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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.

---

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. III.

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LONDON:

FOR G. B. WHITTAKER, AVE MARIA LANE.

---

1825.

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THE

[1]

## EVE OF ALL-HALLOWS.

### CHAPTER I.

Upon your art, Sir, and your faith to assist it,  
Shall I believe you, then, his wound's not mortal?

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

The banditti who made the fierce and fiery attack, as recounted in our last chapter, a few days subsequent to that sad event were arrested by the *Gens d'Armes* in Soignies wood. They had been composed, it appeared upon examination, of the daring and desperate of different nations, and that their leader was a Spaniard.

But it is indeed full time that we should return to the mansion of Tyrconnel, where all was distress and dismay. But amid all this incidental confusion and alarm no time whatever had been lost in calling in surgical assistance; two surgeons of reputed eminence being instantly summoned—an English practitioner of the name of Leach, who long had been a resident at Brussels, and a Monsieur Bourreau, a French surgeon in considerable practice, likewise a resident of this ancient city, who immediately obeyed the summons.

[2]

Monsieur Bourreau was the first to arrive, who had a conference with Sir Patricius Placebo, understanding that he was a medical gentleman.

MONSIEUR BOURREAU.—"*Ah! serviteur, Monsieur.—Mais je demand votre pardon! car je pourrais dire, LE CHEVALIER Aussi-bon!*"

SIR PATRICIUS PLACEBO.—"*Hem, hem! Placebo, je dis Placebo!—Prononces comme il faut, si vous plais, Monsieur Chirurgien!*"

MONSIEUR BOURREAU.—"*Oh, pardon encore, je demand tres humblement de votre mains. Je dis, Chevalier Placebo, que les blesseurs portées de les fusils sont toujours trop dangereux; et pour moi, Chevalier Assebo, je prefere dix blesseurs de l'epée partout, à une diable blesseure de portée de fusil!—Mais, néanmoins, toujours chacun à son goût!*"

[3]

SIR PATRICIUS.—"*Cette remarque, Monsieur Chirurgien, est trop vrai; et vous-avez sans doute beaucoup de raison certainement; car comme ils ont dit autrefois,*

'De gustibus non disputandum!'

Hem, hem, ahem!"—having immediate recourse to his Carolus' snuff-box, which in the first instance he most politely handed to Monsieur Bourreau. And here the name of Surgeon Leach being announced, the two surgeons with due formality were conducted by the medical baronet to the sick man's chamber.

They found their patient suffering under much bodily pain, attended also with inflammation and a considerable degree of fever. They alternately felt his pulse, holding forth their watches, upon which they intently gazed; then looked at each other grave and portentous as the visages of two undertakers in their vocation, and most sadly shook their sapient sconces.

[4]

However, it was not long before a very decided difference of opinion arose between the knights of the lance—to wit, M. Bourreau was for the immediate extraction of the ball, insisting most strenuously that such an operation was unavoidably necessary, thus to effect the enlargement of the wound, in order finally to extract the ball, which was the immediate and important consideration of the case, and thus finally to facilitate the cure; but at the same time with candour he acknowledged that the operation would not be unattended with pain. Meanwhile Mr. Leach was for leaving the bullet gradually to work out its own tranquil way in the quiet lapse of years and time, which result, he insisted pertinaciously, he had known to be the case in numerous instances, where bullets have remained innocuously lodged in several parts of the human body, until eventually, after a long lapse of years, they have worked forth a passage to the surface, and have been easily extracted. And other cases he knew, where individuals have retained with impunity bullets within their bodies, from a gun-shot or pistol wound, even to the closing hour of a protracted life.

[5]

Mr. Leach was likewise too of opinion that, as the wound was placed upon a joint, assuredly, that both knife and forceps should be put under due restraint, nor should any more opening be made than what was quite absolutely and imperatively necessary to meet the circumstances of the case.

It was considered incumbent by the duke, from this most serious difference of opinion, that a third surgeon should instantly be called in as umpire, and that his opinion in this intended consultation should be absolute.

Accordingly a Dutch surgeon, *cognomine* Mynheer Van Phlebodem, a practitioner of considerable repute, was called in, who, in conferring with his learned brethren, after a minute examination of the patient, whom he found labouring under a restless accession of fever, and having understood that Sir David Bruce had not sustained any loss of blood worth noticing, as issuing from the wound, the sage Mynheer considered it advisable to open a vein immediately, as he was decidedly of opinion, from a course of long established practice, that repeated and copious bleedings, promptly and immediately adopted in the commencement, seldom or never fail of being attended with success. They prevented too, he said, much pain; kept down likewise inflammation, and diminished the assaults of fever, &c. &c.—This determination was accordingly carried into effect. [6]

At one time, from long continued pain and continued loss of sleep, it was found necessary liberally to administer opium; at another period the medical attendants, fearing symptoms of mortification to appear, were not sparing in administering doses of Peruvian bark, with which they drenched their victim.

For the first fifteen or twenty days considerable apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the patient's life. We feel, however, most happy to state that none of those predicted evils ensued, although certainly circumstances existed to call forth such apprehensions—namely, the violent heat of summer, the deadly pain of the wound, the irritation caused by fever, the inflamed state of the patient's blood; these certainly were conducive in exciting those melancholy forebodings. A constantly cooling regimen was rigidly enforced, and the patient kept quiet, free from noise or irritation. At another stage of the patient's confinement gangrene was again seriously indeed apprehended; however, from the external application of warm emollients, &c. &c., this apprehended danger was completely obviated, suppuration was successfully brought on, and the learned triumvirate freely acknowledged that the patient might now be pronounced as nearly out of danger; and in about ten days, or longer, the ball was cautiously and safely extracted, and with no other ill result, we are happy to state, than the operation having caused a considerable degree of torture in the shoulder of our wounded hero. [7]

Nothing could exceed the manifold attentions which were shown, and the intense interest that was felt by every individual in the family of Tyrconnel, and that innumerable kindnesses were fully manifested from a certain quarter our readers will not be at a loss to guess, during the illness and progress of recovery of the wounded patient, whose convalescence, we are happy to state, had so far advanced that he was daily permitted to walk for an hour in the garden pertaining to the mansion of Tyrconnel. [8]

One afternoon the dinner cloth had been just removed; and the family were seated at their wine, when lo! to the great amazement of the duke and duchess, a king's messenger was announced, bearing a despatch from the King of England, which, under envelope and direction of the Lord Privy Seal, was duly directed "For his Grace the Duke of Tyrconnel, these—Lonsdale P. S."

Upon opening and reading the contents of the despatch, the astonishment of the duke was no way abated. It contained the following:—

"I revoke the edict of your banishment; your attainure is taken off; your honours are restored; and you may now return in safety to your native land! *You are a man of honour—I will not desire you to act against your principle. Disturb not the government, and we shall be very good friends.*" [9]

(L. s.) W. R."

This important and quite unexpected change in the mind of the English monarch, which now called forth in return the immediate gratitude and acknowledgments of him upon whom these favours had so graciously been bestowed, had happily been effected through the interest and intercession of the Elector Palatine, the firm friend and patron of Sir David Bruce; thus no doubt could possibly exist but that through the earnest representations, and at the especial request of the latter, this important and conciliatory measure was effectuated. Indeed this was fully corroborated by the same messenger bearing a despatch from the Elector Palatine, addressed to Sir David Bruce, which stated that the Elector felt most happy in having to acquaint him of the complete success of his interference with the King of England in the behalf of Sir David's exiled friends.

The immediate departure of the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel from Brussels, so soon as circumstances would permit, was fully determined upon. No obstacle, therefore, to preclude the union of Sir David Bruce and the Lady Adelaide remained, save the delay of their voyage and journey to Ireland, where, upon the event of their return to Tyrconnel Castle, it was agreed that the marriage was duly to be solemnized. [10]

The day previous to their final departure from Brussels Adelaide devoted in bidding a fond and final farewell to those she sincerely regarded, and from whom were received numberless attentions during her sojourn. Adelaide took a parting look at scenes that were endeared to her by past associations and pleasing recollections.

"Farewell!" she mentally said, "thou fair and flourishing city!—patroness of the arts, the mistress of painting—thou queen of fountains, farewell! Ever rich and luxuriant be thy valleys, thy gardens, and thy groves; and long may the olive on thy undulating hills shadow this happy realm in peace!"

Then, with her accustomed enthusiasm, Adelaide wrote the following

[11]

#### FAREWELL TO BELGIUM!

Farewell, blest land! I leave the while  
Serene and social spot;  
Ne'er winding Scheldt, nor devious Dyle,  
By mem'ry be forgot!

Dear peaceful scenes for many a year,  
While shaded from the foe,  
Which oft aroused the filial fear,  
Hence far from thee I go!

If not ungrateful 'twould appear,  
I'd ne'er review thy shore;  
Yet still through each revolving year  
I'd think on thee the more!

Farewell, fair Belgium! fertile land,  
On thee may freedom ever smile;  
While commerce courts thy happy strand!  
I seek mine own, lov'd, native isle!

The Duchess of Tyrconnel wrote, according to promise, to Mrs. Cartwright, duly recording to her the happy turn that fortune had taken in their favour. A copy of this epistle now lies before us; but as we are no admirers of unnecessary repetition, we must take the liberty of wholly suppressing the letter of her Grace.

[12]

Before we close this short, but eventful chapter, we have to observe that the Soignies banditti, who had been arrested, were tried, identified, and executed.

Not once nor twice was Sir Patricius Placebo overheard soliloquizing to himself thus: "I am," quoth the knight, "in sooth no longer a philosopher, who is desirous *inter silvas foresti (non academi) quærere verum*—no, no—*horribile dictu!* After this confounded *rencontre* in cursed Soignies wood, I shall for ever forego and forswear the eating of Ortolan or Perigord pies, while I live—ahem! except—that is to say, unless I can eat them with safety in the city! for there is no general rule or law without an exception; and indeed the long-robed gentry say as much—*exceptio probat regulam*—ahem!"

"DOSS MOI, TANE STIGMEN!"

It was at the close of the last week in August, which had now arrived, when the duke and family took their departure from Brussels, on their route for Ireland; and while they are on their way we shall conduct our readers in their transit to the succeeding chapter.

[13]

---

## CHAPTER II.

[14]

—In the turmoils of our lives,  
Men are like politic states, or troubled seas,  
Toss'd up and down, with several storms and tempests,  
Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes;  
Till labouring to the havens of our homes,  
We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends.

FORDE'S "*Lover's Melancholy*."

About two months had now passed over, which had been occupied in travelling to their long-wished for home, since the departure of the duke and his family from Brussels, the journey having commenced towards the close of August, and now had arrived the last week in October, which witnessed the due accomplishment and end of their travels, by their welcome return to their ancient and magnificent castle.

No occurrences whatever worthy of record having happened during the continental journey, the passage of two seas, or while occupied in their travels through England, Wales, and Ireland, all of which were performed in perfect safety; and moreover, the weather proved propitiously mild and serene.

[15]

While the travellers continued their route homeward, the duke thus expressed his sentiments to the duchess:—"My love, I am fully resolved for ever to abandon politics and party, to burn my grey goose quill of diplomacy; I am determined too to relinquish the ways and woes of war for the cultivation of the happy arts of peace; to desert a city life for a country life; to arise with the lark, and plough my paternal lands; to transmute my sword into a ploughshare, and my spear into a reaping-hook. My firm, fixed intention being decided for ever tranquilly to abide within my own domains, to pass our time in classic ease within the venerable towers of Tyrconnel Castle, and there eke out the remnant of my days until summoned by the cold and chilling call of death!"

The duchess said: "My Lord, I most highly approve of your wise determination, and trust that we yet have many years of happiness before us."

[16]

With these fixed resolves impressed upon his mind, the duke proceeded on his way. His journey was now nearly at an end, when the towers of his lordly, but long unfrequented castle, which bounded the horizon, arose to view, rich and red, glowing beneath the brilliant beams of the setting sun, and struck his vision with delight as gladly he approached his long deserted hereditary halls.

This long wished return was joyously and generously hailed by all ranks and descriptions of persons, from the proud peer down to the lowly peasant; bonfires crowned every surrounding mountain height, hill, peninsula, and promontory, while they beamed forth a brilliant welcome to the returned wanderer; the lofty windows of the wealthy, and the lowly lattices of the cottier, in the town of Tyrconnel, bespoke the general joy that burst around, and conjointly the wax taper and rush-light commingled their rays to manifest the heart-yearning welcome that the duke's happy return had inspired.

[17]

The welcoming notes of the merry pipe and the national harp resounded blithely over hill and vale. Meanwhile the peasantry were all collected, and clad in their best and gayest attire; their honest, grateful, and joyful countenances bearing the impress of their gladdened hearts, told forth a welcome that was not to be mistaken nor misunderstood, for it affectionately hailed the much desired return of their beloved and long exiled benefactor! It was evening when this interesting scene took place, but all meet preparation had previously been arranged,—torch, flambeau, and fire-works, had been prepared, and blazed forth in all becoming brilliancy.

A triumphal arch, tastefully adorned with appropriate armorial escutcheons, emblems, and trophies, and crowned with wreaths and festoons of living shrubs and flowers, adorned the pass which led to the castellated gateway. Bouquets and coronals of flowers were flung along the way, while grateful shouts made the welkin ring as the ducal train passed along. Groups of lovely damsels united their welcome song, and soon joined hands with the manly peasants in the national Irish dance of the *Rinceadh-Fada*.<sup>[1]</sup>

[18]

Once more the ducal standard floated on "the Raven Tower," the cannon on the terrace thundered forth a princely *salvo*, which boomed upon the buoyant waves of the deep Atlantic, and was re-echoed by the castle walls, while the loud continued shouts of a grateful and happy tenantry bore burden to the burst of joy.

It would be difficult to express the exultation and gladness that pervaded all ranks, and which the old domestics in particular displayed in no common way; Mrs. Judith Brangwain, the venerable old nurse of Lady Adelaide, seemed nearly crazed with joy at the long wished, but unhopd return of her dear Mavourneen, her best beloved young lady:—"Oh," she exclaimed, "at last have I survived, with these mine aged eyes, to witness this happy, happy day! Oh, never, never, did I expect so great a blessing; I am stricken in years, and nearly blind, yet the Lord be praised for these and all his mercies!"

[19]

Next the old crone sung with joy and delight, held up her garments in jig attitude, and capered about as if actually bitten by a tarantula; then seized and led out, *per* force, old Sandy Rakeweel, the Scotch gardener, with whom she danced an Irish reel, and that too with so much *qui vive*, as to demonstrate that the joys of her dancing days had not passed over. This frolic was performed on the green sward, and honest old Sandy, when the reel was completed, which, sooth to say, he had undertaken  *nolens volens*, vehemently exclaimed, "'Fore Saint Aundrewe, Mrs. Judith, wi' a' her whigmaleeries was ower pauky, to hap, step, an' loup wi' me; the gude woman is a' fou' and sae daft she ha' geck'd a' her wits into a creel, aiblins she hae been bit by a bogle. Ise naer be so jundied in a jig again; yet I'm not meikle fashed—nae, nae!"

[20]

There was, exclusive of the ancient Mrs. Judith, another venerable follower of this noble family, in whom the general joy, so conspicuous amongst all ranks, was not the less sincere and ardent, and this was the aged and sightless minstrel, old Cormac, whose best suit was duly assumed upon this happy occasion, to welcome home his kind and generous master; his harp was newly strung, and carefully tuned aright; and patiently, but anxiously, in the baronial hall he awaited the entrance of the duke and family, upon whose welcome approach he thus poured forth his strains of gratitude and affection upon his noble Lord's return.

[21]

Returned once more from foreign lands,  
Behold the noble exile stands  
Within his lordly hall!

His faulchion smote his country's foes,  
His king's defeat hath caused these woes,  
Which his brave breast intrhall.

Oh, welcome to thy lordly towers,  
Thy princely seat, thy happy bowers,  
A grateful welcome all!

Now never more to roam afar,  
Nor plunge 'mid tide of crimson war,  
Shall fate thy arms recall!

But here in tranquil rural ease,  
Such as a soul like thine can please,  
May never grief appal!

In virtue long, and years to shine,  
Be each domestic blessing thine!  
And ev'ry boon that heaven can give,  
When thy poor bard hath ceased to live!

When the ancient and sightless bard had concluded this, his *improviso* welcome, he appeared absolutely overpowered, and shed a copious torrent of tears, which flowed from eyes long indeed closed to the light, but not to intensity of feeling! But these were not tears of sorrow, they were effusions of grateful affection, that often speak the joyful feelings of the heart, while the tongue remains wholly silent. His was the unspeakable joy at his noble benefactor's happy return in health and peace, after so long an absence, to his ancient towers. The duke, duchess, Lady Adelaide, &c. &c. &c. in succession approached the aged minstrel to express severally their approbation of his song, and thanks for the feeling manner in which his welcome had been expressed. The duke obligingly and condescendingly said to him:—"My friend Cormac, although thy locks are more blenched and snowy than they were when last we parted, yet I am glad to find that your heart is not chilled by the frost of age, and that the chords of thy harp so sweetly still respond to a master's touch!"

[22]

Then addressing one of his pages, his Grace said, "Fill, fill the goblet high to the very brim, and present it to the bard!"

In sooth we need not say that sightless, honest Cormac retired to rest that night the happiest old man in the province of Ulster; his slumbers were sound and serene, and his dreams flattering as ever youthful poet dreamt.

[23]

The next morning, when breakfast was concluded, the duke said in a lively way:—"Come, come, Sir David, you have not travelled here for nothing, we must e'en show you the curiosities of the country. There lives, or rather vegetates, not far hence, a wight, the most eccentric being perhaps that ever existed—I pray you go see him. This personage is Squire Cornelius Kiltipper, of Crownagalera Castle, once the mighty Nimrod of these parts. You must, moreover, know, that from Squire Kiltipper's determined addiction to strong liquors, and likewise from the fatal consequence of a far-bruited boozing bout, in which he actually out-drank and out-lived his opponent in a long continued contest; (the defunct had been a gauger who thus succumbed in death, even at the base of the Squire's dinner-table;) in consequence of which Kiltipper was ever afterwards called, in popular parlance, *Squire Kil-Toper*! For, Sir David, you must know that the lower class of my countrymen are feelingly sensible of the ridiculous, and extremely fond of *soubriquets*, or nick-names.—Indeed they are curious bodies! So I pray you proceed to see this curiosity, and my kind Sir Patricius Placebo shall, upon this occasion, be your *conduttore*."

[24]

Acceding to this recommendation of the duke, Sir David Bruce, accompanied by Sir Patricius Placebo, proceeded onward in their walk; and, as a *prétexte par hazard*, they carried with them their fowling-pieces, and were accompanied with a couple of pointers, and an attendant terrier. They set out, and walked across the field-paths, in due direction for the castle of Crownagela, which was distant about two miles.

Upon their arrival they stoutly knocked at the hall-door, but the servant refused admittance. However, after some parlance, and the rank of the visitors having been announced, they were admitted. Here a loud and general exclamation vociferated from the parlour, struck the ears of the visitors—"A song, a song!" The servant upon this observed, "Gentlemen, yees must have the goodness to wait just a bit till this same song is over, and then I will show yees to my master. If I dare go in now, to transdispose their musicals, the penalty would be, that I should be flung flat out of the window, and that, I am sartin, would not quite plaze yees."

[25]

While the visitors waited with what patience they might, before they were admitted to an audience with the original whom they had come to visit, the following bacchanalian song was

conjointly sung; and which rumour likewise reported to have been composed by the vocal triumvirate, namely, Mr. Barrabbas Tithestang, the proctor, Mr. Simon Swigg, the gauger, and Mr. Stephen Stavespoil, the parish clerk and sexton: but the latter personage was strongly suspected to have had the principal hand, or pen, in the precious composition.

SONG.

[26]

I.

When first the day-star gems the sky,  
When flickering swallows upward fly;  
While shrill the matin-herald crows,  
And thrifty Joan to spin hath rose,  
Then only, brave boys, it is day!

II.

Our cup let's drink, we will not slink,  
We leave to those, who wish, to think!  
Can't ye stand, while the world rolls round?  
Then, merry blades, sprawl on the ground!  
And drink on, brave boys, until day!

III.

Who joins not in our jovial bout,  
Drink, meat, and fire, should do without;  
Soon let this stout *magnum* be quaffed,  
He says nay, shall surely be laughed.  
Then only, brave boys, it will be day!

IV.

The dawn hath past, the sun at last  
Round our revels his beams has cast;  
Yet ere we go a parting glass,  
Our toast a sprightly, buxom lass.  
My brave boys only now it is day!  
Only now, my brave boys, it is day!

Squire Kiltipper, somewhat pleased, sung a semi-stave of the song:—

[27]

"Can't ye stand, while the world rolls round?  
Then, merry blades, sprawl on the ground!  
Ha, ha, ha!

A very plain and palpable alternative truly, the drunkard fairly caught on the horns of the mathematician's dire dilemma, and then to flounder on the floor—ha, ha! Oh, lame and lamentable conclusion! Come lads, the health of the composer; hip, hip,—hurrah!"

