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**CHAPTER XXII.**  
**THE COCK PIT; OR, THE HOME OF THE PRINCESS ANNE.**

Such was the name of the residence which Charles the Second bestowed upon his niece, when she became the bride of Prince George of Denmark. This mansion was adjacent to the palace of Whitehall, and was built by Henry the Eighth, who was, doubtless, well fitted to enjoy the brutal sport signified by the name the palace bore.

In a boudoir, tastefully decorated, adorned with hangings of pale blue and amber satin, a lady is seated, with an open letter in her hand. Her face is round and pleasant-looking, rather than handsome; she has rich chestnut hair, and a high color; the eyelids are contracted, arising from inflammation in the eyes in her childhood, and those who do not know the cause of this contraction, which imparts a sort of frown to the expression of an otherwise pleasing countenance, might think it the effect of a stullen temper.

Standing, or rather reclining, against the chimney-piece, is a lady of bold and masculine demeanor. Her very appearance is that of a woman who will fight hard to carry any point in view. She is exasperated just now, and she nervously beats the ground with her foot, and picks off the waxen leaves of a camellia in a vase just by.

The lady we first mentioned is Anne, Princess of Denmark. The impious dame beside her is the notorious Sarah Churchill, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough.

"Refused, and refused in such a way!" said the princess, in a tone of indignation, again perusing her letter as she spoke.

"Yes," was the reply, "and to dare refuse your request after all that my lord has done in Ireland. I really do not know how to contain myself, I feel so irritated, so enraged."

"And yet the refusal of my request, contemptuously as it is worded, is not worse for you than what the prince and myself have had to suffer at the hands of Caliban. Could anything be worse than that Dutch monster's leading him to believe that he might serve him as a volunteer at sea, and then when he has made his preparations, and sent all on board the ship he was to sail in, my sister forsooth refuses to let him go with the fleet? What do you think our feelings were when Rochester, whom we both love so dearly, was sent to explain the queen's pleasure 'that Prince George was to relinquish his intention of going to sea, and let it appear as if he did so of his own free will.' Then when she found he would not submit to such a message, privately sent, there comes one in form to forbid his embarkation."

"Yes, madam, and it is a marvel to me how you can submit so patiently, and after giving up your place in the succession, too, to that Caliban, as you so justly call him, how you can meet the queen as if nothing had happened after such signal affronts, fills me with astonishment; but I, madam, am not so placable. The Order of the Garter is but a due reward to my husband's merit, and instead of taking that into consideration, the queen refuses, and couches her refusal in the most contemptuous terms."

"There is nothing to be done but to submit, my dear friend," said the princess. "I cannot help your disappointment. You well know what we ourselves are called on to undergo, and how my sister's anger has been excited by the pension of fifty thousand pounds having been granted to

me. We cannot help ourselves while this Caliban lives."

"I pray you, madam, do not trouble on my account," replied Lady Marlborough. "I do know what you and the prince have to put up with, but a sunny day may yet come when we shall be rewarded for what we are at present made to undergo."

Lady Marlborough sat her down, and was buried in thought for a few moments. Vague ideas were floating through her mind as to whether they could not aspire with other disaffected ones, and so hurl the Dutch monarch and his consort from the possession of the regal power.

Meanwhile the unsuspecting Anne was thinking of Florence, and wondering why her sister should detain her at the court.

"What think you of Florence O'Neill?" she remarked. "Is it not strange the queen should keep her near her person. That young Jacobite's head has hatched plots already, she tells me, young as she is."

"Nay, madam, mayhap her majesty wishes to keep the young lady out of further mischief. She keeps a watchful eye, depend on it. A long head, too, that girl has got. She does not like Caliban, I am certain; she was so amused at certain anecdotes I told her about him, and yet was silent herself."

"But the queen found her at mischief once," replied Anne. "My sister told me herself that but for that girl saving her life when the palace at Whitehall was on fire, she knew that about her that she scarce thinks confinement in the Tower would have atoned for. She may have learned a lesson of prudence since then, and have a wholesome fear of the queen's wrath."

"And what a life for the girl to lead, madam. She is only like a prisoner, you know—a sort of captive, nothing else. Think, too, what the St. Germain people must endure about her. Why, the late queen loved the girl as though she were her own child, and the queen knows it. Then, too, she is kept unmarried; I really pity her. But do you know, madam, such strange thoughts were running through my head when you spoke to me of Florence O'Neill."

"And, pray, what was the tenor of your thoughts?" asked the princess.

