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THE KEEN

OF THE

SOUTH OF IRELAND:

AS ILLUSTRATIVE OF IRISH POLITICAL AND DOMESTIC HISTORY, MANNERS, MUSIC, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

COLLECTED, EDITED,
AND CHIEFLY TRANSLATED BY

T. CROFTON CROKER.

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

JUNE, 1844. No. XLVI.

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—"But tell me (I pray you) have they any art in their compositions? Or be they any thing witty or well savoured, as poems should be?

"Yea truly, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them." SPENSER'S *View of the State of Ireland.*

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
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M.DCCC.XLIV.

TO

THE VISCOUNTESS GUILLAMORE.

DEIGN to accept these lays! how rude so e'er;
For once the chieftains of my native land
Bent in attention mute the strains to hear,
While the rapt minstrel's modulating hand
Moved o'er the sounding harp—or damsel bland,
With cheek soft blushing, listened to the song
Which told her beauties,—her attractions scanned,—
Flowing in liquid measures from the tongue
Of yellow-vested youth, Momonia's groves among.

Even he, that master spirit of old Mole,
The mighty minstrel of "the Fairy Queen,"
Heard the sweet ditties with delighted soul,
Though much *the bard* who sung, he loathed, I ween.
Yet spite of all the hatred them between—
Spite of discordant creed, detested race,—
Still, when *he* heard the melancholy keen,
Or the proud song old deeds of arms retrace,
His poet's soul extolled their "comeliness and grace."

Rosamond's Bower, Fulham.
25th May 1844.

INTRODUCTION.

KEEN, which is here written according to its sound to the English ear, is, in its correct modern orthography, *Caòine* ;—"anciently and properly," says O'Brien, "*Cine*." And, he adds, "it is almost equal in letters and pronunciation to the Hebrew word *cina*, which signifies lamentation, or crying, with clapping of hands,—lamentatio, planctus, ploratus, vide 2 Sam. i. 17, and in its plural, *Cinim*, lamentations, Ez. ii. 10. In Welsh, *Kuyn* is a complaint." And according to the Armoric vocabulary of the Jesuit Julian Manoir, *Queini* signifies to bewail or bemoan, and *queinean*, a moan or lamentation.

The word *Caoine* is explained by Lloyd in his Archæologia Britannica as "a sort of verse used in elegies or funeral poems, and sometimes also in panegyricks and satyrs." Dr. O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, describes the Caoine as "the Irish lamentation for the dead, according to certain loud and mournful notes and verses, wherein the pedigree, land, property, generosity, and good

actions of the deceased person, and his ancestors, are diligently and harmoniously recounted, in order to excite pity and compassion in the hearers, and to make them sensible of their great loss in the death of the person whom they lament."

Each versicle (line) of a keen, according to Lloyd, consisted "of only four feet, and each foot most commonly of two syllables. The three first require no correspondence, but the fourth ought to correspond with the terminations of all the following versicles, as in this example :—

Ruarcach, rathmar, rachtmhar, eachtach,
*Crodha, creachach, cathach, ceadthach, &c.**

Sometimes the middle feet are allowed three syllables.

Mointeach, machaireach, abhuinneach, eigneach."

To these rules given by Lloyd many others may be added ; but as all I desire to shew the English reader is, that the Irish keen, or funeral elegy, was constructed according to system, it will be, perhaps, best attained by writing, according to the ear, the first verse of a keen on Mr. Hodder, of which a translation will be found in the present little work ; and requesting the reader to sound it with as much of the guttural as can be conveniently accomplished.

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* A series of complimentary epithets applied to the deceased.

Ma horrahow, ma 'sthore a chree
A Vorcig, vor a chree
Agus, bredagh a yokee.
Agus, fir oge a chordé.

Mr. Beauford, in a communication to the Royal Irish Academy, published in the 4th volume of the Transactions of that Society, justly observes, "that the modes of lamentation, and the expressions of grief by sounds, gestures, and ceremonies, admit of an almost infinite variety; so far as these are common to most people, they have very little to attract attention; but where they constitute a part of national character, they then become objects of no incurious speculation. The Irish," continues that gentleman, "have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them;" and he adds that "it has been affirmed of the Irish that to cry was more natural to them than to any other nation, and at length the Irish cry became proverbial."

The editor is not inclined further to follow Mr. Beauford's elaborate paper; it is sufficient here to refer the curious to it for a musical notation of a keen ascribed to the fifteenth century.

But it is "no incurious speculation" respecting national history and character in connexion with

the antiquarian discoveries constantly made in Ireland, and the spirit of antiquarian research which is now kindling, to direct attention to the great similarity which exists between Abyssinian and Irish customs, in their respective funeral ceremonies. And this is readily done, by placing before the reader the following passages from the life of Nathaniel Pearce, a seaman, who having deserted from H.M.S. Antelope at Mocha, embraced the Mahometan religion, and accompanied the late Mr. Salt to Abyssinia, where he was left with the Ras, or sovereign of Tigré, on the return of the expedition to Massowa in 1810. Pearce married an Abyssinian wife, by whom he had a son who died. In 1819 Pearce made his way to Cairo, where he joined Mr. Salt, and arranged the papers from which his life was subsequently published. In the early part of June 1820, he died at Alexandria.

When Pearce lost his child, he tells us that "The priests came, and the customary prayers were read, and my poor child was carried away to be buried, his mother following in a distracted manner. After the funeral, the people returned to my house; and after they had cried for about half an hour, I begged they would leave off, and let me have a little rest, as I found myself unwell. They complied, and left me with only a few

friends; but, in a few minutes, the people of Antàlo, my acquaintances, hearing of my misfortunes, came flocking and began their cry; and I was obliged to sit and hear the name of my dead boy repeated a thousand times, with cries that are inexpressible, whether feigned or real. Though no one had so much reason to lament as myself, I could never have shown my grief in so affected a manner, though my heart felt much more. Before the cry was over, the people with *devves* were standing in crowds about my house, striving who should get in first; and the door was entirely stopped up, till at last my people were obliged to keep the entrance clear by force, and let only one at a time into the house. Some brought twenty or thirty cakes of bread, some a jar of maize, some cooked victuals, fowls, and bread, some a sheep, &c.; and in this manner I had my house filled so full that I was obliged to go out into the yard, until things were put in order and supper was ready. The head priest came with a jar of maize and a cow. What neighbours and acquaintances bring in the manner above mentioned is called *devves;* the bringers are all invited to eat with you; they talk and tell stories to divert your thoughts from the sorrowful subject; they force you to drink a great deal: but I have remarked that at these cries,

when the relatives of the deceased become a little tranquil in their minds, some old woman, or some person who can find no one to talk to, will make a sudden dismal cry, saying, 'Oh, what a fine child! and is he already forgotten?' This puts the company into confusion, and all join in the cry, which perhaps will last half an hour, during which the servants and common people, standing about, drink out all the maize, and, when well drunk, will form themselves into a gang at the door and begin their cry; and if their masters want another jar of maize to drink, they must pour it out themselves, their servants being so intoxicated that they cannot stand. In this manner they pass away a day without taking rest. I must say, however, that the first part of the funeral is very affecting; and the only fault I can find is, that they bury their dead the instant they expire. If a grown person of either sex, or a priest, is by them when they expire, the moment the breath departs, the cries and shouts which have been kept up for hours before, are recommenced with fury; the priests read prayers of forgiveness while the body is washed, and the hands put across one another upon the lower part of the belly, and tied to keep them in that position, the jaws tied as close as possible, the eyes closed, the two great toes tied together, and the

body is wrapped in a clean cloth and sewed up; after which the skin called *neet*, the only bed an Abyssinian has to lie upon, is tied over the cloth, and the corpse laid upon a couch and carried to the church, the bearers walking at a slow pace. According to the distance of the house from the church, the whole route is divided into seven equal parts; and when they come to the end of every seventh part, the corpse is set down, and prayers of forgiveness offered to the Supreme Being for the deceased. Every neighbour helps to dig the grave, bringing their own materials for the purpose, and all try to outwork one another. Indeed, when a stranger happens to die where he has no acquaintances, numbers always flock to assist in burying him; and many of the towns-people will keep an hour's cry, as if they had been related. There is no expense for burying, as every one assists his neighbour, as I have mentioned above. But the priests demand an exorbitant sum, from those who have property, for prayers of forgiveness; and I have seen two priests quarrelling over the cloth of a poor dead woman, the only good article she had left. If a man dies and leaves a wife and child, the poor woman is drained of the last article of value she possesses, to purchase meat and drink for those priests, for six months after her misfortune;

otherwise they would not bestow a prayer upon her husband, which would disgrace her, and render her name odious amongst the lowest of the populace. In this manner I have known many families ruined. An Agow servant of Mr. Coffin's, who had been left behind with me on account of ill health, died at Chelicut, where he had formerly taken a wife; and the little wages he had saved had enabled him and his wife to keep a yoke of oxen, she having a piece of land of her own. Knowing the man to be very poor, and the great regard he had for his master, I was induced to give a fat cow and a jar of maize to the priests, to pray for the poor man's soul; this they took, and the poor woman made what corn she had into bread and beer for them; after which they refused to keep their weekly *fettart* [prayers of forgiveness] for a month, unless she paid them more; to complete which, and to satisfy these wretches, she was obliged to sell her two oxen; and the poor woman was again reduced to work and labour hard with the pickaxe. . . .

"There are numbers of men and women who get a living by making rhymes and attending at cries, who are often sent for from a great distance to attend the cry of a person of distinction; and if they are noted poets, they receive high pay in corn, cattle, or cloth. I am acquainted with a

very handsome middle-aged woman, who, though she has a large estate to live upon, has studied poetry from her infancy, and attends gratuitously at all cries that are very public, and for no other purpose than to distinguish herself. She is reckoned the best poet, either in the Amhara or Tigré language, in the country; her name is Welleta Yasous; she was born in Gondar, but her father was a Tigréan. Many great men have offered to marry her, but she could never be persuaded to listen to their proposals, though I do not mean to say she led a chaste life—a very rare virtue indeed in Ethiopia. The Amhara people differ from the Tigré in their manner of crying and weeping: that of the latter is very affecting, but that of the former is really ridiculous. They dress themselves as fine as possible, and cry, sing, and dance to the beat of a drum. When the cry is over, those who have not far to return to their homes, in general feast with the relatives of the deceased. When such great people as Ito Debbib die, a general cry is held throughout the whole country, both in Amhara and Tigré, and for three days' journey around, the people will bring *devves* to the relations. The natives of Tigré are more accustomed to wear mourning than the Amhara; and some, instead of making mourning cloths, wear their cloth until it is

entirely black with dirt, and this serves them for a mourning suit. They in general go into mourning for sixty days. Some wear a piece of blue Surat cloth, such as the merchants bring from the East; but the true mourning suit of the people of rank is a new white cloth, first dyed yellow with *waver*, the wood of a tree which the monks use to dye their garments. When the cloth is dyed yellow, it is again buried in a black mud, common in all plains, called *walkar*; after remaining buried three days, it is taken out and washed, but still remains black. Such suits of mourning will last in a family for many years; they borrow and lend them also among friends."

Now in the very district of Ireland from which the greater portion of the following keens or cries are derived, it is,—at least it was the custom in 1810, and I speak from my own knowledge,—for the peasantry to wear mourning upon the death of any relative or friend, by dying their stockings black. The usual colour of the stockings being yellowish, or light blue, the change to a rusty kind of black, was effected by steeping them in bog water for some days.

My attention was first attracted to the keen in 1813, by the following circumstance.—In the summer of that year I visited in company with Mr. Joseph Humphreys, recently the principal of the

Deaf and Dumb Institution at Claremont, near Dublin, the lake of Gougane barra, in the west of the county of Cork. The object of our little excursion was to witness what is called the "*Pattern*," held on St. John's eve, when many thousands of the peasantry usually assembled there for the purposes of piety and mirth, penance and transgression. This combination of purposes may sound odd to an English ear, but it nevertheless correctly describes this, and similar meetings in Ireland. We reached the lake about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd June, and spent between four and five hours in observing the proceedings and ceremonies used by the pilgrims upon and about the

——"green island in lone Gougane barra
Whence Allua of songs rushes forth like an arrow."

After having satisfied our mental craving, we felt it necessary to attend to our bodily appetites, and for this purpose adjourned to a tent where some tempting slices of curdy Kerry salmon had attracted our notice. In this tent, with the exception of about half an hour, we remained located from half-past seven in the evening, until two o'clock the following morning, when we took our departure for Cork.

After discussing the merits of this salmon, and washing it down with some of "Beamish & Craw-

ford's Porter," we whiled away the time by drinking whiskey-punch, observing the dancing to an excellent piper, and listening to the songs and story-telling which were going on about us.

As night closed in, the tent became crowded almost to suffocation, and dancing being out of the question, our piper left us for some other station, and a man, who I learned had served in the Kerry militia, and had been flogged at Tralee about five years before as a White-boy, began to take a prominent part in entertaining the assembly, by singing Irish songs in a loud and effective voice. These songs were received with shouts of applause, and as I was then ignorant of the Irish language, and anxious to know the meaning of what had elicited so much popular approbation, I applied to an old woman near whom I sat, for an explanation or translation, which she readily gave me, and I found that these songs were rebellious in the highest degree. Poor old King George was execrated without mercy; curses were also dealt out wholesale on the Saxon oppressors of Banna the blessed (an allegorical name for Ireland); Buonaparte's achievements were extolled, and Irishmen were called upon to follow the example of the French people.

Upon the conclusion of one these songs, the old woman, who was a native of Bantry, observed to

me,—"Well, if God is just and good to us all, we may live to see the end of that old schemer, Moriarty, and his *trason* songs, as we did of that poor boy, Flory Sullivan;" and she proceeded to tell me some particulars about Sullivan, of which all that I now recollect is, that he was her nephew, and was hanged about fifteen years before, "for nothing in life—no harm at all, only for singing a song that was not one quarter so bad." Another old woman who sat near us, confirmed this by nods of assent; looking at me and nodding expressively, as much as to say, "I know all this to be true, perfectly true;" and she then began reciting, or rather, murmuring, with a monotonous modulation of voice, about a dozen Irish verses, clapping her hands and rocking her body backwards and forwards between each verse. I asked my translator to explain the meaning of what the other old woman said. She told me that it was a keen which Flory Sullivan's mother had composed upon him; and from her dictation I noted a translation of three of the verses in my sketch-book, which I now accurately transcribe:—

"Cold and silent is thy bed. Damp is the blessed dew of night; but the sun will bring warmth and heat in the morning, and dry up the dew. But thy heart cannot feel heat from the

morning sun: no more will the print of your footsteps be seen in the morning dew, on the mountains of Ivera, where you have so often hunted the fox and the hare, ever foremost amongst young men. Cold and silent is now thy bed.

"My sunshine you were. I loved you better than the sun itself; and when I see the sun going down in the west, I think of my boy and of my black night of sorrow. Like the rising sun, he had a red glow on his cheek. He was as bright as the sun at midday; but a dark storm came on, and my sunshine was lost to me for ever. My sunshine will never again come back. No! My boy cannot return. Cold and silent is his bed.

"Life-blood of my heart—for the sake of my boy I cared only for this world. He was brave; he was generous; he was noble-minded; he was beloved by rich and poor; he was clean-skinned. But why should I tell what every one knows? why should I now go back to what never can be more? He who was everything to me is dead. He is gone for ever; he will return no more. Cold and silent is his repose."

I have been thus far extremely minute and circumstantial in my account, because, having men-

tioned this keen to a lady, she requested a copy of it for her album; and, with the bad taste of a school-boy (as I then was), I attempted to refine upon some, and to embellish other, expressions. Several versifications, however, were made by various hands, some of which gradually found their way into the poet's corner of local periodicals and newspapers long since defunct. But a versification of mine appeared in the *Morning Post*, in 1815,—having been forwarded, without my knowledge, to that newspaper by a friend (Mr. Sainthill, then of London, and now of Cork), who, I cannot help thinking, has shewn more partiality than cool judgment, in the estimate which he has ever formed respecting my productions. And I mention the fact, as, some time afterwards, this keen attracted, from what cause I know not, the notice of the poet Crabbe, who, in a letter to Mr. Sainthill, dated Trowbridge, May 13, 1817, thus refers to it: "Thank you, too, for the translation from the Irish Lamentation; it is pathetic, I agree, and the more because there is none of the Christian consolation, none of the meeting again in some quiet country, though quiet is not the heaven of such heroes. But this is all unqualified grief, and certainly more deeply melancholy on that account. I doubt much if it would be improved by any

versification. It is *verse*, at least it is, in a certain degree, measured; the sentences are all of nearly equal length, and the close is uniform. No! I do not think it improvable; but you have proof, one way or the other, and can judge. At any rate, its simplicity must be in part sacrificed."

The notice bestowed upon the keen, thus accidentally procured, induced me to make inquiries for a professional keener, from whom I might procure more than this fragment; but, from my living at the time in a comparatively civilized district, I did not, until May 1818, succeed in finding a true representative of the expiring race of Bardic Ireland. This woman, whose name was Harrington, had come from the south-west part of the county of Cork. She led a wandering kind of life, travelling from cabin to cabin about the county, and though, in fact, subsisting upon charity, found everywhere not merely a welcome, but had numerous invitations, on account of the vast store of Irish verses she had collected, and could repeat. Her memory was, indeed, extraordinary; and the clearness, quickness, and elegance, with which she translated from the Irish into the English, though unable to read or write, was almost incredible. Before she began to repeat, she usually mumbled for a short time (probably the commencement of each stanza, to assure

herself of the arrangement), with her eyes closed, rocking her body backward and forward, as if keeping time to the measure of the verse. She then commenced in a kind of whining recitative; but, as she proceeded, and as the composition required it, her voice assumed a variety of deep and fine tones, and the energy with which many passages were delivered, proved her perfect comprehension and strong feeling of the subject; but her eyes always continued shut, perhaps to prevent interruption to her thoughts, or her attention being engaged by any surrounding object. From the keens which I took down after this woman's recitation, literal translations of four were published in "Researches in the South of Ireland."

In November 1818 the editor left Ireland, and with the exception of a short excursion in the summer of 1821, did not revisit that country until the spring of 1825, when he made enquiries after Mrs. Harrington. He was told that she had been dead four or five years; but, added the woman who gave him this information, "there was a gathering of all the keeners of Munster at her funeral, and they all to be sure keened their best, for the loss of their queen as one might call Mrs. Harrington over them—and one strove again' the other, and above all there was a widow woman—one Mrs. Leary—that none of them could come near."—

The editor eagerly sought an introduction to Mrs. Leary, which however was not accomplished until 1829, when upon paying her travelling expenses from Bantry to Cork, and promising her a new shawl, she was induced to attend him, and to recite keens and "old talk" for him. She had a peculiarly sharp and quick expression of countenance—exactly the reverse of Mrs. Harrington, who was far more dignified and solemn in her manner. Mrs. Leary's memory was much less retentive, but her utterance was wonderfully rapid; it was evident that Mrs. Harrington adopted an artificial system for the arrangement of her thoughts, and also that she had studied the keen as a poetical composition, and possessed to a certain extent a cultivated mind; but Mrs. Leary appeared to recite completely independant of memory, and her extemporaneous verses, which in cases of a break down she fluently supplied, always appeared to me to be far superior to those she had learned and attempted to repeat. She seldom succeeded in getting beyond three or four verses, but if urged to proceed would improvise interminably. Through Mrs. Leary's instrumentality the editor subsequently became acquainted with an old man named Murray, who styled himself "a land surveyor and philomath," and who had some knowledge of the Irish language.—From these oral

sources and from three or four manuscripts, for the communication of which the editor is indebted to Dr. Lee of Hartwell, to Sir Lucius O'Brien, Bart., and to Sir William Betham, the present selection of specimens of the keen of the South of Ireland has been made, and is now with some diffidence submitted for the indulgent consideration of the members of the Percy Society. As some apology for various defects and blemishes in the translations made by the editor, he has to plead that the versification has been hastily executed amid active public employment, so much so as scarcely to permit a second reading before the passage was committed to the press. There are many lines which the editor could have improved, such as the line at p. 27,—

"If by them one could gain,"

which would unquestionably read better—

"If by them there was gain."

But this and similar blemishes he hopes will not be severely criticized. The notes might readily have been extended, and possibly with advantage. The passage, p. 19,

"On stormy Slieve Mis
Spread the cry far and wide,"

will remind the reader of Stanihurst's translation of Virgil:

"And nymphs in mountains high typ doe squeak hullelo yearning,
That day cros and dismal," &c.

Some keens which have come into my possession are so spirit-stirring, that I do not consider it prudent to print them under the sanction of the Council of the Percy Society; enough, it is presumed, will be fonnd in the present collection of specimens to shew that private and political feeling are often strongly infused into these compositions; and a reference to a manuscript volume, chiefly of Irish poetry (about 300 pages), which is in the possession of Sir William Betham, will at once illustrate this assertion. It appears to have been principally written in the years 1773 and '74, and contains, among other curious verses, a keen in Irish upon Thomas Maude, which is followed by a very poor translation into English by Patrick Reddan, who was probably the author of the original, and seems to have been a schoolmaster. My translation is made from another copy, in which Thomas Maude is styled Sir; and there seems little doubt that the person keened was Lord de Montalt. Sir Thomas Maude (the second baronet of that name), resided at Dundrum in the county of Tipperary, and represented that county in parliament in 1761. He was made governor of the county in June 1770, and in 1776

was created a peer, with the title of Baron de Montalt, of Hovenden, in the county of Tipperary. He died 17th of May, 1777.

Hail, happy year! hail, happy day
That Maude's vile corse consigned to clay;
And blessed be the heavenly dart
That pierced a passage to his heart.

In Dundrum's vale his mansion stood,
The seat of falsehood, fraud, and blood,—
Hell-hound accursed, whose murderous trade
The oaths of perjured wretches made.

Thro' iron bars, and walls of stone,
Burst the heart-broken prisoner's groan,—
The orphan's cry,—the widow's grief,
Our God has heard, and grants relief.

Disgorge, fair earth, his filthy frame,
That savage dogs may gnaw the same;
Let ravens, crows, and eagles come
To tear the monster from his tomb.

The sparkling rills proclaim their joy,
Nor murmuring brooks the sound alloy;
The fields put on a smile of mirth,
Since cruel Maude was laid in earth.

By angels wafted to the skies,
The martyred Sheehy "Vengeance" cries,—
Proud dweller with the heavenly choir,
Whilst thou art doomed to endless fire.

Pluto and Nero, fiend and man,
In hellish deeds thy acts outran;

Cromwell and Judas, two in one
Thou wert, and where they went thou'rt gone.

Perfidious Maude, thy long farewell,
To Dundrum's plain, and sweet Clonmel,
Gives peace and hope, and all around,
Rejoice that flames thy soul surround.

