

LAYS AND LEGENDS

OF THE

NORTH OF IRELAND

*By*

CRUCK-A-LEAGHAN

AND

SLIEVE GALLION.

LONDON:

HOULSTON & SONS, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: J. MENZIES & CO.

DUBLIN: M. H. GILL & SON.

1884.

## PREFACE.

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IN submitting this little work to the public, we feel we have strolled into the arena on our own responsibility. We have not even the apology of the million mild-voiced bards who deprecate criticism because their friends urged them to publish. No friend petitioned us, neither did a Job of our acquaintance impel us. As we are not afflicted with humility, neither are we cursed with ambition; and should this little work, after running the blockade of a few cynical critics—who are invariably disappointed poetasters themselves (fortunately critics aren't *all* carping and cynical, *ergo*, not *all* unsuccessful rhymsters)—and receiving a few ungracious kicks from the said ex-bardlings, meet with public approval, our highest ambition will be fully crowned.

Critics, cynics, and stern-visaged men, forgive us; we have spoken rashly, we shall be meek-eyed, and shall come to you for judgment with beating hearts and down-cast looks, so that you may say—"Lo! we behold in *Uriah Heep* humility!" and so pardon us. Do not, oh! happy wielders of the biting pen say in your wrath—"Look at these peacock poets! the *Swinburne* with lofty pretensions; we shall clip their wings!" and forthwith penning your words of ire destroy us, whilst some commiserating Highlander viewing our downfall shall murmur—"Oh, Pegasus!"

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# LAYS AND LEGENDS

OF THE

## NORTH OF IRELAND.

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### The Curse of Drumfad :

A LEGEND OF THE FANNET GHOST.

Av coorse you've heard tell av the Fannet Ghost,  
For the tricks that it played are the oul' folks' boast,  
But there's very few roun' about now can tell  
Who put on the *speedh*,\* or who laid the spell.

Sit down by the fire and light your pipe—  
It's well in the year whin the corn is ripe ;  
An' it's far in the day whin our work is done,  
But winter an' night brings the time for fun.

Go, Paddy, agra,† an' shut the doore,  
An' see that the boult is all secure ;  
An' Cassy, I think you'd best, a'most  
Just stir up the fire to scar' the ghost.

Musha,‡ yes, it's as true, sor, as I've been toul'  
By oul' Widdy Gallagher, rest her sowl !  
It haunted the people by night and by day,  
Puttin' soot in their broth an' big onions in tay.

The raison—God sev' us !—av all this spell,  
Or why it began, feth ! it's hard till tell ;  
But I'll tell't as the oul' Widdy toul' it to me—  
Oh, the divil a lie !—it's as true as can be !

---

\* An evil spell. † *A-gradh*—my love. ‡ Indeed.

Well, there wance lived a priest, Father Flynn was his  
 By all tokens a wonderful man was that same, [name,  
 With his healin' the sick an' his curin' the lame.

Och! his lake wasn't known

Throughout all Innishowen, (1)

Fannet, Tearmin, the Rosses, or Glencolumbkille;

But so square in his ways

No wan felt at his aise,

For his Riv'rance as well's doin' good could work ill.

So iv'ry wan feared him, but laked him as well,

For the needy and poor

Nivir passed by his doore

But they got what scared hunger, and more to be shure.

An' his smile was so bright

When the people did right,

But see him in rows, or a "fair" faction-fight!—

Och, his dark eye wad blaze

An' he'd throw at his aise

The best av the boys, an' before you'd say "Pays!"

The whole fair wid jist be as "quet" as you please.

But a farmer there lived in the town av Drumfad,\*

Some said he was good an' some said he was bad,

But whether or no'

We may let that much go,

But I think with the widdy, the crettur, oul' Marjey,

It's rether ondacent to fecht wi' the clargy.

But the farmer, the sowl, was as thrawn as a mule,

An' the priest he was always a-taizin'

(For—sevin' your presence!—his name was O'Toole,

An' he didn't know rhyme nor raison)

Till wan day for somethin' his Riv'rance had done

O'Toole went to shoot him, an' tuk up a gun,

But somehow the primin' was bad,

So he shot aff his fingers, so then the priest,

Who didn't seem scar'd nor consarned in the least,

Pronounced THE CURSE OF DRUMFAD.

---

\* *Druimfhada*, a long ridge.—*Joyce*.

“ You’ll be sorry for this now !” the priest began—  
 “ You’ll be sorry for this now, my dacent man,  
 An’ the coorses you’ve been purshuin’ ;  
     For a tarrible spell  
     On your house ’ll dwell,  
     An’ ontill you repent an’ are doin’ right well,  
 It’ll be your murther an’ ruin !”

Well, the priest went away,  
 An’ from that very day  
 The ghost took up house in Drumfad ;  
     The hair stud on en’  
     Av both women an’ men,  
 You’d ’ave thocht ’twas the divil gone mad.  
     If Mistress O’Toole  
     Made to sit on a stool,  
 ’Twid fly right directly above her ;  
     An’ if Bridget, the miss,  
     Was expectin’ a kiss,  
 A rat stuck in the teeth av her lover.  
     An’ as for a candle  
     They nivir could handle  
 The divil a skeedyin\* at night ;  
     For the ghost, shure, was death on’t,  
     An’ blew his cowl’ breath on’t,  
 An’ murdered them clean wi’ the fright.  
     When they *did* go to bed,  
     ’Twas as cowl’, troth, as lead,  
 But they weren’t alone there naythur ;  
     When they wance ventured in  
     Somethin’ cowl’ touched their skin,  
 For the ghost—divil all else ’twas—lay there.

Och ! but O’Toole was in a plight !  
 Murdered by day—murthered by night ;  
 Naythur work, nor rest, nor wink,  
 Naythur eat, nor sleep, nor drink,

---

\* *Skeedyin*, something very small or insignificant.

Naythur talk, nor read, nor pray,  
 For joultin', thumpin', all the day,  
 The restless spalpeen av a ghost  
 Was nivir idle at his post.

He cut the lady's gown av silk,  
 Spoiled the butter, soured the milk,  
 An' gave the *poteen*\* such a scar'  
 That not a *deawr*† was in the jar.  
 Hé'd milk the cows within the byre,  
 An' whin the pot was on the fire

For brochan or for tay,  
 Afore they could be half aware,  
 He'd stuff it full av soot an' hair,  
 Then let them sup that may.

*Hare* soup is fine, I'm toul', at laste  
 When it's well *suited* to the taste,

But heth! the O'Tooles had lavin's,  
 An' if they settled milk for crame,  
 It changed, lake some tormentin' dhrame,  
 To dirty soap-sud shavin's.

The pritta craps  
 Grew all to taps,  
 An' where good corn was planted  
 Big thrissels grew,  
 An' bendweeds too,  
 Becaz they wor enchanted.

Iviry day the tarrible curse  
 Was growin' the wickeder an' worse ;  
 'The very chaney an' the delf  
 Danced jigs in cupboard an' on shelf ;  
 The peats flew through the house, an' whack  
 Came *palthogue*‡ on the farmer's back,  
 An' if he stopped to take a drink  
 The water turned as black as ink,

---

\* Illicit spirits.

† Pronounced d'yawhr—a drop, the dregs.  
 ‡ *Palthogue*—a blow.

Then, if he'd try the oul' *poteen*,  
 'Twid lave the glass an' ne'er be seen,  
 For shurely *spirits* have the might  
 To vanish from our mortal sight.

To poor O'Toole it was no joke,  
 He couldn't drink, nor even smoke,  
 Becaz his pipe it always broke,  
     So he was sick lamentin' ;  
 But though the curse on oul' Drumfad  
 Had druv the *bodach*\* nearly mad,  
     He wasn't for repentin'.

Well, I needn't tell more av the tricks the ghost played,  
     For fear I'd be tellin' a lie ;  
 But could I half tell you the fun that it made,  
     By goxty ! you'd laugh till you'd die !  
 But wan mornin' O'Toole got a letter by post  
 Wi' an offer to redd him for life av the ghost  
     From the pen av some hardy Freemasons—  
 “ *We'll* do you the job, an' *we'll* settle the spell,  
 We'll wrastle him out, an' we'll sen' him to—well  
     *To where he'll be put through his facin's !*”

Well, the Masons gathered  
 An' were well *mulvathered*†  
 With many a *pogue*‡ from the *cruiskeen lawn*.§  
 There was M'Elhenny  
 From Letterkenny,  
 Who could aither lead or could *drive* the van ;  
 An' M'Quade from Milford,  
 That town that's pilfered  
 Av it's oul' name Ballynagallaglach|| so sweet ;  
 An' M'Swine, who dwelt in  
 Far famed Ramelton,  
 His aiqual, troth, none wid lake to meet.

---

\* A miserly old churl. † Befeoled. ‡ A kiss. § Fair little flask. || *Bel-na-ngalloglach*, the ford of the (heavy) soldiers.



Well the road they tuk in  
 By Lough-na-puckin,  
 Alang Mulroy by the Corbie's Rock ;  
 While at Cruck-a-Leaghan  
 You'd hear the skraighin'  
 Av their wild an' furious white bantam cock :  
 For a cock they carried,  
 So that when they'd harried  
 The ghost, 'twid crow loud three times in victoree,  
 But the ghost av Fannet  
 Did brevly stan' it,  
 An' made *omadhauns*\* of the valiant three.

By Knockallow† right through Kerrykeel‡  
 They marched straight into Fannet.§  
 They vowed they'd play the ghost a reel,  
 So cleverly they'd plan it ;  
 But near Drumfad they heard a squeal  
 That quaked their hearts av granite,  
 For the ghost was at divarshin in the mansion av  
 O'Toole.

O'Toole was stan'in' in the doore,  
 Says he, "You're welcome, naybors !  
 You'll have a mighty job, I'm shure,  
 God help yez in your labours,  
 But you'll shurely work a mighty cure  
 Wi' bibles, cocks, an sabres, (2)  
 An' effect a reformation in the mansion av O'Toole."

Well, av coorse whin they entered they called up the  
 An' it came bouncin' up at their biddin' : [goat,  
 Then they tuk it upstairs to a corner to show't  
 Where the terrible charm was hidden.

---

\* Simpletons. † *Knockalla*, a mountain range skirting the borders of Fannet, rising north-west of Carrowkeel and sinking down to Lough Swilly. It attains an elevation of 1196 feet.

‡ Or Carrowkeel—*Ceathramhadh-cael*. The narrow quarter (of land). § *Fanad*, sloping ground.—*Joyce*.

But it's not a word lie,  
 Feth! the goat it fought shy,  
 An' they nivir could get it go near there;  
 So they drew a roun' ring  
 An' they challenged the thing  
 In a visible shape to appear there.

Then they tried iv'ry charm,  
 But they done it no harm,  
 For it kicked up the terriblest shindy:  
 An' M'Quade on his back  
 Flew beyant a peat stack,  
 For it pitched him clean out av the windy;  
 An' the two other boys,  
 Troth, it played wi' lake toys.  
 An', as wan said whin well out av danger,  
 "Och, had it been the divil,  
 He'd 'ave trated us civil,  
 But *thon* spell was to us quite a stranger!"

A sorrowful lot was the poor O'Tooles  
 Whin the Masons wint home with their bonesto nurse.  
 "Och!" says Mistress O'Toole, "we're the wonderful  
 To be axin' av them to remove the curse! [fools  
 Let us go to oul' Father O'Flynn's  
 An' ax pardon for all av our sins.  
 If he put on the spell he can break it as well,  
 An' he'll fix us again on our pins."

The moon was jist risin' beyant the hill  
 When out went O'Toole by Rosnakille\*  
 In sarch av oul' Father O'Flynn's;  
 An' he fleeched and he prayed as he'd nivir afore,  
 If his Riv'rance released him he'd thraw him no more,  
 An' he'd make full amends for his sins.

Well, Father O'Flynn was a good oul' sowl  
 If you spoke to him onyway civil;

---

\* *Rosnakille*—The peninsula of the church.—*Joyce*.

But if you were cross—to himsel' be't toul'—  
 He was thrawn as the very divil.  
 So, whin poor O'Toole came, not worth a farden,  
 Down on his knees and beggin' his pardon—  
 The picture av wratchedest sorrow—  
 " Absolvo te,  
 Alanna," \* says he,  
 "I forgive you for all you have done to me,  
 And I'll banish the charm the morrow."

Och! but the charm was busy that night!  
 Nivir a rest till the mornin's light  
 Brought his Riverance Father O'Flynn.  
 O'Toole in the rain went his Riv'rance to meet,  
 With *keedug*† on head and with *martyens*‡ on feet,  
 Sayin', "*Cead mille failte!* § come in."

'Twid make your hair stan' if I toul' you the way  
 How his Riv'rance to banish the charm had to pray.  
 The sweat draps stud out on his forrid lake beads,  
 An' each sowl in the house shuk lake win' shaken reeds.  
 Then he tuk out his book, on the charm then he calls,  
 An' it answered lake thunder, and shuk the four walls;  
 Then he read and he prayed and he called it again,  
 An' it answered lake some human crettur in pain;  
 Then he called it a third time, and, troth, to be shure,  
 The ghost tremblin' stud in their midst on the flure!

What followed, in troth, I'm unable to tell, [smell,  
 For the smoke an' the flames, and the sight and the  
 Made them all faint away but oul' Father O'Flynn,  
 Who conquered the divil and made him give in.  
 But they all came to life whin they heerd his loud groan,  
 Whin his Riv'rance sent him to ragins onknown.

---

\* I absolve thee, my child.

† A sort of improvised cape or covering for head and shoulders in rainy weather, generally made of an old sack.

‡ Kind of knitted woollen gaiters worn with or without boots or shoes.

§ A hundred thousand welcomes.

For his onearthly yell,  
 As the oul' people tell, [howen,  
 Was heard at Slieve Snaught, (3) feth, in oul' Innis-  
 An' west through all Fannet by Ballymagoan  
 It rang from Benalt  
 Roun' by Moyle to Lough Salt,  
 An' at Muckish you'd hear it too, barrin' the fault  
 Av your small sense av hearin' bein' dead as a stone.

"Now," says Father O'Flynn,  
 When he'd ended the din,  
 Chased the spell to the lough and there ordered him in,  
 "To keep down the baste there's wan thing needed  
 Put a tether-stone up on the face av the hill, [still—  
 An' as long as it stan's, by my surplice and gown,  
 You'll have peace in Drumfad  
 From that troublesome lad ;  
 An' I'll bless it for raison av keepin' him down,  
 An' he'll nivir come near you again, good or bad."

An' the priest was as good as his word,  
 For the divil a fut the ghost stirred :  
 When the big stone was raised  
 They could do as they plaised,  
 An' go out at night-time unscar'd.

Now, that's the whole story as I've toul'  
 By oul' Widdy Gallagher, rest her sowl !  
 An' if onywan here thinks I'm tellin' a lie  
 An' wid lake to know more av the how or the why,  
 Let him go to the spot that St. Columbkille blest,\*  
 An' the oul' folks are there that can tell him the rest.

An' there between Swilly and Ballymagoan  
 On the hillside he'll see, if his sight isn't bad,  
 Stan'in' up lake a sentry, the big Stan'in' Stone (4)  
 Keeping watch o'er the divil that haunted Drumfad.

---

\* Fannet.

## Legend of Lough Columbkille. (5)

You may think it looks quare, but in troth it's no lie,  
 You may fish in that lough till the water runs dry,  
 An' ketch your three trout a-day, aisy an' free,  
 But the divil a wan more you will ketch but the three.

The raison is this, as the ould people say,  
 Saint Columbkille rag'lar came here for to pray,  
 An' a man used to come much again' the saint's wish,  
 An' plowter for hours in the water for fish.

An' many a time he wid come onawares  
 When the saint was a-countin' his beads at his prayers,  
 An' bother him so with his nonsense and talk,  
 Till the saint in a rage wid 'a' tould him to "walk!"

Then he'd into the watter, an' there he wid stay,  
 A-plowterin' an' singin' an' whistlin' away,  
 An' wi' fishin' an' singin', the saint was so crossed,  
 That many a good *pater an' ave* he lost.

So the saint was so vexed, that he thocht on a plan  
 As to how he'd get redd av this bothersome man;  
 For afore he'd be bate, he'd reduce the supply [dry.  
 Av the fish—or what's worse—make the well become

For he knew that the haythen—whose name was  
 M'Gurk,  
 An' who wasn't a Christian no more nor a Turk—  
 Wid bother him less if he scarcened the trout,  
 So, says Columb, "The divil a much more he'll get out."

So next day when M'Gurk came along at his aise  
 With his ass an' his creels, sor, as proud as you please,  
 For to hould all his fish in—the saint says, says he.  
 "Shure you won't need a couple ov creels for the three?"

“What three?” says M’Gurk, “Well,” says Columb,  
says he— [three.

“The three trout you’ll ketch, for you’ll only ketch  
An’ mind when you’ve got them you’re foolish to stay,  
For the sorra a wan more you will ketch for the day!”

Well, M’Gurk didn’t mind, and he soon polished out  
Three beauties—the purtiest, darlin’ big trout;  
An’ he laughed at the saint, an’ says he “If ye wait  
I’ll hook ye wan more for your bre’kquest to ate.”

Well, he whistled an’ sung, an’ he fished all the day,  
But the trout all went by in a curious way;  
Says St. Columb, “Go home, now, it’s getting too late,  
’Stead av baitin’ the fish it’s yourself that is *bate!*”

You’re hungry, no doubt, an’ it sarves you quite right,  
You’ve been stan’in’ all day without getting a *bite*;  
An’ when next time to visit the trout you’ll incline,  
They’ll all know that you’re there without *droppin’ a line.*”

Well M’Gurk, sor, was mad; but feth not to be done,  
He went home, an’ next mornin’ rose up wi’ the sun;  
An’ off to the lough with his rod an’ his line,  
An’ ketched his three trout by a quarter to nine.

But although he began with the song av the lark,  
An’ wandered an’ waded till long after dark,  
Till the divil a line or a styme he could see,  
When his day’s work was done, he had only tuk three.

An’ that was his luck iv’ry day that he came,  
Try this bait or that bait, ’twas always the same,  
Barrin’ now an’ again the saint gave him bad scan  
For divarshin, an’ let him hook two, or jist wan.

So, after a while, sor, says he, wan fine day,  
“By the hokey, I’ll fish no more here—it won’t pay.”  
So he nivir went back, and some boul’ people blame  
Saint Columb for keepin’ the charm on the same.

But in troth it's the case, sor, I'm tellin' no lie,  
 You may fish in that lough till the watter runs dry,  
 An' ketch your three trout a-day, aisy an' free,  
 But the divil a wan more you will ketch but the three.



### The Legend of the Goolden Rock.

HERE'S a health to the oul' days, the stirrin' an' bou'l  
 days,

When fairies an' leprechauns (6) frolicked galore ;  
 An' a thunderin' vengeance on gas, steam, an' engines,  
 That wi' tillygraphs druv them away from our shore.

For afore them things mentioned wor known, or inven-  
 tioned,

The good people lived an' played pranks on the sly ;  
 But you see man's improvements so crippled their  
 movements,

An' spoiled their divarshin, it forced them to fly.

Och, them wor the quare days, whin maybe on Fair-  
 days, [cooled,

Ere your head from the *poteen* you'd swally'd had  
 If luck 'id betide you, they maybe wid guide you  
 To a crock, or a big-bellied stockin' ov goold.

But if you or your faction, by word or by action,  
 Had injured their feelin's, they'd give you a chate ;  
 An' lead you astray be a mile or so maybe,  
 An' give you a ditch for your bed if 'twas late.

For they're spiteful—oh, dear me !—I hope they don't  
 hear me,

Or else, by the piper, they'll make me sing sad.  
 Here's their healths, boys, an' glory ! an' now for a story  
 That happened whin I was a *grawhl* \* ov a lad.

---

\* A stripling.

'Twas near Bunlinn \* that I was born,  
 An' near the place a fairy thorn  
     Wanst flourish'd on a rock ;  
 No mortal hand, or care, or toil  
 Had reared it on that scanty soil,  
     But Nature's child  
     Had flourished wild  
 In summer's heat an' winter's shock ;  
     For fairies there  
     Had watched wi' care  
 The bush upon the Goolden Rock.

