

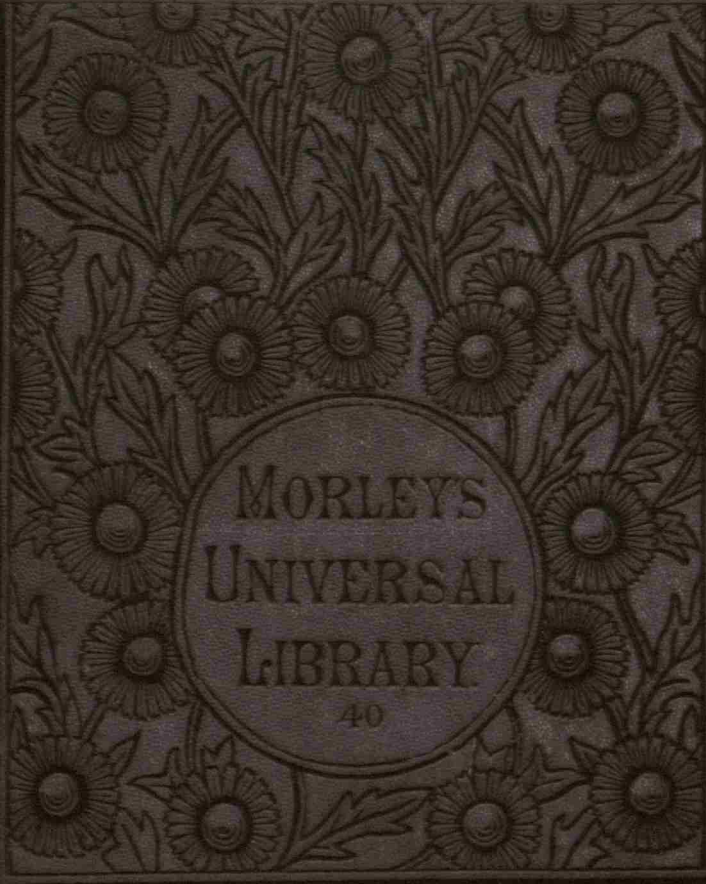


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POPULAR SONGS
OF
IRELAND



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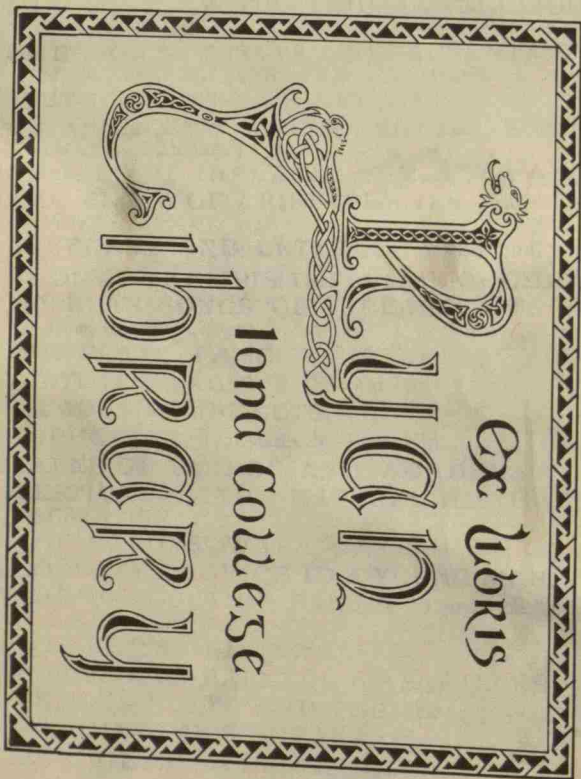


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Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

POPULAR SONGS

OF

IRELAND

COLLECTED BY

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HENRY MORLEY

LL.D., PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

LONDON
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BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
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1886

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"Marvels of clear type and general neatness."—*Daily Telegraph.*

INTRODUCTION.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, the editor of this pleasant collection of songs popular in Ireland in his time, was born at Cork, on the 15th of January, 1798. His father, Major Croker, counted among his friends John Wilson Croker (of Galway, and not a relative), who, for more than twenty years, after the year 1809, was Secretary to the Admiralty. Thomas Crofton was the Major's only son. He was placed in a merchant's counting-house when he was fifteen years old, but was more deft at figure drawing with his pencil than at figures ranged between the red lines of a ledger. He sent sketches as a painter to the local exhibitions, and sketches as a writer to the local newspapers. He began early the collection of legends. John Wilson Croker's Secretaryship of the Admiralty, however, solved the material problem of life for his young friend. At the age

of twenty-one Thomas Crofton Croker was made a junior clerk at the Admiralty, and he thenceforth proceeded to work his way up to the position of a first clerk with £800 a year.

The problem of ways and means being thus solved, Thomas Crofton Croker used his leisure chiefly in genial study of the life of his own people. He began in 1824, at the age of twenty-six, with "Researches in the South of Ireland," a book that blended the results of special study with humour and feeling. In the following year he published, anonymously, his "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," which were followed by a second series. In 1827 he was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy. In 1828, still keeping to Irish ground, he published "Legends of the Lakes," and a tale of an Irish drawer of the long-bow, "Daniel O'Rourke." In 1832, followed "Barney Mahoney," and "My Village." In 1838, he edited "Memoirs of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels;" and in 1839 he published this volume of "Popular Songs of Ireland."

About this time, Thomas Crofton Croker was among the founders of two of the best

societies established for the maintenance of a right knowledge of past history and literature, the Camden Society, established in 1838, and the Percy Society in 1840. For the Camden Society he edited, in 1841, "Narratives Illustrative of the Contests in Ireland in 1641 and 1690." For the Percy Society he edited, with an introduction and notes, in the same year 1841, "The Revolution in Ireland of 1688. Illustrated by the Popular Ballads of the Period," and also for the same Society, in 1844, "The Keen of the South of Ireland, as illustrative of Irish Political and Domestic History, Manners, Music and Superstitions." He contributed also to the Percy Society in 1845, 1846, and 1847 four volumes of "Popular Songs Illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland."

Thomas Crofton Croker was also a member of the Hakluyt Society, founded in 1846, for the publication and diffusing of Rare and Valuable Voyages, Travels, and Geographical Records. He was, of course, also a member of the Antiquarian and Archæological Societies.

In 1850, at the age of fifty-two, he retired from the Admiralty on a pension of £580 a year, and

he died in his house at Old Brompton on the 8th of August, 1854.

Crofton Croker was no Dryasdust. He could be kindly and playful as a gatherer of small things characteristic of his people in his time, and he produced light popular literature with solid knowledge upon which to build it all. He combined, indeed, to an unusual extent, the natures of the artist and the antiquary. His books are not among the greater monuments of literature ; but they are genuine books. He wrote of what he cared about, he had a quick insight in reading, and a quick eye for living character. He gives us, through a book like this, some share of his own insight into the life of Ireland as he saw it when our century was young, with cheerful features that all hope to see restored before our century is dead.

H. M.

July 1886.

THE
POPULAR SONGS OF IRELAND.



ST. PATRICK.

OF a personage so celebrated as the National Saint of Ireland, it is here only necessary to state that the anniversary of his death,* namely, the 17th of March, has been long carefully observed by all good and pious Irishmen ; not, indeed, with painful abstinence or melancholy seclusion, but with glorious feasting and uproarious jollification.

Harris recommends, in consequence, the publication of a Life of St. Patrick, as “ the means of rectifying our deluded countrymen, who spend the festival of this most abstemious and mortified man in riot and excess, as if they looked upon him only in the light of a jolly companion.”

* *Quere*, that of his birth ! It is very difficult, in the lives of the saints, to ascertain one from the other ; as the same word is commonly used by their biographers to express both events. “ A nativity, or natal day ”—that is, the day on which a saint is released from mortality here, and born to eternal life.

Justly has this anniversary been characterized in the "Irish Hudibras," as rich

"With rhymes, cronaans,* and many a gay trick,
In adoration of St. Patrick."

When the people of Ireland, in their venerated Saint's

"name, make holiday,
When all the Monaghans† shall play;
Ordain a statute to be drunk,
And burn tobacco free as spunk.‡
And (what shall never be forgot),
In usquebah, St. Patrick's pot;
To last for ever in the nation,
On pain of excommunication."

It is a day on which all true-born sons of Erin feel peculiarly happy, and are inclined to view every occurrence in a favourable and mellow light. This was remarked more than two centuries ago, as a reference to "Strafford's State Letters," vol. ii. p. 57, will prove; where Mr. Garrard informs the Lord Deputy of Ireland, that, "on Friday morning, the 17th of this month (March 1636), St. Patrick's Day, was the queen brought to bed of a daughter: which," he adds, "*will please the Irish well.*"

The day, in fact, is nationally regarded as auspicious. Major Mitchell, whose recent work on

* Songs.

† Clowns; inhabitants of the county of Monaghan.

‡ Tinder.

Australia is an important addition to our knowledge of that interesting country, thus notes the starting of his expedition for the Darling and Murray rivers precisely two hundred years afterwards (1836):—

“Dr. Johnson’s Obidah was not more free from care on the morning of his journey, than I then was on this the first morning of mine, which was also St. Patrick’s Day; and, in riding through the bush, I had again leisure to recall past scenes and times connected with this anniversary. I remembered that, exactly on that morning, twenty-four years before, I had marched down the glacis of Elvas, to the tune of ‘St. Patrick’s Day in the Morning,’ as the sun rose over the beleaguered towers of Badajoz. Now, without any of the pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war, I was proceeding on a service not very likely to be peaceful,” &c.

Merry-making in honour of St. Patrick is by no means confined to Ireland. Wherever Irishmen have penetrated—and where is the quarter of the globe in which they are not to be found? or where is the nation in which they are not distinguished?—the fame of St. Patrick cannot be unknown. For instance, it is recorded in the “Annual Register,” that

“On the 17th of March, 1766, his Excellency, Count Mahoney, ambassador from Spain to the Court of Vienna, gave a grand entertainment in honour of St. Patrick, to which were invited all persons of condition who were of Irish descent; being himself a descendant of

an illustrious family of that kingdom. Among many others present were Count Lacy, President of the Council of War, the Generals O'Donnell, M'Guire, O'Kelly, Browne, Plunket, and M'Eligot, four chiefs of the Grand Cross, two governors, several knights military, six staff officers, four privy councillors, with the principal officers of State, who, to show their respect to the Irish nation, wore *crosses* in honour of the day, as did the whole Court."

The melancholy feelings of a patriot unable to celebrate St. Patrick's Day with becoming propriety, may be estimated by the following extract, full of sober sadness, from the Journal of Theobald Wolfe Tone, under date the 16th of March, 1796, when in Paris negotiating for the invasion of Ireland:—

"I live," he writes, "very soberly at present, having retrenched my quantity of wine one-half; I fear, however, that if I had the pleasure of P. P.'s company to-morrow, *being St. Patrick's Day*, we would indeed 'take a sprig of water-cresses with our bread.' Yes! we should make a pretty sober meal of it. O Lord! O Lord!

"17. St. Patrick's Day. Dined *alone* in the Champs Elysées. *Sad! sad!*"

Holt, the Irish rebel general, thus records, in his "Autobiography," the commemoration of St. Patrick's Day at Liverpool in 1814, after his return from New South Wales:—

"The 17th of March, the Irishmen all assembled and walked in procession, dressed with ornaments that are

due to the memory of St. Patrick, a band playing 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,' going before them. I brought my son with me to show him his countrymen. I drank at Peter Ryan's, near the Packet House, and *I got a cold*; which so much affected me that I was confined to my bed on the 18th of March," &c.

To multiply quotations, however, is trifling work, especially upon a point that admits of much less discussion than the absolute existence of the Saint in memory of whom the orgies in question continue to be zealously performed. But a few words may be permitted on the subject of the crosses worn in honour of St. Patrick, and respecting what Holt calls the "ornaments that are due to his memory." Lawrence White, a "lover of the Muses and mathe-maticks," as he styles himself on the title-page of a volume of poems, which he published nearly a hundred years ago (1742) in Dublin, describing the progress of a love affair, says—

"He gained the affections of the maid,
Who did with curious work emboss
For him a fine St. Patrick's cross."

It appears from this that these crosses were made of silk and embroidery; but, as in modern times, tapestry became superseded by paper, so the embroidered St. Patrick's cross was imitated in coloured papers.

The popular demand for decorations of this saintly order being very general in Ireland, and

especially an object of ambition among juvenile patriots, the state of whose finances did not warrant the outlay of one penny, an inferior kind of decoration, or cross, was devised by rustic ingenuity to gratify the humbler votaries of St. Patrick. This badge was formed by arcs intersecting each other within a circle, by which something like the figure of two shamrock leaves united at the stalks was produced ; but any resemblance that fancy might have traced in the outline, was destroyed by the colourist, who, according to his own taste, introduced red, yellow and green into the various sections : the red colouring matter being generally procured from a puncture made in the artist's finger for the purpose ; the yellow from the yolk of an egg ; and the green from the vegetable sap of a plant commonly called pennywort. The instrument with which the outline was traced was no less primitive than the colours. This substitute for the mathematician's compass was called a *goulloge*, *gabalog*—*i.e.*, fork. It was an angular branch of a tree or shrub, in one end of which was fixed a pin and on the other a pen.

The circular manufacture of national decorations has, however, within the last five or six years, completely disappeared before the work of that mighty engine the press, by means of which various representations of St. Patrick and of fanciful crosses are now produced.

It should be observed that the cross of St. Patrick was worn pinned on the left arm, or attached to the cap or hat, a practice now confined to children ; while men, those "children of a larger growth," substitute for the badge anciently used on the anniversary of Ireland's Saint, a bunch of shamrock or trefoil, by the size of which an estimate may be formed of the amount of the patriotic zeal of the wearer. The shamrock, however, appears to have been formerly considered only as an apology for any less splendid decoration.

"Nay, not as much has Bryan oge,
To put in 's head as one shamroge."

Irish Hudibras, 1689.

And, as "ornaments in honour of St. Patrick," bunches of shamrock, covered with tinsel, regularly make their appearance as marketable articles in Covent Garden on the 16th and 17th of March.

In 1783, the Order of the Knights of St. Patrick was instituted by King George III., "of which his Majesty, his heirs and successors, were ordained perpetual sovereigns, and to which several of the most eminent characters under the united monarchy of Great Britain and Ireland have been elected knights' companions."

ST. PATRICK'S ARRIVAL.

(Explanatory of the Origin of the word "Punch.")

Dr. Johnson, who explains the word punch accurately enough as "a liquor made by mixing spirit with water, sugar, and the juice of lemons," is nevertheless at a loss for the derivation of the name, and he therefore slurs the matter over by calling it "a cant word." Little, indeed, did the learned doctor dream of the light which minute researches into Irish antiquities are likely to throw upon philology. Witness the wonderful discoveries of Sir William Betham, and the ingenious theory so satisfactorily developed in the concluding verse of the following song.

Deeply, however, is it to be lamented for the cause of truth, that this clever and convincing lyric should commence with an erroneous statement respecting the arrival in the Green Island of the inventor of a chemical mixture of universal celebrity—the P. P. of all Ireland; that is, the Patron of Punch, as St. Patrick may justly be styled.

Mr. Moore has decided ("Hist. of Ireland," i. 214), that St. Patrick landed, not in Bantry, but in Dublin Bay. However, what possibly has created some confusion about this matter, may be the saint's embarkation; which, according to the same authority, took place from "the south-western coast of Ireland," from whence St. Patrick, after a voyage of three days, was landed on the coast of Gaul. The association also in Irish history between Bantry Bay and France, as a point of debarkation, may be another reason for the lyricist falling into this slight mistake; but which as little invalidates the general

accuracy of the account of St. Patrick's conduct, subsequent to his arrival, as the description given of his attitude or his mode of transport. In fact, these little traditionary embellishments of the narrative are, perhaps, judiciously preserved; the first, as exhibiting a characteristic specimen of that amusing national peculiarity called a bull; the second, as presenting a magnificent allegory, to depreciate the grandeur of which has been most unfairly attempted in the phrase of "mighty like a whale."

Sir Charles Coote, in his "Statistical Survey of Cavan," thus explains the meaning of the term *spalpeen*, which is applied to the astonished natives:—

"In the Irish language, *spal* is the scythe or the sickle. The native husbandman was thence named the *spalp*, which signified the harvest-cutter; and this man was considered to have acquired the whole art of husbandry, and held a sort of distinction over the other labourers. When the press of harvest season arrived, and from the uncertainty of the weather they found it necessary to call in assistants, or other *spalps*, they suffered the younger or less experienced farmer to handle the sickle, at whose first introduction a particular and pious ceremony was performed, and before its celebration he dared not to presume to handle the sickle; and he was termed the *spalpeen*, or the young and inexperienced harvest-cutter. *Een*, in the Irish language, at the final of a word, always signifies small, or rather contemptible; and, to this day, the *spalpeen* has that signification, even with those who do not understand the language. The working husbandmen of Ireland are universally distinguished as the cottier, or the *spalpeen*: the wages and privileges of the former fully double those of the latter; and it is well known that herds of men, called *spalpeens*, regularly come every harvest from the counties of Cork and Kerry, and

part of Connaught, into the corn counties of Leinster, to reap the harvest, and the farmers entirely depend on them."

It must be admitted, that the mention in this and the following songs of wigs, potatoes, steamboats, and other matters which are generally supposed to be modern introductions, may startle the reader in illustrations of the history of St. Patrick and his times; but the words of a wise man of yore should be remembered, who said that "there is nothing new under the sun."

This song is given from a manuscript copy. The editor has been told that the author is a gentleman named Wood, an officer of the army; and that, some years since, the song was printed in the *Cork Southern Reporter* newspaper with the signature "Lanner de Waltram."

Tune—"Patrick's Day in the Morning."

St. Patrick, they say,
 Came up sweet Bantry Bay,
 Riding cross-legged astride on the back of a whale,
 Which gave him a bob,
 Into Ballydehob,
 Saying, "Phadrig, you're welcome to green Innisfail." *
 The spalpeens were scared,
 As their saucer-eyes stared
 At the Saint, with his mitre, and crosier, and book;
 Says one great bosthoon, †
 "It's the man in the moon!

* One of the many names for Ireland. It has been explained as the island of fate or destiny, from the *Lis-fail* or stone now under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. But why not as the *generous* island? *Vide* the adjective *Ffail* in O'Reilly's "Irish Dictionary," and the above passage.

† A shirtless fellow.

And I'll speak to the creature,
 Just out of good-nature,
 And scrape an acquaintance by hook or by crook.
 I hope he can't eat us
 All up like potatoes :"—
 It was Patrick's day in the morning !

"Your wig, white as flax,
 Makes me bold for to ax
 It's who are you, what are you, and from whence you came?"
 Then the other replied,
 "I came in the last tide ;
 I'm a saint come to serve you, and Patrick's my name.
 With the crook in my hand
 I'll roam over this land,
 And I'll draw *yees* together like mountainy sheep ;
 I'll card off the sins
 That stick close in your skins :
 You'll see what the fun is,
 While I beat the *Dunnis*,*
 A beast with long horns, and black as a sweep.
 Go, lie down in clover, †
 Till the scrimmage is over,
 For it's Patrick's day in the morning !

With a thundering polthogue, ‡
 And the toe of his brogue,

* Here evidently put for the devil. *Donas* and *Donus* is translated by O'Brien as "distress, misery, misfortune, calamity." "Playing the dunnis in the country," is an Anglo-Irish phrase, equivalent to "playing the devil."

† That is, among the shamrocks. See subsequent notice of this plant.

‡ Thump.

Soon the Saint kicked the Dunnis beyond the Black Sea.

Then he spoke to the nation—

“ My sweet congregation,

You’ve spirits remaining that’s stronger than he ;

Sure ye knows what I means—

They bewilder your brains— [green.

They’re as clear as the streamlet that flows through the

But stronger than Samson,

Who pulled post and lamps on

His enemies’ head,

’Till he kilt them stone-dead ;

And the name of the spirit I mean is poteen,*

I exhort ye, don’t stick, sirs,

To those devil’s elixirs,

Of a Patrick’s day in the morning !”

The Saint fell asleep,

And the Firbolgs† all creep

For some cruiskeens of water‡ unholly, but tastely.

With this essence of sins

Soon they filled up their skins :

When the Saint he awoke, they were beastly.§

* Illicit whisky, called poteen, from being manufactured in small quantities, and, consequently, in a little pot. *Ecn*, the Irish diminutive, has something endearing in it, like the Italian *ino*.

† The third colony, according to Keating, that came into Ireland before the Milesians. “ *Fir bolg*,” says O’Brien, “ means *virii Belgicæ*, or *Bolgi*, which seems to be a proof that the Belgians had originally their national name from *Bolg* [a bag, or: budget, supposed to be a quiver of arrows]; and the Irish historians remark that they were called *Fir bolg*, from being noted to carry leather bags about them.” The Firbolgs no doubt invented the bagpipe.

‡ *Cruiskin*, a “ small pot, or pitcher.”—O’BRIEN. *Uisg*, or *Uisge*, in English pronounced “ whisky,” means in Irish, “ water.”

§ Swift philosophically observes, that “ no brute can endure the

As fuddled they lay,
 Says the Saint, "there's a way
 To wean them : I'll mawkish stuff put in each bottle ;
 And when they awake,
 If a swig they should take,
 Oh, dear ! 'twill disgust them.
 I think I may trust them,
 They'll vow that no more shall pass down through their
 trottle.
 Something sweet I'll here pour,*
 And here something sour,
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning !"

He went off—they awoke,
 Each "hot copper" did smoke
 Like the flue of a steamer—each pounced on his drink ;
 Their showing grimaces,
 Their making of faces,
 Beat Buck † all to nothing ; but, what do you think ?
 With features awry,
 In a hogshead hard by,
 Each emptied his bottle, though dying of thirst ;
 Till one, dry as a sponge,
 At the tub made a plunge,
 Where the sour, and the sweet,
 And the whisky did meet,
 And he swigged off this physic, till ready to burst.

taste of strong liquor, and, consequently, it is against all the rules of hieroglyph to assign those animals as patrons of punch." The editor has heard an Irishman declare, that he never would "make a beast of himself" by drinking water.

* Pronounced in Ireland, *power*.

† A celebrated miniature-painter in Cork, about whose rapidity of execution many curious stories are told.

By the side of this mixture
 Each man grew a fixture,
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning !

When St. Patrick came back,
 "Och!" says he, "ye vile pack
 Of the spawn of the Druids—ye villanous bunch!"
 But a noise, as from Babel,
 Here made him unable
 To hear his own voice, though he said, "Is the PUNCH"—
 EON, he'd have added,
 But the Firbolgs were maddened,
 Their bowls cut short question, remark or reply.
 "Ay, PUNCH," they roared out,
 With an earth-shaking shout,
 "Is the name of this thing
 That is drink for a king,
 Or the mouth of a Druid, if ever he's dry;
 It would coax pipe-shank'd Death
 For to let one take breath
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning!"

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

The purgation of Ireland from noxious animals has been the subject of the whole alliteration—"Ubi nulla venena veniunt, nec serpens serpit in herbâ;" and this, the most famous of the miracles of St. Patrick, is celebrated in the following song. The introductory verse assures us that St. Patrick was a gentleman. Moore, in the "History of Ireland," vol. i. p. 211, speaking of St. Patrick, merely

says, "His family was, he informs us, respectable." This is mere modesty; and, as every Irish gentleman should have a pedigree, that of our Saint has been judiciously introduced by the lyrists to prevent any question about the gentility of one who has performed a noble act.

Jocelyn, indeed—though all that the monk of Furness asserts must not be received as gospel—would have us believe that St. Patrick's father, whose name he asserts was Calphurnius, married his servant-maid, a French damsel, who became the mother of our Saint. And we find the various biographers of St. Patrick claiming him as an Armoric Gaul, a Welshman, a Cornishman, a Scotch Highlander and a Lowlander. But this is all nonsense. St. Patrick was an Irish gentleman. The Gallaghers were a family of consideration in Donegal; the Bradys were the same in Cavan; the O'Shaughnessy, ditto in Galway; and the O'Gradys "possessed that part of Clare which is now called the Barony of Bunratty." (*Vide* "Irish State Papers," 1515, vol. ii. p. 3.) This "respectable" pedigree settles the matter.

Nor are authorities wanted to support the assertion that St. Patrick was an Irishman. Dempster, in his "Ecclesiastical History," states that the Irish contended for having St. Patrick as their countryman, and born in Ireland. Both Possevinus and Baronius, who, by interested parties, are represented to have been misled by the annals of Matthew of Westminster—that "flower-culling monk," make our Saint an Irishman; so do Mariana and others. But, in short, it is quite clear, from the fifth verse, that the story about the French damsel is altogether an invention; as Miss Brady—St. Patrick's mother—upon her marriage with Mr. O'Gallagher, was anxious that her husband should remove from the "black north" to her native county, Cavan. He, unwilling to quit his paternal

inheritance, Donegal, objected; and the matter was amicably compromised by both parties agreeing to go half-way to meet the other, whereupon the town of Enniskillen was selected as the future residence of the happy pair. And here, it appears, Mr. O'Gallagher (much to his credit must the fact be stated), disdaining to eat the bread of idleness, opened a spirit store, or whisky shop; and therefore it seems, most probably, that St. Patrick was born in Enniskillen.

Of the elevation of the various hills mentioned in connection with that on which "St. Patrick preached his sarmint," an accurate idea cannot be formed from the words of the song. The fact is, that Lugnaquilla, the highest of the Wicklow hills, exceeds Croagh Patrick by 500 feet; whereas the words of the lyrist would lead us to believe that Croagh Patrick was far loftier than any of the Wicklow hills, even with the Hill of Howth, which measures upwards of 500 feet more, piled upon the summit, like Pelion and Ossa of old. Poets, however, are privileged persons, and due allowance should be made for them when they endeavour to exalt their subject. The elevation of Croagh Patrick is stated to be 2530 feet.

Mr. John Barrow, who ascended it in 1835, describes the top as oval in shape, flat, and, perhaps, containing "about an acre of level ground, although when viewed from the bottom, it appears to come quite to a peak. The cone itself is composed of loose stones, on which little or no heath or grass seems to grow. On the summit, heaps of stones have been piled up in different places, to serve, probably, the double purpose of altars and sheltering spots from the wind: they are of three sides, open at the top, and in front. This mountain," continues our lively traveller, "is held in great veneration, perhaps more so than any other in all Ireland. I was duly assured

that St. Patrick gave himself the trouble to ascend the reek, ever since which it has taken the name of Croagh Patrick—that from this elevation, stretching out his hand, he blessed the surrounding country ; and, it is added, that it was in this spot the Saint bestowed his curses on all venomous reptiles, so that from thenceforth they should never more infest the Emerald Isle. On noticing this to our guide in a manner that implied a doubt on the subject, he replied, ‘And, sure, your honour believes that St. Patrick could *asily* do all this and a mighty *dale* more!’ To be sure, as is confirmed by the song—

‘Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick preach’d his
sarmin,
That drove the frogs into the bogs, and bother’d all the *varmint*.’”

The editor has only to add, that this song consisted originally of three verses (the first, second and fifth), which were the impromptu joint production of the late Mr. Henry Bennett and Mr. Toleken, of Cork, and were sung by them in alternate lines at a masquerade in that city, where they appeared as ballad-singers in the winter of 1814 or 1815. The song becoming a favourite, the sixth verse, as now printed, was added by Mr. Toleken, at the request of Webbe the comedian, then the popular representative of Irish characters on the stage, who usually said that the song was written for him. The third and fourth verses were subsequent additions by other hands, and the consequence of the encore with which this admirable national lyric has been generally received.

Oh ! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people ;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.

His father was a Gallagher,
 His mother was a Brady ;
 His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
 His uncle an O'Grady.
 So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
 For he's a saint so clever ;
 Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist
 He bothered them for ever !

The Wicklow hills are very high,
 And so's the Hill of Howth, sir
 But there's a hill much bigger still,
 Much higher nor them both, sir.
 'Twas on the top of this high hill
 St. Patrick preached his sarmint,
 That drove the frogs into the bogs,
 And banished all the varmint.

Oh, success, &c.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
 Where dirty varmin musters,
 But there he put his dear fore-foot,
 And murdered them in clusters.
 The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
 Slap-dash into the water,
 And the snakes committed suicide
 To save themselves from slaughter.

Oh, success, &c.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
 He charmed with sweet discourses,
 And dined on them at Killaloe
 In soups and second courses.

Where blind worms crawling in the grass
 Disgusted all the nation,
 He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes
 To a sense of their situation.

Oh, success, &c.

No wonder that those Irish lads
 Should be so gay and frisky,
 For sure St. Pat, he taught them that,
 As well as making whisky ;
 No wonder that the Saint himself
 Should understand distilling,
 Since his mother kept a sheebeen shop
 In the town of Enniskillen.

Oh, success, &c.

Oh ! was I but so fortunate
 As to be back in Munster,
 'Tis I'd be bound, that from that ground
 I never more would once stir.
 For there St. Patrick planted turf,
 And plenty of the praties ;
 With pigs *galore*,* *ma gra, ma 'store*,†
 And cabbages—and ladies!
 Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
 For he's the darling saint, O !
 Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
 He's a beauty without paint, O !

* In abundance.

† My love, my darling.

ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND, MY DEAR !

“This song,” observes Dr. Maginn, its facetious author, “is theological, containing the principal acts of our national Saint—his coming to Ireland on a stone—his never-emptying can, commonly called St. Patrick’s pot—his changing a leg of mutton into a salmon in Lent time—and his banishment of the snakes. Consult Jocelyn, or his translator, E. L. Swift, Esq.”

Although the learned doctor’s account of the performance of the buoyant “lump of a paving-stone,” does not exactly accord with Jocelyn’s version of the transaction, it is near enough, so far as the miraculous powers of St. Patrick are in question. According to Jocelyn (chap. xxvii.), our Saint, speeding on his journey toward Ireland, when about to embark with his disciples, was accosted by a leper, who craved to accompany him. The sailors objected, upon which St. Patrick “cast into the sea an altar of stone, that had been consecrated and given to him by the Pope, and on which he had been wont to celebrate the holy mysteries, and caused the leper to sit thereon. But the pen trembles to relate what, through the Divine power, happened. The stone, thus loaded, was borne upon the waters, guided by Him, the head-stone of the corner, and, diverse from its nature, floating along with the ship, held therewith an equal course, and, at the same moment, touched at the same shore. All, then, happily landed, and the altar being found, with its freight, the voice of praise and thanksgiving filled the lips of the holy prelate, and he reproved his disciples and the sailors for their unbelief and hardness of heart, endeavouring to soften their stony hearts into hearts of flesh, even to the exercising the works of charity.”

Jocelyn also records (chap. lxxvii.) how 14,000 men, who were collected by St. Patrick in his progress from Momonia (Munster) to the north of Ireland, were comfortably entertained by the Saint at supper on a cow, the property of his friend, Bishop Triamus, two stags, and two boars; which latter animals "most politely" presented themselves to be feasted upon. "And all the people ate," says Jocelyn, "and were abundantly filled; and the remnants, that nothing might be lost, were gathered up; thus, with the flesh of five animals, did Patrick most plenteously feed 14,000 men." The miracle of the Saint's "never-emptying can, commonly called St. Patrick's pot," appears a suitable accompaniment to this feast, which Jocelyn has omitted to chronicle; for it can scarcely be credited that any popular man in Ireland would attempt (especially at the house of a friend) to entertain a thirsty multitude upon beef, venison, and pork, without the addition of something to wash down these viands.

The lyrist and Father Jocelyn, however, perfectly accord in their respective accounts of the transformation of flesh into fish by St. Patrick; the former, indeed, is rather more lucid than the monkish biographer, as he specifies the kind of fish. Jocelyn (chap. xxiii.) merely relates how "the flesh-meat changed into fishes." It appears that, after Patrick had become a monk, "a desire of eating meat came on him, until, being ensnared and carried away by his desire, he obtained swine's flesh and concealed it, thinking, rightly, that he might thus satisfy his appetite privily, which, should he openly do, he would become to his brethren a stone of offence and a stumbling-block of reproach." However, the embryo Saint was saved from this heinous sin by an apparition, which warned him against backsliding. "Then," says Jocelyn, "St. Patrick, rising from the earth, utterly

renounced and abjured the eating of flesh-meat, even through the rest of his life ; and he humbly besought the Lord that He would manifest unto him His pardon by some evident sign. Then the angel bade Patrick to bring forth the hidden meats, and put them into water ; and he did as the angel bade ; and the flesh-meats being plunged into the water, and taken thereout, immediately became fishes. This miracle did St. Patrick often relate to his disciples, that they might restrain the desire of their appetites. But many of the Irish, wrongfully understanding this miracle, are wont on St. Patrick's Day, which always falls in the time of Lent, to plunge flesh-meats into water ; when plunged in, to take out ; when taken out, to dress ; when dressed, to eat, and call them *fishes of St. Patrick.*"

What has been already said respecting St. Patrick's most famous miracle, the banishment of the snakes, is probably quite sufficient to satisfy the reader's curiosity on this point ; and it is, therefore, only necessary to add, that the following song, which is adapted to the tune of "The Night before Larry was Stretched," originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December 1821.

A fig for St. Denis of France—

He's a trumpery fellow to brag on ;

A fig for St. George and his lance,

Which spitted a heathenish dragon ;

And the saints of the Welshman or Scot

Are a couple of pitiful pipers ;

Both of whom may just travel to pot,

Compared with that patron of swipers,

St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear !

He came to the Emerald Isle

On a lump of a paving-stone mounted ;

The steamboat he beat by a mile,
 Which mighty good sailing was counted.
 Says he, "The salt water, I think,
 Has made me most fishily thirsty ;
 So bring me a flagon of drink
 To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye—
 Of drink that is fit for a saint

He preached, then, with wonderful force,
 The ignorant natives a-teaching ;
 With a pint he washed down his discourse,
 "For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching."
 The people, with wonderment struck,
 At a pastor so pious and civil,
 Exclaimed—"We're for you, my old buck !
 And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,
 Who dwells in hot water below !"

This ended, our worshipful spoon
 Went to visit an elegant fellow,
 Whose practice, each cool afternoon,
 Was to get most delightfully mellow.
 That day, with a black-jack of beer,
 It chanced he was treating a party ;
 Says the Saint—"This good day, do you hear,
 I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty !
 So give me a pull at the pot !"

The pewter he lifted in sport
 (Believe me, I tell you no fable)
 A gallon he drank from the quart,
 And then placed it full on the table.
 "A miracle !" every one said,
 And they all took a haul at the stingo ;

They were capital hands at the trade,
 And drank till they fell : yet, by jingo,
 The pot still frothed over the brim !

Next day, quoth his host, "'Tis a fast,
 And I've naught in my larder but mutton ;
 And on Fridays, who'd make such repast,
 Except an unchristian-like glutton ? ”
 Says Pat, “ Cease your nonsense, I beg,
 What you tell me is nothing but gammon ;
 Take my compliments down to the leg,
 And bid it come hither a salmon ! ”
 And the leg most politely complied !

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
 How the snakes, in a manner most antic,
 He marched to the County Mayo,
 And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
 Hence, not to use water for drink,
 The people of Ireland determine :
 With mighty good reason, I think,
 Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin,
 And vipers, and such other stuff !

Oh ! he was an elegant blade
 As you'd meet from Fairhead to Kilcrumper !*
 And though under the sod he is laid,
 Yet here goes his health in a bumper !
 I wish he was here, that my glass
 He might by art magic replenish ;

* Fairhead is the north-east cape of Ireland ; Kilcrumper is a ruined church and ancient burial-ground, between Fermoy and Kilworth, in the county of Cork, the southern county of Ireland.

But since he is not—why, alas !
 My ditty must come to a finish,
 Because all the liquor is out.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN PARIS.

From a manuscript copy in the autograph of Sir Jonah Barrington, endorsed, "Sung with great applause at a meeting which assembled in the City of Paris, to celebrate the anniversary of the Saint of Hibernia." This was, probably, the 17th March, 1816.

Tune—"Patrick's Day in the Morning."

While peace spreads her wings o'er the different nations,
 And a thirst for improvement invites us to roam ;
 Let us seek for those virtues that grace other stations,
 And the good of all countries import to our home.
 Let the bustle of war, and roar of the cannon,
 In the loud song of mirth be never forgot :
 On the banks of the Seine, and the banks of the Shannon,
 Let each Irishman sing
 To his country and king ;
 And let each honest heart, whether Irish or not,
 Religiously think
 'Tis his duty to drink
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning !

In this hour of our pride let's do justice to merit,
 And grant to each nation its title to fame ;
 Nor e'er let a grov'ling, illiberal spirit,
 Obscure our bright laurels or sully our name.

Let the bustle of war, and the roar of the cannon,
In the loud song of mirth be *for ever* forgot :
On the banks of the Seine, &c.

When the hardy old Gaul, long accustomed to danger,
Shall fight o'er his fields by the cheerful wood fire ;
And shall tell to his children the feats of the stranger,
Our name shall be first in the list of the sire.

For, have not all heard the dread roar of our cannon ?

Can Wellington's glory be ever forgot

On the banks of the Seine, or the banks of the Shannon ?

Then—let us all sing

To our country and king ;

And each honest heart, whether Irish or not,

Religiously think

'Tis his duty to drink

This good Patrick's day in the morning !

THE SHAMROCK.

THE popular notion respecting the shamrock, or trefoil, is, that St. Patrick, by its means, satisfactorily explained to the early converts of Christianity in Ireland the Trinity in Unity, exhibiting the three leaves attached to one stalk as an illustration.

Miss Beaufort remarks,* that it is "a curious coincidence, the trefoil plant (*shamroc* and *shamrakh* in Arabic) having been held sacred in Iran, and considered emblematical of the Persian Triad" (*Collect.* v. 118).

"The botanical name of the shamrock, like that of the Scotch thistle, is a matter of dispute. Mr. Bicheno, in an amusing paper read before the Linnean Society, has, with great ingenuity, endeavoured to show that the wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*) is the true shamrock; while Dr. Withering and Professor Rennie point out the white clover (*Trifolium repens*); and Mr. Loudon marks the black medick (*Medicago lupulina*) as the genuine national emblem of Ireland."

That the shamrock was formerly eaten in Ireland

* "Transactions of the Royal Academy," vol. xv.

as a salad, there appears no reason to doubt. Fynes Moryson, the secretary of Queen Elizabeth's Lord Deputy, Mountjoy, treating of the diet and customs of the "wild Irish," says, "they willingly eat the herb shamrock, being of a sharp taste, which, as they run and are chased to and fro, they snatch like beasts out of the ditches." Spenser also, in his "View of the State of Ireland," describing the misery consequent upon the Desmond rebellion, of which he was an eye-witness, speaking of the wretched and famishing Irish, tells us that "if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue there withal." But these passages, as referring to a period of national distress and famine consequent upon civil warfare, when, according to the authorities quoted, horse-flesh was a luxury, and even dead bodies were taken out of the graves and eaten, do not prove the use of the shamrock as a salad so satisfactorily as the following extract from the humorous poem of "Hespero-neso-graphia," descriptive of national manners, where, in the account of an Irish banquet, it is mentioned that—

"Besides all this, vast bundles came
Of sorrel, more than I can name.
And many sheaves I hear there was
Of shamrocks and of water-grass,
Which there for curious salads pass."

In that whimsical poem, the "Irish Hudibras," printed in 1689, we find—

"Springs, happy springs, adorned with sallets,
Which Nature purpos'd for their palats;
Shamrogs and watercress he shews,
Which was both meat, and drink, and clothes."

Again the Irish are there represented as

"Without a rag, trousers, or brogues,
Picking of sorrel and sham-rogues."

These passages, as well as the preceding quotation from "Hespero-neso-graphia," in which the sorrel and the shamrock are distinctly mentioned as different plants, seem to dispose of the question of their identity.

A facetious essayist in the *Dublin Penny Journal* observes that—

"Other countries may boast of their trefoil as well as we; but nowhere on the broad earth, on continent or in isle, is there such an abundance of this succulent material for making fat mutton. In winter as well as in summer, it is found to spread its green carpet over our limestone hills, drawing its verdure from the mists that sweep from the Atlantic. The seed of it is everywhere. Cast lime or limestone gravel on the top of a mountain, or on the centre of a bog, and up starts the shamrock. St. Patrick, when he drove all living things that had venom (save *man*) from the top of Croagh Patrick, had his foot planted on a shamrock; and if the readers of your journal will go on a pilgrimage to that most beautiful of Irish hills, they will see the shamrock still flourishing there, and expanding its

fragrant honeysuckles to the western wind. I confess I have no patience with that impudent Englishman, who wants to make us believe that our darling plant, associated as it is with our religious and convivial partialities, was *not* the favourite of St. Patrick, and who would substitute in the place of that badge of our faith and our nationality, a little, sour, puny plant of wood-sorrel! This is actually attempted to be done by that stiff, sturdy Saxon, Mister Bicheno. Though Keogh, Threlkeld, and other Irish botanists, assert that the *Scamar oge*, or *Shamrog*, is indeed the *Trifolium repens*; and Threlkeld expressly says, that 'the trefoil is worn by the people in their hats upon the 17th of March, which is called St. Patrick's Day, it being the current tradition that by this *three-leaved GRASS* he emblematically set forth the Holy Trinity. However that be, when they wet their *Scamar oge*, they often commit excess in liquor, which is not a right keeping a day to the Lord!' The proof the Englishman adduces, is the testimony of one Spenser, another Saxon, who in his 'View of Ireland' describes the people in a great famine, as creeping forth and flocking to a plot of shamrocks, or watercresses, to feed on them for the time; and he also quotes an English satirist, one Wytthe, who scoffingly says of those

' Who, for their clothing, in mantle goe,
And feed on *shamrooks* as the Irish doe.'

"But we are not so easily led, Mr. Saxon; we, Irishmen, are not quite disposed to give up our favourite plant at your bidding. In time of famine, the Irish might have attempted to satisfy hunger with trefoil, as well as they did two years ago, when such a thing as sea-weed was eaten—for hunger will break through a stone wall. But do not the Welsh put leeks into their bonnets on St. David's Day? and now and then they may eat their leek,

as Shakspeare has it, as a relish either for an affront or for other sort of food ; and small blame to an Irishman, if when he feels that queer sensation called hunger, he chews a plant of clover ! I, for one, when going into good company, would rather have my breath redolent of the honeysuckle plant, than spiced with the *haut goût* of garlic ! Yet no Welshman would like to live upon leeks, no more than a poor Irishman would upon grass or trefoil ; for there is, doubtless, as little nourishment for man in the one as the other. But, to do Mr. Bicheno justice, he has another argument in favour of the wood-sorrel being the favourite plant of our country, which is far more to an Irishman's mind. He says that wood-sorrel, when steeped in punch, makes a better substitute for lemon than trefoil. This has something very specious in it : if anything would do, this would ; but let the Saxon do his best. Even on his own ground—even in London—he would find it very hard to convince our countrymen, settled in St. Giles's, that the *Oxalis acetosella*, the sour, puny, crabbed wood-sorrel, is the proper emblem for Ireland. No ; 'the shamrock—the green shamrock,' for me !”

Shamrogueshire is a name so commonly applied to Ireland, that it does not require illustration ; and wearing the plant as a badge has always been considered a national compliment. In a satirical lament upon the departure of George IV. from Dublin, the king is thus spoken of—

“ It's you, it's you, that's not afraid,
 Oh, wira sthrue ! oh, wira sthrue !
 To wear the shamrock green cockade,
 Oh, wira sthrue ! oh, wira sthrue !” &c.

It is impossible to pass without notice the superstition attached to that *lusus naturæ*, a four-leaved shamrock, which is popularly believed in Ireland, and indeed in Lancashire and other parts of England also, to be a sure omen of wealth, and to endue the lucky finder with supernatural powers. Mr. Lover has made this notion the subject of a beautiful ballad, but he is in error when he asserts that a four-leaved shamrock "does not exist," as no less than three were found in the editor's garden during the summer of the present year. From the "Irish Hudibras," however, it would seem that the performance of some spells were necessary upon finding one of those magic leaves, to develop its powers. The hero of that poem is represented, when about to descend into the infernal regions, as seeking advice from a nun, which is thus given to him :—

"Nay, bird, if thou art so hot set
 To throw thyself into the net ;
 So mad (said she) to visit hell,
 And cannot see when thou art well ;
 If thou'dst be damn'd before thy day,
 Take a fool's counsel first, I say.
 Within this wood, near to this place,
 There grows a bunch of three-leaved grass,
 Called by the boglanders * shamrogues,
 A present for the Queen of Shoges, †

* Clowns

† Spirits.

Which thou must first be after fetching,—
But all the cunning's in the catching."

Soon after, Nees, the hero,

“seeing such a mighty throng
 Of trees, bethought him of the nun.
 Dear joy ! if this shamrogue should prove
 By chance to grow in this same grove ;
 Should Nees so luckily succeed,
 'Twould be ‘luck in a bag,’ indeed.
 And fait, fy mayn't it prove so too ?
 All is not false dat she says true.”

The splendid allegory which Moore has associated with the origin of this “triple grass,”

“A type that blends
 Three godlike friends—
 Love, Valour, Wit, for ever,”

so completely throws into the shade the numerous lyrics upon the shamrock, that the editor has only ventured to select two, which, although possessed of little merit, have some interest from the circumstances connected with them, and stated in the introductory remarks. Long may the Shamrock,

“The plant that blooms for ever,
 With the Rose combined,
 And the Thistle twined,
 Defy the strength of foes to sever.
 Firm be the triple league they form,
 Despite all change of weather ;
 In sunshine, darkness, calm or storm,
 Still may they fondly grow together.”

THE SHAMROCK COCKADE.

“Bring me a bunch of suggane ropes,
Of shamroges and pottado tops,
To make a lawrel——”

So says the “Irish Hudibras.” The Loyal Volunteers of Cork appear to have contented themselves by merely wearing the shamrock as a national decoration, on the occasion of their public appearance in honour of St. Patrick. Fitzgerald thus chronicles the matter in his “Cork Remembrancer:”—“1780, March 17. The armed societies of this city paraded on the Mall with shamrock cockades, and fired three volleys in honour of the day.

A noble train, most gorgeously array'd
To hail St. Patrick, and a new free trade.”

A dinner, with a liberal allowance of whisky-punch and patriotic speeches, of course followed upon this occasion, when the song, now printed from a manuscript copy in the autograph of Mr. John Shears,* was sung.

The era of the Volunteers is an important one in Irish history. The origin of these armed associations may be traced to the declaration of Sir Richard Heron, the secretary to Lord Buckinghamshire, who, in answer to applications from the inhabitants of Cork and Belfast for military protection, candidly stated “that Government could afford them none,” and “that they must arm and defend themselves.” In Cork, the first Volunteer Associations were formed; and the local chronicle, before quoted from, informs us that on the 4th of November, 1777, the Boyne Society was first reviewed by Colonel

* Executed in Dublin for high treason in 1798.

Bagwell in White's bowling-green ; and that, in consequence of some outrages committed by a mob in Cork on the 12th of March following, the Boyne Society, for the first time, mounted guard at the Market-house, on Friday the 13th, "in order to preserve peace and suppress the riots." The 26th of March, 1778, is recorded by Fitzgerald to have been the anniversary of the Cork Union ; and on the 12th of April, he tells us, "the True Blues, Boyne, Aughrim Union, and Culloden Societies, walked in procession to Christ Church, according to seniority, being the first general public appearance made by these sons of liberty." *

On the Sunday fortnight, the following not very prophetic entry occurs in the journal of the celebrated John Wesley :—"At Peter's Church (Cork) I saw a pleasing sight, the Independent Companies raised by private persons associating together, without any expense to the Government. They exercised every day, and if they answer no other end, at least keep the Papists in order, who were exceedingly alert ever since the army was removed to America."

The ensuing Sunday, Wesley, about whom there then was considerable curiosity in Cork, writes:—"I was a little surprised at a message from the gentlemen of the Aughrim Society (a company of Volunteers so called), that 'if I had no objection, they would attend at the New Room in the evening.' They did so, with another independent company who were just raised—the True Blues. A body of so personable men I never saw together before. The gentlemen in scarlet filled the side gallery ; those in blue,

* Fitzgerald's volume was published in 1783, and in the slang of the day thus concludes :—"The first dawn of Irish liberty broke out in 1779. Ireland obtained her legislative INDEPENDENCE (with the consent of the British Senate) the 16th day of April, 1783. HAIL ! GLORIOUS VOLUNTEERS !"

the front gallery; but both galleries would not contain them all; some were constrained to stand below. All behaved admirably well, though I spoke exceeding plain on 'We preach Christ crucified.' No laughing, no talking, all seemed to hear as for life. Surely this is token of good." September 7, 1778, was the first general field-day of all the armed societies belonging to the city of Cork. "They were drawn up in Ballyphehane field, where they went through the manual exercise, and performed the different evolutions with a facility and precision that," according to Fitzgerald, "would do honour to an army of veterans. In short, these Volunteers (or Sons of Liberty) formed one of the most pleasing and agreeable sights that ever presented itself to public view in this city, to the great satisfaction of several thousand spectators."