This toast drank at mid-noon, however strange to tell, was loudly chorussed, with various manual accompaniments inflicted on the table, until the window panes and the very drinking-glasses again returned the echo; and amid this uproar the door was opened, and the visitors introduced, their names being duly announced. Squire Kiltipper was discovered seated in his bed, holding in his hand the MS. of the precious rant which had just been sung; he wore spectacles; his dark beard was unshorn; he wore on his head a cap made of otter skin; he was habited in a scarlet waistcoat trimmed with rabbit skin, over which he wore a dressing-gown of purple camlet; his small clothes, which had been once white, but now stained with claret, reminded one rudely of the union of the rival roses of York and Lancaster! The Squire arose to receive his guests, but was preceded by his prime minister, Bounce, his favourite greyhound, who had been also snugly reposing under cover of the counterpane, which now rising to a portentous height, he and his master were safely delivered from the thralldom of the bed-clothes, and the Squire politely advancing, paid obeisance to his visitors, and invited them to luncheon.

[28]

The guests were, Mr. Simon Swigg, the gauger, Mr. Stephen Stavespoil, the parish clerk and sexton, and Mr. Barabbas Tithestang, the proctor, who began the world a beggar's brat, and barefooted withal; *sans* shoe, *sans* stocking, *sans* every thing, save a large and inexhaustible stock of confidence; but was now metamorphosed into a country justice; and this squire of mean degree enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* of four hundred pounds per annum, besides the important privilege of daily *entrè* to the dinner-table of Squire Kiltipper, *alias* Kill-Toper!

[29]

These gentry were the squire's led captains, his most abject vassals, whose presence at his table contributed, by their native gross humour, to divert the tedious hours of the squire, and whose society had now become quite necessary to his existence. He had been well educated, and was not deficient in mental ability; but his sad propensity to the worship of Bacchus had nearly hebetated the powers of his mind, and had nearly likewise debilitated his powers of loco-motion by frequent confirmed attacks of gout, which had much undermined his constitution.

In the centre of the room was stationed a table, on which still stood some stout cheer, the remains of last night's banquet; here were to be seen the remnant of a huge venison pasty, cold roast beef, pickled oysters, cold roasted fowls, tongues, &c., and relics of exhausted bottles reposing like dead men upon the carpet. Upon the approach of the strangers, Vulcan and Hecate, his two favourite cats, that had been busily employed in subdividing the venison pasty, at sight of the visitor's dogs most incontinently abandoned their plunder, loudly yelling, and retreating with precipitation, they scampered up the chimney; while the general panic, with effect of electricity, communicating its fearful effects to his favourite pigeons, who had been peaceably reposing, with their gentle heads under their wings, upon the tester of the bed; but now they sprang up in affright, as if pursued by falcon or eagle, and dashed themselves suddenly against the window-casement; the poor pigeons received some slight hurts, and the Squire was evidently discomfited. "D—n, I say, to Vulcan and Hecate; but I am indeed sorry for my pretty pets—my dear pigeons. You know, my worthy and venerated Sir Patricius, how much I am obligated to my late dear, dear, dear uncle Commodore Pigeon, of Capstern Hall in Yorkshire, who bequeathed me an estate to the tune of nearly two thousand pounds per annum; and therefore you can fully account for my warm attachment to the pretty bird that bears his honoured name! I am now waxing old, and peradventure am not exempt from the follies of old age; I have long since become tired of the chase, my bugle-horn hangs silent in my hall, and my unkennelled hounds wander forth, to my cost, committing petty larcenies amid the peaceably disposed ducks and turkeys of the vicinage; my hunters I have turned abroad to increase and multiply exceedingly, and cats daily kitten in my quondam boots of the chase! But I have dwelt too long on myself and mine own concern—I give you a hearty congratulation upon your safe return to these parts, and also at the happy return of the duke to his ancient towers. I pray you that you both stop and dine with me; I can only promise you a yeoman's fare, but indeed you shall likewise have a friend's welcome! For, Sir Patricius, I do esteem thee, and I do consider thee, by yea and nay, a man of the most recondite taste and parlous judgment that I ever have encountered; withal resembling, methinks, most accurately what old Flaccus terms '*Homo ad unguem factus*.'"

Sir Patricius politely thanked him for his too good opinion of him, which he feared was rather overrated, and apologized for the next to impossibility of accepting of his friendly invitation, which they begged to postpone to some more opportune time. And now having quite sufficiently amused themselves with the eccentric Squire of Crownagelera Castle, Sir David Bruce and Sir Patricius Placebo again returned thanks for the proffered hospitality of Squire Kiltoper, and having bade him good morning, set out on their return, "*Non sine multo risu*," as Sir Patricius expressed himself, for Tyrconnel Castle.

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### CHAPTER III.

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Now go with me, and with this holy man,  
Into the chantry by: there before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith!

TWELFTH NIGHT.

The thirty-first day of October, sixteen hundred ninety and —, being the birth-day of our heroine, was the morning appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials of Sir David Bruce and the Lady Adelaide Raymond. The young lady's consent, and that of her noble parents, having been previously obtained, and also that *sine qua non* preliminary of nuptial happiness—to wit, a marriage license, having been duly and properly procured, no obstacle to their happy union now remained. Preparations upon a grand scale had been in a progressive state of forwardness for some weeks at Tyrconnel Castle, to crown the nuptial banquet, and every delicacy and luxury that taste could select, or that money could procure, were not wanting to furnish forth the splendid marriage feast. The Duke of Tyrconnel, in order to add to the pomp and circumstance of the event, had a new state coach built for the happy bridal day, *selon des reglès*, as then the fashion of the day controlled. The carriage was connected by massive crane necks, which in our modern days of fashion have crept down and shrunk into a slender perch; these were richly carved and gilt. The wheels were of a very circumscribed orbit; and the naves were gilt, as well as the spokes. The springs likewise were of burnished gold; while the ponderous massive body, with shape (if it could so be called) which much more, in sooth, resembled a city barge abducted from its natural element, and aided by wheels in its terrestrial progressions; or perhaps as cumbersome, although not as unsightly, as a French diligence—but assuredly not to be compared with the present modern *turn-out* of a nobleman. Ducal coronets of brass, richly embossed and gilt, adorned and surrounded the four angles of the roof of the state carriage. A splendidly embroidered hammer-cloth mantled the coach-box, which was destined to glitter in the last rays



of a brilliant October sun, upon this ever-memorable day, and to glance forth the rich emblazoned quarterings of the noble houses of Tyrconnel and O'Nial. The superb liveries of the domestics were neither overlooked nor forgotten upon this happy occasion; they were indeed truly magnificent; they were of rich green cloth, with gold embroidery and trimming.

Sir David Bruce had also duly in readiness a very handsome town chariot, which he had caused to be built for the occasion. This was drawn by four handsome horses, and guided by two postillions, preceded by two outriders, and in the rere followed by two footmen on horseback, their housings ornamented with the Bruce crest in embroidery, and from each holster peeped forth travelling pistols, mounted in chased silver, and richly ornamented. The outriders had the additional appendage of belts slung from their shoulders, to each of which were attached small silver powder flasks, or priming horns. The same state attended upon the duke and duchess. Six running footmen, (the fashion of the day,) with ribbons streaming at their knees, and with long white walking-poles, entwined with ribbon and surmounted with favours, preceded the carriage of the duke, and as many were the precursors of the carriage in which were seated the duchess and the beautiful bride. Such was to be the pomp and procession destined for this illustrious bridal.

[36]

Old Cormac seemed resolutely determined that he at least should not be omitted in the *dramatis personæ* of this most memorable day. At an early hour, therefore, with due intention of the full performance of his resolve, he was seen flitting from alley green to the dark embowered wood, bearing his constant companion, his harp; and as the old gardener somewhat quaintly expressed it, "he was for a' the world like a hen on a het girdle!"

[37]

Old honest Cormac's intention could not long be mistaken or misunderstood; for soon with right shoulder forward, and strong intuitive confidence, he stoutly marched onward, nor did the veteran halt until he had reached Lady Adelaide's flower garden, where he was often accustomed to sit and play; where having arrived, he soon seated himself upon a rustic chair, beneath the casement of the Lady Adelaide's chamber, where anon he began to strum and tune his harp. The moment that the sightless bard had begun his minstrelsy, vocal and instrumental, it was with considerable delight and joy that he distinctly heard the casement window of Lady Adelaide to be thrown open. Meanwhile the lovely fair (in whose honest praise the poetic raptures of the ancient minstrel were composed) looked down upon her old, faithful, and favourite bard, while mirthfully he sung and accompanied the following:—

#### NUPTIAL SONG.

[38]

Sweet Robin, perch'd on yonder spray,  
So sweetly sings his matin lay,  
To welcome forth this brilliant day,  
And greet the Bruce and Adelaide!

Behold the sun with genial gleam,  
O'er the lofty mountain beam,  
Dispelling mist like nightly dream,  
To cheer the Bruce and Adelaide!

Arise fair lady!—Love, perchance,  
Hath pow'r to wake thee from this trance,  
And hail the matin hour's advance,  
So dear to Bruce and Adelaide!

O'er him, the fond, the gen'rous youth,  
O'er her who gave her plighted truth—  
On both may bliss each treasure shed,  
While children crown the bridal bed  
Of noble Bruce and Adelaide!

And oh! until their final hour,  
May friendship cheer, and love have pow'r  
To spread each charm amid their bow'r,  
And bless the Bruce and Adelaide!

Here ceased the old sightless Cormac, while tears of deep and intense feeling and affection trickled down his venerable, time-furrowed cheeks.

[39]

Adelaide descended from her chamber, and entering the garden, with great sweetness and condescension approached the old minstrel: "Thanks, many thanks, my kind and ancient bard, for this thy matin lay; and here too is a boon withal for the minstrel."—At the same time placing a gold doubloon in his hand.

"Oh, receive my warm, grateful thanks, my dear, kind—my noble young mistress—*Cead millia failtha!* May the benison of the sightless bard bless you and yours for ever and ever! Indeed I dare not refuse the bridal present, for it carries luck and happiness, and every thing that is kind, and noble, and good, along with it. God bless you, young lady, and may you be as happy as you

deserve; this, young lady, is the warm and fervent prayer of poor blind old Cormac!"

The Lady Adelaide felt much affected with the respect and affection manifested by the ancient minstrel, and once more thanking him for his verses, adjourned to the breakfast-room. While on her way she was met by Sir David Bruce at the garden door, and according to the fashion and reserve of that day, he ceremoniously led by the hand his lovely mistress. They now entered the breakfast parlour, where they found the duke with the family assembled, to whom they kindly bade good morrow.

[40]

The worthy and venerable Bishop Bonhomme and his lady had arrived, as also the bride's-maids, and the whole of the company who had been invited to the wedding. And the bridal breakfast having begun and ended, the splendid equipages of the noble party were ordered to approach the grand porch of the castle. And here that our fair readers may not "burst in ignorance" of the mode and manner in which a marriage in high life was conducted in those times by the *gens de condition*, we shall endeavour to give a report, albeit not copied *verbatim* from the court gazette of the day.

Bishop Bonhomme and his lady first departed from the castle, ascending their state chariot, if indeed it could be called ascending a vehicle, the body of which was barely raised some inches above the carriage part, and which was all richly carved and gilt, and also attached by low massive crane-necks. The single step by which the ascent into the chariot was accomplished, was fastened perpendicularly at the outside: it was finely carved and gilt, and of the shape and form of the escalop shell, and two golden keys, interlaced and embossed, adorned its centre. In lieu of leather pannels at the sides and back, the body was ornamented all around with windows of rich plate glass, from the royal factory of Saint Idelphonso, by means of which a full view was clearly presented to the spectator of those within.

[41]

The bishop wore a full-dress orthodox peruke; he was arrayed in his robes and lawn sleeves; his white bridal gloves were trimmed with gold. He looked very episcopal and dignified. The pannels of the chariot were emblazoned with their due quantity of mitres; a rich *bordure* of the crozier, interlaced with foliations of the shamrock, adorned the sides and angles. The state chariot was drawn by six sleek, stately, coalblack steeds, whose long and bushy tails nearly swept the ground. It was driven by an old, fat, jolly-looking coachman, who displayed fully to every beholder that he was not stinted in his meals at the palace, to which his portentous paunch bore full attestation. He was assisted by two postillions, arrayed in rich purple jackets and purple velvet caps. Six footmen, in their episcopal state liveries, stood behind. Next in the procession came on the state coach and six of the duke, in which were seated his Grace and two of his Reverend chaplains. Then followed the state coach and six which contained the duchess and her lovely daughter, and Lady Adelaide's two bride's-maids. Next came on the chariot and four of Sir David Bruce, which contained the Baronet and Sir Patricius Placebo. These were followed by numerous carriages of the surrounding nobility and gentry; the servants all decorated with silver favours; while numerous parties of the tenants and peasants, "dressed in all their best," some on horseback and others on foot, closed the extended cavalcade.

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[43]

The joyful pealing of the sacred chimes now cheerily rang forth from the cathedral tower, to salute the natal morn of Lady Adelaide.

Meanwhile a number of female peasants were seen advancing, arrayed in white, their heads garlanded with living flowers. They danced before the bride's carriage; and so soon as the cavalcade had reached the cathedral porch, as the bride entered, they strewed the way before with rosemary, gilliflowers, and marygolts; the mystery and signification of which was this—the first stood for remembrance, the second for gentleness, and the last for marriage, being an alliteration between the name of the flower and that of the thing signified.

Old Bellrope, the sexton and verger, who, "man and boy," had witnessed many nuptials celebrated in the venerable cathedral, solemnly asseverated that he had never before set eye upon so beautiful a couple! To do due honours to the ceremony, he had newly purchased a verger's gown, and wore a purple cloth coat, waistcoat, and indispensables, which had appertained in the olden time to some pious bishop of defunct celebrity. His wig was very commendably frizzed, thanks to the skill and indefatigability of Madam Bellrope, and looked unusually gay, from a judicious distribution of a successful foray made upon the drudging-box by the said thrifty dame, so that it provoked a remark from Sandy Rakeweel, the gardener at the castle, an honest old Caledonian devoid of guile:—"That indeed auld Bellrope's peruke for a' the world remeended him o' aine of his awn kale plants in fu' flower in the middle o' August."

[44]

The noble procession entered the cathedral porch, where being duly marshalled in meet heraldic pomp, rank, and file, the distinguished persons proceeded along the venerable nave. Lady Adelaide was arrayed in a silver tissue, a splendid tiara of pearls, in form of a shamrock-wreath, encircled her noble brow, with ear-rings of the same, and on her lovely neck she wore "a rich and orient carcanet."<sup>[2]</sup>

[45]

Sir David Bruce, with firm and dignified step and gesture, advanced, leading onward by the hand to the bridal altar the lovely Lady Adelaide, her eye beaming with all the radiance of intelligence and of genius, while the deep glow of health and the blush of modesty mantled her beauteous cheek as she approached the sacred altar, the gaze, delight, and admiration of all, high and low, who beheld her. Her graceful, but bashful step, and her modest mien, reminded the spectator of Milton's fine description of Eve, when

"Onward she came, led by her heav'nly Maker," &c.

As pure and spotless Adelaide stepped to the holy altar. But it was impossible to withhold the veneration and admiration called forth by the appearance, voice, manner, and noble countenance of the good bishop, who, indeed, more than seemed "the beauty of holiness," while with a clear, distinct, and dignified intonation of voice, he read the sacred service. [46]

The ceremony concluded, the bridal party went forth in the same order in which it had commenced, save that Sir David Bruce and his fair bride rode in the same carriage from the cathedral. Sir Patricius Placebo returned in the duke's carriage. The remainder of the morning was occupied until dinner time in various rides and drives to view the beauties of the surrounding country; some went out on a boating excursion on the beautiful lake of Loch-Neagh, others drove out in low phaetons, or cabriolets; and some went on a walking excursion to view the lawns and woods of Tyrconnel, thus to occupy the time until dinner. The elder folks sat down to the green field of the card-table, playing at primero, cribbage, ombre, &c., *jusque à diner*.

The dinner was splendidly superb. The services of richly chased and embossed plate which this day decorated the nuptial table, were truly magnificent. One service was of gold, two others were of silver.

In the evening there was a grand ball, which was opened by Sir David Bruce and his beauteous bride; they were followed by the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel, who, (ah, good old-fashioned times!) upon this occasion, tripped it on the light fantastic toe; they were soon followed by a large group, who danced down the *contrè-danse* with great spirit; a smile of joy was evidently seen in the benevolent face of Bishop Bonhomme, and he was even seen to beat time with his head and foot. [47]

Brilliant illuminations were observable throughout the domain, various coloured lamps were garlanded from tree to tree, and likewise across different avenues in the lawn.

A banquet was spread for the duke's tenantry, where most excellent and substantial fare was presented in abundance to all; and there was no lack of strong beer, which flowed forth in streams. Fire-works of various kinds were played off. And the duke's band of French horns, stationed in different parts of the park, played various tunes, which were sweetly echoed by the adjoining woods, and the responding waters of the Eske.

The tenants and peasantry did not omit the Irish dance, the *Rinceadh-Fada*, which was danced with great spirit and grace in front of the windows of the baronial hall. Old Cormac was now summoned to assist at the ceremonies and the gaiety of the hall. Upon command to attend, his remark was—"Weel, weel, 'twas anely as I expected!" He immediately hastened to the festive scene, and brought with him a Scotch harper, old Donald, who had been a retainer in the family of Bruce, and whom the intelligence of the nuptials that were that day to be solemnized had brought into the neighbourhood. Here a polite and courteous contest arose between the minstrels, each standing upon etiquette, and quite ready to award to the other the right of precedence; however, this posing point, *d'embarras*, was at length finally settled by Donald's declaring, that "he wad na pla' at a' afore maister Cormac." So, *volens, nolens*, old Cormac seized his harp, and thus began, accompanying his instrument with the following verses:— [48]

May plenty, peace, long bless the isle  
Where pity's tear can woe beguile!  
Erin! the nations envy thee,  
From scorpion, snake, and viper free;  
Thy sacred saint's high potency!

Where beauty with Hygeia dwells,  
Fell Discord flies these happy dells;  
Where plaintive thrills thy island lyre,  
Where kindling glows the social fire;  
And jocund Hymen crowns the scene,  
While pipes the shepherd's tuneful reed,  
From his straw cottage on the mead,  
And smiles each valley green!

Cormac sung the foregoing simple lines in order that he might be entitled to call upon old Donald; who now being left without an apology, and endeavouring to recollect a song, after a short pause the Scottish minstrel struck his harp, and thus began:—

**I THOUGHT ON DISTANT HAME!**

Ah! while I saftly tuned my sang,  
The hawthorn's hoary bloom amang,  
I thought on friends I lov'd sae lang;  
I thought on distant hame!

I thought on those I lov'd when young,  
Of those wha died the wars amang,  
Of those for whom the knell had rang,  
Far frae their happy hame!

I thought of those on foreign shore,  
Beneath the tempest's dreadful roar,  
Wha sank frae waves to rise nae mo',  
To hail their distant hame!

I thought on the auld parent's smart,  
Sorrowing his anely bairn to part,  
Whase face nae mair shall cheer his heart,  
Nor joy the parent's hame!

I thought on the hapless maiden's woe,  
Her true-love doom'd to see nae mo',  
Her reason tint beneath the blow,  
And desolate her hame!

Then through this warld where e'er I stray,  
In winter's gloam, or simmer's ray;  
I'll sigh for a' wha far awa'  
Like me regret their hame!

Donald received applause upon the conclusion of his pathetic song; who, in return, bowed low and respectfully to the company. Here the minstrels tuned their pipes with a refreshing draught of Innishowen and water, of which commixture the first ingredient was, doubtless, the most predominant.

It now came to Cormac's turn to strike his harp. When about to proceed the duke observed: "I fear, old friend Cormac, that it now waxes late, and we shall not have much time for any lengthened production, for you are aware that when the great hall-clock shall strike the ninth hour we proceed to supper. This rule at our castle is as peremptory and inviolable as the ancient laws of the Medes and Persians; so remember, good Cormac!"

"Never fear, your Grace's honour, I shall not fail to obey you."

Then turning to Lady Adelaide Bruce, he said: "I will sing the loves of Sir Trystan and the beautiful Isoud! they were young and noble; they were likewise comely too, lovely lady: but they were unfortunate in their loves. Grant, O heaven, that such a fate may never betide the Lady Adelaide or Sir David!" He then commenced—

#### THE ROMAUNT

OF SIR TRYSTAN AND LA BELLE ISOUD.

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[52]

Arouse thee, old Cormac! recite the fond tale  
Of Isoud La Belle of renowned Innisfail,<sup>[3]</sup>  
Beauty's bright paragon; of chivalry tell  
Sir Trystan the valiant, and Isoud La Belle.  
A daughter of Erin, of Aöngus proud king  
No story more noble a minstrel might sing!  
Let the pioba<sup>[4]</sup> and harp triumphantly tell  
Of Trystan the valiant and Isoud La Belle!  
Aloud to fair Christendom, in numbers proclaim,  
With voice of the trumpet, the chosen of fame!