An' all the people, young an' oul',  
 Wor fear'd ov body, life, an' sowl,  
 Ov touchin' the bush or doin' it harm ;  
 For they knew that the fairies wid lay a charm,  
     An' kill their pig, or their cow, or at laste  
     Their cat or dog, or four-futted baste,  
 An' ruin their crops, an' spoil their farm.  
     So the youngest a-fut  
     Nether meddled nor cut,  
     Nor pulled a leaf, nor dar'd to put  
 A han' on the bush for fear ov the charm.

But the quarest ov all was the Goolden Rock,  
 For stan' on't an' give it a keek or a knock,  
     An' you'd then hear a clinkin',  
     An' jinglin' an' chinkin',  
 As if guineas wor shaken from out ov a crock ;  
     An' the oul' people said  
     That the fairies had laid  
 Their gbold there, an' troth they'd the rattlin' big stock.

Well, oul' Barney M'Cue  
 Was as hard an oul' screw  
 As walked on the grass for to save an oul' shoe ;  
 His hat was his father's, his walycoat, † too ;  
 His breeches wor freize, an' his stockin's wor blue,

---

\* *Bunlinn*, the mouth of the pool.    † A sort of loose flannel overall.



An' he'd make a thin sixpence go farther than two,  
Tho' the naybours all said he was right well to do.

Well, many a time Barney passed by the rock  
An', troth, many a time Barney gave it a knock,  
Just to hear the goold guineas a rattlin' an' ringin',  
Like weddin' bells pealin', an' flingin', an' swingin',  
An' his musical ear  
He wid cock well to hear,  
Tho' he nivir made boast ov a great taste for singin'.

Well, we're wake errin' mortials—oh, divil a less !  
An' Barney, poor sowl—but I loath to confess,  
After tellin' oul' Shelah-na-puckin,\* his wife,  
Not to spake to the naybors for fear ov her life,  
Stole out for a dander wan clear wintry night,  
When the moon, lake a bright raipin'-hook, came in  
sight.

But he didn't go out with his han's alake long,  
For a pick an' a spade Barney shouldered along ;  
An' when he got there he played slap at the bush,  
But a cruiked oul' wumman kem out with a rush.  
The cretter was hardly as high as your knee,  
An' her rid cloak an' hat loked as quare as could be ;  
An' her oul' weazened face that was puckered wi' rage  
Was wild as a serpent's, an' bitter wi' rage,  
An' she cried in a voice that made Barney grow white,  
An' set his knees drummin', so quare was his fright—  
“ How dar' you come here to disturb or annoy,  
To wreck or to ruin, molest or destroy ? ”  
But Barney grew boulder (the wily deceiver).  
Says he, “ Beggin' pardon, I've come for a favour ;  
Your majesty knows I'm in want an' distress,  
An' ten poun's 'id relave me, but divil a less.”

“ Well,” says she, “ on the word of a quet, dacent boy,  
If you promise no more to molest or annoy,

---

\* Cecilia of the Bag (probably a nickname).

Or whisper the saycret to even your wife,  
 You can still have a trifle ov change all your life ;  
 But min' when you come, let it always be night,  
 For we've no power at all, good or bad, in daylight.  
 An' min', you bring ne'ther your spade nor your pick,  
 But jist give three taps on the rock wi' this stick ;  
 An' you must keep the saycret, an' do as you're toul',  
 Or you'll taste ov new sorrows both body an' sowl !"  
 So sayin' she handed oul' Barney a rod,  
 An' then disappeared through the bush with a nod.

Well, Barney stud puzzled awhile at his luck,  
 An' wan han' in his right breeches-pocket he stuck,  
 An' there was the money for cow an' for rint,  
 Just as if it had newly come out ov the mint.

Now, had Barney been wise he'd a-lived all his days,  
 With enough an' to spare, like a gint at his aise ;  
 His craps flourished well, an' his kettle \* did thrive,  
 For in place ov wan milk-cow, oul' Barney had five ;  
 His childre got schoolin', his pigs a new stye ;  
 His cabin new thatched, an' he'd money laid by ;  
 Then he got a young horse that could fly lake the wind,  
 An' lave Leitrim's best *cappel* or *garron* † behind ;  
 An' the naybors all wondered at Mister M'Cue,  
 But some said, " Sure he always was right well to do !"  
 But he bothered the good folks, so aften he wint,  
 An' now 'twas the childre, the pigs, or the rint—  
 He'd always some hole for to plaster or fill,  
 For in troth he was worse to keep goin' than a mill ;  
 An' what's worse, he toul' Shelah the saycret wan night,  
 An' she tried it herself, but they gave *her* a fright.  
 So the next time he went his reception was coul' ;  
 Says the oul' hen, " Well, Barney M'Cue, but you're  
 boul' !

After breaking your promise, an' sellin' the pass,  
 You come here for more goold—d'ye think I'm an ass ?

---

\* Cattle.

† *Cappel*, a mare ; *garron*, a horse.

No! sorra a *thrawneen* \* you'll get from us more—  
Be aff! or I'll make ye sick-sorry an' sore."

So aff wint M'Cue through the bogs an' the fiel's,  
His heart at his mouth, an' his head at his heels.

That night he slept none but lay waken in bed,  
An' the quarest ov notions came into his head;  
An' he thocht on the oul' fairy's words the first night—  
"For we've no power at all, good or bad, in daylight."

So he rose jist as soon as the crow ov the cock, an'  
The East was as grey as the cat, or your stockin',  
He *guldered* † to Shelah, "Get up, wumman, rise!  
There's the sun, bright as goold, half-way up in theskies!  
Get up! for we're goin' wi' the baste to Bunlinn,  
An' we'll harry the fairies' store clane as a pin."  
Then oul' Shelah, on hearin' the mention ov goold,  
Says—"Och, Barney, machree! its meself that was  
In axin' for goold at the oul' thorn bush, [fooled,  
I got such a fright that I'm not worth a rush;  
I'm afeard to go back for my narves are all shuk; [luck."  
An' you know, Barney dear, they might send us bad

"Ochra, none ov your oul' wumman's notions for me,  
Throw on you, an' quick, an' I'll shoon let you see  
That the divil a fairy 'll shake us, or scar' us,  
Or give us bad luck, or annoy us, or mar us,  
Shure its only at night they've the power for to fright,  
An' by that time their bank, I'm afeard, 'll be light.  
So as shoon as they'd swallied a bowlful ov tay,  
An' saddled the horse, they set out on their way.  
Oul' Barney rode Targer, wi' pick, spade, an' sack,  
An' a pillion for Shelah he placed at the back.

Arrived at the spot they set Targer to graze,  
Then Barney played slap at the bush, an' he says :

---

\* A blade of fairy grass. † *Gulder*, a compromise betwixt a growl and a shout.

“ I’ve come for more goold from ye now if ye plaise !”  
 Well, the bush was shoon scattered, and then he began  
 To pick at the rock lake a hard-working man ;  
 His shurt tuk a houl lake a plaster wi’ sweat,  
 An’ he wrastled an’ wrocht an’ began for to fret.  
 For the sun was beginning to run down the hill  
 An’ yet he was pickin’ an’ hokin’ there still ;  
 But just whin you’d think it was five by the sun  
 Says he, “ Shelah, achora, the job’s nearly done ;  
 Give a han’ to rowl over this thunderin’ boulder,  
 An’ ye’ll be a rich wumman afore ye’re much oulder.”  
 Well there, shure enough, was a sort av a crock,  
 But sarchin’ for goold—it was shurely a mock  
 To find only ashes inside av the pot,  
 An’ divil a “ tinker ” (7) among the whole lot.

“ Jist the bones av some chief,” (8) Father Flanigan  
 says, [days ;”

“ That wor burned and presarved in the ould enshint  
 But that’s jist *his* story—but don’t you be fooled,  
 ’Twas the change that the fairies had put on their goold.

’Twas dark whin oul’ Barney an’ Shelah set back,  
 An’ M’Cue wished his heart was as light as his sack ;  
 But they hadn’t gone far whin a quare-lukin’ witch  
 Set the horse in a fright an’ threw all in a ditch.

Orra, Barney, your pinance already begins,  
 For your baste’s neck is broke for the sake av your sins ;  
 Poor Barney in sorra was lakin’ to cry—  
 Had Shelah been kilt, but poor Targer to die !  
 But Shelah gave comfort,—“ Yourself ye may thank,  
 Shure it’s jist as I toul’ ye for meddlin’ their bank !”

Jist then they heard such a wil’ nicherin’ an’ neighin’,  
 They knew that some horse was convaynient at hand,  
 An’ there shure a fine *garron ban*\* was a strayin’,  
 Jist ready to ride at the word av command ;

---

\* White horse.

They loked in the ditch an' they missed their oul' Targer,  
 But here was a baste  
 Quite his aigual at laste,  
 As big as a heavy dragoon's bouncin' charger,  
 So Barney an' Shelah both mounted in haste.

Och, what a scramble  
 Through hedges av bramble,  
 Through bog an' thro' breckan, up mountain an' steep,  
 While Barney was houltin'  
 The baste, for the joultin'

Was givin' him work in the saddle to keep.  
 It climbed Cruck-a-Leaghan,\* thro' mosses an' stones,  
 An' pranced to the music av oul' Shelah's groans;  
 "Well, the divil admire me," says Barney, "this night!"  
 "Lord pardon ye, Barney!" groaned Shelah in fright,  
 As trimblin' an' narvish she gripped at the pillion  
 An' Barney, who acted in front as postillion.  
 But on went the Phooka (9) with nivir a halt  
 Through bog an' rough heather, an' on by Lough Salt;  
 Bry'n Herry's was passed, an' wi' nivir a stap  
 Lake lightnin' it flew wi' the pair through the Gap; †  
 It swam the Owencarry, then wet to the skin  
 It passed Dim'nick Coll's, *but it didn't go in,*  
 For nayther itself nor its riders wor dry,  
 An' the midnight's no time if you're wantin' to buy.

He rattled through Creeslough, an' pelted through Doe ‡  
 To where the Atlantic  
 Comes dashin' in frantic, (10)  
 An' tosses its waves lake a fountain av snow,  
 With a rushin' an' roarin'  
 Through a hole av its borin',  
 In the heart av the rock from the watters below.  
 The night was a wild wan, the winds ragin' high,  
 An' the spray av Doe Hole struck the face av the sky;

\* *Cruc-a-Liathan*—the hill of the grey spots.—*Joyce*.

† Gap of Barnes. ‡ *Tuatha*—the districts: territory formerly belonging to the M'Sweeneyes.

'Twas well that poor Barney an' Shelah could pray,  
 Or they'd nivir again seed the blest light av day—  
 But the baste tuk a notion, it might be their prayers  
 Wor movin' his hardened ould heart onawares,  
 For instead av him throwin' the misfortunate pair  
 Down into Doe Hole an' then *lavin'* them there,

He made aff lake an arrow

Right straight to Falcarragh,\*

Wheeled home roun' by Muckish an' back by Churchill,  
 Passin' Garten,† blest birth-place av St. Columbkille;  
 Then on through Glenswilly it tore lake the wind,  
 An' Drumbollog's white tower you could see far behind.  
 Through Glasach,‡ past Hughdie's, an' up Cruck-a-tee,  
 While Barney, the sowl, was a pictur' to see;  
 Still neighin', an' snortin', an' prancin', an' stennin',  
 While his eyes lake red danger-lamps fiendishly glowed  
 An' showed him the way all along the dark road,  
 He whipt lake the divil beyant Kilmacrenan, (II)  
 Roun' Moyle§ an' Lough Fern, an' then with a rush  
 Back straight to Bunlinn, and then stapped at the bush;  
 But farther than that, troth, the baste daren't go,  
 For immediantly there a cock gave a loud crow,

Then just in a crack

He threw both aff his back,

An'—sevin' your presence—he went down below.

Whin Barney ruz up he was crippled for life,  
 An' a humph lake a knapsack had Shelah, his wife,  
 Their bones wor all sore an' as stiff's "Paddy's fether," ||  
 An' their wild luks might well scar' a boar aff a tether.

From that day the sowls had the blackest av luck,  
 An' Shelah, the crettur, her narves wor so shuk,  
 Grew donsly an' nivir rose aff o' her bed [dead;  
 Till the naybors had waked her an' brought her out

\* A rough field.—*Joyce*. † *Garten*, a little field. St. Columb founded a monastery here in 521. ‡ *Glasa*—a rivulet.

§ *Mael*—a bare, bald hill. || "As stiff as Paddy's father when he was nine days dead."—Old Saying.

As for Barney, his pritta craps all tuk the blight,  
 His cows tuk the colic an' died in wan night;  
 His flax was a failure, his oats was so scant  
 He saw nothin' afore him but hunger and want,  
 So wi' notions av spendin' the rear av his days  
 In comfort, if not jist in illegant aise,  
 He retired to a mansion near Skelpie\* at length,  
 An' says he, "Let my motto be—Union is strength!"

Now, that's the whole story av Barney M'Cue,  
 An' I've toul' you no lie if it's ivery word true;  
 But it teaches a lesson, let ivery wan heed,  
*Who wants more than enough's sure to lose for his greed.*

For greed was the murther av Barney M'Cue,  
 Who might 'a' lived dacent an' right well-to-do,  
 Wi' goold in a stockin', an' plenty live stock,  
 But for spoilin' the bush an' for meddlin' the Rock.



### Cahir Roe. (12)

A.D. 1608.

WILD are thy hills, O Donegal! †  
 That towering grandly rise,  
 Brow-incensed by the mists that fall,  
 An homage from the skies!

In awful stateliness, sublime,  
 Unchanged for aye they see  
 Each link upon the chain of Time  
 Pass to Eternity.

Deep are thy glens, O Donegal!  
 And holy is their calm,

---

\* A facetious name given to Milford on account of the frequency of faction fights there in former days.

† *Dun-na-ngall*—the fortress of the strangers.

The weary there forget their thrall,  
The fevered find a balm.

So far removed from outer world,  
The stranger pausing here  
Might deem his guardian sprite had whirled  
Him to some purer sphere.

Oh, blessèd is thy rock, O Doune ! \*  
Thrice blessèd is thy well (13),  
Where oft St. Columb's vesper-croon  
Was heard as night's shades fell.

Blest, sacred is thy holy well  
With power that still endures—  
The many crutches mutely tell  
Its miracles—its cures.

Upon thy rock in days of old  
O'Donnell's chiefs were crowned,  
Ere yet thy stunted shrubs beheld  
The Saxon gaze around.

But o'er its brow a cloud hath lain  
That ever must abide,  
Since haughty Cahir Roe was slain  
Upon thy heath-clad side.

True are thy hearts, O Donegal !  
To love, abide, or dare,  
And still the mem'ry of his fall  
Is green for ever there.

Tall are thy sons, O Donegal !  
Swift-limbed and hardy, strong,  
But Cahir Roe was passing tall †  
Thy choicest sons among.

---

\* *Dun*, a fort.

† In the ruins of O'Dougherty's castle at Buncrana, a stone may yet be seen projecting from the wall, said to mark the height of Cahir Roe. It is fully seven feet from the ground.



Strong, strong of sinew, straight of limb,  
His country's pride to see ;  
In feats of strength none equalled him—  
First in each sport was he.

And yet none lighter led the dance  
When Peace spread o'er each glen,  
The pride of Spain, the grace of France,  
Were his unto all men.

A fearless eye of searching blue,  
That spoke to friend or foe,  
That pierced the vain dissembler through,  
Or dimmed at others' woe.

His sunlit hair in ringlets wild  
Fell o'er his shoulders free,  
And ruddy cheeks as of a child  
And sunny heart had he.

As thunder-clouds o'er summer sun,  
Obscure its genial ray,  
And lightnings flash and thunders crash  
In July's warmest day:

So throbbed his breast with passions great  
O'er fair Ultonia's wrong,\*  
As warm his love, so fierce his hate,  
Wild, merciless, and strong.

For o'er the ocean's throbbing breast,  
The Irish chiefs had flown (14),  
To seek in foreign climes that rest  
Denied them in their own.

Curst be the tongues that bade them fly  
When false accusers rose !  
Far better had they faced the lie  
And crushed it in their foes !

---

\* The confiscation of Ulster.

Unhappy princes ! hard thy lot,  
 Thy sighs must rise in vain,  
 Since faith and freedom needs be bought  
 By exile's longing pain.

And all thy forts and fair domains  
 Are by the strangers shared ;  
 Thy churches sacked, thy friends in chains,  
 Thy faith a crime declared.\*

For stern and bold the troopers come  
 To hold the clans in thrall,  
 And he whose sword hath made him lord  
 Hath power in Donegal

To treat the Celt as but a slave,  
 And rob him of the soil ;  
 If leave to till the ground he gave,  
 For *him* was all the toil.

'Twas thus when Cahir of the North  
 To Derry did repair,  
 With lesser chiefs and men of worth,  
 To state their grievance there.

What man bereft of every right—  
 Wealth, freedom, power—of all,  
 Will not the tyrant robber smite,  
 Or—daring failure—fall ?

If such a slave on earth be found  
 Let *cowards* homage pay !  
 Be he their monarch fitly crowned  
 As lowlier far than they !

What man may stand a coward's blow,  
 And meekly suffer all ?

---

\* On the flight of the earls, several of their friends, and other Irish nobles, were committed to prison for the alleged conspiracy. The penal laws pressed very rigorously, and were increased in severity.

Paulett insulted Cahir Roe,  
But sudden was his fall.

A day has passed, but Day brings Night,  
And Night red vengeance brings ;  
The City guards are slain in fight,  
The town with tumult rings.

O'Dougherty and Paulett meet,  
In vain the Saxon tries  
His skill in fence—at Cahir's feet  
A gory corse he lies.

On Derry's\* forts and walls there stands  
The Sunburst, green and gold :  
O'Dougherty the Foyle commands,  
Culmore † his clansmen hold.

Six fevered months of vengeful strife  
And weary warfare passed,  
Now brooding o'er his captured wife, (15)  
Sir Cahir stands at last

With shattered band on rock of Doune :  
His thoughts are far away—  
He heeds not how the gay larks tune  
At heaven's bright gates their lay.

He thinks of battles fought and won,  
Of hopes that *once* ran high ;  
And now, outnumbered and undone,  
There but remained to die.

'To die !—ay, Death were fame indeed,  
If freedom Death could buy ;  
To know his country were but freed,  
Then proudly would he die !

Where now his force? A scattered flock,  
Dispersed, betrayed, or dead :

---

\* *Doire*, an oak-wood. † *Cuil-more*, the large point, or angle.

With trusty few he holds the rock,  
A price upon his head.

“Oh, God! it was not thus I thought  
To serve my country's need,  
When from the Sassenach and Scot,  
I swore she would be freed!

But by Thy sacred name I swear  
In her proud cause to die!”——  
A vengeful bullet cleft the air,  
His stricken followers fly.

And there, upon Doune's heath-clad side,  
Whilst all his warriors fled,  
Oozed out the chieftain's gory tide——  
Sir Cahir Roe lay dead.

Grand are thy hills, O Innishowen!  
Strong is thy torrents' flow!  
But Freedom's glory fled thy throne  
With dauntless Cahir Roe.



## Variegated Shamrock : A Trefoil of Song.

### I. — TO MY LOVE

(Whoever, Wherever, and Whenever she may be).

#### AN IDLE IDYL

HAD I as many tongues  
As are blades of grass in spring, love,  
In unison they'd join  
Thy loveliness to sing, love,  
Niagara's falls to China's walls  
Would with thy praises ring, love,

Had I as many tongues  
As are blades of grass in spring.

Had I as many eyes  
As are dewdrops in the morn, dear,  
They could but gaze on thine,  
All other sights they'd scorn, dear ;  
Fresh faults they'd see in all but thee  
Whom love doth so adorn, dear,  
Had I as many eyes  
As are dewdrops in the morn.

Had I as many pens  
As are quills in Ireland's geese, love,  
In writing songs to thee,  
They quickly would decrease, love ;  
Your postman and my editor  
Would dream no more of peace, love,  
Had I as many pens  
As are quills in Ireland's geese.