Earth, yield at once thy hell-doom'd dead,
Too cold thou art to be the bed
Of hands by blessed blood profaned,
Of heart with guilt of malice stained.

It may be asked, how this display of unchristian feeling can be accounted for? and to answer this it is necessary to go a little into the secret political history of the year 1760, when Thurot, it may be remembered, in command of a small French squadron, surprised and captured the town of Carrickfergus, in the North of Ireland. Previous to this a large irregular military force in the pay of France had been organized in the South of Ireland. This body (now recollected as "the White boys"), was officered and disciplined by intrepid young Irishmen who held commissions in the French service, and wore (for the editor has seen one of the uniform jackets) a white coat with green collar, cuffs, and lining, and the buttons of which were of white metal, and bore the arms of France,—three fleurs de lys. These troops were paid with French coin, which was regularly im-

ported through the custom house in Dublin, and the reason for which fact seems to have puzzled Lord Charlemont (see Hardy's memoir of him.) A Father Sheehy was the chaplain to this foreign force, and contemporary accounts of their turbulent proceedings exist in the Gentleman's Magazine, and in honest John Wesley's Journal. Some of the affidavits respecting Sheehy's conduct, are preserved in the appendix to Sir Richard Musgrave's history of the Irish Rebellions. Sheehy, who appears to have been prosecuted by Mr. or Sir Thomas Maude, was convicted of the murder of an idiot lad named Bird, who it is now generally believed was sent out of the country—at least there is no evidence of the body of Bird ever having been found, and it is said that he was seen (I think) in Newfoundland, alive about the year 1802. Although the defeat of Conflans by Hawke had terminated all immediate prospect of an invasion of Ireland by France, Father Sheehy continued to preach the boldest treason to his flock, and the jury, under excited feelings, found him guilty of the murder of Bird, for which he was hanged, as it is still popularly asserted, innocently, and he thus died with the reputation of a martyr. From his tomb, which is in the quiet little church yard of Clogheen, I copied the following inscription.—

HERE LIETH
THE REM^{S} OF THE REV^{D}.
NICHOLAS SHEEHY, PARISH
PRIEST OF SHANRAHEN, BALLYSHEE^{HAN},
AND TEMPLETINNY, HE DIED
MARCH 15TH 1766, AGED 38 Y^{RS}.
ERECTED BY HIS SISTER, CATHERINE BURKE,
ALIAS SHEEHY.

S. JACKSON, FECIT.

This statement will account for the bitterness of feeling displayed toward Sir Thomas Maude, who is traditionally said to have refused his interference with the government in representing Sheehy's case, as one deserving of merciful consideration. And tradition also asserts, that every member of the jury by whom Sheehy was found guilty, died violent or accidental deaths, within a very short space of time. The last is said to have been a Mr. or Colonel Bagwell, who was thrown from his horse, and was found, after being dragged in the stirrup, with the toe of his boot in his mouth. Indeed, the circumstance has passed into a common saying in the county of Tipperary: "May he die the death of a Bagwell, with the toe of a boot in his mouth."

In my note-book I find the following observation, made at the time (15th April, 1825) I copied the inscription from Father Sheehy's tomb:

"A hole is left in the side of the tomb to enable the peasantry to procure earth from the grave; and it is still visited for that purpose by the superstitious, who drink this earth in water as a charm for various diseases, &c." "People have been known to come from Belfast and beyond Dublin to obtain some of this earth."

Circumstances (I think the idea of writing a novel) induced me, in 1834, to apply to Mr. Maurice O'Connell for some additional particulars respecting O'Sullivan Bear or Morty Oge, which application was answered in the kindest manner; and the particulars which were then furnished to me will be found printed at p. 54. But the letter from that gentleman, inclosing this communication, opened a new field of enquiry.

"My dear Sir,—I send you Morty Oge's history as told me by my father; this version accounts for the mention made of "the Sloop" in your printed extract. He says you will find Father Sheehy's story in a book published by one Amyas Griffith, a guager in Ireland, who was dismissed for perjuring himself in the service of the Cunningham family, and getting nothing from them, published a history of his own sufferings, in part of which he alludes to Sheehy's case, and gives a full account thereof. Bird, the man for whose

murder Sheehy was hanged, lived until 1805. My father desires me mention that one of the finest Irish keens is that of his aunt, the widow of Arthur O'Leary, who was shot near Carrig-a-nimmy, on the road from Cork to Mill-street. He was the last person shot as an outlaw in Ireland: of course you have heard of his case.

"Truly yours,

"MAURICE O'CONNELL.

"Dr. Baldwin, M.P. for Cork, can, I believe, let you have the keen for O'Leary."

Acting upon the suggestion thus made to me by Mr. Maurice O'Connell, I wrote to Doctor Baldwin, and received from him the following reply:—

"*Camden Place, Cork, July* 9th, 1834.

"SIR,—I had the honour of receiving your letter and should feel most happy to be able to contribute to your collection, but assure you never had, nor do recollect having ever heard the keen of Mrs. O'Leary for her husband. I do not possess any manuscript Irish poems, although I have seen and heard many of them in my younger days. I shall make enquiries when I next go to Muskerry,

and if I succeed in procuring any, shall transmit them to you.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"Herbert Baldwin."

This keen, by Mrs. O'Leary, the editor has not been able to obtain; but the story of the circumstances under which it was composed has long been familiar to him, and is thus minutely related by Mr. Windele, in his "Historical and Descriptive Notices of the City of Cork and its Vicinity."

"In the south-east angle of the nave [of Kilcrea Abbey] is a low altar-tomb, covering the burial-place of Arthur O'Leary, the 'outlaw,' whose name is given as *Cornelius* in Burke's 'Commoners. The inscription upon it reads:

"Lo! Arthur Leary, generous, handsome, brave,
Slain in his bloom, lies in this humble grave.
Died May 4th, 1773, aged 26 years."

Mr. O'Leary was a gentleman of considerable personal property (the then laws not allowing Roman Catholics to hold real estates), and fell a victim to the atrocity of the old penal enactments against the Catholics. He had been an officer in the Hungarian service, and was married to a daughter of Daniel O'Connell, Esq. of Darrynane (grand-

father of the Liberator). On his becoming resident in Ireland, his influence over the peasantry of his old patrimonial district excited the jealousy of Mr. Morris, one of its landed proprietors,—a jealousy increased in consequence of one of his horses having won a race against a horse of Morris's. This led to a quarrel. Mr. Morris, probably a gentleman in other respects of honour and character, disdained not to avail himself of the oppressive weapons afforded him by the then existing laws against the Catholics, and attempted a legalized robbery, by publicly claiming from O'Leary, after the race, the very horse which had won it! tendering him at the same time the price, five pounds, awarded for a papist's horse.*

"O'Leary refused compliance, saying 'he would surrender his horse only with his life,' and a scuffle ensued, out of which he was glad to escape by flight. A somewhat summary mode of proclaiming him an outlaw on the spot by magisterial authority was instantly adopted, and soldiers were sent out to intercept him on his return to his residence near Mill-street. Two men were placed in ambuscade near Carrig-a-nimmy, who, on O'Leary's approach fired at him. The first shot

* "By the 7th William III (cap. 5) Roman Catholics were disabled from having or keeping any horse exceeding £5 in value."

was without effect, and O'Leary returned the fire from a loaded gun which he carried, at the same time directing his servant to make home with the horses. Another shot fired from the soldiers laid him dead on the road. The penal laws followed him in death; it was prohibited then to bury him within monastic ground, and O'Leary was buried in a field outside the abbey, where the body lay several years before it was removed into the church. It seems that Morris was tried at Cork for O'Leary's death but was acquitted. The relatives of the deceased, animated now by the wild justice of revenge, watched their opportunity, and on the 7th of July, 1773, the Cork Remembrancer records that 'three shots were fired at Abraham Morris, Esq. at his lodgings in Mr. Boyce's House, Hammond's Marsh. The balls entered a little below the window, but did no mischief.' Those shots were fired by the brother of the slain gentleman. He had been seen to advance deliberately up Peter's Church Lane, a gun in his hand. Boyce's was the corner house, north side of Peter-street. Morris was near the window, and one of the shots, contrary to the statement in the Remembrancer, inflicted such a wound on his side, that he never left that house alive. O'Leary, the brother, escaped after this act; and it is said died a few years ago in America."

But the editor's obligations to Mr. Maurice O'Connell did not terminate here, as he subsequently forwarded to him a versification of "the Fisherman's Keen for his sons" (see p. 77), made by a lady, and to whom the editor takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks. It is a singular coincidence, that at the moment this reached my hands, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the popular novelist, had begun a versification of the same keen, which in consequence he abandoned after having written the three following verses.

THE LAMENTATION OF THE FISHERMAN AT ROARING WATER.

"'Twas on a Monday morning, and fresh the gale it blew,
My sons left shore an hour before the night to morning grew:
My children they were driven away to perish in the sea,
This year has proved a year indeed of ruin unto me.

"Cormac, my eldest boy, with his fowling-piece could kill
The wild duck, partridge, growse, and black plover of the hill;
And every bird that flew in air; oh, my Cormac! oh, my son!
Flower of young men, a joy it was to see thee with thy gun.

"Cormac, my dear, oh thou who wert well-educated, mild,
Who wert just and pure, and free from vice, as innocent as a child;
Oh! glorious King of heaven, hadst thou spared to me the best—
It breaks my heart entirely, I—might have parted with the rest."

Another curious coincidence, is, that a copy of an ingenious and well known periodical—"The Mirror" (for 21st May, 1825, No. CXLI, vol. v. p. 334) should have accidentally come under the editor's observation, after the present selection of specimens of the keen of the South of Ireland had been printed, in which may be clearly traced, through a prose translation, a different version of the "Keen on young Ryan" at p. 84.

The similarity of

> "Maidens, sing no more in gladness
> To your merry spinning-wheels,"

and—"Lay aside the wheel and flax, and sing not in joy, for there's a space left in my cabin!"—together with

> "See the space within my dwelling,
> 'Tis the cold, blank space of death!"

the mention also of the Banshee—

> "'Twas the Banshee's voice came swelling
> Slowly o'er the midnight heath,"

and the corresponding prose passage—"Did ye not hear the cry of the Banshee crossing the lonely Kilcrumper?" shew the identity.

The name of Ryan has also been faithfully preserved. But the whole is too remarkable not to demand here a complete transcript.—

"SHELAH LEA'S LAMENTATION: AN ANCIENT IRISH KEEN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

"SIR,—I send you the annexed trifle as printed from an original MS.; it has not come from the press for the purpose of circulation, except amongst the friends of the gentleman who possesses the writing. Should you think it has sufficient interest to occupy a column in the *Mirror*, it is at your service. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. P.

"Sing the wild keen of my country, ye whose heads bend in sorrow, in the house of the dead!—Lay aside the wheel and flax, and sing not in joy, for there's a space left in my cabin!—Oweneen the pride of my heart is not here!—did ye not hear the cry of the Banshee crossing the lonely Kilcrumper? Or was there a voice from the tomb, far sweeter than song, that whistled in the mountain wind, and told ye that the young oak was fallen? Yes, he's gone!—He went off in the spring of life, like the blossom of the prickly hawthorn, scattered by the merciless wind, on the cold clammy earth;—never again will he lift in his clasp'd hands the cross of the Holy Virgin, or bend his strong limbs before her altar.—The Gorsoons may hurl now in the mountains, but the strong arm of my Oweneen is not there!—the

cold dew of death is upon it, and his eyes which were bright lights to his poor mother's soul, are closed and sunk in darkness for ever!—The Banshee will come on the morrow, when ye are keening the last keen of sorrow over his head,—its cry will drown your death-song, for Oweneen was the pride of all!—The howl will be heard in the heath, on the mountain, and o'er the grave of his foster brother, who's gone before him.—Raise the keen ye whose notes are well known, tell your beads ye young women who grieve;—lie down on his narrow house in mourning, and his spirit will sleep and be at rest!—Plant the shamrock and wild fir near his head, that strangers might know who is the fallen! Soon again will your keen be heard on the mountain, for before the cold sod is clodded over the breast of my Oweneen, Shelah the mother of keeners will be there! the voice which before was loud and plaintive, will be still and silent, like the ancient harp of her country!—Let the long green grass grow thickly near the graves of my forefathers, that the little mountain daisy might not sprout up alone.—Let Elleen Bawn, the best of all keeners, lay me clean on my death-bed, that the last of the Ryans might go in peace to her grave.—See that the lights at my wake be as many as my grey hairs, which I'll carry in pride to my tomb; for I am Shelah-Lea, the grey-headed

keener.—The Pillabeen-meek will scream round my cabin door, when your song of grief is singing.—There will be lights seen dancing on Cairn Thierna, and moving quickly across the wet bog, and let ye not follow, for the evil spirit is the guide, and will lead you to darkness.—Come to my grave when the yellow leaves off the trees are upon it, and say, "rest, the soul of Shelah the keener! whose tongue is now silent in the place where the rain nor the storms cannot enter."—Take your rounds at my head-stone, count your beads, that my ghost might be quiet in the shroud, that was made by Elleen.—There's a tree in Kilcrumper that hangs over the lonely, in its branches the dark bird of night keens the whole night long.—I go there when Shain Ogen has done ploughing, when the bat flaps its wings round the hill, when all is dark as the silence of night.—Once I went as the moon shone upon the bed of my Oweneen,—the grey stone that marked his head was bright, yet my soul was as dark as before.—Moss and weeds flourished around me, and the wind was not heard on the hill—there was a voice from the furze-brake close by me, that howled like a funeral keen; and I knew that the Banshee had warning that Shelah was soon to come there.—The croak of the raven was heard thrice in the barn that Oweneen built, and I felt that I soon would be borne to the grave of my WHITE-HEADED BOY."

What has been stated, when taken in connexion with the following pages, will show that the custom of keening has materially tended to keep alive the memory of past circumstances in the heart of the Irish peasant, which it were better for his sake, and for the honour of England, should be buried in oblivion. But there they rankle; and some documentary evidence will probably shortly be laid before the public, to shew the kind of justice that Ireland has had meted out to her at the hands of England, and the means by which some of the boldest castles and fairest acres have been obtained.

"My gossips, the ways of the world I'll explain;
They are falsehood, and meanness, and cheating and squeezing," &c.—p. 97.

The hour has arrived when all men of all parties, who love their common country, must make up their mind upon an important question,—that of the repeal of the Act of Union between the two countries. A nation's voice cannot be stifled, nor can the strongest army that England ever mustered, subdue, in the mind, a conviction based on truth. In this point of view, Mr. O'Connell has done a great permanent good to Ireland, by forcing the tardy attention of England towards her people and her resources. He is, indeed, a great moral conqueror, and the blessed steps of Father

Mathew have materially aided him in his progress. O'Connell has had to lead, as well as to contend with, fierce and stormy spirits; but the path of Mathew has been love and good will towards all. And it must be the sincere prayer of all honest men, that the elements of discord will now

"mingle in peace."

The fact is, justice can only be rendered to Ireland, by Englishmen of all classes making themselves better acquainted with her people, and acquiring even so slight a glimmering of knowledge, as to be able to perceive that the Irish, with certain superstitions—ideas, if the reader pleases, —have feelings much like those of other persons of other countries, with hearts much readier to forgive than to forget wrongs by which humanity has been outraged.

The editor's object is, however, not to write a political essay, but to shew how powerful an aid the keen has been, not merely in political, but in religious warfare in Ireland. At a meeting of the Irish Society held in Cork on the 14th October, 1842, the Rev. W. L. Beaufort in the chair, the following statement with reference to the keen was made by Mr. Michael Moriarty:

"Some time since, in his brother's parish, a potato boat, while conveying potatoes from Tralee to

Dingle, was wrecked. The captain and crew, who were all converts, were providentially saved, but the poor captain, from the effects of the wrecking became ill, and subsequently died. While on his death-bed he was attended by his two sisters, clever women, commonly called 'Keeners.' Every entreaty was used by these women to induce the poor man to recant from the religion he had adopted, and have the priest to attend him, but unavailingly, and so earnest was one of the sisters in her entreaties, that during six nights previous to his death, she never undressed herself. God, however, did not permit her wishes to be carried into effect, and the poor man died in the faith he had adopted. After his death there was some work about the spot he was to be interred in, and it became necessary to swear an affidavit before a magistrate in order to get the assistance of the police to prevent a breach of the peace. The poor man was buried, and one of the sisters composed the following 'Keen,' which has been translated by a lady acquainted with the Irish language :—

'In the deep mighty ocean the dark night it found thee,
The tides and the billows were foaming around thee,
When, doubling the headland—oh! here's the sad token,
Thy heart and thy vessel together were broken.

'My sorrow, my sorrow, it drives me to madness,
Oh! never again shall my sad heart know gladness,

Oh! sorely it grieves me, to think that those dangers
And troubles came o'er thee when toiling for strangers.

'Oh! would that thy grave were made under the billow!
And would that the wild shark himself were thy pillow!
Than thus on thy bed in thy senses to die,
And our Church and her priesthood so boldly deny.'

"The other sister composed the following:—

'Oh! Denis, Denis, can it be?
And hast thou left us so?
The gem, the flower of all thy race,
With heretics to go.'

"The annexed verse alludes to the custom in Catholic countries, of placing a new coffin when put into the ground, under the old coffins which had been previously in the grave:—

'We'll lay thee in thy father's grave,
Beneath thy mother's head;
No parson o'er thee e'er shall pray,
Or Bible e'er be read.

'No children of Dunlevy's line
Are ye, nor of his race;
Beneath him ye shall never lie,
Nor in his tomb find place.

'His gatherings and his earnings all
They may belong to thee,
But we his kindred, flesh, and blood,
Deep, deep, in him are we.'"

The power of the keen as a vehicle for conveying the sentiments of the heart, seems to have been completely misunderstood in England from the time of Elizabeth to the days of Victoria.

"Now, lastly (says Barnabie Rich, in his "Description of Ireland," 1610), M. Stanihurst seemeth to find fault at the manner of the Irish burials, and sayeth: 'They follow the dead corps to the grave, with houling and barbarous outcries, pittifull in apparance, whereoff grew (as I suppose) *To weep Irish*.'

"I think it would be admired in any part of Christendom, to see the manners of the Irish, how they used to carry their dead to their graves, in the remote parts of the countrey; so a straunger that had never seen the sight before, at the first encounter, would beleeve that a company of hags or hellish fiendes were carrying a dead body to some infernall mansion; for what with the unseemlinesse of their shewes, and the il-faring noyse they doe make, with their howling and crying, an ignorant man would sooner beleeve they were devils of hell, then Christian people. But as M. Stanihurst saith, it is pittifull in appearance, pittifull indeed, that a people so many yeares professing Christianitie, should yet shew themselves more heathen-like, then those that never heard of God.

" M. Stanihurst farther supposeth, that the proverbe, to weepe Irish, had heere the first beginning: It may be so, and it is troth, that in citties and townes where any deceaseth that is of worth or worthinesse, they wil hyre a number of women to bring the corps to the place of buriall, that for some small recompence given them, will furnish the cry, with greater shrieking and howling, then those that are grieved indeede, and have greatest cause to cry; and hereupon ariseth this proverbe, *to weepe Irish*, that is to say; To weepe at pleasure, without cause or griefe."

John Wesley, in his Journal dated 31 May, 1750, records that he—

" Rode to Rathcormuck. There being a great burying in the afternoon, to which people came from all parts; Mr. Loyd read part of the burial service in the church, after which I preached on 'The end of all things is at hand.' I was exceedingly shocked at (what I had only heard of before) the Irish howl which followed. It was not a song, as I supposed, but a dismal inarticulate yell, set up at the grave, by four shrill-voiced women, who (we understood) were hired for that purpose; but I saw not one that shed a tear, for that, it seems, was not in the bargain."

And this is the general impression on the English mind respecting keens and keeners almost to the present hour.

A writer under the signature of O'G., in the Dublin Penny Journal, (Vol. I. No. 30, January 1838), states, that "the learned Jezreel Jones, in speaking of the Shillah or Tarmazeght, a language or dialect of the inhabitants of the mountainous parts of south-western Barbary, in a letter to John Chamberlayn, dated 'Westmonasterii, 24 December, 1714,' declares that 'the Shilhenses have the same custom as the Arabs, the Jews, and the Irish, of lamenting over the dead, uttering various cries of grief, tearing their hair, and asking the deceased why did he die? why did he leave them? and desiring that death would seize them also, in order that they might rejoin him whom they lamented! According to an old work, Armstrong's History of Minorca, the peasantry of that island, in their lament, ask the dead 'if he had not food, raiment, and friends, and wherefore, then, did he die?'"

The writer in the Dublin Penny Journal thus describes the effect produced on his mind by the keen; and his conduct on the occasion.

"The first time I ever heard the funeral cry, I was greatly struck by it, owing, perhaps, in some degree to its coming upon me quite unexpectedly. I was riding along an unfrequented road in one of the most retired parts of the County of Meath; I well remember it was a lovely morning early in

spring: the trees were rapidly assuming their most brilliant clothing of green, there was a genial warmth in the air, the sun shone out brightly, and the lively songs of the birds added their animating influence at once to cheer and tranquillize the feelings, and I sauntered on in that delightful state of mind which one enjoys, when, all the cares and anxieties of life for a few short moments utterly forgotten, one is engaged solely in drinking in a variety of undefinable, but yet highly pleasurable emotions from every quarter. A faint wailing sound, so wild and indescribable, that it seemed almost something unearthly, came floating on the light morning breeze, but so indistinct and so faint from distance, that it was repeated more than once before I could be quite certain it was more than mere imagination. However, I heard it again and again at intervals of a few seconds, the sound becoming each time more distinct as I approached the quarter from whence it came, or the wind bore it a little more strongly towards me. From a sort of murmur it swelled out into a full tone, and then died away into silence; I know nothing it resembled so much as the sounds of an Eolian harp, as they rise gradually in strength, and then sink into the softest cadences. At length reaching a turn in the road, I perceived at some distance a vast crowd of people advancing towards

me, and stretching along a considerable extent of ground; part of them only I was able to see, the remainder were concealed from my view by the windings of the road. In the front, where the crowd was most dense, I distinguished by their cloaks (several of which being scarlet gave a highly pictorial effect to the group) twenty or thirty females, and in the midst of them a bier carried by men, who were occasionally relieved by others of those nearest to them. I soon perceived that the funeral song was begun by some of these women, that it was gradually swelled by the voices of the remainder, and the men joined occasionally their deeper tones. The effect of the whole was most striking, and had something even grand in it; the song was guttural, but by no means monotonous, and whether the contrast with the bright and joyous spring morning may not have rendered it more melancholy and lugubrious I know not, but it certainly struck me as the most singularly plaintive and mournful expression of excessive grief that could well be imagined.

