

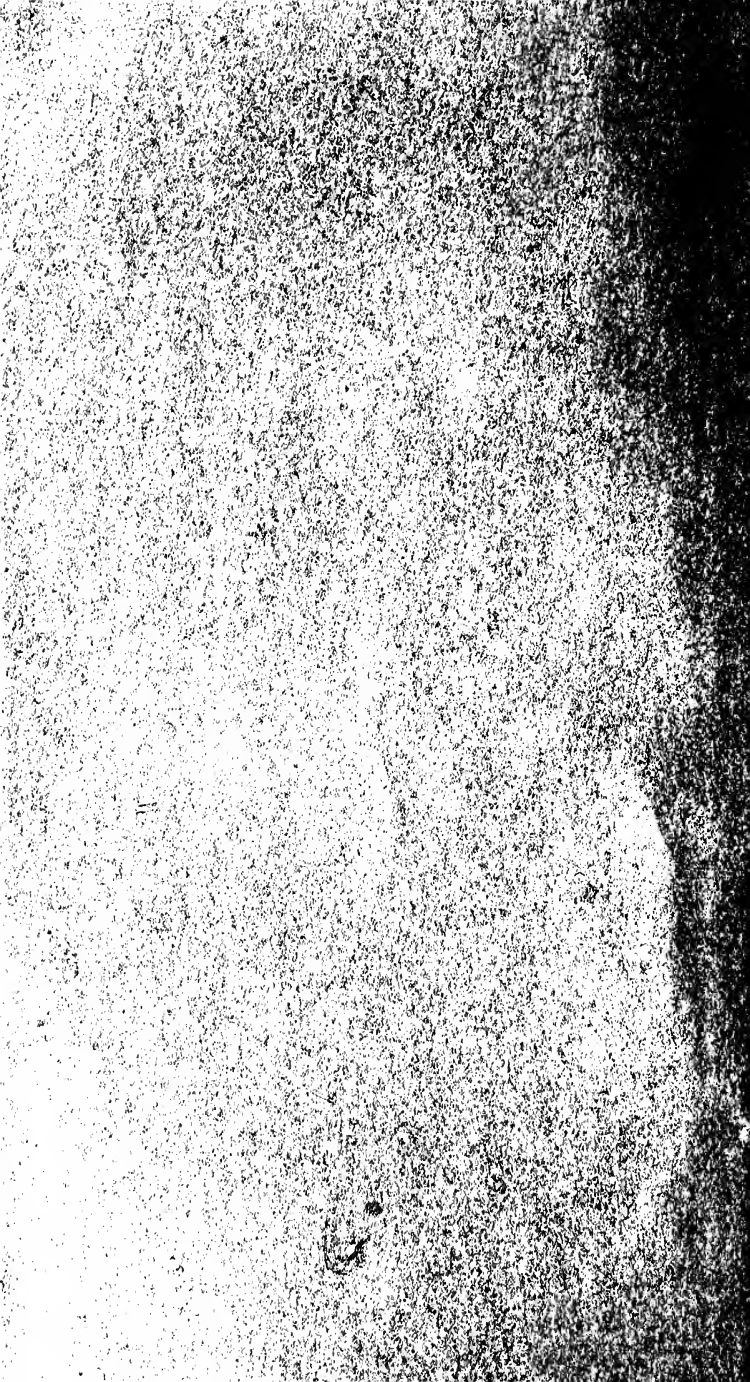
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**GERALDINE OF DESMOND.**

**VOL. I.**

LONDON :  
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Dorset Street, Fleet Street.



E Crumpe, Miss J. J. W. M. T. 1829

# GERALDINE OF DESMOND,

OR

## IRELAND

IN THE

### REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

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“ Within that land was many a malcontent,  
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent ;  
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,  
Who work'd his wantonness in form of law ;  
Long war without, and frequent broil within,  
Had made a path for blood and giant sin.

\* \* \* \* \*

They waited but a leader, and they found  
One to their cause inseparably bound.”

LORD BYRON.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON :

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.



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# DEDICATION.

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE writer who renders his own country illustrious, by exercising a marked influence over the literature of the age in which he lives, seems to have a natural right to the dedication of a work, that is connected with the history of the land which claims the honour of his birth.

To you, as exemplifying such a character, I respectfully inscribe the following Romance, the scenes of which are chiefly laid among the predecessors of the people who now, with national enthusiasm, hail you as their greatest poet, and

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whose succeeding generations will be proud to do the same.

While acknowledging the high sense I entertain of the approbation you have bestowed upon my pages, permit me to add, that in dignifying them with *your* name, I feel the distinction which it must confer on,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

*Wm. G. Cooke*

Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square,  
May the 1st, 1829.

## P R E F A C E.

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VARIOUS circumstances have conspired to retard the appearance of the Work which is now presented to the Public.

Irish history is a province of literature replete with the materials and the elements of romance. The characters and actions of which it has been the theatre, afford the richest capabilities either for poetic or prosaic fiction. Instances of heroism, and examples of terrible and magnificent deeds, which find no parallel in the polished state of modern society, are abundantly furnished in the annals of Ireland.

In those records virtues are strangely mingled with crimes both engendered by that wild spirit which, at all uncivilized eras, has led to a display of the elevated and ignoble passions of mankind.

It follows that the contrasts of character, and uncommon situations derived from such sources, must be almost infinite, and precisely those which present the rudiments that the writer of romance requires.

To him it is of little importance whether the exploits and the splendours which the annalists of Ireland record, deserve to be considered as fabulous or true; as the dreams of vivid imaginations, or the real narratives of historical events. For, whether the pictures are purely ideal, or strictly veracious, their combinations for dramatic action and dramatic grouping are equally advantageous to the novelist.

The genius of Irish history and of Irish character, with the ingredients they present for narrative composition, may be classed under two distinct heads—the homely or modern, and the pictu-

resque or ancient. In the former department, the pen of Miss Edgeworth has been wielded with a graphic power that bids defiance to imitation. The peculiarities which mark the people of Ireland in the present day, have been traced by her discriminating hand, in a series of moral paintings, true in their adherence to general nature, and replete with original humour in detail.

“The Memoirs of Captain Rock” seem to claim a class exclusively peculiar to themselves, being as unparalleled in design as they are unrivalled in execution.

The novels of Lady Morgan—The “Tales of the O’Hara Family”—“To-day in Ireland,” and various clever productions on the subject-matter of that country, have received their well-deserved meed of public approbation.

It would prolong my sketch far beyond the destined limits were I to comment upon the merits of many other authors, who have successfully moved within the bounds of my *first* circumscription.

The *second* has been unaccountably neglected. It *may* exist, but (except in Mr. Banim's novel of "The Boyne Water") I am not aware of any appropriation of the stores of ancient Irish history to the purposes of fiction, and am consequently led to conclude, that its magnificent grounds of action have been hitherto untouched.

Whatever may have been the contingencies which prevented the occupation of such a stronghold in the field of authorship, they seem advantageous to the writer who enters on an intellectual tract that furnishes materials, which, even in this age of universal composition, possess the charm and force of novelty. But this concurrence of accidental circumstances, however favourable to a writer in one sense, produces results in another that may be viewed with apprehension, rather than with satisfaction.

In constructing a Romance on the historical foundation which the annals of ancient Ireland afford, scarcely a light appears to guide the traveller through a region that may be almost termed a *Terra Incognita* in the world of letters. No



models could be studied, where no authorities existed to consult; and, on entering an unexplored walk of literature, I was compelled to renounce all hope of deriving benefit from the example of predecessors in the same path, as that, which like the lady in *Comus*, I trod,

“ Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.”

The subject I have chosen for the action of my work, is ample, grand, and interesting, but it is one which involved considerable difficulties. I have spent years of study and research in endeavouring to conquer them; for I felt that if I refused to bestow the time, thought, and labour, which were necessary to the execution of my plan, I should deserve to suffer the consequences of my own temerity. To dwell on the difficulties of my undertaking might seem pedantic, and at all events would tend to increase the responsibility I have incurred in pursuing it; for an author is generally considered accountable in proportion to the importance of the line of composition which he has deliberately chosen.

I shall therefore only say, that in the prosecution of my task I became so conscious of the magnitude of its subject, and so distrustful of my power to do it justice, that I believe I should have left the enterprise unfinished, had I not been stimulated to perseverance by the favourable judgment, which the distinguished writer to whom my work is dedicated, has expressed throughout the various stages of its progress. Since the completion of the performance, it has been also honoured by the approval of one of the first critics of the age—the Right Hon. the Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and has received the commendations of other friends who stand deservedly high in the intellectual rank of Great Britain.

However gratified I may feel at these circumstances, I can with truth declare, that I have alluded to them not through ostentatious motives, but simply from a hope that the opinions which have been pronounced by eminent literary characters on the following Romance, will justify its

publication, and present my apology for a daring, though, I trust, not a vain design.

The mention of this part of my subject leads me to glance at one of its main branches. In a clever article on Historical Romance, which appeared in the Quarterly Review, I found it asserted, and ingeniously maintained, that the historical novel “ought to be an accommodation of the ancient Epic to the average capacity of the numberless readers of modern times.” This principle struck me forcibly, and seemed so well adapted to the proper conduct of an historical fiction, that I determined to attempt to regulate the execution of the following work by the laws, which a modification of the rules of Epic poetry seems to enjoin.

I do not assume a claim to the merit of originality in avowing this design. The accomplished author of *Telemachus* has constructed a regular narrative founded on an observation of the precepts prescribed by Aristotle concerning the Epic action, and, as the most elegant commentator of Fenelon

says, “ from the measured poetical prose in which it is written, Telemachus, though not composed in verse, is justly entitled to be held a poem.”

Fielding, and other men of letters, whom it would be tedious to enumerate, have also acted on the fundamental principles of the prose Epic. In conformity with the same idea, I have endeavoured to fuse the materials of my subject into a completeness of form and purpose ; and, desiring to preserve the unity of the principal action of my narrative, I have admitted little episodical matter into its details.

The characters which are introduced in the succeeding pages, have been chiefly traced from the annals of “ by-gone days.” In the portraits thus given, I trust my pen has neither been guilty of personal injustice, nor of a violation of historic truth.

Few of the actors in my fable are wholly imaginary, and in throwing over those which are exclusively my own creations, the moral colouring most expedient to harmonize them with the real

personages of the past, I have tried to maintain the proportions of the whole.

Conceiving that under the circumstances I have represented such a character as Geraldine—an abstraction of the mind embodied by the fancy—*might* exist, I have only thought myself bound to preserve its consistency.

I have never deviated from the strictness of chronology, except on some rare occasions, when the interests of my narrative required an inversion of time and place.

It would not become me to offer any remark on the general style of my work, but I may be permitted to observe, that I have purposely diffused a poetical colouring over the language and dialogues of some of its principal actors; because their characters, being from nature and circumstance essentially imbued with the spirit of romance, seemed suited to rise above the level of common life and colloquial familiarity. Besides, the agents to whom I allude, are usually represented in dramatic situations, speaking under the

influence of particular excitement. Now, strong passion generally *does* reveal itself in metaphor ; for, when the feelings are highly wrought, even a sluggish imagination is partially raised into a vague sublime, and looks upon existence through a sort of mental prism, which tinctures every view of it with brilliant though unreal hues. It might be also urged that in a young country, (such comparatively was Ireland at the period of my tale,) nature supplies the images which language embodies, and nature is always poetical.

An observation in Mr. Roscoe's excellent translation of Sismondi, presents a corollary to this proposition. Speaking of a country yet in its infancy, the writer says, "Eloquence in such a nation is the expression of natural sentiment—poetry, the play of an imagination yet unexhausted." The authority of Dr. Blair may be quoted in further corroboration of what has been advanced. When writing on the early period of societies, that elegant author asserts, that "Men never have used so many figures of style, as in those rude

ages, when, besides the power of a warm imagination to suggest lively images, the want of proper and precise terms for the ideas they would express, obliged them to have recourse to circumlocution, metaphor, comparison, and all those substituted forms of expression, which give a poetical air to language."

Without entering on the debateable ground of a literary controversy, it may be also remarked, that many of those persons who are the most sceptical in regard to the authenticity of Ossian's poems as an original *whole*, admit, that *in part*, they are translations from a genuine lore of antiquity, that is referrible either to Scotland or to Ireland in a remote era.

It is unnecessary to touch on the hypothesis laid down by different writers, when endeavouring to ascertain the respective claims of those countries to the birth of the bard of Selma. "The Irish tribes," says Sir Walter Scott, "and those of the Scottish Highlands, are much more intimately allied by language, manners, dress, and customs,

than the antiquaries of either country have been willing to admit." This assertion must decide the question on which it is pronounced. Taking it for granted, then, that some, if not all, of the Ossianic poetry can be traced to the age of Fingal, it may be conceded, that as the Scots and the Irish are undoubtedly descended from the same stock, whatever bears upon the language of the one, will stand in strong relation to that of the other. If this be allowed, and Ossian's works be regarded as drawings of antique manners, I think it will be found that a modification of the forms of speech peculiar to them, and characteristic of the nation they describe, would necessarily assume a picturesque and metaphorical turn of expression, even when applied to the usages of a later period in the Hibernian annals, than that to which the Celtic bard refers.

In closing my remarks on this particular point, it may be right to add, that the foregoing observations are chiefly applicable to the Irish agents of my story, who, in *thinking* through the glow-



ing medium of their native tongue, might be supposed to use a figurative idiom, even in their ordinary speech.

There are two points of my work, which, if viewed by prejudice, might produce consequences so painful, that even conscious integrity could scarcely arm me against the wounds they would inflict.

I allude, first, to the imputation which an uncandid judgment might cast on the political sentiments my work contains; and, secondly, to the inference it might endeavour to deduce from my venture upon ground that has been hallowed by the steps of a master genius.

These inconveniences are great, but from the nature of my subject they were unavoidable.

The discussion of the facts on which my narrative is founded, compelled me to enter the sphere of politics—that sphere in which a woman seldom shines, and from whence, the opinions of the many would (perhaps rightly) exclude her altogether.

Without presuming to argue this question, I

would respectfully remind the reader, that the events I have noted refer to a remote period, and that in tracing the deformities which sullied the age that gave them birth, my principal aim has been to point out, uninfluenced by party spirit, the moral vices and national calamities which were their results.

A few words must dismiss my second position. In sketching some of the pageantries and characters of the court of Elizabeth, I sensibly felt the misfortune of being obliged, through the circumstances of my story, to enter upon subjects which the great Necromancer of the North had clothed with the magic of his spells, when he

“ Filled up,  
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries.”

It would be the climax of folly to disclaim the idea of competition, where the nature of the case precludes it altogether. The inimitability of Sir Walter Scott's productions should deter any rational person from drawing from originals which never can be copied with success ; and if self-

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respect be insufficient to rescue an author from descending to the servility of imitation, the impolicy of subjecting his works to a comparison with the excellence they cannot reach, ought to act as a preventive to a vain attempt.

With that attention which is due to the Public, I have consulted a vast variety of books that are descriptive of the period, and most of the old chronicles and black-letter volumes that treat on the subjects of my narrative. In recurring to the suitable references, I found the most extraordinary discrepancies in many of their details. However, as I was composing a romance, and not a history, I deemed it unnecessary to attempt to reconcile discordant accounts, conceiving that any one authority was a sufficient basis for the support of my relations. Where I met with *that*, I was content to act upon its single evidence.

To have set forth all the writings which the course of my researches obliged me to examine, would have swelled my Volumes to an unusual size; and as such a statement would, probably, have conveyed the effect of ostentation, more than

that of usefulness, I have only annexed those notes that seemed requisite to authenticate or to explain the circumstances they illustrate.

Although this Preface has been already extended beyond its proper length, I cannot lose the opportunity which it affords, to express my gratitude to some of the literary friends who assisted me in procuring those books of reference which were necessary to the execution of my work.

In particular I would offer my public thanks to Professors Leslie and Macvey Napier, for their kindness in having supplied me with many rare volumes from the College and Signet Libraries of Edinburgh.

In referring to other quarters from whence I obtained similar assistance, I am happy to confess myself indebted to the University of Dublin for the permission that gave me free access to the translations of those curious Irish manuscripts which are contained in the library of that learned institution.

From the valuable collection of books belonging to the Dublin Society, I also derived essential in-

formation. I received several of the important volumes which are the property of that respectable establishment, through the medium of one of its members, Matthew Weld Hartstonge, Esq. whose private library, I gratefully acknowledge, was at my command.

How far I have effectually availed myself of the advantages which were presented from so many different sources, and whether my abilities have been at all equal to the arduousness of my task, an intelligent Public will decide. The experiment is made; and, to use the words of my revered father, when writing on an important topic \*, “the degree of success will be appreciated, not by the difficulties, but by the merits of the performance.”

\* See “An Essay on the best means of providing Employment for the People,” written by Samuel Crumpe, Esq. M.D. M.R. I.A. to which was adjudged the Prize, proposed by the Royal Irish Academy, for the best Dissertation on that subject. The author was consequently elected a member of the Academy.



## ERRATA.

### VOL. I.

- Page 35, line 14, *for* 'she being,' *read* 'the being.'  
— 38, — 7, *for* 'the human nature,' *read* 'human nature.'  
— 113, — 16, *for* 'internally,' *read* 'intently.'  
— 148, — 14, *for* 'calvacade,' *read* 'cavalcade.'  
— 242, — 8, *for* 'gultt's' *read* 'guilt's.'  
— 345, — 3, *for* 'of her,' *read* 'of the pen.'  
— 352, — 13, *for* 'have,' *read* 'I have.'

### VOL. II.

- Page 7, line 15, *for* 'proper,' *read* 'prop.'  
— 88, — 27, *for* 'lineringe hop,' *read* 'lingering hope.'  
— 96, — 24, *for* 'joining,' *read* 'foining.'  
— 113, — 4, *for* 'about it,' *read* 'above it.'  
— 132, — 5, *for* 'percui,' *read* 'per cui.'  
— 148, — 13, *for* 'acceptance,' *read* 'acceptance.'  
— 157, — 7, *for* 'orgiveness,' *read* 'forgiveness.'  
— 277, — 6, *for* 'wanhered,' *read* 'wandered.'  
— 309, — 9, *dele* 'bad.'  
— 319, — 28, *for* 'mantle,' *read* 'jacket.'

### VOL. III.

- Page 195, line 6, *for* 'was in a,' *read* 'was a.'  
— 257, — 4, *for* 'orty,' *read* 'forty.'  
— 257, — 11, *for* 'Roya,' *read* 'Royal.'





# GERALDINE OF DESMOND.

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## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

“What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny!  
——— Frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states,  
Quite from their fixture.”

SHAKSPEARE.

POLITICAL and personal animosities are frequently allied, and when united they augment the virulence too often attendant upon party spirit, and increase the malignity of individual antipathy.

To trace the effect of either feeling through its various ramifications, would be a difficult and a painful task. But without endeavouring to unravel the metaphysical reasonings which an intimate discussion of the question would involve, the most superficial observer of human nature will perceive, and allow, that the contests of public

life often produce irreconcilable breaches between the leaders of opposite opinions, even when private pique has no share in creating dissension. It is equally evident, that when hereditary discord and national prejudices lend their aid to influence the partisans of contrary factions, and when petty jealousies and jarring interests contribute to agitate the ferment which popular commotion has previously fomented, violent and peculiar propensities are called into immediate action. The most pernicious consequences to the individuals so situated generally ensue, even though the puerilities of family feuds may have no material effect in retarding or accelerating the great machine of state polity. Perhaps in the whole scale of history it would be difficult to find a stronger and more practical illustration of those remarks, than that which is presented in the instance of the Clans of Desmond and of Ormond.

In tracing the records of their race, we perceive the same opinions and aversions handed down from father to son, through a long lapse of ages. Invincible hostilities and perpetuated odiums seem indeed as much the natural patrimony of the descendants of the Butlers and the Desmonds, as the magnificent domains and princely revenues attached to the inheritance of their hereditary possessions.

To account satisfactorily for such peculiarities,

it will be necessary to take a brief review of some of the leading causes which contributed to create and to confirm them.

The family of Fitzgerald, or Desmond, was originally of English extraction; but in the reign of Richard the Second, we find Maurice Fitz-Thomas (created Earl of Desmond in 1329) enumerated amongst those English barons, who, through motives of policy and ambition, became Irish chieftains, and, renouncing their allegiance to the British crown, joined with the Hibernian natives, in protesting against the English jurisdiction.

The M'Carties, hereditary chiefs of Cork, had been the ancient kings of Desmond; but after the invasion of Henry the Second, that portion of South Munster gave its title to the Fitzgeralds; and, in the course of time, the distinctions of birth and country becoming nearly lost, the latter family was regarded as essentially Irish, as if lineally descended from the race of Milesius, Heber, or Heremon.

The same political feelings, however, seem to have continued to influence the Desmonds, in their unabated hostility to the Lancastrian princes; while, on the contrary, during the formidable contests which took place between the Yorkists and the opposite faction, the House of Ormond uniformly testified a faithful adherence to the interests of the latter.

This attachment was strengthened and perma-

nently established on the solid basis of loyalty and gratitude, by the interposition of Henry the Sixth in favour of one of the earls of Ormond, when an infamous attempt had been made by the Desmond party to affix the charge of high treason against the governor of the English pale; an administration which had been ably executed by a progenitor of the Butler race.

The peculiar confidence which the crown reposed in the integrity of the latter, naturally excited the jealousy and rivalship of other competitors for political power; and the foundation of party distinctions and local interests by a combination of circumstances, was unfortunately laid, to the utter destruction of national prosperity. Yet, notwithstanding the formidable aspect of Irish affairs, they were comparatively disregarded; for, about the year 1448, the intrigues of the British court had arisen to such an alarming height, that the minor machinations of the Irish people were scarcely noticed, or deemed worthy of consideration, until, on the marriage of Henry the Sixth with Margaret of Anjou, the Queen and her counsellors judged it a prudent measure to remove the Duke of York to a distance from the scene of action. By a grand stroke of state policy, under the plea of quelling what was styled a general rebellion in Ireland, though, in point of fact, it was little more than a local insurrection, the Duke Richard was ap-

pointed vicegerent of that kingdom ; an office which he felt no reluctance to accept, justly calculating that his extensive Hibernian connexions would ensure a considerable accession of power to his already formidable party.

The Duke, cautious, moderate, and conciliating in his conduct, soon gained many proselytes to his cause, and in a short time he was an established favourite with a people, whom the despotism of former governors had harassed and irritated to an unprecedented extent.

Among the zealous partisans who rallied round the person of the Duke of York, an earl of Desmond seems one of the most prominent ; and, flattered by the honours which were showered on him by his royal patron, he became as avowed an adherent of the Yorkists, as the Ormond family had ever been to the reigning House of Lancaster.

It is not our design to proceed with a minute detail of the subsequent contests between those celebrated factions, nor to narrate the effects their warfare produced on the general condition of Ireland. It is sufficient for our purpose to state, that on the deposition of Henry the Sixth and the victory of his triumphant enemies, Thomas Earl of Desmond was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1463, while an Earl of Ormond was attainted, and instantly executed.

Thus the hereditary discords of those rival

clans were indelibly recorded in the fatal characters of blood. Ancient animosities were eternally confirmed, and through the ensuing reigns up to the period of Elizabeth's accession to the throne of England, we find the same public attachments and private aversions powerfully influencing the Desmonds and the Butlers, through a series of national conflicts, during which, either family was alternately restored to power, or *reduced* to subjugation, according to the particular sentiments and political ascendancy of the succeeding possessors of the British crown.

Historic record presents us with few characters who commanded and obtained more unanimous applause than Queen Elizabeth. For though the struggles of contending parties, and the rancour of polemical disputations, created many confusions and difficulties in the course of her government, yet the intellect, discrimination, and firmness of that enterprising Princess, enabled her to surmount the prejudices of political factions and the violence of controversial cavils; while the brilliant events of her memorable reign cast so intense a lustre over all her proceedings, that even the infamy of her conduct in regard to the unfortunate and lovely Mary Stuart, the arbitrary power which she exercised as a Sovereign, and the foibles and infirmities which characterized her as a woman, were nearly forgotten, lost in the flood

of splendour that illuminated her administration. This, united to the important benefits she conferred upon her country, and the summit of grandeur to which England was elevated during the government of her greatest Queen, secured the gratitude of the British people, and the astonishment and admiration of future ages.

But the popularity of Elizabeth was necessarily confined to her Protestant subjects, for the Roman Catholics naturally regarded, with a jealous eye, the actions of a Princess who had re-established the reformed religion, who professed an unqualified belief in the Lutheran principles, and avowed herself a decided enemy of the Romish communion.

In Ireland, therefore, she was secretly detested, her heretical apostasy was abhorred, and any attempt to control her power, or to accomplish her downfall, was considered as a meritorious enterprise, undertaken in the sacred defence of religion and liberty, hallowed by the special protection of Heaven, and sanctioned by the acknowledged approbation of the See of Rome.

Thus, those subjects, who, under the same Queen should have been nationally united, became separated in their principles, bigoted in their prejudices, and vehemently engaged in all the frenzy and intemperance of theological controversies; while the disaffected portion of the

community, zealously endeavoured to foment those disorders, hoping to succeed in emancipating Ireland from the yoke of the English government, and to effect, eventually, its total extirpation.

When to those considerations we add the recollection of the impolitic and unjust distinctions which had been established between the English and the Irish subjects, the oppressive enactment of the code of penal laws, the condemnation of usages and superstitions consecrated by the customs of antiquity, and the insolence of the British settlers, who laboured to confirm the claims of usurpation with the seal of despotism; it is not astonishing that a spirit of insurrection, and of discontent, pervaded a large mass of the Irish people.

Irritated by injured feelings, infatuated by senseless ambition, and instigated by inordinate pride, the intrigues of many popular chieftains were approved of, and supported by the bulk of the nation.

The dissensions of a mutinous kingdom were consequently inflamed and augmented to a fearful degree, by the existing animosities and political discrepancies of the period.

The natural consequences followed.—The Irish hesitated not to revolt against the tyranny of their oppressors, who, even according to the testi-



mony of Mr. Hume, “refused, though earnestly solicited, to communicate to them the privileges of their laws, and everywhere marked them out as aliens, and as enemies.”

Despotism generally produces insubordination. —Lamentable consequences followed in the train of such ill-judged measures; and in the year 1560, a formidable rebellion was raised in Ireland, headed by the celebrated O’Nial;—an insurrection which occasioned considerable inconvenience and expense to the English crown. But by the vigorous policy of Sir Henry Sydney, to whom the conduct of the Irish administration had been entrusted, the malecontents were terrified into submission, and their dangerous leader made partial concessions to Elizabeth; though, at the same time, he clandestinely entered into a treaty with the Scottish residents in Ulster.

By an artful manœuvre, the northern islanders appeared to sanction O’Nial’s proposal, and as a pledge of acceptance, courteously invited him to a festive entertainment; where, instigated to revenge by a remembrance of the injuries which they had formerly received from that chieftain, they outraged the sacred laws of hospitality and honour, when in a moment of irritation, overpowering by numbers the valiant O’Nial, they finally closed his ambitious career by the cowardly act of assassination.

The majority of the Irish were panic struck at such a termination to a rebellion from which they had anticipated the most momentous consequences. Yet, however implacable they still continued towards their rulers, they were frightened into comparative submission; and thus a temporary, but deceitful calm succeeded to the violence of those political storms which had threatened to involve the whole kingdom in the horrors of civil warfare and anarchical confusion. It seemed, however, that the Irish could ill endure the evils flowing from the selfish views of the English administration. For though the strong hand of power had, from time to time, apparently quelled the demon of insurrection; yet, in the year 1565, a spirit of outrage was strongly evinced in the disorganization of the people, and the continued petty quarrels in which they were engaged.

Among the many private contentions of the period, the strifes and litigations of the Earls of Desmond and of Ormond, were the most determined in operation, and the most important in result. But, as both those personages are destined to become leading characters in the succeeding pages, we shall attempt a delineation of their respective qualities and situations in separate chapters.

## CHAPTER II.

“ Dignity and grace  
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty joined  
With strength Herculean;—on his aspect shines  
Sublimest Virtue and desire of fame,  
Where Virtue gives the laurel; in his eye  
The inextinguishable spark, which fires  
The souls of Patriots.”

GLOVER.

GERALD, sixteenth Earl of Desmond, assumed all the pomp and pride of an Irish chieftain. Descended from a long line of ancestors, who had enjoyed many extraordinary privileges, and who for centuries had lived in almost regal splendour, he sedulously endeavoured to preserve the peculiar customs of his progenitors, uncontaminated by the innovations of modern ages. He delighted to retrace the genealogies of his high lineage, at the same time vaunting the exploits of his heroic predecessors, which the narrations of antiquarian records, the eulogiums of Bardic fiction, and the equally romantic traditions of oral testimony, had

immortalized either in the glowing creations of poetic fancy, or in the symbolizing elements of national mythology.

Identifying himself with the princes of an illustrious race, thus celebrated in the annals of his country, the Earl affected an immense superiority to the existing authorities of Ireland, whom he imagined usurpation had invested with temporary power. The mannerism of Elizabeth's Court he thoroughly despised, and though he professed obedience to the Crown of England, he scrupled not to accuse the Queen's officers on those occasions, when a spirit of bigotry and despotism actuated their proceedings, frequently asserting his right to punish such misdemeanours when committed within the bounds of his own Palatinate.

The personal appearance of the Earl of Desmond was most remarkable and imposing. His life had reached beyond the middle period of existence ; time had stamped its seal upon his brow, and had blanched to perfect whiteness the venerable locks,(1)\* which thrown back from the temples, were fastened behind in the national *Cooleen*, and fell luxuriantly upon his shoulders ; yet age

\* These numbers refer to notes at the end of this Volume.

had failed to quell the spirit of an eye that sparkled with unquenchable fire, and which under the slightest irritation flashed such brightness, as unequivocally spoke the powerful sway of tempestuous passions, and the lofty darings of a soul untamed and untameable.

His figure was unusually tall, and of robust proportions, but eminently graceful and dignified. The athletic exercises and martial amusements of his youth had contributed to render his frame so active and vigorous, that were it not for the deepened lines impressed on his expansive forehead, the silvery wavings of a beard that flowed upon his breast in unrestrained luxuriance, and a slight bend in the contour of the neck and shoulders, the Earl of Desmond might have passed for one of those heroic warriors, who in the prime of manhood and the first flush of valour, seem to want

“Nothing of a God but Eternity  
And a Heaven to throne in.”

His dress (notwithstanding the prohibition of the English statutes) was arranged with scrupulous attention to the ancient national costume of his country. His head was usually covered with a close green velvet cap, that, surmounted with plumes of the same colour, was studded with

Irish diamonds. He wore the *Cota* (2) or shirt, made of fine saffron-coloured linen, which was wrapped in large folds upon the bosom, and was only partially concealed by a short purple vest, interwoven with threads of gold. This vest scarcely reached the elbows, and consequently displayed the immense sleeves of the *Cota*, hanging in loose and graceful draperies from the arm. The shirt was open at his throat, which was adorned with a broad gold collar of exquisite workmanship, splendidly inlaid with jewels. His limbs were clothed with the *Truis* or straight *Braccæ*, which formed trowsers and stockings in one, fitted close to the shape, and were made of weft striped with various colours running in divisions resembling the Tartan plaid. Over all was thrown the *Cocula* or upper garment, a kind of long flowing cloth mantle, which like the regal robes of the East, was of a bright crimson colour, embroidered round the border, and edged with yellow silken fringe. This cloak was clasped at the breast with a large silver embossed Fibula or brooch. Round his neck was a massive antique gold chain, and on his feet the Earl wore buskins, or short boots furred with sable. (3)

The general effect of this dress was highly picturesque and magnificent, and singularly in

unison with the noble figure of Desmond, and the striking majesty of his commanding aspect.

The Anglo-Irish chiefs possessed more absolute power than the native nobles of the soil. The former maintained their property in comparative independence of the extortions of their sept, or the exactions of the State; the latter, though apparently endowed with great dominion, were shackled by the severe conditions under which they held their lands, and being obliged to support a multitudinous tribe of clansmen and retainers, they were subjected to drains upon their revenues, which considerably reduced their financial resources.

It is a singular fact, that those English who, to use the language of a great historian, "degenerated into mere Irish," were attached with more devoted enthusiasm to the ancient superstitions and customs of the people whose manners they had adopted, than even the natives of the country.

The charge of being "*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*," (4) was frequently preferred against the majority of the Anglo-Irish chiefs, and among the archives of the Castle of Dublin, we find this accusation especially registered against the House of Desmond. Gerald, its present Earl, seldom disguised his contempt for the new English

settlers, or *undertakers* as they were termed; and except when it was politically requisite to adopt a different measure, he never concealed his detestation of the needy tribe who followed in their train.

These adventurers were generally either upstart soldiers of fortune, or younger branches of ruined families in England, who monopolized with relentless avidity those forfeited estates that were granted to them by the British Crown. During the sovereignty of Henry the Eighth, and the regency of Edward, Ireland had suffered extreme violence, and exhibited many distractions, owing to the zealous efforts which had been made to establish the reformed ritual. In the reign of Mary, confiscation found an ample supply of victims; and Elizabeth, acting from a determination to force the Lutheran doctrines on the Irish, and influenced by a spirit of avarice as rapacious as that of her royal predecessor, inflicted upon Ireland the combined miseries that flow from religious persecution, and monarchical cupidity.

The statute book (5) was rigorously employed against the adherents of the Romish faith, and materially assisted the English to convert to their individual profit the estates of the former owners



whose lands were let by the Government of the Pale, (6) to legions of adventurers.

Regardless of the religious and civil rights of mankind, and actuated by principles that were at equal variance with political freedom and political philosophy, the new rulers of Ireland, with the arbitrary insolence of recently created power, domineered over the ancient proprietors of the soil.

An abstract love of tyranny seems to have led their aggressors to denounce the people whose property they enjoyed, and to oppress the country from whose breast they drew the vital sources of their influence.

The despotism of these proceedings inflamed the animosities of the period, and increased the disorders of the nation they were intended to subdue.

Passions, that by judicious management in those entrusted with the government of Ireland, might have been turned to purposes of noblest action, became the fearful instruments of desperation and revenge. Courage changed to ferocity, when hope was succeeded by despair; and the spirit of a whole people was roused to indignation, by a sense of the keenest injustice. The smouldering fires of national feeling, though checked, were not subdued, but like the lava of the volcano, were labouring to burst forth in a

consuming flame upon the heads of those who seemed regardless of their danger.

At the head of the malecontents in Ireland, stood the Earl of Desmond, who, unlike the general class of popular leaders, acted from motives sincere and patriotic in their nature, though mistaken in their aim, and under existing circumstances, injurious in their tendency. But Lord Desmond's character had been in a great measure formed and modified by the peculiar circumstances of the age in which he lived, and partook in a considerable degree, of those daring propensities, affections, passions, and inclinations, incidental to the moral state of society when emerging from the darkness of semi-barbarism, into the light of civilization.

The elementary and component parts of his character were admirable, but their combination was imperfect.

Hence, his many constitutional virtues often caught the contagion of the adjoining vices, which sometimes produced glaring errors, and anomalies of conduct, that might be traced to the influence of political causes, rather than to inherent defectibility.

The Desmond spoke the English tongue with fluency, but he always *thought* in Irish. This gave an idiomatic force, and a metaphorical tone,

even to his ordinary dialect ; while on those occasions when strong excitement swayed his feelings, they burst forth in expressions tinged by the enthusiasm of a mind labouring with the energy of its own conceptions, which seemed to find their natural language in the eloquence of poetry, rather than in the sobriety of prose.

The Lord of Desmond's mental faculties were little improved by education ; but quick in apprehension, and resolute in design, he often seized the leading features of a subject with a grasp more comprehensive and a power of discrimination more accurate, than a cultivated intellect can always command.

Keen in his observations, he was generally skilful in detecting the intentions of others ; but accessible to flattery, and obstinate in prejudice, the obliquities of his own mind frequently obscured his penetration, and counterbalanced the benefits which might otherwise have been derived from the clearness of his perceptions.

Generous, and enthusiastic to excess, he was lavish in his expenditure, prodigal in his hospitality, and indiscriminate in his friendships.

Though sincerely the advocate of freedom, and attached with chivalrous devotion to his country, yet the impetuosity of his temper frequently rendered him the slave of impulse.

Inflexible in his purposes, he was sometimes unstable in pursuing the mode of their accomplishment; and personally brave and fearless, he was occasionally indecisive, but oftener precipitate. Noble in his disposition, he still could bend his haughty soul to employ the hypocrisy of art whenever he thought that subterfuge could promote the execution of a favourite scheme; and though conspicuous for the imperiousness of his general manners, he could sometimes adopt a line of moderate and conciliatory conduct, when prudence required the concealment of his projects within the veil of dissimulation; for tyranny had taught him artifice, and to circumvent the designs of subtle spirits, he was too often content to sacrifice the dignity and independence of his own.

As the Earl of Desmond was gifted with high lineage, considerable wealth, and a natural power of eloquence, which was inconceivably persuasive, though rudely magnificent; it is not astonishing that he was idolized as a popular leader, nor that he attained supreme ascendancy in the councils of his country, over which he held a sway arbitrary and unrivalled.

Surrounded by a few devoted spirits, who deified the virtues of his character, and by a more numerous tribe of interested parasites, who flattered its imperfections, the Lord of Desmond

required the stimulants of obsequious panegyric and unlimited obedience, to satisfy the cravings of pride and of ambition.

Except when the enthusiasm of his nature broke forth in bursts of high-toned feeling, the Earl's demeanour was overbearing and pompous ; yet those who were intimately acquainted with the patriotic ardour of his sentiments, the genuine warmth of his affections, the constancy of his attachments, and the generosity of his disposition, found it impossible to refuse the tribute of love and reverence to his character, notwithstanding the defects which overshadowed its lustre and obscured its excellence.

Twenty years prior to the commencement of this narrative, the Chief had married the only daughter of the eleventh Earl of Desmond, and widow of James Earl of Ormond, of whom death bereaved him some time subsequent to his union.

The Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald, who by right of settlement succeeded to her mother's estates, was the only pledge of a connexion which had been unusually happy. For a long period, the Desmond continued in a state of the deepest affliction, but time produced its usual effect in moderating the tone of the Earl's grief, and about three years prior to the period when we have taken

up his history, he had made a second marriage with Eleanor, daughter of Edmond Lord Dunboyne, who enjoyed a pension from Queen Elizabeth, and whose chief recommendations were included in a large fortune, and extraordinary personal beauty. Educated principally at the British Court, Lady Desmond had early imbibed a strong prejudice against the Irish, whom she continued to regard in the light of a barbarous and savage people. To reside amongst them was extremely repugnant to her tastes, and irksome to her feelings. Being compelled to endure the comparative retirement of Desmond Castle, she often indulged in fretful and ungracious complaints, which equally evinced the infirmities of her temper and the imperfections of her understanding. Yet the Countess of Desmond was far from being deficient either in the qualities of the head, or in the social affections of the heart, both of which, when called into immediate action by the influence of particular excitement, were often evinced with a degree of fervid feeling that presented a striking contrast to the common-place insipidity of her usual demeanour. Unaccustomed to the benefits of habitual and early restraint, the original temper of her mind had been lamentably perverted by a series of pernicious self-indulgences. These,

though they had not entirely repressed the noblest sensibilities of her nature, had tended to foster many faults and follies, that chilled the energy of her disposition, and implanted the seeds of irascibility, envy, and self-love, in a heart which, under the control of more suitable discipline, might have proved not only advantageous to the individual possessor, but of beneficial importance to the interests of all with whom she was connected.

The strong, devoted affection which subsisted between the Chieftain and his daughter, frequently called forth the darkest traits of Lady Desmond's character. She dearly loved her Lord, and her envy of Geraldine's influence rose in proportion to the extent of that attachment. Secretly she was forced to acknowledge the mental superiority of her step-daughter; but such a conviction only increased these feelings of rivalry, that at times amounted almost to dislike, and which the kindest attentions on the part of the innocent object of her jealousy, were insufficient to subdue.

A twelvemonth after Lady Desmond's marriage, the long cherished wish of the Earl was gratified by the birth of an heir to his ancient title and princely estates, and at the era when we have taken up this narrative, the Lord of Desmond

was blest with a daughter of nineteen, the offspring of his first union, and an infant son of three years of age, the issue of his second.

To these children their father was so fondly attached, that almost every feeling of his ardent soul was engrossed by their interests. Anxious that their characters should early imbibe those endearing associations, and native affections, which the local circumstances of ancestral situation generally create, the Chieftain continued to reside in feudal grandeur at one of his strongest fortified castles in the principality of Desmond, (7) now called Kerry, where his forefathers had exercised their jurisdiction within the limits of their own extensive palatinate.



## CHAPTER III.

“ It is the dwelling of mine ancestry,  
There is an inspiration in its shade ;  
The stones have voices, and the walls do live ;  
It is the house of memories dearly honoured.”

FREDOLFA.

“ Her eyes were like stars of light ; her hair  
Was dark as the raven’s wing ; her soul  
Was generous and mild.”

OSSIAN.

THOUGH possessed of castles raised to defend their territories against the power of the English, many of the chieftains of Ireland, in Elizabeth’s age, reserved them for the special purposes of war ; and in time of peace lived in low but very extensive habitations constructed of timber.

These buildings were rude in their form, and simple in their design. Some of the great Anglo-Irish princes however, amongst whom was the Desmond, always maintained an immense household with feudal state ; and kept their establish-

ments in spacious and magnificent edifices. Desmond Castle belonged to the latter class. It was a structure of irregular and ancient architecture, situated on a picturesque eminence which jutted like a promontory into the sea, whose billows lashed its base. The fortress was of prodigious strength, being surrounded with ramparts, and flanked by angular towers, which protected the keep and barbican. The broad banner of the race of Desmond floated on the summit of the pile, and at its background a stupendous amphitheatre of mountains rose, which, in the sublimity of altitude, mantled their heads in the clouds of heaven.

The approach to the Castle was by a rocky causeway that led to a deep encircling moat; over this hung a drawbridge and portcullis. The walls of the edifice were uncommonly thick, and above the massive gates, the armorial bearings of the Desmond were rudely sculptured, beneath which an inscription in the Ogham characters (8) was carved. The site of the Castle was peculiarly bold and romantic. Its stone embattled towers rose in majestic grandeur over the tufted tops of forest-trees, which clothed the western side of the acclivity in varied hues of rich magnificence. Overhanging masses of luxuriant foliage were occa-

sionally pierced by forky peaks of grey limestone, that started up in naked grandeur through woods, which exhibited all the charms of contrasted colouring, in the oak, beech, and beautiful arbutus, whose scarlet berries vividly clustered to the margin of the shore, and skirted the broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. On the opposite side the coast assumed an aspect which seemed to have been produced by some great convulsion of nature. Huge projections of rock, yawning caverns, fragments precipitated from gigantic cliffs, and chasms down whose clefts the mountain cataracts dashed with impetuous violence, imparted a wild and awful character to a landscape, that would have inspired the soul, and wrapt the genius of a Salvator Rosa. At a little distance, on a gently rising hill, lay the remains of a Druidical altar and circle, in the midst of which stood a pyramidal pillar of considerable height. Towards the east was the Cromleach, a large flat slab, supported on three upright stones. (9)

The features of such a scene were stern and desolate. But contrast and combination were not wanting to diversify the prospect. Its bold character was softened, and an expression of singular beauty was thrown over its wild magnificence, by the verdure of a space of low and level land, which,

imprisoned within the cliffs we have described, was screened by their Alpine barriers from the blasts of the north. The turf that covered the ground of this secluded glade was close, and beautifully green. Crowds of red deer, tossing their antlered heads, might be seen sporting in graceful gambols on the grass; while others, stationed on the edge of the stupendous crags above, stood gazing with mild and steady eyes upon the frolics of the herd beneath. The recesses of a bank, washed by the blue waters of the Atlantic, were hung with wreaths of aquatic plants, which, growing in native luxuriance, twined themselves with the copse that fringed the margin of this picturesque defile; whose brink was shaped into the form of an indented bay. The inland was wooded with majestic oaks: embowered within their groves stood the ruins of an ancient monastery, which hundreds of years since, had been founded by an earl of Desmond. It was in some preservation; at least, a small chapel had partially resisted the ravages of time, and an apartment which had once been the refectory, had totally escaped them. At the eastern end of the former, the four-centred arch of a window, decorated with elaborate traceries, produced a singularly fine effect. Some of its shafts, and many of the essential combina-

tions of its beautiful curves, were destroyed; but though the details were injured, the general proportions preserved their original character. "A dim religious light" pierced through the foliage of some aged trees that drooped outside. Their branches twined round the ribbed columns, and thickly clustered between the compartments of the window, casting a venerable shade on the interior of the chapel, that was perhaps as much in keeping with the holiness of the scene, as if sunset tints had glowed through the blazoned richness of stained glass. The mysterious rays that were now admitted through the medium we have mentioned, fell over a small white marble altar, upon which an exquisite ivory carving of the Crucifixion, and a splendidly illuminated Missal, stood. One of the surrounding niches was filled by a figure of the Virgin; and in the other recesses of the wall, statues of different saints were placed, that were executed in the best style of foreign sculpture. Tiers of lofty arches, partially dilapidated, others in perfect preservation, subdivided the side aisles; and through their vistas a few rich shrines appeared, which contained the ashes of some of the departed nobles and warriors of the princely race of Desmond. The fretted roof was crumbling to decay, but the portion yet undestroyed

was wreathed with an elaborate foliage, intermingled with friezes and panels of ancient architecture.