Had I as much of wine  
As there's water in the sea, dear,  
I'd drain it to the dregs  
In pledging toasts to thee, dear ;  
And then feel dry, although now I  
Am such a strict T.T., dear,  
Had I as much of wine  
As there's water in the sea.

Had I as many sighs  
As are breezes on the wind, love,  
I'd breathe them at your feet  
If e'er you proved unkind, love ;  
Your harden'd heart would own my smart,  
And grieve I e'er repined, love,  
Had I as many sighs  
As are breezes on the wind.



The rosebud which upon my breast  
 Thy fingers fixed with care,  
 An emblem truest was and best  
 Of love thou'dst planted there.  
 But earthly things meet earthly fates,  
 And flowers, alas! decay;  
 'Tis love undying sighs and waits  
 When thou art far away,  
 My love,  
 When thou art far away.

When thou art far away, Eileen,  
 And dreams of home are thine,  
 For love-lit hours of eve we've seen  
 Let one fond sigh be mine;  
 Whilst I, inspired with bliss to be,  
 Will count each weary day,  
 Oh, sweet, my love, remember me  
 When thou art far away,  
 Eileen,  
 When thou art far away.

### III.—MILESIUS M'GARRITY.

WHEN Milesius M'Garrity crossed the wide say, [lay;  
 And sailed from the land where his mother and sire  
 Fair Onah cried, "Och, are ye goin' away,  
 To leave me alone by meself here entirely?"  
 Then Milesius looked into her soft eyes of blue,  
 But her faytures were plain, and her ringlets were  
 carroty; [two."  
 "Och," says she, "ye don't care if my heart broke in  
 "Feth, the divil a hair!" says Milesius M'Garrity.  
 "Shure, it's wastin' my time I've been many a day,  
 In stayin' at home here and idly mulvatherin';  
 Whin over in Scotland I'd win the big pay,  
 An' lashin's an' lavin's ov money be gatherin';

While here if I stay, though I work the day long,  
 My wages would scarce keep a beggar in charity ;  
 Oh, my love for the ould country's still very strong,  
 But I needn't starve in't," says Milesius M'Garrity.

So he came to the banks of the beautiful Clyde,  
 With its commerce and labour and ceaseless activity ;  
 And he searched for a job thro' the town far and wide,  
 But his tongue soon betrayed the land of his nativity.  
 "Och," says he, "if I've e'er the misfortune to go  
 To where sinners are sentenced for onregularity ;  
 May the divil do likewise and answer me 'No,'  
 And refuse me a place," says Milesius M'Garrity.

But the futball gets rest even, wance in a while,  
 So pitying Milesius in want and onaisiness,  
 Dame Fortune who kicked him bestowed him a smile,  
 But she couldn't help thinking his failin' was laziness.  
 So now he is earnin' a terrible pay,  
 An' he walks like a gint in the height ov prosperity,  
 "Sure I mane to be landlord in Ireland some day,  
 An' my tenant meself," says Milesius M'Garrity.



### Donegal Doggerel.

A TENANT there lived at Rathmullen,  
 Who battered a land agent's skull in,  
 And reduced his own rent  
 By a hundred per cent.,  
 All former agreements annullin'.

There was an ould wife in Glenlairy  
 Sold butter at Fortstewart Ferry ;  
 But the sons of the wave  
 Said it needed a shave,  
 For, in troth, it was devilish hairy.



There was a young man in Ramelton,  
Whom mischief so very much dwelt in  
He annoyed all the folks  
With his practical jokes,  
Till they gave him a proper good weltin'.

There was a Scotch farmer in Boorach,  
He was so very kind to the poor, augh !\*  
He gave every poor sowl  
Who came begging a bowl  
Of the best cockieleekie or stewrach.

There was an ould boy lived at Breachy ;  
When his buttons came off he'd say, " Hech, hey !  
Without a good wife  
It's a rough road through life,  
Och ! it's weary and dreary and dreachy."

There was an ould wife in Ardrummon,  
She was such a light-hearted ould woman,  
When she tidied her house,  
Or went milking her cows,  
She always was singing or hummin'.

A fiddler played through Letterkenny  
To try if he could raise a penny,  
But he wasted his powers  
For four " mortal " long hours,  
And I'm blest but he didn't get any.

There was a rich bodach in Glenties,  
Who bound his young son as apprentice  
To a limb of the law,  
But the *deeds* that he saw  
Took his brain, so he's *non compos mentis*.

A toper there lived at Rashedag,  
Who was so very fond of the *wee* jug†  
His coat, hat, and sheen  
He'd to sell for poteen,  
An' he went to the Mass with a *keedug*.

---

\* Augh, equivalent to och. † *Celtic* cruiskeen.

### The Kaylie. (16)

WHEN winter hap's the hills with snow,  
 And bids the torrents cease to flow,  
 Or move with muffled tread, and slow  
     And stiff'd breath,  
 And rivers, lakes, and vales below  
     Lie chain'd in death :

When gath'ring night clouds hide the braes,  
 And hounds and huntsmen leave the chase,  
 With peevish snarl and laggard pace,  
     On weary feet,  
 And homeward take their various ways  
     Thro' blinding sleet :

Or when the wounded moorcock's flight  
 Rings terror thro' the death-still night,  
 Re-echoing far dumb-palsied fright  
     To wakeful hare,  
 That bleeding lies, from shot and bite,  
     In heathy lair :

What visions ! mem'ry's golden prize,  
 Outburst thro' cheerless toil's disguise,  
 Before creative fancy's eyes,  
     At first command,  
 And worlds of thought unbidden rise  
     Celestial, grand !

Old feuds—time skeletoned—appear  
 High pois'd on vengeful mem'ry's bier,  
 Till, water'd by th' repentant's tear,  
     They expire an' rust,  
 When wisdom springs from out their dear  
     And hallow'd dust.

Old loves, the joys of former years,  
 Nigh dead, or wholly quench'd by tears

(Thro' vain regret, that saps and sears  
     The hermit heart),  
 Return with train of hopes and fears,  
     Smile, and depart.

Old friends, companions of our youth,  
 Whilst yet Dame Fortune's brow was smooth  
 (Or we had cause to doubt her truth),  
     From many a land  
 Come smiling back (in garbs uncouth)  
     To grasp our hand.

But should some face—an angel's now,  
 Return, with death's seal on its brow,  
 To wake afresh the broken vow  
     (Or spurn'd advice)  
 To lover made, what passions bow !  
     What thoughts arise !

In hour like this should grim Despair  
 Approach, to claim his joy-strewn lair,  
 Hope (valiant) bids the fiend "Beware !"  
     And not intrude ;  
 For sacred is the heart laid bare  
     In pensive mood.

On eve like this when deep'ning night  
 Hid proud Slievegallion\* from the sight,  
 And lamp and candle glimmer'd bright  
     Far thro' the gloom ;  
 And joyous hearts beat high and light  
     At "stock" and "loom."

When thro' the pines fierce shriek'd the gale,  
 More loud and long than Banshee's wail ;

---

\* Slieve Gallion, on the southern border of County Derry, overlooks Ballynascreen, rising to an altitude of 1730 feet ; it must not be confounded with Slieve Gullion (*Sliabh Cuillin*, the mountain of holly), in the S.W. of Armagh, which is 1893 feet above the level of the sea.

And wearied threshers hung the flail  
     On rusty pin,  
 To sweep the board, or rake the stale,  
     And kieve the-bin.

What time sees toil and bustle o'er,  
 And busy housewife sweep the floor,  
 Right glad and proud that nothing more  
     Remains undone ;  
 But rest enjoy'd—now tired and sore,  
     Her thrift has won.

Such night and hour on Tatty's hill—  
 In Tatty's house—sat Weaver Bill ;  
 And Sleepy Sam, and Porchequill,  
     And Bolfin Joe ;  
 And Deef-lugg'd Mal' with voice so shrill,  
     And Denny Slow.

Sleek Phil, far fam'd for length of ear,  
 And Harry Gawt for logic clear ;  
 And Flow'ry Mick for fiendish leer,  
     And oily tongue ;  
 And Lathy Mat, a fish as queer  
     As breathes unhung.

Young George, a careless, rakin' blade  
 (The Parish Samson of the spade),  
 With Lazy Jack, who work'd and played  
     By turns and fits ;  
 And Drawwell Michael, rightly made  
     The king of wits.

The Laughin' Brock, and Leggy Slick,  
 Sat cheek by jowl with Kurnal Dick ;  
 And Davey Roe, with skull so thick—  
     Deem'd half a fool ;  
 Low-hunker'd down beside his stick,  
     On creepy stool.

And lastly came, with reekin' pipe,  
 And measel'd shins, and beak of snipe,  
 And answer ever ready—ripe,  
                   An' sharp as knife,  
 Boul' Corick Sal, the archetype  
                   Of Satan's wife.

With hearty welcomes on his tongue,  
 (That seldom more than moments hung  
 In passive state) for old and young,  
                   And rich and poor,  
 Kind-hearted Tatty propp'd the rung\*  
                   Inside the door.

High blaz'd the fire with mettl'd roar,  
 Still Tatty added more and more,  
 Till e'en the cat shrunk back before  
                   It's hot embrace  
 (Without, the storm might sough and snore  
                   Who fear'd its face?)

With such a wealth of sense, and taste,  
 And wit, and talent (going to waste),  
 The like of which has seldom graced  
                   The lordliest hall,  
 'Twere strange if speech should long be plac'd  
                   In awkward thrall.

For, face to face and blade to blade,  
 Religion's every multishade  
 Was represented there, and play'd  
                   Th' explosive shell;  
 Whilst every part was nicely weigh'd,  
                   And argued well.

Next, after gown and crucifix,  
 Came law-reforming politics,  
 And sly electioneering tricks  
                   To gain a vote,  
 Until the clearest conscience licks  
                   Poor Jacob's coat.

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\* A stout staff.

But even politics or creed  
 Will sometimes weary those who plead,  
 And seldom keep alive the glee<sup>\*</sup>

Of social fire—  
 Too proud or stubborn to concede  
 To aught but ire.

Such truth the worthies here engag'd,  
 Nigh found to be a dragon cag'd  
 In silken cell—fierce, bold, enrag'd  
 With poison'd sting,  
 And glow'ring hate that's ne'er assuag'd  
 At wisdom's spring.

At last to prove—and save a fight—  
 Which argued best, and which was right,  
 Thick-witted Davey struck a "bright,"  
 An' ha'penny toss'd—  
 Who gain'd the head would gain the night,  
 And t'other lost.

And by this means was quiet scor'd,  
 And friendly unison restor'd ;  
 Each worthy sheath'd his ready sword,  
 An' held his tongue,  
 Content to hear his prowess roar'd,  
 And praises sung.

When naught but pleasures fill the mind,  
 And cank'ring cares are left behind,  
 Deep-bedded in the flinty rind  
 Of sapless toil ;  
 The heart by social loves refined,  
 Is fruitful soil.

Nor were the guests of Tatty worse  
 Than those who joke, get ril'd, and curse ;  
 Draw faces longer than their purse,  
 Then laugh outright ;  
 For never was it theirs to nurse  
 A jealous spite.

---

\* A spark.

Thus by the time they'd smok'd their "clays,"  
 Or stretch'd their legs—as choice essays,  
 Or inclination prompts (delays  
     Being dang'rous here),  
 Good humour found them all ablaze  
     And sparkling clear.

Some crack'd of horses, crops, an' lan'  
 Which fed and farm'd on surest plan ;  
 Whilst some revil'd the artisan  
     Who nail'd their cash ;  
 Some laugh'd as but the careless can,  
     At witless snesh.

But there were those (the major part) .  
 The quick of brain and light of heart,  
 Who, all despising horse and cart,  
     And purses long,  
 Propos'd "That ere they should depart,  
     Each sings a song."

This stopp'd the crack, and damp'd the fun,  
 Some hearts receiv'd a heavy stun ;  
 For such is easier said than done  
     In such a place,  
 To ev'n those who make a pun  
     With easy grace.

Tongues silent all the night till now,  
 Loud negativ'd with awful vow ;  
 Some ev'n swore with stormy brow,  
     An' button'd coat,  
 "That sooner far they'd lose a cow,  
     Than sound a note."

But just as firm, and just as strong  
 As those who deem'd the singing wrong,  
 And those who swore by short and long  
     They never would,  
 Were those who first proposed the song,  
     Who swore they should.

Thus matters stood, when like a trump,  
 Up Davey to his feet did jump,  
 And told them all both plain and plump,  
     With voice like bell,  
 That those who couldn't sing must "stump,"  
     Or story tell.

So ended thus the long dispute ;  
 Ev'n those who loudest swore were mute,  
 And own'd the fool (for once) was cute,  
     An' gettin' wise,  
 And soon would make a staunch recruit  
     At tellin' lies.

But who should first his story spin,  
 Or whether song should first begin,  
 Remained a doubt—as dark as sin  
     With child unborn ;  
 That argued neither side would win,  
     Or solve till morn.

So acting on the fool's advice,  
 Quick, ere he'd time to tell them twice  
 (For none were over strict or nice  
     In small details),  
 They skied their coppers in a trice,  
     For "heads or tails."

It but remains to say they tost,  
 And that the "pitch" the stories lost ;  
 Who ere they'd time to count their cost,  
     Proclaim'd "We shall !"  
 And whom they chose to first exhaust  
     Was "Corick Sal" !

#### CORICK SAL'S EXCUSE.

A story ! God love yez,  
 An' kape still above yez,  
 Meself cudn't tell wan till sev me oul' life ;



Although I'll confess it,  
 Me sowl, none the less it  
 Is thrue, I was born when the wunders wur rife.

As boom the thunders deep and loud,  
 Above the howling blast,  
 When shatt'ring sails 'mid shrieks and wails  
 Drag down the reeling mast ;  
 Or cheer the dense, expectant crowd  
 As some exulting hero proud  
 Is stately marching past.

So yell'd the list'ners, one and all,  
 So thunder'd foot and loof,  
 When Corick Sal, the chosen "Shall,"  
 Stood up on (vaunted) proof,  
 'Till creaking rafters hugg'd each wall—  
 Now swaying like a huxter's stall  
 Beneath the dancing roof.

For Sal was known, or East or West,  
 In every house of call ;  
 And farther South than Shannon's Mouth,  
 And North than Donegal.  
 Each name she knew, each face and breast,  
 Its character and secret guessed—  
 Or read like open scroll.

Half gipsy-like in form and face  
 Was Corick Sal to view ;  
 But eyes and chin, so keen and thin,  
 Bespoke the "Wandering Jew."  
 None knew her parentage or race,  
 But all agreed her cunning grace  
 Was cross betwixt the two.

No art so black but she could read,  
 Or mystic cypher'd stone ;  
 And this her boast, "She knew the toast  
 Inscrib'd on Satan's throne."

All fates and fortunes she could breed  
 From one hard, hellish mustard seed—  
 But hardest was her own.

Be this as fancy frames the mood  
 Its gospel-notes to test,  
 One truth was by defiant, high,  
 Bright looming o'er the rest ;  
 Her stories (still impromptu rude)  
 In company, howsoever good,  
 Were always reckon'd best.

Some call'd for something warlike, bold,  
 Some call'd for something gay ;  
 A few for "new," be't false or true,  
 To wile their cares away.  
 But all would have the story told,  
 No matter whether new or old,  
 Off-han' without delay.

With arms akimbo, foot to front,  
 And flashing eye that ran  
 From front to rear, with look austere  
 O'er knave and partisan ;  
 Clear, with a full-ton'd nasal grunt  
 Of acquiescence, Sally Bunt  
 Her story thus began.

### CORICK SAL'S STORY.

#### "THE WAKE OF JACKY M'QUADE."

Will yez *wheesht*, an' sit down, an' lave go av me gown ?  
 Or an' troth yez'll dra' an oul' house roun' yer ears ;  
 For meself 'll be ownin' sich conduct's unknown in  
 The airts av good breedin', in higher up spheres.

Bad sowins an' cess till yez all, may yez rest ill  
 In body an' mind till yer quarter'd an' hung,  
 If yez won't give a ledy, whin stan'in' up, ready  
 Till sphake an' be heerd, the free use av her tongue.

Yez'll all av heerd tell av the sights that befel,  
 An' the soun's still remimbered, an' niver forgot,  
 Whin Oul' Jacky M'Quade in he's coffin wis laid  
 (Luckin' white as a lamb, throth, whin dress'd for  
 the pot).

Sowl it happen'd as shure as there's grace for the poor,  
 Although till deny it there's plenty that tries,  
 Mintainin' an' boastin' that divil a ghost in  
 The parish (God sev us!) survives but in lies.

The Bourley's may swear it, an' Creilly's aver it,  
 An' Bunhill's go down on thir knees that it's thru ;  
 They're noted for liars, as big as the friars  
 Av ould, an' wid swear that a black crow wis blue.

Troth it ill becomes wan av that same lyin' clan  
 (Put a turf on the *Greeshigh*\* till kape out the cowl')  
 Till prache sich'n lies on a neighbor that dies on  
 His bed, an' his back—a long life till his sowl !

Meself can remimber the night whin the timber  
 Wis nail'd roun' the *morkal*† remains av poor Jack ;  
 An' th' divil a nater, a claner, or swater  
 Big corpse iver lay on the broad av its back.

For twelve months at laste in the house there wis feastin',  
 An' drinkin', an' spreein' before that he died,  
 An' meny a quart cup (till kape his oul' heart up)  
 I've emptied meself while I sat be his side.

Himself wis the boy that partuck of the joy—  
 A house full av laughin' an' *Ayther*‡ galore—  
 Whin frens an' whin neighbors (an' sthrangers, be  
 jabers !)  
 Drapp'd in till see Jacky M'Quade av Cahore.

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\* Peat embers. † Mortal. ‡ Ether as a drink was much  
 in vogue amongst the lovers of stimulants in the North until the  
 practice was put down by the priests, who spoke against it.

'Till wan evenin' sez he, in the heart av our glee,  
 "Be silent, ye divils! meself wants to sphake;  
 For waker I'm gettin' wid sorrowin' an' frettin'  
 Whin dead that meself cannot cum till me wake;

An' all av yez present 's so social an' pleasant,  
 That partin' from wan an' from all av yez 's hard,  
 The buther inside av the crame\* an' the pride av  
 The parish from Doont† till the tap av Drumard.‡

Howiniver, *achree!* § whin I'm breathless," sez he,  
 "I must hev a wake that it's lekes wusn't known  
 In these parts for ages, an' take for yer wages  
 The beafe an' the mutton that's nearest the bone."

Not breakin' me story (till God be'd the glory)  
 He had wan, the lakes av which niver wis seen;  
 A *schrouger* an' *targer*,|| an' twinty times larger  
 Thin iver wis heerd av in *Ballynascreen*.¶

Well be 'n donsy\*\* so long (for himself wisn't strong,  
 Be'd the powthers av war, in his palmiest days)  
 His heart tuk a quakin', his narves tuk a shakin',  
 That made him, the craythur, feel ill at his aise:

So biddin' somebody fetch forrit the toddy,  
 An' missure it out with a noggin or bowl,  
 He toul' us till drink it, nor wan av us shrink it,  
 By way av a partin' shalute till his sowl.

Not wishin' till taze him, an' jist for till plaze him,  
 We drank ivery *skeegin*†† wis left in the pot,  
 'Cept barrin' a lug full, a wee delphin jug full,  
 He swallied till kape himself breathin' an' hot.

\* *La crème de la crème*: best of the best. † *Dun*: a fort.

‡ *Drumard*: a high ridge. § *Achroidhe*: my heart.

|| Of unusual dimensions. ¶ *Baili-na-Scrín*: the town of the Shrine. \*\* Poorly: in bad health. †† *Skeegin*: the least drop.

But in troth it wis past even prayin' or fast  
 With Jacky, the craythur, the Saints sing his praise ;  
 An' ach wan frum the croon, till the youngest gassoon  
 Might av tould that himself had seen most av his days.