It is remarked by Mr. Hardy, in his *Life of Lord Charlemont*, that "the year 1778 furnishes not only ample, but splendid materials for the historian of Ireland." This is an unhappy assertion; for the ample materials are the personal feelings of ambitious and interested individuals, and the period derives its splendour from the fearful lightning-flash which reveals a host of armed men in the darkness of a political storm. In 1780, the Volunteer army of Ireland amounted to 42,000 men; and to their proceedings in pursuit of the *ignis fatuus*, Liberty, may be traced the origin of the melancholy Rebellion of 1798.

Tune—"Ally Croker."

St. Patrick he is Ireland's Saint,
 And we're his Volunteers, sir;
 The hearts that treason cannot taint
 Their fire with joy he hears, sir.
 None need be told
 Our Saint so bold

Will think that dog a damn'd rogue,
 Who on his day
 Would keep away,
 And does not mount his shamrock.
 O rally, O rally, O rally round, then :
 Who on this day
 Has kept away,
 Be sure they are not sound men.

Should French invaders dare to come
 In ruffles full of starch, sir ;
 A ruffle beat upon our drum,
 Like Patrick's month—'tis March, sir.
 Mong Union* men,
 And Culloden,†
 There's not one man a damn'd rogue ;
 True Blue‡ and Boyne§
 With Aughrim|| join,
 To mount a verdant shamrock.
 O rally, O rally, &c.

And then, in memory of this day
 Our Saint has made so glorious,
 Each man will seventeen men slay,
 And Ireland make victorious.
 The Enniskillen¶
 Boys are willing,

* Henry Hickman, Esq., captain commandant.

† Benjamin Bousfield, Esq., colonel.

‡ Cavalry and Infantry ; the Earl of Shannon, colonel.

§ John Bagnell, Esq., colonel.

|| Richard Longfield, Esq., colonel.

¶ The original manuscript of the "Rules of the Enniskillen Armed Society of Cork," with the signatures of the members, is in the possession of Mr. Bennett of that city. It is without date ; and

There's not one man a damn'd rogue ;
 Blackpool * will join
 True Blue and Boyne,
 And mount the verdant shamrock.
 O rally, O rally, &c.

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

The words by Andrew Cherry, the music by Shield, and sung by Mrs. Mountain in her entertainment called "Travellers at Spa," at the little Opera House, Capel Street, Dublin, 1806. "This entertainment," observes Mrs. Mountain, in a most obliging communication to the Editor, "was entirely recited and sung by me, and attracted crowded houses in defiance of the denouncement of Mr. Jones, the manager of the Crow Street Theatre, who threatened and did in part proceed against me. I am," continues Mrs. Mountain, "extremely proud of this era in my life, because talent (however humble) triumphed over oppression."

Cherry, the author of this song, was the son of a printer and bookseller in Limerick. He was born in 1762, and apprenticed in Dublin to his father's trade ; but, becoming "stage struck," joined a company of strollers at Naas, where, at the age of seventeen, Cherry appeared as Colonel Feignwell in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," on which occasion his exertions were rewarded by the sum of ten pence half-penny. After

is in the autograph of the Colonel, John Bennett, afterwards Recorder of the city of Cork, and Judge.

* Horse ; John Harding, Esq., colonel.

enduring, for some time, all the wretched vicissitudes of a stroller's life, he "returned to reason and the shop," and remained as his father's assistant for three or four years, when he again determined to follow the stage as a profession; and he joined the provincial company of Mr. Knipe, whose widow he subsequently married. In 1787, Cherry succeeded Mr. Ryder on the Dublin stage, where he continued a favourite comic actor till 1793; about which time he was engaged by Tate Wilkinson for the Yorkshire circuit, to fill the parts which had become vacant by Fawcett's engagement at Covent Garden. In 1796, Cherry returned to Dublin; there he performed for two years, and then, through the theatres of Manchester and Bath, obtained an engagement in 1802 at Drury Lane, where he was received with much applause. He afterwards became manager of the Swansea and Monmouth theatres, and died at the latter place, of dropsy on the brain, on the 12th February, 1812.

The titles of ten theatrical pieces, written by Cherry, are to be found in the "Biographia Dramatica;" of which the most popular was a comedy called "The Soldier's Daughter."

That Andrew Cherry was a humorist, is evident from the laconic note which he addressed to the manager of the Dublin Theatre, whose breach of faith had occasioned Cherry's leaving the Irish stage, in answer to an application, after his success at Drury Lane, to enter into an engagement.

"SIR,—I am not so great a fool as you take me for. I have been bitten once by you, and I will never give you an opportunity of making two bites of

A. CHERRY."

The meaning of the last verse of the following song,

which now appears obscure, and indeed the line "ourselves by ourselves be befriended," which is rather nonsensical, probably had considerable point, under the circumstances stated by Mrs. Mountain respecting the monopolylogue in which this lyric was introduced.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
 'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it ;
 And the sun of his labour with pleasure did smile,
 And with dew from his eye often wet it.
 It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through
 the mireland ;
 And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
 In each climate that they may appear in ;
 And shine through the bog, through the brake, through
 the mireland,
 Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little shamrock, &c.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended ;
 And still through the bog, through the brake, through
 the mireland,
 From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little shamrock, &c.

THE POTATO.

“Sublime potatoes ! that, from Antrim’s shore
 To famous Kerry, form the poor man’s store ;
 Agreeing well with every place and state—
 The peasant’s noggin, or the rich man’s plate.
 Much prized when smoking from the teeming pot,
 Or in turf-embers roasted crisp and hot.
 Welcome, although you be our only dish ;
 Welcome, companion to flesh, fowl, or fish ;
 But to the real gourmands, the learned few,
 Most welcome, steaming in an Irish stew.”

THIS extract from “A Grand National Poem,”
 which the Editor fears must remain in manuscript,
 as no enterprising publisher will undertake the risk
 of printing it, places clearly before the reader the
 merits of

“Erin’s unrivalled potato,
 Pride of the land of the great O !”

It is well known that “sublime potatoes” form
 the principal food of the larger portion of the
 inhabitants of “the green island,”

“From Fairhead to Kilcrumper.”

The *δραχιδνα* of Theophrastus and the *πικνοκωμων* of
 Dioscorides, are said to be identical with the

potato of Ireland. Be this as it may, it is quite clear that the popular potato of Shakspeare and of the Elizabethan age,* is not the same root as that now commonly known by the name. Holinshed, Clusius, Gerarde, Bauhine, Gomara, Josephus Acosta, and a score of authorities, may be quoted from, and argued upon, to show how admirably George Coleman has described the *Solanum tuberosum* of Linnæus.

“Crest of the O’Shaughnashane !

That’s a potato-plain.

Long may your root every Irishman know !

Pats long have stuck to it,

Long bid good luck to it ;

Whack for O’Shaughnashane ! Tooley whagg ho !

Ours is an esculent lusty and lasting,

No turnip or other weak babe of the ground ;

Waxy or mealy, it hinders from fasting

Half Erin’s inhabitants, all the year round.

* “Luxury, with her potato finger.”—*Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2.
 “Let the sky rain potatoes.”—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5.
 “Surphaling waters and potato roots.”—*He and She Coney Catchers*, 1592.
 “Larks, sparrows, and potato pies.”—*Every Man out of his Humour*, ii. 3.
 “Some artichokes and potato roots.”—*Menechmi of Plautus*, translated 1594.
 “If any person wishes for more illustration,” says Nares, who merely quotes of the above passages that from the “*Merry Wives of Windsor*,” and does not question the identity of the root with the one at present used as food, “they may consult Beaumont and Fletcher’s ‘*Elder Brother*,’ iv. 4 ; Ben Jonson’s ‘*Cynthia’s Revels*,’ ii. 2. Massinger’s ‘*New Way to Pay Old Debts*,’ ii. 2 ; ‘*Old Plays*,’ iii. 323 ; iv. 427, &c. The medical writers of the times,” adds Dr. Nares, “countenanced the fancy” of the potato having a stimulating effect upon the constitution. See, also, “*Harrington’s Epigrams*,” b. iii. 33.

Wants the soil where 'tis flung,
 Hogs, cows, or horses' dung,
 Still does the crest of O'Shaughnessy grow.
 Shout for it, Munster men,*
 Till the bogs quake again,
 Whack for O'Shaughnashane ! 'Tooley whagg ho !"

It is useless to detain the reader by entering into an inquiry about the lost treatise on this inestimable vegetable alluded to in the "Irish Hudibras"—

"Who can forget the learned Cato,
 That writ so much on the pottado?"

The illustrious author is merely mentioned in a note as "Cormack Mac Art, styled the Cato of Ireland. He writ a treatise of the virtues of a potado, beyond the wisdom of Solomon, the knowledge of Aristotle, the rhetoric of Cicero, Con Clerebaugh, and Mureartagh O'Collehan."

The opinion of Sir Joseph Banks, who took considerable pains to investigate the matter, is that the root now called the potato was introduced into the British Islands in July, 1586, by the return expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh, for which the patent passed the Great Seal in 1584. Herriott, a scientific man who accompanied the expedition, describes under the head of roots a plant called in

* The Editor has here corrected the error of young Mr. Coleman's printer, according to whom this passage would read "Ulster men."

Virginia *openawk*, which perfectly agrees with our potato. "These plants," he says, "are round, some as large as a walnut, others much larger; they grow in damp soil, many hanging together as if fixed on ropes; they are good food, either boiled or roasted." Cuvier, notwithstanding, denies that Europe has derived the potato from Virginia; but when its introduction into the British Isles is thus circumstantially connected with the return of Raleigh's expedition in 1586, and it is recorded that Sir Walter Raleigh was mayor of Youghall in 1588, the anecdote related in Smith's "History of Cork," speaking of Youghall, appears extremely probable.

"It was in this town that the first potatoes were landed in Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh. The person who planted them, imagining that the apple which grows on the stalk was the part to be used, gathered them; but, not liking their taste, neglected the roots till the ground, being dug afterwards to sow some other grain, the potatoes were discovered therein; and, to the great surprise of the planter, vastly increased. From these few this country was furnished with seed."

According to a popular song upon the potato—

"By Raleigh 'twas planted at Youghall so gay,
And Munster potatoes are famed to this day,
Ballinamona ora,
A laughing red apple for me."

In 1662, a letter was read in the Royal Society

recommending the culture of potatoes, and roots were distributed to the members for this purpose in the spring of the following year. Evelyn inculcated the project in his "Sylva," and from this period the plant became common in England.

Sir Robert Southwell, the President of the Royal Society, informed the Fellows on the 3rd of December, 1693, that his grandfather introduced the potato into Ireland, and that he had the root from Sir Walter Raleigh.

"This evidence proves, not unsatisfactorily," according to Sir Joseph Banks, "that the potato was first brought into England, either in the year 1586, or very soon after, and sent from thence to Ireland without delay by Sir Robert Southwell's ancestor, where it was cherished and cultivated for food before the good people of England knew its value; for Gerarde, who had the plant in his garden in 1597, recommends the roots to be eaten as a delicate dish, not as common food."

That Sir Robert Southwell's ancestor may have received the potato from Sir Walter Raleigh, will not be disputed; but Sir Joseph Banks, in arriving at the conclusion that Raleigh was not the introducer of the root into Ireland, seems to have overlooked his intimate connection with the south of Ireland, already pointed out, at the precise period when the potato of our times made its appearance.

What renders this question an object of more than ordinary interest to the Editor is, that in a manuscript among the "Southwell Papers," unfortunately without date, but, from the contents, believed to have been written about 1640, potato-roots are called "Crokers," from having been first planted in Croker's field at Youghall. Possibly the spot mentioned by Lord Castlehaven, who, in his "Memoirs," states that when he encamped with the Irish army before that town in 1645, he caused Major-General Butler to take up a position "towards the sea near Croker's Works."

Tradition also says, "that the potato-root, besides being planted on Sir Walter Raleigh's ground at Youghall, was likewise planted on some land in the diocese of Tuam, which Sir Walter afterwards let to endow a school."

About the year 1633 the potato is supposed to have been introduced into Lancashire by a vessel from Ireland, which was wrecked in the North Moels. In Scotland it does not appear to have been popularly cultivated until 1728, although it was known there many years previously; as Sutherland notices it in 1683, in his "*Hortus Medicus Edinburgensis*."

It is observed by Mr. Samuel M'Skimin, the ingenious author of the "*History of Carrickfergus*," that in Ireland it is likely potatoes had long been introduced before they attracted the attention of the

farmer for the purpose of cultivation. In a manuscript, of which he is the possessor, written between 1670 and 1679, which treats largely of the prices of every kind of agricultural produce, potatoes are only once mentioned, and that in 1676, when they were sold at the high rate of 1*s.* 8*d.* per bushel. This must refer to the north of Ireland; and Mr. M'Skimin speaks of the same district, when he remarks, "very old people informed me that few potatoes were formerly used after harvest, except a small quantity preserved as a treat for their Halloween supper, which were eaten with butter. It, however, does appear that they were coming into general circulation before their time."

The south of Ireland, there can be no doubt, was the cradle of the potato. In the "Irish Hudibras" (1689), numerous passages occur to prove that this root was extensively cultivated, and commonly used. Thus, we are told of—

"That monstrous giant, Finn MacHeuyle,
Whose carcase, buried in the meadows,
Took up nine acres of pottadoes."

And, in "Hespero-neso-graphia," swine are described as good as e'er

"turned the earth of garden, where
Beloved potatoes growing were."

Again, in the "Irish Hudibras," the hero is represented as having—

“No cannons, nor wide-mouth’d granadoes ;
Nees’s fire-balls were boiled pottadoes.”

And the arrival of King William III. does not allow him

“To enjoy his land, or any part,
His banniclabber* and pottadoes,
Without these French and Dutch granadoes.”

Among the amusements of the Irish at this period, it is mentioned that some of a party

“played at blindman’s buff,
Some roast pottadoes, some grind snuff.”

That potatoes were ordinary food in the south of Ireland before the time of the Commonwealth, is shown by “An Account of an Irish Quarter,” printed in 1654, in a volume entitled “Songs and Poems of Love and Drollery. By T. W.” The writer and his friend, two cavaliers, visit Coolfin, in the county of Waterford, the seat of Mr. Poer, or Power, the high-sheriff, where their entertainment is thus described :—

“And now for supper, the round board being spread ;
The van a dish of coddled onions led ;
I’ th’ body was a salted tail of salmon,
And in the rear some rank potatoes came on.”

* Buttermilk.

THE LAND OF POTATOES, O!

To the honour of Ireland must it be stated, that the potato, that “admirable vegetable,” experienced a very different reception there as a stranger than in other nations; of which treatment more hereafter. “The Irish,” observes Cuvier, “seem to have taken advantage of this root first; for, at an early period, we find the plant distinguished by the name of *Irish* potato.” However, long before this event—for so may the introduction of the potato be styled—the hospitality of Ireland to strangers was proverbial. An anecdote, for example, is told as the origin of the name of Sullivan—that is, the one-eyed*—

“Who gave his bright eye as a proverb to shine.”

So great was the reputation of this old gentleman for hospitality, that it was asserted he would refuse to his guest no request, however unreasonable. This was tested by a stranger whom he entertained, asking his host to put out his eye, into which he immediately thrust his finger; and, from thenceforward, was distinguished as O’Sullivan, while the fame of the act passed into the proverb of—

“Nulla manus,
 Tam liberalis,
 Atque generalis,
 Atque universalis,
 Quam Sullivanis!”

The subsequent song, in which the hospitality of the land of potatoes has been commended, is ascribed to Mr. Owenson, the father of Lady Morgan; who is also said to have been “the author of various lyrical compo-

* “*Sul* means the ‘sun;’ hence *suil*, the ‘eye,’ because it is the light of the body.”—O’BRIEN.

sitions, which were sung on the Dublin stage, and are remarkable for broad wit and genuine humour."

"Mr. Owenson, by an imprudent connection with a once beautiful and celebrated actress, was early in life infected with the theatrical mania, and, on his marriage afterwards with a respectable Englishwoman, he purchased a share in one of the Dublin theatres, and became joint-proprietor with the celebrated Mr. Ryder. On Mr. Daly obtaining an exclusive patent for a metropolitan theatre Mr. Owenson resigned. He afterwards embarked in mercantile concerns, became a wine-merchant, and built some provincial theatres; among others, that beautiful edifice at Kilkenny."

Sir Jonah Barrington, in the "Personal Sketches of his own Times," thus describes Mr. Owenson:—

"He was," says Sir Jonah, "highly celebrated in the line of Irish characters; and never did an actor exist so perfectly calculated, in my opinion, to personify that singular class of people. Considerably above six feet in height, remarkably handsome and brave-looking, vigorous and well-shaped, he was not vulgar enough to disgust, nor was he genteel enough to be out of character; never did I see an actor so entirely identify himself with the peculiarities of those parts he assumed. In the higher class of Irish characters (old officers, &c.) he looked well, but did not exhibit sufficient dignity; and in the lowest, his humour was scarcely quaint and original enough; but in what might be termed the middle class of Paddies, no man ever combined the look and the manner with such felicity as Owenson. Scientific singing is not an Irish quality; and he sang well enough. I have heard Jack Johnstone warble so very skilfully, and act some parts so very like a man of first-rate education, that I almost forgot the nation he was mimicking; that was not the case with Owenson; he acted as if he had

not received too much schooling, and sang like a man whom nobody instructed. He was, like most of his profession, careless of his concerns, and grew old without growing rich. His last friend was old Fontaine, a very celebrated Irish dancing-master, many years domiciliated and highly esteemed in Dublin. He aided Owenson and his family whilst he had the means to do so; and they both died nearly at the same time, instances of talent and improvidence."

Tune—"Morgan Rattler."

Had I in the clear
 But five hundred a-year,
 'Tis myself would not fear,
 Though not adding one farthing to 't.
 Faith, if such was my lot,
 Little Ireland's the spot
 Where I'd build a snug cot,
 With a bit of a garden to 't.
 As for Italy's dales,
 With their Alps and high vales,
 Where with fine squalling gales,
 Their señoras so treat us, O!
 I'd ne'er unto them come,
 Nor abroad ever roam,
 But enjoy my sweet home
 In the land of potatoes, O!
 Hospitality,
 No formality,
 All reality,
 There you ever see;
 The free and the easy
 Would so amaze ye,
 You'd think us all crazy,
 For dull we never be!

If my friend, honest Jack,
 Would but take a small hack,
 So just get on his back,
 And of joy ride o'er full to us ;
 He, throughout the whole year,
 Then should have the best cheer,
 For, faith, none so dear
 As our brother, John Bull, to us !
 And we'd teach him, when there,
 Both to blunder and stare,
 And our brogue with him share,
 Which both genteel and neat is, O !
 And we'd make him so drink,
 By St. Patrick, I think,
 That he'd ne'er wish to shrink
 From the land of potatoes, O !
 Hospitality, &c.

Though I freely agree
 I should more happy be
 If some lovely she
 From Old England would favour me ;
 For no spot on earth
 Can more merit bring forth,
 If with beauty and worth
 You embellished would have her be ;
 Good breeding, good nature,
 You find in each feature,
 That naught you've to teach her—
 So sweet and complete she's, O !
 Then if fate would but send
 Unto me such a friend,
 What a life I would spend
 In the land of potatoes, O !
 Hospitality, &c.

THE SMILING POTATOES.

Cobbett terms the potato "Ireland's lazy root," and "Ireland's accursed root;" but Cobbett, against whom this song about the "sweet roots of Erin" is levelled, stands by no means alone in his opposition to the culture of the potato.

In France potatoes were at first proscribed. Bauhine states that in his time the use of them had been prohibited in Burgundy, because it was supposed that they produced leprosy.

"It is difficult to believe," says Cuvier, "that a plant so innocent, so agreeable, so productive, which requires so little trouble to be rendered fit for food; that a root so well defended against the intemperance of the seasons; that a plant which, by a singular privilege, unites in itself every advantage, without any other inconvenience than that of not lasting all the year, but which even owes to this circumstance the additional advantage that it cannot be hoarded up by monopolists; that such a plant should have required two centuries in order to overcome the most puerile prejudices!"

"Yet we ourselves," continues the enlightened Cuvier, "have been witnesses of the fact. The English brought the potato into Flanders during the wars of Louis XIV. It was thence spread, but very sparingly, over some parts of France. Switzerland had put a higher value on it, and had found it very good. Several of our southern provinces had planted it in imitation of that country, at the period of the scarcities, which were several times repeated during the last years of Louis XV. Turgot, in particular, rendered it common in the Limousin and Angoumois, over which he was intendant; and it was to

be expected that, in a short time, this new branch of subsistence would be spread over the kingdom, when some old physicians renewed against it the prejudices of the sixteenth century.

“It was no longer accused of producing leprosy, but fever. The scarcities had produced in the south certain epidemics, which they thought proper to ascribe to the sole means which existed to prevent them. The Comptroller-General was obliged, in 1771, to request the opinion of the faculty of medicine, in order to put an end to these false notions.

“Parmentier, who had learned to appreciate the potato in the prisons of Germany, where he had been often confined to that food, seconded the views of the Minister by a chemical examination of this root, in which he demonstrated that none of its constituents are hurtful. He did better still. To give the people a relish for them, he cultivated them in the open fields, in places very much frequented. He guarded them carefully during the day only, and was happy when he had excited as much curiosity as to induce people to steal some of them during the night. He would have wished that the king, as we read of the Emperors of China, had traced the first furrow of his field. His majesty thought proper, at least, to wear a bunch of potato flowers at his button-hole in the midst of the Court on a festival day. Nothing more was wanting to induce several great lords to plant this root.

“Parmentier wished likewise to engage the cooks of the great in the service of the poor, by inducing them to practise their skill on the potato; for he was aware that the poor could not obtain potatoes in abundance, unless they could furnish the rich with an agreeable article of food. He informs us that he one day gave a dinner composed entirely of potatoes, with twenty

different sauces, all of which gratified the palates of his guests.

“But the enemies of the potato, though refuted in their attempts to prove it injurious to the health, did not consider themselves vanquished. They pretended that it injured the fields, and rendered them barren. It was necessary, however, to answer this objection, and to consider the potato in an agricultural point of view. Parmentier accordingly published, in different forms, everything regarding its cultivation and uses, even in fertilizing the soil. He introduced the subject into philosophical works, into popular instructions, into journals, into dictionaries, into works of all kinds. During forty years, he let slip no opportunity of recommending it. Every bad year was a kind of auxiliary, of which he profited with care to draw the attention of mankind to his favourite plant.

“Hence,” continues Cuvier, “the name of this salutary vegetable and the name of Parmentier have become inseparable in the memory of the friends of humanity. Even the common people united them, and not always with gratitude. At a certain period of the Revolution, it was proposed to give Parmentier some municipal place. One of the voters opposed this proposal with fury. ‘He will make us eat potatoes,’ said he. ‘It was he who invented them.’”

In the following song, which is copied from a volume of “Poems, chiefly Historical, by the Rev. John Graham, M.A., Rector of Tamlaghtard, in the Diocese of Derry” (Belfast, 1829), the merits of the potato are more briefly, though not less zealously advocated, than by Parmentier.

Tune—" *Dear creatures, we can't do without them.*"

While we fatten and feast on the smiling potatoes
 Of Erin's green valleys, so friendly to man,
 Oh! there's not in the wide world a race that can beat us,
 From Canada's cold hills to sultry Japan.*
 It is not an abundance that Pat calls a plenty,
 Of plain simple fare the potato supplies;
 But milk, beef, and butter, and bacon so dainty,
 Hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys, and fat mutton-pies.
 Sweet roots of Erin! we can't do without them;
 No tongue can express their importance to man.
 Poor Corporal Cobbett knows nothing about them;
 We'll boil them and eat them as long as we can.

In the skirts of our bogs, that are covered with rushes,
 In dales, that we till with the sweat of our brow,
 On the wild mountain side, cleared of heath, rocks, and
 bushes,
 We plant the kind root with the spade or the plough.
 Then come the south breezes, with soft vernal showers,
 To finish the process that man has begun,
 And orange, and purple, and lily-white flowers,
 Reflect in bright lustre the rays of the sun.
 Sweet roots of Erin, &c.

The ground, too, thus broke and brought in by potatoes,
 • Produces the cream of our northern cheer
 In crops of rich barley, that comfort and treat us
 To Innishone whisky, and Maghera beer,

* The Editor has taken the liberty of transposing the third and fourth lines of the author to be the first and second, and *vice versa*.

Then here's to the brave boys that plant them and raise
them,

To fatten their pigs, and their weans, and their wives ;
May none of the corporal's principles seize them,
To shorten their days, or embitter their lives.

Sweet roots of Erin, &c.

WHISKY.

“‘BLESSINGS on the man,’ says Sancho Panza, ‘who invented sleep! it covers one all over as with a blanket.’ Blessings on the man, says Pat, who invented poteen! it brings one’s heart into the mouth; it’s better than an outside coat; it makes one *spake* out, and care not a fig for the Pope, the priest, or the devil.”

Thus does Mr. John Barrow apostrophize the national spirit of Ireland, about which a superabundance of twaddle has been published of late by political economists and Temperance Society speechifiers; the former being in general men who are unable prudently to conduct their own affairs, and the latter notorious drunkards.

In 1835, when John Barrow visited

“The houseless wilds of Connemara,”

he paid his respects to the chief of the gigantic race of Joyce, distinguished as “Big Jack Joyce,” by whom this adventurous traveller amongst the rude Irish was most hospitably received and entertained.

“On the poteen,” says Barrow, “being produced, I hoped he (the aforesaid ‘Big Jack Joyce’) would not oblige me

to drink alone ; but it was not without much entreaty I could prevail upon him to take a single glass, which he did only, he said, to welcome my arrival. *Tempora mutantur*, thought I, and some of us are changed with them; for it was scarcely a twelvemonth since Inglis visited him, when ‘room was found on the table for a double-sized flagon of whisky, and water appeared to be a beverage not much in repute.’ The mystery was soon unriddled by his telling me that he—Joyce, of all men in the world—had become a member of a Temperance Society! and had taken a vow (on three months’ trial) not to drink spirits, save and except on such an occasion as the present, and when necessary to do so *medicinally*. He, however, gave me to understand that he had taken his fair share of poteen in his day, and was nothing the worse of it.

“It is to be hoped,” adds Barrow, “that this honest fellow will not endeavour to prevail on his poor neighbours to forego entirely this necessary beverage; absolutely necessary, as I am assured by a medical gentleman of great eminence, to prevent scorbutic habits in those whose chief or sole food is the potato, which Cobbett not improperly calls ‘the root of poverty.’ Rice has not much more nutrition in it than potatoes, and yet the millions of India and China feed upon little else; but they never eat it *alone*; it is either dressed in the shape of curries, or highly seasoned with pepper and other hot spices, which answers the purpose of whisky.”

The Editor is inclined to assign the introduction of the manufacture of whisky into the Green Island to the fourteenth century, although the precise period has not been satisfactorily determined by antiquaries. Before the progress of whisky, leper-

houses, which, as Dr. Ledwich observes, "were everywhere to be found" in Ireland, rapidly disappeared ; and hence this healing spirit was termed the water of life, or aqua vitæ, which words rendered into Irish, are *uisge beaga*, or usquebagh, emphatically called *uisge* ; or, to use the expression of Sir Walter Scott, "by way of eminence termed *the water*," and from *uisge* is our common word whisky derived.

By the old physicians this charming cordial was recommended as a means of prolonging life, and it was, consequently, eagerly and universally sought after. Fennel-seeds, saffron, and other pungent matters, were mingled with it ; but these were soon found to be only whimsical adulterations of the sublime purity of an inestimable extract. Fynes Moryson, although little inclined to admit the excellence of anything Irish, says, "The Irish aqua vitæ, vulgarly called usquebagh, is held the best in the world of that kind ; which is also made in England, *but nothing so good as that which is brought out of Ireland.*" As something to be proud of, the superiority of this manufacture may be traced in the national character. Between both there is a certain degree of similitude. In both the same volatile properties exist, when fresh, wild, and fiery ; when mellowed by time and travel, the delight of all circles. It is admitted that there are few better things in company than an Irish

gentleman and a bottle of old whisky; most welcome are they both in society: good-humour and cheerfulness are their associates. Dr. Madden evidently saw the parallel, and what an exquisite relish they produce, when he said, "We have got the character of bearing our national miseries with the best grace; nay, of being the most boon companions, and the fairest drinkers of Europe."

To understand the merits either of the Irish character or of whisky-punch, which does so much for it, requires a certain experience of both. With respect to the latter, Dr. Campbell, in "A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," made by him in 1775, recording his visit to Spring House, near Tipperary, says:

"After supper I, for the first time, drank whisky-punch, the taste of which is harsh and austere, and the smell worse than the taste. The drinkers of it say it becomes so palatable that they can relish no other; which may very possibly be the case, for I suppose that claret is not relished by any palate at first.

"The spirit was very fierce and wild, requiring not less than seven times its own quantity of water to tame and subdue it."

He then speaks of usquebagh, and this, he says, "is the liquor which the Czar Peter the Great was so fond of, that he used to say, 'Of all wines, Irish wine was the best!'"

But not the Czar alone lauded Erin's whisky;

even the King of England is said highly to have approved thereof. In February, 1821, when an address to George IV. was under consideration by the Court of D'Oyer hundred of Cork, the question of his Majesty's partiality for whisky-punch was seriously entertained. The mover of this grave matter prefaced his question to the mayor, who presided, by observing that the tendency of the inquiry he was about to make would be the more to endear the king to his Irish subjects. He then requested of Sir Anthony Perrier (the mayor) to state the correctness of the public rumour, that when his worship was enjoying the pleasure of a cool bottle at the Pavilion at Brighton, the king was pleased to pronounce a high panegyric upon the merits of whisky-punch. The late Mr. Connell, who was Recorder of Kinsale, solemnly protested against the mayor answering this question. His Majesty's Irish subjects, he observed, were, for the sake of the peace of the country, already sufficiently partial to whisky-punch; and no doubt they would become more so, if a recommendation of the national beverage, coming from so high a quarter, were to be thus publicly promulgated by the highest civic authority. The mayor, having good-humouredly declined making any reply to the question put to him, in consequence of the legal opinion expressed by his worthy and learned friend, the Recorder of Kinsale,

the querist closed the debate by observing, that he would take his worship's silence as assent to the correctness of the report, and would therefore consider "the native" to be especially in royal favour.

AN IRISHMAN'S CHRISTENING

May be fairly supposed, from the national character for blunders, to be, like many other serious matters, not free from mistakes. Coleman makes an Irishman sing—

"The day I was christened, my poor mother saw
 On my face our dog Dennis was putting his paw;
 'What's his name?' axed the clergy—'Down, Dennis!'
 says she,
 So Dennis Bulgruddery they christened me."

In the present instance we find an unlucky Irishman baptised with whisky instead of water, the melancholy effect of which is evident in his having

"never forgot
 His first taste of whisky."

Indeed the pathetic exclamation of *Hillaloo* is sufficient to show the unhappy state of his existence. Yet such is the fascination of whisky, that he declares, if such a thing was possible, he would

"Call out from his grave to be christened again,"

and, no doubt, in the same manner.

It is no uncommon assertion by an Irishman that, "If his mother had reared him upon whisky, he'd have been a sucking babe to the day of his death."

Of myself, my dear joy, if you wish to be told
The first day I was born, I was not a night old,
Hillaloo!

The parson was sent for to christen the child;
He looked at the water, he grinned and he smiled,
Hillaloo!

He looked at the water, he grinned and he smiled;
Says he, "'Tis with whisky I've christened the child;
Oh, what a blunder, dear joy!"

So the day I was christened, I've never forgot
My first taste of whisky, it made me a sot;
And could that be a wonder, my boy?

So, you see, I loved whisky while yet but a boy,
And I loved it still better, a hobbledehoy,
Hillaloo!

When I went to be married, they asked for the ring;
Says I, "Wait a minute, I'll give you that thing,"
Hillaloo!

Says I, "Wait a minute, I'll give you that thing,"
But I pulled out the whisky instead of the ring;
Oh, what a blunder, dear joy!

"So," says I, "as it's here, we'll just taste it, I think,
To the bride's happy wedding we'll all of us drink;"
And could that be a wonder, my boy?

I drank to her health, and drank on to her death,
For Katty, sweet soul, soon gave up her breath,
Hillaloo!

One day I must follow her to the cold ground,
Where, to moisten the throat, no whisky is found,
Hillaloo!

Where, to moisten the throat, no whisky is found,
Though the nights are so long, and so cold is the ground;
Oh, what a blunder, dear joy!

Then should a dead man of his christening dream,
 And call out from his grave to be christened again ;
 Oh ! could that be a wonder, my boy ?

LOVE AND WHISKY.

The most popular song of the heyday of Irish Volunteerism (see pp. 41-44), and which song continued a general favourite until the dissolution of the Irish Yeomanry Corps, when, notwithstanding that both love and whisky, as there is every reason to believe, continued as potent as ever in Ireland, this excellent lyric, in which the similarity of their influence is explained, fell most unaccountably into disuse ; and a copy of it has been, with some difficulty, procured by the Editor.

The allusion to invasion, so skilfully introduced in the last verse, probably originally referred to Thurot's capture of Carrickfergus, in 1760, although from that period, until 1805, Ireland was in a constant state of excitement respecting a French descent upon her coasts.

Air—" *Bobbin Joan.*"

Love and whisky both,
 Rejoice an honest fellow ;
 Unripe joys of life
 Love and whisky mellow.
 Both the head and heart
 Set in palpitation ;
 From both I've often found
 A mighty sweet sensation.

Love and whisky's joys,
Let us gaily twist 'em,
In the thread of life,
Faith, we can't resist 'em.

But love's jealous pang,
In heartaché oft we find it ;
Whisky, in its turn,
A headache leaves behind it.
Thus, of love or drink,
We curse th' enchanted cup, sir ;
All its charms forswear,
Then take another sup, sir.
Love and whisky's joys,
Let us gaily twist 'em,
In the thread of life,
Faith, we can't resist 'em.

Love and whisky can
To anything persuade us ;
No other power we fear
That ever can invade us.
Should others dare intrude,
They'll find our lads so frisky,
By none can be subdued,
Excepting love and whisky.
May the smiles of love
Cheer our lads so clever ;
And, with whisky, boys,
We'll drink King George for ever.

THE POWERS OF WHISKY.

Bernard, in his "Retrospections of the Stage," tells us that, when in company with some of the Sligo *corps dramatique*, he visited a house of entertainment "for man and horse," at no great distance from that town, and "asked the landlord what he had to eat? He said, 'Whisky!' What he had to drink? 'Whisky!' What they could contrive to stay their stomachs on? His answer was still, 'Whisky!' There was nothing to be had at this place but the one commodity."

This is no bad illustration of the opinion entertained of the powers of whisky, which has been described not merely as "meat and drink," but as "food and clothes," to an Irishman; who, as long as he has the price of "a glass" in his pocket, is as light-hearted as a feather. Even when that is not the case, he is far from feeling despondent, trusting that some lucky chance will aid him in his emergency. "Hunger," it has been observed, "sharpens the wit;" the same thing may be said of whisky. M. de Latocnaye, an amusing French traveller, gives the following instance of this in his "Promenade en Irlande." "Le jeune homme qui était mon compagnon de voyage paraissait bon enfant, et m'expliquait le pays chemin faisant. 'Je suis bien fâché, monsieur,' me dit-il; 'je suis bien fâché.' 'Eh bien! mon garçon,' lui dis-je, 'quel est le sujet de votre chagrin?' 'Ah! monsieur, je suis bien fâché de n'avoir point d'argent pour vous offrir un verre de *whisky*.' Je trouvai cette manière de demander assez originale; et je lui répondis que cela ne devait pas l'affliger, parce que je serais bien aise de le régaler moi-même."

Air—" *The Kinnegad Slashers.*"

Oh! merry am I, ever jocund and gay,
 If for whisky in plenty my pocket can pay;
 If we feel melancholy, and cannot tell why,
 Whisky lightens the heart, though it deadens the eye.

 If sorrow should vex us,

 Or care should perplex us,

Get tipsy enough, every pang will depart;

 Oh! there's nothing like whisky

 Makes Irishmen frisky,

It bothers their sorrows, and gladdens their heart.

If in love with a maid, who your flame would deride,
 Drink enough, you'll find charms in a dozen beside;
 Drink more, and your victory, then, is complete,
 For you'll think you're in love with each girl that you meet.

 If a girl's sick, poor creatur',

 Let no doctor treat her,

But a plentiful drop of the native impart;

 For there's nothing like whisky

 To make the girls frisky,

To make them good-natured, and soften their heart.

Oh! whisky, dear whisky, it charms and cajoles,
 And it lies at the heart like a friend, and consoles;
 No grief, be it ever so great, can subdue,
 While I have, my dear whisky, a flask full of you.

 Then let it, ye powers,

 Rain whisky in showers;

Let each of the other be a full counterpart;

 For there's nothing like whisky

 Makes Irishmen frisky;

It bothers their sorrows, and gladdens their heart.

ERIN'S WHISKY.

Copied from *Captain Rock in London*, No. 42, a weekly publication of the year 1825, price twopence.

Gamble, in his "Views of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland," philosophically remarks, that "there seems a natural and instinctive fondness in the inhabitants of damp and mountainous places for ardent spirits; and perhaps everywhere, in vacant and unemployed minds, there is similar fondness; for a love of sensation seems the strongest appetite or passion of our nature. For the purpose of speedy intoxication *whisky is superlative*; and when, to physical and other general causes, are added the more powerful moral ones of his condition, it is little wonderful that the Irish peasant should seek, in the Lethæan draught, oblivious happiness; and regard the inventor of his beloved liquor as a greater benefactor than Ceres and Triptolemus put together."

Whilst others sing the joys of wine,
 And high their voices raise;
 For ever shall the theme be mine
 To chant old whisky's praise.
 Oh! the charming whisky,
 Erin's famous whisky;
 'Midst all our grief,
 It gives relief,
 To know we have good whisky!

What is it makes our heart so bold;
 What makes us love so true?
 Oh! if in faith, the truth be told,
 Dear whisky, gra', 'tis you.

Oh! the charming whisky,
 Erin's famous whisky ;
 Then bumpers bring,
 And let us sing—
 The joys of Erin's whisky !

ROCK'S POTEEN.

The word poteen has been already explained as illicit whisky. "Whisky from illicit stills," according to Wakefield, "is sold as openly (in Ireland) as if it had been gauged by the excise officer; it has a peculiar smoky taste, different from that which has been regularly and carefully distilled, and which the people imagine to have acquired its white colour from vitriol. Were one to find fault with the whisky in the northern counties, the immediate reply would be, 'It's as good poteen as any in Ulster, for it never paid a happ'orth of duty.'" From 1802 to June 1806—a space of four years and a half—no less than 13,439 unlicensed whisky-stills, 11,098 heads, and 9732 worms, were seized in Ireland. Some idea, therefore, of the magnitude of the traffic in poteen may be formed by this official return.

This song, in praise of poteen, is copied from *Captain Rock in London*, No. 2.

Begone, ye dark obtruding cares,
 And ne'er again come near me ;
 My soul for every ill prepares,
 Whilst I've poteen to cheer me.

Oh, poteen,
 The nice poteen,
 The mellow, mild, and rich poteen !
 The chosen toast
 Round Erin's coast,
 The pink of spirits, Rock's poteen.

Unfathom'd by the exciseman's rule,
 Our native shines in bottles green ;
 And where's the drink so mild and cool
 As barley juice?—our smoked poteen.
 Oh, &c.

Let Britons boast their ale and beer,
 For whisky, gra' ! they've never seen ;
 Or else another tune we'd hear
 In praise of Rock-glen's prime poteen.
 Oh, &c.

Let stupid sots, while tipping wine,
 The virtues of the grape make known ;
 But those who wit and worth combine
 Must pledge themselves is Innishone.*
 Oh, &c.

Then fill your glass of sparkling juice
 That never met a gauger's nose ;
 For where's the man who could refuse
 To drink the land where poteen flows ?
 Oh, &c.

* "This district (the barony of Innishone, county of Tyrone) has long been famous for its whisky, and has even become a name for the liquor itself ; real Innishone is its highest praise, and nothing in the way of panegyric can be added to this."—*Views of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland.* By John Gamble, Esq. 1819.

THE GLASS OF WHISKY

Was originally printed in *The Sentimental and Masonic Magazine*, vol. iii., for December, 1793, a Dublin periodical remarkable from the first productions of the Muse of Moore having appeared therein.

This song bears the signature W. P. C—y, and was illustrated in that publication by an engraving, executed by W. P. Carey, probably the author, which represents an old man with clasped hands, uplifting a glass of whisky. (See the last verse.)

William Paulet Carey is known to have been the writer, in 1789, of a political squib against the Marquis of Buckingham, entitled "The Nettle: an Irish Bouquet to Tickle the Nose of an English Viceroy." Carey was the printer and publisher of *The National Evening Star*, a Dublin newspaper, and acquired considerable and an unenviable notoriety in June 1794, as the principal witness on the trial of Dr. Drennan for the publication of a seditious libel. It appeared that Carey had been a zealous member of the Society of United Irishmen; but conceiving himself aggrieved by the conduct of that body towards him, and being himself under prosecution for a libel against Government, he came forward as an evidence for the Crown. Carey was closely cross-examined by Curran, who commented so severely upon his admissions and statements, that the acquittal of Dr. Drennan followed.

Considering the political apostasy of the author—a crime seldom forgotten or forgiven in Ireland—it is singular that any song known to have been of his writing should have become popular, which Murrough O'Monaghan's aspiration respecting a glass of whisky certainly did; and

it has continued to be so to the present time—upwards of forty years. This, however, has been accounted for to the Editor by the statement that the character of Murrough O'Monaghan was a sketch from life of a well-known cripple and mendicant, who frequented the locality mentioned, and retailed whisky from a huge black bottle. He is further said to have been a faithful emissary of the United Irishmen, and an active agent in procuring information for them, and in extending the influence of the association by means of “a glass of north country” judiciously administered.

It is not easy to arrive at the approved standard of a glass for whisky. Irishmen are sometimes fastidious about the matter. On one occasion a hospitable lady, who had rewarded a labourer for his exertions with some admirable whisky, administered in a claret glass, was both shocked and astonished at the impiety and ingratitude of his exclamation—“May the devil blow the man that blew this glass!”

“What is that you say?” inquired the lady. “What do I hear?”

“I'm much obliged to you, honourable madam, and 'tis no harm I mean; only bad luck to the blackguard glass-blower, whoever he was, since, with the least bit of breath in life more, he could have made the glass twice as big.”

Air—“When I was a young man in sweet Tipperary.”

At the side of the road, near the bridge of Drumcondra,*

Was Murrough O'Monaghan stationed to leg;

He brought from the wars, as his share of the plunder.

A crack on the crown, and the loss of a leg.

* A village in the vicinity of Dublin, vulgarly called Drumconder.

“ Oagh, Murrough ! ” he’d cry—“ musha nothing may
harm ye,

What made you go fight for a soldier on sea ?
You fool, had you been a marine in the army,
You’d now have a pinchun and live on full pay.

“ But now I’m a cripple—what signifies thinking ?
The past I can never bring round to the fore ;
The heart that with old age and weakness is sinking,
Will ever find strength in good whisky galore.
Oagh, whisky, ma vurneen, my joy, and my jewel,
What signifies talking of doctors and pills ;
In sorrow, misfortune, and sickness so cruel,
A glass of north country can cure all our ills.

“ When cold in the winter, it warms you so hearty ;
When hot in the summer, it cools you like ice ;
In trouble—false friends, without grief I can part ye ;
Good whisky’s my friend, and I take its advice.
When hungry and thirsty, ’tis meat and drink to me ;
It finds me a lodging wherever I lie :
Neither frost, snow, nor rain, any harm can do me,
The hedge is my pillow, my blanket the sky.

“ Now merry be the Christmas ! success to good
neighbours !
Here’s a happy new year, and a great many too !
With a plenty of whisky to lighten their labours,
May sweet luck attend every heart that is true ! ”
Poor Murrough, then joining his old hands together,
High held up the glass, while he vented this prayer :—
“ May whisky, by sea or by land in all weather,
Be never denied to the children of care ! ”

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKY.

Whisky has been styled “the universal favourite—from the prince to the peasant;” and this assertion is fully supported by the following song, which chronicles its influence over various sects and parties. Mr. Gamble, discussing the origin of the name of some high ground called Whisky Hill, in the north of Ireland, conjectures that—“Perhaps whisky is made in greater quantities here than elsewhere; for on all hills, and I believe I may add in all valleys, people drink as much as they can.”

This writer elsewhere adds, describing an acquaintance at Strabane:—“Though an Englishman and a Methodist, he is not averse to the beverage of the country; for time, as he well remarked, does reconcile us to many things; and I never met in this country with an Englishman, of his condition in life, that it did not reconcile to whisky. So universal, indeed, is the perception of misery, and the nothingness of this world, that the people of all countries are pleased to have a cheap opportunity of drowning thought in intoxication, and creating a little happy world of their own. Even the nations which the strong motive of superstition induces to abandon the use of strong liquor here, look to it with longing hereafter; and perpetual inebriation is the Mahommedan’s heaven.”

A sup of good whisky will make you glad;
 Too much of the creatur’* will make you mad;
 If you take it in reason, ’twill make you wise;
 If you drink to excess, it will close up your eyes: †

* “C’est le nom aimable que l’on donne au Whisky.”—M. DE LATOCNAYE, *Promenade en Irlande*.

† Shakspeare observes:—“One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.”—*Twelfth Night*, i. 5.

Yet father and mother,
 And sister and brother,
 They all take a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you that whisky's bad ;
 I think so too—if there's none to be had :
 The swaddler* will bid you drink none at all ;
 But, while I can get it, a fig for them all.
 Both layman and brother,
 In spite of this pother,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some doctors will tell you, 'twill hurt your health ;
 The justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth ;
 Physicians and lawyers both do agree,
 When your money's all gone, they can get no fee.
 Yet surgeon and doctor,
 And lawyer and proctor,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a soldier is drunk on his duty found,
 He to the three-legged horse is bound,

* The Irish term for the followers of John Wesley. It arose from one of the early Methodists in Dublin, named Cennick, taking, on Christmas Day, the text of his discourse from St. Luke's Gospel, ii. 12 : "And this shall be a sign unto you ; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger." One of his auditors, who was ignorant of the text, "thought this," says Southey, "so ludicrous, that he called the preacher a swaddler in derision ; and this unmeaning word became a nickname of the Methodists, and had all the effect of the most opprobrious appellation." In John Wesley's journal he mentions that, during the riots which occurred in Cork during the months of May and June, 1749, "The mob paraded the streets, armed with swords, staves, and pistols, crying out — 'Five pounds for a swaddler's head !'"

In the face of his regiment obliged to strip ;
But a noggin will soften the nine-tailed whip.

For sergeant and drummer,
And likewise his honour,
Will all take a sup in their turn,

The Turks who arrived from the Porte sublime,
All told us that drinking was held a great crime ;
Yet, after their dinner away they slunk,
And tiddled whisky till they got quite drunk.*

The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
By yea, and by nay, they will make it plain ;
But some of the broad-brims will get the stuff,
And tiddle away till they've tiddled enough.

For Stiff-back and Steady,
And Solomon's lady,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans do say they can drink the most,
The French and Italians also do boast :
Hibernia's the country (for all their noise)
For generous drinking and hearty boys.

* This is no stretch of fancy. The Editor recently met some Turks at dinner, who refused wine ; he facetiously assured them that the law of the Prophet did not extend to Irish whisky, which word he could expound to them in English as literally meaning water. The consequence of this translation is faithfully given above. Another party of Turks, of whom the Editor has heard, consumed, on their passage in an English man-of-war, no inconsiderable quantity of champagne, which they called for and drank under the name of soda-water ; observing that English soda-water was a most refreshing beverage.

There each jovial fellow
 Will drink till he's mellow,
 And take off his glass in his turn.

“BOUNCE UPON BESS”

Seems to have been a cant term for strong whisky, which, the Editor has been informed, was caused by the evidence given in a court of law respecting one of the fair sex, who was delicately and mysteriously represented to have been “overtaken.”

“What do you mean by being overtaken?” inquired the examining counsel. “Overtaken by whom?”

“By no one, yo'r honour. Oh! indeed, no one overtook her: it would be well for her if any decent Christian had done so.”

“You said she was overtaken;—by whom, or what, was she overtaken?”

“Oh, then, indeed she was overtaken by the liquor.”

“How overtaken? did she drink too much?”

“Lord love yo'r honour's innocent heart, I see ye know all about the matter. It overtook the poor girl sure enough; it came, for all the world, *bounce upon Bess*; it was so very strong it knocked her down so flat, she couldn't stand after it.”

“Pray what liquor did she drink?”

“It was Walker's best whisky, yo'r honour.”

In the “land of song,” so fair an opportunity for recommending the potent effects of its national manufacture could scarcely have escaped without notice; and accordingly, in the following lyric, the merits of “Bounce upon Bess” are set forth.

The song is given from a manuscript copy, which has been in the Editor's possession upwards of twenty years. Mr. Walker was an eminent distiller in Cork.

