charms, immediately became irretrievably enamoured! so prepossessing and fascinating did he behold himself reflected in the mirror of egotism and vanity. His lordship was peculiarly fond of repeating this, his much favourite passage, from Massinger:

"I re-refine the court, and civilize  
Their barbarous natures. I have in a table,  
With curious punctuality set down,  
To a hair's breadth, how low a new stamped courtier  
May vail<sup>[34]</sup> to a country gentleman, and by  
Gradation, to his merchant, mercer, draper, &c."

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The dinner at the palace d'Aremberg was magnificent, and passed off with a good deal of good-humour, and some laughter at the expense of Lord Eyrecourt. The Lady Adelaide this day made a

double conquest,—of the Duke d'Aremberg, who became deeply captivated with her beauty and accomplishments; and of Lord Eyrecourt, who declared that it was vastly supersingular that at last the barb of Cupid rankled in his bosom, and that he was in a fair way of being caught in the toils of matrimony!

The ensuing morning, at an early hour, Lord Eyrecourt presented himself in the *Rue Ducale*, where the love-struck Lord loud and lustily rang at the door of the palace of Tyrconnel. The duchess happened at the time to be looking out from the front window, and observed to Lady Adelaide, "See, my love, who now approaches this mansion; I foresaw, my dear daughter, all this, and that during his presence the last evening, that you had made a deep and firm impression, aye, and conquest to boot, of this self-sick Adonis. So I pray that you see him, and hearken to his most precious proposals, for such you will find to be the object of this his matutinal visit; which said intended proposals I know to a certainty thou wilt reject. Hence I entertain no apprehensions whatever, sweet daughter of mine, in this perilous *rencontre*," said the duchess, smiling; "for I well know that all his matrimonial propositions thou wilt firmly reject. I shall just in due and stately form receive him, and then retire to my cabinet, whence I can with facility overhear all the ridiculous rhapsodical speeches of this painted popinjay. Do you, notwithstanding, my dear daughter, hear him with a sufficient sum of due patience, meet respect, and with all becoming attention and gratitude; for any man offering his hand to a fair lady is entitled, by all the rules and achievements of the courts of chivalry, love, and courtesy, to a meet and becoming audience. But be brief as thou canst; and the sooner that with due distant and becoming politeness, he were despatched it were all so much the better, and then we shall fully have an end to all his *faribolés mal appliqués*."

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"Fear not," said the Lady Adelaide, "my dearest mother, my fullest obedience."

Here another loud and lusty pull at the hall-bell announced an arrival, when almost immediately Lord Eyrecourt was announced, and ushered in by the footman in waiting. His Lordship, with much grimace, and a smirking visage withal, made two low bows on his *entrè*, and advanced with a gait which was a halting attempt between a *chassé* and a *pirouëtte*. But although this was all self sufficiently done, it was truly and practically the tramp and gait of an elephant, if indeed we could for a moment suppose that mighty creature could stalk on his hind legs; but in other respects "the half-reasoning" quadruped of Africa was every way the superior of the animal who now made his approach.

"Good-morrow to your Grace," lisped forth this conceited popinjay. "Good-morrow too, sweet and most lovely Lady Adelaide; permit, fairest lady, your lowly servant a *bèso las mànos!*"

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Here the duchess thought it decorous to withdraw, and her Grace retired to her cabinet.

"Hail, fairest gem of Erin, bright star of Belgium, and the brilliant sun of Brussels! at sight of thee every eye is enamoured, and every heart takes fire; in witness whereof behold me your lowly servant abroad at this most unfashionable hour, thus prevailing upon myself to come forth and throw my person and my fortunes at your feet, even before that Phœbus hath mounted his meridian car, and the world has become well warmed, to place myself and coronet thus lowly at your feet!"

"Oh rise, my Lord, from that—what, kneel to a mere mortal! I pray you be seated, and I shall endeavour to reply to all the compliments with which your Lordship is so prodigally pleased to overpower me. I must, my Lord, acknowledge, that your Lordship indulges somewhat too freely in mixed metaphor; and I must needs add, you deal somewhat too superabundantly in rhapsodies.—Well, my Lord, let us see what I am like unto? 'A gem of Erin!' pray what is that? Oh, no doubt whatever but it must mean a simple piece of Kerry crystal!—oh, vastly pretty indeed; and almost as nearly transparent as your Lordship's flattery. Well, good, my Lord! what comparison comes next?—Oh, I am 'a Star!' in this I cannot confess that your Lordship's wit shines superlatively.—Pshaw, my Lord, a star is merely a minor light, and visible only at night! Nay now, after all, this simile is only but just so, so. However, I am amply repaid by that which so brilliantly succeeds, 'the Sun of Brussels!' Well, come, that I must needs admit is a resplendent metaphor; but the sun of Brussels I must fain likewise confess I have found too often to my cost, to be a very warm and burning sun. What comes next?—Oh, quite portentous!—I blaze, burn, and destroy, setting eyes in a flame, and hearts on fire, and so forth, in a most formidable comet-like fashion! What this can actually mean, unless it prove a sort of periphrasis, and be slyly intended for a Salamander, I cannot indeed divine. Then if my conjectures prove correct, only think, O glorious Apollo, after the complete extinction of all the tropes, figures, flowers, and poesies, culled from amid the verdant valleys of thine own lofty Parnassus, for thy votary-like Icarus to tumble from the Olympian sky, and to suffer his divine goddess, the object of his idolatrous veneration, to degenerate into a fire-loving earthly Salamander! Oh, by prose and verse, but this is vastly funny!"

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"Ah, cruel, cruel, remorseless Lady Adelaide, is it thus you sportively jest at my pains, and mock my misery!—I die for you!"

"Really, my Lord, this is all so very sudden—the symptoms too so very alarming, I feel quite agitated—dejected! Pray, let me advise you, my Lord, to call in the advice of Sir Patricius Placebo, whose skill is undisputed!"

"No, fair torturer! you, Lady, and you alone, who caused the malady, can cure it!"

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"My Lord, seek out one more deserving of the honour which you so nobly proffer me, but I never

can be yours; nor shall I ever give my hand unless I also can give my heart. And now, my Lord, farewell, accept my humble gratitude and sincerest thanks for the high distinction which you have so graciously paid me, and which I shall ever remember with the utmost respect and gratitude."

Having so said, Lady Adelaide deeply courtesied, and withdrew.

"Odds my life now," exclaimed the disappointed peer, "but this is most passing strange, supersingular, and not to be matched! What, refuse the heir apparent of an earldom, (and with modesty let me express it,) with my person and qualifications! Insufferable! It is not to be endured!"

As Lord Eyrecourt, much discomfitted, departed from the *Rue Ducale*, he met the Duke d'Aremberg going in that direction; they saluted as they passed, while he continued his sorrowful soliloquy:—

"The Lady Adelaide is downright mad to refuse me; but it seems she soars at higher game, and looks to 'the pride of place.' She said she would never give her hand without bestowing her heart, doubtless then this honour she has already conferred upon the youthful d'Aremberg.—It is but too fatally evident! Oh, woe is me to come out in the cold air of the morn, before the world had become well warmed; and finally thus to be so totally eclipsed! Oh, some ominous morning I shall be found hanging from the top of Saint Michael's Tower, or my unfortunate corpse be seen floating in the Antwerp canal!

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Ne'er gallant peer more miserable was undone,  
Like extinguish'd star I set 'fore the rise of sun!"

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Aligerá BRUXELLA volans super æthera famâ,  
In laudes solui non petit ora novas.  
Cerne urbis faciem; cultasque Heroibus aulas:  
Non est invidiam dignior ulla pati.  
Cerne hortos, fontesque, et priscis æmula Tempe:  
Elysium Credas te peragrare nemus.

JACOBUS EYCKIUS.

### LETTER II.

THE DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL TO MRS. CARTWRIGHT.

*Dated, Brussels, September, 169—*

MY DEAR MADAM,

"Oh, give me joy! for yesterday my beloved husband, to our unexpected happiness, returned to my arms! Oh, how it delights me he has returned; and has received permission from the higher powers to remain at Brussels. My Adelaide is wild with joy, and so am I.

"Yes, the duke has returned, and I behold every object with redoubled interest—with renewed delight; all seems to me to be newly created. The climate is more charming, the air is more sweetly perfumed with aromatic gales, the melody of the birds is more harmonious; every sky which I see is a Breughel sky. And *now* I behold daily illustrations of the old masters, which I did not observe before, in the scenery which surrounds me, the various buildings, manners, customs, and costume, and all so faithfully portrayed to the life, in the performances of Berghem, Breughel, Rubens, and Teniers.

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"Sweeter too, to me, at eve, is the song of the nightingale: our house fronts the park, which is the favourite retreat of this sweetest of warblers; and night after night, long after Saint Gudule hath tolled the midnight hour, have I sat stationed at my latticed casement, the breeze of heaven blowing on my brow, and the cold moon-beam gleaming on my cheek, while I listened with mute delight to the melancholy songster of the night. And often while the bitter tear fast trickled down my cheek, methought—I acknowledge my weakness—methought that I had listened to some poor widowed bird who mourned her absent mate, singing, as the old proverb runs, with a thorn wounding her breast! But oh, *now* I think quite differently; for *now* it is quite clear to me that the warbling of the nightingale is more musical than melancholy; for surely, after all, it sweetly trills the notes of love, and not the strains of sorrow!

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"You are pleased, my dear Mrs. Cartwright, to express so much satisfaction, in verity, more than its deserts, of my poor account of Lille; and at the same time expressing your desire that I should write to you from this truly delightful city, and give you a true and

distinct account of Brussels, that I am flattered, and even tempted to take you at your word, and I shall do my best, to the fullest to gratify your wishes.

"And now, my dear friend, *pour commencèr avec le commencement*, as they say in France, and why not in Belgium? The appellation of PAYS-BAS, or the Low Country, is given to the seventeen provinces of Belgium, from the circumstance that in many places the ground is lower than the level of the sea. The sovereign princes of this realm were at first styled Foresters of Flanders, afterwards they were designated Counts, and then Dukes of Brabant. If you should wish to learn the portrait of a Forester of Flanders, here it is:—Behold him arrayed in ducal bonnet and hunting gear, armed with sabre, dirk, and hunting spear, at the same time accompanied and surrounded by all the *accessoires* of the chase; his hawk, or falcon, resting upon his hand, and his greyhounds and spaniels following at his heels; meanwhile attended by his jager and his jongeling.<sup>[35]</sup> Thus accompanied and equipped for the chase, sallied forth the manly Prince Forester of Flanders in the olden time.

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"The etymon of Brussels is uncertain; however it is not for me to hazard an opinion upon the subject, which I freely leave to the more solemn adjudication of learned linguists, pertinent philologists, and sapient scholiasts. I shall merely observe, that some pretend that it is derived from a neighbouring marsh, which is called Brocksel; while others more strenuously contend that the name springs from the word *Broussailles*, (Brambles,) because the town, say they, had been built upon a spot which had formerly been covered with brambles. The foundation of Brussels is counted from the year, *anno salutis*, 900. But it did not rank as a city until 1040.

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"The city of Brussels, says Guicciardini, the celebrated historian of Italy and of Belgium, (or the *Pays-Bas*,) resembles in its conformation, or outline, the form of the human heart, and the similitude certainly is striking and correct.

