

**A GOTHIC TALE AND ITS HYPERTEXT:  
'Raymond; A Fragment' (1799)  
and  
'Arthur Kavanagh' (1832)**

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Two texts are presented here. A short British Gothic story, 'Raymond; A Fragment', published in Britain in 1799, and a peculiar 'calque' of it, 'Arthur Kavanagh', printed in the United States thirty-two years later. They are followed by a brief set of notes on the historical allusions of the second.

Published under the pseudonym 'Juvenis' at the height of the Gothic period and scarcely two years after the resounding success of Ann Radcliffe's *The Italian* (1797), the story 'Raymond; A Fragment' has often been presented as a prototypical example of the Gothic short story, but no serious study of it is available as yet. The tale of 'Arthur Kavanagh', published in Boston in 1832, has never, to my knowledge, been reprinted or analysed. The second is a most curious rewriting of the first—a calque which, nevertheless, aspires to be a different tale altogether. 'Raymond' consists of thirteen paragraphs; 'Kavanagh' has fifteen, of which the first four are alien to 'Raymond' and provide a historical introduction, while the last four are again historical and topographical additions. This means that the source text—the hypotext—occupies the seven central paragraphs of 'Arthur Kavanagh'; within those paragraphs, however, the resemblance is overwhelming not just in what touches plot but equally in terms of diction, as perusal of the two texts will easily show.

Aside from modernising the now confusing 'long s', I have scrupulously respected the idiosyncrasies of spelling, punctuation and syntax, and have restricted myself to noting these, where necessary, by means of '[sic]' or in the footnotes. Paragraphs have been numbered in both stories between square brackets for ease of reference; to avoid confusion, paragraph numbers for 'Raymond' are preceded by a capital R, those for 'Arthur Kavanagh' by a capital K.

Whereas the text itself of 'Raymond' requires little commentary, its use of formulaic language deserves much more space than can be devoted to it here, and will merit an independent article already under way. A further article will provide a comparison between the two stories from a historical perspective, which should cast some light on rewriting practices in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Both these articles presuppose easy access to the actual texts; hence the present edition.

## RAYMOND; *a* FRAGMENT.<sup>1</sup>

By JUVENIS.

[R1] —Night had diffused her darkness o'er the earth, and the moon darted her pale rays on the murmuring rivulet, which twined its narrow road through the fertile meads that surrounded the humble cottage of the unhappy Raymond, who was pensively reclined on a bench at the door of his cot. The melodious harmony of the nightingale, which at intervals floated with dulcet sweetness on the evening air; the universal silence which prevailed, and seemed (if I may so say) "to waft the soul to realms unknown!"<sup>2</sup> together with his own melancholy thoughts, inspired Raymond with a degree of enthusiasm which he had never before experienced.<sup>3</sup> When the sweet notes of the night-bird echoed along the dreary expanse he caught the harmonious sound, and when it died away expectantly waited for a repetition. His thoughts roved to the remembrance of past felicity, when he was blessed with the company of his much lamented and adored wife. His fancy represented her seated by him as she was wont, and at that delusive moment he forgot his miseries, and thought himself again blessed with his beloved companion: but when the visionary image had disappeared, and awful reality presented herself to his view, he exclaimed, with a voice half-stifled by the agitation of his soul—

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<sup>1</sup> Transcribed from *The Lady's Magazine* Vol. 30, February 1799, pp. 57-59, [https://books.google.es/books?id=I01GAAAACAAJ&printsec=frontcover&hl=es&source=gbs\\_ge\\_summary\\_r&cad=0#v=onepage&q&f=true](https://books.google.es/books?id=I01GAAAACAAJ&printsec=frontcover&hl=es&source=gbs_ge_summary_r&cad=0#v=onepage&q&f=true). It was included by Chris Baldick in his edition of *The Oxford Book of Gothic Tales* (Oxford: Oxford University Press 1992), pp. 23-26; Baldick's edition fuses paragraphs [R4] and [R5] into one. *Juvenis* is Latin for 'a young one (man or woman)'.  
<sup>2</sup> The phrase was collocative; see 'Transports the lively soul to realms unknown' (Elizabeth Cobbold (née Eliza Knipe)'s 1783 poem 'On the Lake of Windermere' in Paula R. Feldman (ed.) *British Women Poets of the Romantic Era* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press 1997), p. 188, line 28); or 'the great disposer of all events was pleased to waft its infant soul to realms unknown to us', in *The Blind African Slave, Or Memoirs of Boyrereau Brinch, Nicknamed Jeffrey Brace, as Told to Benjamin F. Prentiss, Esq.* (1810), ed. Kari J. Winter (Madison, Wisconsin: The University of Wisconsin Press, 2004), p. 127.  
<sup>3</sup> Formulaic diction is frequent throughout the story, but runs rampant in these initial eight lines.