Air—" *The Priest and his Boots.*"

Come all you good fellows who love to be gay,
 Who spend every night what you earn each day ;
 Drink deep of that liquor which Irishmen bless,
 For you'll find no such cordial as " Bounce upon Bess."
 Compared with this balsam, all drink is small beer ;
 What raises the spirits can never be dear :
 The inside it warms, and it cheers up the heart,
 And puts life in a man—from a gill to a quart.
 Sing, fall de ral, &c.

Let Englishmen talk of their porter and ale,
 Which grow very bad as they grow very stale ;
 But give Paddy the liquor to fuddle his nose,
 Which improves still the more as the older it grows.
 In a glass it so clear and transparent appears,
 'Tis as bright as the eye of your sweetheart in tears ;
 And, next to a smack of her lips, by my soul,
 There is nothing like Walker's best " Bounce " in a bowl.
 Sing, fall de ral, &c.

When in winter, the frost of a morning feels raw,
 Were the ice in your stomach, good Bounce would it
 thaw ;
 And for heat in the summer you'll care not a fig,
 If of " Bounce upon Bess " you but take a full swig.
 Oh ! 'tis good in all weather, in each time and place,
 To all ranks and professions it shows a bright face ;
 And if you had enough of it, neighbours, in store,
 Oh, the devil a grief would come inside your door !
 With, fall de ral, &c.

If at fair or at patron* your sweetheart you meet,
To a tent you invite her to drink and to eat ;
Let her eat what she will, but you can do no less
Than to mix for her tipple some " Bounce upon Bess !"
Though hard as a flint she looked on you before,
Her heart will grow soft, oh ! 'twould melt on the floor ;
And her eyes will so wink, that I'd venture to guess
She would pledge her best cloak for good " Bounce upon
Bess !"
Sing, fall de ral, &c.

All join, then, in chorus, may Bounce never fail ;
And the man who produced it, may naught ever ail,
Who keeps up our spirits, and raises our land,
Should the good will of Irishmen always command.
May his still ever prosper, and prosper it will,
Whilst the fields supply barley, and he supplies skill ;
And as for consumption, my hearties ! 'tis said,
Oh, the devil our fellows lift hands to their head !
Sing, fall de ral, &c.

HAD I THE TUN WHICH BACCHUS USED.

To the lover of Irish song, considerable interest will attach to this trifle, now first printed from the author's manuscript, when the name of the writer is stated to be "honest Dick Millikin," who has rendered "the Groves of Blarney" classic ground.

Richard Alfred Millikin was born in 1767, at Castle Martyr, a small town in the county of Cork, and was

* A meeting dedicated to the honour of a Patron Sa'nt.

placed in the office of a country attorney, where he had the reputation of devoting more attention to painting, poetry and music, than to the niceties of law. Having completed his apprenticeship, when he claimed to be admitted as a member of the legal profession, the gentleman by whom he was to be examined "thought proper to declare his having received information by letter that Mr. Millikin, then present in court, and claiming a right to be sworn a member of it, so far from being regularly initiated in the profession of an attorney, was bred a painter, and consequently was wholly unqualified for admission. This statement (so grossly false)," says Millikin's biographer, "was promptly corroborated by a Cork attorney, who asserted that he could himself point out a person in Cork for whom the young man in question had actually painted a sign. Such an attack, in such a place, was in itself sufficient to abash an inexperienced young man; but, when a recollection flashed on his mind of having really painted a board, at the request of a poor widow (she was that attorney's nurse), to place over the window of her son's shop, his embarrassment became so great that he was unable to utter a word; and had not his limbs refused their office, he would have quitted the court never to return. But, just at that distressing moment, an acquaintance of happier times, the good-natured, kind-hearted Counsellor Fitzgerald (as remarkable for his urbanity of disposition as corpulence of person), happening to be present, and taking fire at the malicious falsehood, rose, and in a very eloquent address to the court fully disproved the illiberal and unmanly charge, asserting, in his turn, that Mr. Millikin—his schoolfellow and early friend, who was designed for a higher walk in life than that he was now about to enter on—had not only received the education of a

gentleman, but was possessed of those accomplishments generally attached to the character, one of which was drawing, in which he excelled, and which, till now, he had never heard attributed to any man as a fault, or considered as a barrier to professional pursuits.

“The consequence of this kind and seasonable explanation was his being admitted and sworn an attorney, and a member of the King’s Inns, after which he returned to Cork to commence business. Young and unpatronized, however, he had little employment, being mostly applied to for the recovery of debts, a branch of the profession particularly disagreeable to him, his heart revolting from the idea of depriving a fellow-being of liberty, or distressing those who were already distressed; and a circumstance or two which occurred in the course of his short practice, effectually confirmed his dislike to the business altogether. Being employed by a clergyman to recover some debts, due by his parishioners for tithe, he proceeded for the purpose to a town where a quarter session was holding, and where the process-server who had been employed was appointed to meet him. This person, however, not appearing, he waited, but waited in vain, until the conclusion of the session; for he never saw him more, the unfortunate man’s body being found some time after, where he had been murdered while on his journey to the appointed place.”

As professional employment, for which there are many candidates, must be courted rather than shunned as irksome, Mr. Millikin was left with ample leisure to indulge his taste for literature and the fine arts; and, in 1795, several poetical contributions from his pen were printed in the *Monthly Miscellany*, a Cork magazine. In April, 1797, he published, jointly with his sister—a lady who had distinguished herself by some historical novels—

The Casket; or, Hesperian Magazine, which appeared monthly until February, 1798, when the political circumstances of Ireland terminated its existence.

On the breaking out of the Rebellion, Mr. Millikin zealously joined the Royal Cork Volunteers, and soon became a conspicuous member of that corps. He was subsequently, by the exertions of his pen and pencil, an active promoter of various benevolent objects in Cork. In 1807, he published "The Riverside," a poem, in blank verse; and, in 1810, a little tale called "The Slave of Surinam." During the spring of 1815, the foundation was laid by him of a Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Cork, which followed an exhibition of his drawings, combined with the works of a few amateur friends and artists of that city. Mr. Millikin's death was caused by water on the chest, and occurred, after a short illness, on the 16th of December, 1815. He was buried with a public funeral at Douglas, near Cork, and his loss deplored as a general calamity.

A little volume, entitled "Poetical Fragments of the late Richard Alfred Millikin, with an authentic Memoir of his Life," was printed by subscription in 1823; and prefixed to it is a portrait, which was a good likeness of what the author must have been in the prime of life. Previous to this publication, all Mr. Millikin's papers were given by his widow, now no more, to the Editor, with the request that nothing unworthy of the memory of her husband should be published.

The Editor has only to add to this sacred trust that, to the best of his judgment, if every line of the manuscripts thus placed in his hands were printed, nothing would appear injurious to the reputation of the witty head and warm heart of "honest Dick Millikin."

Had I the tun which Bacchus used,
I'd sit on it all day ;
For, while a can it ne'er refused,
He nothing had to pay.

I'd turn the cock from morn to eve,
Nor think it toil or trouble ;
But I'd contrive, you may believe,
To make it carry double.

My friend should sit as well as I,
And take a jovial pot ;
For he who drinks—although he's dry—
Alone, is sure a sot.

But since the tun which Bacchus used
We have not here—what then ?
Since godlike toping is refused,
Let's drink like honest men.

And let that churl, old Bacchus, sit,
Who envies him his wine ?
While mortal fellowship and wit
Makes whisky more divine.

THE NIGHTCAP.

A true Irishman says of his whisky as Boniface does of his "Anno Domini,"—"I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale." So an Irishman, after the eating and drinking of his whisky is over, always sleeps upon it, which "parting glass," as it has been affectionately termed, is distinguished as "the nightcap."

With a nightcap of this manufacture, it has been already asserted (p. 82), that

“ Neither frost, snow, nor rain, any harm can do me ;
The hedge is my pillow, my blanket the sky.”

The burlesque, classical, little *jeu d'esprit* here given, appeared in a Dublin newspaper or magazine, about the year 1820, and was recited to the Editor by a friend, who informed him that the author was Mr. Thomas Hamblin Porter, elected a Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1817.

The Bog of Allen, from whence the nectar patronized by Apollo was derived, is a tract famous formerly for Tories and Rapparies, and of more recent times for the manufacture of poteen. It extended for a considerable distance through part of the counties of Dublin, Carlow, Kildare, Kilkenny, and Meath. “The Bog of Allen” was, in short, a vague term for any matter about which an awkward question was likely to be asked. The Editor remembers that a gentleman was once robbed near Cork of a valuable watch, which, a day or two afterwards, was bought by a silversmith in Cork from a man who asserted, with the utmost simplicity, that he had found it in—the Bog of Allen !

Jolly Phœbus his car to the coach-house had driven,
And unharnessed his high-mettled horses of light ;
He gave them a feed from the manger of heaven,
And rubbed them and littered them up for the night.

Then down to the kitchen he leisurely strode,
Where Thetis, the housemaid, was sipping her tea ;
He swore he was tired with that damn'd up-hill road,
He'd have none of her slops nor hot water, not he.

So she took from the corner a little cruiskeen
 Well filled with nectar Apollo loves best ;
 (From the neat Bog of Allen, some pretty poteen),
 And he tippled his quantum and staggered to rest.

His many-caped box-coat around him he threw,
 For his bed, faith, 'twas dampish, and none of the
 best ;
 All above him the clouds their bright fringed curtains
 drew,
 And the tuft of his nightcap lay red in the west.

BUMPERS, BUMPERS, FLOWING BUMPERS.

This convivial lyric, in which the inspiration of whisky is set forth, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, 1821, associated with the song of "St. Patrick of Ireland, my Dear." The author has entitled it "A real Irish '*Fly not yet,*'" and informs us that it was an impromptu, chanted "on the spur of the occasion," at the time noted—viz, "Four o'clock in the morning, or thereabouts."

Tune—"Lillibullero."

Hark ! hark ! from below,
 The rascally row
 Of watchmen, in chorus, bawling "Four !"
 But spite of this noise,
 My rollicking boys,
 We'll stay till we've emptied one bottle more.*

* Of whisky—viz., about thirteen tumblers.—*Author's Note.*

CHORUS.*

Bumpers—bumpers—flowing bumpers !
 BUMPER your glasses high up to the brim !
 And he who is talking
 A word about walking,
 Out of the window at once with him !

 Our whisky is good
 As ever yet stood
 Steaming on table, in glass or pot ;
 It came from a still,
 Snug under a hill,
 Where the eye of the gauger saw it not.
 Bumpers, &c.

 Then why should we run
 Away from the Sun ?
 Here's to his health, my own elegant men !
 We drank to his rest
 Last night in the west,
 And we'll welcome him now that he wakes again.
 Bumpers, &c.

 And here we shall stop,
 Until every drop
 That charges our bottles is gone, clean gone ;
 And then, sallying out,
 We'll leather the rout †
 Who've dared to remind us how time has run.
 Bumpers, &c.

* We pronounce the word generally in Ireland as we sound the *ch* in church—chorus. I think it is the prettier way.—*Author's Note.*

† Beating the watch is a pleasant and usual finale to a social party in the metropolis (Dublin). I am compelled myself, now and then,

I'LL NEVER GET DRUNK ANY MORE!

In contrast to the preceding song, so full of action, may be placed one in which the reaction of "Bumpers, bumpers, flowing bumpers," is exhibited. The Editor has been informed that it was sung with much effect by a man named Eagan at the early meetings of a temperance society in the south of Ireland, upon which occasions the lines referring to the suicidal proceeding of hard drinking—

"For your own brains out you're dashing :
Don't you feel your head quite sore?"

were always received with marked approbation.

Tune—"Mall Brook."

One night when I got frisky
Over some poteen whisky,
Like waves in the Bay of Biscay,
I began to tumble and roar.
My face was red as a lobster,
I fell and I broke my nob, sir,
My watch was picked from my fob, sir—
Oh, I'll never get drunk any more!

Now I'm resolved to try it,
I'll live upon moderate diet ;
I'll not drink, but will deny it,
And shun each alehouse-door ;

to castigate them, merely for the impertinent clamour they make at night about the hours. Our ancestors must have been in the depths of barbarity when they established this ungentlemanlike custom.—

Author's Note.

For that's the place, they tell us,
We meet with all jovial good fellows ;
But I swear by the poker and bellows
I'll never get drunk any more.

The landlady is unwilling
To credit you for a shilling ;
She straightway sends her bill in,
And asks you to pay your score.
And if with money you're stocked,
She'll not stop till she's emptied your pocket ;
Then the cellar-door is locked,
And you cannot get drunk any more.

So by me now take caution,
Put drinking out of fashion,
For your own brains out you're dashing :
Don't you feel your head quite sore ?
For when all night you've tarried
Drinking of punch and claret,
In the morning home you're carried,
(Saying) " I'll never get drunk any more."

A man that's fond of boozing,
His cash goes daily oozing ;
His character he's losing,
And its loss he will deplore.
His wife is unprotected,
His business is neglected,
Himself is *dis*-respected,
So, do not get drunk any more.

BARRY OF MACROOM.

Who the hero of the following song may be, the Editor is unable satisfactorily to determine ; although Mr. Daniel MacCarthy, whom he is represented to have excelled in topping, is recorded in Dr. Smith's "History of Kerry" to have died in 1751, as is asserted, at the age of 112 years. "He drank," says Smith, "for many of the last years of his life, great quantities of rum and brandy, which he called 'naked truth ;' and if, in compliance to other gentlemen, he drank claret or punch, he always took an equal quantity of spirits to qualify these liquors : this he called 'a wedge.'" Old Jem Nash was, no doubt, an equally distinguished individual belonging to that "persecuted and hard-drinking country," Ireland.

It is difficult to form a correct estimate of the quantity of whisky-punch which may be comfortably discussed at a sitting. In the case of a gentleman whose life had been insured for a large sum of money, the payment at his death was resisted by the Insurance Company, upon the plea that he had caused his death by excessive drinking. The matter came to a legal trial, and among other witnesses examined was one who swore that, for the last eighteen years of his life, he had been in the habit of taking every night four-and-twenty tumblers of whisky-punch. "Recollect yourself, sir," said the examining counsel. "Four-and-twenty ! you swear to that ; did you ever drink five-and-twenty ?" "I am on my oath," replied the witness ; "and I will swear no further, for I never keep 'count beyond the two dozen, though there's no saying how many beyond it I might drink to make myself comfortable ; but that's my stint."

The Editor believes that he is not wrong in assigning

this lyric to the pen of Mr. Richard Ryan, the author of a national biographical dictionary, entitled "The Worthies of Ireland," 2 vols. 8vo. 1819 and 1821, and of other works. The town of Macroom, upon which the fame of "bold Barry" has bestowed celebrity, is about eighteen miles west of the city of Cork. Upwards of eighty years ago, Smith, in his "History of Cork," observes that, "in this town are some whisky distillers; a liquor and manufacture so pernicious to the poor, that it renders every other employment useless to them." But it is to be hoped that Mr. Barry's example may have had its influence in diffusing a civilized taste for whisky-punch among them, and thus, by inducing the drinkers of "naked truth" to dilute their liquor, effect an important moral improvement.

Oh! what is Dan MacCarty, or what is old Jem Nash?
Or all who e'er in punch-drinking, by luck, have cut a dash.
Compared to that choice hero, whose praise my rhymes
perfume—

I mean the boast of Erin's Isle, bold Barry of Macroom?

'Twas on a summer's morning bright that Barry shone
most gay,

He had of friends a chosen few, to dine with him that day;
And to himself he coolly said (joy did his eyes illumine)—
"I'll show my guests there's few can match bold Barry
of Macroom!"

The dinner was despatched, and they brought six gallon-
jugs *

Of whisky-punch; and after them, eight huge big-bellied
mugs;

* The custom of making punch in jugs seems a better one than that of each person making for himself. It mingles the spirits and

And soon all 'neath the table lay, swept clean as with a broom—

Except the boast of Erin's Isle, bold Barry of Macroon !

Now Barry rose, and proudly cried—"By Judy, I'll go down,

And call into each whisky-shop that decorates our town ;
For lots of whisky-punch is here for master and for groom,

If they'll come up and drink it with bold Barry of Macroon !

Thus Barry soon he brought with him a choice hard-drinking set,

As ever at a punch-table, on Patrick's Day, had met ;
Yet soon upon the floor they lay—a low, disgraceful doom ;

While, like a giant fresh and strong, rose Barry of Macroon !

Then Barry went unto his wife, and to his turtle said—

"My dear, I now have had enough, therefore I'll go to bed ;

But, as I may be thirsty soon, just mix it in the room,
A gallon-jug of punch, quite weak, for Barry of Macroon !

Brave Barry, he got very ill, his malady was such,
It sprung from drinking whisky-punch, too little or too much ;

water more intimately, and gives more mellowness to the liquor, from the practice of pouring it several times out of one jug into another. It is long since punch has been drunk out of bowls, but the large china bowl still holds its place in closets, in memory of past times, and as an article of show."—*Views of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland.* By John Gamble, Esq. 1819.

And sickness, night and morning did, like canker in the
bloom,
Attack and waste the carcase of bold Barry of Macroom!
The doctors they declared all, that punch he must give
o'er,
And less two gallons drink each day, or soon he'd drink
no more;
'Then would the wild flowers, fair and gay, spring up
around his tomb,
Above the turf that sepulchred bold Barry of Macroom!

Now Barry thought such talk as this was mighty hard to
bear,
And grumbled as each day he quaff'd his hermit-kind of
fare;
But Barry lived for many years, old whisky to consume,
And, proved the prince of punch-drinkers, died Barry of
Macroom!

THE MERRY MAN.

There is something extremely melancholy in the picture of reckless conviviality here exhibited; but it is, nevertheless, eminently characteristic of Irish good-fellowship. The hero of this song, to use an American phrase, "goes the whole hog;" for, not content with expressing an utter contempt for the ordinary decencies of the table, such as filling his glass from the decanter, bottle, jug, or pitcher, which may be at hand, he absolutely inculcates the adoption of gymnastic exercise while drinking, by "fugling the can." And subsequently, when he is no

longer able to be the fogleman, a match at single-stick with blackthorn cudgels is recommended, as a convenient interlude between the disappearance of a cruiskeen of whisky and the introduction of a

“ — full flowing bowl.”

This is evidently here done in the spirit of kindness, and without any malicious motive; unlike the directions given in the will of one of Cromwell's followers in Ireland: “My body shall be put upon the oak-table in my coffin in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, and every one shall have two quarts of the best aqua vitæ, and each a skein, dirk, or knife, laid before him; and, when their liquor is out, nail up my coffin, and commit me to earth, from whence I came. This is my will. Witness my hand, this 3rd of March, 1674.

“JOHN LANGLEY.”

“Some of his friends asked him why he would be at such charge to treat the Irish at his funeral, a people whom he never loved? ‘Why, for that reason,’ replied Langley; ‘for they will get so drunk at my wake that they will kill one another, and so we shall get rid of some of the breed; and if every one would follow my example in their wills, in time we should get rid of them all!’”

The fifth verse of the song is levelled against an ancient practice, now rapidly falling into disuse, of hiring professional mourners, called keeners (from *caoine*, a funeral elegy), to lament over the dead. The chorus by which the effusions of Erin's elegiac muse are supported is termed, by Mr. Twiss, “the Irish howl.”

I am a young fellow
Who loves to be mellow,
To drink and be merry is all my delight;

I often get frisky,
 By tipping good whisky,
 With jovial companions from morning to night.
 I never took pleasure
 In hoarding up treasure ;
 The sight of a miser I cannot endure,
 Who always is griping,
 And sharpening, and biting,
 And laying out schemes for to plunder the poor.
 Ri fal-da-riddle lah, &c.

Of the beggarly miser
 I am a despiser ;
 The fruit of his labour he never enjoys :
 His heirs for his money,
 Impatient of honey,
 Are waiting and hate him, while with it he toys.
 His frame is complaining,
 For want of sustaining ;
 His limbs are decrepit, from hunger and cold ;
 Instead of good liquor
 To make his pulse quicker,
 He's gloating and doating on that idol called gold.
 Ri fal, &c.

As for me, while I'm able,
 At the head of a table,
 Set me down of good whisky a full water stand,
 Where each clever toper
 May drink like the Pope, or
 May toast to his friends with a bumper in hand.
 By the side of that jorum,
 Like a Justice of Quorum,
 I'll preside full of state in my holiday clothes ;

In winter or summer,
 With a rollicking rummer,
 A pipe for to smoke, and a jug at my nose.
 Ri fal, &c.

“Come, drawer, this spirit
 Of yours has some merit.
 Sweet piper, come squeeze up your leather and play;
 And hand him the pitcher,
 It makes music richer,—
 Thus we'll drink and carouse to the dawning of day.
 I hold them but asses
 Who wait to fill glasses,
 Such muddling and fuddling's unworthy of man;
 It only is wasting
 The time that is hasting,—
 Commend me to those that will fogle the can.
 Ri fal, &c.

When stopped in my toddy
 By death seizing my body,
 No crocodile tears shall be shed at my wake;
 While there I am lying
 No counterfeit crying,
 No moans, I desire, shall be made for my sake.
 I've no taste for squalling,
 Or old women's bawling,
 Who string nonsense together and call it a keen;
 Who only are selling
 Their yelping and yelling
 For some one, perhaps, that they never have seen.
 Ri fal, &c.

But of whisky a cruiskeen
 To fill up each loose skin,
 Let all have to toast to my journey up hill;

And three jolly pipers
To tune up for the swipers,
While each boy honestly swallows his fill.
Then a blackthorn cudgel
For each should they grudge ill,
To anoint one another, and none to control.
Nor let them be downhearted
For him that's departed,
But end their disputes in a full flowing bowl.
Ri fal, &c.

The next morning early,
When daylight 'tis fairly,
My trunk shall be nailed quite close to my back ;
Four stout lads so civil
Will bear it up level,
Whilst I ride on their shoulders instead of a sack.
Now let them all sing,
And the valleys will ring,
Raising up a fine chorus, both gallant and brave ;
Then lay me down flat,
Like a sieve-woman's hat,
And away goes the merry man into his grave.
Ri fal, &c.

THE IRISH OAK,

FIGURATIVELY termed "a sprig of Shillelah," is so called from Shillelah, a district in the county of Wicklow, formerly celebrated for its oak woods. "And who has not heard of Irish oak?" vehemently inquires the amusing essayist upon national emblems, in *The Dublin Penny Journal*.

"And who has not heard of Irish oak? For, though our hills and plains are now so bare of trees that they excite the admiration of all timber-hating Yankees as they sail along our *improved* shores, yet formerly it was not so. No! It is said that Westminster Hall is roofed with oak, brought from the wood of Shillelah; and a great many of our common names are significant of oak woods. As Kildare, the wood of oak; Londonderry, the oak wood planted by Londoners; Ballinderry, the town in the oak wood. At the bottom of all our bogs, and on the tops of our highest hills, roots of oak of immense size are found; and we may fairly conclude, that though Ireland is now a denuded country, it was once the most umbrageous of the British isles. The customs of our country show that our people once dwelt under the greenwood tree; for an Irishman cannot walk or wander, sport or fight, buy or sell, comfortably, without an oak stick in his fist. If he travels, he will beg, borrow, or steal a shillelah; if he goes to play, he hurls with a

crooked oak stick ; if he goes to a fair, it is delightful to hear the sound of his cloghel-peen on the cattle-horns ; if he fights, as fight he must, at market or at fair, the cudgel is brandished on high ; and, as Fin Ma' Coul of old smiled grimly in the joy of battle, so his descendants shout lustily in the joy of the cudgels—*'Bello gaudentes—prælio ridentes !'*

‘In ’ruxion delighting,
Laughing while fighting !’

“‘Leather away with your oak sticks !’ is still the privilege, the glory, and the practice of Irishmen. Nay, more, while living, their meal, their meat, and their valuables (if they have any, *of course*), are kept in oak chests ; and when dying, Paddy dies quietly, if assured that he shall have a decent ‘berrin,’ be buried in an oaken coffin, and attended to the grave by a powerful faction, well provided with oak saplings !”

It has been observed to the Editor by an ingenious friend, that when Shakspeare made Hamlet swear by St. Patrick, it was with the view of showing the ancient connection which existed between Denmark and Ireland. But that Hamlet had no Milesian blood in his veins is clear from his not carrying a shillelah, which he might then have used with so much effect to illustrate his doctrine of suiting “the word to the action.”

“*Horatio.* There’s no offence, my lord.

“*Hamlet.* Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, Horatio ;
And much offence, too.”

The superiority of the Shillelah oak will be hereafter spoken of. From “A Practical Treatise on

Planting," published in Dublin in 1794, by Mr. Hayes of Avondale, the following particulars have been collected respecting the disappearance of trees "of ancient birth" from this renowned wood :—

"It is generally understood that a sale was made of some of the finest timber of Shillelah, which remained in Charles the Second's time, into Holland for the use of the Stadthouse, and other buildings constructed on piles driven close together, to the number of several thousand. In 1669, William, Earl of Strafford, furnished Lawrence Wood of London with such pipe-staves, to a great amount, at £10 per thousand, as are now sold for £50, and are only to be had from America. The year 1692 introduced into Shillelah that bane of all our timber, iron forges and furnaces; and, as the parties were allowed to fell for themselves several thousand cord of wood yearly, and were only confined to a particular district, they cut whatever was most convenient to them for the purpose, and it is inconceivable what destruction they must have made in the course of twenty years, which was the term of their contract."

From a paper in the handwriting of Thomas, Marquess of Rockingham, it appears that, in 1731, there were standing in that part of Shillelah called the Deer Park, 2150 oak trees; of these, in 1737, there remained 1540 trees. In 1780, thirty-eight only of the old reserves were in existence.

"The evident symptoms of decay which from that time they began to exhibit, owing to windshakes and other disorders incidental to all old trees which have lost a mass of shelter on every side, make it expedient to cut them

nearly all down from time to time. The last I remember to have been felled," adds Mr Hayes, "produced, at three shillings per foot, £27 1s. 8d.; another, about the same time, was purchased for the arm of a fire-engine at Donane Colliery, and with the rough end sawed off after the axe, for which two guineas was given, produced £26 4s. 3d. There still remains one entire tree, about ten feet round at five feet from the ground, straight as a pine for sixty feet, and about six feet round at that height; there is also in a little island in the Forge Pool, a short trunk, which measures twenty-one feet round."

Mr. Hayes also mentions an oak in the domain of Ballybeg—

"Which measures round the forked trunk upwards of twenty-seven feet; round one of the stems, twenty feet, and round the other twelve, and is gross timber for more than forty feet in height. This last," he continues, "has the honour of being one of the few remaining trees of those woods which rendered the barony of Shillelah, in the county of Wicklow, proverbially famous for its timber, and gave the denomination of Fairwood Park to that district in which the great but unfortunate Earl of Strafford built his hunting lodge. His descendant, Earl Fitzwilliam, now possesses this estate, from whose liberal attention to whatever may in any way promote the benefit of the country, and from the excellent system adopted by the gentlemen who have the present management of his lordship's woods, I flatter myself that posterity may see Shillelah as remarkable for timber in the next century as in the last, when its oak (if we may judge from the specimens which still remain) was as superior to most others in the firmness of its texture as in its stately height and great dimensions."

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

“The Fair of Donnybrook, near Dublin,” observes Sir Jonah Barrington, “has been long identified with the name and character of the lower classes of Irish people; and, so far as the population of its metropolis may fairly stand for that of a whole country, the identification is just. This remark applies, it is true, to several years back; as that entire revolution in the natural Irish character which has taken place within my time, must have extended to all their sports and places of amusement; and Donnybrook Fair, of course, has had its full share in the metamorphosis.

“The *old* Donnybrook Fair, however, is on record; and so long as the name exists, will be duly appreciated. Mr. Lysaght’s popular song of ‘The Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so Green,’ gives a most lively sketch of that celebrated meeting, some of the varieties and peculiarities of which may be amusing, and will certainly give a tolerable idea of the Dublin commonalty in the eighteenth century.” Sir Jonah’s description of the humours of Donnybrook Fair, although very laughably told in the third volume of “Personal Sketches of his own Times,” is too lengthy for transcript beyond the following passage, which completely illustrates the song. There “Love reigned in all his glory, and Cupid expended every arrow his mother could make for him; but with this difference, that Love is in general represented as discharging his shafts into people’s hearts, whereas at Donnybrook he always aimed at their heads; and, before it became very dusk, he never failed to be very successful in his archery. It was after sunset, indeed, that sweethearts made up their matches; and a priest (Father

Kearny of Liffy Street, a good *clergy*) told me that more marriages were celebrated in Dublin the week after Donnybrook Fair than in any two months during the rest of the year; the month of June being warm and snug (as he termed it) smiled on everything that was good, and helped the liquor in making the arrangements; and with great animation he added, that it was a gratifying sight to see his young parishioners, who had made up their matches at Donnybrook, coming there in a couple of years again to buy whistles for their children."

Edward Lysaght, the author of this humorous and descriptive song, generally known as "pleasant Ned Lysaght," was the son of John Lysaght, Esq., of Brickhill, in the county of Clare. He was born on the 21st of December, 1763, and educated at the school of the Reverend Patrick Hare, of Cashel. In 1779,* young Lysaght entered Trinity College, Dublin, through which he passed with much credit, and was particularly distinguished as a member of the Historical Society. "In 1784, he became a student of the Inner Temple, and took his degree of Master of Arts at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. He was called to the English Bar at the term of 1788, and to that of Ireland in the following term. His professional duties commenced with his being counsel for Lord Hood in the long-contested election for Westminster, between that nobleman and Mr. Fox."

Sir Jonah Barrington says, "Lysaght, a gentleman by birth, was left, as to fortune, little else than his brains and

* The editor of a volume of "Poems, by the late Edward Lysaght, Esq.," 8vo., Dublin, 1811, from whose preface the above particulars are copied, adds to the date 1779, Mr. Lysaght "being then about *eighteen* years of age." If this statement of age be correct, the date of Mr. Lysaght's entrance into Trinity College should be 1781.

pedigree. The latter, however, was of no sort of use to him, and he seldom employed the former to any lucrative purpose. He considered law as his *trade*, and conviviality (to the cultivation whereof no man could apply more sedulously) his *profession*. Full of point and repartee, every humorist and *bon vivant* was his patron. He had a full proportion of animal courage; and even the fire-eaters of Tipperary never courted his animosity. Songs, epigrams, and lampoons, which, from other pens, would have terminated in mortal combat, being considered inherent in his nature, were universally tolerated.

“Some of Lysaght’s sonnets,” adds Sir Jonah, “had great merit, and many of his national stanzas were singularly characteristic. His ‘Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so Green,’ is admirably and truly descriptive of the low Irish character, and never was that class so well depicted in so few words.

“Lysaght was, perhaps, not a poet, in the strict acceptance of the term; but he wrote a great number of miscellaneous verses; some of them, in general estimation, excellent, some delicate, some gross. I scarce ever saw two of these productions of the same metre, and very few were of the same character. Several of the best poetical trifles in MacNally’s ‘Sherwood Forest’ were penned by Lysaght. Having no fixed politics, or, in truth, decided principles respecting anything, he was one day a patriot, the next a courtier, and wrote squibs both for government and against it. The stanzas relatively commencing—

‘Green were the fields that our forefathers dwelt on,’ &c.,

‘Where the loud cannons rattle, to battle we’ll go,’ &c.,
and,

‘Some few years ago, though now she says no,’ &c.,

were three of the best of his patriotic effusions; they

were certainly very exciting, and he sang them with great effect."

Sir Jonah Barrington gives a whimsical account of Lysaght's marriage. Shortly after his death, a few of his poems were hastily collected, and published in a volume, by subscription; to which a portrait, from recollection, of his "mild, pale, and penetrating" countenance is prefixed. The brilliant wit, the rich vein of humour, and irresistible mimicry, the extraordinary readiness of reply, and high social qualities of Mr. Lysaght, gave a certain reputation to every trifle which came from his pen. However, it is unfair critically to estimate by the contents of the volume just mentioned, Mr. Lysaght's powers of mind, or the effect which his lyrics on elections, or other occasions of popular excitement, produced. It cannot be doubted, from their fugitive nature, that many of his happiest effusions have perished; indeed, the volume of his poems contains neither the following song, nor any of those mentioned by Sir Jonah Barrington; and all the verses there to be found are evidently written to answer some temporary purpose, and bear obvious marks of that haste which did not permit a second perusal. Some literary interest attaches to Mr. Lysaght's memory, as the godfather of Miss Owenson (the present Lady Morgan), whom he subsequently addressed in some sportive lines, of which only a fragment is preserved.

"The Muses met me once, not very sober,
But full of frolic, at your merry christening;
And now, this twenty-third day of October,
As they foretold, to your sweet lays I'm listening," &c.

It only remains for the Editor to state, that Donnybrook Fair no longer exists. Mr. D'Alton, in his "History of the County of Dublin" (1838), speaking of Donnybrook, says, "This place was long celebrated for its

annual August fair—the ‘ Bartholomew ’ of Dublin ; but which, in consequence of several riotous and disgraceful results, it has been found necessary to suppress.”

Oh ! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
 He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !
 His heart is good-humoured, ’tis honest and sound,
 No envy or malice is there to be found ;
 He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights ;
 For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !

Who has e’er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair ?
 An Irishman, all in his glory, is there,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !
 His clothes spick and span new, without e’er a speck,
 A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck ;
 He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down
 With his sprig of Shillelah, and shamrock so green !

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows
 From a sprig of Shillelah, and shamrock so green !
 He meets with his Sheelah, who, blushing a smile,
 Cries, “ Get ye gone, Pat,” yet consents all the while.
 To the priest soon they go ; and nine months after that,
 A fine baby cries, “ How d’ye do, father Pat,
 With your sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green ? ”

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
 Where grow the Shillelah and shamrock so green !

May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the French, who dare plant at our confines a cannon ;
United and happy, at Loyalty's shrine,
May the Rose and the Thistle long flourish and twine
 Round a sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !

HAIL TO THE OAK, THE IRISH TREE !

Speaking of the magnitude and value of trees in Ireland, Mr. Hayes observes :—" In the small survey which my time permitted me to make, the district of Shillelah, in the county of Wicklow, first claimed my attention. Though the name, with little variation in the spelling, may be literally translated *fair wood*, there are few now remaining of those celebrated oaks which authorized that denomination ; but those few are sufficient to support what has been handed down to us concerning them. Tradition gives the Shillelah oak the honour of roofing Westminster Hall, and other buildings of that age ; the timbers which support the leads of the magnificent chapel of King's College, Cambridge, which was built in 1444 ; as also the roof of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, are said to be of oak, brought from these woods ;* and I think it by no means improbable," continues Mr. Hayes, "that the superior density and closeness of grain, which is the character of the Irish oak, particularly in high situations and a dry soil, as may appear by comparing its specific gravity with that of other oak, added to the inattention of the Irish at that time to the article of bark, which permitted

* Charles V. of France founded the Royal Library at Paris in 1365, and, it is said, had the chambers wainscoted with Irish oak.—ED.

their oak to be felled in winter when free from sap, might have induced the English architects to give it the preference in such national works ; and, it must be allowed, that the present unimpaired state of these roofs, after so many centuries, seems very well to warrant this conjecture."

So late as the close of the seventeenth century, commissioners were sent over to Waterford and Wexford by the English Government. "Nigh which places, in the county of Wickloe," Dean Story tells us, "there is good store of suitable timber, and other advantages for building ships, at easier rates than in England."

This lyric is to be found in several recent collections of songs, with the signature, "W. Kertland," attached to it.

When, from the new-formed pregnant earth,
 Sprang vegetation's progeny,
 The Irish oak, of ancient birth,
 Arose the kingly forest tree.
 Hail to the oak, the Irish tree,
 And Irish hearts, with three times three !

Its verdure sickens where the slave,
 To power despotic, homage gives ;
 But real Shillelah, with the brave,
 True to the soil, luxuriant lives.
 Hail to the oak, the Irish tree,
 And hearts of oak, with three times three !

Our Druid rites have spread its fame ;
 Our bards have sung the noble tree ;
 Our sailors gain a deathless name,
 Borne, on its planks, to victory.
 Hail to the oak, the Irish tree,
 And British tars, with three times three !

Still may its circling arms extend,
 To guard our isles from foreign foes;
 Its branching green head long defend
 The Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose.
 Hail to the oak, the Irish tree,
 And British hearts, with three times three!

OH! AN IRISHMAN'S HEART.

The comparison of an Irishman's heart to a sprig of shillelah is an exceedingly happy one. When Pat's heart goes "thump" within his breast, a "whack" from the twig, which he can so skilfully handle, is sure to follow. There is a mysterious sympathy between his hand while it poises a shillelah, and his heart while it swells for

"Old Ireland, his king, and his friend."

And then so sensitive is that heart of his, like a well-greased and seasoned "bit of stick," it lights up, as touchwood, beneath that burning glass—the dark eye of a pretty girl.

To pursue the simile further is unnecessary. The fearless way in which Jack Johnstone used to sing the following song, and the dexterous manner in which he accompanied it by flourishes of his shillelah, will long be remembered by those who have witnessed his personification of the Irish character:—

Air—"The Kinnegad Slashers."

Oh! an Irishman's heart is as stout as shillelah,
 It beats with delight to chase sorrow and woe;
 When the piper plays up, then it dances so gaily,
 And thumps with a whack for to leather a foe.

But by beauty lit up, faith, in less than a jiffey,
So warm is the stuff, it soon blazes and burns ;
Then so wild is each heart of us, lads of the Liffey,
It dances and beats altogether by turns.
Then away with dull care, let's be merry and frisky,
Our motto is this, may it widely extend—
Give poor Pat but fair freedom, his sweetheart and whisky,
And he'll die for old Ireland, his king, and his friend.

Should ruffian invaders e'er menace our shore,
Though the foes of dear Erin may strut and look big ;
Yet, *na bogh-a-lish*,* my lad, they shall have it *galore*,
For Patrick's the boy that can handle a twig.
But the battle once over, no rage fills his breast,
Mild mercy still softens the heart of the brave ;
For of valour, of love, and of friendship possessed,
The soldier of Erin still conquers to save.
Then away with dull care, whilst swigging so frisky,
Our toast shall be this, may it widely extend—
Thus blest with fair freedom, our sweethearts and whisky,
Here's success to dear Ireland, our king, and our friend.

* Equivalent to "Never mind it."

LOCAL SONGS.

THERE is scarcely a city, town, village, seat, grove, river, lake, or glen in Ireland, the charms of which, or of some fair damsel thereunto appertaining or belonging, do not, as Pope says of the groves of Eden,

“Live in description, and look green in song.”

That Irish local songs should be so abundant is readily accounted for, not merely by the general fondness for such compositions, but by a curious custom, in compliance with which every traveller in Ireland made verses in praise of certain places through or by which he passed. Dr. Smith, in his “History of Kerry,” thus notices this whimsical practice :—

“The road from the other parts of Kerry into this barony (Iveragh) runs over very high and steep hills, that stand in this parish (Glanbehy), called Drung and Cahircanawy; which road hangs in a tremendous manner over that part of the sea that forms the Bay of Castlemain, and is not unlike the mountain of Penmenmaure in North Wales, except that the road here is more stony and less secure for the traveller. There is a custom

among the country people to enjoin every one that passes this mountain to make some verses to its honour, otherwise, they affirm, that whoever attempts to pass it without versifying, must meet with some mischance; the origin of which notion seems to be, that it will require a person's whole circumspection to preserve himself from falling off his horse. They repeated to me," adds Smith, "several performances, both in Irish and English, made on this occasion; but this mountain is not like that of Helicon, consecrated to the Muses, for all the verses that I heard were almost as rugged and uncouth as the road on which they were made, for which reason I shall not trouble the reader with them, although I had several copies given me for that purpose."

This remarkable custom is also mentioned in "A Pastoral, in imitation of the First Eclogue of Virgil," published at Dublin in 1719.

"Curag Can a Wee,
Full often have I made a song for thee;
Lest some disaster should attend my life,
My tender children, or my loving wife."

A writer, under the *nom de guerre* of Dr. Mac Slatt, presumed to be Mr. Windle of Cork, says

"The sound or strait between Clear and Sherkin (in the county of Cork) is called Gascanan, and is singular for a usage which requires that all who cross it for the first time should improvise; at least, a couplet, otherwise some mischance may be the consequence. A similar exercise of the little of poetry within us is required on passing the rugged pathway of Cahircanawy, over-

hanging the dizzy cliffs of Castlemain ; and I doubt not but a collection of these effusions would afford a rare picture of the mind of the gentry who frequent these passages of song."

There are few things that sink more deeply into the memory than local songs. A lover at once immortalizes the memory of his mistress by associating her name, even under the mask of Chloe, Phillida, or Pastora, with a romantic scene. From thenceforward the ground is consecrated to her ; she becomes the presiding goddess of the place, and her praise is echoed by every admirer of the loveliness of Nature. In the songs of England, the same fondness for local association is of parasitical growth. "The pretty Maid of Derby, O!" "The Lass of Richmond Hill," and similar songs, are known to be the productions of Irishmen ; all the particulars respecting the composition of the latter, by Mr. MacNally, may be found recorded by Sir Jonah Barrington.

As to the influence of local songs, an old proverb of "Give a dog a bad name," &c., is not inapplicable. We find, for instance, after upwards of three hundred years, "these bald verses," as Sir Richard Cox calls them, respecting the miserable state of Armagh, quoted against that city :—

"Civitas Ardmachana,
Civitas vana,
Absque bonis moribus :

Mulieres nudæ,
 Carnes crudæ,
 Paupertas in œdibus.”

Which have been rendered—

Armagh—'tis a pity—
 Is now a vain city,
 Deprived of all common morality ;
 The women go nude,
 The meat's taken crude,
 And poverty there has locality.

Who, if “the beautiful city” is mentioned, does not immediately appropriate the phrase to Cork? And why? Because Cork was introduced as a rhyme in a ridiculous song called, “I was the Boy for bewitching them,” which was a favourite some thirty years ago.

“My father he married a Quaker,
 My aunt she made hay with a fork ;
 And my uncle's a great grand brogue-maker
 In *the beautiful city*—called Cork.”

Among the remarkable particulars connected with local song, may be mentioned the practice which exists in Cork of publishing, on Shrove Tuesday, a certain species of song or ballad, called “Skellig Lists ;” of which, in the course of a few days, no less than 30,000 copies are printed and sold.* These lists contain a rhyming catalogue

* A ballad publisher in Cork told the Editor, that, in 1836, he printed thirteen different Skellig Lists. His average press-work was

of unmarried women and bachelors, whom the poetaster has undertaken to pair together, as suitable companions for what is termed a pilgrimage to the Skelligs, which are dangerous rocks in the Atlantic, distant about twelve miles from the south-west point of the coast of Ireland, and which were formerly much frequented as places suitable for prayer and penance. On pilgrimages of this kind many matrimonial matches were made up. The

300 impressions a day, and his press was fully occupied for twelve days; this gives 3,600 impressions. But as, in ballad printing, four or five copies are worked off together, the produce of this press was about 15,000 Skellig lists; and, as no less than twenty-nine varieties were collected by the Editor in that year, he believes that the above estimate of the number circulated is not an unfair one. The following are the titles:—

The Aristocratic List.	The Paul Pry Skellig List.
The Blackpool and Skellig List.	The real Cheese List.
The City Skellig List.	No. 2 Repeal Skellig List.
The Comet Skellig List.	The Revenge.
The Corkscrew Skellig List.	The Royal Hottentot Skellig
The Flash and Blue Bell Skellig	List for 1836.
List.	The Sentimental Grand Match
Grand Route of the Northerns	to Skelligs.
to Skellig.	Shrove Tuesday and Spificator
The Hours of Idleness' Skellig	List, or cut and come again.
List.	The Simple Paddy Skell
Jack Robinson's Skellig List.	List.
The Lads of the Whip List.	The Spyglass Skellig List.
The Looker-on Skellig List.	No. 3. Skellig List.
The Morning Herald Skellig	The Tatler's List.
List.	Thwacker's Skellig List.
The Morning Star Skellig List.	The Try Again.
The Pic-nic Skellig List.	The Virgins of the Sun.

And a Skellig List without title, a woodcut being substituted.

fun, if it may be so called, of the Skellig Lists consists in associating the most probable and improbable persons.

“The pilgrims,” observes a learned critic upon the “Munster Melodies,” “are paired as whim or fancy dictates, making as motley an assortment, to use the simile of the melancholy Jaques, ‘as went with Noah into the ark.’ Some of these are very amusing, but the humour is too local to be generally understood, and we must add that the personalities too frequently border on ill-nature.”

In 1832 the Editor received the following note from a friend at Cork, enclosing one of these lists :—

“Do you remember the local custom of sending all our maids, young and old, accompanied by bachelors of all ages, upon a pilgrimage to Skellig? I have been told that the custom of these lists arose when some Kerry regiment was here. The tumult in the streets, last Tuesday night, was extreme. Bodies of five hundred men and boys paraded the town, blowing horns, firing, ringing the bells of houses, breaking lamps, &c., and all on the occasion of the Skellig Lists.”

Appended to one of these lists, published in 1834—which lists are invariably without the printer’s name—this notice occurs :—

“TO SKELLIG LIST WRITERS.

“The following very polite letter has been sent to the printer, of which it is hoped the Skellig List writers will please to notice, and comply with its contents :

‘SIR,—You are requested to take notice that I will hold you responsible for any liberties taken with the names of Mary Ellen Harris, Sarah Harris, and Eliza Driscoll, they being members of my family, and having received intelligence of some person or persons wishing to expose them in the Skellig Lists which are to come to and through your press. I am, therefore, fully determined to indict all persons concerned, if there is anything prejudicial to their person, interest, or character, in any manner.

‘ Most respectfully, &c.

‘ HUGH DRISCOLL.’

“ Jan. 28, 1834.”

In making a selection from the popular local songs of Ireland, the Editor has considerable difficulty, in consequence of the quantity before him. He is, therefore, necessarily guided by space ; and his object is, as far as possible, to obtain an agreeable variety in a subject apparently circumscribed by amatory or descriptive effusions.

PROVINCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

From *The Milesian Magazine ; or, Irish Monthly Gleaner*,” edited and, it is believed, entirely written by Dr. John Brenan of Dublin, who has been termed “The Hudibras of Medicine.” Nine numbers of this periodical were published between 1812 and 1825. “Its very appearance was as eccentric as the articles it contained. It had a lofty contempt for all periodical punctuality ;

and, although it styled itself 'Monthly,' not only monthly intervals elapsed between its publications, but sometimes even years themselves were disregarded as 'trifles light as air' in its calendar." The members of his own profession were the chief subject of Dr. Brenan's satire; and several of his allusions to the Dublin practitioners are remembered to the present day for their bitterness and brilliancy.

A Connaught man
 Gets all that he can,
 His impudence never has mist-all;
 He'll seldom flatter,
 But bully and batter;
 And his talk's of his kin and his pistol.

A Munster man
 Is civil by plan,
 Again and again he'll entreat you;
 Though you ten times refuse,
 He his object pursues,
 Which is, nine out of ten times, to cheat you.

An Ulster man
 Ever means to trepan,
 He watches your eye and opinion;
 He'll ne'er disagree
 Till his interest it be,
 And insolence marks his dominion.

A Leinster man
 Is with all cup and can;
 He calls t'other provinces knaves;
 Yet each of them see,
 When he starts with the three,
 That his distance he frequently saves.

SWEET AVONDU.

This song is copied from a volume entitled "The Recluse of Inchidony, and other Poems," by J. J. Callanan, published in 1830.

James Joseph Callanan, the author, was of humble parentage. His father was the confidential servant of an eminent physician in Cork of the same name, and possibly some relative. By his father young Callanan was destined for the Catholic priesthood, and entered at Maynooth, where he remained two years; but, feeling little sympathy for the clerical vocation, he wilfully quitted that establishment about the year 1816, and, consequently, incurred the displeasure of parents and friends anxious to provide creditably for him. He, however, had made sufficient progress in the classics to enable him to accept a situation as tutor, which was offered to him in 1818. Callanan subsequently entered Trinity College, Dublin, and gained some credit by two clever poems, which were written for college prizes.

After a residence of two years in Dublin, his slender pecuniary resources failed him, and, in a fit of despair, he enlisted as a private soldier in the 18th Regiment of Foot, then on the point of embarkation for Malta. "Its name, of the 'Royal Irish,' had, for his enthusiastic and patriotic mind, an attraction which, he declared, he was unable to resist." He proceeded to the depôt of this regiment in the Isle of Wight, and, with some difficulty, was traced there from Dublin. When the imprudent step which he had taken was discovered, his friends, by exertion, succeeded in purchasing his discharge, and he returned to Cork after an inglorious fortnight of military service.

He soon obtained a tutorship in the family of a gentle-

man named MacCarthy, who resided in the neighbourhood of Millstreet, in the west of the county of Cork, and, during his stay there, his poetical temperament was nourished by the wild scenery which surrounded him, and the vicinity of the Killarney and Muskerry mountains, which were visible from the windows of the house.

In 1822, Mr. Callanan went back to reside in Cork, chiefly with the view of printing, by subscription, a collection of his poems, and translations from the Irish. But not receiving sufficient encouragement, he forwarded several of the translations to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in the number of that publication for February, 1823, they were inserted.