"As I drew nearer I perceived that the persons who composed the cortège were affected by very different feelings indeed. Some few of those who followed close to the coffin were evidently overcome by the most heartfelt and poignant affliction. Some of the women especially gave way to the

most unrestrained and vehement expression of the liveliest sorrow, weeping loudly, throwing up their hands and clapping them together, or striking them violently against their bosoms. It occurred to me involuntarily that it was no small trial of the true pathos of this ancient melody to see that it bore with undiminished effect so close a juxtaposition with the real demonstration of genuine and unartificial grief; indeed I fancied at times that some of them, even in the utmost abandonment of their sorrow, joined in the wail of the other women, who, by their undisturbed countenances, and unagitated demeanour, pointed themselves out as the professional *keeners* who assisted on the occasion.

"As soon as the foremost persons came up to me, I raised my hat for a moment, and turned my horse's head about, aware that it is deemed unlucky if any person meeting a funeral passes it without turning back to accompany it at least some short distance. I am always anxious to yield to such prejudices as this among my countrymen; it costs not much trouble to show some slight respect to their feelings, and I think one is especially called on so to do upon such occasions. It always appeared to me that trifles like these serve greatly to draw together the bonds of charity and friendly feeling between the different classes in this much

divided country, which it is to be lamented are often heedlessly and rudely broken through by many who, unobservant of mankind, know not that it is one of those immutable laws inherent in our very nature, and nowhere of more force than in the bosoms of our warm-hearted countrymen, that a far deeper feeling of gratitude and affection is engendered by an expression of sympathy or participation either in sorrow or joy, than by laboured kindnesses, which in truth are often felt as absolutely oppressive.

"By reining in my horse, I gradually allowed the whole crowd to pass me by, though it seemed almost to be interminable; I was astonished at finding that it extended probably along upwards of a mile of the road and consisted of not less than two thousand people. I then resumed my journey, and in a few minutes the intervening ground hid the entire procession from my view, and the funeral wail gradually became distant, and at last totally died away.

"I subsequently learned that the deceased was a very extensive farmer, claiming to be a descendant of one of the old native families, who derive their lineage from the ancient princes of our land; that he had just terminated a long life spent from his childhood on his paternal inheritance, in constant intercourse with the poor peasantry, by whom

he was much beloved, not only in consequence of his ancient descent, but from his having had the character of exercising lavishly the hospitality of the olden time, besides possessing pre-eminently in his own person many of the other virtues and qualities which stand highest in the estimation of our countrymen.

"It is an interesting fact that Curran, who was from his infancy familiar with the language of his country, and in his youthful days took especial pleasure in constantly mixing in the social meettings of the peasantry, has been known to declare that he derived his first notions of poetry and eloquence from the compositions of the hired mourner over the dead."

This circumstance is somewhat floridly related by Mr. Regan, one of the biographers of Curran.

"The wakes in the country parts of Ireland, present an odd assemblage of different characters, and of different passions. The real genius of the people is nowhere so well or so openly displayed, as at those nightly meetings. It is a theatre on which tragedy, comedy, broad farce, match-making, speech-making, &c.—all that is *bizarre* and comical in the genuine Irish character—develope themselves with a freedom truly fantastic. Here the scenes are shifted with a rapidity of change, and an unrestrained succession, quite surpassing

any other drama. The transitions from the deepest and most impassioned tones of sorrow, to mirth and humour, are quick as thought. There is a melancholy in their mirth, and a mirth in their melancholy, which is often found to prevail in their music, and which was a character impressed on national sensibility by successive changes of ill fortune; and, as no one passion is permitted to continue very long, they mingle and vary like shades of light and darkness, playing upon the surface of a sullen stream; or like those blazes intermittingly shot forth by the Persian fire-flies on the meinham tree, which, glittering in their confusion, shed their most beautiful lights in regular irregularity.

"At one of those national carnivals, where the common excitements of snuff, tobacco, and whiskey, and the fruits of plundered orchards, are abundantly supplied, Mr. Curran felt the first dawn, the new-born light and favourite transport, which almost instantly seized upon his imagination, and determined his mind to the cultivation and pursuit of oratory. It was produced by the speech of a tall, finely-shaped woman, with long black hair, flowing loosely down her shoulders; her stature and eye commanding; her air and manner austere and majestic. On such occasions, nothing is prepared; all arises out of the emotion

excited by surrounding circumstances and objects; and, if the *Corinne* has been highly celebrated by Madame De Stael, this woman has found in Mr. Curran an eulogist not surpassed even by the enthusiastic and rapturous descriptions of the French novelist, by a recorder not less national, certainly not less touching.

"Some of the kindred of the deceased had made funeral orations on his merits; they measured their eulogies by his bounties; he was wealthy; his last will had distributed among his relations his fortune and effects; but to this woman, who married without his consent, to her, his favourite niece, a widow, and with many children, he carried his resentment to the grave, and left her poor and unprovided for. She sat long in silence, and at length, slowly and with a measured pace approaching the dead body from a distant quarter of the room, with the serenest calm of meditation, laying her hand on his forehead, she paused; and, whilst all present expected a passionate and stormy expression of her anger and disappointment, she addressed these few words to him: 'Those of my kindred who have uttered praises, and poured them forth with their tears to the memory of the deceased, did that which, by force of obligation, they were bound to do. They have been benefited; they have, in

their different degrees, profited by that bounty which he could no longer withhold. He forgot in his life the exercise of that generosity by which his memory might now be held regarded and embalmed in the hearts of a disinterested affection. Such consolation, however, as these purchased praises could impart to his spirit, I would not by any impiety tear from him. Cold in death is this head, not colder than that heart when living, through which no thrill of nature did ever vibrate. This has thrown the errors of my youth, and of an impulse too obedient to that affection which I still cherish, into poverty and sorrow, heightened beyond hope by the loss of him who is now in heaven, and still more by the tender pledges he has left after him on earth. But I shall not add to these reflections the bitter remorse of inflicting even a merited calumny; and, because my blood coursed through his veins, I shall not have his memory scored or tortured by the expression of my disappointment, or of the desolation which sweeps through my heart. It therefore best becomes me to say, his faith and honour in the other relations of life were just and exact; and that these may have imposed a severity on his principles and manners. The tears which now swell my eyes are those I cannot check; but they rise like bubbles

on the mountain stream,—they burst, never more to appear.'"

The editor has only, in concluding this lengthy but he hopes not uninteresting preface, to acknowledge the many marks of polite attention which he has received from several parties to whom he had occasion to apply for information, especially from the Right Hon. the Knight of Kerry and the Knight of Glin.

TO

CROFTON CROKER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.

O WELL fed scholar, of the cheerful face,
How neat your hand to plane and polish verse is!
To English turning, with a silken grace,
The branchy Irish, that so sweet and terse is.

Early and late, once proudly sung the bard,
The glowing strains his busy brain created;
And surely on such honied fame 'twas hard
That none his valued stores should have translated.

But Erin's long neglected minstrelsy,
Thy skill will save—nor shall it be neglected;
A merry champion has it found in thee,
Who seeks to make our country's name respected.

CEANGAL.

Go on! and prosper, make a glorious gleaning,
I pray the Fays may aid you in your keening.

DAVID MURPHY.

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SPECIMENS OF THE KEEN OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

THE LAMENT OF O'GNIVE.

VERSIFIED FROM THE IRISH BY MR. CALLANAN.

AFTER a literal translation in O'Connor's Dissertations on Irish History. Here reprinted from the "Recluse of Inchidony, and other Poems, by J. J. Callanan." (London, 1830), in which volume it is thus prefaced:—

"Fearflatha O'Gniamh, was family olamh, or bard, to the O'Neil of Clanaboy, about the year 1556. The poem, of which the following lines are the translation, commences with '*Mo thruaid mar atâid gaoidhil*,'" p. 135.

Mr. Callanan's versification was first printed in Bolster's Magazine (Cork, No. 5, January 1827), and in a letter, addressed to the author of a memoir of Mr. Callanan in a subsequent No. of the same publication, upon the appearance of these verses, Callanan says—"I am much indebted to you for the manner in which my 'O'Gnive' came to light; your deep reading in our history, and acquaintance with the past state of Ireland, enabled you to elucidate it very satisfactorily." The notes to be ascribed to this source are distinguished by a star at the end.

As it is stated in the Transactions of the Iberno-Celtic Society, that this poem "Upon the miserable condition of the Irish in those parts of the country where the power of the English prevailed,"

consists of ninety-two verses, it is evident that Mr. Callanan has versified only a very small portion of it, and the first line, which signifies literally "Alas for the state of the Gathelians," is sufficient to shew how much in his version he has embellished the original.

An imperfect translation may be seen in O'Connor's Dissertations on the History of Ireland (p. 72, Christie's Ed. Dublin, 1812). "Copies of the original are in the hands of almost every Irish scholar." Trans. Ib. Celtic Soc. 4to. Dublin, 1820, p. cxxxvii.

How dimm'd is the glory that circled the Gael,
And fall'n the high people of green Innisfail;*
The sword of the Saxon is red with their gore;
And the mighty of nations is mighty no more!

Like a bark on the ocean, long shattered and tost
On the land of your fathers at length you are lost;
The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains,
And you're doom'd from your cradles to bondage and chains.

O, where is the beauty that beam'd on thy brow?
Strong hand in the battle!—how weak art thou now!
That heart is now broken that never would quail,
And thy high songs are turned into weeping and wail.

Bright shades of our sires! from your home in the skies,
O blast not your sons with the scorn of your eyes!

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* Innisfail—the island of destiny, one of the names of Ireland.*

Proud spirit of Gollam,* how red is thy cheek,
For thy freemen are slaves, and thy mighty are weak!

O'Neal† of the Hostages;—Con‡ whose high name,
On a hundred red battles has floated to fame,
Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep;
Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep.

In thy broad wing of darkness enfold us, O night!
Withhold, O bright sun, the reproach of thy light;
For freedom, or valour, no more canst thou see,
In the home of the brave, in the isle of the free.

Affliction's dark waters your spirits have bow'd,
And oppression hath wrapped all your land in its shroud,
Since first from the Brehon's§ pure justice you stray'd,
And bent to those laws the proud Saxon has made.

We know not our country, so strange is her face;
Her sons, once her glory, are now her disgrace;

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* Gollamh—a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish O's and Macs.*

† Nial—of the Nine Hostages, the heroic monarch of Ireland in the 4th century, and ancestor of the O'Neil family.*

‡ Con Cead Catha—Con of the Hundren Fights, monarch of the Island in the 2nd century; although the fighter of a hundred battles, he was not the victor of a hundred fields;—his valorous rival, Owen, king of Mnnster, compelled him to a division of the kingdom.*

§ Brehons—the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.*

Gone, gone is the beauty of fair Innisfail,
For the stranger now rules in the land of the Gael.

Where, where are the woods that oft rung to your
cheer,
Where you waked the wild chace of the wolf and the
deer?
Can those dark heights with ramparts all frowning and
riven,
Be the hills where your forests wav'd brightly in
heaven?

O bondsmen of Egypt! no Moses appears
To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears;
Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh,
To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!

DR. GEOFFRY KEATING.

Geoffry Keating, well known as the author of a History of Ireland, appears to deserve consideration as a poet. Besides the poems of which the two following specimens are fragments, he was the author of thirty-six verses in praise of Teige O'Coffey, a celebrated performer on the harp, beginning:

"*Cia an tsaoi le seinntear an chruit.*"
"(Who is the sage by whom the harp is struck?)"

In Ryan's Worthies of Ireland, an elegy on the death of Lord Decies is ascribed to Keating, and also a burlesque poem on his servant Simon, whom he compares with the heroes of antiquity. Keating was a Roman Catholic priest, and took his degree of

D.D. at a foreign university. Little is known respecting him, beyond the fact recorded in an inscription over the chapel door of Tubrid, near Cahir in Tipperary, of which county he is believed to have been a native. From this it appears, that the chapel was built by the Rev. Eugene Duhy, vicar of Tubrid, and Doctor Geoffry Keating, in 1644; about six years after which period Keating is supposed to have died.

Keating's exile from Ireland is traditionally said to have been occasioned by the persecution of Sir William Parsons (one of the Lords Justices of Ireland in 1640) which originated from a sermon preached by Keating against Sir William's mistress; although, judging from the period, and the tone of Keating's writings, it is more probable that his offence was of a political nature. On his return to Ireland, Keating is believed to have wandered through the country in disguise, and to have collected the romantic fictions and ballads from which he afterwards composed his History of Ireland.

The Editor remembers a singular chasm in the Galtee mountains, which was pointed out to him, in 1816, by an old man who abounded in local traditions, as the place where "Father Keating remained concealed for three days without food, when Cromwell's soldiers were hunting him." The spot was called "Poul Grainead" (the Ugly Hole), and afterwards became celebrated as the retreat of a rapparee or freebooter named Halfpenny. It is about seven or eight miles west of Cahir, and not far from the ruins of an old tower called Cappagh, which may be seen from the road leading by Bansha to Tipperary.

The History of Ireland by Keating commences at the remotest era, and comes down to the invasion of the English in the time of Henry the Second. The original title was "*Forus feasa air Eirinn*," or Rudiments of Knowledge on Ireland. Many transcripts appear to have been made of this work. Mr. Walker, in his Essay on Irish Dress, speaks of an illuminated copy in the possession of Dr. Archer (1787), which was executed by William Lynch in 1698. This history was first printed in translation by Dermod

O'Connor, in 1723, in 1 vol. folio. Another edition appeared in 1738, with plates of the arms of the principal Irish families, and other additions. In 1809 it was republished in 2 vols. 8vo. Dublin; and a new and more correct translation, as far as the Christian era, was published in 1 vol. 8vo. Dublin, 1811, with the original Irish on the opposite pages, by Mr. William Haliday, whose premature death prevented him from completing the undertaking.

Keating also wrote a treatise on the mass, called "*Eocair sciath an Aifrionn*" (a Key to the Shield of the Mass), and a moral treatise on death, "*Tri biorghaoithe an báis*" (Three-pointed Shafts of Death), both of which are unpublished.

The following translations from Keating were printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, No. VII, for August 1830.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.

THE Editor has been able to obtain only six verses of this poem which is said to consist of four-and-twenty. It commences "*Mo bheannact leat a sgribhinn*, transposed in the translation into the third line.

FORCED by fraud and by Saxon oppression
Without its green border to rest;
Bear with thee, O letter, my blessing,
For the beautiful Isle of the West.

To the nobles who cherish the Bard,
Bear with thee my grateful farewell;
And may peace be thy clergy's reward,
Not laws that proscribe and expel.

To thy vallies, thy fields, and thy hills,
My heart sends a thousand farewells;
To thy smooth lakes, and swift rushing rills,
To thy mountains—their crags and their dells.

Farewell to thy fruit-bearing trees—
Farewell to thy murmuring weirs,
That gave a sweet voice to the breeze,
Like the song of the Women of Tears.*

Dear Island! may plenty be thine!
May the sky that is o'er thee be calm!
Thy mornings with dew freshly shine,
And thy evenings breathe only of balm.

Holy Isle—tho' within thee now dwell
False traitors to God, and to me,
Take my blessing—my fondest farewell—
Across the broad waves of the Sea.

ON THE MISERIES OF IRELAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.

Of this poem on the enactment of penal laws, and the tyranny of the English over the Irish, which is said to have consisted of twenty verses, a fragment of seven only has come into the Editor's hands. It commences, "*On sgeoil do chradh Magh Fail ni chodlaim oidhche.*"

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* Keeners, or mourners for the dead.

When it is remembered that Keating was of English extraction, the indignation displayed by him in the following poem may appear singular, were it not a matter of notoriety in the history of Ireland, that English settlers and their descendants, or, as they are termed, "the degenerate English," have always been more inimical to English government than the genuine Irish.

In the measure chosen by the Translator, eight lines are generally required to render a four-line verse of the original; although in one instance a verse has been translated in the same number of lines, yet in another (that of the first verse), the translation has extended to twelve.

THE news I hear from distant Erin
Destroys my peace, and breaks my sleep;
Fresh chains and fetters for her wearing
Are forged, and she must wear and weep.

It makes my life-blood chill and sicken
To see again the times of old,
As Israel's sons, her children stricken,
Their birth-right lost, their freedom sold.

To see how party strife and wrangle
To Saxon laws have made her yield;
That, like to tares, the wheat will strangle
And spread their mast'ry o'er the field.

O, Ireland! base and shameless woman
As hooded harlot* false and vile,

---

* The epithet "hooded" appears intended to add treachery to

With breast to every stranger common,
No mother's love is in thy smile!

Thy bosom, Erin! soft and swelling,
No milk affords thy offspring now;
For in thy arms securely dwelling,
Are litters of a foreign sow.

And greedy herds that from the Ocean,
Have sought thy pastures bright and green,
Now rove abroad in wild commotion,
And in thy golden vales are seen.

Strong-handed soldiers boldly seize on
Each chieftain's hall—his ancient home;
Let sword be drawn—'tis death or treason—
Outlawed the rightful lord must roam.

Fierce squadrons like the armed bramble
Now overrun each wasted plain
For houses, mills, and parks they gamble,*
And God's own holy walls profane.†

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infamy. "Hooded men," says Mr. Walker, in his Essay on Irish Dress, "I think are mentioned somewhere in the Irish statutes, under the description of assassins."

* Literally, trump at cards (*Manadh*). It was a common practice among Elizabeth's and Cromwell's soldiery to decide the choice of the forfeited possessions granted to them, by playing at cards, or drawing lots. An estate in the South of Ireland, at present worth upwards of a thousand a year, was won by a follower of Cromwell's army from a trooper, by the turn up of a card; an adjoining estate, of nearly the same value, was sold by

Where are thy young men—lion hearted!
Their fathers, where?—who once were free.
Have all the brave and sage departed
By force and fraud exiled from thee?*

Be still—be still—my heart's high bounding,
Gone is the race of Eògan Mòr;†
But vanquished spirits now are found in
My country—all her pride is o'er.

O! to the strangers this is glory;
But it is shame for me to sing
That all the fame of Finnian‡ story
Is bubble-like—an empty thing.

---

his comrade to the same party for "five Jacobuses (five pounds) and a white horse."

† Would be more correctly rendered—despoil, or prey on (*Faobh*).

* "Thirty thousand went over sea unto different countries, in the time of Cromwell."—*English Note on the Original.*

† Owen, or Eògan Mòr, was king of Munster in the second century. During his minority, three chiefs, who were supported by the northern powers, seized on his kingdom, and divided it among them. But Eògan Mòr not only recovered his kingdom from the usurpers, but forced the northern princes, whom he defeated in ten successive battles, to divide Ireland with him. There are several romantic ballads and traditions extant in Ireland concerning the adventures of Eògan Mòr, which abound with supernatural agency. (*ceird-thosaighe*).

‡ "The Finii are, in Ireland, what the race who fought at Thebes and Troy were in Greece; Sigurd and his companions in Scandinavia; Dietrich and his warriors in Germany; Arthur and his knights in Britain; and Charlemagne and the Paladins in France; that is, mythic heroes, conceived to have far exceeded

That Erin, great as Brian* made her,
By triumph ever Lochland's host,†
Lies trampled by a new invader,
Her honour gone—her freedom lost.

O that my voice could rouse each valley,
Then would I make its children free!
O that mine eyes could see them rally,
But that mine eyes shall never see.

If God—the gracious God of Heaven
No succour gives—a race of slaves,
To death disgraced, will soon be driven,
Or banished o'er Cliona's waves.‡

---

in strength and prowess the puny beings who now occupy their place."

* Brian Boru, King of Munster, who fell in the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014, by which the Danes were expelled from Ireland.

† *Lochlonnach*, a Dane, is explained by Dr. O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, as a name arising out of the maritime power of the nation; from *loch*, the sea, and *lonringhadh*, to dwell or abide. "The words," adds the Doctor, "were originally *loch-lannach*, from *loch*, a lake, and *lan* or *lann*, land, a Germano-Celtic word; so that *loch-lannach* literally signifies a lake-lander, or one from the land of lakes. All the countries about the Baltic are full of lakes. Hence George Fournier, in his geographical description of the world, says that *Dania* literally signifies *terra aquatilis* which is the same thing as the land of lakes. It was doubtless from the Danes themselves the Irish did learn this circumstance of the nature of their country, which made them give them the Irish name of *Loch-lannaico*."

‡ "Cliona," says a note on the original, "is an enchantress that lives in the Bay of Dublin, who cries whenever a Milesian dies."

KEEN ON MAURICE FITZGERALD, KNIGHT OF KERRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.

THE original is in an Irish MS. volume (p. 65), belonging to Dr. Lee of Hartwell, lent to me by Lieutenant Hall, of the 17th Foot, and in which the author is stated to have been Pierce Ferriter. To Sir William Betham I am indebted for the following sketch of the pedigree of the Knights of Kerry.

John Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, 1573 = Shela, daughter of O'Sullivan More, *first wife*

William Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, died 6 Nov. 1640 = Mary, daughter of Charles O'Conor of Ophaly

Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, died in Flanders without issue, about 1642. (*The subject of the following Keen*)

John Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, heir to his brother =

Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq. died before his father, about 1667 = Jane

John Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, heir to his grandfather, died 1682 = Honor, daughter of Daniel O'Brien, Lord Viscount Clare

Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, fought at the Boyne a Cornet in Lord Clare's Regiment = Elizabeth, daughter of David Crosbie of Ardfert (1703)

John Fitzgerald Knight of Kerry, died 1741 =

Robert Fitzgerald, Esq. second son =

Ten daughters

Maurice Fitzgerald, late Knight of Kerry, died without male issue.

The Right Hon. Maurice Fitzgerald, now Knight of Kerry.

Pierce Ferriter took an active part, on the Irish side, in the warfare which commenced in 1641 and terminated in 1650. Among the Crosbie MSS. there is a curious letter, dated "Corke, y^e^ last of June, 1641," addressed to him by Lady Kerry, which, by the permission of Mr. Sainthill, who is about to edit these papers for the Camden Society, was printed by Lady Chatterton in her "Rambles in the South of Ireland." In this letter Lady Kerry earnestly dissuades "Honest Pierce" from taking any part in the military movements of the day, and in a P.S. tells him, "Here is news com of a mightie armie, a preparing in England for to com over." Notwithstanding, Ferriter appears to have immediately and actively espoused the Irish cause, and to have been ultimately hanged, in company with a Roman Catholic bishop and a priest. O'Connell, a Kerry poet, in a long poem about Ireland and Irish matters, thus records the circumstance in the 106th verse of his composition :—

"Why should I not lament the glorious dead?
Pierce Ferriter, whose fame was widely spread,
Connor Täyg, and the pious Bishop Pount,
A blessed trio hanged upon Sheeps Mount."