[R2] "And are those truly happy days never to be repeated? Is she lost to me for ever! Oh, let me not indulge the heart-piercing thought!" Then suddenly recollecting himself—"But what if she were to be restored to me—if I were once more to possess my lovely Miranda—and she to be bereft of that chastity, in the possession of which she was torn from me, tenfold unhappiness would be my portion! I should be miserable to eternity! The thought rends my very soul! Oh, God! why am I thus afflicted?" His agitated frame would not permit him to proceed, until after a short time, becoming more calm, he said, "But what have I done? I have presumptuously questioned the great decree of Heaven, and thereby have justly merited its divine displeasure! Be calm; be calm, my soul! Tear not my heart-strings thus with thy vague surmises; I *may*—Oh! the ecstatic thought adds fresh vigour to my nearly exhausted strength: it pours into my aching heart the sweet balsam of comfort!—I may once more possess my loved Miranda: I may press her panting bosom to mine own, chaste and unpolled. But, oh! the thought seems almost impossible!—Yet, hold! there is an almighty being above, to whom nothing is impossible, although it appears so to my weak eye of mortality. To him I commit myself, and to his decree I patiently bow."<sup>4</sup>

[R3] Thus said Raymond: after which he seemed to have gained an ascendancy over despair, and sunk into a profound thoughtfulness.

[R4] He had not continued thus long before the air became tremulous, and the dull aspect of the heavens seemed to portend an approaching storm; thick clouds were rapidly collecting, and grew fast upon the horizon. The nightingale, affrighted, fled for shelter within her leafy nest; and the owlet, with dismal note, commenced her nightly wailing.

[R5] Raymond was still buried in thought, when a distant and faint shriek assailed his ears. He started up; and, laying his hand on his sword,<sup>5</sup> rushed into an adjoining mead, in the direction from whence he imagined the sound proceeded. He had not gone far before it was repeated in a more heart-rending sound, and seemed to be uttered by a person at the verge of despair. It almost froze the soul of Raymond.

[R6] Not until that moment did he notice the dreadful aspect of the elements; and, however regardless of the awful scene which he foresaw must infallibly ensue, he proceeded with eager inquiry, in order, if possible, to give succour to the person distressed. The voice seemed to be that of a female, and this discovery roused a sensation within him which again prompted him to proceed.

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<sup>4</sup> The ups and downs in Raymond's mood are a thing to beware.

<sup>5</sup> This sword is the only datum that tells us Raymond may be a 'medieval' character.

[R7] The thunder now began awfully to murmur from a distance, and the lightning streaked with fire the prominent clouds which rolled terrifically over the head of Raymond. The sky was so overshadowed with black vapours and impenetrable mists that they obscured every object, except when at intervals the moon-beams, darting between a cavity in the clouds, gave Raymond a melancholy opportunity of beholding the dreary prospect before him. He found himself to be entangled in an unknown path, and knew not how to proceed. He stopped to consider what he should do; and, after some conflict between his regard for his safety and his humanity, he determined to make the best way he could back to his mournful cottage, rather than still farther bewilder himself in an unknown place.

[R8] He was turning round, in order to prosecute his intention, when a vivid flash of lightning, succeeded by a dreadful clap of thunder, burst over the spot on which he was standing, and seemed to rend the firmament.<sup>6</sup> He stood appalled; never had dread seized him in so powerful a degree before; and he had scarcely recovered from the shock it had occasioned, when another shriek, much louder than either of the former, assailed his ears. The sound seemed to issue from a spot not far distant. He knew not which track to pursue; and was bewildered in a place, the labyrinths of which he was totally unacquainted with. His senses were confounded; and he, a second time, questioned himself whether it would be more advisable to proceed or return. He felt a peculiar *something* throb within his breast prompting him to the former. It was not merely a common sensation which he now experienced; a sensation which must naturally arise from the desire of dispensing succour to the unhappy; but a something, he knew not what, blended with that which rendered all return impracticable. He felt as if his own happiness were implicated with the present adventure; and, scarcely had he determined to proceed, when he perceived a light burst from a place at no great distance. He had not the least doubt but that the dreadful shrieks he had heard must have proceeded from thence. He grasped his sword, ejaculated a prayer to the director of all events, and rushed with alacrity to the place whence the light issued. The rain now poured from the swoln clouds with tremendous fury, and the hoarse thunder resounded reiteratedly along the perturbed vault of heaven. Raymond, undaunted by the rage of the storm, rushed on, totally occupied with the hope of giving his feeble aid to the piteous mourner.

[R9] It was not long ere his twinkling guide conducted him to the front of an ancient tower, whose walls were tottering under the decay of time.<sup>7</sup> The light remained visible

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<sup>6</sup> First of several markers whereby Nature intimates the liminal import of the step (about to be) taken.