Och ! it's solemn, an' sad, an' heartrindin', bedad,  
 Whin the moment av partin' draws near till yer han',  
 That parts ye for iver, an' iver, an' iver, [began.  
 From those whom ye've known since their lives first

There's joy in the meetin', an' mirth in the greetin'  
 Av lovers who sigh for a fancied delight ;  
 But 'n troth there's a chate in thir fond separatin',  
 That dims the bright eye av the glory av night.

But dark as the night seems to lovers, whose light dreams  
 Av bliss it absorbs and consales from their ken ;  
 'Tis nothing but part av the gloom in the heart av  
 The sorra-s thruck wan who lamints an oul' fren'.

When he knew he was dyin', an' saw Betty cryin',  
 His heart grew as saft as a pratey in June ;  
 An' his sighs an' his tears wid 'av' milted the ears—  
 An' the feelin's, till boot—av the biggest polthroon.

An' then whin he beckoned till Betty the second  
 Or third time, she cum an' sat down be his bed,  
 Till hear his instruitions against the seductions  
 Av life, and its plisures, whin he shud be dead.

Well, he stharterd be tell'n her not 'll be sellin',  
 Or givin', or swappin', her houldin' av lan' ;  
 But drain it, an' dig it, an' crap it, an' rig it,  
 As deep, an' as nate as she cud, like a man.

An', feth, thin he wint on till the *pro* and the *con*—  
 As the larned wid say—av his dying behest,  
 In a manner as nate, without pincil or slate, [breast.  
 As though he'd been born with the Gough\* in his

---

\* Gough's "Young Man's Best Companion," formerly the high standard of education amongst the peasantry.

But an' shure yer in haste, an' a week scarce at laste,  
 Wid suffice till be tellin' his sinsible cracks—  
 From beginnin' till en'—that put most av the men  
 (For larin' an' logic) clane flat on thir backs.

So I'll tell yez the rere, if ye'll jist give an ear,  
 An' be drawin' yer creepies up jist a wee higher ;  
 (For, troth, sure its percin' with cowl', and thir's scarce  
 The country a clod till kape goin' the fire.) [in

“ Well,” sez he, at the last—an' he luk'd at her fast,  
 With an eye like a suckin' bull-calf's at the moon—  
 “ Be dacent an' quate, mind ye !—early an late,  
 An' kape out av the way av big Thamas Muldoon.

“ An' as for Pat Martin (his day-man), he's sartin  
 Till coort ye, an' taze ye for whisky an' tay ;  
 But, Betty, me honey, take care av the money,  
 Nor heed what the oily-tongu'd rogues hev till say.”

With that he rowl'd over an' cotch'd the bed-cover,  
 Gev wan luk at Betty, thin clos'd both his eyes ;  
 Stretched himself dacently, grinnin' kumplacently,  
 An' Trojan-like, husband-like, dacently dies.

Thin, och ! if thir iver was heerd by the river  
 The wild notes av anguish, 'twis Betty's that night ;  
 For 'n troth the poor darlint—the *Black-Quarter Star-*  
 Herself wis near-most away kilt wid the fright. [*lint\**

### BETTY'S LAMENT FOR JACKY.

“ Farewell ! till ye Jacky,  
 Goodbye ! till ye Jacky,  
 An' life till yer sowl in the valleys av pace ;  
 Yer fren's be the saints now,  
 May niver kumplaints now,  
 Or luck for the worse turn its nose till yer face.

---

\* Local phrase for a bare-footed beauty of Black Quarter, a portion of Drumard.

“ Yer dead, an’ yer cowl’ now !  
 But where is your sowl now ?  
 Spake, Jacky *a stoir*, till yer Betty again ;  
 For cud ye belave in  
 My weepin’ an’ greevin’,  
 It’s sorry ye’d be that ye died—like a wean.

“ Och ! darlint, God bliss ye,  
 But sorely we’ll miss ye,  
 The whole av the winter, an’ summer all through ;  
 Be day an’ be night, too,  
 An’ sigh for a sight, too,  
 Av joy-beamin’ friendship that faded with you.

“ *Mo naur !\** now, *mo naur !* now,  
 My pleasures are o’er now,  
 An’ black clouds av sorra hengs over my head ;  
 Och ! Saints, ye wir cruel  
 Till stale my oul’ jewel,  
 (Nor lave wan the lakes av him back in his stead.)

“ Och ! where cin I fly to,  
 To lie down, an’ die too ?  
 Spshake ! Jacky, *a stoir*, † for ye always wir wise ;  
 Or what shall I do now,  
 My Jack, without you now ?  
 The pride av my heart, an’ the light av my eyes !

“ But why did ye go, Jack,  
 An’ lave me in woe, Jack ?  
 A dozen bad scrans till yer sowl for that same !  
 An’ me jist as smart now,  
 An’ light av the heart now  
 As whin ye furst ax’d me till alter my name.

“ Farewell till ye, Jacky !  
 Good-bye till ye, Jacky !

---

\* Expression of sorrow.

† My store, or treasure.

An' life till yer sowl in the valleys of pace !  
 Yer fren's be the Saints now,  
 May niver kumplaints now,  
 Or luck for the worse turn it's nose till yer face."

'Twis something in this way (I mind it till this day)  
 She mourn'd an' laminted his death till a taste ;  
 But divil a sigh her poor heart cud get higher  
 Than jist whir her tyin's bedinted her waist.

Well, the news av his death wint abroad lake a breath  
 Av ill-omen'd suspicion, purtindin' disgrace ;  
 Or the lightnin's quick flash whin the illiments crash,  
 An' the rain, an' the hailstones pelt fair in yer face.

An', troth, now it's spoken, by that very token,  
 The flood-gates av grief wir thrown open that night,  
 An' hailstones av sorra, on joy's dimm'd to-morra,  
 Rain'd hard on our sowls, in the wake of his flight.

But soon as the mornin' wis broke, an' adornin'  
 The East, with his baby-lake eyes fresh an' blue,  
 The men an' the weemin came rushin' an' streamin'  
 From twinty miles roun', jist till ax "wis it true?"

An', troth, it's but fair now, that I shud declare how  
 They show'd an' gev signs av their deepest consarn ;  
 Our black loss respectin'—till not be neglectin'  
 That same, they tuk shilter an' tay in the barn.

Well, whin they had finish'd, the mate wis diminish'd  
 From fifty-five well har'n'd bonnocks av bread,  
 An' forty-five loaves, baked with raisons an' cloves,  
 Till scarcely the size ov the eye in yer head.

But not for thir atein' an' drinkin' till laté in  
 The day, wid meself iver throw out a hint ;  
 Or be namin' a name, on the score av that same—  
 Naw ! not for the wealth av the goold in the Mint.



For that same we sarv'd it—an', troth, they desarv'd it,  
 An' welkim it wis till thim, ivery wan ;  
 As daffindowndillys, an' snow-draps an' lilies,  
 Whin farmers are thinkin' av ploughin' thir lan'.

Well, whin they had feasted an' smok'd, at the laste, it  
 Wis twelve b'd the wag-at-the-wall an' the sun,  
 Whin up till thir feet all, they jump'd, in a state all  
 Av illigant grief, lake the shot av a gun.

An' straight at the quarlin' an' cursin' an' snarlin'  
 They wint—in a second's less time than at wanst ;  
 Some gulder'd an' baw'd for potheen, an' some call'd for  
 "The songs he had sung, an' the jigs he had danc'd."

Not carin' a *qusick* \* for piper or music,  
 They welted the flure with a hearty good-will,  
 Loud chorus'd, with laughter, till sunset an' after,  
 An' divil a man av thim hadn't his fill.

Well, they stapp'd an' they stay'd, an' they longer delay'd,  
 Till they couldn't go home till the mornin' for shame,  
 Each one of thim knowin' himself till be goin',  
 Whilst others wir comin', wid blacken his name.

So they sat down contint (for they didn't pay rint),  
 An' busied thimselves at the smooth an' the rough ;  
 Some sittin', some lym', some cuttin', some dryin'  
 Big rowls av tobackey for smokin' an' snuff.

Lakewise they all voted oul' hands—who wir noted,  
 Till fill the *dudeens* † for the aise of the jaw ;  
 For the wisest's a *gipe* ‡ whiles at fillin' a pipe,  
 An' may *houl' in his teeth what an ass couldn't draw!*

An', 'n troth, b'd the time they wir fill'd, dael a stime  
 Cud ye see in the kitchen for beautiful rake ;  
 An' as for the squeezin', the snuffin', the sneezin',  
 Me tongue av thim dar'nt be trusted till sphake.

---

\* A small coin.

† *Dhudeen*, short (black) pipe.

‡ An awkward clown.

Well, they cum from the east, an' they cum from the  
 west, [droves,  
 An' the north, an' the south, b'd the flocks an' the  
 An' a score av the strongest, the stoutest, an' longest,  
 Wir sint to the *Cross*\* for the whisky an' loaves.

Whin all was kumplated, an' most ov thim sated,  
 The widda (bedeck'd in her finest) appear'd,  
 An' said, "For his sake, be thir joy at his wake,"  
 In tones av the swatest that iver I heerd.

'Twis thin whin their hearts all wir full, an' the quarts all  
 Av potheen wir drunk, that the sintimint ran ;  
 Oul' Screedle, whilst leadin' the singin', wis pleadin'  
 His suit, at the han's av wee Bidy M'Cann.

The *Keeniers* † startèd thin, fresh an' light-hearted,  
 An' troth soon thir noise wid av deafened yer ears ;  
 The young an' the boul' wans wint hard for the oul'  
 wans,  
 Who in voice what they lost made it up wid thir tears.

### THE KEENIERS' LAMENT FOR JACKY.

"Down ! on yer marra bones—  
 Flet on yer narra bones ;  
 Prayer, wish an' *Caoine* ‡ high rize for the dead ;  
 Pray for him, weape for him,  
 Wish a soun' slape for him,  
 Joy, whin he wakes, an' a crown for his head.

"Hard wis the partin' shure—  
 Death made a sartin cure ;  
 Niver no more shall we hear his kumplaints ;  
 Rest till his back, an' sweet  
 Till his own sowl we meet,  
 Brightest in glory—divartin' the saints.

---

\* Draperstown Cross. † Professional mourners for the dead.

‡ Pronounced *Keenye*—a passionate form of lament.

“ Arrah, what made ye die, Jack,  
 An’ close yer bright eye, Jack?  
 Ochone! an’ och honey ye’d plenty av tay;  
 An’ th’ divil another  
 Man, chile, or his mother  
 Cud’ av’ hid more potheen from the light av the day.

“ Ochone! an’ och honey  
 Ye’d plenty av money,  
 An ark full av meal an’ a garden av kail;  
 An’ plet av good barley  
 That aquel’d cud har’ly  
 Be this side av Derry’s oul’ wall roun’ the Jail.

“ Shure the whate wis as high  
 As the guard av yer thigh,  
 An’ the lint, be me sowl, wis as long as yer leg;  
 An’ the corn—that’s sartin,  
 Wis long as Pat Martin,  
 The invy av all an’ the whole country’s brag.

“ An’ as for the praties—  
 The crap tho’ it late is—  
 Be jabers they’re nearaways burstin the rig;  
 An’ if it’s not sinful,  
 Get up, take a skinful  
 Av skerries, an’ dance us an oul’ Irish jig.

“ Tare-an-age! Wirrorasthrue!!\*  
 What we say, shure, it’s true?  
 Won’t ye lis’en till raison an’ open yer eyes;  
 Did we iver disave ye?  
 Now, troth, I belave ye,  
 Altho’ aff yer back, Jack, ye niver shud rise!

“ Whose heart wis the lightest?  
 Whose smile wis the brightest?  
 Whose words wis the kindest?—life stemmin’ aids.  
 Take the parish an’ roun’ it,  
 Me sowl, I’ll be bound it,  
 Wis no other wan’s thin oul’ Jacky M’Quade’s.”

---

\* *Mhuire-as-truagh!*—Mary, what sorrow!

'Twas thus they laminted, whilst big tears besprinted  
 The snowy white linen they bought for the dead ;  
 An' th' divil a nater, black-ey'd, or kumplater,—  
 More light-hearted set iver sat roun' his bed.

Be this time the lads an' the lasses, thir dads an'  
 Thir mothers, wir sated whiriver they cud ;  
 An' sisters an' brothers soon foun' that another's  
 Might aqel thir own jist till freshen the blood.

But jist as big Kinnin the fun wis beginnin'  
 Be startin' the oul' game av Shuffle the Brogue,\*  
 Somewan of the party, who somehow got hearty,  
 Resaved b'd that token a hearty *Palthogue*.

Well, it set him a swearin, an' cursin', an' squarin'  
 His fists at whoiver dare cum in his way ;  
 Till another behin' him gev wan till remin' him  
 That "he wis the boy from the *banks av Lough Fay*."†

Well, the *malee* began at a quarter till wan—  
 In a quarter not quite up till some av their tastes ;  
 But, troth in a minnit full five score wir in it,  
 Lake so meny half-drunken, blood-thirsty bastes.

An' th' weemin wir shoutin', an' schramin', an' cloutin  
 Each other with what iver cum till thir han' ;  
 An' backin' their fathers, their sweethearts, or brothers,  
 An' claimin' as their's the victorious man.

Och, saints ! but 'twis awful (an' some say unlawful)  
 The scenes av rid havoc the kitchen display'd ;  
 The ears an' the noses, be swate holy Moses,  
 A half hunner pig wid near most av outweigh'd.

An' as for the clothin', meself wid be loathin'  
 Till name half the duds that wir lyin' about ;  
 The coats wir a waster that hadn't seen Easter,  
 An' jackets wir spawl'd lake an oul' butter clout.

---

\* A game generally played at wakes and parties.

† That is, the representative or champion of that district.

On the flure—in the middle—lay oul' Screedle's fiddle  
 (But th' divil a chune iver more it wid play),  
 The pipes wir all broken that swately wir smokin',  
 Whin Kinnin an' Tamson first started the fray.

The bowls an' the plates all wir smash'd on thir pates all  
 (The dresser itself wid their kickin' wis brain'd),  
 An' th' divil a haet av the chaney or plate  
 Av the Widda but wan wudden noggin remain'd.

But betimes after three they wir got till agree  
 An' sit down as dacent an' quate as they cud,  
 The weemin wir rushin', lamintin', an' crushin'  
 Ach other for who wid furst wash aff the blood.

Well, soon after that, shure, Mucknail an' Shan Pat  
 Wir sint till M'Gurk's till replinish the drink,  
 An' soon troth the punch an' the cakes made a luncheon,  
 That fill'd ivery man av thim up till the brink.

An' the coortin' begun soon again, an' the fun,  
 The kissin', an' jokin', an' sconsin wint roun';  
 But Larry, the sowl av the dance an' the bowl,\*  
 Together with Betty, cud nowheres be foun'.

They sarch'd all the kitchen, both ager an' itchin',  
 Till fin' her wid Larry, discoorsin' her grief;  
 But heth cud they fin' thim, before or behin' thim,  
 Naw call thim, or whussle thir names they wir deaf.

Sarch low or sarch high, or sarch stable or byer,  
 The sorra wan hayporth av ayther wis seen,  
 Till after MucMurry rush'd in in a hurry,  
 All breathless an' shoutin' "Behint the Boreen!"

Thin who shud cum racin', himself speed'ly bracin',  
 But Larry, all fluster'd, to rise the alarm,  
 An' shoutin' an schramin', as tho' he was dramin',  
 Whilst Betty lake death had a houl't av his arm.

---

\* The life of the party; a convivial fellow.

May God an' the Saints stan' afore, up against, an'  
 Atween us for iver (black sinners) an' harm,  
 But that wis a night, surs, av tarror an' fright, surs,  
 Av grief an' surprise an' sowl-sturrin' alarm.

For out in the garden (not carin' a fardin  
 For whom he befrighted), as black as a Turk,  
 Oul' Satan wis walkin', an' jukin', an' talkin'  
 Till ten av his imps, who wir hard at thir work.

Beforgin' an' batin' hot metal an' swatin'  
 Thir hearts an' thir sowls out, an' workin' lake bastes ;  
 They pech'd an' they pelted, an' stud as they welted  
 Away in the flames up as high as thir waists.

Attach'd till the gable av byer an' stable,  
 Thimselves had a cable as thick as me leg ;  
 Both rid hot an' glowin', the Lord only knowin'  
 As how they cud houl' it till drive in the peg.

But what it wis mint for, or what they were sint for,  
 Wid take a wise man wid his larnin' to know ;  
 But meself's av the notion, they heerd the commotion,  
 An' thought they cud swape us benonst\* down below.

For in troth 'twis a loop, in the shape av a hoop,  
 As a wheelbarra trinnle as big roun' at laste,  
 They smartly wir makin', an' shapin', an' fakin',  
 Himself, the oul' blaggart, till put roun' his waist.

Well, me tongue wis it creesh'd with the grease niver  
 An' oil av oration all over an' o'er, [wheesht,  
 Meself cudn't tell it, or write it, or spell it,  
 The inger whin baulk'd they purthray'd in a roar. .

An' as for our oul' Satan, himself wis all swatin',  
 With gnashin' an' lashin' his gums an' his tail,  
 An' loudly blasphamin'—his eyeballs all flamin',  
 An' breathin' out brimstones far thicker thin hail.

---

\* Unawares.

The furnace approachin', an' that without broachin'  
 His inds or intentions, the haythen, till wan ;  
 He swallied the sledges, the anvils, an' wedges,  
 An' wip'd his oul' gub wid the back av his han'.

Thin he stud on the groun', an' he luk'd all aroun',  
 An' shuk his oul' fist at us ivery wan ;  
 His imps in a crack all wir up on his back all,  
 An' aff he tuk flight lake the waff av yer han'.

Yerselves 'll be grantin' its talent I'm wantin'  
 Till pictur' wan half av the ruction an' roar,  
 An' all but loud laughter, that follow'd soon after,  
 The likes av which wis niver heerd av before.

Ye'll grant that its scarin' whin the winds are all warin'  
 (Like giants oppos'd till the ghosts av the dead),  
 Whin the thunders are crashin', an' lightnin's are flashin'  
 In a wild mixt confusion all over yer head.

But, och ! b' the token av saints, it's but jokin',  
 An' dael a haet else wid that self-same appear,  
 An' tongue-hush'd affection, till all the connection  
 Av mankind compared till that moment av fear.

For ourselves till befright, an' till show his oul' spite,  
 Whin he'd miss'd all the *prachis*\* he'd cum for, so far  
 Himself, the untutor'd oul' haythen, *beschuterd*†  
 Us, ears over head all with boilin'-hot tar.

Thin straight as a rocket, whin free'd from the socket,  
 Without the laste fear av his progress bein' marr'd,  
 Thank God (an' Mahomet) his tail, lake a comet,  
 At last disappear'd over *Tamney Ard*.‡

May God an' the Saints stan' afore, up against, an'  
 Atween us for iver (black sinners) an' harm ;  
 But that wis a night, surs, av tarror an' fright, surs,  
 Av grief an' surprise, an' sowl-sturrin' alarm.

---

\* A fortune, a great many. † Besmeared. ‡ The high green field.

Well, early nixt mornin', as shure as yer born an'  
 Breathin', poor Larry all blather'd\* wis foun';  
 An' bleedin', an' dyin' an' all but his tryin'  
 Till raise himself up till his feet aff the groun'.

So they sint for the Priest, an' the Rector—at least  
 The Rector wis sint for, but niver appear'd,  
 Except in abuses, an' fifty excuses,  
 An' all but himself wis befunk'd an' afeer'd.

But the Priest cum—an' that at the wurd av Shan Pat,  
 With his Bible, his prayer book, his beads, an' his cane;  
 An' a pint av the "Best" till put under his vest,  
 That he purchas'd that mornin' from Paddy M'Shane.

An' himself seem'd as boul' as a lion, I'm toul',  
 For divil a man but himself wid go near  
 Till the house, or go in, just as if 'twas a sin,  
 But stud in the garden, an' thrimmeld with fear.

Well, it must av been more thin a good hour before  
 His Rav'rince appear'd—with a hop, skip, an' race,  
 An' toul' us he'd "done it"—the fight fought an' won it,  
 Without even gettin' a scratch on his face.