Dr. Maginn was then an active contributor to *Blackwood*, and, by him, Callanan was patronized and engaged as an assistant in his school. Here, however, he did not long remain, for Callanan's mind was haunted by a visionary spirit of poetical fame, and he took up his residence at Bantry, that he might be at liberty to rove and muse among the mountains, from whence seemed to flow for him the springs of inspiration. The failure of his finances, and the hopelessness of aid from friends, who had already done much for him, and were unable to understand his romantic views and feelings, obliged Mr. Callanan again to undertake the task of tuition, and he availed himself of an opportunity to do so in the family of Mr. Alexander O'Driscoll, of Clover Hill; but no sooner had he become the possessor of a few pounds, than he revisited Cork, and made another effort to print, by subscription, his poems.

"This intention, which might have been accomplished," says Callanan's biographer, "was soon abandoned, from the absurd idea that his publishing by subscription would have the effect of rendering his productions less respect-

able in the eyes of the public, and he determined to make an effort to dispose of the copyright to a London publisher. Procrastination, that source of many evils, was a favourite and cherished weakness of Callanan's, and it did not fail him here, as a year elapsed before he made an effort even to do this.

“From this period forward his life was one of much disappointment; and every day, every hour, brought privation and embarrassment. The kindness of friends, and they were numerous and sincere, perhaps fostered that tendency to an habitual indolence which was his bane; was he less certain of their assistance, he might have made those exertions which, with his powerful talents, would have assured to him a respectable independence, and placed his name beside the proudest and the brightest. He felt the necessity for the effort, but he possessed not the power to make it; whatever were his aspirations—and they were not those of the mean or grovelling, or the sordid—his resolution or power of doing never received the impulse. His social habits, too, his local and personal attachments, kept him in fetters which he seldom sought to break; and as his society was sought after with eagerness, he was too unresisting to tear himself from the pleasures or enjoyments into which he suffered himself to be plunged.”

In 1825, Mr. Callanan accepted a situation at Everton School, near Carlow; but in 1826 he returned to Bantry and his beloved haunts in the mountainous west of the county of Cork, as will be more particularly noticed hereafter. Here he continued dreaming away existence, and dependent upon the hospitality, to use his own words, of “priests and doctors, police-officers and bourgeois,” until the summer of the following year, when the urgent representations of his friends stimulated him to

accept the offer of Mr. Hickey, an Irish gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits at Lisbon, to go out there as tutor to his children. Callanan left Ireland in September, 1827, in a bad state of health, which his residence in Portugal did not improve; and, as his case became hopeless, he determined on returning to draw his last breath in his native land. After he had embarked in a vessel about to sail for Cork, symptoms of speedy dissolution being observed, Mr. Callanan was put on shore at Lisbon, where he died on the 19th of September, 1829, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

“ —the pealing roar
Of the deep thunder, and the tempest's sweep
That call'd his spirit up so oft before,
May shout to him in vain !—the minstrel wakes no more !”

Immediately after his death, the volume of poems, in which the following song appeared, was published by Mr. Bolster in Cork, to whom Callanan had disposed of the copyright upon his departure for Lisbon.

“In person, Mr. Callanan was not remarkable. A finely formed head, a forehead high, ample, and beautifully fair, and an intellectual cast of countenance, gave him an air of dignity that was peculiarly impressive. His voice was gentle and bland; and though its tones were low and soft, he recited poetry with great effect. His acquirements were considerable; his reading having extended, not only through the Greek and Roman classics, but also over the wide and ample field of French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Irish literature. His patriotism was sincere, and his disposition and manners kind and conciliating.”

“Avondu,” says the author, means “the Blackwater (Avunduff of Spenser). There are several rivers of this

name in the counties of Cork and Kerry, but the one here mentioned is by far the most considerable. It rises in a boggy mountain called Meenganine in the latter county, and discharges itself into the sea at Youghall. For the length of its course and the beauty and variety of scenery through which it flows, it is superior, I believe, to any river in Munster. It is subject to very high floods; and from its great rapidity, and the havoc which it commits on those occasions, sweeping before it corn, cattle, and sometimes even cottages, one may, not inaptly, apply to it what Virgil says of a more celebrated river—

‘Proluit insano contorquens vortice silvas
Rex fluviorum Eridanus.’

Spenser thus beautifully characterizes some of our principal Irish rivers, though he has made a mistake with regard to the Allo; it is the Blackwater that passes through Sliav-logher:—

‘There was the Liffie rolling down the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Au-brian,
The spacious Shenan, spreading like a sea;
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy, fruitful Ban;
*Swift Awniduff, which of the Englishman
Is called Blackwater, and the Liffar deep.*
Sad Trowis, that once his people overran;
Strong Allo tumbling from Siew-logher steep,
And Muila mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep.’

Edmund Burke wrote some “Lines on the River Blackwater,” in 1745. (See Prior’s “Life of Burke.”) Mr. Prior informs the Editor that he was never able to procure a copy of these lines, or to ascertain anything more than the fact that Burke wrote such verses.

On Cleada's * hill the moon is bright,
 Dark Avondu still rolls in light ;
 All changeless is that mountain's head,
 That river still seeks ocean's bed.
 The calm blue waters of Loch Lene †
 Still kiss their own sweet isles of green ;
 But where's the heart, as firm and true,
 As hill, or lake, or Avondu ?

It may not be, the firmest heart
 From all it loves must often part ;
 A look, a word, will quench the flame
 That time or fate could never tame ;
 And there are feelings, proud and high,
 That through all changes cannot die ;
 That strive with love, and conquer too—
 I knew them all by Avondu.

How cross and wayward still is fate ;
 I've learn'd at last, but learn'd too late ;
 I never spoke of love—'twere vain ;
 I knew it, still I dragged my chain.
 I had not, never had a hope :
 But who with passion's tide can cope ?
 Headlong it swept this bosom through,
 And left it waste by Avondu.

Oh, Avondu, I wish I were
 As once upon that mountain bare,
 Where thy young waters laugh and shine
 On the wild breast of Meenganine.

* "Cleada and Cahir-bearna (the hill of the four gaps) form part of the chain of mountains which stretches westward from Mill-street to Killarney."—*Author's Note.*

† Killarney.

I wish I were on Cleada's hill,
 Or by Glenluachra's rushy rill ;
 But, no ! I never more shall view
 Those scenes I loved by Avondu.

Farewell, ye soft and purple streaks
 Of evening on the beauteous Reeks ;*
 Farewell the mists that love to ride
 On Cahir-bearna's stormy side ;
 Farewell November's moaning breeze,
 Wild minstrel of the dying trees.
 Clara ! a fond farewell to you,
 No more we meet by Avondu.

No more—but thou, O glorious hill,
 Lift to the moon thy forehead still ;
 Flow on, flow on, thou dark swift river.
 Upon thy free wild course for ever ;
 Exult, young hearts, in lifetime's spring,
 And taste the joys pure love can bring :
 But, wanderer, go—they're not for you ;
 Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondu !

BANNA'S BANKS.

“Near Camolin (in the county of Wexford) is the village of Rosmenogue. Here,” says Mr. Brewer, in “The Beauties of Ireland,” “the late Right Honourable

* “Macgillacuddy's Reeks, in the neighbourhood of Killarney, are the highest mountains in Munster ; for a description of these and of the celebrated lakes of that place, see Weld's Killarney, by far the best and most correct work on the subject.”—*Author's Note.*

George Ogle of Bellevue, distinguished for brilliancy of wit and exuberance of social qualities, passed some of his early years, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Miller, rector of the parish. It was at this place, and whilst he was very young, that Mr. Ogle wrote his admired song, beginning—

‘Shepherds, I have lost my love—
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of every shady grove,
On the banks of Banna!’

Here, likewise, at a less youthful age, he composed his still more celebrated song of ‘Molly Asthore,’ in which the banks of his favourite ‘Banna’ are still the scene of his poetical wanderings.” A note adds—“The first of these juvenile effusions is said to have been inspired by the charms of Miss Stepney, of Durrow House, Queen’s County, afterwards Mrs. Burton Doyne of Wells, one of the most admired beauties of her day. It is believed that the lovely ‘Molly Asthore’ was Miss Moore, the lady whom Mr. Ogle afterwards married.

“The Banna is a beautiful stream that waters the chief part of the Barony of Gorey.”

Mr. Hay, in his “History of the Insurrection of the County of Wexford,” evidently sneers at the popularity of Mr. Ogle’s songs when he says, “Duncannon Fort is a military station on the shore, commanding the entrance of the Barrow, of which and the Slaney there is sufficient mention and observation made already; and, *surely of ‘Banna’s Banks’ we have heard enough.*”

In a work entitled “Sketches of Irish Political Characters,” published in 1799, Mr. Ogle, the author of “Banna’s Banks,” who then represented the city of Dublin, is thus noticed:—“This gentleman was for many years one of the most popular characters of the kingdom.

Despising the allurements of a Court, every public measure of acknowledged utility had his decided support ; and his spirit was as conspicuous as his resolution was inflexible. He has lately accepted a place, and has since aided administration with his vote, though seldom with his oratory.

“ His sources of information are not very copious, but he has a lively imagination, a good understanding, and a fine person ; his arguments are more showy than solid, and have more surface than depth.

“ His voice is clear, distinct, and well toned, and his action graceful ; his language abounds with figurative diction, while the spirit and energy of his manner correspond with the warmth of his expressions. He is always heard with deference and attention, and even pleases when he fails to convince. He is distinguished for all the elegant accomplishments which form the finished gentleman.”

Mr. Ogle voted against the union of the two countries. He was born in 1739, and died in 1814.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed, one evening in
 May,
 The little birds with blythest notes made vocal every
 spray ;
 They sung their little notes of love, they sung them o'er
 and o'er.
 Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge, ma Molly Asthore !*

The daises pied, and all the sweets the dawn of Nature
 yields, [fields :
 The primrose pale, and vi'let blue, lay scattered o'er the

* This line, which is a compound of several Irish phrases, literally translated means—“ O love of my heart—my dear young girl—my darling Molly ! ”

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The memoir prefixed to the little volume entitled "Poetical Fragments of the late Richard Alfred Millikin" (see p. 91), contains the following passage:—

"Amongst his poetical effusions were innumerable songs, tender, classical, and comic. Of the latter, that entitled 'The Groves of Blarney' is frequently adverted to of late (with a degree of consequence* attached to it quite astonishing to those who know the foolish thing), requires to be particularized, and had its origin as follows:—An itinerant poet, with the view of being paid for his trouble, composed a song in praise (as he doubtless intended it) of Castle Hyde, the beautiful seat of the Hyde family on the river Blackwater; but, instead of the expected remuneration, the poor poet was driven from the gate by order of the then proprietor, who, from the absurdity of the thing, conceived that it could be only meant as mockery; and, in fact, a more nonsensical composition could scarcely escape the pen of a maniac. The author, however, well satisfied of its merits, and stung with indignation and disappointment, vented his rage in an additional verse against the owner, and sung it wherever he had an opportunity of raising his angry voice. As satire, however gross, is but too generally well received, the song first became a favourite with the lower orders; then found its way into ballads, and at length into the convivial meetings of gentlemen. It was in one of those that Mr. Millikin undertook, in the gaiety of the moment,

* "Called in a London Print, 'The National Irish Poem.'"—*Note in the Memoir on this passage.* Attributed by Mr. Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," vi. 75, to "the poetical Dean of Cork." Quoted by Lord Brougham in one of his speeches, &c.

to produce a song that, if not superior, should be at least equal in absurdity to 'Castle Hyde;' and accordingly adopting the tune, and taking Blarney* for his subject, he soon made good his promise.

“‘The Groves of Blarney,’ which was received by the company with a burst of applause, soon rivalled its predecessor ‘Castle Hyde;’ and continued long the favourite of every laughter-loving party. Of late it has been introduced on the stage by Mathews, the comedian, and is very well received by the London audience. During the Rebellion, several verses were, in the heat of party, added to this song, particularly those alluding to the mean descent of a certain noble lord; but they were not the production of the original author, who, incapable of scurrility or personal enmity to those with whom he differed in opinion, scorned such puerile malice.”

Millikin's intention was to ridicule the songs which ignorant Irish village bards—with a vast fondness for rhyme, an imperfect knowledge of the English language, and a pedantic ambition to display the full extent of their classical knowledge—were, and still are, in the habit of composing: and in Ireland, rhyme, or even the approach to it, is often far more effective than reason.†

Upwards of two hundred years before Millikin's satirical confusion, Stanihurst published an imitation of the Anglo-Irish style, attached to his translation of “The First Four Bookes of Virgil's *Æneis*,” 1583; which burlesque he called “An Epitaph, entitled *Commune Defunctorum*,

* “A fine old domain and castle, within three miles of Cork.”

† The village schoolmaster having remonstrated with a worthy of this class respecting the grammatical construction of a sentence, was answered with, and silenced by—

“Who is Grammar?”

. I say, damn her.”

such as our unlearned Rithmours accustomably make upon the death of everie Tom Tyler, as if it were a last for every one his foote, in which the quantities of sillables are not to be heeded."

"Come to me, you Muses, and thou most chiefly Minerva,
 And ye that are dwellers in dens of darkened Averna!
 Help my pen in writing a death most soarie reciting,
 Of the good old Topas; soon too thee, mightie syr Atlas.
 For gravitee, the Cato; for wit, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo;
 Scipio, for warfare; for gentil curtesie, Cesar;
 A great Alexander, with a long white neck like a gaunder."
 &c. &c.

Little did Millikin foresee the extended celebrity of his "Groves of Blarney;" and it would seem that he even felt some regret at having written this song, from the following lines which were found, after his death, among his papers, and were probably composed by him with the idea of introducing them as an apology into his poem of "The Riverside:"—

"O! Blarney, in my rude unseemly rhymes,
 Albeit abused, lo! to thy bowers I come—
 I come a pilgrim to your shades again,
 And woo thy solemn scenes with votive pipe.
 Shut not your glades, nymphs of the hollow rock,
 'Gainst one who, conscious of the ill he did,
 Comes back repentant! Lead me to your dens,
 Ye fays and sylvan beings—lead me still
 Through all your wildly tangled grots and groves.
 With Nature and her genuine beauties full;
 And on another stop, a stop thine own,
 I'll sound thy praise, if praise of mine can please—
 A truant long to Nature, and to thee!"

The Editor is in possession of several various readings of "The Groves of Blarney," which he declines noticing, as the following, with the exception of the fifth verse, is copied from the author's manuscript (in pencil, upon the

back of a letter addressed to him); although, in many instances—especially in the version of Father Prout—it must be admitted that there are some improvements.

The fifth verse, which has been already particularly noticed as “alluding to the mean descent of a certain noble lord,” was an impromptu addition at an electioneering dinner in the south of Ireland, and is attributed, but probably incorrectly, to Mr. John Lander. It is said to have been intended as an insult to Lord Donoughmore, who happened to be present. His lordship’s readiness, however, completely turned the tables: he applauded the verse, and when the song was ended arose, and, in a very humorous speech, acknowledged the relationship—thanked the author for his mention of it, and requested leave to toast the Murphys, Clearys, and Healys, with all others who in the recent political contest had ventured life and limb in support of the Hutchinson cause, and had thus made their blood relationship with him unquestionable.

The late Lord Donoughmore (then Lord Hutchinson) always laughed heartily at this verse, which has become so completely identified with Millikin’s song, that it would be scarcely recognized as perfect without it.

In that remarkable combination of humour and erudition, “The Reliques of Father Prout,” translations of “The Groves of Blarney” into Latin, Greek, and French, may be found “a polyglot edition” of this far-famed song (vol. i. pp. 90–95); in which, however, the verse commencing “’Tis there’s the kitchen” is omitted, and the following verse appended—

2 { “ There is the stone there, that whoever kisse;
 Oh ! he never misses to grow eloquent ;
 ’Tis he may clamber to a lady’s chamber,
 Or become a member of parliament :

3 (A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or
 An out-and-outer—' to be let alone.'
 Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,—
 Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney stone."

Among the pilgrims to the Blarney stone was Sir Walter Scott. The Editor remembers observing to Sir Walter, that the good people of Cork were not half pleased with him for going to see an old and neglected ruin such as Blarney, in preference to their noble harbour; of which the citizens are so justly proud, that they have adopted "*Statio bene fida carinis*" as the motto to the civic arms. Sir Walter Scott's reply was highly characteristic of his temper. "If I had known," said he, "what you tell me—that any one had a wish on the subject of my proceedings, I would have gone anywhere, or have done anything, in my power to please the good citizens of Cork; although it would have cost me a pang not to have visited—(here Sir Walter hummed)

1. ('The Groves of Blarney, that are so charming,
 All by the purling of sweet silent streams.'"

Millikin probably wrote "The Groves of Blarney" in the year 1798 or 1799. Mr Richard Jones (the accomplished comedian) told the Editor that he obtained a copy of this song at Cork in the summer of 1800, which city he visited in company with the late Mr. Mathews; by both of whom it was sung in private parties, with the alteration of the lines

"Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
 All standing in order for to guard the flood,"

into

"The trout and salmon play at backgammon,
 And groves of beeches guard the sportive flood."

The supposed pummelling of Blarney by Oliver Cromwell will be particularly noticed hereafter. The castle,

however, continued in the possession of the MacCarthy family until forfeited, in 1689, by Lord Clancarty, when it was purchased by an ancestor of Mr. Jeffreys, the present possessor of this celebrated but now dilapidated and neglected place.

“ Oh ! the Muse shed a tear
When the cruel auctioneer,
With a hammer in his hand, to sweet Blarney came ! ”

So sings the venerable Father Prout ; at a carousal given by whom, it was observed, that that day was “ a day to be blotted out of the annals of Innisfail—a day of calamity and downfall. The nightingale never sang so plaintively in ‘ the groves ; ’ ‘ the dove or the gentle plover ’ were not heard ‘ in the afternoon ; ’ the fishes wept in the deepest recesses of the lake ; and strange sounds were said to issue from ‘ the cave where no daylight enters. ’ Let me have a squeeze of lemon,” is the conclusion of this pathetic picture.

The groves of Blarney they are so charming,
All by the purling of sweet silent streams ;
Being banked with posies that spontaneous grow
there,
Planted in order by the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair ;
The daffodowndilly, besides the lily—
Flowers that scent the sweet fragrant air.
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,
Like Alexander or Queen Helen fair ;
There's no commander throughout the nation
For emulation can with her compare.

She has castles round her, that no nine-pounder
 Could dare to plunder her place of strength ;
 But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,
 And made a breach in her battlement.
 Oh, ullagoane, &c.

There's gravel walks there for speculation,
 And conversation in sweet solitude ;
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover, in the afternoon.
 And if a young lady should be so engaging
 As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
 'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
 In some dark fort, or under ground.
 Oh, ullagoane, &c.

For 'tis there's the cave where no daylight enters,
 But bats and badgers are for ever bred ;
 Being moss'd by natur', that makes it sweeter
 Than a coach and six, or a feather bed.
 'Tis there's the lake that is stored with perches,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud ;
 Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
 All standing in order for to guard the flood.
 Oh, ullagoane, &c.

'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a fitch in,
 With the maids a stitching upon the stair ;
 The bread and biske', the beer and whisky,
 Would make you frisky if you were there.
 'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
 A washing *pratics* forenent the doer,
 With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
 All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.
 Oh, ullagoane, &c.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
 All heathen goddesses so fair—
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
 All standing naked in the open air.*
 So now to finish this brave narration,
 Which my poor geni' could not entwine;
 But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
 'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.
 Oh, ullagoane, &c.

O ! BLARNEY CASTLE, MY DARLING,

Originally appeared in the *Cork Southern Reporter* newspaper, about April, 1827, where it is entitled, "An Old Ballad, giving a full and true account of the storming and taking of Blarney Castle by Oliver Cromwell; together with some particulars not generally known."

The Editor has no doubt that this song, and that on St. Patrick's arrival, explanatory of the origin of the word Punch, came from the same pen. "O ! Blarney Castle, my Darling," has been as unceremoniously appropriated by Father Prout (*vide* "Reliques," i. 158) as, according to that reverend gentleman, Moore has availed himself of sundry obscure Greek, Latin, and French lyrics.

Upon the allusion made to Oliver Cromwell in the

* Alas ! these statues were knocked down, by the magical touch of the auctioneer's hammer, to Sir Thomas Deane—

"Who bought the castle, furniture and fixtures, O !

And took off in a cart

('Twas enough to break one's heart)

All the statues made of lead, and the pictures, O !"

Vide "Reliques of Father Prout," i. 140.

second and sixth verses, it is necessary to remark that, according to the popular belief of the Irish peasant, Cromwell was endowed with supernatural powers; and that the fraternity of Freemasons, which was said to be founded by him, were supposed, from the secrecy and ceremonies observed by them, to be dabblers in the black art. Among the pieces of magical skill that Cromwell is asserted to have acquired, was the knowledge of a powder for throwing balls from cannon without making any report; and hence termed "dumb-powder," in distinction to gunpowder.

It is also traditionally asserted that a spell, of which Cromwell was master, could make his opponents become powerless as statues; or, in the words of the song—

"Though the eyes of the people stood open, they found themselves
all fast asleep."

In a curious French work, entitled "*L'Ordre des Francs-Maçons Trahi*," printed at Amsterdam in 1745, it is stated that "Cromwell was the first who gave the name of the order of Freemasons. Willing to reform mankind, and exterminate princes and kings, he proposed to his party the re-establishment of the Temple of Solomon." Whether this account be true or false, the coincidence between it and the tradition current in Ireland is remarkable.

The name of Cromwell, although associated both in song and story with the taking of Blarney Castle, is obviously used for that of his partisan, Lord Broghill (afterwards the Earl of Orrery). Cromwell, if indeed he ever was at Blarney, could only have paid it a short and peaceable visit. In the early part of the year 1646, Lord Broghill became master of this castle, and it was held by the Parliamentary party from that period to the termination of the Common-

wealth war. The published letter from Lord Broghill to Lenthall, the Speaker, giving an account of his lordship's victory over Lord Muskerry and the Irish forces, at Knocknaclashy, on the 26th of July, 1651, which was followed by the surrender of Limerick to Ireton, is prefaced by a communication, dated "Blairney, 1st August," which states, that "To-morrow the Lord Broghill goeth hence into the field to hinder the Irish from gathering in a body again."

Tune—"O, hold your Tongue, dear Sally!"

O! Blarney Castle, my darling, you're nothing at all but
 cold stone! grown.
 With a small little taste of old ivy, that up your side has
 Och, it's you that was once strong and ancient, and you
 kept all the Sassenachs down:
 And you sheltered the Lord of Clancarty, who then lived
 in Dublin town.*

Bad cess † to that robber, old Cromwell, and to all his
 long battering train,
 Who rolled over here like a porpoise, in two or three
 hookers, ‡ from Spain!

* Specimen of Father prout's version:—

"O! Blarney Castle, my darling,
 Sure you're nothing at all but a stone,
 Wrapt in ivy, a nest for all varmint,
 Since the *ould* Lord Clancarty is gone.
 Och! 'tis you that was once strong and ancient,
 And ye kept all the Sassenachs down,
 While fighting them battles, that aint yet
 Forgotten by martial renown."

† A common malediction in Ireland, originally importing "heavy taxation."

‡ A description of fishing or pilot boat peculiar to the south-west coast of Ireland.

And because that he was a Freemason, he mounted a
battering-ram,
And he loaded it up of dumb-powder, which in at its
mouth he did cram.

It was now the poor boys of the Castle looked over the
battlement wall,
And they there saw that ruffian, old Cromwell, a-feeding
on powder and ball ;
And the fellow that married his daughter, with a great big
grape-shot in his jaw,
'Twas bold I-ER-TON they called him, and he was his
brother-in-law.

So they fired the bullet like thunder, and it flew through
the air like a snake ;
And they hit the high walls of the Castle, which, like a
young curlew, did shake ;
While the Irish had nothing to fire, but their bows and
their arrows—" the *sewls* !"
Poor tools for shooting the Sassenachs,* though mighty
good for wild fowls.

Now one of the boys in the Castle, he took up a Sasse-
nach's shot, [it was red-hot.
And he covered it up in turf ashes, and he watched it till
Then he carried it up in his fingers, and he threw it right
over the wall ;
He'd have burned their tents all to tinder, if on them it
happened to fall.

The old Castle, it trembled all over, as you'd see a horse
do in July,
When just near the tail in his crupper, he's teased by a
pestering fly.

* Saxons.

Black Cromwell, he made a dark signal, for in the black
 art he was deep ;
 So, though the eyes in the people stood open, they found
 themselves all fast asleep.

With his jack-boots he stepped on the water, and he
 marched right over the lake ;
 And his soldiers they all followed after, as dry as a duck
 or a drake ;
 And he gave Squire Jeffreys the Castle, and the loch and
 the rock close, they say ;
 Who both died there, and lived there in quiet, as his
 ancestors do to this day.*

THE VICTORIOUS GOALERS OF CARRIGALINE AND KILMONEY.

Hurling, or goal, a favourite Irish game, which has
 been called by Mr. Arthur Young "the cricket of savages,"
 resembles the Scotch game of golf ; but the ball is much
 larger, being in general four inches in diameter ; the in-
 struments used are larger also, and not turned angularly
 at the bottom, but curved.

"The number of goalers may be twenty, or even a

* Father Prout's version runs thus :—

"Then the gates he burned down to a cinder,
 And the roof he demolished likewise ;
 O ! the rafters, they flamed out like tinder,
 And the building flared up to the skies.
 And he gave the estate to the Jeffers,
 With the dairy, the cows, and the hay ;
 And they lived there in clover, like heifers,
 As their ancestors do to this day."

hundred, or more. It is usually played in a large level field, by two parties of nearly balanced powers, either as to number or dexterity; and the object of each is to strike the ball over one of two opposite hedges, assigned respectively before the game begins. *Bàire comórtais*, signifies, according to an expression quite Irish, 'two sides of a country (that is, a certain number of the youth of each), who meet to goal against one another,' generally on a Sunday, or holiday, after prayers. On these occasions, instead of the hedges of a field, two conspicuous landmarks (a road and a wood, for instance) are assigned, and the game is contested in the space between them, with a heat and vigour which often lead to a serious and bloody conflict, especially if one of those clannish feuds, so prevalent among the peasantry of Ireland, should exist between the opposing parties: the hurley, or hurl, being an effective and desperate weapon. The game derives one of its names from the instrument employed; the other, goal, is evidently taken from the boundary, or winning-mark, which must be passed by the ball before the game can be won."

Goal is played in Ireland "with intense zeal, by parish against parish, barony against barony, county against county, and even province against province." Mr. Wakefield states it as his opinion, "that the vigour and activity of the peasantry in the South are, in a great measure, to be ascribed to their attachment to this play, which, by the exercise it affords, strengthens the whole frame, and contributes to health. Children," he says, "as soon as they are able to follow each other, run about, in bands of a dozen or more, with balls and hurls, eagerly contending for victory." General Vallancey has illustrated an essay on the language, manners, and customs of an Anglo-Norman colony, settled in the baronies of

Forth and Bargy, in the county of Wexford, in the twelfth century, by "an old song, in the language of these baronies, which has been handed down, by tradition, from the arrival of the colony in Ireland." The subject of this song is "the game at ball, called *camdún*, or 'hurley;' the scene, the commons in the barony of Forth; the time, a Church holiday. In this curious lyric, Walter relates how his son Thomas lost the game, by aiming a strong blow at the ball, and missing it, broke his bat against an emmet-hill."

The following song commemorates a goaling match, which, it appears, was played in Cope's Field, on the bank of the River Onnabuoy, by a party of nineteen or twenty, whose names are given, belonging to a small district of the barony of Kirricurihy, of which Carrigaline is the principal village, against (it is presumed) an equal number from the neighbouring baronies of Barrymore and Muskerry, in the county of Cork.

The name of Mr. Conner, in the seventh verse, and the mention of—

"Ballybricken's rover, the leader of them all,"

in the last verse, induced the Editor to apply to Mr. Crawford of Cork for information respecting this goaling match, as he remembered to have had the pleasure of meeting at his house Miss Conner of Ballybricken. Mr. Crawford, in his very kind reply to so trivial an inquiry, says: "I have been by no means idle in the investigation of the matter, and only regret that my information is confined, after all, to the following paragraph of a note from Miss Conner, sister to the hero of the ballad. 'Goaling matches have been always frequent in this country, and William has been umpire, and sometimes goaler, in many. The famed contests of Onnabuoy occurred in December,

1828, and the second in April, 1829.' Mr. William Conner, whom you probably know," adds Mr. Crawford, "is a lieutenant in the navy, and was on board the *Bellerophon* when Bonaparte surrendered to Captain Maitland. He is brother to Daniel Conner of Ballybricken; which era in his history was the most glorious, it is for you to decide."

The song is given from a manuscript copy. An inferior version is in the Editor's possession, printed on a broadside. The phrase of "pucked the well-sewed leather," which occurs in the sixth verse, may be explained as "struck forcibly the well-sewed leather ball." "Puck the ball," and "now for the goat's puck," are common goaling expressions, the former meaning strike, the latter, butt the ball. The Irish word *bac*, or *poic*, pronounced puck, signifies a forcible blow, and also a goat, from that animal butting, or striking forcibly with the head. After this explanation, it will not be difficult to understand the compound word puck-fist, used by old English writers, as a heavy-handed, coarse, fighting fellow; and which Dr. Nares labours so unsatisfactorily to explain, in his glossary, as a fungus, or upstart. "Ariosto a *puck-fist* to me."—*Ford's Love's Sacrifice*, ii. 1; see, also, *Beaumont and Fletcher's Cust of Country*, i. 2.

Notwithstanding all that commentators have written on the subject, it would not be difficult to identify with the Puck of Shakspeare the Irish goblin, *Phook*, or *Phuca*. Thus, in the "Sad Shepherd" of Ben Jonson, this spirit appears, under the title of "Puck-hairy;" and, in the ninth book of Golding's translation of "Ovid's Metamorphoses," edit. 1587, we find—

"And the countrie where Chymera, that same *Pucke*,
Hath goatish bodie," &c.

Air—" *Mourneen gal ma chree.*"

There's joy throughout the nation, and great congratulation,

With wondrous acclamation, from the Liffey to the Lee.

Without exaggeration, our goalers take their station,

For the highest approbation—they have won the victory ;

'Twas in no combination, or field association,

But in rural relaxation, on the plains of Onnabuoy.*

There was Fionn,† the chief of heroes, who high the ball in play rose,

Though long he's gone to repose, and will never play again.

There's Don and Con‡ the peerless, and Barry Oge§ the fearless,

Since whom we are left cheerless, could they have seen our men ;

They'd join the acclamation, and add their approbation,
With my congratulation to the boys of Onnabuoy.

* Pronounced Onnabouie ; and sometimes called Annabuoy, and Avonbuée. It signifies the yellow water, and its mouth forms a creek on the west side of Cork harbour, named Cross Haven.

† Fionn MacCumhal, the Fingal of Macpherson's Ossian.

‡ Don, in Irish, as in Spanish, means a lord or chief, and was a general complimentary name for any leader who was pre-eminently styled Don, or the lord. Who the above Don or Con may have been, the Editor cannot determine.

§ The tract called Kinalea, which lies between Kerricurihy and the Bandon River, nearly due south of the city of Cork, "was," says Smith, "named Insovenagh, and was formerly granted to Robert Fitzmartin, but it belonged to Barry Oge until the Rebellion of 1641."

Were Homer the narrator, and Virgil a spectator,
 No praises could be greater, than were due this gallant
 corps ; [Patricians,
 For never did the Grecians, nor the Romans called
 Exceed the stout Milesians that defeated Barrymore.
 'Twas in no combination, or field association,
 But in rural relaxation, on the plains of Onnabuoy.

All men will long remember the seventeenth of December,
 For good and bad each member, came from far and
 near to see ;
 Not a cabin had a soul in, all flocked to view the goaling,
 And unremitted bowling of Kilmoney's chivalry ;
 Undaunted sons of Beaver,* no hearts were ever braver
 Upon your bounding wave, or the plains of Onnabuoy.

Five times our men were turned, by rivals whom they
 spurned,
 With shame their cheeks they burned, but the ball was
 in the field ; [merit
 Then, with redoubled spirit, they showed the strength and
 That they did all inherit, and made their foes to yield ;
 While Barrymore they doubted, and Muskerry they
 shouted,
 When both of them were routed on the plains of
 Onnabuoy.

The south by mearings † bounded, at first our boys
 confounded, [speed ;
 Upon the wind they rounded, then tried their utmost

* An old name for Carrigaline, and still appended to it as an *alias* in law writings.

† Certain boundaries within which the game is to be decided are laid down at goal ; these depend, of course, upon the number of players, and the character of the country. A stream, a road, a wall,

Against both hill and weather, they all bore on together,
 And pucked the well-sewed leather; 'twas wonderful,
 indeed :

The north was then contested, on that their last hope
 rested,
 But soon they were down-crested on the plains of
 Onnabuoy.

Two baronies of boasters, one district of our coasters,*
 Have made look foolish toasters, and their former fame
 undone ;

For lost is now the honour of their leader, Mister Conner,
 Whose mother has upon her all my pity for her son.

In Cope's Field ends the story of their goaling and his
 glory,

And he'll travel far before he will play by the Onna-
 buoy.

Success to young O'Daly, who led us on so gaily,

He is our hero really—shout for Kilmoney's pride !

And here is for his brothers, and three times for all others,

True sons of worthy mothers, who were upon our side ;

Their names are here recorded, may they be all rewarded,

For never king nor lord did so much for the Onnabuoy.

or any other obvious line of demarcation, is sufficient ; but when such is not readily found, sticks called "mearings," or "mearing twigs," are placed in the ground. It is the Saxon word *mære*, which is used by Spenser—

"And Hygate made the *mære* thereof by west."

Fairy Queen, III. ix. 46.

A proof, among many others which may be adduced, that several obsolete English words are still current in Ireland.

* That is, dwellers on the coast. A large portion of the barony of Kerricurihy is bounded by the sea.

First I'll extol stout Saunders, and after him brave Landers,
 They behaved like great commanders; and next I'll
 aggrandize
 O'Toomey and Mulcahy; two Carties, and Bat Fahey;
 O'Callaghan of Rahey, and also Thomas Wise;
 O'Flinn, with head like carrot, De Cogans, Jack and
 Garret;
 And Jordan, Welsh, and Barrett, on the plains of
 Onnabuoy.

Now Shanbally give over—Coolmore lie up in clover,
 And Ballybricken's rover, the leader of them all;
 Loughbeg and Barnabaley, Ring and Seamount by O'Daly
 Were beaten till quite mealy, and to tatters like the ball;
 Here's to our boys so clever, their equals they saw never,
 Success to them for ever on the plains of Onnabuoy.

THE CARRIGALINE GOALERS DEFEATED.

A reply to the preceding song, on the defeat of the aforesaid "Victorious Goalers of Carrigaline and Kilmoney," by a party belonging to Tracton, a neighbouring district, which match appears to have been played in the ensuing spring. The rival poets, although they have carefully noticed the month and even the precise day when these memorable struggles took place, are alike silent as to the year, no doubt presuming that the date of such important occurrences could not be forgotten.

The single rhyme used throughout the entire song cannot escape the reader's notice. It is evident from the last line, which in itself contains four rhymes similar to the one used throughout the song, that this monotonous

jingle, which, to the Editor's ear, does not sound offensively, has been an object of considerable ambition to the author, and was apparently done with no other view than to exhibit a command over the rhyme.

The song is copied from a broadside without the name of the printer, procured by the Editor at Cork in 1829. A much inferior version is also in his possession on a broadside "printed by Haly, Hanover Street, Cork," embellished with a rude woodcut of a horseman leaping a three-barred gate, and entitled "The New Joy of Tracton, by a Mountain Poet."

Air—"The Rowing Journeyman."

For ages hold on record Kinalea with ecstasy
The triumph of our goalers at the top of Boherbuoy ;
By utterly defeating with the greatest bravery
The goalers that were famed upon the banks of Onnabuoy.

On the second day of April, to will conformably,
The supple Tracton goalers put an end to all their spree ;
With pucking round the ball did bound, and such activity
Was never seen upon the green fields of the Onnabuoy.

As heroes gay, were they each day, sung through the
whole country ;
And on * the public papers named, out of *curiosity*. †

* "In the papers," is the common expression in England ; "on the papers," in Ireland. "Any news on the paper?" is obviously more correct phraseology than "*in* the paper."

† That is, as a remarkable matter ; *anglice*, curiosity. "How that fellow murders the king's English !" remarked a brother barrister to Curran upon hearing an illiterate witness pronounce this word as above written, and as it is vulgarly pronounced in Ireland. "I cannot agree with you," said Curran, "knocking an *I* out is neither murder nor manslaughter."

Say, will Kilmoney, my boys, now own ye, since ended is
your glee ;
For you were beaten,* early and late on the plains of
Onnabuoy?

Wherever self-persuasion is of gaining the victory,
Then fortune never favours it, in high or low degree ;
Ballygarven, Douglas, Ring, and Seamount had to see
How Kinalea could clear the way on the plains of
Onnabuoy.

A fortune-teller came by chance and said repeatedly
That Tracton's skill, on plain or hill, was as eight to
thirty-three ;
But in spite of all his fairy call and his necromancery,
He was too bold in what he told on the plains of
Onnabuoy.

And of a leader boasting, they gave publicity
To a gentleman of high renown, living independently,
A star of honour, the great O'Connor, shining in dignity
At Ballybricken, no glory seeking from goaling by the
Onnabuoy.

A gentleman descended from kings of high degree,
A honey-scented blossom, and a sprig of purity ;
A stately tree that day was he, the pride of his country ;
Long may he flourish, and Erin nourish such saplings by
the Onnabuoy.

He cleared the field, and justice showed to all impartially ;
And there he stood, eye-witness good, to decide the victory.
Long may his line resplendent shine to all conspicuously ;
And long a creek in, stand Ballybricken, by the plains of
Onnabuoy.

* Pronounced in Ireland, *baiten*.

I could not name the half who came that day the game
to see,
From far and near, when they did hear that such a sight
would be ;
And never gave spectators brave their shouts more lustily,
Than when the pride, that did deride, was vanquished
by the Onnabuoy.

The poet small, who challenged all, from the Liffey to
the Lee,
His honest trade I'll not upbraid, but 'tis not prophecy ;
The empty praise, which he did raise, is now bitter irony ;
And his vain song, is sorrow strong to the boys of
Onnabuoy.

The boasting ass, I let him pass, nor strive in rivalry ;
Dull and unsonorous his verse, and small his poetry.
I want no fame from whence I came, nor claim (deservedly)
The title rare, of poet fair, for the Muse of Carberry.

Your ear now lend, to make an end, without vaunt or
vanity ;
As autumn gives the quivering leaves to earth devotedly,
So Kinalea hath won the day, all men of decency
With me will see, and will agree on the plains of Onnabuoy.

CORK'S OWN TOWN.

This song originally appeared in the *Cork Southern Reporter* newspaper, in March, 1825, where it is "dated from the vane of St. Finbarr's steeple, this day of the vernal equinox, xxi. Mar."

The Editor has no doubt that the authorship may be

correctly assigned to the writer of "O! Blarney Castle, my Darling" (see p. 144), and the subsequent song entitled "Darling Neddeen." Speaking of "The Groves of Blarney," and other rural lyrics, a learned critic on the "Munster Melodies" observes, when introducing the following song to notice, "But while the country is thus celebrated, the beauties of the city do not remain unsung. Cork has had many laureates, but the last describer of its localities best deserves to wear the bays."

These localities, however, require some explanatory remarks. Daunt's Square, from whence the lyrist takes, as sailors say, his departure, will be presently noticed. He next arrives at "the region of frolic and spree," Fishamble Lane, which, says Mr. Windle, "no longer possesses a shambles; and has lost its once high-sounding name of 'Ireland's Rising Liberty Street,' conferred on it in the days of the Volunteers; but the stone with that name, full of recollections, still retains its place on the front wall of one of the houses."

The presiding goddess of this interesting spot,

"Where salmon, drisheens, and beef-steaks are cooked best,"

has been thus addressed by the Muse of Toleken:—

"The sun had gone down, and the lofty dark mountains
 Were hid from the view by a smart shower of rain,
 When I wandered in search of a few of those round things
 Called sausages, made up in Fishamble Lane.
 There as I walked on amidst broiling and frying,
 I spied out a fair one—my heart felt a pain;
 I sat myself down, for I thought I was dying
 For Judy MacCarthy of Fishamble Lane.

I gazed on the fair one—one eye was a swivel,
 Her nose it was smutty, her hands not too clean;
 "She told me that she was then broiling a devil,
 For which they are famous in Fishamble Lane.

'You're broiling a devil,' says I, 'Judy Carty?
 The devil may broil you and boil you again;
 For broils I detest, and this moment I part ye,
 Miss Judy MacCarthy of Fishamble Lane!'

Of Blackpool, mentioned in the third verse, a particular account will be found in the introductory remarks to a subsequent song. Mallow Lane "is at once the principal passage and main trunk" of the northern part of Cork. "At the west side of Mallow Lane, and on still higher ground, is an extremely populous suburb, divided into numerous alleys and lanes. Its southern boundary is Blarney Lane" (to the description of which the second verse of the following song is devoted), "a long, old street, formerly the principal western entrance to the city."

Returning, in the fourth verse, to the "one-sided Buckingham Square," and to Daunt's Bridge or Square, which is neither a bridge nor a square, the Editor again ventures to quote Mr. Windle in illustration:—"Of squares, Cork possesses none, although the word, strangely enough, occurs as a name to several places; thus we have Buckingham Square, Knapp's Square, Jones's Square, and Daunt's Square, to which a stranger would find it rather difficult to apply the term." In the latter square is the domicile of that ingenious citizen, renowned in lathering metres—

"One Robert Olden,
 Inventor sole of Eukeirogeneion,
 Soother of beards."

Of the "narrow broad lane that leads up to the Dyke," the Editor can speak from actual measurement. It varies in breadth from eight to ten and eleven feet, and was, until recently, the popular thoroughfare between the east and west parts of the city of Cork.

The Dyke, mentioned in the fifth verse, is, according

to Mr. Windle, "a delightful walk about a mile in length, and shaded with ranges of noble elm at either side, forming a long vista in *one straight line from beginning to end.*" It was made in 1720, and about thirty years ago protected by an iron gate, the erection of which was celebrated, and the inscription recorded in an ode attributed to Mr. John Lander:—

" Here future shoemakers shall read on Sunday,
When our good mayor shall be in heaven,
As bird-catching they're going.—' JOHN DAY,
ESQUIRE, MAYOR, 1807.'"

" Blair's Castle that trembles above in the breeze,"

Mr. Windle calls "a modern absurdity, consisting of a centre tower and side wings, finished in the Dutch fashion; but it possesses the advantage of a beautiful situation, and indeed, like the rest of Sunday's well, of a fine prospect," which locality is alluded to as "sweet Sunday's well" in the seventh verse.

" Dr. Blair was a man of skill,
He built his castle on a hill;
He set four statues in the front,
And every morning went to hunt.
From his castle you may see
Up and down along the Lee."

So says an old song. This Dr. Blair was a Scotch physician, who settled in Cork about the middle of the last century; and in 1775 published a freethinking volume, entitled "Thoughts on Nature and Religion," the able answer to which first brought the famous Father O'Leary into public notice.

Glanmire and Blackrock, the roads leading to which are referred to in the sixth verse, are both agreeable outlets of Cork; the Boreen Manah is a minor road of the latter environ, which, literally translated, means "the

little road to the fields." The steeple, termed "pepper-box," in the seventh and last verse, will be particularly noticed hereafter as the edifice from whence

"The bells of Shandon
Sound so grand on
The lovely waters of the river Lee."

"Regarding it in a general point of view," Mr. Windle, with great truth, asserts that "Cork may be justly called a fine city. Strangers have, without exception, described it as such; but the natives, with a very pardonable vanity, borrowing the words of an old song, speak of it as 'the beautiful city;' and looking at it in conjunction with its unrivalled outlets, the claim may, we think, be safely conceded."

Air—" *They may rail at this life.*"

They may rail at the city where first I was born,
But it's there they've the whisky, and butter, and pork;
And a neat little spot for to walk in each morn—
They call it Daunt's Square, and the City is Cork.
The square has two sides—why, one east and one west,
And convenient's the region of frolic and spree,
Where salmon, drisheens,* and beefsteaks are cooked best:
Och! Fishamble's the Eden for you, love, and me!

If you want to behold the sublime and the beauteous,
Put your toes in your brogues and see sweet Blarney
Lane,
Where the parents and childer are comely and duteous,
And dry lodging both rider and beast entertain;
In the cellars below dine the slashing young fellows
That come with the butter from distant Tralee;
While the landlady, chalking the score on the bellows,
Sings, Cork is an Eden for you, love, and me!

* Sheep's puddings.

Blackpool is another sweet place in that city,
 Where pigs, twigs, and weavers, they all grow together,
 With its smart little tan-yards—och, more is the pity
 To strip the poor beasts to convert them to leather !
 Further up to the east is a place great and famous,
 It is called Mallow Lane—antiquaries agree
 That it holds the Sheebeen, which once held King Shamus :*
 Och ! Cork is an Eden for you, love, and me !

Then go back to Daunt's Bridge, though you'll think it is
 quare [like
 That you can't see the bridge †—faix you ne'er saw the
 Of that bridge, nor of one-sided Buckingham Square ;
 Nor the narrow Broad Lane that leads up to the Dyke,
 Where, turning his wheel, sits that saint, " Holy Joe," ‡
 And umbrellas are made of the best quality,
 And young virgins sing "*Colleen das croothin a mo*," §
 And—Cork is an Eden for you, love, and me !

When you get to the Dyke, there's a beautiful prospect
 Of a long gravel walk between two rows of trees ;
 On one side, with a beautiful southern aspect,
 Is Blair's Castle, that trembles above in the breeze.
 Far off in the west lie the Lakes of Killarney,
 Which some hills intervening prevent you to see ;
 But you smell the sweet wind from the wild groves of
 Blarney—
 Och ! Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me !

Take the road to Glanmire, the road to Blackrock, or
 The sweet Boreen Manah, to charm your fair eyes ;

* James II.

† " There is no bridge, but an archway under the street."

‡ " A noted knife and oath grinder, now deceased."

§ " The pretty girl milking her cow."

If you do what is wise, take a dram of Tom Walker,
 Or if you're a Walker, toss off Billy Wise.*
 I give you my word that they're both lads of spirit ;
 But if a "raw chaw" † with your gums don't agree,
 Beamish, Crawford, and Lane, brew some porter of merit,
 Though poteen is the nectar for you, love, and me !

Oh ! long life to you, Cork, with your pepper-box steeple,
 Your girls, your whisky, your curds and sweet whey :
 Your hill of Glanmire, and the shops where the people
 Get decent new clothes down beyond the Coal Quay.
 Long life to sweet Fair Lane, its pipers and jigs,
 And to sweet Sunday's well, and the banks of the Lee ;
 Likewise our court-houses, ‡ where judges in wigs
 Sing, Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me !

* Mr. Walker, whose "Bounce upon Bess" has been already noticed at p. 86, and Mr. Wise, were two famous distillers in Cork ; their memories are enshrined in the following epigram :—

"You people of Cork that are talkers,
 I beg you will show me the rules,
 Why Walker won't let you be walkers,
 And Wise strives to make you all fools."

† What Mr. Daniel McCarthy would have termed "naked truth."
 — *Vide* p. 99.

‡ The rapid improvement in Cork is in nothing more evident than its architecture. So recently as 1806, when the old County Court House was built, an English architect was imported to design and execute it. "They have managed these things differently in our days," observes Mr. Windle ; "the names of Deane, Pain, Hill, Cottrell, &c., are now connected with some of our public edifices, to which the citizen may point without shame."

CORK'S GOOD-HUMOURED FACES.

A specimen of the ingenious manner in which a witty manufacturer in Cork of an excellent liquid shaving soap, and other articles, that really require no puffing, contrives to attract attention to his inventions. Mr. Olden, who has been already noticed in the introductory observations to the preceding song (p. 160), modestly remarks in one of his poetical effusions, when commending the superiority of his goods—

“I hope that you not such an ass are
 To send for shaving soap as far as Naples,
 Or to imagine oil brought from Macassar,
 From aged pates each hair that's turning gray pulls.”

And in another he thus eulogizes the merits of his *Essence de Savon*, which bears what country gentlemen call “a confounded hard Greek name,” and which may be classed with those words that Moore has recommended

“Should only be said on holidays,
 When one has nothing else to do.”

“ΕΥΚΕΙΡΟΓΕΝΕΙΟΝ,
 Whene'er I lay eye on,
 I firmly rely on
 A capital shave ;
 And as for the water,
 'Tis not a pin matter
 From where derivatur—
 The well or the wave.”

Cork has sometimes been styled “the Irish Athens,” possibly from the fame of Olden's verses, and his and Father Prout's partiality for Greek.

