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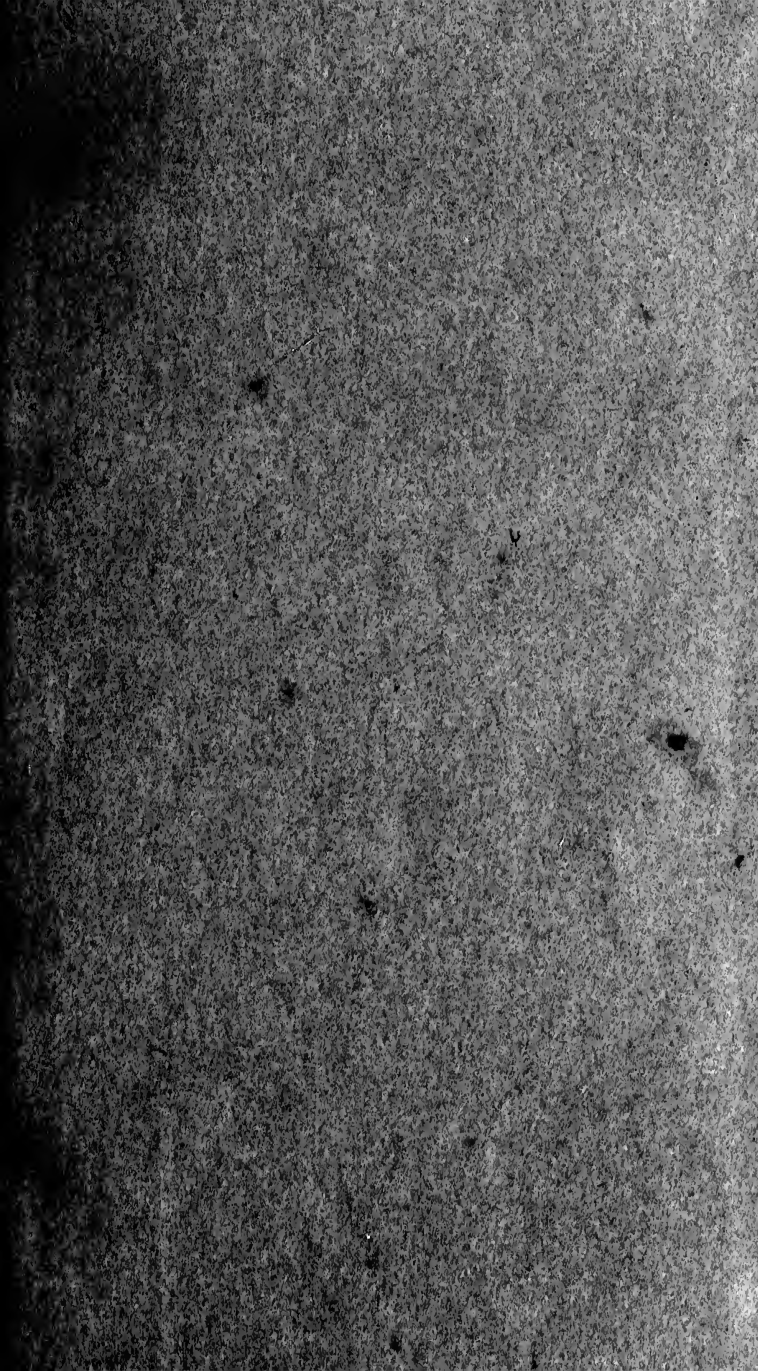
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E Crumpe, Miss  
G. B. Ventnor

# GERALDINE OF DESMOND,

OR

## I R E L A N D

IN THE

## R E I G N O F E L I Z A B E T H .

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

---

“ 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.

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# GERALDINE OF DESMOND.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ We once again are met in council.

Cæsar’s approach has summon’d us together,  
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.  
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man ?”

ADDISON.

“ Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,  
Batt’ring the pavement with their coursers’ feet.”

DRYDEN.

“ The rich stream  
Of Lords and Ladies having brought the Queen  
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her ; while her Grace sat down  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.”

SHAKSPEARE.

IT would greatly exceed the proposed limits of our narrative were we to dwell on every circumstance that attended the introduction of its prin-

cipal events. Therefore, passing over the court intrigues of statesmen, and the debates of Star-Chamber councils, we shall content ourselves with announcing to the reader, that the result of both was a determination, on the part of the English cabinet, to indict the Earl of Desmond for high treason. On the charge of this crime, it was resolved that he should be tried, not by a select number of nobles, but by the whole House of Peers assembled in full parliament. (\*)

The day subsequent to the evening on which the Lady Geraldine gained admission to the Tower, had been appointed for the trial of the Chieftain. It is unnecessary to attempt to pourtray the affecting interview of the father and his child under such circumstances. The emotion which, in the first moments of their meeting, heated their feelings to a kind of frenzy, can better be imagined than described. But, to great minds, there is a melancholy consolation in submitting with fortitude to the decrees of destiny. Supported by those glorious principles, which can sustain the soul under all the casualties and distresses of mortality, Geraldine and the Chieftain, after the tumult of agitation had partially subsided, evinced extraordinary magnanimity in this alarming crisis of their fate; and almost seemed to exult in the

opportunity which it afforded, for showing themselves superior to the smiles or frowns of fortune.

The feelings of the Queen of England, though of a different nature, were equally ardent and exclusive in their peculiar tendencies and operations. Stimulated by an anxiety to mortify the pride of Desmond, in subjecting him to the gaze of thousands, and actuated by a vain desire to display the full pageantry of royal ostentation, her Majesty determined to invest the trial of the Earl of Desmond with all the stately pomp of a splendid and august spectacle. Accordingly, the Sovereign resolved not to withhold her personal presence from the opening of that assembly, where the judges, nobles, and counsellors of her realm, were to meet together in a high and special court of parliament. Westminster Hall was the theatre of action, which was destined for this remarkable examination. It was further determined that the pompous ceremonials which were customary on the opening of the parliamentary sessions by her Majesty, should attend the prosecution of a trial, which, from the dignity of the prisoner, and the political importance of his cause, excited peculiar and intense public interest.

The morning which was appointed for the arraignment of the Earl of Desmond, rose in un-

clouded brilliancy. At an early hour, the streets leading to Westminster Hall were thronged with crowds of persons, of the middling and lower classes of the people, who endeavoured to secure the most favourable stations for viewing the expected procession. Amidst the congregated multitude, an attentive observer might have descried many spectators, whose countenances expressed a degree of anxious solemnity and grave reflection, that are seldom discernible on those popular occasions, when idle curiosity is the leading cause of assemblage, and its indulgence the main object of design.

The streets through which the royal cavalcade was to pass were spread with gravel, and lined with files of military, whose unsheathed weapons and dazzling accoutrements glanced brightly in the sunbeams. About eleven o'clock, the gorgeous retinue which attended the Queen of England, commenced its progress from the Palace to Westminster Hall. Her Majesty issued forth, surrounded by all the pomp and ensigns of royalty. The procession was headed by the trumpeters in their coat-armour, who, mounted on richly-caparisoned steeds, sounded forth the spirit-stirring notes of martial music. Next came the heralds on horseback, attired in habits of cloth of gold and silver, and wearing embroidered tabards, on which

the Queen's badge and royal cognizance were emblazoned. Then followed the Bachelors Knights, a gallant and gorgeously appavelled troop, who were specially sworn to attend the Queen's person. After these the Knights of the Bath, in the splendid robes of their order ; the Barons of Exchequer and Judges of either Bench, the Master of the Rolls, together with her Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor Generals, in their state dresses, walked in procession. To these succeeded the Bishops, in their sacerdotal vestments. Then followed a long line of Peers, consisting of the principal nobility of England, habited in mantles, hoods, and surcoats of crimson velvet, which were richly furred with ermine. On the right side of these cloaks their arms were emblazoned. Dukes wearing four bars of minever ; Marquises and Earls three ; Viscounts and Barons two.

The Peers' heads were covered with caps of crimson velvet, surmounted with lofty plumes of white ostrich feathers, which, secured with jewelled coronets, waved in the breeze. Next in the splendid pageant came the Archbishop of Canterbury, clothed in his ministerial copes ; whose venerable figure presented a chaste contrast to the lustre of the antecedent group, as, walking alone, he moved and looked the dignified head of the church.

The Marquis of Northampton immediately preceded the royal carriage, bearing the hat of maintenance ; and close beside him came the Earl of Sussex, with the sword of estate, accompanied by the Lord Steward, the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Earl Marshal of England.

A select number of the greatest nobles of the land held a canopy of cloth of gold upraised above their Sovereign, who was the central point of attraction ; the brilliant cynosure, within whose focus all the rays of the surrounding splendours seemed to be collected.

The Maiden Queen was seated in her state chariot, which was proportionably magnificent to the resplendent personage whom it conveyed. It was richly carved and gilded, and was drawn by palfries covered with embossed crimson velvet trappings. The regal equipage was open ; for close carriages were unknown at the period of which we treat. This circumstance displayed the figure of the Queen of England to the most striking advantage.

The Princess was attired in her imperial robes, which were sumptuously embroidered with oriental pearls. The royal crown, sparkling with inestimable jewels, rose above the purple velvet cap which, turned up with three rows of ermine, encircled the Queen's brow. In the right hand her Highness held the royal insignia of the golden

sceptre. In her left she bore the golden orb or globe; the diameter of which being bordered with pearls, was curiously wrought with precious stones. This ball was surmounted by a splendid amethyst, which, nearly an inch and a half in height, embellished the top of a gold cross enriched with jewels. Diamond rings of an immense length hung pendant from either ear, and a necklace and cross of brilliants sparkled on the royal bosom. An enormous ruff of the finest foreign lace stood out from the Sovereign's neck, and reaching to the top of the head, was comparted into deep divisions, called *Piccadillies*. (1) These were flanked and supported behind by an under proper, styled a *Supertasse*, which, made of the same materials as the ruff, was welted with a magnificent border, and rising from the shoulders, spread in the form of extended pinions. A stomacher glittering with diamonds, was interlaced with long strings of pearls, that hung in festoons over the breast, and linked together the imperial robes of purple velvet, which being lined and faced with *minever* pure, or ermine, flowed in ample folds around the person of the Sovereign. The antique golden *armillas*, or bracelets, which formed part of the regalia, adorned the Queen's wrists, and the massive coronation ring ornamented her right hand. In unison with the costume

of the age, her Majesty wore silken hose, stitched and wrought in silver, and cork shoes of crimson velvet embroidered with gold damask, and covered with jewels. The heels of those shoes were so preposterously high, as to elevate the wearer four or five inches; and, according to an acute historiographer of the times, the fashion was eminently patronised by Queen Elizabeth, because it lent additional height to her stately figure.

Immediately behind the royal carriage, the Earl of Leicester, in his office of Master of the Horse, led her Majesty's spare palfrey, sumptuously caparisoned. Forty-seven ladies of honour, in splendid dresses, followed on their prancing and well appointed steeds; surrounded on all sides by the guards, who in their full costume closed the procession.

The eyes of the multitude were eagerly bent on the splendid pageant, and their voices hailed the Sovereign as she passed along the streets, with joyful and reiterated acclamations. Elizabeth, with gracious condescension, returned the loyal greetings of the spectators, and inattentive to nothing that could preserve her popularity, she secured its ascendancy in every British heart, by the affability of her demeanour, and the affection which she studiously displayed towards the meanest of her subjects. The royal cavalcade stopped



at the Cathedral Church of Westminster, where the Queen attended divine service, and heard a sermon from one of the most distinguished prelates in England. After this, her Majesty was conveyed in the same order as before, and proceeded to Westminster Hall. When her Highness's retinue reached the area of the New Palace Yard, (which was then adorned with a magnificent fountain in the centre, and was flanked into a square, by towers that were decorated with rows of marble statues,) the Sovereign was conducted from her chariot by a train of nobles. Lord Oxenford, with another peer, supported her Majesty's robes, and the Earls of Sussex and Huntingdon preceded the royal steps; the former holding the sword of estate, and the latter bearing the hat of maintenance.

The vast dimensions, and the architectural beauty of Westminster Hall, with its splendid roof of carved wood and curious stone mouldings, which running round the ceiling, supported the arms and devices of the second Richard, added much to the effect of the august spectacle, that the ceremonies of the day exhibited.

With an air of princely dignity, the Queen of England entered the assembly, the members of which all stood with heads uncovered, and bowed in homage at the approach of their Sovereign

The step of Elizabeth was firm and majestic, as she walked along a footcloth of embroidered velvet that led to a magnificent canopy, beneath which the monarch passed, and took her place in the chair of state it overshadowed. Her Highness then signified the royal pleasure, that the nobles, judges, and attendants, should be seated. The Earls of Sussex and Huntingdon, still bearing the honourable ensigns with which they were entrusted, stood immediately before the throne. The two chairs on the right of royalty were vacant, the first being, by ancient usage, appropriated to the King of Scots, and the second to the immediate heir of the crown. Behind those seats, on the right hand of the Queen, stood Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England; and on the left, Sir Francis Walsingham, her Majesty's Secretary of State. The Lords Spiritual, with the Archbishop of York at their head, occupied a form on the right side of the regal chair; and the Abbot of Westminster (the last who ever sat in Parliament,) ended the bench. The one immediately behind was filled by Bishops, who were ranged according to the antiquity of their consecrations. To the left of the chair of estate, all the Lords temporal, above the rank of Barons, were seated; beginning with the Lord Treasurer, and terminating with a Vis-

count. On the second form sat the Lord Admiral and the Barons of England. The upper woosack, to the right of the estate, was occupied by the two Justices and the other Judges. The left side was appropriated to the Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chief Baron, and the Queen's learned Council, near whom appeared Sir Henry Sidney. The Masters of Chancery sat two on the same side, and two on the opposite one, next to the Bishops. On the lower woosack were the Clerk of the Parliament, and the Clerk of the Crown. Before them there was a table covered with writing materials, and two under clerks knelt immediately behind the woosack, resting against its back the scrolls on which they were to indite. In their rear, two forms were drawn across the hall, on which some of the Barons were seated, who completely filled the space between the lower woosack and the bar.

All these necessary formalities having been arranged, the Lords stood up and made obeisance to the throne. The Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, then, on his knees, delivered the commission to the Lord High Steward, who was attended by his own Serjeant and horse-bearer, with Garter-King-at-Arms, and the Deputy Black-Rod, bearing the staff. Close to those personages, the Serjeants knelt on either side of the throne, holding their

maces erect. The Lord High Steward handed the commission with which he had been presented to the Clerk of the Crown in the King's-Bench office, who received it kneeling, and then read it aloud in the usual form, all the Peers standing uncovered.

When this had been done, the Serjeant-at-Arms, as crier for the day, was ordered to make the proclamation; and, as he uttered the customary words,—“O yes! Constable of the Tower of London, return thy precept and writ to thee directed, and bring forth thy prisoner, Gerald, Earl of Desmond, on pain and peril as will fall thereon!” every eye turned with intense interest towards the bar. The crowd of knights, citizens, and burgesses of the Commons, who were grouped together below the rail, drew back on either side to leave a clear passage. At the same moment the Lord Lieutenant of the Tower appeared at the extreme end of the hall, with his prisoner on his left hand, before whom the Deputy Lieutenant held a large naked axe, (2) the glittering edge of which was turned from the Earl of Desmond, as he was brought to the bar. Stationing himself on the right of the Chieftain, the axe-bearer raised the averted blade to a level with the prisoner's neck,—a posture which was maintained during the entire progress of the trial. On the left of his Lordship, a King-at-Arms bore the

shield of the Earl of Desmond, emblazoned with his ensigns armorial. This escutcheon was upheld on a line with the shoulder of the accused Peer.

Majesty itself was overawed by the stern dignity of the Chief's demeanour. The flashings of his mind broke from his eye as he glanced round that assembly, whose proceedings were to decide, not his own fate only, but that of Ireland, and posterity. Attired in the full costume of his country, the Earl of Desmond stood at the bar of the Lords. An air of native nobleness and self-possession gave a grandeur to his deportment, which was untinctured by a shadow of fear. He seemed animated by a high and firm resolve to preserve his own dignity, that was unmingled with the slightest desire to propitiate public opinion, for which he appeared to manifest a haughty indifference. Danger seemed to sanctify the character, and to invest the appearance of the Earl of Desmond with a new and powerful interest. Those who previously had been the most disposed to censure his conduct, and the most determined to quell his undaunted spirit, now felt the ascendancy which it irresistibly gained over theirs, and instinctively gave way to a generous sympathy. Within the whole range of human events, there is scarcely a nobler spectacle than that of a great mind submitting, with undimmed courage, to the adverse strokes of fortune.

It is an instance of the moral sublime, which commands an admiration as unbounded as its own powers. It breaks asunder even the bonds of prejudice, and suspends, though it may fail to destroy, the purposes of private ambition, and the animosities which are incorporated in the system of party spirit. For a moment there was a silence so dead and uniform, that a whisper might have been distinctly heard throughout the vast assembly. The Lord High Steward of England was the first to speak. He thus addressed the prisoner at the bar :

“ My Lord of Desmond, you appear before this august tribunal to answer to a charge pregnant with importance to yourself, and to the land which gave you birth. It is no common cause, which, in the presence of the Queen’s most excellent Majesty, assembles in full parliament the highest nobles and authorities of her realm. There is a crime preferred against your Lordship, which affects your honour, and perhaps your life. My Lord, you stand indicted of no less a charge than treason against the Imperial Crown of England. The laws of our invaluable constitution afford strict and impartial justice to the meanest subject of Great Britain. Your Lordship shall suffer no prejudice for want of counsel, nor from the slightest violation of the public faith. Upon a declaration of the opinions which, after an examination

of your case, the judges and learned personages here assembled may pronounce, it will be determined whether you, my Lord, shall be discharged of and from the important attachment now prosecuted at the suit of the Crown. I will not trespass longer on the attention of this high and honourable court. Read the indictment.”

The Clerk of the Crown obeyed the orders of the Lord High Steward, and, in the customary form, proclaimed the articles of impeachment. They consisted of accusations charging the Earl of Desmond, in the first instance, with having secretly fomented a spirit of insubordination amongst the Queen’s subjects in Ireland. Secondly, with having promised his support to an extensive faction in that country, whose object was the extermination of the English government ; and thirdly, with having despatched certain emissaries to the Pope, the King of Spain, and others of the Continental powers, requiring their assistance in the prosecution of rebellious projects.

After having summed up those weighty charges, the usual question was put :—

“ How say you, Gerald, Earl of Desmond, are you guilty of this treason, whereof you stand indicted, or not guilty ?”

During the reading of the impeachment, the expression of the Earl’s countenance, excepting a slight and almost imperceptible working of the

under lip, maintained a look of calm and unaltered firmness; but the closing question roused the energies of his mind, which burst into vigorous and immediate action. The Earl advanced some paces, and stood erect and firm, close to the bar. His fine head was slightly thrown back, and his eyes, glowing with indignation, shot from beneath their impending brows a resolute defiance round the court. Instead of replying, in the usual laconic style, to the interrogatory which had been made, the Chieftain stretched out both his hands, and with a vehemence corresponding to the intensity of his emotions, he impetuously exclaimed:—

“ MY LORDS !

“ If to adore my country be sedition to the throne of England, I am guilty. If to desire that the laws of freedom’s charter should extend their all-protecting arms to my native Isle be treason, I am guilty. If to feel in every pulse the throb of anguish, when I see my country wrung into undutifulness, (3) be rebellion!—Englishmen!—the Earl of Desmond *is* a traitor. But, if to have quelled the storms of civil discord,—if to have sheathed avenging swords ere they were drenched in blood:—if to have given up my son—my only son!—a hostage of my fealty to the British crown;—if this, and *more* than this, can now absolve me from the charge of treason, I am cleared of the



stain with which mine enemies have tried to blot my honour. The proffered aid of counsel, I reject. I am my own, and need no other. My Lords, waving an ancient right, which, sanctioned by the anointed power of kings, gave to the House of Desmond an exemption from attending any Parliament but at the will and pleasure of its Chief, I stood the judgment of the Irish court; I shrink not now from that of England. Consult your witnesses. (4) Let them heap high their pile of falsehood. Senators of Britain! with manly firmness investigate their charge, protect the innocent, and pass your sentence!"

As the Earl pronounced the last words he folded his arms across his chest, and drawing his mantle close round his figure, which assumed all its habitual superiority, he stood in a commanding, rather than in a deprecating attitude. His labouring soul had found relief in pouring forth its inspirations, and his countenance, which for some moments had been deeply agitated, now lapsed into the same cold and passionless expression as before. The declamatory strain in which he had indulged, though at variance with judicial precedent, yet took the sympathies of his hearers so completely by surprise, that the collected wisdom of the Throne, the Senate, and the Judgment-seat, found it impossible to resist the interest created by the intre-

pidity of Desmond, in the critical hour of personal and national peril.

There was a strong sensation in the House, and a great debate ensued, as to whether the Earl should be committed.

After many farther judicial proceedings, the particular detail of which it would be equally unnecessary and tedious to discuss, Sir Nicholas Bacon rose, and said :—

“ MY LORDS,

“ This is a business of too much consequence to be rashly decided. The weighty circumstances that attend it must be well considered, before an opinion be pronounced. Wherefore, the Queen’s most excellent Majesty, our natural and gracious Sovereign Lady, hath commanded me to declare her royal pleasure, that this Parliament shall be prorogued unto a farther day. A counsel at the bar has moved a rule of court to bring the Earl of Desmond before this high tribunal at a more convenient time, when a specific answer to his Lordship’s case will be delivered. It is furthermore the Sovereign’s will that O’Connor of Sligo, and the other Irish Chieftains who attended the Lord of Desmond to this country, shall, on renewing their oath of allegiance to the throne of England, be dismissed forthwith, and permitted to return to their native land.”

A commission, under the great seal, was instantly read; after which the Clerk of the Crown stood up, and proclaimed her Majesty's assent and titles, in the customary form, together with the Queen's answer. "*La Roigne remercye ses loyaulx subjects, accepte leur benevolence, et aussi le veult.*"

The Lord Chancellor then declared the Court to be prorogued; after which the Lord High Steward thus addressed the Earl of Desmond:

"MY LORD,

"For the present your Lordship must be remanded to the Tower, where it is the Sovereign's pleasure that your brother, Sir John of Desmond, also shall remain."

Then, turning to the Lord Lieutenant of the fortress, he added,—“Take back your prisoner, Sir.”—The order was obeyed in silence.—The Usher of the Black Rod then, on his knees, delivered the white staff to the Lord High Steward, who, holding it in both hands over his head, snapped it asunder, in token of his commission being dissolved *pro tempore*. Upon this the Queen rose to retire to the great chamber, to put off her parliamentary robes. All present stood up with their heads uncovered, and as the Princess passed through a throng of her faithful subjects, “God save your Majesty!” flew from mouth to mouth,

with all the speed with which the ardour of loyalty could convey the spontaneous burst of public feeling.

Elizabeth bowed her gracious acceptance of the zealous patriotism of her people; yet, notwithstanding the smile that played over the royal lip, those who were best acquainted with the Queen's countenance discovered a strong degree of anxiety in the grave and majestic expression which shaded her features with a cast of deep and even painful thought.

The buoyancy of her haughty spirit seemed quelled, if not subdued, to momentary tenderness; and, glancing at the magnificent figure of the Desmond, as he retired from the hall, the Queen turned to one of her ministers, who was, at the instant, pouring a tide of flattery into her ear, and instinctively exclaimed:—

“ Ah! how I fear lest it be objected to us, as it was to Tiberius by Bato (5) concerning the Dalmatian commotions; “ *You — you it is that are in fault, who have committed your flocks, not to shepherds, but to wolves.*”

No reply was returned to this unexpected ejaculation; but surprise and dismay were legibly written on many a courtier's brow, at finding the flowers of imperial eloquence thus lavishly wasted in illustrating the records of Irish suffering.

Prudence, however, inculcated dissimulation ; and as the Queen passed on to the royal tiring-room, warriors, statesmen, and philosophers crowded round her steps, attracted by a local influence which, in the political world, acts with a force as irresistible as the power of the magnetic principle in the natural one.

In a short time, the Queen, having relieved herself of the weighty splendour of her parliamentary robes, returned by water to her Court at Whitehall ; and nearly at the moment when the royal suite entered the Palace gates, those of the Tower of London once more closed upon the Earl of Desmond.

## CHAPTER II.

“ It oft falls out,  
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

“ The roses wither ere they blow,  
The tear-bright lilies droop deprest !  
Alas ! if flowers can die of woe  
What must *her* breast ?”

THE WANDERER.

THE magnanimity of conscious innocence appeared to have sustained the Lord of Desmond through the ordeal which we have recorded in the last chapter ; yet, perhaps, at no era of his eventful history did the Chieftain so decidedly desert the dignity of his nature, or afford a more convincing proof of his own duplicity, than when, in order to avert impending danger, he placed the standard of political honesty so low, as to conceive

himself justified in imposing on the minds of his auditors falsehood for truth.

This was done when, trusting to the inspiration of the moment, the Earl poured forth those declarations of attachment to the throne of England, in support of which so many affected testimonials were adduced. It has already been observed, that the character of the Desmond had been, in a great measure, modified by circumstance, and that the true source of many of his predominant defects might be traced to the theory of political causes.

The tone of his mind had been injured and lowered by the deleterious influence of national oppression in its worst form. Under such circumstances, it was nearly impossible that his moral feelings could remain uninjured, that his heart could retain its original greatness, or that he could escape the contagion of those qualities of deceit which were hourly directed against his family and his country.

Hence, with ingenious subtlety, the Chieftain argued himself into a belief that falsehood could only be met or foiled by deception; and that as it was obviously the duty of those who governed to direct their conduct so as to produce the melioration of those who obeyed, it necessarily followed, on the score of political necessity, that, in particular situations, particular doctrines might be violated

with impunity, especially where the results were productive of substantial advantage, in circumventing the frauds of a designing faction.

In conformity with this mistaken hypothesis, the Earl of Desmond had stooped to employ the aid of dissimulation, on the occasion of his trial before the English parliament. Any secret reluctance he might then have felt, was assuaged with that sophistical refinement which led him to refute the charges of his conscience, by censuring his accusers with similar deviations from the path of rectitude.

Under such subterfuges, vice often seeks to extenuate its own guilt, and to profit by the crimes of others, in rendering them subservient to the palliation of individual defection.

If once the distinctions of right and wrong are absolutely levelled, the speculatist is easily led into a thousand moral aberrations. Thus the Earl of Desmond, when, in the urgency of self-defence, he employed the same weapons which had been previously aimed against himself, conceived that his conduct was justified by the soundest maxims of political philosophy.

Far different were the sentiments of Geraldine. The fire of a patriotism as pure as if enkindled by the light of heaven itself, hallowed and animated the actions of her mind, with the impulse



of a pervading spirit, that gave them all their strength, and life, and lustre. With generous indignation she rejected every stratagem, as being equally pusillanimous and base; for a recession from candour, she esteemed as decided a proof of moral cowardice as of positive guilt. The national independence of Ireland was the point towards which the impetus of Geraldine's mind was principally directed; but even to obtain that paramount object, she would have scorned to compromise the dignity of her principles, by suffering them to diverge into the perplexing mazes of equivocation and deceit. With those noble traits in our heroine's character, the Desmond was well acquainted. The stream of his own thoughts was polluted; yet he was anxious to preserve the course of hers from any infusion which might sully its purity.

Combining this desire with the reluctance he felt to lower himself in the opinion of his daughter, whom he loved and revered beyond all human beings, the Earl determined not to unfold the disingenuousness of his late modes of action; the validity and rectitude of which, he knew a rigorous exacter of morality must condemn. Unable to reach the elevation of Geraldine's mind, or to rise to her comprehensive views of conduct, the Desmond resolved to conceal the darkness of his

own. Therefore, when on his return to the Tower, the Lady Geraldine threw herself in speechless agitation into his arms, he hastened to relieve her anxieties, by briefly stating the postponence of his trial, without adverting to the expedient he had adopted to evade impending danger. With such address did the Earl contrive to screen himself from detection, that even his daughter's penetration failed to pierce the disguise that was thrown over those points of conduct, which he had not sufficient resolution to avow.

On casting a rapid glance over recent events, and on considering them in reference to existing circumstances, Lady Geraldine found little to alleviate her anxieties respecting the future. Yet the high romantic tenderness of her character, and the strength of her filial affection, led her to conceal the extent of her apprehensions from the Chieftain, whose mind she endeavoured to cheer and invigorate to the utmost of her power.

Weeks glided on without producing any material change in the situation of affairs; during their course, our heroine had made various attempts to procure an access to her infant brother, whom she had reason to believe was an inmate of the same gloomy fortress which she inhabited. Her efforts on that point were unavailing; and those which were devised to effect an interview

with Sir John Desmond, proved equally unsuccessful; for the prohibitions regarding the state prisoners were strict and positive, in precluding them from holding communication either with their companions in captivity, or with any other persons.

In a character less highly-toned than that of Geraldine, a perpetual succession of misfortunes would have destroyed all mental elasticity, super-inducing a supineness and an incapacity to vigorous exertion. The strength of her faculties secured them from being totally suppressed by affliction, but, on the other hand, the keenness of her sensibilities threatened to sap the springs of health, and to terminate together her sorrows and her life.

This could not be concealed from the watchful apprehensions of a parent. The fearful truth burst on the Desmond's mind. In an agony greater than any he had yet endured, he perceived the object of his fondest love fading before his eyes, perishing in the bloom of youth and beauty, the uncomplaining victim of a sensibility too exquisite to endure the shock of those consuming griefs, with which her lofty spirit vainly strove to wrestle.

The elements of passion and of thought lay deep in Geraldine's nature, and were infused into

its essence. Their influence seldom produces happiness. Genius, in the fulness of its strength and glory, invests the unpoetical images of our mortal world with a character of sublimity, that is drawn from the sources of a glowing fancy. The spirit of those ideal conceptions rouses the slumbering faculties into the energy of thought, or the grandeur of emotion, and breathes unspeakable delight over the soul that is subjected to its influence.

But, though like light upon the material world, the ray of genius dawns on the creations of intellect, waking the principles of sentient being, and acting on the intelligible harmonies of mind; yet its flashes frequently mislead, instead of directing our steps in the beaten track of common existence, throwing the warm beams of imagination over objects of illusion, but seldom depicting the history of life in the sombre colours of reality.

There may be some exceptions to this remark; but in our heroine's case its accuracy was demonstrated.

The impetuosity of an undisciplined enthusiasm filled the soul of Geraldine with chimerical ideas, visionary associations, and romantic hopes, that produced illusion and disappointment. With her, the broad views of general truth, as applied to the practical details of human life, were less in-

fluent as principles of action, than the impulse of that sanguine temperament, which is the usual concomitant of genius: and thus her mind too often became subservient to the feelings which it ought to have directed. Circumstance and education had conspired to stimulate, rather than to chastise the sensibility of Geraldine; and hence, the strength of her understanding was sometimes found insufficient to poise the affections of her ardent spirit.

Over such a spirit, the power and the delusions of love were calculated to cast a dangerously potent spell. The impression which the heart of Geraldine had received was not the mere trance of passion; it was a deep unchangeable feeling, that was blended with the elements of mind and life; it was a sentiment that was linked with the intellectual, the ardent, and the tender energies of her nature, and which possessed a strength and individuality of character, that was derived from the temper of a soul exquisitely alive to all that is sublime, heroic, or touching, in the respondent sympathies of human feelings. There was a devotedness in the love which Geraldine bore to Thurles, that would have led her to any virtuous self-sacrifice, had her individual fate been the only subject of consideration. But the case was far otherwise. To reconcile abstract rights and

discordant theories was impossible, and the destiny of the Earl was so identified with his daughter's, that disjunction was impracticable. The Desmond's noble qualities were at least equal to his political errors.

To secure his interests and those of Ireland, Geraldine would have consented to the total dedication of her earthly happiness, for her devotion to both was a sentiment almost as deeply rooted in her breast as love itself. The high obligations which she owed her parent and her country, and the sense she entertained of the extent of their united claims over her conduct, were felt, acknowledged, and acted upon with a degree of moral courage, that was eminently displayed in the exercise of conflicting virtue. But the struggle was a fearful one, that proved, at the same time, her weakness and her strength. The balance between the two was ill maintained, and the plaudits which her heart bestowed, scarcely atoned for the silent agonies that heart endured.

Who can analyze the perplexing phenomena of the human soul, or understand its unintelligible workings? Perhaps the highest intellect is scarcely adequate to the task of wandering through the mazes of the mind, in developing the complicated mysteries of thought. It would consequently be

a vain and presumptuous attempt were we to pretend to reason on the inconsistencies produced either by the ineptitude or the laws of our nature ; therefore, without endeavouring to account for the correspondencies, or the perversions of internal feelings, we proceed to state what follows :—

In aspiring to reach the heights of moral elevation, Geraldine was sincerely desirous to conquer a love, the indulgence of which militated against their attainment. She was equally anxious to obliterate from the heart of Thurles, the traces of his attachment to herself ; yet, notwithstanding this, it caused her unutterable agony to believe herself relinquished and forsaken, in the midst of sorrow, by him she adored ; without his having made a single effort either to alleviate her sufferings, or to obtain the melancholy consolation of a last farewell. This was the pang that festered in her heart, and predominated over every other. This it was which, under the pressure of the darkest afflictions, threw the deepest shadow over the desolation of existence, and materially contributed to produce those conflicts of feeling, the baneful effects of which we have already mentioned. But in her secret condemnation of Thurles, Geraldine was unconsciously guilty of the greatest injustice. In every possible way, his Lordship had

exerted his influence with the English Government in favour of the Chieftain; and in his mediatorial office he had fearlessly encountered the rancour of political jealousy, the prejudices of religious bigotry, and the forcible remonstrances of the Earl of Ormond. In compliance with the entreaties of the latter, and in obedience to the policy which dictated the prudence of abstaining from an intemperate opposition either to legislative or parental authority, Lord Thurles had restrained the first and dearest wishes of his heart, in denying himself the gratification of holding any sort of intercourse either with the Earl of Desmond or his daughter. From this indulgence he had resolved to abstain, until some salutary effect should result from his strong and steady exertions in their behalf.

Thus, at the precise moment when Lord Thurles had the most indisputable claims on Geraldine's gratitude, she, in the depths and recesses of her soul, mourned his supposed infidelity, and shed the tears of slighted love and wounded pride over the death of those youthful affections which appeared to have expired in the spring of their existence. There was something deeply interesting in the contrast of physical debility and mental energy, which Geraldine exhibited in this ordeal of her fate. She spoke a touching lesson of the destructive power of the human passions.



Her loveliness seemed :

“ But as Heaven’s warm radiance on the tomb,  
The rose’s blush, that masks the canker-worm.”

She gave the idea of a superior being who, placed in a sphere unsuited to its high capacities, maintained a glorious struggle with the wretchedness of life.

The decay of Geraldine’s bodily strength seemed proportionate to the exertions of her mind ; and so great a combination of tenderness and greatness, of enthusiasm and sorrow, diffused around her a subduing charm that was singularly attractive.

The metaphysical refinements of an inflated fancy, when abstractedly considered, dispose the reflective mind to lament the practical evils which result from the substitution of the *sentiment* for the *substance* of active virtue ; and the dreams of imagination for the realities of truth.

Yet, however correct may be the inference of the moralist on this point, there *are* characters which irresistibly engage the sympathies of the heart, though the judgment refuses to sanction the fascination created by the very nature of their imperfections.

Geraldine was one of those. No one could behold her without interest, or listen to her without emotion. If over the feelings of ordinary persons she possessed such peculiar ascendancy, what must have been her power over the affections of the

Chieftain, whose soul was bound to hers in a sacred tie, purer than that of passion, and warmer than that of friendship?

The Desmond's anxieties and alarms regarding his daughter's health, were in proportion to the specific character of such an attachment. To assuage his parental fears became one of the principal points of Geraldine's ambition, and to attain that end she forced herself to practise the hitherto neglected duty of self-attention.

The necessary exercise of walking abroad was controlled by severe restrictions, which assigned particular lines of demarcation to the limited excursions of the state prisoners within the Tower. As far as regarded her personal liberty, the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald was exempted from the authority of such an institute. The melancholy and hopeless degradation to which her family was subjected had so deeply depressed her spirits, that she had seldom felt disposed to avail herself of those privileges from which her dearest relatives were excluded. But no sooner did she perceive that the jealous apprehensiveness with which the Desmond watched the decline of her health, caused an evident decay of his own, than she resolved to overcome her reluctance to any personal effort, and determined to make every possible exertion to dissipate the languor by which she was consumed.

## CHAPTER III.

“ J'irais jusqu'en leurs cœurs, chercher ma sureté.”

RODOGUNE.

“ And she spoke  
In sighings wild that fluttering broke  
From the heart's prison, where they had slept  
A long sad slumber; and she wept  
Warm streaming tears, and knew not whether  
In love or grief, or both together,  
Their gushings wandered.”

BANIM.

“ Oh love! how are thy precious sweetest moments  
Thus ever-cross'd, thus vex'd with disappointment!”

ROWE.

**EXERCISE** in the open air was recommended as one of the most efficacious remedies that could be adopted for the restoration of Lady Geraldine's strength. At the time of which we treat, there was a beautiful and secluded line of walk, parallel

to the river Thames, and in the vicinity of the Tower. A close and verdant turf covered it with as soft a carpet as nature ever furnished. The crowded city was screened from the view by rows of lofty trees, and the pinnacles and battlements of the fortress boldly rose above their branches. The innumerable vessels of every form, which floated on the Thames, with their sails unfurled to the sun, imparted spirit and animation to the prospect, while the softened tones of free and joyous voices, mingled with the murmurings of the water, and the light dripping of the oars of numerous boats which passed and repassed in quick succession on the river, gave lively images of active life that relieved the monotony of absolute solitude, without disturbing the associations which spring from the tranquillity of nature.

Altogether, it was such a scene as is seldom found in the locality of a metropolis. Its attractions were not lost on Geraldine, who often resorted to a walk which, though so inducing, was little frequented. At some distance from the water's edge there was a green knoll, that was almost entirely sheltered from observation by a thicket of birch and chesnut, which, nearly surrounding it, chequered the rich hue of the velvet grass with a thousand shadows. On this mound Geraldine delighted to sit, during those hours when she forced

herself to quit the Chieftain. At first, the fear of meeting intruders, who, like herself, might haunt the spot, disturbed the satisfaction she would otherwise have felt. But daily experience proved that those apprehensions were groundless; and, once familiarized to a persuasion of security, the quiet privacy of the place was enjoyed with enhanced pleasure.

The height and thickness of the trees which shaded the knoll we have described, intercepted it from the view, until a sudden winding in the path disclosed the fairy hillock.

Geraldine was one day slowly turning round the angle which concealed her favourite haunt, when something started suddenly forth from beneath the brushwood, and, at the distance of a few paces, she beheld the astrologer's dwarf sitting erect in the middle of the mound.

He fixed his ferret eyes on Geraldine, and a triumphant smile passed over his frightful features, occasioned by the malicious pleasure which he felt at witnessing her involuntary start of surprise, not unmingled with a slight degree of alarm. Lady Geraldine would have retreated, but her steps were irresistibly arrested by the action of the dwarf, who, waving his hand as if to command attention, sternly said:—

“ I charge you, hear me !”

“Speak your purpose,” answered Geraldine, recovering from her momentary terror.

“It shall be briefly done. The Doctor Dee demands an interview within this hour; will you obey his summons?”

“Why is it required?”

“It is not for me to know,” said the dwarf in a mysterious tone. “I shall have done the bidding of my master, when I have delivered this,” he added, presenting a slip of parchment illuminated with the typical symbols of astrology; and which was sealed with the magic sigil of the Doctor Dee.

On opening it, Lady Geraldine found that the contents were couched in language which was nearly unintelligible, from the adoption of technical phraseology; but from the general tenour of the communication, she understood that the astrologer enforced the requisition of his messenger, by an obscure intimation of the benefits which would arise from a compliance with his wishes, and a denunciation of the evils that must follow a refusal.

Geraldine hesitated for a few moments, as she again endeavoured to decipher the mysterious scroll, and to comprehend the purpose of the astrologer in desiring an interview.

In the mean time, the dwarf eyed her with

looks askance, and seemed impatiently to wait for her decision.

“What can you fear?” at length he exclaimed in an irritable tone. “He who, with prophetic sight, can track the future, needs not your feeble aid to work his wishes, whatever they may be. Then why this secret dread? Obey a power you cannot resist. Beware how you provoke it!” said the dwarf with an authoritative gesture, which, notwithstanding the deformity of the speaker, was expressive of a certain degree of energetic dignity. The important consequences that might result from the agency of Dee, if exerted in favour of the Desmond cause, rushed on Lady Geraldine’s mind. She at once took her resolution, and turning to the dwarf, in a firm voice she said:—

“I am willing to obey; but first, you must promise that, within the next two hours, you will convoy me back in safety to this spot. I would not have my father’s mind disturbed by apprehensions, which a knowledge of my visit might create.”

“I promise,” answered the dwarf, his harsh features relaxing a little from the dogged malignity of their habitual expression.—“Follow me!” he added, hastily walking down an unfrequented path, which led to the side of the river.

With feelings not altogether free from suspicious fears, Lady Geraldine, in silence, followed her strange guide; who impatiently brushed aside the tangled copse which occasionally obstructed their passage. They soon reached the brink of the Thames, where a boat was in readiness to receive them. The dwarf turned round to assist the Lady Geraldine. Involuntarily shrinking from his touch, she declined the civility; and springing past the revolting being who had offered it, she seated herself at the end of the boat.

