



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1861.

No. 5

## TURLOUGH O'BRIEN; OR, THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER XX.—THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

Minute after minute elapsed, and as yet no harbinger of the approaching procession had reached them, but the swelling acclamation which rose and pealed louder and nearer every moment; and it was not until fully a quarter of an hour had elapsed that the front of the *cortege* appeared; at length it came; a gorgeous coach with six horses and outriders and grooms in the royal livery, rolled slowly along at a stately walk;—then came another, and another after that, and so on until six of equal splendor had passed. Then followed a close wagon guarded by a party of French dragoons in green uniform and with drawn swords. These, again, were succeeded by a brilliant cavalcade of about two hundred gentlemen of the city, all gaily dressed, and handsomely mounted. Then, after a short interval came Barker, the major of the royal regiment, in his splendid uniform of scarlet and gold, surmounted by a burnished cuirass, bareheaded, and with his left hand controlling his fiery black charger, while his right arm extended, enforced the orders, which, from time to time, he reiterated as he advanced, with all the flurry of excited importance, and which the officers in command of the double line of musketeers took up and vociferously repeated—"dress up—shoulder your arms—keep the middle of the street clear—keep back the crowd!"—which latter mandate had become the more necessary as the mob were now, in proportion as the interest of the exhibition increased, pressing more and more urgently and curiously forward. Then followed twenty-nine gentlemen, nobly mounted and richly dressed, also bareheaded, and cheering and waving their cocked hats before a coach and six horses (one of Tyrconnell's), in which was seated Fitz James, the younger brother of the Duke of Berwick—it is scarcely necessary to add, the illegitimate offspring of the king.

This equipage was closely succeeded by three officers of the guard, in their gorgeous uniforms, curbing their nettled steeds to a prancing walk, also bareheaded, and carrying their white-plumed cocked hats in their right hands; these were attended each by a led horse. Next followed a body of mounted military officers of rank, among whom the crowd seemed particularly to distinguish two—the one a tall, athletic, dashing dragon, with a bold, frank face, but withal commanding, prompt and sagacious—and an easy and manly carriage—whose smile, as he returned the greeting of the multitude with many a wave of his military hat, hovered between amusement and prouder emotion—something of excited gratification and kindling triumph. The cries of "Sarsfield! Sarsfield!—more power to you—Sarsfield forever!—long life to you!" and so forth, the greater part thundered forth in the genuine fervor of the native Irish tongue, sufficiently indicated the individuality of the stalwart soldier.—The other object of popular recognition presented a striking, and a very unfavorable contrast to the bold and handsome figure we have just described. This was a diminutive old hunchback, enveloped in a huge scarlet military cloak, which had obviously seen hard service. He bestowed a gigantic black horse, raw-boned and vicious;—his features were sharp and shrewd, and red as a brick from hard weather and brandy, but the twinkle of his eye, spite of the sarcastic stamp of his other features, had in it a character of dry humor and jollity which qualified the grotesque acerbity of their expression—a fixed and cynical smile, half good-humored, half derisive, exhibiting his only acknowledgment of the enthusiastic recognition with which the multitude greeted his appearance. The oddity of this deformed and singular figure was still further enhanced by a huge wig, in a state of the wildest dishevelment and neglect, straggling in tangled wisps about his sharp and elevated shoulders, and surmounted by a broad-leaved white hat and an enormous plume. This grotesque and neglected figure was no other than the celebrated veteran, Teigue O'Regan, then full seventy years of age, and who was destined, in the coming struggle, to outdo in skill, fortitude, and daring, all that he had heretofore achieved. Ere this could be written, however, the group in which they moved had passed on, and was succeeded closely by the five trumpets and kettle-drums of state in their liveries—after whom there moved some twenty of the gentlemen a large on horseback; next succeeded the messengers and pursuivants—then came the Ulster king-at-arms and the herald in all his gorgeous blazonry;—and now approached the object on whom the thoughts and hopes of so many thousands were centred—that being whose name had for so long acted like a talisman upon all Ireland—the exiled king—the champion and martyr of the ancient faith—the friend of the native people and their old aristocracy, covered with calamities, came among them to head his brave Irish army, and in the field of battle, to