<sup>7</sup> A rather traditional light-and-building effect in the darkness of night. Incongruously, Raymond's dwelling lies within walking (and shrieking) distance from the tower, yet he is clearly unfamiliar with the ground between, and does not even seem to know of the existence of this neighbouring building.

at the broken casement from whence he first observed it, and he traversed around the moss-covered walls in order to find an entrance. It was not long before he perceived one, to his great joy, open.<sup>8</sup> As he was about to enter, a loud peal of thunder shook the hoary pile to its foundation; and he, ejaculating another prayer to Heaven, entered with a firm step the massy portal. He proceeded along a dark passage, which conveyed him into a spacious court-yard. The aspect of the place, although greatly decayed, still retained its native grandeur.<sup>9</sup>

[R10] Whilst Raymond stood musing on the extraordinary adventure, which had drawn him thus far from his home, he perceived another light issue from a small casement, and almost instantly disappear. A violent crash now broke upon the prevailing silence, and seemed to convulse the earth. The sound indicated it to be the falling of armour. The dread it occasioned in the mind of Raymond can better be conceived than described: however, his ruffled spirit soon overcame the shock; and, by the assistance of a sudden flash of lightning, he perceived a small door situated at the extremity of the place in which he was. This was an entrance into the small turret from whence the light had before appeared and vanished. He advanced firmly towards it, and found it fast; but, on applying his strength, it flew open, and its harsh creaking hinges gave a doleful jar. He now found himself at the foot of a mouldering stair-case, and was ascending it when he distinctly heard foot-steps from above, and, almost instantly afterwards, two successive shrieks resounded through the tottering edifice. The sound, thrilling as it was, added fresh vigour to the soul of Raymond, since it confirmed the object of his solicitude to be in the turret in which he was; and, quickening his pace up the crazy steps, he soon arrived at a landing-place.

[R11] The first object that presented itself, was an old suit of armour lying on the ground, which had evidently just fallen down and occasioned the sound before mentioned.<sup>10</sup> Raymond approached it: but judge his horror, his astonishment, when he, assisted by the rays of a glimmering lamp, perceived it still to confine within its rusty frame the skeleton of a human being. The sight sickened him; he recoiled with disgust, and proceeded onwards, muttering a prayer for the soul of the poor departed mortal.

[R12] In a few moments he arrived in a large Gothic chamber, in which a dreary lamp was suspended from the ceiling. But upon his entrance into this gloomy chamber, a tremendous clap of thunder burst over the edifice, and appalled him. A secret impulse directed his attention to a small door at the further end of the room. He distinctly

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<sup>8</sup> First of four entryways he will have to go through.

<sup>9</sup> This 'tower' is actually a small castle, complete with walls, portal, passage and courtyard.

<sup>10</sup> The fall of the armour, like its disturbing contents, seems purely atmospheric.

heard footsteps from within, and a faint voice exclaim, "Oh spare me! spare me!" which was succeeded by a deep and convulsive groan. He sprang towards the door, which being only ajar permitted him to enter; but oh, what a dreadful spectacle presented itself to the astonished Raymond. He beheld a man, brandishing, exultingly, a dagger, reeking with blood, over the body of a female, who had fallen a victim to his barbarity. His savage triumph was not long lived; for Raymond soon gave him that reward he so justly deserved, and thus, revenging the death of the murdered female, sent his loaded soul to expiate his mortal crimes in the regions of eternal misery.

[R13] He now approached the corpse of the unfortunate fair. On beholding her distorted countenance, a sudden shivering seized him, his strength failed him; he tottered a few paces back, and fell senseless to the floor.—It was Miranda.

**ARTHUR KAVANAGH.**<sup>11</sup>

[K1] The grounds of this tale rest on historical facts. In 1598<sup>12</sup> when Richard the II. was compelled to hasten from Ireland to England, for the purpose of suppressing the insurrection of the Lollards, he appointed, on his departure, Roger Mortimer, Earl of Marche, vicegerent of the kingdom.—This nobleman, like all the English Lords' Deputies, oppressed the Irish people in the most flagrant manner. The Irish Chieftains, indignant at the predatory warfare, carried on in Wicklow, Carlow, and Wexford, by the Butlers, Birminghams and Burkes, at the urgent invocation of the famous Art Mac Murrough Kanavagh, [sic] Prince of Leinster, and the direct descendants [sic] of Dermond M'Murrough, king of that province, flew to arms, and challenged Mortimer to battle at Borris castle, in the county of Carlow. Mortimer quickly mustered all his forces, and marched forward to the castle, flushed with the hope of success. The prince of Lienster, [sic] judging that his troops were insufficient to contend with the powerful army of the enemy, left a strong garrison in his castle, to defend it, and to protect his young and beautiful wife, Grace Byrne, the daughter of his ally, and relative, Mac Hugh O' Byrne, the prince of Wicklow, and retreated into the county of Kilkenny, and took up a strong position at Feartagh, in that county.<sup>13</sup> Here he resolved to give the English battle. Mortimer brought his whole force to bear upon the devoted castle, and in his third assault succeeded in storming it, and making a prisoner of the beauteous wife of Authur. [sic] Elated with his success, Mortimer resolved to attack Kavanagh in his entrenched camp at Feartagh.—Prior to commencing his march