The red eyes of the dwarf kindled into fury, at the rejection of the only act of gallantry of which he had ever been guilty; and flinging a large cloak over Lady Geraldine, he muttered an imprecation at his own folly, in having subjected himself to the affront he had received. Then, with a fierce and even savage expression of countenance, he took his station at the greatest distance which he could assume from his companion. After this, with an eagerness of action that could have been caused only by the violence of passion, he assisted the boatmen in plying an oar, with an astonishing degree of muscular strength.

Not a word was spoken until they reached the abode of the astrologer; and even then the dwarf remained obstinately silent, until, on gently applying a key to the door of an apartment



opposite to the one that Geraldine had formerly visited, he said in a low, but stern and steady voice,—“The Doctor Dee will soon attend you. Await his leisure here.”

Our heroine passed the threshold, and to her astonishment the dwarf instantly retired, and with the least possible noise locked the door outside, retaining the key in his own possession.

The chamber into which Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald had been thus unceremoniously ushered, was hung with arras furnished from the looms of Antwerp. It was lighted only by a very small circular window, that was placed in the centre of the fretted roof. Many of the objects which the apartment contained were consequently involved in obscurity. A figure wrapped in a dark riding-cloak, half-reclined on a couch at the farther corner of the room. The arm on which the face was concealed, was carelessly thrown over the end of the sofa where it rested. As Geraldine cast a hasty glance around, she mistook this figure for one of the numerous forms that were represented on the tapestry, with which the walls were clothed. A cry of surprise dispelled the illusion, and in agitation that defies description, Geraldine beheld in the figure, which rushing forwards, suddenly fell prostrate at her feet,—Lord Thurles!

In vain she tried to speak, or to struggle

with the feelings which shook her whole frame. Trembling in the uncontrollable emotion of undisguised and confiding affection, a moment passed before she attempted to release herself from the arms of the Viscount, who rising from his knees, had strained her to his heart, while he exclaimed :

“ My best beloved, forgive me !—Think—think how long it is since we have met. Think on what I at least have suffered !”

The impassioned tone in which these broken sentences were ejaculated recalled the scattered thoughts of Geraldine, and with them the remembrance of her lover’s apparent neglect returned.

She disengaged herself from Thurles, and in silence turned away. The pure glow of high-wrought feeling, which a moment before had been betrayed with all the truth and delicacy of feminine sensibility, was now succeeded by a dignified reserve, that presented a powerful contrast to the finer impulses of virtuous tenderness.

The sudden alteration shocked and surprised Lord Thurles. He followed Geraldine to the seat which she had taken. A painful silence ensued. At length, in a voice of deep dejection, his Lordship said :—

“ Whence is this change ? Good heavens ! in what can it originate ?” in quicker accents he ex-

claimed, as Geraldine withdrew the hand which he had clasped within his own. "Will you even hear me?" he added in a melancholy and reproachful tone.

"Speak on, my Lord," said Geraldine, averting her face from his penetrating gaze.

Thurles sighed heavily; but making a strong effort to control his emotion, he said in a comparatively calm and earnest manner:—

"I implore you, tell me, to what happy chance I owe a meeting, which, notwithstanding all your coldness, I must call a blessed one!"

"I came here at the desire, I might say at the command, of Doctor Dee. Some strange mistake has caused this interview. Had I but known—"

Geraldine stopped.

"Why hesitate? Finish the cruel sentence. Had you but known that you were to meet with Thurles, no earthly power would have brought you to the presence of a being who seems hateful to your sight."

The heartrending tone in which this reproach was uttered penetrated to the soul of Lady Geraldine; she turned round her hitherto averted face. The poignancy of her feelings was eloquently depicted on its speaking features. Her countenance was deadly pale, and tears rolled down her cheek.

"Adored of my soul!" cried her impassioned

lover, losing all his irritation in the agony of apprehension, which the first perception of her altered looks created, "you are ill. I beseech you, tell me, *are* you ill?" he added, riveting his gaze upon her altered but still lovely form.

"I *have* been ill," said Geraldine in a half-choked voice, scarcely able to resist the earnestness of his appeal, yet trying to preserve the coldness which she deemed it necessary to assume.

"Geraldine! dear object of my fondest hopes!" cried Thurles, in a burst of feeling, "this is a stroke for which I was but ill prepared. Say something—anything.—But oh, in mercy, say your life is not in danger!"

"No—no—it is not," said Geraldine with painful energy, "at least, not *now*," she added, her voice softening to a tone of exquisite tenderness; for all suspicion of Thurles's inconstancy was obliterated by such a testimony of his unabated affection, as that which she had just received.

The blushes that suffused her cheek with a tint more vivid than the richest hue of health, partially dispelled the apprehensions of Lord Thurles. He gazed upon her with a look of love, which even in silence touched the heart, and forced a conviction of the fervour and stability of his attachment.

A lengthened pause ensued before he attained sufficient composure to enter on a justification of

his recent conduct, which, as we have already explained the reason of his Lordship's seeming neglect, we shall not here repeat. The moment of exculpation was that of reconciliation. In the rapid sketch which the Viscount gave of his own exertions in the Earl of Desmond's behalf, Geraldine perceived how unremitting and how strenuous had been his efforts in the cause of her father and her country; for the success of which efforts, she was compelled to acknowledge, that a temporary desertion of herself had been indispensably necessary. Her mind, which long had been filled with agonizing suspicions, was now relieved of an intolerable burden. She extended her hand to Lord Thurles, and with a smile that more than repaid him for her previous coldness, said:—

“I have been the slave of doubts and fears, which never shall again intrude. I have wronged you much in thought. Can you forgive me?”

“Forgiveness is not in my power, for never could I censure *you*,” cried Thurles, pressing with rapture to his heart the hand he ventured to detain.

“Can I in justice be as generous?” said Geraldine with a faint smile.

“I understand you,” earnestly replied the Viscount: “you think this interview has been contrived with my consent; in this you wrong me.

The Doctor Dee required an audience on the plea of pressing business. I came, and was shown to this chamber. Here I was expecting the astrologer, when, like a heavenly vision, my Geraldine appeared! Well, I will check these transports," added Thurles, smiling, as he read a gentle reproof in Lady Geraldine's expressive eye. "But why so very grave?"

"I am thinking that this meeting has been designed for evil purposes, beyond our power to fathom. It never could have been merely accidental."

This was said in such a serious manner, that, struck by its earnestness, his Lordship mused for some moments before he said:—

"Trust me, your suspicions are unjust. This is the very painting of your fear,—as says my favourite, Will Shakspeare," added Thurles in a lively tone. He reflected for an instant, and then said in a graver voice,—

"The servant, who through error showed me to this chamber, knew not that you were coming, and your pigmy guide was as unacquainted with my being here, when he so strangely ushered you to this apartment. Reflect a moment, and then say, what could the astrologer propose, or gain by bringing us together?"

"I cannot tell; but yet it seems most strange.

Did you hear nothing?" whispered Geraldine, suddenly starting from her seat.

"What, now?"

"Yes, within this instant.—Look there!" she added, in the same under-tone, and pointing to a part of the room where the arras was agitated with a very slight, but to her keen eye, a perceptible movement.

Thurles sprung forward, dashed aside the tapestry, and crouching at a door that lay concealed behind its folds, he beheld the dwarf.

"Paltry wretch! how came you here, and for what purpose have you dared to play the spy?" cried the Viscount, seizing the singular being he addressed, with a strength that effectually prevented an escape. "Speak!" he exclaimed, as disdainingly to shackle so contemptible an opponent, he released the dwarf from his grasp with a sudden force, the shock of which made the diminutive creature reel into the centre of the floor. Thurles placed his back against the only place of egress, which, as the door was locked, the chamber seemed to offer, and sternly repeated his demand, fixing his eye upon the dwarf.

We have already described the latter as possessing great physical agility and strength. With a velocity that seemed almost supernatural, the moment he was freed from the gripe of Thurles,

he darted across the room, and touched the spring of a secret panel. It flew open. The dwarf leaped through the aperture, slapped the panel close, and vanished. Lord Thurles bounded to the spot, and absolutely stamped with vexation at the failure of his strenuous efforts to force an entrance.

“ I will search in every cranny of these walls until I find him !” cried the Viscount, rushing back to the open door behind the arras. Here he stopped an instant, as he said :—

“ Dearest Geraldine ! can I leave you without danger ?”

“ Assuredly you can.”

“ Then for a few moments, fare you well !” Saying this, Thurles sprung onwards, letting the tapestry drop behind his figure.

Geraldine, whom this rapid scene had so overwhelmed with surprise that she had been deprived of the power of speech or action, was now left alone to reflect on the embarrassing anxieties which it was calculated to create. Disagreeable ideas crowded on her imagination as she attempted to account for the object of the dwarf’s concealment behind the arras. The cursory and agitated examination that she took of the subject only served to awaken a variety of perplexing conjectures, which she found it equally impossible to refute or to dispel.

In the mean time Lord Thurles was eagerly



engaged in the object of his search. Notwithstanding the ardour of his pursuit, his Lordship made but little progress towards the attainment of his wishes. On rushing through the doorway behind the tapestry, he had found himself in a long passage, from which various doors branched off in different directions. Not a sound was heard to direct his steps, and under such circumstances, it was nearly impossible to determine on the most advantageous mode of action. In this dilemma, Thurles was obliged to trust to chance for success. Accordingly, after making many vain attempts to force the doors on either side of the passage, he boldly advanced to a winding stair, which lay at one end of the corridor.

With difficulty the Viscount groped his way through the serpentine intricacies of this part of the building, which was involved in almost absolute darkness, being only lighted by very narrow slits, placed extremely high in the walls, and at considerable distances from each other. In many parts it was difficult, and even dangerous, to scale the stairs, they were so crazy and dilapidated. This, notwithstanding the active courage of Lord Thurles, in a great degree retarded his progress. Nevertheless, he continued his ascent with admirable perseverance, little doubting that the broken steps, over which he was now sometimes obliged

to clamber on all-fours, would ultimately lead to an important result.

A few straggling rays of light at length darted downwards in an oblique direction. Animated with fresh hopes, his Lordship earnestly looked up, and then discovered that a mass of tangled ivy and weeds, which overhung a small opening above his head, was the only roof that this part of the building possessed. Bursting through the fibrous covering, Thurles forced his body through; when, to his inconceivable mortification, he found that the stair, which he had mounted at so much risk, only led to a platform on the top of the tower, and that the panoramic view of London, which lay beneath, was the sole reward he could expect for all his labour. Little disposed, at this moment, to indulge his usual love of the picturesque, our hero nearly lost his patience; the small remaining portion of which completely vanished, on hearing the wild fiendish laugh of the dwarf re-echoed through the windings of the stair, in tones of unearthly and malicious triumph. Careless of danger, Thurles, with a bound, cleared many of the obstacles which had so tediously impeded his progress upwards, and in a few moments regained the corridor. Here his Lordship loudly called on his invisible tormentor; but the reiterated laughs, or rather yells of the dwarf, whom Thurles

was now almost disposed to consider as a demon, were the only answers he received to his impetuous ob-  
jurgations. In his renewed attempts to force any of the doors, he was as completely foiled as before ; and at length, despairing of success, the Viscount returned to the Lady Geraldine.

Mortification, not unmingled with a slight degree of self-contempt, was depicted on Lord Thurles's countenance, as hastily advancing he exclaimed,—  
“ I have overrated my own powers; the elf has baffled me; I am the sport either of fate or magic; my Ladye love, you are more skilled to cast a charm than to break a spell; else I should beseech of you to disenthral your faithful knight, although defeat cowers on his shield and spear!” said his Lordship in a gayer tone, trying to conceal his vexation under the guise of playful gallantry.

“ I cannot answer in a sportive strain,” whispered Geraldine anxiously ;—“ for heaven's sake, no longer stay within these walls; I feel as if I breathed unhallowed air. Let us endeavour to depart.” Saying this, she placed her arm within Thurles's, and with an imploring look repeated her request.

Feeling that, at the present juncture, no hope remained of detecting either the schemes or persons of the astrologer and his dwarf, the Vis-

count complied with Lady Geraldine's entreaty, resolving, at a future time, to prosecute his pursuit with redoubled vigour. As the door behind the arras was the only one that was unlocked, Geraldine and Thurles were obliged to leave the chamber through that means.

On passing into the corridor, they discovered at its farthest extremity the door of an arched recess, that stood half-open, and which must have been unclosed since Lord Thurles's recent search. In the dilemma to which the lovers were reduced, they eagerly caught at any circumstance that presented the chance of an escape. Therefore, with rapid steps, they advanced towards the doorway. Their surprise and satisfaction were equally great, on finding that it led to a flight of stone steps, which, as is not unusual in ancient buildings, ran between two walls of prodigious thickness. A grated iron gate lay open at the bottom of the stairs. Thurles could perceive that this gate gave access to a gallery, that surmounted each side of the cloister of Saint Stephen's Chapel, to which the tower of the astrologer had formerly been annexed. To descend the stair, and to pass through the gateway, was the action of an instant, so swift were the steps of the fugitives. In equal haste they traversed the gallery, and pursued their course down a short staircase, which brought them to a richly

decorated oratory, belonging to the sub-Chapel of Saint Stephen's. Through this they proceeded with undiminished speed, in silence crossing over to the other door, which yielding to the hand of the Viscount, discovered a ready access to the great court, or area of Westminster Hall. No impediment now obstructed the measures which were instantly taken, to secure a conveyance by water to the Tower of London.

"Thank Heaven, we are safe!" exclaimed Geraldine, breathing more freely as she seated herself at the end of a boat which had been procured; and, for the first time breaking silence. Thurles fervently pressed her hand, and took a place beside the Lady Geraldine, where a canvass awning screened them from the observation of the rowers.

"On, my boys!—On, down the Thames; I will tell you when to stop," said his Lordship in a cheerful voice, throwing a purse to the boatmen, who, thus encouraged, plied their oars, and quickly skimmed the surface of the water.

"These are precious moments, which must not be lost," said Thurles in a low and earnest whisper to the Lady Geraldine.—"I have much to say. May I proceed?" She gave a gesture of acquiescence, and, in the same under-voice, the Viscount continued the following conversation:—

“ The facilities which have been afforded to favour our departure, prove that it was desired and contrived by Doctor Dee. Hence I conclude his object was attained, when, through the machinations of the dwarf, he gained a knowledge of the secret of our love. It strikes me, that he means to use it for the furtherance of his interests with the Queen. It is even possible her Majesty may have hinted a desire to obtain certain intelligence of our private feelings.”

“ Good Heavens ! for what purpose could she do so ? ” ejaculated Geraldine in a low voice of deep alarm.

“ I cannot exactly tell. Elizabeth, notwithstanding her sagacity, is not above the foibles of her sex, particularly when her interest and her passions are concerned. Jealous even of her subjects’ thoughts, she would wish to rule the empire of the mind, swaying its slightest impulse by her will. I know that she suspects the object of my love. Pride, ambition, policy, ten thousand causes, may conspire to urge the Queen to wish to change her doubts for certainties. My father also—”

“ Does he too suspect our—— ” Geraldine stopped in the midst of the question she had interposed, and deeply blushed.

“ *Love*, would you say ? ” whispered Thurles,

with a smile which unequivocally spoke the transport of gratified affection.

“Yes!” replied Geraldine almost inaudibly.

“I do not know,” said the Viscount, regarding her with looks of devoted tenderness.—“But your question has awoke a new and striking thought. It is possible that to promote his private views, and at the same time to give himself a claim upon Lord Ormond’s gratitude, the astrologer may acquaint him with my passion, without betraying the dishonourable means by which his knowledge was acquired.”

“Oh, it is but too probable!” said Geraldine, starting at a suggestion which brought so many apprehensions to her mind. “What will become of us?”

“Fear not, dearest!” whispered Thurles with great earnestness. “One course, and one course only, there remains for me to take.”

“And what is that?”

“To instantly acknowledge to my father, that I love you better than my life.”

“No—no!—you must not do so!” said Geraldine in excessive agitation. “Reflect a moment I beseech you, and—”

“Then more than ever I will be confirmed in my purpose. Nay, listen to me, Geraldine. It is

better that the truth should reach my father from my lips, than from those of interested enemies. If the astrologer had not perfidiously obtained the secret of my soul, I would have treasured it in silence, until a more propitious time occurred to favour its disclosure. But it is not in our power to conquer fate. Let us then submit to its decrees, which now require me to confess my passion to Lord Ormond. Oppose not my wishes, best beloved. Give me but your sanction, and, believe me, all will prosper."

"I know not what to say. I feel as if my heart would break!" said Geraldine in an agony of irresolution.

"Oh, talk not thus!—Why such excessive fear? Tell me what it is that thus appals you?" said Lord Thurles, in a tone so soothing that it partially assuaged the Lady Geraldine's emotion.

"I will try to speak more calmly," she added after a short pause, during which she made the strongest effort to regain her self-possession.

"Thurles," continued Geraldine in a voice so low, that even his anxious ear could scarcely catch her accents, "I have tried to conquer what I feel it is in vain to struggle with—the love I bear you. Through life—in death—it will be yours. Hear! oh, hear me!" she whispered with solemn



energy, checking the rapturous words that were breaking from his Lordship's lips. "I have known many hours of sorrow, but they would be hours of joy compared to those which, loading life with wretchedness, would be my fate, should the disclosure of our love increase Lord Ormond's hatred to my father and my country, or subject yourself to his resentment."

"Matchless creature!" murmured Thurles, borne down by a torrent of emotions, which were so intense that, for some moments, he was unable to proceed. But, though a lover and an enthusiast, Lord Thurles could determine to repress his passions, when a paramount necessity commanded their control. Therefore, however unable to subdue the feelings of his heart, he endeavoured to restrain the expression of its transports, as in a more collected tone he said:—"I will not try to unfold the overpowering thoughts of gratitude, affection, and respect, which blend themselves together in my soul. Geraldine, I cleave to the confession of your love as to a glorious hope poured forth from Heaven, to guide and bless me in a world which, without it, would be desolate. If I deceived you in a single point, I should abhor myself. Therefore I confess that, on the first avowal of my love, I foresee displeasure and re-

monstrance from my father. But I know him well; and doing so, I have no apprehension that his generous nature could descend to wreak its private feelings in a paltry vengeance on the Earl of Desmond, or on the cause he heads. As to myself, fear nothing."

"O that I could dare to *hope!*" murmured Geraldine, raising her eyes to Lord Thurles with a timid glance, the expression of which he did not exactly understand.

"What do you mean?"

"Could I but dare to hope that, even in the course of years, you would renounce those errors of belief which—"

"Geraldine, my faith is fixed as firm as yours," interrupted the Viscount gravely. "But even were it not so, is this a time for such discussion?"

"I feel it is not. I deserve reproof. Forgive me, Thurles! I am silent."

"Hereafter, should you so wish, we will exchange our thoughts on that and every other subject with unbounded confidence," returned his Lordship with extreme tenderness; "but now, I would enchain your sympathies to one grand point. To-morrow, I will trust my father with the secret of the love which constitutes my life."

"To-morrow! you did not say to-morrow? dearest Thurles!" said Geraldine in the fluttered

accents of a perturbation so excessive, as to render her unconscious of the tender epithet which she had used.

“*That* was the word!” replied the Viscount with an animated smile, which was calculated to dispel every feeling but that of boundless affection. “If I allowed a single day to pass, the wizard, or your elfin friend, most surely would forestal me.”

“And when—where—how will you introduce the subject?” demanded Geraldine, still trembling with apprehension.

“Do you remember this?” asked Thurles, drawing from his bosom the glove which Lady Geraldine had dropped at Ormond Castle.

“I do,” she replied, casting her eyes to the ground, while the deepest blush of modesty suffused her features.

“This prize has ever since been treasured next my heart, and, like a precious talisman, has often charmed away distracting thoughts and fears. Soon it shall grace my shield.”

“Your shield!”

“Yes, my own Geraldine! To-morrow, and on the succeeding day, the flower of England’s chivalry will tilt before the Queen in knightly combat. I shall appear within the lists, decked with the stolen trophy of my love. What device, impress, or cognizance, can be compared with *this*?

What motto half so glorious as the name of *Geraldine*?" said Thurles, sportively holding up the glove, on which, beneath a small coronet, the name of his mistress was embroidered.

"Hold, Thurles! you mean not what you say. Give me the glove," whispered Geraldine, extending her hand to receive it.

"Nay, nay, fair lady!" returned his Lordship playfully, and, at the same time, concealing the glove within his vest. "Although you *are* my conqueror, yet not even to you can I resign this badge, which, as your devoted knight, I will preserve with life, in single combat or in listed field. Amongst the ancient Borderers, a glove upon a spear (6) was the emblem of true faith; on a shield, it shall be mine."

"Rather say, the gauntlet of defiance thrown by a son against a father," said Geraldine in a tone of mild reproof.

"Not so. I am not wilfully undutiful, neither am I rash in my resolves. I wish to rouse suspicions of my love within my father's breast. I desire to have him question me upon this point. What mode could I pursue so likely to attain my ends as that I have proposed? Geraldine, dear Geraldine, a reproach from you comes heavy on my heart, even when undeserved."

It was impossible to withstand the mournful

and half-upbraiding accent of Lord Thurles.— Geraldine lightly laid her hand on his, and said : “ Mine were but words. Forgive and forget them. Act as you think best, and take with you the prayers, the thoughts, the sanction of my heart !”

“ Blest answer ! It insures success,” said the Viscount in a transport of delight, at such an unexpected acquiescence.—“ Now—”

“ You must indeed repress these raptures,” interrupted Geraldine, smiling through the tears that rushed to her eye.—“ See ! yonder is the point where we must land.”

“ So soon ?” said Thurles despondingly. “ An instant scarcely seems to have elapsed since we embarked.”

“ Yet many moments have passed. Of the few that now remain, I must avail myself. Until I know the issue of your conference with Lord Ormond, is it not better to conceal from my dear father the incident and consequences of this day ? To reveal them would but aggravate his sorrows and his cares.”

“ Undoubtedly, humanity and prudence dictate silence. We will spare Lord Desmond’s feelings to the utmost. But, dearest Geraldine, have some pity on our own ; and tell me when and where I may relieve my heart, by pouring out to yours

the suffering, or the joys that must result from the important meeting, which I anticipate with more of hope than fear."

"*There,*" said Geraldine, pointing to the hillock to which they were now quite close.—"There, on the evening of the day succeeding the last tournament, I will await you. When the sun goes down, there let us meet. Would that our interview was past, for, oh! I feel it will too surely be a wretched one!"

"Geraldine!" said her lover in a tender but reproachful accent.

"I had forgotten. We still have hope. Thurles—Heaven preserve and prosper you! No words—Farewell! farewell!—Now stop the boat," said Geraldine in the hurried accents of suppressed emotion. Lord Thurles hesitated to obey her wishes; but, unable to withstand the imploring tear that trembled in her eye, he almost unconsciously gave the required signal.

The boat was instantly moored. "You must not speak again; nor can you come on shore; it would create suspicion. If you love, obey me."

"I——"

The intended remonstrance of Thurles was prevented by the Lady Geraldine quickly passing from beneath the awning. Beware! eyes are

upon us," she murmured in great agitation. His Lordship followed, and attempted to speak.

"Will you not even let me say farewell?"

"Yes! but nothing more.—There, I am safe," added Geraldine, as, assisted by the Viscount, she stepped on shore, and disengaged herself from the fervid pressure of his detaining hand. Lord Thurles gave one look, fraught with the eloquence of passion and of feeling; then, submitting to necessity, he hurried away, and without trusting himself with another glance, sprung into the boat.

It swiftly bore him up the Thames; and with nearly equal rapidity, Lady Geraldine pursued the path which led to the Tower. Her absence, though unusually long, had not occasioned any uneasiness to the Chieftain, who attributed it to the remarkable beauty of the weather, which he thought might have induced his daughter to prolong her walk. Another circumstance had tended to beguile the tediousness of time; and the mental occupation to which it had given rise prevented the Lord of Desmond from dwelling on the conjectural apprehensions that otherwise might have insinuated themselves into his fancy. The Earl had been engaged the greater part of the morning in perusing various letters from his Countess; which, as they had been sent open for the pre-

vious inspection of one of the Queen's ministers, the Desmond had been permitted to receive. They were written from the Lord of Kerry's Castle, and were penned in that strain of querulous complaint, mingled with the expression of some better feelings, which usually pervaded the style of her Ladyship's communications. The epistle that bore the latest date contained the following intelligence. After some strong remarks on her anxieties respecting Desmond's fate, and the many trials she had been called on to sustain, the Countess proceeded to state, that disgusted with the bustle of Lixnaw Castle, she had come to the final resolution of requesting the permission of the Chieftain to remove, at the end of the ensuing week, to the convent of St. Catherine. The abbess of that community was a kinswoman of the Lady Desmond, who, in marked terms, announced her desire to remain amongst the sisterhood, until her family affairs assumed a better aspect; or, at least, until a favourable opportunity occurred for gaining a more suitable asylum. As it was her anxious wish to put this scheme into immediate execution, the Countess, in conclusion, conjured her Lord not to offer any painful opposition to her scheme.

The Earl passed a long interval in silent reflection on this unexpected design. At first he was



disposed to censure the determination that had been thus abruptly taken, probably from pique at a positive prohibition which, under existing circumstances, the Chieftain had conceived himself obliged to give, respecting a visit to England that his wife had recently requested leave to undertake. On further reflection, however, the Earl not only forgave, but even approved the proposed plan; for he loved the Countess too sincerely not to rejoice in the prospect of security from danger, which the retreat that she had chosen seemed calculated to afford. Notwithstanding all her faults, the Chieftain was much attached to Lady Desmond; and consequently, sympathized in any circumstances which tended, even slightly, to promote her happiness.

The Earl had just reasoned himself into a state approaching to comfort and composure of spirit, when Geraldine returned. He instantly handed to his child the letters which he had received; she eagerly perused them; and the conversation on their contents, which followed, so completely engrossed the Desmond, that he failed to ask a single question relative to the cause of her unusual absence during the morning. Geraldine was a poor dissembler, and consequently rejoiced at being spared the necessity of any attempt at dissimulation. To complete her satisfaction, the Chief re-

tired to rest at an earlier hour than was his habitual custom. His daughter followed his example, and notwithstanding the thousand mingled reflections on the past, and anticipations on the future, which filled her mind, yet the fatigues of the day had so much exhausted her spirits and her frame, that pains and pleasures, hopes and fears, were quickly lost in the oblivion of sleep.

In order to avoid tedious explanations, it may be right to state, before we proceed to another chapter, that the conclusions which Lord Thurles had drawn from the conduct of the Doctor Dee, were, on the whole, correct.

The Queen of England's interview with our heroine had been purely accidental. We have already noticed, that among the many means employed by Elizabeth to secure the important services of Doctor Dee, that of holding mystic conferences with him in private was included. The close neighbourhood of the astrologer's dwelling to the regal residence facilitated the performance of those secret meetings, which being carried on in the most covert manner, were only known to a few of the Queen's most favoured counsellors.

On the night of Lady Geraldine's arrival in London, a rumour of Sir John Desmond's projected schemes for the release of his brother from captivity, had reached the ear of Elizabeth. The

Doctor Dee, from the circumstance of his correspondence with Allen, was more likely than any other person to have obtained an insight into the real state of the case; and to question him thereon, had been the object of the royal visit. How the latter was necessarily made public, and how its intention was frustrated, has been already shown. It therefore only remains for us to say, that the Queen's casual interview with Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald had considerably increased those suspicions of Lord Thurles's attachment to our heroine, which previous circumstances had created. Subsequent events conspired to augment them; but absolute corroboration was wanting to change conjecture into certainty. It is well known, that in cases of this kind, Elizabeth was usually actuated by a sort of jealousy, which took its tincture from the violence of her temper and the vanity of her disposition. Accustomed to abject compliances from her subjects, it offended her pride whenever those whom she especially distinguished, presumed to find happiness in any other source than that derived from her favour; and when marriage was the object of their wishes, her avowed dislike to that state accelerated her resentment, which, under such circumstances, was generally exercised with extreme severity.

Equally impatient of contradiction and sus-

pense, the Queen, on more than one occasion, had hinted to Doctor Dee her desire to ascertain the terms on which the heir of the loyal Ormond stood with the daughter of the suspected Earl of Desmond.

Disguising the feelings of the woman under the duties of the Sovereign, Elizabeth pleaded the latter in justification of the anxiety she expressed to gain an information, which her Majesty affirmed might prove of political importance in the then state of public affairs. This alone would have been sufficient to determine the astrologer to try to obtain a direct evidence of the truth, almost by any means. But another, and a still more powerful motive urged him to the dishonourable step which he had taken. The Lord of Ormond was high in power at the British court. His influence with the Queen was, at this period, unquestionably great. Promises of pensions and ecclesiastical preferments had been long held forth by Elizabeth to the astrologer; but their performance had been from time to time delayed. Under those circumstances, to gain the patronage, and to ingratiate himself into the favour of the Earl of Ormond, was a grand object of ambition with Dee, which nothing seemed more likely to secure than the acquirement and disclosure of a secret fraught with important consequences to the illustrious house of Ormond. To obtain it by auricu-

lar proof, the astrologer had condescended to adopt the contemptible device we have related; the treachery of which he intended to conceal from the Earl of Ormond, when beneath a garbled tissue of falsehood, he should introduce his specious tale.

The penetration and energy of Lord Thurles's character were, however, more than commensurate to the sinister designs of Doctor Dee, whose artifices our hero, as we have already seen, determined to circumvent, by anticipating the astrologer's statement, as soon as the termination of the games of chivalry should allow him an opportunity to dare the difficulties, if not the dangers, which were attendant upon his design.

## CHAPTER IV.

“ Words and devices blazed on ev’ry shield,  
 And pleasing was the terror of the field;  
 For Kings, and Dukes, and Barons you might see,  
 Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,  
 All for th’ increase of arms and love of chivalry.”

DRYDEN.

THE band of Knights Tilters was composed of the flower of the nobility and gentry of England. It consisted of twenty-five of the most distinguished personages of the realm, and formed at once the pride and ornament of the Court of Elizabeth.

The visionary spirit that the genius of romance still infused into the customs and manners of the British people, was strikingly displayed in those games of chivalry and emblematical exhibitions, which, under the royal sanction, constituted the favourite festivities of the Court. Notwithstanding the pedantic figments and hyperbolical conceits that were grouped into those pageantries,

many ingenious meanings may be read beneath the crowd of quaint devices, which a gallant age engrafted on its allegorized and warlike amusements. Amongst those pastimes the pleasures of the Tilt-yard held a prominent place.

The romantic disposition and personal vanity of Elizabeth, conspired to render her particularly partial to chivalrous exploits; and her courtiers were equally addicted to those institutions which gave them an opportunity of gaining honour and renown, in a display of adventurous courage and personal magnificence. The knightly feat alluded to by Lord Thurles, was expected to be attended with circumstances of peculiar splendour. The proposed tournament was intended to be held in honour of those commissioners, who, headed by a Prince of the blood, (Francis of Bourbon,) had been sent by Charles of France to negotiate terms of alliance between the Queen of England and the Duke of Anjou. In the true spirit of coquetry, Elizabeth resolved to receive the illustrious strangers with every species of pomp which her vanity could devise; and orders were consequently given, that no expense should be spared in the arrangement of the pageant, (7) tourney and joust that were to grace the introduction of a foreign embassy at the English Court.

The challenges for the tournament, and the names

of the champions who were to perform deeds of arms at its celebration, excited sanguine expectations in the public mind. From the noble to the citizen, all seemed prepared to draw delight from those prolific sources of excitement, which the approaching spectacle promised to present, and popular feeling, raised above the tone of ordinary life, diffused a principle of universal pleasure, that tended to soften, if not to neutralize, the distinctions of rank. The effusion of generous sympathy which springs from the gratification of those tastes and sensibilities, that belong in common to all mankind, awakens the benevolent affections, and subdues that habitual awe, and envy of the distinctions of artificial society, which usually sway its inferior orders. The participation of happiness with a multitude of fellow beings, also modifies the aristocratic pride of the higher classes. Hence follows the obvious consequence, that where a public amusement is made the well regulated medium of general enjoyment, all ranks in the social scale are, for the time, in a certain degree, equalized in situation, and harmonized in sentiment. This it is which gives that remarkable character of honest animation to the favourite pursuits of a nation, which is a subject of pride to the patriot, as well as of thankfulness to the philanthropist; and whether we regard the olympic



games of Greece, the chivalrous feats of the Elizabethan age, or the public entertainments of modern times, we shall find, that where popular amusements have existed under proper discipline, they produced nearly the same beneficial results on the morals and manners of civilized states.

The enthusiasm of national feeling was never more strikingly exemplified than on the morning fixed for the exhibition of the expected tournament. The cold and somewhat phlegmatic temperament of the English people, seemed to have caught life and warmth from the kindling influence of a patriotic pride, that led them to exult in the anticipated triumphs of their countrymen, whose glory they partly felt reflected on themselves. Nature appeared to sympathize in the joyous exhilaration of the moment. The day was bright and cloudless. Myriads of groups incessantly poured in to the allotted theatre of action, while others were seen in the distance, panting and struggling onwards, in all the anxious rapidity of locomotion.

At either barrier, pillars were erected, to which, whenever a Knight violated the laws of chivalry, he was bound as a prisoner; and exposed to public contempt, as a punishment for his transgression. Between the tilt-yard and an open space outside these barriers, there was a square plot of ground railed in with upright posts, which, placed at re-

gular distances, were connected together by strong ropes covered with crimson silk. Within this inclosure, which was destined for the temporary reception of those Knights whose names had been entered on the books of the tourney, might be seen the tents of the challengers.

In front of these parades, pennons and banners waved, and over the entrance to each pavilion, the heraldic ensigns of the Knight to whom it belonged, were displayed in proud array. Here also the multifarious train connected with the profession and exercise of arms, found refreshments and accommodations for the attendants and appendages of their respective vocations, in booths that were closely pitched around the inclosure. The exterior space of ground, which we have mentioned as lying beyond the lists, was appropriated to spectators of the middling and inferior orders of the people. Here a strong and lofty framework of timber was constructed, with rows of seats that receded in regular gradations. This scaffolding was canopied with the richest tapestry, and extended along the east and west of the extensive area of the tilt-yard, which was inclosed with iron palisades.

On the branches of a lofty and wide-spreading oak, which grew within the barriers, a variety of shields were suspended, richly emblazoned with the devices of the different Knights who were to

tilt a certain number of courses. The bucklers of their respective aids, and the tables of the challengers, were also hung on the boughs of this oak, which, in the parlance of the day, was styled "*the tree of honour.*" (8) Round its trunk was wrapped a crimson velvet mantle, embroidered with gold, and to its lower branches, the shields of arms and subscriptions of the several answerers were affixed. It was understood that all this paraphernalia was prepared for the purposes of the tourney which was to be performed.

The grand entrance to the lists occupied the north side. That of the south was filled by a royal banqueting-house, erected for the reception of the Sovereign and her court. The first forms of the scaffolding, which we have described, were destined for the accommodation of the better class of citizens, and here, among the wealthy freemen of the metropolis, many showy personages appeared in handsome costumes, wearing high-crowned hats, of quilted taffeta, coats and jerkins of silk, and cloaks of the Spanish, French, or Dutch fashions. The citizens' wives, except their husbands were gentlemen by descent, were obliged to wear white knit coifs, that rising three or four inches from the head, in a three-cornered shape, were styled *minever caps*.

To atone for such an unbecoming restriction,

these goodly dames indulged themselves in sundry vanities of dress, and might be seen flaunting in gowns of various colours, smartly pointed with ribbons. They also wore jerkins like the men, buttoned up the breast, and made with welts, and pinions on the shoulders, which were surmounted with great ruffs of Holland lawn. Fruitless, however, were the attempts of these mistresses, to vie with the more favoured spouses of the Aldermen of London, who though condemned to the same fashion in the form of their caps, were permitted to use materials of the richest velvet in their structure, and who, moreover, figured in enormous petticoats of flowered silks, and gowns faced with costly furs.

The hinder benches of the scaffolding were occupied by the minstrels, players, and retainers of the nobility, who wore blue coats, and silver chains, as badges of their servitude. With these, underlings, tribes of yeomen in the same livery, but without chains, were intermixed; and thousands of nondescript persons, whose motley figures presented a striking contrast to the civic finery that surrounded them, were promiscuously crowded together in details of never-ending diversity and interest.

Nor as an essential feature in the lively picture, must we forget to mention that the pinnacles of the

Palace of Whitehall, and the terrace walks on the leads of the stately houses which surrounded that quarter of the court, were literally alive with spectators, who having failed to secure more favourable stations, had climbed to those heights that commanded an extensive prospect of the varied scene, which like a magnificent panorama lay beneath. Hearts throbbed and eyes sparkled under the excitation of the instant, and sketches of graphic power might have been taken from a scene where the heroic mingled with the ridiculous, and the magnificent with the grotesque. Individuality of character, however, was soon partially lost in the dense crowd of people, who, as the hour of exhibition approached, congregated in dark masses, that formed a bold relief to the dazzling paraphernalia of chivalric pomp.

The dramatic allegory with which the revels of the day were destined to commence, was styled *a triumph*. In all enterprises of this kind, the device of a Castle was generally introduced.

On the present occasion, the banqueting-house already noticed had been erected at enormous expense. It stood at the end of the tilt-yard, which formed the south side of her Majesty's Palace of Whitehall; and the fantastic taste of the times was exhausted in the decoration of this pavilion, where the Queen had announced her intention to receive

and entertain the ambassadors of France. The temporary building was constructed of wood, and was covered with painted canvass. The great standard of England, eleven yards in length, and emblazoned with the royal scutcheon, floated before the Queen's pavilion. The railing in front was hung with cloth of gold, and the interior of the building was still more ostentatiously showy than the external embellishments. It was brilliantly illuminated; and as the flood of light, emitted from hundreds of crystal chandeliers, fell on a variety of glittering objects, it produced a reflected splendour that gave the effect of absolute enchantment. Wreaths of fruits and flours, tinselled ornaments, hangings of cloth of gold and silver, together with significant devices and planetary symbols, were profusely lavished on the royal station, which, notwithstanding the intermixture of such incongruities, presented a combination of magnificence, that threatened to rival the Temple of Venus, as thus described by the glorious poet-laureat of the age:—

“ The roof up-high was reared from the ground,  
All deck'd with crowns, and chains, and garlands gay;  
A thousand precious gifts, worth many a pound,  
The which, sad lovers for their vows did pay,  
And all the ground was strew'd with flowers as fresh as May.”

Among the courtiers of England, it was a point equally of devotion and loyalty to their Sovereign,

to make every device the emblem of her peerless attractions. Hence, the inventions of gallantry were racked for typical illustrations, designed for the gratification of Elizabeth's vanity, and for the embellishment of that spot, "whereat," says the chronicler, with a professional gravity that is truly amusing, "her Majesties person should be placed, the which was called, and not without cause, *the Castell or fortresse of Perfect Beautie.*"

At an early hour of the day, a flourish of trumpets announced the entrance of the Sovereign and her court within this magic temple. Elizabeth, its fair possessor, was apparelled in a gorgeous fardingale of crimson velvet, that was entirely covered with *eyes and ears*, (9) embossed in gold and precious stones. Those emblems were in strict conformity with her Majesty's favourite motto, "*video, taceo;*" and their adoption had probably originated in that general taste for symbolical allusion, which it may be supposed induced the Queen to deck herself with representations of the most keen and vigilant of the human organs, indicating thereby her own active circumspection and watchful prudence. Robes of purple damask, a splendid ruff, and a stomacher and coronet sparkling with diamonds, also adorned the royal person; and an immense fan of ostrich feathers, which Elizabeth gaily fluttered, answered the double pur-

pose of allaying the heat and of increasing the agitations of her numerous suitors, whose hopes and fears vibrated to the evolutions of the fan, as the Queen alternately quivered it with a quick or languid motion. At other times, when imbibing those deceitful flatteries, so dear to womankind, Elizabeth, with the practised air of a finished coquette, affectedly raised the fan to screen her features from the devoted and too welcome gaze of her distinguished favourites.

The Princess was surrounded by her maids of honour, who were attired in white satin, each lady wearing, as her head-coif, a Milan bonnet of gold tissue covered with jewels. From the girdles of those damsels, a small looking-glass was suspended, (10) into which, from time to time, they furtively peeped, either to admire their persons, or to adjust the *love-knots* that hung upon their shoulders.

Foppery is indigenous to a court. Among the group of peers who crowded round the Queen, and vied in administering a tirade of adulation to their royal mistress, some delectable coxcombs appeared, who, in the quintessence of absurdity, exceeded even their accomplished brethren of modern times. Many of those antique fops wore natural flowers in their ears. (11) Some had a bouquet stuck at each side of a head otherwise unadorned



either by nature or by art ; while, again, sundry beaux dangled their damasked rapiers, or scientifically waved their steeple-crowned hats, which, says the Chronicler, “ were embroidered with monstrous beasts, fowls, and all manner of pictures *wonderful to behold.*”

Lest we should be accused of doing injustice to “ *le bon vieux tems,*” we must, however, acknowledge, that bating the preposterous appearance of these caricaturas of fashion, the general costume of the British court was truly imposing. The caps and hoods of cloth of gold, laden with nodding plumes, together with the large mantle cloaks of blue satin, then in vogue, presented a superb effect, with which the air and manners of the nobility were in good keeping. For though the language of the day was infected with the absurd jargon called *euphuism*, which Lilly, a popular writer of the times, had introduced ; yet, on the whole, the demeanour of the high ranks in England was courteous, dignified, and, we had almost said, *poetical*, in its tone. Thus, both in external habiliments and personal accomplishments, the illustrious inmates of the Castle of Perfect Beauty, were worthy of the honour they received in being admitted to a participation of its festivities.