hazard one bold cast for his faith and fortunes, and their own. The cries of "The king! the king!" came faster and shriller, until preceded by the full and stately form of the haughty Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, bareheaded, and bearing the sword of state, as he rode singly in front, and flanked at either side, but a little in advance of them, by the Duke of Berwick and Lords Granard, Powis, and Melfort, there appeared in a slouching hat and sooty-black peruke, in a plain suit of cinnamon-colored cloth, with a George hung over his shoulder by a blue ribbon, the form of a man of strong and rather massive build, somewhat stricken in years, with a large face and heavy features, whose rigid and strongly-marked lines were impressed with a character of dignity, qualified, however, by something like the melancholy of discontent, which an occasional smile of gracious suavity relieved only for a moment.—Dark-complexioned and haughty, the countenance was striking at once from its coarseness and inflexibility, and its stately and formal character, was improved and confirmed by the sombre accompaniment of his huge coal-black peruke.—Such, in aspect and equipment, did James advance, sitting his steed with more of formal adjustment and precision than elegance or grace; and as this figure, so strikingly contrasted in its extreme plainness of attire with the splendid forms which preceded and attended him came slowly onward, returning with stately and gracious courtesy, from time to time, the enthusiastic greetings of his people, a burst of wild and tumultuous acclamation, ran and rose around and before him, so stupendous, that air and earth rang with its vibrations. Fierce and wild was the rushing and crushing of the serried multitude;—blessings, congratulations, welcomes, in English and in Irish, swelled in wild Babel-chorus; a tossing, tumbling sea of waving hats and plumes and handkerchiefs, answered at every window, and balcony, and housetop, with kindred enthusiasm, dazzled the eye with its giddy multitudinous whirl. Some wept, some laughed, in the thrilling excitement of that memorable scene; and, never since the island rose from the waves of the Atlantic, did its echoes ring with such a wild, passionate and heartfelt burst of sympathy, devotion and welcome, as thundered in that sustained and reiterated acclamation. Personal claims, individual intrigues, private schemes of advancement—all lesser feelings—were for the moment lost in the grand and paramount consciousness, that in the unpretending figure before them were centred interests so great, so stupendous, and so dear to them all—their ancient grandeur, their old religion, their long hoped-for ascendancy, the movements and the power of mighty armies, the fortunes of kingdoms and people; the heart-stirring and awful consciousness of all these things filled that rapturous welcome with such an inspiring sublimity of enthusiasm, as Dublin will, in all probability, never see more.

Thus, burst after burst of welcome, pealed after and before him, as he moved onward toward the Castle-gate, and a troop of the French guard, riding four abreast and close behind, soon screened the king from view.

We need not wait for the long train which followed, including cavalcades of gentlemen and troops of buff-coated dragoons, with their broad-leaved hats and tossing plumes, and the line of noblemen's coaches, with six horses each, and the coach and four which bears Judge Keating in his scarlet and ermine, and all the other coaches and six and cavalcades of gentlemen, and troops of soldiery, until at last there remain behind but the confused rabble route, who bring up the rear on foot, with wands and streamers, and banners displayed, and cockades in their hats, shouting and huzzing in rivalry with their motley brethren, who stand in dense array, and cheering from ten thousand throats at either side. Nor need we follow King James through his progress to the Castle-gate. There, as from Castle street, the royal cavalcade wheeled upon the ancient draw-bridge, under the shadow of the two grim flanking towers, a striking and solemn pageant awaited his arrival. The Primate crowned with a triple tiara, to represent the Pope, and followed by the other prelates of the Church—*plenis pontificalibus*—in all the gorgeous and solemn array of the splendid ecclesiastical wardrobe of the ancient Church, stood marshalled to receive him. Before this impressive and magnificent spectacle, King James reined in his horse, dismounted and reverently doffing his plain black hat, advanced across the drawbridge, threw himself upon his knees before the bishop, and amid an absolute frenzy of acclamation from the now more than ever enraptured multitude, received the benediction of mother Church. Under such auspices, amid music and acclamations and blessings, and all the pageantry of splendid ecclesiastical and military and civil pomp "suitable," as he himself says, "to the most solemn ceremony of the kind, and performed with the greatest order and decency imaginable," did James enter, for the first time, the precincts of the Irish capital.