Thin he call'd thim together, but soul 'twis a swithert  
 With some av the boulest—still barrin' his own,  
 If they shud go nearer himself for a clearer  
 Description av how he had bate him alone.

At last he persuaded thim—tired an' jaded  
 As most av thim wir, 'twis a parfit "God Sen";  
 Till get in an' be sated, for some av thim swated  
 As though they wir pigs in the fayver, not men.

So whin he had got in the house, an' the lot in  
 A lis'nin' position—down flet on thir knees,  
 He stud up afore them, an' ach av thim swore thim  
 Till tell him the thruth—jist for wanst—if they'd plaze.

---

\* Beaten in a rough manner. † Hesitation: matter for debate.



Av coorse they consinted—for troth it wis printed  
 In black, an' white, ivery wurd that he said ;  
 An' divil a gulpin\* or prodistan spulpin, †  
 But cross'd himself jist like the rest whin he pray'd.

“Where's Larry an' Betty?” he ax'd Jemmy Getty  
 (Whose chair wis the nearest him, barrin' his own,  
 An' half a score others, Bill Bigg's an' his brother's),  
 Whin Betty responded herself with a groan.

“Cum forrit, ye jade ye ! and tell me what made ye  
 So soon go an' brake yer dead husband's commands ;  
 An' you, Larry Vulcan ! Now don't ye be skulkin',  
 But cum here with Betty an' houl' up yer han's.”

Well, sich a keelhaulin thimselves both had all in  
 The space av five minutes wid open yer eyes ;  
 An' maybe be makin' yerselves till lie wakin'  
 Till mornin' sep'ratin' the thruth from the lies.

For what with his learnin', an' quick-clear discarnin',  
 Himself had thim soon in a terrible stew ;  
 An' blurtin', an' blowin' thir noses, not knowin'  
 Thir answers, an' pump'd out as clane as a shoe.

I beg ye'll excuse me, nor over abuse me,  
 For skippin' some thrifles till which they confess'd,  
 Not much till thir credit, the moment they said it,  
 Jist barrin' themselves wir no worse thin the rest.

For in troth ere he'd done, or the twelve o'clock sun  
 Cud be tould be yer shedda in frunt av yer face :  
 He'd broken the scroof‡ aff ach saycret, in proof av  
 Some things that wir said till thir lastin' disgrace.

Some not overcarin', sat down after swearin'  
 Thimselves had enjoy'd the divarshuns that night ;  
 Whilst wan or two others had half kilt thir brothers,  
 An' lam'd thir own fathers for life, in the fight.

---

\* A thick-witted stubborn fellow. † Spalpeen—a cowardly rascal—a term of contempt. ‡ Outer Surface.

Well, sich a browbatin' an' tarrible slatin'  
 As ach wan av themselves, an' the rest all resaved  
 (With ach fresh eduction), for rizin' sich ruccion,  
 Thin all for the blaggardly way they behav'd.

Thin whin he'd collected his notes, an' corrected  
 Ach wan, an' the rest all, till sen' aff till Rome,  
 'Twis after dismissin' themselves with a blessin',  
 Himself wis, an' whusslin', betuk himself home.

Well metongue nearly clings till me mouth, whin it brings  
 Me till think av that night, an' refuses till spake ;  
 Or 'n troth I'd be makin' yer bones till be creakin'  
 With fright whin ye'd think av that illigant wake.

Thus winding up her story, Sal  
 Sat down upon a stool—  
 Or rather half (with fiendish laugh)—  
 Beside the pawky fool.  
 Amidst a general, wild acclaim,  
 From deep 'st-chests uprising,  
 In grateful tribute to her name,  
 And story so surprising,  
 That kill'd the night.

Some stamp'd and cheer'd with all their might,  
 Some gulder'd out "Encore" !  
 "Bravo" ! and "Go it, Sally Bright" !  
 Till every throat was sore.  
 Some clapp'd her back an' bless'd her bones,  
 And wish'd her health and story,  
 And some in deep and meaning tones  
 Loud wish'd her sowl in glory,  
 That very night.

Yet there were some, the truth to tell,  
 (Of course but very few,)  
 Who, when she mention'd nether hell,  
 Look'd round them rather blue ;  
 But when she pictur'd Satan's raid,  
 The fighting and the crying,

By some were found in ambushade,  
The bed beneath it lying,  
Through fear that night.

A hearty vote of thanks for Sal  
Was pass'd with one accord,  
And myriad bursts of gratitude,  
Without dissenting word.  
But all combin'd in heart and voice—  
The meekest and the sternest,  
Proclaim'd aloud, "The stories choice  
(In good oul' Irish earnest)  
Was Queen that night."

But questioning glances hush'd the roar  
When George essay'd to speak ;  
All eager gaped for something more,  
Then hid his paling cheek.  
Says George, " My boys, I'll tell yez what !  
It's early to be strollin' ;  
Let's hear a song from Harry Gawt,  
Till kape the ball a rollin',  
'Thout stap this night."

Now Harry Gawt was shaggy, strong,  
Deep-chested as a bull ;  
All knew his wind was sound and long,  
His voice clear, rich, and full.  
Then wonder not should hailing cheers  
(Held ready for disposal)  
Ring loud and long—to quell his fears—  
And second the proposal  
Of George that night.

Then Harry rising to his feet  
Amidst the genial throng,  
Gave forth—" The spot on earth most sweet,"  
As subject of his song.  
Said he, " I've wander'd far and near,  
But this green vale I love it ;

God bless the theme! its river clear,  
 And mountains high above it,  
 Both day and night."

### HARRY GAWT'S SONG.

Oh, well do I know where there is a green valley,  
 Enchased in an island to westward away,  
 Where verdure the greenest, and joys the serenest,  
 Pale not 'neath the withering breath of decay.

#### *Chorus.*

And bright o'er the breast of this lovely green valley,  
 Mayola the limpid and lovely doth stray,  
 Like sunbeam adorning the glad eye of morning,  
 That smiles on the dew-spangled bosom of May.

And closely around this belovèd green valley,  
 The purple-clad mountains their brown arms entwine;  
 That they should defend her, their babe-gem so tender,  
 Seems tho' it were Nature's specific design.

For all thro' the long, balmy days of the summer,  
 When swift-winged breezes are hush'd in repose,  
 Past meadlands and fountains from Clady's blue  
 mountains,  
 Come zephyrs to kiss the pale cheeks of the rose.

And evening that brings to the moorland but shadows,  
 Beneath whose grey mantle dread Fatuus is seen,  
 Her passage whilst winging, fresh beauties she's flinging  
 All over the daisy-deck'd bosom of Screen.

Tho' far, far away from this lovely green valley,  
 Beneath skies of azure, thro' gay scenes I rove,  
 Each morn in succession hears this my confession—  
 "My dear mountain valley, still thee do I love!"

#### *Chorus.*

For bright o'er the breast of this lovely green valley,  
 Mayola the limpid and lovely doth stray,  
 Like sunbeam adorning the glad eye of morning,  
 That smiles on the dew-spangled bosom of May.

'Twas thus—unskill'd to wake the lyre  
 That thrills the soul with martial fire,  
     And nerves the poet's tongue ;  
 In accents rude—with show of truth,  
 And gestures fervid (tho' uncouth),  
     The shaggy minstrel sung,  
 Of scenes surrounding, dear in youth,  
     Round which his manhood clung.

Some dearly wish'd—if looks convey  
 A sense of what live minds portray  
     The coming act or scene—  
 That Harry Gawt of love would sing,  
 Or waft them far on fancy's wing,  
     To countries where he'd been ;  
 And some that glowing forth he'd bring  
     The virtues of his queen.

But when, with modest, rustic grace,  
 In front the smiling chimney-place,  
     He sang their native vale,  
 It's peerless face and varying charms  
 (Love-like) in sterner nature's arms,  
     That wards the wint'ry gale ;  
 Each heaving bosom strangely warms,  
     Tho' rising plaudits fail.

The bearded, horny-fisted few,  
 To whom such mild appeals were new,  
     The dull, unthinking clown,  
 And hoary vet'ran bow'd with years  
 (Fast hast'ning to his "youth's compeers"),  
     With sinewy hands and brown,  
 Hard trying were to hide the tears  
 That fain would trickle down.

When Sleepy Sam, who dozing lay,  
 Roar'd out, "De'il swinge that murd'rous flay  
     That's bit my back in half!"

As jumping to his feet he woke,  
 The butt of many a future joke  
     And scathing burst of chaff,  
 The silence (painful grown) that broke  
     With vollied cheer and laugh.

But Tatty, like a clever host,  
 Well skill'd to skirt the treach'rous coast  
     Of mirth at ebb or flow,  
 Rose up—the heartiest of them all—  
 With lithesome spring (or rather sprawl  
     His stool bein' rather low)—  
 And call'd on next to roll the "Ball"  
     His crony, Denny Slow.

Enscons'd behind the ingle-cheek,  
 By creels of peat and 'bacco reek,  
     At ease, half hid from view—  
 Knit-effort's chief, dissension's foe,  
 Land-leagueing, witty Denny Slow  
     His creepy forward drew,  
 Nor ever manlier cock, I trow,  
     His clarion whistle blew.

Deep interest gleam'd in every eye  
 As Denny Slow—erect and high—  
     With sober look and mien,—  
 Up from his boss-sod couch arose  
 To brand his country's deadliest foes  
     (Each charged with bitter spleen),  
 And tell their stories, These and Those—  
     "The Orange and the Green."

## LEGEND OF "THE BONE OF CONTENTION."

### DENNY SLOW'S STORY.

Now dra' yer stools thegither, boys, aroun' the blazin' fire,  
 An' I'll do my best till plaze yez all till ivery heart's  
     desire ;

For its seldom (more's the pity), though the winter's  
 long and drear,  
 That we've time till meet thegither as we're all assem-  
 bled here. [much to lose  
 But we're healthy, an' we're hearty, an' we haven't  
 By an evenin' spent in Kaylie—barrin' wear an' tear  
 av shoes; [dogs),  
 An' that loss is small till eny (barrin' gravel stones an'  
 See'n that our brogues an' buskins are the best av  
 wudden clogs.

True it's for yez long I've promis'd that I'd tell yez  
 something new, [gospel true ;  
 Something rare an' worth relatin'—little known, but  
 As I've heerd my father tellin' meny a night an' meny  
 a day, [boys at play.  
 When yerselves were little heerd av, or at best were  
 Then I us'd till sit an' lis'en till I scarce cud dra' my  
 breath, [deep as death ;  
 Wrapt in fear an' lost in wonder, strange as life an'  
 For his tones were sad an' fearful, an' his story strange  
 an' long,  
 As the aft-repeated' echoes av a still repeatin' wrong.

Few there were who understood him, fewer cud his  
 meaning guess. [frown, or acquiesce ;  
 None there were who dar'd till censure, smile or  
 Something in his manner quell'd them, bade their ivery  
 sense awake [ings durst not break);  
 (Bondage bound by dismal moorings, e'en their dream-  
 For his brain despising fancy, with its brilliant wings  
 av gauze, [cause;  
 Rather chose the lower level—rugged with effect an'  
 Rather chose to handle boulders, jagg'd an' dinted,  
 huge an' grim, [ions slim.  
 Than to float thro' lightest ether, borne away on pin-  
 Yet at times his story rounding, as occasion bade him  
 stay, [sunbeams play ;  
 Would he aft prefer till linger where the brightest

Love to linger, loath to leave them, bid farewell with  
 ashy smile ; [defile ;  
 Changeless as a rended mountain looming o'er a dark  
 Changeless till some mighty feature in the frowning  
 heav'ns wept [sept to sept ;  
 At the dark entail'd transgressions handed down from  
 Handed down entail'd and borrow'd (cursèd spoils av  
 sin an' sword),  
 Multiplying an' increasing lake a miser's filthy hoard.

Then his soul lake ocean swellin' with the quick re-  
 turnin' tide, [wrong replied ;  
 Mounted high in proud defiance—for a century's  
 Rose unbridled, steel'd for action, nerving sinew, heart,  
 an' brain,

As it saw a trampled Eden rise a nation once again.  
 Beam a star amongst the nations sheddin' life in every  
 ray [tries far away ;  
 (Through the faith his fathers' cherish'd) to the coun-  
 But his blissful dhrame wid vanish lake a schooner's  
 less'ning sail, [his tale.  
 An' with sigh an' start, he'd recommence or finish up

An' the name he gev his story wid amost make wan  
 afeerd,

'Twas the oddest iver written an' the quarest iver heerd ;  
 But himself had got the larnin', an' the fluent speech  
 and knack [brack.

(Be his mother's side) till tell a tale without a stap or  
 'Then he'd lave ye be till ponder, as all hints he deem'd  
 absurd,

For he'd niver dra' a moral, nayther emphasise a word ;  
 " *Respice Finem* " wis his answer (solve that answer best  
 who may) [away.

To all questions on the topic, then he'd turn an' walk

An' this me father's story was, that aft he used till tell,  
 Tho' me yez musn't here expect I'll tell it half as well,  
 Bein' lake yerselves a countryman—uneducated, bluff,  
 Yez can't expect a polish'd thing, so take it in the rough.



An' draw yer stools thegither, boys, aroun' the blazin' [fire,  
 An' I'll do me best till plaze you all till ivery heart's  
 desire ; [an' drear,  
 For it's seldom (more's the pity), tho' the winter's long  
 That we've time till meet thegither, as we're all assembl'd  
 here.

In the townlan' yez sit in, a long time ago,  
 There resided a farmer whose name was Munroe ;  
 An' a dacenter, quater man niver was seen,  
 By male or by faymale, in Ballynascreen.

Milch cows an' fat bullocks himself had a score,  
 An' bright goolden guineas unnumber'd in store,  
 Male-arks, an' pitatey-pits—fifty, at laste—  
 For the winter provisions av man an' av baste.

An' a better stock'd " haggard " than Billy's was none,  
 From the rise right aroun' till the set av the sun ;  
 For craps, sure his naybours he bate them all clane,  
 An' his barn itself was a wonder av grain.

Nor, in troth, were these valuables all he possess'd,  
 By a third duly reckon'd an' rightly express'd,  
 For the sundries, unchristen'd, were forkins themselves,  
 An' wid stock a museum if put on the shelves.

All in all, a more thrivin' or happier man  
 Than oul' Billy Munroe didn't live in the lan',  
 The beggars all bless'd him, the gintry all bow'd,  
 Yet himself had the modesty not till be proud.

But jist as himself av the causeway was king—  
 For the depth av his purse, an' the length av its string—  
 Billy's faith it gev somehow or another a lurch,  
 That drew down on his head the ill-will av the Church.

'The raison was this—an' bad cess till his piety—  
 Billy was leagued with the Fenian Society,  
 The headquarters av which was, at that time av day,  
 In the townlan' above yez, av Braccalislea.\*

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\* *Anglice*—the speckled grey fort.

The founder an' chief av this order new-fangled  
 Av Fenians—an', troth, he desarved till be strangled—  
 Was wan—an oul' hud-winking spalpeen with no lan'—  
 A ganchin oul' snap-at-the-crust—Paddy Trowlan.

But whatever his inds may av been, the oul' haythen  
 Was wan of the biggest oul' bogtrotters breathin',  
 An' wan whom the priest, tho' he preach'd for a session,  
 Cud niver purshwade till make sign or confession.

At last Paddy—tough as he was, boys, an' callous—  
 (Escapin' still somehow the jail an' the gallows)  
 'Tuk lave av his senses an' life in a breath,  
 That was lak'n till burst him, an' inded in death.

Av coorse, all his fr'en's, without one moment wastin',  
 Bestirr'd themselves all with their runnin' an' hastin',  
 Till burden the priest with the cause av their sorra,  
 When Paddy fell sick (for he died on the morra).

But Father Magee—an' I niver cud blame him—  
 Refus'd till go near him, or shrive him, or name him,  
 But jist let him die as he liv'd—little carin';  
 For Paddy was always the worst av a rearin'.

'Twis now that their chief be'n remov'd (as they tarm'd it)  
 By death—who had dealt him a mortal an' charm'd hit,  
 That Billy Munroe was made captain an' kurnal,  
 Head av the host—as set down in his journal.

It's here (with yer laves) that I'll lave Billy sittin'  
 While, tho' aware that meself is committin'  
 In that's w'orthy the blackest aspersion—  
 In a sudden diversion.

Irishin' state av the whole lan'  
 Till a boy lake oul' Trowlan;  
 Posites greater than he  
 Make mention av, Father Magee.

## FATHER MAGEE.

Yez'll all hev heerd tell av oul' Father Magee,  
 Who was always so jolly, so hearty, an' free—  
 The *Urim* an' *Thummin*\* on all points av law,  
 An' full priest av the parish, residin' at Straw.†

If not, let me tell yez his aquel's till get,  
 For a kindlier man, troth, yez cudn't av met,  
 At prachin' an' prayin' himself had no aquel,  
 An' dael a haet else was his life but the saquel.

Year in an' year out it was nothing but strivin',  
 An' streachin' his lungs at convartin' an' shrivin',  
 An' bizzin' about lake a sowl-savin' bee,  
 That was known or heerd tell av oul' Father Magee.

No man—be he niver so narvish, or skarish—  
 Was frighten'd till die in the whole av the parish;  
 (Or woman) well knowin' their sowls the nixt mornin',  
 For shure—wid in heaven thimselves be adornin'.

An', in troth, 'twis himself soon grew sich an adept  
 At the savin' av sowls, intill glory they lept,  
 As swate an' as tender, an' white as a chicken,  
 The moment the bodies ceas'd breathin' an' kickin'.

But it's not in the naythur av things that the Divil  
 Cud stan' an' luk on without spakin' oncivil,  
 An' doin' his utmost till lower the grade  
 Av a foe lake the priest who had ruin'd his trade,

On a time, troth, from enymost market or fair  
 That was held in the Cross, had himself av been there,  
 'Twis back-loads an' burdens av sowls for the takin'  
 Himself might have got—av a faction-fight's makin'.

But the tables were turn'd, whin the priest tuk till  
 prachin'  
 In 'arnest, an' people wint straight be his teachin',

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\* Light and perfection. † Celtic, *sra*—a strath or valley.

No wonder the Divil felt highly insulted  
Till think that his lakings had not been consulted.

For in all the long coorse av a twinty year's spell,  
Dael an' Irishman's sowl cud he get into hell—  
Barrin' oul' Paddy Trowlan's, sint down on approval  
Till Satan, who order'd its instant removal.

### THE RIBBONMAN'S SOWL AN' THE DIVIL.

For the Divil well knowin' the Ribbonman's mission  
On earth, an' his teetotal want av contrition  
(That led the oul' saint av a priest till disown him),  
Made sartin that Paddy wis sint till dethrone him.

“Besides,” sez the Divil, “no fire cud heat ye,  
Much less, yè oul' blaggard, till roast ye or swate ye.  
Away! I'll hev none av yer strife-sturrin' gebble,  
Ye Gospel—as well as Society—Rebel.”

But in sowl till evict him wis no aisy matter,  
For scourge him, or swinge him, or scald him in water,  
'Twis dael a step nearer the door they wir gettin'  
With Paddy (undaunted), loud fumin' an' frettin'.

It's strange, boys, till think that a sowl in sich quarters  
Shud wish till remain with a set av sich martyrs;  
But Paddy wis always a stiff-neckit craythur,  
The eighth of the wonders, an' greatest av Naythur.

Whole legions av imps, an' whole armies av sowls,  
Both av men an' av weemin, av giants an' *crowls*\*—  
The pick an' the pride (in a sense) av ach nation,  
From that day's arrival on back till Creation—

The Divil call'd up, an' deliver'd his orders,  
“Till kick Paddy's sowl out clane over the borders;  
An' mind yez,” sez he, to the sooty oul' stokers,  
“Don't *haen*† him, me boys, with the shovels an' pokers.”

\* Pigmies.

† Spare.

Well, me sowl, an' they kick'd him, an' that till the letter,  
 An' thrash'd him till thinkin' he'd niver get better ;  
 Then started (for fun jist) till brand an' emboss  
 On his back an' his showlders the shape av the Cross.