It is not necessary to search through the musty annals of antiquity, in order to discover the un-

questionable truth, that perfect beauty has ever been an object of attraction to a certain ill-conditioned youth, ycleped *L'Amour*. Therefore, when we find that in the olden time, the fortress which was supposed to contain a magazine of female charms, was assailed and summoned to surrender by a representative of the said Love, and four challengers, who styled themselves his foster children, we shall only draw the philosophical conclusion, that the leading propensities of poor human nature, though they may be modified by circumstance, are essentially the same, and that the follies of our ancestors have descended, in legitimate succession, to their modern inheritors.

But to return to our pageant.—The assailants of the Castle were personages of the first distinction. When they were fully accoutred for their enterprise, and after a proper examination of their arms had been made, the heralds, who with their pursuivants were stationed at the barriers, ordered the trumpeters to sound a martial charge. They obeyed. The grand entrance to the lists then flew open, and a wooden frame, painted to represent a mount of earth, was rapidly wheeled into the tilt-yard. On the top of this frame, between a pair of artificial cannons, stood an ensign-bearer, displaying an embroidered pennon; and on each side

of the mock pieces of ordnance sat two gunners clothed in crimson silk, and furnished with baskets of earth, which were intended to denote, that even the dullest of the elements was moved to assist in the conquest of perfect beauty.

As the mount, directed by persons placed in the interior, rolled quickly on towards the royal station, a burst of music resounded from within the artificial hillock; in the rear of which the four challengers, armed *cap-à-pée*, rode into the lists each at the head of his own troop. Preceded by six trumpeters, the Earl of Arundel first entered in a suit of gilt and engraven armour, attended by a train of pages and gentlemen, mounted on richly caparisoned horses, and attired in cloaks and Venetian hose of crimson velvet fringed with gold. Hats of the same materials surmounted by yellow plumes, with doublets and stockings of a similar colour, completed the Arundel uniform.

The appearance of the Lord Windsor was equally splendid. His Lordship's retinue were appalled over their harness in scarlet mantles lined with orange taffeta, and trimmed with silver. Their cassock-coats and hose were of tawny satin. Black velvet caps adorned with white feathers, and encircled with bands of silver,

and rapiers of the same metal, sheathed in scabbards of black velvet, distinguished the personal attendants of the Earl of Windsor, whose yeomen, threescore in number, wore the badge of a silver unicorn emblazoned on their sleeves.

The flower of chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney, eclipsed even the magnificence we have described; as preceded by four trumpeters, in splendid dresses, he advanced gracefully restraining the impetuous movements of his fiery steed.

The gallant Knight was sheathed in a suit of blue armour inlaid with gold. The war horse, which he managed with exquisite skill, was trapped in cloth of gold embroidered with pearls, and the head of the noble palfry was laden with gold and silver feathers. The four pages who attended Sir Philip Sidney were attired in coats and hose of cloth of silver, striped with gold, and wore hats of the same, adorned with ostrich plumes.

Thirty gentlemen clad in yellow velvet, each wearing across his shoulders a silver scroll, on which was inscribed the motto, "*Sic nos non nobis*," completed the cavalcade of Sir Philip Sidney.

The appearance of Master Fulk Greville, the fourth and last challenger, sustained his high

reputation for good taste and personal magnificence. Even in comparison with the antecedent troop, that of Greville deserved and obtained universal admiration, as he entered the tilt-yard at the head of a train of gentlemen in full armour, and clothed in liveries equally gorgeous with those already mentioned.

The shouts of the multitude testified their unbounded applause, when, after the mount was rolled close to the banqueting-house, the foster children of L'Amour passed in procession once round the lists, as if to reconnoitre the Fortress of Perfect Beauty ; touched with the reversed end of their spears the shields of their special antagonists, which hung on the oak tree ; and then, having made a loyal reverence to the Queen, and a knightly obeisance to the dames and damsels in the galleries, they drew up in military array on either side of the grand entrance at the northern end of the tilt-yard.

At the portals of this gate, the two judges of the lists, seated on richly caparisoned palfries, took their stations. They were attended by a train of heralds, in their robes, scarfs, and crowns, and of pursuivants in state dresses. The space between the armed marshals was filled by L'Amour.

The dangerous little God was represented by a beautiful boy, who, mounted on a lion supplied

from the royal menagerie, was arrayed in white and crimson silk, which was covered with flames of gold. The luxuriant ringlets that played round his brow, were wreathed with roses: emblems of the delicious but transitory pleasures that love bestows. From his shoulders rose a pair of brilliant wings, whose variegated plumage offered in its changing hues a type of Love's inconstancy. At his back hung a bow and quiver full of arrows,—the symbols of irresistible power. Yet, destructive as those poisoned darts were acknowledged to be, it was said they had produced less anguish than L'Amour's bright wings, which too often bore him away from the wishes of his worshippers.

Fortunately, on the present occasion, no disposition to escape was evinced by the *garçon volage*. Seated on the lion that he fearlessly bestrode, L'Amour, in motionless silence, remained stationary between the marshals of the field, forming the central point in the grand processionary line, which the northern end of the lists exhibited.

The laws of the Pageant having prescribed that before any attack was made, a formal message to surrender should be sent to the fair possessor of the fortress, the challengers resolved to despatch their youthful sire, to deliver a summons;

couched in poetical phrase, to the mistress of the Castle of Perfect Beauty.

The heralds made a proclamation to that effect, and L'Amour, amidst a burst of clarions, advanced to execute his mission ; proceeding with unusual steadiness along the area of the lists, towards the Queen's pavilion. The lion on which L'Amour was mounted, seemed as gentle as a lamb, and unresistingly submitted to the guidance of the golden chain with which the movements of the noble animal were directed, whose docility presented an apt illustration of the power that love is supposed to possess, in taming the most savage natures. All eyes were fixed upon L'Amour, when checking the paces of his lion, he stopped immediately beneath the banqueting-house, and summoned the Princess of the Castle of Perfect Beauty to surrender, in the following lines:—these he sung in a voice as persuasive as that with which his fabled prototype is said to have been endowed, accompanying himself upon a golden lyre.

I.

Sol's radiant orb of living light  
Has put the shades of earth to flight,  
And all the stars forget to gleam,  
Absorb'd in the celestial beam;—  
Yet, beauteous maid, his brilliancy  
Is darkness, when compared to thee !

## II.

Oh, Virgin Princess! far away,  
 The sky maintains a halcyon day;  
 Yet joyless, dull its hours must roll,  
 For Love, from Heaven to Earth hath stole;  
 And now before thee, to secure  
 His fairest captive, stands *L'Amour!*

## III.

His gentle power with soft control,  
 Resistless steals upon the soul,  
 Lulls all its sorrows to repose,  
 And sweetly mitigates its woes;  
 Yield then, thyself!—nor offer less  
 To him, who bids each moment bless!

## IV.

Yield! Maiden, yield!—'Tis *Love* that woos;  
 Canst thou the tender suit refuse?  
 His roses round thy brow shall twine  
 A wreath unfadingly divine,  
 And magic joys, and pleasures pure,  
 Be thine,---imparted by *L'Amour!*

The notes of the lyre ceased, and the voice which had breathed delicious music sunk to silence; but the sentiments of the minstrel-boy seemed to have communicated an infectious sympathy to his hearers, who, notwithstanding their number, appeared unwilling to dissolve the spell which had been cast upon their spirits by his lays. The spectators, therefore, still preserved an unbroken pause, from the lingering hop that the



bewitching strains might be renewed. Some such feeling also seemed to have detained Elizabeth at the balcony, where, attended by her maids of honour, she had stood while listening to the voice of L'Amour. The silken curtains of the lattices of this balcony had been thrown widely apart, in order that all might enjoy the august presence of Majesty. But no sooner did the Princess recover from her momentary enchantment, than, as if resolving to resist the blandishments of L'Amour, the maiden, not without a slight degree of trepidation, hastily retreated into her Castle, and at the instant when, through an open casement, the Queen with her ladies disappeared, the rose-coloured draperies of the balcony were reclosed. The uninterrupted silence that ensued was construed into a refusal to surrender, on the part of the Princess of Perfect Beauty; and L'Amour, with characteristic petulance, drawing an arrow from his quiver, boldly aimed it at the fortress, in token of his designs against the vestal sovereign. Then, with an arch smile, the urchin turned round and sung an alarm. Upon this, two cannons were shot off, the one loaded with scented powder, and the other filled with rose-water, which, springing upwards to an immense height, fell down again in fragrant showers.

A band of youths, dressed in fantastic attires, now suddenly sprung forwards, with scaling ladders in their hands. These were quickly placed against the Castle of Perfect Beauty, and the assailants mounting on the silken cords, performed an adroit escalade, and commenced a vivid attack. Their weapons consisted of bouquets of flowers, dates, oranges, pomegranates, and other fruits; which, under the direction of L'Amour, were profusely thrown into the interior of the Castle. This playful assault was resolutely answered by the ladies of the fortress, who valiantly defended it with large comfits, that were made expressly for the occasion, and showers of essenced waters, which literally drenched the invaders, and compelled them to retreat. L'Amour, thus a second time foiled in his attack, withdrew his forces from the field; and turning to the challengers, he sung an alarm still more spirited and vigorous than the first. Scarcely had it ceased, when the defendants of the fortress, mounted on palfries caparisoned with the richest housings and poitreles, and followed by a retinue quite as superb as that of the assailants, entered the lists. Long silver chains were thrown round the necks of their coursers, and with these the steeds were conducted forward by beautiful ladies, richly apparelled; each maiden leading her own valiant knight (12) into the field.

When the chevaliers reached their appointed stations, the damsels gracefully bestowed ribbons, scarfs, and chaplets, as tokens of favour to their chosen cavaliers; after which they withdrew to join the bright maids who were already seated in the galleries. The Knights having, with true chivalric devotion, affixed those emblems of love either to their lances or their helms, advanced, and performed the customary formula. Their arms were examined and approved by the Constable, after which, the defendants having bowed and lowered their lances before the Sovereign, passed slowly round the area, making obeisance to the ladies in the galleries, while they performed their circuit. When it was completed, they drew up in a lengthened procession at the southern extremity. The line thus formed was broken in the centre, in order to leave a space before the royal pavilion, corresponding with that presented on the opposite side of the tilt-yard, which was again filled by L'Amour, who returned to his former station between the marshals of the field.

At the signal of a clangour of trumpets, the draperies of the balcony were once more unclosed, and even the martial flourish of the instruments was nearly lost in the acclamations with which the spectators greeted the Monarch of England, the nobles, and the ladies of her court, and the ambas-

sadors of France, when, as the silken curtains were suddenly withdrawn, the splendid group appeared, assembled in the gallery of the Queen's pavilion, to witness the approaching tournament.

As soon as silence was restored, a King-at-Arms presented a petition to the Queen from the Knights, on both sides, supplicating the royal permission to break spears. Her Majesty praised their courage, gave them license, and signified her pleasure that the heralds should announce the laws of the tourney, which were then proclaimed according to the ensuing articles :—

Imprimis—All those who by a pursuivant touched any of the shields already mentioned, were bound to perform six courses on horseback.

Item—All foul play was forbidden, and the Knights were compelled to tilt with *glaives courtois*, or ashen lances, the points of which had been removed.

Item—Whosoever let his lance fall from his hand forfeited the prize.

Item—If a champion was unhorsed by a direct blow with a spear on his armour, the person thus unhorsed was obliged to present his adversary with a ruby ring (13) of whatever value he might please to name.

Item—Knights who had been unhorsed were not permitted to renew the fight on foot.

Item—Whoever the judges of the lists proclaimed the victor, should receive as his prize a tablet of precious gems.

Item—If after the general tourney any Knight should wish to enter the lists in a single encounter, such knight should announce his desire by causing his squire to touch with his lance the shield of his selected opponent, who was bounden to answer the said challenge, which was to be performed *joute à plaisance*.

This signified that though the fight was to be maintained with pointed weapons, yet that the courses were not to be run for life or death, as was the case with the *joute à l'outrance*. Jousts of peace were performed expressly for the love of the ladies, and to win celebrity and glory, uninfluenced by the feelings of hatred or revenge; but weapons of war were used, sharpened lances, and swords which were not rebated.

The specific declaration of the laws of the *joute à plaisance*, was postponed until after the termination of the tournament. To lower the warder or royal staff of command, was the act which was appointed as a signal for the conclusion of the tourney.

When the proclamations of the heralds ended, and that they had received the largesses customary on such occasions, they retired from the lists, upon

which, pursuivants, both from the challengers and the defendants, advanced, and having proclaimed the rank and titles of the different knights, they touched the respective shields of the adverse parties, with the reversed end of their spears. They then withdrew; upon which a challenge was offered, in the usual form, by the assailants. Its last words were hardly breathed, when Sir John Perrot, having upraised on the point of his lance the gage of battle which had been thrown on the ground, spurred his steed into the centre of the field, and dashing down his glove, which was instantly taken up by one of the adverse party, he boldly said:—

“Sir Knights! I, on behalf of the defendants of yon Castle, thus answer the defiance we received. I throw down this gauntlet, which whosoever dare take up, shall feel the reproach of their folly, not by breaking a few spears to end the strife, but at tourney, or at what else soever they may dare adventure, for to win the benefit of Beauty!”

Having said this, the Knight reined back his gallant steed, and dexterously gained his former station in the marshalled line of the defendants.

A single trumpet note was heard; at the blast, Haro! Haro! Haro! (14) was shouted by the heralds. The various war-cries of the different

champions, and the names of their mistresses, whose assistance they invoked, seemed to rend the air. But in a few moments, order and silence were restored by command of the heralds, whose voices rose high and distinct as they pronounced the well-known signal,—“*Laisser aller!*” The barriers dropt. The combatants couched their spears, and dashing the rowels into their fiery steeds, with one bold plunge they closed in the centre of the lists. Lance followed lance, and shield met shield; while the shrill notes of the clarions, the din of clashing spears, and the rush of trampling horses, rose in one deafening uproar from the scene of combat.

Amid the clouds of dust which partially shrouded every object, the plumed crests of the Knights, and the streaming pennons affixed to the points of their lances, might be seen, now rising, now sinking with the alternate fortunes of the owners; as their spears striking *cournall* to *cournall* (15) clanged and shivered against the armour of their adversaries. Bursts of applause thundered from assembled thousands.

“Honour to the sons of the brave!” cried the Pursuivants-at-arms.

“*Loyauté aux dames!*” responded the spectators.

“On, valiant Knights ! bright dames and demoiselles behold you ! On to achievement, on !” shouted the noble company of high-born cavaliers and ancient warriors, who watched the deeds of arms, and triumphantly applauded every skilful stroke ; while from the galleries, where

“Ladies’ eyes rain’d influence,”

scarfs were waved by countless fair forms, whose sparkling gaze, strained necks, and heaving bosoms, eloquently told the overpowering interest which they felt in the eventful fortunes of the day.

For some time its fate was dubious. The victors alternately became the conquered, as the challengers or the defendants prevailed in the encounter. On the whole, the attacks of the former were the most successful ; and after various dexterous evolutions and skilful achievements had been performed on both sides, victory seemed on the point of deciding in favour of the challengers, when the Lord of Windsor, while in the act of wheeling round upon his adversary, dropped his sword. This, according to the laws of chivalry, forfeited the prize. At the same instant the Lord Arundel, in joining his opponent, struck the horse instead of the rider, which, in knightly games, was considered as reproachable as actual defeat.



In a paroxysm of disappointment, the discomfited champions withdrew from the lists, where, undaunted by the misfortunes of their companions, the other challengers so vigorously maintained the conflict, that their final triumph was accounted certain; until, in the crisis of their most successful sally, an armed Knight dashed at full gallop through the field, and plunging into the turmoil of the fight, changed its aspect in an instant.

One brandish of his lance was sufficient to throw the assailants into confusion. His single arm shattered six spears, before his adversaries could rally to return a headlong charge, which by its unexpected vigour so astounded them, that after a few vain attempts at retaliation, they retreated from the contest.

“The crowd’s loud shout and ladies lovely glance,”

attested their cordial participation in the triumphs of the conqueror, whose shield, inscribed with the constellation of Ariadne’s crown, culminant in Elizabeth’s nativity, proclaimed the Knight,—Sir Henry Lee, the Queen’s own champion, and the most complete chevalier of the age.

The Monarch lowered her warder. The Marshals of the field confirmed the decree that the action of the Queen decided, and which the public voice pronounced. The attendant squires then

unclosed his casque, and led the gallant Knight to the feet of his Sovereign. From the royal hand the victor received the well-earned meed of his distinguished valour, and gracefully retired from the scene of triumph to his own pavilion, where the forfeited armour and horses of the cavaliers whom he had vanquished were surrendered to the conqueror. Scarcely had the barriers of the lists closed on the figure of Sir Henry Lee, than they re-opened to admit a widely different personage.

Popular feeling is easily induced to change its channel. The sounds of the preceding moment were instantly hushed to silence, and the object which had called them forth appeared to be forgotten, in the interest created by L'Amour, who now, with a contrite air, once more advanced towards the Queen's pavilion; his head wreathed with cypress, his beautiful attire exchanged for a suit of ash-coloured garments, and bearing in his hand an olive branch. The former betokened his humble submission and absolute defeat: the latter typified his desire to propitiate the favour and obtain the pardon of the fair object of his former persecutions. A greater contrast could scarcely be conceived than that which L'Amour's present appearance exhibited to his former one.

With a hesitating step, and eyes bent to the

earth, he slowly advanced to the royal presence, and pressing both hands against his forehead, fell prostrate before the Queen. Her Majesty, with an air of princely dignity which commanded general admiration, signified at the same time her acceptance of the obeisance, and her desire that it should terminate. Upon this, L'Amour arose, and in a tone of tender melancholy, that powerfully appealed to the hearts of the spectators, he thus addressed his august and sovereign Mistress:—

My lyre, in soft seducing measure,  
 Lately breathed the notes of pleasure ;  
 Now 'tis hush'd;—its raptured strain  
 I may not, dare not wake again !  
 The riven chords are tuneless all,  
 The strings in wild disorder fall  
 Around that silent harp, whose tone  
 Was once of Melody the throne.  
 Why is it so?—Oh ! ye that prove  
 The pangs of unrequited love,  
 Can best, I ween, the secret tell,  
 Why even Harmony's rich spell  
 Flings not its magic witch'ries o'er  
 The heart that loves,—but hopes no more !  
 Ye know, that to the soul opprest,  
 E'en Music's balm can bring no rest ;  
 Her heavenly voice,—her notes of fire,  
 In melting murmurings expire,  
 Which as they die, pour forth a flow  
 Of plaintive song, so soft, that Woe  
 Seems breathing from her broken shell

A dirge o'er those who loved too well !  
 If mortals, when bereft of hope,  
 Thus vainly strive with love to cope,  
 What must *He* feel, whose sovereign sway  
 The spheres of Heaven and Earth obey !  
 What must *he* feel, when bliss has fled  
 Despairingly,—when, cold and dead,  
 Joy's fairy wreath, once freshly sweet,  
 Neglected lies. The soul's wild beat  
 No longer thrills to ecstasy !  
 Hope, the Enchantress, flies away  
 On drooping yet on rapid wing,  
 And Sorrow blights the heart's first spring.

When the bloom of feelings warmly pure,  
 Burst into beauty to allure  
 Joy's own enkindling power—L'Amour !

Love's cherub child,  
 So sly, so wild,  
 Came down from his own Heaven,  
 To taste the joy  
 The Paphian boy  
 Had oft to mortals given.

Fluttering bright,  
 His plumes of light  
 Bear him through radiant sphere ;  
 Fraught with pleasure's  
 Dearest treasures,  
 Love upon earth appears !

Before his eyes,  
 A beauteous prize  
 He sees, and aims his dart ;  
 The arrow flies,  
 And rankling lies  
 Within the wounded heart,

Not of the fair,  
 Whose angel air  
 Celestially beguiled :  
*Where* did it rest ?  
 Within the breast  
 Of that imprudent child,

Who little knew,  
 When first he drew  
 The fatal shaft, that all  
 His heavenly art  
 Could not impart  
 One spell to break his thrall !

These airy, thoughtless strains must cease ;  
 They better suit a mind at peace !  
 Princess !—their *moral* now be thine,  
 Their condemnation only *mine*.  
*I* am the daring God that woo'd ;  
*Thou* art the Maid in vain pursued.  
 Vanquish'd I yield ! This olive bough  
 To thee I humbly offer now,  
 In token of the victory  
 Which thou hast gain'd e'en over *me* !  
 I must away.—Yet, scepter'd fair !  
 Before we part, receive this prayer.  
 May all thy hours, without alloy  
 Be pass'd in moments plumed with joy ;  
 Triumphant, happy be the sway,  
 Which Britain's sons with pride obey.  
 And if when Glory's fullest blaze  
 Sheds o'er the land its dazzling rays,  
 Seditious foes should dare unite,  
 To quench the vivifying light ;  
 This be their just, though wretched doom,  
 A dark—unwept—dishonour'd tomb !

Oh ! fare thee well ! Be thou the care  
Of those bright spirits of the air,  
Whose panoply of arms divine,  
Temper'd by infinite design,  
Can shield thee from each mortal blow,  
And lay blood-stain'd Ambition low.  
Such hosts celestial round thee pour  
Their heavenly guardians, to ensure  
The peace of Albion's Queen, secure  
From every foe,—*except L'Amour.*

The brow of the pseudo God relaxed from its oracular solemnity. An arch smile sat on his lip; his eye, erewhile so serious and so supplicating, kindled into animation; and his voice changed its exquisite pathos for a sportive tone, as he uttered the last sentence of his peroration. Those master-words caused the flow of sentiment, which the tide of L'Amour's impassioned strains had previously produced, to ebb away upon the instant, and the returning swell of popular gaiety poured on in a rapid stream of sparkling and resistless buoyancy.

Love, though generally considered neither a profound logician, nor an acute philosopher, is still admitted to be all-powerful in confuting the arguments and in overcoming the opposition of his antagonists. It is his forte to turn aside, by a single touch of his super-human shaft, the reason-

ings of years; thus parrying the influence of those abstract positions of moral truth, which, as if by a conventional agreement, are universally allowed, and as universally disregarded. If then the acmé of eloquence consists in a successful appeal to the passions, L'Amour, however deficient in the substratum of his qualities, must be allowed to possess that highest attribute of rhetoric—the art of persuasion. In acting on the springs of sympathy, and in touching the finest fibres of the heart, he stands unrivalled; and amongst the multitude who watched the movements of the urchin boy on the occasion we have commemorated, many were found, who asserted that his influence had never been more practically illustrated than in the conduct of their Queen. Without examining the philosophy of this deduction, we shall substitute assertion for argument, by declaring the incontrovertible fact, that Elizabeth, so far from seeming displeased at the threat that had been virtually intimated of the future invasion of L'Amour, appeared to evince undisguised delight at the prospect of a renewal of his assaults. This was doubtless caused by the security the maiden felt of being able to repel them, with all that independence of character, firmness of mind, and decision of purpose, for which, on such occasions,

the female sex has ever been remarkable. The supposition, that the moral courage of the Princess might induce her to wish to prove her invulnerability to love, even within the sphere of his actual presence, may also account for the reluctance with which, after having acknowledged her reception of his poetical tribute, Elizabeth licensed the departure of L'Amour.

Amidst a flourish of instruments and shouts of applause, the wily boy, scarcely concealing a significant smile, moved adroitly backwards as he retired from the lists, and thus the pageant was concluded.

Evening was now so fast approaching, that it was judged necessary to close the pleasures of the tilt-yard, — *à l'ostelle! avoid!* was shouted by the heralds, and the lists were cleared. The great trumpet sounded the finale of the day's amusement, and the Queen, with her court, retired to a festival, held in courteous celebration of the prowess of the knights, and the deeds they had performed. At this banquet, the chevaliers who had displayed the greatest valour were seated beneath their embroidered banners,—each son of chivalry having by his side a lady, young and fair. The knights, who had previously exchanged their tilting armour for splendid dresses, better suited to the festive-hall, received innumerable honours



from the minstrels and the heralds who attended at the banquet. Dancing, music, and song, subsequently charmed away the flying hours, and closed the scene of pleasure. All the nobility and the principal gentry, who had attended the tournament, were admitted to a participation of the gaieties we have described.

Entertainments of a less costly but somewhat similar kind, were provided at public expense for the inferior spectators who had shared in the amusement of the morning. After they had enjoyed those chivalric hospitalities, the multitude dispersed, in happy expectation of having the sports of the tilt-yard renewed on the following morning.

## CHAPTER V.

“ This, on his helmet, wore a lady’s glove ;  
 And that, a sleeve embroider’d by his love.”

DRYDEN.

“ The herald enter’d in the lists to draw  
 The bounds prescribed, and state the duel’s law ;  
 While now, impatient throngs demand the fight.”

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

“ I stood  
 Within the tilt-yard, not to take delight  
 Carnal, unpriestly, in the worldly pageant.”

MILMAN’S ANNA BOLEYN.

POPULAR feeling was so far from being exhausted by the exhibitions of the preceding day, that it seemed to have acquired fresh vigour from the excitement that was diffused amongst and expressed by all ranks, for the achievement of the

*joute à plaisance*, which was to terminate the sports of chivalry. After the Queen and her court had taken their places, with the same forms that had been observed on the antecedent morning; and when the gentry and the people were again seated in the galleries, the business of the field commenced. As it was the royal pleasure that only one joust should be performed, the claimants for the privilege of being permitted to tilt before Elizabeth in single combat, were so numerous, that it had been found necessary to decide the question of prerogative right to that honour, by the drawing of lots. This ceremony was performed with the usual formulæ, under the immediate superintendence of the judges of the field and their heralds. Intense anxiety was evinced as to the issue; and when an officer-at-arms announced publickly, that the chances had determined in favour of George Earl of Cumberland, and Fitzwalter Viscount Thurles, loud and reiterated acclamations from all present, testified the peculiar satisfaction which that intelligence produced.

Amidst the ornaments of a court adorned by so many high-minded and adventurous knights, the Earl of Cumberland (16) ranked as one of the most noble and accomplished of the sons of chivalry. Royalty had stamped its sanction on

public opinion, by the following remarkable concession :—

At the conclusion of one of those knightly games, when the Earl had, as usual, given decided proofs of his personal courage and devotion to his liege mistress, he kneeled before Elizabeth, to receive the reward of his prowess. As he stooped to kiss the royal hand, the Queen, either from design or carelessness, dropped her glove. The Peer raising it on the point of his lance, respectfully presented it to his Sovereign. With a gracious air, that intelligibly spoke her sentiments, Elizabeth desired Lord Cumberland to retain the glove, as a pledge of her future favour. The Earl, swayed by a romantic gallantry that was highly characteristic of the manners of the age, evinced his sense of this honour, by causing the trophy to be surrounded with an encirclet of brilliants. At all subsequent tournaments this memorable badge was proudly worn by the Earl of Cumberland, placed in the front of his tilting helm.

The Lord Marshals, after having bound themselves by oath not to assist either champion by sign, word, or deed, during the single combat, ordered the barrier to be thrown open, upon which a train of demi-lancers entered, and arranged themselves into an armed line around the precincts of the lists. The heralds then advanced, and pro-

claimed the laws of the *joute à plaisance*, in the following terms :—

Imprimis—Three courses are to be run ; the first with the pointed lance ; the two others with sharpened swords.

Item—Whoever breaks his lance upon the saddle shall have no prize.

Item—Whoso snappeth a spear across the body, without striking with the point, shall forfeit the prize.

Item—Whoso disableth his opponent, so that he cannot run the next course, is to be considered worthy of three points. But though sharp weapons may be used to strike at length, to stab with shortened swords is forbidden.

Item—Whoso keeps his seat firmly, even though his steed may fall, is not to lose the prize ; especially if by dint of goodly horsemanship, the rider maketh his steed regain his feet. But, whoso bears a man clear out of the saddle, or breaketh a lance three times upon the helm, the same shall win the prize.

Item—To spare any unnecessary shedding of blood, and to avoid the possibility of either champion meeting death in the contest, our good and gracious Queen Elizabeth reserveth to herself the privilege of ending the combat, whensoever her Highness shall judge right to do so. The royal

pleasure touching whereof, shall be made known by the lowering of the Sovereign's warder.

When these laws were announced, the standard-bearers, accoutred in whole armour, accompanied by pursuivants, and displaying the embroidered banners of the parties, entered the tilt-yard. The pursuivants instantly advanced to the tree of honour, and having hung on its branches the bucklers of their Lords, with their words of defiance, and written challenges, proclaimed at full length the knightly achievements and honorary titles of the champions. According to the rules of heraldry, the pieces of armour which the pursuivants had just suspended, were classed under the designations of shields of war and shields of peace. (17) Both were either concave, or convex in their form, having a boss in the centre, in order that any weapon aimed against them might glide off. Shields of war were charged with the arms of a Knight; but those of peace bore only his device. The bucklers that were now hung on the tree of honour were shields of war. The one on which the armorial ensigns of the Earl of Cumberland were depicted, was a concave red and sable shield, and, to use an heraldic term of the age, it was sprinkled with tears of silver. The motto—*Arma, decus, patria, et formosæ numen Elisa*,—was richly emblazoned

on the burnished surface. The other was a white shield, charged with the insignia of the house of Ormond, and speckled with tears of gold. In form it was convex, and round the protuberant boss which rose in the centre of the buckler, the embroidered glove of the Lady Geraldine of Desmond, was conspicuously placed, secured by a chain of emeralds that represented a shamrock wreath. This device was encircled by a scroll, on which the following motto was depicted:—*A` présent le gant, —désormais la main,—en attendant la gloire!*

The adoption of fantastic impresses so universally prevailed, that, except in the minds of the few who were vitally concerned in the allusions and interpretations of those we have described, scarcely any feeling but that of admiration for their singular beauty and ingenuity was created, though the circumstance of both Knights wearing the gloves of their mistresses as their respective badges, invested the bearers with considerable interest. The whole surrounding concourse burst into a peal of applause, when the splendid shields of the champions were affixed upon two boughs, where they swung proudly opposed each to the other. Either squire of the comers then, with the pointed end of his spear, keenly touched the shield of his master's opponent, which, according to the laws of

chivalry, compelled the tenants of the field to strike with sharp weapons. This being done, silence was enforced, and the pause that succeeded was broken only by the shrill cries of the heralds, as they proclaimed at full length the rank and deeds of the champions.

“Come forth, Knights! Come forth!” was shouted by the officers-at-arms. The two gallant Chevaliers instantly issued from their pavilions, and advanced to answer the call, upon which the heralds withdrew from the lists. The Earl of Cumberland was cased in a suit of armour formed of overlapping plates of solid silver. Outside this he wore a surcoat of purple satin, embroidered with his armorial bearings, and richly furred with sable. A scarf was thrown over the right shoulder, under which appeared a cross-hilted engraven sword, and a belt that blazed with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. Beneath this belt hung the *bâton*, and just behind the right hip a splendid poniard, called the dagger of mercy, was worn horizontally. This weapon was so termed, because, though it might be sometimes used, and was, in fact, invented as the instrument of death; yet the conqueror who drew it (18) above a prostrate foe, was compelled, by the laws of knight-hood, to show clemency to the vanquished, if,



rescue or no rescue, he yielded himself to his victor. A silver tilting helmet studded with jewels was crowned with Lord Cumberland's crest, and about it a plume of black and blood-red feathers waved, under which the glove of Elizabeth of England was placed in the centre of its brilliant encirclet. A lance tipped with a coronal completed the accoutrements of the gallant Knight, who now advanced mounted on a small but beautiful Arabian. Close behind the Earl walked his silver-spurred esquire, his foot-page, and his shield-bearer. The head of the latter was uncovered. He held in his left hand a plumed cap of steel; while with the right he led by a golden bridle his Lordship's black war-horse, covered with trappings of broidered white velvet, that extended on each side of the stirrup leathers. The head of the noble animal was adorned with a red and sable plume, that stood upright on the *testiere*; and hanging pendant from the same, waved about the neck, round which a collar of large bells was slung; a mode that had been adopted from the Eastern nations.

The patrel, or breast-plate of the gallant steed, was made of prepared steel, engraven with the armorial bearings of the Knight. The armour of the horse rose so high in front, as to protect the rider,

who consequently needed no other defence below the breast-plate, than short cuisses, and chain-mail on the insteps and feet, to which the golden spurs of knighthood were attached.

The Viscount Thurles was sheathed in a suit of armour that was exquisitely chased, and entirely gilt. His tabard, or long robe of scarlet velvet, was lined and trimmed with fur of ermine. It was sleeveless, open in front, fell in ample folds to the ground, and was marked with his coat of arms, mingled with cognizances and devices. A gorget, studded with jewels, encircled his throat, and his helm of burnished gold was profusely gemmed with precious stones, and surmounted by the Ormond crest,—a falcon within a snow-white plume. Round his Lordship's arm, above the left elbow, was wrapped a *kercheff of plesaunce*—(19) in more modern and intelligible phrase, a silken scarf of emerald green, the chosen colour of his lady-love. A splendid baldrick crossed his breast, and from a belt of corresponding magnificence hung his sword, bâton, and dagger of mercy. A lance garnished with a pennon of blue—the emblem of constancy—and golden chafrons, which were fastened to the chain-mail armour of the feet, completed the equipments of Lord Thurles.

The heir of the house of Ormond, like his noble

adversary, was mounted on a small mettled palfrey, whose spirited action he curbed to a slow but showy movement as he paced into the lists. Rearward came the Knight's esquire, his foot-page, and his *armigero*, or shield-bearer. The latter held his feathered steel bonnet, doffed in one hand, and with the other, led by a jewelled bridle, a milk-white steed, who pawed the earth, tossed on high the snowy plume which waved above the crest upon his head, and loudly neighed, as chafing at restraint he champed the bit and arched his neck, while he curveted through the field. The high-blooded animal was accoutred like that of Lord Cumberland, *à la haute barbe* ; the chanfron, or breast-defence, being formed of steel, in the fashion of an indented ridge, that descended down the head. There was also a grating to protect the eyes. This horse-armour rose upright in front, according to the mode already noticed ; and the high pummelled war-saddle was covered with bases, or draperies of scarlet velvet, fringed with gold, above which the phrase, *la selle d'honneur*, was richly emblazoned. The Ormond cognizances were depicted on the trappings of the steed ; and the green velvet housings were embroidered with devices, sentences, and *poesies*, expressive of the gallant, moral, and chivalrous sentiments of its master.

The visors of both Knights were closed, as they rode abreast towards the Queen's pavilion, where they halted, and at the same instant lowering their lances to the earth, did homage to the Sovereign. The dignified address with which this loyal duty was performed called forth the unanimous applause of the spectators, while showers of nosegays and chaplets were flung from the galleries by the fair array of England's beauties. These vernal favours were acknowledged by repeated bows on the part of the champions, who having made a sudden wheel, moved with knightly pride around the lists in opposite directions. After they had gracefully performed the full circuit of the arena, the Knights met at the tree of honour, where reining in their palfries, they dismounted.

The judges of the field here examined the saddles and measured the long tilting spears of the champions. The latter were found of a similar length and temper; and the Lord Marshals having ascertained that, in all other respects, the parties met on equal terms, returned the lances, which were grasped and lightly poised by the Knights in their left hands, as they dexterously dropped them into the rests. The squires then taking down the champions' bucklers from the tree of honour, presented them to their respective masters.

The laws of chivalry prohibited, on peril of life, that any man should come within a flight shot of the combatants; excepting the Lord Marshals, the Trumpeters of the field, and the Esquires, who bore the complement of arms that might be required during the fortunes of the encounter. These individuals having performed the due ceremonials, retired to their allotted posts.

With intense interest, the multitude fixed an eager gaze on the champions, as hanging their shields on the bridle arm, they vaulted on their steeds, and simultaneously reined them backwards, until each cavalier gained his station beside his banner, at the opposite extremities of the lists. Here, for an instant, the two brave Knights sat with lance in rest, statue-like, upon their saddles, and in fearless silence glared defiance on each other. A trumpet sounded from one end of the lists, and was responded from the opposite quarter. When it ceased, the loud voice of the pursuivant was heard to cry,—

“*Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!* Here stand two noble and right gallant Knights, Thomas Earl of Cumberland, and Fitzwalter Viscount Thurles, heir presumptive to the Earl of Ormond, both ready to darrain themselves in fair and open combat.

Chevaliers! propose and answer to your challenges. *Faites vos dévoirs* for the meed of *chevisaunce!*"

The Earl of Cumberland here dashed forwards, and throwing down his steel gauntlet, arrogantly said:—

"Sir Knight, dare you contend with me for this day's prize? He who prevails shall stand the first in arms, and, by right of conquest, shall maintain with lance and sword the peerless beauty of his Mistress!"

The Viscount Thurles raised his adversary's glove, as thus he answered the defiance:—

"I accept the gage of combat, and am prepared to meet your utmost prowess. Let victory decide the trial. So help me Heaven and my Lady-love!"

The noble chevalier uttered these words in a voice as loud and clear as the trumpet's sound, which, when the herald had exclaimed "*Laisser aller!*" pealed the note of onset.

The earth trembled beneath the horses' feet, when with a dreadful shock, the champions closed in combat. The sky echoed the crash of their lances, which flew into a thousand shivers at the first assault. Dashing aside the fragments, and drawing their swords, the Knights tournayed their horses, and rushed upon each other with redoubled vigour.

The Earl of Cumberland aimed a blow at the shield of his antagonist; but Lord Thurles, whirling in a rapid circle, evaded the descending blade, and in his turn directed his sword towards the crest of his adversary. It fell flat against the frontlet of the helm with such force, that it flashed fire. The Earl's red and sable plume dropped to the earth, but the casque resisted the stroke with the strength of adamant; and the gallant Cumberland, recovering from a shock which had nearly hurled him from his saddle, rushed on his rival with such headlong force, that the horses of both champions, running foul of each other, fell in the struggle. Yet the riders kept their seats, as with hand and spur they tried to raise and extricate their coursers.

That of the Lord Thurles, with a desperate plunge, more than half regained its feet; but at the same instant, the guiding steel rein snapped asunder, and the left leg of the horse getting tangled in the trappings, the noble animal fell upon its haunches. Still the Viscount kept his saddle; but at this eventful moment, his opponent's steed sprung on its feet, and the Earl, availing himself of the advantage which his rival's accident afforded, aimed a desperate blow at his shield, which, from bearing the glove of Lady Geraldine, was as much

the special object of Lord Thurles's care, as it seemed to be the main mark towards which Cumberland's assaults were chiefly directed.

Notwithstanding the prodigious disadvantage under which he laboured, Thurles, by dexterously throwing back the shield behind his helmet, secured it from the impending stroke, which, thus diverted from its aim, fell sidelong on his left shoulder, exactly where the cuirass and the gorget were united. From the joints of the plated mail, a stream of blood was seen to issue, and the wounded Knight appeared to reel upon his saddle.

The sword of Cumberland had shivered to the hilt, and he galloped backwards to receive another. The Monarch moved her hand, as if about to name him victor of the day. The public voice was on the point of breaking forth to sanction the decision: but for a second there *was* silence, and in that pause, a solitary shriek of agony rung round the lists.

Through the bars of his visor, the eye of Thurles, following the sound, was raised to an obscure corner of the gallery, where it rested on a pale female form, towards whom the general gaze was turned, as her thick veil fell to the ground, at the moment when she sunk on the shoulder of a man robed in a black garb, who sat beside her.



“Geraldine and victory!” burst from the Lord Thurles, whose arm, suddenly nerved to superhuman strength, recovered his fallen steed; and without the aid of curb or rein, he careered against his rival with such skill, that the blow which hurled the sword from the hand of Cumberland, unhorsed him on the spot, and laid him senseless on the field.

For an instant, and an instant only, the conqueror stayed his uplifted blade above the proud trophy that graced the Earl’s helm, and which might now have been transferred by the victorious champion to his own sword’s point. Respect for the feelings of his Sovereign, was sufficient to deter him from the act; but independent of that sentiment, the generous spirit of Lord Thurles disdained the vulgar triumph of pursuing his advantage one iota farther than was necessary to decide the issue of the contest. Therefore, sheathing his sword amid the cheers of thousands, his Lordship dismounted from his horse, at the moment when the squire-at-arms and the pages of the Earl of Cumberland bore their fainting master from the lists.

The Sovereign was then obliged to give the signal which decreed the honours of the field to the Lord Thurles. Admiration of his courtesy

and valour fired every breast; and all whom the laws of the tournament permitted to do so, crowded round the hero of the day, to offer their unanimous congratulations. Almost insensible to the applauses which poured in on every side, as well as to the loud huzzas of the multitude, the victor fixed his strained gaze on the bench where he had seen the Lady Geraldine. She was gone; but a parting glance which he caught of her retreating figure, assured the Knight that the mistress of his heart had been the witness of his triumph. Consoled by that conviction, he regained his self-command, and bowed, with graceful and unaffected modesty, to the animated acclamations with which he was hailed by the surrounding spectators. Declining surgical aid as unnecessary, Lord Thurles staunched the blood that still flowed from his wound, by wrapping his scarf round his shoulder, and prepared to obey the voices of the heralds, who having in the usual form proclaimed his triumph, summoned his Lordship to approach the seat of royalty, to receive from the hand of the monarch of England the reward of a valiant, true, and noble knight.

The lists were then cleared by the heralds, who vociferated the cries "Avoid! avoid! avoid!" which were ordinarily used for that purpose.

