

WESTPORT.

THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF SLIGO.

WE have taken all due pains to ascertain such particulars relating to this seat as might be interesting to our readers; but we regret to say that we have been unable to find any account of it whatever.

Westport is, however, as its name implies, a port in the west of Ireland, and is situated in the county of Mayo. Of the seat itself, probably nothing could be said at this period. If it be ancient, the ancestors of the present Marquis have not deemed it expedient to perpetuate its claims; and if modern, it can, of course, offer no temptation to the antiquary. Even the elaborate and minute Wakefield, in his *History of Ireland*, passes it over in silence.

Altogether baffled, as we have been, in our endeavours to trace the history of this seat, one reflection has suggested itself to our mind, which it may not be out of place here to set down, and which certainly is not ill-timed; unless, indeed, the circumstance of its being offered at so late a period go far to make it appear so.

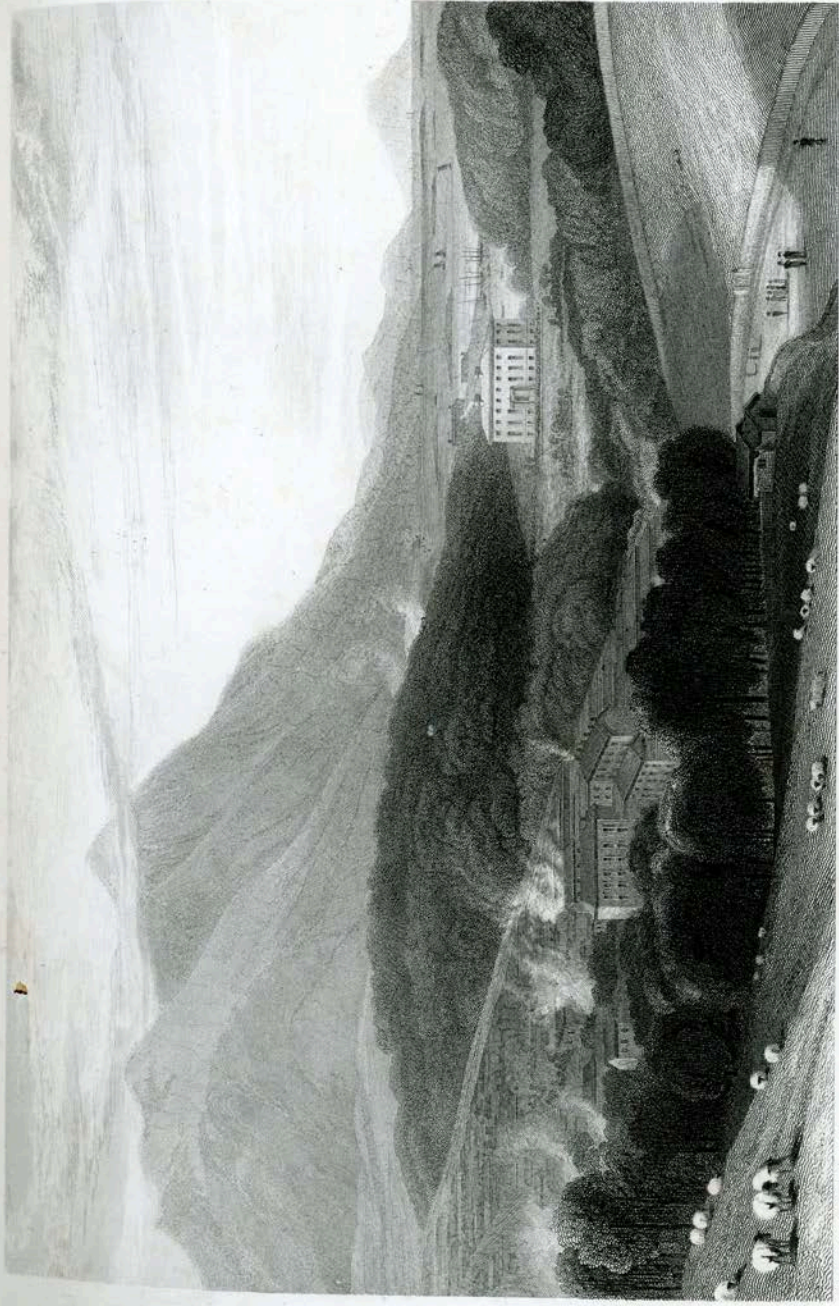
There can be no question that the annals of many of our noble families have heretofore furnished valuable elucidations of the history of this country, and it is equally certain that the aristocracy of former ages

deemed it of no small importance to transmit, along with their annals, even the minutest alterations and improvements in their hereditary castles and seats. We have, indeed, if we choose to look for it, abundant information respecting the territory and demesnes of our ancient nobility; and we cannot help feeling, when we peruse the history of a noble family, that it would have lost much of its attraction, had we not been made acquainted with the favoured spot from which an illustrious line proceeded, where the actions which have done honour to their country were engendered, and to which, as to the home of their ancestors, they in the evening of their lives returned.

We regret, however, to observe that several of our nobility, of a more modern patent, have shown themselves utterly indifferent to the preservation of any record of their mansions. Who can dissociate a Percy from the castle of Alnwick, or muse with the "gentle Sydney," and not mentally recur to Penshurst? Shakspeare, indeed, speaks of

A local habitation and a name,

and we have been accustomed heretofore to expect both. Nevertheless, where the one is not illustrious, it can hardly be expected that the other should be memorable; and in some of our modern instances the "airy nothings" of our nobility must be content to remain without either.



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