Nor ever be *Arthur* the noble forgot!  
The prince and his friend, who *were*, and *are not*!  
For long since, with valour and chivalry crown'd,  
A tomb piled by heroes these heroes have found;  
Not envy, malice, nor time, shall be able  
To shadow a chief of Arthur's round table!

[53]

O long shall the lily,<sup>[5]</sup> the ivy, and bay,  
Frame a wreath round the hero, the pride of his day;  
And now bursting forth from cearment and gloom,  
Once more shall the victor arise from his tomb.

He comes, the proud chieftain, to Cornwall's steep coast,  
Sir Trystan the valiant, high chivalry's boast;  
The friend of Prince Arthur descended in line  
From heroes whose glory 'tis his to enshrine:

Still nobly look up to their banner so proud,  
The forfeit, dishonour, disgrace, and the shroud!  
'Aye, ever his honour Sir Trystan shall cherish,  
When it shall be lost his wish is to perish!  
And shrink mid the ignoble, worthless, and dead,  
When the halo of glory shall wane on his head!

[54]

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Just at the conclusion of the above, to the horror, confusion, and surprise of old Cormac, the German clock in the baronial hall chimed musically forth the ninth hour. But it was no music to the ear of Cormac, who in dumb despair somewhat sullenly laid down his harp, knowing that remonstrance would not be heard, and that solicitation was all in vain. But the duke was loud in his commendations, in which he was duly echoed by his guests, and Cormac was assured that the company should certainly be gratified upon the succeeding night, and at an earlier hour, with the remainder of the Romaunt of Trystan and Isoud.

The company now descended to the great supper-room, where a most superb banquet was spread for the noble guests. The wassail-bowl was duly and meetly placed in the centre of the table upon a magnificent gold plateau. The bowl was decorated with artificial flowers, festoons of "true-lover's knots," "rose-buds," "heart's-ease," "forget me not," and the bow and arrow of Cupid were not omitted.

[55]

"The spiced wassail-bowl,"<sup>[6]</sup> duly impregnated with love philtres, was composed of Muscadel, <sup>[7]</sup> principally, in which, *inter alia*, the following ingredients were mixed in this mystic beverage: namely, angelica, adianthum, eggs, eringo, orchis, &c. The concoction was made with great caution, measure, and propriety, according to the *avoirdupois* weight, as duly laid down in the family receipt book. The bride and bridegroom, of course, were the first to quaff from this charmed potion, and then those who chose to follow their example.

The song, the jest, and the cup, detained the company until the eleventh hour, a time in that primitive period which was considered late; when mutually pleasing and pleased, the noble guests arose to separate; and all retired to their respective chambers to repose, pleased and delighted with the hospitalities of this happy and most memorable day.

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[57]

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## CHAPTER IV.

[58]

The bridegroom may forget the bride  
Was made his wedded wife yestreen.

BURNS.

It was on a serene autumnal morning succeeding the day of Lady Adelaide's nuptials, the sun had brilliantly arisen, dispelling the misty gloom and dews of night, and shed around his broad

refracted rays; unruffled by a passing cloud, a clear and lofty sky spread forth its mighty canopy of mild aerial blue; the twittering swallows hovered around, and circled in mid-air, while clustering, they chattered their parting lullaby. The solitary redbreast too joined in nature's chorus, and thrilled forth his matin song. Every mountain lake shone forth a glassy mirror, and the waves of the mighty Atlantic hushed to repose, slumbered amid their coral caves; what time the minister of the gospel of peace, the Reverend Doctor M'Kenzie, returned to the castle of his noble and generous patron, after a long protracted absence of many years.

[59]

His return had been provokingly delayed by long continued ill health, and besides by various vexatious detainers, such as bad roads, bad drivers, the cumbersome, ill-constructed vehicles of those days, and having encountered various disastrous chances of many "moving accidents" by sea and land, which had all concurred with direful combination to retard his journey, and prevent his being present upon the auspicious day when the lovely heiress of the noble duke was to bestow her hand in marriage.

His Reverence received a kind and hearty welcome from the duke and duchess, and all the inmates of the castle were rejoiced to behold his return, and to find that his health was quite re-established, so as to have permitted him to undertake such a long and fatiguing journey. His health and spirits were indeed much recruited through the beneficial effects of the waters of Pymont, which, like those of fabled Lethe, seemed to cause a total oblivion of all the perils inflicted amid the deep, and the dangers and difficulties sustained upon land.

[60]

Matters went on at the castle this day pretty much alike to what they had upon the preceding ever memorable yesterday, which witnessed the happy union of Sir David Bruce and the Lady Adelaide. A large company assembled at the castle, and sat down to a splendid dinner in the great hall of state. The desert could boast fruits collected from every quarter of the globe, and every rich, rare, and generous wine, sparkled on the board, and were poured forth in hospitable libations—

"The mellow-tinted Burgundy; and quick  
As is the wit it gives, the brisk Champaign."

In the evening there was a concert of instrumental music, which was performed on the terrace; cards and supper succeeded; every thing was conducted and served up in a style at once splendid and superb.

[61]

The company had all departed to their homes, and the guests had retired to their chambers; but the duke and duchess, and the bride and bridegroom, still tarried, engaged in pleasant discourse; when at length the noble host and hostess also took leave, and embracing their beloved daughter, and cordially shaking Sir David by the hand, they bade good night, and ascended to their chamber. The bridal pair now also remained some few moments engaged in sweet converse, when he said:—"My love, retire to your chamber, and soon I shall follow thee; I have a letter or two to write, and despatch by the messenger, who at dawn of day departs to deposit them in the general post. I have too a few letters to read; these being despatched, quickly I shall retire anon to our chamber. The night is a cold autumnal one, but I know that I shall find a blazing fire—a heart still warmer than that fire, and sweet smiles withal, to welcome me when I shall rejoin thee.—Go, go, my love!" he said, and affectionately embraced her.

[62]

He sat for some time reading and writing, for the papers were of importance. He now arose from his chair, and was about to retire to his happy chamber, when a loud and hollow knock was heard at the portal gates; the watch dogs were aroused, and loudly and deeply barked. The old porter cautiously and slowly opened the lattice peep-hole of the gate to ask, who at this unseasonable hour of the night it was that would fain demand admittance? The answer given was, that he was a king's messenger bearing despatches of importance for Sir David Bruce, and as the glimmering lamp was held forth, he showed the silver badge, the insignia of his office. The wicket-gate was instantly unbarred, and he was accordingly admitted. The messenger was shown into the servants' hall, where supper and refreshments were immediately brought him; and while he was regaling upon the hospitable cheer of the castle, a bed was put in readiness for him. Sir David Bruce having seen that all was as it should be, retired to his chamber.

[63]

It was midnight, the fire in the bridal chamber brightly blazed, and the wax-lights shot forth their brilliant beams. Sir David seated himself on a chair beside the bed, and having gently drawn aside the curtain, he affectionately embraced his bride, while he kindly said, "My dear Adelaide, I always have been of opinion that no secret nor mystery should ever exist between man and wife. I know, my love, that your understanding ranks too high, your love for me is too great, and your opinion of my character is too elevated ever to induce you, in any shape or form, to pry into what I may not think necessary to disclose. For indeed *you* do not aspire to that *superior wisdom* which some of your sex rather somewhat too confidently and arrogantly assume; the true term and appellation of which properly should be called *not* wisdom, but *superior curiosity!* But, my dear love, in strictest verity I may say of thee, before our happy union, in foreign realms, and in perilous tracts over land and ocean, that I have ever witnessed thy equanimity of temper, and always have found thee one and the same;—ever unchanged and unchangeable! and indeed I know no one (not even your noble and highly gifted mother) who could, with more propriety than yourself, assume the motto of the virgin queen—

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'Semper eadem!''

"Oh, my dear husband!" rejoined Adelaide, "although delighted ever to hear *your* praise, yet when you would overstep the due and meet boundaries of discretion, and, forsooth, make of me an ideal goddess, it is meet and due time, that stepping down from the lofty pedestal whereon thou hast been graciously pleased to rear thy fond idol, for me to intrude a word or two, if it were but to dispel the charm which fascinates thee, recall thy wandering thoughts from paradise to earth, and convince thee, at least, that I am but a mere mortal; and, moreover, a woman to boot, with all a woman's faults—yea, too, my love, with all a woman's fondness, and the love that no tongue can utter; and thus I swear it upon thy beloved lips, my first, my only love!"

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"Oh, my adorable Adelaide," he said, while he met the fond embrace, "let this blessed moment be ever sacred in our recollection! dawning with hope and promised joy on all our future days. Oh, my Adelaide, imperishable let this happy, too happy hour remain, and ever marked and stamped by a holy communion of heart and mind! Your taste shall be mine, your liking shall be my liking, your joy be my joy, and your sorrows (if ever they come) shall be all mine own!—thy disgrace would become my disgrace, and mine would be attended with yours! But now I only look upon the happy obverse of the medal, when I pause on your beauty, your accomplishments, your virtue, and your religion! for without the latter a woman is a monster, and man little less than a demon. You must now permit me to say, that you are the theme of every tongue, the charm of every eye, the idol of every heart, and the bright ornament of every circle, that might fairly, at thy throne,

'Bid kings come bow to it!'"

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"Oh, my dear Bruce, you will turn my brain—no more of hyperbole!"

"Nay, Adelaide, nay! can I think on all these, and yet not feel the thrill of transport throbbing at my heart?—quite impossible!—it could not be so, my love! Between us then let there ever exist a holy communion of soul that shall support and bear us onward throughout the trials of this stormy world, gilding the days of health and happiness, and not deserting us when years increase, and health declines; for even then the Hymenial torch shall brightly burn, although it may be with a mild, yet steady light, and only expire upon the tomb! Believe me the true and indissoluble bond of conjugal affection is no other than an unreserved and reciprocal interchange of every thought, plan, purpose, and design. Enduring, meanwhile, a contented participation of fortune, whether it be prosperous or adverse; possessing only *one will, one mind, and one heart*, thus harmoniously resembling a finely performed air of music, where three voices melodiously melt into one, and close in full and perfect diapason. Oh, my dear love, if this conjugal—this perfect harmony, were, as it ought to be, always preserved, what follies might not be avoided!—what heart-burnings would ever exist!—what horrible vice might not be shunned!—and what dread and horrid disgrace might not be prevented! When oft, my love, at evening time retired in our tranquil solitude, I shall there retrace the events and transactions of the day that has gone by, then, then, shall I tell thee of aught perchance which I may have observed in thy conduct or deportment to censure or to praise. Oh, with what delight I shall dwell upon all that I approve, while with gentleness I pass over what I may discommend. And the same sincerity, sweet love, I shall expect from thee; thou shalt, as in a tablet, set down all my faults and misdemeanors. It is thus that we shall best fulfil the holy compact which we entered into yesterday—of abiding by each other in sickness, sorrow, or in health, in adversity, or in prosperity! And now let me seal this sacred bond by this warm pressure on thy lips. Thus, my Adelaide, we ratify this deed of co-partnership!"

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He then added playfully, "Certes I ever have been of opinion that, although corporeally speaking, man and wife are two bodies, yet am I at the same time of opinion that they should have between them but one mind. However, I am altogether not unreasonable withal, and therefore feel not disinclined to allow them *the firm* of TWO hearts; but I ever must protest against dissolution of partnership!"

Then sweetly smiling, he said, "Here, my love, I bear in my hand despatches of high importance, and brought by a king's messenger; I needs must cut their silken tressure ere I can peruse the contents thereof; pray you therefore direct me, my dearest love, where I may find your *etui*, or work-box, as I now stand in need of a penknife, or your ladyship's shears, to cut the silky-gordian knot of this important packet?"

Adelaide replied, "Truly, my dearest love, I do not know where to direct you, the events of yesterday have quite caused me to forget; but open yonder cabinet of ebon, inlaid with ivory, which stands in yonder recess, search it, perhaps there a penknife or shears may be found."

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"*May* find! Adelaide, nay now, thou art what truly I did not suspect that thou wert, a most unthrifty housewife!"

Sir David Bruce approached the cabinet; it contained many curious and secret drawers; at length sprung forth one opened by a spring, which unconsciously he had touched, when the drawer fell from the cabinet, and lo! forth was flung from it, and, to his infinite horror and surprise, he saw, and scarce could believe his eyes, a whinger! [*i. e.* a Scottish knife or poniard, answering for both purposes,] which trundled on the floor with a foreboding sound. The handle was of silver, richly wrought; it bore the crest of Bruce, namely, a dexter hand and arm cased in armour, wielding a royal sceptre, and supported on a cap of maintenance; and beneath was engraved the motto of The Bruce, *FUIMUS!* While, oh! horrible to tell, deeply were imprinted "on the blade and dudgeon gouts of blood," and which seemed to have been there "long before," rusted and corroded as they were by time. Oh, when this was done it was

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"In human guilt a portent and an era!  
'Tis of those crimes whose eminent fame hell joys at;  
And the celestial angels that look on it  
Wish their keen airy vision dim and narrow!"

Maddened with furious rage, he frantic raised the gory poniard from the ground, and rushing with dreadful impetuosity to the bed-side, he presented the fatal dagger at Adelaide's heart.

"Oh strike—strike Sir David, and by *thy* hand let me die! But indeed, indeed, I am innocent!"

"Thou, innocent!—hah, hah, hah!" with a violent hysteric expression he repeated—"*Innocent!*—thou witch, fiend, sorceress, devil!—*Thou* innocent!—no, no!—thou hast held unholy converse and communion with the arch-fiend, and with all the demons of darkness and of hell! But tell!—come, this instant tell! or on this spot—aye, thy bridal bed, thou surely shalt die—this moment thou shalt die! Tell at once then, how, where, and when, from whom didst thou receive?—No, no deceit, no prevarication will be allowed nor tolerated. Tell, oh tell, thou devil, although moulded in an angel's form! Tell, I conjure thee tell!"

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"Oh, spare—spare me, and I shall tell thee all!—each particular shalt thou know. It—It was upon the *Eve of All-Hallows*, some ten years ago—I forget the year—when foolishly, with some young friends, upon my birth-day, of which it was the fatal anniversary, I impiously dared to tempt my fate, or try my fortune, by one of those mystic accursed tricks that are too oft resorted to—"

"Come, come, less words, lady, and more facts! I demand expedition, for my impatience cannot brook delay; so come, continue thy accursed tale—quickly proceed!"

"Oh, terrible to recollect, and still more terrible to tell. It was midnight! and, true to his compact, the phantom, whom I had charmed, appeared in my chamber at the same time of night as now. I had caused a collation to be served, consisting of viands, fruits, confections, and wine; which were placed upon a table in the centre of the room; a chair was placed near it, between the table and the fire; upon another table was displayed the toilette, where were placed a silver basin, napkin, and a golden ewer, which was filled with rose-water, and bestrewed with flowers. The fire blazed brilliantly bright, and wax-lights shed their lustre on the collation. Meanwhile, trembling fearfully, I lay in my bed, with my back to the light; upon the counterpane I had stationed a large mirror, (with a trembling hand and a palpitating heart,) in order that I might behold distinctly reflected on its polished surface the image of whatever object might place itself at either of the tables, which, from the position in which I was placed, I could not fail to see. Thus stationed, was heard a fearful rumbling sound, as if issuing down the chamber chimney; then followed a noise, loud and like to the electric shock of a thunderbolt, which sounded as if it had burst through the chimney-flue, and from whence was forcibly flung, with an astounding crash, upon the hearth-stone of this very chamber, that same dread and fearful instrument which you now uphold! Sad, sorrowful, and dreadful is the recollection. Yet still I had the courage to look upon the mirror which I held, when I instantly and fearfully saw reflected in it a cloud of blue flame, which illuminated within its cloud of fire, exposed suddenly a tall and manly chieftain, whose figure boldly emanating from the mist which surrounded it, seemed clad in a Tartan plaid; his head was covered, or crowned, with a Scottish bonnet, adorned with plumes, and surmounted by the Scottish thistle, which sparkled in gold embroidery. The figure, or spectre, or whatever that unsightly vision might be, held forth to me his hands, which were bloody; he then sat down to the banquet; he tasted, but eat not; sipped, but he did not drink: and then on the sudden arose from his seat, slightly dipped his hands in rose-water, and applied the napkin. This at the time did virtually all appear a vision, dreadfully reflected within the glass which I held on my couch. Yea, you look amazed! but I did see it all, and am too well convinced it was *no vision!*—for still horribly, even now through the lapse of years, I see it still! fresh in my memory, and never, never to be forgotten! While thus, all terrified and petrified, I looked upon the awful form, or spectre; frightfully and passionately it grinned upon me a demon's smile, and said in deep sepulchral voice:

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With this red hand, thou Adelaide shalt wed,  
And keep this trophy for our bridal bed!

The phantom then, or whatever it was, fiercely took up the dagger, and dashed it horribly against the mirror I held, which it shivered into pieces. Then the bloody instrument fell upon the floor, and the spectre vanished: while I fell into a dreadful trance, which lasted for hours, and from which I grieve that ever I did waken to witness this most wretched night! While the phantom vanished, the heavens loudly thundered, and the vivid lightning illumed this fatal chamber. Oh, the crash of the mirror I never can forget, nor the ominous fall of the blood-stained dagger as it fearfully trundled upon the oaken floor!—these two ominous circumstances too surely manifested that this was *no dream!* Oh no, they pierced my heart to conviction! That dread and awful moment of my life I never can forget!—only to be equalled, and only to be outdone, by the agonies which now I so severely undergo in this unhappy hour! Oh, Sir David, in pity at once kill me, and end my sorrow and my suffering together!—you hold the bloody instrument, oh then strike!—strike, there's my bosom!—I fear not to die—oh kill me, I beseech thee!—in mercy, at once destroy me! But, oh, do not—do not look thus again!—It was thus the awful spectre looked,

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while thus the fire flashed from his visage!—Thus! it was *thus* he frowned! and like thee he spoke! Oh—oh, I never saw thee look thus before!—never, never! *Ah!* THOU!—*thou!* THYSELF wert THAT *spectre!*!"

"No, no, Adelaide, no! I looked not thus; it was the infernal fiend, from the lowest depth of hell, that looked thus, and then assumed my shape and form! At that moment I was on ship-board, Dr. M'Kenzie was my fellow-voyager, who can vouch for the same; we had then left the Scottish shore, and the destination of the vessel was for Ireland. This weapon, which now I hold, I then flung into the hissing waves, when unearthly voices and unearthly music met mine ear, and smote my heart!—Oh, it was then that I suffered the deep-thrilling agonizing horrors of the damned. The arch-fiend, I felt, was working in my bosom; and strongly, desperately, was I tempted to fling myself into the same remorseless element into which I had flung this blood-besprent instrument—the damned testimony of my crime; and by so doing end at once my earthly misery! But even then I lifted up my humble supplication to heaven, although with crimsoned hands! I fell into a trance, and lay to all appearance lifeless upon the deck.—You seem to doubt!" [76]

"Oh, yes, yes; I see it all!—that frown—that look! Oh, thou, thou, wert that horrible spectre!"