The marshals of the field, and a gorgeous train of heralds, the deep echoes of whose clarions heightened the grand effect of the scene, now advanced to attend Lord Thurles, while he walked across the lists towards the Queen's pavilion. When the Viscount reached the station, every sound was hushed, and an unbroken silence reigned, as the victorious champion, surrounded by his brilliant retinue, kneeled before Elizabeth.

By order of the marshals, his helm was unlaced and removed from the head of the gallant knight, whose golden hair then fell in clustering profusion round the gorget of his armour.

His manly countenance was pale when the casque was first upraised; but suddenly it flushed with an intense glow, produced either by the pardonable elation of the instant, or else by a revulsion of blood, the consequence of recent and violent exertion. Owing to one or other of those causes, the noble features of Lord Thurles were suffused with crimson, at the moment when he bent his head at the feet of his Sovereign.

The colour of Elizabeth also vividly rose, and the wild passions of her nature seemed on the point of bursting forth; but mastering her agitation, she compelled herself to assume a stately air of cold and supercilious dignity, when throwing

the diamond chain around Lord Thurles's neck, she said :—

“ Sir Knight, whereas your valour hath been staunchly proved in open field, we award to you the prize of this day's single combat. Like as our late love-stricken Surrey (20) saw in a mystic glass the charms of his ‘ more than celestial Geraldine,’ so we (howbeit unenlightened by the wizard's art,) joy to survey that spotless name, reflected from a lady's glove, upon the mirror of *your* shield ;—the three-leaved emblem of our *faithful* subject-Isle, which bravely decks it in a chain, whose every link we needs must deem a step of loyalty, bespeaks your warm devotion to our realm and self ; wherefore, to admonish you to wear with honour the meed of prowess which we now bestow, methinks would but gainsay our royal wisdom.”

The stinging irony of this speech, and, still more, its allusion to the accomplished Earl of Surrey, caused a general consternation. That gallant noble's melancholy fate upon the scaffold, where, by the sentence of the tyrant Henry, he had expiated with his blood his only fault—the crime of excellence,—was fresh in the recollection of all present. Exactly in proportion to the various pretensions and relative characters of the assembled courtiers, were the different emotions which worked within

their souls, and were partially expressed upon their features. Lord Thurles alone was calm and collected, though the proud spirit of his race lightened from his eye, when in dignified silence, he kissed the hand of the Queen, pressed to his heart the reward she had bestowed, and bowed a low but somewhat haughty homage as he rose to retire.

The penetration of Elizabeth instantly detected those symptoms of envious malevolence which her recent conduct had so effectually gratified. Her mind, jealous and vehement in all its operations, was forcibly roused to maintain its authority, by exercising a despotic sway even over those passions to which she had administered a powerful excitement. Anxious to preserve, at the same time, her own independence and an air of strict impartiality, the Princess threw a scrutinizing glance round the courtly circle, as with startling energy she said :—

“ God’s death, my Lords ! we pray you to discourse the inward speculations that your eyes bespeak ; then, peradventure, we may chance to comprehend their issue ; which we with shamefacedness declare, is past our maidenly intelligence. What, silent all ! On the word of a Queen, it is but justice that ye should dispense those seeds of

wisdom that, certes, must supply the granaries of your wits with marvellous surmises.—Sir Knight,” added Elizabeth with an altered and winning expression, addressing the Lord Thurles, “we give you special bidding to our royal banquet, and commend you to exchange the armour you have honourably borne, for a dightly suit more meet for idle revels. Perchance, the spur of goodly cheer may move the mettle of these lordlings to the stir of words, if not of worth. We now break up the field, and end these courtly triumphs.”

Saying this, the Princess elevated, and then lowered the regal staff of command; when her whole retinue moved to attend upon the Sovereign, as rising from her seat, she signified her intention to retire to the banqueting-hall, where a splendid repast had been prepared. Standing in the midst of her court, Elizabeth paused, and again cast her eyes upon Lord Thurles. With marked respect, the Viscount laid his hand on his breast, and bowed at once his parting homage and his acceptance of the royal invitation with which he had been honoured; then springing on the charger that a page in waiting held, the Knight adroitly backed from the presence with all the precision of a military manœuvre. The Queen, still standing, assumed an air of decided interest

as she watched the address with which this equestrian feat was performed. When Thurles passed the barrier, and retired into the inclosure where his tent was pitched, the Queen turned to the Lord of Ormond, who had hitherto been a silent but most anxious witness of the scene, and for an instant resting her hand upon his arm, Elizabeth, with a smile of peculiar meaning, uttered a low, emphatic sentence. It was inaudible to every ear except that of the person to whom it was addressed, but the import could not be mistaken. The gracious air of the Princess, as, in a soft under voice, she whispered the words; and the grateful glow which illuminated the intelligent countenance of Ormond, while he listened in mute attention, told their favourable character.

Discontent was legibly written on the brow of the Earl of Leicester, and on the features of those other courtiers, whose feelings of transient triumph now merged into the humiliating consciousness of slighted pretensions and mortified vanity. Apparently regardless of their passions and prejudices, the Queen, with wonderful dissimulation, concealing her own sentiments and purposes, assumed an unembarrassed air, as with her proud train she retreated into the interior of her castle, amidst a burst of martial symphonies, the

sounds of which were almost lost in the gratulating shouts of thousands.

The point of chivalry, which intimated that the feats of arms were over, was given by the trumpet of the herald. The order, "*ployer vos bannières!*" was issued and obeyed. With the usual formularies, the tilt-yard was then cleared of all intruders, and the multitude, delighted with the festivities they had enjoyed, vacated the galleries, and after having partaken of bountiful refreshments, returned to their homes in a quiet and orderly manner.

The nobles of Great Britain, among whom Lord Ormond and our hero were particularly distinguished by royal courtesy, attended the banquet, which was protracted by so many complex ceremonials of princely magnificence, that it was not until a very late hour that Lord Thurles found it possible to retire from the brilliant scene. As victor of the day, he had taken precedence of all the knights and nobles present. The highest place of honour at the festival had been allotted him. There, seated beneath his silken and emblazoned banner, with, as was the custom of the time, a favourite falcon perched on a golden pole above his head, Lord Thurles had received the most distinguished courtesies of chivalry.



Minstrels had attuned their harps and raised their songs in eulogy of his valour. Herald's had proclaimed the glories of his line; and as a climax to the celebration of his triumph, the fairest of the ladies at the festival had thanked him in a courteous speech, for the feats of arms he had that day performed; which address concluded with a wish, that "such a valorous cavalier (21) might have much joy and worship with his lady."

"The victory was entirely owing to the favour of my mistress, which I wore upon my shield!" replied Lord Thurles, gracefully bowing his acknowledgments to all around.

This was the established phrase and form of returning thanks at a chivalric festival; for it was a paramount law, that a knight should testify his devotion to his lady-love, and exalt her honour upon every possible occasion, but more particularly at the ceremonies connected with a joust, or tournament. Of this the Lord of Ormond was of course aware; and yet when his son, with the faith of a true lover, and a valiant chevalier, made the customary acknowledgment, a sudden flush crossed the Earl's brow, of a tint as deep as if it had been caused by the insult of a mortal foe. The feeling seemed more than reciprocated by the Virgin Queen, who interchanged a glance of the

deepest meaning with the Lord of Ormond. The well-practised eyes of some of the company noted the circumstance; but the majority heeded it not; and continued to enjoy the pleasures that surrounded them, with unabated zest.

In many of those gaieties Lord Thurles was obliged to take a leading part; but at length he effected his escape, and fearful of a recall, was rapidly crossing one of the open courts which led to his chamber in the royal Palace, when the noise of hurried footsteps, that seemed to pursue his own, caused the Viscount to stop and turn round with a glance of proud inquiry. The moonlight fell full on the agitated features of Lord Ormond, who caught and grasped the hand of his son in strong emotion. A moment was suffered to elapse in death-like silence. It was first broken by the Lord of Ormond; and there was something almost awful in the firm yet melancholy tone in which he said:—

“Thurles, I have braced my mind for what this day’s events have led me to expect. I cannot bear suspense; now tell me all!”

“I will; blessed be God, the moment has arrived when I may dare to do so! Yesterday, I tried in vain to find an opportunity to speak on what engrosses all my thoughts.—Enter!” said the Vis-

count, throwing open the door of his apartment, which he had just reached. It closed on the father and son, and a conversation of soul-harrowing interest ensued, the general tenour and results of which we shall communicate in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

“ He gives the word, and mutiny soon roars  
In all her gates, and shakes the distant shores.”

COWPER.

*Arbace.* “ Oh comando! Oh partenza!  
Oh momento crudel che mi divide  
Da colei, per cui vivo, e non m’uccide!

*Artabano.* Figlio!—Arbace!

*Arbace.* Signor!”

METASTASIO.

“ If thou rememb’rest not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved.”

SHAKSPEARE.

AS it is not our purpose to detail at full length the conversation which took place between the Earl of Ormond and his son, we shall content ourselves with stating, that after an agitated discussion, during which Lord Thurles avowed his love

for Lady Geraldine, as well as all the events that had conspired to create and to confirm it, the following results ensued from the important interview.—

The Earl of Ormond well knew the noble decision of his son's character, and therefore considered it quite fruitless to combat with a passion which seemed rooted in the fibres of his heart, or to attempt to eradicate it. The Earl took a middle and an abler course. Trusting that future circumstances might effect either a radical change in the situation of the parties, or a final separation between them, he confined himself to displaying, in the strongest colours, the extreme danger which must accrue to Lord Thurles, and all with whom he was connected, if, under the then state of public affairs, he attempted to bring his attachment for our heroine to the issue he desired.

Lord Ormond's object was to gain time. The Earl's only chance of succeeding on that point consisted in his holding out some grand inducement, sufficiently powerful to persuade his son to suffer his suit to lie, as it were, in abeyance for a certain period. With that address of which Ormond was a consummate master, he dwelt on those several positions that were best calculated to prove the strength of his arguments, and to for-

ward his own particular views. Far from irritating Thurles by a high display of parental authority, his Lordship joined him in all the enthusiastic encomiums which he passed on the mental and personal perfections of the Lady Geraldine, and studiously avoided coming to extremities, in offering any violent opposition to the feelings that his son so unequivocally avowed. But having done this, the Earl drew a vigorous sketch of the factions which were formed, and the contests that had already commenced in Ireland. Lord Ormond was deeply versed in the politics of the Court of London. He knew that Government had received despatches fraught with the alarming intelligence, that Sir James Fitz-Maurice, enraged at the continued imprisonment of the Desmond and his brother, had openly declared war against England, and had sown the seeds of disaffection so successfully, that the Earls of Clancarthy and Thomond, with many of the Geraldines of Munster, and some powerful Anglo-Irish nobles, had joined the insurrectionary party.

Sir James Fitz-Maurice was an enterprising, brave, and persevering man. He was more conspicuous for physical courage than for mental ability; yet, however destitute of the higher energies of a superior soul, he possessed a boldness of character,

which gave him considerable influence over that class of weak and ignorant persons who must ever form the main body of a revolutionary faction.

With the talented, the great, and the powerful, Fitz-Maurice was valued as a steppingstone to individual aggrandizement, or as a tool that might be efficiently employed in breaking down the barriers of established institutions, and in promoting the designs which political expediency suggested as necessary for the re-establishment of civil and religious liberty. Those circumstances produced a conformity of measures between the enlightened and the vulgar; his enterprising genius gained him the confidence of both. Recent events were calculated to establish Fitz-Maurice's authority, to confirm his popularity, and to raise his reputation for political wisdom, to a higher point than it ever had been expected to attain. His capacity was now deemed, by many, almost equal to the trust reposed in him, because he had conducted a negotiation with Tirlough O'Neal, the Chief of Tirowen, so ably, that the latter had pledged himself to unite with the confederacy, formed under the plea of defending the national independence of Ireland.

This was not all. Pius the Fifth had fulminated a papal bull (22) of excommunication against

the Queen of England, absolving her subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and commanding them to resist her usurpation, under pain of incurring an anathema.

This proceeding had set the Irish nation all on fire to overturn the Government of a Princess whom the Church of Rome denounced as an apostate, and placed under the ban of its ecclesiastical interdict. Victory, in several instances, had attended the efforts of Fitz-Maurice and his adherents. At Kilmallock he had defeated the forces of the President of Munster. He had also attacked and laid waste the lands of the English settlers; and devastating a great part of Waterford, Wexford, and Ossory, the triumphant Fitz-Maurice had carried war and desolation even to the gates of Dublin.

These successes not only induced many of the former adversaries of the English authority to join the Catholic faction, but awoke the zeal and engaged the services of Sir Edmund and Sir Peter Butler, the brothers of the Earl of Ormond, who, more from private pique to the Lord Deputy, than from patriotic motives, leagued themselves with the ancient enemies of their house, and had openly espoused the cause of Ireland.

With the majority of those circumstances Lord



Thurles was acquainted. He was also aware of his father's intention to tender his services to suppress the Irish war, and to enforce, if he could not persuade, Sir Edmund and Sir Peter Butler to return to their allegiance to the Crown of England. But our hero was not yet admitted into the deepest state manœuvres of the cabinet council. Hence he was absolutely ignorant of the measure which the ministers of Elizabeth had taken, in sending a private deputation to Sir James Fitz-Maurice, (23) empowered with propositions of peace from the British throne. It was equally unknown to Lord Thurles, that an answer had been returned by Sir James Fitz-Maurice, offering his promise to discontinue hostilities, provided that the Queen of England ceased her persecution of the Irish Catholics, and consented to release the Desmond and his brother John from their confinement in the Tower of London. A committee of the members of the Privy Council had met in the Star Chamber, to deliberate on the propriety of acceding to this stipulation.

The dangerous designs of Philip, and the formidable plots he was suspected of negotiating with his foreign allies against the British Crown; the civil contests which the opposers of episcopacy seemed disposed to make in England; and the va-

rious perils that surrounded Elizabeth, in consequence of the odium that attended her ungenerous treatment of the Queen of Scots, reduced ministers, at this crisis, to such extremities, that it was pretty evident that political necessity must compel them to accede to the proposal of Sir James Fitz-Maurice. To comply with his requisition appeared the best means of terminating the commotions of Ireland, and of restoring tranquillity to that country.

The case admitted of no alternative, and the liberation of the Earl of Desmond was an act already resolved upon. As yet, however, the intended measure was known only to a few of the Queen's ablest and most confidential ministers, who had determined not to acknowledge it publicly for some weeks, and, in the meantime, had unanimously agreed to preserve the strictest secrecy upon the subject.

As the resolutions of the Council were absolutely taken, it was no longer in the power of any individual to change them. But, ever cool and self-possessed, Lord Ormond at once perceived the advantage that our hero's ignorance of the decision of the Star Chamber presented in the predicament to which the Earl found himself reduced; and after some hesitation, and much mental debate, he determined to conquer his scruples

on the subject, and to act as he persuaded himself his parental duty, and the critical nature of the case required. His Lordship took his resolution; and, having prefaced what he had to say, with prudential ingenuity, he proposed to his son that he would himself become the Desmond's mediator with the Queen, and would pledge his honour for the instant liberation of the Chieftain and Sir John Desmond, provided that Thurles would consent to bind himself not to hold any personal or epistolary intercourse with the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald for the space of one year. At the expiration of that time, the Earl offered to take the subject of their union into consideration; and hinted that, if circumstances rendered it possible, he would then yield an assent to the completion of our hero's fondly cherished hopes.

This was the first departure from perfect sincerity of which Lord Ormond had ever been guilty. To leave the path of candour, even to arrive at a temporizing expedient, which seemed to present the best and only preservative against impending danger, cost him a severe pang. But the Earl of Ormond was no longer at the age when the heart, if unperverted, generally acts with the warm impulse of a free, open, and guileless daring. He was hackneyed in the ways of courts and men.

Nothing sooner destroys the first fine freshness of the mind, or misleads it more effectually from the road of truth, than to have qualities of deceit, and situations of entanglement, perplexity, and hazard, playing, continually before the eye, in the multifarious business of public life. Yet it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to have found one among the practised statesmen of the day, who had preserved the basis of his character, and its substantial integrity, so much uninjured as Lord Ormond. His present conduct was, indeed, the only instance which could be discovered in the whole career of the Earl's life, indicative of his having laid aside the virtues of sincerity and truth, to serve his private purposes. It was a lamentable proof of the frail passions and evil propensities which will be found to mingle in the noblest specimens of human nature.

The process of thought was overwhelming in its operation on Lord Thurles's mind. The temptation of the Desmond's release from a long and painful captivity, as proposed to be effected through the agency of Ormond, presented a seducing vision to the Viscount's fancy, when associated with the rapture which he knew that event would bring to the heart of his idolized and suffering Geraldine. Thurles felt as if a mo-

nitor from the depths of his soul warned him not to allow selfish views to cloud the only prospect which could throw a gleam of brightness over the fate of the Chieftain and his daughter. It seemed as if he saw the tears of his beloved, and heard her sobs, and listened to her voice, imploring him to save her father. Could he resist her claims? Could he refuse to be her deliverer from a prison, where, in solitude and sorrow, she was pining through existence in a hopeless degradation? There was madness in the thought. It worked a change over his spirit. He resolved to concentrate the force and energy of his faculties, and to employ them all in the promotion of Geraldine's happiness, even should it be purchased by the immolation of his own; then yielding to one of those instantaneous revulsions of feeling, in which opposite emotions so strangely succeed each other, Thurles's ardent spirit broke through the barriers of the future, and, full of confidence, depicted the moment when he might claim the reward of his present forbearance, in the consummation of his dearest hopes. He was not obliged to give up Geraldine for ever. One year was the term fixed for the period of his probationary sufferings; and yet, that dreaded twelvemonth seemed an absolute eternity of wretchedness. The Viscount's heart

again sickened; and an undefined terror of that temporary separation leading to a final one, filled his mind with anguish, and deprived him of power to weigh the arguments of Ormond, or to fix his eye upon the future. He recoiled with dismay at the thought of all he must relinquish, if he gave the promise that was required. His bosom swelled almost to bursting, and he felt as if his spirit died within him.

While those torturing reflections were passing through Lord Thurles's mind, his manner betrayed symptoms of deep and violent agitation. With rapid steps he traversed his apartment, as if trying to curb the intensity of his feelings; at other times yielding to their power, he addressed his father with all the eloquence of passion, and in terms that harrowed Lord Ormond's heart, implored him to relinquish a scheme that would consign the son he loved to misery and despair. The Earl, though deeply touched, was firm. He forbore any ill-timed effort to assuage Lord Thurles's anguish, and only regarded him from time to time with looks of affectionate pity. At length, completely exhausted, the Viscount threw himself upon a couch; covering his face with both hands, he pressed his throbbing temples against the arm of the sofa, and sunk into a passive state that almost

resembled that of stupefaction. This was the natural consequence of the feverish excitement which had swayed his mind while endeavouring to grasp, and to examine all the bearings of the important offer which his father had proposed. Hours passed away, and still Thurles lay cold and motionless upon the couch, seeming unable to summon courage sufficient to come to the required decision.

Lord Ormond was deeply affected by the intensity of such suffering. He gently approached, and breathing words of consolation, tried to rouse his wretched son from this state of overpowering abstraction. Again the Earl reiterated his assurance, that so far from requiring Thurles to resign the Lady Geraldine, he only urged a short and temporary separation, from a conviction of its being the surest means of forwarding the interests of the Viscount's love, together with the happiness of its object; and, as the climax of his argument, Ormond went so far as to hint, in stronger terms than before, that when the political storms of Ireland had passed away, peace and love might shed their united influences on Lord Thurles's fate. Our hero returned the ardent pressure of his father's hand, and with a forced deliberation of manner, that was even more affecting than his previous distraction, he told the Earl of the meeting

which he had prevailed on Geraldine to grant the following evening. This interview, he peremptorily refused to relinquish, and in terms equally decided he declined pledging himself to any future line of conduct, until after it had taken place. At the same time Thurles promised solemnly to acquaint the Lady Geraldine with the proposal of Lord Ormond, and the requisition that had been annexed to it. By her opinions, the Viscount declared that his own decision must be mainly formed, adding, that on the day succeeding the intermediate one, Ormond should receive his final answer.

In vain the Earl entreated his son to abandon the agitating scene, which must attend the meeting that he meditated. Equally futile were his Lordship's efforts to persuade our hero to take the resolution he advised, without consulting the wishes, or appealing to the opinions of the Lady Geraldine. Unmoved by the strength and point of his father's representations, Thurles preserved his independent power of action, with a fortitude and dignity which obliged Lord Ormond to desist from any farther attempts at expostulation. The Earl was obliged to submit; and shortly afterwards he left his unhappy son to pour out the miseries of his heart in the silence of solitude.

Before we close this chapter, we must retrograde



a little, to observe, that the person who attended the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald, on the memorable occasion of the tournament, was the Doctor Dee.

The following reasons had prompted him to offer his services, and had impelled our heroine to accept them. The jealous vigilance of Elizabeth, and the artifices which she delighted to employ in tracing the bearings of a subject, from the first hint of its intention to a full discovery of its scope, are too well known to require any comment. It is therefore sufficient to say, that, actuated by her ruling passions, the Queen, who was by no means satisfied with the report of Dee respecting the conversation which his spy had overheard between Lord Thurles and the Lady Geraldine, had commanded the astrologer to induce, or if necessary to enforce, our heroine to attend the tournament. This was done in the hope of obtaining some ocular proof of the exact state of the mutual feelings of the lovers. Amongst the varied fortunes of the tilt, Elizabeth calculated that some such event as that which did occur, would publicly reveal the situation of the parties, to a greater extent than any other proceeding could possibly effect. We have seen the success which attended this manœuvre. It now only remains for us to narrate the means by which

the Doctor Dee contrived to succeed in his scheme, and to account for the acquiescence to his overture, which Lady Geraldine had granted.

From the conversation that our heroine had held with the dwarf, prior to her last visit to the dwelling of the astrologer, the wily Dee concluded, that the same desire which she then evinced to keep her father's mind undisturbed by any communication that was likely to inflict additional perturbation on his spirits, had most probably prevented a disclosure of the particulars of her interview with the Queen, at the tower of the astrologer. He consequently hoped that his own treachery, which had not been absolutely proved to Geraldine herself, was wholly unsuspected by the Chieftain. Strong characters depend upon themselves. Decided by the considerations we have stated, Dee resolved on the bold measure of visiting the Desmond, and of obtaining his consent to our heroine's attendance at the tournament. Geraldine had learned from her farther, that in the then critical situation of public affairs, he was determined to repose no political confidence in any person residing near the English Court; she had therefore judged it unnecessary to put the Desmond on his guard against the Doctor Dee, by revealing those circumstances

which caused her to doubt his sincerity. Geraldine was well aware that the Chieftain would never hold any intercourse with the astrologer, without her knowledge. This decided her. She considered that at any time, when a necessity appeared rendering it indispensable that her father should be informed of the suspicions which she entertained of Doctor Dee, she could communicate them instantly. In the interim, our heroine resolved not to add to the disquiet of the Earl, by a discovery of her apprehensions.

Thus, being kept in ignorance of every thing that was likely to attach a doubtful shade to the character of Dee, it is not astonishing that the Chieftain received his unexpected visit as a mark of friendship and good feeling. True to his original resolve, however, the Desmond was cautiously reserved in the few political remarks which passed his lips. Geraldine, in agonized apprehension, watched every word, determining, at the first objectionable one, to end the conversation by the decided measure of avowing her belief of Dee's deceit and treachery. But to this she was not obliged. To her inexpressible relief, the astrologer, after having adverted slightly to the posture of public affairs, changed the subject, and with an appearance of much friendly interest, ex-

pressed his regrets at the evidently declining state of Lady Geraldine's health. From this, he passed adroitly to a mention of the great splendour which was expected to attend the approaching tournament. The transition was then easy, to a proposal to escort our heroine thither. This was done in the best manner. With a kindness that seemed to spring from the liveliest interest, Dee offered his services as the safe and watchful guardian of the Lady Geraldine; adducing a thousand plausible reasons to support his prophecy of the benefits which her spirits must derive from an acceptance of his invitation. To meet the Desmond's objection to the publicity of the tourney, and to obviate the reluctance he expressed, to the Lady Geraldine being seen adorning an entertainment of Elizabeth's court, Dee speedily recollected, that his own conviction of the impropriety, which the world would attach to any member of his sacred profession who should be known to mingle amidst the frivolities of such a festive scene, had induced him to secure for his private use a remote corner of the gallery, where it was nearly, if not absolutely impossible, that he or his companion could be discovered.

On hearing this, the Desmond (who, it will be

remembered, harboured no suspicion of his visitor's insincerity), urged, we might almost say commanded, his daughter to accompany the Doctor Dee; exulting in the hope, that the sight of a novel and brilliant spectacle would give a stimulus to the depressed spirits of his beloved child. After what had passed, Geraldine could not avoid feeling a great distrust of the astrologer, and a consequent reluctance to place herself under his protection; to which was superadded the dread of being discovered at the tournament by the Queen, Lord Ormond, or Thurles himself. But how could she continue to decline acceding to the peremptory wishes of her father, and the importunities of Dee, without exposing the causes of her doubt and apprehension? Besides, a much stronger motive influenced her determination: her own heart assailed her with solicitations, too powerful to be resisted; it whispered, that for idle fears, and still idler punctilio, she ought not to resign her only chance of seeing the beloved of her soul, amid a scene that, to her anxious mind, seemed fraught with danger; and which must either cover him with defeat, or crown him with glory. She thought of the wretched interval that must elapse before she could learn the fate of Thurles in the fortunes of the tournament. The idea was intolerable; it

ended her irresolution ; she consented to accompany the Doctor Dee. Is it surprising that Geraldine should have yielded to the dictates of her heart ? Let those who have ever loved, decide the question.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Angelo.* "Why was I born  
The heir of the Colonna? Why art thou  
Rienzi's daughter? What a world of foes,  
Stern scorn, and fiery pride, and cold contempt,  
Are ranged betwixt us twain; yet love and time---  
Be faithful, mine own Claudia---time and love!

*Claudia.* Alas, alas!"

RIENZI.

"Such subtile cov'nants shall be made,  
Till peace itself is war in masquerade."

DRYDEN.

"'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh,  
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word---farewell!--farewell!"

LORD BYRON.

"Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts."

SHAKSPEARE.

GERALDINE and Thurles met. To give a minute account of their long and miserable interview is unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that the issue was propitious to the wishes of Lord Ormond. GERALDINE

dine struggled against her feelings, as if they were her worst and most dangerous foes. She stemmed the torrent of emotion;—she resisted the impassioned pleadings of her lover;—she supported the pangs of a wretchedness that was augmented by the tender reproaches with which he assailed her; and, more than all, she withstood the silent reproof that at other times shot from his eye, in a look that was more affecting than the strongest entreaties which his lip could have uttered.

But Geraldine laboured for an ascendancy over Thurles and herself: she was successful. Though the deep agitation of her soul fettered the words, she was enabled to pronounce her resolution to abide the bitter trial which Lord Ormond had proposed, and to adjure his son, under pain of incurring her everlasting displeasure, to acquiesce in the same decree. It was a dreadful moment, yet our heroine was firm. Her deathlike colour, her half-choked voice, her trembling frame, as she uttered the irrevocable sentence, too well attested the conflict that she suffered. Thurles could not upbraid, still less could he distrust the full affection of such love, or refuse to comply with its commands. He folded Geraldine to his heart, in a long, agonized embrace, and,—they parted.

After a short time, orders were given for the



liberation of the Earl and Sir John of Desmond : while terms of peace, subject to the Queen's approval, were drawn for his signature, and that of Sir James Fitz-Maurice.

These proceedings being arranged, a command from the Throne summoned the Desmond (24) and his brother to appear before the presence of her Majesty, prior to their departure for their native land.

Elizabeth received them with an air of gracious protection. She was surrounded by her ablest counsellors ; and nothing was omitted which could confer a specious and imposing appearance on the ceremonials of the audience.

In a pedantic exordium, the Sovereign announced to the assembly her royal pleasure, that the state trial of the Desmond, which had commenced in the Westminster Hall, and had been postponed *sine die*, should never be renewed.

For this declaration no specific reason was assigned. *La Reine le veut*. That rule, which was formed on laws as despotic, though perhaps not as resolvable into the principles of *critical* justice, as those of the Stagyrite, was the only one that was advanced to support the determination of the Queen, who ended by exhorting the Chieftain and Sir John to atone for their former

political delinquencies, by promoting her intended measures for the pacification of Ireland, through the exertion of their all-powerful influence, which she desired might be directed toward the suppression of those symptoms of rebellion that were yet exhibited in that unhappy country.

In a spirited reply, the Desmond disclaimed the charge of having ever risen in opposition to lawful authority. He treated the accusation as a calumny invented by his enemies for his destruction; and appealed to the evidence of centuries as recorded in the page of history, to attest the loyalty of his ancestors to the throne of England. He repeated; that it formed no part of his intentions to deviate from the great example of his predecessors; but he contended that there was a wide distinction between an allegiance to the crown, and a base submission to the despotism of its agents. The evils that had flowed from their monstrous abuses, the Chieftain depicted with the eloquence of truth. He boldly reprobated the persecuting spirit with which the professors of a liberal and enlightened faith had aimed the weapons of intolerance against the rights of private judgment. He exposed the senseless fury with which they had attacked established opinions, under the sanction of a zeal professedly religious,

but essentially political; and undauntedly acknowledged that, on more than one occasion, he had resisted the tyranny of the government of the Pale, when its remorseless delegates had trampled on the feelings, subverted the liberties, and roused the indignation of an insulted country. He applied to the English throne for the redress of such grievances, in an animated appeal to the justice and humanity of its reigning Monarch.

The sternness of the patriot melted away in the gush of tenderness that flowed in the few solemn and affecting words with which the Desmond, in conclusion, conjured the Queen to permit his infant boy to return with himself to the house of his fathers. The Earl uttered the request with fervid, even painful earnestness; yet there was something in the accent of his voice that denoted his conviction of the inefficacy of any pleadings he could offer. A slight tone of sarcasm mingled with the entreaties of parental love; and it seemed as if the agitated father knew that he was addressing one who was incapable of feeling for his sorrows, or of granting them alleviation. Accordingly, the Desmond, appearing conscious that this part of his appeal would be unavailing, presupposed its denial; and with a rapidity of utterance that scarcely permitted articulation, he implored her Majesty to grant him,

at least, the melancholy consolation of a parting look at his beloved boy, before he left the country which contained an object so inexpressibly dear to his heart. If even this must be refused, the Earl, as a last request, entreated that the Lady Geraldine might be permitted to visit, were it but for once, her youthful brother, prior to her departure for her native land. As this supplication died upon his lips, the Desmond covered his face, and stood in profound silence awaiting the Queen's answer. Some moments elapsed before he received it.

When her Majesty began to speak, every eye was fixed, and the solicitude that was depicted on every countenance announced the anxiety that pervaded every bosom.

The Queen broke silence with a look and in a voice of perfect calmness. If her Highness felt any displeasure at the Desmond's speech, or regarded his sentiments as audacious or criminal, she successfully concealed such opinions. For, with an air of much apparent sincerity, Elizabeth pledged herself to investigate the charges brought against the government of the Pale, and promised to extend her pardon and protection to the victims who had suffered from its injustice, or had been goaded into rebellion through its cruelty and fanaticism. The Princess professed to sympathize with the emotions

which the Desmond had so forcibly expressed. She seemed to ponder on the past, from a wish to assuage the difficulties of the present, and appeared disposed to view the political demerits of the Chieftain's former conduct, with no stronger sentiments than those of compassion and forgiveness.

In a tone of studied impartiality, the Queen expressed herself most desirous to effect an accommodation with her revolted subjects in Ireland; but, in conciliatory terms, her Majesty regretted that it was impossible to conclude a treaty of peace, until its articles were signed and confirmed by Sir James Fitz-Maurice, in co-operation with the Chieftain and Sir John of Desmond. Under the specious plea of meeting the last necessity, and of facilitating the proposed negotiation, the Queen ordered the Desmond and his brother to be again remitted to the Chief Governor or Mayor of the city of Dublin, with whom it was the royal pleasure that they should remain as state prisoners, until Sir James Fitz-Maurice arrived in the Irish capital, to annex his sign manual to the deed of pacification. It was added, that as soon as the propositions of peace were adjusted and confirmed, the Desmond and his family should be permitted to return to their own territories; that under their

renewed engagements of allegiance, a general pardon should be extended to all their adherents, and that the house of Fitzgerald should be treated and considered as faithful to the British crown.

The Queen's voice softened when it became necessary to reply to the closing petition of the Chieftain. She seemed endeavouring to suppress her feelings; and, like a perfect adept in the science of deceit, Elizabeth wound up her address to the Earl, by an expression of sympathy with his parental anxieties, so admirably counterfeited, that it was almost impossible to distrust the sincerity of the professions with which her Majesty condescended to regret the necessity that obliged her to negative the Desmond's wishes, in regard to permitting the liberation of his heir. In a decided, yet (considering the character of the speaker) an insinuating tone, the Queen declared that, for reasons of state, the Chieftain and the Lady Geraldine must be denied all access to Lord James Fitzgerald. But, at the same time that this veto was pronounced, her Majesty honoured the Irish Earl, by voluntarily pledging the Royal word for the safety of his son, under *every* circumstance which future events might bring within their course. Having thus smoothed over her design by fair and plausible pretences, the Monarch of England dismissed the assembly.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“Embark’d, the sail unfurl’d, the light breeze blew,  
How much had Conrad’s memory to review!”

THE CORSAIR.

“Son figlio  
E di tenero padre ; in lei confido.”

METASTASIO.

“The rose is fairest when ’tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;  
The rose is sweetest wash’d with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalm’d in tears.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AFTER a few weeks had passed away, the Desmond, Sir John, and Lady Geraldine, embarked for Ireland in a Government vessel, under the conduct of a naval officer who had lately distin-

guished himself as a bold and able seaman, in a victorious engagement under Sir Francis Drake, and who had, on many occasions, bravely maintained the privileges of the British flag.

The confidence which Thurles placed in his father's honour prevented his entertaining the slightest suspicion that the emancipation of the Desmond had been effected through any other medium than that of Lord Ormond's promised mediation with the Queen. The liberation of the Chieftain and his brother from the Tower of London, was therefore hailed by our hero as a full confirmation of the straightforward courses and equitable conduct of the Earl of Ormond. Never dreaming that his father could condescend to purchase any advantage by a pitiful evasion, Thurles placed an implicit trust in the integrity of his parent. He even ventured to anticipate the moment when the Earl's high principles should be sufficiently strengthened and expanded, to enable him to triumph over those weaknesses of humanity, which now a little circumscribed his views.

The Viscount's sanguine mind projected itself into the future, and hailed it as prophetic of good. With the credulity of a lover, he clung to every fantasy which his imagination conjured up; and following the creative impulse of the moment, he



cherished a fond belief that the time was not far distant, when Lord Ormond would yield to those calls of nature and affection, which seemed to enjoin the promotion of his son's happiness, almost in the light of a moral obligation. To such delightful visions, romantic and evanescent as they were, Thurles willingly surrendered himself; almost forgetting his own sufferings, in rapture at the Desmond's deliverance, and in the indulgence of those dreams which filled his heart with hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows.

With many a saving clause, Lord Ormond endeavoured to stifle the upbraidings of an inward monitor, whose "still small voice" he ineffectually tried to quell. His cool self-possession and command of nerve prevented the exposure of his feelings; but notwithstanding that absence of passion and enthusiasm which marked the Earl's character, they preyed acutely on his mind. In vain he employed the fine drawn distinctions of those plausible theories which had led him to swerve into the crooked path of evasion, and to relax the law of rectitude; for the spirit of moral feeling rose, and refuted sophisms which were referrible neither to the standard of reason, nor to that of honesty. The Earl was self-abased. He had levelled the landmarks between right and wrong. He had

made the sacrifice of candour at the shrine of interest, and he suffered the penalties, which every mind that is not absolutely depraved, must pay for the violation of principle. Lord Ormond felt his humiliation deeply; but amid all his heart-burnings and "compunctious visitings" of conscience, the Earl had one unspeakable consolation. It was this: the son he had deceived, and whom he revered as a being who had almost risen above the frailties of human corruption, remained in happy ignorance of his father's delinquency.

In this state Lord Thurles continued. He was never undeceived, and thus escaped one of the bitterest pangs the heart can know,—that of finding the object of its cherished love disrobed of imaginary perfections, and numbered with the unworthy. This is a grief to which the world cannot administer medicine. To the soul that mourns over crushed affections and annihilated hopes, the God of comfort only can administer alleviation and support.

And what were Geraldine's feelings? It is difficult to embody them in words. In the sublimity of self-devotedness to the cause of her father and her country, she never regretted having obliged her lover to submit to the separation that Lord Ormond had required. Yet, high-souled as she was, Geraldine could not but feel most

deeply the fearful extent of the sacrifice which she had made. Her heart bled in secret, and her mind was appalled when she thought of all she had relinquished, and all that she might yet be called upon to suffer. The charms of life seemed fleeting from her one by one: they were fast decaying,—they might soon be dead. Her spirit was blighted, almost broken; yet the moral greatness of her character was undimmed and unobscured. Her soul was troubled, but some consolations mingled with the griefs that lay deep and silently within her bosom—for Lord Thurles's pure and perfect love was hers; and it was reciprocated with the fervent truth of woman. This conviction came home to Geraldine's heart with healing influence. She thought, almost with transport, of the certainty that an attachment so devoted as Thurles's and her own, must pass its hour of trial with unshrinking firmness, and could never know a termination. For even should death end the hope of meeting her beloved on earth, Geraldine, with humble confidence, trusted that her soul should be united everlastingly to his in Heaven.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Prov.*—"It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.*—"Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice ;  
He doth, with holy abstinence, subdue  
That in himself, which he spurs on his power  
To qualify in others."

SHAKSPEARE.

IT was towards the close of a fine autumnal evening that the vessel, which had safely borne our voyagers across the deep, reached its destination, and anchored in the bay of Dublin. The conduct of the naval commander had been extremely courteous, and without abating any portion of his attentions to the Desmond and his party, he escorted them to the residence of the Chief Governor, in whose custody it was his duty to lodge his important charge. The Mayor had been apprized of the expected arrival of his future guests, and therefore was in waiting to re-

ceive them. He was, of course, a different person from the one who had filled the office of Chief Governor when the Desmond last visited the Irish capital.

Having passed through a file of servants in handsome liveries, the Earl and his companions were ushered into a low irregular apartment of considerable extent. It was panelled with dark wood, and the narrow windows were hung with crimson curtains. Towards the centre of the room, the Chief Governor was seated in a great arm chair, at an oval table covered with papers, which was placed close to a blazing fire that burned in an open hearth. Above a rude mantel-piece, supported by satyrs of carved oak, a full-length portrait of the Queen of England was suspended. Several gentlemen were present, and two or three clerks in gowns were busily engaged in writing, at the further end of the apartment.

On the announcement of the Desmond, the Mayor rose, and advanced with an air of unaffected good-will. His reception of the Chieftain was almost cordial. No stately politeness, nor over-ceremonious civilities, accompanied the congratulations which he offered to the Earl, on his restoration to his family and country. His greeting of Sir John Fitzgerald was somewhat more formal

and reserved. Though the Governor was far from being a polished person, yet there was a manly frankness in his general address, that irresistibly made its way to the hearts of his hearers. Strong sense and good feeling marked the style of his manners, which were singularly pleasing and artificial. He was about sixty years of age, corpulent in his figure and feeble on his limbs, in consequence of constitutional gout; his countenance, without being strictly handsome, was open, placid, and benevolent.

As soon as the first passing compliments were over, the Governor turned to the Lady Geraldine, who had been presented to him by the Chieftain; and actuated by a delicacy which was very grateful to her feelings, he proposed to attend her to the rooms that were occupied by the females of his family, in order to introduce her to his wife and daughters. Geraldine gladly availed herself of the offer. The Desmond, who had been included in the invitation, declined accepting it; his mind was too fully occupied to admit of his undergoing any avoidable ceremonial, and therefore he preferred remaining with some official persons of respectable rank, who had entered nearly at the same instant as himself.

With an air of kindness, that seemed to spring

from the heart, and which was more grateful to Geraldine than all the artificial courtesy of the world's school, the Governor introduced her to a happy domestic group, whom she found quietly engaged in some pleasing but ordinary occupations. There was great simplicity and goodnature in the appearance of the persons with whom our heroine was thus made acquainted. It seemed as if no evil passion, nor any anxious fear, ever dwelt within their bosoms. All was inward peace, and that sunshine of the soul, which nothing but content, united with humility, can give. It was a beautiful sight; and as Geraldine gazed on the cheerful countenances, which glowed with additional pleasure and were lighted with innocent smiles on the entrance of the Governor, she involuntarily contrasted the fate of those happy beings with her own. She thought of her father—of her infant brother—of her separation from Lord Thurles—of the discords that were raging in her country, and of the perpetual solitudes which tore her mind with cruel apprehensions. Whence did they arrive? Where did the evil lie? Did it not originate in the wild, insatiable wishes of ambition, which substituted phantoms for realities—turmoil for peace? Was it not ascribable to a perversion of the imagination, which encouraged those proud

aspirings of the mind, that had no solid foundation to rest upon, no steady light to guide them in the way of truth? These ideas rushed through Geraldine's mind, and jarred upon her feelings. She endeavoured to lose them, by interesting herself in the friendly remarks by which the Governor tried to remove the formalities of a first introduction. He soon succeeded in his benevolent intention; for where there is real benignity of temper, every kindly feeling is quickly cultivated and matured. He was then obliged to return to the Chieftain.

Geraldine, who was eminently calculated to charm in the social circle, soon banished the awe with which her first appearance had inspired her companions, and dissipated all restraint, by the winning sweetness of manner that, notwithstanding some *hauteur*, she naturally possessed.

