## IN THE WAKE OF KING JAMES OR DUN-RANDAL ON THE SEA

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In the wake of King James or Dun-Randal on the sea by Standish O'Grady

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STANDISH O'GRADY

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Trieste

### IN THE WAKE OF KING JAMES

OR

DUN-RANDAL ON THE SEA

## IN THE WAKE OF KING JAMES OR DUN-RANDAL ON THE SEA

By STANDISH O'GRADY AUTHOR OF "FINN AND HIS COMPANIONS," ETC.



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### CONTENTS

CHAP.			PAGE
1. DUN-RANDAL ON THE SEA .		•	1
II. RAPPAREES, GOOD AND EAD .			9
III. THE WATCHER BY THE QUICKSA	NDS		22
IV. THE LAME GIANT	35		32
V. THE LADY SHRELA	*	22	41
VI. THE GREAT DHOUL	*	•	51
VII. ENOCH, ISRAEL, AND IMMANUEL			64
VIII. LOVE'S MIGHT AND POWER .	8	æ	72
IX. THE CHALLENGE			83
X. THE BATTLE, AND AFTER .	12	18	92
XI. THE HONOUR OF THE BARRETT	s.		98
XII. DRAWING TO THE CRISIS .	28		107
XIII. GAYEST OF CONQUERORS AND	BRI	DE-	
GROOMS	٠		122
XIV. LOUD LAMENTATION IN DUN-RA	NDAL	é e	137

#### CONTENTS

CHAP.								FAGE
xv.	FLIGHT AN	D PUR	SUIT			•	*:	147
XVI.	A RED STA	R IN 3	THE	GLOO	м	•	*	156
xvii.	THE KING'S	PARL	OUR	•	et		•	163
xvm.	LIEUTENAN	T LOCI	HLIN	о'ма	LLY	•	•	179
XIX.	SECOND AS	SAULT	OF	THE	KING	S PA	R-	
	LOUR		*	•2		*	×	195
xx.	THROUGH	DARK	NESS	то	THE	DAR	к	
	TOWER	•	•	×.	(*)	÷	•	219
XXI.	FUFF, AND	ALL'S	OVE	R	( <b>(</b> •))		٠	231
	POSTSCRIPT	BY T	HE 1	DITO	ε.			241

vi

#### DUN-RANDAL ON THE SEA

#### CHAPTER I

#### DUN-RANDAL ON THE SEA

I STARTED—drew rein—and stared in silence. Never had I seen peel, tower, or castle weatherstained to such a dismal hue. Blacker than blackest coal, it seemed cut out as with a giant's scissors from that gleaming panorama of sea, land, and sky. A sandy plain engirdled the base, a grey bewildered sea the waist; the battlements showed clear and stark against wild clouds lurid with sunset.

Truly, I was no antiquarian. Picturesque antiquity had no worshippers then. We did not think of castles as romantic, only as uncomfortable dwelling-places occupied by the poorer sort of gentry; for no one lived in a castle who could afford to build a house. In the mixed

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emotions with which I gazed at Dun-Randal, the thought of poverty, perhaps of extreme poverty, played its part.

So I stared at the black keep starting solid black and minatory from the grey shore. Here the Atlantic had thrust inland a great tongue of barren sand. At the base or root of this tongue rose the dismal keep which was the goal of my long journey, the seat of my nearest surviving kinsman, Sir Theodore Barrett, the acknowledged head of a family once powerful and famous, but upon which disaster in many forms had long sorely beaten.

I perceived that the grim keep was the last link of a chain of castles which at some remote time, with their connecting curtains, ran across the base of this delta of sand. Between it and the juncture of grey sand with tawny grass westward lay several sandy mounds, out of which here and there ruinous black masonry struggled to view. Upon that tawny shore, a stone's throw from the sand, but in a straight line with those heaps, rose a low, square house, thatched. It resembled the basement and one storey of some great and strong castle transformed to modern uses. Indeed, I had no doubt that