An' in this very way they allowed him till wander,  
 Lake something half roasted, then pull'd aff the brander,  
 Without (from the cowl') the laste manes av protection,  
 The pictur av sorra, remorse, an' dejection.

### PADDY BACK AGAIN.

Well, the boys up in Bracca nixt night av thir meetin'  
 (An' jist as ach wan wis resavin' his greetin'),  
 Were scared an' bewilder'd past namin' or *tholin*,\*  
 Whin in stept the sowl av oul' smirkin' P. Trowlan.

Belief in thir eyesight an' senses was wantin'  
 As up cum the sowl, boys, all breathless an' pantin',  
 With patches an' stripes on it, fresh scar'd an' bloody,  
 (In manners the same, but in shape av a cuddy.)

Well, whin Paddy—or Bully, as now we must name  
 him—

Gev wind till his troubles, no man there cud blame him,  
 Or find in his heart, in the face of sich murnin',  
 Till rize up his voice, but till bless his returnin'.

Well, av coorse, boys, there wis the quare "how do ye  
 For the donkey, an' *Caed millè failthé's* a few ; [do?]  
 Whin the first fright wis over, an' quick preparations  
 For makin' a feast before startin' orations.

Munroe (be'n' the captain now) headed the table,  
 Nor wis there a man there till grace it more able ;  
 The rest av the boys all made way for the stranger,  
 An' placed at his elbow (for Bully) a manger.

'The potheen in kegs wis rowl'd forrit, an' farls  
 Av bread wis tuk out from the cupboards, an' barrels,

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\* Enduring.

An' baskits, an' plates wir heap'd high up with *miskins*\*  
Av butter, an' praties, an' beef cut in *griskins*.†

Well, whin each wan had ate till his own satisfaction,  
The victuals, tho' compound, wir simply a fraction  
Av what had been heaps upon heaps, boys, till mess'em  
(Now but the shedda an' ghost av a decimal.) [all,

But the potheen, to finish, boys, wisn't so aisy  
(Tho' each av thir throats wir both drouthy an' greasy,  
An' soon even Bully, forgettin' his trouble,  
Possess'd av a heart, wis as light as a bubble.

The floor an' the tables soon clear'd wir for action,  
An' speeches wir flyin' in ivery direction ;  
Some stuck till their subjects, an' some wir desartin',  
Whilst some wir denyin', an' some wir assartin' !

But the ind an' the purport av each wan's oration  
Wis this: "Till take howlt till themselves av the nation,  
An' kape it for growin' (for each drink an' mate is) ;  
The dael a haet else, boys, but potheen an' praties."

Then they linked han's thegither an' stud roun' the cuddy,  
An' boun' thimselves fast all by oaths long an' bloody  
(But yez all hev heerd tell av thir efforts till work ill) ;  
Well from that night was dated the "Innermost Circle."

Well, the Priest efter that soon wan day tuk the notion  
(Bein' oul' now an' troubl'd with slow locomotion)  
Till purchase a donkey till help him till chapel,  
An' save for his prachin' the wind in his thrapple.

From the altar next Sunday himself made the mention  
Av what he consider'd his settled intention,  
An' ax'd aff his hearers thir several advices  
Regardin' what brute wis possess'd av laste vices.

'Twis then that ach wan wis all lukin' about him  
As if he wis sarchin' for somewan till clout him ;  
Whin brakin' the silence, he bade them "not clatter  
An' gape, but go home now an' think av the matter."

\*Lumps.

† Thin slices for roasting on a gridiron.

Well it's strange, boys (but true as I tell it), nixt mornin',  
 Without his resavin' the slightest av warnin',  
 His riv'rince surpris'd wis till find in his stable  
 (An' tied up) a donkey, stout-bodied an' able.

But the Priest whin he saw him began till accuse  
 The both sights av his eyes an' luk down at his shoes,  
 Till make shure they belong'd till himself, not another  
 (The ass all this time kapin' atin' his fother).

In his joy till his breakfast that very same day  
 The Priest feasted an' toasted his donkey in tay,  
 Himself little knowin' or else he wad shot him,  
 The rascal ('twis Bully), he wis at the bottom.

Well, the news spread abroad soon in ivery direction  
 Respectin' the donkey, the Priest's new connection ;  
 An' letters av joy an' av congratulation—  
 From thousands—cum in from all parts av the nation.

But the sight that most touch'd him, an' near set him  
 cryin',

The next day (bein' fair-day) his donkey whilst tryin'  
 Till see what wis in him av spirit and mettle,  
 An' how he behav'd himself mixin' with cattle,  
 Wis that av his hearers, the moment he enter'd  
 The Cross, for himself down from Tonagh\* had canter'd ;  
 Who tossin' thir hats wir—thir pleasure an' pride in ;  
 An' cheerin' an' shoutin' an' praisin' his ridin'.

An', in troth, it's small blame till themselves that's  
 attachin',

For praisin' the pair that wis proof av thir matchin' ;  
 For the ass for good luks, an' appearance, an' size,  
 Wis the pick av his tribe, an' a feast for the eyes.

Broad ear'd an' shure futed, proportion'd in length—  
 Himself wis a pictur av health an' av strength ;  
 Bright ey'd, an' long-muzzl'd an' sleek av the hair,  
 Dael an ass till cum near him ye'd see in the fair.

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\* *Tamhnach*—a green field ; gives names to many places in  
 Ireland ; differently pronounced, e.g., Tawney, Tonagh, Tamney.

Well, the divil a prouder oul' paycock ye'd meet  
Thin oul' Father Magee wis that day on the street,  
Whin re-mountin' the ass he tuk howlt av the bridle—  
Nor wanst wis his tongue for a moment laid idle.

"Much good may he do ye!" shouts neighbours an'  
frien's ;

"God grant for yer legs he may make ye amen's!"  
Thin "Goodbye!" sez the people, "Woa up, an' gee wee!  
An' go forrit, ye blaggard!" sez Father Magee.

An' aff he wint trottin'—enjoyin' the fun  
Lake a school-boy that's early an' atin' his bun ;  
Away down the street, and up past Smiddy Layden's,  
'Mid the banter av boys an' the laughter av maidens.

For a week at the first he wis quate as yez plaze,  
Spent lukin' all roun' him his nights an' his days ;  
An' pryin' an' spyin' all over the town  
Whin all but himself wis laid slapin' and soun'.

Dael a pilgrim that iver tuk howlt av his staff  
Sich a saint wis (till luk at) be yards an' a half  
As Bully on holidays, Sundays, an' others,  
An' (seemin') the Priest an' himself wir lake brothers.

An', in troth, 'twis (in part) for that same attribution  
Himself wis call'd up as a social pollution ;  
For'n spite av his master, an' logic till boot,  
It's true, boys, he'd grown an' unsociable brute.

Be the fault whose it may hev been, Bully wis rash,  
Wid trot for a kind word, lie down for a lash,  
An' hoard up an' insult from Rector or Warden—  
With int'rest compound—till they sued him for pardon.

This foolish perversity—long since discarded  
By Asses av sense—Bully's life still had marr'd it ;  
An' aft got him intill no end av hot water,  
Till pound—or worse, poundin'—had settl'd the matter.

Small wonder if time, iver pois'd on the wing,  
In its yearly returnin's with buds for the spring,



An' leaves for the barren-land' desolate trees  
 That shrink the cowl' grasp av the wintry breeze,  
 Shud return till ungracious Bully an' find  
 That he yearly grew more an' more obdurate blind,  
 Preferrin' till breeze-balm that healeth the smart,  
 The cyclones av hathred that rended his heart.

Och an' nee ! but those same wir the darkest av days  
 Till the dacent Magee an' his dacenter ways ;  
 An' start an' beginnin' av others till follow  
 Till mate thim, an' match thim, an' bate thim all hollow.

For Bully his last show av daycency wham'lin' \*  
 Had taken full soon till his' rakin' an' ram'lin, [up,  
 Unknownst till the Priest, who had fancied him stabl'd  
 Martyr'd be tales that against him wir fabl'd up.

Till jist wan fine mornin' the Priest saw him trackin'  
 His road through the gutters as daylight wis brackin',  
 All drookilt an' drabbl'd, with clay on his hide,  
 An' a luk that the name av good lodgin' belied.

Then night after night, for a fortnight or more,  
 The Priest cudn't persuade him till enter the door ;  
 But jist as the comin' av bed-time wis nearin',  
 The ass lake a shedda wis fast disappearin'.

Well, the life av the Priest wis a turnpool av doubts  
 Consarnin' his donkey's unknown whereabouts  
 Whin he wander'd abroad, lake a fox from his lair,  
 With a scowl on his face wid av bristl'd yer hair.

But himself wis detarmin'd the nixt night till track him,  
 An' call'd on the saints all till guide him, an' back him  
 (Thir hathred av all that's behin' han's notorious),  
 An' help him till cum aff best man, an' victorious.

Well, the nixt night the donkey set aff at the gloamin'  
 (His heart full av hopes that in hellmint wir sloamin')†

\* Throwing over on its face.

† Unnatural and unseasonable growth.

Purshooin' his coorse over hedges an' ditches  
As if 'twis himself that wis follow'd by witches.

An', in troth, without stappin', though sweat-draps wid  
  . blin' him,  
The Priest lake a youngster kep' close up behin' him,  
Tho' forc'd aftentimes from the donkey till screen him  
Till kape both the hedges an' ditches between 'em.

Well, at long an' at last, with the donkey in front,  
An' the Priest bringin' forrit the heels av the hunt  
(An' jist as the boys had begun till despair av him),  
The Lodge-room in Bracca wis reach'd by the pair  
  av 'em.

Av coorse, boys, the ass whin he wink'd at the sentry  
Wis welkim'd, an' pass'd without eny comment'ry ;  
But pictur' the wrath av the Priest at the landin'  
Whin tould that himself shudn't get fut or hand in.

But whin ax'd for the sign an' the password at first,  
Sowl the Priest big with enger wis lakin' till burst ;  
For the boys didn't know him, so loose wis his lacin'  
An' alter'd his face with the length av his racin'.

But'n troth 'twis ach wan av thimselves say'd a grace  
With a smile that lit up the wrong side av thir face,  
Whin the Priest till the sentry's "Who are ye?" Sez he—  
"I'm welkim, I dare say—I'm Father Magee."

Well, the sentry (wan Dedthen), his ears hot an' hummin',  
Ran in shoutin', "Hide, boys!—disparse!—here he's  
  comin' !  
(An' thanks till the donkey) there's no time till waste !  
It's his riv'rince from Straw, boys—the Praste!—here's  
  the Praste !"

But hide, boys, they cudn't, or move from the hinches,  
(That seem'd till be glued to the creepies an' binches)  
Before that his Riverince inside wis an' low'rin',  
At 'ach av thimselves who sat gapin' an' glow'rin'.

Well, he started (the Priest did) till prach thim a sarmon,  
 An' read thim a lectur'—an' sowl, boys, a warm un,  
 Proclaimin' his want av consent till sich doin's  
 As threaten'd till lave the whole parish in ruins.

“It's not, boys,” the Priest sez, “a matter for laughter;  
 Jist now it's all right, boys, but think av hereafter;  
 Presist in yer coorses, fall sick, an' farewell,  
 For I'll sen' ivery sowl av yez howlin' till h—l.”

Well, the divil a ribbonman there but wis quakin',  
 An' feelin' his drouth stud in need av a sleakin',  
 The moment the Priest had deliver'd his warnin',  
 So chuck-full av pathos, an' polish'd be larnin'.

An' most av the boys there—all oaths disregardin'—  
 Wint down on thir knees, wir confess'd, an' got pardon,  
 An' freed from their oath-bonds—it's keepin' an' takin'  
 (For what can't the Priest do at forgin' an' breakin'?)

An' yer townsman Munroe, boys, hear this till his  
 When rac'd retribution for mercy, he led it, [credit,  
 An' saved both his body an' sowl from perdition,  
 That, that very night, boys, wir soak'd in sedition.

But, 'n troth, whin the donkey heerd tell av the sentence,  
 He turn'd up his nose at the name av repentance;  
 An' threaten'd the lads with an' early exposure  
 An' death, who had dar'd till make sign or disclosure.

Well, the Priest (bless his mim'ry!) tho' able till budge  
 (Be'n' tired an' feeble) drew forth a big cudgel, [ill,  
 An' *louder'd*\* the back av the ass till he fainted  
 (Since then, boys, the blackthorn he used hes been  
 sainted).

Then tellin' the lads till go home till thir dwellin's  
 Lake true men, an' new men, not madmen an' felons;  
 He started for home over roads, saft, an' *slunkey*,†  
 (A mountain av grace on 'ach side av the donkey.)

\* Beat.

† Full of ruts, uneven.

But, 'n sowl, 'twis no child's-play, the Priest had till  
ride him,

For do what he wid, boys, till drive him, or guide him,  
'The brute wid presist in upsettin' his load  
In the shough that ran on by the side av the road.

"It's no use yer tryin' sich tricks with yer master!"  
The Priest sez till Bully at 'ach fresh disaster;  
"Yer playin' a game, lad, at which ye'll be lossin',  
An' findin' the Priest, troth, is proof av yer tossin'."

In this way his Riverince, survivin' 'ach tussle—  
With bit, an' with bridle, an' sheer force av muscle,  
Arrived back at Straw jist as cock-crow wis strekin',  
An' first *sêrceek*\* av daylight at Garvagh wis brekin.

The nixt Sunday mornin' the donkey refus'd till  
Convey till the chapel the Priest as he used till,  
An' spite av his wrath, or his naybours hubub'rin',  
Held out, an' gev signs av bein' lawless an' stubborn.

No man, be me sowl! than the Priest cud 'av' call'd in  
More helps till his han' till gev Bully a scaldin';  
For sorra a torture av Satan's acquaintance  
But saized on the ass till make good his repentance.

But wid he repent, boys? Not he, be me *sowdy*,  
'Tho' Bully's perceptive sense niver wis cloudy;  
So the Priest got a bulldog for Bully's effrontry,  
Till chase him (the haythen!) clane out av the country.

'Twis then that Monroe, bein' a far-seein' man,  
An' as deep as the deepest whirlpool in the Bann,  
Wis beginnin' till see (tho' he might not, alas!  
Avert it) the doom that hung over the Ass.

So he aff till the Priest for the loan av a favour,  
An' ax'd him, an' that with the tongue av a craver,  
The substance of which wis—toul' after much tackin'—  
Himself wish'd the Ass for a month jist till brake in.

\* Streak, glimmer.

Now it happen'd—for Bill was a well-meanin' man—  
 That wan day he hit on a feasible plan [sion.  
 For the Priest's heart's delight, an' for Bully's convar-  
 An' till gev all the naybours a bit av devarshun.

Whatever the Priest may hev thought av the matter,  
 Himself withheld puttin' his hand in the batter ;  
 That's farther thin sayin'—"For fear it might miss yez—  
 "Och! take him an' welkim, Muproe, an' God bless  
 yez!"

Nixt mornin' himself tuk a journey on fut  
 (For himself had his blackthorn ready an' cut),  
 An' afore ye'd hev thought he had turn'd himself roun',  
 He wis back home again lukin' hearty an' soun'.

But not be himself, troth, as Biddy had fear'd,  
 Whin a few moments after oul' Billy appear'd  
 Half leadin', half draggin' along on a rope,  
 A great shaggy Buck, who wis cursin' the Pope.

Protect us! what's that he hez got? sez his wife ;  
 Meel a murther! Och! run Billy, run for yer life!  
 Make the sign av the cross in the front av his eye!  
 For'n troth it's the divil himself, an' no lie!

In the abstract av raisonin' Biddy wis right,  
 For the goat wis a divil—repulsive to sight ;  
 Both tartl'd an' shaggy, an' thin as a post,  
 An' a luk in his face wid av frighten'd a ghost.

By Teddy the gentleman goat wis well known,  
 At laste what wis av him, the skin an' the bone,  
 For a saint might av sworn he'd niver seen corn,  
 Or a morsel av hay since the day he wis born.

Up straight he stuð higher, at laste be a half,  
 Than the sturdiest bunch av a Michaelmas calf,  
 (For his legs wir the longest e'er seen, I'll be boun',)  
 An' he's horns like broad-swords stuck out av his crown.

From the tap av his tail till the crown av his head,  
 Troth himself luk'd an Orangeman born an' bred ;

An' his jaws wir as lean as an Infidel's grace,  
As they back'd up his long Presbyterian face.

In pèdigrée Bully wis Teddy's ancestor,  
(His mother in oul' times shure Adam had bless'd her,)  
Whilst Teddy at best wis an upstart an' traitor,  
An' heartless decaver—none boulder or greater.

'Tis thru his great-gran'father liv'd with a king,  
(As a nondescript, though indispensable thing,)  
As a spy on his frien's, an' as guard av his state,  
For his horns wir sharp, an' his cunnin' wis great.

But wan thing is sartin, what virtues the gent  
Might have own'd in the palace wir lost in descent;  
Or what's nearly as bad—with the twacks an' the scraggs  
Av oul' Satan—descinded in nothing but rags.

His frown wis ——, no matter, 'twas blacker than night;  
An' his smile put a clergyman wanst in a fright;  
(An' me sowl what wid sen' aff a rector in fits,  
Wid scar eny honest man out av his wits.)

His father wis bred in the heart av sedition,  
Wis prach'd for, an' put in ach Sunday's petition;  
An' plac'd whin a kid scarcely able till bleat,  
In a house that the Orangemen tarm'd thir "Meet."

An' soon he grew up troth as wise as a seer,  
No man in the lodge wis oul' Rodger's compeer;  
For whole volumes av spells—'twis immense for a goat,  
He had larnt at thir meetin's—an' larnt thim be note.

Some jealous av power propos'd he shud die,  
Or at laste become minus a tongue and an eye;  
But the rest av the boys over-ruled it an' said,  
"Oh, no, by our sowdys we'll make him our head"!

"We'll make him our head, boys, an' nixt till the king,  
He'll take charge av the Bible, the Skull, an' the Ring;  
An' no man (as brother) shall sit by our side,  
Who hesn't the courage boul' Rodger till ride."

Thus Rodger develop'd in sciences black,  
Till the smartest av boys he cud pitch aff his back,  
An' pick them up quick as a thought on his horns,  
No matter how stiff'n'd with bunions an' corns.

But wan thing wis wantin', till *beek* \* the ambition  
That glow'd in their hearts in a state of bullition ;  
An' that wis a Billy no Papist cud tackle  
(Like Rodger) till guard thir position at Blackhill.

For the Fenians one day—or I shud say wan mornin',  
(The very last Patrick's-day that was born in,)  
Return'd thim a visit—late lent thim in dudgeon,  
An' paid double use too with bullet an' bludgeon.

Jist then 'twas an' outlyin' fort, and was fenceless,  
'Till plant thir oul' standard so high, boys, wis senseless ;  
An' wan that wis said, by Big Young from the ropery,  
Till be gazin' right over the hotbed of Popery.

Well thimselves after slight opposition creatin',  
Detarmin'd—an' that without furdher debatin',  
Till ransack the nation before they wid slacken  
A rein, till they foun' wan—an' that till thir lakin'.

But all roun' the country, from Derry till Monaghan—  
Hopin' an' prayin'—an' back till Kilcronaghan ;  
Thir sarch for a buck lake oul' Rodger wis useless,  
They foun' out when ach return'd fut-sore and newsless.

At last they consinted, combin'd, an' agreed,  
As the last av resorts in thir tarrible need,  
Till summon the devil, and trust till their luck,  
An' tell him thir troubles respectin' the buck.

Three raps on the table with Bible and Spear,  
Three oaths, an' three curses, they bade him appear ;  
An' that without nonsense, in time double quick,  
Or they'd blatter him blue with a black-thorn stick.

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\* To crown with the last layer.

Three moments (no more) had elaps'd when, as sure  
As they call'd him, the divil papp'd up through the flure ;  
An' ax'd them, in tones soundin' beas'ly oncivil—

“ What on earth d' yez want with yer master, the divil ” ?