"Puteanus, the historian, observes, that every thing is *septenary* at Brussels; which made many to consider the number *seven* as completely of cabalistic import in this fair and renowned city.

"The circumference of Brussels is *seven* miles in extent. Anciently *seven* different noble families held their several castles within the city, from whom sprung the *seven* Patrician families, from whose numbers the magistrates were annually chosen.

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"This city, under the reign of Charles V., boasted at one time of having *seven* sovereigns residing within its walls; namely, the Emperor Charles V.; his son Philip, then king of Naples; Maximilian, king of Bohemia, and his consort, the queen of Hungary, who was regent of the *Pays-Bas*; the king of Tunis, in Africa, named Muley Hassan; the Duke of Savoy; the king of Cyprus; and the Duchess of Lorraine, who was queen of Jerusalem.

"There are *seven* large squares:—1. The great market. 2. Le grandè sablon. 3. The fish market. 4. The corn market. 5. The wood market. 6. Le Place Louvaine. 7. The beef market.

"There are *seven* fountains which ornament this city.<sup>[36]</sup>

"The gates of the city are *seven* in number:—1. The porte of Louvaine. 2. Of Namur. 3. Of Halle. 4. Of Anderlecht. 5. Of Flanders. 6. Of Lacken. 7. Of Cologne.<sup>[37]</sup>

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"The principal churches of the city are likewise *seven* in number:—1. Saint Gudule. 2. Our Lady of the Chapel. 3. Saint Gery. 4. Saint Nicholas. 5. Saint Catherine. 6. Saint James of Caudenberg, (this is the chapel of the court.) 7. Our Lady *de finis Terræ*.

"Brussels, so justly celebrated, is a large, populous, and magnificent city, of considerable extent and beauty; adorned with magnificent squares, sumptuous palaces, public buildings, public walks, public fountains, and venerable gothic structures. It is partly built on the winding banks of the river Senne, and partly upon a hill, which commands an extended view of the rich valleys which surround it, producing fruits and vegetables of the best and most luxuriant kind; indeed tillage in no country whatever is better understood and practised than it is in the *Pays Bas*. This city had been the capital of the Spanish, it has now, since change of masters, become the capital of the Austrian Netherlands.

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"Brussels once afforded an asylum to Charles II. of England, brother to our gentle, but unfortunate, James II. It was here that the emperor Charles V. resigned his dominions to his son Philip in 1535; and the chair upon which he sat during the performance of the abdication, is religiously preserved in the cathedral of Sainte Gudule. And here too Christiana, Queen of Sweden, voluntarily abdicated her crown in 1654.

"The lower part of the city is crowned with that noble pile of florid gothic architecture, called *La Maison de Ville*, or town-hall of Brussels, which is situated in the grand market-place; its noble steeple, from its great elevation, is a most conspicuous object in, every direction, and is seen at a great distance; it rises to the height of three hundred and sixty-four feet, and is surmounted by a colossal bronze statue, (which is gilt,) and seventeen feet high, of Saint Michael the Archangel, to which I fear I must

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somewhat profanely add the *soubriquet* of 'weathercock,' or vane; for to such vile use have they turned the saint, and this too, credit me, in a Catholic country! This is wondrous strange. Saint Michael is represented brandishing his sword to the winds of heaven; and from this dizzy and elevated height the reeling saint wheels to and fro as the wind doth blow. But be it known to you, that Michael the Archangel is the patron saint of the city. This fine structure, although irregularly built, (for the steeple is not in the centre of the building,) is nevertheless a noble specimen of gothic-florid architecture. The building *La Maison de Ville* occupied a space of forty years before its completion. One hundred niches are occupied by statues<sup>[38]</sup> of saints. The rooms in the interior, where the estates of Brabant assemble, abound and are adorned with beautiful specimens of the ancient Gobelin tapestry; they are principally historical, three are after Janssens, the history of Clovis; the inauguration of Philip the Good; and the abdication of Charles V. in favour of his son Philip.

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"Opposite to the town-hall of Brussels stands a remarkable structure, called *La Maison du Roi*, built by order of the Archduke Albert and his Duchess Isabella; her Highness conceiving that '*Notre Dame de Wavre*' had not only most graciously delivered the good and royal city of Brussels from the plague, but also had most humanely vouchsafed the blessings of peace, erected in front of this mansion an image of the Virgin, and placed underneath an inscription, which is as follows, and the good prelate will translate it for you:—

'A Peste, Fame, et Bello, libera nos Maria Pacis; hic votum pacis publicæ, Isabella consecravit.'<sup>[39]</sup>

"The collegiate church, or cathedral, of Sainte Gudule,<sup>[40]</sup> is a venerable and interesting pile, presenting a fine specimen of gothic architecture. It was built about the year 1047, by Lambert, surnamed Balderic, Duke of Brabant.

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"The choir contains many fine paintings by Rubens, Vandyke, Philip of Champagne, Artois de Haese, Mille, Janssens, and others. The sculpture is also fine, produced by the chisels of Vervoont, Van Nerven, P. Danckers, Van Delen, Henry du Quesnoy, Voorspoel, and others. The windows of the chapel of the miraculous host, which is within the aisles of Sainte Gudule, are formed of stained glass, and are exceedingly fine; they were executed by Diepenbeke, Rogiers, De Vrint, and C. Floris. Many of them were presents from crowned heads, from John XI. king of Portugal, Maria III. queen of Hungary, Francis I. king of France, and the emperor Charles V.; the window presented by Charles is behind the altar of the miraculous Host.

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"Many sovereign princes are interred within the walls of Saint Gudule, among others the Archduke Albert, sovereign of the *Pays Bas*, and his Duchess Isabella Clara Eugenia, Infanta of Spain. Here is the mausoleum of Ernest, Archduke of Austria. John II. Duke of Brabant, and his wife Margaret, daughter of Edward King of England, lie here interred. The tomb is in the choir, it is of black marble, a lion of bronze, weighing six thousand pounds, couches on the monument; the lion is the well-known heraldic emblazonment of the house of Brabant.

"In the nave of Sainte Gudule are fourteen admirable statues carved in stone, which are upwards of ten feet in height; they represent our Saviour, the Virgin, and twelve apostles. Four of them are readily distinguished as having been executed by the admirable skill of a first-rate artist—they are the productions of Quesnoy. The altar of the choir is exceedingly fine, and is principally composed of white marble. Within the same choir formerly were held two chapters of the order of the Golden Fleece, one was in 1435, and the other in 1516. Here Charles V. conferred that order on Francis I. King of France.

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"In nearly the centre of the choir stands that splendid and exquisite specimen of sculpture in wood, the celebrated pulpit, which formerly had belonged to the Jesuits of Lovaine. It is of carved oak, and was executed by Henry Verbrugger of Antwerp. The subject is the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise by the Archangel, who in so doing extends the flaming sword. The grief and compunction of our first parents is finely conceived: while the angel expels Adam and Eve, his left hand gracefully extended, with the right he smites with his sword the head of the serpent, which is represented as eagerly devouring the apple. In front, and on the convexity of the pulpit, an angel upholds a medallion of the Virgin and the Child; and in the concavity within is the station of the preacher. Behind the pulpit arises the tree of life, two boughs of which, curving right and left, support a circular canopy, which is formed to represent clouds. The dove, as typical of the Holy Spirit, is observed hovering over the preacher's head; groups of cherubim are wreathed around, and the canopy is crested by upright figures of the Virgin, the Saviour, and St. John. I have been thus minute, my dear friend, as it would indeed be difficult to speak of this noble piece of carving in sufficient terms of adequate praise.

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"The governor's palace, the ancient residence of kings, who were sovereigns of the *Pays Bas*, is situated in the park. It is an old and venerable pile, with large gothic windows and various grotesque decorations. It is called *La Palais de la Cour*.<sup>[41]</sup> The building was begun in 1300 by John II. Duke of Brabant; in 1452 it was enlarged by Philip the

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Good, and completed by his successors.

"On entering the palace one beholds a saloon of extraordinary grandeur, from whence a gallery leads to the chapel, the architecture of which is extremely fine, and of admirable symmetry. The other apartments in the palace are extremely spacious, and of corresponding magnificence. The exterior of the building is adorned with cupolas, towers, pinnacles, &c. A large area presents itself in front of the palace, which is handsomely enclosed by ornamented ballustrades of stone, in good taste, and at intervals columns arise, which are surmounted by statues of various illustrious characters, viz.—Charles V., his son Philip, the Duke of Burgundy, &c. &c. At the extremity of the park, near to the gate of Louvaine, stands a handsome house, which the Emperor Charles V. caused to be built subsequent to his abdication.

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"The park, which presents an agreeable and fashionable promenade, is laid out as a large garden with the greatest taste, intersected in every direction by wide and handsome walks, on each side adorned with lofty overshadowing lindens. The grounds are interspersed with numerous sunny lawns, ornamented with fountains and numerous busts and statues, some of which are exquisitely sculptured. There is a Magdalen by Quesnoy—the statues of Diana and Narcissus by Gripele—Venus and her doves by Ollivier, &c. In the centre of the park stands a magnificent marble basin, well stocked with gold and silver fish. On either side of the principal walk, which is a fashionable promenade, extend deep valleys, shaded by noble lime trees, which afford a cool and agreeable retreat from the summer's sun.

"There is another promenade which is fully as frequented as the park, called '*l'Alle Verte*.' It is situated on the right bank of the canal, which communicates with Antwerp, &c. This walk and drive extend a mile and half from the walls or ramparts of the city. The view from the canal bridge is exceedingly beautiful. This public walk is delightfully shaded by a triple row of trees planted on the banks of the canal. The scene is rendered peculiarly delightful by the prospect which is presented to the spectator's eye, the numerous villas in the vicinity, the passing and repassing of boats on their way to the cities of the *Pays Bas* and of Holland. These objects cannot fail to please, seen through the extensive vista of the lofty limes, which opportunely afford a cool and covered shade to the merry groups assembled in this favourite spot. Here crowds of fashionables assemble before dinner, and revisit its walks in the cool of the summer evenings. The *boulevards*, or ramparts, which are planted with rows of trees on each side, also form an agreeable walk or ride.

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"The halls of *La Palais de la Cour* are adorned with a valuable and select collection of paintings by the most celebrated and first-rate Flemish masters. The library, which is open to the public, is placed in the same building, and contains one hundred and twenty thousand volumes. Among the manuscripts are a Greek Bible, a Terence, a Virgil, and a Cicero.

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"There are many handsome palaces in Brussels: one belongs to the house of Orange, another to the Countess de Soissons, Prince Vaudement, Prince de la Tour et Taxis; palace de Berghem, de Ligne, d'Epinoi, de Rubempre, d'Aremberg, &c., &c. Some beautiful gardens—de Croy, de Hornes, de Westerloo, &c., &c.

"Many of the streets are of considerable extent, containing lofty houses of handsome appearance, and withal having curiously decorated grotesque gables. The exterior of some of the houses are plastered or painted white, some are coloured yellow, and others a pale green colour.

