

Irish TALES:

OR,

Instructive HISTORIES for the happy Conduct of LIFE.

Containing the following Events.

VIZ,

I. The Captivated MONARCH.

II. The Banish'd PRINCE.

III. The Power of BEAUTY.

IV. The Distrest LOVERS.

V. The Perfidious GALLANT.

VI. The Constant FAIR-ONE.

VII. The Generous RIVAL.

VII The Inhuman FATHER.

VIII. The Depos'd USURPER.

IX. The Punishment of UNGENEROUS LOVE.

By Mrs. SARAH BUTLER.

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THE Epistle DEDICATORY,
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

The Earl of *Lincoln*.

MY LORD,

The Fair Authoress of the following Sheets being Dead, and the Publication of them falling into my Hands, I could not think of any PATRON, under whose Protection, they might with that Advantage I desir'd, venture into the Publick, so properly as your Lordship's. For, where better could HEROIC LOVE, and all the PATRIOT VIRTUES find a surer and more auspicious Refuge, than under that *Nobleman's* Protection, whose distinguish'd Honour, and good Sense has render'd him so eminently capable of the *former*; and whose *stedfast Zeal* for his Country's Service in the most dubious, and difficult of Times has been so conspicuous to all that know any thing of our publick Affairs, as that of your Lordship. Yes, my Lord, that Heroic Firmness and Resolution you discover'd then in your Conduct, has made you the peculiar Darling of all true BRITONS, of all Lovers of the best of Kings, and Constitutions. *Resolution*, and *Uncorruptible Faith* are not the common Growth of this Age, which makes every Consideration yield to the poor and mean Prospects of immediate and Personal Advantages, either in Wealth, or in Power and Dignities; and few, very few have been found, whom neither the Malice and ungenerous Persecution of Potent and disappointed Enemies could break, nor all the gilded Baits of Power, Riches, Flattery, Pleasure, and the other cunning Arts of insinuating into the Minds of the young and uncautious (in which vile Arts, those were no small Proficients, who had then the Publick Management of Affairs) could corrupt, or give the least shock to; on whose Wiles, tho' many were deceived by them, your Lordship, supported by a perfect Integrity, and just Understanding, look'd down and despis'd.

IT is such a Publick Spirit, such an Understanding, that qualifies a Nobleman to be worthy of the Addresses of the MUSES. For whoever loves his Country, must be pleas'd to see ARTS Flourish, which add to its Glory and its Felicity; since that Country can only be esteem'd truly Happy and Great, where ARTS as well as Arms find publick Encouragement. And of all ARTS, POETRY is perhaps the chief, which deserves the peculiar Care of the *Great* and the *Polite*.

IF we may decide this by what we find in History, it is plain, that where-ever Heroic Fortitude, and Martial Glory have found a distinguishing Success, there POETRY has met with the greatest Indulgence.

ATHENS, which polish'd Mankind by her POETS, was able by her single Valour, under the Conduct of MILTIADES, with Ten Thousand Men, to defeat some Hundreds of Thousands of *Persians*. *ROME* in her greatest Glory, and most establish'd Fortune, became a Rival of *GREECE* in that *Noble Art*, while VIRGIL, HORACE, VARIUS, TUCCA and many more, found themselves the peculiar Favourites of the ablest Statesman, and most illustrious Emperor that Nation ever knew.

IT would be no difficult Matter, My Lord, to carry on the Proof of this in a less eminent degree through the several Kingdoms that arose out of the Ruins of the *Roman Empire*, even from *Italy*, to *Hungary*; but that would be a Work of too large an Extent for the narrow Compass of an Epistle. By hinting this here, I only aim at stirring up, if possible, a generous Ambition in our Great Men, of distinguishing themselves in a manner so worthy of Power and Dignity.

I have known a Nobleman, who (I know not by what means) got a popularity for his Generosity, who yet could only justly pretend to an injudicious Profusion; for he has given a Piper Three Hundred Guineas, when a MAN of LEARNING found but a very mean Gratuity for a most valuable Performance. But several have, indeed, been bountiful to Fiddlers, and the *thrilling Throng*, while we have found very few SIDNEYS and SACKVILES, since we have pretended to Politeness; and yet the many Excellent Products of Poetry, with little or no Encouragement, are a Proof that it is the natural Growth of the Clime, and with a tolerable Cultivation, might arrive at the greatest Perfection.

THE following Sheets, my Lord, are of this Kind; that is, they are allow'd by the Learned to be a useful sort of POETRY, tho' without the advantageous Harmony of Verse. For as all POETRY is an IMITATION, as ARISTOTLE justly observes, it is plain that all *Fables* are IMITATIONS of *Actions*, which is the essence of both the DRAMATIC and EPIC POESIE.

BUT this *Prosaic Poetry* is of as ancient a Date as the *Milesian Tales*, which so charm'd Antiquity it self. The Moderns since the Time of HELIODORUS, have often vary'd their Form; some Years ago they swell'd them into large Volumes, but of late the general Tast runs for such as are compriz'd in a much narrower Compass; from whence we derive so many Books of TALES, which have not yet fail'd of Success. These that follow, in my Opinion, fall not into the least short of the most excellent that have yet appear'd; there being a Pathetic Tenderness, that runs quite through them, supported by a Noble and Heroic Fortitude.

THE Preface will shew your Lordship that their Foundation is laid on true History, and the Lady has so artfully Grafted the Fiction upon it, that the whole bears the pleasing Appearance of Truth and Reality.

If they contribute to the Diversion of any Hour of your Lordship's more elegant Leisure, I have my Aim. My Ambition to give this publick Testimony of my Esteem and Value for your Lordship's singular Virtues, would not suffer me to lose the first Opportunity of doing it, unable to delay my Zeal 'till I had something more solid to offer; though perhaps, in Justice, it is not the most unmeritorious Endeavour to contribute to our Diversion; and I hope it will be thus favourably receiv'd by your Lordship from,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble and most Obedient Servant,

Charles Gildon.

THE PREFACE.

I here present the Reader with some few of those many Transactions which made up the Lives of two of the most Potent Monarchs of the Milesian Race, in that Ancient Kingdom of Ireland: And although I have cloath'd it with the Dress and Title of a Novel; yet (so far I dare speak in my own behalf, that) I have err'd as little from the Truth of the History, as any perhaps who have undertaken any thing of this Nature.

What I have added, is only the Love and Amorous Discourses of Murchoe and Dooneslaith; whose Name I have presum'd upon, since in the Chronicles and Writings of all those, which I have read, who have Treated on that Subject, make no mention of the Name of Maolseachelvin's Daughter; tho' none of them hardly but take notice of the Story. And finding in Dr. Ketrinus's Manuscript that of Dooneslaith to be in use at that time, and (if I mistake not) to be the Name of her Mother, I therefore was the more willing to imagin I should not err so much from Truth, as if I had given her a feign'd one, to give that to her Daughter.

*Some (upon what Grounds I know not) would needs have their manner and way of making Love, which I have brought as near as I could to our modern Phrase, to be too Passionate and Elegant for the Irish, and contrary to the Humours, they alledge, of so Rude and Illiterate a People; when all the while they do not consider, that altho' they may seem so now, in the Circumstances they lie under, (having born the heavy Yoke of Bondage for so many Years, and have been Cow'd down in their Spirits) yet that once Ireland was esteem'd one of the Principal Nations in Europe for Piety and Learning; having formerly been so Holy, that it was term'd The Island of Saints; and for Learning so Eminent, as all their Chronicles make out, and some others who were not of that Nation, as *Bede, and †Camden do avouch for them.*

*Bede in his Hist. Anglic. Lib 3, cap 4, 5, 19 . & lib, 4, cap. 25 †Camden Brittan. p. 730. Edit. Lond in fol.anno. 1607.

It was so Famous for Breeding, that many from the adjacent Islands, and most parts of the Continent of Europe came thither for it.

Insomuch as P. Walsh says in his Prospect of Ireland, that when any were wanting from their own Country, it came to be a Proverb, He is gone to Ireland to be bred.

And another in the Life of Sulgenus, has this Distich.

Exemplo partrum commotus
amori legendi,
Ivit ad Hibernos Sophia
mirabile daros.

And we find in their Chronicles, that there were Four Great Universities in Ireland, viz. Ardmagh, Cashell, Dunda-Leathghlass, and Lismore, besides many other Colleges of less Note elsewhere; and as Keting in his Manuscript has it, in the Reign of Couchuvair Mac-Donochoe, that there were no less that 7000 Scholars at one time in one of those Universities, viz. Ardmagh; and that they were the Irish in those Days who gave a beginning Abroad, as some Writers say, to

the Schools of Oxford. But it is most certain they did to those of Paris and Pavia, and many other great Colleges of Learning in Foreign Parts.

And both Camden and Edmund Spenser in his View of Ireland, page 29. do acknowledge, That our Ancestors in Great Britain learned the very form and manner of framing their Character for Writing, from Ireland.

From what has been said, (tho' not a Tenth part of what might be on this very account) I hop'd I might have liberty to dress their words in as becoming a Phrase as my weak Capacity could frame, or the time that I did it in would allow.

As for the other part of the Story, it is all Historical, and treads only the path of the true Chronicle, if we may give Credit to my Authors, who are Bede, Camden, Heylin, Spenser, Hanmor, Campion, Dr. Keting, Sir James Ware, Flahertus, and P. Walsh. I have, I must confess, omitted several Remarkable Passages, and Twenty four of the Twenty five Battles which Bryan Boraimh Fought in his Reign and won; but yet I have not foisted in any thing, that might be injurious to the Truth, in their Places, and have only made a Compendium of Things as tho' done in four or five Years time, which perhaps were Transacting half so many score.

I have constrain'd my self, contrary to the Custom of most who write these sort of Essays, to make my Lovers die unmarried; since I could find no Authority to the contrary. And I should indeed have been very willing to have embrac'd the Opportunity (could I have found any colour for it) of making them, after so many Misfortunes, to have ended their Trouble in the Married Bed.

Lastly, since my Design in the beginning was to shew the strange means by which Ireland was once deliver'd from the Tyranny of Turgesius and the Danes, by the Beauty of a Virgin; I thought it might not be impertinent to the Story, to make the same Maid, tho' in a more virtuous way, be the Instrument of saving it a second time, by infusing of Courage into her Lover, who, we'll suppose for her sake, did things that Day, which almost surpass all belief; tho' at the same time she had little or no part it may be in the Victory. This License I presum'd might lawfully be granted in a Novel.

Irish TALES.

Lasting and Terrible were the bloody Wars which the Ancient *Irish* sustain'd against the powerful Danes; who, by their vast Numbers, and continual supplies of fresh Men, who Recruited them daily, and were weekly landing at one Port or other, came to their aid, they being then Masters of the Sea, so harass'd and tir'd the long defending Islanders, that at last they were forc'd to submit, and their Provincial Kings become for some small space of Time, Tributaries to the Dane.

Turgesius, the Danish Captain General, being a Soldier of invincible Courage, and no less Ambitious, made himself be stil'd Monarch of Ireland, and with a Splendid and Magnificent Train of hardy and resolute Warriors, whom Peace and Idleness, the Seeds of Wickedness, and the Mildew of Vertue had rusted into Courtiers, kept his Court in the center of the Country, at *Lough-Ribb*, near that place, where now stands the Town of Athlone.

He was a Man so skilled and train'd up in Arms, and Martial Fatigues, that had he only follow'd the Business he profess'd, his Conquests and Victories might have been an everlasting Theme for Ages to come; and had not his Lust like a Canker eaten away the Inscriptions his Sword had engraven, his Victorious Memory might to this day have been the enduring Song of Fame.

Turgesius having subdu'd the best part of the People of this Nation, nay, indeed, we may say all, but a few who knew not how to bow their Necks in subjection to any but a lawful Prince, or stoop to any thing beneath their free Liberties, and Obedience to their own Kings, had betaken themselves to Boggs, Woods, Mountains, Rocks, and inaccessible Places; whose Wisdom and Conduct being back'd with an inimitable Valour, in a few Weeks wrought out their own Infranchizements, and broke the servile Bonds, in which their fellow Irish were enslav'd, notwithstanding the mighty Care and Circumspection *Turgesius* us'd to the contrary; for there was not a Hole, or a Corner, much less a Town or a City in the whole Realm, that was capable of it, in which he had not planted a Garrison, made as he thought, secure by impregnable Fortifications.