<sup>11</sup> *The Boston Masonic Mirror (BMM)*, New Series, Vol. 3, n<sup>o</sup> 32, Saturday, February 4, 1832, p. 253, and n<sup>o</sup> 34, Saturday, February 18, 1832, p. 268, [https://books.google.es/books?id=QHg-AQAAMAAJ&pg=PA268&lpg=PA268&dq=%22an+old+suit+of+armour+lying%22&source=bl&ots=EDyIQhJ2ef&sig=ACfU3U0jbTvfEhAfM\\_7Krtcn9g1MroHng&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKewiWpfxmLvAhVCCxoKHSkWC8cQ6AEwAXoECAMQAQ#v=onepage&q=%22an%20old%20suit%20of%20armour%20lying%22&f=true](https://books.google.es/books?id=QHg-AQAAMAAJ&pg=PA268&lpg=PA268&dq=%22an+old+suit+of+armour+lying%22&source=bl&ots=EDyIQhJ2ef&sig=ACfU3U0jbTvfEhAfM_7Krtcn9g1MroHng&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKewiWpfxmLvAhVCCxoKHSkWC8cQ6AEwAXoECAMQAQ#v=onepage&q=%22an%20old%20suit%20of%20armour%20lying%22&f=true). This is a reprint of the story published in *The Irish Shield* in Philadelphia, in (possibly) 1830. Some irregular use of double short hyphens at [K7] has been retained, as has the inconsistent use of quotation marks.

<sup>12</sup> Certainly a misprint for '1398.'

<sup>13</sup> The strategy seems unsound: Kavanagh challenges Mortimer to fight him at Borris castle, then abandons the castle with most of his men because he cannot face the enemy's 'superior army', leaving just a 'strong garrison' to protect his wife, with the result that Mortimer then conquers the stronghold and captures Grace.

thither, he ordered Rodger [sic] Birmingham<sup>14</sup> to conduct the lady of the Irish chieftain, to a castle within the English pale. Birmingham captivated by the beauty of his fair charge, determined to enjoy by brutal force, charms which he never could win by gentle entreaty.

[K2] Arthur Kavanagh, as soon as apprized of the approach of Mortimer, advanced to meet him, in a defile through which he had to pass. The Irish inflamed with a desire of vengeance, made a furious and unexpected charge on the centre of the enemy, which they soon broke and threw into disorder and dismay. Mortimer, a brave and skilful officer, in vain attempted to make his forces rally, but now, seeing that all was lost, he resolved to die gloriously on the field of battle.—Animated with this daring feeling, he rushed towards the station of Kavanagh, and heroically challenged him to single combat. The Irish chieftain admiring his courage, desired his officers to retire, and then commenced the mortal conflict with his noble adversary. The struggle was gallantly contested for nearly an hour, when the brave Mortimer fell covered with wounds. His tomb, which was erected over his remains by his high-minded enemy, is still to be seen in the cemenry [sic] of Feartagh.

[K3] The victory of Kavanagh struck terror and dismay into the hearts of the English of the pale. But how short-lived was the exultation of the victor! for when he heard the fate of his beloved wife, despair, grief, and madness tortured his very soul. Determined to sacrifice her supposed murderer and ravisher, he hastens first to his demolished castle, expecting that some of his followers might be able to afford him information, that would give him a clue to the abode of Birmingham.

[K4] [M'Dairy opens the tale by presenting the disconsolate chieftain, at sun-rise, sitting on one of the steps of the portico of his ruined castle.]<sup>15</sup>

[K5] "The night was drawing her veil of darkness from the face of the blithsome landscape of Borre's, [sic] the sun-beams were heralding in light robed day, and the gay larks of Kellystown, were welcoming, in melodious strains, the vivifying stranger, as the hapless and heart broken chieftain of Leinster was ruminating on the disastrous [sic] fate of his dear and faithful spouse. The soul of the hero was sad—anguish enveloped his mind in the sable clouds of woe. The stillness of the morning, the grey mists had [that?] hovered over the adjoining brook, and the half-lighted obscurity of the surrounding landscape, seemed to sympathize with the sorrowing hero. The sweet

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<sup>14</sup> 'Rodger' seems to be a mistake (prompted by the nearby 'Roger Mortimer'), as Birmingham is called 'Walter' at [K10].

<sup>15</sup> This interpolation by the editor intimates an author whose tale now commences, as indicated by the (not very consistent) use of inverted commas at [K5]. In fact, it serves to mark the point where 'Raymond' begins to invade the narrative of Kavanagh.

strains of the lark,<sup>16</sup> which, at intervals, floated, with dulcet cadence, on the wings of the breeze—the hushed dawnly silence, which prevailed, and seemed to waft the soul to the land of happy spirits, of which we thought his charming Grace now a resident, together with his own mourning thoughts, inspired the heart of the Milesian warrior with a degree of enthusiasm of affliction<sup>17</sup> to which it was before a stranger.

