

**LORD DUNDREARY AND HIS
BROTHER SAM: THE STRANGE
STORY OF THEIR ADVENTURES
AND FAMILY HISTORY**

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Lord Dundreary and His Brother Sam: The Strange Story of Their Adventures and Family History by Anonymous

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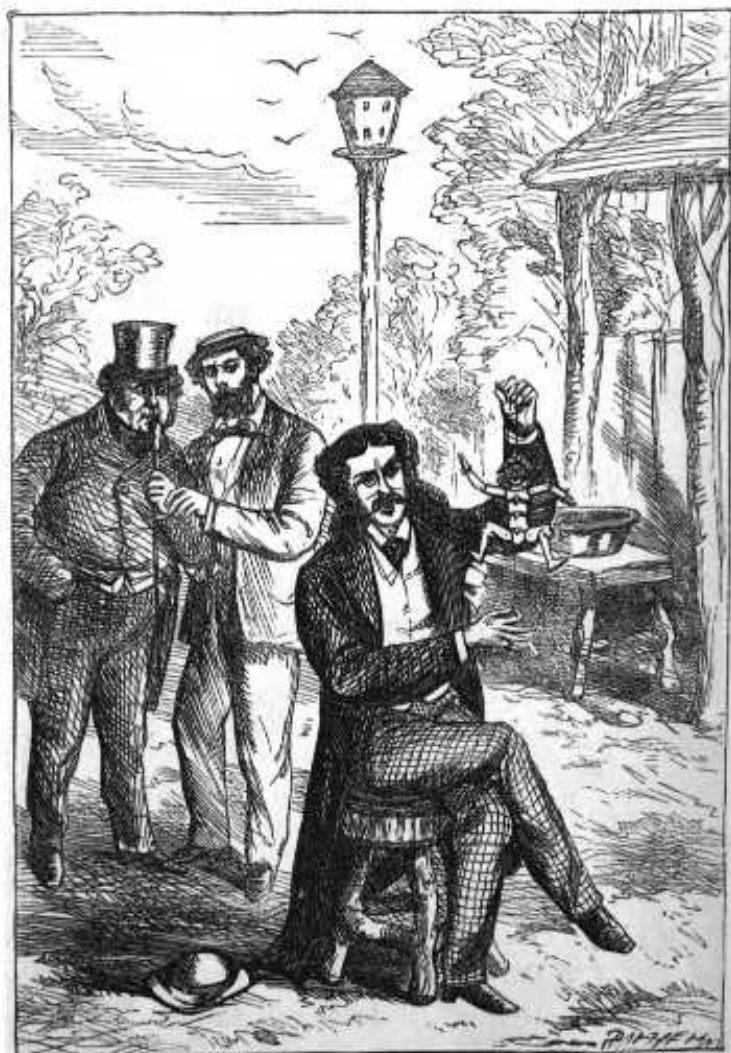
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'OLD BOB WIDLEY, OH!'—P. 75.

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LORD DUNDREARY

AND

HIS BROTHER SAM:

The Strange Story

OF THEIR

ADVENTURES AND FAMILY HISTORY.

WITH FIFTEEN HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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LORD DUNDREARY,

AND

HIS BROTHER SAM.

It is the boast of many that their ancestors came over to Britain with the Conqueror. The illustrious family of Dundreary can claim a descent much more ancient. The first of the line who settled in Britain landed upon these shores nearly a thousand years before the Norman invasion. This distinguished personage, whose descent can be clearly traced back to Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, became a Briton under very singular but interesting circumstances. He was a mere babe at the time when his father (a restless spirit of an inquiring mind, who had settled in Gaul) resolved to cross the sea to the white island, which he had often seen glimmering in the light of the setting sun as he impatiently paced the shores of Normandy. It is recorded in one of the chronicles that this progenitor of the family was very much in debt, and that his credit was failing in Gaul. We attach no belief whatever to this statement; but a narration in connection with it may be repeated as one of those pleasing myths with which history is so agreeably

diversified. 'Going one day into a place where wine was sold, Olog—that was his name—demanded a stoup of Burgundy, and requested the wine-seller to affix a record of the transaction on a square slab of blue stone which hung on a nail behind the door. The wine-seller protested that it was not in his power to effect the transaction in the manner indicated, and on being asked to explain himself said, as he withheld the flagon with his left hand—

“ My Lord Olog, I have no chalk.”

‘ On hearing these awful words the Lord Olog went away thirsting as he came, and wandered to the sea-shore. And when he came to the sea-shore the sun was setting in the nor'-west, casting his last slanting beams on the white cliffs of Albion. And suddenly a brilliant thought—brilliant as the crimson gold which the dying sun bequeathed to the rippling waters—struck the Lord Olog. And as it struck him, he stamped his foot upon the shore and said—

“ Yonder is the land of chalk—thither I go !”

‘ And the Lord Olog took ship and sailed away with his only son, an infant, to Albion.’ Thus the ingenious chronicler. But we must reject all but the fact that the Lord Olog *did* set sail for England, accompanied by his infant son. The romantic but tragical story of his voyage is fully recorded in the family chronicles. In order to guard against the extinction of his race by accident at sea—for Olog and his infant son were the

last of the direct line—Olog engaged two ships, one for himself and one for his infant son. The two ships set sail together, but presently parted company and steered by different courses. A great storm arose immediately afterwards, and Olog's ship went down with Olog in it. The ship of the infant son resisted the fury of the waves, and after many days was run ashore at Brighthelmstone, where the child was claimed as flotsam and jetsam by the Primate of the ancient order of the Druids.

The good primate adopted young Olog as his own child, and brought him up in the manners and customs of the ancient Britons; and it was said that in all the southern parts there was not a more stalwart or a more comely youth than Olog, the child of the sea, especially when he appeared in a new suit of woad. Olog became a great warrior, and conquered all the hostile tribes whose inroads had so long endangered the kingdom of Sussex. The very sight of his banner was sufficient to strike terror into a whole army, for on it were inscribed these terrible words—'Olog or None.'

To trace the family downwards from this era, and faithfully to chronicle the exploits of its distinguished members, would fill volumes. We must therefore be content to dip here and there into the rich store of tradition and history which now lies before us. We find, then, that the descendants of Olog figured in almost every notable event from the invasion of Cæsar to that of William of Normandy. When the Roman conqueror

made his first descent upon Deal, he thought to strike terror into the Britons by crying out, 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus;' but Dunbert, a descendant of Olog, remembering the war-cry of his illustrious ancestor, replied with 'Olog or None,' and the Romans in terror scrambled back to their ships. In the reign of Vortigern, Dunderbert, descended in a direct line from Olog, occupied the post of Lord High Chamberlain, and had the honour of writing the letter to the Saxons, inviting them to come over and settle in Britain. The art of writing was then in its infancy; and it will surprise no one who is acquainted with the first difficulties of the caligraphic art to hear that the writing of this epistle occupied Dunderbert three years seven months and fourteen days. However, when the arduous task was completed, Dunderbert read the letter to the assembled court, and his manner of reading was so pleasing to the king and his courtiers that he was called upon to read it again. This he did, but with such increased effect that the king and the courtiers insisted upon a postscript, that they might have the pleasure of hearing Dunderbert read still further. On that occasion there were the loudest applause and shouts that were ever heard within the walls of a court. The Saxons duly received the letter, and, after occupying five years eleven months and twenty-nine days in deciphering it, joyfully responded to the invitation, and flocked to this country in such numbers that there was no room for them all, and many