A curious pavement, resembling Mosaic, led to a flight of marble steps, that ascended to the altar, and a font of the same material, finely adorned with bas-reliefs of scriptural subjects, stood in the centre of the ruined oratory, supporting an antique vase filled with holy water. This was one of the few vestiges which now remained of those costly appurtenances of Catholic worship, that had formerly embellished the sacred edifice. A vaulted passage of great architectural beauty led to the outer chamber we have mentioned. It was arranged with considerable elegance, and partially relieved the mind from those profound and melancholy feelings, which a contemplation of the ruined chapel could scarcely fail to inspire. The walls of this apartment were carved with the legends of Catholic saints; the darkness of the oak wainscoting, was lightened by crimson and yellow draperies, that over-canopied high windows, and were tastefully hung between pillars of variegated marble, which divided a number of shelves, furnished with books in various languages. From the coved roof a lamp of fretted gold was suspended. A richly carved desk of ebony, inlaid with silver, drawing uten-

sils, a frame containing tapestry - work, vases filled with fragrant plants, a few paintings by the first Italian masters, an Irish harp, and other musical instruments of curious forms, were promiscuously placed about this chamber, which spoke as plainly as an apartment could do, the prevailing tastes and favourite pursuits of its possessor. Detached portions of pointed arches were grouped in picturesque irregularity amongst the spreading oaks that overshadowed the monastic ruins. The cloisters of the abbey were in absolute dilapidation, and even the entrance to the habitable part was obstructed by accumulated fragments and broken pillars. Many columns stood perfectly perpendicular, and some were so horizontally inclined, that they seemed actually tottering at the base; while others, prostrate on the earth, and bedded in it, were half seen through the ivy wreaths that clung around them.

The old burial-ground of the monastery lay at a short distance; white tombstones and carved crosses, starting upright amidst long grass, and mantled with the rich tints of different mosses, gleamed through the branches of the yew and cypress-trees, which stood around a crowd of ancient graves. That solemn, sequestered scene, with its tangled dells and open glades,—its craggy heights and verdant valleys,—its world of waters

and vesture of forest, opposing wild sublimity to luxuriant vegetation;—and the abbey, whose interior exhibited a stranger contrast—the domestic comforts of the present, springing amidst the awful desolations of the past—were sacred to the Lady Geraldine.

There she gave an unrestrained indulgence to the dangerous reveries of an undisciplined imagination, and, lost in the luxury of thought, abandoned herself to the desultory sway of the vague but powerful emotions of a mind pregnant with thought and feeling. In the fulness of enthusiasm, her fervid spirit delighted to dwell on those wild creations of the fancy, which, when wrapt in the fascinating guise of genius, too often convert the springs of sentiment into the sources of error. Within this favourite retreat, living amongst painting and sculpture, poetry and music, she loved to listen to the strains of other days, as they were flung from the harp of Desmond's bard, the aged Cutholin; who, seated on a rugged stone, his beard descending to the earth, his silvered locks and white robes streaming on the blast, presented a striking contrast to the attractive loveliness of his youthful mistress, when, like the beauteous spirit of the scene, she sat beside him.

The fidelity and warm attachment of the minstrel to the Desmond clan endowed him with



many prescriptive rights, of which he failed not to avail himself. The privilege he valued most, was that of attending on the daughter of the Desmond, whose enthusiastic admiration of the ancient poetry and national music of Ireland, it was Cutholin's greatest pride to cultivate and cherish. At Lady Geraldine's smile, "the light of song" flowed from his lip, the flame of inspiration flashed from his eye; and, according to the impulse of the moment, he awoke a low lament over the glories of departed years, and the present degradation of his country; or swept the chords of his harp, and boldly sung the triumphs of the warrior, and the deeds of the patriot (10.)

Geraldine's was the beauty of expression. The soul of the Desmonds lived in her full dark eye, and spoke in its brilliant glance. Yet, when sorrow sent a tear, or feeling cast a shade upon its beam, that eye dissolved in dovelike softness, and in heavenly tenderness.

There was a sort of Oriental languor in the general expression of our heroine's countenance, which formed a fine and striking contrast to the vivid glow that lighted up her features, when a word, a tone, or a look, called forth the generous feelings of her heart. Her complexion was so perfectly transparent, that the course of thought might be distinctly traced in the rapid current

of her blood, as uncontrolled it sometimes rushed in crimson torrents to her cheek, and quickly ebbed away, to leave it stainless, pale, and clear, as purest alabaster. Her dark hair was parted on a high expansive forehead, and would have fallen like an ebon mantle round her figure, but that a golden bodkin (11) studded with jewels, glittered amidst her raven tresses, and partially restrained their rich luxuriance; at the same time fastening to the back of the head a transparent veil, which fell in airy lightness to the ground. The rest of the dress was of antique fashion. It consisted of a green silk embroidered robe, and a long white garment that flowed about the feet in snowy drapery, over which a short saffron-coloured vest was worn, cut rather low round the throat, and whose gold fringed border reached only to the knees. The vest and robe were looped together on the shoulders with large emerald clasps; but the former was confined round the waist with a silken girdle, while the latter floated in loose and graceful folds. Geraldine's finely moulded arms were bare, and encircled with broad bracelets of wrought gold. A carcanet of the same precious metal suspended round the neck a cross, which sparkled on her breast, and her feet were adorned with sandals, brooched at

the ankles with gems of ancient workmanship. Such a dress was admirably well adapted to display to peculiar advantage the majestic proportions of a form which, buoyant with youth and freshness, was magnificently lovely. The mien of Lady Geraldine was so noble and commanding, that fancy might have deemed her one of the bright intelligences of the skies, superior to the base alloy of human passions, and exalted far beyond the sphere of human griefs; but that there breathed a note of sorrow in her voice, there lurked a melancholy meaning in her smile, there mantled on her cheek a conscious blush, which spoke the child of earth—she being born to suffer and to feel—the ardent and aspiring soul,—but yet the tender sympathizing woman!

The mind of Geraldine of Desmond was singularly in unison with her person. Enthusiastic in imagination, and affectionate in disposition, she might be truly said to live but in the destinies of others: for the fine and peculiar sensibilities of her heart were so powerfully absorbed in the interests of her father and her country, and were so completely identified with those beautiful but fantastic visions which the influences of education and circumstance had linked with all the feelings of her noble nature, that purified from the dross of

selfishness, and unpolluted by a thought inconsistent with the prevailing sentiments of her soul, she moved in a world of her own creation, scarcely bestowing a wish or an idea beyond its magic bounds.

Far from deeming the indulgence of such sensations as either visionary or reprehensible, Geraldine gloried in the uncontrolled gratification of those intense emotions, which quickened every pulse of life with ardour and with hope; although in many points of view such a state of unnatural excitement was highly injurious, in misleading the judgment, and in blinding the understanding; yet, however detrimental it might generally prove to the health of the mind, or to the vigorous exercise of the reasoning faculties, it imparted an almost irresistible energy to her sentiments, and communicated a romantic but powerful elevation to her naturally independent and original character.

The ardour of Geraldine's affections, and the tenderness of her disposition, rendered her peculiarly alive to the feelings of devotion. Educated in the Church of Rome, whose forms of worship are essentially picturesque, whose external pomp is captivating to the fancy, and whose rites are particularly addressed to the imagination and the senses, her principles, sympathies, and pre-

judices, were equally engaged in an almost idolatrous attachment to her national religion. Geraldine believed that the voice of ages had proclaimed the authenticity of her faith: for the defence of it, the blood of her illustrious ancestors had been shed; and its history was so intimately interwoven with the liberty, fame, and independence of her country, that the influences of piety and patriotism combined both feelings inseparably in her heart by the strongest and the closest ties.

The unhappy differences of the times, on the subject of politics and religion, tended materially to repress that toleration and liberality, which ought to be the distinguishing characteristic and the leading feature of every creed that claims deduction from the sublime truths of Christianity: amongst the many deleterious effects produced by a cold and confined policy, acting on the proud, exasperated, and untamed spirits of the Irish people, the virulence of party zeal, the fanaticism of bigotry, and the vassalage of superstition, appeared in the train of those evils, which entangled even superior minds within the mazy labyrinth of systems and prejudices, plunging into a chaos of jarring contrasts and speculative opinions both the Protestant and the Catholic; the pro-

fessors of the old, and the proselytes to the new ecclesiastical establishment.

Geraldine had not escaped the general contagion; for, though the pure benevolence of her feelings opposed an effectual bar to an excessive indulgence of those irrational prejudices which degrade and fetter the human nature in the trammels of illiberal sentiment, yet she had only partially escaped the lamentable consequences flowing from the opposing tenets and false notions of the period. Therefore, her mental views were dark and confined on many points; besides an erroneous education having cramped her judgment, she had been in a great measure denied the inestimable privilege of analysing and comparing ideas, and her fine faculties being thus bounded within one narrow circuit, acquired an obtuseness, strength, and obstinacy with respect to the peculiar impressions they received, which considerably precluded the power of investigating facts, detecting errors, or drawing accurate conclusions.

The constant perusal of romantic exploits, as recorded in the legendary tales of bardic rhapsodies, and a deep acquaintance with the literature and history of ancient Ireland, also contributed to inflate the warmth of Geraldine's feelings, and to enlist them on the side of national partialities. All her thoughts, associations, and sentiments,

were consequently governed rather by the sorcery of imagination, than by the force of reason. Thus, inspiring dreams of glory and of liberty engaged her mind in visionary speculations, to the exclusion of more solid and important studies; engrossing every impulse of her patriotic soul, which bounded at the name of freedom, and panted to claim its invaluable benefits for her oppressed and suffering country.

To attain that object, the emancipation of Ireland from the power of Elizabeth seemed to heated enthusiasts the most direct and self-evident means. Therefore, to facilitate and promote the progress of enfranchisement from the English yoke, was the paramount wish and design of those shortsighted politicians, who, either blinded by an indiscreet zeal, or impelled by the instigations of selfish ambition, scrupled not to encourage a spirit of insurrection amongst an ignorant and disorganized population.

To kindle the flame of sedition in minds writhing under the miseries of want and despotism—to goad to frenzy a nation exasperated by accumulated acts of injustice, and, under the pretext of a vindication of their rights, and an assumption of their powers, to incite an infuriated multitude into acts of tumult and disorder, required little sophistry of argument, or ingenuity of design.

The effervescence of revolutionary fermentation was easily excited, and a frightful political reaction was produced by the counsels of those leaders, who inconsiderately plunged their country into a chaos of perplexities, without taking into due consideration the dangers attendant on their daring attempt, or weighing in the scale of moral relation the laws and claims of reputed conquest and actual possession.

These *may* have legitimated the domination of England's queen, but can never justify the arbitrary code of policy which she adopted towards a proscribed and distracted nation.



## CHAPTER IV.

“ Has he a world of gratitude and love ?—

No, not a spark !—’Tis all mere sharper’s play.”

COWPER.

RULERS, like planets, ever have their satellites. The Lord of Desmond shared the common fate: a multitude of subordinate luminaries followed in his track, and moved but in the light of his glory, and the reflection of his fame.

Amongst the number of the Earl’s adherents, one of the most remarkable in character, and predominant in influence, was a Jesuit named Allen. His appearance was of that peculiar nature which, when once beheld, leaves on the recollection a stamp so indelible, that neither time nor accident can erase its portrait from the memory. His person seemed equally to possess the

powers of attraction and repulsion; of fascination and its contrast. To avoid gazing was impossible; yet there was *that* attendant on a survey, which fixed an impression unaccountably strong, and imperatively oppressive. In common minds, a mysterious awe, amounting to terror, was the sentiment inspired. In souls of more ethereal temper, mingled feelings of interest, distrust, curiosity, and admiration, were created to an excess which riveted attention with a resistless spell. He was middle-aged; the hue of his oval countenance was white, cold, ashy, and lifeless. Strong but rare emotion *could* light it into burning crimson, yet even then the hectic flush seemed of unnatural birth, and widely different from the glowing, generous suffusion of vitality. His forehead was of extraordinary height, and the head, being entirely bald, displayed its singular conformation; while the few scanty locks that grew towards the back were dark, and slightly streaked with grey. His brows were black, heavy, and usually contracted; but possessed a flexibility of motion, that would have given an intense physiognomic expression, even without the assistance of the eyes they over-arched. Yet those eyes were perhaps the most striking feature of Allen's remarkable countenance. Their

colour was a clear, and very pale azure ; but the pupil seemed endowed with a chameleon-like power to change its prevailing shade ; for when, wrapt in thought, Allen lowered his brow, contracted his lids, and allowed their long and jet-black lashes to nearly rest upon his high-boned cheek, the orbs they shaded acquired an expression dull, concentrated, and dark. But if under the influence of contrary excitement, he raised his haughty brow, and threw his head a little backwards, those eyes suddenly dilated into brilliancy, and emitted rays of fire which seemed but more resplendent from the dazzling lightness of the orbs from whence they emanated. His other features were chiefly remarkable for angular acuteness ; if we except the peculiar curve of thin, pale, and compressed lips that never smiled save in anger or contemptuous derision. His figure was tall, gaunt, and spare, but its bony proportions were almost entirely concealed by the black robes of the Jesuit order. These formed cowl and garment in one, and fell round his person in sable drapery, confined at the waist with a broad leathern girdle, from which hung a large agate crucifix, and a valuable rosary of sardonyx stones. In early life Allen had gratified his restless and inquisitive

mind by extensive travelling through foreign countries. His opinions had been regulated, and his extraordinary abilities had acquired strength and maturity amidst scenes and circumstances eminently calculated to invigorate and foster the intellectual faculties. The energies of his masculine understanding had consequently acquired a degree of tension, force, and cultivation, as powerful as uncommon. Abroad, and in England, his literary attainments had attracted the notice and commanded the admiration of many illustrious individuals. But in Ireland, where the discoveries of science, the improvements of art, and the treasures of thought, had scarcely begun to burst through the darkness of the middle ages, his singular acquirements were worshipped as almost supernatural, and were regarded with that species of blind devotion, which, even in the more enlightened stages of existence, has led mankind to reverence what they cannot understand, and to fancy that what is incomprehensible must necessarily be profound.

To seize every advantage derivable from the superiority of consummate talent over ignorant credulity; to guide the passions, and to rule the inclinations of enthusiastic and untrained minds, was the part which nature seemed to have created

Allen to fulfil; so consonant was it to his wishes, and so attainable to his powers.

A master-passion often assumes a different aspect under different circumstances, and in different individuals. Allen's ambition was as inordinate and engrossing as ever filled the human breast. Amidst the pageantry of war, or the pomp of heroism, it would have prompted the actions of a Napoleon, or the exploits of a Hannibal; but in the Jesuit's situation, though the instigating motive was the same, the means pursued for its gratification were dissimilar. It was over the *souls*, more than over the bodies of men, that Allen gloried in exerting a supreme dominion: he aimed at being the magnet of their spiritual course—the sovereign of an incorporeal realm;—and to sway the sceptre of intolerance and superstition over spirits blindly devoted to his will, was all that bound him to existence, or charmed him in life.

The mind of Desmond was subjugated to the influence of Allen; but too politic to betray the extent of his power, the Jesuit, far from wishing to appear the mainspring of the chieftain's actions, generally affected to be the slavish tool of his designs. In proportion to the facility with which the ecclesiastic yielded in matters of minor consequence, he attained the direction and exclu-

sive management of his deluded patron in subjects of more vital and national importance.

To the care of the wily churchman the education of the Lady Geraldine Fitz-Gerald had been almost entirely entrusted. Under his superintendence, the little chamber at the ancient monastery had been fitted up; and he it was who had obtained from the Continent most of the books, and all the fine specimens of painting and sculpture, that adorned it. The associations of a spot consecrated with the relics of past ages, hallowed by the ashes of the Lady Geraldine's ancestors, and which in itself combined the sublimest features of romantic scenery, Allen had considered favourable for the developement of those particular modes of thinking that he wished to instil into the enthusiastic mind of his pupil; and the quiet seclusion of the abbey, so different from the bustle of Desmond Castle, furnished an additional motive for its selection, as a place of studious retirement. At the altar of the ruined chapel, many of the Jesuit's theological dogmas had been poured into Geraldine's ear, with a metaphysical sophistry as ingenious as it was seductive. He was often embarrassed by the acuteness of her remarks, and the depth of her penetration; but whenever this happened, he silenced her by stern reproof, or else endeavoured with pernicious subtlety to bewilder

her understanding, as the most effectual method to corrupt her judgment.

Father Allen was accomplished in many of the elegant arts, and was intimately acquainted with all the literature of the age. He was equally conversant with that of ancient times, and was a perfect master of the living and dead languages. The unlimited range of thought opened to his powerful mind by the discoveries just then effected in the world of science, he had traversed with an activity that proved his insatiable thirst for knowledge, and the fortitude of purpose with which it was attained.

Impressed with a thorough conviction of the superior force of Lady Geraldine's natural abilities, Allen had unremittingly devoted himself to the cultivation of her talents. Through his instructions she was enabled to transfuse the spirit of all that was bright and beautiful in nature, into the colours of her pencil; and under his tuition, she had attained the more solid acquirements of an extensive knowledge of history, and a competent acquaintance with the European languages, in many of which she wrote and conversed with ease and elegance.

Her devotion to the national literature of her country has been already noticed; therefore, we shall only here observe, that in Geraldine's lips

the Irish tongue became a vigorous and harmonious dialect, which for force and beauty might have been fairly placed upon a level with any other of the period. Like the Desmond, she indulged the habit of thinking through the fervid medium of her native language: this, on some occasions, gave an impassioned eloquence to her expressions, which was as much attributory to the custom we have mentioned, as to the overflowings of a strong imagination.

The revival of classical learning had increased the growth of English literature. With the poets and romancers of the Elizabethan age the Lady Geraldine was familiar: her enthusiasm rose as she unfurled the scroll of their extravagant but rich conceptions, and with an ecstasy of pleasure she received the impressions they were calculated to convey.

The severer studies of philosophy and science, as well as those of the Greek and Latin authors, were not uncommon amongst British ladies of high rank at the time of which we speak.

The mental acquirements of Elizabeth, and her accomplished predecessor, Lady Jane Grey, had kindled the vigour of the female mind; a new impulse had been given to its natural forces; and the bright example presented by the Queen of England, in her assiduous application to scholastic



knowledge, had been followed by many of the ladies of her kingdom; whether from fashion, vanity, or inclination, it would be invidious to inquire. Yet Allen, though a professor of logic, and an adept in mathematical science, excluded both from the system of Lady Geraldine's education. This had not originated from that horror of infusing into the female mind any thing verging towards the *learned*, which instigates some modern legislators to enact "the salique law of intellect," and to constitute the least encroachment on the literary territories of the other sex, a statute-crime in woman; it was simply caused by the desire that the Jesuit felt to repress, rather than to strengthen, those powers of original thought, which, if too forcibly developed in the faculties of his pupil, he feared, would penetrate into his real character, and discover all its fraudulence. To destroy the native sense and beauty that were seated in the soul of Geraldine, was not in the power of Allen; but, in order to preserve his own influence, he laboured to shackle her vigorous understanding with the fetters of prejudice: at the same time, he stimulated the warmth of her sensibility, and the ardour of her imagination, by filling her mind with romantic and magnificent illusions, which proportionably weakened the

power of viewing in the abstract the irrefragable evidence of truth. Thus, the Jesuit priest had endeavoured to train his pupil under those regulations, and to instruct her in those principles, which would most effectually tend to modify her character to the particular cast that self-interested consideration impelled him to desire.

His calculations were in many respects attended with the anticipated results; but his theory did not invariably produce those practical effects, which the conjectural subtilty of his speculative mind had reckoned upon as absolutely certain. Geraldine's understanding was so clear and forcible in its power, that although she dared not to question openly, or even to investigate secretly, her preceptor's deductions; yet her sagacity often prompted doubts as to the truth and justice of those arguments, which gained but partial admission into a mind that sometimes refused to yield submission to prejudice, even when clothed in the garb of metaphysical definitions, delivered in the technicality of scholastic terms.

In witnessing the progress of Lady Geraldine's intellect, Allen's discernment soon led him to perceive, that he had opened incautiously too many sources of information to his pupil's penetrating mind, which under his auspices had been cultivated to a degree of highly wrought refine-

ment, that was immeasurably superior to the general acquirements of an untutored age.

There is a certain point, which when the mental powers attain, it is nearly impossible to prevent an accelerating progress in the career of intellect, for a moral necessity compels advancement. The Jesuit was aware of this truth; and, in order to counteract the formidable grounds of apprehension involved in its consequences, he determined to endeavour to govern Geraldine's understanding through the medium of her affections; to appeal to her heart rather than to her mind. The ascendancy he thus gained was considerable, though the basis on which it was founded was fallacious. But it is easier to perplex than to convince. It is less difficult to interest the feelings of an ardent soul, than to control the opinions of a vigorous intellect.

Vigilantly acting under such a conviction, Allen obtained considerable influence over the conduct of Geraldine; yet, though she revered his talents, and respected his attainments, there was a nameless distance and a want of sympathy between their characters, the cause of which she seldom attempted to analyse; for when a doubt did sometimes venture to intrude, it was quickly banished as an obtrusive and unwelcome guest.

## CHAPTER V.

“ But days of war and civil crime  
But ill allow such festive time.”

SIR W. SCOTT.

“ Glory summons to the martial scene :  
The field of combat is the sphere for men  
Where heroes war.”

POPE'S HOMER.

THE sun had set, but his lingering glories yet burned in the west, and shone in streams of liquid gold, which fringed the clouds with brightness, and flushed the pathless firmament with heaven-born hues of light. These were beautifully reflected on the ocean, as they played upon its sleeping surface ; while elsewhere flinging their rays on the tops of the forest, they touched the boughs with fleeting splendour, and illumed the pointed turrets of Desmond Castle, though the shadows of evening wrapt the re-

mainder of the edifice in partial gloom. The interior of the fortress presented a scene of striking contrast. The evening hour was generally the signal for the commencement of that clamorous wassail and boisterous mirth, which distinguished the revels of the Chieftain, when with feudal magnificence he regaled at his festive board the numerous clansmen of his house. Of his kindred and surname alone, the Earl could enumerate above five hundred gentlemen, who, attended by an interminable train of gallow-glasses, kerne, fosterers, and gossips, (12) formed a multitudinous and imposing assembly, of which in later times we can scarcely conceive an adequate idea. The banqueting hall was an apartment of prodigious extent, the walls of which were completely covered with ancient Irish armour, pikes, spears, and battle-axes, hostile weapons of foreign workmanship, hunting instruments, and shields, or targets, curiously emblazoned on the outside, with the bearings of the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom.

In imitation of the manner in which in former days the triennial Parliaments of Ireland (13) had been conducted in the Royal Palace of Tara, a principal herald was appointed to regulate the order of precedency, which was ever carefully observed. Down the middle of the hall, long tables

were set, that were loaded with substantial viands ; such as boar's flesh, beeves and fallow deer, as well as with quantities of fish, and the more esteemed luxuries of pheasants and game of every description. Low forms, covered with the furred skins of beasts that had been killed in the chase, were placed on each side of the tables ; and at the head of the centre one, on an elevated chair of state, and under a splendid canopy, which was looped up by the gigantic horns of the *Cervus Megaceros* (14), sat the Earl of Desmond. Two magnificent Irish wolf-dogs lay at his feet, and a cupbearer and page stood on either side of their lord. On his right, his nearest of kin were placed ; on his left, seated beneath their respective shields, were those chiefs, who, in case the revolutionary notions of the period terminated in open war, had been appointed to hold the rank of commanding officers in the Irish army, then in process of organization. In the middle of each of the long tables, enormous saltcellars were fixed, beneath which, crowds of inferior guests and clansmen were indiscriminately seated. An extraordinary display of gold and silver vessels glittered among utensils of a rude and common description, some of which were made of baked clay, others of pewter and wood. The latter, however mean in the material of their com-

position, were often so singularly beautiful in their designs, that they nearly approached the antique form which, in the present day, is termed *classical*.

Immediately facing the Chieftain's throne, there was a sort of gallery, or orchestra, filled by a numerous band of musicians, over whom Cutholin, the *Ollamh-re-Sænacha*, or chief minstrel, of the Desmond, presided with an air of conscious authority. The other bards occasionally struck their harps to swell the choruses of a national air, while celebrating with the fire of song the fame of departed heroes, whose actions were shielded from oblivion by the banners of victory.

At the opposite end of the table, the hobillers, or Irish cavalry, the gallow-glasses, or foot soldiers, and the kerne, or light-armed infantry, were placed, according to their military rank. They presented a very martial and striking appearance, as the rays of golden light which yet illumined the western sky, darting through the high gothic windows of the hall, blazed on the lances of the cavalry, played on the javelins of the infantry, and fell powerfully on the stern and warlike countenances of the gallow-glasses. Those men were clothed in linen vests stained in saffron, which had long and open sleeves, surcharged by a

short military harness. They were armed with large battle-axes; their heads were bare, and their long curling locks flowed on their shoulders, from whence depended a loose cloak. The costume was picturesque, and aided by its strong effect the groupings of a scene, which produced some portraits worthy to create the inspiration of the most exalted genius.

There was a wild and fearless, but shrewd and penetrating expression developed in the faces of the last class of soldiers, on which the philosopher might dwell with interest, or the painter linger with delight; for even the barbarism of ignorance had failed to quench the intellectual light that nature had bestowed, which communicated a powerful intelligence to the stern but finely moulded features of the gallow-glasses; who (to use the words of Stanihurst) "were men of huge stature, able-bodied beyond the generality of men, brave swordsmen, but blood-thirsty, and strangers to mercy. They wore weapons of a foot in dimensions, not unlike hatchets, double, and sharp as the keenest knife, which were affixed to halberts somewhat longer, and with these they wounded desperately whomsoever they struck. Before any one was admitted into the order, he was obliged to swear a solemn oath, that he would never turn his back on his enemy in the field of



battle, although time should have slackened the rigour of this usage. He also swore, that if in any fierce and sharp contest he should come to close conflict, he should either be killed himself, or kill his adversary."

The effect of this political institute might be traced in every action of the Irish gallow-glasses: and as the Desmond surveyed his noble adherents, his heart beat high with pride, and a haughty spirit flashed from his eye, when having received from his cupbearer an antique goblet sparkling with piment, (15) he quickly circulated it, and turning to Cutholin, impetuously exclaimed, "Has the soul of song for ever fled? or has the Saxon quelled the spirit of the Gaël?—Chief of my bards, awake!—Tell of the sons of war, and the deeds of heroes!"

The effect produced by Lord Desmond's words was electrical. Inspiration answered to his call. Cutholin struck his harp, whose rich full chords swept through the vaulted roof, when the aged bard poured forth a flood of instrumental harmony.

For a moment the minstrel paused, raised his kindling eye to heaven, and seemed to live absorbed in memories of the past. But soon the inspirations of his soul woke into life, as swelling a few triumphant notes with bold and resistless energy he sung the following stanzas in the Irish tongue. In the choruses he was joined by the

inferior bards. The meaning of the whole may be thus rendered :—

## I.

Brave son of those chieftains, who foremost in fame,  
 Were dauntless in prowess, and spotless in name,  
 Whose steel flash'd destruction, whose voice was the breath  
 That thunder'd a war-cry of "Triumph or death!"  
 Desmond, Star of the West, arise in thy light,  
 And scatter our foes in the strength of thy might!

## II.

The slaves of the despot may war with the free,  
 Like waves 'gainst a rock in the midst of the sea;  
 As vain are their efforts to vanquish the brave,  
 Whose glories will burst through the gloom of the grave.  
 Desmond, Star of the West, arise in thy light,  
 And scatter our foes in the strength of thy might!

## III.

The trumpet of victory sounds from afar,  
 'Tis conquest's high note ;—'tis the larum of war!  
 Hark! hark! how it wakes every pulse of the soul!  
 Those throbs of the spirit, say *who* shall control?  
 Desmond, Star of the West, arise in thy light,  
 And scatter our foes in the strength of thy might!

## IV.

As shadows recede from the beams of the sun,  
 Our enemies vanish ;—'tis done—it is done;—  
 The watchword is given; like lightning it flies,  
 And, Erin, triumphant! resounds to the skies.  
 Desmond, Star of the West, arise in thy light,  
 And scatter our foes in the strength of thy might!

## v.

The Standard of England may waving unfold  
Her drap'ries of purple, and lion of gold ;  
We'll shiver its banners, and with them subdue  
The Ormond's proud ensign of " BUTLER A BOO." (16).  
Desmond, Star of the West, arise in thy light,  
And scatter our foes in the strength of thy might !

The hall shook with the reverberated echoes of exulting voices that shouted the last chorus ; while hundreds of swords swept through the air, as panting for conquest, and maddened by the remembrance of national wrongs thus vividly recorded, a temporary delirium pervaded the assembly ; each soul seeming fraught with the fire of enthusiasm, which the suggestions of reason would vainly have attempted to quench or to repress.

An instant's pause of deepest silence succeeded the glorious animation of the previous moment ; and during that absorption of spirit, which over-excitement had created, a long shrill trumpet-blast was heard. Every eye turned to the great archway from whence the piercing note had issued. In the same instant, the massive oak-doors of the banqueting-hall flew open, and a knight, clad in complete armour, entered, preceded by a flag of truce, and bearing on his shield the insignia of the House of Ormond ; which was, *Or, a Chief indented Azure, with an Augmentation Coat of the Three*

*Cups*, surmounted by the crest of a falcon within a plume of feathers. By a word the Desmond recalled his wolf-dogs as they furiously bounded forwards, and with a look he controlled the storm of conflicting feelings that raged in the breasts of his clansmen; while with dignity he turned to the stranger and said, "Sir Knight, your own courage and the laws of honour prove your safeguard within these walls; yet this intrusion on our hour of revelry requires explanation. Speak—who are you?—whence do you come?—and upon what errand?"

"Chieftain," replied the knight, "my name is Eustace Butler. I come from Thomas Earl of Ormond. My errand is to declare, on his behalf, that in revenge for your Lordship's late unjust attempts to charge the Decies with coign and livery, (17) black rents and coshierings after the Irish manner, my Lord of Ormond hath levied his forces for the defence of the country; and in case that reparation for those wrongs be now refused, he means to give you battle at Affane, where he awaits your answer."

"My answer is here!" exclaimed the Desmond, starting from his seat, and unsheathing his sword, which, leaping from its scabbard, seemed to flash the light of vengeance.

"And here!—and here!" shouted a thousand

voices, as with the precipitation of outraged feelings and indignant heroism the whole assembly rose, and dispersed to prepare for the approaching contest, with all that ardour which men generally evince, when engaging in a cause which they conceive to be associated with the preservation of their rights, and the honour of their country.

## CHAPTER VI.

“The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn’d,  
—Nor sunk his vigour.”

THOMSON.

“If the firm Portius shakes  
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers.”

CATO.

THE feelings of a husband and a father would not permit the Desmond to depart without a farewell interview with his wife and children; therefore, prior to making any arrangements for his approaching expedition, he bent his steps towards the apartment which his family usually occupied. As he ascended the winding staircase that led to it, the rich full music of a female voice stole on the silence of evening; and in its wild and plaintive softness Desmond recognized the tones of Geraldine. When he reached the half-opened door, he paused to catch the last notes of a strain that

angels might have breathed; and as he did so, he perceived his daughter bending over his sleeping boy, whose little figure was partially concealed by her flowing tresses, as she hung down and fondly caressed her infant charge. The Chieftain's heart beat quickly, when he thus surveyed the objects of his best affections; and even fame and glory were forgot as the firmness of the patriot yielded to the tenderness of the father.

“This sight unmans me!” involuntarily ejaculated Desmond, as he leaned against the doorway and contemplated the interesting picture thus unexpectedly presented to his view.

“My father here! and at this hour?” exclaimed Geraldine with delighted surprise, while gently releasing herself from the close embrace of her little brother, she advanced to meet the Chieftain.

“Geraldine, I am here, and at this hour, because the dawn of to-morrow must see me depart from the hall of my fathers, and will light me on to victory or to death!” solemnly replied the Desmond.

His daughter started, shuddered, and turned deadly pale. She clung to the back of the couch on which the infant lay, as if to prevent herself from falling. She gasped for breath. The powers of speech and action were suspended,

and fixing a look of unutterable anguish on the Chieftain, she stood aghast, as if her blood was frozen in her veins.

“Geraldine!—my child!” cried the Desmond in a broken voice, as, terrified at the excess of her emotion, he caught her in his arms, and strained her to his breast, “hear me. The Earl of Ormond hath dared to challenge us to open war. Thus, to raise my steel against that pampered minion of a despot Queen! to grapple with, and hurl my country’s foes down to the dust, to snap the chains of slavery, and to free my native land from usurpation’s fetters; such is my glorious lot! Shall I resign the great inheritance?” demanded Desmond in a tone in which feelings of pride, irony, and love, were strangely mingled.

Geraldine first raised her head, but let it fall again upon her father’s shoulder, as with a sigh drawn from the depths of her heart she faintly said, “No! no! your country calls; and yet—oh yet!”

She was unable to proceed. Her voice became quite inarticulate; and her features convulsed. At length a burst of tears relieved the frightful vehemence of her emotion.

“Yes!” said the Chieftain, greatly moved, and with extreme tenderness slowly repeating his daughter’s words: “my country calls! and never



did a son of Desmond yet refuse obedience to her mandate !”

“ I feel, I know it ;—forgive ! forgive !”

“ What ? my own Geraldine.”

“ My wretched weakness,” she answered with an appealing look that was inexpressibly affecting.

For a moment she stopped, and made a violent effort to subdue her agitation. Then sinking on her knees, Geraldine raised her streaming eyes to heaven, and clasping a crucifix to her heart, she fervently exclaimed :

“ Great God of battles ! Thou who only canst give might to the strong, or victory to the brave, protect my father ! and when carnage, peril, death——” Agonized at the appalling image which imagination had thus conjured up, the Lady Geraldine vainly attempted to conclude the sentence. Stifled sobs for some time supplied the place of words, until in a low convulsive voice she said :—“ Be *Thou* his shield,—his safeguard !” when burying her face in the Desmond’s robe, she was so profoundly silent, that but for her quick and painful respiration, and an increased straining of the slender fingers that grasped his mantle, the Earl would have thought that she had sunk into a swoon.

“ Oh God, this is too much ! Geraldine !—woman !—shall I prove a coward ?” passionately

cried the Chieftain, striking his forehead, and fixing the flash of his dark eye upon his daughter with an indescribable look of strong but stern affection, as the frantic words escaped his lips.

“Forbid it Heaven!” she ejaculated with an energy of voice and manner, which almost made the Desmond start at the spirit that he had called forth.

Geraldine rose, and standing erect before her father, dropped the robe which had concealed her features: they were nearly stiffened with agony; the dew of anguish moistened her pale brow, but her eye was lit with the enthusiasm of her soul. The pride and heroism of her race glowed on the maiden’s cheek; and though her lip was of the hue of death, it was resolved.

She pressed her hand against her heart, as if to repress the wildness of its beatings: and then, after a breathless pause, she said, in a deep and altered voice:—“My father, *go!*”—The last word choked her accents. The Desmond turned aside to hide his emotion; it seemed as if he was departing; the idea acted with the force of electricity. “Stay, stay! one moment stay!” cried Geraldine with agonizing earnestness, as she hastily untied from her waist an enchanted girdle (18), and throwing it round the Chieftain’s neck, with exquisite feeling, she exclaimed:—

“Oh! may this charmed zone secure you from

all ill!—Holy Virgin, grant a blessing on my gift! and then even in this hour of trial I may act as Geraldine of Desmond *ought*.”

“ Daughter! the spirit of your race now burns within you; quench not its living fire!” returned the Earl with solemn enthusiasm;—“ and, Geraldine! for my sake, and for the sake of others dearer far than self, be firm;—you know I mean my wife! my son!” passionately exclaimed the Desmond, turning towards the sleeping child, and stooping to imprint a father’s parting kiss upon its cherub lips.

The action woke the babe, whose bright blue eyes beamed with the light of innocence and joy, as stretching out his little arms he seemed to invite a repetition of the fond caress.

“ God of my fathers! protect and bless my boy!” exclaimed the Desmond with an intensity of emotion of which he seemed ashamed, as trying to conceal the tear that rushed unbidden to his eye, he raised the infant, clasped it to his heart, and bent his head to hide his cheek amidst the golden ringlets that fell in rich profusion round the shoulders of the child.

At that moment Lady Desmond entered. The silver lamp she held threw a strong light on her fine features, as she started in astonishment, and said with a degree of haughty irony:

“What does this mean? My Lord of Desmond is not wont to dissolve in tenderness, or to forego the revels of the evening hour, for woman’s poor companionship!”

A deep flush passed across the Chieftain’s brow, as he resigned his son to Geraldine. After a pause he said in a tone of expressive and peculiar emphasis: “It is most true.—Seldom of late, have social pleasures been the lot of Desmond! He who would save his country, would restore her rights, or set her children free, should be composed of stern elements. His thoughts may kindle, but they may not melt; his spirit may rebel, but must not bend.” The Chief was silent for an instant; after which he added in a quick, agitated voice:—“And yet, not all the thunder of war’s carnage field could shake my soul, or bend it from its purpose with a power so strong, as that which breathes in these two words—*we part!*”

“*Part!*” reiterated Lady Desmond, with a wild and frantic gesture, as every trace of her former arrogance vanished, and all her better feelings were called into action—“*Part?* My Lord, my husband, do not kill me thus with torturing suspicions!—Recall those fatal words,—or say, were they not uttered but in jest, to chide me for my late uncourteous greeting?” she added in a tone

of mingled anxiety, reproach, and playfulness; while with a subduing smile she laid one hand upon the Chieftain's shoulder, and with the other attempted to turn round his half-averted face.

The Earl, in reply, gave a look that needed not a verbal explanation. Lady Desmond's countenance totally changed, as in speechless anguish she surveyed it. Then, uttering a piercing cry and sinking on her husband's breast, with difficulty she sobbed forth: "And can you thus forsake *her*, whom you vowed to love and cherish? Shall idle dreams of liberty thus lure you from the path of duty?—Will you leave your wife, your children, to become perchance the prey of——Desmond, let this dear innocent now plead for us!" she passionately added, snatching her child from Geraldine's arms, and placing him in those of Desmond, while at the same time she clung to her lord in all the agony of hopeless sorrow.

"Father!" in frightened accents cried the boy, terrified he knew not wherefore.

"Agatha! may God preserve you both!" whispered the Desmond in a stifled voice, as he clasped his wife and child to his heart. Then raising his head, he fixed his eye in one long gaze upon his daughter, while the dreaded word,—  
"Farewell!" burst from his lip.

Geraldine advanced to speak, but could not.

After an instant's struggle, with a faint and ghastly smile she relinquished the attempt; she took her little brother and laid him on his couch. The next moment she gently disengaged the Lady Desmond from her husband.

Geraldine then cast an anguished yet heroic look upon the Chieftain. Not a trace of colour passed her bloodless cheek—not a sound escaped her trembling lip; when with averted eyes she pointed to the door.

Desmond understood the expressive action. "I go!" burst from the agitated father; and without venturing another glance, he rushed from the apartment.

## CHAPTER VII.

“Souls truly great dart forward on the wing  
Of just ambition to the grand result;  
The curtain falls, there see the buskin'd chief  
Unshod behind this momentary scene  
Reduced to his own stature, low or high.”

YOUNG.

IF the ties of consanguinity ensured and cemented the bonds of amity, the families of Ormond and of Desmond would not have been disunited, nor involved in those frequent feuds and litigations, which the near relationship of blood was insufficient to extinguish. In order to enable the reader to comprehend the closeness of that affinity, we shall take a brief sketch of the connexion that existed between those noble Houses.

So early as the year 1302, we find that Edmond *Le Boteler*, Earl of Carrick, and afterwards Earl of Ormond, wedded the daughter of John Fitz-

gerald, first Earl of Kildare, who was brother to the premier Earl of Desmond. In 1449, it appears that James, the fourth Earl of Ormond, married the heiress of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare. The genealogical annals of the Butlers further inform us, that, in 1544, James Earl of Ormond and Ossory espoused the only daughter and heiress-general of James Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond. By this lady he had seven sons, the eldest of whom was Thomas Earl of Ormond and Ossory, whose hostile intentions towards one of the leading characters of our present narrative we have already had occasion to notice.

Circumstances had combined to cultivate in a superior degree Lord Ormond's abilities, which were naturally of the first and finest order. Educated at the British Court, where he had been instructed in the same literary pursuits and other accomplishments which enlightened and matured the genius of King Edward VI., he had with that monarch acquired the learning of the cloister with the polish of more active life. Yet neither the pursuits of the scholar, nor the studies of the statesman, could induce the Earl to remain inactive when his country required his assistance. The profession of arms accorded well with the enterprising boldness of his disposition and the fearless bravery of his character, of both of which



he gave decided proofs at the battle of Musselborough, where he served as a volunteer under the Duke of Somerset. After the untimely death of the youthful Edward, Lord Ormond had also signalized his personal valour and mental fidelity in the suppression of Wiat's rebellion, during the administration of Queen Mary. But it was amidst the political warfare of the maiden reign, that Ormond's talents were principally called into action.

His zeal and integrity in the service of the crown, commanded the gratitude and patronage of Elizabeth, who, with that discriminating judgment which she usually evinced in her appreciation of human character, failed not to perceive and acknowledge the Earl's loyalty and wisdom. She publicly rewarded both, by letters missive (19) under the signet, and letters patent under the great seal of Ireland; wherein his Lordship was granted the site of various possessions in the counties of Tipperary, Kildare, Kilkenny, Waterford, and elsewhere.

Lord Ormond was a cool and practical statesman; resolute and determined in his modes of action, he possessed all that subtlety of thought and political courage, which are the actual results of a powerful mind. Reared amid the intrigues of a court and the turmoil and contests of public life, the objects of ambition operated with peculiar force upon his lofty spirit; but he

was incapable of purchasing the attainment of his wishes by servile or dishonourable means. Never compromising his own dignity by cringing to his friends, or flattering his enemies, he steadily pursued what he conceived to be the path of duty, undismayed by danger, and guided by principle. But as no created being can claim exemption from the common failings of humanity, Lord Ormond's character, though essentially well-constituted, presented many shades of imperfection in contrast to its brightest points of excellence.

When we descend into the minutiae of private conduct, we frequently discover that those talents, which at a distance dazzled the fancy, and led captive the imagination, may, on a closer inspection, be found allied to infirmities that were previously lost in the glare of splendid achievements.

Thus it was with Lord Ormond:—as a politician and a soldier, he stood alone in acknowledged pre-eminence; but in investigating the mind and soul of the man, some specks were thrown over the sunshine of his greatness. Lord Ormond's virtues were, in fact, more those of the head than of the heart. His judgment was strong, but his sensibilities were languid; his integrity was unimpeachable, though his ambition was engrossing;

his discernment was profound, yet his prejudices were omnipotent; his extensive knowledge of the world made him suspicious of the intentions of others; his abhorrence of disloyalty rendered him a rigid disciplinarian, and the intolerance of party-spirit often controlled the magnanimity of his character, and the liberality of his sentiments.

Ormond possessed the advantages of a showy and graceful person: his mien was lofty and dignified, and all the energy of his disposition might be traced in the fire of his keen and penetrating eye. His complexion was so singularly dark, that it gained him, amongst the Irish, the name of *Duff*, and induced Elizabeth, in that quaint phraseology which she often adopted towards her favourites, to style him her *Black Husband*. Lord Ormond was a protestant, and at an early period of his life had married the daughter of Thomas Lord Berkeley: after her death he espoused Elizabeth, daughter of Edmund Lord Sheffield, father to the first Earl of Mulgrave, by whom he had one son, Fitzwalter Viscount Thurles, (20) who had chosen the military profession, and had received a commission in his father's regiment.

It is natural to wish to imbue the minds of those we love with the prevailing feelings which

actuate ourselves, and thus to create that alliance of sentiment, which forms one of the strongest bonds of union in the intercourse of the heart. Inspired by this sentiment, the Earl of Ormond had sedulously laboured to study the predominant features of his son's character, and to implant in Lord Thurles's breast those tastes and sympathies which constituted the mainsprings of his own conduct.

If such a governing principle was strictly analyzed, it might perhaps be traced to a refined species of self-love; but in order to discover its effects on the passions and energies of the soul, over which it is exercised, it is unnecessary to pursue the inquiry so far as to ascertain the primary cause of its existence; for, without accurately investigating the particular channel through which early impressions may have been conveyed, every candid observer will allow, that their ascendancy is beyond measure important and influential on the formation of future character. Still, admitting a truth that is sufficiently obvious, we often find that either a propensity in the individual to shake off the shackles of hereditary prejudice, and to assert the liberty of thought independent of human control; or else some specific effects resulting from particular circumstances in after-life, occasionally produce

principles of action totally opposite to those which had been previously inculcated. Therefore, to prove whether associations and habits are casual or permanent in their operation on the mind, we must have recourse to the test of experience. The Earl of Ormond had not yet had an opportunity of trying his son's character by that surest touchstone. Lord Thurles had only reached his twenty-first year, and had but just entered on the tempestuous sea of public life: whether he was destined to sail smoothly and swiftly on its surface, or fated to be wrecked upon its breakers, the course of future events could alone determine.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ Her soul was resolved, and the tear was dried from her wildly-rolling eye ; a troubled joy rose in her mind, like the path of the lightning on a stormy cloud.”

MACPHERSON’S “ OSSIAN.”

FEELING, if unrestrained by judgment, so completely fills and engrosses every faculty of the mind, that imagination finds herself swallowed up in the multitude of ideas which rush in quick succession on the fancy. In proportion as the soul thus becomes disordered and confused, the inductions of reason are slow and circumscribed in their operation, the passions assume a powerful ascendancy over the conduct, and it is a difficult point to effect an emancipation from their control.

Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald was an illustration of the truth of this remark. From the period of Lord Desmond’s departure from the castle, she had endured all the various miseries attendant on the indulgence of ungoverned sensibility, and a

feverish irritation of spirit was the necessary consequence. Sometimes she would sit for hours absorbed in thought; at other periods her quickened step, hurried voice, and agitated glance, betrayed the intensity of her inward emotions.