The young people were delighted; they busied themselves, with active interest, in administering a thousand little offices of kindness, which the hearts of women only could have prompted; and delicately soothed, without appearing to notice, the dejection of the Lady Geraldine. So true it is, that genuine goodnature, even when allied to rusticity, will seldom intrude attentions with the studied officiousness which, in polished life, often marks the counterfeit of natural courtesy.



When the Governor rejoined the Chieftain, he entered at once on the political subject which engrossed both their minds, and discussed it with an intelligence that could not fail to convey a favourable opinion of the soundness of his understanding and the sensibility of his heart.

While they were thus engaged, the naval officer who had commanded the ship that bore the Desmond to his native shores, returned to the apartment, which the arrangement of some necessary business had obliged him to leave. He now advanced to the Governor, and presented some despatches from the Queen's ministers. The Governor broke the seals of the packet and glanced over its contents. A hectic flush burned on his cheek, and a slight quivering worked his lip, as he proceeded in the perusal of the papers which he held in a hand not perfectly free from tremor. But whatever feelings were created by the receipt of the packet, he quickly mastered them; as, refolding the inclosures in their envelope, he resumed his conversation with the Earl of Desmond. In the course of it, the Governor expressed his regrets at the unavoidable detention of the Chieftain until the arrival of Sir James Fitz Maurice should enable all parties to confirm, by signature, their acquiescence in Elizabeth's proposed negotiation

with her Irish subjects. Then turning to Sir John Desmond, the Mayor inquired whether he would have any objection to undertake a journey to the South of Ireland, for the purpose of persuading Sir James Fitz-Maurice to accompany him back to Dublin, in order to join the Desmond and himself in signing a submission to the Queen's pacificatory treaty. Sir John acquiesced in the proposal without the slightest hesitation. It was therefore arranged, that on the following morning he should commence his expedition. During the interval that must elapse between the Knight's departure from Dublin and his return to the Metropolis, the Governor assured Lord Desmond that he should enjoy all the liberty that was consistent with obedience to the orders which had been issued from the British crown. The Chieftain bowed his thanks. After some desultory conversation on indifferent topics, the Earl and Sir John partook of the refreshments which were hospitably offered. The brothers then withdrew to their respective apartments. The Lady Geraldine had long before retired to her's.

## CHAPTER X.

“ The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deer to take,  
And with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.”

THE HUNTING IN CHEVY-CHASE.

“ Robin did off his gowne of green,  
And on Sir Guy did throwe;  
And hee put on that capull hyde,  
That clad him topp to toe;

Thy bowe, thy arrows, and little horne  
Now with me I will beare,  
For I will away to Barnesdale  
To see how my men doe fare.”

OLD BALLAD.

“ Ha!—Treachery! Then am I justified.”

THE CONTEST.

ON the following morning Sir John commenced his journey to the South, entrusted with despatches from the Governor to Fitz-Maurice, and charged

with a long and affectionate letter for the Lady Desmond, in which the Earl informed her of his arrival in Dublin, and all other circumstances connected with his situation. The aspect of affairs induced the Chieftain to believe that as soon as (in conjunction with his brother, and Fitz-Maurice) he had signed the Queen's treaty, he would be permitted to return to Desmond Castle. He therefore conjured the Countess not to think of joining him in Dublin; concluding his letter by the joyful intelligence, that in a few days he hoped to escort his beloved partner from the seclusion of Saint Catherine's Convent, to a once more happy home.

To this communication the Earl anticipated a reply through the medium of his brother John, who was expected to return to the capital with all possible speed.

From the moment of the Knight's departure, the Chief Governor fulfilled his promise of indulging the Desmond with a considerable share of liberty. Indeed, the personal freedom which he granted to the Earl was so great, that by many, the politics of the Mayor of Dublin were considered as at least equivocal. However, as the responsibility was incurred at his own risk, no person presumed to offer a remonstrance on the subject

The only amusement of which the Desmond seemed inclined to partake, was that of hunting. He was particularly addicted to it; and on receiving an invitation to join some friends of the Governor, who were going to enjoy a day's sport in the neighbourhood, the Chieftain gladly agreed to accept it. At the time to which we allude, almost every lady was an accomplished equestrian; for, as the luxury of carriages was then unknown in Ireland, it was necessary that the fair sex should understand the management of the noble animals whose services they required so frequently, and whose movements they were obliged to regulate by their own skill in horsemanship. Hence it followed, that not only on all ordinary occasions, but even in the intrepid feats of the chase, females of the highest rank were accustomed to appear on steeds, that could gallantly keep up with the fleetest and most determined hounds.

Having premised this, it will not seem extraordinary that the Desmond should have requested and obtained the consent of our heroine to accompany him to a hunt that was expected to be peculiarly magnificent. Mounted on a milk-white palfrey, which she managed with graceful skill, and followed by a couple of noble stag-

hounds, the Lady Geraldine, arrayed for the chase, entered the front court of the Governor's house, to join the Chieftain at the appointed hour. She was clad in a hunting-dress of green cloth, that fell in large folds round her figure, and nearly swept the ground. It was confined at the waist, throat, and wrists, with cinctures of antique gold. A black velvet hat, in fashion resembling the Spanish one of modern times, to which a plume of green and sable feathers was secured by a gold fibula, completed her hunting costume. From beneath this head gear, part of her raven hair was suffered to escape, and fall round her neck in flowing tresses. The Desmond gazed with pride upon the beauty of the Lady Geraldine, which was rendered matchless by the modest blush that dyed her cheek at the buzz of admiration, which the general voice could not suppress when she appeared.

The Earl himself was magnificently attired for the chase; and as he adroitly poised his long hunting spear, sprung on his horse, and reined its arched neck close to his daughter's side, the kingly dignity of his aspect was in perfect keeping with the majestic loveliness of which he looked the natural guardian. To a poetical fancy, the Lady Geraldine would have appeared as the prototype

which had guided the pen of the illustrious laureat of the age, in the following lines :

“ Eftsoons there stepped forth  
A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weeds,  
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,  
And, by her stately portance, borne of heavenly birth.  
Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,  
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hiew.”

Little time, however, was allowed for imaginative similitude, even had the most determined votary of the Nine been present. All were eager for the hunt. Joy sparkled in each eye. Animation sat on every brow ; and without delay the whole party galloped forwards to join the leaders of the field. It was a sharp, clear, and fine scenting-day. The sun shone forth gloriously ; and as the Chieftain and his companions arrived at the entrance of the extensive forest, where a stag was to be enlarged, the horns rung out their cheering notes, the hounds darted into the cover, and with shouts of glee the billmen, bowmen, and spearsmen of the field, bending over their horses' necks, burst after them. A train of nymphs, as lovely as the fabled ones of Dian, followed on their flying steeds, escorted by crowds of gallant youths, who seemed to prize the chase and perquisites of female

hearts, more highly than the spoils of "sylvan war."

The crested antlers and dappled sides of the buck were seen for a moment as he sprang through a copse, and clearing it at a single bound, took refuge in the wood. With yells, and whoops, and peals of horns, his foes tracked the scent; and in a species of intoxicating joy, which none but sportsmen can conceive, rushed through brake and glen, scampered up hill and down dale, and swept along, scouring over every obstacle, almost with the rapidity of the object they pursued. The mountains rang with the blasts of the bugle, and the forest shook with the beating of the horses' hoofs, the shouts of the hunters, and the baying of the dogs, which all rose in one wild exhilarating din upon the ear. The noble stag baffled his foes. Still the bloodhounds hung upon his track; and the sportsmen, breaking into straggling parties, beat through every bush, brake, and dingle, where it was possible he might have couched. For some time their labours were in vain; but just as the most hardy of the hunters, having scoured half the forest, were despairing of success, the gallant stag started forth from the thicket that had been his lair, and strained at full speed round a projecting neck of rocky land, which, covered with thorn, copse, and brushwood,



lay at a short distance. At the other side of this angle was an open glade, skirted by a range of hills, where the most experienced foresters declared the blown deer must stand at bay. This hope gave fresh incitement to the hunters. In full cry, they darted round the crag. The huntsman, giving the view holloa, clanged his whip. The blood-hounds staunchly threaded along the scent, and with unwearied vigour the jostling throng dashed pell-mell after the impatient pack. The foaming horses, fired with emulation equal to that of their riders, stretched bravely forwards, labouring to overtake the foremost hunters, who seemed flying with the fleetness of the wind. It was a desperate chase, and many would have been compelled to stop their mad career, were it not that, as the prize lay just within their grasp, the eager sportsmen charged headlong after it, and by dint of scourge, and rein, and spur, urged on their breathless steeds, whose flashing eye-balls, distended nostrils, and bursting veins, proclaimed at once their fiery mettle, and the toils which had severely tried it.

The Lady Geraldine, with admirable skill, had hitherto held on her course unslackened; but her horse was now completely exhausted. It faltered in its paces, and nearly fell on the margin of a

stream, which the advanced hunters had been obliged to ford. Geraldine, flushed and panting from the exercises of the chase, with difficulty kept her seat, as she reined up her jaded palfrey, and stopped to breathe it, and to recruit herself.

The Desmond, though he would have gloried to have ridden foremost in the sport, had never quitted his daughter's side. By the austere reserve of his demeanour, he had warded off those devotions which the most distinguished gallants of the field had repeatedly endeavoured to offer to the Lady Geraldine. Her dignified coldness and the Earl's repulses became at length so marked, that it compelled them not only to desist from their assiduities, but to relinquish all hope of approaching the object of their admiration. The consequence was, that the fopplings of the chase, in pique, transferred their services to the other huntresses of the day; who were but too solicitous to attract those attentions which our heroine had declined.

Exactly in an inverse ratio to her reserve, was the unblushing avidity with which those nymphs appropriated the gallantries they had almost despaired of securing; seeming to think, that to receive such courtesies gave them a sort of triumph over the woman who so far eclipsed themselves, and who had rejected the *dévoirs* which they stooped to court.

This has never been an uncommon measure in the felicitous enactments of female administration. It entailed its usual effects. That vanity, which though an unacknowledged attribute, has yet in all ages been a characteristic one of the lords of the creation, was gratified by the compromise of woman's dignity. The sacrifice of her prerogatives was a soothing oblation to their wounded pride and slighted pretensions. Therefore they passively surrendered themselves to the persecutions of their fair votaries, occasionally condescending to repay the worship they received, by tendering offers never meant to be redeemed, and by making promises for the express purpose of laughing at, and breaking them upon the first convenient opportunity. Engaged in such agreeable pastime, the gay gallants nearly forgot their former mortification, and the persons who had caused it: so that during the latter part of the chase, the Earl and our heroine were comparatively unattended; and as at the instant when the stag bounded round the crag, the whole hunting train had wheeled after the game, it followed, that when the Lady Geraldine was obliged to halt, she and the Chieftain were left behind, and (owing to the projecting cliff which intervened between them and the hunters at its other side) alone.

Heedless of every thing but his daughter's

fatigue, the Desmond, on perceiving her exhaustion, checked his horse, passed an arm round Geraldine's waist to support her in her saddle, and, in the solicitude of the parent, nearly forgot the ardent wish which he had felt to overtake his flying comrades. Their joyous chorus now faintly died upon his ear, and even the echoes of the shrill horns pealed but weak and distant sounds.

“ We must resign the chase. But, Geraldine, if you are well—” The Desmond stopped short. From an adjoining thicket a large bundle was thrown on the sward, close to his horse's feet. The animal started and reared. But the Earl soon mastered his steed, and immediately dismounting, he advanced to examine the cause of its affright. To the amazement of the Chief, he found that a paper which was pinned to the bundle, was addressed to himself, and his surprise, it may easily be conceived, suffered no diminution when he read the following words.

“ On with these disguises. Fly for your life! The Queen gave secret orders (25) to the Chief Governor of Dublin to behead yourself, as well as Sir James Fitz-Maurice, and Sir John of Desmond, on their arrival in the capital. This was the cause of your detention, and of your brother's mission. Follow the course of the stream to the left, and

leave your horses at its spring, where you will find a fresh relay. It would be vain to seek the friend who gives this warning. Fly for your life!"

The Earl could only whisper the last words to his astonished daughter, as he untied the bundle, threw over her shoulders one of the immense roquelaures of blue woollen cloth which it contained, flung her hat and his own into the deepest part of the stream, replaced them by two slouched ones that had been provided, and wrapping himself in the second cloak, inside which a pair of pistols and a formidable dirk were fastened, he sprung on his horse, and with the Lady Geraldine galloped silently forwards, as fast as their wearied steeds could go, in the appointed direction. In about a quarter of an hour they reached the source of the stream. No person was visible; but two noble horses were fastened to the trunk of a tree, and stood pawing the ground as if impatient of their bondage. To the saddle of the largest horse, leathern pouches filled with wine, and a wallet containing a purse of gold and refreshments, were secured. The Desmond forced the Lady Geraldine to swallow some sustenance, and then whispering her to throw off her hunting suit, he led their tired horses to the other side of a clump of oaks. After having tied the bridles to a strong

branch, he returned to our heroine. On joining her, the Earl took a draught of wine, and then flinging the ornamental and useless portions of their dresses into a part of the river, which was of considerable depth, the Desmond lifted his daughter into her saddle, and vaulting on his own, they galloped off with the velocity of lightning.

Terror had presented Geraldine with an all-powerful restorative. Her former fatigue, which had, in fact, been merely of a temporary nature, seemed now to have vanished altogether; and appearing insensible to every feeling but the intense one which her father's situation created, she outstripped even his speed in the agitated flight, that gave their only chance of escape from the execrable plot of which they had been apprized. Yet, notwithstanding her perturbation, Geraldine recollected the prophecy of the astrologer, which had foretold that the destiny of the Chief would be influenced by his passion for the pleasures of the chase; and as it recurred to her memory, she trembled lest the other predictions of the necromancer should be fatally verified.

By one of those curious coincidences which sometimes occur in real life, the random presage of the Doctor Dee had chanced to be fulfilled. The consequences were similar to those which have often flowed from causes as trifling in

their nature, and as prejudicial in their effects. Credulity engenders false opinions, which, at peculiar seasons, sway the mind with greater force than the consistencies of truth. It has been justly said, that superstition is the spleen of the soul; yet even the most exalted characters, when borne down by the pressure of affliction, are not always proof against its influence, particularly if passing casualties conspire to establish its empire.

Such being the fact, it is not wonderful that Geraldine should have yielded to a power, which the highest intellects have been sometimes unable to resist. She galloped on in gloomy silence, ruminating on the past, and pondering on the dreadful events that might govern futurity. The Chieftain seldom interrupted the current of her thoughts. He had his own, which left him ample scope for painful meditation.

But amidst the greatest evils, some good will be ever found to mingle. It fortunately happened that the Earl was well acquainted with that portion of the island which he and his daughter were obliged to cross. This was no trifling blessing. For some miles their journey was attended with imminent danger, from the straggling parties of military that still loitered about the country, and from the videttes of the British troops who were

stationed to defend the frontiers of the Pale, in case of an attack from *the Irish enemy*, as the tribes and clans of the insurgent chiefs were termed.

At first it had been the Desmond's intention to have taken refuge with his powerful relative, Sir Owen O'Toole, the lord of the picturesque lands of Wicklow, where, amid the unrivalled grandeur of the magnificent region since denominated Powerscourt, O'Toole resided in the ancient castle of his hereditary domains. Sir Owen was devoted to the cause of Ireland, and the Desmond was secure of a cordial and affectionate reception at Wicklow Castle, where he knew that he would meet with concealment and protection. But on mature deliberation, the Earl deemed it more adviseable not to subject his faithful kinsman to personal inconvenience, or to the suspicions of the English Government ; therefore, he determined to bend his course towards the Monastery of Saint Jerome, which lay at the distance of about twenty miles to the south of Dublin, and to take refuge within the sanctity of that asylum. The Chief was certain that the monks, as good Catholics, would willingly give shelter, for the night, to Lady Geraldine and himself. Even should they be traced to the convent, and consequently be obliged to disclose their rank and situation, the Earl flattered himself that the



holy inmates of the monastery would be able and willing to conceal them from their foes, in some of the many subterraneous passages and cells which were common to the religious edifices of the period. The Desmond also was not without a hope, that the friend who had so admirably contrived his escape, would endeavour to circumvent the pursuit of his enemies. Who that friend could be, neither Geraldine nor the Earl could absolutely determine; but the suspicions of both fell on the good Chief Governor of Dublin. It seemed scarcely problematical that his honest heart would revolt with horror from the idea of slaughtering three fellow-beings in cold blood. The monstrous treachery and baseness of the deed could not be contemplated, even by an inferior mind, with any sentiment but that of detestation. Therefore, however backed by royal influence the meditated crime might have been, it was natural to suppose, from the humanity and rectitude of the Governor's general conduct, that he would, at any risk, connive at an escape which must preclude the necessity of his refusing to obey the Queen's sanguinary mandate, and which would place her destined victims, in some degree, beyond her power.

Whether the fugitives were correct in their conjecture, they were unable to ascertain, either

then, or at any after period; for a veil of mystery hung over the whole transaction, which they never found it possible to remove. Notwithstanding the many perils which encompassed their journey, they discussed the subject from time to time, and in doing so, many circumstances, that were comparatively unnoticed when they occurred, and which it would be tedious to recapitulate, were brought to bear upon the point of their debate, and materially confirmed the probability of their supposition. The upshot of their conversation was, that the Desmond and the Lady Geraldine determined to confine their surmises to their own breasts, resolving, at any risk, to ward off suspicion from the excellent man whom they believed had adventured his personal safety to preserve the lives of others.

The disguises which our travellers wore were so common to the period, that they excited no observation; and though, notwithstanding the sequestered road they chose, they were often obliged to pass through the heart of the outposts of the British army, yet they providentially escaped detection. Often, however, the Chieftain and his daughter were compelled to skulk, like outlaws, among the woods, in order to avoid meeting with the straggling soldiers, who roamed in detach-

ed parties through the country, and who, with the insolence of temporary authority, frequently administered provocation to the harmless peasantry, and then punished its effects.

Owing to these circumstances, it was not until a very late hour that, to the infinite joy of Geraldine and the Desmond, they saw the ivy-mantled towers of the Monastery of Saint Jerome rising above the tops of the forest that surrounded the venerable edifice. It was the Chieftain's intention to recommence his journey at the dawn of the succeeding day, in order to endeavour to reach his fortress of Lessfinny as speedily as possible. From thence he designed to proceed to Desmond Castle. If the Earl could once arrive in safety within the bounds of his palatinate, he felt that he would scarcely fear to measure his own strength with that of his foes. But in the mean time, it was necessary to obtain rest and refreshment. Our weary travellers had now stopped at the precincts of the sacred edifice, the hope of reaching which had chiefly supported them through the fatigues of the day.

The delicious beams of a full moon silvered the walls of the Monastery of Saint Jerome, and shed broad streams of lambent light on the spiral points and turreted projections of the building.

At a little distance from the main edifice, one of those lofty round towers, that have equally baffled antiquarian research and modern conjecture, rose above the forest, magnificently reflecting the radiance poured down upon it from the planet of the night. The remote parts of the convent, and the depths of its woods, were either lost in shadow, or, here and there, were fancifully touched with gleams of the soft lustre that trembled over all the prominent features of the landscape.

The Earl dismounted, and rung the large bell that hung at the portal arch of the convent gate. The Desmond simply told the old man who answered his summons, that he and his brother catholic (pointing to Lady Geraldine, whose sex was completely disguised in the garb she wore,) required admittance until daybreak. The stranger's title was a sufficient introduction to the Superior of the monastery. When apprised of their arrival, he received our travellers with hospitable kindness. Though ignorant of their high rank, and active devotion to the national faith of Ireland, he omitted no attention which could minister to their comfort, obliged them to partake of an excellent repast, and without showing the slightest curiosity to ascertain who the persons were whom he had thus liberally entertained, the

Abbot of Saint Jerome ordered his guests to be ushered to their separate apartments, and dismissed them for the night with a parting *Benedicite*.

## CHAPTER XI.

“ Ah ! laissez-moi vous suivre ;  
Partout où vous vivrez, Ruth près de vous, doit vivre.  
N’êtes-vous pas ‘ mon pere ’ en tout temps, en tout lieu ?  
Votre peuple est mon peuple, et votre Dieu mon Dieu.  
La terre où vous mourrez, verra finir ma vie ;  
Ruth dans votre tombeau veut être ensevelie :  
Jusques-là vous servir fera mes plus doux soins ;  
Nous souffrirons ensemble, et nous souffrirons moins.”

*Eglogue tirée de l’Ecriture Sainte,*

*Par M. de Florian.*

“ I am subdued.—Be the companion of my dang’rous flight.”

SMITH.

THE following day rose bright and tranquil. Scarcely had the first rays of light dawned upon the east, when the Chieftain tapped at the door of the Lady Geraldine’s apartment.

His summons was immediately answered by our heroine, who, fully equipped in her disguise, advanced to meet her father, and, with looks expressive of confiding love, hastened to give the salutation of the morning. The Desmond affectionately returned it, but his countenance was agitated; and before he uttered a single syllable, Geraldine felt a shade thrown over the sanguine hopes which had filled her mind the previous instant. Time did not admit of circumlocution. In a few words, the Earl communicated the request which he had come to make. With anxious tenderness, he implored his daughter to consent to the disclosure of her situation, and his own, to their kind host, the Abbot, beneath whose protection, it was the Chieftain's earnest wish that our heroine should proceed to a convent, that lay at the distance of a few miles, the Lady Abbess of which was sister to the Superior of Saint Jerome. Under her care, the Earl ardently desired his daughter to remain, during the interim that must elapse before his hope of reaching his palatinate could be either confirmed or annihilated. In the event of his falling into the hands of his enemies, the father trembled with apprehension for the fate of his child, scarcely bestowing a thought upon his own. Should Providence ordain his escape from the

Queen's emissaries, his beloved Geraldine, with perfect ease and security, could rejoin him at Desmond Castle. These thoughts influenced the Earl's representations and entreaties, which were urged with the peculiar force that a vigorous mind can exert, when circumstances concur to make it necessary to stifle every emotion which militates against the dictates of practical prudence. But his prayers and arguments were equally unavailing. With all a woman's tender earnestness, Geraldine implored permission to accompany the Earl in his precipitate flight. For some time, the Desmond firmly resisted her passionate pleadings; but at length, overcome by her heroic affection, in an unguarded moment he yielded a reluctant assent to her heart-breathed supplications. Having gained her point, our heroine besought her father to depart without delay; for, independent of the terror which she felt regarding his personal safety, she dreaded lest he might recall that compliance with her wishes which she had extorted with such extreme difficulty. The Earl, who was in constant apprehension of being pursued and discovered, admitted the necessity of despatch. He therefore descended to the refectory, arm-in-arm with the Lady Geraldine.



Early as the hour was, several of the brotherhood had already assembled, previous to the resumption of their usual sedentary tasks. Their salutations on the entrance of the strangers, were extremely cordial, and, with attentive solicitude, they hastened to offer every thing needful, which hospitality and benevolence could bestow. The Desmond, bridling his natural haughtiness, constrained himself to return their greetings with an expression of corresponding kindness, and listened in silence to the blameless prattle of the monks, as with apparent pleasure they discussed the monotonous occupations which were to employ the day. After having partaken of a hasty meal, the Chieftain, in reply to an indirect inquiry from one of his loquacious companions, insinuated that the Lady Geraldine was a nephew of his own, who had just arrived from one of the Catholic seminaries abroad; that his young relative was most anxious to join his father, from whom he had long been separated, and who now lay at the point of death, and that this latter circumstance rendered it indispensable that they should pursue their journey with the quickest speed.

The monks seemed to consider the reason thus alleged as one too sacred for them to controvert. Its nature satisfactorily accounted for the reserve

of Geraldine, whose silence was now attributed, and not unjustly, to the anxieties of filial affection. Ceasing to urge the hospitable entreaties with which they had solicited our travellers to prolong their stay within the convent, the monks uttered many good wishes, united to regrets, that their acquaintance with their guests should terminate so speedily. The Earl reciprocated their sentiments, as he rose to depart. The Abbot at this instant entered the refectory. With genuine kindness, he urged a request similar to that with which the Desmond had been previously assailed. It was negatived on the same plea, that had been already adduced. The Superior admitted its importance, and desisted from importunities, which he had *tact* to perceive would only distress and annoy his guests. With a fervent benediction, he took leave of the strangers, little imagining that the great Earl of Desmond and his noble daughter were the personages who had honoured his roof with their presence. Several of the brotherhood escorted the travellers to the gates of the monastery. There, in simple good faith, they committed our fugitives to the care of the holy Virgin, and their patron saint.

The Chieftain and the Lady Geraldine once more expressed their thanks. Then bowing a

farewell, they recommenced their perilous journey, just as the sun rose amid the blushes of the morning, to illuminate the eastern horizon with his golden light.

## CHAPTER XII.

“ They came—and tender swell’d the voice of song,  
And pride flash’d brighter from the kindling eye.”

MRS. HEMANS.

“ So sweet did harp and voice combine  
To praise the name of Geraldine.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Gustavus.* “ My countrymen !

*First Dele.* Ho ! hear him !

*Gustavus.* Amazement I perceive hath fill’d your hearts,  
And joy that your lost Gustavus, ’scaped  
Through wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and deaths,  
Thus sudden, thus unlook’d for stands before ye ;  
As one escaped from cruel hands I come,  
From hearts that ne’er knew pity, dark and revengeful,  
Who quaff orphans’ tears, bathe in blood,  
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.”

BROOKE.

“ Cease these triumphant strains !  
Or bid them change to notes of woe.”

OTWAY.

AFTER a variety of petty but harassing adventures, which it would retard the progress, without

promoting the interest of our narrative to relate circumstantially, the Chieftain and his daughter, at the end of five days, entered a by-road leading to one of the extensive domains that constituted part of the palatinate of Desmond.

At the period to which we allude, Ireland afforded no other mode of travelling than that of journeying on horseback; and it was owing to the fleetness and vigour of their steeds, that the Earl and our heroine had been enabled to accomplish their expedition, with what, in those times, was deemed astonishing celerity. At the era of the British invasion, the inns which, under the Brehon jurisdiction, had been established and supported at public cost for the reception and gratuitous entertainment of travellers, had been altogether abolished; and under the Elizabethan government, hostelries were confined to the English Pale, and even then, were scattered "few and far between." In the Irish districts they were unknown, and, we might add, unnecessary; for, whether in times of prosperity or adversity, of affluence or poverty, when was the door of an Irishman closed against the stranger?

In the course of their precipitate journey, the Desmond and his daughter (still travelling incognito) had partaken of the hospitalities freely offered by the peasants to all who needed their as-

sistance ; though, in many instances, the wretched people who thus generously shared their miserable pittance with the unknown wanderer, were destitute of the means of providing for the next meal which nature might require.

During the journey of our travellers, and as they drew toward its close, nothing but sights of misery and desolation met their view. The ravages of war were every where visible ; and the path of blood which Sir James Fitz-Maurice, with his devoted though undisciplined troops, had recently pursued, left fatal traces of the rash acts of which he had been guilty. This inveterate resentment had been powerfully awakened at the wrongs that were inflicted on his country ; and his daring and fanatical disposition had retaliated them with barbarous fury on the heads of its oppressors. The recriminatory vengeance of the opposite party had left many dreadful effects, to mark the course pursued by the governors of Ireland, who too often imitated the reprehensible violence of the refractory people they were endeavouring to subject, instead of setting them a better example. This, perhaps, is not to be wondered at. The times of which we treat were dark and unsettled. An imperative necessity existed for active and decided measures in the ascendant party, if they hoped to regulate the

country and to subdue the people whom they had supplanted, and who determinately resisted the system they had introduced. Many of the sanguinary and rigorous proceedings of their petty agents *may* have been unauthorized by the reigning government. But it is equally possible that those excesses were connived at, and suffered to pass uncensured, under the hackneyed plea of state necessity. Thus, as is generally the case in the afflicting scenes of national discord, *both* parties exhibited a degree of intemperance from which humanity recoils. Corrupt principles must ever generate evil consequences. The effects that followed from those we have alluded to were dreadful. Rapine, fire, and the sword, had imprinted their disastrous traces on the ill-fated soil of Ireland, which in all ages seems to have been destined for a political arena, where frightful scenes, unparalleled in the history of other nations, are doomed to be enacted, until "time shall be no more!"

In every point where the Desmond gazed, want and misery presented themselves. With anguished looks, the wretched people of the land roamed over its devastated surface, a prey to hopeless despondency. The avenging sword was ready to leap from its scabbard, and imagination might have conceived that death hovered, in ex-

pectation of his prey, above the wretched victims whose funeral pile the torch of discord had already lighted.

Sickening at the appalling sights which met their eyes, our travellers passed rapidly onwards through the large extent of bog that, encompassed by mountains and rocky hills, led to the approach to Shanet Castle. It was situated about a mile to the south of the village of Shanagolden, and, from the fortress the Desmonds had taken their war-cry of "Shanet-a-boog," in the same way that the Fitzgeralds of Leinster had derived theirs from the Castle of Crom. *Crom-a-boog*

The Earl had been induced to abandon his original intention of directing his route toward Lessfinny, in consequence of having accidentally learned, from popular report, that Sir John of Desmond, with O'Nial the Chief of Ulster, Mac Carty More, Fitzgerald of Imokilly, and other powerful Geraldines, had established themselves in Shanet Castle, where they were anxiously awaiting the return of Sir James Fitz-Maurice from Kilkenny, at which place it was said, that he was on a visit with his new confederate, Sir Edmund Butler.

The hearts of the Chieftain and his daughter beat tumultuously as they stopped for an instant



at the foot of the steep hill that formed the approach to Shanet Castle, which was familiarly denominated "*the Lion's den.*" The flag of the princely race of Desmond was hoisted on the highest central point of the building. It was one of the strongest fortifications in Munster. A fosse of six hundred feet in circumference surrounded the encircling ramparts of the Castle. Within this entrenchment there was a mound of earth of considerable elevation. Round its base ran a wall of immense height, that enclosed a very extensive area, within which the circular battlements of the Castle rose. These were of prodigious strength, being forty feet in height, and ten in thickness. Several bodies of armed men paraded the ramparts, and the implements of war which were distinguishable through the port and loopholes of the fortress, sufficiently demonstrated that its inhabitants, if neutral in their present operations, were yet so far from having any confidence in the English Government, that it seemed as if they lived in constant expectation of being involved in the consequences which a resistance to its power must produce.

Clouds of intense darkness hung heavily on the horizon, and floated like a black pall immediately above the time-worn battlements of the Castle.

This partial obscurity was rendered more remarkable from the lightness that pervaded another part of the sky, where the heavens, calm and pure as the spirit of happiness, were faithfully reflected on the bosom of the magnificent Shannon, whose glistening waters rolled in a serpentine course through an extent of scenery which stretched forth into the apparently interminable distance, in a variety of wild and splendid prospects.

The Earl fixed his eye on the singular appearance which the atmosphere presented, and gazed steadily on the mass of clouds which, like a thing of evil omen, hovered above the Castle. Geraldine, anxious to divert the Chieftain's mind from ill-boding thoughts, conquered the feelings of depression which, in despite of reason, had begun to steal upon her own. With an exquisite smile, she turned to her father, and laying her hand with the gentle pressure of affection on his arm, she said, in a voice of indescribable tenderness:—

“ Let me be the first to bid the Desmond welcome to his home. Blessed be our God, that he has safely reached it !”

“ What a crowd of fond remembrances, distracting doubts, and yet more agitating hopes that

home awakens!—Ireland—my own ill-fated country!” cried the Chieftain, in an incoherent burst of passionate emotion, pressing against his brow the hands which the previous instant had been stretched forth, as if with all her faults he yearned to clasp that wretched country to his heart. A tear fell down his cheek, and his whole spirit seemed subdued by the first fresh feelings which gushed through his soul, on returning to the ancient halls, from which he had been so long a miserable exile. At this instant a slight electric flash passed through the condensed clouds that overhung the Castle. They rolled majestically away in a thousand fantastic shapes, and a glimpse of brilliant sunshine broke through the dispersing vapours of the sky.

“It is the light of hope!” whispered Geraldine, gently withdrawing her father’s hand from his forehead, while, raising her own, she pointed to the beams which beautifully touched the departed clouds.

“I accept the pledge,” said the Desmond, uplifting his eye for an instant to heaven; then hastily brushing away the unwonted tears through which he gazed, the Chieftain dashed boldly onwards up the green ascent that led to the gates of Shanet Castle. As the Earl reached them, and

before he had had time to announce his presence, his two favourite wolf-dogs sprung fiercely forwards, through a small postern opening that lay beyond the walls. They yelled a loud and angry growl. It changed to a cry of ecstasy, when they beheld their master. With one bound they reached his feet, and in a tumult of joy capered round him and Geraldine, alternately leaping on and smelling the clothes of each; while wagging their tails, the generous animals whisked about in furious antics of delight.

“ My faithful Fingal!—Conn! poor Conn!” cried the Earl, leaping from his horse. He stooped to caress his sagacious dogs, and bent down much lower than was necessary, in order to conceal the emotion which their affectionate fidelity created. Meanwhile, Fingal, in the impatience of ungovernable joy, had sprung on Lady Geraldine’s saddle, and was testifying his rapture in sundry flourishing and boisterous gambols, which his mistress could not bring herself to check.

“ What means this noise? Call in the dogs!” vociferated the harsh voice of Sir John of Desmond, inside the walls; as in angry tone he reprimanded the warden of the gate, for permitting such disturbance.

The man muttered a surly reply in his own

vindication, at the same time proceeding to remove the massive bars of the portal arch. While thus employed, he vented his ill-humour, by shouting to the clamorous animals outside.—“ So! Fingal!—Conn!—the cursed brutes—one would almost think they saw their master. Virgin of glory, it is he!” cried the warden, in a piercing voice, when the next instant, on opening the gate, he beheld the Desmond.

No effort of our pen could pourtray the overpowering joy which this intelligence produced. No sooner had the spirit-stirring cries of “ Shanet-a-boo!—The Desmond!—The Desmond!” been shouted from lip to lip, in the peculiar tones and language of the Erse, than with wild exclamations, the people, rushing through all the avenues of the Castle, gathered round their Chief, and with the generous enthusiasm of *Irish* feeling, surrendered themselves to the throbbing delight that filled the whole of their devoted hearts.—“ Erin go bragh!—The Virgin bless the Lady Geraldine!—The Saints and Mother of Heaven be with ye both!—The Desmond for ever!—Long life to our Chief!—*Cead mile failte duit!*” Such were the mingled cries and benisons which filled the air, and were re-echoed a thousand times through the old ivied walls of Shanet Castle.

The rapture seemed exhaustless, which was equally diffused through all the different ranks of the inmates of the fortress, whose numbers now nearly filled the open area of the court-yard of the edifice.

In the exuberance of the wildest excitement, the noble and the serf jostled indiscriminately, each against the other, while pressing on to gain a view of their idolized Chief, and the lovely being who, with filial solicitude, supported her father, at a moment when he was nearly overwhelmed by excessive agitation. The Desmond stood in an attitude of intense emotion. His hands were tightly clasped against his breast, and his whole frame shook with convulsive energy, when, in a thick and choking voice,—“ My people!—country!—friends!” burst from his lip. A triumphant shout answered these incoherent words. Popular delirium was at its height; and the overflowing passions of the multitude were vented in a thousand strange and frantic demonstrations.

During the tumult that ensued, the Desmond had time to rally his feelings, and to regain some portion of the self-possession he had lost.

The general paroxysm at length partially subsided, and when the ebullitions of the people's joy had somewhat softened, a thousand voices assailed

the Earl, to inquire the means whereby his escape had been effected.

“Rather ask its *cause*, my friends!” said the Chieftain, in a tone that evidently spoke his determination to repress the indulgence of the feelings which rankled in his heart. “So help me God! I would have scorned to break trust, and would have staid, the patient jail-bird of Elizabeth, until she granted my release, were it not for *this*.—Read!” added the Earl, handing the memorable paper which had occasioned his flight, to Sir John Desmond.

The Knight pronounced aloud the emphatic words which it contained.

The agony of indignation that followed the unexpected disclosure, our powers of description would vainly attempt to paint. It was a paroxysm, outrageous in proportion to the warm and impetuous temperament of the people, whose execrations rent the sky with fearful vows of vengeance.—“We thirst for blood!—The blood of those who sought the Desmond’s life!” was the horrible cry which burst from the infuriated multitude. Their wild eyes, convulsed features, and frantic gesticulations, as they crowded round their Chief, and swore to pour their wrath upon his foes, spoke the frenzy of desperation, and presented a magnificent, though

terrible grouping of the savage picturesque. But, amid the throng of agitated figures thus brought before the view, there was one whose involuntary expression revealed a deep and fervid intensity of feeling, which rose even above that which was generally evinced. It was Cutholin, who had dropped on his knees in the face of the whole crowd. The rays of light which streamed down from behind the masses of cloud we have described, fell in broad golden lines on the head of the old man, and touched his whole form with their sunny tint. His withered hands hung over the harp that stood before him. His hair, as white as his garments, streamed around his figure. His dim and almost sightless eyes were raised to heaven; and his trembling lips were seen to move in silent prayer.

A murmur of sympathy ran through the crowd. The people involuntarily drew back; as if at the command of an enchanter, their furious clamours ceased, and with a kind of superstitious reverence the general gaze was fixed upon the ancient bard.

A whisper was not heard among the multitude. All was still and mute as the grave, when, after the pause of a few seconds, Cutholin raised one knee from the earth, and rested his harp upon it. His fingers wandered over the strings, and awoke some faint imperfect sounds. They gradually in-



creased to a more distinct and bolder cadence. A scarlet flush passed over the old man's face. His features became agitated and impassioned, as if the soul within had kindled the light that broke from his eye. The prolonged chords of his harp rose louder and louder, until swelling into a wild strain of singular brilliancy, Cutholin, still kneeling on the ground, upraised his voice, which, though somewhat weakened by time, increased with the inspiration of the moment, until it reached a fulness of tone that made the grey towers of the castle ring again with the deep, clear notes of the minstrel, when fixing his eye upon the Desmond he burst forth into the following extemporaneous stanzas in the Irish tongue. We offer their translation.

## I.

The Desmond's restored!  
Though the despot's sword  
Was raised against liberty's son!  
To the earth it fell,  
And the tyrant's knell  
In that startling fall has begun!

## II.

Thy fetters are broke!  
The Sassanach's yoke,  
How galling soever it be,  
Has left not a trace  
To mark the place  
Where it rested, hero, on thee!

## III.

And she!—the bright ray,  
Who in danger's day  
Shone round thee—a light all-divine!  
Now sheds her beams o'er  
The hearts that are more  
Than ever thine own,—Geraldine!

## IV.

Wake, Erin! awake!  
Bid thy spoilers quake  
At the thunder-stroke of the brave;  
The warrior knows  
He *can* but repose  
On his laurels, or in his grave!

## V.

The blood of the foe  
In torrents shall flow  
On the shores of green Innisfail.  
Deep and gory red  
Be the burial bed  
Where the Saxon's laid by the Gaël!

## VI.

Let the hallow'd gloom  
Of the hero's tomb  
Be our's, if we cannot be free!  
The Desmond is here!  
To the soldier's ear,  
Those words should a battle-shout be!

## VII.

To arms then! To arms!  
Ring glory's alarms  
Through our Isle of beauty and song;  
The Desmond appears!  
And ten thousand spears  
Flash like sun-beams of light along

## VIII.

The hosts of the brave,  
Whom liberty gave  
To hail with her own kindling breath  
The hero restored!  
Whose triumphant sword  
Shall lead us to conquest or death!

“*Shall lead us to conquest or death!*” was madly reiterated by the fiery spirits, who were roused to frenzy by the enthusiasm of the bard's appeal. The flush of patriotism fled from the cheek of him who had breathed it. Cutholin turned ghastly pale; a slight convulsion crossed his features, and staggering forwards, with a heavy groan, the old man fell motionless at the feet of his Chieftain.

The two wolf-dogs uttering a piteous howl, with one wild bound sprung to the body. They stationed themselves by its side, continuing a low, dismal moaning, which was only interrupted,

when with instinctive affection they stopped to lick the nerveless hands of the minstrel, which lay extended on the grass.

The burst of popular feeling again merged into the murmurs of sympathy. Many of the eyes that had glared with almost demoniacal fierceness, now glistened with the tear of compassion.

The quick feelings of the Irish, which are ever in extremes, turned in an instant from the dreadful vivacity of hatred, to the soft affection of pity. Their warm hearts were filled with new and scarcely less engrossing sensations than their previous ones, when clustering round the harper, they vied with each other in administering to his relief. The Desmond instantly summoned the attendance of one of those skilful leeches, who, in those days, were always to be found among the household of an Irish chieftain. With intense anxiety the Earl watched for the salutary effects that were expected to result from the restoratives which were administered to Cutholin. No symptoms of returning animation appeared. A mournful suspicion crossed the Chieftain's mind. He stifled the sigh, and repressed the tears which almost forced their way; and turning from his old and faithful follower, the Desmond drew his daughter's arm within his own, while in doing so

he whispered a request, that she should retire to the Castle.

The Lady Geraldine, who, though greatly alarmed, still imagined that Cutholin's insensibility was of a temporary nature, which had been merely caused by over-excitement, obeyed her father's injunction, at the same time earnestly entreating, that as soon as the bard recovered, the intelligence might be communicated to her without delay.

The Chieftain pressed his daughter's hand, in token of his promise to that effect; and taking advantage of the involuntary movement and occupation of the crowd, as they gathered round the body of the aged minstrel, he hurried Geraldine forward, and entered the Castle.