My woe and my dullness
For ever and ever;
O Chieftain of Kerry!
Is that death should us sever.
That in Flanders you're coffined
Far away from my sight
O Maurice! brave son
Of the Florentine Knight.*

---

* That the Fitzgeralds came originally from Florence is a very ancient tradition. Stanihurst, in Holinshed's Chronicles, says, "This house was of *the nobilitie of Florence*, came from thence

Though envy may blacken
  Both fortune and fame,
No stain, spot or speck
  Has it left on thy name.
For with words of bright praise
  That through time will not fade
Was the news of thy death
  To my sad heart conveyed.

That heart which with dreams
  Of the future throbbed high
As it saw the proud council*
  In humbleness lie;
Now resembles the hill
  Which for seven long years
Swell'd up, when a small mouse
  Its offspring appears.

---

into Normandie," and so into Wales. He adds, that "The familie is verie properlie toucht in a Sonnet of Surries [Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, beheaded in 1546-7] made upon the Earl of Kildare's sister, now Countess of Lincolne."

"From Tuscane came my ladie's worthie race,
  Fair Florence was sometime hir ancient seat:
The western ile, whose pleasant shore doth face
  Wild Camber's cliffes, did give hir livelie heat;
Fostred she was with milk of Irish brest," &c.

Peter Lombard, the Roman Catholic Primate of Armagh in James the First's reign, adds his testimony in the following words: "Geraldini ex Britanniâ huc venerunt, *origine vero sunt Itali, nempe vetustissimi Florentini.*"

* The Parliament of England.

When I heard lamentations
And sad warning cries,
From the Banshees* of many
Broad districts arise.
I besought thee, O Christ,
To protect me from pain.
I prayed; but my prayers
They were offered in vain.

Ainā† from her closely-
Hid nest did awake

---

* *Banshees*, i. e. *Mná-sighe*, singular *bean-sighe*. "She fairies or women fairies, credulously supposed by the common people to be so affected to certain families, that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations about their houses by night, whenever any of the family labours under a sickness which is to end by death; but no families which are not of an ancient and noble stock, are believed to be honoured with this fairy privilege; pertinent to which notion a very humorous quartain is set down in an Irish elegy on the death of one of the knights of Kerry, importing that when the fairy-woman of the family was heard to lament his death at Dingle (a sea-port town, the property of those knights), every one of the merchants was alarmed, lest the mournful cry should be a forewarning of his own death; but the poet assures them, in a very humorous manner, that they may make themselves very easy on that occasion."—SITH-BHROG, *O'Brien's Irish Dictionary*.

Sir Walter Scott, no mean judge of superstitious fancies and their effects on the human mind, has classed among the "leading superstitions of Europe, but now restricted to those places which continue to be inhabited by an undisturbed and native race," that of a belief in the spiritual agency of the banshee, and he calls it "one of the most beautiful" of "Irish fiction."

† "*Ainn*, a great circle, hence *Bel-ain* (*Bliaghain*) the great

The woman of wailing
At Gur's voicy lake.*
From Glen Fogra of words†
Came a mournful whine;
And all Kerry's hags
Wept the lost Geraldine.

The Banshees of Youghall‡
And of stately Mogeely,§

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circle of Belus, i.e. of the sun, or the annual course of that planet through the ecliptic."—*O'Brien's Irish Dictionary*, where to this Celtic monosyllable is referred the Latin word *annus*. Ain-ā means from out of this mysterious circle.

* Lough Gur, in the county of Limerick, is perhaps that above all other spots in Ireland to which a careful antiquarian research should be directed at the present moment. The data which forced this conviction on the Editor's mind are curious, and require to be more minutely detailed than the present space admits; probably no where in the world exists such an extended and connected series of stone circles with similar works.

† Literally, the glen of warning—proclamation—decree. [*Fogradh*] from a proclamation against the Earl of Desmond having been published there in the reign of Elizabeth. It is now called Glenogra. In the county of Limerick, about a mile and a half N.W. of Lough Gur.

‡ Thomas Fitzjames, the eighth earl of Desmond, procured the incorporation of Youghall in 1462. He founded the collegiate church of that town in 1464, and in 1467 he was beheaded at Drogheda. It is generally believed that his tomb is that now commonly pointed out in Dublin as the tomb of Strongbow.

§ A castle in the county of Cork, on the river Bride, two miles west of Tallow, and the favourite seat of Thomas the

Were joined in their grief
By wide Imokilly.*
Carah Mona† in gloom
Of deep sorrow appears,
And all Kinalmeaky 's‡
Absorbed into tears.

---

eighth earl of Desmond. In Smith's History of Cork, a romantic story is told illustrative of Irish hospitality, respecting the earl's determination to burn this castle, that his guests might not be aware of his want of provisions for their support, and which the timely arrival of an old and faithful steward with supplies, prevented. This incident would seem to have suggested to Sir Walter Scott the character of Caleb Balderstone in the Bride of Lammermuir; the act has been transferred from the master to the man, but the idea is the same.

* In the original, this word is written *Aoibh mac caille.* A barony in the south-east of the county of Cork, containing about 50,000 acres. "*Aoi* or *I*," says O'Brien, means "a country, as *aoì mac Cuille*, the territory of Mac Cuille, or the barony of Imokilly;" and he adds that the Irish word *aoi* "is quite analogous to the Hebrew *ai* or *y*, insula, regio, provincia. Vid. Opitius's and Buxtorf's Lexicons." Imokilly gave the title of Seneschal to a branch of the Fitzgerald family which settled at Cloyne and were men of considerable note in the south of Ireland.

† A parish, I am informed, distant six miles from the town of Skibereen, in the county of Cork. Smith says Caragh is a parish in the barony of Carberry, and Mohanagh is mentioned by him as a mile south of Dunmanway, the seat of Roger Fenwick, Esq. [1750.]

‡ Kinalmeaky is a barony in the south-west of the county of Cork, which contained nearly twenty thousand acres of unprofitable bog; the literal translation being "Kinalmeaky is drained

The prosperous Saxons
Were seized with affright,
In Tralee they packed up,
And made ready for flight.
For there a shrill voice
At the door of each hall,
Was heard, and they fancied
Foretelling their fall.

At Dingle the merchants
In terror forsook
Their ships and their business;
They trembled and shook.
Some fled to concealment,
The fools—thus to fly!
For no trader a Banshee
Will utter a cry.*

The Banshee of Dunqueen†
In sweet song did deplore,

---

from crying," I cannot help feeling that I have conveyed the idea very imperfectly.

* This is the verse quoted by Dr. O'Brien in his Irish Dictionary, to show that the Banshee is solely a spiritual aristocratic appendage.

† So written by Dr. Smith in his History of Kerry; in the original it is *Duncaoin*. The extreme western point of Ireland, and the south side of that "tongue" of land which the county of Kerry shoots forth into the Atlantic, and which, to use the words of Camden, "is beaten on by the barking billows on both sides."

To the spirit that watches
On dark Dun-an-oir.*
And Ennismore's maid
By the Feal's gloomy wave,†
With her clear voice did mourn
For the fall of the brave.

On stormy Slieve Mis‡
Spread the cry far and wide,

The point of this tongue of land, which is about four miles across, with the Blasket Islands, which lie immediately off it, were held by the Ferriter family under the earls of Desmond, upon condition of supplying a certain number of hawks annually. The Blaskets indeed, are sometimes called Ferriter's Islands, and Ferriter's Creek is upon the main land nearly opposite to them. In this creek are the ruins of Castle Sybil, which was the residence of the author of this keen.

* There is a castle of this name, which literally signifies "the Golden Fort," upon Cape Clear Island; but from the juxta-position of Dunqueen it is evident that *Fort del Ore* upon Smerwick Bay is meant, which stands on the north side of the "tongue" of land so graphically described by Camden.

† "*Inis-mòr*, on the river Feil [or Feal] in the county of Kerry."—*O'Brien's Irish Dictionary*. Moore's verses "By the Feal's wave benighted," have exquisitely embalmed a romantic historical anecdote respecting Thomas Fitzgerald, the 6th Earl of Desmond, who died in exile at Rouen, in Normandy, 10th August 1420. Henry V is stated to have attended his funeral, at Paris.

‡ "Between the bays of Castlemain and Tralee are a range of considerable high mountains, which divide these arms of the sea; they go by the general name of *Slieve Mis*, near to which, according to Keating, the Milesians fought their first battle with

From steep Slieve Finnaleun*
The wild eagle replied.
'Mong the Reeks,† like the
Thunder-peal's echoing rout,
It bursts, and deep bellows
Bright Brandon‡ gives out.

Such warning I thought
Could be only for him;
The blood shower that made
The gay harvest field dim,—

---

the natives after their landing. The highest pike of these mountains, as measured by a good instrument, by means of two stations, taken on the level strand in Tralee bay, was seven hundred and fifty yards perpendicular above the sea."—*Smith's Kerry.*

* I believe this is the Irish name for Mount Eagle, a very high hill west of Dingle, and from whence the title recently familiar to the English public in connexion with their Exchequer documents.

† Carran Tual (the highest of the Reeks), is, according to Mr. Nimmo's report, 3410 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest mountain in Kerry.

‡ "About five miles north of Dingle stands *St. Brandon's Hill*; it is esteemed one of the highest in this county, being little, if at all, inferior to Mangerton or the *Reeks*, it being often covered with clouds when the tops of these others are clear. The foot of this mountain is washed by the sea on the north, and Dingle bay lying on the south of it, may also occasion it to be so frequently covered with a cap, by its retarding the vapours that ascend from the ocean on almost every side of it; and sometimes the clouds may be seen to descend on the sides of this mountain, when its top is quite clear."—*Smith's Kerry.*

The fiery-tailed star
That a comet men call,—
Were omens of his,
As of great Cæsar's fall.

But O skilful wrestler!—
O captain most brave!—
Whose death comes to me
As a dream of the grave,
Had the time but arrived
When your skill could be seen,
Further spread would your fame
Than proud Cæsar's have been.

Like a poet unchecked
In out-pouring of song,
The burst of whose feeling
Sweeps flood-like along;
I pause not to study
The verses between,
For the thoughts of the heart
Will gush forth in a keen.

O chief! whose example
On soft-minded youth,
Like thy signet impress'd
Honor, glory and truth.
The youth who once grieved
If unnoticed passed by,
Now deplore thee in silence
With sorrow-dimm'd eye.

And many a maiden
Will weep with her lover,
Who as her own shadow
Beside her doth hover;
Who has never destroyed
By cruel deceit,
The first vows he murmur'd
And she thought so sweet.

But oh! there's one lady,
Whose soul-rending cries
Ascend from this cold earth
And pierce into the skies;
She knew thee—she valued
Thy seraph-like mind;
She knew, that no purer
On earth could she find.

And many fair dames
Who in chariots are drawn;—
Not from love of display,
For they blush like the dawn;—
At your death have put off
All their holiday gear,
And in deep weeds of silk
Mourning rivals appear.

O wild woman of tears!
Who with musical hands,

From your bright golden hair
  Has combed out the long bands.*
Let those golden strings loose;
  Speak your mind—let your mind
Fling abroad its full light,
  Like a torch to the wind.

There's many a maiden,
  The proud and chaste-minded,
Shut up in her chamber,
  With weeping half blinded;—
They do not lament thee
  With clamorous art;
But silently gush forth
  The floods of the heart.

Say, whence flow those bright tears?
  From the depth of their gloom;
They have lost thee, and now
  They first think of the tomb.—
For love to a maiden,
  A maiden's young heart,
Is like to a cold spear—
  To Death's icy dart.

And now like a prophet
  I can clearly foresee
All minds, and all memories
  Are haunted by thee.

---

* The action of dishevelling the hair preparatory to keening.

Thy spirit communing
With spirits of earth;
To visions of Heaven
Give wonderful birth.—

Tho' Venus did fondly
Adonis adore,
Yet the daughters of Erin
They loved thee still more.
Through the green wood he followed
His game without fear;
But you rushed on the red field
'Mid gun, pike, and spear.

Thy valour shed round thee
A halo of glory;
And the deeds of your sharp sword
Will long live in story.
King Philip's own white hand*
That weapon presented,
In a case set with blue stones,
And royally scented.

Like a beacon to brave men,
In warfare and science,
On thy judgment and right mind
The soul fixed reliance;
Quick, active, and zealous,
Without noise or riot,

* Philip IV of Spain.

Or boasting, your hand did
It's work, and in quiet.

In whom now is found
Youthful beauty like thine?
The skin that resembles
The foam of the brine;
The cheek whose red blaze
With the snow doth unite,
And the diamond-like eyes
That flash fire's varied light.

What mortal had ever
Such luxuriance of tresses?
A golden net only
Their richness expresses.
On the son of fair Venus
And on thy loved head
Were ringlets and curls
As bounteously spread.

Thine the broad chest of power
And the sinewy arm;
The tongue slow to move
In dissension or harm;
The vigorous foot,
And the white satin skin,
The lip like the ruby,
The nail clear and thin.

Without equal in skill
On the back of a steed,
With a pedigree blazoned,*
Which few could exceed,
Correctly recorded,
And carefully penned,
And full of proud knowledge
From beginning to end.

Whate'er you foretold,
Of no boast was the token,
For glorious your words were,
As words meekly spoken.
In the cause of the soul—
In that cause for division,
Did the rights of thine own
Lead to sword-drawn decision.

Who now shall inherit
Thy rich jewel's store?

---

* This is more than the present knight of Kerry possesses. In July 1834, he told me that all his family memoranda, which he had collected and brought to Dublin for the purpose of getting them arranged, were left by him in a closet of his bedroom at an hotel, when he went on an excursion for a few days into the county of Wicklow. Upon his return, he had the mortification to find that the chambermaid, considering these precious documents as waste paper, had used them for lighting the fires of the hotel; and I think the knight of Kerry added, that all he was able to recover, were two or three fragments from the fireplace of his bedroom, sufficient to convince him of the truth of the chambermaid's story, and of the irreparable loss he had sustained.

Who thy poem complete
  Now that thou art no more?
Alas! that a goose-quill
  Was not thy hand's bride,
To keep thee composing
  Sweet verse by her side.

Say, who with thy art now
  Can knowledge advance,
Ingeniously breaking
  With rivals a lance?
Who can fill a small pen
  With the tongue of command,
Or wake the mute harp
  With so skilful a hand.*

The strength of thy bonds
  Like the power of thy gold,
Were ready to aid
  Both the young and the old;
No payment but thanks
  Did you seek to obtain,
And those thanks were resigned
  If by them one could gain.

Without ostentation
  Was your bounty to all,

* The original, literally rendered, is, "Who can give a voice so sweetly to a dead willow?"

The prayers of the clergy
  Rose up in your hall.—
The fool there was sheltered
  As soon as an Earl,
Nor rejected was there
  The disdain'd, outcast girl.

Behold your reward—
  In the fullness of grief.
The reward for your wines,
  And your meat and relief!
For the joy of your feasts
  The sad tribute is paid,
In the full burst of keening
  That for thee is made.—

Your kindred with zeal
  And sincerity mourn,
And old men and young men
  Raise their voices forlorn;
Old women, distracted,
  Madly shout forth their pain;
And maidens lament thee
  In heart-rending strain.

And now that you're laid
  In the silence of death,
Still they fondly prolong
  Their last musical breath;

Like the string of a harp
That keeps vibrating on,
Though the hand that has waked it
For ever is gone.—

The dark muzzled muskets
Reversed,—soldiers sustain,
And the sharp pointed halberts
Point down to the plain.
The banners in broad plaits
Are gathered and bound,
Near slaughter's gorged field
With death's triumph crowned.

And your sword, which in battle
Was restless and keen,
Unsheathed on your coffin
Is peacefully seen.
Your swift horse accoutered
Is solemnly led,
And your golden spurs borne,
For their master is dead.

Then followed commanders
Of skill and of fame,
And captains from all parts
Of Europe that came;
Who marched slowly on
And in order appear,
As silently moving
As the men 'neath thy bier.

Your attendants are there,
In deep mourning of black—
Save the herald who carries
His fame on his back.
And the honours you gained
Now displayed on your hearse,
To others these trophies
Will the herald disperse.

As your coffin was laid
In the gloom of the grave,
The smoke of the vollies
Fired over the brave,
Had the sunrise that morning
Been cloudlessly bright,
Would have changed the clear sky
To the darkness of night.

Each soldier, to prove
How sincere was his grief,
In doubling his charge
Sought a stunning relief.
But that vivid fire-flash,
The peasants around
In fast flowing tears
As instantly drowned.

When the news was reported
At break of the day,
The priests, tho' not far
Was their dwelling away,

Through the spur of great haste
It was needful should be,
At noontide performing
Their service for thee.

Ninety priests for thy soul,
Did that sad morning pray,
In their rich robes of state,
To the close of the day;
And choristers chaunted,
Unnumbered the throng,
And bishops of tithes
Chimed in with their song.

To tell all about thee,
For me what a task!
The power of an Ovid
I surely should ask;
Though his Muse is not mine
Yet you shall not depart—
Without, in a clear voice,
My speaking my heart.

Oh! sun-beam of evening
Gone down in the west,
Your refulgence has sunk
In the wild waves to rest.
And storm clouds are up
In the grey twilight sky
And the wind is abroad—
Tho' as yet with a sigh.

Rise—rise on my mind,
Like a bright blessed star,
Let me see thee—though shining,
Ever, ever so far;
Thou guide of my path-way
Thro' life's thorny field,
Thou door of my dwelling,
My armour,—my shield.

My comfort, my hope,
And my solace from fear;
The rudder by which
My bold course I would steer,
The staff that at home
I could use when abroad,
Whose knowledge and skill,
Could be never outlawed.

My casket of jewels,
My great diamond ring;
My honey bee's store,
My swan's glossy wing;
My sunshine in winter,
My drop of pure gold,
My white-handed champion,
My marshal so bold.

My fierce-fighting bear;
My loud-sounding horn;
My fiery-mouthed dragon;
My own Goll Mac Morn;

My hero; my lion;
My true lady's knight;
Quick-sighted; swift-footed;
My life's beacon light.

Despoiled my heart's wealth,
With deep sorrow I see;
Lost my freedom and joy,
Which all centered in thee.
As a treacherous wound
Thy loss do I mourn;
The end of all hope,
Without fame in return.

My black Monday's spoil,*
My peril from war's art,
My prison; my death blow,
My soul's cruel dart;
My grief thousand-fold,
And sting never failing,
My sorrowful deluge
Of groans, tears, and wailing.

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* Black Monday was so called, on account of the slaughter committed by the Irish, in 1209, on a great number of Bristol settlers in Dublin (above five hundred men besides women and children it is said) who went out to make holiday in Cullenwood on Easter Monday, where they were attacked and butchered by the Mountaineers of Wicklow.

My flood-burst of grief,
My heart's pang and sprain,
Deep stab in my breast,
My desire and its pain;
My limb without power,
My blood drawn by blade,
My assassin-like wound
Is—in death that you're laid.

The ruin of my life,
The deep cause of my woe,
My cancer-like gnawing,
My fairy-like blow;*
My bitter misfortune,
Without aid or cure,
Fore-runner of downfall,
Which I must endure.

Refreshing thy mirth
As the light summer shower;

---

* Tumours or swellings are supposed, by the ignorant Irish peasantry, to proceed from a stroke or blow given by an invisible hand; and hence a blow is commonly termed "a Puck." From some observations, by a physician of Cork, on the Medical Superstitions of the South of Ireland (1828), I extract the following remarks: "The other inflictions ascribed to fairies, besides pucks or strokes, are 'blasts' and 'darts.' Erysipelas of the face is called 'a blast,' and is attributed to their 'whirling' a blast of wind in the person's face. Sudden swellings, or anchylosis of a joint, are 'darts.'"

While firm was thy valour
As the rock 'neath a flower.
Thy bounty was broader
Than Ireland's expanse;
And Europe seem'd small
To thy eagle-eyed glance.

In thy fall, is my fall,
My life's final blow,
To lose thee is my loss,
And great loss I trow.
Doomed vainly to struggle
Without hope to strive,
Thou art quietly dead,
I am dead though alive.

Subdued is my spirit
The grave ends my career,
It's muteness will cover
My pride, once so dear!
Oh! Phœnix of glory
Whose far spreading rays,
With destruction's red glare,
Light up my last days.

KEEN, BY FELIX MAC CARTHY, FOR THE LOSS OF HIS FOUR CHILDREN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH, BY THE EDITOR.

A translation of this Keen, by Mr. Callanan, appeared in Bolster's Magazine, No. 3 (Cork 1826), but the Editor is inclined to prefer his version (perhaps, with an undue partiality), as more terse.

Mr. Callanan, writing with the Editorial we, thus prefaces his translation. "From the enquiries we have made concerning the tragical circumstance that gave rise to the following effusion, we learn that Felix Mac Carthy had been compelled, during a period of disturbance and persecution, to fly for safety to a mountainous region, in the western part of this county [Cork.] He was accompanied in his flight by a wife and four children, and found an asylum in a lone and secluded glen, where he constructed a rude kind of habitation, as a temporary residence. One night, during the absence of himself and his wife, this ill contrived structure suddenly gave way, and buried the four children, who were asleep at the time, in its ruins. What the feelings of the father were will be best learned from the following lamentation. We have been most anxious to give as clear an idea of the original as possible, to the English reader, and for this reason we have rendered some passages verbatim, and have endeavoured, as much as possible, to transfer the powerful feeling and energy of the original, at the expense of those lighter graces of composition which are of very subordinate importance.* In

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* With this sentiment the Editor perfectly agrees, and in order to contrast, at a glance, Mr. Callanan's translation with his, he gives the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth verses as rendered by that poet, which are rendered by the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth verses of the Editor's translation.

"Yes! I will sing this song of woe,
'Tis life's last spark shall glow,

point of style the merits of the original are very considerable. It is superior to any specimen of Irish poetry we have seen as yet, both in chasteness of expression and harmony of language. Of these, however, the English reader can form no idea. In speaking of the process of translating Irish poetry into English, we shall not use Alfieri's figure, by saying that it resembles transferring an air from the harp to the hurdy-gurdy, but we think it has been the impression of all who have attempted the matter, that at best they merely succeeded in rendering the energy of the original, to the exclusion of those graces which are peculiar to the Irish tongue, and which form a part of its mechanical structure. The lament which we subjoin, concludes with a fearful curse on the glen where the accident occurred. He prays that the sun and stars may never shed their light on it; that the curse of the Most High may wither it up; that the 'poison of its treachery' towards him may ever adhere to it, and he baptizes it, 'the glen of ruin' from that day forward,

---

Like the swan floating on the surge
That murmurs its unwilling dirge.

"Thou Callaghan devoid of sin,
And Charles of the silky skin,
Mary, and Ann my peerless flower,
Entombed within an hour.