[K6] “Unfortunate prince! he exclaimed, can martial fame—or the greeting voice of triumph soothe the agonies of the heart that has been despoiled of its treasure? What is my heart now but an empty shrine, from whence cruel fortune carried away the divinity to whom its fondest affections offered the incense of love? Is there in existence a more wretched and miserable being than Mac Art, Mac Murrough Kavanagh? Of what consequence is now the remembrance of my victories over the Saxon chieftains of Edward and Richard? Where is she that could give such charm to my triumph—so blandly welcome home her conquering,<sup>18</sup> and with angelic affability distribute prizes of merit to the bravest of my gallant knights, at the tournaments[?]”

[K7] He remained for some moments buried in thought, while busy memory recalled all the blisses of his connubial life. Imagination, in these moments of solitary musings, pictured his adored wife, in all her fascinations [sic]--represented her, seated by his side in his sylvan garden bower, sweeping the harp with her snowy hands, and melting his soul by the soft harmony of Irish music;--but when the enchanting vision was dissolved, by cruel reality, he exclaimed, with a voice half stifled by the passion storming agitation<sup>19</sup> of his soul--“And are those delectably happy days, which I have passed with the goddess of my soul, never to be recalled? Is she lost to me forever? Are my feelings to feast no more at the banquet of conjugal love--is my heart never again to bask in the rays of wedded affection? The thought is torment! But oh! if brutal violence tore my beloved from the vestal sanctuary of virtue! Avaunt my fears! the supposition places my very soul on the rack of despair. To suppose that Grace

<sup>16</sup> The text of 'Raymond' begins to make itself felt at this point.

<sup>17</sup> This might be considered a less than felicitous rewording of Raymond's 'enthusiasm' at [R1] so as to accommodate it to the new situation: the hope that elated Raymond must be transformed into dejection since Kavanagh thinks his wife dead. But 'enthusiasm of affliction' is collocative; cf. 'He could say no more. [...] he only could kiss the General's hand, which he did with such an enthusiasm of affliction as might well assure the dying father of the love and obedience of the son' (*Caroline of Lichtfield. A Novel*, in 2 vols., by Isabelle de Montolieu, 1786, transl. Thomas Holcroft (New York: Evert Duyckinck & Co. 1798), p. 80,

<https://quod.lib.umich.edu/cgi/t/text/text->

[idx?c=evans;cc=evans;rgn=div1;view=text;idno=N25687.0001.001;node=N25687.0001.001:2](https://quod.lib.umich.edu/cgi/t/text/text-idx?c=evans;cc=evans;rgn=div1;view=text;idno=N25687.0001.001;node=N25687.0001.001:2)); the

French original only has *ardeur*, 'ardor'; see *Caroline de Lichtfield, ou Mémoires d'une famille prussienne, par Madame la Baronne Isabelle de Montolieu* (Paris 1843),

[https://books.google.es/books?id=EpsGAAAAQAAJ&printsec=frontcover&source=gbs\\_ge\\_summary\\_r&ad=0#v=onepage&q=ardeur&f=false](https://books.google.es/books?id=EpsGAAAAQAAJ&printsec=frontcover&source=gbs_ge_summary_r&ad=0#v=onepage&q=ardeur&f=false), p. 126.

<sup>18</sup> A noun is missing here: 'hero', 'husband', etc.

<sup>19</sup> A careless collation of several 'versions' of the phrase has seemingly produced this incongruous NP.

Kavanagh, in whose blood is mingled the virtue, nobleness and heroism of the former kings and queens of sea-environed Erin, would yield, while possessing a spark of life, to the base passion of a Saxon slave, is a suspicion, which even delusive jealousy could not for a moment harbour. Pure heavenly spirit! forgive me, suffering my fears for an instant, to doubt the seraph like purity of thy chastity. But let me away to one of the castles of the Saxons, in Wexford—assist me heaven to find Birmingham, and this honest sword, which was wielded in many a bloody field by my ancestor Dermod, who with all his faults was a hero, will appease the invoking manes of my hearts counterpart! By this hand young Birmingham must be sacrificed to the shade of saintly purity.”

[K8] Thus spoke the magnanimous prince, after which he seemed to have gained an ascendancy over despair, and rising up, he sorrowfully surveyed the ruins of his castle, and the marks of the devastation of the Saxons. “Fallen dwelling of heroes!” said he, how similar is your fate to that of your miserable master! But yesterday your marble pinnacles towered in stately majesty of architecture—to day your glories are in the dust; so with me, I am no longer cheered by the song of triumph, or elated to martial madness by the neighing of my spirited war-horse. Fate, but not the feebleness of my arm has humbled the O’Kavanagh!” His war-horse seemed to comprehend his state of anguish, and the sympathetic animal looked pathetically on its intrepid master. Kavanagh rousing from his torper [sic] hastily bestrode his swift footed steed, and rode towards the camp of Birmingham, in Wexford.—It was late at night, when he had reached the quarters of the enemy, on the pastoral banks of the Slaney; and being fatigued after a long ride, and what was worse the weariness of his mind, he laid himself down to sleep, under the friendly shade of a spreading oak, while his sagacious horse feasted himself amidst the luxuriant grassy glade contiguous to it.

