

**FLORENCE MACARTHY:  
AN IRISH TALE. IN FOUR  
VOLUMES, VOL. IV**

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Florence Macarthy: An Irish Tale. In Four Volumes, Vol. IV by Sydney Morgan

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**SYDNEY MORGAN**

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# FLORENCE MACARTHY:

An Irish Tale.

BY

LADY MORGAN,

AUTHOR OF "FRANCE," "O'DONNELL," &c.

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Know thus far forth:  
By accident most strange, bonafidè fortune,  
Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience,  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence,  
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. SHAKESPEARE.

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Les femmes ne sont pas trop d'honneur à pardonner de  
certaines injures, et quand elles se promettent le plaisir de la  
vengeance elles n'y vont pas de *main-morte*.  
DE GRAMMONT.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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# FLORENCE MACARTHY.

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## CHAPTER I.

He seems to have the quotidian of love upon  
him. SHAKESPEARE.

I'll venture—for my new enlivened spirits  
prompt me. MILTON.

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GENERAL FITZWALTER was dressed for dinner a full hour before the usual time of assembling at Dunore Castle. All his motions were involuntarily accelerated: a feverish restlessness urged his most trivial actions: his whole existence had received a new impulsion by the operation of one unaccustomed and absorbing sentiment: an overpowering motive had unexpectedly sprung up to actuate his conduct, and the obedient

will followed its spring, with a promptitude and energy consonant to his nature and his habits.

Woman, who had hitherto imperiously governed his senses, now, for the first time, obtained a moral influence over his mind, and became, not the object of a caprice, but of a passion; and passion, whatever might be its cause, was his element.

The person of Lady Clancare was not particularly distinguished by its beauty, but it was characteristic. Fresh, healthful, and intelligent, she had neither the symmetry of statuary loveliness nor the brilliant colouring of pictured charms; but she was piquante, graceful, and vivacious: her mouth and teeth were well compared by O'Leary to those of a young hound; her head was picturesque, and her whole appearance the very personification of womanhood. Silent, and at rest, she was scarcely dis-



tinguishable from the ordinary class of women; but when her countenance was thrown into play, when she spoke with the anxiety or the consciousness of pleasing, or under the impression of being pleased, there was a mobility, a variety of expression and colouring, which corresponded with the vigour, spirit, and energy of her extraordinary mind.

This indication, which might have repelled others, was the charm that fascinated Fitzwalter. The kindling susceptibility it betrayed harmonized with his own prompt and impetuous disposition, bespeaking a congeniality of feeling, and a reciprocity of intelligence; which he had never found in man, which he had never sought for in woman, and which, whether it took the calm and steady form of friendship, or the bright intoxicating aspect of love, was still the object of his uncon-

scious research, and the indispensable ingredient of his permanent schemes of happiness. Hitherto he had lived unassociated and solitary in the midst of the universe; his deep and lonely feelings preying on a mind left to its own resources, unanswered, unreciprocated. He now found one, like himself, vigorous in intellect and rapid in action; full of that life and spirit which suited his own habits and modes of being; devoted to that country whose interests was the object of his future life; and drooping, like himself, in that feeble and futile society, whose very atmosphere is fatal to the elevation of great minds, or the vivacity of lively and energetic ones.

This conviction struck at once upon his imagination with that force which accompanied all its strong and promptly received impressions. It awakened his passions in all their natural vehemence;

and, impatient of all suspense, ill-brooking even inevitable delay, he would have gone at once to the 'head and front' of his views and hopes; he would, in his own language, have followed their object 'from pole to pole, over alps and oceans, or have remained fixed and rooted to the spot she inhabited, wooed her, won her, clung to her, and cherished her;' and, according to the startling conclusion of Lord Adelm, 'married her,' but that he was *already married*; married, at least, he considered himself, in honour, in gratitude, until she who shared his bondage voluntarily broke it.

There was too another barrier to the impulse of his passionate feelings. It was just possible that all he admired and all he sought was devoted to another. Those powers and endowments, so attractive in his eyes, might be applied to the subjection of one, who