It is stated that Mr. Olden's very amusing and most learned poems have been collected and printed for private

circulation, with the title of "Soap Bubbles." All his verses which have come under the Editor's observation display an extraordinary command of rhyme, which is sported with in actual wantonness. As Messrs. Day and Martin, and Mr. Warren, of blacking notoriety, are believed respectively to have retained a poet on their establishment, so it has been shrewdly conjectured that Mr. Olden cannot make good his claim to the authorship of all the songs put forth by him, and that he has even secured the services of more poets than one; among whom the Rev. Mr. Chester and Mr. John Lander are suspected to be the most industrious.

Tune—"Ballinafad."

For good-humoured faces, Cork once beat all places—

How altered the case is, *more a thrue mavrone!**

By politics now are contracted each brow, or

Every nose turned up sour, like a dog with a bone.

Then Olden, beholding

Young and old in a scolding-

Match joining, the whole din resolved to assuage:

In he pops, the State props

With soap drops, fast as hops

Lathering chops, ill-blood stops, and all dire party rage.

Thus Peter of Russia, with a razor and brush, he

Once made a great fuss a' his subjects to shave;

He smoothed their manners, like hides scraped by tanners,

Wherever his banners triumphant did wave.

Then at home let us try, on

Each phiz, low and high on,

The Eukeirogeneion of Olden so rare;

* An Irish phrase, expressive of deep regret.

Catholic or Brunswicker,
 By this liquor will quicker
 Cease to bicker, though thicker than pigs in a fair.

An old witch seized Asmodeus, a devil most odious,
 And did for his abode use a bottle so frail ;
 But Olympus' sweet vapours, condensed for chin-
 scrapers,
 Olden bottles, like capers, or smart Burton ale.
 Let this drug aid your rugged
 Old mug, it so smug it
 Will look, the maids hug it, and tug it both ways ;
 Then you sooty muzzled brute, ay,
 In truth, I will mute eye
 With wonder your beauty, when you shave but three days.

THE COURT OF CONSCIENCE IN CORK

Is copied from a newspaper-cutting in Miss Elliot's Scrap-
 book, entitled "Reflections occasioned by the Court of
 Conscience of Cork being held over the Meat Market."

How various are the roads we mortals take
 To happiness, this building a strong test is :
 Some dive below, to purchase a beefsteak ;
 Others ascend, to stake their all for justice.

In either region, with an equal hand
 The scales are held, and like material put on ;
 For when the blood is drained, you understand
 The conscience of a suitor's dead as mutton.

'Thus, 'twixt the market-scales and those of law,
 A strong similitude exists, quite pat in
 Point; for whoe'er did informations draw,
 But he for make-weight slipt a bit of fat in?

Above, below, the inmates live by broils;
 Their wares are equally plunged in hot water,
 Or in sad pickle, after all their toils,
 And destined finally to go to pot are.

Below hangs many a slaughtered fatted calf;
 Above, their skins are pressed by lips of sinners;
 By which the flesh (esteemed the better half)
 Becomes mock-turtle for their worships' dinners.

THE GROVES OF BLACKPOOL.

(Descriptive of the return of the City of Cork Militia.)

Blackpool is an extensive suburb on the northern side of Cork, which has been particularly noticed in the song at p. 162. John Wesley, in his "Journal," describes it in 1765 as a place "famous, from time immemorial, for all manner of wickedness—for riot in particular." Blackpool was, in short, as its name denotes, a sink of iniquity, which the muse of Dr. De la Cour has thus depicted:—

"Oh, the very first day that I came to Blackpool,
 I stared, and I gaped, and I gazed like a fool;
 For the butchers and bull-dogs were beating a bull,
 On the very first day that I came to Blackpool.
 There were tanners, and skimmers, and dressers of leather,
 And curriers, and combers, and dyers together:

Oh, the devil himself never saw such a school
As I did, the first day that I came to Blackpool."

"Cork, like London, Paris, and other great cities," says Mr. Windle, "possesses a *patois* nearly peculiar to itself; it will be found most prevalent, and least adulterated, in Ballythomas (a locality in the immediate vicinity of Blackpool). The vernacular of this region may be regarded as the ancient cockneyism of the mixed race who held the old city—Danes, English, and Irish. It is a jargon, whose principal characteristic appears in the pronunciation of *th*, as exemplified in *dis, dat, den, de*—this, that, then, they; and in the dovetailing of words, as '*kum our ish,*' for 'come out of this.' There is a general attenuation or contraction in the articulation of words, accompanied by a hissing and jarring wherever *s* and *r* occur, which it would be difficult to convey any sufficient idea of. 'De Groves of de Pool' is a very popular exemplar of the poetry of this dialect; and Mr. Daniel Casey may be regarded as its living laureate.

"As to the population, they are a hardy, hard-working, improvident, and vivacious race; attached to old usages and habits of thinking and acting. Here have ever been found the readiest and gayest actors in the mummeries of the 'May-day mummers.' None ever equalled them in the hearty ceremony of 'whipping out the herring' on Easter Saturday, or throwing bran on the new mayor. What other part of the city has ever furnished so jolly or uproarious a train of males or females, to sustain the honours of the Irish carnival—the 'going to Skellig?' The groups of 'Wren Boys' here muster strongest on St. Stephen's morning; and the mimic warfare of a 'batter' between the clans of rival streets, is nowhere else waged with more spirit or earnestness. But the march of intellect is even here visible; the mummeries, and batterings,

and bran throwing are, of recent years, become more infrequent ; and the day may not be far distant when the memory of these things shall pass away."

The watercourse mentioned in the sixth verse, adds Mr. Windle, in his interesting notices of Cork, is "the busiest outlet of the city ; the principal seat of its tanneries and distilleries. At the end of this well-frequented way the water is open ; a police station adjoins, and an antique narrow bridge, impassable for horse or carriage, bearing the odd name of Tanto Bridge, leads over into the once umbrageous haunt of the Muses—the birthplace of many a militia legioneer—the classical 'Groves of de Pool !' But the Blackpool is now treeless ; its long rows of elms and poplars have been cut down ; its manufactures have ceased ; its looms are silent ; and its once numerous and respectable inhabitants have given place to a poor and ill-employed population. The glory of the pool is no more."

"De Groves of de Pool," which was written by "honest Dick Millikin" (see p. 91), was intended to depict the return, or, as he humorously calls it, the "advance back again," of the "gallant Cork City Militia," after the Rebellion of 1798, and their reception in "de groves," which had sheltered the infancy of "dose Irish heroes." It is given from the recitation of Mr John Lander, by whom the last verse is said to have been added.

Now de war, dearest Nancy, is ended,
 And de peace is come over from France ;
 So our gallant Cork City Militia
 Back again to head-quarters advance.
 No longer a beating dose rebels,
 We'll now be a beating de bull,
 And taste dose genteel recreations
 Dat are found in de groves of de Pool.
 Ri fol didder rol didder rol, &c.

Den out came our loving relations,
 To see whether we'd be living or no ;
 Besides all de jolly ould neighbours,
 Around us who flocked in a row.
 De noggins of sweet Tommy Walker*
 We lifted according to rule,
 And wetted our necks wid de native
 Dat is brewed in the groves of de Pool.
 Ri fol, &c.

When de regiment marched into de Commons,
 'Twould do your heart good for to see ;
 You'd tink not a man nor a woman
 Was left in Cork's famous city.
 De boys dey came flocking around us,
 Not a hat nor wig † stuck to a skull,
 To compliment dose Irish heroes
 Returned to de groves of de Pool.
 Ri fol, &c.

Wid our band out before us in order,
 We played coming into de town ;
 We up'd wid de ould " Boyne Water,"
 Not forgetting, too, " Croppies lie down." ‡

* *Alias*, " Bounce upon Bess."—*Vide* pp. 86, 164. A noggin is the fourth of a pint.—*Cocknive*, a " quartern."

† In " Castle Rackrent," a note upon the Irish practice of using the wig instead of a sweeping brush states, " that these men (labourers of the old school) are not in any danger of catching cold by taking off their wigs occasionally ; because they usually have fine crops growing under their wigs. The wigs are often yellow, and the hair which appears from beneath them black ; the wigs are usually too small, and are raised up by the hair beneath, or by the ears of the wearers."

‡ Two loyal tunes. The Cork Militia were especially Orange. They suffered severely in the Rebellion of 1798, particularly at Oulart, where they lost 115 men. The officers killed in this unfortunate affair

Bekase you might read in the newses
 'Twas we made dose rebels so cool,
 Who all tought, like Turks or like Jewses,
 To murther de boys of de Pool.

Ri fol, &c.

Oh, sure dere's no nation in Munster
 Wid de groves of Blackpool can compare,
 Where dose heroes were all edicated,
 And de nymphs are so comely and fair.
 Wid de gardens around entertaining,
 Wid sweet purty posies so full,
 Dat is worn by dose comely young creaturs
 Dat walks in de groves of de Pool.

Ri fol, &c.

Oh! many's de time, late and early,
 Dat I wished I was landed again,
 Where I'd see de sweet watercourse flowing,
 Where de skimmers dere glory maintain :
 Likewise dat divine habitation,*
 Where dose babbies are all sent to school
 Dat never had fader nor moder,
 But were found in de groves of de Pool.

Ri fol, &c.

Come all you young youths of dis nation,
 Come fill up a bumper all round ;
 Drink success to Blackpool navigation,
 And may it wid plenty be crowned.

were Major Lombard, the Honourable Captain De Courcy, Lieutenants Williams, Ware, Barry, and Ensign Keogh.

* *Alias*, the Foundling Hospital. Established under Act of Parliament in 1735.

Here's success to the jolly hoop-coilers ;
 Likewise to de shuttle and de spool ;
 To de tanners, and worthy glue-boilers,
 Dat lives in de groves of de Pool.
 Ri fol, &c.

THE COURT OF CAHIRASS.

“About a mile from Croom,” says the “History of Limerick,” by Fitzgerald and MacGregor (vol. i. p. 332), “situated on the Maig, is Cahirass House, with its finely wooded park and plantations, belonging to David Roche, Esq.,* a descendant of the house of Fermoy ;” and a note adds : “There was once a chapel of ease here belonging to the Carbery family, whose property it was. The chaplain falling desperately in love with the daughter of Lord Carbery, and being disappointed, hanged himself in the chapel, which soon afterwards went to decay. This unfortunate lover had composed a song beginning with ‘At the Court of Cahirass there lives a fair maiden,’ which is still recollected by the country people.”

Another version of the tradition, which the Editor obtained from his sister, Mrs. Eyre Coote, in 1827, agrees with the above, except in the manner of the imprudent chaplain's death, who is stated to have shot himself on a tomb in the churchyard of Cahirass, when this song was found in his pocket ; and it is said that the marks of his blood are still visible on the tombstone.

Unluckily, however, for the romance of this story the name of Katey occurs as a rhyme in the first and seventh

* Now Sir David Roche, Bart., M.P.

verses, and is twice repeated in the last; and five manuscript copies of the song, procured through various channels, though differing materially in many lines, all retain that name. It is therefore impossible to reconcile this with the facts, that the only daughter of the first Lord Carbery was named Anne; the only daughter of the second lord, Frances Anne; and the only daughter of the third lord, Juliana. So stands the case in Archdale's edition of "Lodge's Irish Peerage," vol. vii., *versus* Tradition.

In the Court of Cahirass there dwells a fair lady,
Of beauty the paragon, and she is called Katey;
Her lofty descent, and her stately deportment,
Prove this lovely damsel was for a king's court meant.

There's many a great lord from Dublin has sought her;
But that is not strange for a nobleman's daughter:
Yet if she was poor as the poorest of creatures,
There's no one her rival in figure or features.

On a fine summer's morning, if you saw but this maiden,
By the murmuring Maig, or the green fields she stray'd in;
Or through groves full of song, near that bright flowing
river,

You'd think how imperfect the praise that I give her.

In order arranged are her bright flowing tresses,
The thread of the spider their fineness expresses;*

* The verse of an Irish song, in which the poet describes the first meeting with his mistress, was thus translated to the Editor by Mr. Edward Penrose:—

“ Her hair was of the finest gold,
Like to a spider's spinning;
In her, methinks, I do behold
My joys and woes beginning.”

And softer her cheek, that is mantled with blushes,
Than the drift of the snow, or the pulp of the rushes.

But her bosom of beauty, that the heart which lies under,
Should have nothing of womanlike pride, is my wonder ;
That the charms which all eyes daily dwell on delighted,
Should seem in her own of no worth, and be slighted.

When Charity calls her she never is weary,
Though in secret she comes with the step of a fairy ;
To the sick and the needy profuse is her bounty,
And her goodness extends through the whole of the
county.*

I felt on my spirit a load that was weighty,
In the stillness of midnight, and called upon Katey ;
And a dull voice replied, on the ear of the sleeper,
“Death! death!” in a tone that was deep, and grew
deeper.

’Twas an omen to me—’twas an omen of sadness,
That told me of folly, of love, and of madness ;
That my fate was as dark as the sky that was o’er me,
And bade me despair, for no hope was before me.

O, Katey, dear Katey, disdain not your lover ;
From your frowns and your coldness he cannot recover :
For if you but bid him his passion to smother,
How fatal the day when we first met each other.

* The prosaic close of this verse is strangely contrasted with the strain of poetry which pervades those immediately following ; but inequality of sentiment appears to be the chief characteristic of Irish song in the English as well as the Irish language ; in fact, the Irish style.

THE DONERAILE LITANY.

The popularity of this jingle in the south of Ireland is remarkable ; and is, among many other instances, a proof of the national fondness for rhyme, and the admiration of any production which displays a command over it, however rude or grotesque the exhibition may be.

The Doneraile Litany consists of a series of anathemas upon that town, strung together, it appears, in consequence of the author having there lost his watch, of Dublin manufacture ; in what manner is not stated, and, possibly, it has escaped the author's recollection, who, from the bardic propensity exhibited in Ireland towards intoxicating draughts, subjects himself to the suspicion that the loss he so vigorously deploras may have occurred while he was under the influence of that spirit, or Irish goddess, addressed as—

“Divine Malthæa.”

The occurrence, however, took place upwards of thirty years ago ; since when, it is trusted, the morality of Doneraile has very much improved.

In 1808, Mr. Patrick O'Kelly published at Dublin, “Poems on the Giant's Causeway and Killarney, with other Miscellanies,” among which was introduced “The Litany for Doneraile.” This volume was followed in 1812 by another, named “The Eudoxologist, or an Ethicographical Survey of the West Parts of Ireland,” and which contains several attacks upon an unfortunate poet, who had ventured to put forth “A Defence of Doneraile,” in reply to O'Kelly's malediction. Ultimately, a recantation, entitled “The Palinode,” most humbly dedicated to Lady Doneraile, appeared in a

volume of poems, entitled "The Aonian Kaleidoscope," printed by O'Kelly at Cork, in 1824.

Prefixed to this are "Verses addressed to the Author," by J. J. C. (Callanan, see p. 127), and P. S. (Dr. Sharky, of Cork); of course, ironically intended, but which Mr. O'Kelly seriously entertains. In the latter, the lines alluded to, but not correctly quoted, by Mr. Lockhart in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," occur. Speaking of the galaxy of genius which adorned the reign of George IV., after noticing Moore, P. S. says:—

"Scott, Morgan, Edgeworth, Byron, prop of Greece,
Fate, in thy death, shall blast the hopes of peace;
O'Kelly, too, of proud Iberian blood,
Shall, from Castalian fountain, pour the flood
Of bardic song—

* * * *

The ancient glories of our native song,
In *him* shall live, to *him* those bays belong."

O'Kelly's introduction to George IV. is thus related in the *Roscommon Gazette*:—"When His Majesty was in Dublin, our countryman, the poet, Patrick O'Kelly, Esq., of the county of Galway, waited on him at the Phoenix Park. His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, having subscribed his name for fifty copies, the poet took that opportunity to deliver his work. He was announced to the King by Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, who ordered the baronet to hand the poet fifty pounds, which Sir Benjamin accordingly did. Mr. O'Kelly declined accepting it, declaring that he would rather see His Majesty than receive the money, and requested Sir Benjamin to say so, which was complied with. The King ordered him to be introduced. When admitted into the royal presence, His Majesty received him most graciously, hoped he was well, and then

observed that Mr. O'Kelly was lame as well as Lord Byron. 'And Sir Walter Scott, too,' said Mr. O'Kelly; 'and why should not the Irish bard be similarly honoured?' for

'If God one member has oppressed,
He made more perfect all the rest.'

At which the King smiled.

"The Marquess of Conyngham, who was present, requested Mr. O'Kelly to express himself, extempore, on Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and himself; to which the poet replied, in the following *impromptu* :—

'Three poets for three sister kingdoms born,
One for the Rose, another for the Thorn;
One for the Shamrock, which will ne'er decay,
While Rose and Thorn must yearly fade away.'

At which the King and his Court laughed heartily."

O'Kelly seems to have been fond of associating his fame as a poet with that of Byron and Scott. Mr. Lockhart, in his Life of the latter, says: "I find recorded in one letter (August, 1825), a very merry morning at Limerick, where, amidst the ringing of all the bells in honour of the advent, there was ushered in a brother poet, who must needs pay his personal respects to the author of 'Marmion.' He was a scarecrow figure, attired much in the fashion of the *strugglers*—by name O'Kelly; and he had produced, on the spur of the occasion, this modest parody of Dryden's famous epigram :—

'Three poets, of three different nations born,
The United Kingdom in this age adorn:
Byron, of England; Scott, of Scotia's blood;
And Erin's pride, O'Kelly, great and good.'

"Sir Walter's five shillings," adds Mr. Lockhart, "were at once forthcoming; and the bard, in order that Miss

Edgeworth might display equal generosity, pointed out, in a little volume of his works (for which, moreover, we had all to subscribe), this pregnant couplet :—

‘Scott, Morgan, Edgeworth, Byron, prop of Greece,
Are characters whose fame not soon will cease.’”

The worthy inhabitants of Doneraile do not seem to have taken the slightest offence at O’Kelly’s Litany ; on the contrary, it has been a subject of much amusement to them. The Editor recollects to have heard it sung, in 1821, by a ballad-singer through the streets of that town, much to the amusement of his auditors, and the profit of the vocalist.

Alas ! how dismal is my tale !—
I lost my watch in Doneraile ;
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.

May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in showers on Doneraile ;
May all the leading fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile.

As lightnings flash across the vale,
So down to hell with Doneraile ;
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
Be that the curse of Doneraile.

May beef or mutton, lamb or veal,
Be never found in Doneraile ;
But garlic soup, and scurvy kail,
Be still the food for Doneraile.

And forward as the creeping snail,
Th’ industry be of Doneraile ;

May Heaven a chosen curse entail
On rigid, rotten Doneraile.

May sun and moon for ever fail
To beam their lights in Doneraile ;
May every pestilential gale
Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile.

May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, or quail,
Be ever heard in Doneraile ;
May patriots, kings, and commonweal,
Despise and harass Doneraile.

May every Post, Gazette, and Mail,
Sad tidings bring of Doneraile ;
May loudest thunders ring a peal,
To blind and deafen Doneraile.

May vengeance fall at head and tail,
From north to south, at Doneraile ;
May profit light, and tardy sale,
Still damp the trade of Doneraile.

May Fame resound a dismal tale,
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile ;
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail,
To thin the knaves of Doneraile.

May frost and snow, and sleet and hail,
Benumb each joint in Doneraile ;
May wolves and bloodhounds trace and trail
The cursed crew of Doneraile.

May Oscar, with his fiery flail,
To atoms thresh all Doneraile ;
May every mischief, fresh and stale,
Abide, henceforth, in Doneraile.

May all, from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile ;
May neither flour nor oaten meal
Be found or known in Doneraile.

May want and woe each joy curtail
That e'er was known in Doneraile ;
May no one coffin want a nail
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.

May all the thieves that rob and steal,
The gallows meet in Doneraile ;
May all the sons of Granaweal
Blush at the thieves of Doneraile.

May mischief, big as Norway whale,
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile ;
May curses, wholesale and retail,
Pour with full force on Doneraile.

May every transport went to sail
A convict bring from Doneraile ;
May every churn and milking-pail
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile.

May cold and hunger still congeal
The stagnant blood of Doneraile ;
May every hour new woes reveal,
That hell reserves for Doneraile.

May every chosen ill prevail
O'er all the imps of Doneraile ;
May no one wish or prayer avail
To soothe the woes of Doneraile.

May th' Inquisition straight impale
The rapparees of Doneraile ;

May Charon's boat triumphant sail,
Completely manned, from Doneraile.

Oh! may my couplets never fail
To find a curse for Doneraile;
And may grim Pluto's inner gaol
For ever groan with Doneraile.

DUBLIN AFTER THE UNION.

A jeu d'esprit, printed in the posthumous collection of Mr. Lysaght's poems (see p. 112), with the following introductory observations, copied from Sir John Carr's "Stranger in Ireland."

As I have given a little specimen of the prose which the measure of the Union produced, my readers will, perhaps, be pleased with the following excellent song, which, amongst the many good ones written at that time, I think the most witty and playful, and has much of the spirit of Swift in it. It was a great favourite with the anti-Unionists, and I give it with the more pleasure, because its poetical predictions have not been verified; and, I feel confident, never will be. It is from the sprightly pen of Mr. Lysaght."

Capel Street, which, it is prophesied in the song, would become a rural walk, leads from the Castle, the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, to College Green, where stood the Parliament House, now converted into the Bank of Ireland. Dame Street, in which it is foretold that cabbages were to be cultivated, was the principal street leading from Essex Bridge through the northern portion of Dublin.

The jocular allusions to the anticipated produce of the College, in "wild oats;" the Courts of Law, in "hemp;" the Parliament House becoming the resort of "vermin," as placemen were called; and Daly's Club House, the haunt of "rooks" and "pigeons"—terms applied to gamblers and their dupes—are so obvious, as not to require further comment.

How justly alarmed is each Dublin cit,
 That he'll soon be transformed to a clown, sir!
 By a magical move of that conjuror, Pitt,
 The country is coming to town, sir!
 Give Pitt, and Dundas, and Jenky, a glass,
 Who'd ride on John Bull, and make Paddy an ass.

Through Capel Street, soon, as you'll rurally range,
 You'll scarce recognize it the same street;
 Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal Exchange,
 Fine cabbages down along Dame Street.
 Give Pitt, &c.

Wild oats in the College won't want to be tilled,
 And hemp in the Four Courts may thrive, sir;
 Your markets, again, shall with muttuns be filled:
 By St. Patrick, they'll graze there alive, sir!
 Give Pitt, &c.

In the Parliament House, quite alive shall there be
 All the vermin the island e'er gathers;
 Full of rooks, as before, Daly's Club House you'll see,
 But the pigeons won't have any feathers.
 Give Pitt, &c.

Our Custom House quay, full of weeds, oh, rare sport!
 But the Minister's minions, kind elves, sir,

Will give us free leave all our goods to export,
 When we've got none at home for ourselves, sir!
 Give Pitt, &c.

Says an alderman, "Corn will grow in your shops;
 This Union must work our enslavement."
 "That's true," says the sheriff, "for plenty of Crops,*
 Already I've seen on the pavement!"
 Give Pitt, &c.

Ye brave loyal yeomen, dress'd gaily in red,
 This Minister's plan must elate us;
 And well may John Bull, when he's robbed us of bread,
 Call poor Ireland "The land of potatoes!"
 Give Pitt, &c.

THE HUMOURS OF DONNYBROOK FAIR

Have been already introduced to the reader, in Mr. Lysaght's song of "The Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so Green," p. 114.

Prince Pückler Muskau, who was a spectator of this scene on the 29th of August, 1828, says: "I rode out again to-day, for the first time, to see the Fair at Donnybrook, near Dublin, which is a kind of popular festival. Nothing, indeed, can be more national! The poverty, the dirt, and the wild tumult were as great as the glee and merriment with which the cheapest pleasures were enjoyed. I saw things eaten and drunk with delight, which forced me

* "A proverbial term for the rebels in 1798, who wore their hair close cut."

to turn my head quickly away, to remain master of my disgust. Heat and dust, crowd and stench (*il faut le dire*) made it impossible to stay long ; but these do not annoy the natives. There were many hundred tents, all ragged, like the people, and adorned with tawdry rags instead of flags ; many contented themselves with a cross on a hoop ; one had hoisted a dead and half-putrid cat as a sign. The lowest sort of rope-dancers and posture-masters exercised their toilsome vocation on stages of planks, and dressed in shabby finery, dancing and grimacing in the dreadful heat till they were completely exhausted. A third part of the public lay, or rather rolled, about drunk ; others ate, screamed, shouted, and fought. The women rode about, sitting two or three upon an ass, pushing their way through the crowd, smoked with great delight, and coqueted with their sweethearts. The most ridiculous group was one which I should have thought indigenous only to Rio de la Plata. Two beggars were seated on a horse, who, by his wretched plight, seemed to supplicate for them ; they had no saddle, and a piece of twine served as reins.

“ As I left the fair, a pair of lovers, excessively drunk, took the same road. It was a rich treat to watch their behaviour. Both were horridly ugly, but treated each other with the greatest tenderness and the most delicate attention. The lover especially displayed a sort of chivalrous politeness. Nothing could be more gallant, and, at the same time, more respectful, than his repeated efforts to preserve his fair one from falling, although he had no little difficulty in keeping his own balance. From his ingratiating demeanour, and her delighted smiles, I could also perceive that he was using every endeavour to entertain her agreeably, and that her answers, notwithstanding her *exalté* state, were given with a coquetry, and an air of

affectionate intimacy, which would have been exquisitely becoming and attractive in a pretty woman.

“My reverence for truth compels me to add, that not the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived ; they were more like French people, though their gaiety was mingled with more humour and more genuine good-nature ; both of which are national traits of the Irish, and are always doubled by poteen (the best sort of whisky, illicitly distilled).”

In the “*Anthologia Hibernica*,” for April, 1793, “An Ode on Donnybrook” appeared, of rather a sentimental cast, which was followed, in the June number of that periodical, by “An Irregular Ode” on the same locality, after a passage in which the song now given seems to have been copied.

“ Ah ! muse débonnair,
 Let us haste to the fair ;
 ’Tis Donnybrook tapsters invite.
 Men, horses, and pigs,
 Are running such rigs,
 As the cockles of your heart will delight.
 Such crowding and jumbling,
 And leaping and tumbling,
 And kissing and stumbling,
 And drinking and swearing,
 And carving and tearing,
 And coaxing and snaring,
 And scrambling and winning,
 And fighting and flinging,
 And fiddling and singing ;
 Old Dodder, enchanted, refuses to flow,
 But his mouth waters fast at each kiss and each blow.”

“Donnybrook is situated on a mountain stream, called the Dodder, over which there is a handsome bridge with lofty arches. In dry weather the quantity of water is so inconsiderable, that a stranger would be very apt to use

the sarcastic observation of the Spaniard, who, on viewing the magnificent bridge that spanned the contemptible Manzanares, near Madrid, exclaimed, '*Es menester, vender la puente, para comprar agua ;*'—(they ought to sell the bridge to buy water); but in a few hours after a heavy fall of rain in the mountains, the Dodder becomes a river; indeed, and swells up to the very summit of the arches. This has been mentioned for the sake of noticing a peculiarity in the name Donnybrook, 'little brook.' It is curious that the word 'brook' hardly ever occurs in English speech or writing, except in the sense defined by Johnson, 'a running water, less than a river;' and is always associated with the idea of flowery meads, &c.; but in Ireland it appears to be employed in its true and original sense. The streams, which, in the county of Wicklow, during rain, burst or *break* from the hills, are always, by the common people, called *brooks*. Now, the Anglo-Saxon, *broc*, from whence it evidently comes, signifies 'a torrent,' *torrens*, *χειμαρρους*; and it is clear that it is derived from *brocan*, the participle of *breacan*, 'to break.'"

Air—"Ballynafud."

To Donnybrook steer, all you sons of Parnassus—

Poor painters, poor poets, poor newsmen, and knaves,
To see what the fun is, that all fun surpasses—

The sorrow and sadness of green Erin's slaves.
Oh, Donnybrook, jewel! full of mirth is your quiver,
Where all flock from Dublin to gape and to stare
At two elegant bridges, without e'er a river:

So, success to the humours of Donnybrook Fair!

O you lads that are witty, from famed Dublin city,
And you that in pastime take any delight,

To Donnybrook fly, for the time's drawing nigh
 When fat pigs are hunted, and lean cobblers fight ;
 When maidens, so swift, run for a new shift ;
 Men, muffled in sacks, for a shirt they race there ;
 There jockeys well booted, and horses sure-footed,
 All keep up the humours of Donnybrook Fair.

The mason does come, with his line and his plumb ;
 The sawyer and carpenter, brothers in chips ;
 There are carvers and gilders, and all sort of builders,
 With soldiers from barracks and sailors from ships.
 There confectioners, cooks, and printers of books,
 There stampers of linen, and weavers, repair ;
 There widows and maids, and all sort of trades,
 Go join in the humours of Donnybrook Fair.

There tinkers and nailers, and beggars and tailors,
 And singers of ballads, and girls of the sieve ;
 With Barrack Street rangers, the known ones and strangers,
 And many that no one can tell how they live :
 There horsemen and walkers, and likewise fruit-hawkers,
 And swindlers, the devil himself that would dare,
 With pipers and fiddlers, and dandies and diddlers,—
 All meet in the humours of Donnybrook Fair.

'Tis there are dogs dancing, and wild beasts a-prancing,
 With neat bits of painting in red, yellow, and gold ;
 Toss-players and scramblers, and showmen and gamblers,
 Pickpockets in plenty, both of young and of old.
 There are brewers, and bakers, and jolly shoemakers,
 With butchers, and porters, and men that cut hair ;
 There are mountebanks grinning, while others are sinning,
 To keep up the humours of Donnybrook Fair.

Brisk lads and young lasses can there fill their glasses
 With whisky, and send a full bumper around ;
 Jig it off in a tent till their money's all spent,
 And spin like a top till they rest on the ground.
 Oh, Donnybrook capers, to sweet catgut-scrapers,
 They bother the vapours, and drive away care ;
 And what is more glorious—there's naught more up-
 roarious—
 Huzza for the humours of Donnybrook Fair !

GLASHEN-GLORA.

This lyric originally appeared, with the signature W. —, in the *Cork Constitution* newspaper of 4th June, 1824; and was introduced by the following note to the Editor of that paper:—

“MR. EDITOR,—Your politeness in inserting a few lines which I wrote on the death of Lord Byron (dated 18th May), induces me to request a place for the trifle I now send you in your poet's corner.

“A RAMBLER.”

“Glashen-gloria,” adds the author, “is a mountain torrent, which finds its way into the Atlantic Ocean through Glengariff, in the west of this county (Cork). Glashen-gloria, I have been informed, signifies the ‘roaring torrent.’ Whether this is a literal or liberal translation, I will not venture to assert.”

The Editor may add that the name, literally translated, signifies “the noisy green water:” *glas*, green; *en*, water; *glorach*, noisy.

'Tis sweet, in midnight solitude,
 When the voice of man lies hush'd, subdued,
 To hear thy mountain voice so rude
 Break silence, Glashen-glora !

I love to see thy foaming stream
 Dash'd sparkling in the bright moonbeam ;
 For then of happier days I dream,
 Spent near thee, Glashen-glora !

I see the holly and the yew
 Still shading thee, as then they grew ;
 But there's a form meets not my view,
 As once, near Glashen-glora !

Thou gaily, brightly, sparkl'st on,
 Wreathing thy dimples round each stone ;
 But the bright eye that on thee shone
 Lies quenched, wild Glashen-glora !

Still rush thee on, thou brawling brook ;
 Though on broad rivers I may look
 In other lands, thy lonesome nook
 I'll think on, Glashen-glora !

When I am low laid in the grave,
 Thou still wilt sparkle, dash and rave
 Seaward, 'till thou becom'st a wave
 Of ocean, Glashen-glora !

Thy course and mine alike have been
 Both restless, rocky, seldom green ;
 There rolls for me, beyond this scene,
 An ocean, Glashen-glora !

And when my span of life's gone by,
Oh! if past spirits back can fly,
I'll often ride the night-wind's sigh
That's breathed o'er Glashen-glora!

GOUGANE BARRA.

The river Lee, the Luvius of Ptolemy, has its origin in the romantic lake of Gougane Barra, which is about two miles in circumference, and is formed by numerous streams descending from the mountains that divide the counties of Cork and Kerry.

One small island, with some luxuriant ash-trees upon it, growing amid the ruined walls of a rude building, is strikingly contrasted with the bare precipices and the wild and uncultivated hills which surround this beautiful lake of dark clear water. The approach to Gougane Barra was formerly over rocky moors, intersected by numerous mountain defiles; and this difficulty of access, together with the remote situation of the place from "tower or town," made it a secure retreat for the vanquished and persecuted of various periods.

The verdure of a solitary island reflected from the gentle bosom of a lake, encircled by the stately cliffs of majestic mountains, would have been sufficient to consecrate the spot in the minds of those who, in times of trouble, sought as an asylum the rugged scenery amid which it reposed. They fled from clamour, strife, and danger; and here they found stillness, peace, and safety. The island which rested on the waters of "lone Gougane Barra," seemed to those who had retreated there, "when

all but hope was lost," as an ark sanctified by a tradition of the early ages of Christianity, from whence they might securely look abroad for the olive-branch of peace. But, alas! no dove was ever sent forth by the defeated yet unconquered Irish, as the spirit of the verses to which these remarks are prefixed will testify. In this "green island" it is believed that the venerable St. Finbar, so named from his grey locks,* led for many years a life of holy seclusion about the close of the sixth century, previous to his founding the cathedral church of Cork; and from this circumstance Dr. Smith says that Gougane Barra signifies the hermitage of St. Finbar. The doctor, however, is mistaken in this assertion, as the Irish word gougane,† like the French *glouglou*, is descriptive of a bubbling or gurgling sound; and Gougane Barra means, literally, the "gurgling head" of the river Lee, than which name nothing can accord more closely with the words of a writer in Bolster's Magazine, a Cork periodical, who, in an account of this lake, speaks of "the murmur of the young Lee, as complainingly its waters quitted for ever their wild home in the mountains."

Mr. Callanan, of whom a short memoir will be found at p. 127, is the author of the following spirit-stirring song on Gougane Barra. It was composed by him in 1826. "During Mr. Callanan's residence in Bantry," says his biographer, "he made many excursions to visit the surrounding scenery, which is of the most romantic and interesting character. The beautiful lines on 'Gougane Barra' were written in that secluded hermitage during a thunder-storm, which had overtaken him there." A copy of these verses was transmitted by Mr. Callanan to Dr.

* *Fin*, or whiteness; *bar*, a head.

† *Gogan*, cackling, prating.—O'KEILLY.

Maginn, in a letter (now in the Editor's possession) dated September 27, with a request to endeavour to get them inserted in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Mr. Thomas Campbell; but they do not appear to have been printed in that periodical. An inferior version to that now given is included in the posthumous collection of Mr. Callanan's poems, entitled "The Recluse of Inchidony," &c.

There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
 Whence Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
 In deep-valley'd Desmond * a thousand wild fountains
 Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
 There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
 Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
 As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
 It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills--oh! to see them all bright'ning,
 When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,
 And the waters come down, 'mid the thunder's deep
 rattle,
 Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
 And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
 And wildly from Malloch† the eagles are screaming:
 Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
 So meet for a bard as that lone little island?

* South Munster, in distinction to Thomond or North Munster, the ancient division of the kingdom of Momania. Like the Hebrews, the Irish expressed the south and north by the right and left hand. Thus *deas*, the right hand, is the only word in the Irish language which signifies south; as *tuath*, the left, is the north. The compound *mond* probably means a mountain chain.

† A mountain over the lake.

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,*
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivara,†
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the
ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought on the bards who, oft gathering together,
In the cleft of thy rocks and the depth of thy heather.
Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre ! oh, how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone through that solitude stealing ;
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
And gleaned the gray legend that long had been sleeping
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory !

Last bard of the free ! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to my own land have
bound me,
Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me ;
Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley.
But, rouse thee, vain dreamer ! no fond fancy cherish,
Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

I soon shall be gone—though my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken—
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,

* The Irish name for Cape Clear.

† Beer Haven.

To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where calm Avonbuee* seeks the kisses of ocean,
 And a wild wreath to plant from the banks of that river
 O'er the heart and the harp that are silent for ever.†

YOUNG KATE OF KILCUMMER

Is copied from a tale entitled "The Rapparee," printed in Bolster's "Quarterly Magazine, No. IX.," a Cork periodical publication, August 1828, where this ballad is said to be "a favourite Irish song, which we have endeavoured to translate, preserving as much as possible the simplicity of the original." The Editor, however, does not recognize anything to induce him to credit this statement. He believes it to be an original composition. Kilcummer is a seat of the Bowen family, in the county of Cork, on the east side of the river Awbeg, not far distant from the town of Doneraile.

There are flowers in the valley,
 And fruit on the hill,
 Sweet-scented and smiling,
 Resort where you will.
 But the sweetest and brightest
 In spring-time or summer,
 Is the girl of my heart,
 The young Kate of Kilcummer.

* The Carrigaline River. (See p. 152.)

† Alas ! the melancholy wish expressed by poor Callanan was not realized. He lies buried in a foreign land. (See p. 130.)

Oh! I'd wander from daybreak
 Till night's gloomy fall,
 Full sure such another
 I'd ne'er meet at all.
 As the rose to the bee,
 As the sunshine to summer,
 So welcome to me
 Is young Kate of Kilcummer.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

The Editor believes that this song, although unclaimed, is not incorrectly attributed to Mr. Thomas Moore, and the reasons for his belief are these:—

1. Moore was a prominent member of the Kilkenny private theatricals about the years 1802-3-4.

2. The melody called "The old head of Denis" was an especial favourite with Moore; to it he wrote his well-known song in the first number of the "Irish Melodies," on the "Meeting of the Waters" in the county of Wicklow, commencing, "There is not in *this* wide world," &c.—a line, by-the-by, which the fastidiousness of Moore's matured judgment has changed into *the* wide world."

3. The internal evidence of the song itself. The luscious picture conveyed to the fancy in the concluding lines of the second, and the beautiful local imagery of the third verses, as well as the humour which pervades the entire song, partake more of the tone of Moore's mind than of the national character.

It was no doubt originally written for and sung on the Kilkenny stage, and the last verse was probably an adjunct by the author when he sung "The Boys of Kilkenny" in England, where he became a permanent resident about 1807.*

The Kilkenny theatre has been already noticed (p. 58), as a speculation of Owenson's. Mr Banim, in some gossiping letters on Ireland, published in a London periodical (*The Literary Register*, 1822), says: "Until within the last few years a private theatre was annually opened in Kilkenny under the management of Mr. Richard Power,† an accomplished and amiable gentleman, at which, with other characters of consideration, Mr. Corry (Secretary to the Linen Hall) exhibited his very rare talents. The cause of charity was joined with elegant recreation, and extensive advantages resulted to the local charitable institutions. Other benefits also accrued to the inland city which was the scene of those periodical amusements. It became the rendezvous of the wealthy and fashionable from all parts of Ireland during the short theatrical seasons, and business of every kind thereby received a sprightly stimulus. My friend went on, adding some information and detached anecdote, which interested me not a little. It was at these Kilkenny theatricals that Miss O'Neil lost her heart to Mr. Becher;‡ while the world consequently lost its first-rate actress.

* Since the above was written the Editor has been informed, "by good authority," that he is wrong in ascribing this song to Mr. Moore.

† Of Clashmore House, in the county of Waterford, which county he represented in many successive parliaments. He was born in 1780, and died at his house, in Baker Street, London, on the 12th of March 1834.

‡ Now Sir William Wilton Becher, Bart.

Mr. B. was the *Coriolanus* of the amateur company, and became captivated with his present celebrated lady during the very last Kilkenny season, while Miss O'Neil was gratuitously lending her mighty talents in behalf of the widow and the orphan. It is said, too, that here, at a very early period of her life, and when retained as an accessory, Miss O'Neil met with a cordial and decisive encouragement, which materially influenced her after success in the metropolis. I have more to say to you about Kilkenny pic-nics. Tom Moore was for some years the *Spado*, *Mungo*, and *Peeping Tom* of the boards; and by all accounts a glorious little actor he made. I am informed that his *Spado* was a treat. Indeed, the character seems made for him. How I should like to have seen the Irish ladies eyeing him as he sung—

'Oh, lasses! of love can you fail,
With such a compact little lovey?
Though no one can taste the big whale,
Sure all love the little anchovy!'

And again—

'Though wanting two feet in my body,
In soul I am thirty feet high.'

Here he recited his own melalogue; and, as a final bit of tattle be it added, here Tommy also met, wooed, and won his present good lady."

Air—"The old head of Denis."

Oh! the boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
They kiss them and coax them, they spend their money
free.

Oh! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me—
Oh! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me!

Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream ;
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
 Her cheeks are like roses, her lips much the same,
 Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream—
 Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
 And 'tis they through my bosom that have burned a big
 hole ;

Her mind, like its waters, is as deep, clear, and pure ;
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure—
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Oh! Kilkenny's a famous town, that shines where it
 stands,

And the more I think on it, the more my heart warms ;
 For if I was in Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home,
 For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none—
 For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none.

THE HERMIT OF KILLARNEY.

The authorship of this ballad is attributed to the Right Hon. George Ogle (see p. 134). It is probably not a mere poetic invention, but suggested by an actual occurrence. Mr. Weld, in his account of Killarney, says: "It is scarcely possible, indeed, to enter the confines of this sequestered and enchanting region without feeling the influence of a spell which abstracts the mind from the noise and folly of the world, and banishes for the moment the desire of returning to the gay and busy scenes of human life. So powerful are its effects, that instances

are not wanting of persons who, on first coming hither, have fondly resolved to retire to these distant shades; and who, with the permission of the proprietors of the shores, have actually determined on the precise position of their intended retreats. But, as if the spell was liable to be dissolved when the mountains of Killarney faded from view, or as if a temporary absence from the habitual enjoyments of the pleasures of social life served but to render a return to them the more agreeable, these visionary schemes have been generally abandoned on withdrawing from the scenes which gave them birth.

“One man, however, there was upon whose romantic mind a deeper impression was made; he was an Englishman, of the name of Ronayn. The spot which he selected for his retreat was this small island, which yet retains his name; and when first I visited Killarney (1800), the ruins of his little habitation, planted in the midst of rocks very near the water, were still visible. They inspired one with a respect for the place; nor was it possible to contemplate them without falling into a train of reflection upon the variety of sentiments entertained by men about happiness, that invariable object of eager and hourly pursuit. The mind was also led to consider how little was actually wanting to supply the real necessities even of a man who had, from infancy perhaps, been habituated to the comforts and conveniences of civilized life. Surely the spot should have been held sacred as long as a fragment of the habitation remained visible; but the spirit of improvement, as it is often so falsely styled, has swept away every vestige of Ronayn’s cottage, and the mossy rocks where he was wont to seat himself before it, have given place to the trim surface of a smooth-shorn grass-plot.

“Of the motives which induced this gentleman to with-

draw from the world, whether they arose from an innate love of retirement, from disappointment in his pursuits, or from

‘Strokes of adversity no time can cure,
No lenient hand can soften or assuage ;’

or whether they arose from his experience of the insufficiency of the ordinary pleasures and luxuries of life to afford permanent satisfaction, it has never fallen within my power to learn. He avoided all society, and seldom left the island, except to partake of his favourite amusements of shooting or fishing, by which he procured his chief sustenance. Thus singular in his habits, he became exposed to the eye of curiosity ; and, offended at frequent and impertinent intrusion, his jealousy of the approach of strangers sometimes betrayed itself in acts of savage moroseness ; nevertheless, his name is still mentioned at Killarney with respect—nay, even with admiration.”

The enthusiastic and unfortunate John Bernard Trotter, the private secretary of Fox, speaking, in his “Walks through Ireland,” of this “celebrated song,” the locality of which he confounds with “Banna’s Banks,” says, “It begins some way thus—

‘On Banna’s lonely banks I strayed ;’

and every couplet ends with

‘Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world,
Thou ne’er wert made for me !’

So powerful,” continues Trotter, “are some early impressions, that I recollect learning the words of this song many years ago when a schoolboy. It then seemed to me the perfection of poetry. Its melancholy strains, so often repeated, of

‘Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world,
Thou ne’er wert made for me !’

filled me with mournful pleasure. Careless of the plays and sports usual with boys, I have often pored over these verses, unknowing their full import, but devouring and dwelling on them with secret and indescribable satisfaction! I knew not then what a 'faithless' world meant; I had never seen or heard of 'Banna's Banks,' and comprehended not what was misfortune or disappointment. These were the topics which had inspired the author of this pleasing song. By what mysterious sympathy did I conceive feelings which I never imparted! or by what presentiments did I anticipate the afterwards too well understanding this song!"

As on Killarney's bank I stood, near to her crystal wave,
I saw a holy hermit retired within his cave;
His eyes he often turn'd to heaven, and thus exclaimed
he:

"Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
for me!"

His bed was strewed with rushes, which grew along the
shore,

And o'er his limbs emaciate a sackcloth shirt he wore;
His hoary beard and matted hair hung listless to his knee:
"Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
for me!"

I thought his heart had broken, so heavy were his sighs,
I thought his tears would dry up the fountains of his eyes;
Oh! 'twas a grievous thing to hear, a piteous sight to see:
"Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
for me!"

His sorrows pierced my bosom, in all I took my share;
My sighs, his sighs re-echoed, I gave him tear for tear;

I had no comfort left to give—it might intrusion be :
 “ Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
 for me ! ”

He ceased awhile his mourning, and seemed in thought
 profound,
 But anguish soon returning, he started from the ground ;
 In agony he smote his heart, and thus exclaimed he :
 “ Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
 for me ! ”

“ How vain and foolish mortals are, who sigh for pomp
 and state ;
 They little know the dangers that on high stations wait ;
 They little know the woes and ills that follow high degree :
 Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
 for me !

“ Ambition’s but a bubble, a circle in the sea,
 Extending o’er the surface, and ne’er can ended be,
 Till in itself, itself is lost, the breath of vanity :
 Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
 for me !

“ Why did I trust to honour I reckoned by my own ?
 Why did I trust to virtue, when she to heaven was flown ?
 Alas ! too late, I now lament my fond credulity :
 Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
 for me !

“ I thought that there was friendship, but that’s a gem
 most rare ;
 I thought that love was sacred, and beauty was sincere ;
 But these are visions all like dreams, which with the
 morning flee : [for me !
 Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made

“Oh, had I been a shepherd upon the mountain’s brow,
 I ne’er had known those feelings that I experience now ;
 My flocks had been my only care, from every other free :
 Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
 for me !

“These toils will soon be over, my pilgrimage is past ;
 The gates of heaven are open, redemption smiles at last ;
 May all my enemies be blest, my wrongs forgiven be :
 Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
 for me !”

He laid him down upon his bed, the threads of life were
 broke ;

His eyes seemed closed in death’s dim shade, I thought
 he ne’er had spoke :

Again, with faltering voice he said, ’twas life’s last agony—
 “Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
 for me !”

THE KILRUDDERY HUNT,

Called, by Ritson, “The Irish Hunt,” and printed by him in the second volume of his collection of English Songs (ed. Park. 1813, p. 184), is remarkable, if for no other reason, as eliciting Ritson’s opinion of Irish songs. “With respect to the lyric productions of our now sister-kingdom, Ireland, the best of them have been generally esteemed and ranked as English songs, being few in number, and possessing no national or other peculiar or distinguishing marks. Of these, however, the number is very few ; and that which might be deemed the most

exceptionable (the hunting song) may be well pardoned, on account of the superior excellence of its composition to most others on the same subject; this description of songs being, in general, as utterly void of poetry, sense, wit, or humour as the practice they are intended to celebrate—whether it be the diversion of the prince or the peasant—is irrational, savage, barbarous, and inhuman.”

The Editor is indebted to Mr. J. C. Walker, of Dublin, for the map which illustrates the topography of “The Kilruddery Hunt,” the original of which was sketched by the Rev. James Whitelaw* for the late Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, in 1796, and was, most probably, intended for Ritson; although it would seem that Mr. Walker had, some years previously, made inquiries of Ritson respecting this song. Ritson, in a letter addressed to that gentleman on the 25th of June, 1790, says: “The author of ‘The Irish Hunt,’ whose name you tell me you have been in pursuit of, was Mr. St. Leger, son of Sir John St. Leger, formerly one of the Barons of the Exchequer; at least it is so said in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for April.”

Mr. Walker, in reply, informed Ritson † that “‘The Irish Hunt’ was written by T. Mozeen. It appeared in a collection of ‘Miscellaneous Essays,’ which he published by subscription in 1762. Chetwood gives an account of Mozeen.”

On the 14th of December, 1790, Ritson writes to Mr. Walker—“There is a collection of I know not what sort of poetry, in two small duodecimo volumes, by one Mozeen: can this be the author of ‘The Irish Hunt?’

* A memoir of this able and excellent man is prefixed to Whitelaw and Walsh’s “History of Dublin,” 2 vols. 4to. 1818.

† Note in “Ritson’s Letters,” i. 179. Edited by Sir Harris Nicholas. 1833.