Having thus replied, poor Adelaide, with a piteous, heart-rending scream, and to all appearance as if life had fled, sunk down, pale and ghastly as a corpse, upon her pillow. It was indeed some time before Sir David could bring her to herself. When the hapless Adelaide recovered from her faint, he said: "My reproaches now are at an end. For you now are the object of my compassion and of my pity, not of my wrath. It is however true, that although infernal agents have given you a husband, yet know they have not the power to cause me to remain with you one hour more!—There I am a free agent. No, no!—not Lucifer himself shall detain me here!—no, nor all thy witchery! Within a short hour, or less, I depart from hence, and never, never more to return; and I shall be no more seen!" [77]

With a desperate grasp, then stooping, he seized and held up the fatal dagger, the deadly record of his grief—the *sævi monumentum doloris*—the bloody pledge of his crime—the avengeful instrument of his rage, stamped with the crimsoned tears of unabated and unabatable grief!... "Yet before I go, look, lady, upon that dagger!—whose blood, think you, it is with which it is imbued?—You shall hear!... That once was noble blood—it was valiant blood—the proudest blood of Caledon—the blood of her royal race of kings! And, oh, wretch that I am!—it was the blood of my brother—my only brother!—yea, and my elder born! rashly, madly, wickedly shed by me!—yes!... Oh, still gaze upon it—turn not thine eyes away. It was blood nearly, deeply, none nearer, allied to me, and beloved. But, but this—all this was forgot in the moment of delirium—of madness! It was the blood of my elder brother—yea, an only brother!... Oh, Adelaide, look not thus again!—my weary, sickening heart, condemns me enough—enough. Well, well, we lived in the same home, we partook of the same board, we slept in the same bed.... Oh, oh my brain, how it maddens! and my heart would fain burst!... Yet, yet, yet I slew him—in rage, madness, I did!—I did, I did—monster that I am!... Lady, behold I weep!—Ah, I did not weep when my poor brother died!—and when this I plunged into his beloved breast!—No, no, no! But it is just, it is truly just, that heaven's vengeance should make this base instrument of my crime, this fratricidal dagger, the fatal cause which now separates me from all happiness upon earth; and divorces me, body and soul, from thee—oh, whom I loved better—yea, beyond life itself! But time advances, and I must depart from hence—oh, and for ever! One parting look, and then I am gone. Oh, thou precious mischief!—so young, so fascinating, so beautiful! Oh, my very heart shall burst!... Yet, yet—oh, must it be!—and must we part?... Lady, from hence I go, and shall be no more seen; peradventure too no more be remembered. Well, well, let justice have its vengeance and its victim too! Yes, yes, let it be so." [78]

Here, pallid as death, and woe-stricken, he gave one sad, one last, agonizing look upon that face that he had so well beloved—the face of one with whom to part were worse than death itself. Then sad and sorrowful, in a dejected tone, he said:—"Oh, Adelaide, we have loved as others yet have never loved; now heart-broken and sorrow-stricken I here must bid a sad and solemn farewell. Yet, oh, must we part?—Yes, we *must* part—oh, and for *ever!* Never, never again in this wide world to meet!—again, never! Oh, farewell—one sad, one sorrowful farewell, and hence I go.... Farewell! forgive and forget, if thou canst forget (to forgive were impossible) that such a wretched outcast exists as David Bruce!" [79]

Here he sobbed like a child, while he slowly and silently withdrew, gently closing after him the chamber door. But suddenly he returned, and approaching the bed-side, he thus addressed Adelaide: "It were best that the mournful tale which now I have disclosed to thee, as well too as thine own, should be kept inviolably secret, and remain for ever unknown. Divulge not then thine own criminal weakness; neither expose the enormity of my guilt. Oh, how often and often have I wished, have I longed for, aye, and have courted death;—yea often too have I keenly sought him in flood and field. But in vain. It almost seemed as if I had borne a charmed life. Often I [81]

"Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it,"

in anxious hope that it might strike a guilty fratricide dead!—Now, now, you must say, and

swear too, upon this blood-stained poniard!—swear never—no, never! to reveal what this sad and eventful night has developed; save it be upon your death-bed alone that you may divulge it. Come, I demand thy oath; I must have thy solemn oath—thy sanctified oath of secrecy! But I will not place that horrid instrument to thy lips, to swear by! No, no! I could not do it—I would not. Oh, no—if even past joys and hopes again were to return—no! But there—there, place thy hand upon that horrible instrument of my deep damnation! Swear upon it!—solemnly swear upon that blood-besprent dagger. Swear!—I charge thee, swear!—Oh, yet weep not, my poor Adelaide! Oh, no!—weep not thus, my Adelaide, or I forego my purpose; and soon, then, this dagger shall be plunged into mine own guilty bosom!—Thou hast heard me—my love! Oh, yes, yes, my love; for still, oh, still art thou dear to me—dearer than life—ay, or even the blessed hopes of \*\*\*\*\*!—although we never may meet again!—There, I beseech thee! yet there place thy hand upon that instrument of my torture—of my unspeakable woe—and of my deep and deadly crime.—Swear!

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Adelaide firmly clasped the fatal instrument, and then exclaimed: "I swear, I solemnly swear, to observe to the very letter all thou hast now enjoined!"

"Oh," replied he, dejected and overcome, "how cold, how deadly cold, is thy hand, my poor, poor Adelaide!—frozen as are all my hopes, and chilled, chilled—deadly chilled as is my own wretched heart's blood. Oh, I shall lose my reason! Oh God, what an hour is this? But pardon me, thou Almighty power. It was I, the impassioned wretch, that flew forth in thy defiance, like another branded criminal—the blood-besprinkled Cain, whose mark, I fear, is stamped upon my forehead and in my heart. But, oh, great and dread Omnipotent, thou art truly just—and I am guilty. Most justly do I confess that I am punished as I ought to be, by thy retributive justice, even upon earth—the irreparable loss of her whom no earthly power upon this habitable spot of earth can ever alleviate or redeem!—never, never, never!"

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While Sir David Bruce impassionately and woefully said this, he fell prostrate, and cold, and lifeless, upon the floor of the bridal chamber.

To describe the emotions of Adelaide, would be to attempt indeed an impracticable task. It was so truly horrifying and affecting, that it must wholly be left to the imagination of the feeling reader. It was some time before Sir David recovered from this overpowering blow of affliction. When he did recover, he said mournfully:—

"Sorrow has paralyzed me; and I who often have cleft in twain the helmet of the foeman, now shrink and bend before thee, my much-injured love. A guilty conscience hath unmanned me quite. But oh, my poor Adelaide, time presses onward; the night wears apace, and I must now conclude the few words which I have to say to thee. You must tell the duke and duchess—boldly, as it is true, to account for the rapidity of my departure—that the import of the despatches received, which are from the Elector Palatine of Brandenburg, in whose service I fought at the battle of the Boyne, bear with them life or death, and I must instantly depart. Thus summoned so suddenly, say to them, and kindly say, that I could not await their arising for the slow ceremony of leave-taking, but that I was forced to hasten forthwith, even amidst the cold and darkness of midnight, with all the expedition I might. And ... when hence I am gone, and thou shalt silently sit in judgment on my passion, and upon my crime, and shalt pronounce condemnation on the destroyer of a brother's life, and of a wife's happiness—oh, even then still think how fervently, how affectionately, how devotedly, I loved thee;—yea, and in *my very heart's core!*... And now a long farewell—for ever farewell. Mayst thou obtain that peace that is to me denied and lost in this world for ever!"

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Having thus said, sad, sorrowful, and slow, he descended from the bridal chamber, the tears streaming adown his manly cheeks. Meantime he had lighted a lamp which lay in the recess, and bearing it in his hand, with cautious and silent step, he descended the staircase; and having gone out at the postern, he proceeded to the stables, where, having called up his faithful servant, he ordered his horses instantly to be saddled, and in less than half an hour all was in readiness for his departure,—servant, horses, travelling valise, &c. &c. And now Sir David, and his faithful servant Malcolm, who had attended him at the battle of the Boyne, proceeded beneath the embattled portal of Tyrconnel Castle, never again to return. The solitary bittern mournfully boomed as they rode along the lonely marsh, and the startled eagle from his lofty eirie-crag loudly shrieked, awakened by the tramp of the horse-hoofs, which were deeply re-echoed through this stilly solitude, in the dark and dismal hour of midnight.

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Oh, what pen can write, what tongue can tell, what heart can feel, save the heart which deeply hath felt it, how bitter are the pangs of a wounded spirit, when love becomes horribly transformed into rancorous and deadly hate! Oh, happy it were then that "the silver cord were loosened, and the golden bowl were broken," what time the sweet bond of harmony snapt suddenly in twain, dissevered by a rude and discordant crash, when two fond, faithful, and affectionate hearts, are changed in one short, sad, and eventful moment—becoming, alas, fatally and irrevocably estranged and separated for ever.

"Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe!"

And tell me, I charge you—  
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?  
So spake the stern chieftain.—No answer is made;  
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

CAMPBELL.

We must now go still further back into our history, and give some account of Sir David Bruce, and the unhappy causes that led to so unexpected and so speedy a termination of a connexion honourable and enviable in every respect, and indeed every way deserving of happier results.

In the parish of Kirkoswald, in Ayrshire, is situated the ancient and the celebrated castle of Turnberry, stationed upon the north-west point of a rocky angle of the coast, extending towards Girvan. This castle belonged to Sir Robert Bruce, Laird of Annandale. The situation of the castle of Turnberry is extremely delightful, commanding a full view of the Frith of Clyde, and its indented shores. Upon the land side it overlooks a richly extended plain, bounded by distant hills, which rise around in gradual and beautiful undulations, and adorned to their very summits with woods of mountain-ash, oak, and the most graceful of all trees, in glen, plain, valley, or mountain, the weeping birch.

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The lord of this castle—we should say "the laird"—was Sir Robert Bruce, and with him resided his twin-brother, Sir David Bruce, the hero of this eventful tale. This castle had belonged in the olden time to Alexander Earl of Carrick, who died nobly fighting, as a true and valiant Red-Cross Knight, in the Holy Land; who left an only daughter, named Martha Countess of Carrick. This noble lady having accidentally met Robert Bruce, (the ancestor of our hero,) Laird of Annandale in Scotland, and Baron Cleveland in England, while he was occupied in a hunting party near her castle, his manners, deportment, and person, pleased the countess; she invited him to the castle of Turnberry, and they were speedily married.

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From this illustrious marriage sprung the kings of Scotland of the royal race of Stuart;—and hence the successors of Bruce, until they ascended the throne of Scotland, were styled *Earls of Carrick*; and this title still appertains to the heir apparent to the throne of England, one of the titles of the Prince of Wales being "Earl of Carrick and Lord of the Isles."

Robert was the ancestor of David, who married a lady of the noble house of Moray. Sir David Bruce, Laird of Annandale, died when young, leaving two sons, Robert and David, (the latter the subject of these memoirs,) and appointing, by his last will and testament, his lady and the Reverend George Wardlaw, D. D., as guardians to his sons. His death was soon followed by that of his lady. And the young men, now grown up, having received a due preparatory education from the Reverend Doctor, whilom fellow of St. Andrew's College, were there shortly matriculated as students. But Robert soon got tired of his Reverend tutor and the grave and ponderous tomes of Saint Andrew's, which were soon exchanged for the academy of nature, the wooded banks of the Doon, and the rocky, romantic shores of Ayrshire.

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David, on the contrary, pursued his academic studies with much perseverance, and with very considerable credit, calling forth the approbation and praise of his Reverend tutor and the heads of that learned seminary.

While in the university he formed an intimacy with Thomas Lord Maxwell, which was soon cemented into friendship. They were chums; their studies, pursuits, and tastes coincided, and they were inseparable companions.

Upon one occasion Lord Maxwell saved the life of Sir David Bruce. They were one day, during college vacation, amusing themselves in fishing for pike and perch in a small row-boat on the Loch of Lindores; when suddenly a squall of wind coming on, the boat overset. Bruce, not knowing how to swim, would certainly have been drowned; but Lord Maxwell said: "Be calm, and I will save you;—be firm, and fear not!—Closely lock your arms around my waist; but do not by any means impede my exertions, and trust me I shall bring you safe to shore."

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Lord Maxwell faithfully fulfilled his promise, by conducting his friend with the utmost safety to land, which they at length providentially reached, both much wearied and exhausted, having had a considerable distance to swim.

This adventure still further increased that mutual regard and friendship which had long existed between them. Danger, like death, is a leveller of all distinctions; it places those mutually encountering it on an equality, and forms a bond of union not easy to be broken. It can then be well imagined how much this event tended to strengthen and confirm a friendship that was not of hasty growth.

The terms necessary to be kept at the university having now expired. Lord Maxwell and Sir David Bruce took their departure from it, with the regard and regret of all who knew them;—the former returning to his ancient and magnificent castle of Caerlaverock,<sup>[8]</sup> in Dumfriesshire; when Sir David Bruce retired to his brother's residence at Turnberry Castle, in Ayrshire.

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David was truly glad to meet his brother after so long an absence, and Robert kindly received him. Here the brothers passed their time in rural sports and pastimes, enjoying the sun and

summer months in admiring the views of nature; never within the castle during the day-time, often wandering even at night in the open air, among the mountains and the woods. The winter they spent in the chase, while the sun was up;<sup>[9]</sup> or in practising the broad sword, at which David was particularly expert. For

"The sword that seem'd fit for archangel to wield,  
Was light in his terrible hand."

In archery, and in wielding the Lochabor axe, they were both equally skilled. Their evenings they passed in assembling, with their surrounding neighbours, around the social fire in the great baronial hall, or entertaining themselves with the song, the tale, and the dance. [93]

To the pleasures arising from the perusal of history and poetry, David united a fine taste for music; and to these were added an ardent love of classical learning, and an enthusiastic admiration of the scenery of nature. Every day witnessed him to wander abroad and gaze with rapture on the expanded lake, the lofty mountain, the frowning rock, and the thundering cataract. These extended and elevated his strong mind, on which was stamped the impress and originality of thought, an unshaken independence of mind, emanating from Nature herself.—Refinement in sentiment was contrasted to strength and hardiness of body. His manners were polite and endearing, as his deportment was simple and unassuming: [94]

"He bloom'd the pride of Caledonia's youth,  
In virtue, valour, and external grace."

He was warm and cordial in his affections; he was modest as he was brave. His character was that of much decision—a proud, independent, and a lofty spirit. He could forgive injuries against himself; and he could do more—he could also forget them.

But the character of Robert was stamped in a different mould. He was enterprising, artful, bold, boisterous, treacherous, cruel, unforgiving, and suspicious withal: possessing too a strong portion in his disposition of that

"Pale envy, which withers at another's joy,  
And hates the excellence which it cannot reach,"

Robert looked with a jealous and a jaundiced eye on the superior accomplishments and attainments of his brother; and he heard with strong, unmixed, and undisguised hatred and disgust, all the praises that were daily lavished on the worth, generosity, and humanity of David, whom Robert considered in every respect as his inferior. Hence arose daily reproaches between the brothers, which necessarily and inevitably went to dissolve that unity in which brethren ever should delight to dwell. [95]

There were at this time two rival and hostile clans in their vicinity, the Maxwells of Nithisdale, and the Johnstones of Annandale. The chief of the former clan was Lord Maxwell, the college chum and friend of Sir David Bruce; and the chief of the Johnstones was Sir Eustace Johnstone, the friend of Sir Robert. This opposition of clanship, and the brothers espousing different sides, added still further to increase the growing ill-will which now existed between the twin brothers.

It will now be necessary to revert to the original feud between the Maxwells and the Johnstones,<sup>[10]</sup> or, as it was emphatically called, "The foul debate," one indeed of the most remarkable feuds upon the western marches. This feud occurred between John Lord Maxwell, the father of the friend of Sir David Bruce (John Lord Maxwell), and the Laird of Johnstone. Two bands of mercenaries, commanded by Captains Cranstoun and Larie, were sent from Edinburgh to support Johnstone, who were attacked and cut to pieces at Crawford-muir, by Robert Maxwell, natural brother to the chieftain, who following up his advantages, burned Johnstone's castle of Lockwood. The Johnstones soon appearing with only forty horsemen, engaged double that number of the enemy, put them to flight, and pursuing a certain length, and through deep design then as suddenly retreated. They were soon followed by the whole body of the enemy, with Lord Maxwell at their head, until they came to the Torwood, on the south-east side of the Dryfe Sands, from whence instantly four hundred of the Annandale men sprung up, flew upon the surprised enemy, and after a short but bloody struggle, put them into confusion; and being joined by a few Scots from Eskdale, under the Laird of Buccleugh, completed their victory, killing upwards of seven hundred of the Nithsdale men. The Annandale men being now reinforced, routed their enemy; the Maxwells drove them to the Gotterbury Ford of the river Annan, where many were drowned. [96]

Lockwood Castle, the residence of the family of Annandale, was very beautifully situated, and commanded a very extensive prospect. It must have been a place of great strength, having had prodigiously thick walls, and being surrounded with impassable bogs and morasses. It was this circumstance that made James the sixth to say, that "The man who built Lockwood, though outwardly honest, must have been a knave in his heart." [97]

"This fatal battle," which we have now detailed, "was followed by a long feud, attended with all [98]

the circumstances of horror proper to a barbarous age."<sup>[11]</sup>

One day David having returned from an excursion on horseback, he said to his brother, who had declined riding out with him, "The weather has proved very favourable, though the morning lowered."

"Have you rode far?" inquired Robert.

"I have been with old Davie Maxwell, not farther."

"Ay," rejoined Robert, "but far enough, I dare swear, to relieve the needy carl's wants."

"I did so, certainly," said David—"what then?"

"And more the fool you for doing so," remonstrated Robert. "Now," added he, "there is not a man in Scotland, from Skye to Solway Firth, that would have done so but yourself!"

"And that," rejoined David, "was the very reason that I did it!"

"A kindness conferred on one of a hostile clan, was held as an offence, if not an affront to the chieftain:

[99]

—"What tie so sacred  
As those that to his name and kindred vassals  
The noble chieftain bind?"<sup>[12]</sup>

"An injury done to one of a clan was always considered an injury done to all, on account of the common relation of blood.—Hence the Highlanders were in the habitual practice of war: and hence their attachment to their chieftain and to each other was founded upon two of the most active principles of human nature, love of their friends, and resentment against their enemies."<sup>[13]</sup>

They went always completely armed.—Their arms were a broad sword, a dagger (called a dirk), a target, a musket, and a brace of pistols. It was a principle deeply imbibed by them, to die with pleasure to revenge affronts offered to their clan or to their country.

[100]

To put an end to this terrible feud, a bond of alliance was subscribed by Lord Maxwell and Sir Eustace Johnstone, and the two clans for some time lived together in harmony.

To celebrate this reconciliation between the late hostile clans, Sir Robert Bruce determined upon giving a splendid banquet, to which were invited Lord Maxwell and his clan of Nithsdale, and Sir Eustace Johnstone and the clan of Annandale. The day of the grand fete arrived; it was the thirty-first of October, 1600 and — (a memorable day). The choicest wines and the richest foreign fruits crowned the festive board; the forest, the muir, the lake, and the sea, yielded their treasures of flesh, fowl, and fish, to furnish forth the lordly banquet. An immense fire blazed forth to warm the baronial hall, and the fine gothic chandelier, which hung from the oaken and richly-carved ceiling, threw an imposing light around.

In this highly decorated hall the walls were covered with gorgeous tapestry from the splendidly brilliant looms of Arras, and which presented to the delighted eye various patriotic stories from Scottish as well as from Roman history. Here the feats of Wallace, there the victories of the Bruce; here were seen Marcus Curtius plunging with his charger into the yawning gulf, who nobly devoted his life for his country! Next frowned Brutus on the banished Tarquins; and next were portrayed the glorious achievements of the Decii and Fabii.

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The guests in due order arrived; and good-humour and hilarity shed their social charms. The harp and the bagpipe were alternately played during dinner. The cloth being removed, the song and the tale passed round. One of the Annandale clan sung the following song:—

#### THE LASS OF YARROW.

O! the lovely lass of Yarrow,  
Nane is like the lass of Yarrow;  
The sedge grows green by Gala's stream;  
Her name I'll carve upon the willow.

I've roam'd the sunny braes of Ayr,  
Hae ranged the bonnie banks of Doon;  
Beheld the winsome lassies there,  
In vernal morn and simmer's noon.  
But the lovely lass of Yarrow, &c. &c.

[102]

I've sail'd on Katrine's leesome lake,  
Hae climb'd the lofty Lomond's brow;  
Fair nymphs hae seen o' heav'nly make—  
So sweet a form yet ne'er till now,  
Like the lovely lass of Yarrow, &c. &c.

This song was well received. The goblet having opened their hearts, prevented them from being too fastidious in their criticism. A song was now loudly called for from the Nithsdale clan, when auld Davie Maxwell, with much feeling sung the following:

**I WINNA TELL, HER HEART 'TWAD BREAK.**

I winna tell my Jeanie dear  
Our bairn's to battle gane;  
Her heart wad break, unshed a tear,  
For him, our anely wean.

I mauna tell—I dare nae speak  
The direful words accurst;  
The tale my Jeanie's heart wad break,  
And then my ane wad burst!

I'll say that to the Hielands flane,  
Or to the village fair,  
Our manly, darling bairn's gane;  
But nae ane ward o' war!

[103]

Or thae amid the birken shaw,  
Or in the Rowan-Bower,  
Or wand'ring o'er the heathry haugh,  
To while awa the hour.

But ah! nae mair I'll Jeanie tell,  
Nor word of battle speak,  
Nor at Kil'kranky's pass he fell,  
For then her heart wad break!

This pathetic little production produced much applause. And now stoups of claret circled round the table, certainly in an increased ratio of rapidity. Nor was the native Fairntosh neglected; for some, who complained that claret was too cold for a Caledonian stomach, accordingly fortified the same with some simple potations of their native spirit.

The wish of the company now seemed to be for a song that partook of a martial nature; and the following was sung by one of the clan of Johnstone:—

**WAR SONG.**

[104]

Health to the chieftain on hill or in hall,  
Whose front no foeman could ever appal!  
The first and foremost his foes to attack,  
His face they all know—they ne'er saw his back!  
The targe his pillow, his couch the heather,  
Defying claymore, dirk, and the weather.  
Down with all foemen!—What clanship shall sever  
Our bond of alliance? Never—oh, never!  
Never—oh, never!

This song was loudly applauded by a grand chorus, which was performed by the company striking the handles of their daggers on the finely carved table, on which were emblazoned the arms and achievements of the house of Bruce; and the song was loudly encored.

The clan of Maxwell now in their turn were called upon for a martial song, when one of the officers sung, in a measure *presto et furioso*:—

### LORD MAXWELL'S SLOGAN.

[105]

I.