"I must yet revert to the great market-place to observe (for I was too much absorbed in my account of *La Maison de Ville* to do so before) that it is one of the most remarkable in Europe. It is a regular parallelogram of great dimensions. Although the four sides differ extremely in form and architecture, yet, nevertheless, they unite to form a noble *coup d'œil*. Some inimitable, pieces of sculpture adorn it.<sup>[42]</sup>

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"The number of churches, chapels, convents, and monasteries in Brussels, is very considerable. *Le grand Beguinage*, which is the most remarkable, is a nunnery which was founded by *Sainte Begge*, daughter of Pepin of Landen, from which lady it derives its name. This institution resembles a small village; it is surrounded with walls, and enclosed with a fosse. It contains a number of handsome streets, where every nun has allotted her own dwelling. The usual number of the sisterhood is from seven to eight hundred, and sometimes more. Every one takes charge of her own property. The vow of chastity is taken during the time of their residence in the Beguinage; and when they leave the nunnery they are free to marry. They are governed by four superiors chosen from their own body, and a curate chosen by the Bishop of Antwerp.

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"The territory of Brussels includes a number of abbeys, convents, and priories, of different religious orders. All these monasteries are magnificently built, and their churches are very fine.

"The forest of Soignies contains three priories of regular canons of the order of Saint Augustin:—1. The monastery of Groendal. 2. The priory of Rouge Cloitre: in the library of this priory there is a considerable collection of ancient manuscripts.—3. The priory of

the Seven Fountains.

"The beautiful forest of Soignies extends almost to the very gates of Brussels. It contains sixteen thousand five hundred and twenty-six acres. It is stored with abundance of game, and princes have often within its extended wilds partaken the diversions of the chase. This noble forest belongs to the corporation of Brussels. It supplies wood in very great abundance as well for timber as for fuel.

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"The principal commerce of Brussels consists in camlets, fine lace, and tapestry. The population is estimated at about fifty thousand inhabitants.<sup>[43]</sup> The ordinary language spoken here is either Flemish or French; and indeed I may observe that the French spoken here (always, of course, excepting *les gens de condition*) is, in sooth, ordinary enough.

"I have observed some curious customs here, which according as they recur to my recollection I shall detail to you, without assuming any regular mode or form.

"In Brussels, and in other Belgic towns, I have seen dogs of the wolf species or breed harnessed to small carriages, sometimes three abreast; to others four, or even five abreast, and drawing very considerable burdens. I have often seen baskets of fish, &c. thus conveyed.

"The kermise, or village-fair, is maintained with full as much *esprit* as ever it had been in the days of Teniers, Ostade, or Van Bredael. Music and dancing are the favourite pastimes of the Belgians of all classes and descriptions; and indeed such is the extreme infatuation for dancing that it is pursued more as a passion than sought as an amusement. The lower class of the Belgians are extremely partial to garlands of living flowers. Often these are suspended on a pole or tree, around which they dance; and often are garlands to be seen suspended on cords across a street, in the manner that lamps are hung in the good city of Paris.

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"The Belgic brazen pitcher is still to be seen either bearing home milk to the dairy, or drawing water from the numerous wells in the vicinity of this capital. The shape and form of this aforesaid pitcher is familiar to those conversant with the paintings of Rubens, Cuyp,<sup>[44]</sup> Jourdaens, and Equilinus, in many of which it is introduced.

"The Brussellois dames wear the wedding ring in different guise from what we do. We wear it on the third finger of the *left* hand, because it is said, or sung, or supposed to communicate with the human heart by means of some nerve or vein unseen; and the idea is not devoid of prettiness. Here, however, the wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the *right hand*, without any reason whatever being assigned for the custom that I could ever hear or learn. Rings, it seems, here constitute a favourite article in the dress of our sex, the fingers being often covered with them. The lower class of females, citizens' daughters and wives, and servant-maids, wear long, heavy pendants, or earrings, made of some yellow metal to resemble gold, and so weighty that one's pity is ever on the stretch, lest the patient's ears should succumb under the burden. Large heavy crosses are likewise worn of the same kind of metal, probably gilt brass, and suspended from a chain of the same *materiel*.—Their peripatetic dress too is somewhat curious. They wear a veil, or mantle rather, of black stuff or silk, which head habiliment had been introduced by the Spaniards. It is called '*La faille*,' and is worn like the *coiffeuré* placed on the Madona heads of Carlo Dolce, Trevisano, Caracci, and Raffaele.

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"The walking dress of the *bourgeois* is curious in its way, but not so remarkable as the dress of the female as before described. His head is enveloped in a hat of a size somewhat so cumbersome that it resembles the kaplaken of a Dutch schipper, save and except with this essential difference, that it is encompassed by a yellow tinsel band, and turned up in front *à la coutume Espagnóle*. Around the neck and shoulders is flung a large cloak, somewhat resembling, and evidently borrowed from the *càpa ròpa larga* of the Spaniard. A Flemish pipe, with its numerous circling curves, is stuck in his lips, from whence clouds of smoke are whiffed forth as he onward wends his way. The cloak reaches to the knee; thence downward leather gaiters make their appearance; and a cane obtruded from the dexter arm completes the walking habiliments of the Brussels' *bourgeois* of the present day.

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"With almost unspeakable delight I told you of my dear Lord's return. But now, my dear, pray prepare for more wonders still! Know then that at length we have ascertained who 'the unknown knight of Chester walls' proves to be. Oh, it is, my dear, positively a tale of romance—an incident in chivalry. He is indeed, I do assure you,

———"No carpet knight  
That spent his youth in groves or pleasant bowers.'

No! there is the spirit of romance with the truth of history commingled in his story.

"But, my dear, the post is going off. The duke, who has only just returned home, has but within these few moments communicated this passing strange event, which you shall have positively and particularly detailed in my next.

"In great haste, ever, my dearest Madam, I remain most cordially and affectionately thine,

(Signed) KATHERINE TYRCONNEL."

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## CHAPTER IX.

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Quanta vis amicitiae sit, ex hoc intelligi maximé  
Potest: quod ex infinita societate generis humani,  
Quam conciliavit ipsa natura, ita contracta res  
Est, et adducta in angustum, ut omnis caritas  
Aut inter duos, aut inter paucos jungeretur.

CICERO DE AMICITIA.

### TRANSLATION.

How great the powerful influence of friendship is may chiefly be understood from this, that throughout the numerous society of the human race, which nature herself hath knitted together, yet still so contracted is the space and narrowed into so small a compass, that all friendship rests entirely associated either between two individuals, or solely amid the few.

CICERO ON FRIENDSHIP.

The Duke of Tyrconnel set forth from his splendid mansion in the *Rue Ducale*, one sunny afternoon to take his usual equestrian exercise; and while riding onward upon the *boulevards*, or ramparts of Brussels, which are so delightfully shaded by trees, and enjoying the beautiful scenery that surrounded him, his horse was rapidly pacing in a full trot, and his Grace was proceeding without any attendant; when it so chanced that his horse picked up a stone in one of the fore-feet. The duke on the instant sprang from his saddle to free the horse's hoof from this impediment; and while employed in the act, a stranger of noble deportment and appearance advanced, who had been also enjoying the fineness of the day in promenading this shady avenue. He most courteously advanced, and tendered with peculiar politeness, and all the meet grace and due courtesy of chivalry, to assist the duke by holding the check-rein of the bridle. When, surprising to behold, the horse almost instantly loudly neighed, and joyfully licked the stranger's hand! Our readers will readily guess that this distinguished stranger, whom this noble animal so instinctively recognised, was no other than his late valiant master, the truly gallant colonel of the brave Brandenburgh hussars, who had presented, upon their parting on the plain of battle, this noble charger to the illustrious duke. The duke and the stranger had met each other as deadly foes in the direful day of civil war; and in the dreadful onset of personal combat, performing each prodigies of valour, they encountered as foes, yet they parted as friends!—respect, admiration, and love occupying those hearts so lately swollen by hostile passions. They now were both mutually rejoiced once more to meet, and soon were locked in a cordial embrace.

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"This," said the duke, "certainly, gallant friend unknown, was wholly unexpected—unhoped for quite!"

"Indeed," rejoined the stranger, "so may it please your Grace, it was entirely as unexpected as it is now hailed and welcomed by me! And most happy too am I to remark that no change, no vicissitude of war, nor variance of politics, nor all the fleeting circumstances of these most eventful times, have had effect or influence upon your Grace, whom I am truly happy to observe are still the same, unchanged by circumstance or time—another Aristippus, whom every situation becomes and every fortune adorns, be it prosperous or adverse!"

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"With equal joy," replied the duke, "I behold thee too unchanged—the same. Welcome, thrice welcome! my friend, my preserver! Although when first we met it was the meeting of foes upon the hostile plain, I wearing the badge of green, and thou the orange scarf of William. We met as direful foes, but we parted with mutual regard and veneration. The bow of heaven, which the Creator hath placed on high, is formed of those glorious tints. It was in the shades of colour only in which we differed. Ere long may the glorious bow of promise, of hope, and of peace, irradiate Erin's western sky, until the glowing orange and the glaring green shall melt and blend, and the primitive colours of the arc of promise be softened down and subdued into the arc of peace!"<sup>[45]</sup>

"Amen, my lord, I say and repeat it most fervently from my heart; and may heaven yet, in its kindest mercy, grant that some future great, wise, and liberally-minded monarch of England, forsaking his ease and quiet, may yet graciously visit the shores of your noble island, as the harbinger of peace, crowned with the olive and the bay; and without the aid of the *camera-obscura* of his courtiers, view with his own royal eye the wants and sufferings of your poor islanders; and may his royal and munificent heart heal the wounds and redress the sufferings of those who can never cease to love him!—for the hearts of your countrymen are grateful as they are brave. May they yet be placed within the pale of that Constitution from which they are now debarred!"

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"That, gallant Sir, indeed I devoutly wish; and most fully join and concur in your philanthropic

prayer! Wherever a contrary tendency to what you assert has occurred in Ireland, it has arisen from oppression, distress, and poverty. For wherever there is no home to be found there can be no happiness; and it will be too surely found that an oppressed and starving population are ever fatally prompt to join the standard of rebellion; for surely the noise and bustle of a camp and the soul-stirring trumpet are less appalling than the cries of starving infants in their parent's wretched hovel, open and exposed to all the winds of heaven, where can be found nor raiment, nor fuel, nor food! But come, let us change to a more pleasing subject. There," holding up his hand, "there, noble stranger, is your parting present which you gave me, your ruby cameo ring of victory. By night and by day, I have never since ceased to wear it in remembrance of him who gave it."

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"And see," said the gallant stranger, (opening his waistcoat,) there is the diamond star with which you so graciously presented me. It has never been taken from my heart, where I placed it at the moment when you gave it me!"

"I feel with force and with gratitude this kind expression of your feeling; and now I needs must insist that you take back your own noble steed—he is yours again! He has become, I fain must own, like myself, somewhat older—I will not say how long!—since last we parted, but it is no matter! However the noble animal is still in his prime; he is spirited, and you may observe he looks sleek, his coat is smooth, and withal in good condition. Meantime, from this you may safely infer that he hath had no severe master in me; and now I justly restore him to his rightful owner."

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"Nay, nay, my Lord Duke, that cannot be! What once I have presented I never can consent to receive back again—never! My Lord, it is utterly impossible! But still I am not unwilling to compromise this mooted point between us. If so your Grace be inclined, I shall feel much pleasure in accompanying you occasionally in your equestrian excursions, and then I will mount once more my *quondam* war-horse."

"With all my heart, most gracious Sir! And now, gallant and courteous stranger, having redeemed my gage, I must, without further parley, beseech to know thy name and rank, for such I am assured belongs to thee, to learn the name of him to whom I am so vastly—so deeply indebted, and one whom I so duly estimate and honour!"