If so, I must have been egregiously blind to their merit, and shall make it a point to give them a more attentive perusal. His name, I find (from the 'Biographia Dramatica'), was William, and he died after 1762. The song is indisputably excellent; and were my book likely to attain a second edition, I would be most thankful for any notes you might be pleased to communicate."

This request, no doubt, led Mr. Walker to make further inquiries on the subject; and from letters addressed to him by Mr. Whitelaw, at the period that he sketched the map, the following particulars have been collected:—

"He (Mr. Whitelaw) was of opinion that 'The Kilruddery Hunt' was the production of a Mr. T. Mozeen, and was published in London, 1726, 8vo, in a 'Collection of Miscellaneous Essays,' which contained, besides, a song in praise of John Adair, Esq., of Kiltiernan; also an invitation to Owen Bray's, at Laughlinstown.*

"Mr. Whitelaw writes—'In 1744, the inn at Laughlinstown was kept by Owen Bray, one of the heroes of the song, and was at that period one of the best houses of accommodation in the kingdom, in consequence of the singular attention of the host, who was a man of some education, of much plain, solid good sense, and so remarkably obliging, that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently made parties to dine at Laughlinstown. Here particularly, from a similar motive—to promote his interests—were held the cock-fights, which, though now happily forgotten, were then a favourite amusement of this country.

* The Editor finds all these songs in a little volume entitled "The Lyrick Pacquet, containing most of the favourite songs, serious and comic, that have been performed for three seasons past at Sadler's Wells," &c. By T. Mozeen. London, printed and sold by J. Dixwell, in St. Martin's Lane, near Charing Cross. 1764. Pp. 118.

“Mr. Mozeen, a comedian skilled in music, lodged several summers at the inn, and particularly that of 1744; and the song in question came forth as the joint production of this gentleman and Owen Bray. But as Mozeen was not in the field that day—not being a sportsman, and as stout Owen Bray was a keen one, it was the general opinion that the song was the composition of the latter, and that the sole claim of the former consisted in having set it to music. The soul of the sportsman, indeed, seems transferred into the song. The topography of the scene is minutely accurate, and the language so perfectly sportsmanlike, that the Major is confident it could not be the production of Mozeen.’

“The Major,” adds the Editor’s friend, Mr. Walker, “I find to be Major Sirr, who is described by Mr. Whitelaw as his ‘worthy old friend, intimate with the parties mentioned in the song, and particularly with the Earl of Meath.’* Mr. Whitelaw (1796) continues to write of the parties—‘Not one, I believe, survives. Death, that mighty hunter, has earthed them all.’”

Songs commemorative of a good day’s sport are common in Ireland, and resemble “The Kilruddery Hunt” in enumerating the sportsmen, the ground run over, and the finale—a jovial dinner, with sometimes the description of a will made by the dying animal. A specimen of one composed about the close of the seventeenth century, although sadly messed by an ignorant transcriber, has

* Major Sirr went to Ireland, in 1757, with the Duke of Bedford. He was then a captain in Sebright’s, the 83rd regiment. Major Sirr was subsequently appointed town-major of the city of Dublin, and pratique-master of the port. He was high sheriff of the county of Dublin, and Deputy Judge-Advocate-General of Ireland; and governor of most of the institutions of the Irish metropolis. He was the father of the present well-known Major Sirr of Dublin.

been preserved in the British Museum among the Sloane MSS., No. 900, entitled "The Fingallian Hunting of the Hare," where the hospitality of St. Lawrence's Hall (Lord Howth's) is commended, and the sportsmanlike qualifications of Michael St. Lawrence and his companions are duly set forth.* The description of a "County of Limerick Buck-Hunt," in 1735, may be found at page 238 of this volume; and in singing the fame of an Irish fox-hunt, which occurred on the 1st of March, 1833, the lyrist becomes so delighted with the performance of some young men, that he concludes by stating his determination to make his will in their favour, as follows:—

"Here's to you, Mr. Casey, my Curraghmore estate;
And to you, young O'Brien, my money and my plate;
And to you, Thomas Denehy, my whip, spurs, and cap;
For you crossed the walls and ditches, never looking for a gap."

In the manuscript Journal of a recent visit to Ireland by Lady Chatterton, which her ladyship has been so kind as to allow the Editor to peruse, he finds among numerous faithful and clever sketches from Nature, the following account of an Irish peasant, who accompanied Lady Chatterton on an excursion in the neighbourhood of Limerick:

* In this song, the dying hare is thus made to settle her worldly affairs:—

"But in a fine mead, she being almost spent,
She made her last will, ay, and testament.
'Cropt cur, with thee,' says she, 'I will not stay:
Nor with true running Cutty, that showed such fair play;
But to thee, brave Hector, I yield up my life.'
And so Hector bore her, and ended the strife."

According to another hunting song—

"When Reynard was taken, his last task to fulfil,
He asked for paper, pen, and ink, to draw out his will," &c.

“Our companion sung us several songs; one was a humorous ballad, half in English and half in Irish, detailing the adventures of a fox, as related by himself. How he swam across the Shannon, from Tervoe to Cratloe, closely pursued by the hounds, Blossom, and Sweet-lips, and Silver-tongue, and Ponto; and in how disagreeable a situation he found himself afterwards, stuffed head foremost into the huntsman’s bag. Some of his songs,” adds Lady Chatterton, “were in a wild and mournful strain, pathetic and tender enough almost to bring tears into one’s eyes; and all the time he was singing he accompanied his voice with the most expressive gesticulations of his hands and feet.”

Mozeen’s verses upon Squire Adair, of Kiltiernan, before mentioned, are entitled “Time took by the Forelock at Kiltiernan, the seat of John Adair, Esq., in the County of Dublin.” The author, after a short introduction levelled against the fashionable taste for foreign music, relates, to the tune of “Derry Down,”

“ — how old daddy Time took a frolic
By the help of good claret to dissipate cares :
The spot was Kiltiernan, the house was Adair’s.

Not used to the sight of the soberer race,
With the door in her hand, the maid laughed in his face ;
For she thought, by his figure, he might be at best
Some plodding mechanic, or prig of a priest.

But soon as he said that he came for a glass,
Without further reserve she replied he might pass ;
Yet mocked his bald pate, as he tottered along,
And despised him, as moderns despise an old song.

Jack Adair was at table with six of his friends,
Who, for making him drunk, he was making amends ;
Time hoped at his presence none there were affronted :
‘Sit down, boy,’ says Jack, ‘and prepare to be hunted.’

They drank, hand to fist, for six bottles and more,
Till down tumbled Time, and began for to snore ;
Five gallons of claret they poured on his head,
And were going to take the old soaker to bed.

But Jack, who's possess'd of a pretty estate,--
And would to the Lord it was ten times as great!--
Thought, aptly enough, that if Time did not wake,
He might lose all he had by the world's turning back.

So, twitching his forelock, Time opened his eyes,
And, staggering, stared with a deal of surprise ;
Quoth he, ' I must mow down ten millions of men,
But e'er you drink thrice I'll be with thee again.' "

Time at length departs, after giving his worthy host a most friendly shake by the hand, and declaring--

" Go on with your bumpers, your beef, and good cheer,
And the darling of Time shall be Johnny Adair."

Mozeen entitles the song, to which this long, but, it is hoped, not uninteresting introduction is prefixed, " A Description of a Fox Chase that happened in the County of Dublin with the Earl of Meath's Hounds."

Tune—" *Shelah na Guiragh.*"

Hark, hark ! jolly sportsmen, awhile to a tale,
Which, to pay your attention, I hope will not fail ;
'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs, that ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, through dale, bog, and briar.
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again.
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
Fore, 'gad, he had shook like an aspen for fear.

La, la, la, &c.

In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
 The fifth of December—I think 'twas no more ;
 At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,*
 We rode from Kilruddery, † to try for a fox ;
 The Laughlinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray, ‡
 With Squire Adair, sure, were with us that day ;
 Joe Debill, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,
 Dick Holmes § (a few others), and so we went out.

La, la, la, &c.

* Theobald Wolfe Tone, whose practice it was to quote snatches of song, notes in his "Journal," 20th of April, 1797, "Set out from Cologne, 'at five in the morning by most of the clocks,' on my way," &c.

† About a mile and a half beyond Bray, and near the lesser Sugar-loaf, or Gold-spur Mountain—a noble seat of the Erabazons, created Earls of Meath in 1627.

‡ Mozeen advises all travellers landed from England, "sick of the seas," to proceed to Laughlinstown

"—— without any delays,

For you'll never be right till you see Owen Bray's.

With his *Ballen a Mona, Ora, Ballen a Mona, Ora, Ballen a Mona, Ora,*

A glass of his claret for me !

"Were you full of complaints from the crown to the toe,

A visit to Owen's will cure you of woe ;

A buck of such spirits ye never did know,

For, let what will happen, they're always in flow,

When he touches up *Ballen*, &c.

The joy of that fellow for me !

"Fling leg over garron, ye lovers of sport,

Much joy is at Owen's, though little at Court ;

'Tis thither the lads of brisk mettle resort,

For there they are sure that they'll never fall short

Of good claret, and *Ballen*, &c.

The eighty-fourth bumper for me !" &c.

§ Married, in 1756, Elizabeth, daughter of the Honourable Captain Molesworth.

We had cast off the hounds for an hour or more,
 When Wanton set up a most tunable roar.
 "Hark, to Wanton!" cried Joe; and the rest were not slack.
 For Wanton's * no trifler esteemed by the pack;
 Old Bonny * and Collier * came readily in,
 And every dog joined in the musical din.
 Had Diana been there, she'd been pleased to the life,
 And some of the lads got a goddess to wife.
 La, la, la, &c.

Ten minutes past nine was the time o' the day,
 When Reynard unkenelled, and this was his play;
 As strong from Killeager, † as though he could fear none,
 Away he brushed round by the house of Kiltiernan; ‡
 To Carrick Mines § thence, and to Cherrywood, || then
 Steep Shank Hill ¶ he climbed, and to Ballyman ** Glen,

* "Favourite hounds of Lord Meath's."—*Note by MOZEEN.*

† Now a deserted farm-house on the Enniskerry side of the Scalp.

‡ On the Dublin side of the Scalp, once the residence of the famous Squire Adair of the song.

Quære. May not this have been the Adair, and this the identical occasion, which gave the name of "Adair's Leap" to an enormous rock which overhangs the western side of the Scalp? The tradition is, that a gentleman of the name of Adair, in following the hounds, with "breathless fiery haste," suddenly found himself on the very brink of this precipitous rock; and, when his companions gave him up as lost, he skilfully wheeled his courser and escaped. According to the Irish fashion, it was called his leap, because he did not take it.

§ A hamlet in the neighbourhood of Leopardstown, the magnificent residence of Lord Castlecoote.

|| A wood still, close to the village of Laughlinstown.

¶ A high hill, about eight miles from Dublin, forming the east wing of the Scalp, now remarkable for its lead mines.

** A wild romantic glen, through which flows Ferrily's Brook, which here separates the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, watering

Bray Common* he passed, leaped Lord Anglesea's
wall,†

And seemed to say, "Little I value you all."

La, la, la, &c.

He ran bushes and groves,‡ up to Carbury Bourn.§
Joe Debill, and Preston, kept leading by turns;
The earth it was open, but Reynard was stout,
Though he could have got in, yet he chose to keep out.
To Malpas's || summits away then he flew;
At Dalkey's ¶ stone common we had him in view;
He shot on through Bullock,** to Shrub Glenagary; ††
And so on, to Mount Town,‡‡ where Larry grew weary.
La, la, la, &c.

the valley of Diamonds, till it is lost in the Bray river. Reynard's retreats are still to be seen in this glen.

* Remains a common at this day.

† Has disappeared, nor does any tradition of its existence remain.

‡ Ritson's reading is, "He ran Bushe's Grove." Bush Grove, now Cork Abbey, was the seat of the late Colonel Wingfield.

§ It is remarkable that a man named Carberry Byrne should at present reside at this place: he is a respectable carpenter.

|| The hill next to Killiney; an obelisk was erected on its summit by Colonel Malpas in 1741, for the benevolent purpose of employing the poor in a season of distress, and in imitation of the example of Sir Piggot Piers, who had a pillar constructed at Stillorgan with the same object the preceding year. On the Killiney range, and in the very track of the hounds, as described in the song, the young Duke of Dorset was killed on the 14th of February, 1815, by a fall from his horse, whilst hunting with Lord Powerscourt's hounds. A small pyramid marks the spot.

¶ No longer a common.

** A small fishing village.

†† A mile and a half from Kingstown. The name no longer retains the "Shrub," being now simply called "Glenageary."

‡‡ Should be Monk's Town, close to Kingstown.

Through Roches' town wood,* like an arrow he passed,
 And came to the steep hills of Dalkey † at last;
 There gallantly plunged himself into the sea,
 And said in his heart, "Sure none dare follow me."
 But soon, to his cost, he perceived that no bounds
 Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettled hounds;
 His policy here didn't serve him a rush,
 Five couple of terriers were hard at his brush.

La, la, la, &c.

To recover the shore, then again was his drift,
 But ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
 He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
 Being waylaid and killed by the rest of the pack;
 At his death there were present the lads that I've sung:
 Save Larry, who, riding a garron was flung.
 Thus ended at length a most delicate chase,
 That held us five hours and ten minutes' space.

La, la, la, &c.

We returned to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
 Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord; ‡
 We talked o'er the chase, and we toasted the health
 Of the man who ne'er varied for places or wealth.
 Owen Bray balked a leap; said Hal Preston, "'Twas odd!"
 "'Twas shameful!" cried Jack, "by the great living G—!"
 Said Preston, I halloed, "Get on, though you fall,
 Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all!"

La, la, la, &c.

* About half a mile from Glenageary, a remnant of the ancient wood still exists.

† The sea side of Killiney, the land, or northern side, having nearly disappeared, to form the pier of Kingstown harbour.

‡ Chaworth, the sixth Earl of Meath, born in 1686. He died at Calais on his way to Aix-la-Chapelle, 14th of May, 1763, and was buried at Canterbury. His brother Edward succeeded to the title.

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport ;
 For party affairs were consigned to the Court.
 Thus we finished the rest of the day, and the night,
 In gay flowing bumpers, and social delight :
 Then, till the next meeting, bid farewell each brother ;
 For some they went one way, and some went another.
 And as Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
 So Luna took care in conducting us home.

La, la, la, &c.

THE PRAISE OF KINSALE.

This satirical song, with the subsequent reply to it, are given from a broadside purchased by the Editor in 1831, at the shop of Haly, a ballad printer in Hanover Street, Cork. They were respectively entitled, "Paddy Farrell, of Kinsale, to his Friend at Mallow;" and "Answer of Thady Mulloony, of Mallow, to Paddy Farrell, Kinsale."

The authorship is ascribed to Mr. John Lander, an eminent solicitor in Cork, who has been mentioned more than once in the preceding pages.

"The World's End," alluded to in the seventh verse, is a district so called on the south-west side of the town of Kinsale. Dr. Smith, in his "History of Cork," describing Scilly, recommended for its perfumes in the following verse, quotes as an "exact picture," Pope's imitation of Spenser:—

"And on the broken pavement, here and there,
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
 A brandy and tobacco-shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by,
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry ;

At every door are sunburnt matrons seen
 Mending old nets, to catch the scaly fry ;
 Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between,
 Scolds answer foul-mouthed scolds—bad neighbourhood, I ween.”

“Scilly,” says Smith, “is a small village near Kinsale, well built, and inhabited by fishermen, who have, both here and in that town, a considerable number of fishing vessels, and yearly take good quantities of fish, which they salt for foreign markets and home consumption. These fishermen were an English colony,* who settled here after the defeat of the Spaniards in Queen Elizabeth’s time. They never marry out of the village, so that they are all related to each other.”

As shepherds and ploughmen in verses so clever,
 Have sung of their heath-covered mountain or vale ;
 Why not a poor fisherman try his endeavour
 To sing of his own native town of Kinsale ?

By folks esteemed learned, I’m reckoned amphibious,
 Because half my time on the water I sail ;
 And each morning arise from the ocean with Phœbus,
 When we both spread our *rays* on the strand of
 Kinsale.

To do the theme justice exceeds my poor powers ;
 Then expect but a round and unvarnished tale :
 To *hook* in the aid of poetical flowers
 Is not in my *line*, while I sing of Kinsale.

For bathers of all sorts, we’ve hot baths and cold ones,
 And boxes for ladies their charms to conceal ;
 We’ve races and quadrilles for young and for old ones,
 And billiards and cards at the rooms in Kinsale.

* It is traditionally said from the Scilly Islands, after which their Irish location was named.

We've a Royal Hotel fit for kings to repose in,
Built and furnished in style by a brewer of ale ;
Where are soft arm-chairs after dinner to dose in,
While fanned by the zephyrs that breathe o'er
Kinsale.

We've a choice set of books for the student who wise is,
The eel of true science to seize by the tail ;
At all seasons, a skate you can have where no ice is,
Or a sinecure plaice you may get at Kinsale.

Would you seek for that solace of life, a true friend, sir?
In this mart of pure friendship you never can fail ;
Not a man but would travel e'en to "the World's End,"
sir,
To serve any friend that he has in Kinsale.

If you're partial to perfumes, cross over to Scilly,
Where scents odoriferous float on the gale ;
Where you've cold baths if warm, and warm ones if
chilly,
And much higher fragrance than is in Kinsale.

Cold bathing, 'tis said, gives additional tension
To muscles, and renders the fibres more hale ;
Would you weigh this opinion with rigid attention,
You'd not want for scales on the strand of Kinsale.

Then take my advice, if you've gout, boil, or cholic,
Only try what our baths and pure air will avail ;
Or if you're in health, just come here for a frolic,
And abundant amusement you'll find in Kinsale.

KINSALE *versus* MALLOW.

The introductory remarks prefixed to the preceding song, render any observations here unnecessary, except that the "Break-heart Hill," mentioned in the ninth verse, is Compass Hill, upon the side of which Kinsale is built; the principal street runs at the base, and is, like all old streets, "narrow and incommodious. Over this are other streets, but the communication is by steep slippery lanes, which, to strangers, are far from being agreeable."

In a manuscript journal of the Rev. Richard Allyn, chaplain of H.M.S. *Centurion*, 1691 (which was purchased for Sir Walter Scott in 1823), Kinsale is described as "a large, stinking, filthy hole, that hath nothing good in it, besides honest Parson Tomms. I was very glad," writes the pious chaplain, "to leave so vile a place, though indeed I was somewhat sorry to part with Parson Tomms, and the two only fit men for Christian conversation besides himself in the whole town—viz., Mr. Stawell, the mayor, and Parson Mead."

The Spa of Mallow, alluded to in the fifth verse, will be particularly noticed hereafter.

The present with which Paddy Farrell accompanied "his poetic epistle," and which fish "the sovereign" (so is the chief magistrate of Kinsale styled) is represented as regulating the price of when dried, is a gigantic species of haddock, which should be eaten as soon as possible after it is caught; in fact, should be put into the pot alive. "As dead as a hake" is one of the most contemptuous phrases of an Irish fish-market. The hake is very plentiful during the summer months on the southern coast of Ireland. There existed in Kinsale (the Editor speaks of the years 1815 or 1816), a yacht, or rather

hooker club, called "The Hake Club," of which the late Lord Kingsale was commodore and president. The members were distinguished by the figure of a hake fish embroidered or painted on a ribbon, which was worn inserted through the button-holes of the waistcoat, like the badge of the society called Friendly Brothers.

Dear Paddy, I got your poetic epistle,
 Along with the hake that you sent by the mail ;
 But what could bewitch you, to sing, or to whistle,
 'In strains so melodious the praise of Kinsale ?

In all baits you're well skilled, you cod-dragging cur-
 mudgeon,
 To hook every fish from a sprat to a whale ;
 But your lines shan't catch me—by my soul I'm no
 gudgeon
 To flounder or starve in the streets of Kinsale.

I know your design is as usual—sell fish ;
 For catch what you will, my old boy, I'll be bail
 You'll jolt off to Cork your best hake and best shell-fish,
 And leave barely *a claw* for the town of Kinsale.

But what to Kinsale boys are solids or liquids,
 Madeira, or turbot, beef, mutton, or veal,
 So they swallow the whisky, and in their jaws stick quids
 Of tobacco, while grumbling the praise of Kinsale ?

Your bathers, *och bathersin !* *—Paddy, no boasting,
 'Tis in Mallow our fair ones are hearty and hale ;
 Those that drink of our Spa, need no boiling or roasting
 Like the coddled old dabs that play cards in Kinsale.

* Oh, may be so !

Your hotel, yerra Paddy be easy, devil burn ye!
 Was not built, well you know, by a brewer of ale;
 But a dealer in spirit, an honest attorney,
 Who stills all the breezes that rise in Kinsale.

What king, you spalpeen, will have a sight of your inn,
 Or on your fine chairs clap his majesty's tail;
 But that king of good fellows, your own portly sovereign,
 When fixing the price of dried hake in Kinsale?

Your sinecure place, Pat, is filled by a butcher,
 Or else your librarian to claim it won't fail;
 For he who for mind or for body loves good cheer,
 Must go somewhere else from the town of Kinsale.

Your friendship too, Pat, for your own "World's End" is,
 I mean when you're paid for it down on the nail;
 You'll not catch one insane or so silly as to bend his
 Steps up Break-heart Hill, for a friend in Kinsale.

I've no gout, nor consumption, nor jaundice so yellow;
 Nor, cameleonlike, do I feed on the gale:
 Sick or well, full or fasting, I'll stay here in Mallow;
 So, *c-cod* you'll not drag me, old boy, to Kinsale!

THE RIVER LEE,

By moonlight. This beautiful lyric is by Mr. Millikin. A copy of it in the author's autograph, entitled "An Ode to Cynthia," embellished with a vignette executed in pen and ink, representing a gentleman reclining on the bank of a romantic stream and touching the chords of a guitar,

occurs in a manuscript volume in the Editor's possession, which appears to have been written about 1803.

These verses were first printed in "The Harmonica," a collection of lyrics published by J. Bolster, Cork, 1818, and they are reprinted among the "Poetical Fragments of the late Richard Alfred Millikin," 1823.

Pale goddess, by thy ray serene
 I fondly tread the level green,
 Where Lee serenely rolls
 His smooth and ample tide
 'Mid fields in flowers profuse, and woody knolls ;
 Thy silver lamp my guide.

To thee I tune a rural shell
 In some lone sequestered dell,
 Where hums the secret rill
 Through shrubs that tangling meet,
 Or gurgling brook, that flies its native hill
 With limpid current fleet.

For these, the gentle sounds thou lov'st to hear—
 These, Cynthia ! suit thy sad and chaster ear ;
 And not the trumpet's clangour,
 Or the nerve-wounding fife :
 Thee more delights the lute's harmonious languor,
 Than shuns the voice of strife.

Thou shalt my frequent steps direct
 When, by thy calmer radiance deck'd,
 The murmuring streams, and groves,
 And meadows, mildly bright,
 Invite to converse sweet the timid loves
 Beneath thy kinder light.

And fays, as poet's fain, and fairy throng,
 And elfins light, the pride of antique song,
 To the warm fancy then
 Appear, from hall or bower,
 In gaudy troops to ride o'er flood or fen,
 Exerting fairy power.

But when the rose of morn, with blushing light,
 Buds in the laughing east, each fading sprite
 To rocky dens retreating
 Break off their airy show ;
 And then fond lovers, endless vows repeating
 At parting, fonder grow.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON,

As here introduced according to alphabetical arrangement, refer to

“The spreading LEE, that, like an island fair,
 Encloseth Cork with his divided flood.”

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, ii. 4.

The steeple of the church of St. Anne, or Upper Shandon, in which hang the bells celebrated in the following song, is 120 feet high, and, being built upon a considerable eminence, appears a remarkable object in every point of view of the city of Cork ; but especially from what Moore has termed “its noble sea avenue,” the River Lee. The building of this church was commenced in 1722, and its steeple was constructed of the hewn stone from the Franciscan Abbey, where James II. heard mass, and from the ruins of Lord Barry's castle, which had been the

official residence of the lords president of Munster, and from whence this quarter of the city takes its name—Shandon (*sean dun*) signifying, in Irish, the old fort or castle. But as the demolished abbey had been built of limestone, and the castle of red stone, the taste of the architect of Shandon steeple led him to combine the discordant materials which ecclesiastic and civic revolution had placed at his disposal, by constructing three sides of his work of white, and the remaining side of red stone; a circumstance which has occasioned many local jokes and observations, the most memorable of which are some rhymes commencing—

“ Party-coloured, like the people,
Red and white stands Shandon steeple ;”

said to have been addressed to Dr. Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne, by the famous Father O’Leary.

Fitzgerald has chronicled, in his *Cork Remembrancer*, that Shandon bells were put up in the summer of 1752. The first joyful peal they rung was for the marriage of the present (1783) burgess, Henry Harding (mayor of Cork in 1789, and who died in office), with Miss Catherine Dorman, on Thursday, December 7.

Dr. De la Cour, whose song on Blackpool has been quoted at p. 168, lies buried in the churchyard of Upper Shandon. The author of the lyric now given upon the bells of that church, is the Reverend Francis Mahony. It was originally published in *Fraser’s Magazine* for 1834, and is reprinted in “The Reliques of Father Prout,” i. 255, where the reverend author, after indulging in his usual strain of facetiousness, speaks really from his heart. A discussion, about the melody of bells, is thus concluded: “All these matters, we agreed, were very fine; but there is nothing, after all, like the associa-

tions which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our own parish steeple ; and no music can equal on our ear, when returning after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier, countries."

Sabbata pango.

Funera plango.

Solemnia clango.

Inscription on an old Bell.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate ;
Put all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
 Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber.
 Pealing solemnly.
Oh ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O !
In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
 Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them ;
 But there is an anthem
 More dear to me,—
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

THE SILVERY LEE

Is evidently the effusion of a juvenile Cork poet, who, fascinated by the charms of whisky (*vide* the second verse), and some sentimental simpering (*vide* the fourth verse) from a pretty girl of "the beautiful city," felt convinced of the truth of the old proverb about going further in search of rivers whereby to locate himself, and faring worse. The author, therefore, appears to have been quite content with the banks of "the silvery Lee;" and so would many a Cockney angler, if the description of an Irish poet can be fully credited.

" As crystal its waters are pure,
 Each morning they blush like a bride ;
 And, when evening comes grey and demure,
 With the softness of silver they glide.
 Of salmon and gay speckled trout
 It holds such a plentiful store,
 That thousands are forced to leap out,
 By the multitude jostled on shore."

However the latter assertion may be doubted, the Lee is, beyond all question, a lovely river. The lyric now

given is copied from a broadside, printed at Cork in 1818.

Rivers are there great and small,
 Romantic too, the course of many,
 With castled crag and foamy fall;
 But never river saw I any
 Half so fair or dear to me
 As my own, the silvery Lee.

Much I've heard about the Rhine,
 With vineyards gay and castles stately;
 But those who think I care for wine,
 Or lofty towers, mistake me greatly:
 A thousand times more dear to me
 Is whisky, by the silvery Lee.

The Tagus, with its golden sand,
 The Tiber, full of ancient glory,
 The Danube, though a river grand,
 The Seine and Elbe, renowned in story,
 Can never be so dear to me
 As the pure and silvery Lee.

'Tis not the voice that tongues the stream,
 In winter hoarse, in spring-time clearer,
 That makes my own dear river seem
 Above all other rivers dearer;
 But 'tis her voice, who whispers me
 "How lovely is the silvery Lee!"

THE PRAISES OF LIMERICK

Appeared in the "Anthologia Hibernica" for February, 1793, prefaced by the following communication to the Editor of that periodical:—

"The enclosed humorous song was (I imagine) never before printed; it was composed by a very witty but satirical genius, a Dr. MacDonnell, about the year 1757. He was an eminent physician, but lost almost his whole business by this song.

"Yours, &c.,

"P—L L—Y."

This statement is confirmed by a passage from the "Memoirs of Sir James Campbell," of Ardkinglas, published in 1832. "One of the members of the Medical Board (in Dublin)," says Sir James, or the writer of his memoirs, "was a very amiable young man, who practised his profession in Limerick. He had lived very much with the regiment when quartered there; but had fallen into disgrace with the fair sex, in consequence of a *jeu d'esprit* which he had been so indiscreet as to circulate. Here are four lines by way of specimen:—

'O what a sweet and pretty town Limerick is,

Where neither sly one, nor simkin, nor slattern is;

It would do your heart good, on the quay as they walk at eve,

To see them so funny, so skittish, so talkative.'

"The beauties of Limerick took the joke in such dudgeon, that the poor doctor was fain to make his escape in the night time, and never return. He settled afterwards, I think, in Chester, and did very well. By way of gloss to the stanza, I should have added, that a *simkin* is a person with a loose shambling gait."

Tune—"My name is Molly Macky," &c.

O! what a dainty, sweet, charming town Limerick is,
 Where neither sly nor slippery slim trick is ;
 For true generosity, honour, fidelity,
 Limerick's the town, ne'er doubt it—I tell it you.
 Toll de roll, &c.

Of smart pretty fellows in Limerick are numbers ; some,
 Who so modish are grown, that they think good sense
 cumbersome ;
 And, lest they should seem to be queer or ridiculous,
 They affect not to value either God or old Nicholas.
 Toll de roll, &c.

You neighbours of Ennis, of Kerry, and Gallaway,*
 Whose characters justly are taken by all away,
 Come hither among us, we'll make honest men of you,
 For, in every respect, one of us is worth ten of you.
 Toll de roll, &c.

Though fame has given out our shopkeepers have a
 cant,
 And in selling their goods they charge us extravagant ;
 Yet I, the other day, heard an honest man swear it,
 That he never charged more than his conscience could
 bear it. Toll de roll, &c.

* The old and vulgar pronunciation of Galway. "All the way from Gallaway, early in the morning," is the burden of a popular song descriptive of the march of the Galway Militia. In the *London Gazette*, No. 2598, Oct. 2 to 6, 1690, the Editor finds, "Two persons come from *Gallway* confirm the former account," &c.

remarkable for any peculiar acts of daring ; while the old leader, to whom I have alluded, is now a most respectable quiet citizen, about sixty, famed for propriety and urbanity of demeanour, and at the head of one of the most thriving mercantile concerns in the town. My antiquary (Mr. Geoffrey Foote) pointed him out and introduced me to him, the other day, in the streets ; and I futilely sought, in the grave and generous expression of his features, in the even tone of his voice, and in the Quaker cut and coloured suit which he wore, for any characteristic of the former Georgie Robinson of an Irish Porteous mob. Neither age nor change of habits had altered the tall and muscular figure which, in the redolence and buoyancy of youth, must have been equal to any achievement of physical prowess."

"Mr. Connell (the Johnny Connell of Garryowen) and Darby O'Brien (some versions have Harry, others Jerry O'Brien) were," writes Sir Charles O'Donnell to the Editor, in 1833, "two squireens in Limerick, and about the time the song was written, between the years 1770 and 1780, devil-may-care sort of fellows, who defied all authority. They were the sons of brewers ; the former is still alive, and has, or had, until very lately, a large brewery in Limerick."

The feat mentioned in the last verse, of O'Brien having

" — leapt over the dock,
In spite of judge and jury,"

(some versions run "In spite of all the soldiers"), although the Editor is unable to give the particulars of this occurrence, has many parallels in the history of the administration of justice in Ireland. Fitzgerald, in his *Cork Remembrancer*, chronicles that, in 1753,

“Matthew Callaghane, aged 18 years, was capitally convicted in the City Court on Tuesday, April 17, for the robbery of Captain Capel at Glanmire. As soon as he received sentence of death, he leaped out of the dock with his bolts on, made his escape out of court, but was retaken the same day, and hanged at the corner of Broad Lane on Wednesday, the 25th of April. The informer who discovered on him was so ill-treated by the mob (having one of his ears cut off), that his life was despaired of. Since this transaction happened,” adds Fitzgerald, “the dock in the City Court has been made higher.”

Limerick is as notorious for its nocturnal irregularities as for its memorable sieges, many instances of which may be produced. Before the freaks of Johnny Connell, Mr. Hayes,* whose memory is recorded in the cathedral of that city as

“DAN HAYES, AN HONEST
MAN AND LOVER OF HIS COUNTRY,”

has thus described his departure from the scene of his juvenile excesses, under the title of “The Farewell.”

“Ye gentle virgins, set your hearts at ease,
No more the town’s disturbed with riotous Hayes ;
No more in Barrack Street his sword he draws,
Nor murders horses, nor bravades the laws ;
No more inspired with ’rack he scours the streets
To swear and play the devil with all he meets ;
No more the windows clink with clattering stones,
Nor dying pigs emit untimely groans ;
The peaceiul street, no more with clamour rings,
Nor nightly fiddlers ply their sounding strings,” &c.

* He died at Kensington on the 20th of July, 1767, at the early age of thirty-four, it may be presumed, from the effects of dissipation. By his will, he left his estates to aid the foundation of a hospital in Limerick, but his heirs successfully contested the bequest.

Previous to the midnight vagaries of "Buck Hayes," or "Count Hayes," as he was sometimes called, we find Dr. Smyth, the Bishop of Limerick, complaining by his letter of the 27th of October, 1710,* of similar wanton proceedings.

"On the 12th of September, about one or two in the morning, several persons with musical instruments, who sang a song, which (I am informed by those who heard it most distinctly) was a very scandalous one. Afterwards, I heard them repeat the words, 'confusion and damnation,' which, I suppose, was when they drank confusion and damnation to Dr. Sacheverel and all his adherents, and all of his principles, as I was informed they did by a gentleman, who says he opened his casement and heard them. They staid before my house a considerable time, and (the same gentleman informed me, whose depositions are taken before the mayor and other justices) drank other healths, among which was the health most profanely called 'The Litany Health,' wherein they prayed that plague, pestilence, and famine, &c., might fall on all (and among them particularly on all archbishops and bishops, &c., to the best of his remembrance, and as he verily believes) who should refuse to drink the glorious memory of King William. The former of these healths was likewise drank at one Alderman Higgins's, and neither of them drank at any other houses appears by depositions taken as before. The persons concerned in this (as appears upon oath) were Major Cheater, at that time commanding officer in chief of the garrison, Captain Plasto, Lieutenant Mason, Lieutenant Barkly, and Lieutenant Walsh, all belonging to Sir John Whit-

* Autograph in the Editor's possession, with the depositions referred to: they were sold among the Southwell MSS. by auction at Messrs. Christies', in February, 1834.

tingar's regiment, and Captain Blunt of Colonel Rooke's regiment. After this, on the 21st of this month, about four, as I conceive, in the morning, I and my family were again disturbed by several persons who passed by my house, and made a strange unusual noise, by singing with feigned voices, and by beating with keys and tongs (as it appears on oath) on frying-pans, brass candlesticks, and such like instruments. Afterwards, on the 24th instant, about the same hour, I was startled out of my sleep (as I was each time before) by a hideous noise made at the corner of my house by the winding of horns, and the following of men, and the cry of a pack of dogs. I lay some considerable time in bed, in hopes they would soon have gone away, but finding they did not, I got out of my bed and opened my window, and stood there for some time in hopes of discovering who they were (for it was a moonshiny night), but could not. At length the dogs, in full cry (to the number, I believe, of twenty-three or twenty-four couple, or thereabouts) ran by my house, and in some time after returned again, and soon after in the same manner ran back again, making the same noise. After they had passed by my house the first time, I called to the centinel at my door, and asked him who those men were, and what they were doing; who answered me that they were officers, who had got a fox and dragged him along, and sent the dogs after him. Who these persons were, who were guilty of the second and third riots, appears by the depositions taken before our justices of the peace. I cannot but observe that Major Cheater, with others of that regiment (as I think appears by my depositions), was always one; and in the second riot, was accompanied by Lieutenant Barkly.

“The gentlemen who put the first great affront upon me having owned their fault and asked my pardon I

should never have mentioned it to their prejudice, had it not been for the repeated indignity they have put upon me since ; which, if continued, will oblige me to remove with my family out of town, till the gentlemen come to a better temper.

“ Beside these abuses which I have mentioned, I and my family have been frequently alarmed and awakened in the dead of night by soldiers (as they afterwards appeared to be), who feigned themselves to be spirits, some by stripping themselves naked, and others by putting on white garments, and throwing stones at the centinel at my door, and at other times by throwing stones on the slates of my house, which made an unusual noise when they were tumbling down ; and one night particularly the centinel was so much affrighted, and made such a noise, that I was obliged to rise out of my bed to encourage him, and to assure him they were no spirits.

“ All this having been done since the first abuse that was put on me, and never before having received any such abuses by any officers or soldiers since my first coming to this town, there having been always a good understanding betwixt us, and the officers of all former regiments having been at all times very obliging and courteous to me, which I think myself bound in justice to acknowledge ; for these reasons I cannot but believe that these later outrages were the result of some resentments occasioned by the first abuse, and that the first abuse was occasioned by an opinion they conceived that my principles did not in all things agree with their own.

(Signed)

“ THO : LIMERICK.”

Speaking of the enjoyments of the people of Limerick at fair time or on festival days, Fitzgerald and MacGregor

notice in their history, a fondness for music of the fiddle or bagpipe. "Amongst the airs selected upon these occasions, 'Patrick's Day,' and 'Garryowen,' always hold a distinguished place."

Let Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
 But join with me each jovial blade ;
 Come booze and sing, and lend your aid
 To help me with the chorus :—
 Instead of Spa* we'll drink brown ale,
 And pay the reckoning on the nail, †
 No man for debt shall go to gaol
 From Garryowen in glory !

We are the boys that take delight in
 Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting, ‡
 Through the streets like sporters fighting,
 And tearing all before us.
 Instead, &c.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
 The watch knock down by threes and fours ;
 Then let the doctors work their cures,
 And tinker up our bruises.
 Instead, &c.

* The Spa of Castle Connell, about six miles from Limerick, was in high repute at the period when this song was written.

† "Circular tablets of metal in the Exchange, so called, and where it was customary to pay down the earnest money."—SIR CHARLES O'DONNELL. "Paying the reckoning on the nail," was a cant phrase for knocking a man on the head. "Nail him," being equivalent to "knock him down."

‡ "Lamps were first put up in the streets of Limerick at the sole expense of Alderman Thomas Rose, in 1696."—FERRAR'S *Limerick*.

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
 We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run ;
 We are the boys no man dares dun,
 If he regards a whole skin.

Instead, &c.

Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame,
 For soon 'tis known from whence we came ;
 Where'er we go they dread the name
 Of Garryowen in glory.

Instead, &c.

Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
 And in his limbs he is complete ;
 He'll pitch a bar of any weight,
 From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.*

Instead, &c.

Garryowen is gone to rack
 Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
 Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock
 In spite of judge and jury.

Instead, &c.

* That is, from one side of Limerick to the other. In Fitzgerald and MacGregor's "History of Limerick," when noticing the customs and amusements of the lower orders, it is stated that the tradesmen formerly marched in grotesque procession on Mid-summer-day, and that "the day generally ended in a terrible fight between the Garryowen and Thomond Gate boys—the tradesmen of the north and south suburbs."

THE COUNTY OF LIMERICK BUCK-HUNT,

From a manuscript copy, most obligingly procured for the Editor by Miss Crumpe. In Fitzgerald and MacGregor's "History of Limerick" (vol. ii. Appendix, p. 50), it is stated that the popular song of "By your leave, Larry Grogan," was made on Edward Croker, Esq., of Rawleighstown, high sheriff of the county in 1735, "by the late Pierce Creagh of Dangan, Esq."

Mr. Grogan is traditionally said to have composed a song upon the vagaries of a disappointed suitor of Miss Alicia Croker, which became exceedingly popular; * she was the high sheriff's second sister, † and is the Miss Croker mentioned in the fifth verse of the following song :

"Let no nice sir despise the hapless dame,
Because recording ballads chant her name."

No doubt all the beautiful lasses toasted in that verse were celebrated belles. Who Miss Cherry Singleton and Miss Sally Curry were, the Editor is unable to determine. "Ally Croker" married Charles Langley, Esq., of Lisnarnock, county of Kilkenny, and died at an advanced age, without children to inherit their mother's charms, which only live in song. A sampler, worked by the hands of the fair Alice, was carefully preserved at Ballydavid, a seat of the Baker family, in the county of Tipperary, and hung in an old oak frame, over the fireplace of the dining-room—a venerated relic.

* See Boswell's "Johnson," vii. 84, Murray's 10 vol. ed.; Hone's "Every-day Book," col. 1641; Nichols' "Collection of Poems," &c.

† His eldest sister had married John Dillon, Esq., of Quartertown in the county of Cork.

Miss Bligh was the eldest sister of the first Earl of Darnley. Her second brother, who was an officer of dragoons, had married, about the period that the song was written, the sister of William Bury, Esq., of Shannon Grove, in the county of Limerick; she subsequently (in 1748) became the wife of Thomas Le Hunte, Esq., M.P. for Wexford, and died in 1772, without issue.

Miss Prittie, whose sister Mr. Croker had married, was the eldest daughter of Henry Prittie, Esq., of Kilboy, county of Tipperary, and married, in 1736, Sir Richard Meade, Bart., M.P. for Kinsale. Their son was created Earl of Clanwilliam. She afterwards married the Right Honourable Sir Henry Cavendish, Bart., and died in 1779.

Miss Persse was of a Galway family; but it is not in the Editor's power to add any particulars respecting this "subject for verse."

By your leave, Larry Grogan,*
 Enough has been spoken;
 'Tis time to give over your sonnet, your sonnet.†
 Come listen to mine,
 'Tis far better than thine,
 Though not half the time was spent on, spent on it.

* A celebrated amateur piper, of the family of Grogan of Johnstown Castle, in the county of Wexford.

† In the early part of the last century commonly used for song, or ballad. For instance, in an imitation of the famous ballad of "Molly Mogg"—

"Now if Curl will print me *this sonnet*,
 To a volume my verses shall swell;
 And a fig for what Dennis says on it,
 He cannot find fault with Lepell."

Oh ! 'tis of a buck slain
 In this very campaign :
 To let him live longer 'twere pity, 'twere pity ;
 For fat and for haunches,
 For head and for branches,
 Exceeding the mayor of a city, a city.

A council assembled
 (Who'd think but he trembled?),
 Of lads of good spirit, well mounted, well mounted ;
 Each with whip and with cap on,
 And spurs made at Ripon,*
 To the number of twenty were counted, were counted.
 Off, a score, we went bounding,
 Sweet horns were sounding,
 Each youth filled the air with a whoop and a halloo ;
 Dubourg,† were he there,
 Such sweet music to hear,
 Would leave his Cremona, and follow, and follow.

* Or Rippon, in Yorkshire. " Rippon spurs were formerly very famous.

' — Why, there's an angel, if my *spurs*

Be not right *Rippon*.—BEN JONSON'S *Staple of N.*, i. 3.

' Whip me with wire, headed with rowels of

Sharp *Rippon spurs*.—*The Wits* Old Play, viii. p. 501.

" Ray has a local proverb—' As true steel as Rippon rowels ;' with this note subjoined :—' It is said of trusty persons, men of mettle, faithful in their employments. Rippon, in this county, is a town famous for the best spurs of England, whose rowels may be enforced to strike through a shilling, and will break sooner than bow.'—p. 263. Fuller has the same saying and explanation. A modern account of Rippon says, that ' when James I. went there, in 1617, he was presented by the corporation with a gilt bow, and a pair of spurs ; the latter article cost £5. It is said, also, that this manufacture is now neglected there.'"—NARES'S *Glossary*.

† A celebrated performer on the violin, whose skill in the exe-

Knockaderk and Knockaney,*
 And hills twice as many,
 Saw us fly o'er their stone walls, and hedges, and ditches.
 He skimmed o'er the grounds,
 But to baffle our hounds
 Was ne'er yet in any buck's breeches, buck's breeches.
 Four hours he held out
 Most surprisingly stout,
 Till at length to his fate he submitted, submitted;
 His throat being cut up,
 The poor culprit put up,
 To the place whence he came was remitted, remitted.

A place most enchanting,
 Where nothing was wanting
 That poor hungry huntsman could wish, sir, could wish, sir.
 Though our number was there,
 Yet of delicate fare
 For every man was a dish, sir, a dish, sir.

cution of Irish melodies is thus alluded to in Lawrence White's
 "Dissertation on Italian and Irish Music," 1742 :—

"Dub—g improves them in our days,
 And never from the subject strays;
 Nor by extravagance perplex'd
 Will let them wander from the text."

Dubourg was a pupil of Geminiani, and, in 1728, was appointed Master and Composer of the State Music in Ireland. He died in London in 1767. Some interesting particulars of Dubourg are to be found in a very curious and amusing little volume, entitled "The Violin," recently published by his grandson, Mr. George Dubourg; whose preface, whimsically enough, commences with the assertion, that "Mankind may be divided into two classes—those who play the violin, and those who do not."

* Two high hills, about twelve miles south-east of the city of Limerick.

We fell-to with fury,
 Like a long-famished jury,
 Nor stayed we for grace to our dinner, our dinner ;
 The butler a-sweating,
 The knives all a-whetting,
 The edge of each stomach was keener, was keener.

Oh ! the bumpers went round,
 With an elegant sound,
 Chink, chink, like sweet bells, went the glasses, the glasses.
 We drank Queen and King,
 And each other fine thing,
 Then bumpered the beautiful lasses, sweet lasses.
 There was Singleton (Cherry),
 And sweet Sally Curry,
 Miss Croker, Miss Bligh, and Miss Prittie, Miss Prittie ;
 With lovely Miss Persse,
 That subject for verse,
 Who shall ne'er be forgot in my ditty, my ditty.

With a great many more,
 From fifteen to a score ;
 Oh ! had you but seen them together, together,
 Such charms you'd discover,
 You'd pity the lover,
 And look on St. James's—a feather, a feather.
 Long prosper this county,
 And high sheriff's bounty,
 Where thus we indulge, and make merry, make merry ;
 For, jovial as we are,
 We'll puff away all care,
 To poor busy Robin, and Fleury, and Fleury.*

* Sir Robert Walpole and the Cardinal Fleury were, at this period, respectively the Prime Ministers of England and France.

DEAR MALLOW, ADIEU !

The following song, entitled "The Farewell, a Pastoral Ballad in imitation of Shenstone," is copied from a quarto volume, published in Dublin in 1772, called "The Shamrock, or Hibernian Cresses, a collection of poems, songs, epigrams, &c., Latin as well as English, the original production of Ireland. To which are subjoined, Thoughts on the prevailing System of School Education respecting Young Ladies, as well as Gentlemen, with practical Proposals for a Reformation. By Samuel Whyte, Principal of the English Grammar School."

Whyte, whose memory is embalmed in a sonnet addressed to him by his pupil, Thomas Moore, ruled for above fifty years, a noisy mansion in Grafton Street, Dublin. "He was," observes another of his distinguished pupils,* "formed by Nature for a schoolmaster; indeed, he seemed to consider it the highest office of which man was capable, and himself fittest of all the world to sustain it. His temper was admirable, his habits and pursuits almost those of the children he taught; a pun, or a story of the most innocent or powerless kind, gave him the utmost delight, and, seated among the grandchildren of those he had first taught, he was little else than an object of their worship. Next to a school, in his estimate, stood a theatre; and his pupils were all taught to declaim in the style of Mossop, Barry, and Sheridan, the friends and associates of his youth. This had, I doubt not, a very powerful influence upon the tone of Irish rhetoric, for most of those who were prominent at the bar or in the pulpit had passed under his tuition. It was delightful to

* Manuscript Autobiography of the late Sir Hardinge Giffard, Chief Justice of Ceylon.

see the old man presiding at one of his public examinations. It was a jubilee time to him. A large company, and that not a very disinterested audience, attended to observe the rivalry for prizes, which were, with no small policy, awarded by temporary judges, friends from the University, whose character gave weight to their decisions, while their presence imposed solemnity on the scene. Poor Sam Whyte!

‘Who ruled o’er children was himself a child,’

at least in worldly matters; but he was neither wasteful nor intemperate, and if he grew not wealthy, neither was he poor. He died since I left Ireland, and must have been above fourscore years of age.”*

In 1750, Dr. Smith thus describes Mallow, which was then a very fashionable watering-place:—“Not far from the Castle is a fine spring, of moderately tepid water, which bursts out of the bottom of a great limestone rock, and approaches the nearest, in all its qualities, to the hot-well waters of Bristol, of any that has been discovered in this kingdom. Here is generally a resort of good company during the summer months, both for pleasure and the benefit of drinking the waters. Near the Spa there are pleasant walks, agreeably planted, and on each side are canals and cascades, for the amusement and exercise of the company, who have music on these walks. There is also a long room, where assemblies are held for dancing, card-playing, &c. Adjoining to the well is a kind of grotto, on which the following lines were wrote, and printed in the public papers, when it was first erected:—

‘Joint work of judgment, fancy, taste, and art,
Nature’s wild wondrous rival’s counterpart;

* “Mr. Samuel Whyte died in Dublin, 4th of October, 1811, aged seventy-eight.”—*Annual Register*.

By avarice opposed, by envy blamed,
 By bounty built, to future ages famed,
 Live long ; by time, by malice undestroyed,
 By avarice or by envy unenjoyed.'