I have deepen'd my phalanx, and call'd forth my clan;  
They are true unto death, from the rear to the van!  
Their broad targes are tough, and their claymores are sharp,  
Shrill symphony meet for the wild war-pipe and harp;  
Their firm hands they hold ready; their bold hearts beat strong;  
Their dirks are stout steel-proof, and their pole-axes long.  
Then up with the Maxwells! not valour need say more;  
For their prowess was proved by banner and claymore.  
Huzza, huzza!

II.

To encounter for kindred, our clan, and our name,  
To a Lowlander these are far dearer than fame;  
To avenge the bold insult, dare glance at our clan,  
And die for our country, is to die like a man!  
Then up with the Maxwells! not valour need say more;  
We'll die as we ought, by our banner and claymore!  
Huzza, huzza!

III.

Huzza!—how we'll shriek on the day of the battle,  
In collision broad-sword and bay'net shall rattle,  
Our fierce foemen astound in the terrible charge,  
While death boldly strikes home thro' tartan and targe.  
Then up with the Maxwells! not valour need say more;  
We'll conquer, or die by our banner and claymore!  
Huzza, huzza!

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This slogan was chorussed by several hundreds of dirks, which, now unscabbarded, were loudly thundered on the hospitable board, and which glittered ominously in the reflected light of the blazing chandelier.

The men of Annandale now started up; when claymore, dirk, and whinger, flew forth from their scabbards. The men of Nithsdale rose too at the same instant, and all was uproar, madness, riot, and inebriation; and the fierce and implacable hatred of the two clans, which, not extinct, had secretly lurked in their veins, now blazed forth with increased fury. It seemed as if fate had pronounced,

"Let the loud trumpet far and near proclaim  
Our bloody feast, and at the rousing sound  
Let every clansman of the hated name  
His vengeful weapon clench."

Malcolm, a faithful and affectionate follower and foster-brother of Sir David Bruce, foreseeing that the fete would end in a renewal of the old feud, took his own measures accordingly for his master's safety, and lost no time in pre-arranging his plans, and these he put in train, while all was noise and uproar at the banquet. He saw not unobserved how rapidly stoup of claret succeeded stoup, without any *interregnum*, and glasses of Fairntosh were dashed down in never-ending repetition. The war songs seemed too surely to strike the key of discord; passion begun to explode; word brought on word, and blow brought on blow. Then rung claymore upon iron breastplate, and upon leathern target. The scream of maddened wrath mingled with the groan of death.

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The combatants next deeply closed their ranks. Broad-swords were trundled down upon the floor; and dirk and whinger madly shook, and thrust home the murderous stab from vengeful hands, prompt to execute bloody retaliation at this fatal banquet.

Whether from premeditated, dark, and long-purposed design, or whether in the impulse of sudden and infuriated passion, or merely arising from the confusion and collision of crossing weapons and tumultuous struggles, it is impossible to decide;—but the fatal result of the bloody affray was; that Sir Robert Bruce stabbed Lord Maxwell, who, it will be recollected, had saved the life of his brother David.

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Upon this attempt, and before it could be executed, David endeavoured to save his friend, but in vain; his brother Robert exclaiming with a furious air and voice, "What! dare my dependants beard me in my own hall!"

Lord Maxwell now fell lifeless on the ground. David, as he beheld the preserver of his life perish by the hand of his brother, in a paroxysm of rage and infuriated madness, drew forth his dirk, and rushed forward. The other combatants, horror-struck at the direful conflict that arose between the twin brothers, suspended their own to interpose. But this interposition served only to aggravate the violence it was intended to suppress. The brothers now struggled less because they were incensed than because they were withheld; and when they furiously burst from the arms that held them, rushed against each other with a blind and staggering shock. The impulse was unintentional, but the result was fatal. The weapon of David, held in an unconscious hand, pierced him to whom he was opposed. He saw not whom it was—he drew his weapon back—it was reeking with a brother's blood!<sup>[14]</sup> [109]

Here Malcolm caught the eye and seized the arm of Bruce. No time was to be lost. The general confusion aided the attempt.—Seizing with a Goliath grasp upon Bruce's arm, he dragged him on, while David's retainers rushed between their chieftain and immediate death, the punishment of his involuntary fratricide. Malcolm next suddenly raised up the arras, which with as much haste and promptitude he let fall behind him and Bruce. Next pushing open a small narrow door, which was secreted behind the tapestry, they swiftly passed through it, which was on the instant closed by Malcolm, who quickly flung home its massive bolts and bars at the inner side, which necessarily fully prevented all attack or pursuit. They were now safe from their enemies so far, at least. The bugle-horn they heard rung lustily from the warder's tower; distinctly, too, they heard the rattling chain of the draw-bridge, as it was hastily raised to prevent the flight of David. The cavalry were now ordered to horse, and to pursue;—the hackbutteers mounted the battlements, and peeped from the embrasures; while bugle, bagpipe, drum, and trumpet, sounded pursuit. The commingled and discordant sounds were heard floating over tower, parapet, and battlement, and were deeply re-echoed by rock, islet, and promontory, and hoarsely answered by the storm-beat wave tiding to the shore. [110]

Meanwhile the faithful Malcolm led on Bruce through several intricate winding passages, until they reached a sallyport which opened on the margin of the sea, where they were for the present removed from the scene of danger. The mode by which they had escaped was quite unknown to their enemies; and now they paused to inhale the breeze of heaven, and cool their wearied brows from the fatigue and horrors which they had encountered. [111]

Here Bruce said:—"Thanks, my dear and faithful follower, my honest Malcolm, for thy brave and powerful arm, and wondrous foresight. We are now safe from mortal men and mortal measures, at least for the moment."

Then he mournfully mused to himself:—"But what arm has the nerve that might, that may shield me from myself? What potent anodyne can tranquilize a guilty conscience? What untold charm can lull a mind ill at ease, and abhorring and abjuring itself?—Yes, yes! there is, there is an omnipotent and a redeeming power!—there is an atoning spirit, that can pardon, pity, and absolve the guilty, when the heart shall truly repent: and although my crime be dyed and encrimsoned deep in guilt, I yet may obtain mercy!—a truly penitent and contrite soul may yet blanch this deed pure and spotless as the untrodden snow which crests the lofty mountain-peak. This is consolatory. But hour, and day, and year still succeeding year, must pass over in sad and sorrowful contrition, before this foul and atrocious guilt, the result of one depraved moment of furious passion, can be washed away and effaced from the calendar of dark human crime, and deep ingratitude to high heaven!" [112]

Here a dreadful storm of hail coming on, the weary fugitives gladly entered a spacious cavern which propitiously and opportunely opened wide "its ponderous jaws" to receive them; and which timely afforded them a respite from the storm, and a refuge from pursuit.

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## CHAPTER VI.

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Inter utramque viam, lethi discrimine parvo,  
Ni teneant cursus.

VIRGIL, *Æneid III.*

Sæpe dolis, interit ista: Time!

C. WEIGELIUS, NORIMBERGÆ.

The fugitives had now proceeded upon a long and wearisome journey after their departure from the cavern, which had so opportunely afforded them shelter and protection. Lonely, depressed, and overpowered by overwhelming grief, self-accusation, and great bodily exertion, solitary stood the noble, but unhappy Bruce, on the desolate shores of his native land; while close



stationed by him stood his brave and faithful preserver, his sturdy and affectionate foster-brother, the intrepid, the honest, the disinterested Malcolm.

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It was night,—an autumnal storm loudly raged, the clouds darkly were drifted onward with increased rapidity through a perturbed sky; the roaring waves of a tumultuous sea mounted upwards in alpine altitude and curvature, as they dashed and foamed along; whose mournful, sullen scream, responded not to mortal voice, although the sad measure seemed to partake both of sorrow and of woe; if indeed that human suffering and mortal woe could be supposed as associated with that treacherous and tempestuous element.

In the distance distinctly were heard the report of various musket shots, discharged by the hackbutteers,<sup>[15]</sup> but at intervals only they were heard. Whether these explosions were intended as a military tribute of a faithful clan over the body of a fallen chieftain, or whether they were intended as an excitement to pursuit, (probably the latter,) could not with any positive certainty be ascertained. However, the continued clangor of pursuing cavalry, and the loud, incessant tramping of foot soldiers, who had proceeded with precipitance over crags and rocks, and still unwearied in their pursuit, were audibly heard to approach. It was too evident that all this loud uproar and wild halloo which had prevailed, arose from the violent voice and shout of those who pertinaciously pursued, and who were still pressing upon the flight of the unhappy fugitive.

However, in another direction came on, yet with silent, cautious tread, several faithful adherents, armed with dirk, targe, and claymore, who advanced to the beach, not as bloodhounds to pursue, but as friends to assist; not basely to track the steps of the noble fugitive, but with might and with main to protect him, and cover his flight. This faithful, small, but boldly determined clan, bore lanterns to assist the projects which they had planned, which dimly flung a flickering reddish light around.

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This gallant band came on fully resolved to save their chieftain—to rescue him from surrounding perils, or to die! Sir David looked wildly and inquisitively at them; but by no interrogatory he dared to break the more than mortal silence which seemed to seal their lips. No, he shrunk back in despair, fearing to question them; he too justly dreaded *that to be*, which he would have forfeited his own life *not to have been!* Dread despair palsied his voice, and held him back from what he fain would ask—"Was his brother among the dead or the living?" The dreadful response that might be returned, made him forego his purpose. He could not—would not—dared not to inquire; it was not to be attempted; and his brain seemed maddened when he thought thereon. His heart was chilled, and his blood slowly pulsated; his lip quivered, and his tongue was silent. However with a silent, but inquisitive gaze and gesture, he sought that fearful information which he dared not—could not ask; these, however, were appeals that could be neither mistaken nor misunderstood. He sought the fearful answer from the plaided clan, whose tall and commanding figures, although dimly and indistinctly seen beneath the pale moon-beams of a stormy sky, and whatever illumination their lanterns afforded, yet observed the earnest appeal: and he is answered as he sought it, in awful silence and impressive dumb show, each of the clan slowly folding around him his plaid, and then one and all in the same moment joining in united action of a mournful and impressive motion of the head. When all rapidly dashing aside their plaids, with fierce and impressive energy they point their out-stretched hands to the foaming waves, intimating thereby that there alone safety was to be found.

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Now near, and still more near, too audibly are heard the renewed sounds of advancing foes; the breeze wafting on the appalling and yelling shouts of pursuit; and next followed the loud and deafening tramps of the pursuers. No time—not a moment—was to be lost—death or immediate flight was the alternative!—Some bold, decisive act, was now to be dared, and on the instant done!

The stormy clouds, which in rapid succession hitherto had thrown their dark floating shadows over the disk of an autumnal moon, at this instant favourably dispersed, and the "pale queen of night" burst forth in pearly radiance, glancing her friendly beams upon a fishing bark which lay at anchor beneath an indented shelve of rocks, close by to where the fugitives stood; and at no remote distance a small cottage stood close to the beach, to the owner of which, in all probability, the boat belonged. This seemed most likely to be the fact, from their observation of the fishing-nets, gear, and tackle, all elucidatory of a fisherman's pursuits, which lay outspread upon the shore, clearly designating the uncertain and perilous occupation of the lonely proprietor of this humble dwelling. Upon this discovery the vassals proposed to their chieftain to knock at the door of the cottage, and awake the fisherman. But to this suggestion the generous Bruce would not hearken; he would not endanger the life of a poor and innocent man, probably the sole supporter of his family, in the dread and desperate fortunes of a fugitive—and alas, more than too probably a fratricide!

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Thus having impetuously and decisively spoken, David Bruce having flung his purse into a broken aperture of the lattice window, sprung manfully into the fishing bark, and the faithful Malcolm instantly sprang in after his master. Next with fatal, feudal attachment, the vassals advanced, and crowded into the boat, regardless of all remonstrance and reproof, and seemingly insensible of the peril occasioned by thus overloading the fishing skiff.

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The storm had for the present abated; which cessation, however, was but of temporary duration. The pursuers meanwhile advanced, with loud and appalling screams, and formed their ranks in martial array upon the beach, the war-pipes loudly pealing forth a pibroch; they next proceeded, having piled their arms, to light their torches from lanterns which, with due

precaution, they had borne with them; and soon their ignited torches were applied, which after some little delay, occasioned by the moisture of the storm, the ignition took effect, when brilliantly blazed forth, in crackling flames, the extended ridges of furze, fern, bent-grass, &c., that crowned the lofty links which girdled the undulating summits of the shore. The different plants had been dried up by a summer sun, and parched and ripened by the autumnal blast; and the ignition soon extended along the entire line of the coast. The central part of the conflagration flamed in the distance like to some lofty castle on fire, and flanked, as the deception would represent, by two large towers, which were in effect two large flaming masses of furze and other various shrubs, which, now with a flaming—now with a flickering corruscation, actually seemed like two bale-fires blazing on the headlands. The whole mass having become one continued conflagration, assumed an awfully grand appearance; the ruddy sky brilliantly flamed above, the waves returned the fiery flash below, as the waves undulated to and fro. The fugitives but too distinctly saw the weapons raised in their offence boldly brandishing on the shore, and vengefully flashing forth their quivering gleams, accompanied with loud, fierce, and appalling shouts of vengeance from the bold, determined band, who occupied the shore.

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Meanwhile these threatening tones of discord and defiance were resolutely answered by a long continuous scream of triumph from the fugitives, who fled from premeditated treachery, and whose parting shouts were deeply chorussed by the symphony of their accompanying oars that wafted them onward in safety.

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Now verging toward the distant horizon, the retreating boat was distinctly seen slowly cutting its watery course, overladen although it might be with an extra weight of living cargo. Availing themselves of the breeze, they raised their little sail, and soon expedited their course, wafted onward by the wild and dreary blast.

The moon occasionally at intervals, as the stormy night-clouds cleared away, streamed her radiance on the rippling bosom of the undulating wave, which threw a brilliant line of light across the heaving billows; and showed to those who might wish to observe the progress of the fugitives, that in sooth they made but little way; which was not to be wondered at, considering how incautiously crowded the boat had been through the obstinacy of the too inconsiderate followers. Another danger, superadded to the former, it but too fully appeared to the crew arose from the frailty of the bark itself, that had soon to contend with the approach, or rather with the return, of the tempest.

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The impressive scene that we have attempted to describe, was, it must be allowed, altogether out of the usual course of ordinary events, and partook of a high and extraordinary degree of interest. To behold a wild, desolate, and romantic shore, lined and occupied as it had been, at such an hour, by a military band of pursuers, and illuminated by the blazing fires, which broadly glanced on spear, axe, target, and claymore; whose ruddy contrasting light served but to cause that the dark impending rocks above, and the indented caverns below, should appear more savage, and their dense darkness the more visible! Meanwhile, to witness the dumb, but expressive gesticulation of the heads and hands, and indignant and angry step, of the enraged vassals on the beach, appearing to the distant beholder all of a deep, glaring, fiery red, fierce as the impetuous motives which led them onward to the bloody track. Rage, and all the varied manifestations of the fierce passions of wrath and revenge, were but too visible, from the broad and brilliant glare of light that flashed upon them. It was such a scene as would have charmed the creative imagination of Michael Angelo to have dwelt upon and portrayed, and might have even given additional sketches of horror for his "Day of Judgment." And, oh! how would the poetic pencil of the solitary Salvator Rosa have managed this scene!—how his pencil would have sported with it, and his genius have rejoiced!—here he might have conjured up and enlivened his landscape with a bold, determined, band of pirates, soldiers, or banditti, surrounded by dark and frowning precipices. For such was the wild and savage scene so lately before the reader's eye. Rocks frowning in deep darkness, indented with frequent hollow caverns below, the midnight retreat of the otter and porpoise; while from the higher caverned cliffs above, awakened and aroused from their quarry, sprung forth the osprey, the vulture, and cormorant, all loudly screaming, and joining in one continued dissonant chorus, deeming that the returning morn had arrived!

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The fishing bark having been found no longer sea-worthy, the fugitives were compelled to seek the shore; in which act the boat heaved against a rock, but it did no material injury to the bark. Strange to say, however, the shock awakened within the little cabin (if cabin it could be called) of the stern, an inmate, that until that moment the trusty followers did not know, nor even suspect, that such an individual they had on board. This fellow was a tall, athletic figure, whether fisherman or smuggler was doubtful, who must have been, consequently, hitherto profoundly asleep, deeply fatigued, it was supposed, by having been out all the previous night at sea, either fishing or plundering, possibly occupied in one or other—probably in both of these perilous pursuits.

This desperate and daring mariner, rapidly bouncing on deck, said, or rather screamed forth, with denouncing haste and rage: "Ye a' maun perish, a' are tint! and ken ye weel a Johnstone had his revenge!"

Then, with face and the fury of a maniac, and a horrific laugh, he instantly sprang into the waves, plunging like a water-fowl; he sunk, but soon arose again. Malcolm was prepared for this, having previously seized a carabine from one of the Bruce's followers; and soon as the ruffian again arose, Malcolm took determined aim, his carabine exploded its contents, having duly hit

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the destined mark. The victim of his just revenge loudly screamed, plunged, floundered, and sunk,—but he rose no more!

The crew of the fishing boat meanwhile, or those who acted in that capacity, had timely and providentially discovered and frustrated the treacherous fate which seemed so certainly to await them, and which was so darkly hinted at by this desperate partisan of the Johnstone clan. The pumps were set instantly and incessantly at work, while the leak was timeously stopped, and every precaution adopted to insure and make "surety doubly sure."

It would appear that this desperate follower of the Johnstones had somehow discovered, or overheard, from the followers of the Bruce, the fatal scene that had taken place at Turnberry Castle, the tragical computation, the bloody fray, between the Maxwells and the Johnstones, and of the fatal death of Sir Robert Bruce. And hence, therefore, it was concluded, that he had come to the desperate determination of destroying, by one daring, decisive act, the number of the enemies of his clan who occupied the bark; and with this fixed resolution, it would appear he had sprung a leak, thinking thereby at once to send so many souls to a watery grave. In which base and treacherous attempt he had been nearly too successful, but for the prompt and active aid that was given by all hands on board; and it was with great difficulty that with unabated effort and energy they ultimately happily succeeded in accomplishing their safety. [127]

The boat was not far distant from the shore, when several of Bruce's followers, at length made sensible of their impropriety and obstinacy in overloading the vessel, which caused such as could best swim soon to spring from the bark, and swim for the shore, having had previously affixed a cable to the prow, which they succeeded in safely towing the extreme end of the rope, and landing it on the beach, where "with a long and a strong pull, and a pull altogether," they hauled the leaky and fragile bark to shore, and landed their noble chieftain in perfect safety. [128]

Upon debarking they fortunately encountered some of David's followers, who were in anxious search of him, and had long been on the look out, expecting his approach. They met him with his horse ready caparisoned for a journey, his arms and accoutrements all duly arranged; besides a horse with a small valise, containing clothes and linen, and holsters containing long barrelled pistols, according to the fashion of the age, &c. &c. From these attendants Bruce obtained information that "The William Wallace" was about to sail from the port of Ayr. Sir David and Malcolm, promptly mounting their gallant steeds, proceeded in full gallop for the port of Ayr.

The pursuers had retired from the beach, and immediately all around the point of debarkation it was pitchy darkness, save that in the distant horizon the flickering blaze of the late conflagration about to expire, flashed a ruddy tinge upon the passing clouds. Long since the voice of vengeance had died on the ear, and the loud tramping of the pursuer was heard no more in the breeze. [129]

Bruce determined, while in his flight to Ayr, upon changing his name, and assumed that of Colonel Davidson, Brandenburg Hussars.

The travellers having proceeded with the utmost speed, soon reached the port of Ayr before curfew-time, but much overpowered by mental feelings, and overcome by great bodily exertion.

The perilous result and shipwreck of the ill-fated "William Wallace of Ayr," has been already fully detailed in the first chapter of the first volume of this work, which doubtless is still fresh in the reader's recollection.

But it is full time to return to Tyrconnel Castle, and revisit the noble inmates, overcome by grief and dismay at the sudden, unexpected, and unaccountable departure of the noble, generous, but unhappy Bruce. To fulfil which intent we proceed onward to the next chapter. [130]

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## CHAPTER VII.

[131]

Unus, et alter, sed idem.

Gentle Reader, hitherto thou hast been addressed by us in the plural number, now, for the first and last time, thou wilt not surely grudge that the author should for once in *propria persona* address thee.