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"That, my Lord Duke, is easily told, and in a very few words, if worthy the inquiry.—My name is David Bruce, of Turnberry Castle, in Ayrshire, a Baronet of Nova-Scotia, whom chance, or fate, or circumstances, all combined, placed me a volunteer in the Brandenburgh hussars, where I arose from that humble station to command the regiment, by merits not my own."

"Pardon my interruption, Sir David Bruce," rejoined the duke, "that is, in sooth, the only part of thy reply upon which I must put a decided negative!"

"Well," replied the baronet, with a cheering smile, "your too favourable construction, my Lord Duke, I may not be prepared to gainsay."

"No, no;" continued the Duke of Tyrconnel, "you could not—you cannot—it is too palpable—it is too self-evident! Your courage and powerful arm in the day of battle are strong as your lofty adamantine mountains, while in peace your heart is soft and tender as the thistle-down of your own dear native land! Come, come, no reply, young baronet, you must needs gang with me, as you say in Scotland; and we must indeed be better acquainted!—You surely will not refuse to dine with me to-day, when I shall have great pleasure to present you to my duchess and my daughter as my friend, and the gallant preserver of my life! Come, Sir David, no ambages, no circumlocution, no apology will I take! Nay, nay, you must not hide behind the screen of modesty, and denied or refused I must not be!—So I shall certainly expect you."

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"Your Grace's invitation carries with it so much of interest and of kindness, that it is not for me to refuse such inducements, and I gratefully and willingly accede to it. My Lord Duke, I shall duly obey your kind and hospitable summons."

"At three o'clock then," added the duke, "I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you at my mansion in the *Rue Ducale*."

Here the duke and the baronet cordially shook hands, and parted; the duke to resume his ride, and Sir David Bruce to complete his morning's promenade.

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Sir David Bruce, punctual to the hospitable summons, was the first guest to arrive in due time at the *Maison de Tyrconnel*. As he entered the drawing-room—"The knight of Chester walls, *le chevalier inconnu*," was inadvertently vociferated by the duchess, accompanied by the all wondering chorus of all that were present—"It is astonishing—indeed it is most astonishing!"

"Amazing, and quite surpassingly strange!" exclaimed Sir Patricius Placebo, aided with one or two plentiful accompaniments of his accustomed *recipe* from his magnificent Carolus snuff-box, which we often noticed before.

"DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!"

A hem!—Indeed quite astonishing!—most surpassingly strange!"

Most true it is that Sir David Bruce was the unknown stranger who encountered the Duchess of Tyrconnel and family while promenading the walls of Chester; and he it was who so generously and disinterestedly had relinquished the packet-boat which had conveyed them to Calais.

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The duke said, introducing Sir David Bruce to his duchess, "permit me, my dear, to present to you and the circle of my family, the noble gentleman who now stands before you, Sir David Bruce of Turnberry Castle in Ayrshire, to whose noble courage and generosity of heart I am indebted for my life in the fatal battle of the Boyne, for such *I* must ever consider it. Greet, then, I beseech you, and welcome him! in him you behold the gallant preserver of my life, and him I hold and shall reverence as my sincere friend so long as I shall exist!"

"My Lord Duke, I shall most faithfully obey your injunctions," added the duchess; "but there I must not pause—there remains yet another account of gratitude beside.—For exclusive of being the protector, my Lord, of your life, to which, in the first instance, we all owe and duly feel the deepest gratitude, yet still another debt of obligation remains to be discharged—I speak of the truly generous relinquishment of the packet which had been engaged by Sir David Bruce to convey him to Calais, and which he so nobly and generously relinquished to us! This can never be forgotten, at least by us, although it possibly may not be so accounted by Sir David Bruce."

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"I really can see no very great merit, my Lady Duchess, in all this; I conceive I only did what I ought to do, and that any one would have done for ladies placed under similar embarrassments as you all were circumstanced. Permit me to inquire how your Grace likes Brussels?"

"Why, well, Sir David, passing well, it is sometimes just a little *tristé*, and the atmosphere, to be sure, is somewhat humid, but——"

"And yet," said Lady Aylesbury, (who had just then arrived,) with a malicious smile, rudely interrupting her; "and yet, Madam, it has, methinks, proved a very convenient *sejour* for some *gens de condition*, who have for some years availed themselves of the privilege, when it would not have proved altogether so prudent—yes, Madam; altogether so prudent, to have ventured elsewhere!"

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"Oh, true, quite true, Lady Aylesbury, I had nearly forgotten it quite; but for the verity of your remark, *your* spouse, as well as my own, can fully attest, as both are placed in the same state of periclitation!"

Lady Aylesbury looked extremely awkward and mortified at this just rebuke; she bit her nether lip, and hung down her silly head, writhing under the deserved lash which her malicious remark had provoked.

Sir David Bruce, who happened to be at the other end of the room, and seated next to Lady Adelaide, said to her in an under tone, "Lady Aylesbury is so spiteful and malicious, that I am certain she must be nearly related to Euryale, one of the Gorgons, own-sister to Medusa, who was subject neither to old age nor death!"

"It would indeed appear so, Sir David," said Lady Adelaide, with a sportive smile.

The Duke of d'Arenberg at this moment entered the room, who was introduced in due form to Sir David Bruce; they conversed together, and seemed mutually pleased with each other.

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The Duke d'Arenberg now approached the Duchess of Tyrconnel: "Pray, has your Grace read the last essay from the pen of——, and what does your Grace think of its merits?"

"As I do, my Lord Duke, of all his writings, which are only calculated to produce mischief, deep, dark, and dangerous; every parent should dread him and his insidious pen—he is the high-priest of infidelity!"

"I knew and anticipated this, for I am always certain to obtain a satisfactory and a decided opinion from your Grace, whose just judgment I can so fully rely upon."

When this praise, so deservedly awarded to the duchess, met the ear of Lady Aylesbury, with a malicious smile she turned her malignant, envious eye on the duchess, to observe if her Grace was elated by this praise: but she looked in vain. But these looks passed not unobserved by the duchess, who deeply blushed, conscious of the mal-motives which directed them; and conscious too that she every way merited the praise which was so justly bestowed: she felt pleased, but not elated; she felt conscious of the talent she possessed, but both her judgment and her modesty prevented her overrating them.

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The dinner passed over pleasantly enough, and the gentlemen not tarrying long over their glass, soon joined the ladies in the drawing-room. Lady Adelaide was solicited to play and sing, and complied by seating herself at the harpsichord, supported on the one side by the Duke d'Arenberg, and on the other by Sir David Bruce, who was most attentive in turning over the leaves of the music book, and he seemed quite charmed and entranced with Lady Adelaide's singing. Indeed it was not difficult to a bye-stander to discover that this day the Lady Adelaide had achieved a double conquest, and that she held captive the hearts of the duke and the baronet.

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## CHAPTER X.

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I know it well, my Lord—and sure the match  
Were rich and honourable. Besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities,  
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.  
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?"

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

A constant round of dinner parties in quick succession was briskly kept up between d'Aremberg palace and Tyrconnel house. The anxiety of the dowager duchess for the union of her son with the Lady Adelaide was exceedingly great, and unremitting were her attentions and exertions for its accomplishment.

"She would, upon that event," she often declared, "contentedly depart from life, resigned in peace, when once her aged eyes had beheld what her soul had so often longed for, the union of an only son with the lovely and transcendently accomplished daughter of the dear and early friend of her youth." And the fact was, that the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel were equally as anxious in their wishes for the union of their daughter with the Duke d'Aremberg, as his noble and venerable mother, looking upon the marriage as "a consummation devoutly to be wished!"

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One morning, at an early hour, the Duchess d'Aremberg despatched a note to Lady Adelaide, requesting that she would favour her godmother with a visit, so soon as might prove convenient, at the conclusion of breakfast, to the Lady Adelaide. "She was desirous," as her Grace expressed herself, to speak to her dear god-child upon a subject which was important to her happiness. She requested, therefore, that so soon as it might prove convenient Lady Adelaide would have the goodness to call upon her old friend and godmother."

An answer acquiescive to the above request was returned, and at the appointed time Adelaide waited upon the Duchess d'Aremberg, whom she found seated on a low settee, that which, now varying in shape and elevation, is in our modern days 'yclept a sofa. Before her Grace was placed a small walnut spider-table. Her occupation was knitting a silk purse: for even with the assistance of spectacles, she found it difficult to read. At her feet reposed upon a velvet cushion her blind and favourite lapdog Fidelle, who, hearing a stranger's steps to enter the chamber, awoke from her slumbers, and saluted Adelaide with a volley of barking, as loudly as age and infirmities permitted.

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"Welcome, my dear Adelaide, my dearest god-child, whom I now gladly embrace; and happy, too happy should I be to call thee by yet still a dearer name than god-child: I would like to hear thee called daughter and my son's duchess, while I the world forgetting, shall long by the world be forgot. Yes, my dearest child, I fain would call thee by the still fonder name of daughter, the wife of my beloved son, who from the first moment in which he beheld thee, my dear Adelaide, could no longer call his heart his own!"

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Adelaide felt dreadfully embarrassed. She reddened, and blushed up to the very eyes; and indeed some time had elapsed before she could muster up resolution enough to speak her sentiments.

As soon as she recovered her presence of mind, she replied: "How deeply grateful to the duchess she felt for her numerous attentions and kindnesses, and above all for the high honour which her Grace had intended for her, but which she must most gratefully, respectfully, but yet most decidedly, decline. She could never—she would never, give her hand, without at the same time that it was in her power to bestow her heart, and that she candidly acknowledged it was not now in her power to give."

The duchess again, however, ineffectually renewed her solicitations, yet with no more success than before, and concluded, as she thought, with the unanswerable climax of her appeal: "Oh, think, my dearest Adelaide, how very agreeable the union would prove to the wishes and desires of the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel, which so fully respond to my own!"

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Adelaide, as soon as an opportunity presented, promptly availed herself of it, arose, bade the duchess farewell, and departed homeward.

Upon her return she was met by her father, who conducted her into his library, and addressed her thus:—

"D'Aremberg has been here this morning while you were absent, my love, with his mother, and he has made a proposition to us that has met with decided approbation from both your mother and from me. The duke has offered you his hand, and places his coronet and estates, which are princely, Adelaide, at your feet! He is in every respect worthy of you, descended as he is from a brave and noble race of ancestry, from which indeed he has not degenerated. Young, valiant, generous, and noble—and although bred in the camp, yet is his mind stored with the learning of ancient Greece and Rome; he is an adept in modern languages; and as to his personal accomplishments and appearance, fame hath bruited it afar, that fair ladies fully feel their force wherever d'Aremberg presents himself. What says my Adelaide to this proposal?"

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"Often and often, my dear father, have I heard you, and my mother likewise, say, 'let no young woman ever give her hand in holy wedlock who cannot also give her heart; if she gives her hand unaccompanied with her heart, from that moment let her date the commencement of a wretched

life.' Now, dearest father, I cannot give my heart to the duke, and therefore I consider that it would be dishonourable in me to give my hand alone! I know well that it may be urged against me what and how much I relinquish by this refusal—the elevated rank of a duchess, a splendid fortune, and all the *accessoires* of high rank. Yes, I abandon all these, most willingly relinquish them all!"