Several days had elapsed, yet none of the expected emissaries had arrived with good or evil tidings from the scene of action, and that delay served to heighten anxiety to an insupportable degree. In such a state of mind there is relief in solitude. Geraldine found a melancholy pleasure in flying to her favourite retreat; for there she indulged those gloomy forebodings and vague conjectures, which are the surest indications of a morbid and diseased imagination. After having passed a restless day, she was one evening thus employed, and more than usually lost in meditation; her eye was fixed on the heavings of the ocean; her heart was throbbing with an incommunicable tide of thoughts, which crowded on her soul with all the energies of genius and of feeling, when she was awakened from a long and painful reverie, by hearing her name breathed in a tone so deep and solemn, that she started in superstitious terror. Turning hastily round, she perceived a tall, dark form leaning against one of the pillars of the monastic ruins.

With an impatient gesture, the figure threw

back the cowl of a monkish habit, and discovered the pale countenance of Allen, which, touched by the beams of a clear moon, and suddenly revealed in contrast to his black-robed form, looked so perfectly white and lifeless, that it seemed invested with an unearthly character. His lucid eye flared a glance of fearful meaning, while he laid his hand upon the maiden's shoulder, and again pronounced the name of "Geraldine!"

"What of my father?" she ejaculated in breathless eagerness, as, instantly comprehending that Allen brought some tidings of her parent's fate, she grasped the Jesuit's arm, and stood transfixed in horrible suspense.

"Courage, my daughter! your"—Allen paused.

"Proceed!" said Geraldine in a stifled voice.

"Your father lives; but two hundred and eighty of his bravest followers have been killed. His forces were far exceeded by those of the enemy. Our noble Chief received from Sir Edmond Butler (the brother of our hated foe) a pistol-shot (21) which shattered his right leg, and threw him from his horse. Surrounded by numbers, he was taken captive; and now the Desmond is Lord Ormond's wounded prisoner," the Jesuit slowly added in a solemn tone, and with an unusual degree of emotion.

A convulsive struggle passed across Geraldine's



features, as with difficulty she reiterated the words, "Wounded! prisoner!" and fixed her searching eyes in mute inquiry upon Allen.

"Ay, prisoner in body!—but not all the powers of earth combined could captive his free spirit! *That* rose triumphant even at the moment when his victors, bearing him from the field of carnage, dared to cry, 'Where is now Desmond's great lord?' 'Where,' replied our gallant chief, 'but in his proper place? still on the necks of the Butlers!'" (22)

"My own heroic father!" exclaimed Geraldine in wild and uncontrollable emotion; "my heart, though torn in anguish, clings to thee exultingly! Those words have power to pierce the gloom of wretchedness,—they speak the language of a soul that foils the tyranny of vengeance,—I feel, I know thy God will not abandon thee, nor will thy Geraldine!"

Exhausted, she was for a moment silent; then turning the full force of her eloquent countenance on Allen, she added in a deep and firm voice, "I will share his fate; whether it leads to exile, imprisonment, or death."

"What mean you, daughter?" eagerly cried the Jesuit.

"To fly to him in whom my very life doth live!—You must provide the way."

“Lady, you know not what you say,” returned Allen in the cool tone of perfect self-possession. “The Chieftain is confined in Ormond’s Castle.—The men of Munster, and Desmond’s own followers, to the amount of four thousand foot and seven hundred and fifty horse, have suffered so severely in the late contest, that, for the present, any attempt either at resistance or attack would but accelerate our ruin. Pause, then, an instant, and reflect. *You!* the Desmond’s young and lovely daughter,—will you dare the dangers of an enterprise so fraught with peril?” demanded Allen, with a keen and penetrating look.

“Father, I *will* dare them; my God will be my safeguard!” She paused an instant, then raising her hand, and pointing to the sparkling firmament, she said, “Who shall ascribe a limit to the powers of Omnipotence? What soul can view those glorious spheres, and not adore and magnify their great Creator? Shall earthly obstacles then daunt me from my purpose? Holy Father, no! I feel a spirit burn within me, which can make its own resources!”

In uttering those words, a pure and exalted feeling seemed to fill the soul of Geraldine. In all the splendour of beauty, she stood for a moment silent; then in agitated accents, but in a voice almost inspired in its tones, she said—

“ Who can unveil the future? If we could, might not even *I* be found an agent in the hands of the Most High, to work my country’s freedom?”

Ashamed of the energy and warmth of her feelings, and of the presumption they betrayed, Lady Geraldine stopped abruptly, and hid her glowing cheek within the folds of her veil. A pause ensued, during which a thousand ideas crossed the mind of Allen. With the rapidity of lightning he seized a predominant one, to which he partly gave utterance, as in prophetic accents he exclaimed,—

“ Daughter, you *may* be destined to achieve great and important things, unfathomed in the mysteries of time. Be your wishes granted. Now hear me with attention. When to-morrow dawns, you must depart from hence, disguised in the attire of a page. Enveloped in the mantle of your country, you may escape detection; but in *this* consists your only chance of gaining access to the Desmond,” continued Allen, drawing from his breast a sealed letter, which bore the impress of the Royal Arms of England, and the superscription of Sir Henry Sidney. “ This packet, which arrived a moment since, you must deliver to the Chieftain, and as you value his safety and your own, conceal your sex and station from every eye except your father’s.”

“Doubt not I will. But how disguise my flight from Lady Desmond?—and who will break to her the wretched tidings you have brought?”

“Leave that to me. The Countess must be kept in ignorance of our intended measure until we are actually on our way to its achievement. I will leave a letter with a confidential person, who will deliver it when we are gone. In that communication, Lady Desmond shall be cautiously informed of her husband’s situation, and of the enterprise which, under my auspices, you shall have undertaken by the time that she receives it. A few hours will suffice to execute our scheme; after which I will return here. Time wears. Retire then, daughter, and try to gain some rest; at break of day I shall be with you, and will be your escort to Lord Ormond’s Castle. Meanwhile I will arrange the necessary preparations for our journey.”

“Accept my thanks, and grant your blessing, Father, ere we part,” exclaimed Geraldine, kneeling at the Jesuit’s feet; while raising her eyes, radiant with the enthusiasm of filial affection, and the fervour of religious zeal, she piously awaited the pastoral benediction.

“Bless you, my daughter!” cried the priest, extending both his hands above her head; “Glory wait on your name!—may your enemies

be crushed to dust, and may the race of Desmond rise triumphant on their ashes !”

While Allen pronounced those words, his pale blue eyes emitted rays of vivid light, which spoke the ambition of the hero rather than the meekness of the saint. Geraldine, as she gazed on the countenance of her spiritual guide, for a moment thought, that such aspiring and revengeful feelings were inconsistent with his sacred functions, and that perfection of holiness which prescribes the conquest and control of every human passion. But she had little time either for analysis or reflection, for Allen abruptly left her ; and Geraldine acknowledging the necessity of taking some repose prior to her intended journey as quickly gained her own apartment.

## CHAPTER IX.

“ He seem’d  
For dignity composed and high exploit,  
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason.” MILTON.

THE light breeze of morning had just ushered in the break of day, when the Jesuit priest moored, beneath the turrets of the castle, the little bark which was to bear him and the Chieftain’s daughter on their destined expedition. Owing to the distracted state of the country, and the strong necessity which existed for their concealment, Allen had chosen to convey his fair charge by water, in preference to hazarding the many dangers attendant on a land journey.

Having secured the vessel, he slowly ascended the acclivity of rocks whose rough crags pre-

sented a sort of natural stair-way, which led by a circuitous route to that part of the castle which was occupied by Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Allen's cautious summons was immediately answered, as our heroine gently opened her chamber door, and anxiously inquired whether all was ready.

“ Yes,” replied the priest. “ Two faithful followers of your house, who may be safely trusted with the secret of your presence, will attend us; they now wait in yonder barge, in which we must embark without delay. Here is your disguise—on with it quickly!” said Allen, as he took a small bundle from under his habit, and gave it to Geraldine.

She immediately retired, and in a few moments reappeared wrapped in the capuchin, or long-hooded mantle of her country, which drawn close over her features almost totally concealed both face and figure, and nearly superseded the necessity of her wearing the coat-hardy of black velvet, the Spanish ruff, and plumed hat, which Allen had provided. The coat-hardy (23) was an English garb, that, according to the fashion of the age, was indiscriminately used by both sexes, but chiefly by pages; it was a sort of long frock, which descending far below the knee, was met by short yellow leather buskins, that hung in folds about

the leg and ankle, and which were general fringed with either silk or gold.

The dress that Lady Geraldine now wore had lain amongst many others, which the wary Allen always kept ready, lest they might be required as disguises for state purposes, or wanted in cases of particular emergency. The perfect propriety of the costume, added to the circumstance of its being occasionally used by persons of her own sex, obviated the objections which Geraldine might otherwise have felt to its adoption.

With a palpitating heart she accepted the Jesuit's arm, and rapidly descended the cliff. They soon gained that point of land to which the bark was affixed, and found their attendants impatiently expecting their arrival. Without uttering a syllable, Geraldine placed herself at one end of the barge; and Allen having occupied a seat beside her, the signal for departure was given and obeyed.

The soft dawn of early day stole over the landscape, and gradually called into light its finest features, as the boat receded from the shores of Desmond. The morning star sparkled in the sky, and the vapours which still hung on the mountains, rolled in snowy columns over their purple sides. The breeze scarcely waved the foliage of the woods, or curled the ocean's waves



which murmured to the beach ; and the sea-birds skimmed the surface of the deep, or with expanded pinions soared into the air, seeming to wing their rapid flight to heaven

“ There is a purity, a calmness in this hour,” said Geraldine, “ that hushes every human passion into rest—is it not so, Father ?”

“ Let not your mind be over-swayed by momentary impulse,” returned the Jesuit somewhat harshly.—“ There are feelings which should never sleep, passions that may not slumber ;—the human mind must act, not dream ; and free-born spirits should only live to flash back vengeance on their country’s foes,—to banquet on their ruin !”

“ Father, forgive me when I say such hatred seems unworthy in a patriot. *I* would not purchase freedom by a single act which Justice would disown : I would rather see my country as she is,—enslaved—degraded—injured,—than place her on the pinnacle of grandeur by perfidy or baseness.”

“ Daughter, the end doth sanctify the means ! Is the blood of Erin’s tyrants, then, too great a sacrifice to offer in atonement for the lives of chiefs and heroes slain in her defence ?”

“ Father, no ! but then that blood should flow in honourable open combat.”

“ And who would counsel other measures ?” indignantly interrupted Allen. “ Think you that

*I would fain employ the midnight dagger, or the poisoned bowl? Yet if such means alone could strike off slavery's shackles,—Do you forget the power of the Holy Church? Do you forget she can absolve from every crime, except that darkest one,—apostacy?"*

While Allen asked the question, he fixed his eye intently upon Geraldine, as if resolved to read her very soul.

“The Saints forbid that I should for an instant question her omnipotence!” replied Geraldine, shuddering at the bare idea of such heresy. “But, Father, have you not taught me to avoid the commission of a fault, even though secure of absolution on repentance?”

“Doubtless, if possible: but sometimes we are the slaves of circumstance—the creatures of necessity; fate, not will, must then direct; for it would be impious to attempt to argue upon destiny's decrees, or to try to reason on the mysteries of those hidden springs, which form and move that strange machine called man.”

“Without free-will, how can there be responsibility? What are then the principles of good and evil?” timidly demanded Geraldine, raising her inquiring eye. It was instantly cast down, when she perceived the flush of anger that mantled on the cheek of Allen, as he sternly said,—

“Lady, the vanity of female intellect prompts inquiries ill befitting me to hear or you to make. Remember what you are,—a mortal, weak and frail. Can a creature formed of dust—a finite and imperfect being,—reason on infinity, or comprehend the secrets of eternity? Daughter! repress those proud aspirings of a haughty soul; feel your insignificance, and learn humility.”

The Lady Geraldine bowed her head in silent acquiescence, and Allen turned away in stern displeasure. The day was drawing to a close before he again approached the Chieftain’s daughter; when he did so, his manners, and even his appearance, seemed to have undergone a total change. A mild and saintly meekness pervaded his whole demeanour, as, resuming a seat beside his charge, he took her hand, and almost with parental tenderness gently said, “I fear that I have spoken somewhat harshly; if I have, forgive me Geraldine.”

“Holy Father! it is *I* who ought to entreat, and *do* implore your pardon. Thought sometimes bursts the bondage of restraint; but when I expose my gloom of mind, it is because I hope the light of your’s will instantly dispel its darkness.”

“Enough,” said the Jesuit calmly. “Now mark me. I will confide in you, although a woman, great and important projects. It is *mind*,

not *sex*, I trust. To-morrow, you will be an inmate of Lord Ormond's Castle: neglect no opportunity to ascertain how matters stand within its wall. You know me to be, what I am,—a man devoted unto Heaven! one who would trample upon earthly honours with contempt, but who would spill his life's blood to extend the empire of the only true and Christian church. I have passed through many an ordeal to attain that end, to which my life is consecrated. At this moment I am deeply implicated in negotiations with the Spanish Government. Philip of Spain seems eager to assist us, and the great successor of the Prince of the Apostles, our Holy Father, the Pontiff Pius, sanctions our righteous cause with so much zeal, that Rome is now the centre of conspiracy against the arch-heretic Elizabeth. My presence may soon be called for there. The time of my return is uncertain."

"Oh, my country!" exclaimed the agitated Geraldine. "What dangers thicken round you! Father, when deprived of *you*, her best experienced pilot, say, who shall guide the vessel of a distracted state through all the coming storms?"

"A sea of troubles does indeed await her," said Allen in a solemn voice; "but the tumultuous tide may yet ebb back, and flow again more calmly. Your noble father is withheld by cap-

tivity from presiding at the helm ; but thousands of hands are ready to court that honour. The Desmond's cousin, Sir James Fitz Maurice, is actively engaged in rousing a spirit of retaliation among the northern chieftains.—Sir John of Desmond, O'Sullivan Bear, M'Carthy More, (now Earl Clancare,) the Lords Barry and Roche, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald of the Decies, and others of equal rank and influence, only wait an order to unsheathe their swords, to steep them to the hilts in blood. But danger awakens caution. Therefore we must chain up those warlike spirits, until the aspect of the times allows them to break forth in terrible commotion. Meanwhile, assure Lord Desmond that I will not sleep upon my post ; and you, my daughter, try all the witchcraft of your genius, and your beauty, to win the young and valiant to our cause. Lord Ormond has a son.”—The Jesuit paused abruptly, and fixed an eagle glance upon his auditors.

“ What can you mean ? ” she demanded in extreme surprise.

“ That you may turn and wind him to our wishes,” boldly replied Allen.

The light of outraged feeling flashed from Lady Geraldine's eye, and the pride of high-born beauty crimsoned her cheek, as indignantly she said,—“ Have I heard rightly ? Does the keeper

of my thoughts—the ruler of my soul's best interests, ordain me to perform a part as great, and true, and glorious, as that the serpent played in Paradise? Geraldine of Desmond thanks you, Sir," she added in a tone of proud humility, while drawing the hood of her mantle close over her features, in order to conceal the agitation they betrayed.

"Father of Heaven! teach me resignation to this trial, and pardon her who now inflicts it," exclaimed Allen, as he pressed to his lips the cross that was suspended from his rosary, and lifted up his eyes, which seemed suddenly enlightened by a stream of holy radiance. He stopped an instant, and then added in a voice, whose depth of intonation was peculiarly affecting, "Geraldine, have you no sharper sting to wound me with—no bitterer words to pierce the heart of him who taught you how to think, and feel, and reason?"

Such an appeal thrilled to the maiden's soul, and called forth all its sensibilities. Yielding to their influence in strong emotion, she exclaimed, "O that I had never learned to reason! Take back the fatal gift, or tell me how to render it compatible with feeling." As she uttered those words, an involuntary movement displaced her head-gear, which falling back, revealed her coun-

tenance bathed in tears, yet still preserving all its splendid character of dignity and innocence. Even Allen was touched, when he gazed on the beautiful being who thus seemed to wish to shape her conduct by his will, in opposition to the suggestions of an inward monitor. With insidious softness he drew her towards him, and reassuming the calm decisive tone of his usual demeanour, Allen said,—

“This idle war of words must cease. Geraldine, dear child of my affections, answer me one question. To serve and save your country, would you not do much?”

“Heaven knows *how* much!” said Geraldine, with deep and fervent feeling.

“Then why decline what piety and policy enjoin? Think not I wish you to cajole, beguile, or flatter—to captivate or to enslave Lord Ormond’s son. No; but I *do* desire you to sound the mettle of his spirit; and if you find it generous and noble, would it dishonour you to guide that spirit in the way of truth; to lead it from the paths of heresy, darkness, and death, into the glorious realms of life, and light, and happiness, as promised by our Holy Church to all within her pale? Geraldine, reflect! By such an act, the sword that hangs above your country’s head might

be for ever sheathed. Does your heart sink or burn within you at the prospect?"

"You have touched a cord that's linked with every vital string of being. Yet still I am perplexed and lost in nameless workings of the mind, which pass my comprehension. Urge me no more."

"Only say, will you remember and revere injunctions which may be my *last*?" said Allen solemnly.

"I will, I will!" cried Geraldine, in a hurried voice.

"Enough, my daughter; but one word more: forget not to conceal your rank and sex, and—" Allen paused. Then lowering his voice, he added in an emphatic whisper,—"*Win from the ways of error and of sin—the Viscount Thurles!*"

The Jesuit did not wait for a reply, but motioning to Lady Geraldine to retire to the small cabin that had been allotted for her use, he repaired to the other end of the barge.

The whole of the preceding conversation having been held in English, was completely unintelligible to the boatmen, who now, in obedience to the order of Allen, redoubled their exertions to gain that part of the coast where he desired to land. Our heroine also had complied with the Jesuit's intimation to retire to rest. Wearied in body and



mind, our heroine soon enjoyed the blessing of forgetfulness in a deep slumber, from which she did not awake until the following morning, when she was informed that the boat had touched the boundary of Lord Ormond's territories.

## CHAPTER X.

“ Never in moments most elate  
Did that high spirit loftier rise.”

LALLA ROOKH.

“ The day approach'd when fortune should decide  
Th' important enterprise.”

DRYDEN.

“ His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock hung clustering.”

PARADISE LOST.

THERE was brief time allowed for parting. The fear of being surprised and discovered in the enterprise he had undertaken, rendered Allen more than usually cautious in his conduct. Therefore, having escorted Geraldine a short way on her road to the castle, he hastily bestowed his blessing. After having given some general instructions, the Jesuit entrusted to the care of our heroine a packet of letters, and another parcel containing papers of

importance for Lord Desmond; Allen then returned to the boat, which under a fresh breeze glided swiftly on its destined course.

The variety of impressions that outward objects infused into Geraldine's mind, and the intensity of those inward emotions, which, abstracted from matter, overran her imagination with ideas exquisite in their nature, but overwhelming in their operation, produced a host of images too great and multiplied for the capacity of her conceptions; agitated and confused, she suddenly checked her rapid steps. Wishing to summon to her aid the energies of her understanding, and being desirous to emancipate her mind from an impetuosity of feeling, which would incapacitate her from acting with firmness during the important scenes she might shortly meet, our heroine determined to endeavour to poize her affections by checking their exuberance, in employing her judgment to control her passions. This was a new lesson to the proud and enthusiastic Geraldine. Yet resolving to reflect on her emotions, as well as in some degree to regulate them, she decided on stopping for a few moments, and seated herself beneath the spreading branches of a venerable oak which stood at some distance from the castle. Absorbed in reverie, she soon became completely lost to external objects, while struggling to obtain a strength

of mind to qualify her to meet those trials, which circumstances naturally led her to expect.

Many a thought crossed Geraldine's mind; many a pang flashed through her heart, while she was thus employed. The longer she mused on the past, or conjectured on the future, the more unwilling she felt to tear herself from dwelling on the interest inspired by such meditations. But nothing could long divert her ideas from returning to their leading object; and as the Desmond's image recurred in all its vigour to her mind, she accused herself of neglect to the dictates of filial duty, in having allowed secondary considerations to withdraw her from the prosecution of her main design. Rising in haste, and replacing the hood of her cloak, which unwarily she had suffered to fall from her shoulders, Lady Geraldine was going to proceed in the path that Allen had pointed out as leading to the castle-gates, when she involuntarily stopped in some confusion, on perceiving a person, who, from the expression of his countenance, appeared to have been considering her with the deepest attention. The stranger was young and peculiarly handsome. There was a grandeur in his general appearance, that at once bespoke the heroism of a great and noble soul. His features, formed on the Roman model, were of that decided cast, which would

perhaps have indicated the perfection of human genius more than that of human character, were it not that their haughty curve and bold outline were mellowed by an undefinable charm of grace and expression, which in subduing the fulness of energy, seemed to give the image of the touching rather than of the imperious passions. His hair clustered in profusion round a lofty forehead. Dark brows and lashes shaded eyes of the deepest blue, which in their usual expression were so eloquently mild, that it seemed as if no sparkle of the fiercer feelings ever mingled with their pure and penetrating rays; but like those fossils, the luminous veins of which are invisible excepting in peculiar lights, so it was only when irradiated by the soul's emotions, that the spirit of those eyes flashed forth in splendour. Genius, even in its happiest moods, never expressed a form more sublime in majesty, determinate in strength, and dignified in beauty, than that which was embodied in the figure of the stranger, whose every look and gesture seemed the emanation of a mind glowing with the consciousness of high resolves, and elate with confidence in corresponding powers of action.

Such was the general appearance of the person who now advanced, and without ceremony joined Geraldine in her walk, saying, with a courteous inclination of the head and a playful smile,—

“Sir youth, some lady-love it seems employs your thoughts, which lately plunged you fathoms deep in meditation. Or say, did fancy wander to some pageantry that you have seen, where plumed knights on mettled coursers pranced before a gay pavilion, whence brilliant eyes were strained to watch, and to reward the sons of chivalry?”

“You are mistaken, Sir,” said Geraldine proudly, as she drew her mantle closer round her face; “other thoughts employ my mind—I seek the Earl of Desmond.”

The stranger started in surprise, and the intonations of his voice altered from gaiety to seriousness, as he said:—

“You are a young ambassador for such a mission, and probably are not aware that access to the rebel Chieftain is denied his followers.”

An indignant movement was perceptible, even through the thick folds of Geraldine’s garment, when she heard such an epithet bestowed upon her father; but endeavouring to stifle her resentment, she answered in a cold and haughty accent:—

“I come prepared to meet and compass difficulties; I come to claim a right, not to ask a boon; *this* is my passport,” she added, drawing from her breast a packet tied with scarlet silk, and sealed with the royal arms of England.

“Ha! the superscription of Sir Henry Sidney; this is from the Council-General of Ireland, and must contain matters of importance to the state,” said the stranger, bending down, and examining with attention the address and signet of the packet, which Geraldine firmly retained in her own hand. He paused a few moments, during which the contraction of his forehead and the compression of his lip denoted deep reflection; but suddenly clearing his brow, he turned round, and added, in the authoritative voice of one accustomed to command,—“Youth, what is your name?”

“Gerald Fitzgerald,” said our Heroine in a constrained tone, abhorring the dissimulation which necessity obliged her to adopt, yet preferring the assumption of her family name to that of any other.

“And what is your station?” demanded the stranger, not appearing to notice her reluctance to resolve his questions.

“I am a member of the Lord of Desmond’s household,” answered Geraldine, quickening her footsteps.

“Came you here thus unattended?” continued her companion, adapting his pace to the rapidity of her’s.

A simple negative was the reply.

“Have your friends but just departed, and are you now arrived direct from Desmond Castle?” rejoined the persevering querist.

Geraldine bowed an acquiescence.—The stranger, half amused and half provoked at her reserve, relapsed into his former sportiveness of manner, as he said—

“In truth, young Master Gerald, you seem as much the pink and pattern of discretion as if the cunning hand of policy had formed you for the special office of an embassy; so cautiously you guard your thoughts from being sifted through by others,—so resolute you stand aloof, dreading in every syllable a trap, in every word a snare. But—” And here the serious tone was reassumed,—“I reverence your fidelity, and marvel at your wisdom: that both shall be respected, my name must be your pledge—I am Lord Thurles.”

Geraldine started; but instantly recollecting herself, she said, “My Lord, I accept the offered surety; perhaps I ought to say with *thanks*,” she added in a hesitating voice.

The Viscount’s countenance beamed with peculiar sweetness as he said—“It is unnecessary, Gerald; outward courtesies but ill avail, if inward feelings prompt them not. I adore the candour that disdains to hide itself with-



in the mask of flattery; and either I mistake your bearing much, or *you* are no counterfeit."

To Geraldine's ingenuous mind, it seemed as if an adder's sting lay in those words. But recollecting the necessity of self-command, she evaded a direct reply, by saying, in a gayer tone than she had yet assumed, "I never play the part of herald to myself, to blazon forth my virtues. Time is the best reporter; wait for his tale. Meanwhile, my Lord, I claim admittance to the Desmond."

"Last night the Earl of Ormond departed hence on pressing business. He invested me with the government of the castle and its seigniories until his return. But my powers of command are not unlimited; and amongst divers orders given at my appointment, there was a special charge, to let no follower of the Desmond speak to his Chief, but in the presence of a kinsman of our house. I may prove a less obstruction to your audience than another; therefore if it meets your wishes, Gerald, I will myself conduct you to the Earl, and will be the only witness to your conference with my noble prisoner."

"Gratitude dishonours not the mind, even when acknowledged to an enemy: to cavil at a word, the sense of which we feel, is worse than folly. My Lord, I will accept your offer, and—I thank you."

As Geraldine uttered the last words, she perceived that they had reached the outward gate of the castle. It was an ancient pile of hewn stone, the stately towers of which were clothed with ivy of the richest verdure. The building, like most others of the period, was feudal in its features, being moated round by a deep fosse, through which a river flowed, that was crossed by a military drawbridge; this led to the principal entrance. On the battlements of the castle, troops of armed soldiers were seen parading in all the regularity of martial discipline. Lord Thurles's summons was instantly answered. Under his auspices, Geraldine was admitted without inconvenience or suspicion; yet as she proceeded through the lower ballium and across many small inner courts, which were crowded with officers of the English army, her heart sunk in apprehension, and all her sex's feelings took the alarm. It was then that she thanked Heaven devoutly for the protection derived from the Viscount's presence, which precluded investigation from the many military personages by whom she was surrounded; an ordeal that, notwithstanding her disguise, our heroine felt she could have ill endured. Following her conductor closely, and wrapped in the drapery of her long mantle, Lady Geraldine attracted little attention;

yet a strong emotion of security and gratitude filled her mind, when Lord Thurles, stopping at the entrance of one of the four square buildings which flanked the edifice into the form of a parallelogram, announced to his companion, that they had reached that part of the castle which was allotted for the temporary residence of the Earl of Desmond.

## CHAPTER XI.

“ Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven ;  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion’s dross refined and clear,—  
A tear so limpid, and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel’s cheek,  
’Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter’s head.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“ She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,  
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.”

LORD BYRON.

WITH a palpitating heart Geraldine followed her noble guide, as he ascended a flight of stone steps that winded to a considerable height before he reached the Earl’s apartments, which were rigorously guarded by British sentinels. Lord Thurles needed no passport. The doors flew open at his approach ; and as he passed

through the anterooms, accompanied by Geraldine, the most marked deference, and a respect which seemed the offspring of sentiment rather than of circumstance, was conspicuous in the demeanour of the various persons, who, though differing in rank and station, seemed animated by one common feeling of attachment to the youthful peer.

“Gerald, wait here ; I will prepare the Chieftain for your visit,” said the Viscount, advancing towards the folding-doors which opened from the small square room, where, in obedience to his wishes, our heroine remained. With watchful anxiety, her eye followed the figure of Lord Thurles, who, with an air of respect, doffed his plumed hat as he passed into the presence of the Earl of Desmond.

The door closed, and Geraldine, left alone, endeavoured to quell the violence of her emotions. In the meantime, Thurles had advanced into the interior of the Earl’s apartment. The noise of his entrance had failed to awaken the attention of the Chieftain, who reclined on a low sofa at the upper end of the room, in a recumbent posture ; his wounded limb lay powerless on the couch ; his left arm, which had received a severe stroke from a sabre, was wrapped in a scarf ; his right hand supported his head, partly concealing his features,

and from the stillness of his general position, it appeared that the Earl was either lost in reverie, or sunk in sleep.

“ My Lord of Desmond, for this intrusion I demand your pardon,” said the Viscount, respectfully bowing as he approached nearer to the Chieftain, who started and half-raised himself on the couch, as in a tone of cutting irony he said:—

“ It well becomes the noble Ormond’s son to crave forgiveness from the captive Desmond !” Then yielding to a sudden burst of passion, he impetuously exclaimed, “ By Heaven ! it goads my soul to bear the mockery of compliment from those who hide the joyous venom of their hearts beneath the guise of smooth and honied words. Young man, I pray you to be honest ! Chafe not my spirit by those galling courtesies. Pour forth defiance, scorn, contempt ! and I will thank you.”

“ My Lord, were I to do so, I should ill translate my inward feelings, and should prove myself unworthy of the stock from whence I sprung,” said the Viscount in a calm and collected voice. “ I come not to insult, but to bring tidings which may turn the current of distempered thoughts into some safer channel. A messenger, charged with despatches, has arrived from Desmond Castle ; he claims a parley with his Chieftain.”

“ In which, doubtless, your Lordship will be-

friend us by your presence and your counsel, lest we should lack discretion," rejoined Desmond, with increased asperity.

Lord Thurles coloured, and seemed on the point of speaking; but checking the impulse, he replied only by a look, in which dignity and compassion were so strongly blended, that even the Desmond felt its power, as in an altered tone he briefly said, "My Lord, I will admit the messenger. Ho, there! whoever you may be, I grant you audience," exclaimed the Chief, in a loud voice. At the same moment, Thurles retreated into the deep embrasure of a window; for even the precepts of policy, united to the dictates of filial obedience, were insufficient to subdue those high and honourable feelings, which made him shrink with instinctive delicacy from obtruding on a confidential interview.

Geraldine had long watched for the summons; hearing it given in her father's well-known voice, she hastened to obey it; and having first arranged her hood to conceal her face, yet so as not to obstruct her own perception, the Lady Geraldine entered. Her hesitating step, as she cautiously approached the Chieftain, was expressive of an apprehension of his betraying either her or himself by some involuntary word or gesture of surprise. Intermixed with this feeling, there was a painful

consciousness, that their meeting was to have a witness, and that that witness was a stranger and a foe. The chamber was of considerable length; having gained its centre, Geraldine paused, listened, and parting the folds of her hood, yet raising it so as to conceal her features from the Earl, she cast a hurried glance around. Lord Thurles's situation screened him entirely from her view. A side-door stood ajar. It confirmed the hope that he was gone. The increasing tumult of her heart held her immovable for an instant, while, with finger on lip, she threw an inquiring look of breathless interest, mingled with wild, almost incredulous delight, once more about the chamber. Then bounding forwards in a transport of uncontrollable emotion, Geraldine sunk at the Chieftain's feet, as she exclaimed:—

“Has Ormond's son proved better than his word? Then I may call thee by the precious name of *father!*”

A cry of astonishment broke from the Desmond. In the same moment Thurles rushed from the recess, and in agitation scarcely inferior to the Chieftain's, he exclaimed, “What do I hear? What may this mean?”

“It means,” emphatically cried the Earl, laying his hand upon his daughter's head, “that in this



being you behold Geraldine of Desmond! Her father's pride, her country's glory, and her sex's—"

—"Shame!" interrupted Geraldine, finishing the sentence. "Oh! I stand condemned for this!" she added in a tone fraught with the deepest feeling. "My woman's thoughts would force their way; and now—say, say, will you betray or part us?" she ejaculated, in a sudden burst of passionate emotion, clasping her hands in supplication to Lord Thurles, her pride absorbed in her affection, and totally forgetting that she still retained her kneeling posture. The wildness of her action threw off Geraldine's hat and mantle; and her dark hair loosened from restraint, fell round her figure like a veil, through which her eyes flashed brightness, while they were internally fixed upon the Viscount, waiting his reply.

Dazzled with the splendour of her beauty, he gazed in speechless admiration.

That look recalled the scattered thoughts of Geraldine. She rose; snatched her mantle from the ground, shrouded her figure in its folds, and hid her crimsoned cheek upon the Chieftain's shoulder, before Thurles had regained sufficient self-command to speak, or to offer his assistance.

"My duty and my heart are bitterly at variance. What *shall* I do?" at length exclaimed

the Viscount, turning pale with agitation as he asked the question.

“Leave me my child!” said the Desmond in a broken voice.

“And God will bless you for the boon!” faltered Geraldine, in smothered accents.

“Oh heavens, you weep!—Who could withstand *your* tears?” passionately cried Lord Thurles. He paused in extreme emotion. Then suddenly apostrophizing a portrait of the Earl of Ormond which hung behind the Chieftain’s chair, he involuntarily exclaimed: “Father, if I do wrong, forgive me!—I am decided. My part is taken, and *your* prayers are granted,” he added in a firmer voice, turning towards Geraldine, whose hand he touched, but instantly relinquished.

“We are both your debtors. Words which I never thought would pass the lips of Desmond to a Butler. But powers and passions crowd within my soul, for which I scarcely can find names. Let them pass. My Lord, once more, I say we are your debtors,” reiterated the Chieftain, bowing his head in haughty submission.

“*Deeply!*” rejoined Geraldine.

That single word spoke volumes to Lord Thurles. His eye beamed lively gratitude, but its expression was momentary and quickly changed, when making an effort to appear composed, he coldly said:—

“ We have no time for thanks. My Lord, it grieves me to annex penalties to pleasures; but it must be so. This castle, engarrisoned by soldiers, and surrounded by the circumstance of war, is not the best abode for woman; therefore I would presume to advise the Lady Geraldine to retain the guise she wears, and to confine herself within the precincts of your Lordship’s chamber. However painful those restraints may prove, they will secure her against many perils. A room within your own is at her service,—a sanctuary which shall be as sacredly revered as ever was the holiest shrine !”

The energy with which those words were breathed, crimsoned Lord Thurles’s cheek. He stopped, wishing to check enthusiasm, and then added in a sterner tone :—

“ To the inmates of this castle it must be feigned that, in consideration of your Lordship’s feelings, I have allowed a follower of the house of Desmond to share its Chieftain’s solitude. As soon as Lord Ormond returns, I will explicitly inform him of the truth. I fear not to abide *his* judgment. There never throbbed within the breast of man a nobler, better heart than his,” added the Viscount, relapsing into all his former warmth.

“ When is the Earl of Ormond expected here ?” demanded Desmond sternly.

“ I know not,” answered Thurles in a corresponding tone of coldness. “ He may arrive this night,—or it may chance to prove that weeks shall pass before we meet. I am uncertain whither events have bent Lord Ormond’s course; therefore I cannot hasten his return, by embassy or letter.”

The last word recalled to Geraldine’s recollection the packet that had been entrusted to her care. Drawing it forth, she delivered it to the Chieftain, saying with a faint smile, “ In truth, I am a poor ambassadress, for I have forgotten to deliver my credentials.”

“ Which I shall leave you to peruse,” said Lord Thurles, moving to retire.

“ Stop, Sir !” exclaimed the Earl. “ Do you forget this packet may contain schemes, plots, and treacheries against the state? Had you not better scan them first?” he added sarcastically, offering the unopened letter to the Viscount.

“ Chieftain, you have not glanced at the address and seal, else you would scarcely fancy that the Council-General of Ireland could prove disloyal to itself. But even was the packet penned by the hand of rebellion, think not that I could fear its power. The royalties and rights of our anointed Queen are protected by the Judge of heaven and earth ! Against *his* arm, what could avail ten thousand treasons ?”

The Earl's eye flashed lightning; but that dissimulation which existing circumstances sometimes taught him to adopt, came to his aid, and suggested the necessity of veiling his political sentiments, which as yet he dared not openly avow. The Desmond therefore continued silent; and Lord Thurles, seizing that moment to withdraw, bowed with an air of reverence to the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald, made a respectful though less profound obeisance to the Chieftain, and quitted the apartment.

The Earl and his daughter were then left to the enjoyment of that close interchange of thought, which when indulged in the sacred relation of parent and child, forms, even amidst scenes of sorrow, one of the purest and holiest of human pleasures.

## CHAPTER XII.

——— “ Thus ambition grasps  
The empire of the soul ;—thus pale revenge  
Unsheathes her murd’rous dagger, and the hands  
Of lust and rapine with unholy arts  
Watch to o’erturn the barrier of the laws  
That keep them from their prey.”

AKENSIDE.

THE contentions of politics afford a wide field of action to turbulent and ambitious spirits. The discordant elements of faction engender a disregard of the observances and maxims of common life, while the daring novelties of untried situations, and the bold attractions of speculative theories, draw, as if by the direction of one common force, a majority of persons into the same sphere. Those individuals are often dissimilar in their sentiments ; and in their minds it would be difficult

to find a single point of resemblance, except in that spirit of political intrigue and disaffection towards established governments, which we may consider as symptomatic of the temper of the times, whenever public affairs assume a revolutionary aspect.

At the period of which we treat, religious bigotry and political jealousy had reached their height, and inextricable difficulties surrounded the national relations of the most powerful potentates. Philip of Spain and Charles of France, two Catholic sovereigns, formidable by their ambition, zeal, and influence, threatened to take prominent parts in the great political drama then acting on the moral theatre of Europe; and each seemed resolved to work his way to aggrandizement by the follies or the vices which the government of Ireland exhibited.

Elizabeth was indeed encompassed with alarming dangers, for she had to contend with the relative prejudices as well as with the relative power of nations. It was expected that the Pope would shortly denounce a sentence of deprivation against the Queen of England. Such a circumstance tended to encourage the darkest designs against the British administration, and gave an irresistible impulse to those vigorous measures, which, when supported by the high sanction of papal au-

thority, the Roman Catholics of Ireland were disposed to take in the bold career of emancipation. Thus, serious embarrassments disturbed the councils of the maiden Queen, and her kingdom was filled with rumours of conspiracies and insurrections of the most alarming nature.

To trace the series of political causes which seemed to compel a rupture between Spain and England, would be foreign to our present purpose. We have merely glanced at the contentions of the times, in order to account for those divided opinions, and turbulent proceedings, which, arising out of the spirit of the age, threatened to break the bonds of subordination, and to shake the constitution of civil society to its centre.

Fiercely agitated by religious and political zeal, the ambitious and intrepid mind of Allen appeared to march courageously forward amidst the perplexities of surrounding circumstances. The comprehensiveness of his genius enabled him to embrace the whole of a subject, however complicated in its details, or overwhelming in its magnitude. To sift the maxims of abstract policy, and to touch the springs of human passions, so as to make them operate with beneficial impulse on the interests he desired to advance was the grand *materiel* of all his actions. The situation of public affairs suggested



the expediency of Allen's repairing to the Court of Philip without further delay.

The Earl of Clancarthy and others of the Geraldines of Munster (24) had secretly determined upon taking arms against an obnoxious, and, what they deemed, an heretical Government. Amid the factions of a distracted state, the discontented nobles found no difficulty in gaining partisans to their cause; for it did not require much artifice to awaken revenge in the breasts of a people, who, victims to an unjust monopoly, were condemned, under the pretext of religious zeal, to endure those injuries which naturally roused a spirit of retaliation.

One of the most active agents in the newly-formed confederacy, was the celebrated English ecclesiastic, Doctor Saunders, whose writings had explicitly defended the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff. In a decided and daring manner, he had exerted all the casuistry of school divinity, to sustain the mighty fabric of Catholic power, and to exalt its prerogative above that of any earthly potentate.

The talents and learning of Doctor Saunders had gained him many proselytes; and though his theories were warped and sophistical, yet as a party-writer, and devoted servant to the See of

Rome, he held such a prominent reputation, that it was arranged he should instantly accompany Allen to the Court of Philip, in order to procure the assistance of that monarch. It was further settled, that as soon as their object was attained, the ecclesiastics should proceed to Rome, which was then the seat of conspiracy against the Queen of England.

From the co-operation and conjunctive influence of two such minds as those of Saunders and Allen, the most conclusive results were anticipated by the Earl of Desmond and his adherents; therefore no time was lost in despatching the important emissaries to the scene of action.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“ Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.”

HEBREW MELODIES.

“ Wisdom and friendly talk successive stole  
Their hours away : while in the rosy vale  
Love breathed his infant sighs.”

THOMSON.

MEANWHILE the Desmond, who had nearly recovered from his wounds, continued with his daughter in Ormond Castle, enjoying liberty to the utmost limits consistent with their personal detention. In the long confinement to which the Earl had been subjected during his progress to convalescence, he had received a course of unremitting attention from Lord Thurles ; and all that surgical skill, aided by the most soothing offices of kindness, could effect, had been performed with an assiduity, that the repulses of the Chieftain had neither altered nor diminished.

The proud spirit of the Desmond was at length

affected by those repeated marks of respectful solicitude. Insensibly softened towards the generous Thurles, he gradually allowed the current of his thoughts and feelings to change their direction; and in the course of time, the Chieftain seemed touched, rather than disturbed, by the continuance of those attentions, to which he had formerly evinced a disdainful repugnance.

Lord Thurles, indeed, appeared more in the character of a host, who felt himself honoured by the presence of distinguished guests, than in that of a vigilant or jealous superintendant. Gracefully administering to the comforts of the Earl, he contrived to veil his kindness with such scrupulous delicacy, that even the violent and suspicious temper of the Desmond could find no plausible pretext for umbrage or resentment. On the contrary, the more intimate his association with Lord Thurles became, the more he was compelled to feel, though he disdained to acknowledge, the superior elevation of the young peer's character, as it shone to peculiar advantage in the difficult relation in which he had been placed by circumstances. The Viscount's inflexible virtue was incapable of betraying a trust. His generous spirit equally revolted from aggravating the miseries of fallen greatness, by the practice of those petty arts in which corrupted minds, when in-

vested with temporary power, too often indulge, without regard to the admonitions of conscience, or the dictates of humanity.

Such conduct could not fail to give Lord Thurles a high claim to the gratitude and respect of his illustrious captives, while events seemed destined to allow them a full opportunity for becoming acquainted with many interesting traits of mind, which time only could unfold to view.

In the wide circle of general society, attractions, whether personal or mental, may dazzle in proportion to their external splendour; but it is the association of domestic life, that brings into light many latent virtues, which the heart would scarcely exchange for more showy and striking qualifications.

This truth was forcibly felt in the frequent interviews which now took place between the Desmond, Lord Thurles, and the Lady Geraldine. Their intercourse had gradually assumed a character which, at least between the two young persons, was imperceptibly ripening into that of intimacy. Spirit, strength, and beauty, characterised the conversational powers of Lord Thurles. His manners were singularly polished, and the great natural forces of his mind had been highly cultivated. He was eminent for an extensive acquaintance with the polite learning and philoso-

phy of his own country, as well as for a perfect knowledge of foreign languages and foreign literature. He excelled in all the fashionable accomplishments of the times, and to their attainment he added a consummate judgment in the fine arts, his taste for which had been founded on the best and purest models. Though perfectly unambitious of display, the depth of the remarks, the fertility of the illustrations, and the originality of the sentiments, that, when an interesting topic was discussed, appeared to escape from him almost unconsciously, evinced the nice discrimination of a mind imbued with elegant knowledge, and rich in the resources of intellectual wealth. Even subjects which had no relation either to science or literature, acquired dignity and importance, when passing through the channel of Lord Thurles's thoughts; for a word from his lips, often conveyed or awoke an idea, which struck out a new train of conceptions, and lengthened the chain of communication between mind and mind. He never affected brilliancy; yet there was a chastened lustre thrown round his general address, which heightened a polish that seemed derived from the reflection of an elevated and refined imagination. He delighted in drawing out the acquirements of others, rather than in displaying his own; with generous candour giving confidence to the modest,

and spirit to the oppressed, by the habitual sweetness with which he introduced the subjects best calculated to place their peculiar talents in the most advantageous point of view. In one word, there was a charm in Lord Thurles's manner, so winning and irresistible, that even the Desmond, having once enjoyed, found it impossible to resign the fascination of his society; therefore, every evening, by permission of the Chief, the young nobleman was allowed to enliven the solitude and to share the conversation of the Earl and his daughter.

The study of Geraldine's original character afforded a deep and dangerous delight to the Lord Thurles. Yet, though dazzled by her genius, captivated by her beauty, and astonished at the extent of those acquirements that seemed to shed a sort of mental halo round her, the Viscount was not blind to her predominant defects. These he justly attributed to the peculiar education she had received; and to endeavour gently to correct its errors, became his ardent wish and highest pleasure. With judgment and delicacy he often drew her from the dreams of fancy, to reflect on the realities of life; and then, without sullyng the morning purity of her mind, he imparted whatever was most valuable in that species of information, which can be acquired only from

an habitual intercourse with general society. He adored her enthusiasm, yet, with mild and resistless firmness, he endeavoured to chastise its exuberance, without chilling the precious susceptibility of genuine feeling. Though exquisitely alive to the merits of her favourite authors, he often ventured to point out their occasional extravagance; while, with a voice which might more than atone for the offence, Lord Thurles resisted their opinions, and refuted their absurdities. At other times, leaving behind the vanities and vulgarisms of this world, he passed with the companion of his thoughts, into a more glowing and congenial region, where the outpourings of their young and ardent spirits gushed forth in such a perpetual overflow, that emotions, which had slept until awakened by the impulsive touch of sympathy, were re-echoed in the hearts of both, as each seemed to reflect the images presented by the other, with all the freshness, force, and truth of natural feeling.

Then it was that Geraldine enjoyed, in its highest sense, one of the most exquisite pleasures which a woman of genius can receive; she felt that she was understood and appreciated. These bright and genial moments glided along in an uninterrupted course; for though the Desmond was always present when his daughter and the



Viscount met, yet his proud and reflective spirit was generally so absorbed in melancholy abstraction, that, living only in the world of his own thoughts, he might be said to be actually insensible to the presence of others; particularly at those times when the gloom of morbid sensibility flung a cloud over his mind, which he had neither power nor inclination to dispel.

Thus circumstance, which is often the stronghold of influence, day after day cemented the intimacy of Lord Thurles and the Lady Geraldine.