[K9] His heart was too much afflicted to allow him a long repose. He was awoke by a loud peal of thunder, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, which burst over his head, and seemed to rend the firmament.<sup>20</sup> When the tremendous roar of the elements had ceased, Arthur heard a distant and faint shriek. He started up, and laying his hand on his sword rushed in to an adjoining wood, in the direction from whence he imagined the sound proceeded. He had not gone far before the dismal cry was repeated in a more imploring and heart-rending voice, that seemed to be uttered by a hapless female on the verge of despair. By the glimmer of the lightning he beheld before him an antique castle, and thither he directed his steps, with the hope of succouring the person, whose distress must be terrible. He felt as if his own happiness were implicated with the present adventure. Kavanagh, undaunted by the rage of the

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<sup>20</sup> Was he then roused by affliction, or by the storm? The text intimates these are not to be clearly differentiated, the second makes the first visible. Metonymic thought prevails.

storm, hastened on to the portal of the old castle, whose wall he found tottering under the delapidation [sic] made by the Cromwellians<sup>21</sup> and the decay of time. As he was on the point of entering the vestibule of this gloomy fortress, another loud and frightful peal of thunder shook the heavy pile to its foundation; but the firmness and courage of the Prince of Leinster were not to be affected by the concussion of warring elements, he boldly entered the antique doorway, and proceeded along a dark passage, until he reached a mouldering stair case, which he was in the act of ascending, when he distinctly heard footsteps from above and almost instantly afterwards two successive shrieks uttered in the most plaintive and dismal tones. The cries, thrilling as they were, added fresh vigor to the courage and resolution of the prince, and quickening his pace, he soon reached a door at the landing place of the stairs, which he found fast, but by applying his strength to it, he soon forced it open, and its harsh creaking hinges gave a doleful jar, that resounded fearfully through the winding corridors of the building.

[K10] On entering the apartment, in which a faint lamp glimmered, the first object that presented itself, was an old suit of armour, lying on the floor which on examining, the Prince, with horror and astonishment, found to incase, in its rusty frame, the skeleton of a human being. He recoiled with disgust but not with fear, from the mail-clothed corse, and proceeded into an opposite chamber, the door of which being only ajar gave him easy admission. But oh! what a horrid spectacle met the eyes of the amazed Prince, when he beheld a man attired in English regimentals, brandishing, exultingly, a dagger, reeking with blood, over the body of a female, who had apparently fallen a victim to his perfidious barbarity. His savage triumph was but momentary, for the Prince, regarding him with a look of horror, on identifying him as Walter Birmingham, soon gave him that reward which he so richly deserved, and thus revenging the death of the murdered female, sent his crime-stained soul before the tribunal of omnipotence.

[K11] He now approached the bleeding corse of the unfortunate fair one, and when, on raising it up, and examining the distorted countenance, [sic] his horrified eyes recognised his murdered wife; his anguish and agony of mind reached a delirium of despair, to which no pencil or pen could give expression. \* \* \* \* \*

[K12] Except the brave Owen O'Neil, the famous victor of Benburb, who so gloriously signaled his valor against the parliamentary army, the English invaders were never opposed by a more intrepid, and skilful Irish leader than Arthur Kavanagh. After the

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<sup>21</sup> A glaring interpolation, bridging about 250 years of history (plus, the narrator seems to bemoan the ruin of the enemy's castle).

<sup>22</sup> The asterisks signal the end of the 'translated' piece. In fact, they mark the end of the 'Raymond' text.

murder of his wife, he defeated, successively, the Dukes of Lancaster and the Earl of Ormond, as well as the Lords Deputy Scroop and Desmond. So anxious was Henry V.<sup>23</sup> to win over the heroic chieftain to his interest, that he made him a grant of the greater parts of the counties of Kildare, Wexford, and Carlow, and bestowed upon him a pension of one hundred marks per annum. He died at his castle of Borris, in March, 1410.<sup>24</sup>

[K13] BORRIS CASTLE, the superb residence of the patriotic THOMAS KAVANAGH, Esq. is situated in the midst of an extensive and picturesque domain, at a distance of twelve miles S. W. from the town of Carlow. The castles, [sic] though a little modernized, since Henry IV. feasted in its halls, still possessed the bold august features of fuedal [sic] architect [sic] of the fifteenth century. The genius of modern taste, at the command of the present proprietor, seemed to have directed the decoration of the interior of Borris Castle. This noble and venerable stucture [sic] stood two seiges [sic] and yet was never captured. In 1642, it bade defiance to the assaults of the Parliamentary army, under Sir Charles Coot, and in 1798, it withstood the attack and formal siege of a large party of insurgents, who endeavored to enter it for the purpose of possessing themselves of the arms of Walter Kavanagh, Esq. the brother of the present spirited and hospitable proprietor.<sup>25</sup>