"Ay, sage Adelaide," severely said the duke, "*all* for a stranger!"

"Not so, my dear father! the Bruce is no stranger. His rank?—he who preserved my father's life amid the rage of battle, surely cannot be a stranger! Gratitude and honour forbid it!—it is impossible. He too is descended from a brave and royal race—the blood of kings pulsates in his veins. I shall be silent on all the noble qualifications he possesses; those that run may read them. And I will not, I confess, blush when I say that I love the man who preserved your valuable life, and that upon him my hopes, my happiness, my future fortune in life depend! I feel, most duly and deeply feel, honoured by the duke's proposal; however, I respectfully, yet decidedly decline it."

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"Indeed!!—So young, yet so determined too!"

"I would not, my Lord, be the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel were I to waver, or act irresolutely."

"I see most clearly, Adelaide, how matters stand—'*All for love, or the world well lost!*' In a word, your heart is pre-engaged. The Bruce!"

"I will not, my dearest father, deceive you. I cannot, I shall not deny it. My heart is truly engaged; and my affections are placed upon one who is every way deserving of them, even were my rank higher than it is."

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"Have you ever, my child, observed a settled gloom which at times damps the lustre of the Bruce's eye, and desolates his noble features? This your mother and I have at times observed. You, doubtless, saw it not, too much enamoured to make the discovery. But I have no manner of hesitation in thinking, and declaring as my opinion, that Bruce has a secret sorrow at heart;—and one day indeed, I must observe to you, that your mother discovered him in tears."

"Oh, my dear father, it was only love—retired, sincere, and unpretending love!—Surely I have wept often myself. But then they were rather tears of joy to reflect, when finally your objections and mamma's were overcome, how blest, how happy I should be, united to the Bruce!"

"I perceive, Adelaide, when it is too late, that I have only to condemn myself for the incautious and imprudent introduction of Sir David Bruce."

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"Not so, my dear father, I saw and loved him before your introduction—loved him at first sight! The declaration is strange, but it is true. I know not how it was, but yet I know so it is, and I honestly confess my weakness."

"And for this thy love at first sight!—this childish offspring of an enthusiast's brain!—you seem fully resolved to relinquish the noblest connexion in Belgium, of which princesses might be proud—a warrior duke, descended from a long ennobled line of ancestry, his suit denied, and the preference given to a stranger! Monstrous!—not to be endured. Oh, such a damning fact ought not to have been disclosed to a father's ear!"

"Oh, dear Sir, say not so. Not to be disclosed to a father's ear!—Oh, then, pray Sir, to whom should I disclose it, if not to the ear of my parent? Ought I not hope to find in his bosom a friend, a counsellor, adviser, and protector; in a word, a father! You saw, Sir—you must have seen, that I was beloved by the Bruce; and I had not the art to disguise that I met, that I returned his love. Time was, when a child, as I well remember, when you oft carried me on your shoulder, and took me upon your lap: 'My Adelaide,' you then were wont to say, 'you should ever consider your parents as your best friends, the most interested in your welfare beyond all the world besides. Oh, never look upon them as tyrants or oppressors; the tie of affection between a child and its parents, from continued affection, is stronger even than the filial bonds of nature herself. In doubt or distress, therefore, ever look up to and consult your mother and me as your natural protectors and advisers, in weal or in woe, as your sincerest friends, rest you convinced, that you have upon earth; and be sure to take no decided step whatever without consulting us, as you shall ever most cordially receive, and candidly too, the best advice of your mother and me, and always be assured of the warmth of the affection of both your parents.' Now, my dear father, have I forgotten this advice? say rather intently I have treasured up all these sayings in my heart, freshly stamped and impressed, as if it were only yesterday that you had pronounced them. Rest assured, dearest Sir, of this, that I shall never do a clandestine act; and when thus I solemnly pledge myself to my parents never to marry without *their consent*, oh, surely they will not—they could not be so severe or so unjust as to require me to submit without my own!—more especially when my heart is wholly disinclined—nay, and more, dislikes, and wholly refuses assent. Say, should I hold forth my hand, dear and honoured father, when my heart rejects, if not hates! Oh, say would it not be most base and dishonourable; nay, more—it would be—(horrible to reflect on!) it would be lying and prevaricating at the altar of God; and there solemnly, but falsely, declaring that I would 'love, honour, and obey' a man, however high his rank and great his worth, still that I never loved, nor ever can love! No, no—a lie pronounced at the altar of heaven!—I cannot do it!"

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"Oh, my dearest Adelaide, indeed thou art my child—flesh of my flesh, and blood of my blood. Believe me then, and despond not, my dearest daughter, no aspiration to add to your rank or to increase your fortune against your consent, shall ever again influence your mother or me. Come then, my beloved, to thy father's arms, and never again shall our opinions clash in collision. I glory in the name of father, when I count that Adelaide is mine own dearest daughter; yea my only one! think then no more, my dearest child, of what has gone past. I promise you solemnly that you shall never again be teased or solicited upon this topic, so think of what has passed but as the idle fantasy of a frightful dream!"

This eventful day appeared to the much-dejected Adelaide as the longest and most wearisome she had witnessed in the annals of her life. Although still she deeply suffered, and succumbed beneath the ban of exile from her native land and home, Adelaide likewise had deeply felt her pride wounded to the very core at the outlawry and attainder of her parents. More perplexing still yet seemed those moments of trial which now had arrived, when Adelaide had to encounter and oppose the opinions of a parent, in which, although completely triumphant, yet still her success gave her pain, but not joy. And although the day ended, as happily it did, in reconciliation, yet it had commenced in the not-to-be-mistaken tone of high and angry displeasure.

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Quite overcome, from thus differing so widely in opinion from those she deeply regarded, oppressed with a quick and fevered pulse, and a frame sadly exhausted, Adelaide gladly retired to repose, mentally exclaiming, as she departed to her chamber,

—————"Husband! wife!  
There is some holy mystery in those names,  
That sure the unmarried cannot understand."

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## CHAPTER XI.

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At tibi inesse videns cunctarum ANTVERPIA  
, dotes,  
Atque alias decoris parte vigere tui;  
Jam Famæ Credo, nec Credo; protinus inquit,  
Præsens quam Specto, dixerat illa minus.  
Ergo tu Belgis, quod Vasta Lutetia Gallis,  
Anglis Londinum, Roma quod est Italis."

JACOBUS EYCKIUS.

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### LETTER III.

THE DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL TO MRS. CARTWRIGHT.

*Dated, Antwerp, June, 169—*

MY DEAR MADAM,

"Here we are at length arrived; we have been in this city a week, and keep our head quarters at the Golden Lion, one of their principal inns, where we are most agreeably and comfortably accommodated.

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"Long since, indeed, had we planned and intended visiting this former capital of Flanders, 'the Merchant City,' whose wealth once resembled ancient Tyre, 'whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth!'<sup>[46]</sup> But alas, how fallen is this even still magnificent city from its pristine state of grandeur, opulence, and population! that I should be inclined to apostrophize it in the words of Jeremiah, 'How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is she become a widow!—she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces!'

"We had indeed long intended and projected a visit to this ancient, interesting, and magnificent city; but that which is of easy performance, what is in our daily power to execute, how often do we delay and procrastinate to perform? So that too frequently in human life such intentions are rarely or never accomplished!

"Our mode of travelling from Brussels to this city was by the Trèkschuit, (*literally draw-boat,*) or passage boat, which is drawn by two horses; it was, in sooth, a most stately and magnificent barge which conveyed us, with a handsomely furnished cabin beneath; the upper part of the deck, appropriated for the *gens de condition*, was ornamented with a tasteful awning of white and gold trellice work; the canopy which surrounded it intended alike to keep aloof rain or sunshine. The whole of this splendid barge was gilt, and most tastefully decorated; while at the prow the Belgic lion (the armorial bearing of Flanders) blazed forth in burnished gold, flinging its splendid image upon the bosom of the waters as majestically it moved along its watery way. I must indeed say that it

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strongly reminded me of the beautiful passage in our immortal bard of Avon, where he describes, with so much poetic force and fire, the progress of Cleopatra sailing down the river Cydnus. But pray, I beseech you, do not think that I conceive the duke to be Marc Antony, no more than I compare myself to Cleopatra, although our stately barge reminded me of hers!

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'The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold! &c.'

At the further end of the vessel, from the awning of the Trëkschuit, were stationed a band of minstrels, who, upon the bell having been rung to announce our departure, right merrily commenced the harmony of sweet sounds, repeating songs and glees, accompanied by musical instruments, every half hour, which fully broke the monotony of our voyage, rendered so agreeable by such sweet melody as to shorten apparently the distance from Brussels to Antwerp. And as to our dinner, which we had piping hot and excellent, in the cabin below, Sir Patricius Placebo, who is quite *au fait* on such occasions, loudly exclaimed, (and he is indeed, accredit me, my good friend, by no means an indifferent judge,) 'I vow, 'fore Jove,' said he, 'the dinner was excellent, every thing in its kind was good, the wines excellent, and saving and except at the duke's mansion in the *Rue Ducale*, he had,' he avowed, 'not partaken of so delicious a dinner since his *sejour* in Flanders!'

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"This he concluded, of course, with his never failing favourite Greek quotation—

'DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!'

and his accustomed chorus: 'Ha, humph!—Ha, hum!'

"Although diminished in her population, and depressed in her commerce, Antwerp is still a noble city. You need not, however, my dear friend, apprehend that I shall enter into a critical detail, which fault I am rather apprehensive (although your kindness expresses the contrary) I have already committed in my two former letters, which have engrossed too much of your time and attention, by my elaborate description of other cities; but believe me truly that in what now I write, I shall be both brief and sententious in this rapid sketch which I am about to undertake:—

"The view of Antwerp, seen by the intervention of the river Scheldt, is extremely imposing and magnificent, its numerous domes, cupolas, palaces, and spires, and towering above all, over town and tide, the exalted spire of *Notre Dame*, the finest in the world, strikes the spectator with awe and admiration. This venerable city was once the emporium and the envy of all Europe; but now, alas! solemn, gloomy silence, pervades her splendid, spacious, but unfrequented streets; the busy hum of men no more is heard amid her deserted stately palaces, and silent and solitary that noble exchange,<sup>[47]</sup> where once were congregated the most wealthy merchants of the world!

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"You may possibly have heard of the well known and authenticated fact of a wealthy merchant of this city, by name Jean Deans, who nobly supplied the emperor Charles V. with the immense loan of two millions of money; the merchant then prepared a magnificent banquet, which he gave upon the emperor's self-invitation; when the magnificent merchant, at the termination of the repast, flinging the bond into a spicy conflagration of cinnamon, exclaimed the meanwhile—'I feel, Sire, sufficiently repaid by the honour which your Majesty has so graciously this day conferred upon me; fire has cancelled the imperial obligation. However, Sire, I am *your* debtor now, which I ever shall remain, for the honour which your Majesty has this day conferred on me!'

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"Antwerp has produced such an host of illustrious men, that to enumerate all would truly prove a tiresome task. The names of Bomberg, Plantin, and Moretus, are identified with the art of printing. Antwerp also gave birth to Grammaye, the historian; to Teniers, the Proteus of his art; to Sneyders; and likewise to Jordaens; while the mighty names of Rubens<sup>[48]</sup> and Vandyke fling a halo of glory around the ancient city of Antwerp.