While all this pageant was passing through

the street with wild hubbub, Sir Hugh stood at the casement which commanded the scene, and from time to time pointed out to his daughter by his side, those whom he thought most worthy of remark, coupling the indication of each individual, with such suitable commentary as this—

"See you that fellow in the crimson velvet and gold, a fellow with long, light-colored moustaches and eye-brows, a nose like a vulture's beak, and a small, sleepy, grey eye; that is one of the bloodiest miscreants among them. Look at him—mark him well—that is my Lord Galmoxy. And there rides another wretch, as execrable in his own way; an intriguing, heartless, sensual ruffian—that bull-fronted, bloated gentleman in black—that is Thomas Talbot—the lay priest, as they call him; my Lord Tyrconnell's precious brother."

Thus the old knight pursued his commentaries as the various personages, presented in succession, challenged his criticism. But poor Grace no longer heeded or heard him; her thoughts were wandering far away—fondly and unconsciously pursuing the cherished image of one whom her quick eye had instantly discerned, as for a moment he passed amid a crowd of others in the long procession. Need we say it was the form of Turlough O'Brien which had lured her thoughts away, far into the fairy regions of romantic hope and fancy; and it was not until Sir Hugh, stamping vehemently upon the floor, exclaimed in the startling accents of surprise, anger and alarm, "The scoundrel!—what then has brought him hither?" that she was suddenly called to the present scene, and following the direction of her father's fiery gaze, she beheld the lank, athletic form of Miles Garret, looking, it seemed to her, if possible, more ugly, sinister, and repulsive than ever, in the rich magnificence of his courtly attire, riding slowly forward among a group of others.

"The villain has dogged me hither," he cried in extreme agitation, "lest chance or mercy should deliver me—dogged me, to insure my destruction—the malignant villain—I feel it—I know it—may God defend me! It needed no further craft, intrigue or perjury, to aggravate my danger in this dire extremity. Villain—persevering, malignant villain!"

The old man turned almost frantically from the window, walked to the far end of the room, and threw himself into a chair.

Started at the extreme agitation and almost horror with which this apparition had filled the mind of the old man, his daughter fearfully and tenderly approached him, her own heart oppressed with dire misgivings, and, throwing her arms around his neck, she covered his cheeks with her kisses.

Night now covered the ancient city of Dublin. Bonfires blazed at every corner; squibs bounced and rattled in mad horse-play among the shins of the multitude, and rockets soared gloriously aloft into the pitchy void; and pipers played "the king enjoys his own again," and other loyal airs; the crowd lounged this way and that, in laughing, noisy groups; from the windows, gleaming with lights, and chequered with fitting shadows, were heard the merry scraping of fiddlers and pouncing of dancing feet, along with all manner of jolly and uproarious shouts; the streets resounded with shouting and buzz and clatter;—here the cheering, groans, and hooting of a mock procession, consigning in effigy, the usurping Prince of Orange to the flames of a bonfire; there the drunken oratory of some tipsy loyalist, mounted upon a cart, or haranguing from a tavern window, and sometimes too the angrier sounds of fierce disputation and quarrelling—these sounds mingled with the occasional reverberating report of fireworks and the constant hum of music, filled all the town with such a buzz of excitement, as few but those whom weighty anxiety depressed, could listen to without a feeling of corresponding restlessness and hilarity.

It was upon this evening that old Jeremiah Tisdal sate morosely by the hearth of the public room of the great old inn which occupied the centre of "the Cambrie;" this chamber had once been the hall of the noble mansion which fortune in her wayward caprices, had degraded to the vile and vulgar uses of a common hostelry; two mighty hearths at either end confronted one another gloriously, and sent their hospitable warmth through every nook of the vast old reeking chamber. The place was filled with noise and clatter enough of its own, and presented as motly a gathering of guests as ever yet a tavern chamber contained; some stood by the fire discussing the exciting events of the day, and the angry politics which agitated men's minds; others drank together, or played at backgammon while listless loungers overlooked the game; some came in, while others went out, keeping up a constant double current of hospitable traffic. Here might be seen samples of many a strangely contrasted class; burly, comfortable citizens eagerly listening to the latest news of London-derry and the Enniskilleners, retailed by some raw militia officer in all the conscious importance