All things being order'd in this manner, he began to partake of the Pleasures of Peace, which his long Toil and indefatigable Labours had newly establish'd. Those cruel Wars which had open'd the veins of this distemper'd sick Kingdom, had not yet drain'd one drop of his ill Blood, which corrupting for want of usual Exercise made him degenerate from the noble Science of War, to practise that of Love; and giving way to a his unruly Passion, became in a short time wholly Conquer'd by the fair Eyes of *Dooneslaith*, the Daughter of *Maolseachelvin* King of Meath.

This Lady was one, on whom Nature had lavishly bestow'd all the Graces and Ornaments which could be, to make Humanity adorable; she was so nobly endow'd, and so incomparably Beautiful, that to see her, and not admire her, was impossible; yet was she capable of all the soft sentiments Love could imprint and had already devoted her Heart to a Man, to whom without blame she might warrantably do, being Prince *Murchoe*, Eldest Son to *Bryan Boriarnh*, who was afterwards Elected King of all *Ireland*.

This Prince matchless in his gallant Exploits, was not less to be paralell'd in his Love; it is enough to tell you, he saw the beautiful *Dooneslaith*, and consequently lost his Heart in the sight; but so much awe did her Vertue create in him, that for some time he languish'd in the Torments of his Flame, without daring to utter one word of his Love; and all the while the charming *Dooneslaith* was subject to the same Malady.

Thus for a Time did these two secret Lovers live in Hopes that Fortune would at some time or other, be propitious to their Amours; and altho' they were so enamour'd of each other, yet dar'd not either of them shew the least sign of their Passion. For now *Turgesius* made it his business to win the Heart of this Lady, and *Maolseachelvin* himself was not the last who discern'd it; nor could he any way forbid his Address, knowing how dangerous a thing it might prove, to stand in competition with so mighty and powerful a King. *Murchoe* was not insensible of it, and to his inexpressible Grief, was forc'd in silence to bewail his Misfortunes, and see all the Joy of his Soul Caress'd and Ador'd by another: What Lamentations and Moans would he make when alone? And what Grief would possess him, when he fear'd that his charming *Dooneslaith* might in time consent to the Love of the Tyrant. He became so Melancholy and Troubled, that the whole Court cou'd not but take notice of it; and notwithstanding he us'd all endeavours to stifle his Flame, yet he could not so closely conceal it, but *Turgesis* (for no Eyes are sharper than those of the Jealous) perceiv'd it; and under pretence that he suspected him to be Ill inclin'd to his Government, Banish'd him the Province, which was a far greater Punishment to the young Prince, than had he instantly doom'd him to Die.

Dooneslaith was soon made acquainted with the Misfortune of *Murchoe*, in which she took such part, that she had much ado to refrain falling in a swoon before the King, and was forc'd to feign an Excuse to get from his sight; she went slenderly accompanied, having but two Maids who kept at a distance, into a Garden, at the farther end of which was a Grove, whose melancholy shades seem'd fittest for her Condition; and in which obscurity she might have free Liberty (thinking no body by) to vent her Complaints, while her Women, who seeing her sit down on a Bank, retir'd to an Arbour hard by.

It was not without much trouble, and many endeavours that she could find utterance for her words, her sighs and sobs still hindring her Speech; but at length having by large streams of Tears, which ran down her Cheeks, almost drain'd the Channels of her Eyes, she began to give ease to her Heart, which without Vent, must have certainly burst.

“Oh! Unfortunate and miserable *Dooneslaith* (saith she) whither wilt thou fly for ease, since *Murchoe*, the peace of thy Soul is banish'd thy sight, and whose presence was the only stay of my Life; what avails Life, or Eyes to me, now that dear Object's gone? Surely this Tyrant who usurps our Throne, has found I love the Prince, and his Jealous Fears have drove him from the Court, that he might also usurp a place in my Heart! Oh *Murchoe*, *Murchoe*, cou'dst thou but know my Soul; Oh! That my sighs could reach your distant Ears, and make thee sensible of what I suffer for thee.”

While she was thus complaining to her self, e're she was aware *Turgesius* approach'd her, and found her in tears; just at the same time as *Murchoe*, who behind an adjoining Hedge

had over-heard all she had said, was going to throw himself at her feet; but seeing *Turgesius* arrive, he lay still, as much pleas'd with what he had learnt from *Dooneslaith's* own mouth, as troubled and afflicted at the coming of so Potent a Rival, who hinder'd him from making known to his Mistriss the sense that he had of her Goodness, and the absolute Power she had gain'd over his Heart.

Dooneslaith was greatly surpriz'd to see one so near her, whom she so much fear'd, and had cause to hate; she would have risen and left the Place to the King; but was prevented, by his taking her by the Hand, and throwing himself down by her; she, not yet well awaken'd from the lulling Cogitations of her dear *Murchoe*, her beautiful Face all cover'd with blushes, was forc'd to sit down by *Turgesius*; who casting a look, which signify'd how much he was concern'd for her Trouble, desir'd her to tell him the cause of it; adding, if it lay in his power to give her Redress, she had no more to do but command him.

Dooneslaith, at the present, was at a loss what Answer to make him; 'till after several Demands, she spoke in this manner.

"My Lord (said she) you urge me to do that, which I fear when perform'd, will displease you. 'Tis not but that I know the Honour you are pleas'd to confer on our Family in vouchsafeing to cast your Affections on me, who so little deserve them; nor is it, but that I have confidence enough in your Kingly Word, that makes me thus scrupulous; but so it is, unless with an Oath you confirm that you will grant my Request, I shall still keep the cause of my Grief to myself."

Turgesius, was strangely perplex'd in his Mind, to see one, whom he thought he might have commanded, make Capitulations with him, and so much to distrust the Word of a Monarch, that no less than an Oath would serve to confirm her, He told her "That had she not gotten an absolute sway over his Heart, he wou'd never have condescended to a thing the most powerful Prince shou'd never have gained from him; in short, he swore to her By Heaven, and all his Pagan Gods, that whatever she demanded it if lay in his power should be granted, upon Condition that she would allow him to love her, and give him leave to hope, that in time his Passion might be rewarded."

"My Lord, (reply'd she) you pretend to grant my request, and tell me my Power is absolute, and yet you confine me to that, which perhaps, of all things in the World is opposite to my quiet; as for your loving me, it lies not in my power to hinder; and as for your hopes that your Passion may be rewarded, is a thing I can willingly suffer, so that you will not by your Power and Authority urge me to Marry you against my consent, and withall, that you would recall the unhappy *Murchoe*, whom I know you have banish'd only for my sake."

Turgesius after a small pause, answer'd her "Madam said he altho' your Father should command you to marry me, nay, tho' my Life, and my future Eternal Happiness only depended upon it, yet will I allow you your own liberty, not ever Wed you, unless you freely consent to it. But as for *Murchoe's* repeal, it wou'd indeed shew in me too much love, but too little discretion; for I know well, Madam (says he going on) "the Prince's Thoughts are too aspiring, and that so long as he lives in the Province, I must expect neither Peace in my Throne, nor my Love, for I have more sufficient Proofs than bare report, that he Rivals me both in your Heart and my

Crown: How much cause have I therefore to hate him? especially now, since you are so much interested for him, I shall but take into my Bosom a Snake, that when warm'd again with my Favour, will sting me to the Heart, and with his Venom rankle all my Peace and Tranquility; however, to shew you that I pretend not to your Love by that power the Heavens have put into my Hands, I freely consent that he stay still at home, nay even here in our Court, and I shall admit him to use all his Art, and make his Addresses to you, so that I likewise may be heard in my turn.

Turgesius remained some time silent, in expectation of her Answer, but the blessing his Words had pour'd on her Heart, was too mighty for her Tongue, nor knew she how to return him the Thanks which were due for so noble an Offer, without betraying too much of her Love, but at last overcoming the conflict in her Soul, she utter'd these Words.

“Most renowned Conqueror! your Generosity and Goodness have so far wrought on my Heart, that I fear there is nothing in honour you can demand, that I shall have the ability to deny you: And since it hath pleas'd you to leave all to my choice, I make a farther reference of it to Heaven, who I humbly implore to direct all my Actions; and since so freely you have told me your mind, I will be as liberal of mine, and here solemnly protest, that *Murchoe* has never so much as open'd his Mouth, or made known to me by any means whatsoever, the things which you lay to his Charge.”

Turgesius was pleas'd at these Words, and took his leave of her, with a promise immediately to recall *Murchoe*, whom he told her he believ'd was not departed from Court, it being yet within the limits of the time appointed for his Banishment. *Dooneslaith* return'd him such an answer, as the Nobleness of the Deed did require; she told him he had now took the right course to succeed in his Love; but no sooner was he parted from her, but she began to accuse her own Heart for what she had done, and altho' it was only what her love for *Murchoe* had urg'd her to, yet she could not but lightly condemn the way that she had taken to gain his Repeal; she was too sensible there was no room in her Breast for any but *Murchoe*, and that *Turgesius*, with all his endeavours could never supplant the esteem she had for him; and withal, vow'd in her heart, that if once *Murchoe* shou'd mention his Love, to give him such an answer as should not displease him.

Turgesius had no sooner left her, but at a small distance he espies *Dooneslaith's* two Women, who at present he knew not, and his curiosity pressing him to see who they were that were most melodiously singing to an Harp, which they had brought with them into the Garden, Musick being the chief thing that did of late allay the melancholy humour of their Lady; he therefore retir'd under the covert of an Hedge that was by and had but just laid himself down to give attention to the Song, but he espied *Murchoe* with his Sword in his hand; *Turgesius* call'd to his Guards, thinking he had some design on his Person; but *Murchoe* dissipated those fears, by throwing Himself and his Sword at the Conquerors Feet, without so much as speaking one Word.

Turgesius, who was now in a greater surprize, to see his most mortal Enemy (as he thought him) in so suppliant a posture, and not doubting but that *Murchoe* had had some private

Conference with his Mistress, was inflam'd with such Jealousy, that with a fierce and angry tone he pronounc'd aloud these Words, which *Dooneslaith* plainly could hear.

“Ha! Villain, (says he to *Murchoe*) what rash and inconsiderate Thing are thou, whom Heaven has so far deserted, that thou sett'st thy Life at no higher a rate, than thus to presume to approach one, whom so justly thou hast made thy Enemy, and thus darest to infringe those fatal Orders I have given; and thus by intrenching on the liberty I have allowed thee, for thy two days stay to make preparation for thy Banishment, and takest the privilege to interrupt the solitude of her, whom my heart adores, and thereby pull down thy sudden Undoing.

Murchoe heard these Threats with a Soul all inflam'd with Revenge; but fearing the prejudice of his Mistress, who now he began to hope, held not his Life indifferent, stifled at present his resentment, and tho' at any other time he had a mortal detestation of Flattery, yet now he thought it most expedient for the working his interest with the divine *Dooneslaith*, answer'd him thus.

“Most puissant, yet haughty *Turgesius*, that Title of Villain you gave me, I renounce, and had you been ten times my Conqueror, would retort it back to thy Face; had I not by accident, and not willingly heard how generously you intend to proceed; it is not this miserable Life I fear to lose, nor is it that Heaven has so far deserted me that makes me Bow at your Feet, nor is this posture I am now in, so Suppliant as it is Thankful; I bow thus low to *Turgesius*, not that I fear the worst he can do, but to return him my thanks for the freedom he gives me in once more seeing *Dooneslaith*, and for the liberty he has granted to permit me to make my humble Addresses to her. Now witness for me all ye Pow'rs above, my Life, my Honour, nay, what's more, my very Soul, I set at nought when She e'er stands in Competition. I must confess, and 'tis the first time I ever taught my Tongue to say it, I Love! I Love, the fair, the charming, virtuous, and all divine *Dooneslaith*; but to my everlasting Torment, I love, without expectance of return; no, were my hopes as great and high as Sinners new absolv'd, I should despair, since I have you for my Rival. What Power have I, dejected banished I, when such a resistless Conqueror puts in his claim? A Crown, a Crown, *Turgesius*, I fear will dazzle her fair Eyes, so glittering will the mighty Glory shine, that she will look on no less light.