"If the king over the water were here, madam, then we should not suffer at the hands of Caliban."

"Ah, no, the monster," said Anne, laughing at the epithets which she and her favorite applied to the Dutch monarch when together, unconscious that they had a household spy in Lady Fitzharding, the sister of Elizabeth Villiers, through whom the king and queen always knew, in a very few hours, all that happened at the Cockpit, and also every hard and abusive name that was applied to William."

"Would it be quite out of the question to apply to the king, madam; to the late king, I mean?"

Lady Marlborough was coming more directly to the point she had in view. The princess flushed very painfully; her favorite was touching on a delicate subject. Anne had disseminated the vilest slanders as to the birth of the Prince of Wales, and had "one all that lay in her power to desp'ir her father of his crown; how shall I retrace the steps she has trod; how I do the mischief she has wrought; sincere repentance can alone atone for the latter, the injury is far beyond her power to repair."

The imperious favorite saw the agitation of her mistress and again returned to the topic.

"No more of this," replied the princess. "I charge you let the subject drop."

Lady Marlborough submitted for the present, but only to bring it forwards later, with what result the reader shall presently become acquainted.

**CHAPTER XXIII.**  
**THE DUKE OF TYRCONNELL, AND SARSFIELD, LORD LUCAN.**

It is a soft, sunny night, serene and peaceful; all nature is hushed, the moon-beams play on the surface of the waters, and light up the flowery dells and glades around Limerick. Not a sound is heard for a few brief hours, when preparations will be made for the coming strife.

There was much suffering within the city. The foremost to relieve and succor, out of her own store, was the brave woman, Catherine O'Neill, who had in her own heart something of the spirit of her kinsman, Sarsfield.

This worthy general, now Lord Lucan, for King James had sent him the patent of an earldom, had, together with Lord Tyrconnell, put the town in a state of defence, and had induced the officers and soldiers to make oath that they would defend the rights of James to the last. But in spite of this oath, there were factious and desponding spirits whose whole thoughts were bent on a treaty with the Dutch King.

On the night in question, Tyrconnell and Sarsfield held a conference with a few of the chief officers, amongst whom were the notorious Colonel Luttrell, Sir Reginald, now Major St. John, and Major Sheldon Sarsfield, who was a man of commanding stature. The expression of his countenance was one of determination; he possessed all the qualities necessary for the onerous position he occupied.

Factious spirits were, however, within the camp, and it required all his influence amongst those whom he commanded, to tame them into submission.

"What is to be done," exclaimed Colonel Luttrell, who was at the head of the desponders, "money has been ordered to be sent from France. But how are we to wait, reduced, as we are,

to the greatest extremity. The discontent of the army will increase, and capitulate in spite of us, my lords," he added, addressing the General and the Lord Lieutenant.

This thought had likewise crossed the minds of them to whom he spoke, averse as they were to entertain such an idea.

"Do not let us dream of capitulation whilst we are still in a position to wield a sword," said Sir Reginald. The men are becoming discouraged, it is true, on account of the extremities to which they are reduced, but they are still faithful. Nay, I believe one-third of William's army would come over to us, as Lord Tyrconnell said months since, could we but give them each a trifle of money and maintain them afterwards."

"But you see, Major St. John, we cannot support the troops we have, much less find money to obtain others," said Luttrell, in a satirical tone of voice. "I have maintained all along, and do so still, finding the French King so slow in sending supplies, that I believe the end of it will be capitulation, though I see perfectly well that few are of my opinion."

"Have patience yet twenty days," said Tyrconnell. "We shall know by then if we act in accordance with the king's wish in laying down our arms."

His request was assented to, but the impatient and treacherous Luttrell entered into secret negotiations with the commanding officer of William's troops, enquiring what conditions would be granted in case they submitted.

Sarsfield, ever full of zeal in the service of James, found out the treasonable correspondence that was being carried on.

A few mornings after this conference, he observed a young man, evidently a stranger, loitering about with a letter in his hand, and looking as if in search of some one.

"Whom do you want?" said Sarsfield, observing that he was a stranger, and an Englishman.

"Colonel Luttrell, your honor. The letter is from General Gincle's quarters," and the man touched his hat as he spoke.

"It is right, friend; tell your master it has fallen into safe hands," exclaimed Sarsfield, taking the letter, and, in the greatest agitation, making his way to Tyrconnell.

Thus this letter, intended for Luttrell, fell into the hands of Sarsfield. It was read by the latter and Tyrconnell, and proved to be part of a secret and treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Luttrell was at once tried by a court martial, and then put into prison.