"My four sweet children fair and brave,
Laid in one grave;
Wound of my soul that I should say,
Your death song in one day!

"Vain was the blood Eiver's race,
And every opening grace,
And youth undarkened by a cloud,
Against an early shroud!

"Mute are the tongues that sang for me
In joyful harmony;
Cold are the lips whose welcome kiss
To me was heavenly bliss."

because, in one night, it made an old man of him in the bloom of his youth."

Felix Mac Carthy appears, like "Ned of the Hills" (Edward Ryan), to have been one of those unfortunate outlaws whom the political struggle between James II and William III compelled to take up arms; and though he was evidently a partizan of the former, few, if any of those whose forefathers supported the latter, will now object to his having espoused "the right cause." But, to use the words of Sir John Harrington,

> "Treason can never prosper: what's the reason?
> Why, if it did, none dare to call it treason."

The accomplished Miss Brooke, in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry" (Dublin, 1789), speaking of Ryan, states, that concerning him "many stories are still circulated, but no connected account has been obtained, further than that he commanded a company of those unhappy freebooters called Rapparees, who after the defeat of the Boyne, were obliged to abandon their dwellings and possessions, 'hoping' (says Mr. O'Halloran) 'for safety within the precincts of the Irish quarters; but they were too numerous to be employed in the army, and their miseries often obliged them to prey alike upon friend and foe. At length some of the most daring of them formed themselves into independent companies, whose subsistence chiefly arose from depredations committed on the enemy.

"'It was not choice but necessity, that drove them to this extreme. I have heard ancient people, who were witnesses to the calamities of those days, affirm, that they remembered vast numbers of these poor Irish, men, women, and children, to have no other beds but the ridges of potato gardens, and little other covering than the canopy of heaven; they dispersed themselves over the counties of Limerick, Clare, and Kerry, and the hardness of the times at length shut up all bowels of humanity, so that most of them perished by the sword, cold, or famine.'"*

* O'Halloran's Int. to the Hist. and Ant. of Ireland, 382.

KEEN, BY FELIX MAC CARTHY.

Tho' choaked by tears—I'll try to keen
My heart's beloved, in heart-felt woe,
Mine is the heavy loss I ween,
And nature's fullness will o'erflow.

Small is my prop, this Easter day,
This day that pierces through my breast!—
From friends, from all I love, away,
A lonely wanderer in the West.

By bursting pangs compelled to speak,
Let me deplore my endless grief;
With rambling head from pain grown weak
And heart that throbs without relief.

To mine, what is the widow's wail?
Or bridegroom's, for his lonely bed?—
I face alone the winter's gale
A nestless bird—my young ones, dead!—

So, like the swan, on stormy waves
Sad, sweet, and sullen be my dirge,
The song of death—that dying braves,
And murmurs music thro' the surge.

My Callaghan—O dark downfall—
And Charles of the silky skin,
Mary;—and Ann, best loved of all—
All crushed, a ruined heap within.

My children four—as pure as light,
Of lineage fair—in one sad day
I saw them dead—oh fatal sight,
That rends my heart with sore dismay.

Branches, from Heber's noble tree*
In life's spring time—all love and truth—
My children!—gone are they from me
In the full joyousness of youth.

Though of a prouder stock—yet they
With Sythia's kings could kindred claim;—
And kings of Spain in pride array
As of the stock from whence they came.†

With many a true Milesian bold
A near connexion could they trace;‡

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* In a poem of a hundred and twenty-four verses, composed by Teige Mac Daire (a bard of the seventeenth century) during the memorable contest of the bards, he endeavoured to show that the Munster tribes had a right to precedence before those of the other provinces, as being descended from Heber, the eldest son of Milesius, while the latter are the progeny of Ereman and Ir, the younger sons.

† Milesius, the colonizer or conqueror of Ireland, is said, in a poem supposed to be composed in the middle of the seventh century, to have departed from Scythia, "*Do luidh Golamh* (*Milesius*) *asm Scitia*," for Spain, from whence he went into Ireland. —See *Iberno-Celtic Transactions*, xlvii.

‡ "The peasantry of Kerry are generally tall and well-proportioned. Swarthy complexions, dark eyes, and long black

And they from chronicles of old
To Saxon kings could link their race.

Sweet were their voices to my ear,
As they would sport in childhood's mirth,
But now no merry words I hear—
Their lips are silent as the earth.

And who can tell their mother's smart?
For children loved with ardent love,
Nursed at the fountain of her heart—
Her's is all other grief above.

The white palms of her hands are sore
From striking them in her despair,
Great tears her eyes unceasing pour,
And wild her heart is, as her hair.

Yet strange 'twould be if less her wail—
She who the prop of life has lost;
Nor is there one in Innisfail
By sorrows crosses so much cross'd.—

Upon that valley sad and dark,
When nearly maddened grew my brain,

---

hair, are common amongst them; in which features some persons pretend to trace the origin of their race from Spain; and the appellation of Milesians, from Milesius, who led a colony from that country, is given to them; this reputed distinction from the other inhabitants of Ireland is eagerly maintained amongst the lower orders."—*Weld's Killarney.*

May the Almighty set his mark
In memory of my endless pain.

The Glen of Slaughter from this hour
I name the place for ever more;
May poison fall in blackest shower,
And flood that glen with ruin o'er.

There may the sun ne'er shed his light,
Nor light of star, nor moon-beam come;—
Bud, leaf, and flower find withering blight,
Nor bird nor insect have a home.

May voice of triumph never wake
The echoes of that dismal glen;
But death-like gloom and hunger make
Its name a curse in mouths of men.

CEANGAL.*

The cause of my weakness and grief so distressing,
That to me would make death appear sent like a blessing;
Is the loss of my children, all buried one tomb in,
Ann, Mary, fair Charles, and Callaghan blooming.

---

* Or *Ceangail*, explained by Irish scholars as "the binding verses," signifies literally an addition, or annexation. It is a summing up or moral, and is usually in a different metre from the poem.

One layer* of Mac Carthy's, at one blow death had 'em,
And a credit they were to the race of old Adam.—
But their parted souls now with bright angels are winging,
Thro' the high halls of heaven, where the blessed are singing.

My pain, and my loss, and my heart's bitter sorrow,
The cause of my grief on each coming to-morrow,
Is my children four; that in one heap have perished,
Far from home, and the kind friends by whom they were cherished.

KEEN ON JOHN FITZGERALD, ESQ. SON OF THE KNIGHT OF GLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.

THE original is in the MS. volume, mentioned at p. 12, as belonging to Dr. Lee, of Hartwell, in which it is entitled "The Elegy of the Kt. of Glen, who died in Cork, in the year 1737." The Editor should state, as he is informed that this volume is not at present in the possession of Dr. Lee, that it contains the following note by him. "*John Lee, Colworth. These poems were written for me from old MSS. during the winter of* 1806 *and* 1807, *at Cork, by the favor and assistance of Mr. Flyn, a learned grocer of that town, who introduced me to an old schoolmaster well skilled in ancient Irish history and mythology.*"

In a communication which the Editor received from the pre-

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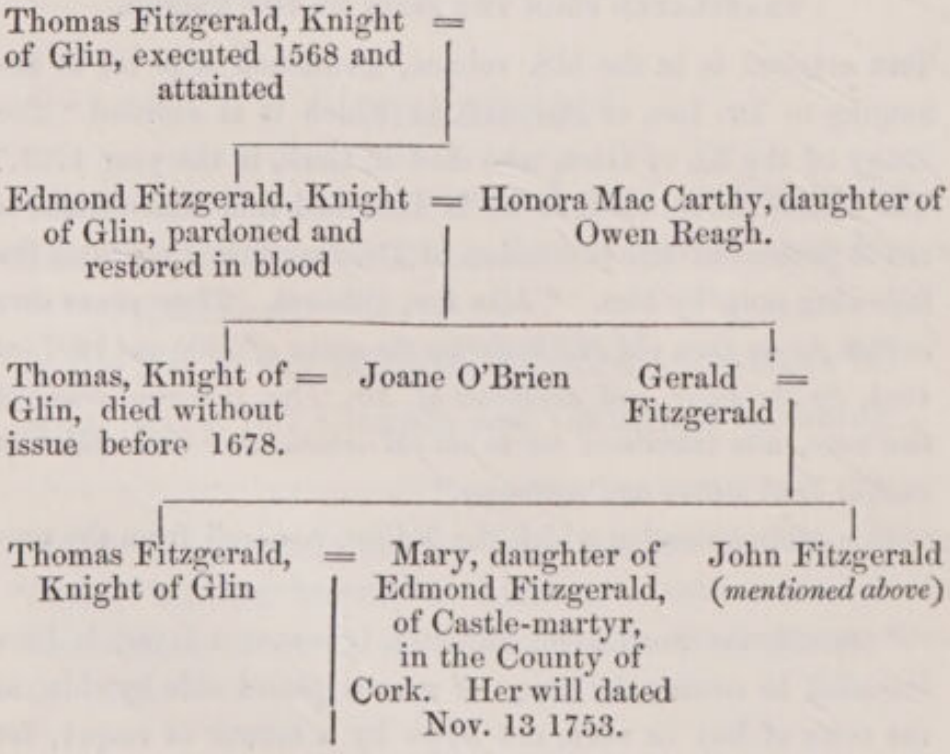
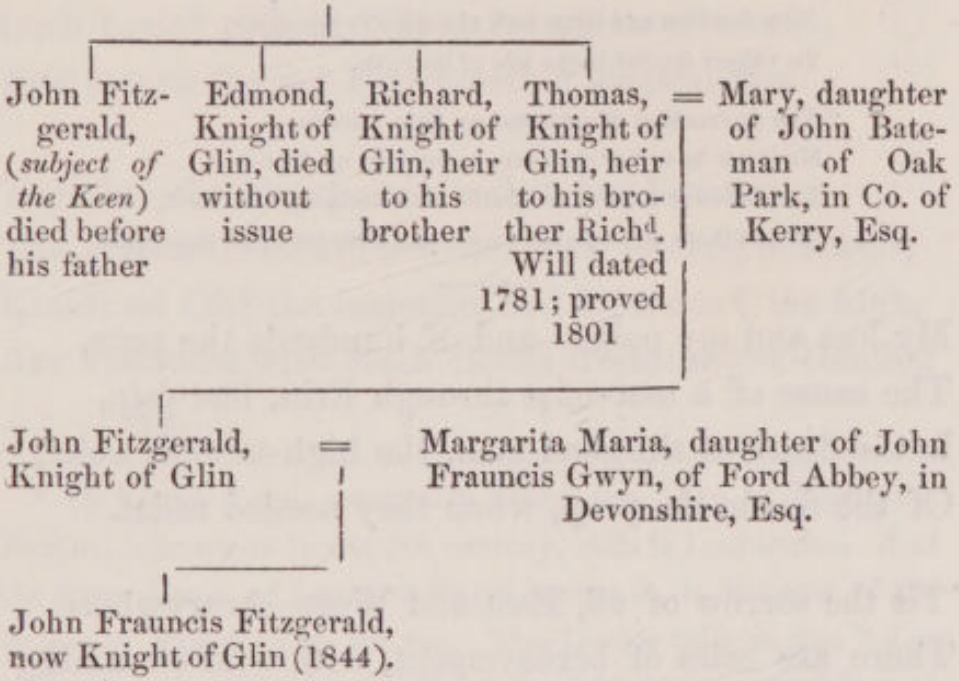
* *Spaith*, the word used, although it means a layer, is here intended to convey the image of graves placed side by side, as the rows of hay or corn, cut down by a mower or reaper, for which it is the common expression.

sent Knight of Glin (Sept. 27, 1834), he says, "Having lately received the pedigree and papers from Mr. Spring Rice to which I referred you, in answer to your queries respecting the descent of John Fitzgerald, &c. and fearing you may not have had an opportunity of seeing them, I beg to furnish you with the following information, which appears to be fully authenticated by the pedigree duly certified from the Herald's Office. The John Fitzgerald alluded to by you was son of Gerald Fitzgerald, 13th Knight of Glin, and brother of Thomas, 14th Knight of Glin, who married Mary, daughter of Edmond Fitzgerald, of Castle martyr. John died without issue. He went to France in some official capacity. There is a tradition of his having fought with some person high in office in that country who was cased in armour. I have a portrait of him, full length, receiving the challenge from his servant."

Between this statement, however, and the following sketch of the pedigree of the Knight of Glin, there appears to be some confusion; but a little investigation would, I have no doubt, soon clear up the difference."





I believe the Knight of Glin, or the Heralds, have confounded John Fitzgerald, the brother of Thomas, Knight of Glin, who married Mary, the daughter of Edmond Fitzgerald of Castle martyr, with his nephew, John Fitzgerald, who, it appears from the keen, died in Cork, and, according to tradition, was interred in the church-yard of the Cathedral there (St. Fin bar's) where this inscription records the circumstance :—

"HERE LIES A BRANCH OF DESMOND'S RACE
IN THOMAS HOLLAND'S BURIAL PLACE."

Among some Irish MSS. which were collected by Sir Lucius O'Brien, and by him placed in the Editor's hands in 1828, there was a fragment of three verses composed by "James Fitzgerald, on the death of Thomas, the son of John, the son of the Knight of Glin," of which the following is a translation.

"O Ireland! vile woman, how shameless thou art,
To force thy own offspring away from thy heart;
The noble and brave into exile are driven,
And the milk of thy breast is to foreigners given.

"The true sons of Heber,—the free-born of Nial,—
The descendants of kings that once ruled Innisfail,—

Now freedom and fame seek abroad o'er the earth,
To valour denied in the isle of its birth.

"The destruction of conquest on Erin attends,—
No lands have her children, no justice, no friends,—
The red-sworded Saxon, flushed with triumph and lust,
Strikes them down to the grave, and then tramples their dust."

My loss and my pain,—and of hundreds the pain,
The cause of a tear-mist through Erin, like rain,
Is the death of the good man, the high-minded chief,
Of the feeble the prop, when they needed relief.

'Tis the sorrow of all, East and West—everywhere
There are cries of bereavement, with wild streaming hair,
From Dublin to Beer,* quickly clapping their hands,
The keeners lament thee, in loud wailing bands.

When sickness hung o'er thee, all creeds and all clans
Were united in prayer; all were thy partizans.
The Gael and the Gaul,† young and old in one strain
They prayed for thy life, but alas, prayed in vain.

Thy death by its side has Lee,‡ swollen with tears
And the Shannon a broad spreading flood now appears;§

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* Or Beara,—Bearhaven in Bantry Bay.—

† The Irish and the English.—The Irish were commonly termed Gaels, the English were called Gauls, from the invaders under Strongbow being of Norman French descent.

‡ Cork is on the River Lee.

"that like an island fair
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood."—*Spenser.*

§ Glin Castle, the residence of the Knights of Glin, is near the mouth of the River Shannon, in the county of Limerick.

Loch Leun* rolls in billows to echoes of woe;
And moans the sad Feal,† with a musical flow.

Together the Paps‡ as in widow-hood mourn,
The shadow of death o'er the dark Reeks§ is borne;
Knock an Oir‖ the majestic, and Brandon¶ the high,
Are festooned with black clouds from the low-bending sky.

---

* Or Lough Lane, commonly called the Lake of Killarney. Nenius, who wrote in the 9th century, calls it Lochlenius. And the River Lane, or Laune as Smith writes it, is the exit of the waters of Killarney to the sea. The Doctor tells us that "*Lan* or *Laun* in the old Irish signifies full. *Léun* means, in Irish, woe, and Lough Leun, is literally the Lake of Woe, and this gives a double meaning to the original line, which it is impossible to convey in translation. The lake of Killarney is traditionally said to have received its Irish name of *Leun* from having overwhelmed a great city.

† The Feal, mentioned at p. 19, rises in the mountains which bound the counties of Limerick and Kerry. It runs through the towns of Abbey Feal and Listowel, in the latter county, and being joined by the rivers Galey and Brick, their united waters fall into the sea under the name of Cashin.

‡ "A long range of continuous hills extends from the boundary of the county of Cork to the lakes of Killarney, two of these, called the Paps, are particularly remarkable for the regularity of their convex or conical form," and receive their name from a fancied resemblance to a woman's breast. The higher of the two is 2280 feet.

§ Mac Gilla Cuddy's Reeks, mentioned at p. 20.

‖ So pronounced, correctly written *Cnoc an Fhomhar*, i.e. the Hill of Harvest, or Autumn—probably from its brown or yellow colour.

¶ A remarkable hill, between Tralee and Smerwick Bays; men-

They grieve for the hero of Grecian-like blood,
Who when sharp swords were gleaming, undauntedly
stood.
They lament for the loss they have suffered in you,
The bright, the majestic, the valiant, the true.—

The cousins to lords and to chiefs of great fame,
To the Earl of Kildare, and to scores of his name;
Of the Feal's loved Fitzmaurice, the cousin most dear,
And to Kerry's proud knight, of the skin smooth and
clear.

The cousin of Sir John, of great Edmond the son,
Whose housekeeping the praise of all Ireland has won;
Who made a bell ring from sun rise to night's fall,
The traveller to guide to the cheer of his hall.*—

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tioned at p. 20. "By monkish authors it (Kerry) was called the country of St. Brandon, who was the patron saint, and to whom the principal Cathedral church was dedicated. From this saint a very high and remarkable mountain in the western part of the county, was named Brandon-hill, there being the remains of a oratory on its summit that also bears his name; and Camden small likewise calls that part of the Western Ocean into which the river Shannon discharges itself, Mare Brendanicum."—*Smith's Kerry.*

* Sir John Fitz Edmond Fitzgerald of Cloyne. His harp, which was in the possession of Noah Dalway, Esq. was engraved in Bunting's Irish Melodies, vol. i. (1809). "The remaining fragments of this harp consist of the most important parts, the harmonic curve or pin-board, and the fore arm; the sound-board alone being lost. It has long been in the possession of Noah Dalway, Esq. of Bellahill, near Carrickfergus, and appears, by

Among your relations why should there not be
The great lord of Decies, without flattery from me,
Since the true sons of Heber are all of thy kin,
All those who in fame with Milesius begin.—

The cousin of Mac Carthy—the honoured of kings,

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notices engraved on it, to have been made for the house of Fitzgerald, viz. for John Mac Edmond Fitzgerald of Cluain, whose arms are handsomely chased on the front of the fore pillar, surmounted by the arms of England. Every part of the remaining fragments is covered with inscriptions in Latin and in the Irish character; the former containing mottos and the name of the maker [Donatus Filius Thadei]; the latter, the year it was made in, A. D. 1621, and the servants' names of the household, &c. According to an old custom, the instrument is supposed to be animated; and among other matters, informs us of two harpers who had produced the finest music on it: these were, it seems, Giolla Mac Credan and Diarmad Mac Credan.

"In the enumeration of the servants of Fitzgerald, we find James Mac Morris, steward; James Ross, marshal of the household; Morris Mac Thomas and Morris Mac Edmond, running footmen; Philip Mac Teague, distributor of provisions; Brennach, superintendent; Diarmad Mac Seain, wine butler; John Ryan, beer butler; Philip Mac Donnel, cook; and Teague O'Ruairk, chamberlain."

"By the pins, which remain almost entire, [this harp] is found to have contained in the row forty-five strings, besides seven in the centre, probably for unisons to others, making in all fifty-two, and exceeding the common Irish harp by twenty-two strings."

"The fore pillar appears to be of sallow; the harmonic curve of yew. The instrument, in truth, deserves the epithet claimed by the inscription, on itself.—"*Ego sum Regina Citharurum.*"

And to lord Clare whose line from Dalcassian blood springs,*
To O'Sullivan Bear, of Eugene's glorious line—
Who gave his one eye as a proverb to shine.†—

But thy pedigree further I'll cease to display,
Lest its boast from thy own deeds should lead me astray;
From the fullness of weeping, weak and dim is my sight,
And tears sadly blot the words out as I write.

Bold and fearless thy heart, though thy speech it was calm,
Breathing comfort and charity, blushes and balm;

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* Joane O'Brien made him related to Lord Clare; and Edmond Fitzgerald, Knight of Glin, married Mac Carthy Reaghs' daughter.—*Observation by Sir William Betham.*

† Owen, or Eôgan Môr, see p. 10. The unbounded hospitality of his descendants is said, in Irish tradition (most probably drawn from the contention of the bards), to have been so magnificent, that no one representing that royal race could refuse any request made under their own roof by a guest. This was put to the test by a stranger who was informed of the circumstance, in a drunken freak requesting Sullivan (or the one-eyed), to permit him to thrust his finger into the other and remaining eye; to which absurd proposition Sullivan, from whom the O'Sullivans are descended, consented, and "gave his one eye as a proverb to shine."

"Nulla manus
Tam liberalis,
Atque generalis,
Atque universalis,
Quam Sullivanus!"

Yet fierce as a lion in the hot battle field
No weapon or foeman could force thee to yield.

Far over the sea had thy fame gone abroad;
Fame, gallantly earned without vaunting or fraud;
And great was the love of all hearts towards thine,
Nor did any in merit thy merits outshine.

As a strong shield thou wert to the cause of the weak,
The support of the clergy, the honest—the meek.—
Oh chieftain! who ever did talent regard,
And gave wine and due tribute to cherish the bard.

In the dearest of taverns he was free as the wind,
No miserly cloud ever sullied his mind;
To a friend in distress, he ne'er turned a deaf ear,
And the cause of the wronged would he patiently hear.—

If honour through danger, "*for death*" gave the word,
The first death would be John's at the point of the sword.—
'Twas my hope that the valorous strength of his arm
Would have quelled life's dread tyrant from very alarm.

But Death's cruel shaft has my champion laid low,
John, the son of the Knight, is struck down by the blow;
My friend and adviser in each worldly deed,
And the staff that I threatened with when there was need.

I pity your mother, the beautiful dame,
With her meek mouth, from loved Bally-martyr that
came;
Who is sunk in distress, which no art can allay,
Since her darling is laid in the tomb to decay.

To the house of distress, may our crucified Lord
Who died to save sinners, some comfort afford;
Thro' him, may the soul that is gone be forgiven,
And this night rest with saints and with angels in
heaven.

Blessed Lord, I beseech thee to hear my heart's prayer;
And, O Holy Spirit, take thou in thy care
Both Richard and Edmond, and give them thy grace,
With Thomas, the tenderest branch of his race.—

KEEN FOR O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY MR. CALLANAN.

THIS was originally printed in Blackwood's Magazine for Feb. 1823 (Vol. xiii. p. 209), and subsequently in the Collection of Callanan's Poems, entitled "The Recluse of Inchidony," 1830. It is thus prefaced:

"In 17—, one of the O'Sullivans, of Bearhaven, who went by the name of Morty Oge, fell under the vengeance of the law. He had long been a turbulent character in the wild district which he inhabited, and was particularly obnoxious to the local authorities, who had good reason to suspect him of enlisting men for the Irish Brigade in the French service, in which, it was said, he held a captain's commission.