“Enough, *Murchoe*, says *Turgesius*, and as I conquer'd thee in Arms, I'll Conquer in my Love; henceforward I'll lay by my Crown, that shall be no title to gain her; nay more, thus far I promise thee, that I will ne'er demand her for my Wife, nor seek her for my Bed on such a Price; Love only shall be currant Coin, and that I'll lavish to acquire my Ends; take then your Sword, take my Forgiveness, thy own Liberty, and if thou canst, take *Dooneslaith*, I'll condescend so low to call thee Rival now; and since un-urg'd thou ownest thou lovest her, thou wilt have punishment enough for all thy Crimes, to see her circled by her own consent within these Arms.

By this time the Guards were come up, and *Turgesius*, in the sight of them, and *Dooneslaith*, who also was come up when he call'd to his Guards, took *Murchoe* from the Ground, and in the presence of them all, pronounced his Pardon, and the freedom he allow'd him to make his Addresses to *Dooneslaith*.

Dooneslaith was so taken with his generous Proceeding, that she cou'd not with-hold from giving him a thousand Praises, which made him imagine he had no small Interest in her Heart

already and were as so many stabs in the Breast of *Murchoe*, who now began to think that her pleading for his repeal, was only out of fear that in his absence, he might raise new Forces, and so once more bring *Turgesius*'s Life into hazard: After a walk or two in the Garden, *Turgesius* making *Murchoe* take one of *Dooneslaith*'s fair hands, while he held the other, they went in all together; and now the whole Court was talking of nothing, but the aspiring Love of *Murchoe*, and the noble Condescension of *Turgesius*.

Moalseachelvin was at that instant with *Brian Boraimh*, *Murchoe*'s Father, in consultation how they should shake off the tyrannous Yoak of this Usurper, when this last adventure came to their Ears, *Moalseachelvin* from thence gather'd some hopes of accomplishing his ends; but *Brian* inwardly accused his Son of disloyalty to his Country, who when he had the Tyrant alone, at his Mercy, prefer'd the love of *Moalseachelvin*'s Daughter, before that of his Honour, and his enthrall'd Kingdom, wherefore they both parted at that time, without coming to any result.

The next day *Turgesius* made his addresses to *Dooneslaith*, but found his reception colder than he imagin'd; wherefore sending for her Father, he discover'd his Mind to him, and contrary to his Promise and Oath to *Dooneslaith*, commanded him to use his utmost endeavours to reduce his Daughter to accept his Love.

Murchoe taking the advantage of *Turgesius*'s Permission, went also to *Dooneslaith*, where he freely open'd his Mind, and discover'd to her all that he had heard from her the day before in the Garden, she saw that it was now no time any longer to hide her affections, and to the unspeakable joy of *Murchoe*, confess'd that he had won so much on her heart, that would their Parents consent, she was willing to accept him for her *Husband*; this was not so privately done, but a Spy whom *Turgesius* had secretly plac'd there to that purpose, made him acquainted with all that had pass'd, which rais'd such confusion in his Soul, that he knew not how to be reveng'd on *Murchoe*, nor what punishment to inflict on *Dooneslaith*; but after many tormenting *Cogitations*, was resolv'd, himself, to be a private Spectator; and if that he found what he fear'd, (and what was told him) to be true, to end *Murchoe*'s Life with his own hand.

Wherefore in a day or two after, seeing *Dooneslaith* was inexorable to all his Intreaties, he seem'd to give over his Suit, and now *Murchoe* had the greater liberty of prosecuting his Amours. He had endur'd all the reproaches that an incens'd Father cou'd make him, and had in vain solicited for his consent, and altho' he found his Mistress, and also her Father no ways averse, but rather desiring the Match, yet to his affliction and sorrow he could see no probability of his happiness, since his own Father stood so much against it: No Prayers, nor Intreaties cou'd move him, and he had charg'd him no more to visit *Dooneslaith* upon that account.

Murchoe, who had yet never known what Disobedience to his Father was, and had never broke the least of his Commands, now saw himself in a miserable condition, either he must loose the love of his Father, or that of his Mistress, both equally destructive to him, he resolves, at last, to follow his Duty, in hopes that in time his Love thereby would prove more happy; he fail'd not however to pay her his visits, tho' with a Countenance less assur'd than before; and she could not but observe the great alteration that was wrought in his Heart; his Words bore not those soft

and sweet accents they were wont, nor did he put that joy on his Face as formerly he had: She could not see so mighty a change, but ask'd to be inform'd of the cause, which with disjointed Words, and heavy Sighs he at length told her.

“O Madam! (says he, *with his Eyes flowing over with Tears*) how unhappy is the wretched *Murchoe*, since even the Heavens conspire to his Misery! and, but that I have reason to hope that I am not altogether indifferent to you, I should not thus pine and waste to my Grave, but boldly at once leap over the battlements of Life, and seek for a Death the nearest way.”

Dooneslaith hearing him talk of Death, took him by the hand, and (with a thousand soft charms in her Eyes, tho' half drown'd in Tears, said to him) “O my Lord! can any thing make your Life so burdensome that you would quit it so long as I love you? can you think of wounding a Heart wherein I have an interest? For so nearly ally'd are all your Sufferings to my self, that not one drop falls from your Eyes, but my Heart answers with the like of Blood: Say then, my *Murchoe*, what has befallen? Has *Turgesius* given you cause of Jealousy? or do you think because I allow of his Visits (which Heaven knows is not in my pow'r to prevent or I would) that I ever can consent to his Love? No, no, *Murchoe*, not all the Diadems in the World, not all the Monarchs on Earth shall put you from my Heart; there you, and none but you shall Reign, but play not the Tyrant there, and by *Turgesius*'s Example take delight to spoil and ransack what I so freely give, – Here her Sighs broke off her speech, and rais'd our Lover from the Extasies her tender Words had cast him into.

“Dry up (oh! My Souls dear Treasure, says he) these precious Drops, the moyety of which would largely expiate the Sins of all Mankind; I know thou lov'st me, and am prouder in that Title, than were I Monarch of the Universe; but my Dearest, Charming *Dooneslaith*, thy Love alone but makes me miserable, since I must only see there is an Heaven, but never be admitted to it. My – Oh *Dooneslaith*, my Cruel Father has commanded me to Love no more; no more to talk and spend my happy Hours in thy blest Company, no more to sit and gaze on that dear Face, no more to change soft Looks, and Prattle with our Eyes the Secrets of our Hearts; no more now must I wish for Night, that in my Dreams my *Dooneslaith* may delight me, nor waking in the Morning rise to make me blessed in my Visits to you. *Turgesius* is all merciful and good, his Heart more soft and pliant than my Father's, or were it not, with this Sword I'd –“

Here *Turgesius* came from the Place in which he had over-hear'd all, and was so transported with his Rage, that had not *Dooneslaith* interpos'd, *Murchoe* (e'er he could have turned in his own Defence) had been laid as a Sacrifice to his Anger dead at his feet, nor had he the patience (so much was he blinded with Passion) to stay till he had call'd his Guards; but enter'd alone unarmed all but his Sword.

Murchoe was so lost in his Sorrow, that till he heard *Dooneslaith* shriek out, he saw him not enter, and was ready to save *Turgesius* the pains, and have dy'd of himself, when he saw his Mistress hold his Rival in her Arms; then falling on her Knees (still holding by his Robe) and profusely showing down floods of Tears to save her Lovers Life. “O *Turgesius*, my Lord, my King and Conqueror, spare, O mighty Monarch, spare my *Murchoe*'s Life, and in exchange I'll

give you this of mine; kill not a Man, the Gods themselves wou'd mourn to lose, one whom their utmost Skill can never parallel."

Turgesius by this time repented him of his entring alone, knowing by that rashness, that he hazarded a Life, his Love, and a Crown, against a Man most stout, and much beneath him; wherefore going to retreat, he was prevented by *Murchoe*, who by this time had got between him and the Door, and stood ready with his Sword in his Hand to hinder his passage. "Is this, (says he to him) according to your Kingly Word? Do you esteem your Vows and Oaths so little? Then Heaven refuse me, when I beg its Mercy, if I let slip this opportunity. No, Faithless Tyrant, now I meet thee single, come from thy Buckler there, and meet me fairly, now show thy Valour, and preserve thy Life, by taking mine; for all the Powers above have joyn'd consent, that one of us must fall."

Turgesius could no longer listen to his threats, but (disengaging himself from *Dooneslaith*, he cry'd out) "Good Gods, if Insolence like this, to me, who am thy King, shall 'scape without its just Reward, and go away unpunish'd, let every Schoolboy whip me with a Rod; and may the Women brand me, with the hated Name of Coward! Die Traytor (goes he on making a stroak at him) "since one of us must fall, take a Death too glorious for so base a Villain from thy Monarch's Hands."

Here they both engag'd in Fight, but *Dooneslaith* fearing the loss of her lov'd *Murchoe*, catches hold of *Turgesius*'s Arms, by which means she gave *Murchoe* opportunity to get within him, and disarm him. "Now, Sir (says *Murchoe*) but that I scorn so poor and base Revenge, and would not use the advantage given me by a Woman, I'd ease the Kingdom of its Thralldome, and free my self from a perfidious Rival. 'Tis she alone, that virtuous lovely Lady, whose presence charms my Hand from giving thee that Death which thou deservest. O Madam (says he turning to *Dooneslaith*) "how inglorious have you made my Name! that, had you given me leave, might have resounded through the World, and born the the Title of its Countrys Saver! *Ireland* should then have had its native Liberty again, and I perhaps been chose their King, proud only in that Glory, to lay my Crown beneath your Feet."

Turgesius (with a dauntless Front) told him how much he was indebted to *Dooneslaith*, who had not only Repeal'd his Banishment, but had now given him the advantage over him. He told him withal, how base and mean insulting was; and bid him, since he was in his power, to use him as he pleas'd; but charg'd him still to be mindful how he got the Victory so much he boasted of. *Murchoe* cou'd no longer endure the thoughts of making use of the Advantage given him against a single Man, threw *Turgesius* his Sword, and bid him use it once more. But *Dooneslaith* ran to him, and with Tears in her Eyes, besought him to desist; but nothing could prevail; and had not some of the Courtiers and Guards (who by this time were come to the place, hearing the clashing of Swords) prevented (by disarming the valiant *Murchoe*) *Turgesius* had a second time fall'n under his Mercy; for just as they had seiz'd on him, *Turgesius*'s Sword broke short to his Hand.

It was not without many commands that *Turgesius* himself cou'd hinder the enrag'd Soldiers from taking *Murchoe*'s Life, and cutting him to pieces even before his Mistresses Eyes,

who now pleaded in his behalf so persuasively, that she obtain'd of the Monarch his Liberty of Life; with Condition that he forthwith left the Kingdom. *Murchoe* after what he had done, was glad at present on any Conditions to get from the malice of the enraged Danes; wherefore without so much as taking his Leave of *Dooneslaith*, he fled from the Court; but not being willing to leave his Native Soil, by which he knew he should utterly be depriv'd of all means of serving his Mistress; whose absence now ran more in his Mind than all his other Misfortunes, his Life became in two or three Days so cumbersom to him, that he was resolv'd either to lose it, or free it, together with all *Ireland* of the Tyrannous Burthen it bore. To which end, he posts to *Armagh*, whereof *Turgesius* was quickly inform'd, and at four several times in one Month, caused Fire to be set to that City, to drive him from thence: Nor did he spare either Monastery or Church that stood in his way, lest he should take Sanctuary in them. He likewise put to Death all their Priests, and plac'd Heathen Lay-Abbots in every Cloister. Nor did his fury spare either Sex or Age, whom he thought favour'd his Concealment.

The poor afflicted *Dooneslaith* spent all her Nights and Days in most cruel condolment for the loss of her *Murchoe*; nor could all the fair Promises or large Offers *Turgesius* could make, win her to bestow on him, even to his own Face, any other than the Title of Tyrant; in hopes that thereby she might raise his Cruelty to that pitch, as to give her a Death, which next to the Love of her dear *Murchoe*, would now be most welcome unto her.