Our agitated heroine accepted the arm of one of the numerous female attendants who eagerly advanced to welcome her to the hall of her fathers. At any other time she would have returned their warm feelings with the glow and pride of gratified affection; but now, her thoughts were too full of the image of Cutholin, to dwell on any other subject. Her anxious maidens read the solicitude of their young mistress, in the sad expression of her features; and confining themselves to such attentions as their situation per-

mitted, in respectful silence they led the Lady Geraldine up the spiral staircase which gave access to the apartments that were destined for her accommodation.

The Chieftain instantly returned to the area of the Castle, where his worst fears regarding his faithful minstrel were confirmed. A solemn silence reigned amongst the crowd. Cutholin had expired!—Like the swan, his latest breath had been poured forth in music. His voice was raised in song, even at the moment when the soul was summoned to quit the body; and the death-pang which shot to the heart, that beat and glowed with the inspirations of genius, transformed it to a clod of cold and lifeless clay.

Such are the uncertain hopes of mortals. Nature, every moment, repeats their perishable destiny; and yet, regardless of her silent warnings, and reckless of all that must decide his happiness in time and in eternity, man lives on a little day, of faculties perverted, expectations destroyed, passions unrepressed, and resolutions overthrown!

## CHAPTER XIII.

“The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council ; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“What is it you would impart to me ?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently.”

JULIUS CÆSAR.

IT was some time before any thing like composure was restored among the people, whose feelings had received such a sudden and unexpected shock. The lifeless form of Cutholin had been borne to the chamber of the minstrel. The neces-

sary orders regarding the body were given, and strictly obeyed.

The Chieftain, in person, broke to the Lady Geraldine the mournful event which had taken place. She was deeply affected by the communication, and in her presence the Earl had not been ashamed to betray how sincerely he reciprocated the sorrow she evinced. Feeling the necessity of self-command, and not daring to indulge the depression of his spirit, the Desmond silently embraced his daughter, and retired to his own apartment, where he passed a couple of hours in absolute solitude. At their expiration, he forced himself to swallow some refreshment, and then, assuming an air of serenity that was very foreign to his real sentiments, the Desmond rejoined his noble guests in a small turret-chamber, the doors of which were instantly fastened against all intruders. When this was done, Sir John Desmond, in presence of the assembled Chiefs, addressed the Earl, and communicated the important intelligence, that Sir James Fitz-Maurice had just received a despatch from the Jesuit Allen, which announced, that at the close of the ensuing month, three ships, bearing the Spanish forces destined for the assistance of Ireland, might be expected to anchor in the Bay of Smerwick, where they would



endeavour to effect a landing on the coast of Kerry. Sir John Desmond added, that Fitz-Maurice, on receiving this momentous notice, privately engaged a small sloop, in which he had sailed to meet the foreign transports; that at the then perilous crisis, he had left orders with Sir John, not to communicate his departure except to the Earl of Desmond, and the Chiefs of the Irish confederacy who were assembled in Shanet Castle; in consequence of which, it had been deemed adviseable to circulate the report, that Fitz-Maurice still lingered at Kilkenny Castle, where he had been on a visit with Sir Edmund Butler, when the despatch of Allen reached its destination.

Such was the tenour of Sir John's communication. We shall not retard our narrative by detailing minutely the effects which it produced on the high-spirited personage to whom it was addressed. It is sufficient to say, that this unexpected news still farther increased the excitement of feverish irritation which the Desmond felt. Recent events had infused a darker and more malignant character into his determinations than they had formerly assumed, and had engendered an active, uncompromising, and vindictive spirit, which took its tone from the protracted course of

relentless persecutions, which, in the late instance of Elizabeth's conduct, seemed to have nearly reached a climax.

Moved by the sudden and powerful impulse which had just been given to his mind, the Lord of Desmond proposed some desperate, and, at the then juncture of affairs, impracticable projects for the emancipation of Ireland. The most important measure which he advocated, was that of immediately taking the field in opposition to the forces of Government.

The Desmond boldly offered himself as a leader to the Irish nation. He urged his hearers to assert the rights of free-born men, by renouncing their allegiance to the tyrants who galled them with religious and political distinctions; who enforced, by the point of the sword, a renunciation of their national faith; and who heaped disability on disability, in order to constrain obedience to a system of laws, the privileges of which were refused to the people, from whom a blind submission was unconditionally demanded.

The free and powerful eloquence of the Desmond deeply interested and aroused the persons to whom it was addressed. But after the first flurry of excitement had passed away, the wisdom of his advice was questioned, and weighty objections

were urged against it by some of the most influential and experienced Chiefs of the meeting.

It is needless to say, that they agreed, heart and soul, in the latitude of the sentiments which the Lord of Desmond had pronounced. They were only averse to rashly adventuring his life against the resources of England, until after a trial of strength had first been made by the disaffected party, under the guidance of some less distinguished leader; whose loss, should he fall in action, or be routed in the field, would not give that fatal blow to the cause of Ireland, which either the death or discomfiture of the Lord of Desmond would inflict.

It was impossible to refute this argument. The Desmond perceived that it would be highly imprudent to attempt to enforce a prosecution of schemes, which, on reflection, appeared, even to himself, to be rash and indefensible. The natural dissimulation of his character generally led him rather to incline to the adoption of temporizing expedients. It was only when his feelings were inflamed to excess, that he was impelled into acts of inconsiderate and open violence. Extreme mental excitement alone could communicate to his movements that overwhelming energy, which sweeps away every obstacle, and spurns every im-

pediment in defiance of reason. Wherefore, as soon as his uncontrollable burst of passion subsided, he did not hesitate to coincide in the policy of those artful measures, the adoption of which the majority of the assembly had strongly and unanimously recommended.

Let it not be imagined that the slightest tincture of either moral or physical cowardice induced this acquiescence. On the contrary, it was by an extraordinary effort, that the Desmond was so far able to master his burning anxiety to present a front of bold defiance to the English Government, as to submit to maintain, for a short time longer, an appearance of neutrality in a cause for which he would willingly have shed the last drop of his blood, could such a sacrifice have secured its triumph, or even advanced its interests. But it was indispensable that the suspicions of the ruling party should be lulled, until the projects of the insurrectionary one were more fully matured. Therefore the Chieftain voluntarily submitted to the self-inflictions which his friends imposed.

For many hours the party sat engaged in deep discussion on the state of Ireland, and the measures which its situation should oblige them to adopt. The night was far advanced before they came to any thing like a decision. It is not our

purpose to detail at length the different subjects which were started, and the opinions that were severally advanced by the persons who formed this little council of war; for such in fact it might be termed. We cannot suppose that all its members were influenced by the genuine sentiments of disinterested patriotism. The ambition of personal aggrandizement, the hostility of party, the excitements of human passion, were so many sources from which the leaven of a tumultuary spirit drew prolific increase. They were necessarily interwoven in the texture of the coalition that had been formed. But the result, and not the principle, was the grand object of attention in the political drama of Ireland. That result was decisive, active, and positive. It was manifested in the most unequivocal manner. With the precipitation of irritated feelings, the deliberators united in one common determination. Notwithstanding the dangerous prognostics that surrounded them, these desperate men concurred unanimously in an opinion somewhat similar to the spirited one delivered by Epaminondas to the opponents of the tyranny of Sparta,—“There is but one good omen, to fight for one’s country !”

Some little remnant of prudence, however, still remained to influence the councils of the Irish

Chiefs. Therefore, in order to prevent the evil consequences that would result from a premature disclosure of their projects, the Desmond and his friends agreed to conceal them carefully, until circumstances should authorize an open resistance to the power of England. It was resolved that the important interval which must elapse before that period could arrive, should be employed by the Desmond clan in collecting and arming their vassals, (26) under colour of holding them in readiness for the service of the Queen. To levy the numerous followers of the Lord of Desmond, it was deemed necessary that Mac Carty More, accompanied by the young Seneschal of Imokilly, should commence a tour to the different castles of the southern chiefs, on the following day; while other of the conspirators should direct their route to Connaught, where it was their purpose to influence those feelings of disaffection, which Sir James Fitz-Maurice had already attempted to rouse among the De Burghos, and several Irish clans in that quarter.

At this period of the conference, the eldest son of the late celebrated John O'Nial, Prince of Ulster, rose from his seat, and with a glow of energetic feeling, which seemed to emanate from a mind full of mighty plans and projects, he de-

tailed a variety of schemes for the emancipation of Ireland, which, though wild and unfeasible in their nature, were hailed with approbation by enthusiastic theorists, whose views were directed by any thing rather than the spirit of political philosophy. At the conclusion of his inflated harangue, O'Nial proposed that Sir John Desmond should accompany him to the North, to negotiate with the principal men of Ulster, in order to prevail on them to join the Irish confederacy. This was instantly acceded to by the whole assembly, the leaders of which were disposed to regard the young O'Nial with feelings of the strongest sympathy and interest.

The melancholy fate of his father has been glanced at in the preliminary chapter of our narrative. On the attainder of that formidable insurgent, an Act was passed in the third session of the Irish legislature under Elizabeth, which decreed that the name and regalities of the O'Nial should be abolished; that the lands of Ulster should be vested in the English crown, and that if any individual should presume to take the title which had been annexed thereto, he should be considered guilty of high treason, and should suffer the penalties of that crime; but the statute declared, that in consequence of the submission of

Tirlough Linnough and his followers, a provision was made in their favour, which allowed them to hold some acres of their country, by English tenure. On the attainder of the late sovereign of Ulster, his eldest son had been placed in close confinement in the Castle of Dublin, by order of the Queen; but he had contrived to evade the vigilance of his keepers, and had escaped into Ulster, where having mustered a strong body of his clan, he prepared to take a prominent lead in the civil commotions of the times, and for that purpose had joined the Irish Chiefs who were assembled in Shanet Castle. Enraged at being cut off from a succession to his fathers' princely territories, O'Nial associated himself, heart and soul, with the faction which was formed to overthrow the Government from whence such a proscriptive law had issued. In defiance of the English prohibition, he boldly assumed the title of the Chief of Ulster, and in consequence of the recent submission of Tirlough of Tirowen to the Lord Deputy, together with his secession from the political compact that he had formed with Sir James Fitz-Maurice, O'Nial's claims to the sovereignty of Ulster were unanimously acknowledged by the Irish nobles among whom he now assumed an influential position.



This brief sketch of his history will account for the partial interest with which the elder Chiefs of the meeting had listened to the young O'Nial. His offer of undertaking the Northern mission that he had advised, was not as disinterested in its nature as it appeared to superficial observers.

O'Nial was a man of the most violent temper and the strongest passions. He was the veriest slave of impulse, and his fiery spirit, impatient of control, was extremely liable to sudden impressions. The magnificence of our heroine's person, which had been lighted up into surpassing beauty by the excitement she felt at witnessing the enthusiastic ebullitions of her clan, had captivated while it dazzled the senses of O'Nial. Ever the victim of impetuosity, he instantaneously conceived a vehement passion for the Lady Geraldine.

In the delirium of his feelings, he had been on the point of declaring them to the Lord of Desmond; but certain secret misgivings had induced him to check that impulse, and had led him to conceive the design of offering to accompany Sir John Desmond into Ulster.

His avowed desire of seducing the Northern Islanders into disaffection to the English Crown was a secondary object with O'Nial; his paramount one was to cultivate an intimacy with the

uncle of our heroine, in the hope of inducing him to exert his influence with the Earl of Desmond, to lead him to lend a favourable ear to the offer of marriage that O'Nial was determined to make to Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald, and on the acceptance of which his heart was resolutely bent.

Unconscious of all this, the Earl of Desmond pronounced a warm panegyric on the conduct of the Chief of Ulster, and readily acceded to his proposed expedition. After having touched on a variety of other arrangements, the Desmond, influenced by a desire to extinguish the suspicions of the English Government, suggested the policy of concealing from the rulers of the Pale, his party's knowledge of the late treacherous design of Queen Elizabeth. Though in the first transports of feeling, the Earl had involuntarily revealed it in the presence of his clan, yet he felt secure of the silence of his vassals, as soon as they should be made acquainted with the expediency of maintaining secrecy upon the subject. In order to quell the general alarm which his flight from Dublin must have occasioned, and as a measure which might prevent the discovery of his projects, the Desmond also proposed to make a sort of equivocal submission to the head of the

Government. This being agreed to, it was finally arranged that, on the day specified in the Jesuit's letter, Sir John Desmond, and the Chiefs then present, should meet at the Castle of Gallerus, a fortress belonging to the Knight of Kerry, and which stood in the vicinity of the Bay, where it was intended that the vessels bearing the allies of Ireland should cast anchor. In conformity with the nature of the previous arrangements, it was determined that the Earl of Desmond should remain apparently inactive, and uninterested, on the great occasion of the arrival of the foreign troops. But, at the same time, it was fully understood, that whenever circumstances called for the assistance of the Chieftain, the Father Allen and his associates might confidently reckon on being received, harboured, and protected at Desmond Castle.

These plans having been duly approved and settled, the Earl rose to break up the conference, announcing his design of returning to his Castle of Desmond on the next morning, accompanied by the Lady Geraldine, and a strong party of gallow-glasses. With the latter he intended to reinforce the troops that Sir John had left engarrisoned in that fortress, under a pretence of holding them in preparation for the English service.

It was the intention of the Chieftain to inter the body of Cutholin with bardic honours in the ruined monastery at Desmond Castle. This design was now communicated, and the funeral *cortège* was ordered to move to the latter place in two days subsequent to the departure of the Earl and his suite from the fortress of Shanet. The tribute of respect which we have mentioned, was justly due to the memory of the minstrel. The old man, though full of years, had walked of his own accord from Desmond to Shanet Castle, in the hope of receiving the earliest accounts of his Chieftain's fortunes. His favourite dogs had been the companions of the aged harper in his last earthly journey. They were left to accompany his corse, from which it had been found impossible to separate the faithful animals.

When the Chieftain uttered his concluding communication, he took leave of his friends for the night, appointing an early hour of rendezvous, previous to the commencement of their different routes upon the following morning. As the Earl passed out of the turret chamber, he desired Sir John to accompany him to his private apartment. The Knight obeyed. The brothers quickly reached the Chieftain's room; the door of which had scarcely closed, when the Earl anxiously exclaimed:—

“ Have you no tidings of the Lady Desmond ? My heart has longed to ask the question ; but I would not trust myself to do so, in the presence of the many we have left.”

“ I waited only for an opportunity to deliver this letter, which the Countess thought I should have given to you in Dublin.”

The Chief eagerly opened the packet, and having glanced over its contents, he said:—  
“ Thank Heaven ! she complied with my desire, and is still at the Convent of Saint Catherine,— I shall journey there to-morrow, and the next day will proceed with Agatha and Geraldine to Desmond Castle.”

“ It can easily be done ; and now, as you require rest—good night !”

The Earl returned this courtesy, and Sir John retired to his chamber.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“The minstrel is dead !  
But his spirit fled  
'Midst the glorious breath of his numbers ;  
Then why should we weep  
O'er Cutholin's sleep ?  
In the fame of his song he slumbers.”

OLD DIRGE.

“ God spoke within this heart, but with the voice  
Of stern deliberate duty, and I rose  
Resolved to sail the flood, to tread the fire,  
That's nought—to quench all natural compunction,  
To know nor right, nor wrong, nor crime, nor virtue,  
But as subservient to Rome's cause and Heaven's !”

MILMAN.

AT the dawn of the ensuing day the Hibernian Chiefs, separating into the parties which had been previously arranged, commenced their different

routes. Geraldine and her father reached the convent of Saint Catherine in perfect safety. The meeting of the Earl and Countess was fraught with tender interest. The length of their separation seemed to have endeared them mutually to each other; and in the kindness with which the Lady Desmond returned the affectionate embraces of our heroine, the latter rejoiced to perceive an evidence of that improvement in character, which had been produced in the Countess by the admirable precepts which the Abbess of Saint Catherine had laboured to infuse into her mind, and the life of practical piety that she had led during her long stay with the sisterhood of the convent.

The day subsequent to that on which the Chieftain, with his wife and daughter, arrived at Desmond Castle, the body of the old and faithful Cutholin was conveyed to the silent mansion of the grave.

The Earl gazed, and not without emotion, on the minstrel's tomb, almost envying the mysterious repose which hallows the darksome dwellings of the dead, where the passions are at rest, and the sorrows and the joys of life are equally forgotten.

Turning from these and other depressing thoughts, the Chieftain occupied his active mind in providing a remedy for the disorders that had

arisen in his palatinate during his protracted absence. He endeavoured to establish justice in the government of his clan, by concerting regulations to punish, or to reward, as circumstances and the conduct of different individuals might require. With cautious circumspection, the Desmond also studied to introduce those measures which were conducive to the advancement of his political views; and amidst the general subversion of law and order which prevailed in Ireland, he found little difficulty in establishing them. By the Earl's influence and address, he soon succeeded in deciding a great portion of the neutral and wavering to embrace the cause he advocated; and having secretly organized a considerable body of troops, he only waited for a favourable opportunity to bring them into action.

In the mean time, Sir John Desmond, and the Hibernian nobles who supported the Irish confederacy, had arrived at the Castle of Gallerus, which was situated at a little distance from the Bay of Smerwick. The lowlands which lie between that harbour and Ferriter's Creek are connected by a long narrow isthmus that is covered with the richest verdure; and the whole appearance of the bay is infinitely picturesque and romantic. At the time of which we treat, some



beautiful varieties of wood afforded a charming relief to the greenness of the turf; and here and there a mountain ash or a weeping willow dipped its branches into the dark blue waters which wash the margin of the bay. In the distance, Saint Brandon's hill presents a magnificent perspective. The summit is generally wrapt in a cap of clouds; but at times the top is perfectly clear, and soars high into the heavens unsullied by a passing vapour. Occasionally too the mists that ascend from the Atlantic Ocean are retarded in their aerial course mid-way up the mountain, on the purple sides of which they sometimes hang in sheeted columns of light, or else descend and mingle with the low thin hazes of the sea.

Three hills of very peculiar forms lie close to the shore, and run along the line of coast. They have been styled by navigators "the three sisters." A little beyond these hills is the haven of Smerwick. On the brow of one of the high, bold, and rocky promontories which rise abruptly on the shores of the main land, stood the ruin of an ancient castle. No vestige of it now remains; but at the time of which we speak, it frowned in solitary grandeur over the ocean, whose waves rolled to the base of the precipice where, in days of old, the fortress had been built. The walls were covered

to the very top with the thickest ivy. They might be seen at sea from a considerable distance ; and owing to the elevated site of the castle, it commanded a prospect of boundless magnificence. The ruin seemed as if “breathing stern farewells” to the sublimities of nature ; for, to use the language of a noble bard, it stood

“As stands a lofty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd ;  
All tenantless, save to the cranny wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.”

The great Blasquet Islands, some of which are round and verdant hills, others bare and peaked rocks, lie scattered over the broad bosom of the ocean, to the south-west of Smerwick bay, and were distinctly visible from the ruined castle. The ebb and flood of the sea rushes and breaks with such prodigious force between those isles and the main land, that the sound of the Blasquets is dreaded by mariners, as being one of the most dangerous on the Irish coast. Towards the bottom of Smerwick harbour, the Knights of Kerry had erected their Castle of Gallerus, which was now the place of rendezvous for the Hibernian Chiefs. The building was screened from the western blasts by a grove of fine old oaks, and was singularly situated. It stood on the flat lowlands of the

coast, and was nearly surrounded\* by water, the Atlantic rolling to the shore on one side, while on the other, a large lake, which at seasons was visited by numerous flocks of wild swans, stretched into the distance like a smooth and brilliant mirror.

On the day on which the ships that bore the Father Allen, Doctor Saunders, and the foreign allies, were expected to anchor in the Bay of Smerwick, the Irish confederates assembled to greet the arrival of the little fleet. An entire morning had been spent in watching the few distant sails that glittered and glanced over the face of the waters; but they moved not inland; and time passed on without bringing the wished-for sight.

The planet of the day was sinking into rest, and the horizon was filled with his departing glories. A July sunset burnished the earth, the sea, and the heavens, massing every object into one ambient glow of gold and crimson light. Standing out in bold relief from these burning tints, the knot of Ireland's friends appeared, crowded together on a high watch-tower of the ruined castle; the only one that time had spared. The group consisted of Thomas Lord of Kerry, commonly called the Black Knight; John Fitzgerald, the White Knight; and Thomas Fitzgerald, the

Knight of the Glin, or of the Valley; Sir John Desmond, and the Irish Chieftains, whom we have already mentioned as having formed the members of the Council which had been held at Shanet Castle. The Lord of Kerry, as well as the White Knight, and the Knight of the Valley, had formerly assisted the half-brother of the Lord of Desmond (27) in his unsuccessful attempts to gain the earldom from the present possessor; but a reconciliation had lately been effected between the acknowledged Chief of Desmond and the three Irish Knights, in consequence of which the hospitalities of the Castle of Gallerus had been offered to Sir John Desmond, and the nobles and clans who had embraced his views.

To prove the sincerity of their friendly alliance with the head of the House of Desmond; the Knight of the Valley, and the White Knight, had accepted the invitation of their kinsman, the Knight of Kerry, to meet the Chiefs who were assembled beneath his roof; and in the bonds of perfect good fellowship, the individuals of the party had spent, on the lofty watch-tower of the ruined fortress, each of the mornings which had elapsed since their arrival, observing, with intense anxiety, every passing sail, in the hope of hailing the Spanish fleet. Disappointment had ensued;

but, still sanguine, they continued to indulge the same expectations; and unchilled in feeling, repaired each day to the ancient watch-tower. This station had been chosen because of the extensive view of sea and land which it commanded. The Castle of Gallerus could lay no claim to a similar advantage, therefore the Chiefs had left it to gain their present situation.

The half-shattered battlements, moss-grown parapets, and all the lower parts of the ruin, were filled with inferior clansmen; and the side of the hill on which it stood, presented a perfect mosaic of human figures, so closely was it covered with a mass of people, who, silent and moveless, looked with the deepest interest for the ominous event, which they expected should decide the fate of nations.

As we have already mentioned, the Irish Chieftains occupied the lonely watch-tower. The sea lay glittering below, and the Heavens glowed above them like a second ocean. The clouds and the waters were equally still, and both were touched with the same gorgeous hues. The atmosphere was so calm and clear, that even distant objects were distinctly seen; for mountain, valley, and sea, were developed and imbued with the glorious light of a summer's eve.

The earnest eyes of Sir John and his associates were strained to the utmost verge of the horizon. Their hearts were too full for speech, and in mute, but now almost hopeless anxiety, they fixed their gaze upon the sun-bright sea. Suddenly, and at the moment when expectation was nearly resigned, three ships turned a point of land which jutted, like the horn of a crescent, into Smerwick bay.

“They come!—they come!” shouted the Irish Chiefs with one voice, from the watch-tower, as they saw the stately vessels steering inland, with their white wings expanded to catch the gentle breeze that had sprung up, and glancing, like rays of light, upon the surface of the sea.

“They come!—they come!” cried the multitude on the battlements. “They come!—they come!” responded every lip within and without the ruin; taking up the joyful words, in tones that were so reverberated from side to side, by a variety of echoes, that it seemed as if numberless voices in the valleys and the mountains repeated the cheering sounds, and wafted them across the ocean to the fleet that glided landward on its bosom. All was now restless and voluble delight. Whole groups swept down the hill, to gain the shore. Hope, and joy, and confidence, lit up their

animated features, and the ardour of their spirits gave a frightful acceleration to the rapid movement.

As the vessels steered closer to the land, the objects they contained were given more distinctly to the view. Two of the ships rode abreast, at a short distance each from the other; the third receded slightly from the direct line, so that the vessels sailed to shore in the exact form of a semi-circle. At the prow of one of the advanced sloops stood the Father Allen. Behind him, Cornille, Bishop of Killaloe, and a crowd of Irish fugitives, who had joined the Jesuit abroad, were grouped together. The Priest was wrapped in a black cloak; his head was uncovered, and round his neck hung an antique *Agnus Dei*; his face was thinner, if possible it was paler, and more thoughtful than formerly; showing somewhat plainer the tokens of time. But neither age nor decay could soften the daring scowl of Allen's eye. It was radiant with intelligence, and might be taken as the index of a fanatical and vindictive mind, eager to exert its desperate resources, and capable of employing any means to gratify the passions by which it was impelled.

With one hand, the Jesuit clasped a long white cross to his heart; with the other, he held aloft a

parchment scroll, to which the Papal seal was attached. This was the celebrated bull, which, drawn up at the command of the Pontiff Gregory, was addressed to the Princes, Nobles, Prelates, and people of Ireland, exhorting them to unite with Sir James Fitz-Maurice and his allies in defence of the Church of Rome; promising to all who enlisted under his banner, the same spiritual indulgences which were granted to those who fought against the Turks; and denouncing the Queen of England as an heretical usurper. The scroll was written in characters of an extraordinary size, which were inscribed in colours of purple and scarlet, embossed upon a silver ground.

At the head of the other foremost vessel stood Sir James Fitz-Maurice. He was dressed in the full national livery of green, white, and gold; his plumed velvet bonnet was doffed in one hand, the other grasped a polished spear, seven feet in length, which rested on the right shoulder; and as he stood with one foot firmly advanced, he might have been taken for an exemplification of what the Irish have emphatically termed, *fauth-na-gail*, (28) or the terror of the stranger. In the rear of Sir James Fitz-Maurice, the Spanish and Italian forces leaned on their arms, with their eyes steadfastly fixed upon the Irish shore; and, thus group-



ed together in their different uniforms, they presented irregular masses to the view that were singularly picturesque.

At the prow of the central ship stood the Doctor Saunders, whom the See of Rome had invested with the high dignity of Apostolic Legate. This empowered him to bless or to anathematize any cause, or individual, at his pleasure. The Nuncio was robed in his full canonical garb, and displayed a splendid banner, which had been consecrated for the enterprise by the Head of the Romish Church. The sacred standard streamed in the air, and catching the rays of the setting sun upon the rich emblazonry, it floated like a cloud of gold above the vessel. The deck was nearly covered with an infinite variety of arms of foreign workmanship, that stood together in upright piles; and these, reflecting with tenfold radiance the beams of light that played on their polished points, presented a dazzling background to the tall and black-robed figure of the Legate.

It was a goodly sight to see the three gallant ships, as they glided to the shore so smoothly, that a track was scarcely left to mark their course upon the ocean. One mighty shout, followed by another still more deep, burst from the mouths of all, as the vessels neared the coast. From the

nature of the harbour, it was unnecessary to lower boats, for the sloops found no difficulty in moving close to the shore, where they cast anchor. Every arm was stretched forth to bid them welcome; every tongue was clamorous to express the joy that beat in every heart.

A single word and gesture from the Father Allen, silenced the uproar.

“Hear!” cried the Jesuit in a piercing voice, raising high above his head the scroll he held. There was a solemn pause. The crowd stood motionless as statues, with their gaze fixed upon the Jesuit. His countenance bore witness to the unutterable agitations which seemed to labour in his soul. His eyes were lifted up to heaven; his features, for a moment, were almost distorted with emotion; and the hand visibly trembled, which held up the scroll. But the convulsion of Allen’s face and frame passed instantly away. Words found their utterance; and with surprising vehemence, and in a voice to describe whose peculiar intonations the term *unearthly* must be used, Allen poured forth the feelings with which his heart was overfraught. They were expressed in the emphatic language of the Er̄se; but we shall attempt to give their purport. The Jesuit holding in one hand the cross, with the other displayed the

Papal bull to the moveless multitude who lined the shore; and then exclaimed:—

“ Behold the pledge of victory!—In *this*, the delegate of God hath issued judgment on our foes.—*His* cause is *our's*.—Countrymen! I charge you, under pain of condemnation at the last great day, dare not desert that cause! Think on the friends who were slaughtered before your eyes. Their blood now cries for vengeance! Think on the tyrants who, with hellish perfidy, usurped yon fertile soil, and then sent fire and the sword to work its desolation! Think on your altars—they are overthrown! On your priests—they are degraded! On your kindred—they are slain! Justice is denied you. Ye are hunted from your homes like beasts of prey, and are prohibited from worshipping your God, save in the forms prescribed and forced upon you by a heretic! But the wild glen shall not be our only home, nor the bare mountain-rock our tabernacle. No!—for, as the Archangel overcame the Prince of darkness, so shall we triumph! The day is come. The disembodied spirits of our murdered friends rejoice, and from their heights of glory they sing praises, for they know the Great Eternal will avenge his people! *He*, who makes his angels lightnings, and his spirits flames of fire, sends you aid. Look

at yon pile of arms! God hath given them. Behold yon holy banner!—It comes from Heaven's Vicegerent, and it comes to flutter victory!—Irishmen, I conjure you, by the spirits of the just, and under dread of everlasting torments, swear to enlist beneath that sacred standard, and those champions of the faith who are leagued for the redemption of your country—Swear!”

“*We swear!*” exclaimed a thousand tongues, in a wild burst, which sounded like a peal of thunder; when the vast multitude, actuated by one impulse, dropped upon their knees, and bent their heads to the earth, every man kissing the blade of his sword while he uttered the oath.

A burning flush of triumph crossed the face of Allen; and as he stood with his head thrown backwards, in the act of holding up the cross, to attest the people by its sanctity, the whole man looked inspiration. His clear pale eyes emitted that glittering light, which we have said was their peculiar characteristic when influenced by passion; and every part of his frame bore witness to the strength of a fanaticism beyond the power of language to describe. A moment passed in silence so profound, that if a leaf had dropped, it might have been heard. The Chiefs and the people raised their heads, but remained upon their knees when

they perceived that Allen and the Doctor Saunders, with slow and solemn steps, approached the edge of their respective ships, each bearing in his hand a golden vase of consecrated water. With this the two ecclesiastics hallowed the beautiful bay, which mirrored on its glassy surface the action of their arms, as with imposing solemnity they waved them to and fro, in performing their sacred purpose; at the same time, ejaculating with holy fervour, the rites their church ordained for such a ceremonial. When it was finished, the Nuncio, with the whole collected force of his voice, exclaimed:—

“As hallowed as these waters is our cause!—  
God of our fathers! grant it victory!”

“He will!—he will!” burst from the Chiefs and the Clans, as they rose from their knees. Many of the serfs and vassals, relapsing into their former vehemence, dashed into the sea, scaled the sides of the ships, and regardless of their dripping garments, crowded round friends and strangers; testifying nearly equal joy in the clamorous welcomes which they gave to both. The foreigners met the wild greetings of the Irish with a mixture of fear and astonishment. But gradually they found themselves infected with a tincture of the enthusiasm which seemed inherent

to the very air they breathed ; and as the Spanish, Italians, and Irish, leaped on land, and mingling joyously together, proceeded to the Castle of Gallerus, it would have been difficult to fancy that, an hour before, many of the members of the friendly groups were absolutely ignorant of their mutual existence.

The reception which the Chieftains gave to the Nuncio of the Pope, the Father Allen, and their immediate colleagues, as they stepped on shore, was somewhat more decorous, though certainly not less cordial, than the rude welcome that had been offered by the inferior clansmen of the Irish lords.

In a short time the whole party moved forwards to the Castle of Gallerus, where the Knight of Kerry courteously performed all the duties of a host. .

## CHAPTER XV.

“ I ’ve school’d my haughty soul to subtlest craft,  
I ’ve strung my tender heart to bloodiest havoc ;  
And stand prepared to wear the martyr’s flames,  
Like nuptial robes ; far worse to drag to the stake  
My friend, the brother of my soul—if thus  
I sear the hydra heads of heresy.”

MILMAN.

“ Such was the band that their dark orgies kept,  
From which to havoc like a storm they swept.”

O’NEILLE.

THE remainder of the summer and a great part of the following autumn passed away. During this interval some important events occurred. Waving all minor details, we shall relate them.

The first intelligence of the arrival of the Spanish forces, was given to a commander of one of the

Queen's vessels, then stationed at Kinsale, who instantly ordered a ship of war to double the point of one of the chief headlands of the coast. This incident was followed by another still more inauspicious. The Spanish transports were cut away by Captain Courtney, (the English naval commander,) and thus the foreigners were deprived of the power of retreat, and of the possibility of receiving aid from sea. But, undaunted by this misfortune, Sir James Fitz-Maurice and his followers resolved to maintain their station, by erecting a fortress on the north side of Smerwick harbour. In that port there was a rock fortified by nature, and washed on one side by the waves of the Atlantic. On the other, it was defended by a steep ledge of cliffs, that formed a small isthmus, which was almost entirely surrounded by the sea. Sir James ordered the upper part of this isthmus to be cut away, and then joined the rock to the main land by means of a drawbridge. Resolving to give the assistance of art to the natural situation of the place, Fitz-Maurice, in order to render it impregnable, threw up, near the edge of the rock, a fortification, consisting of a curtain twenty yards in length, a ditch, and two bastions. This he engarrisoned with six hundred men, under the command of a Spanish officer named Sebastian



de Saint Joseph. Having taken every precautionary measure which his military knowledge could devise, Sir James Fitz-Maurice resolved to leave Fort del Ore (so the fortification was termed) under the authority of the governor whom he had chosen, and to direct his own course towards Ulster and Connaught, in order to induce the Chiefs of those provinces to resist the English government. But, uncertain of the success of this enterprise, Fitz-Maurice determined to conceal his design, except from the Father Allen and a small chosen body of men, whose aid was indispensably requisite for its accomplishment. Therefore he publicly declared that the object of his sudden journey, was the performance of a vow that he had made in Spain, which compelled him to undertake a pilgrimage to a celebrated shrine of Irish devotion, called the Holy Cross of Tipperary. The superstition of the age did not attempt to controvert a plea so sacred. Sir James, unquestioned and unsuspected, commenced his professedly religious mission, accompanied by Allen; and Sir John Desmond succeeded to Fitz-Maurice's place as first Lieutenant of the Holy League.

The Knight's situation was no sinecure. The Spaniards, who had imagined that, on their landing, the whole force of a mighty people would have

been poured forth to oppose the power they detested, and to aid that which had espoused their cause, were disappointed and indignant at the half measures that were taken to cast off the yoke of England. They had avowed their discontent to Sir James Fitz-Maurice, which had been the instigating cause of his secret expedition. Sir James, with difficulty, dissembled his own chagrin from his foreign friends. There was a tide of suspicion ebbing and flowing in his mind, which he found it impossible to repress. Not having been present at the conference of the Irish Chiefs at Shanet Castle, Fitz-Maurice had not witnessed those unequivocal proofs of devotion to the disaffected party, which the Desmond had given in the vehemence of an uncontrolled enthusiasm, that would have converted doubt into certainty in the breast of the most determined sceptic, who might have been disposed to question the Earl's sincerity. But Sir James had only received these proofs through report. He had *heard* of the Desmond's patriotism, but he had not *seen* it evinced. Hence it is not astonishing, that on combining the Chief's natural dissimulation with his present reserve, a throng of serious suspicions were excited in Fitz-Maurice's mind, the indulgence of which produced a considerable change in the feel-

ings of his heart towards his powerful kinsman. Policy enjoined him to conceal his mortification from the Spanish troops, and to pacify their discontent, at the reception they had met, by every means within his reach. This had been adroitly done. But to dissemble with Sir John Desmond was beyond the power of Fitz-Maurice, who had privately taunted his kinsman with galling sarcasms and insinuations, that were calculated to throw a stigma, not only on the honour of the Lord of Desmond, but also on the fidelity of Sir John's attachment to the service he had undertaken.

The Knight indignantly repelled these suspicions, in as far as they related to himself, and, stung to the quick by their injustice, he required that satisfaction which, as a man of spirit, he was entitled to demand. Fitz-Maurice, aware of the serious evils that would result from the disclosure of his own opinions, which must necessarily attend a hostile meeting with his cousin, postponed it until after his return from his pretended pilgrimage, when he promised to give an honourable and immediate adjustment to their differences.

Sir John Desmond was obliged to acquiesce in this arrangement; and, thus left the prey of a thousand mingled feelings, he was ill able to en-

ture the discontents which the Spaniards hesitated not to express at the neutral conduct of the Earl of Desmond; or the cool suspicion of his own integrity, which was virtually shown by the foreign forces. To efface the latter, Sir John conceived a scheme, which seemed more like the horrible plot of a demon than the invention of a man.

The communication of the arrival of the Spanish fleet, had been made to Government by Mr. Henry Davels, a Devonshire gentleman, who was intimately acquainted with the family of Desmond. He had formed a particular friendship for Sir John, who was his gossip, (a tie of close affinity amongst the ancient Irish), and who had experienced the greatest obligations from his hand. At the time when Davels discovered that the foreign sloops were anchored in Smerwick bay, he was at Tralee with the two provincial Judges, who had been sent there to execute judicatory measures in the name of Elizabeth. The incident that had followed the intelligence given by Mr. Davels, was sufficient to raise the indignation of the Irish malecontents against the informer. But an additional ground of irritation was afforded in the circumstance of his having assisted the Queen's Judges in their circuit through the palatinate of Desmond, which claimed exemption from their authority under

colour of a royal liberty. It was also known that Sir William Drury, who had succeeded Sir Henry Sidney as Lord Deputy of Ireland, had commissioned Mr. Davels to reconnoitre the number and position of the invaders, and to report to the Government the results of his *espionnage*.

All these coincidences conspired to create a popular ferment. In such an excited state of the public mind, Sir John Desmond found little difficulty in engaging some daring and desperate spirits to join him in the execution of an act, which, from its nature, was calculated to cancel the suspicions of the malecontents, and to seal his devotion to their cause, by the commission of a deed, which, from its unparalleled atrocity, must exclude him from a hope of pardon from the English crown. Mr. Davels had been sent by the Lord Deputy to Desmond Castle, to inform its Chief, that his co-operation against the rebels would be expected by the Governor of the Pale, who had determined to attack them without delay.

On Davels' return, his route lay through Tralee. With hearts panting for blood, Sir John Desmond and his band of murderers secretly followed him thither. Having bribed the porter to obtain an ingress, they surrounded and gained admittance to Lixnaw Castle, where the object of their

vengeance lay. In the silent watches of the night, they entered Davels' chamber, and closed round his bed with drawn weapons. The old man started in horror from his sleep, and fixing an astonished gaze upon Sir John, he anxiously exclaimed,—

“What, my son! What means this brawl?”

The sword of the assassin supplied an answer to the question. Sir John Desmond plunged his blade into the heart of his benefactor, drenched the weapon in his blood, and massacred him on the spot. (29) The midnight ruffians, intent on the work of carnage, then flew from room to room, and indiscriminately slaughtered the Judges and their servants, who had been the guests of the murdered Davels.

After this, Sir John Desmond and his followers attacked the English garrison that were stationed at Tralee, put them to the edge of the sword, and returned to Fort del Ore, glorying in the success which had attended the desperate purpose of their leader. Under almost any other circumstances, the conqueror would have been hailed by the Irish as the triumphant champion who had fought and bled in the most upright cause that had ever engaged the patriotic energies of a nation. But as matters stood, the monstrous perfidy of Sir John Desmond formed such a prominent feature in the annals of

his victory, that every heart that was not dead to the voice of humanity and conscience, united in one common condemnation of the means by which success had been achieved. Even men of the most turbulent and ambitious minds concurred in openly denouncing Sir John Desmond as a disgrace to the cause his conduct had polluted.

The Earl of Desmond was foremost in the ranks of those who loudly inveighed against the perpetration of the crime his brother had committed. With instinctive horror, the Chieftain shrunk from co-operating with a man who, in the daring spirit of a licentious fanaticism, had sacrificed humanity and justice with a more than barbarous fury. The Lord of Desmond refused to lend the weight of his authority to a murderer; and, with noble independence, boldly avowed the light in which he considered the offender who had inflicted such a signal injury on his country's cause. But the infatuated multitude, distracted by the civil convulsions of the times, stopped not to reflect on the enormities by which Sir John Desmond had attained success. Actuated by a wild and fearless enthusiasm, the people recklessly followed him in his career of blood; and, carried away by the tide of circumstances, popular opinion soon recognised him as a great and daring leader, who was worthy to wield

the destinies of Ireland. Under certain limitations, this was the general sentiment. It is true, the Earl of Desmond, and many of the Hibernian Chiefs, refused to act in concert with the object of their reprobation; but the great mass of the conspirators gradually flocked to his standard, and only waited for a signal to bring their oppressors to the experimental test of an open battle. Presuming on the triumphs which they had already gained, the people ardently desired to enlist beneath the banner of Sir John Desmond; and with that impetuosity which is generally attendant on the effervescence of political zeal, they demanded an opportunity to decide the question of their power, in a conflict with the strength of England. A general expectation prevailed, that at that trying crisis, Sir John Desmond would take the responsibility of leading the Spanish and the Irish forces to the field. This hope was confirmed by the following unexpected intelligence.

Sir James Fitz-Maurice, when pursuing his route to Connaught through the county of Limerick, had encountered Sir William De Burgho, the Lord of Castle Connell, who, indignant at the seizure of some horses which Fitz-Maurice had taken forcible possession of, remonstrated in violent language at the unjustifiableness of the act. Sir



James, with much temper, endeavoured to appease the Chieftain's ire; and by many arguments attempted not only to palliate his recent proceeding, but to prevail on De Burgho to join the opposers of the Government of the Pale. Unseduced by his sophistry, the Chief of Castle Connell firmly replied, that he had already played the game of rebellion, and had experienced all its heavy penalties, wherefore he was determined not to engage in a political hostility to the English Crown which he looked upon as equally obnoxious, absurd, and unsafe.