I confess that I am in the habit of looking upon the division of a story into chapters, as similar to the subdivision of a journey into miles: by the aggregate of the one the length of the story is ascertained, by the aggregate of the other the distance of the journey is distinctly known. Nor does the similarity terminate here; the heading or motto of each chapter points out to the reader what kind of "entertainment" he may expect, just as a sign hung out at the door of an inn indicates; and in the same way too the milestone points out to the wearied traveller the proximities to his inn, as the "*carte du jour*" apprises him of the dinner with which he may be regaled. The heading of the chapter also tells whether it is by land or by sea the reader is to travel; the heading of a milestone whether by mountain, moor, morass, valley, town, or city, the traveller has to steer. These said chapters were, no doubt, a truly commendable invention, which give a kind of *carte du pays*, as they show and point out to the reader how the land lies, in the same manner that those communicative milestones and signposts point out to the traveller the distance of town from town. Both in their way are extremely useful indeed, combining the *utile* [132]

with the *dulci*. But it is imagined that both reader and traveller little take into account that it was not without some toil and labour these respective accommodations were completed for their use and convenience. After this sage remark, be it known, gentle reader, that this story now rapidly draws to a close, and that the next mile (to carry on the simile) thy journey will end. The best indeed that the case would admit of has been done for thy "entertainment," and it is hoped that, thy journey concluded, thou shalt have found the roads to have been not wholly intolerable, the fare not indifferent, and the journey not wholly unprofitable!

[133]

Now, resuming the plural, we will venture to say, that "if it be true that *good wine needs no bush*, it is true that a good play needs no epilogue." However, whether, and in what degree, this may be applicable to us, oh, courteous reader, is not for us, but for thee, to determine and adjudge in the chapter which succeeds.

From this long digression it is time to resume our eventful story. The consternation occasioned by the sudden and unaccountable departure of Sir David Bruce from Tyrconnel Castle, can better be imagined than told.

The duke arose at an early hour, as he was wont, and took his constitutional walk before breakfast. Upon his return it was with no small astonishment he heard that Sir David Bruce had departed at deep midnight, and on horseback, not having taken with him a travelling carriage, nor luggage, save a small valise, as preparatory to a journey. He immediately communicated it, with as much due precaution as the time would admit of, to the duchess, who had now entered the breakfast parlour.

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Her Grace turned pale, and seemed nigh fainting. As soon as she could recover from her surprise and trepidation, she said: "All, my dear, is not well, I fear; I will go up and question Adelaide."

Here, as the duchess had gone out of one door, the Reverend chaplain, Doctor M'Kenzie, entered at another. The chaplain wished his Grace good morrow, and spoke of the weather, expatiating upon the beauties of Nature.

"'Tis morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb  
Ascending, fires th' horizon.—  
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
Without a cloud, and white without a speck."

[135]

The duke looked—but he saw not, he spoke not, he heard not. No!—the serenity of the season was not in accordance with the sorrow of his heart. At once the chaplain saw it all, for the duke was deadly pale; but the cause of this despondence he did not know, nor did he dare to inquire.

But while he was about to ask the duke if he was unwell, the door opened, and the duchess re-entered; and bursting into a flood of tears, she flung herself into a chair. In so doing, a dagger fell from her apron on the ground. She fainted, and it was some time before she came to herself. When she did, she then said: "It is all involved in darkness and mystery; I cannot unravel the clue. Adelaide cannot—will not tell. She has sworn on the dagger's point never to reveal it until placed upon her death-bed. She has sworn upon this."

Here the chaplain took up the dagger; it was incrustated with blood. He examined the handle; it was of silver, and upon it was engraved FUIBUS. It likewise fell from his hand, and trundled on the ground. Here he fearfully and involuntarily repeated, and in a sepulchral tone,

[136]

"FUIBUS NON SUMUS!"

The duke sternly said: "In the name of heaven, I charge you, Reverend Sir, that you will forthwith explain what all this may mean? Although the days of superstition still exist, yet nevertheless I must protest against supernatural agency."

Doctor M'Kenzie said: "Permit me to ask one question of the duchess, and then I will, as far at least as I can, throw some light on this dark mystery. May I be permitted to ask your Grace, if Sir David Bruce will return?"

"Never—oh, never! Reverend Sir," was the reply; "I just have heard so from my daughter."

"Then," said the chaplain, "I am at liberty to explain, without any violation of promise. I have no doubt that your Graces both recollect the narrative of my voyage from Scotland, from the port of Ayr, and of my having been shipwrecked on the coast of Austrian Flanders."

[137]

The duke and duchess nodded assent.

"You may also recollect the mysterious passenger who appeared so deeply overpowered by grief—Colonel Davidson."

They both remembered.

"You may also doubtless recollect the words of that terrific song—that was pronounced by no earthly voice—that was sung to no earthly sound! To the last solemn hour of my existence I never can forget it. The words and tune are in my ears when I awaken in the morn—they ring their horrid vespers in my ears at night, and dirge me in my sleep. Can your Graces remember some of

Once we held fair Scotland's throne,  
Ay, once we claimed that realm our own,  
*Fuimus non sumus!*

---

---

We were—have been—were crown'd—are not;  
Dispers'd, forsaken, and forgot!  
*Fuimus non sumus!*

---

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Behold! the last of all our race  
Is forced to fly his natal place!—  
He bears the vengeful, fatal knife,  
Deep stain'd by bloody feudal strife!  
*Fuimus non sumus!*

"Know then, may it please your Graces, that when I was introduced by the duke to Sir David Bruce, I recognised him at once to be——"

"Colonel Davidson!!" vociferated the duke in a tremendous voice, without waiting for the chaplain to finish.

"Yes, my lord," replied the chaplain, "another, and yet the same."

The duchess fell back in her chair, overpowered with grief.

[139]

When the duchess had become somewhat calm, after a pause the chaplain continued: "Little indeed at that time did I ever dream that my fellow-passenger was destined at a future day to become your Graces' son-in-law, and under such unhappy auspices. But the will of heaven must be done, and it is for some wise purpose it is done, although not revealed to mortal eyes."

The duchess now returned to the unhappy Adelaide, in every respect, from her virtues, talents, and accomplishments, worthy far of a better fate.

The duke, when breakfast was taken away—for the duke eat not—proposed to the chaplain to proceed to the little room which had been occupied by Sir David Bruce as his library during his stay at Tyrconnel Castle, in order to ascertain if there had been left there any letter or document explanatory of his very sudden and unaccountable departure. The duke, accompanied by his chaplain, entered Sir David's little library, taking a melancholy survey of the chamber. They at last, upon approaching a writing-table, found thereon the following song in manuscript:—

[140]

SONG,

WRITTEN ON MY BRIDAL-DAY—TO AN OLD IRISH AIR.

I ask'd my Adelaide what was her wish?  
She replied, "Oh, ever love me kindly!"  
Again I ask'd my love what was her wish?  
She answer'd, "Oh, ever love me kindly!"  
Again I ask'd my love what was her wish?  
And she said, "Oh, love me not too blindly!"

My love I ask'd once more what was her wish?  
(While her fond, lovely arms, did entwine me,  
And down trickling tears rapidly did gush,)  
"'Tis—may my husband's dear hands yet enshrine me,  
And to the silent grave, with sad and solemn stave,  
He in years far remote may consign me!"

D. B.

The duke felt extremely affected. The pathos of the Irish air, the feeling expressed in the song, and the mournful moment in which it was perused, all most powerfully conspired to operate upon those noble feelings which he too acutely possessed. And as he brought away the MS. the chaplain observed that the duke secretly brushed away the silent tear which trickled down his manly cheek.

[141]

The surprise occasioned by the very sudden and extraordinary departure of Sir David Bruce,

afforded a topic of conversation and altercation among the gossips and *quid nuncs* of the vicinage, for at least a fortnight.—By that time the novelty appeared to melt away; but while it lasted all various changes were rung with endless interpolations, until they could not possibly be interpreted.—Some were inclined to throw the entire blame to the account of Adelaide, as the sole cause of her husband's departure. But others, both male and female recriminators, would entirely (if in their power) fling the whole balance of censure against Sir David Bruce. At length the parish and the county became quite sick and weary of such peevish conjectures;—until "cormorant-devouring Time" put an end to them, at least fulfilling his part, inasmuch showing that he is the destroyer of prejudice and of party, and of all sublunary things:—

[142]

"Tempus edax rerum."

But it is in vain to disguise, and it would be highly culpable, if it were within the power of human ingenuity, to deny it, that often, too often, *human passion*, or it should be called brutal rage, assails the noblest minds and the most generous dispositions; those who are but too inflammably alive to whatever they conceive to be base, grovelling, or unjust—such are probably the most liable to "the sin that easily besets them." It is indeed to be lamented how suddenly passion in the moral, like the whirlwind in the physical world, can rend up by the roots all that graced and adorned human life, boldly and rudely usurping the seat of reason, and leaving only to cool and repentant reflection the unavailing sighs and sorrowing tears of self-crimination!

The foregoing story, tragical as it is true, incontestibly proves that "trifles light as air" assumed in the commencement, subsequently, if encouraged, increase and multiply in a *ratio* and amount of accession and aggression, until recrimination is produced; then follow mutual hatreds, quarrels, and bickerings, until awakened and aroused at a fatal moment and at a savage period, as we have described, all these bad passions burst forth resistless into a fatal blaze, which was only to be quenched by the shedding of fraternal blood!

[143]

A dramatic poet has so beautifully expressed our meaning, that we cannot resist quoting his language, and with the passage concluding this chapter:—

—"O, be obstinately just!  
Indulge no passion, and betray no trust;  
Let not man be bold enough to say,  
Thus, and no farther, shall my passion stray!  
The first crime past, compels us on to more,  
And guilt proves fate, that was but choice before!"

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## CHAPTER VIII.

[144]

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### CONCLUSION.

Oh, thou wert lovely!—lovely was thy frame,  
And pure thy spirit as from heaven it came!  
And when recalled to join the blest above,  
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love!

HUMAN LIFE.

Our story rapidly hastens to a close, parts whereof had hitherto been purposely thrown into the back ground of our painting,—or, to *use* another simile, adopting the policy of a wary general, who makes a feint retreat with the intent of concentrating his forces, next to return with renovated vigour and alacrity to the charge; thus sagely saving his videts from being shot, his cannon from being spiked, and his reinforcements from being killed off. In like manner too, most gentle reader, we have adopted the "*parva componere magnis*;" and accordingly, as we felt it incumbent upon us, have hitherto thrown some facts and events, since developed, and deeply connected with our story, into the back ground of our picture, with the hope that aught of circumstance or of interest that we hitherto fain would hide in the shade, and cloak under the veil or umbrage of mystery and obscurity, might chance to escape the penetration of the reviewing critic, and of thee too, reviewing reader! until we found it sage and pertinently expedient to develop the same.

[145]

However we may have failed or succeeded in this attempt, we have nevertheless endeavoured, with all our means, to give a faithful and impartial portraiture of the different events as they actually occurred, and of the various characters presented in our tale, as they severally made "their exits and their entrances," and "bustled their busy hour" in "this strange and eventful history." And now, courteous reader, we gratefully take leave, and greet thee with our *ultimum vale*, for we shall never meet again!—then accept our last adieu!

[146]

Of the future fate and fortunes of Sir David Bruce, nothing, with any certain portion of historic authenticity, could for a vast length of time be traced or ascertained. It is true, however, as usually consequent upon such doubtful occasions, that rumour, with her hundred tongues, was

not found sleeping at her post, but was, on this occurrence, alert and busy as the tattling goddess is ever wont to be, in spreading and disseminating through the oracular organs of all the gossiping old women in, about, and around all the adjoining baronies, various, yet contradictory reports. One story-teller reported that Sir David had retired to the continent, and had once more visited his favourite Brussels, and had there taken up his abode. But that city, instead of yielding all its former charms, when hope was buoyant, and love successful, only served to demonstrate the mournful contrast, and recall more potently his misery! He too well remembered what he had been, and what the treasure was that he had for ever lost! He felt but too well that "such things had been, and were most dear to him." But alas, then he knew, and most acutely felt too, the wretched man he was! What was he now?—a forlorn fugitive—a self-outcast—his peace destroyed—his hopes decayed—and in a word, a wretch, by his own condemnation! Unhappy man! he knew but too well what he *had* been—what he *might* have been—what he *ought* to have been—and, oh! what *then* he was! These were no consoling reflections to an acute and sensitive mind like his. The rumour then concluded by asserting, that finding only aggravated sorrow, vexation, and a painful recollection of that happiness that he had lost for ever, in his former once favourite city of Brussels, that Sir David had thence retired, in complete disgust with all the world, where "man delighted him not, nor woman neither," into the Monastery of *Sancta Maria de Camberone*, near to Mons, where he became a Carthusian friar; long continued to lead a life of piety and peace; died a beatified saint, and bequeathed all his worldly estate to the holy brethren of that pious establishment.

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This idle and unfounded rumour was, however, at variance completely with positive and stubborn facts; and truth was clearly elicited from the high and honourable testimony of Lord Glandarah, who had been engaged in a tour upon the continent; and while occupied in visiting foreign courts, among others had sojourned at the court of the Elector Palatine, to whom, upon his arrival at Berlin, he was presented; and in the suite and service of this prince he recognized Sir David Bruce. Both were mutually rejoiced at the meeting, but remained wholly silent as to the events that had passed at Tyrconnel Castle.

Sir David Bruce was habited in a black hussar uniform; much changed in appearance, and his spirits completely broken down; his manly form and figure were sadly altered. However mournful and depressed appeared the Bruce, yet the story of his life, from the time of his departure from Tyrconnel Castle, was well told in the scar on his manly cheek, and the still deeper one which he bore upon his noble brow; while the brilliant star of Brandenburg that sparkled on his breast, and the cross which hung appendant to his neck, gave proofs that his deeds of valour had not passed by unregarded and unrewarded by the grateful prince he served.

[149]

In the course of some few years subsequent to the period which we notice, the Berlin Gazette, in giving an account of the siege of Namur in the year 1690 and —, thus notices the death of this truly valiant hero. After a long military detail the statement ran to this effect:—"That in boldly attempting to carry the fort of Coehorn by a *l'epee à la main*, the gallant Sir David Bruce had fallen, overpowered by wounds; when his lamented remains were borne from the trenches by his brave Brandenburgers, whom he had so often led on to victory; and were by them most honourably interred, with all the pomp and regret that await the brave."

Such was the gallant termination of the brilliant, transient, and unhappy career of the valiant Bruce. His amiable lady, the poor, disconsolate Adelaide, did not long survive her lord, who in every respect was deserving of a happier fate than that sad one which unhappily fell to her lot. She died, as she had lived, a Protestant, although the duke and duchess were strict Catholics; a striking proof of the superiority of her understanding, considering all local circumstances, and the tone and temper of the times with which she had to contend; living under a Catholic king, whose whole conduct and administration were arbitrary—whose royal career propitiously set out with the title of "James the Just," but fatally terminated in that of "James the Tyrannical;" oppressing both the consciences and the personal liberty of his subjects, whom he only considered as his slaves.

[150]

But let it be understood, and handed down to posterity, that Lady Adelaide was no bigot, her feelings and her religion were by far too Christian to permit her to be one. Piety, charity, toleration, and benevolence, accompanied withal a mild, gentle, and conciliatory temper, adorned her character; and with a truly devout feeling softened the asperities and disappointments which she had to encounter in her mournful passage and pilgrimage through the thorny vale of life. Pure, unaffected piety, and the slow hand of time, united to the kind attentions of her relatives, especially of her mother the duchess, and Lady Lucy, gradually succeeded in mitigating her grief. While humbly and cheerfully submitting to the will of heaven, and occupied in the exercise of the mild and tolerant spirit of the Christian faith, she found that internal comfort and consolation that was denied her in the world.

[151]

Adelaide did not long survive her husband, and upon her death-bed made a confession, previous to which disclosure none but the confidential ear of her beloved mother had heard. In this she disclosed all those events which have been already developed by the extraordinary and affecting interview and separation which we witnessed to have passed between Bruce and Adelaide. Having received the last rites of the church, Adelaide surrendered her last breath, with hope and humble resignation, to Him who gave it!

[152]

Lady Adelaide Bruce was born the 31st of October, 1600 and —, upon *the Eve of All-Hallows*; was married the 31st of October, 1600 and —; and died the 31st of October, 1600 and —, upon *the Eve of All-Hallows*!

Upon the demise of the Lady Adelaide the following verses were found in her escritoir by her afflicted mother, which had been written evidently subsequent to the death of Bruce:

He is gone!—I'm ne'er to behold him!  
And, oh! never more to enfold him  
Within these widowed arms!

The spring shall bloom, the summer glow  
With all their brilliant charms;  
For my poor heart, too well, I trow,  
No peace nor pleasure waits below;  
But cold neglect, like winter snow!  
Each blast my breast alarms!

My soul is sad, my spirits fail,  
It much relieves me to bewail!  
My only rest lies in HIS tomb!—  
My hope—a better world to come!  
When wafted to blest realms on high,  
Where pain and sorrow come not nigh;  
May thus a contrite Christian die!

[153]

(Signed) ADELAIDE.

It had been inadvisedly reported that our early acquaintance, Captain Heaviside, had fallen *cum multis aliis ignotis*, at the battle of the Boyne. However, the last accounts from the pump-room at Bath put it beyond all dispute that the gallant captain was still in the land of the living; and whether at the card-table or in the ball-room, the ladies actually considered Captain Heaviside as the very cream of gentility, and the flower of ceremony; and he very soon set his affections on a prudent spinster, who had arrived at a discreet age, a Miss Barbara Golightly. And the mutual attentions of these worthies to each other, reminded the gossipers in the pump-room of the deep affection which Cid Hamet records to have existed betwixt those sage personages, Sancho and Dapple; of whom it was difficult to pronounce whether Sancho loved Dapple, or Dapple loved Sancho, the best!—*Sic itur ad astra!*

[154]

The arrival some weeks after of "The London Intelligencer"<sup>[16]</sup> set this matter completely at rest, and plainly told the *quid-nuncs* their *erratum*, that for "killed" they ought to have read "married." The paragraph in the Intelligencer was worded to the following effect:—"Married, at the Abbey church of Bath, on Thursday last, by the Honourable and very Reverend Dean P—l—y, Captain Harry Heaviside, late of the —— regiment of foot, to the amiable and affable Miss Barbara Golightly of that city, whose merits will not be diminished by bestowing upon the brave captain, in conjunction with her fair hand, a fortune of ten thousand pounds!"

Lady Lucy had several proposals of marriage made to her by persons of high rank and fortune, but she invariably refused them all; whether it was that Lady Lucy was fastidious in her choice of a companion for life, or that she preferred a state of "single blessedness" to the marriage state, we shall not aver, but simply state her amiable, and disinterested, and generous conduct, to her unhappy niece, to whom she was indeed most unremitting in her attentions; and seemed most assiduous and well pleased in dispensing those nameless acts of kindness to her niece, in thought, in deed—nay, in her very looks, a countenance beaming with goodness and philanthropy; all of which were gratefully and duly acknowledged on the part of Adelaide.

[155]

Lady Letitia, after a long continued siege of courtship, took final compassion on Sir Patricius Placebo; whom she was now not unwilling to admit as her true knight, and actually gave him her noble hand as his *guerdon*; for inasmuch that during the continuation of a long acquaintance, and that too under the same roof withal, yet that her ladyship had never, in any one recorded instance, heard the baronet to pronounce the truly portentous word—PERHAPS! No, never, in that long continued course.

[156]

It was, however, it must be confessed, maliciously asserted by some, yet still contradicted by others, that this being leap year that the lady availed herself of acknowledged privileges belonging and immemorially pertaining to this gifted year. But this we shall not vouch for.

"Non nostrum inter tantas componere lites."

We merely state the fact that her Ladyship duly and legally became Lady Letitia Placebo. Upon the consummation of the marriage Sir Patricius sported a handsome new chariot, with the arms of Placebo quartered agreeably to all the tenor of the rules and laws of arms and blazonry, in the same shield with those of the noble house of Tyrconnel; and he did not forget his own motto, which was a kind of pun (at that time in vogue) upon his own name—

PLACEBO, SEMPERQUE PLACEBO!

From which said motto one may fairly infer that the baronet's opinion of himself was by very many degrees removed above mediocrity!

[157]

Mrs. Judith Brangwain, now far advanced in years, and somewhat splenetic in her remarks,



expressed much serious displeasure and vexation at this matrimonial event; she said: "It truly calls forth my marvel and wonderment. For surely my Lady Letitia must have been bewitched, any how; and that is faith, sure enough, the only reasonable way for counting it. And, in troth, any how my lady is a deal too good for the ould midwife, to be sure, that is sartain. Who, after all in all, is the very Carrick on Suir [caricature] of a defunct fop! Better—aye, far better, would it have been for Lady Letitia to have eloped with her riding switch to the continent; aye, and to have passed seven long years and a day in taking the tower of Europa in search of a husband, sooner nor domain herself by giving the hand of a princess of a right ould Irish stock to an upstart quack doctor!"

The duke and duchess, although they did not encourage, much less approve of the match, yet they did not prevent the solemnization of the marriage. Lady Letitia had indeed arrived at the due years of discretion, that is to say, if ever they were to arrive; and Sir Patricius Placebo, with all his peculiarities and eccentricities, was, in the main point, a man of worth and respectability.

[158]

Upon the event of the marriage the duke presented Sir Patricius and his sister with the gift of Lætely Lodge, where the happy, happy pair, soon departed for, intending there, without a dissentient "perhaps," to pass the honey-moon.