Turgesius's Love now became so fierce and unruly in his Breast, that nothing but the enjoyment of *Dooneslaith* could ally it, or give him one moment of ease; he resolv'd in himself, nothing should *impede* his Desires; wherefore he once more sends to her Father *Maolseachelvin*, to use his Authority with his Daughter, and make her more pliant to his Love; or that all who belong'd to her, should feel the weight of his Anger, and know how fatal the Consequence should be in case she refus'd, and did not come willingly into his Arms; he had left off his Addresses to her, after having found her impregnable, and wait-a while for an Answer from *Maolseachelvin*.

Some days pass'd and the unfortunate *Dooneslaith* began to entertain hopes that the Tyrant had quitted his Suit, and that her ill usage of him had banish'd his Love; she had now time enough to bewail her Misfortunes, and miss'd not a Day, in which she went not to the Grove in the Garden to ease her sorrowful Heart by Complaints. One day among the rest, she was got into an Arbour, where having wearied her self with her Grief, soft slumbers seal'd up her Eyes, and laid her to Sleep, and in her Dreams she imagin'd she saw *Murchoe* all bloody come into her Room, and give her a thousand Reproaches of being unfaithful; then pulling a Sword from under his Robe, he would have pierc'd his own Breast; at the sight whereof, *Dooneslaith* started out of her Sleep, in such an Agony, that she was not her self in an hour or two after. But having well consider'd 'twas only a Dream, and the Fancy of her Distemper'd Brain, she fell to complaining again.

“Oh! Merciless Powers, said she, how long will you make me the Mark of your Anger? why, O relentless Heav'ns! are you so Cruel! Oh ease me of my Misery, or Life! For what unknown Offence do you afflict me thus? Thus Rack and Torture one, who always to the utmost of her Power, has been Obedient to your holy Wills! which even now, amidst this Mass of Woe,

I willingly submit unto! All I request, is but one farewell sight of him I love next to your selves; let him but once more bless my Eyes, and I shall die contented.”

No sooner had she utter'd these words, but she saw at the entrance of the Harbour, one in a Womans Dress, who at first view she knew not; but rcollecting her self, she perceiv'd to be *Murchoe* “Thanks, bounteous Heaven, said she, now my Prayers are heard, this Charitable Act has cancell'd all your former Cruelty; wellcome my Love, says she, running to take him in her Arms; but how was she surprize'd to see him shun her soft Embraces! and stood gazing on her, as tho' he had never seen her before. “Ah! *Murchoe*, says the charming Maid, is it thus you requite all my Sufferings? Can my Embraces be thought troublesome! or sure I do mistake, and this is not my Love, but some illusion that does wear his Face, and come to mock my Miseries.”

Murchoe was so astonish'd at his suddain Happiness, that he could scarcely believe what he heard, or saw; and *Dooneslaith* was so much alter'd with her continual Pineing and Grief, that he scarce knew her: But his Senses assuming their former strength, he ran to her, and fell at her feet, where he vented such a flood of Tears, and so many Sighs, that he was not able for some time to utter one word, while the passionate *Dooneslaith*, fearing he was grown unkind, or jealous, fell down by him in a Trance.

Murchoe, not minding where he was, and what hazard he ran of discovering himself, and consequently of losing his Life, call'd out for Help, naming himself a thousand times over, to have been the unfortunate fatal Cause.

“Oh! *Murchoe*, *Murchoe*, said he, what hast thou done? Oh! I cou'd stab my Heart, tear all my Limbs, and gnaw my very Flesh, for being thus rash! Cursed be my Life, and blasted be my Hopes, which thus have made me take on this Disguise, O *Dooneslaith*, my lovely Dear, my charming Saint look up, look up, thy *Murchoe* calls; more miserable now than are the wretched Damn'd! Oh ye Inhabitants above, look down, and lend your aid; recall the parting Life of her whose Loss will make this Kingdom Poor.”

Dooneslaith by this time coming to her self again, gave him a Sign that she liv'd by a Groan. “Oh blessed sound, said he, what Musick dost thou make in my Heart! such a sad accent coming from my Love, at any other time, wou'd rend my very Soul; but now since 'tis the Messenger of Life, 'tis more Melodious than the Songs of Angels are; repeat it once again, and bless my Ears.” – “Ha! Says *Dooneslaith*, where am I? What super-Officious Hand hath brought me back to Life! What more than savage Beast, could be so cruel to awake me from my long Eternal Sleep.” But opening her eyes and seeing *Murchoe*, she alter'd her Note and gave Heav'n a thousand thanks for their Kindness, and ask'd him forgiveness for what she had said.

He had yet no power to Answer, nor wou'd his Kisses permit her to finish what e'er she began, and to their mutual Content and Satisfaction, they spent some time in the silent Oratory of their Eyes, where each so feelingly did tell such Stories, as Words cou'd ne'er express. *Murchoe* was the first who broke silence, and return'd her a million of Thanks for the interest she had taken in all that he suffer'd, they made a thousand new Protestations of Loving till Death, and gave each other firm assurances of future Fidelity. They were parting, with Promises to see each other as often as they could when *Maolseachelvin* her Father enters, taking *Murchoe*, (not

minding his Face, which he took care to conceal), for one of his Daughters Women, let him pass by without the least suspicion.

Maolseachelvin told *Dooneslaith* that she must prepare, for in three Days he had promis'd *Turgesius* to send her unto him, accompany'd with fifteen other Virgins, as a Victim to allay the Fury, that her Obstinacy, and *Murchoe*'s Treachery had rais'd in his Breast. He stay'd not to receive any Answer, but went forwards to perfect the Walk he intended, and to think of the Project that was working in his Brain.

No sooner was he out of sight, but the afflicted *Dooneslaith* betook her to the Arbour again, and throwing her self on a Bank, she vented her Sorrow in this manner. "Oh Cruel, Barbarous Father, said she, and have you at length consented to a separation 'twixt me, and my *Murchoe*, to become the Wife of *Turgesius*. But that, I can easily hinder. Besides, he has Sworn he will never Request it, but by my permission, which I will sooner grant to Furies to hurry me to Hell. No, inhuman Parent, tho' you and all the World wou'd grant me His! yet if none else will, Death shall forbid the Banes. But if forgetful of his Oaths, he forces me to Wed him, ev'n in the Tyrant's sight, I'll Pierce my Heart, and spurt the reaking stream full in his hated Face."

Murchoe, having seen *Maolseachelvin* quit his Daughter, and observing her to retire back into the Arbour, follow'd after her, to enquire what her Father had said. But in what a Consternation was he? When, as he entred, he beheld her tearing her lovely Hair, and imprinting the marks of her Rage on her beautiful Face, and giving such stroaks on her tender Breast, as were enough to force Life from its seat. *Murchoe* ran to her, and put a stop to her Hands, which surely else had ruin'd so much Beauty, as none but she could ever boast of. "Oh! unkind *Dooneslaith*, said he to her, what new affliction has befall'n my Love? that thus she seeks to spoil the fairest Temple, Beauty ever fram'd" "Oh *Murchoe*, replies the despairing *Dooneslaith*, leave me to my self, my Griefs are catching, and with its black Contagion will infect thy Soul; Heaven has not yet left pouring down its Wrath, and what alone was meant for me, may fall on you; the Gods above have mark'd me out, a Subject for their utmost Cruelties! My Father, -Oh, I blush to call him so, forgetting me, forgetting Honour and himself, has giv'n me o'er into the Tyrant's Hands; but Three Days time I have allow'd to mourn the loss of thee my Love, and everlasting Happiness."

"How short, says *Murchoe*, and fading are poor Lover's Joys? For but some Moments since, I thought my self in Heaven, and whilst infolded in my *Dooneslaith*'s Arms, I thought no Misery cou'd e'er approach me! Then what a Fall is here, flung down at once from that stupendous height, and dash'd in pieces in the lowest Hell. Oh *Maolseachelvin*, whither is all thy Glory fled? How canst thou condescend to give this Gem to one who knows not half the value of it."

While they were thus condoling their hard fortune, and saying all the soft things Love could inspire them with, *Maolseachelvin* returns, and hearing his Daughter's Voice in the Arbour, enter'd, and found our Lovers Arm in Arm, in which posture they had resolv'd to end their Lives together, and never part, but go Hand in Hand to Death: Which had not her Father entred, and snatched the Dagger out of *Murchoe*'s Hands, had been effected.

Murchoe seeing *Maolseachelvin*, could not forbear discovering himself to him, and giving him a thousand Reproaches for yielding to the Tyrant's will. *Maolseachelvin* was amaz'd to find him in Company with his Daughter, and in such a Dress; but having resolv'd with himself what to do, he thought it but Wisdom to conceal it till some fitter Season. Wherefore not minding what *Murchoe* said to him, he ask'd his Daughter, if she had consider'd well of what he had told her.

"Most Honour'd Sir, reply'd the weeping *Dooneslaith*, can I admit such Thoughts as those; your self, nay Heav'n must Curse me if I do! What, Wed a Tyrant! one whose wicked Hands have ransack'd all our Holy Temples, demolish'd all our Altars! burnt all our Churches, and raz'd our Monasteries, Ravished our Nuns, slain our Pious Priests, and thrown the very Sacred Host it self to the Dogs; whose Tyranny has Murder'd our Nobles, and fir'd our Towns and Cities! Can such an one be thought a Match for her, whom you with Pious Care have taught to hate! Oh! rather, Sir, (upon my Knees I beg it) take back this wretched Life you once bestow'd me."

"No, Daughter, answers *Maolseachelvin*, 'tis not to be his Wife (for that's a Name which blasts the Lover's Joys) he'd have you only for his Concubine, use you a while, and then return you back, you have taken Care he ne'er shall be your Husband, by the Oaths you've made him swear, and in Revenge, he is resolv'd to have you - his Mistress," reply'd *Dooneslaith* hastily, "Oh! Heavens, my Father sure is Mad; his Reverend Heart o'er - laden with its Fears, has banish'd Sense from thence! What, be the Tyrant's Mistress! You cannot sure have such a thought as that! you say but this to try my Resolution! O, have some pity on your wretched Daughter, add not more misery unto my troubled Breast, already over-burdened with my Woes."

Maolseachelvin could hardly refrain from Tears, to see the sad Condition his Daughter was in; however he goes on, and laid before her the Power of *Turgesius*, and that if she did not willingly consent, he would have her by force. "Think, says he to her, how you cou'd endure to see a loving Father Murder'd before your Face; for that and more he swears to do, if you consent not to his Love; he vows when he has had his Will, which all the Powers above he is resolv'd shall not hinder, he'll give your Body to the vilest *Danes*, and let the meanest Soldiers use you as they please. Then think again, how happy thou may's live, how High and Glorious sit on *Ireland's* Throne, if by your Love you sooth this Mighty Monarch.

Murchoe who all this while stood Thunder-struck to hear these impious urgings of her Father, cou'd no longer forbear uttering his Mind, with Eyes sparkling with Anger, he stept up to him. "And can *Maolseachelvin*, says he, then become so base? Can he, whom *Ireland's* Hopes are fix'd upon, degenerate from his Vertuous Noble Ancestors, and from a Prince, become a Bawd! unheard of Wickedness, a Pander to his Child! "Twill cancel all my former thoughts of Vertue, and make me think thou never didst beget her; for surely such a pure untainted stream cou'd never rise from so impure a Spring! Or were you ten times over her Father, if it were possible, she shou'd not now obey; I with these Hands wou'd sooner give her Death my self."

"No, Ambitious, Vain-glorious Boy, answers *Maolseachelvin*, it is not in thy Power to give her Death, or save thy Life - So calling to two young Gentlemen, who waited without, and

whom he had won to his Purpose, and had promis'd in all things to follow his Directions, he commanded them to lay hold on *Murchoe*, and then went on. "Now see rash Youth, says he, how Fatal 'tis to play with Thunder, whose Bolt has fallen, and crush'd thee to the Earth; I'll send thee bound in Chains along with her, which Act will doubly gain *Turgesius's* Heart."

Dooneslaith seeing them seize on *Murchoe*, ran to him, and taking hold of his Arms, would have stop'd him, but her Father loosing her hold, she fell upon her Knees, and, with a Torrent of Tears, besought him to save the Life of *Murchoe*. "Do with me, says she, what you please, give my unspotted Honour to the Tyrant's Lust, Brand me with Infamy, but save this Noble Youth."