"Already we have visited every place worthy of been seen, have viewed every object of curiosity: museums, libraries, cabinets, galleries, and collections of paintings: have inspected palaces, monasteries, churches, and cathedrals, where are to be seen many fine paintings of the first class of excellence. Yesterday we visited the royal academy of paintings, and in the chamber where the professors assemble, is placed the memorable chair that had once belonged to 'the prince of painters,' to the great and unequalled Rubens; it is formed of carved wood, surmounted with lions' heads, and covered with red Morocco leather, with the initials of his illustrious name, and his armorial bearings placed on the back of it. My enthusiastic Adelaide fairly enthroned herself therein, and there she sat, and would still have sat, and how long the genii of poesy and painting can only tell, until I had to give my dear daughter a most maternal tap upon the shoulder to admonish that we were waiting for her.

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"Next we visited the altar and tomb of Rubens, which is placed in the church of Saint James; here my enwrapped enthusiastic Adelaide was so delighted, that I really expected

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every moment to see her doff her sandals, and, bare-kneed, advance a pilgrim of genius to do homage at the shrine of this mighty man. The tomb and altar are highly and richly decorated with marble. A splendid painting from his own inimitable pencil adorns the altar, which forms the central compartment; it represents the infant Saviour placed on the knees of his mother; Saint Jerome is stationed on the right of the Virgin; two female figures, which are portraits of the two wives of Rubens, Elizabeth Brants and Helena Forman, are placed before the principal figure, which represents the painter himself in armour, personifying Saint George; the dragon, pierced to death, lies at his feet, while, with much dignity and the triumph of victory, he holds erect to heaven his triumphant banner. In a *niche*, crowning the monument, is placed a marble statue of the Virgin, looking up in the ardent act of devotion, and holding with fervour to her breast a crucifix. This famous statue was sculptured by Francis Flamand, and brought from Rome by Rubens himself; it is a work of great excellence, but placed quite too high for the eye sufficiently to appreciate its superior merit.

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"But, my dear friend, were I to dwell upon and detail all the various and excellent specimens of the works of art to be witnessed in this ancient and venerable city, I should fill volumes, and weary you to death. A few more 'last words' concerning Rubens, and I have done.

"To-day we visited the site of the palace which had belonged to this most distinguished and accomplished character. The palace no more exists, but some few shattered arches and architectural remains in his garden are still to be seen, and upon these we gazed, as on holy relics, with awe and respect.

"This prince of painters was a learned scholar, artist, politician, and a finished gentleman; ennobled by genius, birth, and rank, this distinguished man was selected as the ambassador of renowned kings, and decorated by them with honours, well and deservedly bestowed; he returned at the conclusion of his embassy to his native land. His education had been liberal, and his erudition was great, he could fluently speak six different languages; his manners, habits, and modes of life, were those of a prince. His admiration of men of talent was as unbounded as was his generosity manifested to them;—his friendship for the great Vandyke is well known.

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"This poor tribute I could not but pay to the illustrious Rubens, whose virtues and whose genius must ever elicit the praise and the admiration of this and every succeeding age!

"I had the pleasure to receive your very kind and friendly letter from Bath, but grieve to find that the good bishop has had so severe a visitation from his old inveterate tormentor, the gout; however, I trust that the healing waters and springs of Baïæ may fully aid his recovery, and renovate his health.

"You must know that my Adelaide has received proposals in marriage from no less than three personages: from the eldest son of the Earl of Aylesbury, which she instantly very properly declined, for he was a prating coxcomb, a painted popinjay. The next matrimonial proposition came from the Duke d'Aremberg, a most amiable young nobleman, an alliance, in every respect, 'most devoutly' to be wished for, and gladly accepted. But so thought not Adelaide. Her father and I, without forcing her inclinations, were most desirous that this union should take place; we considered his elevated rank, the first duke in Brabant, his lordly fortune, his great personal worth, added to his numerous accomplishments. But strange and unaccountable to relate, without hesitation, my Adelaide refused him! The third matrimonial proposal came from 'the knight of Chester walls,' '*le chevalier inconnu*,' but now well known as Sir David Bruce, a baronet of Nova-Scotia; and which offer, it appears, was most graciously accepted by Adelaide, but under correction and approbation of her parents. Which said match is most likely never to be accomplished, inasmuch that the Duke of Tyrconnel has solemnly declared, that until his attainder is rescinded, and a free and unqualified permission given him by the higher powers to return to his native country and his paternal towers, he is determined never to give his assent to the union of Sir David Bruce with the Lady Adelaide. Thus I fear that the lovers have placed themselves in a very awkward and distressing predicament, as no two events can possibly be more distant, and hardly ever expected to be attainable!

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"It is impossible that I should not look up with the highest respect to the character and the noble qualities of the Duke of Tyrconnel, the unshaken friend of his sovereign, whether seated on his throne, or an exile from his realms; uncorrupted by prosperity, unshaken and unchanged by adversity; comporting himself with that equanimity of temper, that what Horace<sup>[49]</sup> says of Aristippus would apply to him—one whom every change, whom every station, and every event became!

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"How days, and months, and years, my friend, advance, proceed, and are gone like the track of an arrow through the buoyant air, or a keel cutting its foaming course through the vasty deep! Alas, my dear,

'We take no note of time but by its loss.'

Seven years have passed by since our sojourn in Brabant—sad and solitary;—oh no, I

cannot be so wicked—so ungrateful, as to assert it has been; that portion of time having fled in the happy home of my beloved Lord, and along with my *alter idem*, my second self, as Cicero expresses it, my adored Adelaide. Oh, unjust indeed I should be to complain; however, I may confess, *en passant*, that the climate of Brussels is somewhat humid, especially during the autumnal months; and the society somewhat *tristé*, with a notable lack of public amusements; but believe me I truly feel no loss in the deprivation of the latter. Oh, my friend, once more freely to breathe my native mountain air!—once more to reach the verdant isle, and again to inhabit the towers of Tyrconnel! then were my Adelaide suitably mated and matched, my sum of human happiness would be consummated. We purpose staying here a few days longer, and then set out on our return, by land, to our mansion in the *Rue Ducale* at Brussels.

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"I know well, my dear and kind friend, how warmly interested you and the good bishop are in every thing regarding or connected with our interest and happiness, and whenever I can write to you upon the subject, although poor exiles as we are, I feel not very sanguine in my hopes of having cause of speedily so doing; yet should a change in our fortunes occur, write I shall assuredly—you may depend upon it!

"Having now, I fear, fairly tormented you with this long and tiresome epistle, I shall not add another word but what I know you will readily believe, which is, that wherever I am, wherever I go, be assured that I remain

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Your constant and truly

Affectionate Friend,

(Signed) KATHERINE TYRCONNEL."

"P.S.—The duke, Adelaide, and my sisters, desire their kindest remembrance to you and your excellent prelate."

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## CHAPTER XII.

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Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The Duke of Tyrconnel and his family, and particularly the lovely Adelaide, were delighted with the tranquillity of Brussels, and often, accompanied by Sir David Bruce, they gladly sojourned at the ancient chateau of Tervuren, about three leagues distant from Brussels, and situated in the forest of Soignies, where a cold collation was frequently prepared for them, and which they not only seemed to relish, but were happier in its enjoyment than although it had been served to them on golden plate in palaces of kings.

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Upon one of these pleasant excursions the duke, who was riding next Sir Patricius Placebo, while passing through the forest his Grace said: "I never, Sir Patricius, felt so happy—so far, at least, as regards my own personal feelings—as now I do, and always feel upon these our little expeditions, if I could forget—if indeed I ever could forget that my royal master is an exile from his dominions! Save this consideration, I repine not for myself, nor would I exchange social leisure and rural retirement for all the pomp of camps and courts, and power political."

"I fully concur," rejoined Sir Patricius, "in your Grace's sentiments, and in the words of a true AMICUS I may thus reply:—

"I would not change it: happy is your Grace  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style."

The duke now rode up to the side of the carriage to make some observations to the duchess, when Sir David said:—

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"I think, nevertheless, good Sir Patricius, with old truth-telling Persius,

'At pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier HIC EST!'

that it could not surely have been altogether so very disagreeable to be pointed out as a distinguished person of rank, who was respected by the multitude, and one every way so deserving of it; and to hear their hoarse, but gladdened voices exclaim, 'make way there! room, room for the duke!'

"Certainly, Sir David, I entirely concur in this opinion with you; for methinks my good and kind master is somewhat too soon disposed to retire from this most wicked, sinister, and abominable world, and to be as sick, forsooth, of pomp and praise as ever *Henri Quatré* was of a partridge!"

The pleasure party for Tervuren Castle and park was thus arranged:—The duke, Sir Patricius, and Sir David, were on horseback, and led the van. Then followed one of the duke's carriages, with outriders, in which were the duke's sisters, the Ladies Letitia and Lucy, accompanied by two grand nieces of the Duchess Dowager d'Aremberg. Then came on another coach of the duke's, in which were seated the duchess and Lady Adelaide. Footmen, mounted, closed the cavalcade. The Duke d'Aremberg had been invited to the collation; but it appeared that he was gone into Holland, on a visit at the Hague, for which he had immediately departed, upon his proposals having been rejected by the Lady Adelaide.

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The ancient chateau of Tervuren<sup>[50]</sup> had been built by the dukes of Brabant. It was situated in the forest of Soignies, and distant two leagues and a half from Brussels. It was remarkable for its antiquity, and all that sombrous magnificence which pertained to those castles, whose foundations were laid in the days of chivalry. It was circumvallated by a deep and extensive fosse, broad and deep enough almost indeed to be dignified with the name of lake. Four several draw-bridges connected the castle with the park, and pleasure-boats were stationed on the water. Here too was seen, sailing majestically along, the mild and gentle swan, the peaceful king of water birds, guarding his watery realm in tranquil peace, unawed by the bird of Jove, with whom he dares to combat, and even to conquer, although seeking not the conflict.<sup>[51]</sup>

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Indeed the swans constituted the chief ornament of the artificial lakes that were dispersed through the park and pleasure-grounds, and besides animated and adorned the gloomy fosse that sullenly surrounded Tervuren Castle.

The grand saloon of this once royal residence was of an extraordinary size and dimensions. The ceiling and wainscot were formed of rich and beautifully carved oak, which attracted much admiration. There were also two other state apartments, the walls of which were decorated with tapestry from designs of Rubens and the younger Teniers. And exclusive of these three large state apartments, this once royal chateau could boast of no other internal splendour or decoration. The park, however, was fine, crowned with lofty woods, and the pleasure grounds adorned with the united efforts of taste and art, which failed not to yield delight to the spectator. Here, during the summer months, the duke and duchess and family, with parties of their friends, frequently visited; and having partaken of a cold dinner previously prepared, have strolled forth in the calm of evening, and lingered until a late hour amid the groves and pleasure grounds, listening with much delight to the warbling of the nightingale.

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The entertainment given this day was at the sole expense of Sir Patricius Placebo, who felt exceedingly gratified thereat, as he expressed himself, for the permission thus granted him by his noble patron, and said:

"Accredit me, noble Sir, under your sage deciderment, I flatter myself that this day's entertainment will sufficiently prove that there are those living who fully understand the *scavoir vivre*—ay, critically well as ever Lucullus or Apicius did; for, ahem,

DOSS MOI TANE STIGMEN!