The developements of their principles and sentiments held on their deep communion unchecked and unobserved. Yet notwithstanding the usual unreservedness of their conversations, there were two subjects, to the introduction of which the Viscount manifested a decided repugnance. These were religion and politics.

Hence, although Geraldine anxiously wished to obey the injunctions of the father Allen, she had hitherto found it nearly impossible to do so.

On one occasion only, she had been enabled to advocate those peculiar tenets and mysteries of the Church of Rome, which, according to her belief, constituted the perfection of its excellence. This had been done at first with great timidity, but afterwards with modest fervour. Lord Thurles listened with deep attention; but it was evident

that no change whatever had been produced in his religious sentiments. He had seemed very desirous of waving the subject altogether; and it was only in compliance with Geraldine's solicitations, that he answered those deceptious arguments, which Jesuitical sophistry had supplied when endeavouring to legitimate unsound opinions. At length, with a steady calmness, which seemed to forbid any future attempt at expostulation, Thurles, avoiding all the canting technicalities of controversy, ably replied to the spurious but eloquent reasonings of the Lady Geraldine. His mind was enriched with those requisites which are essential for a refutation of error and a confirmation of truth. It is possible, therefore, that the perspicacious arguments which his Lordship adduced, might have brought conviction to the admirable understanding of our heroine, were it not that the zealot Allen had embued her soul with a religious heat, that rendered her more anxious to establish the truth of her own particular opinions, than to take a dispassionate survey of those which were founded on the basis of a genuine theology.

When the Viscount ceased speaking, Geraldine knew, in the full misery of such knowledge, that it was useless to pursue the topic farther.

The vain endeavour of effecting the conversion

she so ardently desired, was therefore postponed to a more propitious period. Like all other self-deceivers, Geraldine attributed her failure to untoward circumstances, rather than to any deficiency of fundamental truth in the doctrines she had advocated.

Deluded by the flatteries of her own heart, she still hoped for success in the great work that had been appointed by her spiritual guide; but, with a sigh drawn from the depths of her soul, she was compelled to relinquish the expectation of uprooting what she considered to be erroneous opinions, until a more fortunate juncture should appear to aid and to reward her exertions; it was therefore only in solitude and reverie that she indulged her musings on this object of new and overwhelming interest; with instinctive delicacy she shunned obtruding it on the consideration of Lord Thurles; but the fervour of the prayers she offered in secret for his conversion spoke that depth and fulness of devotion, in which the soul forgets every thing but heaven and the object for whom its protection is implored; and thus Geraldine unconsciously proved, that to preserve that object from what her church esteemed heretical corruption, she would have adventured almost every thing short of the sacrifice of her immortal spirit. Who that has ever

felt the heart glow with the sun-bright visions of hope, while pleading at the throne of God, in supplication for another, will reproach or condemn her ?

## CHAPTER XIV.

“Scene sublime,  
Where balmy breathings whisper to the heart  
Delights unspeakable ;—where sea and skies  
Diversify the work of nature’s God.”

ROBINSON.

“If stolen the glance by which love is exprest ;  
If sighs, when half heaved, be with terror supprest ;  
If whispers of passion suspicion must move,  
Where’s then the delight of the Virgin’s first love ?

MRS. OPIE.

LORD ORMOND took such a prominent part in the momentous discussions of the times, that although he was extremely anxious to return to the castle, he found it impossible to absent himself from the deliberative councils of his country.

Confidential communications in those days were not carried on with the same facility as in ours. It followed, as a necessary consequence, that the conveyance of letters by special couriers,

not only retarded their delivery, but was often productive of delays and mistakes as hostile to the interests of public duty, as to those of private friendship.

Some such casualty had occurred to prevent the arrival of despatches from the Earl of Ormond to his son. This circumstance Thurles could scarcely bring himself to regret, because it had afforded him an admirable opportunity for studying the characters of the Desmond and his daughter, and had given a plausible excuse for cultivating an intimacy, in which he hourly felt increasing interest.

The captive Earl appeared to evince a less decided reluctance to the very frequent and unrestrained intercourse that now took place between the Viscount and the Lady Geraldine, than could well have been expected from his general cast of mind, or from the actual condition of existing circumstances.

Towards the close of a beautiful summer's day, the Desmond, his daughter, and Lord Thurles, were seated at the opened casement of the Earl's apartment, enjoying the evening hour, as of late had been their frequent custom. The glories of nature were nearly subdued by twilight to that delicious calm which lulls the spirit into harmony with itself, and banishes for the moment all the

cares and sorrows of mortality. The sky glowed with tints that yet floated on the clouds; but these were fading fast away, as the beams of a rising moon gradually brightened the peaks of the mountains and the expanse of the silvered sea. The darkness that was cast over remoter portions of the landscape mantled its imperfect features in a variety of deep and softened shades, which formed a contrast to the partial brilliancy of the evening's splendour. There was a breathless serenity in the air, and nature seemed hushed into profound repose. It was one of those hours when the memory of recollected joys, or even the remembrance of departed griefs, steals over the spirit with enchanting influence,—when the heart, too full for present pleasure, delights in reverting to the past, though it may be stained with regret, or revels in depicting a future, which may be coloured only with the warm hue of feelings morbid in their character, and transient in their existence.

But emotion seeks relief in the stillness of thought; for when the imagination is completely filled from the sources of sentiment, it rejects a verbal expression of sensations so vague and indefinite, as to be almost incommunicable in their nature.

Yielding to the ascendancy of the moment,

Lord Desmond and his companions insensibly sunk into that passive surrender of the thoughts and affections, in which the soul unresistingly abandons itself to the influence of external objects, and, with the fervid enthusiasm of genius, enjoys the beautiful though somewhat indistinct associations which fancy conjures up, and clothes with an authority created by her power. To breathe a word would have destroyed the force of such impressions. Conversation, therefore, was avoided; and a silence dearer to the heart than the tongue's best eloquence, prevailed. The Earl was the first to break the spell of thought. Seeming to forget the presence of Lord Thurles, he abruptly turned to Geraldine, and attempted to speak, but his words died away unheard. With a deep sigh, and a smile still more melancholy, the Desmond pointed to a harp which stood near the window. The gesture was understood. In compliance with her father's wishes, Geraldine struck a few low chords upon the instrument with which the Viscount's kindness had supplied her; and in the touching notes of deep and intellectual expression, she sung the following words to one of the wildest of her country's melodies.

## I.

'Tis now the hour when parting day (25)  
Sheds her last beams of light,  
And pours a soft expiring ray  
Upon the brow of night.



## II.

The orb of heaven, above the deep  
Her trembling radiance throws,  
As if to cradle Nature's sleep  
In moonlight's bright repose.

## III.

There's balm in every breath that sighs  
And plays along the bowers ;  
There's music in the breeze that dies  
In fragrance midst the flowers.

## IV.

So precious and so exquisite  
Is such an hour as *this* ;  
That hope—love—glory—all that's sweet,  
Entrance the soul in bliss—

## V.

And wake a guiltless, heavenly dream  
Of pleasures bright and pure,  
So bright, alas! the visions seem  
Too lovely to endure !

## VI.

For, oh ! the heart can ne'er forget  
How fleeting is the bloom  
Of joy, whose brilliant sun may set  
In darkness and in gloom.

## VII.

Yet moments such as these *do* cast  
A transient lustre o'er  
The stream of life, ere it has pass'd  
To flow again no more !

## VIII.

But, see !—the sky's rich glowing hue  
In dimness fades away ;  
Oh ! Erin shall thy glories too  
Thus sink into decay ?

## IX.

My country, no ! Though dark the night  
That shades thy present doom ;  
The day *will* come when Freedom's light  
Shall rise and burst the gloom !

The Desmond's natural sensibility was powerfully affected by the strong associations conveyed in the last lines ; but his pride led him to conceal the inward workings of his mind from Thurles, and feeling the torrent of emotion too ungovernable to repress, he abruptly retired into an inner apartment, to master its disturbing conflicts.

Geraldine, unconscious of his departure, continued leaning over the harp, whose strings yet trembled in vibration ; and looked a being made up of melody, of feeling, and of grace. Every sublime and poetical image which can expand the imagination, or touch the heart, seemed to animate the Chieftain's daughter. The soul of harmony was thrown into the expression of her uplifted eye, and a tone of sentiment seemed to breathe from her parted lip, which invested her form and features with the character of inspiration. The

scene and the hour favoured the flow of romantic sentiment; and Thurles, while silently gazing on Geraldine, yielded to the fulness of admiration, which in the impulse of the moment, irresistibly led him to sympathize even with her final burst of enthusiasm. Agitated by inexplicable feelings, he approached the open casement, at which she was seated, and whispered in a rapid voice:

“Those tones have life. At least they can impart a new existence, and conjure up a thousand hopes, and thoughts, I dare not name. No matter. Pray, sing on.”

“I can sing no more,” said Geraldine in a tremulous accent.

“Why so?”

The Lady Geraldine paused an instant; then, in an almost inarticulate voice, she said: “The flow of song is mixed with too much bitterness.”

“And what pollutes the stream?” asked Thurles in an anxious tone.

“The blood! the tears of thousands!” impetuously exclaimed Geraldine, while her kindling countenance conveyed the image of those vivid and exalted feelings, which gave a momentary splendour to the darkness of her fate.

The energies of her voice and eye irresistibly spoke to the soul of Thurles. The profoundest

passions of his nature were awakened by her power, and their influence shook his mind with responsive emotions, as he passionately said :

“ Oh ! did I think you deemed me worthy to participate in feelings which inthral my spirit in the sway of yours, I would implore you to point out the means whereby your country might be saved, consistent with my honour.”

Thurles’s eye met Geraldine’s ; but the brightness of her glance was gone, dimmed by the tears she vainly tried to check.

“ Loveliest of beings !” continued his Lordship in a low and rapid voice,—“ lose not these precious moments,—speak !”

At that instant, Allen’s injunction rushed to Geraldine’s recollection ; and notwithstanding her late self-imposed silence on the subject, she could not resist the temptation of introducing it. Endeavouring, therefore, to subdue her agitation, after a short pause she firmly said :

“ You *could* do much to stay the march of tyranny, which blasts the peace of millions. You *could* do much to change the feverish pulses of despair into the glorious throbbings of almighty hopes !”

“ All, all, but my duty to my God and Queen, I could forsake,—forget for *you*.”

Lady Geraldine started at the impassioned fer-

vour with which Lord Thurles ejaculated those words: she trembled, her lip slightly quivered, and the colour of her cheek changed to deadly paleness; but the current of her blood as instantaneously rushed back again, and dyed her face and neck in crimson blushes. Some new, strong, and ill-repressed emotion seemed to struggle in her mind; but with a mighty effort she subdued its power, while in a tone of forced and unnatural calmness Geraldine said:

“Go, and obey that Sovereign’s mandate! She tells you now to quench the quenchless flame of liberty—to wring the tears of agony from eyes that scorn to weep—to quell the noble spirit of our Isle, and bid her sons be slaves, who live but to be free!”

“Not so: hear me for a moment. There is no passion which so blinds, distempers, and infatuates the soul, as those fantastic dreams of vengeance for imaginary wrongs, which cherish dark and deadly feelings, till they ripen into deeds of horror. Oh! rend the splendid veil which mocks your sight, and hides the doom that waits upon the fatal councils of rebellion. You will then confess, that *he* who urges on brave hearts to vainly bleed and break is the true traitor. What is the end of patriotism?—Public good. Say, then, would it be better for this land to struggle on

through all the rage and miseries of war, until the dregs of life are spent, than to accept a monarch's invitation to exchange danger for safety, tumult for peace, and—"

"Liberty for servitude!" indignantly interrupted Geraldine. "My Lord, my Lord," she added in a hurried voice, "it well becomes *you* to defend the tyrannies, intrigues, and stratagems of England's Queen. But for me, I would rather mourn the wreck of every hope that clings around us yet, than see this land an isle of slaves, crouching beneath a despot's rod. My father and my country make *my* fate; with them, I live or perish."

"Noble, heroic woman! why will you madly rush on ruin? Should Ireland and Desmond fall, what then remains for you?"

"*A grave!*" said Geraldine with solemn and heart-thrilling emphasis.

"Distract me not with such appalling words," rejoined Lord Thurles, in much agitation, "but hear and grant this prayer. Should ever war or chance endow me with superior power, will you let me prove my ardent, zealous interest in your fate, and in the fate of those you love?"

"I will *remember* the request."

"Must I rest satisfied with such a cold reply? Oh! could you know!"—Thurles checked the

words that hovered on his lips, as Geraldine withdrew the hand which he had dared to touch ; at the same instant the Desmond returned, saying,—

“ My Lord, there is a slight commotion in the castle-yard ; perhaps it bodes some tidings from my foes.”

The Viscount seemed to waken from a deep, absorbing train of thought. Hastily crossing the chamber, he was going to leave it, when the door opened, and a messenger, wearing the Ormond badge or cognizance embroidered on his left shoulder, entered, and respectfully announcing his commission, presented a large packet, sealed with the Butler arms. Lord Thurles received it in silence, and immediately withdrew to peruse the long expected letters from his father, the contents of which brought doubt, confusion, and apprehension in their train.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Titus.*                   “ Alas ! my Lord,  
Why are you moved thus ? Why am I worth your sorrow ?  
Why should the god-like Brutus shake to doom me ?  
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse ?  
The Gods will have it so.

*Brutus.*               “ They will, my Titus ;  
Nor heaven nor earth can have it otherwise.  
My harass'd soul returns the more confirm'd.  
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove  
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,  
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.”

L.E.E.

“ Much he labour'd to conceal  
That gentlest passion of the breast,  
Which all can feign, but few can feel :  
Ingenuous fears suppress'd the flame,  
Yet still he own'd its hidden power.”

CARTWRIGHT.

THE age of Elizabeth was fertile in romantic incidents, chivalrous exploits, and intellectual pursuits. Still the public mind was scarcely suf-



ficiently enlarged by the promulgation of science, or the diffusion of truth, to produce that free spirit of inquiry and fearless energy of application, which most effectually aid the expansion of reason, and present the best preservative against the existence of party prejudice and political anomalies. Accordingly, there is no period where the discrepancies created by a clashing of nascent principles with ancient habits, are more evident, than during the maiden reign; nor any in which the extremes of great and evil actions are to be met with in more striking and abundant contrast.

Elizabeth's disposition to favouritism is well known; yet perhaps it would be, in some degree, unjust to ascribe to the score of individual prejudice, her evident inclination to support the Earl of Ormond against the Lord of Desmond.

Under all the bearings of the case, it was scarcely to be expected that the suspicious character of the latter could meet with the same degree of suffrage and protection from the Queen of England, which was willingly bestowed on his more favoured rival; nor can we be surprised to find, that the mutual accusations of those noblemen, being so very perplexing and contradictory, no order could be made from the examinations that had been taken before the British Privy Council, after the battle of Affane. Owing to this circumstance,

the English Government referred the cause to the decision of the Council-General of Ireland ; whereupon official instructions were instantly despatched by the Lord Deputy, requiring the speedy attendance of both Earls in the city of Dublin. (26)

The packet that Lord Thurles had received contained the outline of the particulars we have related. The one with which Allen had entrusted Lady Geraldine, had long before informed the Desmond that his conduct, and that of the Earl of Ormond, had become a matter of investigation to the English cabinet. It was added, that a communication, containing the results of that inquiry, should be duly forwarded in process of time. A private letter from the Jesuit had farther intimated to the Chieftain, that the most favourable statements of his cause had been sent to London, and were then under the examination of the Privy Council. As we have already mentioned, the arrival of Lord Ormond's courier had been retarded much beyond the destined period ; and Desmond's dissimulation had led him to conceal, even from his daughter, the contents of the despatch of which she had been the bearer.

Thus, although the Earl could not be surprised at the decree of the English administration, Lord Thurles and the Lady Geraldine were totally unprepared for the sequence of events

which had brought affairs to such an unexpected crisis. Had time permitted, much rumination on immediate or anticipated consequences, might have been indulged. But as the promptest measures were indispensably necessary, every thing was done to expedite the departure of the Desmond and his daughter for the Irish metropolis, where, by order of the Queen, the Earl was to be committed to the care of the chief governor of Dublin, until the Desmond and the Ormond cause should be decided.

The prospect of an approaching separation filled Lord Thurles's mind with inexplicable feelings of alarm and distrust; and the emotions which, notwithstanding his exertions, visibly influenced his conduct, were indicative of a perturbed and disordered state of mind. His Lordship was a man of the deepest sensibility as well as of the profoundest intellect. Accustomed to prove, by a sort of moral anatomy, the secret springs of all his actions, in order to scrutinize the motives from whence they originated; he now, for the first time, discovered, that there *are* peculiar modifications of feeling, which seek the shelter of concealment, and instinctively shrink from the definitions of philosophy. Unwilling to proceed in the task of mental investigation, Thurles endeavoured to shun reflection, and took refuge in

the details of business, with which he was necessarily occupied, owing to the preparations attendant on the departure of the Earl of Desmond.

Geraldine, with equal assiduity and better success, also contrived to veil her sentiments from observation ; and thus, by a sort of tacit compact, both parties seemed determined to repress the demonstration of those feelings which, almost unknown to themselves, dwelt in the inmost recesses of their hearts.

It was a matter of absolute importance to accelerate the Earl's departure ; therefore all impediments to his removal were speedily obviated ; and in the course of a few days, the calvacade which was ordered to escort Lord Desmond, was in readiness to proceed to the Irish capital.

As, in consequence of the late changes in the state of affairs, there no longer existed any necessity for concealing the rank and sex of Lady Geraldine, her situation was publicly announced, together with the reasons which had previously occasioned the precaution of secrecy. A general feeling of deep and romantic interest was manifested on such an unexpected disclosure ; but the firm and delicate mind of our heroine at once led her to perceive the impropriety of exposing herself to the public gaze, or of gratifying popular curiosity. Therefore, with modest circumspection,

she confined herself within the Earl's apartments, until the commencement of her intended expedition. When that moment arrived, Lady Geraldine, shrouded in a thick veil, prepared to leave the walls of Ormond Castle, and accepted the support of her father's arm on quitting those apartments, which, connected with many interesting associations, were identified in her mind with the memorable records of suffering and of feeling.

Either to demonstrate his respect by every possible courtesy, or else to gratify his own inclinations, Lord Thurles had devised his arrangements with a spirit of romantic splendour, that was eminently characteristic of the taste and customs of the age. In accordance with the practical gallantry, which the lingering genius of chivalry infused into every sort of public ceremonial, a pomp and importance were conferred on the departure of the Irish Chieftain, which almost invested it with the state of a gorgeous spectacle.

That such a circumstance should have gratified the Lord of Desmond, may, on the first view, appear unnatural; but to the philosophical inquirer, who has been accustomed to trace the passions through the great chain of moral causes and effects, it will not appear inconsistent with the principles of human nature, that the Earl's inordinate pride should condescend to accept a

compliment even from the son of his avowed enemy ; nor that his haughty spirit was soothed and flattered, when on glancing at the imposing cavalcade that waited to attend his expedition, he beheld a military retinue, which presented the semblance of a special guard of honour, rather than the appearance of a commissioned escort, answerable for the safe conduct of a dangerous and suspected personage.

The area of the castle-yard was nearly filled with British troops, and close to the ancient doorway, which formed an entrance to the tower that had been appropriated to the Chieftain's use, a litter, richly hung with curtains of blue silk, wrought with flowers of damasked silver, waited to receive the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald ; behind it there was an inferior one for the female attendants, who, with part of our heroine's wardrobe, had lately arrived from Desmond Castle ; and a charger, caparisoned in trappings of crimson velvet, stood beside the litter pawing the ground, and arching his neck, as if impatient to submit to the control of his appointed master, the Earl of Desmond. The groupings of the scene were strikingly dramatic, and appeared to peculiar advantage from the windows of the gallery through which the Earl was obliged to pass on his way to the grand square of the castle.

Attracted by the animated details of the moving picture, Geraldine and the Chieftain paused an instant to gaze upon the fine effect produced by the beams of a noon-day sun playing over a rich variety of military accoutrements, which reflected back the multiplied rays of light with dazzling brilliancy : on turning round, they perceived Lord Thurles on the point of entering the gallery.

The Viscount was just released from presiding at a sort of public levee, or chamber council, which he had been obliged to hold with the loyal nobility then resident in the neighbourhood, and the principal officers of his suite. In consequence of this circumstance, and in conformity with the etiquette of courtly ceremonial, his Lordship was attired in the full dress costume of the age. He wore a superbly embroidered doublet (27) of white satin, which fitting close to the shape, was richly ornamented with gold cut-work, intermixed with costly lace. This doublet was buttoned with diamonds upon the breast, across which there was a splendid baldrick, interspersed with precious stones ; in the centre of it a large brilliant star was fastened : the sleeves of the doublet were of gold tissue, slashed and nearly disjointed at the elbows, and through this opening a fine linen shirt appeared, which was brocaded in silk and silver ; the sleeves of the doublet were tied at equal distances with

superb aglets, and the jerkin and remainder of the dress corresponded in richness of material and design; a white point-lace ruff, that stood out considerably from the neck, formed an agreeable relief to the other sumptuous appointments of the dress; and a long mantle of purple velvet, faced and lined with ermine, was flung over the shoulders, and fastened at the throat with a ruby of immense value. Boots of red Spanish leather, the tops of which were trimmed with deep gold fringes, fell in wide folds below the knees; and a jewelled hilted sword, sheathed in a velvet scabbard, hung at the side.

Lord Thurles's beard was shaven in the Turkish fashion, but his hair was suffered to fall in long and graceful curls on the neck. A lofty plume of white ostrich feathers, encircled with a broad band sparkling with gems, completed a dress that displayed to extreme advantage the commanding dignity of the Viscount's form, and lent additional power to the personal attractions which nature had bestowed.

On entering into the presence of the Earl of Desmond, Lord Thurles consigned his hat to an attendant page, and advanced with an air of genuine respect, which so much won upon the feelings of the Chief, that for the instant he abandoned his usual haughtiness, and even seemed slightly



affected as he frankly offered his hand, and said :—

“ My Lord, we part, perhaps to meet no more.—Should it be so, accept my farewell pledge of friendship ; it is sincere, though given to the son of him who is my bitterest foe.”

Notwithstanding the emphasis laid upon the last words, Thurles grasped the Chief’s extended hand, and pressed it with affection to his heart, as he replied :—

“ My Lord of Desmond, would that I could speak half what I feel ! but *that* I dare not,—the time perhaps may come.”—The Viscount stopped short, as if to wrestle with some deep and passionate thought, which seemed to struggle in his soul.

“ No more—no more !” said the Desmond impatiently ; then turning to his daughter, he added in a calmer tone :—

“ Geraldine, will you not honour the Lord Thurles with some parting courtesy ?”

In answer to this question, our heroine extended her hand to the Viscount, who dropping on one knee, bowed over it in deep and silent emotion.

“ We must depart ; I cannot stand the gaze of jealous spies !” exclaimed the Desmond, glancing at the assembled crowd, and relapsing into all his former vehemence. Then seizing his daughter’s

arm, and pressing it within his own, he hurried rapidly through the gallery.

The action was so sudden and so violent, that it displaced the Lady Geraldine's glove, which dropped upon the floor. It had been a gift of the Countess of Desmond, and, according to the English fashion, was perfumed and embroidered, having on the top the name of "Geraldine," worked in letters of silver, surmounted by a small coronet wrought with gold and seed-pearl. The glove lay at Thurles's feet. The temptation was irresistible. With eager haste his Lordship snatched it from the ground, and pressing it devoutly to his lips, he concealed it in his bosom.

The act was unobserved, except by our heroine ; who (from what reason we presume not to divine) suffered the deed to pass both unreprieved and apparently unnoticed. In a few moments the party reached the court of the castle. Lady Geraldine, assisted by the Earl and Lord Thurles, ascended her litter, the curtains of which were instantly closed. The Desmond then mounted his horse, and took his station by his daughter's side. The military guards closed round, and every thing being in a state of efficient preparation, the whole train moved forward ; after which Lord Thurles returned to the castle, where the high and important duties of his rank obliged him for the present to remain.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“ He comes, and with a port so proud  
 As if he had subdued the spacious world ;  
 And all Sinope’s streets are fill’d with such  
 A glut of people, you would think some God  
 Had conquered in their cause, and them thus rank’d  
 That he might make his entrance on their heads.”

LEE.

*Lord Randolph.*

“ Ha ! my Matilda ! wherefore starts that tear ?

*Lady Randolph.*

“ I cannot say ; for various affections,  
 And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell ;  
 Yet each of them may well command a tear.”

HOME.

*Theseus.*

“ Is this a time for grief ? Is this my welcome !”

SMITH’S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

IN perfect safety the Desmond and the Lady Geraldine, with their escort, reached the Irish capital. They entered by St. James’s gate, pass-

ing down a great part of the western avenue to the metropolis, between which, and extending from the city wall, there was then an open space, watered by a stream whose banks presented some fine views of woodland scenery, enlivened by villas that were rude in their design, but picturesque in their effect.

At the period we describe, the buildings of Dublin presented an appearance widely different from that of the present day; the houses being chiefly formed of timber (28) in the cage-work fashion, and covered with slates, tiles, or shingles. This mode of structure, though uncouth and contemptible, when compared with the superb edifices which now adorn the metropolis of Ireland, was yet by no means devoid of pretension to convenience, and might even lay claim to some degree of elegance. Many of the houses were constructed of fine oak, that was often carved with much ingenuity, and sometimes bore inscriptions cut in large capitals of the Roman character, or else escutcheons of arms, with the date of the erection.

The Chief Governor's house lay at the eastern end of the capital; consequently the Desmond and his party were obliged to proceed in nearly a straight line, until they reached a drawbridge, placed between two strong round towers, which

flanked the entrance into the Castle, on the north side of the city. The gateway between those towers was furnished with a portcullis, armed with iron, to raise or let down as occasion required; and two pieces of great ordnance were placed on a platform opposite to the gate, to defend it, in case the drawbridge and portcullis should happen to be forced.

The elevation of the Castle commanded an extensive prospect of the luxuriant tract of country which lay at the other side of the Liffey. It was delineated to the eye with the distinctness of a map; and the opposite banks of the river, beautified as they were with straggling cottages, rich meadows, green fields, and an endless variety of trees, presented many delightful features in the general landscape.

The Earl and his train stopped for a few moments at the gate of the Castle, (where a party of the battle-axe guards were on duty,) in order to ascertain whether any particular instructions had been issued by the Lord Deputy, in regard to their future progress. An additional military guard was furnished by official orders, which escort had been held in readiness, in consequence of the Desmond's entry having taken place on the festival of Saint George. This day of particular solemnity was always celebrated with high

veneration, according to an ancient custom, that obliged the corporations of the city of Dublin to invite the Lord Deputy, the nobility, and other persons of rank and quality, to an entertainment, at which they first diverted them with stage plays, and then regaled them with a splendid banquet.

The streets, as might be expected, were crowded to excess on this occasion ; and with considerable difficulty the Desmond's party continued their route to Dame's Gate, an edifice built with towers, and armed with a portcullis. It stood on an ascent, and being one of the narrowest entrances to the city, was thronged with such an immense multitude, that the Earl's train was again obliged to halt some instants. During the pause, the Desmond raised his eye to the niche of stonework over the gate, where an image of the Virgin formerly stood, and with difficulty he suppressed his indignation on perceiving that the sacred statue had been overthrown from its pedestal, to share the same fate which had attended most of the appertenances of Catholic worship, at the memorable period of the Reformation. But policy enjoined silence ; therefore, without betraying his feelings, the Earl moved on with his conductors, while they proceeded through Dame Street, which then contained only a short range of buildings on the north side, at a small distance from the river, and ex-

tended no farther than to the precincts of an Augustine monastery. This road soon brought the party to Hoggin Green, (29) now called College Green, where a stage was erected, intended for the representation of plays, mysteries, and moralities,—those early attempts at theatrical exhibitions, that are so illustrative of the semi-barbarous manners of the age, and which present such rude but interesting pictures of the origin and progress of the drama.

Hoggin Green derived its name from a little village called Hogges, which lay without the city walls, where a nunnery, under the invocation of the Virgin, had been founded by Dermot Mac Morough, King of Leinster, about the year 1146. At the time of which we speak, this Green occupied a large piece of ground extending to the river Liffey, and was sometimes used as a place of execution for criminals. It was a wide extensive space, with little to break the uniformity, as there were scarcely any buildings erected there, excepting some religious houses, a bridewell for the reception of vagrants, and an hospital, where the Bank of Ireland now stands. The foundations of the College of Dublin were not yet laid; for it was in the year 1591, that an edifice was commenced which was expected to prove an essential instrument in the promulgation of the reformed principles, and a

powerful auxiliary in forwarding the permanent establishment of the Protestant Church.

A part of the Green that has been mentioned, was appropriated to the exercise of archery. Here the citizens had butts, on which they were accustomed to try their skill in the art of using the bow. Near this spot lay a small range of buildings called *Tib and Tom*, where the lower orders of the people diverted themselves at leisure hours, by playing at keals, or nine pins. But on the present occasion, all ordinary amusements seemed forgotten. The acclamations which burst from the crowds that filled the Green, and the city companies that lined the streets, bespoke the hilarity of vulgar mirth, and proved how easily the ignorant and the miserable may be led to a transitory forgetfulness of their sufferings and their wrongs, influenced by immediate feelings, rather than by ulterior considerations, during the show and excitement of public festivities, in which then, as now, intemperance too often banished reflection, and immolated rationality.

The ceremonies of the day were regulated by ancient custom; and at the moment when the Earl and his escort entered Hoggin Green, a shout from the multitude announced that the procession of the pageant had begun to move towards Saint George's Chapel, which according to the usual ob-



servances, was "completely apparelled to the purpose," being hung in black, and provided with cushions, rushes, and other necessaries for the exhibition of the festival. The Desmond's party was of necessity obliged to draw up on one side, in order to allow the procession to pass; and the crowd was so great, and popular curiosity so intense, that the Earl and his attendants were lost in the promiscuous assemblage, and consequently attracted little or no attention. Every eye was fixed on the long array of "well apparelled and accoutred followers," who formed the train of the Emperor and Empress of the pageant of Saint George; a pair of grotesque-looking personages, the former of whom was attended by a couple of doctors, and the latter by two knights and two maidens, habited in rich and costly vestments, to bear up the train of her Majesty's gown. The redoubtable Saint George himself, seated on a noble horse, was preceded by four trumpeters mounted on chargers. A troop of chosen equestrians bore the pole-axe, standard, and several swords of the Emperor of Saint George, behind whom the celebrated dragon was led by a golden line, in the hands of a beautiful and well attired maiden. Then came the King and the Queen of Dele; a pair of gallant knights leading her Majesty, and two damsels holding up the royal train. Close to the group appeared Sir Henry

Sydney the Lord Deputy of Ireland, preceded by the Mayor, bearing the mace of office, and surrounded by the principal nobility of the kingdom, dressed in their parliamentary robes. The several corporations, with the city train-bands, closed the procession; and it was arranged that the play of "*The Six Worthies*," should be performed at Saint George's Chapel, for the edification and amusement of the gentry and the populace. It was also ordered that the public in general should be regaled with a goodly entertainment, provided on the occasion by the Mayor of Dublin.

As soon as possibility allowed, the guards of the Lord of Desmond urged their way through the mass of people, who were eagerly following the course of the spectacle: with a little perseverance and some difficulty, they at length reached their appointed place of destination, where they were received by several official persons, who apologized for the absence of the Chief Governor, and pleaded his necessary attendance at the pageant of Saint George, as a reason for his not having the honour to receive the Earl of Desmond in person. The only reply which the Irish Chief vouchsafed to this address was a haughty inclination of the head, and a wave of the hand, that seemed imperiously to require silence and an instant admission to his new quarters. The mute demand was immediately complied

with ; but the officer who marshalled the Desmond and his daughter through the hall which led to their apartments, stopped a moment as he said : “ My Lord, shall I now conduct you to your chamber, or will you first permit me to comply with Lady Desmond’s urgent wish to see your Lordship ? ”

The Earl started.—“ What do you mean ? surely the Lady Desmond is not here ! ”

“ I am, I am ! ” eagerly exclaimed a female voice ; in the next moment the door of an apartment opened, and the Countess was in the arms of her husband.

“ My Agatha ! ” cried the Chieftain in surprised emotion, as he fondly pressed her to his heart ; but pride soon gained the ascendancy over the softer feelings of his nature ; and scarcely waiting to allow the Lady Geraldine’s cordial salutations, he said in a tone of assumed coldness :—

“ A meeting such as this should be unwitnessed :—lead on, Sir ! ” he added, turning to the officer in waiting, who the next moment ushered the Desmond and his companions into a room appropriated to their use, and respectfully retired.

“ Agatha ! my boy ? ” anxiously exclaimed the Earl as the door closed.

“ Is well, and here, ” replied the Countess,

opening an adjoining closet, where the child was seated on the floor playing with the sparkling hilt of a skein which chance had thrown in his way; the anxious mother flew to seize the weapon, but the Earl interposed, and catching his son from the ground, he proudly raised him up, and held him aloft in his arms, as he exultingly exclaimed,—“ My boy! the blood of heroes glows within you! May your future years call forth a spirit which will make you wield *that* sword in deeds of glory!”

Delighted and surprised at the sudden appearance and action of Desmond, the laughing child stretched out his little figure to its full extent; buoyant with strength and glee, he triumphantly looked down upon the group that watched his gambols, when perceiving Geraldine, he uttered a cry of joy, and struggled till his father let him free. Then flying to his sister, he fondly nestled in her bosom, while with almost maternal tenderness she covered him with kisses and with tears of pleasure.

The Earl turned to Lady Desmond, saying with a softened smile,—“ These pure and holy scenes so tame the wildness of my being, that for the time I can forget all else. Now, tell me to what happy chance I owe your presence?”

“Chance, there was none; you know, my Lord, your letter, which was delivered by the messenger who summoned Geraldine’s attendants to Ormond Castle, informed me that you were ordered here; on reading it, I instantly resolved to join you.”

“Was it a sense of feeling, or a point of duty, which induced that resolution?” asked the Chieftain, inwardly chagrined at the coldness of her manner.

“Something perhaps of both,” said Lady Desmond carelessly.—“Besides,” she added in a fretful tone, “the gloom of Desmond Castle weighed upon my spirits; and in truth, my Lord, the savage manners of your people, united to anxiety about your fate, so much distressed my mind, that, I confess, I grasped at any prospect which could lead me from a living tomb of barbarous seclusion.”

“Enough, Madam! You have proved too well your motives,” said the Desmond bitterly; then dropping the hand which he had hitherto held,—

“So beautiful! yet so unfeeling,” broke from his lips.

“I am not so, indeed; in truth, I am not,” said the Countess, bursting into tears; “but without you, I was desolate. Your daughter too”—

Geraldine, foreseeing the childish recrimination Lady Desmond was going to indulge (which she knew would irritate the Chieftain), now took the hand he had relinquished, and with angelic sweetness said :—

“ Forgive me, if I acted wrong. A mother’s sacred tie bound *you* to home. Had you, like me, been free, would you not have played my part ?”

“ *I never play a part,*” said Lady Desmond pettishly ; and laying a pointed emphasis upon the words.

Geraldine, colouring deeply, answered in the gentlest voice, “ My dearest madam, who ever said or thought you did so ?—But see our boy, how bright, how beautiful he looks ! smiling on all he loves !” she added, running towards the child, and seeking to turn the thoughts of both her parents into a safe and peaceful channel. Fortunately, a powerful auxiliary to her exertions unexpectedly presented itself ; for, at this instant, an official person entered, with a respectful inquiry from the Chief Governor, requesting to know when he might expect the honour of an audience with the Lord of Desmond. The Earl haughtily named the following morning. The messenger then withdrew ; and, as if glad to seize on any pretext which could

divert the conversation from the tone it had assumed, the Chieftain and his daughter continued to discourse upon the probable consequences of the proposed interview, as well as on other topics, in which they endeavoured to interest the Countess, until the hour arrived which permitted them to retire to their respective apartments.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Sempronius.* “Rome still survives in this assembled Senate!  
Let us remember we are Cato’s friends,  
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

*Lucius.* “Cato will soon be here, and open to us  
The occasion of our meeting.—Hark! he comes!”

ADDISON.

“My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter;  
True courage, but from opposition grows;  
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves  
Match’d to the sinew of a single arm  
That strikes for Liberty!”

BROOKE.

THE disposition of the Lord of Desmond led him to regard every proceeding of the English administration with a jealous eye. It was therefore with feelings of the utmost distrust, and a settled persuasion that injustice was premeditated against himself and his partisans, that the Earl



prepared to admit the Chief Governor to the interview he had solicited.

Long after the Countess and Lady Geraldine had retired to rest, the Desmond continued to indulge in anxious meditation on his future prospects, and the situation of public affairs. Hours had elapsed without his being conscious of their flight, when a gentle knock at the chamber door roused him from a train of deep reflection.

It was the Lady Geraldine, who, disturbed by various fears, had ventured to return to the general sitting-room, in the hope of finding Desmond there.

“Can you forgive me for intruding? will you let me share your thoughts?” said Geraldine as she entered.

“My child, why do you impair your strength by these late hours? Retire, I pray, and seek some rest.”

“I cannot sleep.—Father, you have oftentimes permitted me to follow all the movements of your mind; do not now refuse me the indulgence.”

“I will not, cannot banish you!” said the Chieftain mournfully; “although I feel the thoughts that press upon my heart will weigh with equal force on your’s.”

“Do not doubt my firmness or my love,” said Geraldine anxiously; “throw off, then, all restraint,

and tell me how you mean to act, if questioned in the Council-chamber."

The Lord of Desmond knit his brow, and seemed absorbed in painful meditation. At length he said :—

"With *you* I never use deceit; but in the work which I have undertaken, necessity compels dissimulation with the world; and if it serves to aid our cause, I must affect contrition for my faults, and promise to support the execution of the laws in future. I have prepared my line of action; seek not to change it."

"I will, I must. The fear of your displeasure shall not keep me silent. Oh, let me then beseech you to pursue the path of truth! Cast not dishonour on our country's cause, and sully not the brightness of your fame by conduct which will make the great and good in after ages say, when pointing to my father's grave—'There rests the traitor Desmond!'"

"Traitor to whom? A traitress!—Traitor to what?—A throne upheld by bigotry, intolerance, and fraud! While a chance remained to hope for civil and religious independence, you know I wished to sheathe the sword. But now, when every right most dear to man is trampled on with scorn!—when despotism stalks throughout the land to claim its bleeding victims! *Now—*"

the Earl, too much agitated to proceed, paused for an instant; then in a burst of indignation he exclaimed:—"How can treachery be met or foiled, except by treachery? What would you have me do?"

"Dare to be honest."

"And avow myself my country's champion long before the proper time, and thus endanger both her safety and my own. This, would you wish?"

"No, no! I only ask you not to sacrifice your honour, by promising to act against the dictates of your conscience. Remain inactive for the present, and pledge yourself to no one. Seek not to justify your conduct to Lord Ormond, but submit to the decision of the Queen. So, when the glorious hour arrives, when liberty and justice may assert their claims, you shall stand forth the bold defender of your country's rights, unspotted by the stain of treason to Elizabeth."

"Geraldine, you ask impossibilities. Until I learn what success has blessed our foreign embassy, I dare not openly espouse the cause of Ireland. My object now shall be to quell and to elude suspicion, almost by any means. Stratagems in war must be allowed. Whatever stigma may be cast upon my honour, my future deeds shall gloriously redeem!"

"I mistrust the policy which cloaks itself in falsehood."

“And *I* am fixed immutable in purpose. Now leave me;—and my cause should you desire it,” said the Earl in a tone of cold displeasure.

“Never! never! Had I ten thousand lives, for you and for my country’s service, I would lay them down. My arguments, I see, are unavailing; they shall be urged no more. And now, my father, can you forgive and bless me?”

“From my soul I do!” replied the Earl, much affected, and cordially offering his hand. Lady Geraldine pressed it with reverence to her lips, and withdrew in silence.

The Lord of Desmond soon followed her example; but he vainly tried to sleep. Distracting thoughts disturbed his mind, and banished repose from his pillow. With impatience, he calculated the hours which must intervene before the expected interview; and morning found him in the same state of restless irritability.

At length the appointed time arrived; and punctual to the instant, the Chief Governor entered the Earl’s apartment alone and unattended by the pomp of office. He seemed a plain, inartificial person; and after exchanging the customary civilities, he frankly said: “My Lord of Desmond, I regret that circumstances should oblige me to impose some slight restrictions on your Lordship; but, in as far as

my humble services can be of use, I shall willingly exert them to obviate those inconveniences which must occur in an establishment inferior to the rank and dignity of my distinguished guest."

The Earl stiffly bowed his thanks and said:—"A truce with compliment. Can you, Sir, inform me when I may obtain the justice of a hearing?"

"That rests upon your Lordship's will."

"*My will!*" rejoined the Earl with asperity. Then checking himself, he added in an altered tone: "I wait the orders of Sir Henry Sidney."

"Who has commanded me to beg the honour of your Lordship's instant presence at the Castle, where the Council General of Ireland sit in deliberation on your cause; and where the Commissioners, who, under the broad seal of England, were sent over at the Lord Deputy's request, now take the examination of the Earl of Ormond. He arrived in town last night."

"Delay then not a moment," eagerly rejoined the Desmond; "your horses wait. With permission, Sir, I will instantly accompany you to the Castle."

The Governor bowed a respectful acquiescence, and followed the example of the Chieftain, in mounting one of the steeds which the Desmond had perceived were standing at the door.

The Earl and his companion with their suite soon arrived at the residence of the Lord Deputy of Ireland. That important post was then filled by Sir Henry Sidney, the father of the celebrated Sir Philip, and the son of Sir William Sidney, godson to Henry VIII., and the beloved friend and companion of Edward VI., who expired in his arms.

The Irish Viceroy had early distinguished himself for diplomatic talents, in the discharge of foreign embassies, and had ably fulfilled his duties in the high offices of Lord President of Wales, Treasurer of War in England, and Lord Justice of Ireland. For the dignity of the latter station, he had many of the essential requisites. Sir Henry Sidney was an enterprising, intelligent, and accomplished man, gifted with such sound judgment and sagacity as deservedly gained him the reputation of being one of the most enlightened and experienced statesmen of the age. His zeal in the service of his Royal Mistress, his decision of mind and political courage, were unquestionable. Yet his character was far from being entitled to unqualified praise; for in the course of his jurisdiction he often stretched his prerogatives to an unwarrantable extent, in order to enforce the Queen's authority; and although his fidelity to Elizabeth

was untinged by those mean and selfish principles which sometimes shield themselves under the garb of loyalty, yet the severity with which he maintained the execution of the laws, and enforced the extension of the English jurisdiction, prove that many of his proceedings were oppressive. His administration may be therefore deemed despotic; though, when placed in contradistinction to the iniquitous policy of other Viceroy's, the government of Sir Henry Sidney seems both merciful and just.

A general acquiescence in the decrees of the English cabinet, and a strong desire to enlarge and secure the power of his sovereign, appear to have been essential features in the character of this distinguished minister. The leniency of his conduct towards the Lord of Desmond, which so little corresponded with his paramount principles, can therefore only be explained by supposing, that the deep and comprehensive policy of Sir Henry Sidney led him to fear, that any open denunciation of the Earl's conduct might exasperate the public mind, and inflame those national feelings which were already ripe for insurrection and revolt. Whatever were his motives, the Lord Deputy's address to the Earl of Desmond (30) was distinguished by the most marked urbanity;

when, having passed through the crowded hall of entrance at the Castle, the Chieftain was ushered in by the usual state attendants to the Council-chamber.

Sir Henry Sidney presided at the head of a long table covered with green cloth, round which the Lord Chancellor, Sir William Drury, (the lately appointed Governor of Munster,) numerous peers of the realm, the principal dignitaries of the Protestant church, and several of the highest military, legal, and civil officers of the crown, were seated according to their respective ranks.

Having announced the Earl's presence to the assembled nobles and commoners, Sir Henry spoke as follows:—

“My Lord of Desmond, we have spent much time and thought in deep deliberation on the points of controversy which unhappily exist between the Earl of Ormond and your Lordship. —State the chief subjects of complaint,” he added, turning to his secretary, who was seated at another table piled with papers that contained the heads of the examinations which had been taken before the Privy Council.

“My Lord,” replied the secretary, “they seem principally to consist in disputes concerning the profits of the prize wines at Youghal (31) and Kinsale, which both Earls demand by different



grants from the Crown; the bounds of their respective lands and other contested estates, especially the Manor of Kilshelagh, which the Earl of Desmond claims, but which has been awarded to the Lord of Ormond, who charges the vassals of his enemy with treasons, felonies, and many trespasses and depredations. Nevertheless, the Earl of Ormond does not seek to justify himself, but wishes to submit his cause unto the Queen."

The eyes of all present now turned upon the Chieftain, as if in expectation of his answer. The Earl rose, and with much dignity he thus addressed the assembly:—

"My Lords, the royal liberties granted by King Edward (32) to my ancestors, whereby the Counties of Kerry, Cork, Waterford, and Tipperary, were made Palatinates, and the Earls of Desmond, by patent, were created Chiefs and Lords of those regalities; in right of which, the privilege was given, that we should never come to any parliament, or grand council, or within the walls of any town, but at our will and pleasure, might now exempt me from the interference even of the high authority of England. But in the present instance, I am content to wave my ancient right, and stand here to declare, that to obtain redress for signal innovations on my territories, and other acts of gross and unprovoked hostility,

whereby my lands have been made the scene of outrage and of blood, I was obliged to take the field against my Lord of Ormond. The charge with which he has assailed my faithful followers, I hurl back with scorn on his own! Let him disprove my allegations, if he dare. Investigation will confirm their truth. From you, my Lords, I simply ask for justice!"