"Yes, Mistress, answers her Father, your Honour is unspotted, when in your Arms I found the lusty Lover; for thy sake only, tis he now shall die. "O Good Gods! (cries out *Dooneslaith*) where shall the Innocent fly for Refuge, if you neglect protecting them? Am I the wretched Cause that he must bleed? Oh! Heavens, I thought it was not in your Power to add, to what I felt before, but now my misery is doubled on me. Oh! dearest Father have you quite forgot all pity, abandon'd all remorse? Can you suspect me guilty of so foul a Crime, and let me breath? I that till now you always counted good! Witness ye all-knowing Powers how guiltless I am of this blasting Calumny; by all that's Holy, Just and Sacred

No Lustful Heat e'er warm'd my Virgin Breast;
Bate but that Thought, and I'll forgive the rest.

Then look upon his Youth, his hopeful, Noble Youth, and pity his Misfortunes; he knows no Sin, unless vertuous Love be such. O dearest Father, I conjure you save his Life, by all the Charms which Honour can inspire; by my dear Mothers Soul, by all your hopes of Ireland's Future Happiness, and by the Glory you shall win by this good Deed, release him strait, let not me beg in vain, you was not us'd to see me thus in Tears upon my Knees, and yet refuse to grant me my Request."

Murchoe seeing *Maolseachelvin* so obdurate to all her Intreaties, fell likewise on his Knees. "Behold, said he, with Tears, the humble *Murchoe* suppliant at thy Feet, who begs not to preserve his Life, but your dear Daughter's Honour, send her away, and lay the blame on me, I'll own 'twas I, who bore her from his Arms; then to appease his Wrath, let me be sent unto him, I'll willingly endure his utmost rage, and count my Life well spent to save her Virtue."

"Oh! No, dear honour'd Sir, says *Dooneslaith*, first send me to his Arms, where you will only lose a Woman's Life, my Vertue cannot suffer so long as there are means to stop my breath; or when the Letcher comes all fir'd with Lust, I'll cool his Veins, by letting forth his blood, or at the worst, I'll drown him in my own."

Maolseachelvin could no longer hold out; but running first to his Daughter, then doing the like to *Murchoe*, he took them both into his Arms, and wept a flood upon their Necks. "Right virtuous Pair, said he, whom Heaven has sent to make me happy in my latter days, my loving Children both; forgive the Tryal I have made; Now witness for me all ye bless'd above, I hold ye equally as dear as Life, as Honour, or my precious Soul; and since I find so well you Love each

other, curs'd be that Man who would untie this Knot: Now wipe your Tears away as I do mine, tho' sprung from different Causes; yours, from your Sorrows, mine, from mighty Joy; stifle your Grief, as I conceal my Vengeance. Make thee his Mistress – Now Heaven forgive me, if I would not sooner damn than harbor such a thought; I for my dear lov'd Daughter's honour, would set at nought my sweet immortal Soul. No, *Dooneslaith*. No, Generous *Murchoe*, I have so contriv'd it, she shall be sent to him, and as he writes to me here (shewing them the Letter willingly), has also commanded me to send him Fifteen young Virgins of our Noblest Blood, to slake the burning lust of his Chief Officers, I'll send them too. But since so well thy Womans Dress becomes thee, thou shalt be one, and Fourteen Youths, as Bold and Valiant as thy self shall go, all clad and dress'd like thee, with each a Sword beneath their Gowns. I have sent to those who have taken shelter in the Woods, Mountains, and Bogs, to be in readiness, and have a Thousand Men, who at the Signal given, shall fall upon his Guards. Letters already I have dispatch'd to every City in our Country, to bid them Rise on such a Night.

“When you are entred, and they all deep in Wine, frolick and gay, their Bloods all boyling hot, secure each one his Officer by Death, I'll trust my Daughter with the Tyrant's Fate; strike home my Girl, and dip thy Dagger to the Hilt, then let him take his fill of Love, Caress and Court thee then. But now we must disperse; and you, *Murchoe* till after to Morrow, which is the appointed Day, shall lie conceal'd in my House; these Gentlemen who are my trusty Countrymen, and well approved Friends, shall forthwith to the scatter'd *Irish*, and get 'em to an Head, then lead them like a Torrent on our Foes.”

They all swore Secrecy, and departed, only *Dooneslaith* and *Murchoe* were not separated till it was late, but went together into her Chamber, where, to their inexpressible satisfaction and mutual joy, they Supp'd together, and passed away the hours till Bedtime, then *Murchoe* was Conducted into an Apartment by himself, where he spent that Night on the thoughts of the past Days Adventures, and the important Affairs they were to perform in a short time after.

The next Morning, *Maolseachelvin* sent a Messenger to *Turgesius*, promising according to his Commands, that he had won on his Daughter to obey him; and that as he hop'd for his Kingly Favour hereafter, he would not fail upon the Morrow Night to send her, accompany'd with Fifteen Virgins more, who were also willing to run the same Fate, and participate of the Joys their Mistress should receive in so splendid an Entertainment.

Turgesius was almost ravish'd with this News, for certainly no Man ever lov'd, or rather lusted to the degree he did; he was resolv'd to have lost the whole Kingdom but he would enjoy her; his eager Joy sat heavy on his Heart, for Love is most impatient on Crown'd Heads. But finding her come thus easily, he spar'd not for any thing that might make her Reception Magnificent. He sent for Fifteen of his Chiefest Commanders, and told them what a Treatment he had for them. In short, the whole Court was almost new model'd, the Rooms adorn'd with Rich Beds, and the most Costly Hangings.

Never was Palace so galantly set out with Gold, Jewels, and Tapestry as this, not any thing below the Dignity of Silver, and that curiously wrought and Massive, was us'd in any of the Chambers; Cloth of Tissue was the meanest Furniture they had; the Candlesticks were Gold;

so that all the Wealth those Sacrilegious *Danish* Heathens had despoil'd the Churches and Monasteries of, with all the Plunder they had taken at Sacking of Towns, and King's Courts, were all now brought to this Palace; so that it might be said, That one Spot of Ground, held more Wealth than all *Ireland* besides.

Nor were the Wines but of the Richest, and all the variety of Viands which could be procur'd, were sent for to this Place, and every one was employ'd in some Office or other; and the King, with his Commanders almost Mad for the arrival of the happy Night, their longing impatience thought that almost an Age, which was only but twenty four Hours.

The Hour at length arriv'd, and *Dooneslaith* set out with a Noble Train of suppos'd young virgins, whereof Fifteen of them were of the most Handsome, and yet most Stout and Resolute Youths of *Ireland*, as well and gloriously Dress'd as Hands, Jewels, and Art could effect it; each having one or two others to attend him as his Servant, or Waiting-Woman, in the same Female Apparel, and each a short Sword under his Gown.

Turgesius went about a Mile out of his Court to meet them, as soon as he had news of their approach, accompanied with Fifteen of his Choicest Commanders, some whereof he had sent for out of strong Cities wherein they Commanded, who also had with them an equal Train of Attendants.

The first interview of the two Parties, was such a Sight as might have equal'd, if not exceeded, that of *Alexander*, when he met *Thalestris* and her *Amazons* upon the Banks of the *Euphrates*.

It seem'd as tho' *Mars* himself had led the Van of all the other Gods, to meet with *Venus* and the Female Deities.

Turgesius, and all who follow'd him, quite forgetting their Grandeur, and Martial Habitude, descended from their shining Gilded Chariots, and went to those of the Ladies. Nor had *Maolseachelvin* spar'd Cost to make his Daughters Equipage more Magnificent and Glorious than any that *Ireland* had seen before, especially that of the Charming *Dooneslaith*, which was so Richly Furnish'd, that at a distance in the glittering Sun-beams it was too Glorious to be lookt upon, and struck a sort of Blindness in the Spectator's Eyes who beheld it. She was drawn by six milk white Horses, Caparison'd with Trappings of Gold, and the Chariot wherein she rode was open, having Rich Embroider'd Curtains held up by young *Cupids*, who seem'd well pleas'd, and smiling at the Deity that they attended; nor were the others much less sumptuous.

In short, who e're had been to see the first Greeting, could not but have been astonish'd at so Noble a Sight. *Turgesius*, (as tho' he had long practis'd the Art of Love) so behav'd himself, that even *Dooneslaith* was mov'd with Compassion, at the great Action she was to perform. However, she seem'd as eager to receive his Caresses, as if she had met with the Man whom her Soul ador'd. After some few Compliments had pass'd on either side, (the Women having by this time alighted to meet the Men) they all mounted again, the Monarch taking *Dooneslaith* into his own Chariot, and the other Commanders following his Example, did the like with those who came with her.

And now being Pair'd, they set forward for the Court; all the way that they rode, they were diverted by Trumpets and Wind-Musick, which in their turns made a Seraphick Harmony. But that which most of all Charm'd the Ears of the Warriours, were the soft and melting Expressions the counterfeit Ladies did use; which were so ravishing, and tender, that not one of *Turgesius's* Train but could willingly have wish'd to have pass'd by the Ceremony of Supping, and have gone immediately to their Chambers; even *Turgesius* himself thought the time, tho' spent in his Mistresses Company but irksom and long, so eager was he to have the sweet Charmer in his Embraces.

But Supper being ended, the description whereof, would but delay the recital of things more material, they prepar'd for their Beds, and *Dooneslaith* was led up by the suppos'd Maidens who came with her to the Chamber that was assign'd for the Monarch; He being impatient for the dear happiness his Soul so much long'd for, thought them too tedious in undressing her, and putting her to Bed; being no longer able to defer the happy moment, disarm'd himself below, as all the rest of the Commanders did, laying their Arms on a Table in the great Hall, went each to his Chamber, expecting the coming of Her he had chose. But *Turgesius* no sooner entred his Room, for he came alone, than he was seiz'd on, and immediately gagg'd, that no out-cry might be made; they had certainly kill'd him, had not *Murchoe* interceded; who told him he now paid him back a Debt that he ow'd him, ever since he was so generous to save his Life formerly from the outrage of his Soldiers and Guards, who were ready to have cut him in pieces, when he fought with him in *Dooneslaith's* Apartment; in retaliation of which, he wou'd now save his Life from the threatenng Swords of those who justly thirsted for his Blood.

Turgesius was not a little surpriz'd at the unlook'd for Adventure; but above all, at the gallant Generosity of his Noble Enemy, and incens'd Rival, he would have made him such an Answer as suited the greatness of the Act, had he the liberty of speaking. But now his Heart was so troubled at the loss of *Dooneslaith*, and all his ravishing hopes were so blasted, that Life to him was but an unnecessary thing; he began tho' too late, to think how dearly he must pay for his Lust, and how pompous the Solemnity had been made for the bringing on his utter Destruction.

The thoughts of the loss of a Crown, came crowding upon him, and he could not but be sensible what a lasting Infamy this Action must lay on his blind and inconsiderate Credulity. How would he, in his Mind, Curse the time that he first saw that Charming Seducer, and now beheld her with more Detestation and Horror, than heretofore he had done with Love and Pleasure.

But we must leave him to himself, and return to the rest, who (after the seizing *Turgesius*) had no better success than their King, unless ending a miserable Life might be accounted some mitigation of their Misfortunes. The Signal was presently given out of the Court Windows to the small Army that *Maolseachelvin* had brought to the Gates, and all those Attendants and Servants who came with his Daughter, were in a readiness to give the Onset to those in the Palace.

Turgesius and his Train no sooner rose from the Table, but the inferior Commanders and Officers were set down to it; each with one of those under Women who came with *Dooneslaith*;

the Bowls of Wine were going merrily about, and the *Danes* (who are potent in *Bacchus's* Battles) were too busie, and the Musick too loud to let them hear *Maolseachelvin*, when with his Arm'd Men he forc'd his way into the Palace; and they were greatly surpriz'd when they saw a whole Band of stout *Irish-men* well Arm'd enter the Hall. It was now no time to demand what they meant; for e'er they could scarce turn about to see who they were, they met with their Fate,

A greater confusion was never seen, the Tables were all over-thrown, and the Blood of the '*Danes*, with that of the Grape, promiscuously mingled, made a purple Deluge on the Floor; nor was there a '*Dane* that Night in the Court, who found not his Death, except *Turgefius* the Tyrant, who was reserv'd for a more ignominious and miserable End.