"The town being well situated, the country about it pleasant, and the company agreeable, it hath obtained among some the name of the Irish Bath."

The Ulster Miscellany, printed in 1753, contains "A Poem on the Hot Wells at Mallow," p. 294; and also "A new Ballad on the Hot Wells at Mallow," p. 342. The former, after commending "this healing fountain," which

" — far more virtues hath,
 Than those of Bristol, or her sister Bath,"

thus concludes :—

"Attend, ye lovers, while the muse records
 The charming pleasures which the place affords :
 Here stands a wood bedeckt with summer's pride,
 There the Blackwater rowls his dusky tide ;
 Here a canal of waters, deep and clear,
 Whose spouting cascades please the eye and ear,
 While on the pebble-walks fresh air you breathe,
 Trees nod above, and fishes swim beneath.
 Music, in consort, from a side retreat,
 Gives life to all, and makes the scene complete :
 At night a gay assembly and a ball,
 Murphy's sweet harp, and dancing closes all."

The ballad mentioned very glibly runs on in praise of the springs of Mallow, according to this fashion, to the air of "Bailyspellen :"

" All you that are
 Both lean and bare,
 With scarce an ounce of tallow,
 To make your flesh
 Look plump and fresh,
 Come, drink the springs at Mallow !

For all that you
 Are bound to do
 Is just to gape and swallow ;
 You'll find by that
 • You'll rowl in fat,
 Most gloriously at Mallow !
 Or, if love's pain
 Disturbs your brain,
 And makes your reason shallow,
 To shake it off,
 Gulp down enough
 Of our hot springs at Mallow !”

Notwithstanding this advice, the author of the “Adieu to Mallow,” instead of there shaking off “love's pain,” seems to have become so fascinated by the charms of Susan, or Mary, or Bess, that if the words of man are to be believed, one of these damsels should have had an early opportunity of considering whether she would like to

“ — cry ballow,
 To lull and keep
 Her babe asleep
 Beside the springs of Mallow !”

Oh, Mallow, dear Mallow, adieu !
 How oft have I walked by thy spring,
 While the trees were yet dropping with dew,
 Ere the lark his shrill matin did sing.
 How often at noon have I strayed,
 By the streamlet that winds through thy vale ;
 How oft, at still eve, on thy mead,
 The soft breeze have I joyed to inhale.
 O'er thy green hills, high-bosomed in wood,
 O'er thy sweetly diversified ground,
 How oft, as my walk I pursued,
 Have I gazed in wild transport around !

Invoking the powers that preside
 O'er the stream, o'er the grove, o'er the hill,
 With their presence my fancy to guide,
 With their fire my rapt bosom to fill.

On a rock hanging over the flood,
 Through the wild glen meandering slow,
 Half-frighted, how oft have I stood,
 To pore on the mirror below.

To see, in the heart of the wave,
 The glen, and the rock, and the sky,
 How bright the reflection it gave,
 How pleased, how delighted was I.

At the foot of an elm, or a lime,
 How oft have I stretched me along,
 Enchanted with Collins's rhyme,
 Or Akenside's rapture of song!
 How oft, too, as accident led,
 Through the churchyard path's fear-stirring
 ground,

Busy fancy has called up the dead,
 To glide in dread visions around.

These sweet walks, this soft quiet, and all
 Those blameless, those rational joys,
 Must I quit for the buzz of the hall,
 For dissonance, wrangling, and noise;
 For the city's dull uniform scene,
 Where jobbing, and party, and strife,
 Dissipation, and languor, and pain,
 Fill up the whole circle of life.

"The language which flows from the heart,"
 In Susan, in Mary, and Bess,
 How exchanged for the polish of art,
 Smooth nonsense and empty address!

For painting, which Nature bestows
On the village-maid's innocent cheek,
'Mid the birthnight's fantastical rows,
How lost were the labour to seek !

Yet oft shall fond memory anew,
Present each loved scene to my eye,
And with painful enjoyment, review
The delights that too hastily fly ;
Through all the sweet landscape around,
Not a stream, not a rock, nor a tree,
Not a field-flower nor shrub shall be found,
Unmarked or unhonoured by me.

And ye, my companions so dear,
What words my deep anguish can tell ?
Receive from a witness this tear,
How it pains me to bid you farewell.
Ye, too, for I read in your eyes
The emotions that swell at your heart,
Ye have not yet learned to disguise,—
“Ye are sorry to see me depart.”

Sweet seat of contentment and ease,
Where Rest her still Sabbath may keep,
Where all may live just as they please,
Eat, drink, read, laugh, saunter, or sleep ;
The next spring may new-brighten thy scene,
And thy leaves and thy blossoms restore :
But bring the loved circle again,
Or the landscape will charm me no more.

Sweet commerce of unison minds,
A treasure how rarely possess'd ;
How seldom, through life, the heart finds
The joy that gives worth to the rest.

But hark ! 'tis the chaise at the door,
 My mare is already in view ;
 Alas ! I have time for no more,
 Oh, Mallow. dear Mallow, adieu !

THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

Sowere the young men of that fashionable water-drinking town proverbially called ; and a set of “ pretty pickles ” they were, if the song, descriptive of their mode of life, here recorded after the most delicate oral testimony, is not very much over-coloured.

Air—“ *Sandy lent the Man his Mull.* ”

Beauing, belleing, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking windows, damning, sinking,*
 Ever raking, never thinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
 Bacchus's true begotten sons,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

One time naught but claret drinking,
 Then like politicians thinking
 To raise the sinking funds when sinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dadda dying,
 Still for Mallow water crying ;
 But where there's good claret plying
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

* Cursing extravagantly ; *i.e.*, “ damning you to hell, and *sinking* you lower.”

Living short but merry lives ;
 Going where the devil drives ;
 Having sweethearts, but no wives,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
 Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
 Wishing to spend all their days in
 Raking as at Mallow.

Then to end this raking life
 They get sober, také a wife,
 Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.

DARLING NEDDEEN.

“Neddeen,” says Mr. Weld, “is the principal place of trade on the Kenmare river.* It is a very small town, and though we have observed some new houses, has, on the whole, an appearance of decay.”

Neddeen is now generally known as Kenmare, and the authorship of the song respecting its attractions is already attributed to Mr. Wood, the gentleman mentioned at pages 18 and 144. The Banimian style of writing the words as vulgarly sounded, in which this and the songs at these pages originally appeared, together with the rich store of traditionary knowledge displayed, and the love of local allusion, leave no doubt upon the subject, unless indeed the Editor has suffered himself to be carried away by circumstantial evidence, as he has reason to believe he

* An arm of the sea, west of Bantry Bay.

did, when giving judgment upon the authorship of the "Boys of Kilkenny."

The song now republished there can be no question, from the mention of the Marquess of Lansdowne's visit to the south of Ireland in company with Mr. Moore, was written in 1823. It was originally printed in a Cork scurrilous publication, called *The Freeholder* (August 30, 1823), with the subsequent introductory letter:—

"MR. BOIL,*—I am toul the Marquis o' Lansdown is gone down to Neddeen, and as I heard that Tommy Moor was gone off to Klarney to write about the Lakes, I think that a hint about Neddeen mite make him write about that too. I wish he'd buil a poem on the follow foundation; an' as I'm tould the Marquis manes to build a new town, I could give a plan for that too. The above may serve for a dedication for both, from your humble servant to comman,

"JACK GRAUMMACHREE."

This visit of Mr. Moore to Ireland was followed by the appearance, in the ensuing year, of the ninth number of the "Irish Melodies," perhaps the most Irish part of that national work, as well as the one most identified with the author. Of the twelve songs which it contains, nine have reference to local feelings or traditions, or to circumstances which arose out of the poet's tour. Thus, "Sweet Innisfallen," and "'Twas one of those dreams," obviously allude to Mr. Moore's visit to Killarney; and "In yonder valley there dwelt alone," is said to have originated in an anecdote connected with O'Sullivan's cascade. The song commencing, "By the Feal's wave benighted," is founded on a romantic anecdote in the

* Mr. Boyle, the editor.

history of the Geraldines. These four songs fairly belong to the county of Kerry. Then, descriptive of a glance at a map of Ireland, preparatory to the tour, we find, "Fairest, put on a while," in a note on which, by-the-by the Skellig rocks, mentioned, at p. 123, as off the coast of Kerry, are confounded with the Saltees, which are in the barony of Forth, off the coast of Wexford. On meeting with a party of old friends in Dublin, "And doth not a meeting like this." On Irish politics, "As vanquished Erin wept beside," &c. ; and, "Quick, we have but a second," is just the song that might have been suggested by a pleasant travelling party being hurried off from an agreeable meeting. The horn of the mail-coach guard, or the voice of some equally urgent personage, is absolutely ringing in the ear.

Tune—"The Sprig of Skillelah."

As Thady Mac Murtough O'Shaughnessy, oge,
 T'other day was industriously mending a brogue,
 On a neat little hill that they call Drumcusheen,
 His sole, and his welt, and his cord was so strong,
 That, soon waxing warm, he lilted a song ;
 He bellowed as loud as his lungs they could bawl ;
 Oh ! bad cess to the tanners, I'll leather them all,—
 But I'll first sing the praises of darling Neddeen !

On the face of this earth 'tis the most *curious* place,
 I swears black and blue, by the nose on my face,
 'Tis the sweetest of any that ever was seen ;
 Och ! it's there you will see both the hedgehog and whale,
 And the latter continually flapping his tail,
 Just to raise up a breeze for the fowls of the air,
 As the eagle, the jackass, or gosling so fair,
 While they sing round the cabins of darling Neddeen !

There stone houses all, are weather-slated with mud,
 And the *praties*, and women, and whisky is good,
 And the latter small hardware, they call it poteen.
 Small blame to them keeping no lamps there at night,
 Because of the girls, whose eyes shows them light ;
 You may talk of your lamps, that is all lit with gas,
 Och ! give me the black eye of a sweet *Colleen das*,
 Such as light up the cabins in darling Neddeen !

There the geese run about through the most of the street,
 Ready roasted, inviting the people they meet
 To eat, lord an' squire, cobbogue an' spalpeen ;
 From the cows they gets whisky, the ganders give milk,
 An' their best woollen blankets is all made of silk ;
 Their *purty* young girls, they never grows old,
 And the sun never set there last winter, I'm told,
 But stay'd lighting the pipes of the boys of Neddeen !

Oh ! if I kept singing till this time next year,
 Not a half of the beautiful beauties you'd hear,
 From the Skelligs down west, to the great Noersheen ;
 There the sea's great broad bottom is covered with grass,
 Where many a young mermaid's seen washing her glass,
 An' great elephant teeth are turned up in the bogs,
 Some charmed into sawdust, some changed into logs,
 Or converted to tooth-picks in darling Neddeen !

Long life to the Marquis, I'm glad he's gone down
 To his own little city—a far sweeter town
 Than Bandon, Dunmanway, or Ballyporeen.
 Long life to his honour, till after he's dead
 May nothing that's teasing e'er run in his head ;
 May he give to each tenant a long building lease ;
 May their *praties*, an' butter, an' childer increase,
 Till Dublin looks smaller than darling Neddeen !

THE TOWN OF PASSAGE.

No less than three songs upon the town of Passage, which is situated between Cork and its Cove, are here given to illustrate the manner in which popular lyrics are imitated and sometimes amalgamated.

As to the authorship of No. I., there can be no doubt; Mr. Simon Quin, stimulated by the discomforts of a drowsy landlady and her lively lodgings, having, in the concluding verse, saved the Editor the risk of conjecture. This song was introduced, with considerable effect, upon the London stage by the late Mr. Charles Connor, in Lord Glengall's very amusing farce of the "Irish Tutor;" the fourth verse, especially, never failing to produce a burst of laughter and applause.

Of the author of No. II., it may be said as of Junius, "*Stat nominis umbra.*" It is, however, evidently from the fourth line of the second verse, a subsequent composition to No. I.

In what manner the Rev. Francis Mahony, under the *nom de guerre* of Father Prout, has combined the songs Nos. I. and II., the reader can judge from the version of "The town of Passage," No. III. Its reverend author, or rather concocter, has described it as "manifestly an imitation of that unrivalled dithyramb, 'The Groves of Blarney,' with a little of its humour, and all its absurdity." Notes are appended to such local matters as appear to require explanation.

No. I.

The town of Passage is neat and spacious,
All situated upon the sea;

The ships a-floating, and the youths a-boating,
 With their cotton coats on each summer's day.
 'Tis there you'd see both night and morning,
 The men-of-war, with fresh flowing sails ;
 The bould lieutenants, and the tars so jolly,
 All steering for Cork in a hackney chaise.

'Tis there's a stature drawn after nature,
 A leaping from the mud upon the dry land ;
 A lion or a leopard, or some fierce creature,
 With a Reading-made-easy all in his hand.*
 There's a rendezvous house for each bould hero
 For to take on, whose heart beats high ;
 The colours a-drooping, and the children's rockets
 All pinned across it, hanging out to dry.

'Tis there's a Strand too, that's decked with oar-weeds,
 And tender gob-stones † and mussel-shells ;
 And there's skeehories, ‡ and what still more is,
 A comely fresh-flowing water rill.
 'Tis there the ladies, when break of day is,
 And tender lovers, do often pelt ;
 Some a-airing and some a-bathing,
 All mother naked to enjoy their health.

And there's a ferry-boat that's quite convenient,
 Where man and horse do take a ride ;
 'Tis there in clover you may pass over
 To Carrigaloe § on the other side.

* The figure-head of an old ship.

† Round pebbles.

‡ Hawthorn berries.

§ A village on the Great I-land, opposite Passage, between which places there is a ferry.

There may be seen, oh! the sweet Marino,*
 With its trees so green O! and fruit so red;
 Brave White Point, and right forenent it
 The Giant's Stairs, and sweet Horse's Head.†

There's a house of lodgings at one Molly Bowen's,
 Where often goes in one Simon Quin;
 Oh! 'tis there without a coat on, you'd hear her
 grope on
 The door to open, to let him in.
 Then straight up stairs one pair of windows,
 With but the slates betwixt him and the sky;
 Oh, 'tis there till morning, the fleas all swarming,
 Do keep him warm in where he does lie.

No. II.

Oh, Passage town is of great renown,
 For we go down in our buggies there
 On a Sunday morning, all danger scorning,
 To get a corning‡ at sweet Passage fair.
 Oh, 'tis there you'd see the steamboats sporting
 Upon Lough Mahon,§ all so fair to view;
 Bold Captain O'Brien,|| with his colours flying,
 And he a-vieing with the Waterloo.¶

* The seat of Savage French, Esq., on the Great Island.

† White Point, the Giant's Stairs, and Horse's Head, are remarkable objects not far from Passage.

‡ "The town is much frequented during the summer by the inhabitants of Cork, for the benefit of salt-water bathing."—MR. SHAW MASON'S *Surveys of Ireland*, vol. iii. 1819.

§ A fine sheet of water between the point on which Blackrock Castle stands and the town of Passage.

|| The well-known commander of a steamboat which plied between Cork and Cove.

¶ A rival steamboat.

There's a patent slipping, and dock for shipping,
 And whale-boats skipping upon the tide ;
 There ships galore is,* and Cove before us,
 With "Carrigaloe on the other side."
 'Tis there's the hulk that's well stored with convicts,
 Who were never upon decks till they went to sea ;
 They'll ne'er touch dry land, nor rocky island,
 Until they spy land at sweet Botany Bay.

Here's success to this foreign station,
 Where American ships without horses ride,
 And Portugueses† from every nation
 Comes in rotation upon the tide.
 But not forgetting Haulbowline Island,
 That was constructed by Mrs. Deane :
 Herself's the lady that has stowed the water
 To supply the vessels upon the main.‡

* "The principal trade carried on in the town is the repairing of vessels, of which a good number in the year come thither for that purpose. Timber ships from Sweden, and the northern powers, always stop and unload at Passage, and many merchant ships belonging to Cork also take in their cargoes and discharge there."—MR. SHAW MASON'S *Surveys of Ireland*, vol. iii. 1819.

† "Passage, whose chief trade comes from the ships that ride before it. We counted sixteen then at anchor, among which were seven Portuguese, that were taking in beef, tallow, and hides."—*Tour by Two English Gentlemen through Ireland*, published in 1748.

‡ The late Mrs. Deane, the mother of Sir Thomas Deane, was a woman of extraordinary energy of character. She took an active part in the superintendence of the naval works which were constructed upon Haulbowline Island, in Cork Harbour, between the years 1816 and 1822, at the cost of nearly £200,000. The tank alluded to above is divided into six compartments, each one hundred feet long, twenty-seven feet and a half wide, and eight feet in depth, which are each capable of containing 176,000 gallons: the entire, consequently, holds 1,056,000 gallons of water.

And these bold sons of Neptune, I mean the boatmen,
 Will ferry you over from Cove to Spike ; *
 And outside the harbour are fishers sporting,
 Watching a nibble from a sprat or pike ;
 While their wives and daughters, from no danger
 shrinking,
 All night and morning they rove about
 The mud and sand-banks, for the periwinkle,
 The shrimp and cockle, when the tide is out.

No. III.

The town of Passage
 Is both large and spacious,
 And situated
 Upon the *say* ;
 'Tis *nate* and *dacent*,
 And quite adjacent,
 To come from Cork
 On a summer's day.
 There you may slip in,
 To take a dipping,
 Forenent the shipping,
 That at anchor ride ;
 Or in a wherry,
 Cross o'er the ferry,
 To "Carrigaloe,
 On the other side."

* "From Cove the harbour's mouth seems closed by the island called Spike, lying opposite the entrance, so that this harbour is not unlike the fine description given by Virgil, in his first *Æneid*, of a beautiful port.

'Est in secessu longo locus ; insula portum
 Efficit objectu laterum,' &c."

SMITH'S *Cork*.

Mud cabins swarm in
 This place so charming,
 With sailors' garments
 Hung out to dry ;
 And each abode is
 Snug and commodious,
 With pigs melodious,
 In their straw-built sty.
 'Tis there the turf is,
 And lots of Murphies,*
 Dead sprats and herrings,
 And oyster-shells ;
 Nor any lack, oh !
 Of good tobacco,
 Though what is smuggled
 By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz,
 And from Barbadoes,
 But the leading trade is
 In whisky-punch ;
 And you may go in
 Where one Molly Bowen
 Keeps a nate hotel
 For a quiet lunch.
 But land or deck on,
 You may safely reckon,
 Whatsoever country
 You come hither from,
 On an invitation
 To a jollification
 With a parish priest,
 That's called " Father Tom." †

* A popular name for potatoes.

† The reverend concocter of this song, who would palm it upon

Of ships there's one fixt
 For lodging convicts,
 A floating "stone jug"
 Of amazing bulk;
 The hake and salmon,
 Playing at bagammon,*
 Swim for divarsion
 All round this hulk;
 There "Saxon" jailers
 Keep brave repairers,
 Who soon with sailors
 Must anchor weigh;
 From th' em'rald island,
 Ne'er to see dry land,
 Until they spy land
 In sweet Bot'ny Bay.

THE FAIR MAID OF PASSAGE,

From a manuscript in the autograph of the late Mr. Millikin. The Editor has received a copy of this song from Mr. Edward Quin, between which and the version now given, the only material variation occurs in the first lines. According to Mr. Quin, they are—

"My dear Molly Mogg,
 You're soft as a bog."

Barry the painter, observes, on the mention of "Father Tom,"—
 "This cannot possibly refer (without a flagrant anachronism) to the present incumbent, the Rev. Thomas England, P.P., known to the literary world by a Life of the celebrated friar, Arthur O'Leary, chaplain to a club which Curran, Yelverton, Earls Moira, Charlemont, &c. &c., established in 1780, under the designation of 'the monks of the screw.'"
 * See page 141.

In a note (1838) he adds, "I assure you, from my own recollection, the song is known in my family upwards of thirty-five years. I have no doubt that it originated in Cork, though I do not know its author."

Oh, fair maid of Passage,
 As plump as a sassage,
 And as mild as a kitten,
 Those eyes in your face!—
 Yerrah ! pity my case,
 For poor Dermuid is smitten !
 Far softer nor silk,
 And more white than new milk
 Oh, your lily-white hand is ;
 Your lips red as cherries,
 And your eyes like blackberries,
 And you're straight as a wand is.

Your talk is so *quare*,
 And your sweet curly hair
 Is as black as the devil ;
 And your breath is as sweet, too,
 As any potato,
 Or orange from Seville.
 When dressed in her bodice
 She trips like a goddess,
 So nimble, so frisky,
 One kiss from her cheek,
 'Tis so soft and so sleek,
 That 'twould warm me like whisky.

So I sobs and I pine,
 And I grunts like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel ;

No rest can I take,
 All asleep or awake,
 But I dreams of my jewel.
 Your hate, then, give over,
 Nor Dermuid, your lover,
 So cruelly handle ;
 Or, faith, Dermuid must die,
 Like a pig in a sty,
 Or the snuff of a candle.

THE ENTRENCHMENT OF ROSS.

The ballad on the entrenchment of New Ross, in 1265, which is here given as a specimen of ancient local song, was first printed in the "Archæologia," vol. xxii., having been communicated to the Society of Antiquaries in 1829 by Sir Frederic Madden, with the following introductory observations :—

"Among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, is preserved a highly curious volume, written at the commencement of the fourteenth century, containing a miscellaneous collection of pieces in verse and prose, apparently the production of an Irish ecclesiastic, and chiefly of a satirical description. Most of these pieces are in English or Latin ; and there is great reason to conclude that they are from the pen of Friar Michael Kyldare,* who is expressly named as the author of a ballad, fol. 10, and who is erroneously assigned by Ritson, in his 'Bibliographia Poetica,' to the fifteenth, instead of the

* In Bishop Tanner's "Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica" (a dictionary of all the English and Irish authors previous to the seventeenth century) this article occurs :—"Kildare [Michael] monachus vel frater Mendicans, scripsit Anglice *carmen piuum*. Pr. 'Sweet Jesu hend and fre.' M. S. Norwic. More, 784."—ED.

beginning of the preceding century. But towards the close of this MS. (which, from the folios having been strangely misplaced, is very difficult to follow in the order of contents), occurs an extremely interesting poem, written in the ancient or Norman-French language, contributing in a remarkable degree to throw illustration on the early topography and history of the town of New Ross in Ireland.

“The poem in question is thus described in the Harleian Catalogue, No. 913, Art. 43,—‘*Rithmus facture ville de Rosse*, being a French poem upon the quarrel which happened there, between Sir Morice and Sir Wauter A.D. 1265.’ This is not a very accurate description, since the object of the writer (who was an eye-witness, and therefore of undoubted authority) was not to relate a quarrel between two anonymous knights, but to give a detailed and highly interesting narrative of the erection of the walls and fortifications of the town of Ross; occasioned by the dread felt by the inhabitants, lest the unprotected and open situation of the place might cause them to suffer from a feud then raging with violence between two powerful barons.”

“These barons,” according to Sir Frederic Madden, “were Maurice Fitzmaurice,* the chief of the Geraldine faction, and Walter de Burgo or Bourke, Earl of Ulster, whose deadly wars, as Sir James Ware writes, under the year 1264, ‘wrought bloodshed and troubles throughout the realm of Ireland.’”

The Editor, however, is inclined to think, that whoever the Sir Maurice mentioned may have been, and he probably was a Fitzgerald, the Sir Walter was not a De Burgo, but a Le Poer, or Power, not improbably the father of the Walter le Power, who is chronicled by Holinshed, in 1302, as having “wasted a great part of

* He died in New Ross in 1286.—COLLINS'S *Peerage*.—ED.

Mounster, burning manie farmes and places in that countrie.”

Stanihurst's account of the entrenchment of New Ross, as given in Holinshed, is exceedingly minute. “Rosse,” he writes, is “an haven towne in Mounster, not far from Waterford, which seemeth to have beene in ancient time a towne of great port. Whereof sundrie and probable conjectures are given, as well by the old ditches that are now a mile distant from the wals of Rosse, betweene which wals and ditches, the reliks of the ancient wals, gates, and towers, placed betweene both, are yet to be seene. The towne is builded in a barren soile, and planted among a crue of naughtie and prolling neighbours. And in old time when it flourished, albeit the towne were sufficientlie peopled, yet as long as it was not compassed with wals, they were formed with watch and ward, to keep it from the greedie snatching of the Irish enimies. With whome as they were generallie molested, so the privat cousening of one pezzant on a sudden incensed them to inviron their towne with strong and substantiall wals.

“There repaired one of the Irish to this towne on horsebacke, and espieng a peece of cloth on a merchant's stall, tooke hold thereof, and bet the cloth to the lowest price he could. As the merchant and he stood dodging one with the other in cheaping the ware, the horsseman considering that he was well mounted, and that the merchant and he had growne to a price, made wise as though he would have drawne to his purse to have defraied the monie. The cloth in the meane while being tucked up and placed before him, he gave the spur to his horsse and ran awaie with the cloth, being not imbarde from his posting pase, by reason the towne was not perclosed either with ditch or wall. The townesmen being pinched at the heart that one rascal in such

scornefull wise should give them the slampaine, not so much weieng the slendernesse of the losse, as the shamefulnessse of the foile, they put their heads together, consulting how to prevent either the sudden rushing, or the post-haste flieng of anie such adventurous rakehell hereafter.

“ In which consultation a famous Dido, a chast widow, a politike dame, a bountifull gentlewoman, called Rose, who, representing in sinceritie of life the sweetnessse of that hearbe whose name she bare, unfolded the devise, how anie such future mischance should be prevented, and withall opened hir coffers liberallie to have it furthered; two good properties in a councellor. Hir devise was, that the towne should incontinentlie be inclosed with wals, and therewithall promised to discharge the charges, so that they would not sticke to find out labourers. The devise of this worthie matrone being wise, and the offer liberall, the townesmen agreed to follow the one, and to put their helping hands to the atchiving of the other. The worke was begun, which, thorough the multitude of hands, seemed light. For the whole towne was assembled, tag and rag, cut and long taile; none exempted, but such as were bed-red and impotent. Some were tasked to delve, others appointed with mattocks to dig, diverse allotted to the unheaping of rubbish, manie bestowed to the cariage of stones, sundrie occupied in tempering of morter, the better sort busied in overseering the workmen, ech one according to his vocation imploied, as though the civitie of Carthage were afresh in building, as it is featlie versified by the golden poet Virgil, and neatlie Englished by Master Doctor Phaer.

“ But to returne from Dido of Carthage to Rose of Rosse, and her worke. The labourers were so manie, the worke, by reason of round and exchequer paiment, so

well applied, the quarrie of faire marble so neere at hand (for they affirme that out of the trenches and ditches hard by their rampiers the stones were had ; and all that plot is so stonie, that the foundation is an hard rocke) that these wals with diverse brave turrets were suddenlie mounted, and in manner sooner finished, than to the Irish enimies notified ; which I wisse was no small corsie to them. These wals in circuit are equal to London wals. It hath three gorgeous gates—Bishop his gate on the east side, Algate on the east-south-east side, and Southgate on the south part. This towne was no more famoused for these wals, than for a notable wooden bridge that stretched from the towne unto the other side of the water, which must have beene by reasonable surveie twelve score [], if not more. Diverse of the poales, logs, and stakes, with which the bridge was underpropt, sticke to this daie in the water. A man would here suppose, that so flourishing a towne, so firmelie builded, so substantiallie walled, so well peopled, so plentiouslie with thriftie artificers stored, would not have fallen to anie sudden decaie.” *

Stanihurst, whose account was published in 1586, adds, “The wals stand to this daie, a few streets and houses in the towne, no small parcel thereof is turned to orchards and gardens. The greater part of the towne is steepe and steaming upward. Their church is called Christ’s Church, in the north side whereof is placed a monument, called ‘the King of Denmarke, his toome ;’ whereby conjecture may rise that the Danes were founders of that church. This Rosse is called Rosse Nova, or Rosse Ponti, by reason of their bridge.”

* Dormer, a lawyer, is enumerated by Stanihurst among the authors of Ireland as a scholar of Oxford, born in Ross, who wrote in ballad royal, “The Decaie of Rosse.”

In addition to what Sir Frederic Madden has said respecting the manuscript in which the ballad on the entrenchment of New Ross occurs, an attempt to trace its history may not be unsatisfactory. That a friar named Michael of Kildare was the writer, is not only tolerably certain from the passage alluded to by Sir Frederic Madden, which is the closing verse of a religious song, viz.—

* ‘ This sang wrozt a frere,
 Jhesu Crist be is socure,
 Loverd bring him to the tour,
 Frere Michel Kyldare ;’

but from a satire in Latin, at p. 26 v^o, which commences, “Ego, Michael Bernardi.” The manuscript consists of 64 leaves of vellum, 12mo size, and is written in a good hand, and embellished with initial letters in colours. On folio 25, a paragraph commences “Anno domini, m^o. ccc^o. viij. xx^a. die Feb.,” which is the identical year when the song on the death of Sir Piers de Birmingham, printed by Ritson, in his “Collection of Ancient Songs,” from this manuscript, appears to have been composed.* From

* “Sith Gabriel gan grete

Ure ledi mari swete

That Godde wold in hir lizte

A thousand ær hit isse

Thre hundred ful i wisse

And over zeri eizte.

1000

300

8

—
 1308

Than of the eizt zere

Tak twies ten ifere

That wol be xxth fulle ;

Apan the xx dai

Of Averil bifor Mai

So deth us gan to pulle.’

20

—
 1288—date of event.

this coincidence, the year 1308 may be fairly assigned as the date of this manuscript. Various notices respecting it at different periods, enable us to trace its history with some degree of accuracy. On the suppression or dissolution of the monastery in which the volume had been preserved, it came into the possession of a George Wyse, as is evident from the following entry, in the writing of Elizabeth's time, on the back of the second folio :—

*“Iste Liber pertinet ad
me GEORGIC WYSE.”*

The comparison of the autograph of George Wyse, who was bailiff of Waterford in 1566, and mayor of that city in 1571, which is extant in the State Paper Office, leaves little doubt as to the identity of this individual. The Wyse family, it may be observed, were distinguished for their literary taste. Stanihurst, speaking of them, remarks, that “of this surname there flourished sundrie learned gentlemen. There liveth,” he adds, “one Wise, in Waterford, that maketh [verse?] verie well in the English;” and he particularly mentions “Andrew Wise, a toward youth and a good versifyer.” To the same family were granted various ecclesiastical possessions in Ireland. Sir William Wyse, the ancestor of the late member for Waterford, and possibly the father of the above-mentioned George, had a grant of the Abbey of St. John, near that city, 15th November, 1536.

However this manuscript may have come into the hands of a member of the Wyse family, it seems to have continued, if not in their possession, at least in the same locality; as, in the reign of James I., it is noticed as “The Book of Ross or Waterford:” see No. 418 of the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, a collection made by Sir James Ware, which contains transcripts of

several pieces from it, where the following note occurs upon the copy of the song already mentioned respecting the death of Sir Piers de Birmingham: "*Out of a smale olde book in parchm^t, called the book of Rosse or Waterford. Feb. 1608.*"

The Editor is not aware of any further notice by which the history of this interesting manuscript can be traced, until the appearance of the "*Catalogus Manuscriptum Angliæ et Hiberniæ,*" printed in 1697, where it is mentioned as in the library of More, Bishop of Norwich. That this little collection of monkish rhymes should have escaped the fanaticism of the Commonwealth, proves either how highly it was prized, or that its escape was almost miraculous, and therefore baffles sober conjecture. But having been transferred to the library of Bishop More, a few years after that in which it is registered as being in his possession, the English poem which this manuscript contains on Cokaygne, was printed in the "*Thesaurus*" of Dr. Hickes, from a manuscript lent to him by Bishop Tanner.

A careful comparison of the poem on Cokaygne, as printed by Hickes, with the copy in "*The Book of Ross or Waterford*" (the only early copy now known to exist in manuscript), can leave no question that the original of Hickes was derived from the copy in the British Museum. And, as no such manuscript is to be found in the public library of the University of Cambridge, where More's manuscripts were deposited after his death, and also as the contents in the *Catalogue of 1697* agree with those of the Harleian MS. No. 913, there can be little doubt that the MS. "*Book of Ross or Waterford,*" as Sir James Ware's copyist calls it, had been lent by More to Tanner, and that not having been returned before the death of the former prelate, or from some other cause, it had afterwards

passed into the library of the Earl of Oxford. The circumstance, hitherto unexplained, of this manuscript being mentioned, at nearly the same period, as in the possession of several persons, has led to the supposition that two, or even three, copies of it were in existence.

At the time that "The Book of Ross or Waterford" came into the Harleian Library, it certainly was in a very tattered condition, and some of the leaves wanting. At present (as already noticed by Sir Frederic Madden) many of the leaves are transposed, the order of the pieces does not coincide strictly with that in More's Catalogue, and two or three articles have evidently been lost.

Among the transcripts made for Sir James Ware (Lansdowne MSS. 418), the following tantalizing note is an evidence of the loss of an Anglo-Irish ballad of some interest—at least to any one engaged in the investigation of the history of Irish Song:—

"There is in this book a longe discourse in meter putting the youth of Waterford in mind of harme taken by the povers,* and wishing them to beware for the time to come; I have written out the first staffe only—

'Young men of Waterford,' &c.

And it would seem from the transcript that the copyist was deterred from proceeding, by the difficulty he experienced in reading his original. "The Book of Ross or

* Upon this the compiler of the Lansdowne Catalogue (who was the late Mr. Douce, justly esteemed in his day for superior accuracy and antiquarian knowledge) observes: "The Povers seem to mean the paupers or rabble," in perfect ignorance that the Poers or Powers were the clan alluded to. Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, has queried, whether the common expression of "By the powers," does not refer to the warlike strength of the Poer family, or faction, becoming proverbial.

Waterford" being now known as the Harleian MSS. No. 913, it may save the inquisitive Irish reader some trouble by stating that its contents are of a very miscellaneous character. Most of the articles in it are, as numismatists say, "unique and unpublished;" but the only poems which have any direct reference to Ireland, beside the Anglo-Norman ballad on "The Entrenchment of New Ross," are the song on the death of Sir Piers de Birmingham, already mentioned as printed by Ritson, and a satirical lyric, in which the conduct of the monks of various orders, and the nuns of St. Mary's house, is severely handled, as well as the mode of dealing then practised, and, it is to be feared, but since little amended, by the merchants, tailors, shoemakers, tanners, potters, bakers, brewers, hucksters, and wool-combers. Both the latter songs are in English, There is also the following scrap in Anglo-Norman [fol. 15. v°.], entitled "*Proverbia comitis Desmonie*," the history or point of which is not very evident beyond an ingenious play upon words—

“ Soule su simple e saunz solas,
 Seignury me somount sojorner,
 Si suppris sei de moune solas,
 Sages se deit soul solacer.

Soule ne solai sojorner,
 No solein estre de petit solas,
 Sovereyn se est de se solacer,
 Que se sent soule e saunz solas.”

To return to the ballad on "The Entrenchment of New Ross." It appears evident from it that the inhabitants feared that, in the war between two powerful barons, they should be exposed to insult and reprisal from the Irish who were engaged in the quarrel. At this period—the middle of the thirteenth century—it should be borne in mind, that town and country were two distinct states,

under entirely different governments. The towns were republics, under the protection of the king; the country was under the despotic government of a whole tribe of tyrants, and under no protection whatever. The corporate towns, therefore, walled themselves, in order to be able to preserve their neutrality in the wars of the district which surrounded them. This, which was the case in England, must have been still more necessary in a country like Ireland, where the townsmen were English, and the countrymen chiefly Irish.

The whole tenor of this very remarkable song shows that it was written when the fosse was nearly finished, but before the walls were begun. The fosse, or ditch, was always the first part of such undertakings; therefore, in the translation, where, for the sake of rhyme, or from any other cause, the word "wall" is used, it must be understood as meaning the fosse, or preparatory step towards the building of the wall; and in the passage where the word "rampart" occurs, it is intended to express the ground above the fosse. Indeed, the passage is not unlike the one in "Hudibras," descriptive of the entrenchments formed by the citizens of London in 1642, upon the alarm that it was the intention of the royal army to attack the metropolis:—

“ March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
 T'entrench the city for defence in;
 Raised rampiers with their own soft hands
 To put the enemy to stands;
 From ladies down to oyster wenches,
 Laboured like pioneers in trenches;
 Fall'n to their pick-axes and tools,
 And helped the men to dig like moles.”

The burgesses of New Ross, however, as far as the song goes, laboured not in building the wall, but in digging

the fosse; and, while they rested on Sunday, the ladies carried stones, and placed them alongside of the fosse, to be ready to build the wall when the entrenchment was completed. And thence these fair dames go and talk of building one of the gates themselves. After Sunday the burgesses again resumed their digging at the fosse, which was twenty feet in depth, and, according to the words of the ballad, so soon as it shall be completed will be a league in length. It is, therefore, to be presumed that the fosse was not quite completed when the song now given was composed by some merry minstrel of the place on the day noted at the conclusion, and it was perhaps sung at the corporation dinner after their work.

In Sir Richard Musgrave's "History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798," a plan of the town of New Ross may be found (which plan was, the Editor believes, sketched for Sir Richard, by Miss Mary Ann Tottenham). In this plan the town appears inclosed by a wall, defended by towers, to which the following names are attached:—"North Gate," "Maiden Tower," "Market Gate," "Bun-ion Gate," "Weaver's Tower," "Brogue Makers' Tower," "Three Bullet Gate" (where Lord Mountjoy was killed in the attack on New Ross, in 1798), "Mary's Tower," and "The Priory, or South Gate."

Upon the line.

"E od floites e taburs,"

Sir Frederic Madden remarks, in the "Archæologia," "The flute is mentioned as a musical instrument in the romances of Alexander, Dolopathos, and several others of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In a curious poem of Guillaume de Machault, a writer of the fourteenth century, among other instruments of music, is noticed '*Za*

flaute brehaigne, on which Roquefort remarks, 'C'étoit probablement une flûte chapêtre.' But may we not interpret this the *Irish flute*, in contradistinction to the *flûte traversière*, or German flute? Walker, in his 'Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards,' p. 90, has stated that no record exists to prove the use of the flute among the ancient Irish; but at the same time owns it highly probable this instrument was known to them, particularly from the length of some of the notes in the early Irish melodies appearing calculated rather for the flute than the harp."

It only remains for the Editor to add, that the translation of the curious ballad to which these observations are prefixed, was made, at his request, by Mrs. George Maclean, in 1831. In the playful letter which accompanied her translation, she (L. E. L.) observes, "I am not quite sure that I perfectly understand the line—

"Qe ja ne li leireit vilein fere,"

which Mr. Madden, in his communication to your society, is pleased to slur, by saying, 'after paying a compliment to these heroines, in the usual style of such compliments, and therefore not worth repeating,' &c. Now, I doubt whether any compliment ever paid to a woman was utterly thrown away; and, in the belief that some fair dame of the present day may like to see that the ladies of old were flattered much the same as now, I have ventured to turn the compliment."

I have a whim to speak in verse,
If you will list what I rehearse,
For an unheeded tale, I wisse,
Not worth a clove of garlic is.
Please you, then, to understand,
'Tis of a town in Ireland,

For its size the one most fair
 That I know of anywhere.
 But the town had cause of dread
 In the feud two barons spread ;
 Sir Maurice and Sir Walter—see,
 Here their names shall written be ;
 Also that fair city's name—
 Ross they then did call the same.

[Fol. 64.]

Rithmus facture Ville de Rosse.

Talent me prent de rimaunceir,
 S'il vous plet de escoteir ;
 Kar parole qe n'est oïe,
 Ne vaut pas un aillie.
 Pur ce vous prie d'escoter,
 Si me oïes ben aücer
 De une vile en Ireland,
 La plus bele de sa grand
 Qe je sache en nule tere.
 Mes poure avoint de un gerre,
 Qe fu par entre deus barouns,
 Vei-ci escrit amdeus lur nuns—
 Sire Morice e Sire Wauter.
 Le noun de la vile voil nomer,
 Ros le devez apeler ;
 C'est le novel pont de Ros :
 Ce fu lur poure ke ne furent clos.
 A lur conseil un joure alerent,
 E tot la commune ens enterent ;
 Lur conseil pristerent en tele maner,
 Qe .i. mure de mortar e de* pere
 Voilent enture la vile feire,
 Qe poure avoint de cel géere.
 A la chandeler commencerent,
 De mercher la fosse y alerent,
 Coment le mure dut aler.
 Aleint liz prodoms mercher,

* *De* is repeated in the MS. by an error of the scribe.

'Tis the new bridge-town of Ross,
 Which no walls did then inclose ;
 It therefore feared a stranger's blows.
 Commons both, and leading men,
 Gathered in the council then,
 What for safety to devise,
 In shortest time and lowest price :
 'Twas that round the town be thrown
 Walls of mortar and of stone.
 For this war filled them with fear ;
 Much they dreaded broil so near.
 Candlemas, it was the day*
 They began to delve in clay,
 Marking out a fosse, to show
 Where the future wall should go.

[Fol. 64^e.]

E avoint le mure merché ;
 Pur overors unt tost mandé.
 Cent ou plus chescun jour
 I vont overer od grand honor.
 Les burgeis entur la fosse alerent.
 E gent lowis poi espleiterent ;
 E à lure conseil re-alerent.
 E un purveans purparlerent,
 Ke unkes tele purveance
 Ne fu en Engleter, ne en France.
 E lendemain en firent crier,
 E tot la commune enssembler ;
 La purveance fu là mustré,
 E tot la commune ben païé.
 Une prodome sus leva,
 La purveans i mustra,

* Candlemas-day is the 2nd of February. It is proverbially the commencement of spring.

“On Candlemas-day
 Throw candle and candlestick away.”

Soon 'twas traced, and then were hired
 Workmen ; all, the task desired.
 More than a hundred workmen ply,
 Daily, 'neath the townsmen's eye ;
 Yet small advance these fellows made,
 Though to labour they were paid.
 So the council met again ;
 Such a law as they pass'd then !
 Such a law might not be found,
 Nor on French nor English ground.
 Next day a summons, read aloud,
 Gathered, speedily, a crowd ;
 When the law proclaimed they hear,
 'Twas received with many a cheer.
 Then a good man did advance,
 And explained the ordinance,

Dies lune.

¶ Ke le Lundi tot primers
 Irrunt à la fosse le vineters,
 Mercers, marchans, e drapers,
 Ensemblement od lez vineters,
 Del oure de prime de ke nune sonée
 Dussent overer au fossée.
 Et si si funt eus mult bonement,
 I vont overir od bele gent,
 Mil e plus, pur voir vous die,
 I vont overir chescun lundi,
 O beles baners e grantz honors,
 E od floites e taburs.
 E ausi tost cum noune souné.
 I vont al ostel li prodome ;
 Lure baners y vont devant.
 La jevene gent haut chantant,
 Par tot la vile karoler,
 Oue grant joi vount laborer.
 E les prestes quan [t] ont chanté
 Si vont overir au fossé,

21.

[Fol. 61.]

Vintners, drapers, merchants, all
 Were to labour at the wall,
 From the early morning time,
 Till the day was in its prime.
 More than a thousand men, I say,
 Went to the goodly work each day.

Monday, they began their labours,
 Gay, with banners, flutes, and tabors ;
 Soon as the noon-hour was come,
 These good people hastened home,
 With their banners proudly borne.
 Then the youth advanced in turn,
 And the town, they made it ring,
 With their merry carolling ;
 Singing loud, and full of mirth,
 Away they go to shovel earth.

E travellent mut durement,
 Plus qe ne funt autre gent.
 Kar i sunt jevenes e vilysés,
 E grans e forts ben sojornés.
 Le mariners kant al ostel sunt,
 En bele maner au fosse vount,
 Lure baner en vete devont,
 La nef dedens est depoint.
 E apres la baner vont suent
 Bien vi. cens de bel gent ;
 E si fusement tuz alouteus,
 Tuz le nef e bateus,
 Plus i averent de xi. cens,
 Sachez pur veir, du bone gens.
 ¶ Le Mardi prochien suant apers,
 I vont taillurs e parmters.
 Tentururs, sulrurs, e celers,
 Bele gent sunt de lur mesters, —
 I vont overir cum dit devant ;
 Mes ne sunt tant de gent,

DC.

xiv.

And the priests, when Mass was chanted,*
 In the fosse they dug and panted ;
 Quicker, harder, worked each brother,
 Harder, far, than any other ;
 For both old and young did feel
 Great and strong, with holy zeal.
 Mariners came next, and they
 Pass'd along in fair array,
 With their banner borne before,
 Which a painted vessel bore.
 Full six hundred were they then ;
 But full eleven hundred men
 Would have gathered by the wall,
 If they had attended all.

Tuesday came, coat-makers, † tailors,
 Fullers, cloth-dyers, and “ sellers ; ” ‡

cccc.

Mes bien sunt iiij. cens,
 Sachez pur veir, de bele gens.
 Le Mekirdi prochein suant.
 I vont autre maner de gent,
 Cordiwaners, tannors, macecrers,
 Mult i a de beus bachelers ;

[Fol. 61b.]

* The preceding “ hora prima,” or, as it is translated, the “ early morning time,” means the break of day; and the “ hora nona,” three o'clock in the afternoon. The priests went to work after vespers, which began at four o'clock P.M.

† *Parmitiers* means *faiseurs d'habits*, what we call habit-makers, which, up to a recent time, appears to have been a distinct trade, by tailors still calling themselves “ tailors and habit-makers.”

‡ Saddlers, from the French, *selle*, a saddle. The word frequently occurs in Spenser :

“ — What mighty warrior that mote be,
 Who rode in golden *sell*, with single spear.”

Fairy Queen, II. iii. 12.

Right good hands, these jolly blades,
 Were they counted at their trades.
 Away they worked like those before,
 Though the others numbered more ;
 Scarce four hundred did they stand,
 But they were a worthy band.

Wednesday, following, down there came
 Other bands, who worked the same ;
 Butchers, cordwainers, and tanners,
 Bearing each their separate banners,
 Painted as might appertain
 To their craft, and, 'mid the train,
 Many a brave bachelor ;
 Small and great, when numbered o'er,
 Singing as they worked their song,
 Just three hundred were they strong.

Thursday came, the fishermen
 And the hucksters followed then,
 Who sell corn and fish : they bear
 Divers banners, for they were

ccc. Lur baners en sunt depeint
 Si com à lur mester apeint.
 CCC. sunt, si cum je quit,
 Qe oue grant e oue petit,
 E hautement vont karoler,
 Ausi com funt li primer.
 ¶ Le Judi vont li pescurs,
 E lez regraturs trestuz,
 Qe ble vendunt e poissuns ;
 Divers sunt lur gonfanuns.
 Bien y vont en icel jour,
 cccc. CCCC. od grant honer.
 E karolent e chantent haut,
 Com le primers par devant.

Full four hundred ; and the crowd
 Carolled and sung aloud ;
 And the wainwrights, they came too—
 They were only thirty-two ;
 A single banner went before,
 Which a fish and platter bore.*
 But on Saturday the sir
 Of blacksmith, mason, carpenter,
 Hundreds three with fifty told,
 Many were they, true and bold ;
 And they toiled with main and might,
 Needful knew they 'twas, and right.

Then on Sunday there came down
 All the dames of that brave town ;
 Know, good labourers were they,
 But their numbers none may say.

Lez waynpayns vont ausi
 Meimes en icel Judi,
 Apres les altres vont derer,
 E par devant ount bele baner—
 Le esquele e le peissun par dedens
 En lur baner est depeins.
 Issi vont ens au fossée,
 XXXIJ. sunt pur verité.

xxxij.

¶ Le parti . . s vont le Vendredi,
 Bien sunt ccc. e demy.
 Lur baners en sunt devant,
 Al orle de fosse en estant.

ccc.d.

[Fol. 55.]

* Friday's work is
 not translated, as there
 is no means of guess-
 ing at the trade.—
 L. E. L.

Lez carpenters vont le Samadi,
 E fevers e masuns autresi ;
 Mult bele gent sunt je vouts plevi
 Ben sunt ccc. e demy,
 E tuz vont overir od bon corage,
 Sachez de ce en funt qe sage.

ccc.d.

¶ Le Demaing les dames i vont,
 Sachez de veires bon overe i funt ;

On the ramparts there were thrown,
 By their fair hands, many a stone ;
 Who had there a gazer been,
 Many a beauty might have seen.
 Many a scarlet mantle too,
 Or of green or russet hue ;
 Many a fair cloak had they,
 And robes dight with colours gay.
 In all lands where I have been,
 Such fair dames working I've not seen.
 He who had to choose the power,
 Had been born in lucky hour.
 Many a banner was displayed,
 While the work the ladies aid ;
 When their gentle hands had done
 Piling up rude heaps of stone,

Numerus non est. Le nombre ne sai de cert nomer,
 Nule hom vivant ne les puit conter.
 Totz la pere i vont jeter,
 E hors de fosse à porter ;
 Ki qe la fut pur esgarder,
 Meint bele dame y put il veer,
 Meint mantel de escarlet,
 E de verd e de burnet,
 E meint bone roket bien ridée,
 Meint blank fen ben colourée ;
 Ke unkes en tere ou je ai esté,
 Tantz bele dames ne vi en fossée,
 Mult fu cil en bon ure née,
 Ke purreit choiser à sa volunté.
 Meint bele baner lur sunt devant,
 Tant cum sunt la pere portant ;
 E quant ont la pere aportée,
 Tant cum plect à volunté,
 Entur la fosse vont chanter,
 Avant qe en vile volen[t] entrer.