In little more than the space of nine months Lady Letitia presented the doctor with a chubby male *Placebo*. This proved very agreeable to Sir Patricius, who really had, or affected to have, a rooted dislike to all children of the feminine gender.

And here it must be incontinently confessed, that this event took place to the no small astonishment and disappointment of all the surrounding gossips in the adjoining parishes and baronies, as these sapient folks had somewhat too hastily assumed the fact that Lady Letitia Placebo had passed by the time and season when ladies wish, and may expect to be in *that state*, "who love their lords!" They, in sooth, considered her ladyship too ancient to prove *enceinte*.

[159]

Sir Patricius, upon this most desired and happy event, raised his stately head somewhat higher than he was wont to do; and with all due discretion, gravity, emphasis, and mellow intonation of voice, addressed his auditory—his countenance, meanwhile, as he spoke, being lighted up by the important smile of self-applause, and having consequentially put his Carolus snuff-box in requisition—"I did," said he, "it must be confessed, form some hopes and expectations upon this much wished for occasion, which have been now so happily realized; as verily, my Lady Letitia Placebo hath not disappointed me. For as the learned and justly celebrated Archimedes was accustomed to observe—

"ΔΟΣ ΜΟΙ ΤΗΝ ΣΤΙΤΜΗΝ," &c. &c.

It now becomes our melancholy duty to record that the noble and highly gifted Duchess of Tyrconnel did not many years survive the deplored death of her deeply beloved daughter—her adored Adelaide; and ere long was followed to the grave by her brave and illustrious duke, who directed that the following inscription should be placed upon his tomb:—

[160]

PATRIÆ INFELICI, FIDELIS.

"Faithful to the last to his unhappy country!"

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## NOTES,

[161]

&c. &c.

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In which are given four original Letters of King James II. never before published; accompanied with fac-similes of his royal Signet and Signature. Likewise, an original Letter from the Duke of Berwick; the fac-simile of the Duke's Seal and Signature are also given, copied critically from the original Letters in the Manuscript Closet of Trinity College, Dublin.

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### CHAPTER I.—VOL. I., P. 17.

"Ailsa, about fifteen miles from the coast, [of Ayrshire,] is a vast rock of a conical form, 940 feet in height, two miles in circumference, accessible only on the north-east, and uninhabited. Its summit is covered with heath and a little grass. It is the property of the Earl of Casilis, who obtains a rent from it, paid from the sale of feathers, Solan geese, and rabbit-skins. On its acclivity are the ruins of a chapel and fort, and near these there is a spring of fresh water."—PLAYFAIR'S *Geographical and Statistical Description of Scotland*, vol. I. p. 179.

[162]

In the summer of 1811, and likewise in that of 1824, the author of these volumes sailed past this stupendous rock, and the Scotch sailors on board informed him, that the rent received from the produce of this rock by Lord Cassilis, amounted to upwards of £30 per annum.

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### CHAPTER VII.—VOL. I., P. 169.

Grace O'Malley, formerly better known in Ireland by the name (in popular parlance) of Grana

Uile; and so called from the Castle of Carrick Uley, the ruins of which are stationed at the extremity of an inlet in the bay of Newport, in the county of Mayo. The proper name is *Carrick a Uile*, or, "the rock in the elbow;" in allusion to the impending mountain which crowns it, the strength of the castle, and the recess in which it is situated.

In this castle resided Grace O'Malley. Her family were from time immemorial considerable on the north-west coast of Ireland, their principality extending from the lake called Lough Corrib, in the county of Galway, to Croagh Patrick, in the county of Mayo, and from thence to the borders of the town of Sligo, a considerable tract of which is still called "the Uisles of O'Malley;" a fine fertile country, chiefly skirted by the sea; the bays and harbours excellent, and beautifully interspersed with verdant islands, many of which are inhabited. For aptness of local situation for maritime affairs and naval exploits, the lords of the territory became early conspicuous; in attestation of which the motto to the family name is, "*Terra marique potens*,"—Powerful alike by land and sea. [163]

Grace O'Malley was daughter of Owen O'Malley, and widow of O'Flaherty, two Irish chieftains who flourished in that country. Upon the death of O'Flaherty Grace married Sir Richard Bourke, who died in 1585, leaving three sons and one daughter the fruits of this marriage. Upon the death of her husband and of her father, from necessity Grace O'Malley (then Bourke) undertook the management of family concerns, acting with firmness and resolution, keeping up her fleet for the protection of her castles and estates, so essentially necessary in stormy and turbulent times, and from this circumstance many considered her, and in popular belief to this day she is still considered, as a pirate! [164]

Grace, or Grana Uile, was a high-spirited lady, and became fond at an early age of the watery element, accompanying her father and his sept, or clan, in many naval exploits. The coast was plundered of cattle and other property, and many people were murdered in these predatory expeditions.

Grana was ever foremost in danger. Courage and conduct secured her success; and the affrighted natives along the north-west shore trembled at her name.—Many hardy and daring mariners from distant parts sought her service, attracted by her fame. Her vessels of the largest description were kept moored in Clare Island, where she possessed a large castle, and her smaller craft were kept stationed at Carrick a Uile.

Tradition relates that her piracies became so notorious, and her power so dangerous, that Grana was proclaimed, and a reward of five hundred pounds offered for her apprehension. Resolving to make her peace with England's Queen, she attended the court of Elizabeth, accompanied with a large retinue, a guard of gallo-glasses bearing partisans, and clad in saffron robes, who attracted great and universal attention.

The Queen received her in great state. Grana was arrayed in the costume of her country:—a long Irish mantle covered her head and person; her hair gathered *à la Grecque*, and fastened with a gold bodkin inlaid with jewels; her bosom was bare; and her dress a yellow silk boddice and petticoat. The court were struck with infinite surprise at her singular appearance. However, Grana succeeded in the object of her visit, and having made her peace with Elizabeth, returned to Ireland. [165]

The castle belonging to Grana in the island of Clare, which boasts a fine harbour and quay, was so much considered by Oliver Cromwell, that he there erected a fort and barrack, in which he maintained a garrison.

Grana endowed a monastery on it, in which she lies interred; her arms and motto, carved on the tomb with those of her husband, are still to be seen. This island still continues an estate in the family who bear the name of O'Malley; and until of late years had been the family burial place.

The celebrity of Grana Uile has been the theme of bards for many years. In the year 1753, during the political contests which occurred in the administration of the Duke of Dorset, a very popular song appeared, to an old Irish air, and the burden of the song was Grana Uile. It is too long for insertion in this work. [166]

## CHAPTER VIII.—VOL. I., P. 195.

### *Pastry Fortifications.*

—"I have framed a fortification

Out of rye paste, which is impregnable;<sup>[17]</sup>

And against that for two long hours together, [167]

Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually.

For fish I'll make you a standing lake of white broth,

And pikes come ploughing up the plums before them, [168]

Arion-like, on a dolphin, playing Lachrymæ;

And brave king herring, with his oil and onion,

Crown'd with a lemon peel, his way prepared

With his strong guard of pilchers."

CHAPTER VIII.—VOL. I., P. 200.

"*Primero*."

This game is noticed by SHAKESPEARE, in "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*:"—

"I never prospered since I foreswore myself at primero."

And likewise in Henry VIII.:—

"And left him at primero, with the Duke of Suffolk."

In BEAUMONT and FLETCHER also, mention is made of this celebrated and once fashionable game—in vol. II. p. 185, in "*The Scornful Lady*," and likewise in "*The nice Valour*," in vol. IV. p. 273.

Primero too is noticed in STRUTT'S "*Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*," p. 291. There is a poem by the celebrated Sir John Harrington, the translator of *Ariosto*, which affords an admirable illustration of the game: it is entitled, "*The Story of Marcus' Life at Primero*." But as it amounts to upwards of forty lines, it is considered as too long for insertion here.

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CHAPTER XII.—VOL. I., P. 287.

"*Riding the Franchises*."

Extract from Harris's "*History of the City of Dublin*," (now become a very scarce work,) chap. VI. p. 114:—

"We shall have little here to do but barely to transcribe the several forms used by the citizens in riding their franchises at different periods, as the same has been transmitted to posterity either by authentic records or ancient manuscripts, whose evidence is not to be controverted at this day; more especially as the reader will readily perceive, by comparing each form, how little variance there has been therein from the beginning to the present times, except in the names of places, which yet are but few. It would indeed be a difficult task for the citizens to have at any time stretched their rights beyond the just limits within the city or suburbs, as they were surrounded on most parts by vigilant neighbours, namely, the ecclesiastics of St. Mary's Abbey, Kilmainham, Thomas-court, and St. Sepulchre's, or the liberties of the Archbishop of Dublin, who were upon all occasions ready to procure papal anathemas and censures against those who offended them in less momentous matters than the loss of their lands. Several of the instruments we shall have occasion to cite are written in Latin; but to show our fidelity, we shall transcribe them verbatim, and for the sake of the English reader, translate them literally into our own language.

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"The earliest instrument that occurs is one of John Earl of Morton, and Lord of Ireland, dated at London, the 14th day of May, in the third year of the reign of his brother, King Richard I. (A. D. 1192,) which refers to a former charter of local franchises, granted by King Henry II., now lost. The charter of King John is to be seen in the black book of the Archbishops of Dublin, called "*Alan's Register*," being collected by Archbishop Alan, in the reign of Henry VIII., and as it containeth other liberties besides their metes and bounds, we shall here give only so much thereof as is pertinent to the subject before the reader:—

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"CHARTA JOHANNIS,

"Domini Hiberniæ, de metis et franchesiis civitatis Dublin, et de libertatibus concessis.

"Johannes dominus Hiberniæ, Comes Morton, omnibus hominibus et amicis suis, Francis et Anglis, Hiberniensibus et Wallensibus, præsentibus et futuris salutem.

"Sciatis nos dedisse et concessisse, et hâc mêa chartâ confirmasse civibus meis de Dublin, tam extra muros, quam infra muros manentibus, usque admetas villæ quod habeant metas suas sicut probatæ fuerant per sacramentum bonorum virorum de civitate istâ per præceptum regis Henrici, patris mei; scilicet, ex parte orientale de Dublin, et australi parte, pasturam quæ ducit usque ad portam ecclesiæ sancti Keivini, et sic per viam usque ad Kylmerckargan, et sic per divisam terræ de Donenobroogi usque ad Doder, et de Doder usque ad mare scilicet at Clarade juxta mare, et de Clarade usque ad Ramynelan. Et in occidentale parte de Dublin ab ecclesia S. Patricii per Wallam usque ad Farnan-Clenegimethe et deinde usque ad divisam terræ de Kylmainam et ultra aquam de Kylmainam juxta Aven-Liffey usque ad vada de Kilmastan et ultra aquam de Aven-Liffey versus boream per Cnocknogannoc et deinde usque ad horrea S. Trinitatis, et de horreis illis usque ad furcas, et sic per divisam inter Clonlic et Crynan usque ad Tolecan et deinde usque ad ecclesiam sanctæ Mariæ de Ostmanby. Hæc etiam eis concessi, salvis tenuris et terrâ omni eorum, qui terras et tenures habent, et chartam meam inde extra muros usque ad prædictas metas; et quod non possit civitas de terris illis, sicut de aliis disponere, sed faciant communes consuetudines civitatis, sicut alii cives. De illis autem dico hoc, qui chartam meam habuerunt de aliquibus terris infra easdem metas extra muros antequam civitati prædictas libertates, et hanc chartam concesserim."

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"The Charter of JOHN, Lord of Ireland, concerning the bounds and franchises of the City of Dublin, and of the liberties granted thereto.

"John, Lord of Ireland, Earl of Morton, to all his subjects and friends, French, English, Irish, and Welch, present and to come, greeting.—Know ye, that I have given and granted, and by this my charter confirmed, to my citizens of Dublin, as well those who inhabit without the walls, as to those who dwell within them, as far as the boundary of the town, that they may have their limits as they were perambulated, by the oaths of the honest men of the city itself, in pursuance of a precept sent to them by King Henry, my father; namely, on the east and south sides of Dublin, by the pasture-grounds which lead as far as the port of St. Keivin's church, and so along the road as far as Kylemerangan, and from thence, as they are divided from the lands of Donenobroogi,<sup>[19]</sup> as far as the Doder, and from the Doder to the sea, namely, to Clarade, close to the sea, and from Clarade as far as Ramynelan. And on the west side of Dublin, from St. Patrick's church, through the valley as far as Farnan-Clenegimethe; and from thence, as they are divided from the lands of Kylmainam, near Aven-Liffey, as far as the ford of Kilmastan; and beyond the water of Aven-Liffey, towards the north by Cnocknogannoc; and from thence as far as the Barns of the Holy Trinity; and from those Barns to the gallows; and so as the division runs between Cloulic and Crynan, as far as Tolecan, and afterwards to the church of St. Mary of Ostmanby. These things we have also granted to them, that their tenures and land be secure who have any granted to them in our charter; from thence without the walls, as far as the before-mentioned limits; that the city may not dispose of those lands as of other lands, but that they observe the common customs of the city, as other citizens do. But this we declare of those who have had our charter of certain lands, within the said limits, without the walls, before we had granted the aforesaid liberties and this charter."—*The History of the City of Dublin*, by WALTER HARRIS, 8vo. Dublin, 1766, pp. 118, 119, 120.

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The franchises of the city of Cork, according to Doctor Smith, in his celebrated *History of Cork*, vol. i. p. 49, were perambulated in "an handsome manner" [he says no more] on October 20, 1714; and the night concluded with fire-works and illuminations in honour of his Majesty King George I., whose coronation was that day celebrated in the city. By an order of the D'oyer Hundred, the Mayor was ordered to ride round the liberties and franchises of the city of Cork every third year.

Mr. Hardiman, in his *History of Galway*, mentions a similar procession at Galway. And something similar occurred in the town of Drogheda; but wholly divested of the splendid pomp and display which shed such a lustre on the Dublin pageant.

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The ceremony of riding the franchises in the city of Dublin was one so peculiar and remarkable, that it certainly appeared to the author worthy of being handed down as a curious historical record, no similar ceremony of such pomp, circumstance, and pageantry, was known in Britain. There was, no doubt, something extremely oriental in this splendid pageant, which, if the reader will take the trouble to peruse the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, from Adrianople, he will find a striking similarity between the spectacle of riding the Dublin franchises and the grand pageant which takes place when the Grand-Signior leads his army in person. The account is as follows:—

"I took the pains of rising at six in the morning to see the ceremony, which did not, however, begin till eight. The Grand-Signior was at the Seraglio window to see the procession, which passed through the principal streets. It was preceded by an *Effendi*, mounted on a camel richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in their hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a windmill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven and two more boys, one employed in kneading bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides among the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot two by two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts, on their heads; and after them two buffoons, or jack-puddings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in the empire; the noble sort, such as jewellers, mercers, &c., finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represent their trades perfectly magnificent; among which that of the furriers made one of the best figures, being a large machine, set round with the skins of ermines, foxes, &c., so well stuffed, that the animals seemed to be alive; and followed by music and dancers," &c. *Works of Lady Wortley Montague*, London, 1805, vol. II. pp. 181, 182.

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The Chief Magistrate of Dublin was formerly called Provost, and the Sheriffs were styled Bailiffs, from the year 1308 until the year 1409, when the title of Mayor was given. In the year 1547 the name of Bailiff was changed into that of Sheriff. And in the year 1665 the title of Mayor was elevated to the rank of Lord Mayor, Sir David Bellingham being the first appointed.—See HARRIS'S *History of Dublin*, Appendix, pp. 491 to 506.

"The city of Dublin anciently consisted," says Harris, "of twenty corporations, to which five have been in latter times added.

"An ancient custom prevailed for a long time in the city of Dublin, always against the great festivals of the year, to invite the Lord Deputy, the nobility, and other persons of quality and rank, to an entertainment, in which they first diverted them with stage plays, and then regaled them with a splendid banquet. The several corporations also, upon their patron's days, held themselves obliged to the like observances, which were for a long time very strictly kept up and practised.

"Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the year 1528, was invited to a new play every day in Christmas; Arland Usher being then Mayor, and Francis Herbert and John Squire Bailiffs; wherein the Taylors acted the part of Adam and Eve; the Shoemakers represented the story of Crispin and Crispianus; the Vintners acted Bacchus and his story; the Carpenters that of Joseph and Mary; Vulcan, and what related to him, was acted by the Smiths; and the comedy of Ceres, the goddess of Corn, by the Bakers. Their stage was erected on Hoggin-Green, now called College-Green, and on it the priors of Saint John of Jerusalem, of the blessed Trinity, and of All-Hallows, caused two plays to be acted, the one representing the Passion of our Saviour, and the other the several deaths which the apostles suffered."

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It is stated in a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, "That in the parliament of 1541, wherein Henry VIII. was declared king of Ireland, there were present the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, the Lord Barry, Mac-Gilla-Phadrig Chieftaine of Ossory, the sons of O'Brien, Mac-Carthy-More, with many Irish lords; and on Corpus Christi Day they rode about the streets with the procession in their parliament robes; and the nine worthies was played, and the Mayor bore the mace before them on horseback. The Sunday following King Henry was proclaimed king of Ireland in Saint Patrick's church; and the next Sunday they had tournaments on horseback, and running at the ring with spears on horseback."

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Sir James Ware briefly alludes to these entertainments in the following words: "*Epulas comædias, et certamina ludicra, quæ sequebantur, quid attinet dicere?*" "It is needless," he remarks, "to relate what banquets, comedies, and sports followed."

We now return to Harris's History of the City of Dublin.

"Among other days of solemnity the festival of Saint George was celebrated with high veneration. In the choir-book of the city of Dublin are several entries to that effect:

I.—It was ordered, in maintenance of the pageant of Saint George, that the Mayor of the foregoing year should find the emperor and empress, with their train and followers well apparelled and accoutered; that is to say, the emperor attended with two doctors, and the empress with two knights, and two maidens, richly apparelled, to bear up the train of her gown.

II. *Item.*—The Mayor, for the time being, was to find Saint George a horse, and the Wardens to pay 3s. 4d. for his wages that day. The Bailiffs; for the time being were to find four horses, with men mounted on them well apparelled, to bear the pole-axe, the standard, and the several swords of the emperor, and Saint George.

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III. *Item.*—The elder Master of the guild was to find a maiden well attired, to load the dragon, and the clerk of the market was to find a golden line for the dragon.

IV. *Item.*—The elder Warden to find for Saint George four trumpets; but Saint George himself was to pay their wages.

V. *Item.*—The younger Warden was obliged to find the king of Dele and the queen of Dele, as also two knights to lead the queen of Dele, and two maidens to bear the train of her gown, all being entirely clad in black apparel. Moreover, he was to cause Saint George's chapel to be well hung in black, and completely apparelled to every purpose; and was to provide it with cushions, rushes, and other necessaries, for the festivity of that day.

No less was the preparation of pageants for the procession of Corpus Christi Day, on which the Glovers were to represent Adam and Eve, with an angel bearing a sword before them.

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The Curriers were to represent Cain and Abel, with an altar, and their offering.

Mariners and Vintners, Noah, and the persons in the Ark, apparelled in the habits of Carpenters and Salmon-takers.

The Weavers personated Abraham and Isaac, with their offering and altar.

The Smiths represented Pharoah with his host.

The Skinners the camel with the children of Israel.

The Goldsmiths were to find the king of Cullen.

The Coopers were to find the Shepherds, with an angel singing *Gloria in excelsis Deo*.

Corpus Christi guild was to find Christ in his passion, with the Marys and Angels.

The Taylors were to find Pilate with his fellowship and his wife, clothed accordingly.

The Barbers, Ann and Caiaphas.

The Fishers, the Apostles.

The Merchants, the Prophets.

And the Butchers, the Tormentors.

These interludes and representations carried with them the appearance of the superstition of the times, which John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, afterwards laboured to reform, by writing, with more sobriety, several comedies and tragedies in the reign of King Edward VI., and, during his banishment, in that of Queen Mary, upon religious subjects. Several of those pieces are yet extant, printed in black letter; and though they show the taste of the age, they would by no means please the present."—*The History of the City of Dublin*, by WALTER HARRIS, ESQ. 8VO. Dublin, 1766, pp. 142, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9.

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**CHAPTER III.—VOL. III., P. 36.**

*"Running Footmen."*

MR. WEBER, in a note to "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," in his edition of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, VOL. I. p. 194, Edinburgh, 1812, observes, that "the running footmen were a fashionable piece of splendid folly prevalent at that time. They were still kept by some noblemen in Scotland about the middle of the last century, and are yet to be met with occasionally upon the continent. Like the jockeys, they are put upon a particular diet; and in order to prevent cramps, the calves of their legs are greased."

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**CHAPTER V.—VOL. III., P. 87.**

*"Turnberry Castle."*

"The ruins of Turnberry Castle are on a promontory of the sea coast, two miles west of Kirkoswald, and five south-west of Maybole. This castle belonged to Alexander Earl of Carrick, who died in the Holy Land, and left an only daughter, named Martha, who married Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale. In the expedition of Edward I. the English were in possession of this castle. At present nothing more than the foundation of the building, and some vaults beneath it, remain."—PLAYFAIR'S *Geographical and Statistical Description of Scotland*, vol. I. pp. 178, 179.