“ Why ! beg pardon, yer honour ; we pray, no offence.  
What'll ye hev sor ? Be sated. Now Peter commence,  
An' tell it his honour here—shorten yer crack,—  
For himself's in a tarrible fuss till get back.”

“ Why ! it's this, sor, sez Peter, that's batin' us clane,  
We've a buck in the Lodge here—brought up from a wane ;  
(From kidhood till buckhood) with kin'ly assistance,  
Till his laces didn't breathe the swate air av existence.

“ Be gob he's a wunner, sor—show him up, Jack,  
That's Rodger, yer honor, sor, jump on his back ;  
Won't, eh ! don't jump, sor, he's quate—don't be skeerd  
For he's wan av ourselves now—that's right ! stroke  
his beard.

“ But news av the saddest, an' worst kin' hez reach'd us,  
That hez, troth (I might say), at death's-dure near  
streach'd us ;

The Fenians (bad cess till thim all !) hev been marchin'  
An' dressin' our boys, at Blackhill, with a starchin'.

“ An' ye see, sor, the plight that we're in now be raison  
Av hevin' no buck there till check-mate thir treason ;  
But the lads won't sen' Rodger, blow high or blow low,  
For he's dummy professor av all that we know.

“ Now, had we another wan—that wid make two  
(An' we think, on a pinch, sor, a couple wid do),  
'This wan for ourselves, we cud kape him here still,  
An' the other we'd sen' till the lads at Blackhill.”

“ Right yez ar',” sez the Divil, “ ye'll hev him, me boys—  
Now stap that infarnel gaffahin' an' noise ;  
For I didn't cum here till be deev'd with sich notes  
As proceed from the depths av sich blaggardly throats.



“Good night, boys! an’ now be off home till yer beds  
 (For the half av yez har’ly cin houl’ up yer heads),  
 Ye’ll hev all yer wishes by bed-time to-morra,  
 As Papist and Priest ’ll fin’ out till thir sorra.”

With that the oul’ Deil disappear’d with a wap  
 An’ a thud, through the flure whir they’d mortis’d a trap,  
 For the Divil’s (an’ none but his) special admission,  
 Whin bearer, or otherwise, charg’d with commission.

Well ’n, troth, yez may laugh, but the Divil wis right,  
 For at day’l’agone\* nixt—full carrerin’ at night—  
 Who shud cum till the Lodge-room, without his bein’  
 But the twin av oul’ Rodger—whin he wis a kid. [bid,

Well, the boys wir delighted, an’ welkim’d him in,  
 An’ dubb’d him an Orangeman jist till begin ;  
 But Rodger, the buck, wint near crazy forsooth  
 Whin he first clapp’d his eyes on the promisin’ youth.

“What name shall we call him?” all shouted an’ danc’d;  
 “What name shall we call him? Don’t spake all at wanst!”  
 “Why, Teddy!” sez Peter, “show han’s whin I call ;”  
 “Why, Teddy!” roar’d Rodger, “or nothin’ at all.”

“Then Teddy it shall be,” all voices resound,  
 That his life may be long, and his name far renown’d ;  
 Fill up, clink yer glasses, this toast first av any—  
 “Till h—ll with the Papists, the Pope, an’ his Granny!”

Och! niver in Tubbermore†-lodge wis sich drinkin’,  
 Sich singin’ av songs, an’ sich toastin’ an’ chinkin’;  
 Sich very loud laughin’, sich boastin’, an’ swearin’,  
 Sich mountin’ an’ tossin’, sich bleatin’ an’ blairin’.

Till far in the mornin’ they slept on the flure,  
 Whin oul’ Shemus M’Gaw rose an’ open’d the door  
 An’ waken’d the slapers, an’ clear’d aff the drink,  
 Whin they ach had a toothful till help thim till wink.

---

\* Daylight-going—twilight. † Tubber-mòr—the big well.

Then they started for home—so the story's be'in' toul',  
 Ach thinkin' himself wis a hero so boul';  
 But Wee Shilty Pursell tuk charge av the ward,  
 An' plac'd him at kape with Minack in Drumard.

Now Minack wis a farmer, an Orangeman too,  
 Wis noted for cursin' the Priests and thir crew  
 (An' wishin' the lot whir the stars niver shine),  
 Wis a dealer in male, an' a feeder av swine.

Whin the years av young Teddy had number'd a score,  
 He wis vars'd in the depths av all mystical lore,  
 Wis a mate for his master in hathred an' pride,  
 Nor a night iver cum that his teachin' belied.

For as soon as the face av the gloamin' wis nigh,  
 An' the stars cud be seen with the aid av the eye,  
 The whole town didn't hou' sich a spirit as Teddy's,  
 From water-rat Mick's in the top, down till Freddy's.

Discoorsin' with none but himself, he wid skelter  
 The roads up an' down, the full length av his helter,  
 An' woe till the bastes he foun' out in the fields, [heels.  
 For he doom'd thim till death in the shough with his

An' show me the man or the woman who'd venter  
 In reach av the gowl\* av the vicious dissenter,  
 Or wan that had strength in its fingers till grope,  
 But he'd scar'd with his baa'n an' cursin' the Pope.

Sich Saint (an' the same) wis the Gospel propounder  
 (The sight av which near threw his wife in a founder),  
 That Billy Munroe—tho' scarce knowin' him fully,  
 Got loan av till work the convarshun of Bully.

Well, the very first meetin', an' luk in his eyes,  
 Put the ass in a swate that reduc'd him in size;  
 But'll tell thir uncomfot clean bates me all double,  
 Whin both wir let loose in the same field av stubble.

---

\* A loud growl.

An' me sowl, but ach other, or ach of the pair,  
 Had his half av the funk, an' had more thin his share;  
 But the buck wis the bould'st, by virtue av breed,  
 With a bell-metal saftness av heart by his creed.

So they started, none iver knew which wis till blame  
 (Och! och! that meself hez till tell it for shame),  
 Till blaggard ach other, an' curse, an' upbraid, [say'd.  
 Though the neighbours wir drinkin' ach word that they

There wis plenty av grass for the both, sure, an' lavins,  
 An' some there that rotted wis dhryer thin shavin's,  
 Whilst tons roun' the ditches a mouth niver ate  
 Wis the greenest an swatest ye'd wish for till get.

Whin ach with invectives had wasted his breath,  
 Teddy streach'd himself up lukin' paler thin death,  
 An' nearamost shov'd Bully out av the gate  
 With the pair av propellors that guarded his pate.

This arous'd Bully's ire an' imbitter'd his gall  
 Till his face luk'd as green as a Hielander's shawl;  
 Whin wavin' his tail lake a flag on the wind,  
 It wis thus he gev Teddy a bit av his mind.

"Och! ye schamin' oul' haythen, ye're mate for a rope;  
 Bad luck till King Billy! an' God bless the Pope!  
 The lan's for the people! an' Romans cum first,  
 Though Orangemen parish with hunger an' thirst."

An' with that he stud up on the taps av his toes,  
 An' landed the buck with his heels on the nose  
 With a thump that near spread him out flet on his back,  
 Feelin' weaker be half thin an empty oul' sack.

Well, the divil a day that the sunshine wid brighten  
 But dawn'd on thir quarlin' that inded in fightin';  
 An' week after week more detarmin'd and worse,  
 Till the both av thimselves till the town wis a curse.

For the neighbours clane over wir turn'd in thir heads  
 (With thir speches), an' both till lie down in thir beds;

An' the faymales, the craythurs, wint nearly distracted  
Till think av the way that thir lives wir protected.

Nor wan in the whole av this prosperous region  
(No matter what name he might call his religion),  
Even tho' he lay down with a sword in each han',  
But wid rise up a poorer an' sorrier man.

No ind av complaints ivery mornin' wid go  
Till the magistrates roun' against Billy Munro  
For his kapin sich blaggards, tho' good his intention,  
That work'd sich'n mischief an' rais'd sich contention.

Well, Billy, the craythur, wis harrassed an' plagued,  
Nor a night av his rest but thimselves both renagued ;  
An' what with the law-suits an' cost av the trials  
The beggars began till get meny denials.

An' in short coorse av time Billy hung down his jaw,  
For the craythur near still got the worst av the law ;  
An' himself, tho' wan time he wis richer thin lard,  
In a year wis the poorest oul' man in Drumard.

Dael a stalk av his lint cud the sowl call his own,  
For they seiz'd it for fines ere its blossoms had blown ;  
Or a baste (barrin' Teddy) that stud on a clout  
That himself had the pleasure av callin' his brute.

Few months av sich life wis sufficient till wind  
Up the lease av Bill's sensitive, transitive mind ;  
An' the first thing each wan av the neighbours in bed  
Wan morning heerd tell av wis, " Billy wis dead."

Well, as soon as oul' Billy's remains had been carried  
And carted till Straw, whir himself's lyn' buried,  
The neighbors, God bless thim, now saints av the  
nation,  
Resolv'd they wid stamp out the vile agitation.

So rising nixt mornin' before it wis clear,  
They all gether'd thegither an' rais'd up a cheer,

Shuk han's, and set aff down the fields till the "Knuck"\*  
In the sarch av the donkey an' dangerous buck.

An' the sight wis a feast, for the divil a man  
But had some kind av weapon till balange his han':  
Some carried a gun, or a pitch-fork or hook,  
Nor a few av the boys had a howlt av the crook.

Well, they foun' thim at loggerheads—jist as expected  
(For nayther the haythens Bill's mem'ry respected)—  
In the same field av grazin' malthratin' ach other,  
Scarce knowin' thimselves why they rais'd sich a bother.

Stout Davey call'd roun' him the pick av his sons,  
An' Big Moore an' M'Conaghy showlder'd their guns ;  
The "Harry's" an' Peter's lads strip'd for a blow,  
An' the boys with the pitch-forks advanc'd in a row.

Well, they corner'd thim up be the side av the field ;  
They attack'd an' retreated, thin muster'd an' wheel'd,  
An' showlder till showlder attack'd thim again,  
Whilst the blows on thir skulls wir descindin' lake rain.

Did they kill thim? Sowl naw! nayther made thim  
secumb,  
For the bullets happ'd aff thim lake pays aff a drum ;  
An' the divil a pitch-fork that prodded thir sides,  
Or a crook-stick made rougher a hair on thir hides.

In despair—for the sun was now high in the east—  
They sint aff for the Rector in haste, an' the Priest,  
An' soon both thimselves had thir feet on the groun,'  
(Till thir callin' a credit) with bible an' gown.

Houl on!" sez the Priest, an' "Stan' back!" sez the  
Rector, [Hector,  
For they fought on lake Trojans whin headed by  
"An' don't yez be wastin' yer powther an' shot,  
For we'll want all the sulphurous matter ye've got."

\* A corner.

Well, the neighbors shied aff with a frown on thir faces  
 In rear av the Rector an' Priest till thir places ;  
 But Teddy an' Bully stud waitin' the brattle—  
 The Preacher's dread onslaught—till finish the battle.

Thin the Rector pull'd out an' oul' fourpinny-bit  
 (For the fourpinny-pieces wir current as yit)  
 An' handed the pill that wid kibosh\* the fun,  
 Till M'Conaghy's boy who wis chargin' his gun.

An' the Priest, stoopin' down, tuk a leaf from his book  
 (By the way, 'twis the Eleventh av the Gospel av Luke),  
 With a sigh that the hardest av hearts it wid sadden,  
 An' handed that same till the *Cady*† for waddin'.

An', troth, be thir swappin' 'ach other lake favors  
 (For both wir a couple av dacent oul' shavers),  
 They soon—steppin' forrit whilst others wir mute—  
 Had thir guns in thir han's, an' wir ready till shoot.

All quakin' with fear, lake the branches av trees,  
 Both the Priest an' the Rector wint down on thir knees,  
 'Ach tellin' the other, "Aim straight at thir hearts !  
 (Tho' the craythurs wir facin' their hindermost parts.)

"Houl' on!" shouts the neighbors ; "let go av the  
 triggers !

Don't shoot ! or yez won't turn a hair on their figgers—  
 That's right, Micky Harry ! turn roun' thir oul' faces,  
 Shoot now !—an' God narve yez—well done !—dead  
 as blazes !"

Well, that night thimselves all had a bonfire gran',  
 That wis seen thro' the length an' the brenth av the lan'  
 For the bodies of Bully an' Teddy wir tarr'd,  
 An' the whisky flow'd freely that night in Drumard.

Nixt mornin' saw all av the boys on the groun',  
 An' the Priest an' the Rector wir there till be foun',  
 (In the height av sich glory as nothin' abashes)  
 Till read aff the sarvice, an' bury the ashes.

---

\* End ; put a stop to.

† A stout boy.

But the divil a *gopin* \* av ashes wis there,  
 Nor a skelf av thir hides, nor a tuft av their hair ;  
 Or a hayporth av enything lyin' it's lone,  
 But a thing that the Priest call'd a "*bladdock*" † av bone,  
 But till which av the brutes it belong'd wis a riddle,  
 Tho' longer be half thin the cheek av a fiddle ;  
 The Rector till give his opinion wis loth ;  
 But the Priest swore the fossil belong'd till thim both.  
 Well, they buried the bone—av contention, they call'd  
 it—

An' fill'd in the grave as they tramp'd it an' maul'd it,  
 An' the divil a *foundit* ‡ remains av the buck,  
 Or the ass, but lies buried in Billy's oul' knuck.

From that day till this day there's pace with the neigh-  
 boors,

An' slape with thir nights, an' success with thir labours,  
 An' a purtier place, troth, till fin' wid be hard,  
 Or a dacenter set thin the boys av Drumard.

---

Thus Denny finish'd up his story,  
 With a rough poetic air ;  
 But no hearty cheer sonorous,  
 Rushing like a pent-up chorus ;  
 Thoughts or feelings now declare.

Well they knew his story's meaning,  
 Pierc'd its awkward, rough disguise ;  
 Saw the truth his fancy altered,  
 Noted that when language faltered,  
 Burning censure lit his eyes.

Fain would each have "self" exempted  
 From the well-imputed blame ;  
 Then from safety heights commanding  
 View the wreck-stroke and the stranding  
 Of their neighbours' pride and shame.

---

\* Two handful together. † A rough piece. ‡ Anything, nothing.

But the voice of rous'd conviction,  
 When the coward heart would fail ;  
 Acts the nobler part of daring—  
 Sounds the "Halt!" to spirits erring ;  
 Quells the rash, and nerves the frail.

Then with glance heart-searching, tearful,  
 Bright as flare of glowing brand ;  
 Whilst their sighs, soul-fetch'd, were blended  
 Each to each in love extended,  
 (Bond of Brotherhood) his hand.

Rough and hearty, long and solemn,  
 Was the soul-cementing grasp ;  
 Yet no pardon-phrase low mutter'd,  
 Vow, or sounding oath was utter'd  
 To intensify the clasp.

Nor was Denny Slow forgotten—  
 He their bold admonisher ;  
 For their eager hands caress'd him,  
 And their tongues harmonious bless'd him  
 Who had laid their folly bare.

Moist, and glowing, bath'd with pride-light,  
 Denny's eyes look'd mild reproof ;  
 For their hearts' mute cementations,  
 Dearer were than acclamations  
 That had shaken down the roof.

Here the Kaylie might have ended  
 But for Corick Sal's comment ;  
 Thick her censures fell, and rapid,  
 Call'd the story "wild" and "vapid,"  
 Mourn'd the listeners' time "mis-spent."

Then it was that Mick the Flowery,  
 Fearing silence might prolong  
 Corick Sally's somewhat truthful  
 Critique, call'd on George the youthful  
 Delver-Giant for a song.



After many protestations  
 That he'd "niver larnt till sing,"  
 George the Delver, 'midst the cheering,  
 When he'd spat his rough throat clearing,  
 Thus made roof and rafters ring.

### GEORGE THE DELVER'S SONG.

(THE DELVER.)

This life's a mighty riddle, boys,  
 (Took ages to convolve it,)  
 A spider-web of mazy nets,  
 A puzzle still that harder gets  
 The more you try to solve it.  
 For he who toils, and he who sweats—  
 The thousand-headed giant,  
 Whose tread earth echoes far and wide,  
 Beneath the gripe of weakling pride,  
 Falls nerveless, faint, and pliant.

*Chorus*—Kings are but sword-hewn effigies,  
 Set up to mock good sense,  
 The "Royal" fief of the titled thief,  
 'S a brazen, bold pretence.  
 The lawyer's but a learned lie,  
 The leech a pocket plea,  
 The parson but a cupboard spy,  
 Will bless or curse for fee ;  
 But hark the far-off rising cry,  
 "The Delver"! Who is he?

See yonder bloated opulence  
 Fills pulpit, throne, and castle ;  
 (A plague-like swarm of human clegs,  
 That drink—insatiate—to the dregs  
 The life-blood of the vassal.)  
 Whilst here in poverty and rags,  
 With famine doing battle,  
 The Hercules—the people—groan,  
 Unheeded vent their thunder-moan,  
 Like burden-bearing cattle.

*Chorus*—Yet kings are sword-hewn effigies,  
 Set up to mock good sense,  
 The “Royal” fief of the titled thief,  
 'S a brazen, bold pretence.  
 The lawyer's but a learned lie,  
 The leech a pocket plea,  
 The parson but a cupboard spy,  
 Will bless or curse for fee ;  
 But hark the caught-up swelling cry,  
 “The Delver” ! Who is he ?

Long live that voice which freedom wakes  
 In all true hearts that hear it ;  
 For long as one faint echo rings,  
 The wroth of power, or frown of kings,  
 No manly heart need fear it.  
 Down ! foul presumption ! Learning swings  
 Her lamp above thy steeple ;  
 That soon a ruin-heap must lie,  
 When Samson-like with heaven-bent eye  
 Uprise an injur'd people.

*Chorus*—For kings are sword-hewn effigies,  
 Set up to mock good sense,  
 The “Royal” fief of the titled thief,  
 'S a brazen, bold pretence.  
 The lawyer's but a learned lie,  
 The leech a pocket plea,  
 The parson but a cupboard spy,  
 Will bless or curse for fee ;  
 But hark the now tumultuous cry,  
 “The Delver” ! Who is he ?

He ended, and the listeners sat,  
 Half stupified with wonder,  
 A moment ; then both loud and long  
 They roar'd the chorus of his song  
 In rousing notes of thunder.  
 But if in key too sharp or flat  
 No man had time to ponder.

Then rang the cheers, "Hip, hip, hooray"!  
 Regardless stop or colon,  
 For him whose sweeping, siccant blade  
 That piercing fraud thro' shield and plaid  
 Left many a wound and hole in—  
 Till wisdom fled in wild dismay,  
 And every neck was swollen.

Blank staring—waken'd from his nap—  
 Dull, sleepy Sam was sittin';  
 Enwreath'd in smiles sat Corick Sal,  
 And o'er the face of deaf-lugg'd Mal  
 Strange fitful light was flittin';  
 And even Davey Roe, the rap,  
 Laugh'd till his sides were splittin'.

Then Lathy Mat and Porchequill,  
 To heighten the confusion,  
 Maintained a wordy-war on kings,  
 And lawyers, parsons, and such things,  
 By many a learn'd effusion.  
 One argued they were "useful still,"  
 The other a "delusion."

Next Weaver Bill and Bolfin Joe  
 Went at it, tongs and hammer,  
 That landlords, taxes, tithes, and rent  
 Were "just and fair," was Bolfer's bent;  
 Bill swore it was a "crammer,"  
 But all disclaim'd such language low,  
 As "'gainst all rules of grammar."

Sleek Phil and Lazy Jack were loud  
 In favour of "No rental,"  
 That landlords were—to use their phrase—  
 (To honest worth) a black disgrace,  
 (Both physical and mental)  
 They argued; nor were they, they vow'd,  
 Useful or ornamental.

But Flowery Mick and Leggy Slick  
 Pronounc'd for their remainin';  
 "As grouse so lazy, fat, and big  
 Were worth," they said, "on ony rig  
 Their 'Pick,' and worth the haenin';"  
 "If but till shoot," says Kurnal Dick,  
 "Yer right they're worth the weanin'."