At these words, Sir Henry Sidney rose and said:—"My Lords and Gentlemen, I candidly confess, that I should rather now discharge the office of a mediator than the duty of a judge. The safety of the empire may depend on the proceedings of this day; wherefore let us, I entreat you, wave discussions which would bring endless disputes and difficulties in their train. My Lord of Desmond, I shall say nothing invidious or unnecessary in the present case, but shall content myself with strongly urging, that the sacrifice of private interest should be made to public principle. *He* can neither be a loyal nor an upright man, who hesitates between the two. Shall it be said, my Lord, that you, one of the first and most distinguished subjects of the realm, suffered your greatness to be touched by selfish views? No! I feel that you will second my exertions to promote the harmony and confidence, which are adapted to advance the lasting interests of this

land; and that you will forgive the past, and meet the Earl of Ormond in the road of manly reconciliation."

"Has *he* agreed to tread that path?" haughtily demanded Desmond.

"He has," returned Sir Henry; "the Lord of Ormond holds out the hand of honest fellowship, and submits to the determination of the Queen; for the performance whereof, he consents to enter into a recognisance of twenty thousand pounds; should you, my Lord, agree to do the same, and pledge yourself to support the execution of our Sovereign's laws, to legally collect her subsidies in Munster, and to suppress the Brehon jurisdiction, (32) and all Irish customs which are repugnant to the interests of the state; I am persuaded that the applause of the Grand Council of the nation will be the least reward which will result to you from having done your duty."

"The lover of his country should stifle every feeling that rebels or militates against the public good; hence I consent to what has been proposed," said the Earl in a deliberate voice, as he signed a paper handed to him by the secretary; in doing which he entered into the proposed recognisance. At this act and declaration, the highest satisfaction emanated from the expressive countenance of Sidney, and in an animated tone

he said :—“ Here, then, my Lords and Gentlemen, our business ends. The triumph of patriotism over private vengeance must be ratified within the house of God. The Cathedral Church of Saint Patrick, I appoint (33) to be the place of conference between the Earls of Desmond and of Ormond; there, I sincerely hope that ancient wrongs and animosities will be for ever buried in oblivion !”

The Desmond bowed. The action was received as a tacit acquiescence, and the meeting was instantly dissolved.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“ How reverend is the face of this tall pile  
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads  
 To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,  
 By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,  
 Looking tranquillity!”

CONGREVE.

“ The greedy sight might there devour the gold  
 Of glittering arms too dazzling to behold ;  
 And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,  
 And crested morions with their plummy pride  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 The coursers paw'd the ground with restless feet,  
 And snorting foam'd and champ'd the golden bit.”

DRYDEN.

THE aim and wishes of the Earls of Desmond and of Ormond, though widely different in their object and tendency, yet rendered a temporary reconciliation mutually desirable, if not absolutely necessary. The step towards an accommodation proposed by Sir Henry Sidney, had therefore been

equally satisfactory to the two contending parties ; but the accomplishment of the treaty was tediously protracted by the jealousies that each bore to the other, and by their anxiety to preserve the dignity, and to secure the preservation of their individual interests, on an occasion fraught with momentous consequences.

At length the day arrived for the important interview. It had been found impossible to restrain those propensities to ostentatious display, which the love of power and the ambition of rivalry create : and in order to maintain harmony between the hostile peers and their adherents, the high authorities of the kingdom had judged it prudent to confine within their own breasts whatever apprehensions they felt, and to abstain from any open interference with the arrangements of the approaching conference. The imposition of restrictions, which might seem to imply a doubt of the equitable proceedings or motives of either party, were also carefully avoided. Emboldened by such temperate conduct, the Desmond resolved to give a striking instance of his power, by displaying the formidable appearance of his retainers. This, he thought, would reflect in a strong light those several points of influence by which he might attempt to overthrow the bulwarks of the constitution, should the cabals of private or of court fac-

tion force him from the neutral ground that, for the present, he appeared to occupy.

Accordingly, a number of the Earl's vassals were summoned from Desmond Castle, to attend their Lord ; and on the morning appointed for the meeting with his rival, the Earl of Desmond appeared in the area of the Governor's house, attired in the ancient costume of his country, which has been already described, and escorted by a body of his faithful kerne, (34) or foot soldiers. Those men wore iron headpieces, and were equipped with javelins, or pikes, five feet in length, to which a thong was fastened, that was tied round the dart and attached to the forefinger. The kerns were followed by their *stocach*, or boys, and were additionally armed with knives, and skeins, or short daggers. A party of gallow-glasses also attended : (35) they were accoutred with lances and swords, as well as with bows about three quarters of a yard in length, the strings of which were of wreathed hemp slackly bent, and short, slender, and steel-headed arrows, that were fixed in little quivers. The heads of the gallow-glasses were uncovered, and partly shorn ; but their long hair was tied up in an immense twisted lock, called a *cooleen*, or *glibb* ; which presenting no inelegant appearance, resembled in some degree the crest of a helmet, and from its prodigious thickness was capable of

warding off a stroke in battle; (36) thus superseding the necessity of head armour. Their necks were bare; but great folds of yellow linen were wrapped round the breast and waist, and monstrous sleeves of the same material hung in drapery from the arm. A shirt of mail that descended to the calf of the leg, a cloak affixed to the back of the shoulders, and a double-edged, sharp, and broad battle-axe, which was borne in the hand, completed the costume of the Irish gallow-glasses.

A small troop of cavalry, styled hobillers, formed the body guard of their Chieftain. These horsemen wore long hose, and riding shoes of costly cordovan, together with a hacqueton, or doublet stuffed with wool, under a haubergeon, or short coat of mail. The hobillers were men of superior stature and appearance; they were mounted on war steeds, caparisoned with the strong brass bit, the sliding reins, and shank-pillion, which formed the common horse furniture of the age. The cavalry were attended by boys, named *Daltins*, who were the foster-children of the clan, and whom Spenser, in his quaint and expressive language, terms *Rake Hell Horse-Boys*.

This remarkable train presented a striking appearance, and produced a prodigious effect when passing through the city suburbs to the



Cathedral Church of Saint Patrick. The site of the sacred edifice had been chosen, from the supposed sanctity of the well and chapel of Ireland's Patron Saint, that had formerly stood in the low valley, towards which the Desmond and his retinue approached, as the Earl of Ormond and his suite appeared winding their way from the west.

The Lord of Ormond rode a charger sumptuously trapped in embroidered velvet, and whose head was adorned with spangled feathers, that were tossed backwards and forwards, according to the impetuous movements of the high-blooded and graceful animal.

Ormond was a more conspicuous figure than any among the splendid group which crowded around his person. His Lordship's dress partook of the military character. He wore a gold helmet studded with precious stones, and crested with a snow-white plume, that waved in different directions. A slight corselet of polished steel inlaid with gold defended his breast; and a short crimson velvet cloak lined with sable, in form somewhat resembling the pelisse of a modern hussar, hung from his shoulders, and was secured at the neck by a jewelled clasp.

The jerkin and other parts of the dress were of dark cloth, embroidered with gold; and the Earl

wore Spanish leather boots worked with the same, to the heels of which superb chafrons were affixed. His Lordship was unarmed, if we except a short rapier, damasked and engraven according to the fashion of the times, the sparkling hilt of which appeared at the waistband of the jerkin.

Lord Ormond was unattended by any of his own immediate household, but a richly-apparelled group of the first nobility, and the most distinguished personages of the realm, accompanied him on this memorable occasion, and seemed to vie with each other in demonstrations of respect and affection. The attractive elegance of their appearance, as they gracefully reined in their prancing steeds, and conversed with the gaiety and ease of men accustomed to regulate their feelings and manners by the rules of courtly etiquette, presented a remarkable contrast to the rude, but strikingly bold and martial, aspect of the Lord of Desmond's train; and as the two parties advanced more nearly, the whole assumed the effect of a gorgeous melo-dramatic exhibition, which seemed to realize the fanciful creations of chivalry—those relics of the romantic gallantries of the middle ages, which yet lingered, and were only beginning to merge into the more artificial system of modern manners.

The edifice towards which the parties were

approaching was venerable and picturesque. The Church of Saint Patrick, a splendid and extensive cathedral, was built in the usual form of a long cross, and was erected in the purest style of gothic architecture. It was roofed with groined arches, and adorned with one hundred decorated windows, (37) elegant in their design and admirable in their execution. The archiepiscopal palace, the manses of the dean, dignitaries, and prebendaries ; the halls and dormitories of the minor canons and vicars choral, besides other buildings, were enclosed within the walls which separated the close from the city suburbs. The exterior of the church was supported, on the north side, by four buttresses, with bold and graceful demi-arches, and by five on the south. In the walls were several niches, that had been originally furnished, by the superstitions of the times, with images of saints, which were destroyed in the year 1537, by an order from the Lord Cromwell.

The Cathedral had three entrances. The north was called Saint Nicholas Gate. The south, Paul's Gate, and the west (which was very lofty) obtained the name of Saint Patrick's Gate, over which there was a stately and beautiful window, embellished with stained glass. But the interior of the edifice was more beautiful in design, and displayed greater magnificence than any part of

the structure. The lofty nave was a hundred and thirty feet in length, and consisted of a centre and side aisles, which were separated by octagonal pillars, that supported gothic arches. The roof was complex, but rich in architectural embellishments; it was lighted at the western entrance by a window of considerable dimensions, and by smaller ones over the arches between the aisles. The choir was peculiarly fine, and communicated with its side aisles by airy and elegant arches. The roof was of stone painted of a bright azure colour, that was richly inlaid with stars of gold. Forty great pillars supported the vaults and aisles, which being separated at the distance of eleven feet, were formed in acute angles, and the demi-pillars, columns, and tessellated pavements, that decorated the various galleries, presented a strikingly fine perspective in their extensive and picturesque vistas. The Chapter House was of considerable dimensions, and lay in the southern transept of the church. It was light and not inelegant in its general proportions; and on the left of the entrance, was the prison of the Inquisition, wherein ecclesiastical offenders had formerly been confined: a practice which the Reformation had abolished.

The important moment at length arrived, when the two parties, drawing up on opposite sides,

reached the grand gate of the Cathedral. The surprise of both seemed equally great, when, on the church doors being thrown open, the Archbishop of Dublin, arrayed in his pontificals, and attended by a considerable number of the minor clergy in their sacerdotal habits, appeared at the entrance. Astonishment sealed the lips of the rival peers and their followers. Taking advantage of their silence, in a mild and dignified voice the Prelate thus addressed them :—

“ My Lords, for this intrusion I should ask your pardon, did I not feel that a Power beyond the proudest earthly one commands me to appear within this hallowed dwelling of our God, as the appointed minister of peace, and, I would humbly hope, the chosen instrument of good.

“ When I survey the martial aspect which your trains present, I own, some doubts of evil cross my mind. Dispel them, I entreat you, by a reverential conduct suited to the sacred place where I, with my brethren, stand, the servants of the Infinite Eternal. By that glorious Being, I adjure you both to stifle and extinguish every hostile passion. The Chapter House of this Cathedral is the spot wherein your mutual reconciliation may be ratified to best advantage. There, the simple act of joining hands in firm good faith, will be a pledge of amity sufficient for the future.

All parley would be vain. A noble deed gains little from the aid of language. Pronounce, my Lords: Does my sacred office, and the duty it enjoins, excuse this interference, and shall the wishes I have named be granted?"

Both Earls bowed submission, and silently prepared to obey injunctions which they mutually acknowledged were too solemn to be disregarded.

By a simultaneous movement, the parties took each a different direction; the Desmond and his followers proceeding up the left aisle, while Lord Ormond and his suite advanced along the right. The centre of the nave was filled by the Archbishop, with the attendant clergy in their ministerial copes; and as the peers continued to move forward up the side aisles, the venerable Prelate stood in the midst of his brethren, and with uplifted hands and eyes, seemed to implore a fervent benediction on each individual present. His lips moved, but his words were lost in the volumes of sound that swept through the vaulted roofs of the edifice, as the full-toned organ, which formed part of the screen that separated the choir from the nave, pealed a magnificent *Te Deum*, that was accompanied by the voices of hundreds of choristers, whose full notes were prolonged through the aisles and galleries of the Cathedral in all the majesty of sacred harmony. A few

moments brought the parties to the entrance of the choir. The Archbishop then, with a slow and dignified step, preceded the Earls up that part of the church. Taking his station at the high altar, he stood there surrounded by the minor clergy, and in the solemnity of devotion waited until the nobles, with their followers, had filed off at each side, Ormond occupying the right, and Desmond the left of the Archbishop. Behind the altar's elevated steps, which were completely filled by the Prelate and his brethren, there was a bold and graceful gothic arch curtained with crimson draperies, that, half withdrawn, presented a splendid glory to the view; and as the group thus rose amphitheatre-wise over the rest of the assembly, the noble and chaste simplicity of their appearance produced a remarkably fine effect, in contradistinction to the more gorgeous details of this memorable meeting.

When with a grand burst of melody the *Te Deum* was concluded, the Archbishop, in unaffected but impressive language, pronounced a blessing on the approaching conference, and on the individuals engaged in its performance. The benediction was received in respectful silence; and after the pause of a few moments, the peers, with their retinue, moved towards the Chapter House, still preserving their distinct and separate lines of

progress. On reaching the space near the entrance to the choir, where the aisles crossed each other, Lord Ormond and his friends filed off towards the one which separated the Chapter House from the Consistory Court; while the Desmond's train moved onwards through the northern part of the transept, that lay on the east of the choir, until the retinue arrived at the sculptured oak door of the Chapter House, before which, in compliance with an order given to that effect, the Chieftain stopped. In the mean time, Ormond and his friends had entered the Chapter House by a private entrance on the opposite side, and thus both parties were drawn up; the one in the interior, and the other on the exterior of the Chapter House door; (38) in which (according to the old chronicler) "there was a clift pearsed at a trise, to the end that both the Earls should haue shaken hands to be reconciled."

A slight demur ensued as to the order of precedency which ought to be observed on this occasion; for, from the vindictive and undaunted character of Desmond, the partisans of his opponent dreaded that some signal treachery was meditated on the Chieftain's part, and with that barbarous suspicion which is so characteristic of the fierce and bigoted temper of the times, had strongly surmised, that it was the intention of the Lord of Desmond to strike off the hand of Ormond, should



that Earl be the first to stretch forth the pledge of amity. Hence his friends contended, that the proffer should originate with Desmond; and without the knowledge of Lord Ormond, an intimation to that effect was conveyed to the Chief. Unable to endure the imputation of such treachery, the Desmond's fiery spirit instantly broke forth, and dashing his hand through the aperture, in noble indignation he exclaimed:—

“Perish the base suspicion! My hot blood boils to bear it for an instant.”

Such a proof of sincerity overcame distrust. Ormond grasped the offered hand of Desmond, and the next moment the great door was thrown open, when both Earls embraced with apparently sincere and cordial friendship. The eight fine-toned bells of the Cathedral immediately chimed forth a peal of joy, which seemed to find its echo in the hearts of the auditors. The reconciliation appeared to extend to every individual of the hitherto hostile factions, and with the semblance of unaffected pleasure, congratulations poured in on every side. A new impulse seemed to be given to the public mind; and with many demonstrations of mutual good-will the parties separated, and pursued the route to their respective quarters in the same order of procession which had distinguished their former progress to the Cathedral of Saint Patrick.

## CHAPTER XIX.

“ The state is out of tune : distracting fears  
 And jealous doubts jar in our public counsels :  
 Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,  
 Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,  
 With open scorn of Government ; hence credit  
 And public trust 'twixt man and man are broken.”

ROWE.

——— “ No land for tyrants but their graves !—  
 Such is their cry.—Some watchword for the fight  
 Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right :  
 Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,  
 A word 's enough to raise mankind to kill.”

LORD BYRON.

To detail minutely the comparatively trivial events which followed the reconciliation we have recorded is unnecessary ; but a few of the miscellaneous occurrences which happened subsequent to that adjustment must be briefly noticed, before we proceed to narrate the more important incidents of an after period.

The fair appearance of the Lord of Desmond's conduct had failed to eradicate the suspicions of the English Government ; but as no pretext could be formed to authorize his further detention, the Earl had been dismissed, and allowed to return to Desmond Castle, where, in order to avert those suspicions which were rather repressed than extinguished, the Chieftain admitted the visits of Lord Thurles, considering that such a measure would be a decisive proof of the sincerity of his reconciliation with the Earl of Ormond.

When the several principles of action in human nature are not properly disciplined and adjusted, a thousand false associations pervert the understanding and cloud the judgment ; and where one prevailing passion assumes an unlimited sway over the mind, its absolute ascendancy not only deadens the sense of moral justice, but produces the most glaring inconsistencies of conduct. So it was with the Earl of Desmond. Intently occupied with the prosecution of his political projects, he neither anticipated that any evil could result from permitting his daughter to receive the attentions of Lord Thurles, nor calculated for an instant the danger and injustice of allowing a constant intercourse to subsist between two beings so congenial in character and sentiment. The natural consequences of such an intimacy followed. Notwithstanding

the barrier which fate seemed to present against the indulgence of mutual affection, the omnipotent sympathies of nature rose in rebellion to the mandates of a cold and worldly policy, breaking through its restraints with a boldness and impetuosity, which the energies of passion vividly awoke in youthful hearts as yet unpolluted by the world, —hearts full of those sensibilities, hopes, and desires, which in the bright morning of existence constitute the very elements of our being, before the painful realities and harsh events of after-life have for ever blighted our affections, and dried up the springs of sentiment with the sources of imagination.

The subtilties of science are progressive in their improvements, and the secrets of philosophic nature are discovered in gradual succession as they throw light upon each other; but the sympathies of the heart, and the passions of the soul, known to *all*, are most truly felt by the least sophisticated; and their agencies over the principles of human action lend a powerful intensity to those deep associations and definite impressions, which in the plenitude and vigour of early life pervade, and frequently determinate, the destinies of men.

In the midst of the confusion and dangers which surrounded Lord Thurles, his heart turned with unspeakable delight to Geraldine. Her heroic

yet tender character realized the bright creations of his fancy, and it seemed that, as if having found such a blessed treasure, his soul refused to renounce the glorious hopes which formed his dreams of future happiness. With the buoyancy of strong and untamed emotions, he indulged those life-pervading thoughts, which he felt with the poignancy and transport of a youthful enthusiast, who, for the first time, experienced the profound agitations of that overmastering sentiment, which springs out of the source and depths of human passion.

With Geraldine the case was different. She knew it not, and yet her heart throbbed with all the truth of feeling and exquisite delicacy of sentiment which mark the love of woman. But the chaste, pure mind of our heroine was filled with the pathos of tenderness, rather than with the energy of passion. Love shed beauty and softness around her. It exalted her imagination, while it touched her heart. It vivified her existence, and called into life the finest sympathies of her nature; but to those impetuous movements of the soul, which swayed the spirit of Lord Thurles, Geraldine was a stranger.

Undisturbed by apprehensions, and regardless of consequences, the Desmond continued, with reckless indifference, to permit the recurrence of those delicious hours of intercourse which had revealed

the mutual perfections of Geraldine and Thurles, and had bound their hearts in the indissoluble ties of reciprocal affection. The Chieftain, unsuspecting of the truth, made no effort to break this fatal fascination; but, devoted to the accomplishment of his main design, he neglected all minor considerations, and proceeded in his political manœuvres, with all the zealous confidence of a sanguine projector.

The extensive and discretionary power with which he was endowed by his own party enabled him to arrange his schemes and operations according to his peculiar wishes; and, by the influence and address that he displayed in the exercise of the supreme authority with which he had been invested, the Earl showed that he possessed many of the talents requisite to produce the great results which were anticipated from his machinations.

The rapid progress of the spirit of disaffection may be traced in a great measure to the policy the Chieftain displayed at the important juncture of which we speak. Knowing the strength and vigour of the English cabinet, he was compelled to repress the rancour of private enmity, and the manifestation of public revenge, until the seeds of discord were sufficiently ripe to produce immediate fruits. But in the interim, he occupied himself in preparing those regulations by which he

hoped to introduce a system of internal policy, that would gradually prepare the public mind for those violent measures which he ultimately contemplated, as the only means whereby the existing frame of government, and the established order of society, might be inverted.

For some months his projects were so cautiously veiled, that they eluded even the jealous eye of suspicion; but to conceal such daring schemes for any length of time, required greater extent of abilities, and more profound discernment than, in point of fact, the Earl possessed. Personal courage and unaffected devotion to his country, were his chief qualities for high command; and the impetuosity of temper under which they were generally evinced, often placed those properties rather in the light of faults than of virtues; for the slavery produced by violent and untamed passions weakens the mind, and reduces it to a degree of dependence on external circumstances, that is extremely inimical to that well-digested mode of action, and comprehensive unity of design, which, by a proper application, may produce amazing effects on the political body of a divided and distracted state. Owing to the want of such salutary regulations, a strong suspicion had gained ground as to the intentions of the Lord of Desmond, and a representation of his conduct, and the condition of the country, had been pri-

vately forwarded by the friends of government, to Sir Henry Sidney.

Many circumstances contributed to augment and confirm the deductions which had been drawn from the aspect of affairs; and where facts were insufficient to corroborate suspicion, the theory of conjecture was brought to bear on those presumptive points of evidence, which were considered as actual demonstrations in a case so replete with danger to the safety of the state.

Various coincidences concurred to prevent the Desmond from discovering that his proceedings had become subjects of observation to the high authorities of England. Wrapped in a false security, he continued to meditate the boldest and most desperate schemes, unchecked by any apprehension of their consequences, and unconscious that the discerning sagacity of government had already taken the most effectual precautions to detect and to elude his daring operations. In this state of inconsiderate security, the Earl was more fully confirmed, by the arrival of despatches from the Jesuit Allen, which contained the following intelligence, with regard to the success of the foreign mission he had undertaken.

In inflated terms, the Jesuit stated, that the most sanguine hopes might be entertained from the cooperation of Elizabeth's inveterate enemy, Philip



of Spain ; who had pledged himself to assist in fomenting and supporting the insurrection in Ireland. Allen further informed the Earl, that his measures had been so decisive and intrepid, that, assisted by Doctor Saunders, he had also obtained the promised aid of the Court of Rome. Those inviting prospects of success seemed unclouded by any circumstance calculated to overcast the bright rays of hope that broke upon the Chieftain's mind. Therefore, in a transport of delight, he forwarded copies of the Jesuit's letter to the Earl of Tyrone, who at this period headed a formidable insurrection, which was on the point of bursting forth in the Northern parts of Ireland. The Desmond also despatched similar intelligence to many other Hibernian nobles, who, burning with unconquerable hatred against the Queen and her Government, only waited for a favourable opportunity to avow their hostile intentions against the superior power of the British empire.

## CHAPTER XX.

*Gloster.* “How now!—so hot!

*Hastings.* “So brave and so resolved.

*Gloster.* “Is then our friendship of so little moment,  
That you could arm your hand against my life?

*Hastings.* “I hope your Highness does not think I meant  
it;

No! Heaven forefend that e'er your princely person  
Should come within the scope of my resentment.”

ROWE.

“But ha!—how 's this?—my son!”

CATO.

AT the period of our narrative at which we have now arrived, the effects of the English policy, as displayed in the government of Ireland, were obviously manifested in the spirit of discontent and opposition, which the exclusive system of the British administration, and the various abuses committed in its exactions, had created. The uncon-

stitutional and oppressive measures, which in too many instances disgraced the proceedings of the Crown, in supporting the monopoly of power at the expense of moral justice, brought their natural consequences ; and the Irish seemed animated by one common feeling of intrepid determination, to assert the indisputable rights of free men, and to vindicate the independence of their country.

Startled by such spirited conduct, the Queen and her counsellors devised many projects for the maintenance of good order, and the extension of the English jurisprudence. Amongst other political regulations, it was determined that the Lord President of Munster, Sir William Drury, should make a progress through the South of Ireland, in order to enforce the disaffected into submission, and to endeavour to control the increasing and formidable power of the Earl of Desmond. The county palatine of Kerry was the centre of machination against the English government, and thither the President of Munster bent his course.

Sir William Drury was an austere and spirited officer, who had served with considerable reputation as Governor of Berwick. His anxiety to promote the interests and service of the Crown, was as ardent and sincere as that of Sir Henry Sidney ; but in the higher qualities of the mind,

in ability, and in experience, he was decidedly inferior to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. Though inflexible in his purposes, Drury was suspicious in his disposition, and violent in his temper. Exasperated by the alarming position of public affairs, he determined on the bold act of forcibly extending his jurisdiction into the palatinate of Kerry, in defiance of the Desmond's ancient and acknowledged privilege of exemption from the interference of an English authority. An intimation of Sir William's intentions was forwarded to the Chief, who, in decided but respectful language, pleaded his right of exemption, as Lord of the lands of Kerry. Drury refused to allow the legality of this remonstrance, and, regardless of the patent on which it was established, he obstinately persisted in his avowed determination. Finding the sacred principles of justice thus grossly violated, the Lord of Desmond announced his resolution to appeal to Sir Henry Sidney; but in the meantime he assured the President of Munster, that he should be received within the regalities of Desmond with the utmost respect. To prove the sincerity of those professions, the Earl invited Sir William Drury to Desmond Castle, to partake of that genuine hospitality, which even the enemies of Ireland are compelled to admit as the national characteristic of

a people, who, however debased by the corruptions of oppression, have yet, through all the vicissitudes of their fate, exhibited the light of those social virtues, which the darkness of prejudice, and the shades of political degradation, never quenched.

At a moment when the struggle for supremacy and the extension of influence tintured the feelings of the day, and operated with a powerful ascendancy on the public mind, it was natural for the Earl of Desmond to forward his interests, and at the same time to gratify his vanity, by receiving Sir William Drury with all the pomp and magnificence he could command. Accordingly, no sooner was it known that the Chief's invitation had been accepted, than preparations for the reception of the Lord President of Munster were commenced on the most splendid scale. In compliance with the usages of his country, the Desmond resolved to exhibit some of the many peculiar customs round which time had shed additional interest; for upon the relics of departed glory, the innovations of modern manners had as yet effected no material change. Cherished and consecrated by sentiment, the ordinary train of human events had had little influence in abolishing the records of earlier and happier ages; and as the encroachments of aristo-

cratical power produced the downfall of national greatness, its lingering remains were proportionably revered.

A sort of popular retrogression into ancient habits was thus generated through the system, that opposed and vainly endeavoured to repress the existence of those objects of enthusiasm, to which the devotion of patriotism had affixed a living and imperishable interest.

The unrivalled magnificence of the scenery of Desmond Castle was peculiarly well calculated to give a striking effect to the representation of any scene connected with the expression of national feeling. The antique grandeur of the fortress,—the deep solitude of its woods, which seemed to have lived through the wreck of ages to flourish over and protect the towers which they shadowed,—the mighty ocean, whose waters dashed in solemn music to the shore, and the majestic mountains which, coeval with creation, rose in a gigantic chain of strength that bound the whole, instilled a spirit of undefinable beauty, that invested every surrounding object with a part of its own undecaying sublimity.

It was on a glorious morning that the Lord President of Munster, with a train of one hundred and twenty men in arms, (39) approached the gates of Desmond Castle. Having passed over the draw-

bridge and portcullis, Drury and his suite entered the inner court of the fortress, where they were received by an official escort. Preceded by this guard of honour, and by the principal warders of the Castle in their state dresses, the Lord President and his followers were conducted round the elliptical side of the ramparts where the fortress stood, until they reached an extensive plain, which lay in an opposite direction outside the walls, and commanded a magnificent view of the varied scenery of the surrounding country.

There, in a highly ornamented pavilion, which had been erected for the occasion, sat the Earl and Countess of Desmond with the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald, attended by the flower of the Irish nobility, who were attached to the interests of the Chieftain.

The pavilion was built of oak, and was richly hung with crimson draperies fringed with gold; these were surmounted by a silken pennon, that was pitched on the highest point of the building, upon the floating folds of which the armorial bearings of the house of Desmond were embroidered; the pavilion was of immense extent, and was erected in the form of a semicircle. The front was entirely open, and faced the Atlantic Ocean. In the area, four chairs of state stood on an elevated platform. Three of these were already

occupied by the Earl and Countess with the Lady Geraldine; the remaining one was destined for the Lord President of Munster.

The back rows of the amphitheatre were completely filled by a crowd of bards, each of whom wore the *birred*, or academical cap, which was conferred when they took the degree of doctors in poetry; a regulation that had been instituted by the celebrated Ollamh Fodla seven or eight centuries before the Christian era.

The fine person of Lady Desmond, from situation and attire, appeared to particular advantage. She was habited in a black velvet robe, that was confined at the waist by a girdle of diamonds, which sparkled beneath a jewelled stomacher; her bust and arms were adorned with the same costly gems, and amidst her luxuriant hair a profusion of precious stones was interspersed, which were surmounted by a large coronet of emeralds.

The Chieftain and his daughter adhered to the splendid national costume that we have already described, and which they usually wore; but on the present occasion, a long transparent veil covered with stars of silver, was flung over Lady Geraldine's head, and fell round her figure in dazzling drapery, which was so peculiarly delicate and clear in its texture, that the proportions of the maiden's form, and even the transitions of



expression which continually played over her speaking features, were perceptible through the light and brilliant web, that softened rather than concealed the charms which it shaded.

Close to the chairs of state, groups of Irish nobles crowded round, eagerly endeavouring, by their personal homage, to attract the attention of the fair objects of their respectful admiration. A considerable part of the pavilion was yet unoccupied, being intended for the accommodation of the Lord President's suite; but a multitude of clansmen and inferior members of the Desmond household almost completely filled the adjacent grounds, which, with the exception of a wide and level green in front of the pavilion, were covered to a considerable distance with masses of people, who stood in silent expectation of the approaching interview.

The arrival of the Lord President was announced by the sound of the Trompa, (40) upon which the Earl rose, and advanced some paces towards his guest, as with an air of dignity he said:—"Sir William Drury, the Chief of Desmond gives you welcome; friends, to my pledge! the health of the Lord President," he added in an animated tone, as he raised to his lips a gold cup filled with Massilian wine, and quaffed it at a single draught.

The example of the Earl was followed by his principal guests; and Drury, having been presented to the Countess and Lady Geraldine, bowed his thanks, and was then conducted to the chair of state, which stood on the right hand of the Chieftain; the officers of Sir William's suite were immediately ushered to their appointed places, and the President's body-guard of men in arms drew up in an extended line on the exterior of the pavilion.

When those necessary arrangements were completed, the numerous minstrels struck their harps to a full prelude of symphonic harmony, which gradually sunk away in notes of plaintive softness. The aged Catholin, in the mingled tones of deep expression, then broke forth into the following stanzas, in the chorus of which he was joined by the other bards; this produced a burst of melody, that was reverberated through the surrounding rocks and glens, with the effect of pealing thunder.

## I.

Strike the harp and raise the song,  
To notes of joy and gladness!  
Joy has slept in silence long,  
Nursed by grief and sadness.

## II.

Now she wakes to welcome here  
The stranger; and exulting,  
Shouts a strain, that far and near,  
O'er glen, and brake, and mountain,

## III.

Flings its music wildly sweet,  
In mystic measures stealing ;  
Echo's airy tones repeat  
The swelling notes of feeling.

## CHORUS.

Sons of Erin !  
Nothing fearing,  
Cherish dark'ning doubts no more ;  
But with the zeal  
Of hearts that feel,  
Welcome Drury to our shore !  
Ivied towers,  
Fairy bowers,  
Ring the welcome o'er and o'er ;  
Sons of Erin !  
Nothing fearing,  
Welcome Drury to our shore !

The animating tones in which the chorus had been sung, beautifully died away in the faintest modulations, until the last echoes melted into languid murmurs, which were succeeded by an expressive silence, that remained unbroken by the assembled multitude. Perceiving this, the bards retouched their harps, and fell into the plaintive style of melody which they denominated the *Suantraighe*, or *sleepy mode* ; and as the whispering notes stole upon the ear, the performers of the ancient Irish dance, or *Rintheadfada*, (41) appeared in the perspective of the arena we have

described, moving slowly forwards in beautiful accordance to the soft adagio of the minstrels.

The dancers consisted of an equal number of both sexes. The females were clad in white robes, over which they wore light pink tunics reaching to the knees; these were fastened on the breast with a long silver skewer or brooch. Wreaths of linen were wrapped round their heads, something in the fashion of a Turkish turban; and their hair, being brought over the top, was fancifully confined on one side with the Irish bodkin. Their arms were adorned with silver bracelets, and their feet with sandals secured at the ankles with corresponding ornaments.

The men wore yellow fallins, or jackets without sleeves, which were met by trowsers striped with different colours. Short blue cloth mantles, trimmed with yarn fringes, that hung down nearly a foot in length, were thrown over one shoulder, to which they were fastened by the clasps of a golden chain that was twisted several times round the throat. Their heads were uncovered, but the cooleen, or immense lock of hair which we have mentioned as being peculiar to the Irish fashion, was tied up at the back of the head, and waved in different directions, according to the movements of the wearer, presenting an effect by no means inelegant.

With a slow and graceful step, three of the dancers first advanced abreast, each holding the end of a white handkerchief. The rest of the actors followed, two and two; a similar drapery floating between each couple. The performance then began; and the music changing to a sprightly measure, the dancers passed with a light quick movement under the handkerchief of the three in front, and rapidly wheeled round in semicircles, which formed a variety of animating evolutions, interspersed at intervals with *entre-chants*, or cuts. After this they united, fell into their original places behind, and paused in an attitude that presented a highly picturesque and fanciful grouping.

A shout of applause testified the approbation with which this national exhibition was received. The actors then glided gracefully away, and their places were immediately filled by a new set of performers, who came forward to execute the *Rinkeo*, or field-dance (42) of the Irish.

Great skill and agility were requisite in the performers, who were all of the male sex. They were dressed in very light shirts of brass net-work, which was extremely resplendent in the general effect. This military harness descended from the shoulders to the knees; consequently the legs and arms were bare, and the limbs free and unshackled by ligatures of any kind. Sandals of leather pro-

tected the feet, and were tied with thongs, which passing under the sole, fastened round the instep by a running string. Their heads were dressed according to the Irish mode, and, notwithstanding the law that had been enacted to prohibit the hair from growing on the upper lip, those men wore the *Crommeal*, which seems to have exactly resembled the German mustaches.

The field-dance was performed in circles, and the action was governed by quick martial music. Each evolution had its stated time, until an alteration in the allegro called for a corresponding change of movement in the *dancery-part*, as it was termed; and whether the performers broke or closed the circle, equal dexterity was requisite to preserve the unity of the action. On the present occasion it was admirably well sustained; and when at length the pageant concluded, the air was filled with the acclamations of the multitude, who eagerly entered into the spirit of the original performance which they had just witnessed. Scarcely had it ceased, when pouring rapidly down the deep defile of an opposite mountain, seven hundred of the Desmond's followers appeared, accoutred with long spears, and furnished with javelins, bows, and arrows.

This unexpected incident powerfully awoke (43) the rash suspicions of Drury, who started from

his seat to the front of the pavilion, and exclaimed:—"Soldiers, we are betrayed! wait not the assault; to horse and charge!" Shouting this, he sprung on a war-steed, and followed by his little squadron, pressed bravely onwards to anticipate the attack, which he thought the Desmondians meditated.

A scene of dreadful tumult ensued; the desperate charge of Drury's vanguard was received by the Irish in a paroxysm of amazement, which for the first instant precluded the power of action. In the next a frightful yell burst from their lips, and fiercely rushing forwards with their spears upraised above their heads, they were on the point of taking signal vengeance, when the Desmond, dashing into the thickest part of the fray, shouted in a voice of thunder:—

"By heaven and earth, the first who aims a stroke, I hold my deadliest foe!"

The ridge of levelled spears was lowered in an instant; obedient to the voice of their Chief, the men of Desmond stood silently awaiting his commands, their bodies bent half-forwards, their eyes intently fixed upon their adversaries, and their forms so instinct with life, that although motionless, they seemed in the very act of moving.

"Retire!" cried the Desmond, extending his

right arm towards his valiant clansmen, who instantly fell back towards the mountain's defile, within the shade of which they disappeared. "Dost thou suspect me *now*?" said the Earl, turning with much dignity to Sir William Drury, who with his men stood stupified in surprise at the unexpected movement.

"My Lord, I must acquit you of the foul intent which I suspected," said Drury, after a moment's pause; "yet, why in an hour of revelry an armed host marched forth in threatening columns, as if advancing to the front of war, I now require you to explain."

"*Require!* my Lord President: I do not know the word!" said the Chieftain in a tone of bitter irony, as with a burning cheek he proudly turned away and moved towards his castle.

Inwardly imprecating his own impetuosity, Drury mustered his little train, and instantly returned to the pavilion, where he found the Lady Geraldine anxiously endeavouring to soothe, and calm the Countess, who, overcome by the rapid succession of emotions which the last few hours had produced, seemed borne down by a torrent of ungovernable feeling. On those rare occasions, when the Lady Desmond's mind, loosened from the sway of acquired imperfections, was permitted to follow its natural courses,



she always acted with vigour and decision ; under the influence of such temporary feelings, no sooner did the Countess perceive the approach of Sir William Drury, than yielding to the excitement of the moment, she flew towards him :—  
“ Where—where is my Lord ? Oh, speak ! ” broke from her quivering lip.

“ Lady, he is safe, and has returned to the Castle ; but without condescending to explain those strange appearances, which would have awakened doubts in less suspicious breasts than mine.”

“ A few brief words will do it. The men of Desmond were assembled here to entertain you with the pleasures of the chase. No thought of violence crossed their minds. The war of hunting was the only war they meditated. Lord President, I boldly speak the truth. Has it convinced you, and absolved my husband ? ”

“ Madam, it has ; I perceive that you have dealt sincerely with me, and I regret—” Here Drury was interrupted by the appearance of an official messenger, who springing from his horse, bent one knee to the earth, as he presented a large packet to the Lord President, sealed with the royal arms of England.

“ With your Ladyship’s permission, I must read this paper,” said Drury, addressing the Coun-

tess, who bowed an acquiescence, and immediately retreated into the interior of the pavilion.

The whole of this transaction occupied only a few instants. During their rapid course, Geraldine, retired from observation, had been silently engaged in endeavouring to arrange her perturbed thoughts, and in imploring the assistance of that infinitely wise and gracious Being in whose protection, amidst all dangers and difficulties, she had a lively and habitual trust.

On learning from Lady Desmond the result of her interview with Sir William Drury, our heroine, with cheerful confidence anticipating a happy termination to the perils which still surrounded her father, proposed returning to the Castle to seek the Chieftain, in order to press upon his mind the necessity of preserving an open and consistent line of conduct, at a time when the slightest circumstance might provoke those suspicions which it was more than ever requisite to extinguish. Lady Desmond offered no objection to the proposal, and was leaving the pavilion, when Sir William Drury entered, and abruptly demanded an audience with the Chieftain.

“ The Desmond is at the Castle. Lady Geraldine and myself are on the point of joining him.

Should it so please you, my Lord President, accompany us thither," said the Countess.

"I shall have that honour," replied Drury, respectfully assisting the ladies as they ascended a sort of open litter, which waited near the entrance of the pavilion. After this, he mounted his horse, and in a few moments the whole party arrived at the Castle, in the grand hall of which they found the Earl of Desmond deeply engaged in conference with some of his leading partisans.

"My Lord, my duty to my Sovereign must excuse an intrusion which may be unwelcome," said Drury, as he advanced towards the Chieftain, while the Lady Desmond and her daughter retired through a side door, that led to their private apartments. The Earl haughtily bowed, but remained silent; upon which Sir William Drury looked round, and calmly said:—

"I publicly confess that, in the late affair, my conduct was intemperate and unjust. My Lord of Desmond may resent and seek the retribution of his wrongs as best may suit his wishes; but first permit me to discharge a business, which from its great importance cannot brook delay.—This packet," he continued, opening the paper he had just received, "is from Sir Henry Sidney. It informs me, that in consequence of the Earl of

Desmond's late infringements of the treaty which was ratified within St. Patrick's walls, my Lord of Ormond laid his grievances before the Queen, who, through her secretary Cecil, reprimanded the Lord Deputy of Ireland, accusing him of partiality to the Earl of Desmond. To justify himself, Sir Henry Sidney has investigated all the bearings of the case, and the result has led him to pronounce sentence against you, my Lord of Desmond, and to require immediate and sufficient reparation for the damages which, through your means, the Earl of Ormond hath sustained."

The Chieftain's brow blackened with indignation; but making a powerful effort, he repressed the rising storm, as in a steady voice he said:—

"Never will I comply with that demand. To do so, would denounce me guilty to a charge which I declare is false!—Lord President, you have my answer."

"Which bears the semblance of a public declaration of disloyalty!" returned Drury, fixing his inquiring eye upon the Earl.

"Not so!" replied the Desmond, "I rebel, 'tis true, against Sir Henry Sidney's late decision; but to my gracious Sovereign, the Queen, I am a faithful subject; in proof of which, I will instantly appeal, upon the present question, to her Majesty's supreme and better judgment."

“My Lord of Desmond, if you are sincere in your professions of attachment to our Royal Mistress, you cannot object to yield a temporary hostage of your loyalty.”

“Name it!” said the Earl boldly.

“Your infant son.”

“My son!” rejoined the Desmond, starting in alarm; but instantly endeavouring to master his agitation, he added in a stifled tone,—“I pray you, name some other pledge, less trying to a father’s heart.”

“That is impossible. In this paper,” continued Drury, glancing on the one he held, “I am ordered by the Queen, in case of your refusing to comply with Sir Henry Sidney’s award, to demand the youthful heir of Desmond, as a pledge of your Lordship’s fidelity, and to accept no other. On my soul, the boy shall be as safe beneath the Crown’s protection, as within your own. Reflect upon the consequences which would follow a resistance to her Majesty’s commands. In an antechamber I will wait your Lordship’s answer.”

Saying this, Sir William Drury retired into another apartment, and Desmond, in an agony of apprehension, was left with his friends to deliberate briefly on a subject which involved considerations no less interesting than important. At first view, it may appear almost incredible that the

Earl should, for a moment, hesitate between the alternatives which had been proposed; but a brief survey of the causes that operated on his conduct may perhaps account for their effects.

The idea of a forced subjection to the will of Ormond, implied a degradation from which the high spirit of the Chieftain revolted with inconceivable repugnance. Being conscious that a submission to Sidney's award would increase the already formidable power of the Ormond party, and would establish, as authentic, the complaints which had been laid before the Queen; it seemed, on the whole, to be quite evident that an acquiescence with the first proposal of Sir William Drury would gratify the vengeance and redouble the influence of the Desmond's enemies; it would also be considered as a self-acknowledged evidence of his own delinquency in having been guilty of encroachments, to overbalance which he had been obliged to make a large pecuniary remuneration. On the other hand, it was equally clear that the rejection of the Lord Deputy's proposal was an act of resistance, that would naturally create a host of suspicions, which nothing but a signal proof of confidence in the crown of England, and attachment to its government, could dispel.

Until a proper juncture should arrive, it was

utterly impossible for the Earl to avow his political sentiments; and in the mean time, to convince the English cabinet of his loyalty and good conduct, was a step that was indispensably requisite for the furtherance and success of his designs: as the honour of Sir William Drury was pledged for the safety of the Desmond's son, (Lord James Fitzgerald,) no personal danger could be apprehended in regard to the child, who, in point of fact, would be more secure from peril under the protection of the Queen of England, than if he remained in the heart of a country which was so soon expected to become the theatre of war and bloodshed. These, and other representations no less striking than well founded, were forcibly urged upon the attention of the Earl of Desmond by his friends: convinced of the sound policy which dictated their advice, the Chief, with the decisive intrepidity suited to a situation which scarcely admitted of deliberation or delay, determined to conquer his parental feelings, and at all hazards to permit his infant son to be given as an undeniable pledge of his fidelity to the throne of England.

No sooner was this resolution formed than it was accomplished; and the deliberations of the little council having decided that their important measure should be brought to a speedy issue, the Lord President of Munster was immediately

apprized of the result of the conference. The communication was received with unfeigned satisfaction by Sir William Drury, who, anxious to terminate the business with which he had been entrusted, announced his desire to leave the Castle without further delay; for, from the situation of the parties, and the posture of affairs, the President dreaded that circumstances might arise which would lead to the violation of the treaty that had just been entered into, if the fulfilment of the negotiation was protracted.

The rapidity of Drury's preparation was suited to the emergency of the case. Having ordered his soldiers to refresh themselves previous to their departure, he adjourned to the banqueting-hall, where he was received with apparent cordiality by the Lord of Desmond, who retained sufficient self-command to disguise his corroding apprehensions with the composed dignity of undaunted resolution.

This decision of conduct was highly applauded by the Chieftain's confidential friends, who unanimously advised that the Countess and the Lady Geraldine should be kept in ignorance of the intended departure of Lord James. This advice originated from a conviction that the act could not be sanctioned by their acquiescence, and that any information on the subject would inevitably give rise to perplexing scenes, and an oppo-



sition that might occasion manifold inconveniences and dangers. Expedients were accordingly devised to conceal the late discussion and its consequences from the inhabitants of the Castle. So effectual were these precautionary measures, that the Earl succeeded in their object ; after which he delivered up his son to the guardianship of Sir William Drury, and, with extraordinary firmness, witnessed the departure of the child with the Lord President and his suite. The succeeding moment was one of such overwhelming bitterness to the Desmond, that he almost regretted having entered on the thorny paths of political life. Deeply affected by recent events, the simple eloquence of natural feeling spoke to his soul with irresistible power. For a few instants, he gave free vent to the emotions of his heart in a burst of strong affection, but quickly triumphing over what he considered the weaker elements of his character, the Chief reassumed the lofty demeanour which usually marked his deportment, and with manly resolution restrained those sensibilities which would have disqualified him for the discharge of the important duties he was called on to perform. The first and most obvious one, was the disclosure of the late transaction to his wife and daughter.

Peculiar emergencies call forth peculiar virtues.

In the execution of his painful office, the Lord of Desmond evinced a greater degree of magnanimity and tenderness than he had ever before exhibited. The feelings created by the intelligence which he communicated, though essentially the same, yet varied in expression, according to the relative characters of the Countess and the Lady Geraldine. The former, after having yielded to a burst of unrestrained affliction, gradually allowed the tempest of grief and passion to subside into the gloom of discontent. The latter, though agitated by the acutest apprehensions, endeavoured to repress their demonstration.

