



I L L I N O I S

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

PRODUCTION NOTE

University of Illinois at
Urbana-Champaign Library
Brittle Books Project, 2011.

COPYRIGHT NOTIFICATION

**In Public Domain.
Published prior to 1923.**

This digital copy was made from the printed version held
by the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.
It was made in compliance with copyright law.

Prepared for the Brittle Books Project, Main Library,
University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign
by
Northern Micrographics
Brookhaven Bindery
La Crosse, Wisconsin

2011

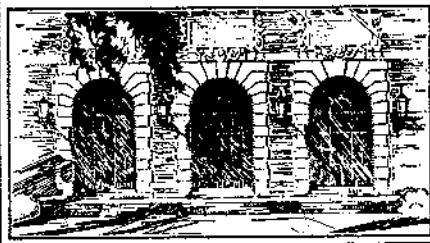
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

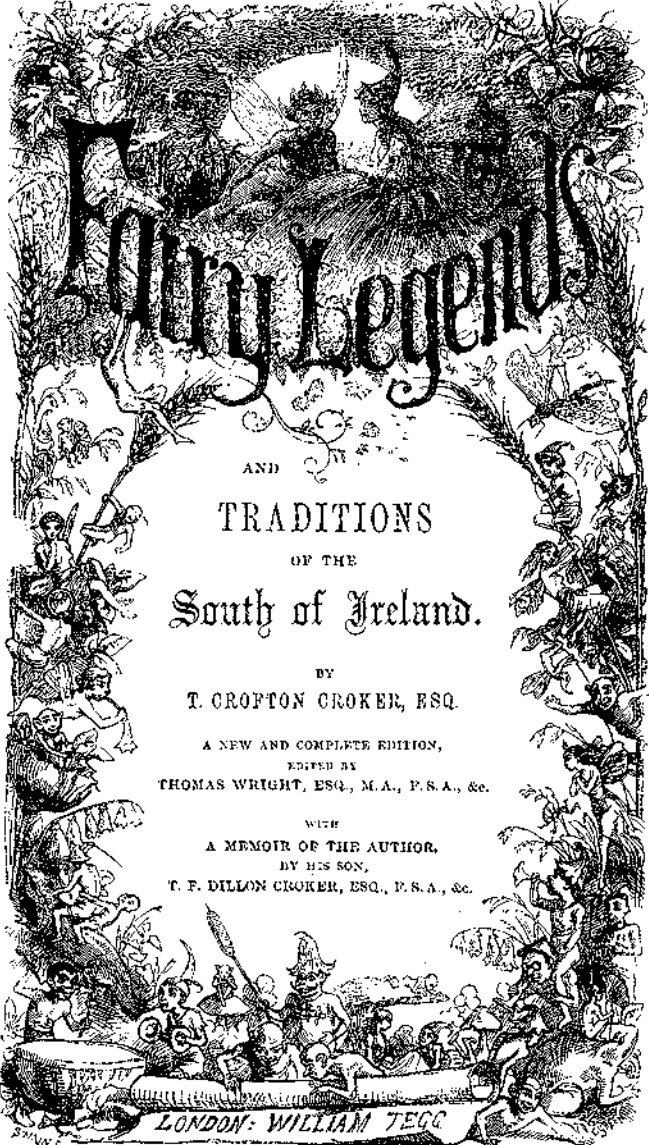
From the collection of
James Collins,
Druincondra, Ireland.
Purchased, 1918.

398.4

C87f

1862





Fairy Legends

AND
TRADITIONS
OF THE
South of Ireland.

BY
T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.

A NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION,
EDITED BY
THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ., M.A., P. S. A., &c.

WITH
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.
BY HIS SON,
T. F. DILLON CROKER, ESQ., P. S. A., &c.

LONDON: WILLIAM TEGG

324117 Jc

FAIRY LEGENDS

AND

TRADITIONS

OF THE

South of Ireland.

BY

T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.

A NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION,

EDITED BY

THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ., M.A., F.S.A., &c.

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY HIS SON,

T. F. DILLON CROKER, ESQ., F.S.A., &c.

LONDON: WILLIAM TEGG.

1862.