"Information of his raising these 'wild geese,' (the name by which such recruits were known), was given by a Mr. Puxley, on whom, in consequence, O'Sullivan vowed revenge, which he executed by shooting him on Sunday, while on his way to church. This called for the interposition of the higher powers, and accordingly a party of military were sent round from Cork to attack O'Sullivan's house. He was daring and well armed, and the house was fortified, so that he made an obstinate defence. At last, a confidential servant of his, named Scully, was bribed to wet the powder in the guns and pistols prepared for his defence, which rendered him powerless. He attempted to escape, but while springing over a high wall in the rear of his house, he received a mortal wound in the back. They tied his body to a boat and dragged it in that manner through the sea, from Bearhaven to Cork, where his head was cut off and fixed on the County gaol, where it remained for several years.

"Such is the story current among the lower orders about Bearhaven. In the version given of it in the rude chronicle of the local occurrences of Cork,* there is no mention made of Scully's perfidy, and perhaps that circumstance might have been added by those by whom O'Sullivan was deemed a hero, in order to save his credit as much as possible. The dirge was composed by his nurse, who has made no sparing use of the energy of cursing, which the Irish language is by all allowed to possess."

Morty, in Irish *Muiertach*, or *Muirchaertach*, is a name very common among the old families of Ireland. It signifies expert at sea; *Oge*, is the younger. Where a whole district is peopled in a great measure by a clan of one name, such distinguishing titles are necessary, and in some cases even supersede the original appellation. I-vera, or Aoi-vera, is the original name of Bearhaven; Aoi, or I, signifying an island or territory.

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* The account referred to by Mr. Callanan, occurs in "the Cork Remembrancer, by John Fitzgerald," a volume now rarely to

To Mr. Maurice O'Connell, the Editor is indebted for the following version of the history of Morty Oge, as related to him by his father:

"Morty Oge Sullivan, was the head of a junior branch of the house of O'Sullivan Bear, and had been a captain of Hungarian grenadiers, in the Austrian service, but on the death of his father had retired to reside on his property. His house was situated at a place called Inch, on the southern shore of the River Kenmare. Smuggling then, as until lately, prevailed to a great extent in that part of the country, and Morty Oge took his full share of the risks and profits of the contraband trade. On returning from one of his expeditions, his vessel, a sloop, or large

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be met with, and is as follows. "1754. Thursday, May 9th. The party of soldiers returned, that went in pursuit of Morty Oge O'Sullivan, on Thursday, from Cork to Bearhaven. On Saturday night about 12 o'clock, the party under the command of Lieut. Appleton, arrived at Bearhaven, and in a small time afterwards was discovered by the sentinels belonging to said Sullivan; but the party being too far advanced towards the house, the sentinels had not time to warn the house of their approach, but made the best of their way to save themselves; immediately the party surrounded the house, but Sullivan and his party being alarmed by the barking of a dog which they had in the house, took the alarm directly; Sullivan came to the door and opened it in his shirt, with a blunderbuss in his hand; at the same time they might have taken away his life, but the commanding officer choosing rather to take him alive, did not fire at him. Sullivan and his men fired several blunderbusses out of the house at the party, but finding them too strong, he thought on a stratagem, by sending them out one man at a time, thinking by that means, the party would have left the house to follow them, by which he may get off, but he was prevented by the officer, who only fired at the men as they went off. At length, Sullivan's wife with her child and nurse, came out and asked for quarters, which was

hooker, was attacked by the revenue officers. Morty and his party resisted, fired upon and killed some of the assailants, and drove off the rest. The sheriff for the county of Cork at that period was a Mr. Puxley, the descendant of one of Cromwell's officers, who had obtained large grants of land in Bearhaven. He resided at Dunboy, near the site of the ancient castle of the O'Sullivan Bear, in the neighbourhood of Morty Oge. The defeated revenue men fled to his house and demanded assistance. Though Puxley had surrounded himself with a body guard, in the persons of a number of protestant settlers whom he had brought from Ulster, he did not think himself strong enough to attack Morty Oge; but, in the discharge of his duty, had him outlawed. Morty, as soon as he became aware of Pux-

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granted. The officer asked her who was in the house, she answered no one but her husband and some of his men, upon which he ordered the house to be set on fire, which they were a long time doing, the men's arms being rendered quite useless from the heavy rains, but the house being at last set on fire, they were obliged to come out. Sullivan behaved with great bravery, as did his men; he stood and snapped his blunderbuss twice at the party, and missed fire; likewise the party snapped at him twice and missed fire, and cocking the third time, they shot him through the heart dead on the spot, with some others; some more were wounded, and only the body of Sullivan was brought away dead, and two prisoners, Sullivan and Connel, alive. The King's boat at the same time went round and sunk the sloop belonging to him. Had it not been for the wetness of the night, the party would have been sooner. He had not his usual sentinels out, as not expecting anything to disturb him. The two prisoners that were brought alive, were put into the South Gaol, and the body of Sullivan was lodged in the Barrack-yard, till further orders; he was afterwards taken to the County Court, his head spiked on the South Gaol, and his remains interred on the Battery in the New Barrack."

ley's proceedings, sent him a challenge, and on the sheriff's refusing to meet him, declared he would force him to fight. Puxley had been in Cork, and on his road homewards on horseback, having his wife on a pillion behind him and followed by a mounted servant, was met by Morty Oge, accompanied by one of his foster brothers, who had been waiting his approach at a forge, not far from the entrance to Dunboy House. Both Puxley and his servant had pistols, and Morty and his companion were similarly armed. Morty stopped Puxley's horse, and saying they were equally armed, called upon him to alight and fight him, adding that his foster brother would fight the servant. The invitation was declined; Puxley saying he would have nothing to do with him, at the same time endeavouring to pass him by, and putting his hand to one of his own pistols. As he drew it from the holster, O'Sullivan fired and shot him through the head. He and his foster brother then withdrew, and left the widow and servant with the body. On the news of this affair reaching Cork, a party was immediately dispatched to seize O'Sullivan, and a price set on his head. However, he was always accompanied by twenty or thirty armed men, and had his spies so posted that he was easily able to remove in time before the military could reach him. Several attempts were made to seize him, but he always either beat off, or avoided the officers of the law; and continued for some years to live in Bearhaven (as it was termed), 'on his keeping.' The widow Puxley, who was indefatigable in her efforts to revenge the murder of her husband, at length found means to corrupt one of Morty's sentinels, and by his assistance a military party, accompanied by the armed protestant tenants of the late sheriff, were enabled to surround O'Sullivan's house. The garrison were then summoned to surrender; but answered by firing a volley, and a regular battle commenced. During the engagement, some of the soldiers contrived to get close under the wall of the house at the rear, and were preparing to set fire to the thatch, when they were seen from a small window over their heads by one of Morty's foster brothers, who informed him of the fact. "Let me see," said he, "whether

they are Ulster men or soldiers." Having satisfied himself that they were soldiers, he desired that they might not be molested, saying, "that had they been Puxley's Ulster men, he would have shot the whole of them; but did not wish to kill the other poor devils, who were fighting for sixpence a day." This piece of generosity was fatal to him, for in a moment after, these very men succeeded in setting fire to the thatch. The battle, however, still continued, until the house was nearly burnt, when one of Morty's foster brothers determined to sacrifice himself for the safety of the rest of the party. "Give me your gold laced hat," said he to his chief, "and I will rush out, fire among them, and then endeavour to break through them. They will take me for you, and follow, and in the confusion you can all rush out and escape." Accordingly he made his sortie with a pistol in each hand, shot a man to the right and left, and broke through the ranks of the assailants. All turned to pursue him; but he had not gone far, before he was pierced by several bullets and fell. The house now blazed so brightly, that on coming up to the body, it was immediately known by the light not to be Morty's, and the party returned just as he himself rushed forth. He fired two shots at them, and fled by the end of the house towards the River Kenmare. Several shots were fired after him, but fruitlessly; and in all probability he would have escaped, for he had reached a large furze-bush, which once passed, would have shut him from the view of the soldiers; but instead of going on either side thereof, he made a jump over, and while in the air, received a ball through the body and fell dead at the other side. Of his garrison, two were taken; the rest fled to the mountains. His head was cut off and fixed on the gaol of Cork. A heap of stones marks the place where he fell, and another is piled on the spot where Puxley fell dead by his hand."

THE sun on* Ivera
No longer shines brightly;

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* *Upon*, edition of 1830.

The voice of her music
No longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling
O'Sullivan Bear.

Scully! thou false one
You basely betrayed him;
In his strong hour of need
When thy right hand should aid him;
He fed thee;—he clad thee;
You had all could delight thee;
You left him;—you sold him;—
May heaven requite thee!—

Scully! may all kinds
Of evil attend thee;
On thy dark road of life
May no kind one befriend thee;
May fevers long burn thee;
And agues long freeze thee;
May the strong hand of God
In his red anger sieze thee.

Had he died calmly
I would not deplore him,
Or if the wild strife
Of the sea-war closed o'er him;
But with ropes round his white limbs
Through ocean to trail him,

Like a fish after slaughter!—
'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
Of his people pursue them,—
Scully that sold him,
And soldier that slew him.
One glimpse of heaven's light
May they see never;
May the hearth-stone of hell
Be their best bed for ever!

In the hole which the vile hands
Of soldiers had made thee.
Unhonoured, unshrouded
And headless they laid thee;
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee.

Dear head of my darling
How gory and pale,
These aged eyes see thee
High spiked on their gaol;
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm,
Nor that eye e'er catch light
But the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork
To Ivera of slaughter,
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear,
Of Muiertach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan Bear.

THE FAIR KEEN ON EDMOND WALSH AND ARTHUR LEARY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.

This Keen, or rather dialogue respecting the dead, was taken down from the recitation of Mrs. Leary, and the following traditionary particulars obtained from her, are necessary to explain the subject.

About eighty years since, Edmond Walsh, a farmer, in the district of Kinalea, was hanged and beheaded at Cork, for the murder of Arthur Leary, his neighbour and gossip.*

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* Although gossip is a familiar English word from the Saxon *Godsibbe*, it may be necessary to explain its Irish and primitive meaning to the English reader, which is best done in the words of Verstegan :—"Our christian ancestors, understanding a spiritual affinity to grow between the parents, and such as undertooke for the child at baptisme, called each other by the name of *Godsib*, that is of kin together through God : and the child in like manner, called such his godfathers and godmothers."

The spiritual affinity of Gossipred was considered to be among the strongest feudal ties, and is frequently alluded to by historians.—A common and solemn threat of vengeance still used in Ireland, is, "By the right hand of my gossip." (*dar lamha mo*

Walsh was married to a respectable young woman, by whom he had two children, when he became enamoured of another woman, named Mary Fahey. She urged him to murder his wife in order that he might marry her. The infatuated man at length agreed to her proposal; but Mary Fahey, fearing that his better feeling might return and overcome his resolution, accompanied Walsh home that night, and held a candle while he sharpened a razor for the purpose of committing the murder.

When Walsh and his paramour entered the room in which his wife and children slept, he stopped for a moment,—conscience struck at the act he was about to perpetrate.

"Why don't you go on?" asked his companion in guilt.

Thus urged forward, Walsh advanced to the side of the bed. Again he hesitated, and beholding his children calmly sleeping by their mother's side, he turned away.

"What, what!" exclaimed the fiend in woman's shape. "Since you have no heart (courage), Edmond, give me the razor out of your hand."

Stepping back from the bed, Walsh replied, "I have done my wife enough of wrong. Heaven will not let me murder her, guarded as she is by those two little angels at her side." And he rushed forth wildly from the house, followed by Mary Fahey, in an agony of rage and disappointment.

A violent altercation ensued in consequence, at a gate near the high road, along which Walsh's neighbour and gossip, Arthur Leary, happened at the moment to pass. It was evident to Walsh that Leary must have overheard sufficient to criminate him; and acting upon the impulse of the moment, he wrenched a bar from

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chardais Criost, literally, by the hand planted through Christ in mine), which although now an empty expression, was formerly sufficient to implicate the fellow sponsors in the quarrel. As gossips therefore were bound to succour each other, the murder of one, was popularly regarded in the same light as that of a parent or blood-relation.

the gate, and following Leary, struck the unoffending man a murderous blow on the back of the head, which felled him to the ground.

Whilst Walsh held a consultation with his profligate companion as to the best mode of disposing of Leary's body, the parish priest came up, and Walsh, to prevent discovery, ran madly at him with the intention of murdering him also ; but the priest, roused by the furious demeanour of Walsh, who brandished the murderous bar of the gate, stuck spurs into his horse, and plunging into the river Ownabuoy escaped by swimming across it.

"Ah, you have escaped me," shouted Walsh in Irish. "God is good to you, to have inspired you to ride with blessed spurs. For the skin of my neck has been tanned to-night to make leather for the spurs of the devil ;" which last remarkable sentence has since become an idiom in the district.

The priest, to whom Walsh's person was well known, could only believe, from his extraordinary and furious conduct, coupled with this expression, that he had become suddenly deranged. And it was so reported on the following morning ; a supposition which Walsh's excited and agitated appearance was well calculated to confirm.

Arthur Leary having left his home with the intention of being absent two or three days, his disappearance caused no uneasiness for his safety to be felt until after the expiration of that time. But when at the end of a week he neither returned home, nor was heard of, and enquiry after him was made in vain at the place for which he had set out, serious apprehensions began to be entertained for his fate ; and as the rivers had been much swollen by heavy rains, it was believed that he must have been drowned in attempting to pass some ford. As, however, the body had not been found, a rumour got abroad respecting the possibility of Leary having been murdered, for it was known that he had left home with the intention of making some purchases at a fair, and was therefore supposed to have had a sum of money about

him. This rumour becoming more general, some gentlemen of the barony, whether in their love of justice or sport may be questioned, proposed a hunt with a good pack of fox hounds, as the most likely mode of discovering Leary's body if it lay concealed in any obscure or secret nook. The proposition was eagerly received, and, to use the words of the narrator of these circumstances, "every man and boy in the six parishes, gentle and simple, assembled at the hunt which was given out for Arthur Leary."

By the dogs, the body of Leary was discovered in what is locally termed "a double ditch," that is, a high broad bank of earth planted with a double row of trees. A fox earth in this double ditch had been widened, and the body of the murdered man thrust into it, and no further effort at concealment was made than that of placing a few loose stones and sods over the entrance.

The body was removed, and a coroner's inquest held upon it. That robbery was not the murderer's object, was evident from the money which Leary was known to have had about him being found in one of the pockets; and from the testimony of the priest, together with the place where the body was found being close to Walsh's farm, and other circumstances which transpired, strong suspicion attached to Walsh as the murderer of his gossip.

On Walsh being brought into the presence of the murdered man, the corpse is said to have gushed out blood at the ears and nose. Such is, at least, the popular version of the story. Walsh was immediately made a prisoner, and sent to Cork, where he was tried at the ensuing assizes. Upon the evidence of Mary Fahey, who became approver, he was found guilty, and, pursuant to his sentence, was hanged at Gallows Green, and his head spiked on the South Gaol of Cork.

Some years after the murder of her husband the widow Leary met Walsh's daughter at the fair of Carrigaline, when the following Keen or dialogue took place :—

MRS. LEARY.

Is not that Ned Walsh's daughter,
In the cloak blood-money* bought her?

WALSH'S DAUGHTER.

Yes, I am she—Ned Walsh's name
Is one that makes me feel no shame;
Yes, I'm his child—though you have seen
My father hung at Gallows green!
The Lord be good unto his soul;
It was no horse nor cow he stole,
Nor was it for arrears of rent
That Edmond Walsh to gaol was sent.

MRS. LEARY.

If not for these, it was for worse;
Your father had the country's curse.—
By him was killed the best of men;
He, at one blow, made orphans† ten,

* Blood-money, literally "red silver," is the name given to a reward offered for the apprehension, and paid upon the conviction of a murderer or other criminal; and to have received it (in other words, to have turned informer), is considered among the Irish peasantry to be so great a stigma upon the character, that an informer is generally obliged to leave the country.

It is difficult to understand Mrs. Leary's allusion, unless it means, that as Walsh's property became forfeited with his life, it might be considered in the light of a reward as the gift of the Crown to his innocent widow and children.

† The Editor has endeavoured to preserve in the translation, the Anglo-Irish idiom. In Ireland, the word orphan is com-

And changed to grief their infant mirth
Beside the mournful widow's hearth;
One heavy blow with bar of gate
My heart and home made desolate.
Huntsmen and hounds at break of day
Went forth to search all Kinalea,
And by the dogs was Arthur found,
Not fairly buried in the ground,
But his bruised body heedless thrown
Like carcass that no friend would own:
Murdered he was by Gossip's hand,
For whom he would have staked his land.

WALSH'S DAUGHTER.

Small would have been the risk of ground,
When no one need for Walsh be bound;
My father had so much of pride
Ten thousand deaths he would have died
Before a favour he would take
Or ask a boon for friendship's sake.—
A blow in passion that was given
Through Christ may mercy find in Heaven.

MRS. LEARY.

If I had silver and had gold
As much as in this fair is told,

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monly applied to children who have lost either parent. "Fatherless orphans," or "motherless orphans" is the phrase made use of. The addition of "fatherless and motherless orphans," is requisite to convey the English meaning of the word.

I'd give it all, and think I'd be
A gainer, could I Arthur see.—
I'd give it, if 'twas ten times more,
My two best cows, the gown I wore,—
Aye all I had—I'd freely give
To see again my husband live.—

WALSH'S DAUGHTER.

Alas, alas, my father dear,
No sign he shewed of guilt or fear,
When on the car I saw him bound,
I saw the rope his neck around;
And on a spike I saw his head
When he was sleeping with the dead.—
His corpse in Temple-breedy* lies,
Keen'd by the white-wing'd sea gull's cries.—

KEEN ON MR. HUGH POWER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR,

And obtained by him from the recitation of an old man, named Murray, an itinerant surveyor. The author was said to be Edmond Wall; and, to use Murray's words, "Mr. Hugh Power was one of the brightest men in Munster, and was the champion of all sorts of learning. He lived midway between our times and the sieges of Limerick, at a place called Knockastocaune (the Hill

* Or Temple breada, i.e. Bridget's Church, which stands perched on a bleak height at the western entrance of Cork harbour, and is a valuable landmark to seamen.

of the Stake), east of Castle Lyons, and north of the river Bride, in the county of Cork."

This translation was printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, No. II, for March 1830.

Last night, to my sorrow,
I heard through my dreaming
The voice of the women
Cf fate* sadly screaming ;—
Around me they flitted,
With mourning and weeping ;
And the loss of my comfort
I knew through my sleeping.

I found it this morning—
My best friend was taken ;—
From the stock of the Powers
The best limb had been shaken—
Hugh, the manly in heart
And the princely in spirit,
Who, from lofty descent,
Did these virtues inherit.

O Death ! you're my ruin,
My woe and distraction ;—
You have crushed all my hopes
By this cruel action.
As a hive full of honey,
My heart you have rifled ;

* The Banshee, see p. 15.

And within it all joys,
  Like bees have been stifled.

O Death! you have robbed me,
  And taken my treasure;
You've made me a bankrupt
  For ever in pleasure;—
You've struck down and trampled,
  My prop and protection,
And left me the victim
  Of grief and dejection.

The darning of needles
  Red-hot I'm enduring,
Through my heart's inward core,
  Without hope of curing.
Through my lungs and my liver
  I feel my disaster;—
Where's the doctor can cure it
  With physic or plaister?

Hugh, the loved son of Pierce—
  Who, for bright conversation,
All scholars exceeded
  Of this learned nation—
Seven weeks at one sitting,
  Without thought of tiring,
I could hear you discourse,
  In silent admiring.

There's grief and confusion,
  Both above us and under,
In the voice of the Heaven
  That speaks with its thunder—
In the fall of the waters
  Tumultuously rushing,
Through their deep-furrowed channels
  So furiously gushing.

The earth that we tread on
  To its centre doth tremble,
At the cry,—that no cry
  Of this earth doth resemble;
For the keen of the dwellers
  Of dark Cairn Thierna*
Has reached Una's palace,
  On misty Knockfierna.

With the gust of the night-wind
  So dolefully sweeping,
To Knocklienah and Cashel
  Is carried the weeping;
Thence onward it travels
  To high Knockahannah,
Till the accents of wailing
  Reach gray Slievenagranna.

* The fairies supposed to inhabit Cairn Thierna, a hill near Fermoy, in the county of Cork. Knockfierna is a well-known mountain in the county of Limerick, over which a fairy queen named Una, is said to preside. Spenser wrote his "Fairy Queen" between these two hills.

From her rocky bed starting,
The hag of that mountain
With her shrill voice awakens
Hill-cries beyond counting.
Loud and long is the screaming—
The land's in commotion—
Till the full song of Death
Is spread over the ocean.

In its caves and recesses—
For Hugh there is mourning—
The deep moaning of waves,
And their heavy returning,
Comes back on Cairn Thierna
With mighty sound swelling,
Where the women of fate
Have their mystical dwelling.

Then raising their voices
Beyond all believing,
They send forth three wild shrieks
Of uttermost grieving;—
For Hugh was their neighbour,
And he would not vex 'em
By the crossing of straws,
Or such tricks to perplex 'em.*

Hugh Power was of horsemen
The best and the boldest;

* It was a superstitious notion that two straws put across in the path of the fairies, caused them to stumble.

He heeded not weather
The wettest or coldest.
At the tail of the hounds,
When the horn ceased sounding,
Over hedges and ditches
Away he went bounding.

From their dens and their burrows
Fox and badger he'd follow;
No man was his equal
At giving the hallo!
To a field of true sportsmen,
As the view it was cheering,
To see Hugh's red jacket
Among them appearing.

Hugh Power was a dealer
In wine, to small profit;
For he gave more away
Than he ever sold of it.
His house was a refuge
To the harper and poet;—
But why need I tell this,
When all men must know it?

Hugh's death is a great blow
To science and knowledge;—
The Latin he'd construe
With the head of a college;—
The wit of the English,
Of Irish the sweetness,

No one understood with
His critical neatness.

Where now is the music
That dwelt in his finger?
Which so often has made me
Delighted to linger.
From three strings of catgut*
More sweetness he'd saw out,
Than from forty† a harper
Could manage to claw out.

Then the pipes so melodious—
He made them quite speaking;
And not like an old sow—
Now grunting—now squeaking.
No churl of his labour,
Without once refusing,
He'd play for the asking
The tunes of your choosing.

Who now will be foreman
Of Conogh's Quarter Sessions?
To visit with justice
All lawless transgressions.
The poor man his equal
Will not find in another,

---

* The double bass.