So swell'd the tide of argument  
 With each contending motion,  
 Till high o'er social bank and steep  
 It bounded, flooding prudence deep,  
 Like bar by angry ocean;  
 As undulating, swept unspent,  
 Their warring-minds emotion.

But Drawell Michael stopp'd the row,  
 An' made them drop their stitches;  
 When 'stead of kings—equivalent,  
 He loud propos'd—for permanent,  
 "A Royal pair of breeches"  
 To be set up in—"jist from now"—  
 One of the Palace niches.

"An' as for Parsons," said the wit,  
 "We'll do without their teachin',  
 It's little, sure, that honest men  
 May stan' in need av sarmons when  
 Thir wives cin do the preachin';  
 An' he who sez it's wrong, his neck  
 Desarves till get a stretchin'."

Then Davey Roe, with stick in hand,  
 Forbidding farther lentor,  
 Stood up in front the dying fire  
 And form'd the Kayliers in a choir,  
 Like some wild, craz'd precentor,  
 To chaunt a prayer for all the land,  
 And gave them all to understand,  
 Himself was it's inventor.

## THE PRAYER.

God bless our land ! this land of ours,  
 To each of us so dear,  
 With verdant show'rs and sunny hours -  
 Above each proud compeer ;  
 So bless'd with peace and rich increase,  
 Bright as ascendant star,  
 Her light divine, as pure may shine,  
 As erst o'er lands afar.

*Chorus*—For Erin fair be this the prayer—  
 Where'er her tongue is spoken—  
 “ May plenty rise beneath her skies,  
 Her peace be never broken.  
 God bless our land ! ”

God bless their toil ! the toil of those  
 Who till the earth for bread,  
 The fields for which their sires arose,  
 For which their fathers bled ;  
 For them may earth a yearly birth  
 Of all her fruits bring forth,  
 To crown their toil with ripen'd spoil,  
 And evidence their worth.

*Chorus*—For Erin fair be this the prayer—  
 Where'er her tongue is spoken—  
 “ May plenty rise to glad her skies,  
 Her peace be never broken.”  
 God bless their toil !

God bless their loves ! the loves of those  
 Who in seclusion live,  
 And that still hallow'd, sweet repose,  
 Proud cities cannot give ;  
 God bless each fen ! each mountain glen,  
 And river bounding free,  
 Each maid divine, each hallow'd shrine,  
 And son of liberty.

*Chorus*—And by that love, and heav'n above,  
 From these no might shall rend them  
 While life remains to warm their veins  
 Of those who can defend them.  
 God bless their loves !

God bless their homes ! The homes of those  
 Right humble tho' they be,  
 Who groan beneath a weight of woes,  
 Thro' landlord-tyranny.  
 God guard their rights ! and warm their hearts  
 With Faith's and Freedom's glow,  
 And send the day when liberty  
 Shall strike oppression low.

*Chorus*—And for that day, that wish'd for day,  
 With hearts and purpose steady,  
 Be this our prayer for those who dare,  
 " God keep them ever ready !"  
 God bless their homes !

God bless our friends, those friends of ours  
 Who help us when we call,  
 When adverse fortune threat'ning tow'rs,  
 Or blows the angry squall.  
 And on our foes, our mocking foes,  
 May sund'ring vengeance fall,  
 Like barbèd darts to cleave their hearts,  
 From hands of bowmen tall.

*Chorus*—And for that day, that glorious day,  
 With hearts and purpose steady,  
 Be this our prayer for those who dare,  
 " God keep them ever ready !"  
 God bless our land !

They ended, and the last round notes  
 Their dying echoes trail,  
 Like farewells to a parting friend,  
 On storm wings down the vale.  
 The fire erstwhile so bright and warm,  
 Was cold and cheerless growing,

E'en fancy's smiles had now no charm  
 To start their mirth—late flowing—  
 Again that night.

But time nor tide—why quote the rest?  
 'Twas twelve o'clock, and all  
 Required some dormienté zest  
 To meet an éarly call.  
 So Davey Roe the minutes read,  
 And resolutions many,  
 Or rather hatch'd them in his head,  
 For book they hadn't any  
 With them that night.

“Resolved were they that never yet,  
 In toils comparison,  
 Were such a set together met  
 Since first creation's dawn.  
 Resolved, that each would play his part;  
 Resolved, each promise binding;  
 Resolved to meet, in hand and heart,  
 At earliest leisure's finding,  
 Some other night.”

Thus ended night the first's parterre,  
 Or rather part should you prefer  
 A choice of words, elect and rare,  
 From “Webster Tome”;  
 And with “Good Night!” each Kaylier  
 Fast hied him home.

## Dear Little Maid o'er the Sea.

Dear little maid o'er the sea,  
Piercing the shadows of years,  
Mem'ry, love-spel, flies to thee,  
Greets thee with joy and with tears.  
Sighs only lovers may know,  
Yearning unframed by the tongue,  
Tend on the long, long ago,  
When life and when love, love were young.

Who loved as we in the past ?  
Soul to soul speaking each thought :  
Love was so earnest, so vast,  
Language of words was as naught.  
From thy soul's fountain I drank  
The love in thy beautiful eyes,  
And their long lashes droopingly sank,  
And you blushed at their fall and their rise.

Oh ! wert thou as faithful to me,  
Through the mists and the rain of past years,  
As I o'er the pitiless sea  
To thee, through the shadows and fears ;  
Our hearts would yet joyfully beat—  
Beat as one in the happy to be,  
Both blent in one unison sweet,  
My dear little maid o'er the sea.



### Whilst in my Breast.

Whilst in my breast I wear thy faith,  
And know thy heart is true,  
I care not what the envious saith,  
Though far thou'rt from my view.  
Thou'lt still be near unto the heart  
That proudly throbs for thee ;  
Nor space nor circumstance may part  
Thy spirit, love, from me.

But should there come Doubt's wintry day,  
To chill Love's radiant sky,  
Ah, then thou wilt seem far away  
Though standing coldly by.  
The love that bridged our lives between,  
By faith bound strongly o'er,  
Would break, and joys that then had been,  
Would charm or bind no more.

Then let us cherish trust, my love,  
And may our hearts be true ;  
For they love's strength who idly prove,  
Have ofttimes cause to rue.  
Who roots up love must leave a space  
The mould alone may fill ;  
Then, darling, look me in the face,  
And say thou lov'st me still.

## NOTES.

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- (1).—“*Throughout all Innishowen, Fannet, Tearman, the Rosses, and Glencolumbkille.*”

*Districts in Donegal.*—*Enis Eoghain* (the island of Owen, son of Niall the Great, and brother of Conal Gulban) is the peninsula between Loughs Foyle and Swilly; it was formerly the principality of the O'Doughertys. Ruins of O'Dougherty's castles may be seen at Greencastle, Culmore, Buncrana, Burt, Aileach, and Inch; his principal residences were at Buncrana and Aileach. *Fanad*, the northern part of the peninsula, between Lough Swilly and Mulroy Bay: formerly the territory of the M'Swines (M'Sweenys). *Tearmann*—(spelt by English writers, “Termon,” meaning Abbey lands)—is a district near Kilmacrenan, formerly attached to the Abbey, founded there by St. Columbkille. On the confiscation of Ulster, these Termons or Abbey lands throughout Donegal, to the extent of 9,224 acres of the most highly cultivated lands in the county, were handed over to the College of Dublin. *The Rosses*—i.e., the peninsulas—a wild and picturesque part of North-West Donegal. *Glencolumbkille*, a parish, and somewhat remarkable valley, in the west of the Barony of Banagh.

- (2).—“*Wi' bibles, cocks, an' sabres.*”

The incongruous combination, popularly supposed to be used in the mystic spells of the Brotherhood.

- (3).—“*It rang from BENALT,  
Roun' by MOYLE to LOUGH SALT,  
An' at MUCKISH you'd hear it, too.*”

*Mountains in Donegal.*—*Sliabh Sneacht*, the snowy mountain, near Buncrana, Innishowen, towers to a height of 2,019 feet above sea-level; another mountain of the same name is situated between Doish and Errigal, and attains an elevation of 2,240 feet. *Beann-alt* (the steep hill-top) crowns the Island of Inch in Lough Swilly. The writer has sunny recollections of a tour to its summit, an elevation of 737 feet, which commands an enchanting view of Lough Swilly—here a veritable Killarney of beauty. The little coast-towns of

Buncrana and Rathmullen seem to lie at the tourist's feet, while to the south-west, on the banks of the pearl-yielding Lennon, Ramelton gleams out whitely in the sun, and the western hills with Lough Salt and dusk-browed Muckish, form a stately background. Eastwards, glimpses of the Foyle may be caught shining like a silver-thread between the mountains, of which the temple-crowned Grèinan (802 feet) and the Fahan mountains (the highest of which, the Scalp, is 1589 feet above the level of the sea) are the most important. To the north, and almost behind Buncrana, rises the stately Slieve Snaught, and turning slightly north-west with the course of the lough, Swilly seems to have no outlet, but is apparently surrounded by the Fannet and Innishowen Hills, which seem here to unite to each other. On looking over the ever-changing bosom of "the lake of shadows" (*Loc Suilig*) to the coast-guard station of Rathmullen (*Rath Maelin*, Maelin's fort), the student will recall to memory the abduction of young Hugh Roe O'Donnell, the son of Magnus O'Donnell, Prince of Tirconnell, by the English in 1587. Young Hugh, then a lad of 13 summers, was at that time a guest of M'Sweeney of Fanad, and having been decoyed on board a vessel sent by the English Deputy for that purpose, he was taken to Dublin Castle, and there confined until he effected his escape, with some other Irish nobles, in 1594. This amusing piece of treachery is characterised by MacGeoghegan as "worthy of a pirate or robber, and destitute of all honour and good faith." Here also the ruins of a monastery, erected by MacSweeney of Fanad, for the Brethren of the Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel, form a fit testimonial to English Christianity and civilization. In 1595 young George Bingham, a relative of the English Governor of Connaught, in the absence of MacSweeney and O'Donnell, sailed into Lough Swilly with two vessels, landed at Rathmullen, plundered and destroyed the monastery, and carried away the vestments, plate, etc. Nor is Inch Island without its history. The castle on the island is said to be built by O'Dougherty in the 15th century, for the purpose of confining O'Donnell, one of the rival chieftains of Tirconnell, but the latter bribing the gaoler, obtained his liberty, and secured the castle. Here he was besieged by the rival chieftain Rory, whom he killed with a large stone, which he flung from the parapet. Here also, in 1689, General Kirk, with a fleet from England, with succours for the distressed defenders of Derry, unable to pass King James's lines at Culmore, put back into Lough Swilly, and encamped on Inch from 13th July to 28th, when he again entered Lough Foyle and relieved the famished garrison. *Moyle* is, perhaps, the least important of the hills mentioned, but commands a good prospect. It rises on the eastern side

of Lough Fern, a fresh-water lake, a mile and a-half long, and three-quarters of a mile broad, equi-distant between Ramelton and Kilmacrenan. *Lough Salt* mountain, near Kilmacrenan, attains an elevation of 1,541 feet, and derives its name from the lough which is on the side of it, at an altitude of 815 feet above the sea-level; the depth of this lough is 204 feet. Silicious sand of a very superior quality is abundant at Lough Salt, and considerable quantities are (or were at a recent date) exported for the manufacture of glass. *Muckish* (the pig's back) rises in a dark, heavy mass, frowning over Falcarragh. It is one of the highest mountains in Donegal, being 2,190 feet above the level of the sea.

(4).—“*The big Stan'in' Stone.*”

The Standing Stone or Pillar Stone of Drumfad, is known by some people as “the tether-stone of the ghost,” and they aver its position as necessary for keeping down the spell. It is, however, of much more remote date than the origin of the legend. The stone is of basalt, and is placed in an upright position on the face of the hill; in height it is between 6 feet and 7 feet, in breadth about 4 feet. Scientists suppose it to be formed by the lava of a volcano on Knockallow (*Cnoc-ala*, pronounced Knockollaw; *Anglice*, Swan Hill), evidence of which still exists; the crater is now converted into a little lough. Pillar stones are common in Ireland, and are supposed to have been used by the Druids with *cromleachs*, and sometimes as objects of worship; they were also used to mark the spot of a battle, or burial-place of a chief, and served at times to mark a boundary line.

(5).—*Lough Columbkille.*

A secluded little lake, embosomed in the hollow of the hills near the Lagg and above Glenkeen; it is shut out from the outer world by the surrounding hill-tops, presenting a scene of calm solitude; but with the exception of St. Columb's Stone, and a wonderful shadow said to be visible on the surface of the water, there is nothing to interest the tourist. The lough is about one mile distant from Milford, and two from Ramelton.

(6).—“*Leprechauns frolick'd galore.*”

Fairy tailors and shoemakers generally found plying their trade. If you catch one, and do not allow him out of your sight, you can compel him to tell you where a golden store is hidden before he gains his liberty; but, if you lift your eye from him an instant, he vanishes. *Moral*: Keep your eye on leprechauns.

(7).—“*Devil a tinker.*”

“Tinker,” popular name for a bad bronze or copper coin. The origin of the name is amusing. In the eighteenth century, Ireland ran short of copper money, and King George ordered a coiner, named Wood, to coin £180,000 in copper. To fulfil his contract, the latter bought £6,000 worth of old brass, from which he coined the £180,000 of money. The Irish, however, were for once united, and refused the bad money so strenuously that King George was compelled to order the English coiner to take back his “tinkers.”

(8).—“*The bones av some Chief.*”

The Druidical custom of cremation was practised by the ancient Irish; cremation urns have been found in various parts of the country.

(9).—“*On went the Phooka.*”

“The Phooka is of the malignant class of fairy beings, and he is as wild and capricious in his character as he is changeable in form. When he assumes the form of a horse, his object is to obtain a rider, and then he is in his most malignant glory. Headlong he dashes through briar and brake, through flood and fell. . . . Up and down precipice is alike to him provided he gratifies the malevolence that seems to inspire him—gratified by the distress, and utterly reckless and ruthless of the cries and danger and suffering of the luckless wight that bestrides him.”—*D. F. MacCarthy—Croker's Fairy Legends—Hall's Ireland.*

(10).—“*To where the Atlantic comes dashin' in frantic.*”

*M'Swine's Gun* or *Doe Hole* is on the northern coast of Donegal, near Hornhead; it is a perforation in the rock caused by the action of the Atlantic, through which the sea is forced during or immediately after a storm from the north-west, formerly to a height of 200 or 300 feet, with so great a noise as to be heard ten miles away; but of recent years, owing to the increased width of the orifice, the violence of this storm-fountain is not so remarkable.

(11).—“*Kilmacrenan.*”

*Cill-mac-n-Enain* (the church of the sons of Enain, who were contemporaries and relatives of St. Columb), a post-town about five miles from Ramelton and six from Letterkenny (*Anglice*—O'Cannanan's hillslope, named after the O'Cannanans (now shortened to Cannon), anciently chiefs of Tirconnell, until they were finally conquered by the O'Donnells). St. Columb founded a monastery here, and O'Donnell subsequently founded

another,\* which at the confiscation was handed over to the College at Dublin.

(12).—“*Cahir Roe.*”

Sir Cahir Roe O'Dougherty, † Prince or Lord of Innishowen, is perhaps one of the most picturesque figures in Irish history. His life was short but eventful, “a happy shot,” to quote an English historian, putting an end to his career at the early age of 21 years. In character he was like most of the Irish chiefs—haughty and impulsive; and to a commanding bearing Nature had added lofty stature and manly physique. In May, 1608, unable to bear the tyranny and insult of Sir George Paulett, the Governor of Derry, who threatened him with a felon's death, and enraged with the encroachments of the Scotch and English settlers (who came over before the Confiscation was completed), Sir Cahir rose in insurrection, attacked Derry by night, slew Paulett and his lieutenant with most of the garrison, and destroyed the forts and settlement or town; ‡ and marching against *Cuil-mor* (Culmore), a fortress on the banks of the Foyle about seven miles from Derry, occupied by an English garrison (but previously a fort of the O'Doughertys), he occupied it and found therein 12 pieces of cannon. He gave the charge of *Cuil-mor* to one Felim M'Davet, who had to evacuate it before an English army of 4,000 men under Marshal Wingfield and Sir Oliver Lambert. M'Davet, on retiring from *Cuil-mor*, set fire to the fortress, shipped some

\* Kilmacrenan F.C. Ordini minorum ibi extractum est cenobiolum ab O-Donnello eidemque ordini constructi sunt etiam Conventus de Bellaghan et Balli-mac-swine juxta *Doe* castrum; è quibus postremus MacSwineum fundatorum agnoscit.—Sir J. Ware's *Antiquitates Hibernicæ*. (Catholic Faith in Kilmacrenan.—There a monastery was built for the Minorite Orders (Franciscans), and for the same Order the two convents were erected of Bellaghan and Bally-mac-Swine near *Doe* Castle. The last of these acknowledges MacSwine for its founder.)

† Received his knighthood from the English, having been proclaimed Lord of Innishowen by Sir Henry Dockwra in 1601, shortly after the death of his father, Sir John, who was slain in war with the English. Sir John, having left only an infant son (Cahir), O'Donnell created the nearest relative, Felim O'Dougherty, Prince of Innishowen. But the clans Allen and Dalbed marched with the young heir to Dockwra, at Derry, and that general, through his animosity to O'Donnell, and glad of an opportunity of creating dissensions amongst his enemies, declared Cahir the lawful lord. The clans, having marched back with their boy-chief in triumph, were besieged by O'Donnell in a fort at Binnion, but he, having too much on his hands, was obliged to raise the siege, and Sir Cahir, after the flight of the Earls Tyrone and Tirconnell, became the most powerful chief in the North.

‡ In 1600 Sir Henry Dockwra, with 5000 foot and 300 horse, took possession of Derry, raised an English military settlement, with fortified houses, and defended it with two forts. The present maiden city was erected by the London Corporation, A.D. 1609-19. The circumference of the city walls (completed in 1619) is 1708 yards, height 24 feet, breadth 6 feet, with an earthen rampart 12 feet in thickness.

of the guns, throwing the rest into the sea, and sailed for Derry. O'Dougherty, whose forces never exceeded 1,500 men, maintained the war for five or six months, until a bullet from an ambushed trooper's rifle relieved England's anxiety.

(13).—“*Thrice blessed is thy well.*”

A well at Doune, blessed by Columbkille, celebrated for its wonderful cures; hither good pilgrims from all parts of the county and from various quarters of the globe repair for share in its many virtues. The writer, several years ago, was both struck and amused with the number of crutches planted upright in the ground in the vicinity of the well, mute witnesses of its efficacy. It is but fair to say, the Catholic clergy as a body do not recognise it.

(14).—“*The Irish chiefs had flown.*”

1607. “Artful Cecil employed one St. Laurence to entrap the Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell, the Lord of Delvin and other Irish chiefs, into a sham plot which had no other evidence but his. But those chiefs being informed that witnesses were to be hired against them, foolishly fled, and so taking guilt upon themselves they were declared rebels; and six entire counties in Ulster were at once forfeited to the Crown, which was what their enemies wanted.”—*Anderson's Royal Genealogies* (p. 786). See *M'Geoghegan*.

(15).—“*Brooding o'er his captured wife.*”

(Mary Preston, daughter of Viscount Gormanston.)

“Winkel (Wingfield), finding the castle of Culmor demolished, marched against the castle of Beart with the intention of besieging it. Mary Preston, the wife of O'Dougherty, was in the place. A monk who had the command of it, either from distrust in its strength or to save the lady from the frightful effects of a siege, surrendered the castle on condition of the garrison being spared and suffered to retire; but the English, regardless of the treaty, put every soul to the sword, except those who had means of purchasing their liberty. The wife of O'Dougherty was sent to her brother the viscount (Gormanston), who belonged to the English faction.”—*M'Geo.*, p. 555.

(16).—“*Kaylie,*”

Meaning gossip, from *Caille*, a country woman; *caillecula*, old wives' tales. In the winter time in country districts, it is customary for people to assemble in some popular house to enjoy an evening's gossiping or story-telling. Many of these kayliers come a distance of three or four miles to their *rendez-vous*.