[Fol. 55b.]

Then they walked the fosse along,
 Singing sweet a cheerful song ;
 And returning to the town,
 All these rich dames there sat down :
 Where, with mirth, and wine, and song,
 Pass'd the pleasant hours along.
 Then they said a gate they'd make,
 Called the Ladies', for their sake,
 And their prison there should be ;
 Whoso entered, straightway he
 Should forego his liberty.
 Lucky doom I ween is his,
 Who a lady's prisoner is ;
 Light the fetters are to wear
 Of a lady kind and fair :
 But of them enough is said,
 Turn we to the fosse instead.
 Twenty feet that fosse is deep,
 And a league in length doth creep.

E quant en la vile sunt entrés,
 Les riches dames sunt ensembiés,
 E juent et beivent e karolent,
 E de bons enveisurus en parolent,
 E chescun à autre en confort,
 E dient qe ferunt un port,
 La Port de Dames avera à noune ;
 E la en ferunt lur prisune.
 E qi en lur prisun est entré,
 De tut n'en avera sa volunté,
 Il ne di pas pur nule blame,
 Bon serreit estre en prisun de dame ;
 Kar bone dame est deboner,
 Qe ja ne li leireit vilein fere.
 De dames ore me voil lesser,
 E du fosse plus en parler.

When the noble work is done,
 Watchmen then there needeth none :
 All may sleep in peace and quiet,
 Without fear of evil riot.
 Fifty thousand might attack,
 And yet turn them bootless back.
 Warlike stores there are enough,
 Bold assailant to rebuff.
 We have hauberks many a one,
 Savage, garçon, haubergeon ;
 Doublets too, and coats of mail.
 Yew-bows good, withouten fail.
 In no city have I seen
 So many good glaives, I ween.
 Cross-bows hanging on the wall,
 Arrows too to shoot withal ;

Le fosse est xx pees parfunt,
 E une lue de vei teint ben de fung.
 Al oure qe serra tot parfait,
 Ja n'avera mester de aver gayte,
 Mes dormir puunt surement ;
 Ja n'averunt gard de male gent.
 Mè ke venissent xl mile,
 Ja n'en entrunt dedens la vile.
 Kar ens unt acez de garnesuns,
 Meint blanc auberk, e aubersuns,
 Meint parpunt, e meint aketun,
 E meint savage garsun,
 E mult de bon arblasters,
 E de arc de main mult bons archers,
 Qe unkes en vile ou je ai esté
 Ne vi tant de bone glenné,
 Ne tant arblastes au pareis pendre,
 Ne tant de quarels despendre ;
 E chescun oustel plein de maces,
 E bonez escuz e tolfaces.

[Fol. 56.]

Every house is full of maces,
 And good shields and talevaces.*
 Cross-bow men when numbered o'er,
 Are three hundred and three score ;
 And three hundred archers show,
 Ready with a gallant bow ;
 And three thousand men advance,
 Armed with battle-axe and lance ;
 Above a hundred knights, who wield
 Arms aye ready for the field.
 I warrant you the town's prepared
 'Gainst all enemies to guard.
 Here I deem it meet to say,
 No desire for war have they,

Bein sunt garnis, je vous plevis,
 Pur bien defendre de lur enemis.

Qe arblaster, vus di pur vers,
 CCC. sunt lxiiij.

Ke à lur mostresun furent contez,
 E en loure rol sunt arollez.

E de autres archers xii. cens,
 Sachez pur veir, de bon gens.

E de autre part furent iij mile

O lances, e od haches de membles la vile.

E gens à chival C. e quater,
 Bien furent armés pur combater.

Mè je vous die tot, sanz faille,

Ens ne desirent nule bataile,

Mes lur vile voleint garder,

De maveis gent, à lur pover.

ccc[lxiiij.]

xij^o.

III.

c. iiij.

* The talevace was a large wooden shield, particularly used by the Scotch and Irish, as would appear. See Ducange, in vv. *Talvacius* and *Tavolucius*. Sir Frederic Madden's note is "See Roquefort, v. *Talevos*, and notes and glossary to the 'Romance of Havelok,' v. 2320."

But to keep their city free,
 Blamed of no man can they be.
 When the wall is carried round,
 None in Ireland will be found
 Bold enough to dare to fight.
 Let a foeman come in sight,
 If the city horn twice sound,
 Every burgess will be found
 Eager in the warlike labour,
 Striving to outdo his neighbour ;
 God give them the victory !
 Say amen for charity.
 In no other isle is known
 Such a hospitable town ;
 Joyously the people greet
 Every stranger in their street.

[Fol. 56b.]

Nule home de ce ne lez dut blamer
 Qe lur vile voleint fermer,
 Qe quant la vile serra fermé,
 E le mure tot vironé,
 N'ad Ires en Irland si hardi,
 Qi l'oserent asailler, je vus plevi,
 Qe kant unt j. corne ij. feez cornée ;
 Tantost la commune est ensemblée,
 E as armes vont tost corant ;
 Chescun à envie pur aler devant,
 Tant sunt corajus e hardi
 Pur eus venger de lur enemi.
 Deu lur doint si en venger !
 E la vile à honur garder ;
 Qe deus en seit de tot paié ;
 E tuz diez amen pur charité.
 Kar ce est la plus franch vile
 Qe seit en certain ne en yle ;
 E tot hom estrange est ben venu,
 E de grant joi est resceü,

Free is he to sell and buy,
 And sustain no tax thereby.
 Town and people once again
 I commend to God. Amen.

E chater e vendre en pute ben,
 Qe nul hom ne li demandra reen.
 A deu la vile je command,
 E tous qe dedens sunt habitand.
 Amen, amen, amen.

Ce fu fet l'an del incarnation nostre Seignur, m.cc.lxxv.

SHANDRUM BOGGOON.

Boggoon is the Irish for bacon. Stanihurst quotes the fragment of a song that probably was popular in Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth; according to which,

“He is not a king that weareth saten.
 But he is a king that eateth bacon.”

Shandrum (in English, the old hill) is the seat of William Allen, Esq., near Charleville, in the county of Cork—a gentleman no less remarkable for his hospitality than Shandrum is for the excellence of the bacon produced there.

The author of the song in praise of Shandrum boggoon is Mr. Edward Quin, also the writer of another popular song called “Bobety Dawly,” and the brother of Mr. Simon Quin, whose “Town of Passage” may be found at p. 254. Both the brothers have long since abandoned their coquetry with the Irish Muse for the more substantial employment of English coach-building, which Mr. Edward Quin successfully carries on in London.

Blackrock Castle, and the Baths, mentioned in the second verse, are prominent objects on the south shore of the river Lee, along which the New Wall, a stone embankment, extends for more than a mile from Cork. Mount Prospect race-course is distant about four miles from "the beautiful city."

On the circumstance alluded to in the third verse, it is only necessary to state that the ingenious fancy of the Irish ballad publishers produces annually, or sometimes more frequently, a marvellous story of the appearance of the evil one, with various minute particulars of his dining, supping, or spending the evening in the company of some individual; and which stories, adorned with a fearful woodcut, being duly printed, sell and circulate, to the no small profit of the publishers, advantage of the vendors, and terror of all true believers therein.

Air—*"The Black Joke."*

To Goddesses, Graces, the Lakes of Killarney,

To "Bobety Dawly," to Passage, to Blarney,

Some folks have attempted their lays to attune;

But the subject on which these few lines are compose'

Was never yet chanted in verse or in prose.

The reason is plain—no praise did it need;

If you ever should taste it, you'd swear it, indeed:

What I mean now, an' please you, is Shandrum
boggoon.

Of old greedy Midas a strange story's told,

That, whatever he'd touch, it would turn into gold.

Were that attribute mine, I would barter it soon

For the gift that, whatever I'd touch, I'd at ease

Convert to the substance or form that I'd please:

Oh! I'd touch Blackrock Castle, the Baths and New
 Wall,
 Mount Prospect race-course, the racers and all,
 And I'd turn them at once into Shandrum boggoon.

If you credit report, about this time last year
 His terrific highness the Devil did appear,
 And dined with one Martin, who lives in Johnstown.
 'Tis said in that place he has chosen to dwell,
 Perhaps somewhere near us. Lord save us! 'tis weil
 That they've got no boggoon; by my soul, 'twould
 require
 A host of the *clargy* to banish the squire,
 If he e'er set his eyes upon Shandrum boggoon.

Since in praise of boggoon I've the honour to start,
 Indulge me, for once, in a wish of my heart—
 And this wish shall be mine till I'm laid in the tomb:
 May the inmates of Shandrum, encircling that board,
 Enjoy every comfort this world can afford—
 Have always a plenty, and should we go there,
 A heart to divide it, and never worse fare
 Than a ham, fitch, or gammon of Shandrum boggoon.

SHANNON'S FLOWERY BANKS.

The music of this song was by Mr. Carter, a member of the choir of Cloyne, who also composed the beautiful and well-known melody of "O, Nannie, wilt thou gang with me?" The Shannon, and its banks, have been long a favourite locality with Irish poets. Among the

popular broadsides now lying before the Editor, are songs entitled "The Shannon Side," "Lovely Jane of the Shannon Side," "Shannon's Cottage Maid," &c. ; and in a very small book among the Sloane MSS. (No. 3514),* may be found, "The Shannon's Praise," wherein, after other matters, it is stated, that

"For sixty miles and more, the swelling sea
Comes rousing up its streams twice every day,
Where vessels of great burden safely ride,
And swiftly saile, assisted by the tyde ;
And if that craggy, steep, confounded rock,
Near Killaloe, were, by good fortune, broak
Up to its very head, from raging sea,
Yon vessels of great burden might convey :
Which winding voyage, if you rightly count,
To twice a hundred miles it will amount.
Some rivers are for their great bridges praised,
And for the many arches on them raised ;
The Themis has nineteen arches, and no more,
Portumney nineteen, and, besides, a score,
Which shews the Shannon doth widely exceed
The Themis, the Clyde, and the dividing Tweed."

Lord Macartney, when embarking, in 1781, for his government at Madras, thus addressed this noble river :—

" — Raptured, I try the strain,
Great king of floods ! to hail thy new-born reign,
Which breaks from darkness like the rise of day,
And gives the promise of imperial sway !
Already Commerce spreads her ample stores,
Pours Afric's riches on Ierne's shores ;

* This manuscript is chiefly in the Irish character. The following notes occur in it :—"Written in Ireland Nov^{br} y^o 17, 1713."—"Mr. John Scanlan to Mr. Dennis Connor, Traly."—Also, "Sep^r y^o 4th, 1727." Some of the initial letters are rather grotesque.

Brings either India's treasures to her view,
 Brazilian gold, and silver of Peru !
 Bids wondering navies on thy billows ride,
 Rolls the world's wealth, O Shannon, to thy tide !”

The view of Tarbert, given in Milton's "Seats of the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland," engraved after a picture by Wheatley, refers to the embarkation of Lord Macartney from the seat of Edward Leslie, Esq., afterwards Sir Edward Leslie, Bart., and the projected railroad may realize his lordship's anticipations of the Shannon.

In summer when the leaves were green,
 And blossoms decked each tree,
 Young Teddy then declared his love—
 His artless love, to me.
 On Shannon's flowery banks we sat,
 And there he told his tale ;
 "Oh, Patty ! softest of thy sex,
 Oh, let fond love prevail !

" Ah ! well-a-day, you see me pine
 In sorrow and despair,
 Yet heed me not. Then let me die,
 And end my grief and care."
 " Ah, no, dear youth," I softly said,
 " Such love demands my thanks ;
 And here I vow eternal truth
 On Shannon's flowery banks."

And then we vowed eternal truth
 On Shannon's flowery banks ;
 And there we gathered sweetest flowers,
 And played such artless pranks.

But woe is me, the press gang came
And forced my Ned away,
Just when we named next morning fair
To be our wedding-day.

“My love,” he cried, “they force me hence,
But still my heart is thine ;
All peace be yours, my gentle Pat,
While war and toil are mine ;
With riches I’ll return to thee.”
I sobbed out words of thanks,
And then we vowed eternal truth
On Shannon’s flowery banks.

And then we vowed eternal truth
On Shannon’s flowery banks,
And then I saw him sail away
And join the hostile ranks.
From morn to eve, full twelve dull months,
His absence sad I mourned ;
Then peace was made, the ship came back,
But Teddy ne’er returned.

His beauteous face and manly form
Have won a nobler fair ;
My Teddy’s false, and I forlorn
Must die in sad despair.
Ye gentle maidens, see me laid,
While you stand round in ranks ;
And plant a willow o’er my head
On Shannon’s flowery banks.

THE MAYOR OF WATERFORD'S LETTER.

The manuscript volume from which the two following ancient ballads respecting Waterford are transcribed, is in the State Paper Office. It appears to be the collection of some laborious antiquary about the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, and consists of nearly nine hundred pages, many of which are pasted over with apparently unarranged scraps and memoranda, chiefly relative to the history and legends of the South of Ireland.

This volume, which was bound in the time of Charles II., and bears the royal impress, is lettered on the back, "INSTRUCTIONS," merely because the first article in it is a copy of instructions from Edward VI. to Sir Anthony St. Leger, Lord Deputy, and others, for the better government of Ireland.*

"Ballad royal," or rhyme royal, was the name given to the measure in which the ballads or songs about Waterford are written; and it will be seen that they are in strict accordance with the rules laid down by George Gascoigne, in "*Certain Notes of Instruction concerning the making of Verse or Rhyme in English*," attached to "*The princelye Pleasures at the Courte of Kenelwoorth*; that is to say, the copies of all such verses, proses, or poetical inventions, and other devices of pleasure, as were then devised and presented by sundry gentlemen before the Queene's Majestie, in the year 1575."

"Rythme royall is a verse of tenne syllables, and tenne such verses make a staffe, whereof the first and

* Since this was written (1829), the volume above described has been taken to pieces, in order that its contents may be classified in the general arrangement of State Papers now in progress. The account of it, however, is retained, as in some degree connected with the history and preservation of these curious songs.

thirde lines do aunswer (acrosse) in like terminations and rime ; the second, fourth, and fifth, do likewise answere eche other in terminations ; and the two last do combine and shut up the sentence. This hath beene called rithme royail, and surely it is a royall kind of verse, serving but for grave discourses."

These specimens of Waterford rhyme royal have been evidently composed about the years 1487 and 1545.

The following very curious prose introduction, preserved with the manuscript copy from whence the ballad designated by the Editor "The Mayor of Waterford's Letter," and now for the first time printed, is transcribed, and with which copy it is contemporary, details the circumstances so minutely wherein the letter, or rather the metrical version of it, originated, that nothing is left for the Editor to observe ; except that, upon the suppression of the Rebellion, against the progress of which the town of Waterford took so decided a part, Sir Richard Edgecombe was sent over to Ireland.*

"Lambert, a boy, crowned at
 Dublin King of England,
 &c. An^o. Henric. 7. 3^o. } To the great discredit of
 foolish men, then held for
 wise, it is remembered, and
 the posteritie is to take notice of the foolery, that one Lambert, a boy, an organ-maker's sonne, was crowned at Dublin Kinge of England and Lord of Ireland, in the third yere of Henry the 7. The circumstances may not be forgotten. The Erle of Kildare, then governor of the realme, with the asistance of all the lordes spirituall and temporall, and commons, of the north part of Ireland, assembled in the Castell of Dublin, crowned the same

* The particulars of his visit, as is conjectured, written by himself, are printed in Harris's "Hibernica," No. III.

boy,* and proclaymed him as aforesaid. The crowne they took off the head of the image of our Lady of Damascus,† and clapt it on the boye's head.‡ The maior of Dublin tooke the boye in his armes, caried him about the citie in procession with great triumph, the clergie goinge before ; the Erle of Kildare, then governor ;

* Cox says he was crowned in Christ Church, Dublin.

† According to tradition, the crown was taken from the statue of the Virgin Mary in St. Mary's Abbey, or the Church of St. Mary les Dames. The identical statue is stated to be still in existence, and the one preserved in the New Church of the Carmelites, in Whitefriar Street, Dublin. At the time of the Reformation, this statue, it is supposed, was consigned to the flames. "One half of it was actually burnt—but it was the moiety which to a saint is perhaps not absolutely indispensable, and which, at least when placed in a niche, is not much missed ; the other half was carried by some devout or friendly hand to a neighbouring inn yard, where, with the face buried in the ground, and the hollow trunk appearing uppermost, it was appropriated, for concealment and safety, to the ignoble purpose of a hog-trough !" However accurate the foregoing statement may be—which is given with a print of the statue in that curious and interesting work, *The Dublin Penny Journal*—it is too much for the most credulous to believe, that "within the last few years the ancient silver crown, with which it was adorned, was taken from the Virgin's head, sold for its intrinsic value as old plate, and melted down." An editorial note, however, states, after doubting that it was the identical crown used at the coronation of Lambert Simnel, that "the crown itself we have often seen exposed for sale in the window of the jeweller to whom it was sold. It was a double-arched crown, such as appears on the coins of Henry the Seventh, and on his only ; a circumstance which marked with exact precision the age of the statue which it had adorned."

‡ The ceremony was rendered somewhat more solemn by a sermon, which was preached on the occasion by John Payne, who had been a Dominican friar, and was consecrated Bishop of Meath in 1483. "He turned," says Harris, "with the tide, and unpreached what he had preached before in favour of the mock prince."

Walter, Archbishop of Dublin, lord chaunceler, the nobilitie, counsell, and citizens of the said citie, followinge him as their kinge : unto whome, also, all the partes of Ireland yelded obedience. Shortly after the said Erle, as tutor and protector of the said kinge, wrote to John Butler, maior of Waterford, and to all the citizens, a straight charge and severe commaund upon their duty of allegianc to be well prepared, and with all redynes to receive their yonge kinge and lord, and, with all the forces they possible cold make, to assist him in his voiage unto his province of Mounster, where he and his counsail were to take order in affaires of great importance touchinge his crowne and dignitie. The maior of Waterford, discretly takinge the gayne of some small tyme to conferre with his bretherne, answered, ' I will send him answere by one of myne owne men ; ' and so sent him away.

" Within fewe dayes, with thadvise of his bretherne, he framed him an answere as followeth :—' All loialty and subjection to our soveraigne lord, Henry the 7, kinge of England and lord of Ireland, and health to your honorable person. With thadvise of my bretherne, havinge weyed in the ballance of loialty your imperiall and peremptorie comaund, with one consent, and beinge directed by them that are experienced, well seene in the lawes of both realmes, and are not to seeke much in roiall affaires concerninge the tyme, this is that we have to say : that he, whosoever he be, takinge upon him the imperiall crowne or name to be kyng of England, and is crowned in Dublin by a subject, Therle of Kyldare, and inhabitants of the citie of Dublin, havinge no right thereunto ; the citie of Waterford accepteth and demeth such a one, and all such as imbrace and further such a coronation and proclamation made in Dublin, to be rude enemies,

traitors, and rebels, to the right prince and kinge of England.'

"Therle myghtely stormed at this answer, and in his rage comaunded the poore messenger presently to be hanged in Hoggin Greene,* adjoyninge to the citie; wherewith Walter, Archbishop of Dublin, then Lord Chaunceler of Ireland, and others of the counsail, were not a little displeased. Imediatly the said Erle sent an herald in his coate of armes to Waterford, whome John Butler, maior, espied beyond the river, and caused a boate to ferry him over to understand his pleasure. The herald beinge come to the key, offred to land; the maior commanded he shold not sett foote on shore, but deliver his message out of the boate, and that favor he wold shew him in regard of his coate, and for Therle of Kyldare's sake, who, contrary to the lawe of armes, had hanged his messenger.

"The harold, though at the first amazed, yet gatheringe breath, and fearinge hard mesure because of th'execution of the maior's messenger, drew his sword, commanded the mariners to putt of the shore, and, if they wold not be directed by him, he wold runne them through. All for that tyme beinge effected to his content, he turned him to the maior and citizens, and said, 'Therle of Kyldare, tutor and governor to the kinge, with the consent of his majesty's counsail, straightly comaundeth the maior of the citie of Waterford, and the inhabitantes of the same, upon payne of hanginge at their dores, that they forthwith proclaime, or cause the kinge lately crowned at Dublin to be proclaymed, in their citie, Kinge of England and Lord of Ireland, and with all expedition to be in a redyness to goe with him into his province of Mounster upon speciall service.

* Now, College Green, Dublin.

“Whereunto the maior, of himself (being a man of bold spirit and good corage) gave answere, ‘Goe tell them that sent thee hither, that I will not suffer thy foote to come ashore, that I will not yeld unto their directions, and that I will save them a great labor—that they shall not needs to come to our dores ; for I (by the grace of God), with the citzens of Waterford and ayde of our neighbors, faithfull subjects to the crowne and dignitie of England, and the true and lawfull kinge of the same, beinge lord of Ireland, will meet them xxx myles of, and answere them with the sword of true loialty and subjection ; and thou, herald, get out of our sight.’ Forthwith the maior and his bretherne sent messengers to all the Butlers and Brenys,* and the townes of Carrek, Clone-mell, Callan, Kilkenny, Fitherth, Gawran, Bala mac kanden, Rosse in Wexford, that they and their followers wold receave entertaynement of the citie of Waterford in defence of the most noble Prince Henry 7, the true kinge of England and lord of Ireland, against a counterfeit kinge and his adherents lately crowned at Dublin. The Butlers, with their followers, returned answere that they, at a day and place appointed, with sufficient armes, colors displaid, and at their owne charges, with the adventure of their lives, wold meete them with v hundred horse and a thousand foote, and further if need required. The Brenys offred all kyndnes, together with the townes heretofore mentioned.

“When of all sides great thundrings passed, comen people in feare doubtinge what effect this course might take, and armes redy, the wynd blew a fayre gale from the east, and brought the forces and power of Kinge Henry 7 from England, some landinge at Scerrese, some

* Walsh or Weish, as often called Brenagh or Briton.

at Clontarf, and some others at Dalkey, and the places nere Dublin; which daunted the counterfeit kinge, Therle of Kyldare, and all their complices, cooled their stomaks, and quailed the hautye mynd of rebellious hartes; so that their attempt against Waterford was frustrat; and the counterfeit kinge, with his Erle tutor, Walter, Archbishop of Dublin, and many others, wer taken prisoners, and carried to the towr of London to receave reward con-digne, their desert.

“Duriinge this pagent, not daringe send messenger to Therle of Kyldare, the citie wrote to Walter, Archbishop of Dublin, in English ryme as followeth:—

‘O thou most noble pastour, chosen by God,
Walter, Archbishop of Dubiin.’”

In consequence of the conduct of the citizens of Waterford on this occasion, King Henry VII. addressed a letter to them, a copy of which may be found in Dr. Smith’s “History of Waterford;” it is dated from Warwick the 20th of October (1487), and in the subsequent May a new charter was granted to the city. Sir Richard Edgecombe arrived in the port of Waterford on the morning of the 30th of June, 1488; “and the same day, at afternoon, two boats came from the city of Waterford, and brought the seyd Sir Richard to the city, and ther the mayor and worshipful men of the same honourably receaved hym, and the maior lodgid the seyd Sir Richard in his own house, and made him right herty cheer.”

After breakfasting with the mayor on the 1st of July, Sir Richard Edgecombe embarked for Dublin; and it does not seem improbable that the mayor’s metrical letter was sung before Sir Richard, upon the occasion of his public entertainment by the city of Waterford. The State Paper Office manuscript is entitled—

“A Copie of Letter sent by the Maior and Inhabitants
of the Citie of Waterford unto Walter, Archbishop
of the Citie of Dublin, the Maior and Citizens of
the same, in the tyme of their Rebellion.”

O thou most noble pastour, chosen by God,
Walter, Archbishop of Dublin,
Elect by th'Apostle, bearing the rodd
Of perfect lief, and also of doctrine,
To rule thy people by true discipline ;
And if by custom men used a cryme,
Thou shouldest correct them from tyme to tyme.

To thee we recommend us right humblie,
And to all our masters of that citie ;
Our neighbours of Dublin right hartelie,
That be to us bound of old amitie,
And we to them knitt both in one unitie,
Which restes with us by their seale and writing,
Not for a tyme, but perpetuall enduring.

Our old progenitours kept well the same
Undefiled, without disseveraunce,
Following there truth and right noble fame,
As men of worth, with true perseveraunce ;
Wherefore all men said of their governaunce
The cities of Dublin and Waterford,
As true brethern, loveth in one accord.

The noble citizens of that faire citie—
Newberry, Wonder, Burnell and Crampe,
Bennett and Ledelawe *—God, of his pitie,

* The names enumerated, with the exception of Ledelawe, who probably was the town clerk or official secretary, appear as mayors of Dublin between the years 1434 and 1466. Thomas Newberry

Rest their soules on the celestiall sea,
 With all the sequele * of their affinitie ;
 And of that noble man, Thomas Fitz Symon, †
 In whose tyme Dublin was a noble town.

Theis noble men, by grace and victorie,
 Fortune inclyned her wheele to them so, .
 Their enemies to them did alwayes applie ;
 They had no resistance where they should go ;
 All theis, and other laudable actes mo, ‡
 Theis worthie men purchased so by grace,
 That all men loved them in everie place.

O Dublin ! Dublin ! where be the jurours,
 Thy noble men of aureat glorie ?
 They be all passed by processe of yeeres ;

was mayor of Dublin in 1438, 47, 51, 52, 58, 62, 63; and Sir Thomas Newberry in 1464. Nicholas Wonder (Harris, in his "History of Dublin," writes the name Woder) was mayor in 1434, 39, 41, 43, 44, 45, and 46; Nicholas Wonder, jun., in 1448; and Sir Nicholas Wonder in 1453. Sir Robert Burnell was mayor in 1450, 54, 59, and 61. William Crampe was bailiff of Dublin, 1448 and 50, and mayor in 1466; and John Bennett was mayor in 1449 and 1457.

* Relations; from *sequax*, a follower. It very frequently occurs in the letters of Henry VIIIth's time. "To O'Connor and his sequele,"—"The sequel of M'William," &c.—Mr. LEMON.

† Bailiff of Dublin in 1469, and mayor in 1475 and 1476.

‡ A common abbreviation of more; so common, that, in the public version of the Bible, it was continued so late as the edition of 1717 (Oxon.), and perhaps later. "The children of Israel are *no* and mightier than we."—Exod. i. 9. The black-letter quarto of 1584 has, in the same passage, "*greater* and mightier than we." At the same time, *no* and *more* were both used; and it does not appear why one or the other was preferred in any particular passage except when it favoured a rhyme.

So is their renowne, worship, and victorie.
 Alas! therefore, thow maist be right sorie,
 For thow hast made a plaine degression
 From thy true leageance unto rebellion.

The old amitie betwixt thee and us
 Is now late broken of thy parte onely ;
 Our men by thee weere taken right merveilous,
 Their goods spoiled without remedie :
 And albeit so, wee were not guiltie
 Of anie thing contrarie to good intent,
 Thou hadst our good without anie judgment.

O ye citizens of that faire citie !
 Your progenitours, of blessed memorie,
 Were not endureate by no perversitie
 Against their king ; but they right humbly
 Obeied, as subjects, well and trulie :
 They gave no singuler opinion
 Against their king, for none occasion.

Your citie, then in well * and prosperitie,
 Prospered and floured of all manner thinge
 Of worth, manhode, and all felicitie,
 That in all landes rumour did springe.
 O fie, false Fortune ! with thy sugred flattring,
 Thy peereles play turneth oft to shame ;
 The end is woe that first begon with game.

Her mutable wheele, she changed, alas !
 To you, that by long contynuaunce
 Have rebelled against the king's grace.

* Well-being, or weal.

Though Fortune have lead you unto that mischaunce,
 We mervaile greatlie of your perseveraunce ;
 For the doctor saieth it is naturall to synne,
 But diabolike to persevere therein.

Knowledge your king ; for you shall understand
 That Henry vijth is king, by grace,
 Of England and Fraunce, and lord of Ireland,
 And by just title have taken his place,
 His crowne, and scepter, with joy and solace ;
 And of his title ye may read a parte,
 Which is not fayned by logicke nor by art.

Moeses had of God, by commaundement,
 If a man died without issue male
 His lands should, by lynniall discent,
 Descend to daughters, his heires generall ;
 For fault of issue, his heires colaterall
 Should have the same. Ye may read this story
 Of Sulphact his daughters in the booke of Numery,* 17^o.

Which was a figure of Christe's inheritaunce,
 Descended to him by his mother Mary ;
 So that he, without doubt or variaunce,
 As man incarnat, I saie fynallie ;
 And, as Scripture have it in memorie,
 He was borne of the Virgin in Bethliem,
 And, by her, true king of Hierusalem.

* The passage referred to appears to be the 27th chapter of Numbers, from the 1st to the 11th verse, where God states to Moses the law of inheritance, in consequence of his bringing before the Almighty the case of the daughters of Zelophehad. *Quere* : Will some of the older versions of the Bible give a different arrangement of the chapters ?

The actes of Christ, as saieth the Scripture,
 Is fynallie for man's instruction ;
 That wee his steppes should follow by nature ;
 That everie man, without devisioun,
 By perfect law without conclusion,
 Might be a king and have a monarchy
 By his mother, as Christ had by Mary.

The figure and law is kept in generall ;
 For the more perfect among all other princes
 Of Christe's faith, and in especiall
 In England, stabled with all sikernes,*
 As we shall shew you by divers chronicles,
 And passed the tyme of man's memorie,
 How, by a woman, descended that monarchy.

King Henry the First, after the last conquest,
 He passed his traunce without issue male.
 Then entred King Stephen, at the request
 Of the lordes spirituall and temporall,
 And raigned xixth yeeres, as telleth the tale.
 He was this first Henry his sister's sonn,
 And hereby had the title of his crowne.

And after him Henry, called Fitz Empres,
 The second Henry named by writing ;
 He was sonne to Maud, as I can devise,
 Daughter of the first Henry without leasing, †
 And by her title he married as a king
 Many yeeres, as telleth the story,
 And was a prince of noble memory.

* Sureness - certainty.

† Lying. It occurs in the Psalms iv. 2. Shakspeare, Spenser, Prior, and Gay have used this word.

When he accomplished his yeeres of nature,
 His issue raigned King of England,
 And sithen * that tyme have born the scepter,
 Having the governance of all that land
 From sonne to sonne, ye shall understand ;
 Till Edward the iiijth most noble of fame,
 Had the monarchie, and bare thereof the name.

Stephen and Henry were not of England ;
 They both were strangers, of the realme of Fraunce ;
 Stephen, by title, as I understand,
 Was Earle of Bloyes by his enheritaunce.
 This Henry † had under his governaunce
 Th'Earldome of Angeoi ; who list to looke,
 Shall find the same in the chronicle booke.

This fourth King Edward his title and right
 Descended to him first by a woman,
 The Duke's daughter of Clarence she hight,‡
 Duke Leonell, called a noble man ;
 His daughter Philippa, of whom began
 This Edward's title of England and Fraunce,
 And by her occupied as her enheritaunce.

Here may you see noble authorities,
 And first of Christ, which was made incarnate,
 Whom he descended by many degrees

* From the Saxon *siththan*, a common expression of the time, as well as *sith* and *sithence*, for since, in the sense of because.

† Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Earl of Anjou.

‡ A participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *hatan*, to call ; used in a very peculiar way for some of the passive tenses, without the addition of the auxiliary *am* or *was*, or their several persons.

“ Full carefully he kept them day and night
 In fairest fields, and Astrophel he *hight*.”

Of that glorious Virgin immaculate ;
 In his genelogie you maie read it algat,*
 Whom he was king, by liniall discent
 By his mother, without anie argument.

Theis three princes that we spake of before,
 Raigned in England, to everie intent
 Trulie obeied ; we can saie no more.
 The lordes and commons, by their whole assent,
 Were to them right humble and obedient.
 This president sheweth that th'eir female
 In England shall succeed for fault of the male.

By this processe unfayned we may shew
 That Stephen and Henry, before tyme of mind,
 By both their mothers, as is well knowne,
 Were kings of England we can find ;
 And also by Scripture Christ was betymde
 Of Hierusalem king, and of Juda :
 So was the fourth Edward by the Philippa.

Which title is fallen to our soveraigne ladie,
 Queene Elizabeth, † his eldest daughter liniall ;
 To her is com all the whole monarchie,
 For the fourth Edward had no issue male.
 The crowne, therefore, and scepter imperiall,
 Both she must have without division,
 For of a monarchie by ‡ no particion.

* Put, on account of the rhyme, for algates—by all means.

† After the murder of Edward V. and the Duke of York, this Elizabeth, who was the eldest of the seven daughters of Edward IV., was the heir-presumptive ; but her right was set aside by the usurpation of Richard III. and the victory of Henry VII., whom she afterwards married, by which marriage his otherwise weak title to the crown was set at rest.

‡ By is not unfrequently used for *be*, in old MSS.

It is so that by Divine purveyaunce,
 King Henry the VIIth, our soveraigne lord,
 And Queene Elizabeth, to God his pleasure ;
 Ben married both by amiable accord,
 Why should we speake more of this matter a word ?
 He is our true king without variance,
 And to him by right we should owe our legeaunce.

Fortune on him have cast her lott and chaunce,
 That he by God is onely provided
 Of England to have the soveraigne governaunce ;
 And of the people chosen and elected,
 By grace in battaile he have obteyned ;
 The auncient right of the Brittons also,
 Is cast on him with titles manie mo.

First we saie that, by Gode's provision,
 This noble prince came by this his sceptor ;
 Second, by the common election
 Of the lordes and commons, he was made sure ;
 The queene's title, by fortune's adventure,
 He have theis three ; the fourth by victorie ;
 And the fifth by the old Brittainie storie.*

Our holie father the Pope, our pastour,
 Of his certaine science and mere motion, †
 Have written to all them that beare chardge and cure,
 By his bull papall, ‡ without exception,
 Affirming theis titles, with sharpe execution

* *Quere* : Any of Merlin's Prophecies, or the History of Britain generally ?

† This line is a literal translation from the technical phrase in all bulls, royal grants, &c., "Certa scientiâ et mero motu ;" now rendered, "of our certain knowledge and mere motion."

‡ The bull may probably be found either in Rymer or the Bullarium.

Against all persons that will make debate
Upon King Henry the VIIth, his royall estate.

And have given, also, plaine indulgence
To everie man by his said letters,
That commeth in aide, or maketh defence
For his noble king and his said titles ;
Which bull, with full diligent busines,
Is dylie executed by terrible censures,
By all true curates that beareth cures.

O thow archbushop and metropolitan,
The chief lampe of pastorall dignitie
Of all this land, for thow in vertue began,
If thow be cause of this perversitie
That late is fallen against all equitie,
We know it not ; but certaine we can saie,
Thou keepest silence, and saidst not once nay.

A man that beareth an ordinarie chardge,
If anie person grevouslie offendeth,
And the cryme notorious, she* should at large
Punishe the man till he were amended,
But now an errour is well defended ;
And as well by you as others in conclusion,
For all ye be of one opinion.

Ye may see, by common experience,
What vengeance God have shewd in your country,
By murther, slaughter, and great pestilence ;
The fruits dearer than they were wont to be,
And manie of your men drowned in the sea.
Theis are not without cause after our intent,
But we be not privie to Gode's judgement.

* *Quare*, Virtue?

What is he that have read in cronicle,
 In old stories, or in anie writing,
 Or in the volume of the Holie Bible,
 So rude a matter and so strange a thinge,
 As a boy in Dublin to be made a kinge ;
 And to receive therein his unction,
 The solemyne act of his coronation ?

O by what law, custome, or libertie,
 May a king of England be made in Ireland ?
 There is no man that have such auctoritie,
 For there was no such act made in this land
 Till now right late, as we understand.
 O fie false land, full of rebellion,
 And with all men had in great dirision !

O God ! where was the prudence of reason
 Of you that have your whole common assent,
 That a boy, an organ-maker his sonne,
 Should be made a king of England, and regent,
 To whom as yett all ye ben obedient ?
 To your dishonour and evill fame,
 An horrible slaunder and great shame.

It is great pitie that ye be deceived
 By a false priest,* that this matter began ;
 And that ye his child as a prince received
 A boy, a ladd, an organ-maker his sonn,
 Which is now kept in the Tower of London ; †
 His keepers there, to all men declaring,
 " This is of Dublin the first crowned king." ‡

* Sir Richard Symon.

† Sent to the Tower in June, 1487, after the battle of Stoke.—See Rapin, Cox, &c.

‡ The sarcasm here is very good: "Now you shall see the wonderful lion."—MR. LEMON.

And it is strang and great pittie

That thow, reverend father and pastour,

Sithen thow hast of that noble citie

The chardge, and beareth of all them cure,

That they ben suffred so long to endure

In their great errour, which is understand

By all the people of everie land.

And as it is written in the Gospell,

Thou shouldest shew the light of true doctrine,

It should not be hid under a bushell ;

No love nor feare should thee undermyne :

But now wee see that all true discipline,

For feare or love of mightie estates,

Is put a part by all prelates.

The Pope's censures ben greevous and sore,

But they be not taken with you in credence ;

They ben despised dailie, more and more.

Ye know that in open audience,

Solemplie they have ben executed with reverence ;

Therefore religious we thinke, and regular,

That singeth masse with you ben irreguler.

It is tyme for you to be reconciled,

Of this matter now we will end ;

Ye have ben to long from trouth exiled,

The tyme is now come for you to amend,

A convenable tyme is to you sent ;

The tyme of Lent, the mirrour of mercy,

For all them that will reverse their folie.

Retourne ones, and forsake this folie,

If anie there be revolved in your mynd ;

Correct yourself, amend it shortlie,

And to your soveraigne lord be not unkind :
 The people tongues no man can bind.
 In such cases they saie, now and then,
 The best clearkes be not the wysest men.

O Ireland, Ireland ! by what conclusion
 Is thy mirroure of beutie eclipsed all ?
 By murder, slaughter, and great rebellion,
 Thy fertill bondes have had great fall,
 Thy styng of venyme, as bitter as gall.
 Fortune have cast on thee so her chaunce,
 That alwaies thow must stand in variaunce.

Reverend father, and our masters all,
 Wee make to you our protestation,
 Not to offend one, nor you in generall ;
 But for to repress your great rebellion
 We send to you this our conclusion ;
 Hereby heartalie praying you that you applie ;
 For your rather * dealing we be right sorie.

Thinke not in us no malice or envie.
 For of your honour we would be right faine, †
 And of your reproche we be full sorie ;
 We pray to God that we may once againe
 Your old worship, trowth, and manhood attaine ;
 So that ye please God and the kinge,
 And eftsones ‡ to keape you from all ill dealing.

* Earlier ; the comparative of the Saxon *rathic*. Early, soon ; rather is still used in the sense of sooner.

† Glad.

‡ Immediately ; soon after ; from the Saxon *eft*, after. It occurs frequently in Spenser ; in whose time, however, it was beginning to be obsolete.

Take the matter and leave the dittie, }
 For 'tis a cause of great pittie, } quoth James Rice.
 Take no disdaine, }
 You to refraine, } to your soveraigne lord.
 And to be plaine }
 Ye may be faine }
 So to attaine } with him to accord.
 His grace againe, }

JOHN BUTLER, Maior of Waterford.
 Finis. JAMES RICE.
 WM. LYNCOLLE.

THE PRAISE OF WATERFORD.

“The citie of Waterford,” says that “learned gentleman, Maister Richard Stanihurst,” as the old chronicler, Holinshed, styles him, “hath continued to the crowne of England so loiall, that it is not found registred since the conquest to have beene distained with the smallest spot, or dusked with the least freckle of treason; notwithstanding the sundrie assaults of traitorous attempts: and, therefore, the citie’s armes are deckt with this golden word, *Intacta manet*: a posie as well to be hartilie followed, as greatlie admired of all true and loiall townes.”

The motto of “*Urbs intacto manet Waterfordia*,” which forms the burden of the following verses, was conferred on the city, with other honours, by Henry VII., for the conduct of the mayor and citizens against Perkin Warbeck. The date of this composition is satisfactorily fixed, by the twentieth and twenty-second verses, to be about 1545. In the former, Henry VIIIth’s present to

the city of Waterford of a sword of justice in 1523, is spoken of as "lately sent;" and in the latter, the term, "our triumphant king" (which would scarcely be applied to Edward VI.), must have been written subsequent to 1541, when Henry assumed the title of King of Ireland.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. Ryland's "History of Waterford" (1824), but without the foot-notes here added in italics, which occur in the margin of the original manuscript, and are important illustrations of it. A careful collation with the manuscript will account for the differences which exist between Ryland's reading and the one now given.

It would, perhaps, be going too far to ascribe the authorship to Patrick Strong, from his name appearing at the commencement, although the knowledge displayed on civic affairs may warrant the conjecture. Mr. Ryland, who gives a list of no less than thirty charters which were granted to Waterford, remarks: "Of these valuable documents, the only one of which even the corporation of Waterford has any knowledge, is the charter of Charles I., under which the city is at present governed; all other documents prior to 1680 were destroyed by fire, and no steps have since been taken to supply their places."

The marginal annotation of "anno 16 * Eliz. 1573, the city had sheriffs," which occurs upon the second and third verses, appears to be a subsequent and unconnected memorandum; but it deserves notice, as correcting the errors in the list of civic officers given by Dr. Smith and Mr. Ryland in their respective histories of Waterford. Smith (p. 158) places the first city sheriffs in 1568, and Ryland (p. 406) in 1575, although the latter specially

* Incorrectly printed 24 by Ryland.

tells us (p. 219) what perfectly accords with the note upon the ballad, that by the second charter granted by Elizabeth in "1573, the office of sheriffs was first created."

Patrick Strong, Towne Clerke
of Waterford, tempore Henry 8.

God of his goodnes, prayed that he be,
For the daylie increase of thy good fame ;
O pleasant Waterford, thow loyall cytie,
That five hundred yeres receavest thy name
Er the later conquest unto thee came ;
In Ireland deservest to be peereless—
Quia tu semper intacta manes.

Therefore Henry the Second, that noble kinge,
Knowinge thy prowes and true allegiance,
Assygned thy franchess and metes,* namyng
All thy great port, with each appurtenaunce,
Commanding his son theyne honor to advance,
With gifts most speciall for thy good ease—
Quia tu semper intacta manes.

John, I do meane the first-named lord,
Elected governour to rule all Irland,
For thine amorous truth and loyall accord ;

* Boundaries. In compliance with a precept of Henry II., a charter was granted to Waterford by John, in the seventh year of his reign, dated at Malbridge, 3rd of July. Among the extracts from it given by Dr. Smith, is the following:—"Civibus nostris civitatis nostræ Waterford, infra muros dictæ civitatis manentibus totam civitatem nostram de Waterford cum omnibus pertinentiis ; et quod prædicti cives et eorum hæredes et successores in perpetuum habeant *metas* suas. Sicut probatæ fuere per sacramentum fidelium hominum (viz.) duodecim de ipsa civitate et duodecim extra per præceptum regis Henrici patris nostri," &c.

In the first seysed of all this land,
 Then thy charters large,* he did command,
 Of his bounteous grace the for to please—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

To the was granted that every shipp
 Entring thy port, so wyde and large,
 Only in thy presence for great worshipp,
 Ever thereafter shoul lade and discharge,
 And no where eles, no vessel nor barge,
 By thy charters noble it doth expresse—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

And of thy sadge citizence chose thow must
 A provost † yerely, thy people for to guyde ;
 That by aucthorytie whem hym lyst,
 Saff conduct may give to lands wyde,
 To encrease thine honer att every tyde
 By this noble king that knew nathlesse ‡—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

Then Henry,§ his son, affirmyng the same,
 Granted thy fee-fearme for a yearly rent ;
 And of each shipp to encrease thy fame,
 That enter shall with wyne thy port so potent ;
 The prysadge || of them this he did consent,
 Thyne honour to conserve without dystresse—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

* In addition to the charter above quoted, John granted another to Waterford, dated at Dublin, 8th of November, in the ninth year of his reign.

† *A provost in John's tyme.*

‡ Not the less ; nevertheless.

§ *Henry III.*

|| *Prize Wines.*

And Edward the First a maiour to the did grant,
 His son conformed the same in every case ;
 Edward the Third,* of tryumph most abundante,
 Granted that all plees, by speciale grace,
 In thee shalbe tried, and in no other place,
 For ease of thy people and great prowes—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

The staple † estatute assigned he had by name,
 Unto the by grant, with gyftes many moe ;
 Kilkenye and Casshell ought to obey the same ;
 Weixford and Rosse, Donegarvon allso,
 And each other townes adjoynynge thereto,
 Within the sayd bound, this for thyne ease —
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

This king first by Rosse falsly seduct,
 To make her a grawnt contrary to his will ;
 Then att thy request of new he did product
 All thy noble grantes and hirs did he spill,
 The law did assent, for he knew by skill
 Of thy true love and service nott rechelesse ‡—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

Richard the Second, of his abundance,
 Confirmed the same, and in the took place,
 Trusting thy fydelytie and true allegiance,
 Which always shall continue and never deface ;
 And Henry the Fourth followeth his trace,
 Thy grantes knyitting to put the in presse—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

* *Edward III. anno 45 [1371].*

† *Statute Staple.*

‡ Written also retchless and wreakless. Careless, negligent, properly reckless ; a compound of *reck*, from the Saxon *rean* ; whence, also, our word *reckon*.

The lusty Henry that conquered France,
 In the did creat by his grantes royall,
 All officers nedeful the to advance ;
 In honour and ease, with auctoritie speciall,
 Excluding others to kepe thee from fall,
 And by high parliament did geve release—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

Henry * the Holly, that borne was in Wyndsore,
 Collected thy charters, then unyting in one
 Every poynt dystinctly that kinges before
 Did grant unto the, for like I know none ;
 Confirmyng thy loyalltye and true subjeccion,
 From the said conquest that never did cease—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

Then Edward † the Strong the same did know,
 Of which he was glad then for thyne ease ;
 Comencing of newe thy grants to shewe,
 And the same regranted the for to pleas,
 Enlarging thy libertye thyne honour to increase,
 Called the his chamber of legiance peerles—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

Submytt art thow under his ‡ proteccion,
 Agaynst all wronges the for to save ;
 Nott giving thyne honour in oblivyon,
 A sword of justice to the he gave ;
 Thyne equitye knowen and thy good lawe,
 With other large grantes the for to please—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

* *Henry VI. anno 9* [1430].

† *Edward IV. anno 10* [1470].

‡ *Edward IV. gave the sword.*

Henry * the Valiant, famous of memorye,
 Well did he know by true experyence,
 Thy great fydelytie in tyme of victorye,
 When Lambart was crowned by false advertence,
 And Parkin, allso, with no lesse reverens,
 Then only of this land thow were empresse—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

Thy prowess, therefore, and renowme so prudent,
 His grace remembring, exempted thy port
 From pondadge and subsedy, by letters patentes ;
 That thereby all strangers should gladlyer resort,
 For thy true leageance, to thy comfort,
 And thy people in quietnes to redresse—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

And of thy gaole the full delyverance, †
 To the he gave with execucion ;
 Thy church with anuall rent he did advance ;
 Thine honour, allso, with retribucion,
 Confrmyng thy grants from resumpcion,
 In his high parliament, for thyne increase—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

And his noble son, Henry the Tryumphant,
 Beholding thy virtue in eache degree ;
 Of his gracious favour most abundant
 All grantes affirmed, granted unto the
 By his progenytours, noble and free :
 Under his great seale it doth expresse—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

* *Henry VII. anno 3* [1487].

† *Anno 11* [1495].

His bounteous grace revolving in mynde
 Thine old fydelytie and perfect allegiaunce,
 Affirmed in the of duty and kynde,
 Without wemb or spott and dyceveraunce,
 Accepted had newe thy perseveraunce,
 With hearts infallible that always shall cease—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

And to the, Waterford,* in special token
 Of his princely favour, he lately sent
 The sword of justice, of which is spoken ;
 No less honour than worthy is the present,
 The gyft well followed his gracious intent,
 To comfort them that find faultlesse—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

And tryumph, gladnes, and great honour,
 Thy cityzence all with humble obedyence,
 On Easter day, att a convenyent houre,
 In their best manner, with good observance,
 Hath this received, with letters in affirmance,
 To have them in proteccion, both more and lesse—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

O joyful tyme ! O day and feast most pleasant !
 In which thy people illumyned was
 With loyalltye true, and love ardeante ;
 Advverting thy swete favor and great grace
 Of our tryumphant king to our sollace,
 Avoyding all dowbt sytt † he know nathelesse ‡—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

* *A second sworde, anno 15 [1523].*

† Since.

‡ Nevertheless.

O citizence all, this knott surely ye kyntt
 In fast allegiance, your name to conserve,
 And your ancestours hath, and nott permytt
 Your famous loyalte sclander deserve
 By corrupt matters, but truly observe
 Your princes will from it, do nott dygresse—
 Quia tu semper intacta manes.

Now God we pray that three art in one.

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