of his new blue uniform and brigadier wig, and seasoned with many a threat and thundering oath. In another place might be seen the boor who scarce could muster so much English as to call for his liquor and tobacco, swaggering along in the bran-new gaudy suit, to purchase which he had sold off his pigs and his cows, and come up to Dublin to seek his fortune in the character of a gentleman; and near him, perchance, with martial strut, and staring about with a bold gaze of curiosity, appeared one of the newly-arrived French troopers, affecting a sublime unconsciousness of the interest with which he was observed; while in a dusky corner, two or three friars, in the peculiar habits of their orders, conversed in subdued but eager whispers over their homely supper.

Tisdal sate gloomily by the fire, smoking his pipe, and idly ruminating upon the events of the day—a contemplation by no means calculated to sweeten the natural moroseness of his temper, while he listened from time to time with growing impatience to the conversation which proceeded beside him. While thus employed, he observed a pale young man, with a sweet but melancholy countenance, and a pair of fiery dark eyes, gazing upon him with a degree of attention, under which he felt himself, spite of his phlegmatic temperament, singularly restless and uncomfortable. The form of the stranger was slight and graceful, and he was attired in plain suit of black; he stood quite alone, and at a distance of some ten or twelve feet from the spot occupied by the Puritan, so that his gaze was frequently interrupted by interposing groups. Once or twice Tisdal, returning his glance with angry impatience, succeeded in catching his eye, which, however, was instantaneously averted. Again and again this was repeated—and again and again the Puritan felt that he was still the object of the same vigilant and disconcerting observation. Once or twice he was upon the point of going up to the pale gentleman in black and accosting him, but prudence told him that in such a place, and on such a night, a person of his faith and politics would best consult his safety by avoiding remark, and resisting every temptation to enter into discussion with strangers. Impressed with the obvious expediency of this latter course, the Puritan availed himself of the first opportunity to withdraw himself unobserved to another part of the chamber. Gliding behind the crowded knots of guests who filled the room, he seated himself at a remote and unoccupied table at the furthest extremity of the large apartment; from this position, he looked in vain among the crowd for the form which had caused him, in spite of himself, the uneasy and unpleasant feelings inseparable from the idea of being watched. No longer under the eye of this unknown personage, he felt himself once more at ease, and smoking his pipe in calm and contemplative serenity, or something as nearly akin to it as his gloomy and unquiet temperament was capable of enjoying.

As his eye wandered listlessly among the crowd, his gaze was arrested by a face and form with which he was familiar; it was that of Miles Garret, who had just entered the room in company with a square-built man in black, with a mantle of the same hue, folded in the Spanish fashion, the skirt being thrown over his shoulder, and muffing his face nearly to the eyes; he wore a black slouching hat, and making a signal to the host, he walked with him a little apart, and without removing the muffing from his face, spoke a few words in his ear; these appeared to be deferentially received, for the stout figure in black beckoned to Garret, who instantly joined them, and preceded by the respectful inn-keeper, they passed in silence through a room communicating with the private apartments of the hostelry. With the reader's permission, we shall follow them up a broad oak stair, along a gallery, through a sombre passage opening upon a large, bleak, old chamber, and through it into another; here the party stopped—the host placed the solitary candle which he carried, upon a table; its insufficient light illuminated the faded figures in the tapestry with an uncertain flicker and left the recesses and corners of the chamber but half defined; the large hearth was fireless, and for aught appearing to the contrary, might have been so for half a century before—and the whole room partook of a character cheerless and spectral enough to have made a fanciful man feel rather queer: the two guests, however, who had just entered, did not appear to belong to his class; and in answer to their entertainer's deferential inquiry whether he should bring them a pair of candles, and have a fire lighted, the stranger in black peremptorily answered "neither!" and then, as he drew his gauntlet-shaped gloves from his hands, and tossed them upon the table, he added, in a tone as summary—

"We must be private for a quarter of an hour; so on no pretence disturb us; this pays you, and so begone!"

