

Diary

Date; Ye 6th day of August AD 1712

I was early morn when my hand-servant awoke me from my slumber. I ordered him to lay out my best riding gear - the finest leathers from our colonies in Africa, the best cloths from our territories in Asia and my riding hat which I bought in Caberg while on my Grand Tour of Europe. Upon donning my best and finest riding attire for the day, I chose the best mount in my stables - the grey mare named "Fireblade" as I adjudged her to be the best and fastest mount for the arduous journey which lay afore me. Lord Rochford of Mullingar had invited myself and the other good and loyal members of the ancient association of the GRRG to a picnic at his hunting lodge deep in the woods near the small village of Mullingar. I was to be a long, dangerous journey through harse bog and unholy savage enclaves.

Hence the need for sturdy mounts and good valiant comrades, well-tried with sword and musket. Indeed,



Lord Dermot, Duke of the Barony of Louth, was a welcome companion as he has vast knowledge of the art of warfare having received the highest accolades for his service in several campaigns for HRH. He would be leaving his good lady wife, Lady Claire D'Ellis, at Fort Dundalk as he thought it too dangerous and cumbersome a journey for a Lady so gentle and demure.

Also in our company was the Baron Mark of Holland. I am of the firm opinion that he suffers greatly from bowel discomfort but he is such a knave and has a mouth as sharp as a sword that no one dared to mention his flatulence upon the day.

Lord D'Erik of Killiney just had his favourite mount re-shod and although much older than the other mounts, she was indeed in fine fettle and a match for any man willing to put a wager a few guineas on a dash. My brother, HRH The Duke of Castleknock had only recently acquired his title and land as a reward from the King for designing and building much needed roads around Dublinia. (But never the thought entered his head of placing road signs along the routes!!). He decided to join us as his trusty mount "Black Beauty" had not been for a good gallop in quite some time. She is such a fine mount that I have no doubt that some learned scribe will someday write a novel about her, though it will be difficult to think of a worthy title for such a novel.



Viceroy Andrew II of Lucan had also been invited and he brought the Princess Andrea of Slovakia who rode sidesaddle. The Princess has been staying at the Viceroy's mansion and I am also of the strong belief that he intends to court her. Her father, King Citric, has vast rich lands in Slovakia and I believe the Viceroy has designs on both the Princess and, hence, a great portion of the land which would be bequeathed to her as part of her dowry. Indeed, my beliefs were borne out as, during the journey, the Viceroy strayed from the agreed path claiming he had missed one of the crossroads! They eventually arrived at Belvedere House long after the main party and the Princess was sporting one of our CRG medallions!!!

But I digress! The journey began with the seven brave companions all meeting at the townland of Clonee - the last safe outpost from Dublinia before we ventured into the forests and boglands afield. Early on in our journey, a piece of harness on Lord Dermot's mount broke. But as a measure of the man and a clear display of his diligent military training, he quickly dismounted, took a replacement part from his saddlebags and had it repaired in a matter of minutes!! What a soldier!

We decided to avoid the main road as it is well known among the gentry that there are highwaymen who rob you and take your money and possessions for using these roads. Along the way, I noticed that my tenants seemed to be more comfortable than I had imagined with several windows in their hovels and some with new carriages and carts. I must make a note to myself to increase their taxes and tithes immediately.

Note to self: Place a new tax on every window of each hovel

Baron Mark's mount seemed to be rather lame on the outset as he fell some distance behind the main group. As we were in notorious surroundings, we waited for him to catch up. Indeed, Lord Dermot demanded that we stay closely by one another for fear of attack by rebellious natives. We were but only nigh on eight hours into our journey when we arrived safely at the garrison town of Mullingar where we



lunched in the Greville Arms. The serving wenches made the usual fuss over the Duke of Castleknock, bringing him tankard after tankard of wine and offering to show him the boarding rooms upstairs. But we were hard pushed for time and alas he had to disappoint the wenches but vowed to return another day. (I am oft bewildered by what attraction they find in him!!)..

Meanwhile, Baron Mark had a portrait made of himself standing beside his favourite minstrel in the main street of Mullingar. He hopes to mount the picture in the main hall of his summer residence in the Borough of Finglas.



After leaving Mullingar, Viceroy Andrew 11 and the Princess strayed, while the rest of us arrived shortly at Belvedere House. But there was no sign of Lord Rochford. Lord Dermot amused himself with the new canon Lord Rochford had purchased for the defence of his lands from the plebs. Then we lodged at the house for a brief instance before making our way to the newly built Gazebo. A slight bit



hideous if I am honest but affording fine views over the lake and woodland. Still no sign of Lord Rochford!. Then we realized that we had gotten the date incorrect - we were a day early in visiting due to the new-fangled steam powered mechanical time keepers which Viceroy Andy 11 had insisted upon us all to purchase from him (he is such a cad for new inventions!). But the devices had forgotten to include the leap

year!!! We decided to stay awhile to rest ourselves and our mounts and had the servants fetch the mahogany table to the Gazebo where we had brunch and great comraderie. Lord Dermot told us many a humourous story of his triumphs in the field. After some further refreshments, we headed off on the long return journey to our castles and mansions.

I must finish up now as I am almost out of velum and the candle burns low. Also, I will need a good nights sleep as Earl Doyle has invited me for a card game and orgy at his Hells Fire Club. He has a Spanish "Lady in Waiting" staying with him at present and wants me to meet with her too.

My final thoughts of such a great day, today, are... will the CRQG still be in existence henceforth in another 300 years? And will Viceroy Andy 11 's invention of a mechanically propelled horse ever come to anything?..... I think YES and NO!!

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