[K14] FEARTAGA, or the solitude of graves, is a small villiage [sic] situated in the barony of Gallmoy county of Kilkenny, at the distance of 54 Irish miles from Dublin. Its modern structure consists of the Protestant church and Roman Catholic chapel, but its ruins are august and interesting, for they serve to tell the "tale of other times." The abby [sic] was founded in the ninth century by the Fitzpatricks, Princes of Ossory. Beautiful relics of the sepulchre of these toparchs, so famous in Irish history, have survived the vandal rage of Elizabeth and Cromwell. The principal tomb of Kilkenny marble, is a sarcophagus, on which is finely sculptured in alto relief, the mailed figure of Patrick, prince of Ossory, who died A. D. 1525. The latin [sic] inscription is in elegant Gothic characters. This chieftain gained several victories over the Butlers of Ormond. A few years before his death, he despatched [sic] a herald to Henry VIII. to inform the King, that, unless he would cause Pier Butler, who he styled "an English churl of yesterday" to be punished, that he would invade the English pale.

[K15] The round tower here, which rises to the elevation of 116 feet, is a noble specimen of the peculiar architecture of Ireland. It is 48 feet in circumference; the walls of polished limestone, and nearly 4 feet thick, and the marble jambed door is ten feet from the ground.

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<sup>23</sup> If Kavanagh died in 1410 (see four lines later), this is a misprint for Henry IV (but see note 24).

<sup>24</sup> The *Annals of the Four Masters (Corpus of Electronic Texts, (CELT), <https://celt.ucc.ie//published/T100005D/>)* give Kavanagh's death at 1417. If so, Henry V. must have been meant four lines above.

<sup>25</sup> Paragraphs [K13] through [K15], which unlike the previous are purely descriptive, appear in a smaller font in the *Boston Masonic Mirror*.

## THE HISTORY BEHIND 'ARTHUR KAVANAGH'

The text of 'Raymond' is totally devoid of historical allusions. Beyond a nebulously medieval environment signalled by an ancient Gothic castle and the mention of sword, dagger and armour, nothing in the text permits contextualisation in space and time. Quite the opposite is the case with 'Arthur Kavanagh', which is studded with references to historical events and characters as well as with a certain amount of geographical detail.

According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Art Macmurogh or Macmurchad Cavanagh (1357–1417), styled prince of Leinster, was an Irish chieftain who ruled a territory covering parts of present-day counties of Carlow, Wexford, and Wicklow.<sup>26</sup> The *Annals of the Four Masters* for 1417 say this about him:

Art, the son of Art, son of Murtough, son of Maurice, Lord of Leinster, a man who had defended his own province against the English and Irish from his sixteenth to his sixtieth year; a man full of hospitality, knowledge, and chivalry; a man full of prosperity and royalty; the enricher of churches and monasteries, by his alms and offerings, died (after having been forty-two years in the lordship of Leinster) a week after Christmas.<sup>27</sup>

He was descended from Dermond M'Murrough, or Diarmaid or Dermot MacMurchada or Mac Murchadha (1110-1171), King of Leinster. In 1167 Dermond invited Richard de Clare, 'Strongbow', to help him regain his kingdom; mistrustful of Strongbow's growing power, Henry II invaded Ireland. Hence, Diarmaid came down in history as the 'traitor' who facilitated the Normans' partial conquest of Ireland. It is likely that this is alluded to in [K7] where Kavanagh mentions 'my ancestor Dermot, who with all his faults was a hero.'

In the late fourteenth century, partly as a result of Kavanagh's resistance, the Irish territory directly controlled by England, 'the English Pale', had contracted to the area around Dublin and parts of the counties of Meath and Kildare. In 1393 Richard II

<sup>26</sup> *Dictionary of National Biography*, [https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/MacMurrough,\\_Art\\_\(DNB00\)](https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/MacMurrough,_Art_(DNB00)).