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**CHAPTER V.—VOL. III., P. 92.**

*"Caerlaverock Castle."*

"*Caerlaverock Castle* was founded in the sixth century by the son of Lewarch Hen, a famous British poet; it was the chief seat of the family of Maxwell in the days of King Malcolm Canmore. It stood on the north shore of Solway Firth, nine miles from Dumfries, between the Nith and Locher; and was deemed impregnable before the use of fire-arms. In the reign of King Robert Bruce the proprietor of it demolished all its fortifications, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. It was, however, again fortified, for in 1355 it was taken by Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, and levelled with the ground. Its materials were employed to erect a new building, which was demolished by the Earl of Essex, A. D. 1570. The fortifications of this place were once more renewed by Robert, the first Earl of Nithsdale, in 1638, who nobly supported the cause of Charles I., and maintained a considerable garrison at his own expense."—PLAYFAIR'S *Geographical and Statistical Description of Scotland*, vol. I. pp. 107, 108.

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In closing the notes to the foregoing volumes, we are here desirous of presenting the reader with a few historical documents of King James II. who has stood forth so prominent a figure in the foregoing wild story, as well as four original letters of that monarch, which heretofore have never yet met the public eye.

In a small curious volume, which was published at Paris soon after the decease of the Duke of York, then James II., edited by *Father Francis Sanders, of the Society of Jesus, and Confessor to his late Majesty*, the following passage occurs:—

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"This exiled prince made several campaigns under the Marshal de Turenne, and he showed every where so much courage and bravery, that he gained mighty commendations from that general. The testimonies of the Prince de Condé were no less glorious, who was often heard to say, that if ever there was a man without fear, it was the Duke of York; and he kept his character for intrepidity at all times, and upon all occasions."

Lord Clarendon too in his "History of the Civil Wars in England," vol. III. p. 370, thus speaks of King James II. when Duke of York, and engaged at the battle of Dunkirk: "There was a rumour spread in the *French* army that the Duke of York was taken prisoner by the *English*, some men undertaking to say that they saw him in their hands. Whereupon many of the *French* officers and gentlemen resolved to set him at liberty, and rode up to the body of *English*, and looked upon their prisoners, and found they were misinformed; which if they had not been, they would undoubtedly, at any hazard or danger, have enlarged him. So great an affection that nation owned to have for His Highness."

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It is worthy of observation to mark the manner in which King James expressed himself respecting the Abbé de Rancé, during his residence in France; and likewise the Abbé's opinion of

the abdicated monarch:

"I really think nothing has afforded me so much consolation since my misfortunes, as the conversation of that venerable saint, the Abbé of La Trappé. When I first arrived in France I had but a very superficial view of religion; if, indeed, I might be said to have any thing deserving that name. The Abbé de La Trappé was the first person who gave me any solid instruction with respect to genuine Christianity.

"I formerly looked upon God as an omnipotent Creator, and as an arbitrary governor; I knew his power to be irresistible, I therefore thought his decrees must be submitted to, because they could not be withstood. Now my whole view is changed: the Abbé de La Trappé has taught me to consider this great God as my father, and to view myself as adopted into his family. I now can look upon myself as become his son, through the merits of my Saviour, applied to my heart by his holy Spirit. I am now convinced, not only that we ought to receive misfortunes with patience, because they are inevitable, but I also feel assured that death, which rends the veil from all things, will probably discover to us many new secrets of love and mercy in the economy of God's providence, as in that of his grace. God, who gave up his only Son to an accursed death for us, must surely have ordered all inferior things by the same spirit of love."<sup>[20]</sup>

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Such were King James's sentiments respecting M. de Rance. The Abbé, on the other hand, entertained as high an opinion of him. The following passage, concerning the unfortunate king of England, occurs in one of M. de La Trappé's Letters to a Friend:—

"I will now speak to you concerning the king of England. I never saw any thing more striking than the whole of his conduct; nor have I ever seen any person more elevated above the transitory objects of time and sense. His tranquillity and submission to the divine will are truly marvellous. He really equals some of the most holy men of old, if indeed he may not be rather said to surpass them.

"He has suffered the loss of three kingdoms; yet his equanimity and peace of mind are undisturbed. He speaks of his bitterest enemies without warmth; nor does he ever indulge in those insinuations which even good men are too apt to fall into when speaking of their enemies. He knows the meaning of two texts of Scripture which are too much neglected: 'It is given you to suffer,' and, 'Despise not the gift of God.' He therefore praises God for every persecution and humiliation which he endures. He could not be in a more equable state of mind even if he were in the meridian of temporal prosperity.

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"His time is always judiciously and regularly appropriated. His day is filled up in so exact a manner, that nothing can be well either added or retrenched from his occupations.

"All his pursuits tend to the love of God and man. He appears uniformly to feel the divine presence. This is, perhaps, the first and most important step in the divine life.—It is the foundation of all which follow.

"The queen is in every respect influenced by the same holy desires.

"The union of these two excellent persons is founded on the love of God.

"It may be truly termed an holy and a sacred one."

"Such were M. de Rance's opinions of King James. It is impossible to doubt but that the venerable Abbé de La Trappe was sincere in his expressions."<sup>[21]</sup>

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### ORIGINAL LETTERS OF KING JAMES II.

DEPOSITED IN THE MSS. CLOSET OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED, IN WHICH THE ORTHOGRAPHY IS PRESERVED.

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#### LETTER I.

ADDRESSED, "FOR L: GEN: HAMILTON.ſ."

*Dublin May 1: 1689:*

I am sorry to find by yours of the 27: that Luisignan is so ill hurt lett him know how much I am troubled at it, and make a complment to Pointz upon his being hurt also, you do very well to precaution yourself against sallys, from a towne where there is so many men, and pray let the Gen: officers who remaine not expose themselves to much, I have sent you a power to pardon such as will accept of it, L<sup>d</sup>. Melfort shall give you an account of the troops I am a sending down to you, as also of what cannon and mortars are a preparing with all possible deligence, you shall have all I can send you to enable you to reduce that rebellious towne, and to make the more noyse the D: of Tyrconnel is a preparing to go downe to you, it being, as you well observe, of the last consequence to master it, I expect to have an account every moment of the arrival of the French fleett, for Besides that the wind has been so many days faire for them, letters from Kinsale say they were left but fifteen leagues from that port, you will before this getts to you have

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been informed of Bohan's having entirely beaten the rebels w<sup>ch.</sup> were gott together in the County of Downe, at least five thousand in number, and killed several hundreds of them on the place, I hope the advice you had from Mrs. Lundy, will prove but a story, if what a Sergeant w<sup>ch.</sup> came from Leverpoole but last weeke says be true, w<sup>ch.</sup> you will know by this. §.

J. R.

I am a sending Dorrington downe to you. §.

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**LETTER II.**

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TO THE SAME.

*Dublin May 10: 1689:*

I am sorry for the losse of Ramsay, such accidents will happen, and one must not be discouraged, I am sensible you have a hard worke on your hands, but at last will I hope be able to overcome it, I am sending downe one great mortar and two pieces of battery by land, and the same number of both by sea, 'twas actually impossible to dispatch them sooner, ten Comp: of Eustach will be soon with you, all well armed, and clothed, and five Comp: of the same Reg: are to march downe, what other I send, shall be well armed, I send you downe with this a paper concerning Derry, you will see whether it be practicable or no, of w<sup>ch.</sup> none can judg, but you that are on the place, I am sending downe, S<sup>r.</sup> Ne: O Neal's Reg: of Dragoons into the Countys of Downe and Antrim w<sup>ch.</sup> will be the more necessary since you have ordered Gen: Maj: Bohan to you, I thinke it absolutely necessary you should not lett any more men come out of Derry, but for intelligence, or some extraordinary occasion, for they may want provisions, and would be glad to rid themselves of useless mouths,§

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JAMES R.

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**LETTER III.**

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TO THE SAME.

*Dublin May 20: 1689:*

You will before this, have had an account from L<sup>d.</sup> Melfort, of what men, arms, and stors, have been sent you, and are designed for you, I now send back to you this bearer L<sup>d.</sup> Dungan to lett you know that this day I have been informed by one who came from Chester on Wednesday last, that Kirke was to sett saile with the first fair wind from thence with fower reg<sup>s.</sup> of foott, to endeavour to relieve Derry, I have ordered a copy of the information to be sent you, I know you will do your part to hinder if you can, their getting into that towne, for should once more those English succors be obliged to return againe, that rebelious towne could not hold out long with the force I send you, but if you cannot hinder their getting into the towne you must then take care to secure your retreat as well as you can, on your side, and to take care also of the cannon, mortars and men, w<sup>ch.</sup> are on the east side of the river of Derry, for no doubt they will presse you, when you draw off, in case you should be obliged to do it, what I propose is that you should endeavour to keep Castlefin, Cladyford bridg, and Strabane to hinder them from coming over those waters, this I thinke may be easily done considering tho' they may be strong in foott, they can have but few and bad horse, and that I designe to go about to reduce Eniskilling, in the mean tyme I am thinkind of sending some more troups towards Charlemont which will be ready to look toward you, or Carrickfergus as occasion shall offer, lett Castlederg, be well provided, I have sent some horse and dragoons to reinforce Sarsfield at Sligo, and have ordered Pursell's dragoons to Belturbet, what els I have to say, I refer to this bearer L<sup>d.</sup> Dungan,§.

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JAMES R.

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**LETTER IV.**

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TO THE SAME.

*Dublin July 8th. 1689:*

I do not find by what I heare from you and others that those in Derry are so prest for want of victuals as once was believed, so that if they could be prest otherways, it would do well, I am sensible you are but ill furnished with wherewithal to carry on your trenches, and to attaque them vigorously, but however I am sure you will do what is to be done, I am afraide your French enginers tho very able men in their trade may have been so used to have all things necessary provided for them, and to want nothing, that they are not so industrious as others lesse knowing men might be, and that they do not push on their worke as they might do, having so much to say for themselves, upon the account of their being so ill provided, however methinks they might have gott Maderiers ready in all this tyme, to have lodged the miners w<sup>ch.</sup> I have seen done to a

[197]



stronger towne than Derry, and where we wanted cannon to mine their defences, I only hint this to you, not pretending at this distance to judg whether it be practicab<sup>e</sup> or no, and for making of Maderiers, I am sure tis but the puling downe some house *in [this word is partly erased in the original, but substituted by the following]* neare Derry, or at Lifford or Strabane, where one may find beams strong enough to make them, and tho Lattin be not to be gott, new hids will do as well to preserve them from fire, this is only for yourself, you have another letter from me about what had been reported here, of some proposals made to you by those of Derry, to which I refer you:§.

J. R.

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[FROM THE MSS. CLOSET OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.]

[198]

**ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE DUKE OF BERWICK,**

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,

ADDRESSED "TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HAMILTON, AT THE CAMP BEFORE DERRY."

*Trelick the 5th July.*

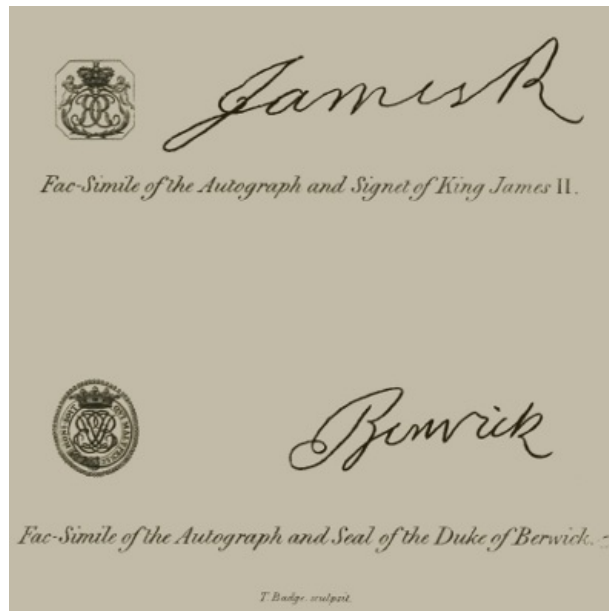
I received just now the honour of yours, and I will write to Carills aboute Cap<sup>t</sup>. Manus Odonnell. There is an escorte sent to meet the amunition coming from Charlemont who is likewise guarded by a regiment of foot.

I marched yesterday morning from Newtown-Stewart, and joyning Coll. Sunderland at Omah I marched hither; my advance guard cutt off several of their sentries, and a great many of the rebells party, with such vigour, as they beat with 30 dragoons three troops of horse of theirs, which were drawn up at a distance from us. Cap Patrick Bellue and Major Magdonnel commanded the van-guard. There was eight or nine of the enemy killed but none of ours. I went with my horse and dragoons within four miles of Inniskiling and drove a great deale of cattle back to Trelick where I am now and which is nine mile from Enniskiling. I am sure no considerable party dearest stirr out from that towne for feare of my being upon their backs, so that all backwards is secure. The party of two hundred foot and fifty horse and dragoons that were left at Belturbet under the command of L. Coll. Scott, are taken prisoners officers and all. I can assure you that all the inhabitants of this countrye are universally rebells. my humble service to Mareschall Rozen and believe me, your most humble and obedient servant

[199]

BERWICK.

I forgot to tell you that our vanguard pursued so close three companies of foot that they took one of their colours and two drumms within four miles of Inniskiling, before I was come upp, this has entred<sup>[22]</sup> Coll: Purcell's dragoons very well.



***Fac-Simile of the Autograph and signet of King James II.  
Fac-Simile of the Autograph and Seal of the Duke of Berwick.  
T. Badge. sculpsit.***

THE END.

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**FOOTNOTES**

[1] This dance has been already described in note to chapter xv. vol. i. It only is necessary here to observe, that the popular dance at present prevalent in Ireland is called the *long dance*; it is similar to that of the Danes in Holstein, and other parts of Denmark, which they term *de lange danz*, or "the long dance." This dance still continues up to the present

period to be performed in the country parts of Ireland, upon the occurrence of a young heir arriving at the bright and sunny epoch of twenty-one; and likewise upon the event of his marriage, or upon any other happy and unexpected occasion of rejoicing.

[2] Carcanet, the diminutive of *carcan*, a chain;—it means a necklace.

[3] Innisfail is one of the ancient names of Ireland;—it means the isle of fate or destiny. It was so called from possessing an ancient stone chair, on which was sculptured in Gaelic,

Or fate is false, or where this stone shall be  
The Scots shall reign a powerful monarchy.

It was afterwards removed to Scotland, and subsequently to England. It is now placed under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

[4] Mala-pioba—the bagpipes. The late Mr. Cooper Walker in his "Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards," in a note at foot of page 81, speaking on the subject of the Irish bagpipes, (which, by the way, are played upon by the finger, and not like the Scotch pipes, which are played by the lips,) he makes the following remark:—"I have been informed that George II. was so much delighted with the performance of an Irish gentleman on the bagpipes, that he ordered a medal to be struck for him."

[5] Sir Trystrem was entitled to the lily, being a royal son of France; he was designated Sir Trystrem of Lyons. He was nephew to Mark, king of Cornwall. His name really was *Tristrem*, but we suppose, for sake of euphony, old Cormac thought he was privileged to change it.

[6] "The spiced wassail-bowl."—See Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," act V. p. 108. Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, vol. IV. The efficacy of love philtres was credited from the days of Pliny even down to the seventeenth century! See Sir Walter Scott's "Sir Tristrem," p. 298; and also Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. III. p. 459.

[7] Muscadel.—This species of wine was a common ingredient in the wassail-bowls, which were peculiarly in favour at Christmas.—*Note to "the Pilgrim," by Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. V. p. 429. Muscadel is likewise noticed in the same volume in the play called "The Woman's Prize," p. 263.

"Sweet gentleman with muscadel."

Mr. Weber adds in a note, "This passage, perhaps, explains the reason why wine was offered immediately after the marriage ceremony to the bride and bridegroom generally before they left the church." The following passage occurs in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew:"

"After many ceremonies done,  
He calls for *wine*. 'A health,' quoth he, as if  
He had been abroad carousing to his mates  
After a storm.—Quaffed off the *muscadel*,  
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face."

[8] This castle and its fortifications were demolished by Sir Eustace Maxwell, (the steady, warm-hearted friend of King Robert Bruce,) lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy: and for which generous action lands were given to him, the tenure by which he held them being thus noticed:—"Pro fractione et prostratione castrorum de Caerlaverock," &c. &c.

[9] Dalrymple's Memoirs.

[10] Vide "Minstrelsy of the Scottish border."—"Beauties of Scotland."

[11] "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. I. p. 218.

[12] Joanna Baillie's "*Family Legend*."

[13] Dalrymple's Memoirs.

[14] This bloody deed, it must be confessed, was a dereliction and violation of all the strict laws of hospitality, which were so duly enforced in Scotland—which forbade a host to murder his guest. But we have detailed the savage character of Sir Robert Bruce, the hostility of the two clans, and the barbarism of the times; and have only to say, that "*Exceptio probat regulam*."

[15] Harquebuss, in the ancient statutes, is called also Arquebuse, Haquebut, or Hagbut; it is a *hand-gun*, or a fire-arm of a proper length to be borne in the arm. The word is formed of the French *arquebuse*, and that from the Italian, *arcobusio*, or *arco abuso*, of *arco* a bow, and *busio*, a hole; on account of the touch-hole in which the powder is put to prime it; and it is likewise so called because it succeeded the bows of the ancients.

The *harquebuss* is properly a fire-arm, of the ordinary length of a musket or fowling-piece, cocked usually with a wheel. Its length is forty calibers; and the weight of its ball one ounce seven-eighths; its charge of powder as much.

There is also a larger kind, called *harquebuss a croc*, used in war for the defence of places. The first time these instruments were seen was in the imperial army of Bourbon, when Bonnavet was driven out of the state of Milan. They are heavy and cumbersome.

[16] The "Mercurius Civicus, London's Intelligencer, or Truth impartially related from thence to the Kingdom, to prevent Misinformation." This public print, with the foregoing

quaint title, was first published in 1643. Printed for Thomas Bates on Snow-hill.

- [17] At the splendid entertainments of those days the confectioners were very solicitous to present these and similar fopperies on the tables of the great. Furnace the cook says, in MASSINGER'S "*New Way to pay old Debts*,"

—"Since our master, noble Allworth, died,  
Though I crack my brain to find out tempting sauces,  
And raise *fortifications in the pastry*,  
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries;  
Which, if they had been practised at Breda,  
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it."

And again, in the Prologue to "*A Wife for a Month*," which was the sole production of FLETCHER, we have the following lines on the same subject—

"Our noble friend, who writ this, bid me say,  
He had rather dress upon a triumph day  
My Lord Mayor's feast, and make him sauces too,  
Sauce for each several month; nay, further go,  
He had rather build up those invincible pies  
And castle custards,<sup>[18]</sup> that affright all eyes,  
Nay, eat 'em and their artillery—  
Than dress for such a curious company  
One single dish."——

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER  
—Vol. VIII. p. 137.

- [18] The ingenuity of ancient cooks in raising pastry fortifications has been already noticed. In the text we have not only fortresses of paste, but castles made of custards, furnished with eatable artillery, on a triumph-day, that is one of the greatest festivities at the Mansion-house. Another similar device of march-pane is mentioned in "Witts and Fancies"—1595, 4to.: "At a nobleman's banquet a ship of march-pane stuff was set upon the board, wherein was all manner of fishes of the like stuff."

At a banquet given by Cardinal Birague to Henry III. King of France, his queen, and mother, "A collation was there served upon two long tables, consisting of between eleven and twelve hundred dishes composed of confectionary and dried sweetmeats of various kinds, constructed in the form of castles, pyramids, and other elegant figures."—WRAXALL'S "*History of France*," vol. II. 449.

- [19] Donenobroogi—Hodie—Donnybrook. The fame of its fair is well known.  
[20] A Tour to Alet and La Grand Chartreuse, vol. II. pp. 335-6.  
[21] A Tour to Alet and La Grande Chartreuse, 8vo. London, 1816, vol. II. pp. 336, 337.  
[22] The orthography of the original is strictly preserved throughout the above letter.

• THE BOOK-BINDER will take care to place the Engraving, which presents fac-similes of the hand-writing and seals of King James II. and the Duke of Berwick, at the opposite page.

#### TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES:

A number of minor punctuation issues were resolved. Missing accents have not been inserted. The orthography of correspondence has been retained. The following changes in spelling were made in the narrative.

Page 4 inocuously is now innocuously  
Page 16 promontary is now promontory  
Page 25 guager is now gauger  
Page 69 forboding is now foreboding  
Page 83 wofully is now woefully  
Page 90 martricolated is now matriculated  
Page 93 cataract is now cataract  
Page 102 fellowing is now following  
Page 154 paragraph is now paragraph  
Page 172 dispouere is now disponere  
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