Nor had this Great Undertaking any worse success in the other parts of *Ireland*; for those Towns and Cities whose Governours were slain at the Feast (more bloody than that of the *Centaur*s) hearing of the loss of their Commanders and their King, lost with them their Courage, and yielded an easie Victory to the brave *Irish*, who in a short time after, releas'd the whole Kingdom from the slavish Tyranny of the *Danes*, to their Lawful Subjection under a Monarch of their own, which was by the consent of the Nobles plac'd on *Maolseachelvin*, for the gallant Exploit he had done, for then their Monarchs were Elective, and with good reason the Choice fell on him.

Now the *Irish* had thrown off the *Danish* Yoak, and were again at Liberty, each enjoying the benefit of Peace, which was introduc'd by a most bloody and furious War. Nor was there a *Dane* left in the whole Country, but such who they us'd as their Slaves, and put to mean Offices; and those who were before so busie in demolishing and burning of Churches and Monasteries, were now employed either as Smiths, Carpenters, or Masons, in their Re-building, and the Church-Lands were all restor'd to their proper uses. The Lay-Abbots whom the *Danes* had plac'd there, were cast out of the Cloisters and slain, and the whole Kingdom began once more to Flourish in Christianity, and was establish'd in the true Worship of God.

It is necessary, e'er we proceed any farther, to give a step back, and see what became of our Lovers, and the depos'd Usurper; who, some time after his Defeat, was led about the Streets, thro' which so often he had rode in Splendor and Triumph, now Manacled, and loaden with Chains, and become a scoff and derision to those, o'er whom so lately he Triumph'd, and in this Condition (with a shouting throng of the Vulgar) was he conducted to the River *Laugh-Ainme*, into which he was cast, and finish'd a burthensom Life, by being their drowned.

Our two Lovers, had now, as they thought, no other Obstacle, but the consent of *Bryan Boriame* Father to *Murchoe*, who they hop'd would agree to their Marriage. The Valiant *Murchoe* in that Night's great Action, having shifted his Woman's Apparel, put on the more becoming one of Arms, and flew like Lightning to assist his Country-men, leaving the care and safeguard of *Dooneslaith* to her Father, and it was some days e'er he return'd, but to his great misery; for now *Maolseachelvin* having the prospect of a Crown in his sight, and having stomach'd *Bryan's* denial of their Marriage before, was firmly resolv'd that interest should not bring him to consent to it now. Wherefore going to his Daughter, and taking her into his Closet,

he Commanded her on her Duty, no longer to think of her Lover; but when *Murchoe* return'd, to use him as one who was most indifferent to her.

“Oh! dearest Sir, says *Dooneslaith*, can what you say be true? Can he who sav'd my Honour, and redeem'd his mourning Country be thus hardly us'd by me!” “He save thy Honour, and redeem his Country (replies her Father in an angry tone) did you your self, did I, and all the rest of the brave Princes of this Land, do nothing? Hear what I say, and for your life obey me, for what I have design'd, no Prayers, or Charms, tho' drest in the best Garb of Eloquence, adorn'd with all the Tears and taking Looks thy Beauty can put on, tho' on thy Knees thou follow'st me about, thou shalt not shake or move my fixt resolve. If when *Murchoe* shall return, with eager Joys to run into thine Arms, with frowns and scorns avoid his soft Embraces, give him no Answer, but disdainful Looks, or here I swear I'll stab him before thy Face.”

“Oh! Reverend Sir, says *Dooneslaith*, recal that cruel Oath; how can you think this Heart, that is all Love, all soft and tender to the noble *Murchoe*, can teach my Face to put on such disguise! Cou'd I consent, to shew my Filial Duty, and obey, my Eyes would soon betray my Heart; and tho' my words were cold and all unkind, yet they would shoot such fiery Darts, as would declare they were but counterfeit; my very Eyes, spight of my best efforts, would talk and tell the tenders of my Soul; each interrupting sigh I give, will bear no consort with my Tongue.”

“By Heaven (says her Father) do as I command, shew but one amorous glance, one heave, one pant, or sigh, and I will blind those tell-tale Eyes of thine, and give thee truly cause to sigh, by giving him his Death.” “Sure, Sir (replies the weeping *Dooneslaith*) you cannot mean the thing you speak! You say it but to try my Love a second time; which by the Gods is still the same it was, when in the Garden you made the former Test.” “No, Minion, says *Maolseachelvin*, I do it not to try thy Love, which I'm too sensible is true; I do it to revenge his Father's Scorn, who would not give consent that he should Wed thee when I wa a private Man, nor shall he now I'm King; therefore once more observe what I command.”

“And must the innocent *Murchoe*, says she, who always dearly lov'd me, and sought not Heaven with more earnest Prayers than he sought me, be punish'd thus for his unkind Father's Fault? Oh! Sir, reverse your cruel Doom, if not for his sake, yet for mine, nay for your own, for if I share an interest in your Heart, 'twill grieve you sure to see your only Daughter die, when with one word you may preserve her Life. What! quit my Love, now after this Misery and Trouble we have pass'd through for it! now grow unkind, when he most merits Love! and after all those Sacred Oaths and Vows, those thousand Protestations, which even in your hearing, I have made to Love him ever; now to re-call that sacred Breath, and hurl damnation on my perjur'd Soul.”

“I ask you not, says he, to break your Vows; but meet him as I now command you, that his proud Father may be humbled, and fall a low Petitioner for the Love he once rejected.”

“A thousand Blessings sit upon your Head, says she, and make your Crown more glorious than all your Predecessors were, those healing words have cur'd my bleeding heart; now I will call you dear and loving Father, kneel and adore the very ground you go on; use what severity you please against his Father, but let my *Murchoe* not be put in pain; let me not see him

rather, till his suppliant Father begs your pardon; for certainly to see him as you bid me, will prove so fatal, that twill break his Heart.”

“Trifle no more (replies *Maolseachelvin*) but punctually obey my will, I see them yonder entering the Court; and once more swear, if that you fail in any Point I have enjoyn’d you, you ne’er shall meet him more, but in the Grave.”

After this he left her, and went to his own Chamber; no sooner was he parted, but *Dooneslaith* looking out at the Window, beheld her dear *Murchoe*, with his Father just entering the Palace; and not being able to think on the severe Injunctions her Father had laid on her, without a torrent of Tears, and a thousand imprecations on her unkind Stars. “O barbarous Father, said she to her self, more Tyrannous and Cruell to thy Child, than Savage Monsters are to those they hate; not see my Love, but with disdainful looks! not give him one kind glance for all his Love! not one kind word of thanks for all his pains! this Cruelty exceeds all precedent! my unkind Speech or Eyes will do the fatal Work, and leave no business for my Father’s Sword! O that some Angel would instruct my Love, and tell him that my Eyes and Tongue are Lyars, that my poor Heart bears no consent to what they say; tell him I am all over Love, and that my *Murchoe* is more precious to my Soul than all the World besides.”

Murchoe, and his Father, with several of his Friends were now come into the outward Court of the Palace, and casting his Eyes up to the Window, he beheld his adorable Mistress; who no sooner saw him, but withdrew from the Place, which *Murchoe* thought was done to haste to him. “Oh! Father (says he, almost Extasied) look how the treasure of my Soul does fly to meet my longing Arms; now all the Blood I’ve lost in *Ireland*’s Wars, will largely be Rewarded.”

Bryan took such part in his Sons Transports, that he could hardly forbear shedding Tears of Joy. But *Murchoe* lest he should be out-done in kindness, made what hast he cou’d into the House, and at the end of the Hall beheld his fair *Doonslaith*, whom he ran unto with all the speed his Love could make. “Oh! thou charming, soft and Lovely Maid, said the transported *Murchoe*, let me upon thy tender Breast breath the soft languishments of my o’er flowing Joy!” But how did he start, and look amaz’d, when he not only saw she met him not half way, but shun’d his Arms; and after a small pause, with gazing Eyes he thus went on.

“What, my *Dooneslaith*, says he, are my Embraces loathsom grown! What, does thou turn away the warming Sun-shine of thine Eyes; not one kind look to crown thy *Murchoe*’s Victory, not one soft word to bid him wellcome home! *Dooneslaith* could no longer turn away her Head, yet was afraid of her Father, who through a secret place look’d into the Hall, and beheld her with frowns; and fearing she should not perform what he bid her, her Love and she must part forever; cast so disdainful and scornful a look upon *Murchoe*, that he clapping his Hand to his Heart, cry’d out, “O Gods! Those cruel piercing Eyes have stab’d my Soul, and given me a death my boldest Enemies could never do.” Then after a little stop, he went up to her, and would have taken her by the Hand, but she refus’d it him; telling him the unkindness of her Father had destroy’d their Loves, and that now he had fallen from his Promise, and had commanded her no more to look on him with Amorous Eyes; in pursuance to whose will, she did from thence forward forbid him to visit her.

Murchoe, during her talk stood like one without Motion, nor had he the power to utter one word, till he saw her departing the Hall; but then running 'twixt her and the Door, he fell on his Knees, and beg'd her for her former Love to hear his latest words; but she overcome with the pitiful sight, being no longer able to look on one in that woful Condition, and one whom contrary to her will, she her self had made so, return'd him no Answer; but snatching her Hand out of his, which e'er she was aware he had seiz'd, without so much as looking back, she went out of the Hall, and left the Disconsolate *Murchoe* on his Knees.

He continu'd in that posture till she was gone out of sight; then rising on his Legs again, he drew forth his Sword, and had ended his Life on its Point, had not his Father, and Friends (who expected no less) stept in and prevented him. "Oh! Cruel Father, say he to *Bryan*, this last unkindness, out-does all you you have done to me before; why would you have me live, when Life's so great a burden? Were it not better I at once gave up my breath, than live in lingring pain, and deal it out by sighs! O Faithless Woman, says he a little after, thou abstract of Inconstancy, where's now that charming Voice which with kind Prostestations swore, *Murchoe* should ever be her Souls delight; farewell, a long and last farewell, for with your cold disdain you've blasted all my Hopes, and now no remedy is left but Death."

With much ado at last, they got him home to his Chamber, but twas not in their power to get him to Eat, or take the least refreshment; and it was a long time before his Father could get him to promise to use no violence on himself; to which he would never have consented, had not *Bryan* told him, he would use all his Endeavour to alter *Maolseachelvin's* Resolutions. No sooner was his Father gone out of the Room, but he commanded all who were with him to do the like; and after two or three hasty turns in the Chamber, he flung himself on his Bed, where he pour'd out such Tears, such Sighs, and Complaints, that he drew moisture from the Eyes of all who look'd in at the Keyhole of the Door to see what he did. But now let us return again to our History.

Soon after all things were settled in Peace, the Victorious *Maolseachelvin*, was as is said before, by the Election of the Princes and Nobility of *Ireland*, deservedly made King of *Meath*, and then Monarch of the whole Country; when there arriv'd three Brothers out of *Norway*, viz. *Amelanus*, *Cytaracus*, and *Ivorus*, with their Families, and great Trains, who (in a most Amicable and Peaceable manner) pretending to be Merchants, obtain'd leave for the better carrying on their Traffick and Trade, to build three Cities near the Sea side; which was permitted them, upon Condition, that they paid Tribute for them. Articles of Agreement being consented too, on both sides, they fell to Work, and erected the three cities, now call'd *Dublin*, *Waterford*, and *Limrick*; which they had no sooner finished, and had made almost impregnable by strong Fortifications, but the *Irish* began to see their Error, and now it was that they felt the Power of an Enemy, no less prejudicial in all appearance, than that they had lately subdu'd.

These Sea-port Towns giving entrance to fresh and numerous Fleets of *Norwegians*, *Danes*, and *Oostmans*; insomuch that the *Irish* were forc'd once more to have recourse to their Arms. And here it was that *Maolseachelbin's* heart became mollified, and once more gave consent (when the Kingdom should be freed of its Foes) that *Murchoe* should marry his Daughter.

The two Lovers had now admittance to see each other, and with a bleeding Heart the Charming *Dooneslaith* made known to her dear *Murchoe* the reason why she us'd that severity to him at his return from the former Battle; *Murchoe* lov'd too well to think any of the fault was on her side, and was now the most happy Man in the World. Her Father, the King, made him his General, but the Occasion was urgent, and he was hasted away, having scarce time to take his Leave.