† The Irish harp of this period was strung with wire, and the performers on it let their nails grow very long; as to the number of strings, see p. 49.

Who'd bring in as guilty
His father or brother.

Many great lords and chieftains
To him were near cousins;
I could number them up
By the scores and the dozens.
There was Sarsfield* the valiant,
Who bade William defiance,
And the Lord Barrymore
Of the grand Castle Lyons.

The proud Duke of Ormond
Of the lofty Kilkenny;
Lord Power, and the Roches
Of Creg and of Renny;
The chief of the Barretts,
With the Smiths of Molanna,
And the Lord Grandison
Of the lovely Dromanna.

The Condons of Cloughlea,†
That was sold‡ by a piper;—
May he caper in hell
To his tune—the false viper;—

---

* Lord Lucan, of James the Second's creation.

† Cloughlea Castle, now in the grounds of Moor Park, the seat of Lord Mountcashel.

‡ Betrayed in 1649.

Then the honest Mac Donough,*
The Lord Cahir, and Mac Carties,
And the Cusheens who bullied
All men and all parties.

Pierce Power† has this morning
My heart-felt compassion—
In the hunt with his brother
Again he'll not dash on.
Hugh's wife has no husband—
Her children no father—
But the corpse round whose coffin
With loud cries they gather.

Hugh's greatness and glory
Lies fallen and humbled,

---

* "Donnoch and *Donnocha*, rectius *Donnchù*, the proper name of a man, very common among the old Irish. Hence Mac Donnocha, English Mac Donogh, the family name of a branch of the Mac Carties descended from Dermod Mac Carty, the second son of Cormac-fion, who was Mac-Carty-More and Prince of Desmond, A.D. 1242. The large estate of this family was situate in the country called Dùhalla, westward of Mallow, in the county of Cork, where their grand seats and castles are still to be seen, all in the possession of the Earl of Egmont; another family of the name of Mac Donogh, but of a different stock, had a considerable estate in the barony of Coran, county of Sligo, in Connaught; a barony which belonged first to the O'Haras, ever since the third century (vid. Ogyg. p. 334), a branch of this ancient family of Mac Donoghs of Connaught removed to the county of Clare, of whom descended Doctor Mac Donogh, the late Bishop of Kilaloue."—*O'Brien's Irish Dictionary.*

† Of Clonmult.

Like the strong-holds of Erin,
To silent dust crumbled.
Again can I never,
For friend or relation,
Feel anguish so bitter
As on this occasion.

KEEN ON SIR RICHARD COX.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH, BY THE EDITOR,

AND was taken down by him, from Mrs. Harrington, a professional keener, in 1818. This keen is versified after the literal translation published in "Researches in the South of Ireland," where he has stated that it was composed on Sir Richard Cox, the historian.

Sir Richard Cox, the historian, "was successively Lord Chief Justice of both Benches, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and three times one of the Lords Justices and General Governors of *that* Kingdom."* He died in 1733, and from him the title descended to his grandson, Richard, whose nephew, Michael, succeeded to it; Sir Michael's son, Sir Richard Eyre Cox, was drowned in the lake opposite to his seat, at Dunmanway, on the 20th August, 1783, at the age of twenty.†

---

* According to the monument placed in the parish church of Dunmanway, about 1716, by Sir Richard Cox, in memory of his wife. Smith has it "*this* kingdom," but the expression of *that* kingdom," which is recorded on the monument, may be considered an ebullition of English party feeling, which has been so fairly met by the demand of "Justice for Ireland." A common saying, which I remember as a child, was, "Any one from Dunmanway can tell you the difference, and the wide difference too, between *this* and *that*."

† The Editor entertains no doubt of the accuracy of the above

As there were at least three Baronets named Richard, I am inclined to think that this Keen was composed, not as I have stated on Sir Richard the historian, but on his grandson and successor, because, if it had been upon the first Sir Richard, some allusion would probably have been made to the distinguished offices held by him, and if on the last Sir Richard, to his accidental and premature death.

My love and my darling!—tho' I never was there,
An account most exact have I heard of your kitchen;
Brown roast meat the cook would continually bear;
The black boilers were never without a good flitch in,
The cock of the beer barrel never ceased flowing,
And should there of strangers walk in a whole score
No person would ask them, whence coming, where going?
But place them at table without a word more;
And there they might eat of whatever they pleased,
Nor would they in the morning be with a bill teazed.—

My love and my friend!—through my light morning slumbers,
I dream'd that your castle fell into decay;

---

dates, although, according to Archdall's edition of Lodge's Peerage of Ireland, vol. vii. 164, Sir Richard Eyre Cox married Maria, daughter of John O'Brien of Limerick, Esq. brother to Murrogh, Earl of Inchiquin, "and he lost his life in a boat which he was rowing on a lake adjoining his seat of Dunmanway, by the pin which keeps the oar of the boat in its berth breaking, which accident happened 6th September, 1784."

That no one remain'd in it, out of the numbers
That once were its pride—all had vanished away!
The birds they sung sweetly no longer; and leafless
The shrubs were.—No porter replied to my knocks!
Our loss the dream told me, that we were left chiefless,
That our horseman* had perished—the noble squire Cox.

My love and my darling!—was nearly connected
With O'Donovan, Lord Clare, and Cox of the blue eyes,
And with Townsend of White Court,—this day's the selected,
Yet none I see coming, of those I expected,
To mark with a green sod the grave where he lies.

THE FISHERMAN'S KEEN FOR HIS SONS.

VERSIFIED BY A LADY,

And communicated to the Editor by Mr. Maurice O'Connell. A literal translation, which the Editor obtained in 1818 from Mrs. Harrington, was printed by him in "Researches in the South of Ireland," where it is described as "the lamentation of a man named O'Donoghue, of Affadown, or Roaring Water, in the west of the county of Cork, for his three sons and son-in-law, who were drowned."

---

* *Ridire*, the word used in the original, is equally applied in Ireland to a knight or a baronet;—I have therefore given its primitive meaning.

O LOUDLY wailed the winter wind, the driving sleet fell fast,
The ocean billows wildly heaved beneath the bitter blast;
My three fair sons, ere break of day, to fish had left the shore,
The tempest came forth in its wrath—they ne'er returned more.

Cormac, 'neath whose unerring aim the wild duck fell in flight,
The plover of the lonesome hills, the curlew swift as light!
My first-born child! the flower of youth! the dearest and the best!
O would that thou wert spared to me, though I had lost the rest!

And thou, my handsome Felix! in whose eye, so dark and bright,
The soul of courage and of wit looked forth in laughing light!
And Daniel too, my fair-haired boy, the gentle and the brave,—
All, all my stately sons were 'whelmed beneath the foaming wave.

Upon the shore, in wild despair, your aged father stood,

And gazed upon his Daniel's corse, too late snatched
from the flood!
I saw him pale and lifeless lie, no more to see the
light—
And cold, and dumb, and motionless my heart grew at
the sight.

My children, my loved children! do you view my
bitter grief?
Look down upon your poor old sire, whose woe knows
no relief.
The sunshine of mine eyes is gone—the comfort of
my heart;
My life of life, my soul of soul, I've seen from earth
depart!

What am I now? An aged man, to earth by sorrow
bowed,
I weep within a stranger's home; alone e'en in a
crowd;
There is no sorrow like to mine, no grief like mine
appears,
My once blithe Christmas is weighed down with an-
guish and with tears.

My sons, my sons! abandoned to the fury of the
waves!
Would I could reach the two who lie in ocean's dark-
some caves,

'Twould bring some comfort to my heart in earth to see
them laid,
And hear in Affadown the wild lamentings for them
made.

O would that like the gay wild geese* my sons had left
this land,
From their poor father in his age, to seek a foreign
strand ;
Then might I hope the Lord of heaven in mercy
would restore
My brave and good and stately sons some time to me
once more !

E. F.

THE WIDOW LANE'S KEEN ON HER DAUGHTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR,

And printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, No. II, for March 1830, where it was thus prefaced. "The following lamentation was composed, about thirty or forty years since, by a poor widow who resided near Bandon, on the death of Betty Lane, her only daughter, a celebrated rustic beauty. The tradition, which, if true, is a melancholy one, states, that a Mr. Henry Beamish paid particular attentions to the unfortunate girl; and at an interview one morning, spoke to her of marriage, when he offered to pay the rent of her mother's

* This was the popular name given to young men who left Ireland to join the Irish brigade in France, or who entered into other foreign services.

cabin, as is hinted at in the second and third verses. A quarrel appears to have subsequently taken place between the lovers; and, on that very evening, Betty Lane was discovered hanging from a tree in a neighbouring plantation, having probably, under the excitement of strong feelings, committed suicide. However, the popular belief was, that Mr. Beamish had caused her to be murdered, and had bribed his groom with three guineas to decoy her into a lonesome place, and there hang her. This is the circumstance alluded to in the sixth verse.

In the seventh verse, the phrase "guns wrapped in straw" may, perhaps, require explanation. The Irish peasantry being obliged to secrete their fire-arms, it is a common practice with the possessor of a gun to deposit the lock, which occupies but little room, in some secure place, and then, after greasing the barrel, and securing the touch-hole with a small plug, and the muzzle with a cork, to wrap it tightly up in straw or hay-bands. Thus protected, it is buried in the ground, or hid in the bank of a river. Dean Story, the historian of William's Wars, gives precisely the same account of the manner in which the rapparees, or freebooters of that time, concealed their arms; and I well remember my father describing the capture of a large quantity of muskets, which was made by a party of the 38th Regiment under his command, in the north of Ireland, in 1793, by carefully prodding all suspected ground with iron rods.

My pet and my darling,
My gentle housekeeper,
For whose death, full of sadness,
I'm this day a weeper;
Your long yellow tresses
'Twas a comb and hot water
Kept them in nice order,
My beautiful daughter.

But Henry the faithless,
'Twas he who betray'd thee—
Twas his cruel deceit
That a lifeless corpse made thee!
'Twas he who admired them—
Your tresses so yellow,
As he spoke of the rent
To me—the base fellow!

The rent of our cabin,
'Twas easy to pay it;
If you look in the depth
Of my pocket, you'll say it.
But what's gold or silver,
From all we love parted;
And left weak and lonely,
To die broken-hearted?

Yet, though weak there's a strength
That the feeble may borrow,
Like the flash of despair
From the black cloud of sorrow.
Revenge will I have—
Should I fail in a halter,
I'll try a true gun,
And its aim shall not falter.

Oh, Henry! you black rogue
And limb of the devil!
The day that you're hanged,
That day will I revel;

I'll have thousands to dance,
And to drink, and be frisky,
And to speed you to hell
With huge bumpers of whisky.

My curse on that villain,
Who took from his master
A bribe of three guineas,
To cause my disaster.
I'll hunt as a ferret—
His fate I'll determine,
And hang him, though hanging's
Too good for such vermin

Ask ye where are my people—
The true and the trusty?
Are their guns wrapped in straw;
Or their swords are they rusty?
They but bide for a little,
And wait for my telling—
Till they've laid my poor child
In her last silent dwelling.

Then will follow the season,
The time of my pleasure,
When my cup of revenge
Shall be filled brimming measure—
When my friends and my faction
Around me shall rally,

And drive the destroyer
As a wolf from the valley.

The summer is coming,
And with it is bringing
Fine crops—God be praised
For the hemp that is springing!
But I pray to His throne,
That the rope now is making,
Which, before the year's gone,
Will be Henry's life taking!

KEEN ON YOUNG RYAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR,

And was procured by him in July 1821. It appears to be an address from a mother to the keeners, who were hired to attend her child's funeral, and was probably delivered as the procession was about to depart from her house to the burial-ground.

The name of the subject of this lamentation was said to be Ryan; and, judging from the allusion to the River Dowr, it may be presumed that he was a resident in the eastern part of the county of Cork. Some of the verses were printed in the first volume of "The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," as illustrative of the superstitious belief in the Banshee.

Maidens, sing no more in gladness
To your merry spinning wheels;
Join the keeners' voice of sadness;
Feel for what a mother feels!

See the space within my dwelling,
'Tis the cold, blank, space of death!
'Twas the Banshee's voice came swelling
Slowly o'er the midnight heath.

Keeners—let your voices blending
Long and loudly mourn my boy,
Through six counties* proudly sending
Song as great as that of Troy.†

He was as the Christmas mummer,‡
Bounding like a ball in play;
He was as the dancing summer,
Bright and merry as the May.

What was motion, now is starkness
What was comfort, now is none;
What was sunshine, now is darkness:
My heart's-music—it is gone!

There's a grief that few can measure,
All absorbing—deep and dim,
'Tis a grief makes death a pleasure,
And that grief I feel for him.

---

* A literal translation—probably meaning the province of Munster.

† Or as lasting as Homer's verse. The comment made upon this line to the Editor, by the reciter, a miserably poor country schoolmaster, was, "Opus vatum durat—Glory be to God for that same."

Dark as flows the buried Dowr*
Where no ray can reach its tide,
So no bright-beam has the power
Thro' my soul's cold stream to glide.

Did your eyes like holy fountain
Gush with never-failing spring;†
Had ye voices like the mountain,
Then my lost child ye might sing!

Keeners, let your song not falter,—
He was as the hawthorn fair;
Lowly at the Virgin's altar
Will his mother kneel in prayer.

Prayer is good to calm the spirit,
When the keen is sweetly sung;
Death, though mortal flesh inherit,
Why should age lament the young?

---

* Dr. Smith, in his History of Cork, mentions, that "about a mile south-east of Castle-martyr, a river called the Dowr breaks out from a limestone rock, after taking a subterraneous course near half a mile, having its rise near Mogeely." It has been remarked, that "the original" (of this verse) "would seem to have suggested to Mr. Moore the notion of that touching song in his Irish melodies:

"As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,' " &c.

† A holy well or fountain, is supposed never to dry up.

'Twas the Banshee's lonely wailing,
Well I knew the voice of death,
On the night wind slowly sailing
O'er the bleak and gloomy heath.

Thro' the holy Mother Mary,
And her babe—our Saviour bless'd,
Hearts that of this world are weary,
Will in Heaven find joy and rest.

THE SMITH'S KEEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.

THE original was obtained from Mrs. Harrington, in 1818, and is here versified after the prose translation which appeared in "Researches in the South of Ireland," where the following introduction was prefixed to it :—"The account given of this lamentation, called 'the Smith's Keenan,' is at once simple and romantic. A young man (a smith), left his widowed mother and sisters, who resided at Killavullen on the Blackwater, and married in a distant part of the country. Some time after, one of his sisters, hearing that he was ill, set out to see him; but before she reached her destination, the night came on, which compelled her, being ignorant of the way, to seek shelter at a cottage on the road side; here she found the inmates preparing to proceed to a wake in the village where her brother resided, and going forward with them, on arrival discovered it to be her brother's wake, at the sight of whose lifeless body she burst into the following exclamations. The conclusion is singular, nor is it possible for a translation to do justice to the strain of powerful sarcasm of the original, directed against the wife of the deceased."

The Editor has found it impossible to convey in verse the conclusion of this Keen, which in plain prose stands thus after the line

"But I can never find again, a dear and darling brother."

(" *The priest comes forward and speaks.*)

"Hold your tongue, stubborn stranger. Why will you provoke your brother's wife?

(*She answers.*)

"Hold your tongue, stubborn priest! read your Litany and Confiteor; earn your half-crown and begone.—I will keen my brother."

Oh, brother dear! oh, brother dear! your absence long from home
It did not raise you into ease—you left us but to roam,
And found a wife—to plague your life, who knew not how to prize
Your mother's boy, your sister's joy—the darling of our eyes.

Come from afar, unknown you are—unknown your family,
For those who stand, on either hand, are strangers all to me;
They only know you were a Smith, and of a Smith the son,
And that he dwelt where Blackwater* her beauteous course doth run.

---

* "Swift Awniduff, which of the Englishman
Is called Blackwater." *Spenser.*

Oh if I had, your cold limbs sad—by the Blackwater's
side,
Or on the banks of the Awbeg,* or by the gentle Bride,†
Then Mary, Kate, and Julia would, cry for your sad
downfall,
Your mother too, would sweetly cry—and I'd cry more
than all.

Oh brother dear—oh brother dear, I might have guessed
my woes
When brother dear, I did not hear, your strong and
heavy blows,
Fall sharp and quick, and close and thick, upon the
anvil's head,
Oh brother dear—oh brother here—I should have
thought you dead.—

My darling one—my hope that's gone—you had the
cruel mark
Of a bad wife—who lived in strife—she left you in
the dark;
In summer dry, in winter cold, without a sunday dress,
And fasting long—with patient song, your sorrow to
express.—

---

* The Mulla of Spenser.

"And Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep."

‡ Called the North Bride, to distinguish it from another river of the same name, in the county of Cork, which falls into the Lee.

You woman there, my brother's wife—you woman with
dry eyes,
You woman who are deaf and dumb, nor heed a sister's
cries,—
Go home—go home—go any where—your husband
leave to me,
And I will mourn my brother's loss and keen him
bitterly.—

You woman there, who in that chair, with tearless eye
is seen,
Come down, come down, and I will sing for you a
proper keen,
A husband you, if young enough, perhaps may find
another,
But I can never find again, a dear and darling brother.

KEEN ON MR. SAMUEL HODDER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.

And taken down by him from the recitation of Mrs. Leary, April 1829, at Blackrock, near Cork. According to Mrs. Leary, it was composed about twelve or fourteen years before, by Mrs. Mary Hodder, on the death of her husband, Mr. Samuel Hodder, of —— (the name has escaped my memory), near Carrigaline, who was generally called Frank, and is so designated in the keen, probably after his father, to distinguish him from some other Samuel Hodder—a name which abounds in that district.

To explain the circumstances alluded to, it may be necessary to state, that Mr. Hodder was killed by a fall from his horse at the fair of Carrigaline, a small village in the county of Cork;

and that Mrs. Hodder having gone there soon after, with the intention of joining him, made her way towards a crowd, near which she saw her husband's horse standing, when she found that it had collected around his dead body. On the corpse being laid out in the evening for "waking," she is said to have spoken the following keen, which is singular, because the Hodder family hold a highly respectable rank among the gentry of the county, and, at that time, the custom of keening had fallen into disrepute, and was practised only by the peasantry.

This keen has been printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, No. II, for March 1830. The first verse of the original, according to its sound on the English ear, may be found at p. xi. of the Introduction.

My heart's love and darling,
My horseman so fearless,
Whose good word has redeemed
From the stone pound so cheerless
The poor widow's cattle,
And has saved from the halter
Young men, who their courses
From evil would alter.

I see you, my darling,
In the hall of your mansion,
Or your grounds, that were small
To your heart in expansion.
I see you surrounded
By the guests you've invited,
And I see all the windows
Are joyously lighted.

There are ladies so stately,
In rich silken dresses,
With sweet smiles on their lips,
And with beautiful tresses.
There is mirth and there's feasting,
There's all that's entrancing—
The sweetest of music,
And the gayest of dancing.

From that house hath departed
Its strength and its splendour,
Since the loss of my darling,
With his eyes full and tender.
The flowers of the valley
In sadness they languish;
Their heads droop with dew-tears
Of sorrow and anguish.

The cuckoo is silent,
Though the summer's returning—
The fish in the river
Partake of the mourning;
And all that was pleasant,
And made sport and rejoicing,
Lies still—for that mansion
There's now no lord's voice in.

Frank, my heart's love and darling,
I saw you this morning,
With your head neatly powdered,
Your fine horse adorning.

From Cork to Ivera
That horse would have bounded;
But before the day's ended,
With grief I'm surrounded.

I went to the fair ground,
All mirth and all gladness,
Nor dream'd that I'd there find
My life's bitter sadness;—
I went where a great crowd
Had gathered together,
With a heart that was light
As the eider-duck's feather.

When I saw what had happened,
And what was before me!
My husband stretched out there!
A numbness came o'er me.
I spoke not—I wept not—
For tears were too common;
But I stood without motion,
A statue-like woman.

Then came the strong struggle
Between silence and weeping;—
No sound could I utter—
For the blow sunk too deep in!
And that which looked brightly
Now seem'd my eyes dim in—
All, all was unsightly,
And reeling and swimming.

At last, when I roused me
And burst into sorrow,
No mock-grief I needed
From keeners to borrow.
I looked on my husband—
I looked on him only—
And I thought on his children,
With me left so lonely.

Frank, my own love and darling,
You had every blessing—
A wife and two daughters
Your bosom to press in;—
A plentiful table,
With green China dishes,
And a cellar of wine
That could answer all wishes.

The best bed and blankets,
The finest of sheeting,
And a quilt richly covered
With birds and flowers meeting.
You might lie of a morning,
Asleep, or in seeming,
Till the sun's light came in
Through each small crevice streaming.

You did not forget me
At the Spaw,* when near dying,

* Of Mallow.

But will'd me your fortune
As I sat by you crying.
Your wife and your cousin,
I was doubly related,
And your lands and your money
Make me doubly estated.

Frank, my true love and darling,
Again I'll not marry;
But, for your sake, a widow
Will evermore tarry.
And all you've bequeath'd me,
And to me confided,
Shall between your two daughters
Be fairly divided.

KEEN ON YOUNG DRINAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.

THE original was obtained from the Editor's nurse, in April 1829, and he was told by her, that it was composed about forty years before by the nurse of a boy named Drinan, as she accompanied his funeral from Cork to Carrigaline.

A woman, said to be the nurse's sister-in-law, and who appears to have entertained an enmity towards her husband's family, excited by the boast in the sixth verse respecting her father-in-law's abundant table, replied in a severe commentary. But whether this produced a rejoinder from the prima donna, or whether, as is very improbable, she remained silent under the insult, the Editor is unable to state, having faithfully translated all (and apparently it is a mere fragment) that he has obtained.

For the amusement of the English reader, the sixth verse,

which called forth the sister-in-law's retort, is here written according to the sound on the ear. It will be however sufficient to enable the Irish scholar to recognize the closeness of the translation. The first line, which forms the burden, and signifies, "My darling, you were without doubt," is used indifferently at the commencement or close of every verse: in Irish it is termed "the consequence of the verse." By the Editor it is omitted in his translation, being merely required in an extemporaneous composition, to allow time for the mental arrangement of the verse which is to follow, and as it is often repeated twice or thrice over, without system, to the evident injury of the keen when transferred to paper.

Ma harrow though gan doubt
Augus shrovagh de vahig, ma haddeen a chlun
La konnost a pratee rowr, esk eur aw noun,
Le mill augus le mowl,
Le fien own Vrank an owl.

THE pulse of my heart, and the prop of my years
The child of my breast, whom its softness had cherish'd,
Lies there—and I see through the mist of my tears
In the darkness of death, that my sunshine* has perished.

Had he lived, open home he 'd have kept for all men,
Tho' a child, who that mark'd his high spirit could doubt him?
But he now lies as cold as the snow in the glen,
And what is this world to be left in without him?