Actuated by the noblest sentiments, Geraldine soothed the anxieties of her father, and carried consolation to his heart, by that heroic elevation of mind, which led her to reject the indulgence of selfish regrets, and to exert the power of reason to hasten their expulsion.

## CHAPTER XXI.

“ So long as Guyon with her communed,  
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,  
And ever and anon with rosie red,  
The bashful blood her snowy cheeks did dye,  
And her became as polish'd ivorie  
Which cunning craftsman's hand hath overlaid  
With fair vermilion or pure lastery ;  
Great wonder had the knight to see the maid  
So strangely passion'd, and to her gently said,  
' Fair damsel, seemeth by your troubled cheare  
That either me too bold yee weene this wise  
You to molest, or other ill to feare  
That in the secret of your heart close lyes,  
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.  
If it be I, of pardon I you pray.' ”

SPENSER.

“ Farewell !—God knows when we shall meet again.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE effect of sensible objects on the human mind is at all times great ; but when the heart and the imagination are vividly touched, external im-

pressions operate with peculiar force, and awaken the affections of the soul in modifications of feeling, which vary according to the objects with which they are associated. This disposition is implanted in our breasts for the wisest purposes. The gloomy shades that hover even on the brightest prospects, are softened by the contemplation of those outward images which elevate the thoughts towards the eternal origin of all that is sublime and beautiful in nature. Minds of sensibility are particularly disposed to indulge in those overflowings of the fancy; and Geraldine's tastes led her to relish with unspeakable delight those several sources of pleasure, which blend themselves with the visions of a fine imagination, and relieve the sorrows of a feeling heart.

It was under the influence of such associations, that on the evening of the day when Drury had departed, Geraldine, full of the important subject which engrossed her mind, repaired to the monastic ruins; that favourite retreat, which had so often been the scene of her melancholy reflections. As she approached it, every object excited emotion, and added to the powerful interest she experienced. The sun, which a few moments before shone brightly on the battlements of the Castle, was now gradually sinking beneath the horizon; and while our heroine gazed on the departing luminary, it

struck her as an emblem of the ebbing fortunes and declining glories of the house of Desmond.

The idea was oppressively painful; and seating herself on one of the fallen pillars of the ruined monastery, Geraldine wept. Absorbed in the deep interest of the moment, she did not attempt to restrain her thoughts, sad and confused as they were; for, weighed down by extreme anxiety, she found relief in the indulgence of that morbid pensiveness which suited the state of her depressed spirits. Scarcely a breath of wind curled the waters that murmured to her feet, and so still was the air, so profound the silence which reigned over every object, that a sound which, under other circumstances, would probably have passed unnoticed, caused the daughter of Desmond to start in alarm. Looking anxiously round to discover from whence the noise originated, she perceived that it had been occasioned by the falling of a small silver arrow, to which a slip of paper was affixed;—eagerly raising it from the ground, she glanced over the following words, which were scratched in evident haste with a pencil.

TO THE LADY GERALDINE FITZGERALD.

“ Grant me, I entreat, a moment’s interview.—  
Life and death may hang upon its issue. From  
where I stand, I can perceive your actions. A

wafture of your veil shall be the signal of permission to,

“ THURLES.”

In great agitation, Geraldine looked round. No person was visible. She stopped to listen,—no sound met her ear; except the murmurings of the ocean, and the light waving of the woods. She stood motionless for a few instants, during the rapid course of which a thousand contradictory emotions crossed her mind. The struggle was of short continuance. The firm reliance which our heroine felt in Lord Thurles's honour; the profound respect with which he had treated her when completely in his power, and, more than all, the important necessity which seemed to have urged him to demand an interview, overcame her reserve, and induced her to accede to his wishes. She waved her veil. The next moment, the figure of a man muffled in a cloak, whose face was entirely concealed beneath the shade of a slouched hat, was seen rapidly descending through one of the darkest defiles of an adjacent mountain. In another instant, springing with a light bound from his elevated station, Lord Thurles stood beside the Chieftain's daughter. His manners were confused, and the intensity of his emotions seemed to suspend the powers of utterance. At length, in a

suppressed and rapid voice, he said :—“Think not I should have sought this interview, were it not necessary to communicate some most important facts. May I state them ?”

Geraldine bowed her head, and reseating herself, motioned to his Lordship to take a place beside her. He did so ; but a feeling of embarrassment seemed to prevent him from pursuing his subject. At length he broke silence, and fixing his anxious gaze on our heroine’s pale and agitated countenance, Lord Thurles said : “Dangers and perils that you dream not of encompass you. The hostage for the Earl of Desmond’s loyalty, which has just been given, will not avail to screen him from suspicion or detection ; if he will persist in urging on his desperate plots, destruction must await him. Oh ! Lady Geraldine, with grief unutterable I foresee the end of all the Earl’s policy. Should he pursue his mad career, a prison or an ignominious death may be his fate.”

“*Death !*” reiterated Geraldine, turning very pale. She paused an instant ; then in a hollow voice she slowly said, “Death is the end of human misery. It is better to die than to live dishonoured !”

“Glorious woman !” passionately cried Lord Thurles ; “how every word you speak exalts you more and more ! Yet hear me with patience :—

Foes who *seem* friends surround your father. They have treacherously given information of his conduct to our Government. To abide the fortune of the field against the power of England, would be worse than madness. If either in open strife or dark sedition the Desmond *will* contend against the Crown, the lives of thousands must be forfeited. I shall conceal what honour bids me not disclose ; but let me earnestly beseech you to dissuade the Earl from secret or avowed rebellion. It is the only means whereby you may avert the fatal sentence, which, in characters of blood, will stand against the noble Desmond, should he persist in treason."

"The honour of a Desmond cannot be impeached by idle words, nor can my father's valiant spirit be affrighted by the bugbears conjured up by those who wish the downfall of our house. I mean not *you*, my Lord, but those who lie in wait for our destruction, and who, alike devoid of conscience and remorse, try to insult the spirit which they cannot bend, hoping to goad it on to deeds as black and treacherous as their own."

The animation of indignant feeling lighted up Geraldine's countenance with heroic beauty as she uttered those words. The Viscount gazed upon her matchless form, which, instinct with intellectual expression, had never looked so lovely.



A powerful agitation came over the heart and frame of Lord Thurles. His father, his country—all were forgotten, and with an intensity of feeling that would not be controlled, he passionately exclaimed,—“Geraldine, the searching eye of Heaven now overlooks us, and can read nothing but truth within my breast. Dare I open all my heart to you?” He waited not an answer, but added, in a low and rapid voice, “I have struggled long and deeply with a passion which overmasters every other; oh! forgive my rashness when I say, *you* are its object. Geraldine of Desmond is more precious to my soul than the life-blood that rushes through my veins!”

At this unexpected declaration, a sigh almost amounting to a groan, burst from the lips of the Chieftain’s daughter, and a convulsive shudder shook her frame from the violence of unconquerable emotion.

In agitation scarcely inferior to her own, Thurles threw himself on his knees; and as he buried his face in the folds of her robe, he whispered in a broken voice,—“Displeasure keeps you silent; yet, oh! you would forgive me if you loved.”

“*If I loved!*” exclaimed Geraldine, unconsciously repeating Thurles’s words in a voice which faltered in its every tone. The blood mounted high, and flushed her neck and forehead to the deepest crimson, as she felt the admission which those

words betrayed. It was too late to recall them. One passionate sob broke from her lips, and covering her face, she burst into tears.

Lord Thurles took her unresisting hand, and pressing it to his heart, in a deep and earnest tone he said:—"In mercy end suspense. Angelic being!—Do you, can you love?"

Geraldine trembled violently, and from the agitation of her frame it seemed as if some fearful struggle was passing through her mind. In strong emotion the Viscount awaited its issue. A few moments passed in silence. The daughter of Desmond then uncovered her face, and looked on Thurles through her tears. The expression of her countenance had totally changed. The burning blushes which had lately dyed her cheek were succeeded by a deathlike paleness; and her eyes, though filled with tears, spoke the resolution of a mind which had taken its fixed and final determination. The pause of an instant followed; then commanding all the native strength of her character, in a firm but tender voice, and with the energy of deeply awakened feeling, Geraldine said:—"It may be wrong in me to speak the truth. Perhaps I ought to feign a coldness which I do not feel, and seem the thing I am not. *That* can never be. Thurles, I confess I love you; deeply--truly—Nav, interrupt

me not, I charge you!" she exclaimed eagerly, preventing the reply that hovered on his lips. "Although in opposition to the doctrines of my church, my father's wishes, and the dictates of my conscience, still I love you! but never, never, shall ill-fated passion lead me to cherish hopes in you, or in myself, which can only end in wretchedness."

"Wretchedness!—Love is the source and element of joy; and can *such* joy make misery? Geraldine, your pure and generous soul, above deceit, has owned a kindred sympathy with mine. In Heaven's name, I charge you not to break the ties which bind us to each other! If heart unite with heart, one hour of love is a remission for whole years of anguish!" Lord Thurles paused, as if to curb his own impetuosity, and then proceeding, in a calmer tone he said:—"I know innumerable dangers *do* encompass us. The discords of our race, the conflicts of the times, the difference of our creeds,—all seem to fix and seal our doom with misery. But trust me, it is *only seeming*. Not for the empire of the world would I forego the glorious hopes which fill my thoughts. Still less would I reveal the secret of our love, until it can be done with safety. The civil factions which now shake the state must shortly cease, and then—"

“ And then, when vile oppression lords it over justice ; when heroes are the prey of cowards, and when the cause of liberty is lost for ever ! *then* Geraldine of Desmond, turning the sorrows that fall round her into joys,—mocking the tortures of the father and the country she would die to save, shall rise in selfish eminence above the wreck of both, and be indeed most—*happy* !”

There was something inexpressibly affecting in the tone in which the last word was breathed. It was half-ironical, and yet its source originated in that exquisite sensibility, which gives an impassioned and sometimes even a sarcastic character to the language of an ardent and excited imagination.

Lord Thurles gazed earnestly on Geraldine ; and in despite of every effort to assume composure, tears rolled from her eyes as she read the anguish of his soul, in his expressive countenance. She trembled for her own strength of mind, and rose to depart, when Thurles caught her hand ; and wildly pressing it to his lips, he ardently exclaimed :—

“ Oh, Geraldine ! drive me not to absolute distraction ! stay one instant, I implore you.”

His agonized accents deprived her of all power or wish to fly, and again she sunk upon her seat.

“ How my soul blesses you, even at the moment when it is so wrung with torture by your coldness! Must I lose all that can endear existence, and become for ever wretched?—Oh, leave me not so hopeless!—Save me from despair!”

The heart-broken voice in which those words were uttered almost overcame whatever fortitude of mind the Lady Geraldine retained. She clasped the crucifix which hung upon her breast, and raising her eyes to Heaven, mentally invoked its assistance to enable her to restrain the impulse of her heart. Her flushed brow and compressed lip betrayed the effort which she made to gain composure; but after a brief struggle, the tumult of earthly feelings seemed to pass away, and a saintly expression diffused itself over her countenance, as with mild and impressive dignity she said:—

“Thurles, urge me no more, at least at present. That church which cannot err must guide me in this matter. My own judgment is too weak, too prejudiced, to allow me to decide.—Know you not,” she added in a quicker voice, “there is another and a fatal bar between us?”

“Name it.”

“*Heresy!*” said Geraldine, with an emphatic solemnity, yet with a deprecating look, which seemed to ask forgiveness for the word.

“Dearest of women! call not our difference of creeds by such a name.” The Viscount reflected for a moment; then laying his hand on Geraldine’s arm, with earnestness he said: “To force conviction on the human mind is not in human power. I will not press opinions which the strength of early habits may have led you to regard as almost impious. Though firmly persuaded of their truth, I am not so exclusive in my sentiments as to imagine, that all who differ from them must be in spiritual danger or devoid of Christian principle. Thank Heaven, I am far from drawing such a bigoted conclusion. Thinking as I do on this point, I cherish no anxiety to alter or unsettle your belief; and feeling it deeply painful to dissent from you on any important subject, I have always waved religious discussions when you have tried to introduce them. I still must wish to do so; therefore, this only I would say,—whatever are the shades of difference in our modes of worship, we adore the same Eternal Being. Geraldine, that Being does not ask the alienation of our hearts!”

His Lordship spoke with a feeling and an eloquence to which Geraldine listened with the deepest interest; and as the injunctions of Allen recurred to her memory, she recollected his parting

exhortation,—“ *Win from the ways of error and of sin, the Viscount Thurles.*” She was staggered by the remembrance. That Church which she was bound to consider as the only true and infallible one, had commanded her to endeavour to effect the conversion of the man she loved; and that command had been given through the medium of her own spiritual guide. The load of earthly feelings which she had hitherto deemed sinful in their nature were relieved of half their weight by this reflection; and her mind, comparatively lightened of the burden which had oppressed it, indulged a faint hope, that through her means such a glorious work as the conversion of Lord Thurles, might eventually be accomplished. When the idea flashed across her thoughts, the inspiration of enthusiasm lighted up her features with a fervid glow; and fixing her brilliant eyes upon the Viscount, with tender earnestness she said:—

“ Oh! must we then for ever disagree upon the most important point? Thurles, could you, *will* you not believe the doctrines of the Church of Rome?”

“ Belief, my Geraldine, is not an act of mere volition. The understanding must be firmly convinced, before the mind receives a proposition as a

truth. Let us, I entreat you, wave the subject for the present."

"For the present!" reiterated Geraldine with a faint smile. "Then, perhaps, *hereafter*"—She stopped, overcome by an embarrassment she could not conquer.

"Suffer me to see, to hear you, my *hereafter* will be then most blest!" exclaimed Lord Thurles, relapsing into all his former warmth.

Geraldine perceived that it would be fruitless to urge her wishes farther. Resolving, therefore, to renew the subject at a more propitious time, she rose, and extending her hand to the Viscount, in a tremulous voice she said, "Farewell!"

"For a brief space," cried his Lordship, pressing the offered hand with fond devotion to his heart. "Did I not think we should soon meet again, life, which with all its sorrows still is dear, would then be worse than valueless!"

As Thurles, in a tone of the deepest dejection, uttered these words, he placed Geraldine's arm within his own, and they walked on together in silence. On reaching the archway which led to the private apartments of the Castle, our heroine withdrew her arm.

"Heaven protect and bless you!" burst from Lord Thurles; and having seen the gate close



on her whom he adored beyond all earthly beings, he sprang down the acclivity of rocks, which on that side of Desmond Castle bounded the edifice, and quickly disappeared among their dark defiles.

## CHAPTER XXII.

“ I’ll to my father’s aid and country’s fly,  
And succour both, or in their ruins die.”

DRYDEN.

*Porphyrius.* “ One way, and Heav’n, I hope, inspires my  
mind,  
I for your safety in this straight can find ;  
—— I’ll prepare a faithful guard this night,  
T’ attend your person and secure your flight.”

THE ROYAL MARTYR.

——— “ By nature sent,  
To lead the guilty—guilt’s worst instrument.”

BYRON.

WITH a heart agitated by vague and undefined emotions, Geraldine entered the castle-yard, within which a number of people, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and indignation, presented themselves to her astonished view. The various workings of anger, curiosity, hope, and fear, which were eloquently depicted on the countenances of those persons, might have daunted a mind less ca-

pable of fortitude than that of Geraldine. But her understanding was quick, and her will sanguine; she formed her resolutions promptly; and her actions were rapid, like those of the skilful marksman who requires but a moment to take his aim. Perceiving her uncle, Sir John Desmond, standing in the midst of one of the nearest groups, Geraldine advanced towards him, and made a signal to denote her wish to speak. He was instantly at her side. "Tell me what has happened, I conjure you!" said our heroine, glancing anxiously around.

"Did I not know," returned the Knight, "that you are firm of soul and purpose, I would preface what I have to say with many words. But as it is, I treat you as a daughter of the house of Desmond; not as a weak and silly woman. Listen then in silence: at an early hour this evening, the Chieftain went alone beyond the ramparts of the Castle; he was surprised by a party of the Queen's troops, and has been conveyed a prisoner to Dublin, from whence it is supposed he will be sent to London. This is as yet conjecture; nor can we fully understand what cause has been the prelude to such persecution."

Geraldine grasped her uncle's hand, and became as pale as death. "Shall I not follow?" passed her lips. She seemed unequal to say more.

"I promise that you shall: I will myself convey you to my brother," added Sir John, with

greater tenderness than usually marked his abrupt and peculiar manner. "But, first, I must return to sound the thoughts of those who wait for my directions."

"Where is the Lady Desmond?" eagerly demanded Geraldine, catching his arm as he was going to depart.

"She is, where you must join her, in the Oratory of the chapel; there, giving way to all her sex's weakness, she weeps and prays by turns; she is a whimpering fool," roughly added Sir John, "who, in a moment such as this, scarcely deserves a thought. Yet, Geraldine, tell her the truest men I can command shall guard her to Lixnaw Castle, where, under the protection of the Earl of Kerry, she shall remain until the present storm is past. In another hour, meet me on the western ramparts; we shall then concert our future measures." So saying, Sir John rejoined the crowd, who seemed to hail his approach with considerable impatience; and Geraldine crossed in a different direction, through the little court, which led to the Chapel of the Castle.

At the foot of the large crucifix which stood on the most conspicuous part of the altar, our heroine found the Lady Desmond, apparently absorbed in deep devotion. She started at the sound of foot-

steps, and turned round a countenance pale with anxiety, and agitated by apprehension.

“My dearest Madam, calm those fears,” said Geraldine in a suffocated voice. Taking Lady Desmond’s hand with tenderness, and at the same time sinking on her knees, she added, “Here let us offer up our prayers; trust me, they will be heard.”

“How can you think *my* prayers could ever be permitted to prevail?” said the Countess in a tone of querulous complaint; and rising from the steps of the altar, she seated herself on one of the low marble benches which stood at the farther end of the confessional. Geraldine followed, and laid her hand affectionately on Lady Desmond’s shoulder, as she said:

“Why should they not prevail? Dearest Madam, banish this unnatural coldness, and do not clog the hours of an eventful day with added bitterness. Will you hear me?”

The Countess bowed her head in token of acquiescence, and Geraldine thus proceeded:—

“I respect your griefs, and would not pry into your secret thoughts, even if I had the power. Yet, blame me not when I confess that I must mourn your coldness, and wish you could act otherwise.”

Lady Desmond remained silent, and Geraldine, endeavouring to repress her feelings, firmly said:—

“In your looks I read reproach, even before my tongue proclaims my resolution to depart from hence to join my father,—to die with him, if I cannot preserve him.”

“Let no remembrance of the perils which surround *me* retard the execution of your great design. Save yourself by flight, and leave the Lady Desmond to her fate!” said the Countess with marked irony, and in a tone of peculiar bitterness.

“Save myself! Dearest Madam, be not so unjust. I earnestly implore you to abjure those thoughts which harrow up my feelings, while they stain your own. The veil of fate conceals the dangers which may close round me when I leave my home, to go I scarcely can tell whither. But all the many ills that may befall me seem light as a feather in the scale, when placed against the interval of time—the anxious moments which must pass before I meet my father!”

Geraldine stopped an instant to check emotions that nearly overwhelmed her by their violence, then in a calmer voice she said:—

“Sir John of Desmond has desired me to inform you, that in an hour hence a troop of his most chosen men will escort you from the neighbourhood of danger. They will guard you to the

gates of Lixnaw Castle, where you, dear Madam, will be safe under the protection of the Lord of Kerry, until time shall bring us better prospects."

"Heaven knows how tenderly I love my husband, and yet—can I be cleared of weakness and of cowardice if I accept your offer?" demanded Lady Desmond in an altered and irresolute tone, that discovered the predominance of those selfish feelings, which too often repressed the innate vigour of her soul, and destroyed the emotions of natural affection.

"To bear the strokes of evil fortune firmly, and to pursue whatever course the hand of Providence directs, can never be considered pusillanimous or base. At this momentous crisis, the energy of action is denied you, and causes, over which you have no power, fix your line of conduct almost beyond control. The Lady Desmond will retire from the scene of danger, to lighten the anxieties of others, rather than to shield herself from all or any of the perils which menace our afflicted country and the brave men devoted to her cause."

"The reasons you allege can be adduced with equal force against yourself. Why do *you* fly to dangers which I must not share?"

"While the Desmond lives, his daughter will

stand by him to the last!—whether in victory or defeat, my mind must follow in the bold career of *his*—we are but one.”

Geraldine’s eloquent blood crimsoned her cheek as she uttered those words, with the warmth of a heart that beat in wild and fond devotion to the cause whose awakening spirit never failed to conjure up those visions of enthusiasm, in which the fervour of her rich imagination loved to revel. But the next instant the appalling realities that surrounded her rose distinctly to her view, and clearly pointed out the exigencies of the moment. The phantoms produced by the vicissitudes of passion were then dispelled, and Geraldine resolved to sound the depths of her understanding rather than those of her fancy, for motives of action, at a time when perseverance and determination were the governing principles which ought to be employed to combat the difficulties, and to predominate over the agency of adverse circumstances.

Having once acknowledged this truth, Geraldine, with the promptitude and firmness of a superior mind, took her resolutions, and advancing towards Lady Desmond, she embraced her as she affectionately whispered—“ I will say all that your heart would dictate to my father,—farewell, dear Madam,—believe me that I feel your griefs more than my own. Would that I could relieve them.



There is contagion in your tears!" she added in a broken voice, as again she pressed the weeping Countess to her heart, and bent over her drooping form in kind solicitude.

"I am not worth your sorrow. I will go to Lixnaw Castle, and then—Desmond will write to me—and you—you will do the same—will you not, Geraldine?" said Lady Desmond in a choked voice, the coldness of artificial restraint melting beneath the warmth of our heroine's affectionate address.

"Assuredly I will; and Heaven in its mercy grant, that I may cheer you with good tidings. There is something in my soul that gives me courage, and paints a brilliant future. I must now depart. My uncle waits for me upon the ramparts of the Castle. In another hour, his faithful men will be your escort. After you are gone, Sir John and myself will enter on our journey—once more, farewell! Oh, may we meet again in happier times!"

The Countess received Geraldine's parting embrace with considerable emotion; and as she faltered out, "Tell Desmond of my love—my grief," her quivering lip and tearful eye expressed the genuine touches of a feeling so foreign to her usual demeanour, that nothing but a strong and peculiar influence could have roused it into action.

On reaching the ramparts, Lady Geraldine found Sir John already there: his appearance struck her as so remarkable, that it irresistibly arrested her attention, and obliged her to pause in contemplation for a few moments, before she advanced to speak. The ocean and the sky were invested with gloomy sublimity, from the effects of a stormy atmosphere. A back-ground of drifting clouds and dashing waves formed a fine relief to the bold and prominent figure of Sir John Desmond, as he stood at an angle of the ramparts and sternly looked on the waters beneath. His right foot was advanced in a decisive attitude; close beside it lay his iron helm and spear; his long black hair streamed on the wind; his arms were folded on his breast, and his head was slightly bent downwards; while the expression of his black and fiery eye darted impetuous glances, which were pregnant with the light of anticipated vengeance. There seemed to be a fearful and unutterable enthusiasm in the nature of his thoughts; and as he stood isolated amidst the desolation which surrounded him, his appearance imparted a vague and nameless sensation of mystery and terror, such as we might suppose would be created by the presence of an avenging spirit, if it came to herald the destruction of offending nations.

The force of Geraldine's mind was seldom quelled by external impressions ; for the firmness of her resolution was equal to the dignity of her sentiments. Advancing, therefore, towards her uncle, she gently laid her hand upon his shoulder as she said, " Your just resentments rankle in your breast, and rack it with distempered visions. In imagination, you already hear the shouts that send the news of victory to Heaven," she added in a half playful tone, wishing to calm the tumult of his feelings.

Sir John started at the sound of her voice, and pointing first to the stormy sky and then to the agitated surface of the ocean, he impetuously exclaimed, " Oh ! if I could guide this elemental strife, and make its vengeance fall in fury on our foes ; the fire that rages in my veins should be extinguished in the blood of tyrants !"

Lady Geraldine shuddered at the exhibition of such sanguinary violence ; but she knew Sir John Desmond's character too well to attempt to reason with a man who was never known to yield to argument or to persuasion. His passions were so strong, that crime itself could not deter him from their indulgence, if by a violation of laws, human or divine, the completion of his purposes could be accomplished. The unrelenting severity of his vindictive disposition, united to the rapacity of his

ambition, produced such brutalizing effects, that even the leaders of his own party dreaded the desperate extremities to which he might proceed, with a ferocity which scarcely found a precedent, even at a period when the ferment of the times called into action the worst passions of the soul ; passions which were too often gratified at the expense of humanity, without contrition or remorse. After the pause of a few moments, which Sir John passed in moody silence, Geraldine ventured to inform him of the Lady Desmond's acquiescence in the offer he had made; at the same time, she expressed her own anxiety to proceed without delay to join the Chieftain.

“ You are right,” said Sir John ; “ a troop of gallow-glasses shall instantly attend the Countess, and after her departure we will commence our journey.”

“ I shall retire then to make some few but necessary preparations.”

“ Agreed. Within the next two hours I shall be with you.”

“ Until then, farewell,” said Lady Geraldine, bowing her head as she moved to retrace her steps to the Castle. The parting courtesy was coldly returned by Sir John Desmond, who resumed his former attitude and quickly relapsed into the train of gloomy reflections which Geraldine's pre-

sence had interrupted ; meditations that involved a system of politics fatal to the national prosperity of his country, yet to establish which he scrupled not to employ the most powerful engines of corruption that his ambitious and designing spirit could devise.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

“ But times corrupt, and Nature ill-inclined,  
Produced the point that left the sting behind ;  
Till friend with friend and families at strife,  
Triumphant malice ranged through private life.  
Who felt the wrong, or feared it, took th’ alarm,  
Appeal’d to Law, and Justice lent her arm.”

POPE.

“ The wise and active conquer difficulties  
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly  
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,  
And make th’ impossibility they fear.”

ROWE.

ELIZABETH found an ample field of exercise in endeavouring, by the omnipotence of regal authority, to repress those revolutionary struggles which engaged the adventurous courage of the Irish, in a concerted plan for the prosecution of arduous and complicated schemes.

As matters stood, there unhappily existed, on the one hand, such an arbitrary display of monarchical power, and on the other, such an unconquerable spirit of opposition to the consequences it produced, that, each party acting in different extremes, a perpetual course of civil dissensions ensued, and public discipline was nearly lost in the exhausting tumults of political faction.

To enter into the distinctions of hostile sects, or to scrutinize their comparative merits, would be foreign to our present undertaking; the subject is of too serious a nature to be superficially treated, and belongs to the grave sphere of history rather than to the lighter region of romance. We shall, therefore, pass over unnoticed many interesting events of sufficient importance to claim a place in the province of the former, but which it would be quite irrelevant to introduce within that of the latter. Yet, without presuming to pronounce a judgment on the merits of questions which are beside our purpose, we may, with certainty, conclude and assert, that the excellent understanding of Sir Henry Sidney clearly discerned the evils that flowed from the exactions of the British Government, and the animosities, disorders, and calamities they were calculated to create.

We find this fact unquestionably established from the resentment that was manifested towards Sidney by the English nation, and the general sentiment of public displeasure which the Viceroy incurred, owing to the independent firmness he had evinced when endeavouring to compromise the inveterate hostilities which still subsisted between the Earls of Desmond and of Ormond. In compliance with an order that had been issued by the Queen of England, commanding him to adjust those differences, Sir Henry Sidney had gone into Munster to investigate the claims, and to hear the complaints, of the contending parties. Although, as we have already seen, his decision was given against the Chieftain, yet his subsequent nomination of Sir John Desmond to the rank of Seneschal, or Governor of the Palatinate of the Desmond, during the detention of the latter, was so extremely displeasing to Lord Ormond, that he immediately laid his grievances before the Queen, boldly accusing Sir Henry Sidney of partiality to his rival, and representing, in strong terms, that the Irish Viceroy was too much inclined to favour the cause of the suspected Earl of Desmond.

The irascible and imperious temper of Elizabeth could ill brook the slightest opposition to her commands or wishes. The high favour in



which Lord Ormond stood with his royal mistress gave an additional weight to his arguments, and readily induced the Queen to act upon the statements he had made. The consequences were, that by order of the Crown, Sir Henry Sidney was sharply reprimanded for having neglected to control the insolence of the Earl of Desmond, and was commanded to divest the Chieftain's brother of the high dignity to which he had been appointed. The Lord-Deputy obeyed the royal mandate; but, exasperated at the injustice of the censure he had received, and tormented by the distracting divisions of the country with whose administration he had been entrusted, the Vicegerent solicited his recall from the government of Ireland.

Many circumstances concurred to instigate Sir Henry Sidney to pursue that measure. The Earl of Ormond's influence with the Queen had reached its height. Sidney, jealous of his rival, and conscious of his personal dislike, dreaded the insidious policy of the favourite of his Sovereign so much, that he resolved to counteract its effects by boldly appearing at the foot of the throne, to justify himself from the aspersions which Lord Ormond had thrown on his administration.

The intrigues of foreign powers with the majority of the Irish Chiefs, and the turbulence and insur-

rection which existed among the inhabitants, within and without the Pale, threatened, at this time, to engender a formidable combination against the English authorities. The confederacy had been lately joined by the Earl of Clancare (who, despising the title, had resolved to assume that of Mac Carty More), (44) Fitzgerald of Imokilly, O' Sullivan Bear, and other powerful Chieftains. The storm of contending parties consequently presented such an alarming aspect, that disgusted with the government of Ireland, Sir Henry Sidney had adopted the resolution we have stated. The permission of Elizabeth was granted to his proposal; and the secret capture of the Earl of Desmond had been a subsequent expedient, which the practical policy of the government of the Pale had preferred to the precarious results that might have attended an open assault. The accidental absence of Sir John Desmond had alone preserved him from sharing his brother's fate.

Such is the brief and rapid sketch of those events, which led to what the Irish deemed a flagrant violation of private faith and constitutional principle.

It is needless to describe the feelings of the Chieftain, or those of Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald, on the occasion to which we have alluded. The

reader is too well acquainted with the lofty spirit of the one, and the enthusiastic temperament of the other, to require any delineation of their sentiments, when by an unworthy state manœuvre they suddenly found themselves deprived of all effective strength, and rudely torn from a country to which their affections clung with the ardour of patriotic passion.

It would be indeed superfluous to attempt to describe the exquisitely-mournful reflections of Geraldine, or the indignation that filled her father's heart, at being forced to submit his conduct and cause to the decision of a sovereign whose whole career had evinced her prejudice against the house of Desmond, and the tenour of whose political measures proved her to be divested of every spark of sympathy for a land, the sufferings of which her bigotry and despotism had principally created.

It is equally unnecessary to detail the difficulties that Sir John Desmond and his fair charge encountered in the enterprise which they had undertaken. To do so, would occasion considerable prolixity in our narrative; therefore it is here only requisite to say, that after having endured many impediments, originating in the watchful jealousy

of a hostile faction, they finally surmounted those obstacles, and reached the Irish metropolis in safety.

To the unspeakable mortification of Geraldine and her uncle, they learned that on the morning of their arrival in Dublin, Sir Henry Sidney had sailed for England, accompanied by the Lord of Desmond, O'Connor of Sligo, the son of the late Earl of Dungannon, and other Irish Chiefs, who were denounced as objects of suspicion by the British cabinet.

The inflexible temper of Sir John Desmond was undaunted even on receiving such alarming intelligence. His having been deprived of the governance of the palatinate of Desmond, was an evident proof of his being nearly as obnoxious to the crown of England as his brother. It was therefore more than probable, that if discovered, he would be doomed to share the Earl's fate. Notwithstanding this, Sir John resolved to follow Sidney and his suite, in order to endeavour, by vigorous but secret exertions, to extricate the Chieftain from the intrigues of a court, whose ministers, he conceived, might ultimately excuse the most unconstitutional proceedings on the score of state conveniency and political necessity.

In the spirit of such a determination, Lady Geraldine fully acquiesced; and as soon as a

small vessel was engaged, she embarked with Sir John Desmond for the shores of England, to meet the issue of those events which seemed fraught with innumerable dangers to her family and her country; to individual happiness, and to national prosperity.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

“ This is the way  
To Julius Cæsar’s ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned Lord  
Is doom’d a prisoner.”

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

THE talents of the ministers of Queen Elizabeth were unquestionably of the highest order, and yet the avowed measures which they deemed the most expedient for establishing the English supremacy in Ireland, and for reducing her inhabitants to a state of implicit subordination, present one of the strangest anomalies in the principles of political science, which the history of nations can afford.

Instead of bestowing the invaluable blessings of a free constitution, and importing modes of

government that were calculated to conciliate the prejudices, to promote the interests, and to reclaim the manners of Ireland, the British cabinet determined to erect the form of despotism on the ruins of national independence,—neither extending the privileges nor sharing the benefits of the state among the people they were trying to subdue: without modifying their encroachments on the prejudices of the nation, or endeavouring to produce pacification amongst them, the English legislature, with an astonishing insensibility to the interests of their Sovereign, as well as to the happiness and civilization of the country they were ambitious to control, enforced a system of penal laws that shackled the liberty of the subject, grossly perverted his natural qualifications, and increased those grievances which must always attend the first establishment of civil and religious institutions.

Such a prescriptive code had a direct and manifest tendency to aggravate those hostilities towards their rulers, which the Irish felt disposed to cherish; and produced feuds and antipathies that, but for the enactment of prohibitory statutes, might never have existed. Evils of the most serious magnitude resulted from the state chicanery of measures which connived at the discontents of the Irish people, and were calculated

to increase the sum of their moral and intellectual degradation. Yet those complicated distresses and multiplied dissensions, which were in a great degree produced by the narrow policy of Elizabeth, were pleaded in justification of her merciless proceedings; while her venal agents often concealed, under a mask of loyalty, their secret design to open a path to individual aggrandizement, through the confiscation of those lands from whence the original proprietors were expelled, sometimes on defensible, but more frequently on unjust and futile pretences. This may surely be inferred from a fact, which is established by the most unquestionable authorities, namely: that in order to give a colour of justice to the depredations of the British crown, and to substantiate those claims which were advanced by a direct infraction of the privileges of a distracted country, the charges of mental imbecility, and a natural incapacity either of improvement or political subordination, were preferred against the aborigines of Ireland. From such false and insulting premises, the equally correct conclusions were deduced, that as a moral incompetency in the Irish people prevented them from conforming to the English jurisdiction, it would be inexpedient and impolitic to comply with their request, when they earnestly implored for an equal participation in the privi-



leges of those laws to which they were required to submit, but whose protection it was not considered an infringement on the principles of Magna Charta to refuse.

This mode of reasoning seems to have had a radical affinity to that which, at a former period, dictated the enactment of a statute, setting forth that the murder of an Irishman was punishable only by a *fine*, whereas if a native killed an Englishman, the penalty was *death*.

The aggressive acts and declarations which had emanated from the English legislature were more than sufficient to rouse the indignation of a proud, susceptible, and sanguine people, who saw no safety for themselves or their country in a system, that was pregnant with ruin to both. As we have already stated, the effects it produced upon their minds were manifested in a general resolution to obtain redress for the subversion of their fundamental rights and liberties. This was scarcely yet unanimously avowed; but the symptoms of disaffection to the crown of England were very rapid in their progress, and decided in their character. Alarmed at the consequences which might ensue from the exertions of a spirited people, when united in one common cause, Elizabeth and her counsellors resolved to strike at the root of the coalition, by depriving it of the support of the Lord of Des-

mond, who was more than suspected of favouring the resistance which his country was disposed to make against the inroads of monarchical authority. The personal determination of the Earl, and the sort of patriarchal influence with which, as Chieftain of an immensely powerful clan, he was invested, were much dreaded by the Queen, her ministers, and their abettors. Hence, upon the arrival of Sir Henry Sidney, the English council determined to commit the Earl of Desmond as a state prisoner to the Tower; and it was finally announced, that, on an appointed day, an investigation should be instituted into the Chieftain's conduct, and that of the Irish lords who had accompanied him. The policy which regulated the servants of the crown on this occasion dictated the prudence of conducting their operations with as much secrecy as the nature of circumstances would permit. It was therefore so arranged, that soon after the arrival of the Lord of Desmond, he was privately conveyed by water to the dismal fortress, among whose unhappy inmates the spirit of Elizabeth's government decreed that he should henceforth be included. To remonstrate against this determination, or, by the strength of a single arm to attempt to resist an act that was supported by the predominating influence of such superior power, would have been equally absurd and futile. Proudly

indignant, the intrepid spirit of the Desmond met its fate with undaunted valour. Though his heart swelled with the insulted dignity of outraged sensibility, he scorned to betray its emotions, or to gratify the malice of his enemies by attempting to resist, or appearing to feel, the effects of their apprehensive jealousy. Suppressing, therefore, the bitterness of his soul, the Chieftain, with a firm step, and without uttering a single complaint, entered the barge that was waiting to convey him to his place of destination, to which he was attended by a guard of armed men.

The boat was quickly launched, and gliding rapidly on the Thames, it soon reached *the Traitor's Gate*, through which it was customary to transport state prisoners to, or from, the Tower of London. On touching the stairs, the barge was moored beneath the gate; over which there was a regular building, terminated at either end by two bastions, where embrasures for pointing cannon stood. The knock which had been given was instantly answered by one of the warders; but before he was permitted to unloose the wicket, the Lieutenant of the Tower demanded who it was that claimed admittance.

“Open the gates unto the Lord of Desmond.”

“The *traitor* Desmond, Sir, you should have said!” exclaimed the Chieftain, indignantly inter-

rupting the officer who had spoken, while in the act of presenting the necessary orders to the Lieutenant of the Tower. Then stepping out of the boat, and setting his foot firmly on the Tower-stairs, the Earl of Desmond said,—“ Mine is the tread of innocence. I confess no guilt. I own no treason. This I declare before I pass the threshold of my prison. Now, to your duty, Sir! Lead on!”

The tone of dignified contempt in which this was uttered seemed to command the respect of the by-standers, as well as that of the individual to whom it was addressed. Without making any reply, the officer bowed, and led the way. The Earl, with his escort, then passed through the wicket, and proceeded to the bulwark, where he was received by the Constable of the fortress, who was attended by the deputy officers and warders of the Tower.

The uniform of the latter was the same as that of the Queen's yeomen of the guard. Instead of the flat-crowned hats now in fashion, they wore steel morions on their heads; and in place of the flowing scarlet cloth coats which are at present used, they were accoutred in gilded corselets, embossed on the breasts and backs with the Queen's silver badge. The warders were armed with carbines, and a troop of sword-and-buckler men

formed the main-guard, who were drawn out in readiness to escort the Chieftain to the prison for state delinquents.

“ My Lord, I have the honour to receive you here, and shall be happy, if in any way my services can minister to your convenience,” said the Constable of the Tower, bowing respectfully to the Earl as he advanced.

“ You are marvellously civil, Sir !” returned the Desmond proudly. “ I am your prisoner, and the only favour I would ask, is, to be conducted to my dungeon.”

“ Our gracious Sovereign has allotted to your use, my Lord, apartments which are nigh at hand. Attend the Earl of Desmond to the Bloody Tower,” said the Constable to the guard in waiting.

“ Fit designation for a spot that reeks with the gore of midnight murders ! Clarence—Edward—York—burst through the cerements of your graves, and, with the imprecations of despair, groan forth your histories in the ears of tyrants ! —Sirs, I attend you,” added the Chieftain in a hoarse and inarticulate voice, that suddenly changed from the inflexions of passionate vehemence to the husky tones of suppressed, but deeply awakened feeling. Endeavouring to curb the impetuosity of his temper, and annoyed at having betrayed the intensity of his emotions in

such an intemperate sally of anger, the Lord of Desmond stopped abruptly ; then drawing his long cloth mantle close round his figure, he waved his hand to the guard, in token of a desire to proceed. Haughtily inclining his head, the Earl slightly bowed to the Constable of the Tower ; after which, with a slow and majestic step, he walked towards that part of the fortress which was destined to be the scene of his future captivity.

## CHAPTER XXV.

—“ Flew the vessel on her snowy wing,  
And fleeting shores receded from his sight.”

BYRON.

“ Hence, then! with flattering gales thy fate obey!”

TEARS OF DIDO.

“ He consults  
Chaldean calculations for a guide.”

SMART.

IT is now necessary to return to the Lady Geraldine and Sir John of Desmond. A favourable wind soon wafted them in safety to the English shores. No *cead mile failte duit!*\* hailed the arrival of the wanderers in the land of the Gaël.

The green hills, groves, and valleys of their

\* Hundred thousand welcomes.

native Isle had been left behind. The last breeze of their country had blown over their cheek, the wild, impassioned strains of Irish melody had died upon their ear; but the host of fond associations which lived in their remembrance refused to depart, and the light of memory shone steadily through the darkness which clouded the glories of the past, and flung a shadow on the visions of the future.

Geraldine's feelings were of too deep a nature to be revealed in words. There was a profound silence, a fixedness of thought, in the expression of her countenance, which was more affecting than any verbal ebullition. The deep yet tender sorrow; the beautiful submission; the intellectual sublimity created by the combined powers of genius, principle, and feeling, were strongly reflected in the Chieftain's daughter, at a moment when her mind, influenced by a peculiar impulse, called forth its energies with an heroic exertion, that was the offspring of those high and kindred sympathies with the noblest elements of the immortal soul, which derive their origin from heaven, to flourish for a time on earth.

The appearance of Sir John Desmond was widely different. His eye was fixed. The darkness of his brow had deepened to the blackest gloom, and the curl of his lip revealed the bitter



scorn and deadly thoughts which almost convulsed his features, and alternately flushed or paled his cheek with the varying hues of contending passions.

The day had drawn to a close, when Sir John and Lady Geraldine reached the British metropolis. The Earl's imprisonment in the Tower was a measure which had been so strongly suspected by his family, that no great surprise was felt when, on their arrival in England, the public voice informed Geraldine and her uncle of the captivity of the Chieftain.

How to obtain an access to Lord Desmond, or how to apprise him of their vicinity, became a question of considerable difficulty. The lateness of the hour, combined with other circumstances, rendered it nearly impossible to attempt to effect a meeting that night. To arrange where the interval should be passed, which must elapse between the present moment and that which it was hoped would witness the completion of their wishes, was an additional subject of anxiety to Sir John and Lady Geraldine. The exigencies of their situation demanded peculiar circumspection. Therefore, as soon as Sir John reached the environs of London, he resolved to dismiss the few attendants whom he had found it necessary to engage.

Wrapping Geraldine in a long cloak, similar to

the one he wore, and furnishing her with a large slouched hat, which altogether concealed the countenance, Sir John hastily dismissed the underlings who, without any idea of the names or rank of their employers, had previously escorted them; then drawing Geraldine's arm within his own, the Knight abruptly turned the angle of a narrow street, and hurried his niece through several dark and obscure passages with so much speed, that, overcome by rapidity of movement, and astonished at the suddenness of the secret resolution which her uncle seemed to have adopted, Geraldine was unable to make a single effort towards obtaining an explanation. At length they emerged from the gloomy lanes they had traversed with such swiftness, and passed into a broad and open space of ground that lay between the Queen's garden and St. James's Park. The beams of a rising moon poured a flood of lustre on the noble gate at Whitehall, which formed a superb entrance to the abode of royalty. It had been erected by Holbein, (45) and was built with bricks of two different colours. These were glazed, and arranged in tessellated squares, which produced a striking and remarkable effect. The embattled top and towers on either side were richly adorned with architectural ornaments, and the fronts were embellished with four busts of

baked clay, that resembled the artificial stone of modern times.

Sir John suddenly checked his steps, and stopping for an instant before the edifice, he pointed to it, and abruptly said, "Behold the residence of England's Queen! Those walls are not more stern than the heart of her whom they enclose!"

"Restrain your thoughts, they will be overheard," said Geraldine, gently drawing her uncle within the shade of one of the projecting towers.

"True, you speak wisely," answered Sir John, in an equally low tone; "let us retreat from observation." Saying this, he swiftly crossed the gate, and passing one of the portals that led to the Queen's privy-garden, turned quickly round the angle of a portico, which closed the alley, that led to her Majesty's private stairs; then with long and rapid steps, Sir John hurried Geraldine through a low-arched passage, that running between a range of buildings, found its termination on the brink of the Thames. It was an avenue that was little frequented, except at stated times, when the Queen's watermen were employed in manning the royal barge; and though an humble, was such a secure place of refuge, that Sir John Desmond hesitated not to take advantage of the safe concealment which it seemed to offer. There was a wooden bench at the

end of the passage; this was overhung by the branches of a gnarled oak, which in solitary vegetation had been suffered to grow there, owing to its ancient trunk having been found useful as a securement to which some of the many boats that plied up and down the river might be affixed, as occasion required.

“ You seem well acquainted with the purlieus of the Court,” whispered Geraldine, as, breathless with agitation and fatigue, she seated herself on the bench beside her uncle.

“ I am,” he replied in the same suppressed tone; “ few years have passed since I accompanied Father Allen here, upon a secret and political mission; he had then a friend”—Sir John stopped abruptly, and bent his gaze upon the placid waters of the Thames.

“ Whom do you mean?” demanded Geraldine, anxiety banishing her reluctance to disturb his reflections.

At the question, Sir John raised his eyes from the river to the sky, and stretching out his hand towards the many lights that sparkled in its blue expanse, he said:—“ I mean a man who, versed in the aspects and the mysteries of the stars, can read the fate of mortals in their rays. I mean a man, who, by the conjurations of his skill, can hold deep con-

verse with the spirits of the grave, and by a glance can scan the volume of the future.”

“ His name ?” said Geraldine in a shuddering accent.

“ The Doctor Dee.” (46)

There was a remarkable change of expression in the tone in which the latter words were uttered.