However, he had with a thousand soft and passionate Speeches already parted with *Dooneslaith*, and was now come to *Maolseathelvin*, who receiv'd him with all the expressions of tenderness that could be. "Go Valiant Youth, says the King to him, go, and return Crown'd with Laurels of Victory; revenge the hard Usage you have suffer'd on those barbarous Infidels; forgive my Rashness, and believe I now set no difference betwixt thee and my own Child. No, my dear Son, for so henceforth I will call thee, and tho' your Father shun all my Advancements, I thus will embrace his Son. Do then, Victorious *Murchoe*, Head our Men; my chearful Soldiers long to see their Chief, they think the time you lose in my embraces, an Age, in their impatience."

"Now mighty Monarch, says *Murchoe* to him, you show'r such Blessings on my Head, give me such Courage, and such Hopes, that if I Conquer not, let me hereafter bear the Coward brand; the Power you give me, united with the thoughts of my *Dooneslaith*, shall make me Conqueror where e'er I go, and sweep your numerous Enemies from off the Earth.

After many endearing Discourses, *Murchoe* took Horse, and went to the Army, who wellcom'd him with loud shouts of Joy; and where he found such Stout and Resolute *Irish-men*, that where-ever he came, he carried Victory on his Sword's Point; while his Father *Bryan* no less fearing the loss of the Kingdom again, in the Southern parts of the Country did such things as would almost seem incredible, and in a short time was Crown'd King of *Munster*, still Conquering where e'er he went, and soon after subdu'd one half of the Nation. Nor did he put a stop to his irresistable Force, till he was publickly Elected, and made Monarch of all *Ireland*, the Nobility and Princes deposing *Maolseachelvin*, to make way for *Bryan*, giving him leave to live, which is the greatest misery than can befall a Monarch after the loss of a Diadem.

Bryan now being King of all *Ireland*, thought himself sufficiently reveng'd for the slights which *Maolseachelvin* had put on his Son, and commanded *Murchoe* to come home to his Palace, which then he kept at *Tomond*, to the unspeakable trouble and affliction of the two Lovers, who now were taking, as they fear'd, their last leaves of each other.

"Oh! My adorable Saint, says the afflicted *Murchoe* to *Dooneslaith*, how unfortunate have all my Undertakings been! How Cruel is my Fate; that now, when I thought my Happiness beyond the reach of any Misfortune, I find it dash'd, by that which I hop'd would have been its chief stay. Now my *Dooneslaith*, my miseries come rolling upon me, and soon will overwhelm me! Oh! Insupportable Cruelty, I must leave my Love! leave her, (good Heavens defend,) I fear for ever; But witness Gods, and all you Saints above, though absent from my sight I'll ne'er forget thee; Hopes (once to bless me with thy sight again,) shall buoy me up through all my Sea of Sorrows, if my dear Love but promise to be constant."

Dooneslaith could not hear him make such a scruple, without shewing how much it touch'd her Heart. "Oh, cruel *Murchoe*! said she, do you take part against me! And if I will be constant! Barbarous doubt! have you thus long beheld me stand the shock of all Misfortunes, even when Ambition, and a Monarch's Crown, would have shook the most firm and constant of our Sex; and can you make that scruple now? If I'll be constant! Oh Heaven! that If, will stab me to the Soul! you've found the only means, next to your hating me, that could undo my peace, you almost tear my Heart up by the roots; what! doubt an Heart like mine, that is made up of nothing else but Love and Constancy! But I forgive thee *Murchoe*, I know 'twas but the overflowings of thy tender fear, and the excess of a too powerful Passion; and to confirm my dearest *Murchoe*'s Mind, bear Witness for me now, Oh all ye Gods, and show'r upon me all your dreadful Vengeance, if what I say be not sincere and true, when in your absence I forgot my Faith, either in thought or deed; either for Threats, or all the Proffers in the World; if from this Heart *Murchoe* be ever absent, then let the Furies tear me Limb by Limb, and Dogs and Wolves devour my scatter'd Carcass.

"No more, says *Murchoe*, I believe my Saint, and ever shall retain these precious words in the chief Records of my memory. " They were forc'd soon after this to part; but with such languishing and dying looks, as if they ne'er should meet again: how many times did *Murchoe* go to the Door, and then return again, loath to depart, printing his soft Lips on her fair Hand, and she as often wish'd they might dwell there for ever; they sighed, and wept, then wiped their watry Cheeks, making exchange of Hearts at eithers Eyes; at last, as though both their words had been prompted by one Soul, they together cry'd, the Gods preserve, and ever be your Comfort.

Murchoe having taken his leave, went directly, but most heavily, towards his Fathers Palace in *Tomond*, call'd *Cean-Choradh*, where he was welcom'd by *Bryan*, and the whole Court; but what were all the welcomes in the World to him, since his *Dooneslatih*'s Voice was wanting in the Consort, the Musick was not sweet or charming, he wholly bent his Thoughts on her, and Day or Night, she was the subject of his Mind; tho' he was ever accounted Devout, yet now the welfare and happiness of his afflicted Mistress, threw him on his Knees almost each hour.

His Father, and the whole Court could not but greatly wonder at this mighty Change; he grew Pale, neglected Meat, and Sleep, walk'd all the Day in melancholy places, seeking recesses, where the hunted Beasts scarce dar'd to enter, they were so dark and dismal; where, with his folded Arms across his troubled Breast, he'd vent the Grievs which rankled at his Heart.

Into one of these Places was it, that his Father one day follow'd him, and having privately listned to his usual Complaints, when the poor Prince had thrown himself down, extended on a rugged Rock, his Eyes (like Rivers which had broke their Banks) pour'd forth a flood of Tears, which Groans and Sighs, which almost rent the Vault.

"How Happy, said he to himself, had *Murchoe* been, had Heaven been pleas'd he should have perish'd in his Countries Service, his loss perhaps would then have touch'd his Fathers hardned Heart; he would have then perhaps shed one Tear, and with a sigh, have pitt'y'd his untimely End: But now he thinks I breath, he thinks I live; when as, alas! these signs I give of

Life, are but the Tokens of uneasie Death for I am Dead to all the World, insensible of every thing, but Love; and tho' I move, and sometimes walk about, 'tis but my more substantial Ghost.-

He was going on, when Bryan interrupted him: "What *Murchoe*, said he, is the Cause that thus thou spendest thy Youthful time in Cells? Thus pine, and like a Woman drown thy self in Tears? Thus leave the mighty Business of the World, and bend thy Thoughts on a fantastic Trifle? Thus shun thy Friends, and seek these solitary Shades? Rouze up, for shame, awake the from these Idle Dreams; thy Father bids thee, and a King Commands, thy bleeding Country wants thy aid: Ambition should methinks inflame thy Heart, and banish Love from that too noble Seat. Make thy self worthy to be my Successor; what? can the sprightly *Murchoe* lie dissolving in Tears, when all the Land is almost drown'd in Blood? Think on a Crown, think of a Monarch's Power, and see how poorly Love will shew to these; or were those out of reach, and that thy Hopes stood not so far as now they do, think on thy Honour, and thy future Fame."

"O sacred Sir, replies the Prince, can you behold these ruins of your Son? Look on, and see him sink in sorrow, and not extend a Parent's Hand to help him? O Sir, remember you your self was young, Lov'd and Ador'd, and knew no happiness but in my Mothers sight: I do but tread your steps, walk in that Path which all the World goes once: say but *Dooneslaith* shall be mine, and you will raise me unto Life again; without Her, Honour, Titles, Power, nay even a Crown it self, have nothing Charming in them."

Bryan could no longer hear him sue in vain, but told him, if he would take Arms, and shew himself once more in the Field, and, according to his wonted Custom, come home laden with Victory, he would so much indulge his Love, that, if after this, he still continued in that Humour, he'd use his utmost Power to make him Happy.

The Prince overjoy'd with this Promise, went home with his Father, and in a few days after, Headed a brave Army against his Country's Enemies; Victory still follow'd wheresoe'er he fought, and his Courage and Conduct were not a small cause of the Renown and Glory that accru'd to his Father: For 'tis Remarkable, that *Bryan Boraimh* defeated the *Danes* and their Confederates in Twenty five bloody pitch'd Battles; he was accounted one of the most Puissant and Noble Monarchs of the *Milesian* Race; and tho' he liv'd not to see these Invaders quite expell'd the Kingdom, yet he fought in the last Battle, that gave them their Overthrow; having in his Life time reduc'd the Kingdom (especially towards the latter end of his Reign) to so tranquil and quiet a State, that *Ireland* was become all peaceable and flourishing. Nor were there to be seen any *Danes*, but such who liv'd quietly under his Government, and were either Merchants, Handycrafts-men, or Artificers, who had their chief Residence in *Dublin*, *Weixford*, *Waterford*, *Cork*, or *Limerick*; and tho' they were a considerable Number of them, yet not so many, nor so Potent, but that he thought should they at any time Rebell, he could Master them at his Pleasure.

Murchoe seeing no Comfort accrue to him in all this general Joy, for he alone was excluded the benefit of Tranquility the whole Nation pertook, the Conquests and Honour he won, added more Trouble to his Soul, since he could not yet obtain his Father's Consent, he avoided as much as he could the Pleasures of the Court, and betook himself wholly to the Country,

where, in unspeakable Torments, he wasted his time in Complaints. But being one day near the House of *Maolmordh Mac Murchoe* his Uncle, whose Sister by name *Garmleigh*, *Bryan* his Father had Marry'd, he thought to pass some time in a Visit to him, and was very kindly receiv'd.

But *Bryan* having an occasion for Timber for the finishing some Ships he had begun, especially some Masts, he sent to his Brother-in-law *Maolmoradh* to furnish him with them, to which he consented, partly out of fear to deny him, and partly for Kindred sake, he went himself to see them cut down, and assisted with his Men, those who were sent for them, in the getting them over a Mountain; to which they say (some difference happening amongst the People) he put his Hand to himself, and in the action broke off the Gold Clasps that fastned a rich fring'd Mantle of Silk which *Bryan* had sent him, At length, he with his Nephew *Murchoe*, came to *Cean-Choradh*.

But no sooner did he arrive at *Tomad*, and had gone to his Sister *Garmleigh*'s Apartment to give her a Visit, and acquainted her how he came to break off his Clasps, which he desir'd her to get mended again for him; but in a rage she threw the whole Mantle into the fire and burnt it, reproaching him with meanness of Spirit, in so unworthily subjecting himself, and his People of *Linster*, whereof he was King, to *Bryan*, altho' he was her own Husband.

“How basely, said she, becomes it the Blood which thou sharest with me, to fear the displeasure of any, much less one who has made himself my equal by taking me to his Wife? How much below the Honour and Dignity of the King of *Linster* is it, thus like a Bondsman or Slave, to lend this assistance, and like a Coward, grant whatever he demands from thee.”

These words, (tho' at present he made her no reply) sunk deep in his Heart, so taking his leave of her, he went into the Presence, where he found a Nobleman and *Murchoe* playing a Game at Chess, (*Maolmordh* being touch'd to the quick with the Reproof that his Sister had given him, and no longer able to stifle the sense he had of his Fault) advis'd him who was playing with *Murchoe* on some Draught, which lost his Nephew the Game.

Murchoe, who had not been us'd to receive such Indignities, (for it was done in so palpable a manner, as he could take it for no less) being highly displeas'd, told his Uncle *Maolmordh* King of *Linster*, in a deriding manner, that if the Advice he had formerly given to the rebel *Danes* been no worse, they had not so easily lost the Battle at *Gleau Mama*; yet notwithstanding his mighty Policy, he could not win them the Field.

Maolmordh, being stung with this jear, in a fury reply'd “However my Advice succeeded at that time, the next that perhaps I shall give to the *Danes*, shall prove better to your Cost.” So in a discontented Humour was departing; when the Prince *Murchoe* told him; “It should never break one moment of his Rest to countermine what ever Projects he could design; and withal told him he defy'd him.

Whereupon the King of *Linster* retir'd to his Chamber, and would not (although he was sent for by *Bryan*) come down to his Supper; but flinging himself on his Bed, pass'd all that Night in the extreamest anxiety of Spirit, that could be imagin'd; and early the next Morning,

before any of the Court were stirring, takes Horse, and posts away for *Linster*, where his Heart was so full (what with the rebukes his Sister had made him, and the defiance his Nephew had given him) that he had no way to ease it, but by giving, if he could, a stint to their Insolence, by making them to know, that they had rouz'd a sleeping Lyon, whose Fury and Rage should not be allay'd by anything but their utter destruction.