It often happens that the body, enfeebled with age and infirmity, yields or succumbs, whilst the mind remains in full vigor; thus it was with Tyrconnell. He and the brave General Sarsfield had many points of difference, but were now on terms of agreement together. Little did either of them imagine on that night, when the conference was held, in the beginning of the second week of August, that on the feast of St. Lawrence, the gallant Tyrconnell would receive his death stroke.

Later his every thought had been given to the approaching contest, and how to make it a decisive one in favor of the late king, together with earnest endeavors to calm turbulent and factious spirits, to a certain degree, aided by Sarsfield who was deservedly beloved. He had succeeded, but the strain on the earl's mind had been too great for his failing strength and advancing years.

On the morning of the feast of St. Lawrence he heard Mass. On his return home he fell back in his chair seized with a fit of apoplexy; he recovered his senses and his speech, but only to languish for two days, when he expired in the midst of the calamities he had been striving to overcome.

**CHAPTER XXIV.**  
**THE BESIEGED CITY.**

Immediately after his death, the troops of the Dutch King proceeded to within five miles of the city. The negotiations with Luttrell made them deem it necessary to bring their cannon, but the French officer entrusted with the command by Sarsfield, ordering troops into the town on the Clare side, Ginekle prepared for a formal siege, and waited for his artillery.

Five days of suspense for the inhabitants of the besieged city, and then the troops of the usurper William put themselves before the place.

Days of sorrow for Limerick, though ended by a treaty alike advantageous and honorable, had its terms been kept by the English.

Alas, for the horrors and calamities of war, when famine and carnage walk hand-in-hand through the land, laying desolate and ravaging its fairest spots—when rapine and sacrilege, and wholesale murder are perpetrated, and made just in the eyes of those who commit them, because it is the time of war.

There was a brave woman in Limerick, whose youth and strength, and health had all passed away, for even middle age was on the wane. In the midst of the horrors, when terror-stricken women pressed their little ones to their bosoms, and the young and the tender wailed for bread, she was in the midst of them. Bombarding had commenced; shells were falling thick and fast; churches and houses became a wreck to the fury of the assailants, and many a till then flourishing homestead, was laid in ruins. In one of these doomed houses was Catherine O'Neill, speaking words of comfort to a knot of helpless women and still more helpless babes. Thick

and fast came the dropping shells, and in this house the cousin of Sarsfield met her death with some half-dozen of her female friends, and her helpless children clustered around her.

At last a breach is made where stands the old Abbey of St. Dominick, and even then the garrison, better prepared than they supposed the army of William, were on the point of abandoning the undertaking, when, by the scandalous neglect, to give it no harsher name, of Clifford, one of James' English officers, William's troops were allowed to make a bridge of boats, and thus to pass their horses and dragoons across the Shannon, and so cut between the Irish horses commanded by Sheldon and St. John, and the town itself.

Sarsfield bit his lips in almost uncontrollable anger, for, having foreseen this danger, he had given Clifford fifteen hundred dragoons to oppose any such attempt, he having the camp within two miles of him, and the town within three.

"Ruined, undone by folly and treachery combined," exclaimed Sarsfield, when this wretched tidings was brought to him. "Instead of giving opposition, or even noticing what was being done, has he positively suffered our enemy to make a bridge under his very eyes."

Sheldon and St. John were alike dismayed; the first they knew of the attempt was that William's troops had actually passed, and that Clifford was retreating towards them.

Furious at this scandalous neglect, and foreseeing the consequences which were certain to result from it, all they could do was to stop the besieging army at a pass, till they could gain the mountains with their horse dragoons, and so make way to Six Mile Cross.

Literally fighting their way through the troops of the usurper, the little party of men under St. John and Sheldon at last accomplished their object, but not being able to remain, were ordered back toward Clare. And now the great body of horse and dragoons have passed over their bridge of boats, and present themselves before Thomond Gate.

Leading, as it were, a forlorn hope, one brave officer, Colonel Lacy, with a small body of 700 men, disputed their approach bravely. Like lions, did he and his little party fight, but the odds are against them, the valiant Lacy is overpowered, not by bravery or courage, but by the mere force of superior numbers, and a constant supply of fresh men on the part of his assailants. Again he and his little band of stout Milesian hearts rally, and repossess themselves of the ground from which they had been driven, but the odds are still against them, and unable to resist they make towards the gate.

Alas, alas, for that brave little band that day cut to pieces at Thomond Gate, the craven-hearted mayor of the town, fearing the English would enter, dared to shut it against his own people, and the greater part of that devoted little party were butchered in cold blood.