Enthusiasm rarely tinctured the language of Sir John Desmond ; for, however it might influence his feelings, they were seldom depicted in those full and florid paintings of the mind, in which his brother was accustomed to indulge. Sir John paused, ashamed of the impassioned effusion he had instinctively poured out in the figurative idiom of his native tongue, as being the medium best adapted to convey his sentiments. The lightning of thought flashed and vanished ; but the cloud from whence it had broken still remained, and imparted a settled gloom both to his manners and his language as he said:—

“ Geraldine, it is necessary that you should be made acquainted with the history of Dee. He claims descent from the Tudor line. His father was gentleman sewer to the tyrant Henry, and his grandfather was standard-bearer to the Lord Deferrars at the battle of Tournay. Has Allen never mentioned Dee to you ?”

“I now remember that once he did; but very slightly. Was not Dee’s father imprisoned in the Tower?” added Geraldine, deeply sighing, as a pang shot to her heart, at the associations which the circumstance awoke.

“He was—Dee himself stood high in the favour of Edward the Sixth; but in Queen Mary’s reign, being suspected of treasonable designs, he was committed to the care of Bishop Bonner, and narrowly escaped the stake.”

“Does he not now enjoy the favour of Elizabeth?”

“He does,” replied Sir John with a strange and unintelligible smile. The Queen has lately granted him estates in Ireland, that he professes to have got out of a ruined church, the charters of which have been recognized by the herald’s clerks of the office of records in the Tower. Her Majesty’s patronage has also been obtained for his infallible mode of discovering hidden treasures.”

“How was Elizabeth’s support procured?”

“Chiefly by the influence of her favourite Leicester, who employed the sage to appoint a fortunate day for the tyrant’s coronation, according to the opinions of the ancient astrologers. Perdition seize him, that he did not fix upon a fatal one!” said Sir John with an emphatic gesture.

“Remember where you are,” whispered Geraldine in a low and earnest tone.—“Proceed.”

“I will.—In some time afterwards, the Lords of the council sent the astrologer to counteract the ill effects which it was apprehended would befall the Queen from a waxen image of her gracious Majesty, that, stuck full of pins, had been picked up in Lincolns-Inn-Fields. He performed the appointed ceremony in ‘a godly and artificial manner,’ in the presence of the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Secretary Wilson. How easy to delude a despot’s minions!—Geraldine”—(Here Sir John sunk his voice to its lowest key;) this man, whom England’s Queen trusts as her firm ally, is *our’s*.”

“Indeed!” said our heroine with marked surprise.

“It is even so. When on the Continent, whither he was sent for the purpose of obtaining foreign opinions on the state of Elizabeth’s health, Dee was intimately known to the Father Allen, and became much implicated in the negotiations with foreign powers in which the Jesuit, as an agent for our country, was engaged.”

“Had that circumstance been ascertained, would it not have destroyed Dee’s future prospects, and have prevented his nomination to those

ecclesiastical preferments to which I think that Allen said he was appointed by the Queen?"

"Undoubtedly; but Dee concealed his projects and his views with so much care, that even the lynx-eye of political suspicion failed to discover or surmise them."

"Yet, at one period, was he not exceedingly unpopular with the people of England?"

"Yes; not on the score of political delinquency, but on that of dealing in forbidden arts. Accusing the doctor of being a magician, the mob broke into his house at Mortlake, and destroyed his books: this occasioned his removal to London. I understand every precaution is still taken to secure him against further outrage; but of this there now seems little danger, as by the greater part of the multitude he is both dreaded and revered. Her Majesty's avowed patronage conquered, to a great extent, the feeling that had previously existed against Dee, and so affixed the seal of credibility to his pretensions, that now he enjoys the favour of the Earl of Leicester, of Sidney, Burleigh, and a host of royalty's accursed minions!"

"But what has this to do with us, or with our fate?" demanded Geraldine somewhat impatiently.

"Much—This ring," continued Sir John, drawing from his finger a valuable antique in-



scribed with magical characters, “ was given by the astrologer to Allen, as a pledge of faithful adherence to the cause of Ireland. At any future time, he promised to redeem the pledge, even were such redemption to affix the stamp of infamy and ruin on the fortunes and the name of Dee. His word is passed. Were he to forfeit it, the Jesuit priest could bring such damning proofs against the man, that all his Chaldean lore, or cabalistic charms, would fail to shield him from the vengeance of the Queen.”

“ How did you obtain the ring ?” asked Geraldine with increasing interest.

“ The Father Allen consigned it to my care before he went to Spain, thinking that, amongst the changes and the chances of our fate, it might prove useful.—The time is come.”

“ I pray you to explain,” said Geraldine, anxiously.

“ I repeat, the time is come,” returned Sir John, in a slow and deliberate voice.—“ The astrologer, as I have already told you, left his house at Mortlake, and the square tower which adjoins the Abbey is now appropriated to his use. Thither we must bend our course, and there he must receive the Earl of Desmond’s daughter. In the hurry and the danger of the present moment, I cannot fix upon a fitter or a more agreeable abode.

Geraldine, you do not fear to pass one night within the walls which witness the performance of his mysteries ?”

“ I fear it not,” said our heroine firmly. “ If those occult and dreaded rights are founded upon truth ; if the astrologer *can* pry into futurity, and has power to read the edicts of the skies, he may bring comfort to my mind ; and I will consult him fearlessly upon my father’s and my country’s fate. If that his magic art derive its birth from juggling, fraud, and falsehood, the dreamings of imposture cannot appal or harm me.”

“ There is more fire in your soul than in a score of the usurping tyrant’s slaves ! Come on.”

This was uttered in the tones of subdued but almost savage triumph. Seizing his niece’s arm, Sir John drew it rudely within his own, and with rapid strides he dragged, rather than led the Lady Geraldine along a solitary pathway that skirted the banks of the Thames, and which, at so late an hour, was nearly unfrequented

## CHAPTER XXVI.

“ Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars  
’Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

“ Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament  
And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large  
In man’s capacious thought, and still leave room  
For ampler orbs; for new creations there.”

YOUNG.

“ These oracles are hardily attain’d,  
And hardly understood.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE shadows thrown from the few vessels which lay in that part of the river to which we have alluded, alone broke the sheet of silver light that was spread upon its bosom; and the distant hum

of business, or of revelry, which faintly reached the ear, only rendered the desertion and the silence of the place more strikingly impressive, as, with unchecked speed, Geraldine and her guide bent their steps to the abode of the astrologer.

Whilst they are pursuing their way thither, it may not be out of course to remark, that although Sir John Desmond was perfectly correct when he asserted that a strong intimacy had formerly subsisted between Dee and Allen, yet he was grossly in error with respect to the causes that had promoted that connexion, and the sincerity with which it had been prolonged.

Doctor Dee was a man of singular acquirements and great research. His sagacity enabled him to pry into the depths of human character with a penetration that almost seemed intuitive; and his imagination was of that ardent and vigorous cast, which not only duped the minds of others, but, notwithstanding all his learning, partially imposed upon his own.

The credulity and superstition of the age infused itself into the philosophy of the highest intellects; and the distinctions of understanding were partially lost in the visionary enthusiasm that impelled all ranks to enter into those speculative projects, which led as often to daring absurdity as to romantic enterprise.

Judicial astrology, in its pretended ascendancy over the issues of human destiny, held forth abundant subjects for the exercise of human presumption. Though the medium through which the predictions of that fictitious science were represented was equally false and dark, yet a mysterious sublimity clothed the prophecies of its professors with a pomp and obscurity, that were well calculated to impose upon the multitude, and were singularly in unison with the popular credulity of the times. The curiosity of the human mind seems to have a natural desire to explore unknown regions, delighting to project its energies, beyond their proper limits, into the wide sphere of fruitless and conjectural inquiry. Supernatural agency has, in itself, something attractively impressive to the mass of mankind; and the host of national superstitions which the records of all countries present, afford analogical, if not absolute proof of the prevalence of those imaginings of the soul, and of the predominating influence which they exercise upon its powers and its operations.

The metaphysical theories of imposture have seldom found an agent so able, or a projector so spirited, as the Doctor Dee; therefore, his celebrity and success, as an astrologer, philosopher, mathematician, and professor of the occult sciences, was in no degree extraordinary. Yet, although

Elizabeth openly countenanced his proceedings, and held mystic conferences with him in private ; it is the opinion of many competent judges, that the Queen's active penetration and solid sense were never absolutely duped by the belief, real or affected, entertained by Doctor Dee. On the contrary, it has been asserted, with much semblance of probability, that the seer's pretended conversation with spirits (47) (a printed account of which is still extant,) were, in point of fact, the medium which recorded political intelligences, couched in ciphers. Whether this was the case or not, it is certain that Elizabeth's attentions to the astrologer were sufficiently remarkable. On one occasion, the Queen, with several of the principal nobility of England, visited Doctor Dee at his house at Mortlake ; and when he was ill, the Queen's own physician, at her express desire, was ordered to prescribe, " when," says the Chronicler, " divers rareties were sent him to eat, and Lady Sidney to attend and comfort him, with divers speeches from her Majesty, pithy and gracious."

These proceedings of Elizabeth seem to justify the suspicions which were entertained, that Dee was employed by the Princess in the capacity of a foreign spy, an office in which his singular learning and profound dissimulation must have rendered him eminently useful.

At the period when he became connected with Allen, he was engaged in one of those diplomatic missions, which were disguised under the ostensible pretext of consulting the Continental physicians, in regard to the health of the Queen of England. The Doctor Dee was then enjoying great celebrity abroad. He had written on the reformation of the Gregorian calendar; and his various metaphysical, mathematical, and philosophical works, had attracted the notice of the learned, and had indisputably established the fame of their author, whose society was courted by persons of the highest rank and intellect.

It was at one of the public lectures at Paris, in which to crowded audiences Doctor Dee delivered lectures on the Elements of Euclid, that Allen met the astrologer. By that sort of mental freemasonry, which sometimes at a glance reveals the might of master spirits, the daring faculties of those remarkable men were mutually understood, almost in the first instant of their acquaintance. Allen's was the boldest and the loftiest mind; Dee's the subtlest and most experienced. This distinction may account for the ultimate success of the astrologer, in those stratagems by which he entangled the powerful intellect of Allen within the web of his artifice. When the ardent prosecution of his ruling theories did not blind his pe-

netration, Dee was an accurate surveyor of the human mind, and took a full and distinct view of its proper combinations. Whatever he resolved upon, *that* he determined to accomplish. Instead of bending to opposition, his courage rose in proportion to those obstacles which would have deterred less adventurous men from pursuing the same path. With him, the labour of the conquest only enhanced the glory of the victory. Thus, although he had extraordinary difficulties to encounter, in his design of imposing on the abilities of Allen; yet, by a series of refined arts and well-concerted schemes, he eluded the Jesuit's penetration, and so contrived to flatter his ambition, that even the activity and vigilance of Allen's character were not proof against the policy with which the wily Dee selected the materials best suited to his purpose. He succeeded in the more difficult art of collecting, and applying them with such effect, that the Jesuit was completely deceived. Duped by the profound address of Dee, Allen entered into a strict league of amity with him, and became the tool of the astrologer's policy, at the moment when he imagined he had secured an important ally, capable of conducting, with consummate skill, those negotiations which were then pending with foreign powers, in regard to the political state of Ireland.



This was the situation of affairs when Dee and Allen parted; and up to the moment of the Earl of Desmond's committal to the Tower, an epistolary and political correspondence had subsisted between the priest and the astrologer. As may be supposed, however, in forming and executing his plots, Dee had not been able to steer clear of the many perils they involved. In carrying on a regular system of deception with such a mind as Allen's, he was of necessity driven to endanger his personal safety, by offering many actual and apparently unquestionable proofs of his sincerity in that cause in which he professed to have embarked. Those proofs were registered under his own hand and seal; and it was problematical whether even the casuistry of the intention would have altogether satisfied the English government, or have screened him from its vengeance, had his conduct been exposed to ministerial investigation. Dee being thus, in some measure, in the power of Allen, Sir John Desmond had been correct, when he asserted that the astrologer dared not refuse to receive the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald: but, as we have already seen, the essential part of his conclusions was grounded on the most erroneous basis.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

“ From Saturn’s ring I take my bolder flight,  
 Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,  
 Of independent native lustre proud,  
 The souls of systems !—What behold I now ?”—  
 YOUNG.

—— “ I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly.”

MILTON.

“ Patience, fair lady ! wizards know their times.”  
 SHAKSPEARE.

THE prefatory remarks contained in the last chapter were found necessary, prior to the introduction of our heroine into the presence of the astrologer. In less time than we have taken in offering those observations, Sir John and Lady Geraldine arrived at the residence of Doctor Dee. It was a large and very ancient square tower of

stone, that stood in a small area close to the side of the Westminster Hall. The building was of considerable extent, and part of it had been formerly used as a belfry, whence the holy brothers of Saint Stephen's Chapel were summoned to prayer; but after the surrender of the Collegiate Church to Edward the Sixth, this tower could no longer be applied to its ancient purposes, and had therefore stood neglected and unused, until, on Doctor Dee's removal from Mortlake to London, it was fitted up and appropriated to his service. The proximity of the building to the royal residence, and the air of mystic solitariness which, notwithstanding the locality of a crowded city, was spread around it, had probably influenced such a destination.

The walls were remarkably thick; and between the solid masonry long dank weeds had sprung up, which hung in grassy luxuriance over the ponderous grey stones of which the tower was built. The windows were high, and so narrow, as only to admit of two divisions of small panes of glass, that were leaded into the diamond pattern. The doorway was curved into the Gothic form, and a heavy tracery ran over the strong ribs of stone, which rested on clustered pillars, that supported a sharply-pointed arch. The beautiful cloisters, galleries, and chauntries, which once belonged to

Saint Stephen's Chapel, still remained in their original grandeur, and lay adjacent to the antique tower, within a short distance of whose walls the Thames urged on his noiseless course.

Unsheltered and unshadowed by a single tree, the dwelling of the astrologer rose to the view of Sir John and Geraldine; its features distinctly revealed in all their naked bleakness, by the clear beams of the moon. An uncomfortable feeling pervaded the minds of our heroine and her uncle as they involuntarily stopped, for an instant, to take a further survey of the building, before they attempted to demand admittance. Suddenly, an intense and peculiar light flashed at its summit, and disclosed—what had escaped previous notice—a small observatory on the top of the tower, that had been erected for the ostensible purpose of assisting the astronomical calculations of the Doctor Dee. The blaze was transitory. The next moment it disappeared; and the building was once more unlighted, except by the pale rays of the moon.

“The alchymist is at his nightly work, or else he now compels the shrinking spirits of the dead to answer to his call. Perchance, they come in yonder flame!” whispered Sir John, as a stream of vivid light again burst forth, and vanished. Geraldine clung still closer to her uncle, and turned pale with a superstitious agony she could

not conquer. The pulsations of her heart were audible; but catching energy from the very extent of her alarm, she said in a stifled voice, "Shall we withdraw? This does not seem a fitting hour to intrude."

"What! does the blood of Desmond's daughter freeze in an instant? I thought it warmed with new life at the approach of danger;—but here, there is none; or if there be, we'll dare it!"

Saying this, Sir John knocked at the low arched door, which was thickly knobbed with iron-headed nails. His summons was re-echoed through the tower, but remained unanswered. He made a second trial, and at length a rumbling noise was heard, as if occasioned by the withdrawing of a strong bar or bolt, while a harsh, squeaking voice demanded,—“Who is there?”

“Friends!” said Sir John in a bold, decided tone.

“Whom or what do you want?” continued the invisible speaker.

“The Doctor Dee.”

“And for what purpose?”

“I have a token which will quickly tell. Receive, and present it.”

After a moment's pause the door slowly moved on its hinges, and half opened; but the heedful precaution of an iron chain, that was fastened inside, prevented farther admission. Behind this

chain stood a dwarfish figure somewhat advanced in age. His physiognomy was very unprepossessing ; small reddish eyes, restless with perpetual motion, were deeply set under bushy white brows, that nearly met together over a thick and yellow skin. The forehead protruded in a remarkable manner, and was so large that it exactly divided the countenance in two, leaving but little space for a broad snub nose, and a mouth which, in a straight line, almost extended from ear to ear. His hair, which had been originally black, was now streaked with patches of grey, and grew in shaggy locks, that stood out from the head in elfin wildness. His stature was very low and squat ; yet carried a certain air of brawny compactness, indicative of greater agility and strength than could well have been expected from a figure which, though diminutive, was not deformed.

There was nothing remarkable in the dress of this revolting person. All the strange superstitious feeling which his presence seldom failed to communicate, seemed to derive its origin from the peculiar organization of the creature itself ; independent of any extraneous association. His fiery eye darted a keen and inquisitive glance at Sir John and Geraldine, as, after a moment's pause, he said, in a querulous tone, " Where is the pledge?"

" Here.—It is one the Doctor Dee will well re-

member," returned Desmond, drawing the Jesuit's ring from his finger, and presenting it to the dwarf; who, without unfastening the iron chain, received the ring in silence, and rapidly ascended a flight of stone steps, leaving Sir John and Lady Geraldine standing outside the threshold. During the lapse of time that followed, our heroine had self-government enough to endeavour to arrange her thoughts; and when the dwarf returned, she had reasoned herself into a state of comparative resolution, though her imagination and spirits were still partially affected by the mystic appearances that surrounded her. Without speaking a word, the dwarf withdrew the iron chain, returned the ring, and motioned to the visitants to enter. When they had done so, he refastened the barrier, raised from the ground a small brazen lamp, and, by a not ungraceful action of the hand, intimated his desire that they should follow him up the winding stairs, which led to a gallery that ran over each side of the tower.

Geraldine's breast swelled with unutterable feelings. The silence of the grave seemed to reign around, and the echo of their footsteps was the only sound that met their ears. Having reached a door on the opposite wall of the staircase, the dwarf stopped, and made a signal for admission. The door opened, but a sulphureous vapour so

much obscured the surrounding objects, that an instant or two elapsed before they became distinctly visible. Geraldine then perceived that the apartment was hung in black, and was otherwise unfurnished, being in fact but an antechamber, that opened into an inner one, the entrance to which was curtained with folds of black cloth. Immediately above this entrance, the crest and arms of the Doctor Dee were superbly emblazoned. A lion gardant held in his dexter gamb a cross, on which was inscribed "*Hic labor;*" and in his sinister gamb there was a pyramid argent, labelled with the motto "*Hoc opus.*" The armorial bearing of a lion rampant within an indented border, was wrought beneath. The dwarf laid down the lamp, advancing drew aside the drapery, and waved his hand to his companions to enter. After they had done so he closed the curtain, and retreated into the antechamber, where he seemed to perform the office of a guard or person in waiting.

The scene which had been disclosed was sufficiently remarkable. The walls of an extensive apartment were clothed with sable hangings similar to those already mentioned, and even the vaulted ceiling was stained with the same sombre hue. The floor was chalked with figures of triangles, pentagons, and circles, which were inscribed with cabalistical words and sentences from Holy writ. The



remote corner of the room, where Sir John and Geraldine stood, was involved in the deepest shade ; but the brilliant illumination of another part of the chamber rendered the partial darkness more remarkably striking. At the opposite end of the room, between two Ionic pillars of black marble, there was a slab of the same material. In the middle of it stood a ponderous candlestick of pure gold, inclosed in a magic penticle. It had seven wrought branches, in the sockets of which waxen tapers of an unusual size were burning. At either side massive urns, of a similar metal, emitted a cloud of vapour, which rose in thick, spiral columns, and infused a dense and overpowering exhalation into the atmosphere of the apartment.

The draperies of a veil of black cloth which overhung the slab, were looped up at right angles with large rings of gold. The veil itself fell down to the ground, and in its centre blazed the mighty name of *Tetragrammaton*. The edges of the side curtains were worked in Oriental characters.

The lights sent their rays full on the figure of the astrologer. He was seated in a high-backed chair of carved ebony, at a table that was covered with consecrated cakes of wax, which were used in the ceremonies of his incantations, and were marked with hieroglyphics and mathematical figures. Before him lay a folio volume inscribed

with mystic signs and circles ; and near it, a magic bell for invoking spirits ; an ephemeris, or astrological calendar, and various talismans, abracadabras, sigils, astronomical instruments, and optical glasses, were confusedly placed, as chance might have occasioned.

But those details, remarkable as they were, could not for an instant fix the attention when once it was arrested by the astrologer. On him, and him alone, the imagination rested with indivisible and intense interest.

His figure was above the middle size, and was enveloped in a long black garment, confined at the waist by a curious girdle graven with the constellations of the zodiac. Over this there was an inscribed circle, within the magic bounds of which a pentagonal ornament, or breast-plate, sparkled, that was as brilliant and mystical as the *Urim* and *Thummim* of the ancient Jewish priesthood.

A large cambric ruff stood out from his neck, and a close black velvet cap on the top of the head, contrasted strongly in colour with the whiteness of long and silky hair, that was blanchèd by the age of sixty winters. His lofty forehead was deeply furrowed by the hand of time ; and his well-defined brows were sternly bent over eyes so intensely radiant, that from their flashes the

gazer shrunk back in vague and mysterious emotion. His nose was remarkably high and bold in its form. The outline of the mouth could not be distinctly ascertained, for a snowy beard covered the upper lip, and descended to the middle of the waist in a pointed peak. His sunken cheek was as pale as that of a corpse; and there was an expression of habitual solemnity in his whole appearance, that at once impressed a conviction of the power of his intellect, and the nature of his studies.

There was an awful stillness in his general aspect, that was scarcely disturbed, as he lifted his eyes on the entrance of Sir John and Lady Geraldine. They advanced a few paces. The astrologer then rose, and pointing to the calculations in the ephemeris, he said:—

“ You were expected here. This night, the glorious and eternal oracles of Heaven announced your coming, when I gazed upon the lights of other realms, and marked their silent courses. The stars are now obeyed; and I, the servant of their mysteries, do give you welcome.”

“ I thought the talismanic pledge which heralded our presence, would have ensured a courteous welcome to the daughter of the Earl of Desmond, independent of the orders of the sky!” returned

Sir John in a haughty and somewhat ironical accent, while with a gesture of the hand he introduced the Lady Geraldine.

“ My son, you speak as one to whom the nameless truths which give me power to track the chain that binds the children of mortality, are all unknown. I pity, and I pardon.—But you,” added the astrologer turning to Geraldine, “ *you*, who seem lovely as the unsphered spirits of the air, when, borne upon the silvery clouds, they watch the scenes of this low world,—say, how can I befriend you ?”

“ Mysterious man !” cried Geraldine in a thrilling voice, “ I would ask shelter and protection for this night.” She stopped for a few moments, unable to proceed from excessive agitation ; then, in a low and faltering tone, she said :—“ Your art I also would implore, to tell my father’s and my country’s fortunes.”

“ Is such indeed your boon ?” returned the sage with a penetrating glance ;—“ it shall be granted : listen in reverential silence ; to breathe a word would break the charm I shall invoke. Mortals ! who with me can read the secrets of the invisible world, appear and aid me !” he ejaculated in a deep and solemn voice.

At these words the black drapery which overhung the slab drew up, and discovered a small

chymical laboratory wainscoted with dark oak, and furnished with the usual apparatus.

A clear flame, that issued from a brazen vessel that seemed to be employed in some metallic transmutation, emitted the only light that illuminated the apartment. As if by magic, the rays of the tapers had been extinguished at the moment when the veil was raised; and the strong blue flashes of the alchymical fire now alone blazed upon "the darkness visible" of the surrounding objects. Close to its flame sat a tall and black-robed figure, whose whole attention seemed to be fixed on a round piece of finely polished volcanic glass, that stood on an elevated golden tripod, and was protected by two Seraphim of the same metal, which, with wings extended forwards, stood upon the top. This was the celebrated *show-stone*, (48) that Dee affirmed had been given him by an angel, and by means of which, he asserted that he carried on his conversations with the spirits of another world. The person who now intently watched the reflections that played on the surface of the stone, was Edward Kelly; the seer whom history informs us was the coadjutor of the Doctor Dee; and who, when they had finished their incantations, reported what spirits they had seen, and what they said; while the astrologer noted all in the volume that we have already noticed. At a little distance,

engaged in the mixture of an amalgam, stood Albert Laski, (49) a Polish nobleman of high rank, who had lately been admitted to a participation in the necromantic rites and mysteries.

These details, though they have taken some time to represent, burst so instantaneously upon the view, that it seemed as if they had been conjured by the magic of the sage, who, rising from his seat, advanced some paces, muttered a few words in an unknown tongue, extended both his arms towards the golden tripod, and then, in an agitated voice, exclaimed :—

“One of the radiant Cherubim, who sit enthroned in regions of immortal bliss, left his celestial sphere, and on a beam of light came down to earth and gave me yonder stone ; which, circumfused and tempered with the rays of heaven, reflects on its bright surface and unfolds to me the secrets of eternity !—Seer ! what dost thou see ?” he added, addressing Kelly, and reseating himself before the illuminated volume ; while Geraldine, as white as death, leaned against one of the marble pillars, and clung for support to her uncle, breathlessly awaiting what she yet might hear.

At the question which had been addressed to him, the visionist extended a long hazel wand, or divining rod, that he held in his right hand ; and

slowly circling it above the stone, in a deep and hollow voice he said :—

“ I see nothing but types of woe. A cloud of blood mantles the face of heaven, and on its fiery edge, which skirts a gulph of blackness, I see a form arise, that bears resemblance to the Earl of—”

In an agony of apprehension, Geraldine here sprung forward, clasped her hands in supplication, and was about to speak ; when Dee, by a reproving glance, commanded silence. Then, as if to prevent the completion of the sentence which had caused her such alarm, he sternly exclaimed :—

“ How stand the stars ?”

The seer advanced to a window, and throwing open the casement, gazed in silence on the sky ; while Dee noted his previous words within the book. When this was done, the astrologer repeated his former question.

“ The firmament is a great volume, and the stars are its characters,” replied the visionist, still gazing on the now deeply shadowed vault. After the pause of a few moments, he added in a slow and solemn voice :—

“ The paths of heaven are veiled in darkness. A foul black spot is on the moon’s pale globe, and suddenly the other orbs withdraw their rays.”

The astrologer wrote down the observation in the mystic volume, from whose leaves he then drew forth a parchment page, marked with horizontal lines, which being divided into twelve parts, or, as they were technically termed, *houses*, framed the figure of a horoscope. In those houses their relative distances from the planets, and the other parts of the celestial sphere, seemed to have been calculated according to the degrees of latitude; and the revolution of the figures at the elevation of the pole were also marked at regular distances.

By those computations, it was understood that the person for whom the horoscope was drawn would, in the course of years, see those events accomplished, which were signified by the aspects of the stars at the moment of his birth.

The diviner of the spheres, having spent some time in deep thought, unfolded the scroll, and showing it to Geraldine, said:—

“This is the Earl of Desmond’s horoscope, which was submitted to my skill by Allen, many years ago. I have read its meaning in the everlasting sky; its combinations I have studied in the silent hours of night; the Chieftain’s natal planet moved not in a favourable trine. Saturn was lord of the ascendant in the sign of Capricorn, being



in opposition unto Venus, Mercury, and Mars. Those planets rule the inclinations, and were in the sign of Sagittarius. The Moon was in the latter constellation, and Mercury was lord of the twelfth house, which reigneth over the beasts of the forest. Venus was the lady of the sixteenth ; she dominates over domestic animals. This conjunction should denote a passion for the chase ; and hence it follows, that at no distant time the Earl of Desmond's fate will, in some way, be influenced thereby."

The principal part of the technical jargon of this harangue was perfectly unintelligible to our heroine, and probably, on that account, had been adopted by the speaker ; mystery in all ages having been found a convenient cloak for the concealment of imposture.

In consequence of the injunction which she had received, Geraldine dared not ask a question on the subject, and therefore remained in silent anxiety, while the sage reconsidered the horoscope with the deepest attention ; then laying his hand upon another part of it, he said :—

“ Here the direction of Saturn is in the sextile aspect of Jupiter, which slightly diminishes the malignity of the preceding combinations ;—but here,” he continued, pointing to a different quarter

of the page, "the ascension of Mars is in direct opposition to the body of the Sun; which signifies both danger and distress."

Again the sage stopped, and seemed more than ever absorbed in meditation: his lips were closely compressed; his brows were knit together; and an awful light flashed from his eye, when clenching his hand, he violently struck a particular figure of the horoscope, and in a deep prophetic voice exclaimed,—“Mars and Saturn are evil planets, that overwhelm the natural goodness of Jupiter. The direction of the stars are here located near the middle of the heavens, and in the quarter of Mars, which denotes that, about this time, the Earl of Desmond should rush into an unjust and sanguinary war. Furthermore, the houses of this horoscope being found in the centre of the celestial sphere, and opposed to the stars that gem the constellation of the Virgin, as well as adverse to the Earl's natal planet, Saturn; the rules of astrologic art predict danger—defeat—and—”

“Speak not the word!” shrieked Geraldine, breaking from her uncle's grasp, and falling at the feet of the astrologer.

“False priest, thou liest!” cried Sir John, in the same instant rushing forward, and seizing Dee's extended arm.

The groupings of the scene at this moment were

most striking. In the wildness of her action, Geraldine's hat had fallen to the ground, and her luxuriant hair streamed from her upraised head, and floated over her figure in bright and waving tresses. Her hands were both outstretched; her eyes, as if in the stare of death, were fixed on the astrologer; her lips were parted, but motionless; and her features, lovely as those of a Grecian statue, were untinged by any hue of life, except the colouring of the blue veins which branched along her pure transparent skin.

The stupor of amazement, more than that of fear, at the unexpected words and movements of Sir John, deprived the astrologer of the power of action or of speech. He stood as if his own magic had been transferred to Desmond, who still fiercely grasped his arm, and held him spell-bound in the convulsive start which he had given at the moment when it was arrested. The alchymical fire blazed brighter than ever, and poured a strong unnatural light on the figures within and without the slab, which separated the astrologer from his associates. A rustling noise was heard at the end of the chamber; the drapery of black cloth which curtained its entrance was slightly agitated—then hastily withdrawn—and, emerging from its folds, the Queen of England stood before the group!

The searching eye of the Princess flashed fire,

and her whole appearance spoke displeasure ; but whatever circumstance had previously occasioned it, was lost in the surprise created by the scene which burst upon her view. .

Amazement held Elizabeth immovable. For a second, she stood silent and fixed as a statue ; but the next instant, her impetuous spirit breaking through restraint, she hastily advanced, and with her usual oath exclaimed : —

“ God’s death ! Mr. Doctor, what may this mean ? — Priest, speak the truth. If you deceive one jot, by Heavens I am no Queen or I’ll unfrock you ! ” (50)

“ My gracious Sovereign, wrong me not,” cried the astrologer, wringing himself from Desmond’s grasp, and rapidly advancing to his royal mistress ; “ I do beseech you, wrong me not.” As Dee earnestly repeated those words, he bent his knee before the Queen. The action arrested his steps, and the astrologer profoundly bowing his head, as if to prove his deep humility, said in a voice inaudible to every ear but hers, — “ My Liege, in prophecying to his daughter Desmond’s fate, I’ve blasted hope, and forwarded the interests of England.”

The words of Dee at once revealed the whole truth to the piercing penetration of the Queen ; but without betraying her comprehension of their

meaning, she darted by the astrologer, and standing full in front of the yet prostrate Geraldine, the monarch waved her hand, and said in a proudly condescending tone, — “Maiden, arise! — Didst thou kneel to us for grace?”

The blood of the Desmond’s rushed to Geraldine’s brow, and dyed her pallid features in the deepest crimson. The question broke the spell that had enthralled her faculties, and her powers of mind returned in all their native force, as rising, with dignity not a point inferior to that of the Queen, she said: — “No, Madam! Guiltless in word and deed, the Earl of Desmond’s daughter knelt not to crave a pardon which no act of hers required. In conscious innocence, she *stands* before the Majesty of England.”

“By the soul of my sire!” exclaimed the Queen, scanning Geraldine from head to foot with her keenest glance, “we have seldom met a damsel who would dare to deal with us so boldly. Know you not, to bow the knee is but an act of proper homage to your Queen? Does it become thee to dispute it, wench! and thus to bandy words even in the presence of thy lawful Sovereign?”

Geraldine remained silent.

“Speak!” cried the Queen, her passion every moment rising higher; “speak! or ’fore God, we’ll find a way to loose your tongue.”

At this moment Sir John Desmond, dreading the decision of Geraldine's character and the consequences which it might produce, made a powerful effort to quell his individual feelings, and with an air of deep submission, kneeling before Elizabeth, he said :—

“ Princess of England ! let *my* lowly homage be a ransom for the breach of duty which, perchance unwittingly, my noble kinswoman has shown unto your royal person.”

“ Ha !—how now !—what crafty knave is this ?—So help me God ! your magic, Mr. Doctor, must have conjured up these wonders. Whom have we here, I say ?” continued Elizabeth, pointing contemptuously to her kneeling subject, and addressing the astrologer.

“ May it please your Grace, Sir John of Desmond.”

“ What ! the Earl's brother, and his suspected minister of treason ?—Ho ! there ! God's death ! summon my Lord of Ormond,” vociferated the Queen, turning abruptly round, and directing her voice to the end of the chamber.

At those words, the dwarf showed his hideous features for a moment between the draperies of the black curtain ; and then, with the speed of lightning, retreated into the adjacent room, where

Ormond was in waiting. The Peer was instantly at the Queen's side.

“ My Lord, arrest that vassal, John of Desmond,” cried Elizabeth, extending her arm towards the prostrate knight.

“ I impeach you, John of Desmond, of high treason against the Queen and Crown,” said Ormond, laying his right hand on the shoulder of the knight.

“ Hark you, my Lord ! under favour, we would pray you to confine yourself to executing our commands,” retorted the Queen in a sharp and reprimanding tone. — “ Elizabeth of England presumes a subject innocent, until he is *proved* guilty. If that our memory be good, (and God be thanked it is so,) I trow, (not having tasted Lethe's flood) our tongue did say *arrest*, and not *impeach*. We have yet no actual evidence of that man's disloyalty. In this so great and weighty matter it behoveth us, as natural mother to our dear and well-beloved people, to defer the charge of treason till the answer of the law decides the same.—Rise, sir!” she added, turning to Desmond. “ We license your departure to the Tower. My Lord of Ormond, let him have a speedy and safe conduct thither. His Irish blood may warm to meet a brother there. Away ! order a special guard of escort hither ; away, my Lord ! and linger not.”

The Peer bowed in obedience to this mandate, and hastened to execute the commands of his sovereign.

As the curtain closed on Ormond's receding figure, Sir John for an instant meditated an escape; but quickly comprehending the impossibility of a retreat, he advanced, and with an air of profound contrition said, "May it please your Majesty! I crave your ear——"

"Peace, sirrah!" vehemently cried the Queen, in a voice that silenced for ever the purposed self-defence of Desmond, who sullenly retreated to his former station. A storm lowered over the royal brow; but Elizabeth, with that force of mind which so eminently characterised her, seemed resolved to control the rising gust of passion. She took two or three hasty steps, and in passing close to Geraldine, the mute agony, the silent eloquence of her countenance, as she leaned against the pillar, like a statue of despair, forcibly arrested the attention of the Queen, and causing a quick revolution of her irritable feelings, called the noblest qualities of her nature into action. She stopped; and fixing an eye no longer sparkling with anger, but almost glistening with the tear of pity, on our heroine, Elizabeth said in her kindest tone,—“I'm loath to deal too harshly with thee, though, by my troth! thou art a graceless and unruly damsel.



Yet Heaven forefend that England's Queen should be so altogether wanting to herself, as to dishonour her fair crown, by holding back the royal hand from any subject's daughter, who in her realm required protection. Tell us, then, can Elizabeth in aught befriend thee?"

"Madam, there *is* a boon—one boon—the only one that I would ask," faltered Geraldine, while, in despite of every effort, large tears dropped down her cheek.

"Name it!" said the Queen with unaffected and increasing interest.

"To be admitted to my father!"

"Plague on 't maid! is *that* your sole request. In faith, methinks ambition never framed so small a wish, for one of Eve's descendants. Go to, go to, wench! I could laugh at thee, but that a woman's foolish mood now almost makes me weep."

Saying this, the Princess seated herself at the table, and seizing Dee's pen, she hastily wrote a license of admission for the Lady Geraldine; and as she finished the words, "Given under our Royal Signet," and subscribed the letters *E: R:* she held up the order, and glancing at the astrologer, sarcastically said:—

"My throne of England to this scrap of paper, Mr. Doctor! your cassocked brethren, if that their wits and wishes were unloosed by our com-

mand, (which may the Lord forbid!) would fleece our Treasury of rarer booty than the scratch of a goose quill, to give them entrance to our Tower of London."

The astrologer profoundly bowed and said:—

"Whate'er our Sovereign Lady deigns to grant, her faithful subjects must receive with gratitude. As the sun reigns over heaven, and diffuses light and glory over earth, so doth my gracious Liege pursue her unblenched course, imparting beams of joy to all within her sphere:

'Te Jovis impio  
Tulela, Saturno refulgens  
Eripuit!'"

"Thanks to our special tutor, Roger Ascham, we, though a woman marvellously lacking wit and learning, nevertheless, (our weakness sharpened by his skill,) the vessel of our mind is not so evil framed, but that we comprehend your Latin, Mr. Doctor, albeit an indifferent judge in such respects," replied Elizabeth, smiling in undisguised pleasure at the tribute of fulsome adulation she had just received. The gratification of that puerile vanity which formed such an essential feature in the character of the Queen, was at this moment peculiarly propitious to the interests of Geraldine; to whom the Princess graciously extended the order of admission, as she said:—

“ Here, Mistress ! we account ourselves achieving thy desire, at the time when, as God’s handmaid, we discharge our duty, how contrariwise soever it may be, to flesh and blood. And touching this matter, I do remember me of certain words (needless now to be discoursed of), the which we have unfolded in our poor translation out of Seneca, lately given (*mens sana in corpore sano*) as a token of our humble scholarship and royal favour, to that sharply-witted boy, Jack Harrington !”

To this effusion of royal pedantry, Geraldine made no reply, but simply bowed her thanks as she received the paper. The silence of our heroine would probably have piqued Elizabeth, were it not that, at this instant, her keen glance espied the figure of the dwarf, as he cautiously crossed the end of the chamber ; and his appearance recalling the offence which had caused displeasure previous to the entrance of the Queen, her thoughts fell into a different channel ; and raising her voice, the Princess angrily exclaimed :—

“ Ha ! arrest thee, knave ! yon imp of hell !” she added, turning to Dee, and pointing to the dwarf, “ dared to hold parley, touching our royal visit here. I vow to God, the shears of Atropos should snap his thread of life ; or, as the Sorceress Medea did to Absyrtes ; thou, Mr. Doctor, ought

to cut the puny devil into pieces, and strew his hideous members in the highway of our path!"

The reply that hovered on the lips of Dee was checked by the return of Lord Ormond, who hastily advanced, while the dwarf gladly retreated from any further display of classical and regal indignation.

The Queen started from her seat, and addressing Ormond, eagerly exclaimed, "My Lord, have you despatched our errand?"

"May it please your Grace, the guard is at the gate, and four of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners wait in the antechamber."

"So! well! lead that varlet to their custody," said the Queen, pointing to Sir John.

"Geraldine!" cried the Knight, involuntarily breaking through the rules of etiquette.

"She shall be cared for, Sir!—Away!" said the Princess in a tone of haughty displeasure.

Resistance was impracticable, and Sir John, giving a look of suppressed indignation as he sullenly bowed to Elizabeth, casting a parting glance on Geraldine, and an intimidating one on the astrologer, in silence followed his appointed guide. As they were leaving the chamber, the Queen added in a commanding tone: "My Lord of Ormond, when you have delivered up your

charge, we command you to return to the presence straight."

"Without delay, my Liege," replied the Peer, while with his companion he passed into the adjacent room.

When the curtain closed over their figures, the Sovereign seated herself, and fixing the whole force of her scrutinizing eye on Geraldine, said, "Maiden, know you my Lord of Ormond?"

"Not personally, Madam."

"Nor his son?" inquired the Queen, with a glance even more inquisitorial than her former one.

"I *am* acquainted with Lord Thurles," answered Geraldine in a voice that trembled with agitation, while, deeply colouring, her eye sunk under the penetrating gaze of Elizabeth.

"Umph! it is as I thought," murmured the Queen almost unconsciously. Then raising her voice as Ormond entered, the Princess turned to him and said:—"Now that our business is despatched, we have some time to spend in passing courtesies. My Lord, this is your fair cousin, the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald. Our royal ear hath oft been entertained with her perfections, when we have questioned thereupon your noble heir, the Viscount Thurles. It were a pity that the father should not share the honours of the son.—Where-

fore," added the Queen, turning to Geraldine, "we commend you to acquaintance with my Lord of Ormond; in furtherance of which, we now commit you to his honourable care, appointing him your escort to the Earl of Desmond."

Even the dissimulation of a courtier could scarcely conceal the pang which suddenly shot to the heart of Ormond, at the invidious insinuation of the Queen. He half started; but instantly recovering himself, the Earl bowed to the Princess as he said, "I gratefully accept the honour which your Highness has conferred." Then, with a graceful obeisance, addressing Geraldine, he added, in the same courteous tone: "My services, I trust, my lovely kinswoman will not reject."

Had worlds been offered, our heroine could not have pronounced a syllable. She bowed an acquiescence, and Elizabeth sharply said:—

"God's mercy, maid! thy words will never take ears captive, as saith that subtle-witted knave, Will Shakspeare. Beshrew me! but this dame, my Lord, reminds us of our cousin Thomas Sackville's portraiture of *Dread*:—she stands—

‘ Benumb'd of speech !’

But dally we no longer. Does your Lordship's litter wait with our royal one?"

"So please your Majesty, it doth."

“Then to our departure straight,” cried the Queen, rising from her seat. She stopped a moment, waved her hand to Geraldine, and at the same time addressing Ormond, said,—“To your honour, noble Earl, we commend this Lady. In your litter she will find a safe conveyance to the Tower. Whate’er her *acts* may do, credit me, although a woman, yet her tongue (thanks to the God of silence) will not move your Lordship’s patience.—Mr. Doctor, betake you to your nightly prayers. God guide you in the same!” added Elizabeth, resuming her majestic deportment, as with a stately step she crossed the room. All present bowed a deep and parting homage. The dwarf assiduously drew aside the curtain for the royal progress, while as Elizabeth passed into the antechamber, his features betrayed a ludicrous apprehension of a second sally of her Majesty’s displeasure.

Ormond, with an air of gallantry that was happily blended with profound respect, attended on his sovereign. The Lady Geraldine followed in silence.

“God save the Queen!” burst from the devoted subjects of Elizabeth, as the Princess ascended the royal litter which received the glory and the hope of England. Her Majesty graciously bowed. The Gentlemen Pensioners bearing aloft their gilt

pole-axes, with the Yeomen of the Guard, closed round, and the royal train pursued its course to the Palace of Whitehall.

After this, our heroine stepped into the open litter of Lord Ormond, who mounted his horse and rode close to her side. Although from the position he had chosen, and the general politeness of his demeanour, it appeared that the noble was not disinclined to conversation, yet, as if to verify the prediction of royalty, the Lady Geraldine preserved the strictest silence during her progress to the Tower. On arriving at the postern gate, Lord Ormond presented the Queen's passport. It of course procured an immediate entrance, notwithstanding that the usual hours of admission were past. As the Peer attended Lady Geraldine across the inclosure that led to the Earl of Desmond's chambers, Sir John and his escort appeared winding their way round an eastern angle of the fortress, in a direction opposed to that in which the Chieftain's apartments lay. A heavy sigh that broke from Lady Geraldine's lip was the only intimation that she gave of having remarked a circumstance on which Lord Ormond seemed afraid to intrude an observation. In silence as profound as her own, the Peer conducted his fair charge to the entrance of the Bloody Tower. Having ascended its narrow staircase, they reached



a landing-place, where they stopped at the massive oaken door which gave an access to the Earl of Desmond's suite of rooms. The Lord of Ormond's knock was instantly answered ; and having consigned his companion to the care of the Chieftain's personal attendants, with the grace of an accomplished courtier, Ormond bowed, and moved to depart. The Lady Geraldine returned his respectful obeisance: she stopped, tears rushed to her eye; and for the first time breaking silence, the high-souled maiden said with an agitated yet dignified air, as the door was closing on his figure :—

“ Farewell, my Lord ! You have nobly done the duties of your office !”



**N O T E S.**



## NOTES.

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(1) “ *The venerable locks.*”—p. 12.

UPON this subject Doctor Ledwich, in his *Antiquities of Ireland*, makes the following remarks:—“ Those locks were called Cooleens, or Glibbs, and were so much valued by the ancient Irish, that in order to suppress the national partiality for these and other peculiarities of dress, the celebrated Statute of Kilkenny was enacted in the reign of Henry VIII. which forbid the use of long locks, or Glibbs, and prescribes the customs and tonsure of the English.”

(2) “ *He wore the Cota.*”—p. 14.

For some of the details of this costume I am indebted to Mr. Walker's ingenious *Essay on the dress of the Irish*. Many important changes took place in the national costume of Ireland during the intervening reigns, from the invasion of Henry II. to the period of Elizabeth's accession, when sumptuary laws were in force in order to produce conformity of habit and manner between her English and Irish subjects.

The variations of fashion seem to have retrograded from original splendour, and the general modes of dress in later times appear to have been infinitely less magnificent than those of former days. Several of the great Irish Chiefs, however, were too strongly devoted to the national customs of Ireland, to submit to the injunctions of the English statute; therefore, in defiance of the Queen's prohibition, they continued to adhere to the old costume. This fact is evidenced in the conduct of John O'Nial, who, when he visited the court of Elizabeth, appeared "attended by a guard of gallow-glasses, arrayed in the richest habiliments of their country; a spectacle," says Dr. Leland, "astonishing to the people, who imagined that they beheld the inhabitants of some distant quarter of the globe."

Having adduced those circumstances, it will seem that I have only preserved a proper consistency in representing the Desmond and his clan as clad in the picturesque attire of the ancient Irish; particularly when the character of the Chief, his profound attachment to his country, and the pride with which he cherished every memorial of her former glory, are taken into consideration.