---

* *Mo grianach* (my sunshine) is the usual term applied in the south of Ireland by mothers to their children.

My gossips, the ways of the world I'll explain:
They are falsehood, and meanness, and cheating, and squeezing,
Since small bits of sheep-skin, will great rents obtain,
And the agent is warm, while the tenant is freezing.

The rents they are heavy, then look at the ground,
Every foot is twice measured by learned surveyors.
No landlord in Ireland is now to be found
Who will give the odd acre to gain a man's prayers.

With clothing and victuals the needy and poor
My child would have help'd through the cold of the winter;
In summer the thirsty would have drank at his door;
And his nurse, in no manner of thing would he stint her.

She never was stinted—fresh fish every day
With potatoes the largest, her father was able
To give her; and honey, and butter and whey,
And the best wine of France he could put on his table.

THE SPEAKER'S SISTER-IN-LAW REPLIES.

MAY a heart raw and scalding be yours for the boast,
Your father, poor man, to his wit's end was driven;
Your fresh fish—the limpet, picked up on the coast;
Your potatoes—the small things to pigs only given.*

* Literally, the cut or wounded potatoes (*créadhach*) put aside

Your butter—slocaune*—that's the scum of the strand,
Your honey—from sea comb† flung up by the ocean;
Your whey—the sour milk of a dead woman's hand,‡
And the best wine of France?—you're a fool I've a notion!

THE CONVICT OF CLONMEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY MR. CALLANAN.

Although these verses are not precisely a lamentation for the dead, they nevertheless possess so much of the character of the Keen, that they are here introduced.

They first appeared with the Keen for O'Sullivan Bear (p. 52),

---

for pigs' food. To be fed on small potatoes is considered as little short of actual starvation. Thus a damsel in the popular song tells her lover:

"I'm none of your Looneys nor half-famished Mooneys,
That picked out and sold the big minions [*a species of potato*],
To portion off Joane:—the Crehás eat at home,
With a dip [*relish*] made of salt and boil'd inions." [*onions.*]

* Correctly written *Sleabhacan*, *Anglicè*, lever. The word appears to the Editor to be compounded of *Sleabh* or *Slâib*, and *Can*, that is, mud butter.

† *Muirineach*, literally sea-weft,—the name given to a common marine production thrown up on the shore, and not unlike a wasp's nest.

‡ A superstitious fancy of a most disgusting kind prevails in some districts of Ireland, namely, that stirring the milk with the hand of a dead person will cause it to produce an extraordinary quantity of cream.

in Blackwood's Magazine, and they were afterwards reprinted in the Collection of Mr. Callanan's Poems, called, "The Recluse of Inchidony," 1830.

"Who the hero of this song (*Ir dubac é mo cás*) is, I know not," remarks the translator, "but convicts, from obvious reasons, have been peculiar objects of sympathy in Ireland. Hurling, which is mentioned in one of the verses, is the principal national diversion, and is played with intense zeal by parish against parish, barony against barony, county against county, or even province against province. It is played not only by the peasant, but by the patrician students of the University, where it is an established pastime."

Mr. Callanan proceeds with some observations respecting the game, which, as they do not illustrate the song, the Editor deems it unnecessary to repeat.

How hard is my fortune
  And vain my repining!
The strong rope of fate
  For this young neck is twining;
My strength is departed
  My cheek sunk and sallow;
While I languish in chains
  In the gaol of Clonmala.*

No boy in the village
  Was ever yet milder,
I'd play with a child
  And my sport would be wilder.
I'd dance without tiring
  From morning till even,

---

* Irish for Clonmell.

And the gaol-ball I'd strike
To the lightning of heaven.

At my bed-foot decaying
My hurl-bat is lying,
Through the boys of the village
My gaol ball is flying;
My horse 'mong the neighbours
Neglected may fallow,
While I pine in my chains
In the gaol of Clonmala.

Next sunday the patron
At home will be keeping,
And the young active hurlers
The field will be sweeping;
With the dance of fair maidens
The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart once so gay
Shall be cold in Clonmala.

KEEN ON THE EDITOR'S DEPARTURE FROM IRELAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.—MAY 1829.

I TRUST I shall not be accused of egotism for giving a keen, or rather some impromptu verses on my leaving Ireland, as they afford a specimen of the improvisatory power of the professional keener.

The evening previous to leaving my mother's cottage at

Blackrock, near Cork, for England, as I sat after dinner, the well-known face and hooded head of Mrs. Leary appeared before the open window. After a cough, to attract attention, Mrs. Leary thus proceeded:—

"'Twas last night I came back, sir, from a great funeral that I was sent for to, down into Muskerry; and 'twas this morning I heard your honour was going from us away; so I just made bold to step up to wish you a safe journey, and that luck and grace may attend you wherever you go."

Here the further good wishes of Mrs. Leary were checked by a glass of wine being offered to her.

"Your health, and long life to you, sir, and the same to the good ladies that are there with you, and the gentleman—sure I ought to know him, I'm thinking; but my eyes, you see, are getting very weak from all the crying I have to do."

"Your nurse?" inquired the gentleman alluded to.

"No, not my nurse, but a far more extraordinary woman in her way—a keener. Well, Mrs. Leary, have you picked up any new keens for me in Muskerry?"

"May be 'tis a funning of me you want to make this evening for the ladies and gentleman there. Sure 'tis to no use keening unless the corpse was stretched out before one; and, praise be to God for it! 'tis only the best of wine that is laid out there."

"But, Mrs. Leary," said the writer, who, like Sir Condy in Castle Rackrent, had taken a great fancy to hear what would be said of him after his departure, "now suppose that I am dead, and that you were sent for to keen me."

"Glory be to the Almighty for it, 'tis alive and hearty you are this blessed day, and not in want of keening," replied Mrs. Leary.

"But suppose I was dead, Mrs. Leary; or suppose I should be drowned going to England, you surely then would keen me?"

"The Lord forbid"——

"But if it did so happen"——

"Oh, then, indeed, no one would keen you as I would; and

good right I have, and 'tis much pleasure I'd have in so doing. I'd keen you for three days and three nights without stopping."

"Come, then, suppose you begin at once."

This proposition, which was accompanied by a couple of shillings, produced, almost without a moment's consideration, the following verses in Irish, which the Editor took down as recited, and has since translated with the greatest fidelity. This keen has been printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. ii. for March 1830.

Master Crofton, you see me
In trouble, from fearing
That you leave us to-morrow
And sail from Old Erin:
That you'll part from your mother,
The mother that bore you,
And all of the comforts
Spread out there before you.

From the moment I saw you
I liked your appearance:
Of your pocket your heart has
Made many a clearance.
I liked your dark eye-brows
And eyes bright and merry,
And your cheeks, that resemble
The hawthorn berry.

Of hearing your voice, too,
I never would weary,
When you'd say, "Here's a shilling
For you, Mrs. Leary.

Come sit here beside me,
A keen I delight in;
While you sing one, I'll take it
Down from you in writing."

Master Crofton, your country
You leave but for dangers—
To meet with false Saxons*
And cold-hearted strangers.
Yet if my entreaties
Can't stop you from going,
I pray that the wind may
Be fair for you blowing:

That no storm may arise
On the perilous ocean;
Nor may you sea-sickness
Feel from the ship's motion;
That when you are landed
A coach may be waiting
To bear you to London,
The greatest of state in.

The country of Saxons
Takes all of our quality,
And I've heard it from many,
Has small hospitality.

---

* I need scarcely state that Sassenagh, or Saxon, is the term used in Ireland for an Englishman.

That small is the welcome
For the Irish among them;
But their only delight is
To cheat and to wrong them.

And such is the country
For which you've forsaken
Your own, that supplies it
With butter and bacon;
Where the biggest potato
To the stranger is given,*
Without hope of reward
Save the blessing of Heaven!

Master Crofton, a moment
I'd have you consider,
If you go, there are hearts
That will pine and will wither:
I'd wish you among us
Contented to tarry;
And some beautiful lady
To woo and to marry.

I know that your notions
Are high and aspiring;
And that 'tis not beauty
Alone you're requiring:

---

* To present a stranger with the largest potato is considered among the Irish peasantry to be one of the strongest marks of hospitality.

For with it there must be
Both money and breeding,
And indeed it's not easy
All three to succeed in.

There's one I could mention,
Though she might be offended—
So the less that is spoken
The soonest is mended.
But I've seen—like the tide,
Ever ebbing and flowing—
In her cheeks, at your name,
Blushes coming and going.*

---

* The same idea occurs in a song by Owen M'Carthy, beginning with "A merchant rare, who dealt in ware." This dealer is represented as becoming enamoured of a fair shepherdess at the first glance, and forthwith he offers to be "her tender swain."

"When she perceived he viewed her so,
Her colour it did come and go;
Vermilion now—then winter snow—
Her blushing cheeks did ebb and flow."

The shepherdess, who proves to be a very cruel one, rejects the poor merchant's proposal in the most scornful manner, which so much affects his mind, that he,

"In wild despair, broke all his ware,
Nor went that day to Mallow fair:"

And thus ends this tragical ditty. Owen M'Carthy's songs were generally written in alternate verses of English and Irish, or sometimes alternate lines; and a few composed entirely in Irish have been very skilfully translated by him.

Who she is—but no matter,
Perhaps you can guess it;
Should a hint fail, I hate
Any further to press it.
No doubt you'll remember
I met you both walking,
When you seem'd about something
Most earnestly talking.

Whatever you then said
Appeared sweet and pleasing.—
But I've spoken enough,
And I hate to keep teasing:
Not a syllable more
Will I say about marriage,
Though I saw you last week
In her father's new carriage.

Think—think, I conjure you,
Of your good aunts and mother,
With the sister who loves you—
And you have no other—
Who now lies in sickness,
Her restless bed keeping;
And when you have left us
You'll leave her to weeping.

Think on that dear aunt, too,
Who plays to perfection
Of the real tunes of Erin
The noble collection:

Whose music could make me
  Spring up in a hurry,
And caper about as
  It did Mister Murray.*

Yet, if there's no stopping
  The course of your journey—
If nothing that I say
  From your own will can turn ye—
I pray the Almighty
  To guard and watch o'er you,
Till you find here again
  Open arms before you.

---

* To explain this verse, it it necessary to state that my "dear aunt" (now, alas, the late Miss Dillon) had once or twice played for Mrs. Leary several Irish melodies from Bunting's collection, at which she appeared to be very much delighted. Old Murray, from whom I obtained the keen on Mr. Hugh Power (p. 66), had been so inspired a few evenings before by a similar performance, that, on hearing a well-known jig, forgetful of his age, his heavy brogues, and his being in a drawing-room, he began capering about with the nimbleness of a lad of fifteen.

TO

MISS MARIA DICKSON.

YES, I have gathered them together!
They should be precious songs to thee;
For, like the breeze o'er mountain heather,
They breathe a spirit wild and free.

Though in the memory lingers yet the dread
Of songs that once could rouse to battle-field,
Their power of ill is gone,—the bard is dead,
AND IRELAND'S HARP NOW LIVES ON ENGLAND'S SHIELD;—
There never may its strings a discord yield,
But its past murmurs, fearless, true, and bold,—
Why should the honest heart or hand withhold?

T. C. C.

FINIS.

RICHARDS, PRINTER, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

The Percy Society.

FOR THE

PUBLICATION OF ANCIENT BALLADS, POETRY, AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

At a General Meeting of the Percy Society, held in the Rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, on Saturday, the 1st of June, 1844,

The Right Hon. Lord Braybrooke, President, in the Chair.—

The business of the day having been opened with an address by the President,

The Secretary read the Report of the Council, dated the 1st of June, whereupon it was—

Resolved—That the Report be received and adopted, and the thanks of the Society be given to the Council for their services.

The Report of the Auditors, dated the 21st of May, was read by the Secretary, whereupon it was—

Resolved—That the Report of the Auditors be received and adopted, and that the thanks of the Society be given them for their services.

The Meeting then proceeded to the election of Officers, when—

THE RT. HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, F.S.A.

was elected President, and

THOMAS AMYOT, ESQ. F.R.S., TREAS. S.A.
WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, ESQ.
WILLIAM CHAPPELL, ESQ. F.S.A.
J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.
C. PURTON COOPER, ESQ. Q.C., F.R.S., F.S.A.
PETER CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.
J. H. DIXON, ESQ.
WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQ. F.S.A., M.R.S.L.
CAPTAIN JOHNS, R.M.
T. J. PETTIGREW, ESQ. F.R.S., F.S.A.
LEWIS POCOCK, ESQ. F.S.A.
WILLIAM SANDYS, ESQ. F.S.A.
SIR CUTHBERT SHARP.
WILLIAM J. THOMS, ESQ. F.S.A.
THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ. M.A., F.S.A., *Secretary and Treasurer.*

were elected the Council of the Society for the ensuing year.

The thanks of the Society were then voted to the editors of the Publications of the past year, to William Chappell, Esq., and Edward Rimbault, Esq., for their services as Treasurer and Secretary, to the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, for the kindness with which he placed his valuable copy of Gheraerd de Leeu's *Reinike Vos* at the service of the Society, to the Royal Society of Literature for the use of their Rooms, and to the President for the warm interest which he has always taken in the proceedings of the Society, and for his able conduct in the Chair on the present occasion.

The Percy Society.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT,

JUNE 1st, 1844.

The Percy Society has now reached its fifth year, and the Council think that they can look back with some satisfaction on the collective series of works which have already been produced. By the economical application of comparatively small funds, they have been enabled to publish 1069 pages of matter during the first year, 1359 pages during the second year, 1042 pages during the third, and 1550 pages in the year which has just ended; among which will be found much curious illustration of the older popular literature and manners of our country. Feeling, however, that quantity alone is not a just measure of the utility of their labours, the Council have been looking forward with increased attention to the intrinsic merits of the works preparing for the press, and they feel confident that many of those now in preparation for publication during the fifth year, will be of equal, if not of greater value than those of any preceding year. The Council have not lost sight of a suggestion made in the report of the third year, to print from time to time the collected works of some of the distinguished authors in our elder literature whose various productions have not hitherto been assembled in any uniform series, or which have been printed incorrectly. Mr. Peter Cunningham is preparing for the press the Poems of William Browne, author of Britannia's Pastorals; and Mr. Wright has

signified his willingness to edit, at a subsequent period, from contemporary manuscripts, a more correct text of the works of Chaucer than has hitherto appeared. Tyrwhitt's text of the Canterbury Tales is now known to be inaccurate, owing to the entire ignorance of the grammatical form and construction of the language at the time when it first appeared.

On the day of the General Meeting of the Percy Society, two books will be ready for delivery to the Members, the History of Reynard the Fox, edited from Caxton's edition, with an Introductory Essay, by W. J. Thoms, Esq. and a Collection of Keens, illustrative of Irish Political and Domestic History, Manners, Music, and Superstitions, chiefly translated by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.; the former of which was intended for delivery on the first of May. And thus the Society's monthly issue will be maintained.

The publications of the last year are—

THE FOUR KNAVES.
A Series of Satirical Tracts, in verse, by Samuel Rowlands. Edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq. LL.D., F.S.A.

A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM CONGREVE, BY JAMES THOMSON.
Edited by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

THE PLEASANT CONCEITS OF OLD HOBSON, THE MERRY LONDONER
1607. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

MAROCCUS EXTATICUS: OR BANKES' BAY HORSE IN A TRANCE,
1597. Edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq. LL.D., F.S.A.

LORD MAYORS' PAGEANTS, PART I:
Being Collections towards a History of these annual celebrations, Part 1. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq. F.S.A.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE,
An early English Poem. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A., F.S.A.

THIRTEEN PSALMS AND THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTES,
Translated into English Verse by John Croke, in the Reign of Henry VIII. Edited by the Rev. P. Bliss, D.C.L.

AN HISTORIALL EXPOSTULATION
Against the Beastlye Abusers, both of Chyrurgerie and Physyke, in oure tyme. By John Halle, 1565. Edited by T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

OLD BALLADS ILLUSTRATING THE GREAT FROST OF 1683-4,
and the Fair on the River Thames. Edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq LL.D., F.S.A.

LORD MAYORS' PAGEANTS, PART II:
Containing specimens of Dekker, Heywood, Tatham, and Jordan. Edited by F. W. Fairholt, Esq. F.S.A.

THE HONESTIE OF THIS AGE,
By Barnaby Rich, 1611. Edited by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

REYNARD THE FOX,
From Caxton's Edition. Edited by W. J. Thoms, Esq. F.S.A.

Among other works in different stages of preparation, it is expected that the following will be ready for delivery during the ensuing year.

1. The Poems of Blind Awdlay, from the original MS. in the Bodleian Library. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.S.A. F.R.S. An interesting specimen of the Shropshire dialect in the fifteenth century.

2. The early English metrical version of "The Seven Sages," to be edited from a MS. in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A., F.S.A. One of the earliest and most remarkable medieval collections of Tales, with an introduction tracing the history of the book in its transmission from the East.

3. A collection of Charms, illustrative of English superstitions in former days. From early manuscripts.

4. The Poems of Hoccleve, to be edited by W. H. Black, Esq.

5. The Songs and Sonnets of Dr. Donne, to be edited by Barron Field, Esq.

6. The early English Metrical Romance of Octovian, from manuscripts at Lincoln and Cambridge. To be edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.S.A., F.R.S.

7. The English Metrical and Prose Legends of St. Brandan and his Wonderful Voyages, the "Odyssey" of the Middle Ages. To be edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A, F.S.A.

Among other works suggested for publication, and under consideration, are—

1. "The Passe Tyme of Pleasure," by Stephen Hawes. To be edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

2. "Rede me and be nott wrothe." A Satire on Cardinal Wolsey, by William Roy. To be edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

3. The History of the Office of Poet Laureate in England, with Notices of the existence of similar Offices in Italy and Germany. By James J. Scott, Esq.

4. Historical Ballads, in the Scottish Dialect, relating to events in the years 1570, 1571, and 1572; from the copies preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London. To be edited by David Laing, Esq. F.S.A. L. and Sc.

5. A Collection of Jacobite Ballads and Fragments, many of them hitherto unpublished. To be edited by William Jerdan, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.S.L.

6. The first part of the Eighth Liberal Science, entituled Ars Adulandi, the Art of Flatterie, &c. By Ulpian Fulwell. From the Edition of 1579, 4to. compared with the latter impression. To be edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A. with an account of the Author, and of his other productions.

7. A complete edition of all the Ballads relating to Robin Hood.

8. A Collection of Popular Songs illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland, including A Memoir of Thurot, to be edited with introductions and notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq., F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

9. A selection from the Poems of Taylor the Water-Poet.

10. The English metrical romances of Sir Ferumbras and Sir Triamour, from MSS. at Lincoln and Cambridge. To be edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

11. A Continuation of the Collection of Ballads, by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.

12. A Descriptive Catalogue of the Ballads contained in the Pepysian Library.

13. A Collection of Old Proverbs.

14. "A Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petitions. After a long Vacation for a good Terme. By Anthony Nixon. 1613." To be edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq. LL.D., F.S.A.

15. A Selection of Stories, Anecdotes, and Jokes, from various Jest Books printed prior to the end of the reign of Charles I; with an account of the origin of many of them, and of the manner in which they are to be traced through several European languages. By J. Payne Collier, Esq.

16. The Batcheler's Banquet, or a Banquet for Batchelers. Wherein is prepared sundry dainty dishes, &c. Pleasantly discoursing the variable humours of Women, &c. By Thomas Dekker. London. Printed by T.C. &c. 1603.

17. Songs and Poems by known and unknown Authors, to be found in Musical Miscellanies published during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

18. The Compters Common-wealth; or, a Voiage made to an infernall Iland, long since discovered by many Captaines, Seafaring men, Gentlemen, Marchants, and other Tradesmen, &c. By William Fennor, his Majesties servant. 4to. 1617.

19. A notable and pleasant History of the famous renowned Knights of the Blade, commonly called Hectors, or St Nicholas Clerks. 4to. 1652.

20. Diogenes in his Singularitie. Wherein is comprehended his merry Baighting, fit for all Mens benefit. Christened by him, A Nettle for Nice Noses. By Thomas Lodge. To be edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.

21. A Selection of Metrical Panegyrics on the Leaders of the Revolutionary Party in the Seventeenth Century, from Broadsides of the Times. To be Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. J. Bathurst Deane, M.A., F.S.A.

The Council may be allowed to repeat the invitation made in its former Reports, to Members of the Society and others, to suggest new works for consideration. The Society is obliged to all gentlemen who may contribute rare tracts or ballads from private collections; as well as to the different Editors, by whose zeal and gratuitous labours they may be ushered into the world. The thanks of the Society are especially due to the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, for the kindness with which he placed his valuable copy of the Flemish Reynard at the disposal of the Council.

T. J. PETTIGREW,
Chairman.

THOMAS WRIGHT,
Secretary.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS,

FOR 1844.

WE, the Auditors appointed by the Council of the Percy Society to examine the Accounts of the Treasurer, from the 28th of April 1843, to the 21st of May 1844, certify that the Treasurer has exhibited his Accounts to us, and that we have thoroughly examined the same, together with his Receipts and other vouchers, and that we find them to be perfectly correct and satisfactory.

And we further report that the following is a correct abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society, during the period to which we have referred:—

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Balance from last year -	6	15	10
Subscriptions due 1st May, 1840 - - -	19	0	0
Ditto 1841 - - - -	33	0	0
Ditto 1842 - - - -	43	0	0
Ditto 1843 - - - -	242	0	0
Ditto 1844 - - - -	59	0	0
Ditto in advance for 1st May 1845 - - - -	1	0	0
In part payment for a composition from a Local Secretary - - -	7	0	0
	£410	15	10

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
To Mr. Richards for Printing	239	15	2
Messrs Fuller and Thornhill for Paper - - -	83	9	0
Transcripts - - -	28	14	3
Binding - - - -	14	18	6
Petty Expenses, Postage,&c.	7	7	6
Wood Cuts - -	7	19	6
Balance in hand - -	28	12	5
	£410	15	10

And we also certify that the sum of £41. 5*s*. part of the several sums paid for Transcripts in this and former years, has been paid on account of the expenses of the ensuing year.

And also that the Treasurer has reported to us, that there remains outstanding in the hands of Local Secretaries, about the sum of £40, which sum is expected to be shortly received, besides a considerable number of Subscriptions for the past year, which the Treasurer confidently expects will soon be paid.

We also beg to repeat the suggestion of former Auditors, that the Members in the country should be requested to transmit their Subscriptions, in future, *direct to the Treasurer*, as the system of Post Office Orders now presents every facility for so doing.

(*Signed*) BOLTON CORNEY.
JAMES J. SCOTT.
JOHN BLACHFORD.