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as doubtless, when the important hour of dinner arrives, I trust that your Grace will be free to —But *tempus et hora*—let the time and season tell! I shall not boast too soon, but leave it to your Grace's discreet arbitrament! That will be, my Lord, the *tempus opportunum* perfectly to illustrate *the noble theory of luxury!* at which methinks your Grace shall marvel much."

"For me to dissent," rejoined the duke, "my good Sir Patricius, from the two high authorities whom you have cited, would be somewhat too like Diogenes, surrounded with sunshine, yet growling in his tub; and treason prepense *certes* against the noble culinary art!—besides ingratitude to mine honoured host of Tervuren!

"I know full well that Apicius Cælius, whom you quote as an authority, Sir Patricius, wrote a learned essay, *de Arte Coquinaria*—a treatise on the culinary art; and that he may well be considered as the *Pontifex maximus Epicuri*. But respecting and regarding the great Lucullus, whose distinction arose from a higher flight than a mere knowledge of the culinary art, I must observe, *en passant*, that I flatter myself I do somewhat resemble that great character, namely, in my fondness for retirement, which I only regret I had not sooner cultivated, as it would have placed me above the reach of ambition, and beyond the pangs of care!

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"Indeed had I been born in Belgium, I am tolerably certain that my past life, instead of being occupied and engrossed in the turmoil of courts and camps, would tranquilly have passed over in pastoral seclusion; for man, Sir Patricius, say what we may,

'Proud man! though dressed in little brief authority,'

is after all but at best the poor and passive creature of time, place, period, and circumstance!—and, under this firm conviction, I know I should have wielded the shepherd's crook, and not the marshal's truncheon!"

"My Lord Duke, there is no gainsaying your Grace's *dictum*, which, in sooth, is fully illustrated by the beautiful lines of gentle Master Waller:—

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'Great Julius on the mountains bred,  
His flocks, perhaps, or herds had led;  
And he who subdued the world had been  
But the best wrestler on the green!'"

The shaft duly struck its intended mark, and the duke evidently seemed pleased, for flattery, although, generally speaking, it is often rather coarsely served up,

"Yet oft we find that men of wit  
Still condescend to pick a bit."

The moment so important to Sir Patricius had now arrived—the time of dinner. The castle clock chimed forth the second hour, the baronet's eye sparkling with delight as he beheld the long extended commissary train of eatable artillery enter the *salle de manger*; many an ahem! and

DOSS MOI TANE STIGMEN!

were exultingly ejaculated forth when the dinner was duly arranged; and with delight he beheld the delicious banquet that lay before him, while gladly he observed the numerous delicacies which were duly recorded in his *carte du jour*, along with the choicest wines, from *Malvoisie de Madere* to "imperial Tokay." Various choice *hors d'œuvres* were served up, and succeeded by a splendid course of *entremets*, which concluded with a grand dessert.

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Since the royal times of the Dukes of Brabant such an entertainment had not been witnessed in Tervuren Castle.

But there were luxuries this day produced which are not to be found in the *carte du jour* of either the famous *restaurateurs* Very, or Beauvillier, or at the celebrated *Rocher de Cancale* of modern Paris: *videlicet*—ortolan pies, the celebrated *pâtes des foies gross*<sup>[52]</sup> of Strasburgh, and the no less famed *pâtès à croute de seigle des perdreaux rouges aux truffes*, the far-famed Perigord pies, made of the red-legged partridge, and constructed by the confectionary skill and tact of the scientific *pâtisseries* of Perigeux, the capital of the province of Perigord, in France,<sup>[53]</sup> a luxury well known, and often sent as acceptable presents to peers and princes.

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The worthy baronet paid every attention and respect to his honoured guests, and received much praise for a banquet so *recherché*, but it was the opinion of all that it was quite too *magnifique*, and totally out of character both with time and place.

The repast concluded, the ducal party sallied forth to enjoy their favourite walk in the delightful groves and gardens of Tervuren; and entering a summer-house they were agreeably surprised once more with the unceasing attention of Sir Patricius, for they here found tea, coffee, refreshments, fruits, liqueurs, &c., all ready for their acceptance. So soon as tea was over they again resumed their promenade. It was a charming summer evening in the beginning of June, the sky was clear and serene, the leaves of the surrounding forest were unruffled by a breath of air, the very zephyrs seemed at rest; the silent lake lulled to repose, presented, as in a mirror, each object deeply and distinctly reflected on its glassy surface; it seemed great Nature's holiday; while enraptured with delight they listened to the shrill mellow warbling of the nightingale, increased by the silence of the scene, and the tranquillity of the evening.

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Upon this happy afternoon, enjoyed so rationally amid the tranquil secluded grounds and pleasure parks of the once royal castle of Tervuren, Lady Adelaide and Sir David Bruce, having been left aloof from the party, had taken a seat in one of the numerous summer-bowers which adorned the grounds, and in the day-time afforded shelter from the burning blaze of a Belgic sun, where, while the nightingale sweetly sung, Adelaide said, with a cheerful smile, "My dearest Bruce will not surely prove jealous if for a moment forgetting him, (for it could only be for a moment,)" she added, with emphasis, "that here I pay the homage of *my* song to the sweet nightingale, the nightly songster of the grove; the lark is the sunny bird of morn, but the sweetly plaintive nightingale is exclusively the minstrel of the night!"

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"Oh, no—oh, no, my dearest, my beloved Adelaide! come, pray, produce thy tablets, for I too am as much enraptured as thou canst be, with this sweet vocal minstrel of the night!"

"As soon done as said;—see, here they are, and accept them, for they are yours;—if they should please my dearest Bruce, I am fully repaid!"

ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

I.

Welcome, melodious nightingale!  
Whose warbling thrills thro' wood and dale;  
Still lonely songster of the night,  
Thy enchanted strains delight  
Every list'ner's charmed ear,  
Melodious minstrel, thee to hear!

II.

Again repeat thy vesper song,  
 Echoed these silent woods among;  
 For ever here I'd fondly stay,  
 And gladly listen to thy lay.  
 Is it the force of love so strong  
 That pours thy woodland notes along?  
 Or say, the thrill of lost delight  
 That swells thy song at dismal night!  
 Whate'er, or grief, or love, be giv'n,  
 It sounds like choral peal from heav'n.

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III.

Sing on, then sweetest songster dear,  
 Oh still arrest the charmed ear!  
 Through Soignies' wood Tervuren's grove,  
 Still chant the elegies of love!

"Thanks, my Adelaide, for thy sweet verses, I like them much, very much indeed, with the exception, perhaps, of the last line, *the elegies of love*; pray, my dear, you leave such *larmoyantè* lucubrations to the Hero and Leander of romance, or to their own Ovid; but, oh, let all *his* 'FASTI' [i. e. festivals] be thine! while succeeding years shall be noted with chalk in the bright calendar of thy days! *Felices ter et ampliùs essint!*—"The elegies of love!" Why thou fain then believest, my Adelaide, that poor Philomela, as the tuneful Maro wrote,<sup>[54]</sup> pours forth her nightly plaint, and although she so sweetly sings, yet still thou fanciest the thorn of the rose rankles in her breast, while she renews at eve her melancholy song!"

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"Such, at least, was the opinion of the poets. But come, Sir David, let us hasten to join our friends, who will wonder what hath become of us."

They now rejoined the duke and duchess, and the carriages and horses having been brought out, they set forth on their return to fair Brussels.

But, alas! according to the Flemish proverb,

"Alle wereldsch Goedaardig is Vergankelyk!"

All worldly good is fleeting and transitory! as we now have but too just occasion to illustrate by facts. The ducal party had scarcely entered upon the road, which is flanked by the thickest and most densely wooded part of Soignies forest, the stillness of the solitude disturbed only by the horse tramps, and the rolling of the duke's carriages, when, upon the sudden, a shrill and loud re-echoing whistle issued from the forest, and was instantly chorused by a number of harsh voices fiercely crying *hui, hieu, huit*; when, almost instantly, a troop of armed horsemen, unquestionably banditti, collecting from different points, thundered in full gallop to where the signal was sounded. The banditti amounted in number to about eleven or twelve, so far indeed as observation could be made amid the darkness of the night, which was then setting in, and increased by the deep and gloomy shadows of the surrounding forest; the confusion too and terror caused by this unexpected appearance, increased by the clamorous screams, and the many females who fainted, at the approaching conflict, which was now beyond a doubt. The banditti came up in full gallop, and forming into ranks, advanced within a few paces of the cavalcade, and intercepting its progress, presented their petronels<sup>[55]</sup> full-cocked; and one, the leader no doubt, meanwhile fiercely exclaiming in Stentorian voice, '*Basta senors, basta senors!*' then pulling the triggers, discharged their petronels. Opposed to them were the noble company on horseback, and the attending footmen and outriders; these were only armed with long horse-pistols, which, however, told full well, for Sir David Bruce valiantly brought down a brace of the banditti, who soon cowered to earth. The duke wounded two others, who were with difficulty removed. Sir Patricius, albeit, who would have preferred an old acquaintanceship with his Carolus' snuff-box at this hour, was equally as successful.

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However, we are indeed sorry to narrate that Sir David Bruce was thrown from his horse in consequence of excessive pain which he suffered from a wound received in his right shoulder from a ball fired from one of the petronels of the banditti.

It was all a dreadful scene of noise, darkness, confusion, and distress! The duchess, Adelaide, and the Ladies Letitia and Lucy, were infinitely alarmed; but the nieces of the Duchess d'Aremberg fainted, and it was some time before they could be restored to animation.

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Fortunately at this critical point of time a patrol of *Gens d'Armes* approached, who had been for some days in search of the said banditti, when instantly applying their rowels, with small ceremony, to the ribs of their steeds, the banditti fled, dispersing in every direction throughout the entanglements of the forest.

Sir David Bruce, who had received a severe gun-shot wound, was, without delay, placed in the same carriage with the duchess and Lady Adelaide; every remedy that could on the instant be

procured having been applied as styptics to stop the flowing of blood, and contrary to all his warm remonstrances; but we will not undertake to say that it was contrary to his inclination he was placed within the same carriage with Adelaide; the coachman was enjoined to proceed at a slow pace, the *Gens d'Armes* meanwhile escorting them, nor quitted the cavalcade until they safely had entered Brussels by the Namur gate; whence ten minutes, or so, brought the ducal party, who had so lately enjoyed a scene of pleasure, so suddenly transmuted into a scene of woe, to Tyrconnel house in the *Rue Ducale*.

END OF VOL. II.

## FOOTNOTES

[1] Marmion.

[2] Sir John Dalrymple's *Memoirs of England, Scotland, and Ireland*.

[3] Rapin's *History of England*.

[4] Chester was also called *Devana* by the Romans, and here the "*legio vicessima victrix*" was stationed.

[5] This ballad will be found in the second volume of "Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, page 405." And it will no doubt be recollected by the reader that the celebrated *Sterne* makes this tune to be the favourite air of Uncle Toby in "*Tristram Shandy*." In speaking of this ballad, Bishop Percy remarks, that "the following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they now may seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the *Philippic of Demosthenes* or *Cicero*; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688."