Despair seized upon the general officers, the enemy was between them and the horse, which would perish for want of provender. How could they hold out without horse or dragoons, or if they raise the siege, where are their means of feeding the foot?

"Propose a treaty," said Monsieur de Usson and other French officers, but the Irish officers are mindful of their oath. Until the Bishop and divines of Limerick remind them, that blocked up as they were on every side, and thus unable to hear from the king should his answer even come, it was impossible for them to keep to the letter of their oath.

Sarsfield beheld the forts taken and their condition desperate, yet he had the courage to insist on, and the dexterity to obtain, articles not only for the security of the people of Limerick, but also for the whole of Ireland. Consulting the honor and advantage of his royal master James, in getting leave for his men to go, and even ships to transport them into France, should they still desire to follow his fortunes, and adhere to his service, which with those who had gone previously, clinging to the fortunes of the ex-king brought, from first to last nearly 30,000 men into the kingdom of France, 12,000 men chose at once rather to undergo exile from their native land than submit to the Government of the Dutch usurper. Nowhere, indeed, had the ill-fated James more staunch supporters than his Irish subjects.

But vainly can we attempt to describe the embittered feelings of the Earl of Lucan and his faithful followers, when, a very few days later, the dawn of the early morning showed them a French fleet on the coast, comprising eighteen ships of the line, with 30,000 arms, and also stores of provisions and ammunition.

Assistance so near, and yet they had been compelled to yield. The feeling in the mind of Lucan and the more intrepid and earnest of his followers was, that but for impatient and factious men like Luttrell, the kindly aid of the magnificent Louis would not have proved ineffectual.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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**THE FAITH IN FRANCE.**

That the French people, and particularly the Parisians, are not all that, as Catholics, they should be, is not so much to be wondered at if the peculiar circumstances of their past history and present surroundings are taken into account.

For over a hundred years a series of writers have succeeded each other, each generation of whom outrivalled its predecessors in the virulence and malignity with which they assailed revelation and morality, and the policies and practices of the Catholic Church. They rarely condescended to argue, they never neglected to sneer, ridicule and misrepresent. No customs, no policy, no other system of religion could possibly withstand such a persistent and peculiar onslaught but one; and even it could do so less easily, than it could triumph over any other method of opposition whatsoever. Nor has it come off unscathed. Today it is all but mortally wounded, and only escaped annihilation because it was divine. Thousands upon thousands of its adherents, especially amongst its adolescent members, have succumbed under the worse than fiery ordeal. Thousands upon thousands there are, who have had their faith blunted, their ardor chilled, but the great majority are not, and never will be, seriously hurt by it, although it cannot be denied that even a large proportion of these are the worse of this unique and diabolical mode of warfare.

But worst of all is the infidel legislature and infidel municipal councils. They are in declared opposition to the Church, and by consequence to everything religious and moral, and professedly material and "anti-clerical," by which they understand whatever aids the clergy in the directing, safe-guarding or restraining of their flocks. A priest, for referring to the immorality of the army, which some of the secular papers animadverted upon with impunity, was expelled from the country a short time ago.

So accustomed have all—clergy and people—come to the present arrangement, that they imagine any interference with it would be an evil of mighty magnitude. Others, however, do not and cannot share these views; but on the contrary think that, were the Church disestablished to-morrow, and the clergy made dependent on the people for their support, it would be one of the greatest blessings that could happen to France. The clergy would then be free to guide and direct their people in their political duties—a thing they dare not attempt at present. As a consequence many of the most devoted Catholic districts are represented in Legislature by Jews, infidels and Free Masons, who are the deadliest enemies of all that their constituents hold dear. This is a fact as notorious as it is anomalous.

Not only would disestablishment render them free, it would also secure them the respect which it is very painful to see that they are now denied. The cassock and clerical hat are still tolerated, they are not esteemed in France. . . . In no country in the world are the majority of the people so utterly dead to all active participation in their own political affairs or are their representatives so utterly unrepresentative and irresponsible as in France. The only ones who could remove the gag are the Bishops and clergy, who are themselves gagged—and with shame be it said, very few of them have the heroism to cry out against it, but unfortunately hug their chains, fearing greater evils would befall them from any active opposition. This their enemies well know, and constantly keep up the cry of "clericalism," not because it really exists as a political power, but from fear that it might have fortitude enough some day to assert its just rights and hurl the miscreants now demoralizing France from the power they are so grossly abusing—"Pilgrim," in New World.

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