<sup>27</sup> *Art mac Airt mic Muirceartaigh mic Muiris tighearna Laighen, fer do chosain a chuicceadh d'aimhdheoin Gall & Gaoidheal ó aois a sé m-bliadhan décc go cenn a thrí fichit bliadhan. Fer lán d'eineach, d'eolas, & d'eangnamh. Fer lán do rath, & do rioghacht, fer médaighthe ceall & mainistreach la a almsanaibh, & edhbartaibh do écc (iar na beith da bliadhain cethrachat i t-tighearnus Laighen) sechtmain iar nottlaicc at-bath. The Corpus of Electronic Texts (CELT), 1997-2019, <https://celt.ucc.ie/published/T100005D/>.*

undertook his first expedition to Ireland, hoping to subdue the Irish chieftains; this campaign ended when in 1395 he returned to England at the request of the Archbishop of York and other prelates dismayed at the growing Lollard heresy (this is possibly what the narrator refers to as 'the insurrection of the Lollards' at [K1]). He undertook a second expedition in October 1398, which he had to cut short in 1399 because of Bolingbroke's uprising.<sup>28</sup>

*Roger de Mortimer.* Fourth Earl of March and Sixth Earl of Ulster (1374-1398), was named heir presumptive to the crown of England by Richard II in 1385, and was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Richard II shortly before his return to England in 1395; he died in a skirmish at Kells or Kellistown in 1398;<sup>29</sup> or at Kenlis.<sup>30</sup>

*Birmingham, Burke.* Walter de Bermingham of Athenry is mentioned, together with one Thomas MacWilliam Burke, as among the 'Irish rebels' (i.e., English nobles who had, as the phrase goes, gone native and more or less taken up the Irish side) who submitted to Richard II in March 1395.<sup>31</sup>

*Lancaster, Butler, Ormond, Scroop, Desmond.* Beginning in 1399 with the accession of Henry Bolingbroke to the throne as Henry IV, a number of new appointments were made; these included Thomas Earl of Lancaster (made Lord Lieutenant in 1401),<sup>32</sup> James Butler, fourth Earl of Ormond (made Lord Justice in 1403), Sir Stephen Scroop (made Lord Deputy in 1404).<sup>33</sup> Thomas FitzGerald, 5<sup>th</sup> Earl of Desmond (1386-1420),

<sup>28</sup> Thomas Moore, *The History of Ireland*, Vol. III, Paris 1840, pp. 141-2,  
<https://books.google.es/books?id=EtpOAAAAcAAJ&pg=PA147&lpg=PA147&dq=Lord+deputy+Scroop&source=bl&ots=yIXL9JK5yk&sig=ACfU3U3T1Q-smO2pwCt08XEyegkgmuH2EA&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKewiah7yGiZviAhUNJBoKHb12CJ4Q6AEwB3oECAQQAQ#v=onepage&q=Lord%20deputy%20Scroop&f=false>.

<sup>29</sup> *Dictionary of National Biography*,  
[https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Mortimer,\\_Roger\\_de\\_\(1374-1398\)\\_\\_\(DNB00\)](https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Mortimer,_Roger_de_(1374-1398)__(DNB00)); see also Emmett O'Byrne, 'Mac Murrough, Art', in *Medieval Ireland: An Encyclopedia*, ed. Seán Duffy (London: Routledge 2005), pp. 304-5.

<sup>30</sup> Moore, p. 134.

<sup>31</sup> *Annals of the Four Masters* for 1394 (CELT, <https://celt.ucc.ie//published/T100005D/>). See also Edmund Curtis 1938, *A History of Medieval Ireland: From 1086 to 1513* (Oxford: Routledge 2012), p. 272; and Moore, p. 133.

<sup>32</sup> John Almon Edward Kimber, 1768. *The Peerage of Ireland, A Genealogical and Historical Account of All the Peers of that Kingdom*. Vol. II. London, p. 239,  
<https://books.google.es/books?id=JW8UAAAAYAAJ&pg=PA239&lpg=PA239&dq=Lord+deputy+Scroop&source=bl&ots=B45BkCrYsm&sig=ACfU3U10HTiIHkHNBpzuyoSYEN-g83z-xw&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKewiah7yGiZviAhUNJBoKHb12CJ4Q6AEwAXoECAgQAQ#v=onepage&q=Lord%20deputy%20Scroop&f=false>

<sup>33</sup> James Anderson, 1732. *Royal Genealogies, or The Genealogical Tables of Emperors, Kings and Princes, from Adam to these Times. In two parts*. London, p. 788,  
[https://books.google.es/books?id=yrqeY839bMwC&pg=PA788&lpg=PA788&dq=Lord+deputy+Scroop&source=bl&ots=KxFvE4iks&sig=ACfU3U2W6EP-pFDbmXlaEk2-iKomlz\\_9Tw&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKewiah7yGiZviAhUNJBoKHb12CJ4Q6AEwAHOECAYQAQ#v=onepage&q=Lord%20deputy%20Scroop&f=false](https://books.google.es/books?id=yrqeY839bMwC&pg=PA788&lpg=PA788&dq=Lord+deputy+Scroop&source=bl&ots=KxFvE4iks&sig=ACfU3U2W6EP-pFDbmXlaEk2-iKomlz_9Tw&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKewiah7yGiZviAhUNJBoKHb12CJ4Q6AEwAHOECAYQAQ#v=onepage&q=Lord%20deputy%20Scroop&f=false).

does not appear to have held office as Lord Deputy. Sources do not mention any military defeats of these individuals by Kavanagh.

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