[6] The *Rinceadh-Fada*, or Irish dance, is thus described by the late Mr. Cooper Walker: "When that unfortunate Prince, James II., landed at Kinsale, his friends who awaited his arrival on the sea shore received him with the *Rinceadh-Fada*, or Irish dance, the figure and execution of which delighted him exceedingly. This was the figure: Three persons abreast, each holding a corner of a white handkerchief, first moved forward a few paces to slow music; the rest of the dancers followed two and two, a white handkerchief held between each. Then the dance began, the music suddenly changing to brisk time; the dancers then passed with a quick step under the handkerchief of the three in front; they wheeled round in semi-circles, forming a variety of pleasing and animating evolutions, interspersed at intervals with *entrè chants*, or cuts; they then united, and fell back again in their original places behind, and paused. Perhaps the classical reader will find—and we think he may—a similarity between our *Rinceadh-Fada* and the festal dance of the Greeks."—*Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, 4to., Dublin, 1786, pp. 151, 152, 154.

Mr. Walker adds in a note, "Before we adopted the French style of dancing, our public and private balls used always to conclude with the *Rinceadh-Fada*."

[7] Rapin's *History of England*.

[8] *Histoire de Guillaume III.*—Tom. II. p. 87, 88.

[9] *Ibid.*—Tom. II. p. 88, 89. *Histoire du Pays Bas*. Tom. III.

[10] *Histoire de Roy Guillaume III.* Tom, II. p. 89.—Amsterdam, 1703.

[11] The great and prominent fault of King James II., and which formed the head and front of his political offences, was no doubt his arbitrary government, and the decided preference which he gave to Catholics in preference—nay, to the total exclusion of Protestants from all emoluments in the State, and furthermore enforced by bills of pains and penalties, and attainders! Upon this fatal rock his fortunes were wrecked, and he lost his throne. Since this time the converse of the proposition has been unhappily and unwisely but too often acted upon. But let the past be buried in oblivion, and mutual animosities be forgiven and forgotten! A bright and happy period seems now about to arise to give peace and tranquillity to a country too long depressed by civil and irreligious jars; the sun of peace seems, with bland promise, about to illumine the horizon of hitherto distracted Erin, by snapping asunder the bonds which have for ages manacled a brave and noble people; and it is fondly believed and hoped that a long desired great and liberal measure shall in no long space of time be effected by the "*Roy le veult*" of a great and mighty king, the most generous, enlightened, and accomplished prince, who ever adorned the throne of Britain, and who well indeed may be called PATER PATRIÆ, the father and the benefactor of ALL his people!

[12] "The armorial escutcheon of Ostend bears a chevron sable on a gold ground, charged with three keys, sable blazoned on the dexter and sinister chiefs, and on the middle base point of the shield. The supporters a seaman and a mermaid."—*Les Delices des Pays Bas*.

[13] See "*Grotius Annales et Histoires des Troubles du Pays Bas*," lib. X. p. 491. See also the "*Cardinal Bentivoglio*," lib. III. p. 6. And see "*Histoire des Provinces Unies*, par M. Le Clerc," vol. I. p. 215, 229, Amsterdam, folio, 1723. In these three works will be found a full account of Spinola's attempt on Ostend, and the reader will be tempted to exclaim:—Unhappy Belgium! whose beauteous domains have been doomed to blaze beneath the torch of war, from the days of Tiberius down to those of Napoleon!

[14] Haggard, in falconry, means a hawk or falcon not taken in the nest, but after she had been inured to liberty, and preying for herself. Haggard-hawks are hard to be tamed and brought under discipline. The haggard-falcon is also called *Peregrine-falcon*,



passenger and traveller, from its wandering more than any other sort of its kind; it is strong, courageous, hardy, and persevering. This bird is distinguished from the common falcon as being larger, &c. &c. The haggard-falcon, when wild and unreclaimed, takes the greatest liberty of all other birds, living either by land or sea; and formed of such absolute power, that wherever she comes all flying fowl stoop under her subjection.

[15] The pilot fish, called in ichthyology, *Gasterosteus Ductor*.

[16] Charabbonier means the driver, or waggoner, of a Flemish waggon.

[17] It is usual for the douaniers, or custom-house officers, of Flanders, to attend at the gates of the different cities, who search, by means of prodding with a foil, all merchandize coming into or out of town, in order to detect any goods that may prove to be contraband, or smuggled.

[18] Now, anno salutis 1822, called Donegal.

[19] Virginia is noticed in "*The Noble Gentleman*" of Fletcher:—

"CLERIMONT.—Sir, I had rather send her to Virginia, to help to propagate the English nation."—*Weber's Edition of the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, v. VII. p. 442.

Mention is likewise made of it in Massinger's "*City Madam*":—

—————"How! Virginia!  
High heaven forbid! Remember, Sir, I beseech you,  
What creatures are shipp'd thither——  
—————Condemned wretches,  
Forfeited to the law."

*Gifford's Edit. of Massinger*, vol. IV. p. 103.

[20] This city is called in the Flemish tongue *Veuren*.

[21] Parkgate *had been* a seaport of Cheshire for several years; it is situated at the mouth of the river Dee, ten miles distant from Chester, and one hundred and ninety-four from London. It has *now* ceased to be a port, the entrance to the harbour being choked by sand banks.

[22] This circumstance, as detailed above, actually occurred at Parkgate several years ago.

[23] Or Corvorant, the *Pelicanus Carbo* of Linneus.

[24] "In England (according to Willoughby) the cormorants were hood-winked in the manner of the falcons, until they were let off to fish, and a leather thong was tied round the lower part of their necks in order to prevent them swallowing the fish." Whitlock also mentions, that he had a cast of them *manned* like hawks, which would come to hand. He took much pleasure in them, and observes, "that the best he had was one presented to him by Mr. Wood, Master of the Corvorants to King Charles I."

[25] *Paradise Lost*, Book IV.

[26] The *Via Appia* which is noticed by Horace in his journey to Brundusium, "*Minus est gravis Appia tardis*."

[27] "The piece of ground without the walls, on which the annual horse-races of Chester are run, cannot well be passed over in silence. The Dee, after quitting the contracted pass at the bridge, flows beneath an incurvated clayey cliff, and washes on the right a fine and extensive meadow, long since protected against its ravages by a lofty dike: it is called Rood-eye.

"The name of this spot is taken from *Eye*, its watery situation, and *Rood*, the cross which stood there, whose base is still to be seen. On this place the lusty youth of former days exercised themselves in the manly sports of the age, in archery, running, leaping, and wrestling; in mock fights, and gallant and romantic triumphs.

"A *standard* was the prize of emulation in the sports celebrated on the *Rood-eye*. But in the year 1609 the amusements took a new form; and under the reign of the peaceful JAMES the youthful cavaliers laid aside their mimic war, and horse-racing commenced.

"The first prizes we hear of after the suppression of the triumph, were a bell and bowl to be run for on Saint George's day, which were provided in 1609 by Mr. Robert Amery, formerly Sheriff of the city, and were brought down to the *Rood-eye* with great solemnity. This seems to have been the origin of the plate given by the city, and annually ran for on the same day to the present time. A bell was a common prize. A little golden bell was the reward of victory in 1607 at the races near York; whence came the proverb, for success of any kind, *to bear the bell*."—*Pennant's Tour through Wales*, vol. I. pp. 253, 254, 255, 256, 257.

[28] 'Viden' vestibulum ante ædes, et ambulacrum ejusmodi?

[29] Since the Revolution Amiens has become the capital of the department of the Somme, and there is no longer a governor of Picardy. Amiens has been remarkable in our days for the definitive treaty of peace signed in that city, 25th of March, 1802. The room where it was signed is shown to strangers.

[30] Since the French Revolution Lille has become the capital of the department of the north.

[31] The *Maison de Ville* was destroyed by fire, November 17, A. D. 1700.

[32] Lady Charlotte Maria Bruce was married to the Prince of Houre, one of the princes of the empire, by whom she had a large progeny.

[33] One of the handsomest fountains in Brussels, which stands in *le grand Sablon*, was erected by the munificence of the above-mentioned Earl of Aylesbury. Its appearance is that of a Sarcophagus, ascended by three steps; the water flows from a brazen head, surmounted by the arms and coronet, into a marble bason beneath. It is surmounted by a figure of Minerva, bearing a medallion containing the busts of Lord Aylesbury and his countess, with three figures, one supporting the medallion, one as a river god, and the third blowing the trumpet of fame. The following is the inscription:—" *Cette fontaine a été construite par les liberalités du Comte d'Aylesbury, pair de la Grande Bretagne, et reconnaissance du long et agreable sejour qu'il a fit dans cette ville,*" &c. The figures are executed by Jacques Bergé, a celebrated sculptor.

[34] "May veil," that is, "May bow."

[35] Jager and jongeling, *i. e.* huntsman and page of honour.

[36] Twenty-one fountains decorate this fine city at the present period, 1821.

[37] The gate of Cologne is at the present day called *Porte de Scarebeeck*. Napoleon Buonaparte, during his occupation of Brussels, added another gate, which he called *Porte de Napoleon*.

[38] These statues were destroyed in 1793.

[39] The statue of the Virgin hath long since evanished, but the inscription remains to the present day.

[40] This church had been dedicated to Saint Michael, but upon Charles Duke of Lorraine having removed the relicks of his mother Sainte Gudule, and placed them in this church, it is, in consequence, now called Sainte Gudule.

[41] This grand and venerable pile was destroyed by fire 4th February, 1731, which raged with such violence and rapidity that in a few hours the whole pile was entirely consumed. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Archduchess of Austria, Maria Elizabeth, eldest sister of Charles VI., and *gouvernante* of the *Pays Bas*, escaped with her life, having only had time to draw on one stocking and to fling her robe around her. The young and beautiful Countess of Vlefeld, one of her ladies of honour, perished in the flames.

[42] These fine pieces of sculpture were destroyed by the revolutionary Goths and Vandals, in 1793-4.

[43] The population of Brussels at the present day is estimated at 80,000.

[44] Jacob Gerritze was called Kuyp, or Cuyp.

[45]

"Till, like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in heaven's sight  
One arch of peace!"

THOMAS MOORE.

[46] Isaiah, chap. 23, ver. 8.

[47] Sir Thomas Gresham took the model, or plan, of the Royal Exchange, London, from *La Bourse* of Antwerp.

[48] Rubens was born at Cologne, but his parents were natives of Antwerp, whom civil war had caused to retire from Brabant to Cologne.

[49] "Omnis Aristippum, decuit color, et status et res."—HORACE.

[50] This ancient castle was destroyed in 1784.

[51] See Buffon, vol. IX. p. 1.

[52] These pies are made from the large liver of a goose. The means taken to cause the enlargement of the liver of the victim are too cruel and horribly disgusting to detail.

[53] Now in the department of Dordogne.

[54] Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela, &c.

VIRG. GEOR. 1. IV.

[55] Petronel was a small gun used by the cavalry.

Transcriber's Note: Most of the apparent printers' errors have been retained, a few have been changed, including those listed below.

Page 34 Extra a deleted.  
Page 67 Extra " deleted.  
Page 98 Extra " deleted.

Footnote 13 Replaced Poys with Pays and La Clerc with Le Clerc.  
Page 150 Replaced desert with dessert.  
Page 163 Replaced robe with rope.  
Page 190 Replaced l'Angloises with l'Anglaises.  
Page 190 Replaced desert with dessert.  
Page 208 Replaced fell with feel.  
Page 272 Replaced nich with niche.  
Page 289 Replaced desert with dessert.

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