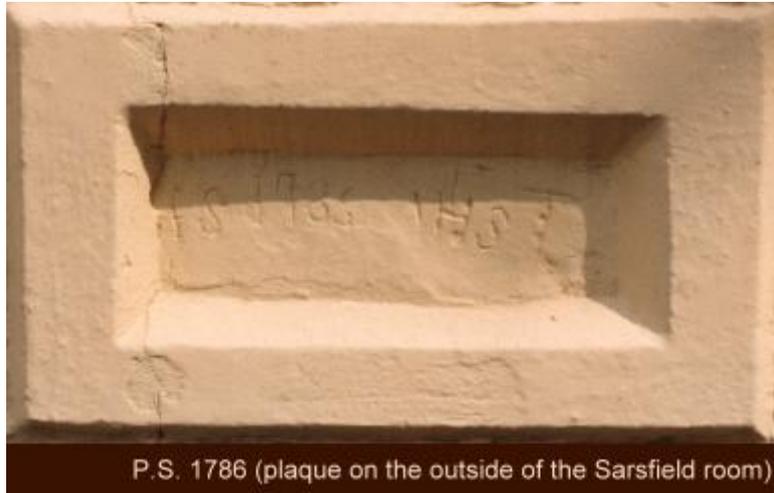


Charles Teeling recorded his visit in his famous history of 1798, as follows:

"Honest Skreen shook his mane; whether in accordance with my feelings, or to discharge the drops that came trickling down his crest, it served to remind me that the reminiscence of 1690 was poor forage for a weary charger.

"I have always been attached to the ancient names of my country, and when associated with the national achievements they are doubly objects of my respect. I now recollect that about a mile to the north a lineal descendant of the illustrious Sarsfield occupied a small farm, and though he had sunk so much from the splendour, he had not lost a particle of the pride of his ancestors. His cabin was in a bleak situation, on the



great northern road, and the ungenerous soil around it, with the utmost dint of labour, could barely supply the necessaries of life. Sarsfield, however, was not in indigent circumstances when compared with many others. He had improved his situation by that species of industry to which some of the descendants of our ancient princes have been obliged to bend. In plain English, he entertained the traveller at the expense of his guest; he sold good liquor, and the house of honest Sarsfield had good call.

"Leaving the Boyne, with all its disastrous recollections, behind me, I passed over Williams ground of encampment, and soon reached the modern castle of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. I knocked, but not rudely; I respected the fallen glories of my country; for the heath-covered mountain is a domain, and the cottage is a castle, where the hero dwells. I had not long to wait, mine host soon attended; and had I not already been prepossessed in his favour, his appearance must have once commanded my respect.

"He took hold of my horse, while he invited me to occupy a seat, pointing at the same time to the old Irish fashioned straw-chair, which, from its cumbrous size, is considered a fixture, and generally placed in a comfortable nook convenient to the fire. 'Pardon me,' said I, 'I shall lead my horse to the stable,' and taking the bridle from his hand, 'the descendant of Sarsfield shall never be groomed.' This expression, pronounced with some degree of feeling, won on the moment his confidence and heart. 'Welcome,' said he, 'to Sarsfield, and a thousand times welcome'."