With all the bitterness of party zeal, Fitz-Maurice retorted the opinions of De Burgho, who, with reciprocal violence, entered into an altercation, which ended in a challenge, to decide the question of dispute by a skirmish between the two belligerents and their clans. This was speedily done. Fitz-Maurice was resolved to conquer or to die. Though desperately wounded by a gun-shot in the breast, he rallied his forces, opened a passage, sword in hand, through the centre of the enemy, and almost in the same instant, with a stroke of his skein, he clove the head of Theobald, the eldest son of Sir William De Burgho.

The death of this young Chief was followed by

that of his brother, and the defeat of many of his sept. The rest fled panic-struck from the combat. But the victory cost Fitz-Maurice dear. His wound proved mortal. He expired six hours after the action, (30) having been shrived by his confessor, Allen, who instantly returned to Fort del Ore, with the sad intelligence of Sir James's death. It caused the greatest consternation among the Irish Catholics and their partisans; but when the first shock was over, the troops rallied their courage, and ranging themselves under the standard of Sir John Desmond, they resolved to dare the fortunes of an open battle with the English army.

One of the most active of the advocates for this measure, was the Father Allen. Like a true disciple of Ignatius Loyola, the Jesuit zealously engaged in removing all obstructions which were likely to retard the advancement of the interests of that Church to which he was devoted, heart and soul. Whether this was done by good or evil means, was a question of comparatively trivial import to the priest. Conscience stood not in the way of crime; and at all risks, Allen, in the stern, uncompromising spirit of his character and creed, pursued his fanatical career, exulting in the adoption of any measure that promised to establish the

supremacy of Rome, and the destruction of the cause which Catholicism branded with the name of heresy. In the ardour of this pursuit, Allen's powers of persuasion were sedulously employed to induce the Lord of Desmond to extend forgiveness to his guilty brother. To withstand the pleadings of such a counsellor, required no small degree of resolution. But, for the first time in his life, the arguments and the perseverance of the Jesuit were ineffectual. The Earl firmly resisted his applications, and unequivocally announced a determination to withhold his pardon from Sir John Desmond, who had willingly committed a crime, which called for the reprobation of men of all parties, and of every rank. But though the Chieftain was perfectly sincere in the detestation he thus expressed at his brother's conduct, and in his resolution not to enrol his sept beneath the banner of Sir John, yet, as may be easily conceived, the Earl felt an intense interest in the event of an open battle with the English forces, which he knew must give either an increased impetus against his country's freedom, or a momentum to her strength.

Hitherto time had been wasted in a series of petty skirmishes, the success of which had been pretty equally divided between the hostile parties.

Warfare was carried on in a manner which may be termed peculiar to the people of Ireland: knowing the power and the resources of England too well to dare the hazard of an open engagement, they generally contrived to attack the British from an ambuscade, and then, with equal dexterity, retreated into their private haunts amongst the bogs, woods, and mountains.

The adoption of this mode was favourable to the practised Irish, but was particularly unpropitious to the designs of their pursuers, who, not unfrequently, were compelled to abandon their fatiguing attempts to discover and attack the irregular troops of the natives, or met with the still more inglorious fate of losing life or limb in the numerous pitfalls which, ingeniously contrived for their destruction, lay concealed beneath the treacherous surface of the bogs. The dykes and fens peculiar to the marshy grounds of Ireland, were singularly unfavourable to the movements of the regular forces of the British army; and the wide-spreading forests which, in Elizabeth's reign, clothed the now comparatively naked hills and plains of the Emerald Isle, afforded an almost impervious retreat, and secure refuge for the encampment of the Irish detachments. Hence an interval of nine weeks was fruitlessly employed

by the royal forces, in endeavouring to subdue Sir John Desmond, and the dauntless men who acted under his command. The experiment failed. Two hundred of the British troops were cut to pieces in an attempt to surprise the forces of the Irish leader, who, from his intimate knowledge of the country, was enabled to harass the Queen's troops by a succession of petty attacks. These were carried on in a rude and immethodical style of warfare, that was extremely perplexing to a regular army, and which, combined with the security against discovery possessed by the natives in their inaccessible lurking-places, rendered any attempt at retaliation on the part of their pursuers, both perilous and ineffectual.

Animated by a success which the inflammable and enthusiastic temperament of the Irish hailed as an auspicious omen of victory, the possibility of defeat was never contemplated by that sanguine people. Full of zeal and courage, they unanimously agreed to act under the generalship of Sir John Desmond ; and in the midst of all the dangers and agitations that surrounded them, confidently reckoned on a glorious consummation to the enterprise which engaged the master-passions of their souls. It may easily be conceived, that under such strong excitement, the Earl of Desmond did not remain

an uninterested observer of scenes that were so congenial to his nature.

Enraged at the flagrant treachery of the plot which had been laid for his life and the destruction of his family, and driven to desperation at the scene of confusion and misery which a long system of misrule had realized in Ireland, the Chieftain resolved to act in conformity with his favourite, though false and dangerous, maxim; namely, that perfidy in the oppressor could be met and foiled only by duplicity in the oppressed. Agreeably to this reprehensible hypothesis, the Earl not only encouraged faction and deceit amongst his clan, but practised consummate dissimulation himself. The multiplying evils which resulted from such a destructive policy, the Desmond disregarded, when placed in comparison with the positive good which he expected to ensue from opposing one machination by another. To counterplot the designs of the English Government became his paramount object; and under the influence of those feelings, the Earl privately instructed his clan to entertain the disaffected within the palatinate of Desmond, and secretly supplied them with money and arms.

Yet though irritated to revenge by the circumstances we have mentioned, the Chieftain

could not bring himself to take the field in concert with a man, whose character was polluted by a crime of so deep a dye, as that which stained the reputation of Sir John Desmond. But at the same time the Earl persuaded himself that the sins of an individual ought not to be visited on the cause which he espoused, especially if that cause was grounded upon justice. In the estimation of the Lord of Desmond, the one now headed by his brother was the holiest and most upright under heaven; therefore, with the sophistry inseparable from the alloy of his opinions, the Earl reasoned his mind into a sincere conviction of the equity of aiding the disaffected Irish, by whatever means were best calculated to forward the progress of the insurrection, and to bring it to a prosperous issue. The Chieftain was ready to seal with his blood his devotion to the cause of Ireland and liberty. He believed it was founded on every claim of right; and though he yielded to the dictates of his conscience, in refusing to consent to a coalition with the commander of the insurgents, yet, with all the ardour of his soul, the Desmond entered into every scheme that presented the remotest chance of subverting the despotism of England. To effect the deliverance of his country from the

yoke of Elizabeth, was his first and dearest object. Blind to the impending dangers of so desperate a scheme, and reckless of the miseries which a failure must entail on the Irish people, the Earl of Desmond, scarcely reflecting on the awful responsibility he incurred, encouraged their wild designs; and with terrific energy subdued all his own subordinate feelings, by the paramount force of that one-engrossing passion, which rendered him capable of deep duplicity, when by its adoption he could purchase a single step of advancement, in what he deemed the career of civil and religious freedom.

The eyes of Ireland were fixed in eager expectation of the approaching crisis. In the event of the proposed contest with the Queen's troops proving inadequate to the high anticipations that were formed by the Irish nation, and if defeat blasted the darling object of their hopes—the Chieftain resolved to release himself from the restraints of a feigned allegiance to the English Crown,—to head his own forces in the succour of his country, and to exemplify his devotion to her interests, by involving his fate and the fortunes of his house in that cause, with which the indignant spirit of the Desmond panted to be identified.



## CHAPTER XVI.

“ Let them come;—  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed Maid of smoky war,  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them :  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood.”

KING HENRY IV.

“ How quickly Nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes the object !”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Earl of Ormond was considered an officer of such nerve, experience, and decision, that he was appointed to act second in command to Sir Nicholas Malby, to whom the management of the English troops had been committed by the Lord Deputy of Ireland.

The Viscount Thurles, who was rapidly rising in military reputation, had lately been promoted to a Majority in his father's corps, and had been

selected to maintain a very important post during the expected action. The commander of the English army having ascertained that open insurrection was declared, and that Sir John Desmond and his forces were encamped at the distance of a few miles from Limerick, made a forced march with a body of six hundred men to attack the insurgents. The intelligence that Malby had received was perfectly correct. Filled with devoted enthusiasm, and impelled by the intemperance of faction, Sir John Desmond and his desperate followers were determined to resort to measures from which they had hitherto abstained; and united in the avowed purpose of contending with the power of England, by the course of an actual resistance to her arms in the field. The tempest which had so long loured over the political horizon of Ireland, rose in all the terrors of a revolutionary storm; but successful results were anticipated from the plans which had been adopted for its repression. Sir Nicholas Malby left three hundred infantry and fifty horse, engarrisoned at Kilmallock, as an army of reserve; and with the residue of his forces marched against the allied troops of Spain and Ireland, which lay at Monaster Ni-va, (31) in the county of Limerick. At a late hour of the day the royalists reached

their destination. Sir John Desmond evinced no disposition to give the English immediate battle, though he seemed fully prepared for combat. As night drew nigh, Malby redoubled his vigilance to guard against the possibility of a surprise from the enemy. Having stationed his troops in the most advantageous positions, Sir Nicholas waited only for the dawn of day to commence an attack upon the Irish. After all the necessary dispositions had been made, he visited the different advanced posts of the British army, gave his last orders for the night, and having arranged his plans for the morrow, retired to his tent.

Nearly all the English officers who were not on actual duty followed the example of their general, and at an early hour the bustle of warlike preparation had subsided into a tranquillity which was broken only by the heavy foot-falls and deep-toned voices of the sentinels as they went their rounds, and exchanged the watch-words. A profound stillness succeeded to the tumult which had lately reigned throughout the camp. The night was singularly beautiful. The moon and the stars shed their pale lustre over the plain which was soon to be converted to a field of blood and death. All was brightness

and silence. Multitudes of soldiers, whom the tents could not contain, lay buried in sleep upon the ground, wrapped in their winter cloaks, and stretched beside their arms, which glittered in the moon-light. A little stream, that formed the line of demarcation between the hostile armies, wound its course, like a thread of silver, in the distance. Beyond this rill the outposts of the Irish were faintly distinguishable; and still farther in perspective, the collected body of Sir John Desmond's forces might be seen stretching their zig-zag lines in front of a mountain, which rose in the rear of their position. The hour and the scene gave food for reflection; and it was in the fulness of thought, that Lord Thurles, feeling indisposed to sleep, flung his military cloak round his shoulders, and having given the countersign, passed beyond the outposts of the British lines. Seduced by the delicious beauty of the night, the Viscount unconsciously wandered on until he reached the margin of the stream, which we have mentioned, where, seating himself on the stump of an aged hawthorn, he sunk into a fixed and silent reverie. At first his ideas took their tone from the surrounding objects, and naturally fell into a train of solemn meditation. His mind conjured up the probable

destinies of many of those gallant spirits, who, now careless of their impending fate, lay lost in the visions of that sleep, which might be the prelude to the dreamless one of death. A pang thrilled to his heart when he thought of the tears of anguish that would burst from the eyes of countless mourners, when they felt the shock of final separation, from those relatives—so generous—so brave—with whom but yesterday they were enlinked in bonds of living love. Soon, however, bolder energies stirred the soul of the young soldier. When he thought of the approaching hour of onset, the shout of victory seemed to sound upon his ear; visions of glory rose to his eye, and his blood rushing quicker through his veins, made their pulses throb with the enthusiasm of the warrior.

But heroism is only one of the mingled passions of the human mind, and if its empire is shared with love, there are moments when the latter will reign paramount. The high and daring impulses which martial sympathies awoke in Thurles's breast, were succeeded by others more tender, and equally inthralling in their nature. The image of Geraldine, radiant in youth and loveliness, rose before his fancy, and with a sigh, Thurles turned to the remembrance of her who was wound into

the affections of his soul by all the mysterious power of passion.

The year of probationary suffering which the Earl of Ormond had inflicted on his son, terminated almost at the hour in which these musings were indulged. With pardonable pride, Lord Thurles remembered the resolution by which he had abided, and strictly fulfilled the stipulations of that trying contract, whose duration had appeared—eternity. As memory brought back the short-lived but delicious moments, which in the fulness of enduring tenderness he had passed with Geraldine, his heart yearned to renew their exquisite delights. But to leave the army before an engagement took place was quite impossible. Thurles would have died rather than have attempted to absent himself previous to that event. He felt the impracticability of such a proceeding. The call of honour was still more imperative than that of love; it demanded a sacrifice he scorned to refuse, and which the duty of a soldier urged him to perform. But as the only solace that was calculated to allay his impatience, Lord Thurles clung to a fixed determination of setting forth for Desmond Castle immediately after the action with the enemy. Yet even this resolve had but little effect in quieting the thousand anxieties that

chased each other through his brain, and struggled for mastery in his heart. The eventful day of battle must elapse before the lover could fly to his mistress, to pour out all his soul before her ; and though high anticipations swelled his spirit, created by the excitement which he felt when his thoughts passed to the approaching contest, yet even these, united to his thirst of glory and his keen desire of fame, could not repress the tenderer dreams of passion. They inthrall'd his senses in a spell from which he now scarcely wished to escape ; and yielding to the passing weakness, Thurles lapsed into a soul-subduing train of thought. He rested his elbow on his knee, and leaning forward, buried his face in the folds of his cloak, which he drew across his features to exclude external objects. The tenderness of fancy and of feeling led Lord Thurles to conclusions the most melancholy. Undefined emotion shaded the moments that ensued, and in their absorbing intensity, the Viscount soon forgot the world and all that it contained, excepting Geraldine. The tumult of his soul increased, when he reflected on what she would suffer should he fall in the battle of the morrow ; and not even the gallant heroism of Lord Thurles's character could counteract the force of private feeling, when this idea crossed his

mind. It unstrung his nerves, and his agitation becoming irrepressible, relieved itself by words;—“Geraldine of Desmond!” almost unconsciously escaped his lips.—

“’Tis myself can tell yees *where* to find her,” whispered a coarse voice, with a distinct but peculiar accent and emphasis.

Lord Thurles started to his feet, and throwing an impatient glance around, he saw a man, clothed in the common garb of an Irish peasant, standing directly opposite on the other side of the stream.

“What do you know or mean?—speak, speak!” cried Thurles, springing across the brook, and seizing the stranger’s arm.

“Hould, Sassanach! for, by the mass, no foreigner shall shoulther Murtoch O’Donnell as long as he wears *this!*” said the man, half drawing a skein which hung beneath his cloak, and shaking off Lord Thurles’s hand.

“Serf!—I meant no injury. Your churl’s blood is safe; but, I command you, tell me all you know of—”

“Is it Lady Geraldine of Dismond?” interrupted O’Donnell, winking his eye with a compound expression which partook of levity, sarcasm, and vulgar effrontery.

The Viscount, anxious to obtain the information



he desired, subdued his inclination to chastise the fellow's impudence, and gave a simple affirmative to the question which had been implied.

"Sure, and 'tis she, that is not with her father, but far away from kith and kin," said O'Donnell with a significant sneer, which even the desperate emotion of Lord Thurles did not check.

"Not with her father! then where, or to whom, is she gone? In the name of God, speak out."

"Musha! if well paid for it, I will," said the man, in a tone of cool and determined audacity.

"Is that enough?" cried Thurles, throwing his purse to O'Donnell.

"Tin—fifteen—twinty," said the fellow, deliberately counting the gold pieces it contained, and then putting the purse within his breast.

"Ay, for the prisent, but—"

"Hark, sirrah!" said the Viscount, advancing closer, and again arresting O'Donnell by his grasp, "dare not to trifle with me. I will not stir a single inch, until you satisfy whatever questions I may please to ask. Your services shall be repaid. Now say, where is the Lady Geraldine, and what has happened to the daughter of the Desmond?"

Murtoch, who saw that resistance would be vain, instantly changed his tone, and assumed an air of consequential mystery as he said: "Och,

thin, sure I've sworn by the blessed Virgin not to tell the name of her retraite; but 'tis myself that could ingage to show it."

"By all that's sacred!" exclaimed Thurles, maddening at the fears which crossed his brain, "if you do not confess all that you darkly hint, I —"

"Ah thin, now patience, Saxon.—Sure, and I *will* do what you axe, that is, if I receive one hundred marks in money," said O'Donnell in a drawling voice of cringing servility.

"One—two hundred, shall be yours. Now, speak!" vehemently cried Lord Thurles.

"Two hundred, if you plaze, thin let it be."

"Agreed.—Out with your tidings, or—"

"And sure here they are," cried Murtoch, hastening to speak, fearing that, if he trifled longer, he might lose the promised bribe. "O'Nial (who, spite of the Saxon laws, we call the Chief of Ulster,) wished to make the Lady Giraldine his wife. Small blame to him for that same! He offered her his hand, but sorrow one of her would take it. The Earl of Dismond was thin required, as a proof of his devotion to the good ould cause, to force his daughter to consint. This the Chief refused; on which you see, Sir John of Dismond, and a party of the Clansmen of O'Nial, conthived

to saze the Lady Giralbine, who they carried to an ould castle in the mountains yisterday. Troth and sure 'tis myself was one of the boys who bore her there, an—”

“ Where is the place ?” cried Thurles in a voice of thunder, laying his hand upon his sword.

“ Where is it? Och then 'tis that same that must be *shown*, not *tould*,” said O'Donnell, still adhering to the natural cunning which taught him the equivocation.—“ But if this will ase you, know that no harm in life can come to Lady Giralbine at prisint.”

“ Ha ! what do you mean ?”

“ I mane that the Chief of Ulster sleeps within the Irish camp this blessed night. He will head his clan in the field at screech of day, and till the battle with the foreigners is over, sorrow much he 'll think of Lady Giralbine, who manewhile is as safe as if she reigned in glory with the blessed Virgin.”

“ Thank God !” fervently ejaculated Lord Thurles, breathing more freely as he received this intelligence. When his heart became relieved, his understanding exercised its powers, and the Viscount paused an instant to reflect on the degree of credit which ought to be attached to the communication he had heard. But before

he had time to take any step that could lead to a final judgment on the point, O'Donnell, whose sharp glancing eye watched and marked the fluctuating movements of his Lordship's mind, drew a paper from his breast, and offering it to Thurles with startling eagerness, he said:—

“Arrah, then read this, and yees will soon be sensible o' the truth o' what I tould you.”

The Viscount grasped the paper, and recognised the well-known writing of the Lady Geraldine, in the following words:—

“*Father, fly to my rescue, you may trust the bearer, he will tell you all.*”

“It is—it is her hand!—Explain!” cried Thurles with frantic earnestness.

“I am a despised—almost a starving man!” said O'Donnell with a horrible laugh. “The Lady Geraldine, in a blessed minute, when she saw the inimy's eyes were turned away, offered, in the Dismond's name, a power of money, intrating me to bring him to her rescue. It little matters *whose* gould fills my pocket. I took the lines which she, poor sowl, had scratched with her own hand, and intended to have given 'em to the Earl, but on raching the Irish camp, I larned that he was roaming through the counthry in search of his lost daughter, in disguise, you see, an'—Lord save us!—almost mad!”

“God help him! God help him!” cried Thurles, bursting into a transport of emotion which the next instant he endeavoured to master, as turning to O’Donnell, he said in a voice of agony, “Go on!”

“Sorrow one could tell where the Chieftain had wanhered. Sir John of Dismond, who knew nothing in life of the offer of the Lady Giraldine, refused (bad luck to him for that same,) even half of the reward he had promised for her sazure, barring I played the spy upon the English camp this night. I was lurking herè to watch its motions, when I saw, and, what was betther, *hard* your honour. By the powers! whin yees named a Lady, by the light of the love-loving moon, Murtoch O’Donnell’s wit made out the rason; an’ jist thinking that a Saxon officher would be far betther pay than any proud but neger Irishman; con-saving too, that John of Dismond, sure enough would fail in his bargain with a crather like myself, Murtoch O’Donnell having first got this, (jingling the Viscount’s gold) jist consarted with the divil to gain in purse whatever he might lose in ch’rackther.”

This was said with the chuckle of a buffoon, and the jesture of a desperado.

“Peace, knave! I understand your motives,” returned Thurles with a contemptuous expression, which he found it impossible to subdue.—“A few

more words, and I have done. In what lurking place is Lady Geraldine concealed?"

"Is it the place? Why thin, plase your honour, it *has* no name, an' if I tould the way, you nor no Sassanach could ever find it."

"That is too true;—swear then, when the battle ends, to guide me and my soldiers to the rescue of the Lady Geraldine."

"Och, I swear to that same by the Holy Mother, an' all the saints of Heaven!" said O'Donnell, devoutly making the sign of the cross.

"Now, name where we shall meet."

"At O'Brien's Cross, which your honour sees *forenent* you," said Murtoch, pointing to an ancient stone crucifix which started up on the summit of a rocky defile, that lay at a short distance.

"I see. Agreed.—Shall we have far to go?"

"Is it shall we have far to go? Och, no, only a *taste* of a way, your honour. O'Nial, you see, has niver set his eyes on Lady Geraldine since she was sazed by her uncle, who, disguised intirely, headed the boys that bore her to the mountains."

"Infernal villains!" exclaimed Thurles, turning pale with rage; "how every moment seems an age, until I wreak my vengeance on ye!" He

stopped, moved a step aside, and was silent ; then turning round abruptly, Lord Thurles said in a voice the choked tones of which revealed the agitation which they sought to hide,—“ Who is your feudal lord ? and do you know my name ? ”

“ An’ sure I tould yees, I am an O’Donnell. ’Tis myself that once was *Dresbheartach*\* to the Chief of my clan ; but he (may he niver know pace !) turned me clare and clane away, be-  
caa se—”

“ Torment me not with tales ! ” said Thurles impatiently, “ but answer to my second question.”

“ Why as to that, I did not, nor *do* I know your honour’s name. I am a poor wild chap, you see, and since I fell into disfavour with my Chief, I make bould to get my living by my wits. Myself is now a follower of the camp, and as I min-tioned, I have lately been promoted to the office of a spy ! ” said O’Donnell with a braggadocio air, that was strangely mingled with a bitter sneer of self-ridicule. “ Since I was a bit of a gossoon, I was given to larning, and when *Dresbheartach*, I con-thrived to gain the complement of English that I spake. Few o’ the likes o’ me have ere a morsel of the foreign lingo ; that makes me useful to Sir

\* Anglice, Tale-teller.

John of Dismond, who condesinds t' ingage my sarvices, which he promises to pay with gowld, and always is *contint* to pay with—*words*.”

“ I will prove the truth of *yours*. If you do not deceive, you shall be rewarded far beyond your hopes. Remember, then, your promise.”

“ And the gowld ?”

“ It shall not be forgotten. At O'Brien's Cross we meet, whenever the battle ends ; be it morning, noon, or night.”

O'Donnell kissed the cross-hilt of his skein, and swore to keep the engagement, calling down dreadful imprecations on his own head in case he failed to do so.

“ It is enough,” said the Viscount, imposing silence. “ Return to your camp, and tell Sir John of Desmond when he next employs a spy, to choose one more trust-worthy than O'Donnell.”

“ By the rood !” cried the latter, bursting into a wild laugh, “ sure an' that would be the stag starting the hounds upon himself. Musha ! Murtoch O'Donnell knows a trick worth two of that.”

“ Peace ! I have held this parley—”

“ On the inemy's ground too !” interposed O'Donnell with a kind of knowing smirk, that seemed approaching to a sneer.

“ I crossed the stream, because I would not let



a rebel stand within the English boundaries. Retire, and recollect your oath."

"Trust thim, whose bond is *this*," said Murtoch, jingling the Viscount's purse, with the same strange mixture of audacity, shrewdness, and humour, which clung about the man and tinged every phrase and gesture that he used. He jerked his cap from his head, and made a sort of mock bow, with an expression bordering on the ironical. Then, having first darted a cautious glance to ascertain that no one but Lord Thurles saw or heard him, O'Donnell, still shaking the purse, trouled out an old ballad, of which the burden ran thus:—

Ah! why should I ply  
The trade of a spy,  
Under the green wood tree;  
When a purse of gold,  
In my grasp I hold,  
The price of treacherie?

The singer danced a sort of receding antic, as an accompaniment to this strange doggerel, while moving backwards to the Irish camp. The sounds sunk fainter and fainter in the distance. Lord Thurles kept his eye fixed upon O'Donnell's figure. It became gradually less discernible, until it disappeared behind a clump of spreading chestnuts.

The Viscount then crossed the stream, and bent his steps towards the English lines. His mind was in a chaos of perplexing suspicions. It seemed but too probable, that an unprincipled and clever brigand like O'Donnell might have forged the writing of the Lady Geraldine, and might have invented a fabrication for the sole purpose of entrapping Lord Thurles into personal danger. It was a matter of doubt whether he had spoken a single syllable of truth; and there was something so sinister in the demeanour and countenance of his informer, that the Viscount was inclined to distrust every word that he had uttered. Still it was possible that the substance of O'Donnell's intelligence was correct. There was a chance that Geraldine was in the situation which had been represented; therefore if a voice from Heaven had warned Lord Thurles to desist from his intended enterprise, declaring that its path would lead to death and to despair, it is probable he would have disobeyed the mandate.

Our hero's heart sunk within him when the thought presented itself, that if chance should throw a greater bribe in O'Donnell's way than had been offered, it was but too certain that an avaricious wretch, who seemed to have lost the best, and to have retained the worst peculiarities of the Irish

character—one in whom even the devotion of clan-ship was extinct, and whose actions appeared to be directed solely by the cunning of self-interest, would transfer his services to the highest bidder. Yet, judging from the existing state of things, it seemed improbable that in the short interval of the morrow, any such temptation could assail Murtoch O'Donnell; and Lord Thurles resolving not to add to the mass of anxieties which turned the stream of his thoughts to waters of bitterness, compelled himself to dwell only on those subjects which rather tended to abstract his mind from creating evils. To roam into the wilderness of imagination in search of fancied miseries, was indeed unnecessary; for his breast was weighed down with the full force of real cares. Lost in reflecting upon these, the Viscount almost started when he found himself at the entrance of his tent. He passed quickly underneath the awning. A lamp was burning on his table. Lord Thurles seated himself, and with the decision of a mental strength which seemed to rise and quicken in the hour of danger, he formed the determination of writing a letter to Lord Ormond, which he resolved to leave in the care of an officer of his regiment, with directions that it might be delivered to his parent, in case that he himself should

fall upon the field of battle. The Viscount snatched a pen, and gave a brief but distinct account of his recent adventure, conjuring his father, in terms dictated with the true eloquence of love, to endeavour to ascertain the truth of O'Donnell's statement, and, if it should be found veracious, to effect the rescue of the Lady Geraldine, without the delay of an instant

Having finished and sealed his packet, Lord Thurles became more tranquil; he knew the necessity of self-control too well to allow his mind to waste itself in an agonizing conflict of feeling, which would weaken its energies at a crisis, that required all their aid. With a powerful effort, he reasoned every unquiet passion into comparative rest, and allowed hope to whisper something like comfort. The ferment of his spirits gradually subsided; a lassitude crept over his frame; and shortly after Lord Thurles had thrown himself upon his couch, he sunk into that sort of deep, unbroken slumber, which is often produced, when thought and feeling have been overwrought.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“ Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
 And furious every charger neigh'd,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,  
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,  
 And louder than the bolts of heav'n  
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

\* \* \* \* \*

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!”

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

“ Mine,” he cries, “ the task  
 To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask.”

MOORE.

THE eventful morning rose; but though both  
 armies seemed to hold themselves in readiness for

action, no hostile movement had as yet taken place on either side.

Sir Nicholas Malby was obliged, from unforeseen circumstances, to postpone his attack until some time after sunrise; but the royal troops, over whose heads the banner of St. George floated, were drawn up and ranged in order of battle, as if they waited only for the signal of their General to rush upon the foe.

Sir John Desmond and his forces stood equally prepared for that encounter, which it was expected should decide the destinies of Ireland.

The whole of the men under the command of the Irish leader did not exceed two thousand in number. A large proportion of these had regular military accoutrements; but the greater part were armed in various modes, of which it is difficult to convey an accurate idea. The foreign troops wore their national uniforms, and were furnished with the weapons of their respective countries. Headed by Spanish officers, they presented a formidable and soldierlike appearance; but in point of picturesque effect, they could not stand comparison with the Irish forces, who, in their wild equipments, gestures, and appearance, formed concentrated groupings of singular originality and striking power. Each Chief stood at the head of his

own sept. It would be endless were we to describe the various cognizances which separated one clan from another, by the proper and characteristic differences. It is sufficient to say, that the number of colours in the garments declared the rank and quality of the wearers; that each clan was distinguished by its particular pennon; and that the garbs of the Irish septs, though varying in minor peculiarities, agreed in the general fashion of a sort of half-*armour* and flowing robes, that nearly resembled some of the Asiatic costumes of modern times. Over corslets of steel, the Irish Chieftains wore saffron-coloured scarfs. Their heads were covered with low green caps, plumed with feathers, that were secured by Irish diamond fibulæ. Their arms consisted chiefly of skeins, or short swords, pikes of a prodigious length, and tremendous battle-axes, which they wielded with astonishing ease and skill.

We shall not recapitulate our account of the hobillers, kerns, and gallow-glasses of Ireland. But it is necessary to notice the wild intermixture that was created amongst those formidable troops by numbers of the Irish peasantry, who, bare-headed, scarcely covered with rags, and armed with the rudest implements of husbandry, took up indiscriminate positions in the rear of the organized

soldiers, and with riotous gestures waved to and fro the pacific instruments thus strangely converted into offensive weapons. These turbulent volunteers were joined by miscellaneous masses of people, who were provided for attack and defence in the most incongruous fashions. Some held aloft the broad bladed battle-axe, of which, by a sort of military *brigandage*, they had possessed themselves; and notwithstanding that the rest of their equipments consisted merely of the national *fallin* and *truis*, (32) yet their bearing evinced a fearless spirit, which invested them with the gallant, though not the regular appearance of disciplined forces. Others of the strange actors who stood eager to engage in the approaching contest, were clad in coarse blue woollen jackets, and were only furnished with huge knives, which they brandished triumphantly in their hands. Tribes of able-bodied mountaineers, flourishing great clubs of oak, mingled promiscuously with the aforesaid groups. Amongst these, yet another class might be described, who, accoutred with long bows and steel-headed arrows, tried the strength of their weapons, by aiming them, from time to time, at flocks of birds, that, scared from their haunts in the adjacent trees by the uproar of the multitude, flew rapidly away above the heads of their assailants.



The dispositions for the expected battle were made by the direction of Spanish officers of acknowledged skill, gallantry, and experience. Hence there was greater regularity and more address displayed in the military preparations, than was usually evinced in the desultory system of Irish warfare.

But to reduce such miscellaneous materials into any thing like the appearance of order, required much tactical skill. The most able general would have found insurmountable difficulties in attempting to subject bodies of rude mutineers into a state of military organization; therefore, all that could be done was to endeavour to stem their force within those boundaries, from whence it could be brought to bear, with the most practical effect, upon the objects of their vengeance. For this purpose, numbers of the militant rustics were secretly posted in a thick forest, that skirted one side of the plain on which the crowded encampment of Sir John Desmond lay. In this ambush they were ordered to remain in perfect silence, until the favourable moment arrived, when they might deal destruction on the foe, by rushing forwards in a sudden onset. Within the walls of an old abbey which stood upon the field of battle, and hidden in the hollows of the adjacent

hills, bodies of marksmen, armed with javelins, bows, and arrows, were stationed. These, from their superior skill, were expected to do much execution. The same shelters which concealed them from the view, gave the double advantage of secreting the archers from personal danger, and of enabling them to assail the enemy, by shooting arrows, slinging javelins, or throwing huge stones unexpectedly upon their ranks.

We have said that the whole amount of the Irish forces did not exceed two thousand men. This little army was marshalled at the foot of a thickly-wooded mountain, which bounded the plain of battle on one side. The Spanish and Italian troops, with front ranks of Irish soldiers, who were armed with pikes seven feet in length, formed the main-body, in the centre of which, the great national banner, called the *Sun-burst of Erin*, emblazoned with the heraldic cognizance of the harp, (33) waved its draperies of green and gold, upheld by the ensign-bearer, and surrounded by the hereditary guardians. Crowded about the pennon of the Sun-burst, and the papal standard, which was unfurled near it, fifty minstrels appeared, clad in white robes, and *birrid* caps. These men, striking their harps to the war-strain of Ireland, looked as if endowed

with a prophetic spirit, while they hymned forth songs of triumph, with a resistless energy, which found its unison in patriotic breasts, that panted to achieve the victories predicted in the eloquence of bardic inspiration.

Upon the right wing of the army, the hobillers, or Irish cavalry, were placed, attended by their *Daltins*, and flanked by platoons of spearmen. The left wing was composed of the kerne, or light-armed infantry, and files of gallow-glasses in their short brazen harness, who bore the formidable battle-axes which have been already noticed.

The mass of people who followed the army formed dense and irregular bodies in the rear of these positions, and their courage, animosity, and strength, almost seemed to atone for their defect in discipline. We have already said that the command of the Irish was vested in Sir John of Desmond. Sensible of the advantages derived from the cover of the mountain, which secured his troops from being charged or surrounded in rear; the Irish General resolved not to relinquish his position, and therefore determined to await the onset of the Royalists, upon the ground which he had taken.

Sir John of Desmond led the centre of the Irish army. The conduct of the right wing devolved on the O'Nial. That of the left was intrusted

to Mac-Carthy More. The Knights of the Red Branch, (34) the Knight of the Valley, the Knight of Kerry, and the White Knight, availing themselves of their privilege of wearing five colours, (35) appeared on this occasion splendidly accoutred, with breast-plates of pure gold, and chains of the same metal round their necks; and as they headed their clans, they seemed to justify the designation which the voice of Europe had bestowed on the Chevaliers of Ireland, in styling them "the Heroes of the Western Isle." The Lord of Ophaly, and the Chiefs of all the other clans, held different important stations in the field, and watched with wild enthusiasm and restless impatience, for the approach of the English army.

At this solemn moment, when impending danger increased the courage and added to the revenge which was rankling in the hearts of all, Allen rushed through the Irish ranks, and holding high above his head a naked sword, exclaimed: "Comrades, I have changed my palmer's staff for this! and, by the help of God, its blade shall draw the heart's blood of our foes!—Comrades, Ireland beholds you! Victory to her and Rome!"

The wild war-cry of the country answered this appeal.—A response thundered from the British troops. Their drums and trumpets struck upon

the ear, and with desperate rapidity three columns of the English rushed to the attack.

“ Charge, for Saint George and the Queen !” resounded from the royal lines.

“ Onward, for God and Ireland !” rose in a shout of triumph, that was echoed and re-echoed by the whole of the allied troops, as with unshaken firmness they received the shock of the British onset. The dispositions of the English were obliged to be regulated by those of their opponents. Mutual enmity seemed to animate both armies. Hand to hand, and horse to horse, they struggled with the inflexible courage and the proud feeling of men who were resolved to conquer or to die. A desperate attempt was made upon the main-body of the Irish, by a phalanx of the British infantry. Dreadful slaughter ensued, for each side fought with invincible valour. But at length the superior discipline of the English troops prevailed, as, breaking through the front ranks of the enemy’s pikemen, they threw the centre of the Irish into great confusion. Then rushing in between the main body and the right wing, the English succeeded in separating the latter from the middle division, and routed the hobillers, some of whose squadrons they broke. But the severed wing soon

formed again: displaying the utmost bravery, they returned to the charge, and being forced to a close fight, both sides engaged man to man with incredible valour. In the mean time Lord Thurles, at the head of his cavalry, had attacked the right wing of the Irish. The green and blue colours, the arms and achievement of a lion chained, and the motto, "Lamh Dearg Eirin,"—i. e. the red hand of Ireland,—which were emblazoned on the banner of the O'Nial, distinguished him from every other chief. To see was to attack. The Viscount rushed upon his rival. "Geraldine of Desmond!—You know the rest.—Rebel! look to your life!" cried Thurles, as he prepared to charge.

"Strike for Geraldine of Desmond! Strike!" shouted the O'Nial, madly careering against his adversary. The swords of the opponents clashed and crossed each other, and the horse of the O'Nial staggered beneath a gash which pierced to the quick. Both combatants leaped to the earth, and renewed the deadly contest. Each fought with devoted valour. They foamed and struggled together, foot to foot, and hand to hand. The conflict grew more furious than before; but at the instant, when Thurles drew slightly back, and raised his arm to deal a death-stroke on his

foe, the sudden wheel of a Spanish division, as it turned on one of the English flanks, completely separated the combatants.

Almost at the same moment, Sir John Desmond shouted to O'Nial to "charge!" The Chief, springing on a fresh steed, plunged his spurs into its sides, and dashed forwards, with his gallant hobilliers, against the English line of horse.

At this instant, Sir Nicholas Malby thundered the word of command to Thurles, which ordered him to join Lord Ormond, who was making a diversion in a distant quarter. The Viscount, at the head of his dragoons, galloped to obey the mandate. The battle became general, and victory was doubtful. The gallow-glasses achieved prodigies of valour, and gallantly repulsed the repeated attacks of the English cavalry.

Cannon at this period was not much used by the British in their civil wars, but on the present occasion large bodies of artillery were on the field, whose incessant firing had been bravely withstood by the light-armed spearsmen of the Irish. These troops had supported shock after shock, and at last succeeded in forcing one of the enemy's advancing columns. A body of the English horse had also been completely cut to pieces in an attempt to overwhelm the main-body of the Spanish

forces. In the heat of the conflict, the English found themselves assailed with showers of arrows and javelins, that were aimed by invisible enemies with such unerring skill, that almost every missile weapon had proved fatal in its flight. Not content with this, the hidden foe hurled stones, which from their ponderous size seemed rocks, (36) amongst the English ranks when they were in the act of making a charge. These savage instruments of death did dreadful execution.

Staggered by the unexpected assault, the English infantry were thrown into great disorder, and suffered so severely, that it was with extreme difficulty they supported the attack along their line, which was now made by the intrepid gallow-glasses. Even the discipline of the British foot did not enable them to resist this shock. They were obliged to give ground. The cry of "Shanet a boo!" and shouts of triumph rent the air, for the scale of victory seemed on the point of turning in favour of the Irish, as Mac-Carthy More's division rushed on the disordered column and completed its defeat. A wild yell of joy rose from the Irish troops. Intoxicated with the confidence which success inspired, Sir John Desmond made an impetuous charge to turn the right wing of the enemy. The latter, under the command of Lord



Ormond, made a feint of rapidly retreating, as if panic-struck. Seeing this, the inconsiderate Irish pursued and pushed the enemy before them, with a confidence which knew no bounds, until Ormond, who had previously thrown out a small body of cavalry to his right, under cover of a rock, that appeared to rise singly on the extensive plain, successfully completed his manœuvre, by facing round, as his ambushed troop rushed in between the intoxicated Irish and the rearward mountain, thus completely surrounding the rebel party. A dreadful havock ensued, that spread destruction in its course.

A chosen corps of artillery dealt a murderous fire, which volley after volley ran through the Irish army. Allen, at the moment when it raged with the greatest vengeance, seized the Sun-burst of Erin, waved it above his head, and under a shower of balls charged the British, while in a loud voice he shouted forth, "To conquest! soldiers! we are still vic—" a bullet struck the speaker to the earth, and as it did so, numbered Allen with the dead!

A general cry of consternation burst from the Irish army; the horror and confusion which spread along their lines were increased tenfold; for, almost at the instant when the Jesuit fell lifeless on the field, Lord Thurles, dashing at full gallop into

the midst of the enemy, succeeded in cutting down the papal standard to the ground. It was trampled in blood and torn into atoms by the plunging horses, whose riders furiously fought above the remnant of the banner, each man aiming the point of his sword at the throat of his antagonist. The brunt of the battle now bore down towards the spot where the corpse of Allen lay covered with the drapery of the standard he had seized, and which he still clenched, in the firm grasp of death. The guardians of the Sun-burst had rushed forwards at the critical moment of the Jesuit's fall; but failing to replant the banner, they crowded round their precious charge, which seemed to be the main mark, and the centre of the enemy's attack. The bodies of those who had died upon their posts, formed a horrid, and nearly an impassable pile about the national standard, which only a handful of living warriors now remained to defend. Seeing this, Sir John Desmond, with the bravery of a lion, rushed through the whole of the enemy's fire, and forced his country's banner from the stiffening gripe of the Jesuit. Through whirlwinds of smoke, the golden draperies of the Sun-burst glimmered, as it alternately rose and sunk with the movements of Sir John Desmond, who, sword in hand, literally cut his way through the enemy's battalions, over a field

which was slippery with blood, and strewed with the wounded and the slain.

Whirling round and round in the terrible circle which was formed by their foes, the unfortunate Irish fell into frightful tumult. Intrepid to the last, they tried to rally, but the effort was in vain; the little order that had ever prevailed among the Irish, was now entirely lost; their undisciplined numbers only increased the universal confusion, and, like a shapeless mass of human beings, acting without leaders, or design, they lay almost at the mercy of the victors. Yet even at this moment of extremity, the Irish maintained their courage, and grouping themselves around Sir John of Desmond, they resolved to die as soldiers ought, upon the field of honour. A shocking struggle followed; the fate of the Irish became every moment more critical. Hemmed in as they were on all sides, even that last dreadful resource, a retreat, was apparently beyond their reach: but at the instant when it seemed the most impossible, a way was suddenly opened, by the Irish who had lain in ambush. Bursting forth from their retreat, with the fury of beasts upon their prey, those brave though undisciplined men dashed into the midst of hostile bayonets. Seized with amazement, the English at first scarcely resisted the attack, which bore down upon and overwhelmed their ranks.