The next day he assembles the Chief of his Nobles, and the Gentry, and represents to them the Indignity that had been put upon them in the Person of their King; and so aggravates the Matter, that he drew them all to his side, and made them all on fire to revenge it; by throwing off their Allegiance and Fidelity to *Bryan*, and joyning their Power to that of the *Danes*, and in return to the Challenge that *Murchoe* had made him, to send him another.

Having gain'd his Designs at Home, he flies with all speed to *Dublin*, and there engages the chief of the *Danes*, to send away instantly to their Master, the King of *Denmark*, for a strong and powerful Supply to pull down the Grandeur and haughty Pride of *Bryan*, and to destroy their, and his most mortal Enemies; which on the word of a King, he promis'd to perform, would they be assistant.

While Messengers were sent over into *Denmark*, he returns Home again; where (with all the hast he could use, and most indefatigable pains) he prepares for a War; nor was it long e'er he goes to *Dublin* again; where, at his arrival, two of the King of *Denmark's* Sons (*Carolus Knutus*, and *Andreas* his Brother) Landed, at the Head of twelve thousand *Danes*, which they had brought along with them, whom (after he had kindly receiv'd, and refresh'd them well) he forthwith, knowing delays in such Cases would be dangerous, and give his Enemies too much time to Unite) by an Herald sends *Bryan* a bold Defiance, daring him to meet him in a spacious Field at *Clantarf*, within two Miles of *Dublin*.

Bryan had no sooner receiv'd this Challenge; but (making what speed he was able) joyn'd together all the Forces of *Munster*, *Connaught*, and *Meath*, for those of *Ulster*, he send not to them, being unwilling to stay till they should come up; and believing he had Power enough out of those other three Provinces to encounter the Enemy.

The Prince *Murchoe* his Son was send to those in *Meath*, where he once more got a sight of his charming *Dooneslaith*, and whom (after the success of the Battle) he had a Promise from *Bryan* his Father, that he should Marry.

Never did two faithful Lovers meet with such Joy, and *Dooneslaith* even blest the Causers of this War, which had made her so happy with the presence of her dear *Murchoe*. *Maolseachelvin*, tho' depos'd from the Monarchy, had great Interest in the Province of *Meath*, and soon rais'd such Forces, as perchance none else could have done; which *Bryan* understanding, made him General of that part of the Army, and sent for his Son back to himself.

But if the Meeting of this Amorous Pair was so full of Joy and Content, yet their Parting was such as is not to be expres'd; they took their leaves of each other, with such unwillingness, and regret, that their Separation seem'd to have rent their Hearts asunder.

Murchoe was not altogether so overwhelm'd as he had formerly been, since his Hopes now stood fair, in a few days, to Crown all his Sufferings with the enjoyment of his Charming *Dooneslaith*. But the disconsolate Fair-One, felt such Pangs, at his taking his leave, as gave those who stood by (especially her Father) cause to suspect they were but too fatal Omens. And he being willing they should have all the liberty the little time he had too see her, to say what they pleas'd privately together, he withdrew, and left them to themselves.

Now it was that *Dooneslaith* vented the tenders of her Soul in such a manner, that *Murchoe* himself could hardly stay with her, to hear the Complaints which she made of her hard Destiny. "Oh *Murchoe*, said she, you are going to leave me for ever; I have something here at my heart, that prompts my Soul to think *Murchoe* will never return to his *Dooneslaith* again, my presaging Heart fore-bodes, that the Victory which you are going to win, will be cause of Joy to all Ireland, but my unfortunate self.

Murchoe us'd all Arguments that could be thought of, to dissipate her Fears; "and told her, that his Courage, guarded by the hopes of her Love, would make him do things that should fill the Trumpet of Fame to the end of the World. I go, my Charming *Dooneslaith*, says he, to set this Kingdom in Peace, that so I with the more freedom may quietly enjoy the Blessing the Gods would bestow at the end of the Conquest; and that *Ireland* might be so settled, that he no more might have cause to quit her soft Arms to follow the Wars.

"Go *Murchoe*, (reply'd she, with such languishing looks, and so dying a tone as almost made him alter his firm Resolution;) Go and fight for thy Country, Go and Conquer, Go and – (I would fain say) return again to my Arms; But – Oh! something here at my Heart will not let me believe the Heavens will make me so Happy. No, my *Murchoe*, these Eyes will never behold thee again; and the next Embrace thou hast, will be that cold one of Death. Methinks I see my dearest *Murchoe*, all pale and cold, stuck through with a thousand Darts and Arrows; his breathless Corps spurting fresh streams of Blood; when I, unhappy I, come by, who am his Murderer."

"No more my Charmer, says *Murchoe* to her, drive these idle Thoughts away, they are but Dreams which will disturb thy Rest; I shall return, I know it by my Heart; (Oh! that I did, said he to himself,) Or say I dy'd, I paid but Nature's Debt, what you and I, and all must do at last; my Fall shall not be mean, and thousands braver Men shall bear me Company. Oh! *Dooneslaith*, what Comfort will it be, how will it soften Death, and blunt its sharpest Dart, to think I die belov'd by Thee!"

While they were embracing, in order to Part, *Maolseachelvin* came in, and told him he must make all hast possible with his Forces, for all the others which they expected were come in but his.

The Prince, as eager as he was to meet his proud Challenger, and not think of leaving his Mistress behind; wherefore, by her Consent, and joint intreaty, *Maolseachelvin* promis'd to bring her with him; this at last something appeas'd the Sorrow of both; and *Murchoe*, after a thousand soft Kisses, and Embraces, and as many Sighs, and Tears on both sides, took Horse, and posted

before to his Father, and the next day after *Maolseachelvin* follow'd with his Army, and at the Rear of that, the beautiful *Dooneslaith*.

In a few days after, the Armies of the three Provinces joyn'd all together, and march'd in good order to the Place appointed, being a spacious Field near *Clantarge*, call'd *Magnealta*, where they beheld *Maolmordh* at the Head of a vast Army; being sixteen Thousand *Danes*, together with all the Forces he could raise in *Leinster*, which was divided into three Battalions; that of the Right Wing Commanded by *Carolus Knutus*, that on the Left by his Brother *Andreas*, (the two Sons of the *Danish King*) and the Main Body *Maolmordh* took care of himself.

Bryan drew up his Army much after the same Order, committing the Right Wing thereof to *Maolseachelvin*, the Left he Commanded himself; and (at the intreaty of his Son *Murchoe*, that he might oppose *Maolmordh* himself, who had given him a Challenge) the main Body was under his Conduct.

Early next Morning (it being Good Friday) both Armies drew near, and after a short time the fatal Signal was given on both sides, never did two Armies encounter more fiercely; the shouts and cries, with the Thundering noise of the Drums and, sound of Trumpets, were enough to rend the very Roof of Heaven. Nor for half the Day could it be decided upon which side hovering Victory would light; and had *Maolsearchelvin* (who headed the Army of *Meath*) came up, they had soon turn'd the Scale. But he, remembering the Affront of *Bryan*, who made him be Depos'd to make way for himself, as soon as the Signal was given, stood off with his Men, and was only a Spectator of the most bloody and terrible Fight that ever was Acted on the Tragick Theatre of *Irish Ground*. Nay, tho' at one time he saw his own Country-men begin to give way, and the *Danes* in a probability of winning the Day, yet did he stand unmov'd.

Bryan who Headed the Left Wing of the Army, being Old (for he was now above fourscore and eight) having to do with *Carolus*, who was both Valiant and Young, was in the Battle struck from his Horse, and had not Prince *Murchoe* come timely to his Rescue, he had been trod to pieces by the Enemy, which nevertheless so bruis'd and wounded him, that he was forc'd to be carry'd to his Tent, leaving the Charge of his Army to Prince *Murchoe*.

Now was the time that he had the whole Fate of *Ireland* depending upon his Sword, he did such wondrous Actions as surpass'd all belief, and so bravely behav'd himself, as tho' he had been some God sent down from above. He (spight of all their Forces, thinking of the Liberty of his Country, and Love of his dear *Dooneslaith*) made such breaches in their Main Body, that notwithstanding they had all the Inspiration of Courage, that Martial-Conduct, Ambition, Glory, Revenge, and Despair could afford them, yet so great was *Murchoe's* Courage, and Conduct so happy, that the *Danish* and *Leinster* Forces could no longer withstand him; having with his own Hand first slain *Maolmordh*, who was the first occasion of this War; and then at two several times the two Sons of the King of Denmark; whose Loss so disheartened the Enemy, that they gave way, to an easie, though dear-bought Victory; for *Murchoe* being too far engag'd among the *Danish* Horse, tho' over-power'd with Number, fought 'till he had made a Rampart of dead Bodies about him, which for some time secur'd him from Fate; but an unlucky accidental Arrow laid him dead upon a Pyramid of his fallen Enemies.

Yet for all this, did not the resolute *Irish* loose one foot of Ground, or one bit of their Courage; but rather, spur'd on by Revenge, made the *Danes* pay dear for his Loss, and in a short time became sole Masters of the Field. Thus without the assistance of *Maolseachelvin*, were the *Danes* overcome; one whereof, whose name was *Bruador*, being Commander of a *Danish* Party, and who with his Men flying in the General Rout, was forc'd to take that way where *Bryan* the Monarch's Pavilion was pitch'd; into which (as he was passing by) he entred; and seeing the King, whom he had formerly known, *Bryan* suspecting no such thing, having totally gain'd the Battle, basely Murder'd him as he lay wounded in his Bed: But he soon had the Reward due to so Treacherous an Act; for he, and all who follow'd him, were by his Guards, and the Pursuers, cut all to pieces.

Maolseachelvin after this, put in for his Share, and made himself once more Monarch of *Ireland*. Tho' his Daughter no sooner heard the Death of her Lover, but as though she had lain down to Sleep, flung her self on her Bed, and without so much as one Groan, or Sigh, or Murmur, she cry'd, *My Murchoe calls me, and I must go to him*; so dy'd in the presence of her Father, and the rest of the Nobility, who had escap'd in the Battle, for there were but few left alive; and on the Monarch's Side, besides *Bryan* himself, and the Renowned Prince *Murchoe* his Son, were kill'd in this Battle, Seven petty Kings, most of the Princes and Nobility of *Munster* and *Conaught*, and four Thousand of meaner Degree.

But on the other side, *viz.* that of the *Danes* and *Leinster* Party, were Slain *Maolmordh Mac-Murchoe*, the King of *Leinster*, who was the Original Cause of this Slaughter, with all his Principal Nobles, and three Thousand Common Soldiers; together with *Knutus*, and *Andreas*, the two Sons of the King of *Denmark*, and all their Great Commanders, with six Thousand seven Hundred of the New-come Forces from *Denmark*, that they had brought over with them, and four Thousand of the old *Danes*, who were, before their coming, in *Ireland*. In all the Slaughter on both Sides, that Day, amounted to seven Thousand seven Hundred Men, besides Kings, Princes, Commanders, and other Noble-Men.

Some time after this Battle, *Maolseachelvin* (who now the second time sat on the Monarchical Throne of *Ireland*, and was the last Monarch of the Milesian Race) took *Dublin*, Sack'd it, Burnt it, and Slew in it all those *Danes* who had made their escape thither from the Battle of *Clantarfe*.

The next Year, in the said *Maolseachelvin*'s Reign, *Huaghair Mac-Duniling Mac-Tuatil*, another King of *Leinster*, who succeeded *Maolmordh*, tho' of a more Noble Race, and better Interested for the Good of his Country, gave a mighty overthrow, (which was the last that was given) to *Stetirick* the Son of *Aomlaibh*, and the *Danes* of *Dublin*, who after the Battle of *Clantarfe*, and the Burning of *Dublin* by *Maolseachelvin*, had once more Recruited from the *Isle of Man*, and other Islands, which were yet in Possession of the *Danes*, but were now totally destroy'd throughout all *Ireland*.

Thus did that Warlike and Ancient Kingdom free it self from the Tyranny of its mortal Enemy the *Danes*.

FINIS

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