(3) "*Buskins, or short boots.*"—p. 14.

These, according to the authority of Mr. Walker, answered to the British butis, the Scotch mullion, and the Roman perones.

(4) "*The charge of being 'ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores.'*"—p. 15.

In his historical tracts, Sir John Davis says, that "the English not only forgot the English language, and scorned the use thereof, but *grew ashamed* of their very English names, and took Irish surnames and nicknames." And he adds, "this they did out of contempt of the English name and nation, whereof these degenerate families became more mortal enemies than the *mere Irish.*"

(5) “ *The Statute-book was rigorously employed.*”—p. 16.

Among numerous other disabilities, weekly fines were imposed by the Penal Code on all persons who (though of a different religious persuasion) declined to attend the service of the reformed Church ; no official situation or promotion could be employed without swearing the oath of supremacy ; and no lawyer who would not take the same oath, could plead in any of the four courts, or advocate the cause of his client.

Mr. Hume, in treating of the persecutions which Ireland suffered in the reign of Henry VIII. makes the following observations, which are almost equally applicable to the administration of Elizabeth. “ Thrown out,” says that great historian, “ of the protection of justice, the natives (i. e. the Irish) could find no security but in force ; and flying the neighbourhood of cities, which they could not approach with safety, they sheltered themselves within marshes and forests from the insolence of their unknown masters : being treated like wild beasts, they became such ; and joining the ardour of revenge to their yet untamed barbarity, they grew every day more intractable and more dangerous.”

In speaking of the character of the Irish, Sir John Davis, (Elizabeth’s Attorney General, who long resided among the people he describes, and who cannot be esteemed a *partial* judge,) remarks, “ that in time of peace the Irish are more fearful to offend the law than the English, or *any other nation whatsoever*. And, again, the same writer says, “ There is no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, *although it be against themselves, so as they may have the protection and benefit of the law*, when upon just cause they do desire it.” If these observations be true, to what cause can the popular commotions and scenes of distraction which Ireland presented in the sixteenth century be attributed, if not to the radical defects of her misgovernment ?

(6) "*Government of the Pale.*"—p. 17.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the Pale was a small district of five counties in Leinster, that were ruled by a representative of royalty, and in which the English laws and government were enforced.

(7) "*The Principality of Desmond, now called Kerry.*"—p. 24.

"A considerable part of Kerry was formerly a distinct county in itself, called Desmond; it consisted of that part of Kerry which lies south of the river Mang, with the barony of Bear and Bantry, in the county of Cork, and was a Palatinate under the jurisdiction of the Earls of Desmond; it is true, the ancient country of Desmond, or South Munster, extended much farther, as appears by the grant of King Henry the Second to Robert Fitz Stephen and Milo de Cogan, cited at large in my History of Cork. Its limits were from the hill of St. Brandon, above mentioned, to the river Blackwater, near Lismore, and comprehended the county of Cork as well as Kerry."—*Smith's Natural and Civil History of Kerry*, p. 27.

(8) "*An inscription on the Ogham characters.*"—p. 26.

The Ogham was the occult character of inditing, understood only by the Druids and Senachies. The history of its alphabet is exceedingly obscure and contradictory. Ledwich rejects the conclusions of the Irish antiquaries on the subject, and imagines that the Ogham characters were deduced from the corrupted Roman Elements; while O'Flaherty thinks they were invented by Phenius, who was the Phœnician Cadmus; and Gorden asserts that they have a radical affinity to the Scythian or Gothic. Walker conjectures that the Milesians brought the Punic letter into Ireland; and Vallancey is of opinion that the Ogham characters owe their origin to the labours of a Scythian Hercules, who was known to the ancient



Irish by the name of *Oghma*, from *Ogh*, a circle ; because he was the inventor of an alphabet formed on five circles, the characters of which, being drawn in horizontal strokes, resemble the Ukim alphabet of the Chinese, introduced by Fo-hi ; who, according to Monsieur Baillie, was a Scythian. He also adds, that there is a great analogy between the Irish Ogham and the Persepolitan characters.

The following extract from a letter which I received on this subject from the Rev. Dr. Morrison, the learned author of the Chinese Dictionary, &c. &c., and whose active and successful labours in the East entitle him to the highest consideration, may be deemed interesting from the information it conveys.

“As to the alphabet—What is an alphabet ? The letters or elements of speech,” says Dr. Johnson. “I would rather define it—*The signs of sounds*—I dare say you will not differ from me in that definition ; but if so, the Woo-King, or *Ukim* (Portuguese)] lines of Fo-hi (or *Fuh-he*,) were not *signs of sounds* ; the truth is, the Chinese language has no *Alpha Beta*, nor any thing like an alphabet.”

It is singular that l'Abbé Ma-Geoghegan, who is generally circumstantial in his details on any subject connected with the national interests of Ireland, should have scarcely touched on the history of the Ogham alphabet, though he is diffuse on that of the Milesian. This note is already extended beyond its proper limits ; yet as the account which the Abbé gives is extremely curious, I am induced to transcribe some part of it.

In L'Histoire d'Irlande, vol. i. p. 30, the writer says :—“Beith, Luis, Nion, des Milesiens, exprime l'ordre de leurs lettres, par les lettres initials BL ou BLN.

“L'Alphabet des Milesiens a cela de commun avec celui des Hebreux, que dans l'un et l'autre, le nom des lettres est significatif.

“Par exemple, en Hebreu, *Aleph* signifie guide ou Conduc-  
teur ; *Beth*, maison, &c. &c.

“Ainsi en langue Milesienne, *Beth* est le nom du bouleau ;

Luis, signifie frêne sauvage, et *Nion*, le vrai frêne. Il y a cependant cette différence, que les lettres Hébraïques tirent leurs dénominations de toutes sortes d'objets différens, au lieu que les Milesiennes ne représentent que des différens noms d'arbres; parceque les Druides, qui étoient les sages des anciens tems, et qui faisoient leur séjour dans les bois, n'ont pu rien imaginer de plus naturel que de donner à leurs caractères des noms faciles à retenir, afin de faire passer ensuite à leurs élèves les notions qu'ils vouloient leur inspirer." The Milesian alphabet consists of eighteen letters: giving the English and Milesian characters as well as the meaning of each word in the Irish, Latin, and French languages, I subjoin the English character of each letter, the Irish name, and an English explanation.

		<i>Irish.</i>		<i>English.</i>
Letter	1.	B. Beithe	..	A birch tree
	2.	L. Luis	..	A wild ash
	3.	F. Fearn	..	An alder tree
	4.	S. Sail	..	A willow, or ozier
	5.	N. Nion	..	An ash tree
	6.	H. Huath	..	A thorn
	7.	D. Duir	..	Ever-green oak
	8.	T. Tinne	..	(No term of explanation)
	9.	C. Coll	..	A hazel tree
	10.	M. Muin	..	A vine tree
	11.	G. Gort	..	Ivy
	12.	P. Peth-boc	..	(No explanation)
	13.	R. Ruis	..	Elder tree
	14.	A. Ailm	..	A fir tree
	15.	O. Onn	..	Brcom
	16.	U. Urr	..	Heath
	17.	E. Egdhadh	..	Aspin tree
	18.	I. Idho	..	Yew tree.
		*	*	*

“Avant l'invention du parchemin, les Milésiens se servoient de planches de bouleau, sur lesquelles ils gravoient

leurs caractères avec des styles ou poinçons qu'ils nommoient en leur langue, *Oranin*, ou *Taibhls-Fileadh*, c'est-à-dire Tablettes Philosophiques. Leurs caractères mêmes se nommoient anciennement *Feadha* c'est-à-dire bois, *Silvæ*."—Histoire d'Irlande, par l'Abbé Ma-Geoghegan, Tome I. p. 31. 4to. à Paris, 1758.

General Vallancey has the hardihood to assert, that Ireland is the Hyperborean Island described by Diodorus Siculus; and speaking of the account of Cæsar, he says it would seem that the Druids worshipped in groves, and that the altars, stones, and circular pillars yet standing, prove that adoration to the Deity was paid in the open air. The Druids maintained the immortality of the soul, and were supposed to be endowed with a prophetic spirit.

(9) "*A large flat slab supported on three upright stones.*"—p. 27.

Conjectures have been various respecting the circular intrenchments of stones found in many parts of Ireland. The most probable hypothesis seems to be, that they were uncovered temples, consecrated to the worship of a god, in which the Druids instructed their disciples in the mysteries of religion. O'Halloran says, that the stone altars were called Crom-leachs, because *Crom* was the chief deity, and *Lia-fail* is the Irish for a large stone of destiny, on which our ancient monarchs were crowned, and which was called Crom-lia, or the Altar of Crom. But Vallancey thinks that the Cromleach was the representation of the great *He*, from *Leac*, a stone, and *Crom*, holy, sacred, tutelary, &c. &c.

(10) "*The deeds of the patriot.*"—p. 33.

Mr. Walker, in his Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, makes the following observations:—"The Senachaide, or Bards, were antiquaries, genealogists, and historians. They recorded remarkable events, and preserved the genealogies of their patrons in a kind of unpoetical stanza. Each Pro-

vince and Chief had a Seanacha, and we will venture to conjecture that in each province there was a repository for the collections of the different Seanachaide belonging to it, with the care of which an Ollamb-Re Seanacha was charged."

(11) "*A golden bodkin.*"—p. 34.

The author quoted in the foregoing note says, that such bodkins as were worn in the head were termed *Dealgfuilt*, and that they formed the peculiar ornament of the daughters of Erin.

(12) "*Fosterers and gossips.*"—p. 53.

Fosterage is one of the most singular of the ancient usages of Ireland. Mr. Lawless thus speaks on the subject in his Compendium of the History of Ireland:—"The custom of fosterage particularly has excited the curiosity of the antiquarian. The Brehon laws seem to intimate that fostering was the occupation of those whose inferior condition rendered them incapable of doing other services to the public. Irish writers state, that children were given from different families to be nursed and bred up in others, and that inferiors thus purchased the honour of fostering the children of the rich. Thus, say they, a stricter connexion was formed between different families and different tribes. The fragments of the Brehon law, however, contradict this statement. In those laws it is laid down, that wages shall be given in proportion to the time that children continue under their care, and the instruction they have received. The youth in fosterage was instructed in the management of cattle, in husbandry, and tillage; and thus an affection and attachment were created between the instructor and the instructed, which seemed to emulate the attachments of the closest affinity. Thus it appears that the laws, and manners, and customs of the old Irish do not merit the idle and absurd denunciations which ignorant malignity has so often pronounced against them. The same author also inserts an interesting note from

an old chronicler, upon the habit of fosterage, which I shall transcribe.

Stanihurst (the writer quoted by Mr. Lawless) says,—“ You cannot find one instance of perfidy, deceit, or treachery among the fosterers ; nay, they are ready to expose themselves to all manner of dangers for the safety of those who sucked their mother’s milk. You may beat them to mummy, you may put them upon the rack, you may burn them upon a gridiron, you may expose them to the most exquisite torture that the cruellest tyrant can invent, yet you will never remove them from that innate fidelity which is grafted in them ; you will never induce them to betray their duty.”

(13) “ *Triennial Parliaments of Ireland.*”—p. 53.

Keating, in his General History of Ireland, gives a minute description of the meeting of the *Fes* in the Royal Palace of Tara. An account infinitely more interesting is conveyed in a note to the exquisite poem of “ O’Connor’s Child.” Mr. Campbell seems rather sceptical as to the veracity of those statements which the Irish annalists have transmitted on the subject of the Triennial Parliaments of their country.

I have not the temerity to attempt to controvert the opinion of one of the first writers of the present day ; therefore, without canvassing the question whether the Hibernian records deserve to be considered as fabrications or authentic histories, I shall subjoin the passage to which I have alluded :—“ Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The Psalter of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their great and favourite monarch, Ollam Fodlah, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian æra. Under him was instituted the great *Fes* at Tara, which, it is pretended, was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament ; the members of which

were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us, that when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the Grand Marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield, or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter of Tara.

Col. Vallancey gives a translation of an old Irish fragment found in Trinity College, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described as it existed in the reign of Cormac:—"In the reign of Cormac, the Palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking-horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles." The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus trans-

lated :—“Twelve stalls, or divisions, in each wing ; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table ; one hundred guests in all.”

(14) *The Cervus Megaceros*.—p. 54.

I fear this term may seem pedantic, but I am induced to use it in consequence of an observation contained in an account of the skeleton of the fossil deer of Ireland, (*Cervus Megaceros*,) drawn up at the instance of the Committee of Natural Philosophy of the Royal Dublin Society, by John Hart, M. R. F. A. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, &c. &c. The remark to which I allude, runs as follows : “ We find that this animal possessed characters of its own, sufficient to prove it of a species as distinct from the Moose, or Elk, as this latter species is from the reindeer or any other ; therefore, it is *improper* to retain the name of elk, or moose-deer, any longer ; perhaps it might be better called the *Cervus Megaceros*, a name merely expressive of the great size of its horns.”

Mr. Hart’s clever description of this animal is connected with his anatomical combination of the fossil remains of a stupendous skeleton of the *Cervus Megaceros* genus, the bones of which were found in a valley of Rathcannon ; some bedded in a stratum of sea marl, and others lying on a layer of clay beneath, and “merely covered by the marl.” This splendid specimen of one of the most remarkable animals which can engage the attention of the zoographer, was lately presented to the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society, by my esteemed friend the Rev. William Wray Maunsell, Archdeacon of Limerick, to whose interesting letter addressed to the Right Honourable G. Knox, V. P., and published in Mr. Hart’s pamphlet, I refer the reader for a full account of the geological position in which the bones were found, as well as for a detail of the singular circumstances that attended their discovery. Mr. Hart imagines that the extraordinary animal of which he treats is not exclusively indigenous to Ireland, but asserts that its favourite haunts were in the fertile plains and

valleys of that country. The complete specimen of the *Cervus Megaceros*, which now stands in the Museum of the Dublin Society, measures in its length of spine ten feet ten inches, and to use the expressive language of Mr. Hart, "When surmounted by the head, and beautifully expanded antlers, which extend out to a distance of nearly six feet on either side, it forms a splendid display of the relics of the former grandeur of the animal kingdom, and carries back the imagination to a period, when whole herds of this noble animal wandered at large over the face of the country." The same ingenious author states that the fossil-remains of these enormous creatures are almost daily dug out of the bogs and marl pits of Ireland; adding, that there are very few of the Irish peasantry "who are not, either from personal observation or report, acquainted with them by the familiar name of the horns of 'the old deer:' indeed in some parts of the country they have been found so often, that far from being regarded as objects of any extraordinary interest, they have been either thrown aside as useless lumber, or applied to the very commonest of economical uses." In proof of the last assertion, Mr. H. mentions, that a pair of these horns were used as a field-gate near Tipperary; that a temporary bridge was constructed across a stream in the county of Tyrone, with another specimen of the same sort of head furniture, and that "a bonfire was made of a heap of these bones in a village in the county of Antrim, in celebration of the battle of Waterloo." The gigantic horns of the skeleton of the *Cervus Megaceros* which now belongs to the Dublin Society, measure nine feet two inches between their extreme tips, and greatly exceed the other bones of the animal in the scale of proportion; though the size of the whole is so enormous, that were the curious hypothesis of Baron Cuvier established, namely, that the world was many times reduced to chaos prior to the creation of mankind, it would seem to be a perfect specimen of one of those

"Mighty Pre-Adamites who walk'd the earth,  
Of which *our's is the wreck,*"



—that is, according to the declaration of one of the principal characters in the drama of a late noble Bard.

Mr. Hart concludes his interesting statement with the following remarks:—

“ The absence of all record, or even tradition, respecting this animal, (the *Cervus Megaceros*,) naturally leads one to inquire whether man inhabited this country during its existence? I think there is presumptive evidence in the affirmative of this question, afforded by the following circumstances: A head of this animal, described by Professor Goldfuss of Bonn, was discovered in Germany in the same drain with several horns and stone hatchets; and in the 7th volume of the *Archæologia Britannica*, is a letter of the Countess of Moira, giving an account of a human body found in gravel, under eleven feet of peat, soaked in the bog-water: it was in good preservation, and completely clothed in antique garments of hair, which her Ladyship thinks might have been that of our fossil animal. But more conclusive evidence on this question is derived from the appearance exhibited by a rib, presented by Archdeacon Maunsell to the Royal Dublin Society, in which I discovered an oval opening near its lower edge, the long diameter of which is parallel to the length of the rib; its margin is depressed on the outer, and raised on the inner surface, round which there is an irregular effusion of callus. This opening was evidently produced by a sharp pointed instrument, which did not penetrate so deep as to cause the animal's death, but which remained fixed in the opening for some length of time afterwards; in fact, such an effect as would be produced by the head of an arrow remaining in a wound after the shaft was broken off.

“ It is not improbable, therefore, that the chase of this gigantic animal once supplied the inhabitants of this country with food and clothing.

“ As to the causes which led to the extinction of this animal, whether it was suddenly destroyed by the Deluge, or by some other great catastrophe of nature; or whether it was ultimately exterminated by the continued and successful persecution of

its pursuers, as has nearly been the case with the red deer, within the recollection of many of the present generation, I profess myself unable to form any decided opinion, owing to the limited number of facts as yet collected on the subject."

The topic which has been thus ably handled does indeed afford materials for conjecture and reflection. Even a superficial consideration of its bearings will call forth many interesting thoughts, and must impress the mind with the deepest veneration for the Great Being, who equally, in the stupendous and minute parts of his creation, displays unlimited power, wisdom, and beneficence.

(15) "*Sparkling with piment.*"—p. 57.

Dr. Ledwich, in his *Antiquities of Ireland*, says that the nectar of the Irish was compounded of honey, wine, ginger, pepper, and cinnamon. "This," he adds, "was called *piment*. The early French poets speak of it with rapture, as being most delicious. They regarded the union of the juice of grape with the perfume of foreign aromatics, then so dear and highly prized, as the very perfection of human ingenuity."

(16) "*Butler-a-boo.*"—p. 59.

*A-boo*, in Irish, signifies *for ever—long live—vive*. In De-brett's *Peerage*, the succeeding information is given on the subject. "An Act passed (10th Henry VII. c. 20.) for abolishing the words *Crom-a-boo*, *Butler-a-boo*, *Shanet-a-boo*, *Gol-rich-a-boo*;" and they were all adjudged unlawful. By this celebrated statute, it is enacted, "that no person or persons, of whatsoever estate, condition, or degree, do take any part with any lord or gentleman, or uphold variances, or comparisons, in word or deed, by using these words, *Crom-a-boo*, or such like words, or otherwise contrary to the King's laws, his crown, dignity, and peace; but to call only on Saint George or the name of his Sovereign Lord the King, for the time being and if any person do contrary, or offend in the premises, he

may be taken and committed to ward, there to remain, without bail or mainprize, till they have made fine, after the discretion of the King's Deputy of Ireland and the King's Council of the same, for the time being." There was also an Association of the Lords of the Pale, in order to prevent the Irish from marauding, and to suppress insurrections, &c. called the Fraternity of Saint George; and this is the allusion in the above-named act of Parliament.

(17) "*Coign and livery—black rents and coshierings.*"—p. 60.

Coign and Livery, as well as Black Rents, were contributions that were sometimes levied on the country when the revenues of an Irish Chieftain were found insufficient for the support of his clan. *Coshiering* was free quarters for the Chief himself. When writing on this subject, Sir John Davies uses the following words:—"This extortion of Coign and Livery was originally Irish, for they used to lay *bonaught* upon their people, and never gave their soldiery any other pay. But when the English had learned it, they used it with more severity, and made it more intolerable; for their oppression was not limited either to time or place; but because there was every where a continual war, either offensive or defensive, and every lord of a county, and every marcher, made war and peace at his pleasure, it became universal and perpetual, and was indeed the most heavy oppression that ever was used in any Christian or heathen kingdom." In the reign of Elizabeth, a bill of subsidy was passed, with a panegyric on the Queen, for delivering Ireland from the exaction of Coign and Livery.

(18) "*An enchanted girdle.*"—p. 66.

Sir John Harrington, one of the brightest ornaments of the Court of Elizabeth, in a note on his translation of Orlando Furioso, tells us, that "some say it is a great practice in Ireland to *charm girdles*, and the like, persuading men that while they wear them they cannot be hurt with any weapon. En-

chanted girdles were in early use in Ireland and in the North of Scotland; till very lately they were kept in many families.”—See Walker’s Historical Essay on the Dress of the Irish.

(19) “*She publicly rewarded both by letters missive.*”—p. 73.

*Vide* “*Carte’s Life of Ormond.*”

(20) “*By whom he had one son, Fitzwalter Viscount Thurles.*”—p. 75.

I have here violated the strictness of genealogy. To atone for such a deviation, I shall annex the Ormond pedigree extracted from Debrett’s Peerage, as follows:—

“James, second Earl of Ossory, was created Viscount Thurles in his father’s lifetime, 1535; and in the last Parliament of Henry VIII. obtained an act of restitution of the Earldom of Ormond. He died in 1585, leaving issue Thomas Earl of Ormond and Ossory, who died *without male issue*; and John of Kilcash, whose son, Walter, succeeded his uncle Thomas, and became eleventh Earl of Ormond and third Earl of Ossory.”

In the liberty I have taken with the Ormond lineage, I fear I have subjected myself to the same sort of reproach as that which Mrs. Baliol addresses to her cousin Chrystal, when she says, “No reader of sense wonders at your historical inaccuracies, any more than he does to see Punch in the show-box seated on the same throne with king Solomon in all his glory, or to hear him hallooing out to the Patriarch amid the Deluge—‘Mighty hazy weather, Master Noah!’”

(21) “*Received from Sir Edmond Butler (the brother of our hated foe) a pistol shot.*”—p. 80.

This circumstance is mentioned by L’Abbé Ma-Geoghegan, in “*L’Histoire d’Irlande.*”

(22) “*Still on the necks of the Bullers.*”—p. 81.

This is the heroic answer which, history informs us, was made by the Chief of Desmond, in reply to the taunting interrogatory of his conquerors.

(23) “*The coat-hardy.*”—p. 87.

See Strutt, on the Customs and Manners of the English.

(24) “*The Geraldines of Munster.*”—p. 121.

The Fitz-Geralds, Fitz-Maurices, and Fitz-Thomases, were known in history by the denomination of *The Geraldines*. In the “*Hibernica Dominica*” of De Burgho, there is a curious account of their genealogy, which may be thus translated from the Latin :—

“The most ancient, upright, and illustrious house of the Geraldines traces its origin from Otho, a powerful and high-minded Italian baron, himself sprung from the princes of Hertruria or Tuscany, who, having emigrated from a Florentine state into Normandy, now a province of France, and from thence into England, was enrolled in the eleventh century (or æra of the Church) among the barons of England by King Edward, surnamed the Confessor. His son Walter was the father of Geraldus, or Giraldus, or Gerardus, a hero of great reputation and mighty power. This same Geraldus fixed his residence in Cambria, commonly called Wales, now a Principality of England, and there had Mauritius Geraldus by his wife Nesta, who was the daughter of Austrialis, a Welsh chieftain. Geraldus Geraldinus, the *eldest son* of this Mauritius, was created Baron of Ophalia by King John anno 1225, and was the father of Mauritius Geraldus, the *second* Baron of Ophalia, who was Viceroy of Ireland, and who at length founded our County of Sligo.

“Again, Thomas Geraldinus, the eldest son of the above-mentioned Mauritius, the *third* Baron of Ophalia, surnamed

every where the Great, on account of his illustrious deeds, left an only son behind him, viz. John, the *fourth* Baron of Ophalia, who had four sons by Honoria, the daughter of Hugo O'Connor, a titular prince of Connaught; namely, 1st, Gilbert, called by the Irish Gibbon, the father of the White Knight; 2ndly, John, the Knight of the Glynn and the Valley, called in Latin, de Clivo et Valle; 3dly, Mauritius, who was the first Knight of Kerry, commonly called, from his sable complexion, the Black Knight, in contradistinction to the White Knight; and 4thly, Thomas, the ancestor of numberless Geraldines in the counties of Kerry and Limerick. To proceed: Mauritius Geraldinus, the eldest son of John of Callan, had a son called Thomas of Limerick, the Viceroy of Ireland. Mauritius Geraldinus left two sons behind him; namely, John the first Knight of Kildare, and Mauritius the first Knight of Desmond; the *first* of whom was created on the 14th of May 1316, but the *latter* on the 27th of August 1329. He (Mauritius) had sixteen successors, but the title became a length extinct in the reign of Elizabeth; at the same time, in her reign, Geraldus Geraldinus, the Knight of Desmond, a Palatine of Henry, restored *the line*, (or family influence,) by all means in his power. The succession, however, of the Knights of Kildare, continues even to the present period, in which James Geraldinus, the twentieth Knight, flourishes, and was created Marquis of Kildare and Earl (or Baron) of Ophalia, in the year 1761."

(25) "'Tis now the hour when parting day."—p. 136.

The stanzas which are introduced by this line were permitted to appear in the first number of "Bolster's Quarterly Magazine," at the request of the Proprietor of that periodical publication.

(26) "The attendance of both Earls in the City of Dublin."

—p. 146.

To the curious reader, it may not be uninteresting to peruse

an obscure and extraordinary letter, written (on the occasion of the dispute between the Earls of Desmond and of Ormond) with the Queen's own hand, to Sir Henry Sidney, the then Lord Deputy of Ireland; it is printed without date, in the Sidney Papers; and, according to Miss Aiken, must have been written in 1565. This is a year later than the battle of Affane, which, if we are to trust Smith's authority, took place on the fifteenth of February 1564.

In a work of romance, chronology is comparatively of little importance; and I take this opportunity to warn the reader, that acting under the shelter of the highest authorities in the field of fiction, I will not scruple to select whatever materials may best suit my particular purpose, independent of those restrictions respecting chronological consistency, which only belong to the peculiar province of history. This is a digression. The letter alluded to runs as follows:—

“ Harry—If our partial slender managing all the contentious quarrel between the Irish Isles did not make the way to cause these lines to passe my hande, this gibberidge should hardly have cumbered your eyes; but warned by my former fault, and dreading worse hap to come, I rede you take good heed that the good subjects lost state be so revenged, that I hear not the rest be won to a right by-way to breed more traytors stocks and so the yole is gone.—Make some difference twixt tried, just, and false friends; let the good service of well-deservers be never rewarded with loss; let their thanks be such as may encourage new strivers for the like; suffer not Desmond's dening\* deeds for wide from promised works, make you trust for other pledge, than either himself or John for gage. He hath so well performed his English vows, that I warn you trust him no longer than you see one of them. Prometheus let me be, and Prometheus hath been mine too long. I pray God your old strange sheep, late as you say, returned into fold, wore not her wooly garment upon her woolfy back. You know a king-

\* Noisy deeds.

dom knows no kindred, *si violandum jus regnandi causa*, although to harm is perilous in the hand of an ambitious head. Where might is mixed with wit, there is to good an accord in government. Essays be oft dangerous, especially where the cup-bearer hath received such a preservative, as what met soever betide the drinkers draught, the carriers takes no bane thereby. Believe not, though they sware that they can be full sound, whose parents sought the rule, that they full fain would have. I warrant you that they will never be account of bastardy, you were to blame to lay it to their charge; they will trace the steps that others have passed before. If I had not espied, though very late, legerdemain used in those cases, I had never played my part; no, if I had not seen the balances held awry, I had never myself come into the weigh-house. I hope I shall have so good a customer of you, that all under officers shall do their duty among you. If ought have been amiss at home, I will patch, though I cannot whole it. Let us not, nor no more do you, consult so long, till advice come too late to the giver; where then shall wee wish the deeds when all is spent in words. A fool too late bewares, when all the peril is past. If wee still advise, we shall never do; thus are wee ever knitting a knot never tied; yea, and if our web be framed with rotten hurdles, when our loom is well nigh done, our work is new to begin; God send the weaver true prentices again: and let them be denisons, I pray you, if they be not citizens, and such, too, as your antientest Aldermen you have or now dwell in your official place, have had best cause to commend their good behaviour. Let this memorial be only committed to Vulcan's base keeping, without any longer abode than the leisure of reading thereof; yea, and with no mention made thereof to any other wight. I charge you, as I may command you, seem not to have but Secretaries letters from me,'

“Your loving Maistres,

“ELIZABETH REGINA.”

Miss Aiken, in her admirable *Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth*, gives the above letter in modern orthography; and



alluding to the passage in which Prometheus is named, she says the introduction of that word in the original was evidently a mere slip of her, that of *epimetheus* having been the one intended to be used, because it signifies *after-thought*. The justice of Miss Aikens's observation can scarcely be questioned; and I am proud to ascribe the criticism to an author whose intellectual powers and literary distinction, reflect a lustre on the sex to which she belongs.

(27) "*He wore a superbly embroidered doublet.*"—p. 151.

The gorgeousness of this dress is not exaggerated; it is in strict accordance with the magnificent costume of the Elizabethan age.

(28) "*The houses being chiefly built of timber.*"—p. 156.

The ground-work of the general description of the ancient buildings of the Irish capital, and the sketch of the pageant-tries exhibited there during the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, have been principally derived from the History of Dublin, by the late J. Warburton, keeper of the records of Birmingham tower. The late Rev. J. Whitelaw and the Rev. Robert Walsh. A publication which evinces considerable ability and research.

(29) "*Brought the party to Hoggin Green.*"—p. 159.

The following note on this subject is taken from "Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage:"—"Sir James Ware in his *Annales*, folio 1664, after having given an account of the statute 33 Henry VIII., by which Henry was declared King of Ireland, and Ireland made a kingdom, informs us that the new law was proclaimed in Saint Patrick's Church, in the presence of the Lord Deputy St. Leger, and a great number of Peers, who attended in their parliament robes. It is needless,"

he adds, "to mention the feasts, comedies, and sports which followed. 'Epulas, comœdias et certamina ludicra, quæ sequebantur, quid attinet dicere?' The mention of *comedies*, might lead us to suppose that our sister kingdom had gone before us in the cultivation of the drama; but I find from a MS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, that what are here called *comedies* were nothing more than *fragments*. The only theatre in Dublin in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was a booth, (if it may be called a theatre,) erected in Hoggin Green, now College-green, where mysteries and moralities were occasionally performed."

(30) "*The Lord Deputy's Address to the Earl of Desmond.*"—p. 175.

It appears, that in consequence of the marked and decided partiality of Elizabeth to the Earl of Ormond, in his controversy with the Desmond, Sir Henry Sidney refused to take the determination of the matter on himself, except some other Commissioners were allowed to co-operate with him on the occasion; which request was granted. In writing to Secretary Cecil, Sir Henry Sidney says: "I assure you, Sir, that if I served under the cruelest tyrant that ever tyrannized, and knew him affected on the one or the other side, between party and party, and referred to my judgment, I would rather offend his affection, and stand to his misrecord, than offend my own conscience, and stand by God's judgment. Therefore, I beseech you to let me have some other to be joined with me," &c. &c.

(31) "*Prize Wines at Youghal,*" &c.—p. 176.

The complaints embodied in this speech, are stated by Smith, in his Natural and Civil History of Kerry, as the chief points of controversy which existed between the Earls of Desmond and of Ormond.

(32) “*The royal liberties granted by King Edward.*”—p. 177.

For the particulars of this remarkable grant, see Baker’s Chronicle, and Sir John Davies’s Historical Tracts.

(32) “*The Brehon Jurisdiction.*”—p. 179.

This term signifies the Irish laws.

(33) “*The Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, I now appoint.*”—p. 180.

In the Historical Annals of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, collected by William Monk Mason, Esq. the remarkable meeting which took place within the walls of that edifice, between two members of the Kildare and Butler race, is stated to have occurred in the year 1492. And Gerald Earl of Kildare, the then Lord Deputy of Ireland, and James Earl of Ormond, are mentioned as the individuals, in support of which Stanihurst and Hollinshed are quoted. Such authorities are almost indisputable. But without presuming to invalidate their testimony, I have, at the risk of being charged with an anachronism, taken advantage of an incident which appeared so peculiarly well-suited to promote the interests of my narrative.

The reluctance which I might have felt to venture such a liberty, has been considerably diminished, by having it in my power to bring forward *one* respectable authority to my support on this occasion.

In Smith’s “Natural and Civil History of Kerry,” p. 258, when treating of the amicable adjustment, effected in the year 1566, between the Lords Desmond and Ormond, who were brought by the Commissioners to a reconciliation, it is asserted that that adjustment “was made in the Chapter-house of St. Patrick’s church, Dublin; in the old oak door of which may be seen, to this day, the aperture cut for them to shake hands through, each fearing to be poignarded by the other. A small square board is nailed on the hole.”

(34) "*A body of his faithful Kerne.*"—p. 183.

Doctor Ledwich says, that the infantry did not receive the appellation of *kerne* until some time subsequent to the arrival of the English; and thinks that the term is derived from *cearn* or *kern*—that is, victorious or conquering band.

(35) "*A party of Gallow-glasses also attended.*"—p. 183.

According to the author quoted in the foregoing note, the name of gallow-glass is derived from two Irish words—*gal-glac*, that is, *the courage band*.

(36) "*From its prodigious thickness was capable of warding off a stroke in battle.*"—p. 184.

This curious assertion is made by Doctor Ledwich, in his *Antiquities of Ireland*.

(37) "*One hundred decorated windows.*"—p. 187.

We are informed by Mr. Monk Mason, that early in the last century, traces of one hundred windows were discovered in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

(38) "*The Chapter-house door.*"—p. 192.

On requesting to see this ancient door, I was taken by the present Sexton of St. Patrick's cathedral, into the place where the sacerdotal vestments are kept; and there, after a surplice had been removed from the peg on which it hung, I was shown an old oaken plank, with a board nailed over a square aperture, in a manner exactly similar to that described by Smith in his *History of Kerry*.

(39) "*With a train of one hundred and twenty men-at-arms.*"  
—p. 206.

This was the cortège which, according to Dr. Leland, formed the escort of Sir Wm. Drury on the occasion of his visit to

the Earl of Desmond. I plead guilty to the charge of an anachronism in having described the visit of the Lord President of Munster, and the delivery of the infant son of the Irish Chief, as having happened *prior* to the commitment of the Earl of Desmond to the Tower of London. According to history, both those events occurred *after* the Irish Earl became the state prisoner of Elizabeth, and subsequent to his return to Ireland. Patrick O'Haly, Bishop of Mayo, and Con O'Rourke, men of noble descent, who were also surrendered to Government by the Desmond, as hostages of his loyalty, were (according to Dr. Curry) both executed by Drury's orders.

(40) "*Sound of the trompa.*"—p. 209.

This was a military instrument that resembled the modern trumpet.

(41) "*The ancient Irish dance, or Rintheadfadu.*"—p. 211.

See Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

(42) "*Rinkey, or field-dance.*"—p. 213.

Idem.

(43) "*This unexpected incident powerfully awoke.*"—p. 214.

Dr. Leland, in writing on this subject, uses the following words:—"Edward the Third had granted the royalties of this county (*i. e.* Kerry) to the Earl of Desmond; but Drury, without regard to ancient patents, determined to extend his jurisdiction into Kerry. Desmond pleaded the ancient privilege and exemption of his lands; but, finding the Lord President obstinate in his purpose, reserved himself for an appeal to the Chief Governor, assuring Drury, in the mean time, that he should be received in Kerry with all honour and submission, and inviting him to reside at his house in Tralee. The invitation was accepted; when, on the arrival of Drury, with a train of a hundred and twenty men in arms, a body of seven hundred followers of Desmond, tall, active, and vigorous, appeared at some distance, and advanced upon him. The President, unacquainted with the customs of

this district, and filled with the suspicions and jealous prejudices of an English stranger, at once concluded that he had been betrayed, and was to be surrounded and cut to pieces. He encouraged his followers to prevent this formidable enemy, and to charge them without waiting to be attacked. The first onset at once dispersed the Desmonians, who, without attempting the least hostility, fled with the utmost astonishment and precipitation; and the Countess of Desmond was left to explain this extraordinary incident. She assured the President that these men neither intended nor expected hostilities; that their flight was not the effect of cowardice, but amazement and confusion at being treated as enemies, when they had assembled peaceably to do him honour; that they had been collected by her Lord merely to entertain him with hunting, in which the men of Kerry were remarkably expert and vigorous. Drury affected to be satisfied with this explanation.

(44) "*Assume that of Mac Carty More.*"—p. 258.

The word *More* signified *The Great*.

(45) "*It had been erected by Holbein.*"—p. 274.

See "Pennant's London."

(46) "*The Doctor Dee.*"—p. 277.

The details which I have given respecting this extraordinary man are strictly historical. In the accounts from whence they have been fundamentally derived, many other circumstances are mentioned, which afford much interest to the curious biographer. Doctor Dee wrote on an infinity of subjects. Astrology and optics were his favourite studies; but he composed an ingenious treatise on the best means of propagating the Gospel on the other side of the Atlantic, as well as many volumes on general literature. His work on the reformation of the Gregorian Calendar raised him to the highest consideration with the best mathematicians of his day. A copy of the Calendar is now deposited at the Ashmolean Museum of Oxford, and in the Bodelian Library I was shown the manuscript of Doctor

Dee's "Diary of Experimental Chemistry," penned in the author's handwriting, and bearing date anno 1581.

About the time of Edward the VIth, Dee was offered a large salary for reading lectures at the University of Oxford, but he had originally studied at Cambridge, where one of his best biographers asserts that "he allowed only four hours for sleep, and two for his meals and recreations." After Dee's return from the Continent, where he was intimately acquainted with all the foreign literati, he was elected Fellow of Trinity College, and constituted under-reader of the Greek language in 1548.

(47) "*The Seer's pretended conversation with spirits.*"—p. 286.

The curious printed account of these imaginary discourses, was furnished me from the Signet Library of Edinburgh; through the kindness of the Librarian of that institution. The title of the singular work to which I have alluded, runs as follows:

"A true and faithful Relation of what passed for many years between J. Dee, a Mathematician of great fame in Q. Elizabeth and K. James, their reignes, and some spirits; tending, had it succeeded, to a general alteration of most states and kingdomes in the world; his private conferences with Rodolphe, Emperor of Germany, Stephen, K. of Poland, and divers other Princes about it, the particulars of his cause, as it was egilated in the Emperor's court, by the Pope's intervention, his Banishment, and Restoration in part.

As also

The letters of sundry great Men and Princes (some whereof were present at some of these conferences and apparitions of spirits) to the said D. Dee.

Out of the

Original copy, written with D. Dee's own hand, kept in the library of Sir Tho. Cotton, Rt. Baronet.

With a preface

Confirming the reality (as to the Point of Spirits) of this relation, and showing the several good uses that a sober Christian may make of all. By

Meric Casaubon, D. D.

London: Printed by D. Maxwell, for T. Garthwait, and sold at the little North door of St. Paul's, and by other Stationers, 1659.

(48) "*This was the celebrated show-stone.*"—p. 301.

It is recorded that when the Queen visited Doctor Dee at Mortlake, the latter explained to her Majesty the properties of a glass (probably the *show-stone*) which had caused the report of his being a magician. Some of Dee's biographers represent him as using a pompous and inflated style of language, that almost rose to the dignity of blank verse, on those occasions when he wished to impose on the understandings of his auditors, and to impress them with a belief in his necromantic powers.

(49) "*Stood Albert Laski.*"—p. 302.

have antedated a little the commencement of Dee's incantations, in connexion with Laski and Kelly, which began in 1581. The Earl of Desmond was a state prisoner in the Tower of London some years prior to that period.

"*By Heavens, I am no Queen or I'll unfrock you!*"

—p. 308.

A letter, addressed by Elizabeth to the Bishop of Ely, on the refusal of that prelate to surrender some property to Sir Christopher Hatton, contains the following expression, which suggested the one that I have put into the lips of the English Queen, viz. "If you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, *by God I will immediately unfrock you!*"

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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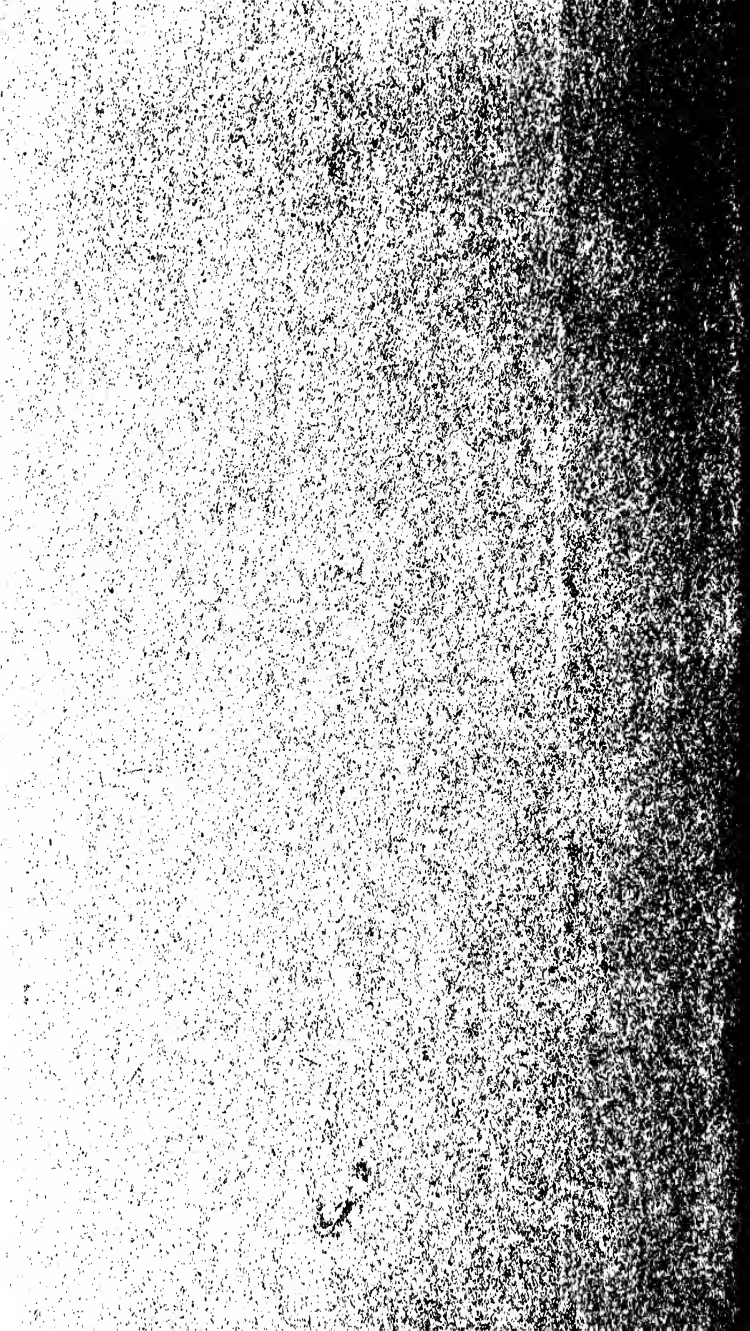
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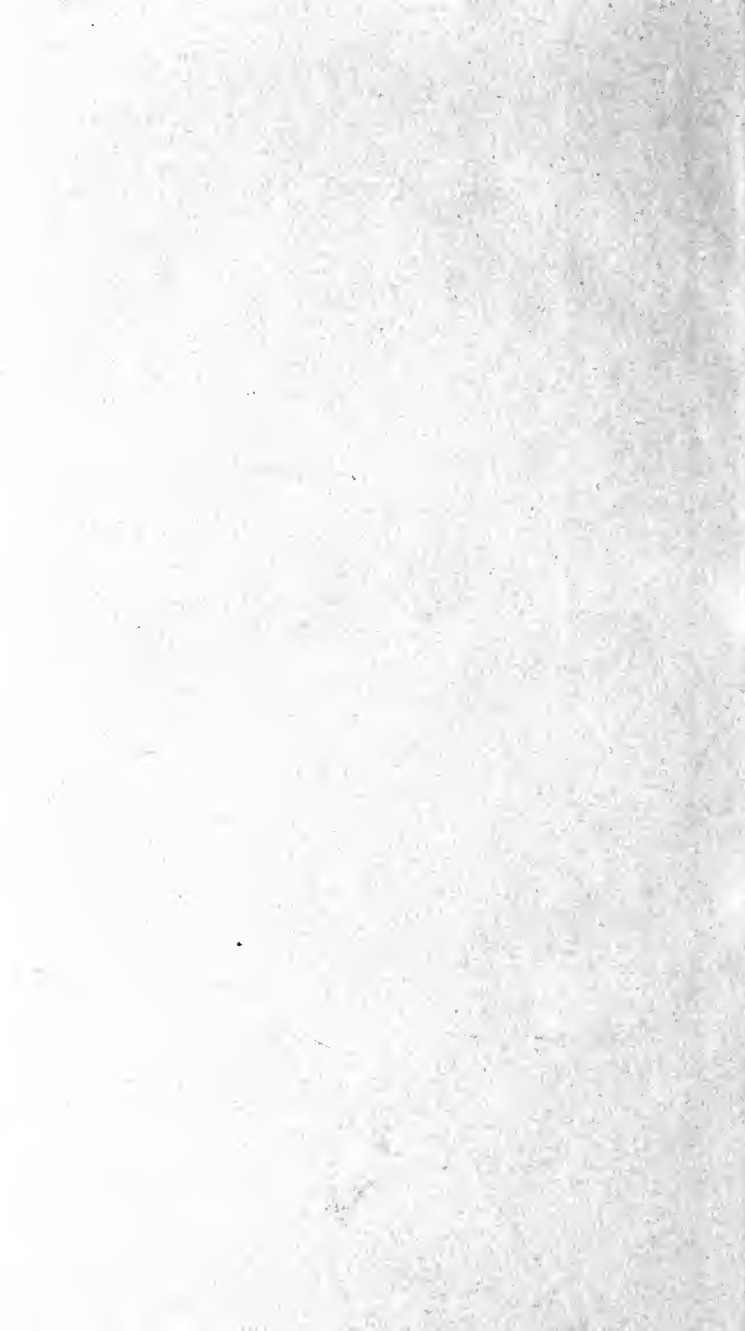
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