Before they had well recovered their astonishment, they found themselves involved in inextricable confusion, mixed indiscriminately with their enemies, and encountering, at the same time, the headlong charge of their antagonists, and the desperate efforts of their former foes, who, in despite of the balls, that thick as hail fell round them, forced through the English, in an attempt to gain a passage to the mountain which they had so rashly abandoned. Every inch of ground was now disputed. To have attempted any longer to withstand the superior discipline of the British soldiers, would have been an act of madness.—It was vain to fight against impossibilities, and Irish rashness yielded to English steadiness. With a heart bursting with indignant desperation, Sir John of Desmond was forced to command the little remnant of his army to retreat. The order was obeyed so slowly, that the Irish, in the act of withdrawing from the field of battle, looked more like a rallying than a routed army.

Turning round several times, they resolutely faced their enemies, presenting the determined front of men who, even in the last hour of defeat and ruin, dared to come to the closest quarters with their conquerors. (37) At length they neared their hill of refuge. As they approached still closer to its foot, a shout of exultation broke from

the harassed and almost exhausted Irish. It changed to a frantic cry, which was reverberated until it reached the skies. A startling discovery, an awful sight had caused that burst of despair. The mountain was wrapped in a sheet of flame! The wood upon its side had been set on fire by the English. The impetuous elements, aided by a strong wind, blazed from the crackling timber, and with frightful rapidity spread throughout the forest. For an instant each man stood transfixed in horror and surprise, but the next moment another electrical shout broke from the Irish, who, one and all, rushed unhesitatingly into a pass, which, though contiguous to the flames, had partially escaped them.

The English pursued, and the tumult raged louder than ever. Yet, even amid the uproar and confusion of the awfully brilliant scene, the figures of two warriors rose pre-eminent. These were Thurles and O'Nial, who, once more closed in fight, were seen struggling together on the edge of a bare and rocky cliff, that jutted considerably outwards from the burning mountain. The top and a great part of the sides of this platform had as yet escaped the conflagration; but a circle of fire nearly surrounded its base, while in the high background the outbursting element streamed a vivid light upon the combatants, and gave their

glowing figures distinctly to the view, as they fought on their rocky pedestal. With a sea of flame beneath, and a fiery heaven above them; Thurles and O’Nial pursued their frantic strife, braving horrors from which the greatest hero might have shrunk. Danger thickened to destruction. The smoke and heat grew insupportable, as the advancing flames held on their devouring progress. It became difficult, almost impossible; to breathe the stifling atmosphere; and no hope could be rationally entertained of withstanding its baneful influence beyond a few seconds.

“Yield!” cried Lord Thurles in a suffocated voice, as he made a desperate attempt to obtain a last and sure revenge.

“Never! for Geraldine is mine!” burst in a sort of choked articulation from O’Nial. Scarcely had these difficult words found utterance, when an enormous brand of burning oak dropped from a tree which blazed above the heads of the combatants, and falling with a dreadful crash between them, stopped their career of vengeance, which thus, a second time, the hand of Providence suspended. O’Nial, with the swiftness of lightning, leaped across a chasm that was now a gulf of flame, and lighting on a rock which was still untouched by the blazing element, he turned a pro-

jecting point, that gave access to a defile of the mountain.

Thurles, springing down through volumes of smoke and flakes of fire, regained the open plain, from which his soldiers bore him to his tent half-senseless from exhaustion.

The unexpected measure of revenge that the English had adopted, but slightly impeded the retreat of the Irish, who, rushing round a small angle of the burning forest, escaped to the depths of the mountain, through a pass that was only partially affected by the fire. The existence of this avenue was unknown to the English, until the instant when the movement of the retreating army rendered it perceptible.

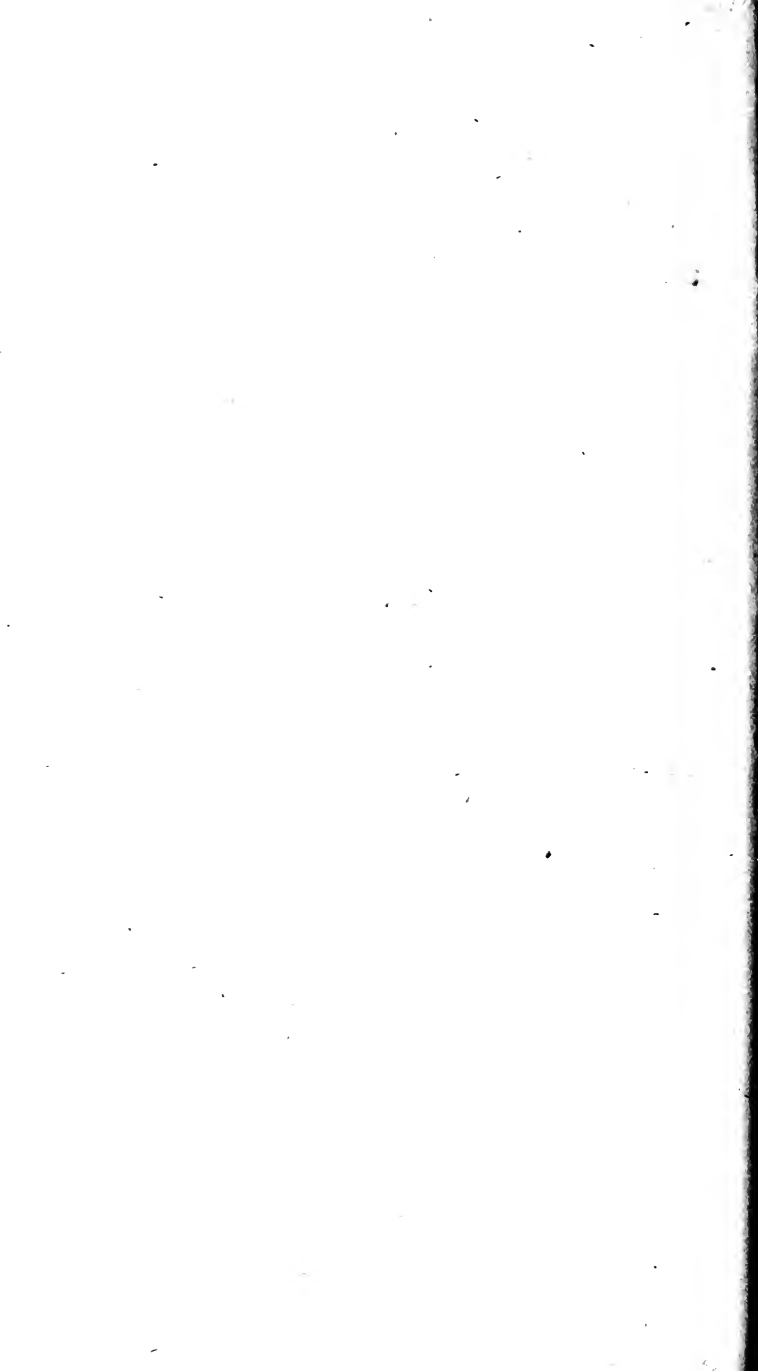
During the whole of this frightful scene, Sir John of Desmond had evinced the most unshaken firmness, and extraordinary self-command.

Still bearing the now scorched and blackened Sun-burst, which had escaped the repeated and desperate assaults of the enemy, the Irish leader repulsed, attacked, assisted, as long as his exertions could avail. He was the last to enter the defiles of the mountain, and when, seeing that hope was gone, the intrepid Chief plunged his horse behind a ledge of rocks, the signal for a cessation of hostilities seemed to have been pronounced.

Satisfied with their victory, the English did not dare to press it further. To have attempted to pursue the Irish to their haunts among the hills would have been a service of danger, which even recent success could not enable the triumphant army to contemplate without admitting the probability of an inglorious defeat.



**NOTES.**



## NOTES.

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(\*) “ *It was resolved that he should be tried, not by a select number of nobles, but by the whole House of Peers, assembled in full Parliament.*”—p. 2.

It may be right to state that the trial of the Earl of Desmond before the House of Peers is an imaginary one. The Chief was examined in the presence of the British Privy Council, and his imprisonment and that of his brother John in the Tower of London, are also historical facts.

(1) “ *Comparted into deep divisions called Piccadillies.*”—p. 7.

These curious articles of dress were sold in a shop which formerly stood in the part of London now called Piccadilly. From this circumstance that street derived its present name.

(2) “ *The Deputy Lieutenant held a large naked axe.*”—p. 12.

If the final sentence of the prisoner was given against him, the forms of the law directed that the edge of the weapon

which, during the progress of his trial, had been averted *from* the accused, should be turned *towards* him, the moment his judgment of condemnation was pronounced.

(3) “ *My country wrung into undutifulness.*”—p. 16.

In a letter addressed by the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, the former, when depicting the circumstances which had led him into rebellion, says: “ *They wrung me into undutifulness.*”—*Vide* *Scrinia Sacra*, or *Mysteries of State and Government*.

(4) “ *Consult your witnesses.*”—p. 17.

In Elizabeth's time, witnesses were never brought into a court of justice to give evidence. Their attestations were taken in private.

(5) “ *Ah, how I fear lest it be objected to us as it was to Tiberius by Bato,*” &c. &c.—p. 20.

These words, with their context, were involuntarily uttered by Elizabeth to her council, when a spirited appeal, signed by the Lords Baltinglass, Delvin, Howth, Trimblestone, Bellew, Nangle, and other distinguished personages, in the names of all the subjects of the Pale, was brought against an unconstitutional tax, and heard before an English tribunal. I have only altered the *time* when the royal ejaculation was pronounced. Its insincerity was fully demonstrated by the subsequent conduct of the Queen, who, immediately after her affected speech of commiseration for the sufferings of Ireland, exercised the utmost severity towards the inhabitants of that country, in endeavouring to enact the grievous assessment against which they had remonstrated. To use the words of Dr. Leland, “ This imperious Princess gave ready ear to those ministers who recommended the maintenance of her prerogative. The Irish agents who had *rashly relied on the support*

*of law and justice*, were instantly committed to the Fleet as contumacious opposers of the royal authority." The determined resistance, however, which the Irish continued to manifest against the proposed imposition, ultimately obliged the Queen and her council to instruct Sir Henry Sidney "to bring this violent and dangerous dispute to some speedy accommodation." See "The Letters of Sir Henry Sidney."

(6) "*A glove upon a spear.*"—p. 60.

"A glove upon a lance was the emblem of bad faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded."

The 15th note to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

(7) "*The arrangement of the pageant.*"—p. 71.

The old chroniclers have laboured *to prose* this festival into celebrity. If the reader has patience to encounter the prolixity of Holinshed, he will perceive that I have only availed myself of a very few of the tedious details of this *triumph* with which his pages are filled. The speeches that were made on the occasion I have omitted altogether, having substituted the poetical addresses of L'Amour, instead of those affected harangues. The single combat which I have given, as far as its identity is concerned, is wholly imaginary. Many of the circumstances that attend the tournament are the same, but part of the paraphernalia of the tilting I describe, was exhibited at the entertainment with which Elizabeth received the embassy of the French King.

(8) "*The tree of honour.*"—p. 75.

Further particulars respecting this curious artificial tree are given in "A Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour." By

Samuel Bush Meyrick, LL.D. F.S.A. According to the author of that interesting work, the tree in question was 34 feet in height, spreading 129 feet from bough to bough. The leaves were made of green damask, and the boughs and withered leaves were formed of cloth of gold. Through the branches, flowers and fruits of silver and Venice gold were intermixed.

(9) “*Entirely covered with eyes and ears.*”—p. 79.

In the collection of the Marquis of Salisbury, there is an original likeness of Queen Elizabeth, by Zucchero, which represents her Majesty in part of the singular costume I have described.

Sundry strange devices are exhibited in that picture. Amongst others, a bunch of keys are depicted on the Princess's ruff, and on the drapery of the left arm a serpent is displayed, probably as an emblem of the Queen's wisdom.

(10) “*A small looking-glass was suspended.*”—p. 80.

In the sixteenth century, mirrors were carried as appendages of dress, both by men and women.

(11) “*Wore natural flowers in their ears.*”—p. 80.

This extraordinary custom, and the equally strange fashion of wearing a bouquet at each side of the head, are given on the authority of Mr. Strutt.

(12) “*Each maiden leading her own valiant knight.*”—p. 90.

This fanciful practice is mentioned by Mr. Mills in his admirable history of Chivalry. The romantic age of which Mr. M. treats, might be almost styled *the poetry of life*. If so, may not the present time be termed *the prose*?

(13) “*The person thus unhorsed was obliged to present his adversary with a ruby ring,*” &c.—p. 92.

This rule of knighthood is given by Sir John Harrington, in his “*Nugæ Antiquæ.*”

(14) "*Haro! Haro!*"—p. 94.

This was a cry that was commonly used by the heralds, at tournaments.

(15) "*Striking Cournall to Cournall.*"—p. 95.

This term signified a particular mode of tilting.

(16) "*The Earl of Cumberland.*"—p. 107.

This nobleman succeeded the celebrated Sir Henry Lee as Queen's champion. The resignation of that office was voluntary on the part of the veteran Knight, who transferred his arms and courser to the Earl, in the presence of Elizabeth, on one of the anniversaries of her Majesty's accession. The deed was performed in the most public manner, attended by the pomp of a curious and showy festival. On tendering his formal resignation, Sir Henry covered his head with a cap, and his figure with a robe of velvet, substituting these peaceful vestments for the armour he had so long worn with glory in the tilt-yard and the field. As a naval officer, the gallant Cumberland distinguished himself in many important and successful enterprises against the maritime power of Spain.

(17) "*Shields of war and shields of peace.*"—p. 110.

*Vide* "A Critical Inquiry into Antient Armour." By Samuel Bush Meyrick, LL.D.

(18) "*The Conqueror who drew it above a prostrate foe was compelled,*" &c.—p. 113.

This rule of knighthood is mentioned by Mr. Mills in his history of Chivalry. Also see "Froissart."

(19) “ *A kerchief of plesaunce.*”—p. 114.

Dr. Meyrick ascribes the origin of crape being worn by the military of modern times, to the custom which prevailed in the days of chivalry of wearing the *kercheff of plesaunce* wrapped round the arm, above the left elbow.

(20) “ *Like as our late love-stricken Surrey.*”—p. 124.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was beheaded on Tower Hill, the 2d of January 1547. The talents of this accomplished nobleman have been handed down to posterity in the imperishable memorials of his exalted genius. The effusions of Surrey’s muse must excite the enthusiastic admiration of every mind that is alive to the charm of poetic inspiration, clothed in the most touching and powerful language. The cruel jealousies to which the Earl fell a guiltless victim, mark the sanguinary spirit of the despot who condemned him to death, in the prime of manhood and of literary fame. The “ lovely Geraldine,” whom the noble bard has immortalized as the object of his ardent devotion, was first the wife of Sir Anthony Brown, and afterwards married the Earl of Lincoln. She was the daughter of Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, who died in the Tower, on learning the disastrous termination of his son’s rash attempt to avenge a father’s supposed death on the scaffold. Sir Walter Scott, in his poem of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, thus beautifully alludes to the gallant Howard :—

“ Who has not heard of Surrey’s fame,  
His was the hero’s soul of fire,  
And his the bard’s immortal name,  
And his was love exalted high,  
By all the glow of chivalry ?”



The pen of the same charming author, in a note on the line I have just quoted, mentions the following incident, as fabled to have happened to the Earl of Surrey, on his travels :—

“ Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclined upon a couch, reading her lover’s verses by the light of a waxen taper.”

It is to this fanciful idea that Elizabeth is supposed to allude, when she speaks of the mystic mirror.

(21) “ *Such a valorous cavalier.*”—p. 129.

These words, and the reply which follows them, are given by Mr. Mills, as phrases that were ordinarily used on occasions similar to the one which I describe.

(22) “ *A papal bull of excommunication.*”—p. 135.

This ecclesiastical censure was affixed to the gate of the Bishop of London’s Palace, by a man named Felton, who suffered the penalty of treason in consequence of the act. The bull was couched in the strongest terms against Elizabeth, who, amongst many other charges recorded in that violent instrument of papal authority, received the following accusation :—

“ *Secutis et amplexis Hæreticorum erroribus, regium concilium ex Anglicâ nobilitate confectum diremit, illudque obscuris hominibus hæreticis complevit; Catholicæ fidei cultores oppressit; impios concionatores atque impietatum administratos reposuit; Missæ sacrificium, preces, jejunia, ciborum delectum, cælibatum ritusque Catholicos absolvit; libros manifestam hæresin continentes toto regno proponi, impia mysteria et instituta ad Calvinî præscriptum à se suscepta et observata, etiam à subdolis servari mandavit: Episcopos, Ecclesiarum Rectores, et alios sacerdotes Catholicos, suis ecclesiis et beneficiis ejicere, ac de illis et aliis rebus ecclesiasticis in hæreticos homines dis-*

ponere, deque ecclesiæ causis decernere ausa : Prælati, clero, populoque ne Romanam Ecclesiam agnoscerent, neve ejus præceptis, sanctionibusque canonicis optemperarent, interdicunt ; plerosque in nefarias leges suas venire et Romani Pontificis auctoritatem atque obedientiam abjurare, seque solam in temporalibus et spiritualibus Dominam agnoscere, jurejurando coegit ; pœnas et supplicia in eos qui dicto non essent audientes imposuit, easdemque ab iis qui in unitate fidei et prædicta obedientia perseverarunt, exegit ; Catholicos, Anstistites, et Ecclesiarum Rectores in vincula conjecit, ubi multi diuturno languore et tristitiâ confecti extremum vitæ diem miserè finierunt."

The ecclesiastical record from which the foregoing extract has been taken, was fulminated during the pontificate of Pius V., and is dated from St. Peter's, Anno Domini 1569.

(23) "*In sending a deputation to Sir James Fitz-Maurice.*"  
—p. 137.

This circumstance, and Fitz-Maurice's answer to the Queen's embassy, are given as authentic by l'Abbé Ma-Geoghegan in "*L'Histoire d' Irlande.*"

(24) "*A command from the throne summoned the Desmond.*"  
—p. 153.

The authority quoted in the foregoing note, when treating on the negotiation which took place between Sir James Fitz-Maurice and the Queen of England, alludes to its consequences in the following words:—

"Fitz-Maurice, content de cette députation, promet de mettre bas les armes à condition qu'on cesseroit de persécuter les Catholiques dans la province, et qu'on mettroit en liberté le Comte de Desmond et Jean son frère, détenus prisonniers à la Tour depuis quelque tems. La Reine accepta volontiers les conditions, et Jacques Fitz-Maurice fit cesser les hostilités. Elizabeth donna aussitôt ordres de faire sortir de la Tour le

Comte et son frère, et les ayant fait venir en sa presence, elle les exhorta à faire cesser une rebellion qui troubloit le répos public. Le Comte répondit, qu'il n'avoit jamais eu l'esprit de rebellion; que sa fidelité, et celles de ses ancêtres envers les rois d'Angleterre, étoit connue de tout le monde; mais qu'il ne pouvait supporter la tyrannie exercée par les ministres de sa Majesté, principalement en ce qui regardoit la religion. La Reine congédia ces Seigneurs avec un air de protection, *en promettant de faire exécuter le traité* conclu avec Jacques Fitz-Maurice."

(25) "*The Queen gave secret orders.*"—p. 180.

Lest I should here be accused of doing injustice to the conduct of Elizabeth, I will subjoin an extract from Ma-Geoghegan, that professes to authenticate the infamous transaction to which I have alluded.—After speaking of the apparent kindness with which the Queen received the Earl and Sir John of Desmond, and dismissed them with permission to return to their native land, the French historian adds:—

" Mais cette perfide Princesse fit dire en secret au Capitaine du navire qui les conduisait en Irlande, de les mener droit à Dublin, et de les remettre entre les mains du Deputé qui y faisoit sa residence; elle envoya aussi un ordre secret au Deputé d'engager le Comte de rester avec lui à Dublin pendant qu'il enverroit Jean son frère en Momonie pour persuader à Jacques Fitz-Maurice de venir avec lui, afin qu'étant tous trois ensemble ils puissent confirmer et signer le traité fait avec la Reine; voilà la raison plausible et apparente, mais le dessein secret étoit de faire trancher la tête à tous les trois. Le Comte, averti à propos de ce projet, prévint le malheur par une fuite précipitée; il eut obligation de sa vie à la vitesse de son cheval, qui le porta en cinq jours auprès de son frère et de Jacques Fitz-Maurice son cousin, dans la partie la plus reculée du Comté de Kerri. Ce nouveau trait de perfidie indisposa si fort le Comte de Desmond contre le gouvernement d'Angleterre, qu'il recommença la guerre avec plus de vigueur qu'auparavant."

Mr. Leland, in treating of the escape of the Earl of Desmond, only uses these words :—“ The Earl of Desmond and his brother, who had been so long detained prisoners in England, were, at length, remitted to the Chief Governor at Dublin, there to reside as state prisoners. The mayor of the city, to whose custody they were committed, indulged them with such liberty, that, under pretence of hunting, they contrived to escape into their own country, where they were received with joy by their dependents, breathing vengeance for the severities they had endured.”

“ *The peculiar tones and language of the Erse.*”—205.

O'Connor, in an extraordinary book, which is styled, and professes to be, the ancient Chronicles of Eri, translated from the original MSS. in the Phœnician dialect of the Scythian tongue, says, that the language of Eri, or *Gneat Bearla*, is that spoken by the Scytho-Iberian, improved by the aid of letters to the *Bearla Feine* or Phœnician language, a dialect of the Persian, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Gothic, as written in Gaelg 1365 years before Christ; being, according to O'Connor, the same tongue which is now denominated Scottish Gaelic, Irish, or Erse.

In giving quotations from the author out of whose laborious writings I have extracted the substance of the foregoing observations, I find myself much in the same sort of situation as that in which Dr. Robertson represents B. Diaz de Castillo, who, when speaking of the wonders recorded by Gomara, with great *nāiveté* declares :—“ It may have been the will of God, that it was so as Gomara relates, but *until I read his chronicle*, I never heard among any of the conquerors that such a thing had happened.”

Having thus confessed my own ignorance and consequent inability to decide on the authenticity of O'Connor's relations, I shall, for the satisfaction of those readers who take pleasure

in the curious researches of the antiquary, proceed to furnish the ensuing quotations ; feeling free from any responsibility for the accuracy of the opinions or assertions they contain. The passages I allude to run as follows :—

“ From the same source that the Greeks derive their language, do the children of Er-i derive theirs ; from the same font that the Greeks drew their original sixteen letters, did the children of Er-i draw theirs : Cadmus having taken from Sydon the sixteen Phœnician characters of the Scythian language (all that were then in use) to Ogygeia 1040 years before Christ ; Eolus, having taken the same letters from Sydon also to Gaël-ag, about 1360 years before that era to which our *Ailm Beth* (alphabet) is still confined.

“ To these observations, I take the liberty of assuming as a fact, which shall be fully demonstrated when I come to compare the dialects of Sydon and of Er-i, that the dialect of Er-i stands in a shape more like unto the original language than that of Greece.”

\* \* \* \*

“ When I apply the term original purity to the Scythian language of Er-i, I mean not to say it is a refined language ; no,—its refinement was obstructed by the Saxons’ ignorance of its worth, though they are indebted to it for the letters first in use with them. Its great value consists in its having retained its radical structure : for, certainly, national pride and prejudice cannot be carried to a greater extent than in the manner wherein the people of Er-i contend for the beauty and graces, all perfective truly, of their language ; whereas it can be considered only as a rare curiosity, venerable for its antiquity and the preservation of its antique form, which it would not have retained, had we been in communication with other nations of the earth. At the same time be it remembered, that this language hath long since been confined to the mouths of the poor and ignorant, no longer spoken and written by the kings, princes, nobles, and Olamhs of the land.”

- (26) “ *Employed by the Desmond clan in collecting and arming their vassals.*”—p. 222.

When speaking of the Earl of Desmond's reception in Ireland, and of the subsequent levying of his clan, Ma-Geoghegan says :—

“ Le Comte de Desmond fut reçu avec une joie universelle, et rétabli dans la possession du Comté, et des biens de ses ayeuls. Ce seigneur se voyant libre, fit des levées de gens de guerre parmi ses vassaux, et mit sur pied une armée de deux mille hommes, qui donna de l'inquietude au Député Sidney ; on eut d'abord de la peine à pénétrer les desseins du Comte : les uns disoient que son intention étoit de se joindre à O'Neill, ou de causer une diversion en sa faveur dans la Momonie ; les autres croyoient qu'il faisoit ces préparatifs dans le dessein de se venger des injures qu'il avoit reçut du Comte d'Ormond.”

- (27) “ *Assisted the half-brother of the Lord of Desmond.*”—p. 236.

“ Gerald, the sixteenth Earl of Desmond, was, at first, opposed by his half-brother Thomas, in his pretensions to the Earldom, who was assisted by Thomas Lord of Kerry, John Fitzgerald the White Knight, Thomas Fitzgerald the Knight of the Valley, and others ; but Gerald, getting the better of his opponents, was styled and owned the sixteenth Earl of Desmond ; and as such, was present in the parliament held at Dublin the 12th of January 1559-60.”—Smith's History of Kerry, p. 255.

- (28) “ *Fauth-na-Gail, or the terror of the stranger.*”—p. 240.

Dr. Leland records, that while John O'Nial was asserting his title to the sovereignty of Ulster, he erected, in one of his islands, a strong fort which he named Foogh-ne-Gall, that is, *the abomination of Englishmen*. The Irish term seems somewhat

similar to the one which I have used, though the translation differs considerably.

(29) “*Massacred him on the spot.*”—p. 254.

In treating of this barbarous murder, Doctor Leland uses the following words:—“ An action so disgraceful to humanity, cannot be detailed without pain and reluctance; yet that wretched bigot, O’Sullivan, mentions it with complacency and approbation; and Hooker assures us, that Saunders, in a horrid strain of blasphemy, called it *a sweet sacrifice to God*. Fitz-Maurice, less corrupted by an odious superstition, condemned the mean treachery; and the Earl of Desmond inveighed with the utmost virulence against the perfidy, ingratitude, and cruelty of his brother.”

(30) “*He expired six hours after the action.*”—p. 258.

The body of Fitz-Maurice “ was quartered, and fixed upon the gates of Kilmallock: and for this service, Sir William Bourke (or de Burgho) was created Baron of Castle Connele.”—Smith’s History of Kerry.

(31) “*Lay at Monaster-ni-va.*”—p. 266.

This was the name of an old abbey that stood on the plain of battle, where, according to Leland, Sir Nicholas Malby “ found the rebels in array to the number of about two thousand, and prepared to give him battle. The papal standard was displayed. And Allen, the Irish Jesuit, went busily through the ranks, distributing his benedictions, and assuring them of victory.”—History of Ireland, vol. ii.

(32) “*The national fallin and truis.*”—p. 288.

The *fallin* was the Irish mantle: the *truis* were the trowsers and stockings of the ancient costume of Ireland.

(33) “ *The Sun-burst of Erin.*”—p. 290.

Mr. Thomas Moore, in a strain which immortalizes his subject, thus beautifully alludes to *the sun-burst*, or royal banner of ancient Ireland.

“ ’Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,  
 Like Heaven’s first dawn o’er the sleep of the dead,  
 When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,  
 Look’d upward and bless’d the pure ray ere it fled.  
 ’Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning,  
 But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,  
 That dark o’er the kingdom of earth is returning,  
 And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o’er thee !  
 For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting  
 Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world ;  
 When Truth, from her fetters, indignantly starting,  
 At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl’d.

(34) “ *The Knights of the Red Branch.*”—p. 292.

I believe my introduction of this order of Irish chivalry into the battle of Monaster-ni-va, may be termed an anachronism. But the appellation of “ *The Knights of the Red Branch*” is so poetical, and the history of their original establishment is so remarkable, that I could not resist giving them a place among the gallant chevaliers with whom they are associated. I have vainly ransacked various old tomes, in endeavouring to ascertain the precise period when the order of the Knights of the Red Branch became extinct. That it existed previous to the invasion of Henry the Second, is specifically stated by O’Halloran, who, in writing on this subject, uses the following words :—

“ Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland. Long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in



Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bronbhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier." And again, the same author says, "of the orders of chivalry, the *Curoithe-na-Craobh-ruadh*, or Knights of Ulster, for number, prowess, and discipline, seem to rank foremost in our history. Why they have been always distinguished by the name of *Craobh-ruadh*, or of the Red Branch, is not said. Should we suppose it alluded to the arms of Ulster, which are *Luna* a hand sinister couped at the wrist, *Mars*? Then should they be called *Crobh-ruadh*, or of the *Bloody Hand*, which was, perhaps, their real title."—O'Halloran's Hist. of Ireland, vol. ii. p. 193.

I cannot close this note without giving the opinion which Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms of all Ireland, &c. &c. &c., pronounced, when the subject of the foregoing observations was submitted to his consideration.

After having examined most of the old records in his office, Sir William conceived it doubtful whether the Knights of the Red Branch existed as an order of chivalry; but imagined that the personages so styled were members of a certain branch of a family denominated *the Red Branch*; adding, that it was usual for great Irish families to take a surname to distinguish them from their kindred, as *O'Connor Roe*, the Red O'Connor, &c. &c. &c.

(35) "*Their privilege of wearing five colours.*"—p. 292.

The knights and prime nobility of Ireland were entitled to the distinction of wearing five colours, with a gold chain round the neck, and a breastplate of the same metal. Princes of the blood, and Olamhs, or doctors of science, were privileged to wear six colours, besides a Birede (i. e. cap) on the head, and a gold ring on the finger.—See General Valancey's Works.

“ *The heroes of the Western Isle.*”—p. 292.

The learned author, to whom I have referred in the preceding note, says that knighthood was established in Ireland long before the birth of Christ, and that none but persons of the purest blood and distinguished bravery could gain the order of chivalry, whose members were known throughout Europe by the designation I have mentioned. In O'Halloran's History of Ireland, vol. ii. p. 199, I also find the following remark.

“ Our histories of chivalry, yet well preserved tell us, that the Knights of Ireland, in very early days, frequently traversed the Continent, where they gained glory and honour; and so celebrated were they in Europe, as to be called, by way of pre-eminence, ‘ The Heroes of the Western Isle.’ I consider that the ensuing passage in Sir John Froissart's Chronicles, bears somewhat on the point in discussion. Speaking of the expedition of King Richard the Second to Ireland, Sir John, who had accompanied the English monarch, says:—

“ I inquired if they [the four Irish kings] would like to receive the order of knighthood? for the King would willingly create them such, after the usual modes of France and other countries. They said they *were knights already*, which ought to satisfy them. I asked when they were made: they answered at seven years old; that in Ireland a king makes his son a knight; and should the child have lost his father, then the nearest relation; and the young knight begins to learn to tilt with a light lance against a shield fixed to a post in a field, and the more lances he breaks the more honour he acquires. ‘ By this method,’ added they, ‘ are our young knights trained, more especially the King's sons.’”—Froissart's Chronicles, vol. xi. p. 162.

(36) “ *The hidden foe hurled stones, which, from their ponderous size, seemed rocks.*”—p. 296.

This mode of secret warfare was frequently adopted, with great success, by the ancient Irish, whose practice of attacking

and rushing on the British from an ambuscade, I have already noticed.

(37) “ *Dared to come to the closest quarters with their Conquerors.*”—p. 300.

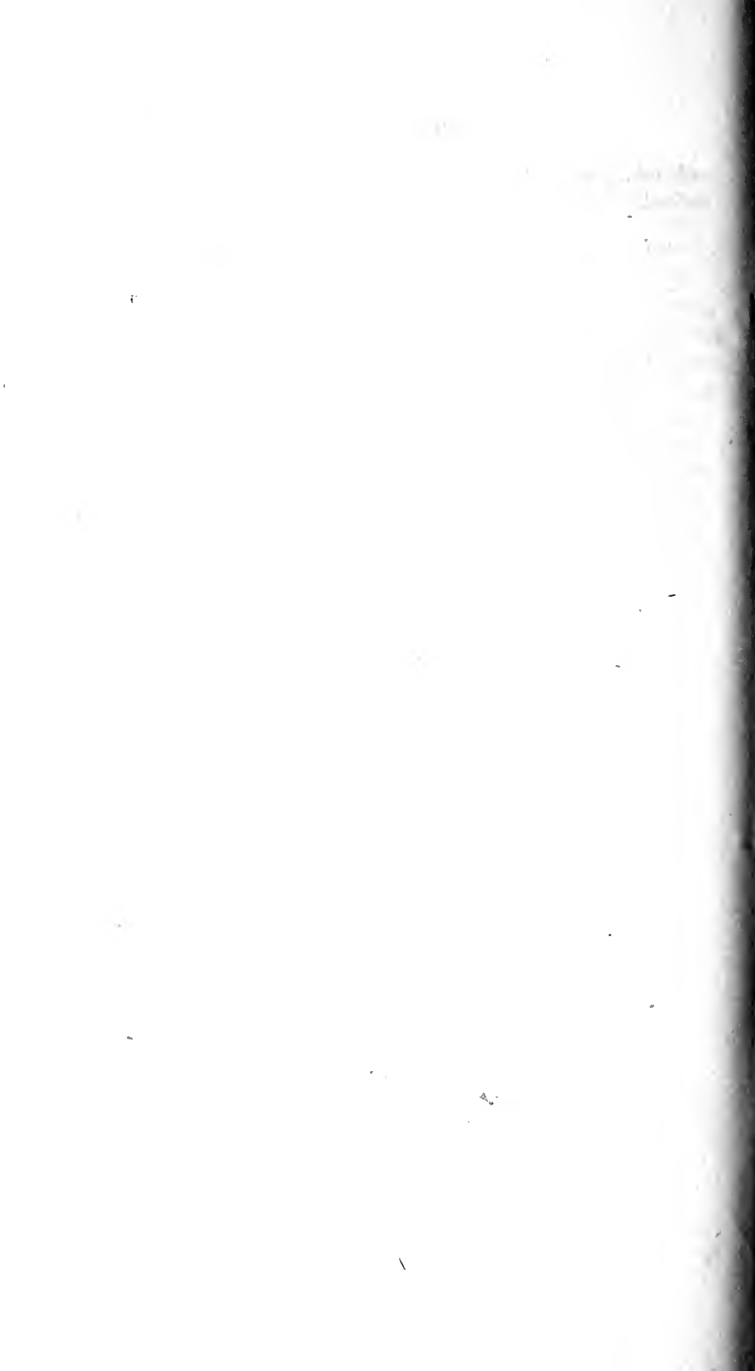
The prowess of the Irish is not exaggerated in the account which I have given of the battle of Monaster-ni-va. Doctor Leland, who certainly is not prone to give undue exaltation to his countrymen, thus speaks of their conduct on the occasion of that eventful contest.

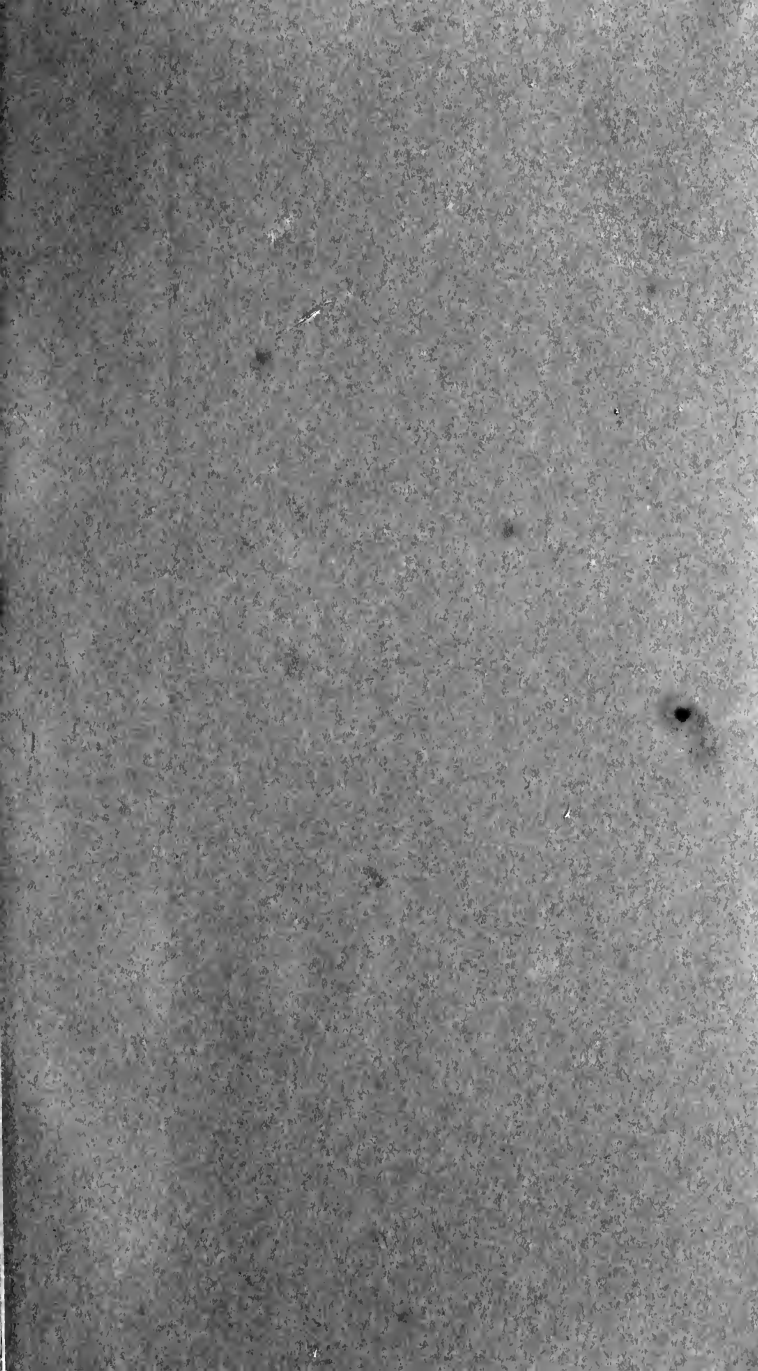
“ Their dispositions were made by direction of the Spanish officers, with an address and regularity unusual to the Irish ; and their attack was so vigorous and so obstinately maintained, that the fortune of the day seemed a long time doubtful. The valour of the English, however, at length prevailed. The rebels were routed and pursued with considerable slaughter : and among the slain was found the body of Allen, who, not contented with exhortation, had drawn the sword in the cause of Rome.”

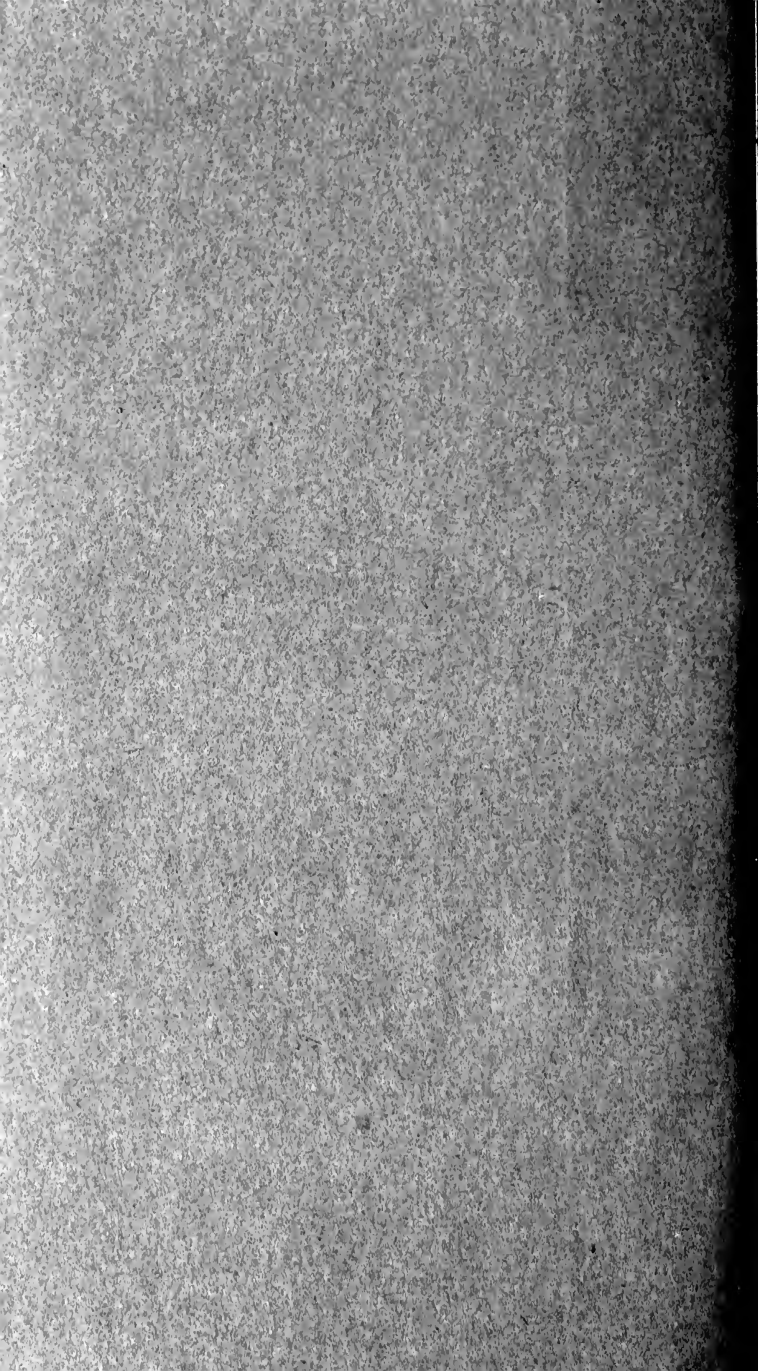
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