As he concluded, he laid a guinea upon the

table with an emphatic pressure; the host pocketed the coin, bowed and withdrew.

"Garret!" he continued, as soon as the door had been closed for some seconds, "look out on the passage, and see that all is clear."

Miles Garret obeyed the mandate in obsequious silence, and as he did so, the stranger threw his cloak upon a chair, and displayed the form of a powerfully built man, with square shoulders, short neck, and a face, upon whose swarthy breadth was impressed the stamp of masculine intellect and passion, with a certain character of sensuality besides, presenting on the whole such a countenance as irresistibly arrests the attention and impresses the memory. "This was the very individual whom Sir Hugh had that day pointed out to his daughter as the 'lay priest,' and brother to the Earl of Tyrconnell, while the procession was passing beneath the Carbine; let us add, too, that this is the identical person whom we described in the earliest chapter of this book as leaning over a certain map, in company with Miles Garret, upon a soft summer's night in the year 1686, in a rich saloon in London. On a very different night, thus, three years later, have these two persons met—in a grim, old, dusty inn-chamber, in Dublin city. He sat down, and resting his elbows upon the table, leaned his chin upon his folded hands, while for a few moments he maintained a thoughtful silence.

## CHAPTER XXI.—THE CONFERENCE—THE BLACK LANE—THE RING.

"Well," said he at last, throwing himself back in his chair, and tapping his knuckles sharply upon the table, "begin, despatch."

Miles Garret removed his hat as he took his seat opposite his companion, and, with instinctive jealousy, glanced round the room, ere he commenced—

"You remember the property?" he inquired.

"Yes; proceed," answered Talbot.

"And—and the man?" hesitated Garret.

"Yes, we have reason—go on," he replied.

"Well, then," resumed his companion, "he has run his neck fairly into the noose at last."

"How so?" asked Talbot.

"He is arrested under a warrant for high treason," replied the magistrate.

"Ay, indeed!" exclaimed Talbot; "come, this looks like business. Well, then, and what's your case, for I assume it's of your making; can you prove it?"

"Ye-es, yes; I th'nk we can," said Garret, "a great deal, of course, will depend on the judge—and they have some troublesome witnesses."

"Who are they?" asked Talbot quickly.

"One is a fellow named Tisdal—a dogged, ill-conditioned fellow, with honesty enough to spoil anybody's schemes but his own," replied Garret.

"A serrant or dependent?" inquired Talbot.

"No; unfortunately under no direct obligation to Sir Hugh—a sort of independent, humble friend," answered he.

"Well, what can he prove?" persisted the other.

"You must understand, in the first place," replied Garret, "that this is a case like Brown's, which, no doubt, you have heard of."

"Talbot nodded, and his companion pursued.

"Sir Hugh fancies his house is to be attacked, and forms his friends into a sort of volunteer militia. A Mr. Hogan, with his servants, demands admission under a search warrant, to look for some cattle he has lost. He is refused; the result is bloodshed; in short, a regular battle, and some dozen are slain; now this wretched rascal, Tisdal, will give evidence, that Sir Hugh acted purely in defence; that the mob burned the witness's house and nearly hanged himself, although he took no part in the defence of Sir Hugh's dwelling."

"And the other witness, who is he?" urged Talbot, impatiently.

"Colonel Turlough O'Brien, who came up during the fray, dispersed the assailants, and afterwards shot one of the rapparees—for, between ourselves, they were little better) that was taken close by," answered the magistrate.

"What kind of man is he?"

"A proud, impracticable, unmanageable fellow," replied Garret.

"Then, it's a bungled business—botched, that's all," said Talbot, contemptuously, as he threw himself back in his chair, folded his arms, and looked with a coarse sneer in the face of his companion.

"It's a better crown case than Brown's indictment, as it stands," said Garret, sturdily.

"Ay, that's the way you d—d Irish fellows, that live at the back of your bogs and mountains, prate of such matters," retorted Talbot, with coarse contempt. "Brown's case; indeed! why, that has made noise enough, and too much, already. The King has a party in England as well as here, and he can't afford to lose them; that you may gain an estate."

"A long silence followed, broken only by the impatient tapping of Talbot's foot upon the floor."

"What's his title? A grant from Cromwell