398.7
C89f
1842

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

It is the feeling of attachment to an old friend only which has induced me to undertake the editing of the following pages. At the time when my acquaintance with Crofton Croker commenced, his thoughts were absorbed in the subject of fairy mythology—not that it was very near the period at which his legends were originally published, for they were already out of print, and he was contemplating a new edition, which, from various circumstances, soon afterwards took the abridged form in which it appeared in Murray's Family Library. Thus, as I also was then occupied with researches on the same subject, we became fellow-labourers in these interesting inquiries, and I became the confidential depository of his most secret wishes in regard to the future of his own—and I think I may say his favourite—book. For he certainly looked upon the form it had taken in the Family Library as only a temporary one, and he cherished the hope of producing an edition more complete, if not enlarged, even upon his original plan. Death prevented the accomplishment of his wishes by himself, but I have now at last gladly assisted in carrying out one part of his plan, that of republishing the complete collection of his Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.

It was one of the first regular collections of fairy legends published in our language, and I confess that I look upon it,

taken all together, as the best. When these stories first appeared they presented a freshness and novelty seldom possessed by similar productions, and it obtained a success which contributed greatly towards bringing this class of literature into public favour. Its author had the merit of giving the stories as they are told simply by the Irish peasantry, and not, as is too generally the case, clothed in the artificial embellishments of the compiler. Moreover, the copious illustrations which were added to each separate legend, the comparison of the Irish legends with those of other countries, and the explanatory matter of various descriptions, taught people the real importance of the legends themselves, and their interest taken, not only philosophically, but in a historical and ethnological point of view.

The real value of these legends, indeed, consists in this latter character. The popular stories are no modern creations, but, like the language in which they are told, they have descended from generation to generation, from remote antiquity, undergoing, in their way, modifications in accordance with the gradual changes in the society which has preserved them. Hence these legends are found to be characteristic of different peoples, and, where we can obtain any of them as they existed at early periods and compare them with the same stories told in modern times, they enable us to trace the history of popular superstitions and mythology. This, however, we are not often able to do, although we can find enough to convince us of the strong hold which they have always had upon men's minds. But we can collect and compare together the legends of different countries as they now exist, and we thus discover by infallible marks the affinities of the tribes who inhabit them. Through all the branches of the Teutonic race we find a constant recurrence of the same stories, and, beyond this also, we meet with stories among the Celtic populations of Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and Brittany, which bear that sort of resemblance to legends of undoubted Teutonic origin, proclaiming, on the one hand, the truth, which rests upon other evidence, that Celt and Teuton came

originally from one stock, and, on the other hand, showing that these legends are of such remote antiquity that they must have been in existence before the first separation in that stock took place.

Till Mr Crofton Croker collected the legends of the South of Ireland, the value and interest of such stories were very little appreciated in this country, and our popular traditions were generally despised and were rapidly disappearing. The publication of the first volume, which contained the legends of the Shefro, the Cluricaune, the Banshee, the Phooka, and Thierna na Oge, produced so great a sensation, that its author began immediately to prepare for a second series, in order to make the subject more complete; and with the second volume, containing this new series, he also gave to the world a third volume, containing a translation of the Essay on Fairy Mythology by the Brothers Grimm, and some collections relating to the fairies of Wales. This volume was intended to gratify the interest in the subject of our popular superstitions which had been suddenly excited, and did not properly belong to the two previous volumes; it has, therefore, been omitted in the present edition. As I have said before, I knew it to have been Mr Croker's wish to publish a complete edition of the Legends in one series, and it has been my aim in the present edition to edit them as nearly as possible according to the plan which I believe that he had designed. In two or three rare instances I have omitted a passage in the illustrative notes which was either erroneous or seemed irrelevant to the subject, but such pruning has been exercised very sparingly, and only where I have felt quite convinced that the author would have approved of it.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

Brompton, London.

Feb. 1st, 1862.

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

My father, Thomas Crofton Croker, was born in Buckingham Square, Cork, on the 15th of January, 1798, a year memorable in the modern history of Ireland. He was the only son of Major Thomas Croker, who belonged to a family which had gone from Devonshire into the sister island in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and who had shared in active and arduous service during twenty-five years with the 38th regiment of foot, one of the "crack" regiments of the day, and commonly known as the 1st Staffordshire foot. Major Croker had, in 1796, married Maria, the eldest daughter and co-heir of Croker Dillon, Esq., of Baltidaniel, Co. Cork. Thomas Crofton Croker received his first baptismal name from his father, and his second from the Hon. Sir E. Crofton, Bart., a relative by marriage and his godfather. The chief recollections of his childhood appear to be that at a very early age he showed a remarkable taste for curiosities, especially if they were old ones, and as he grew up his antiquarian tastes became developed, and were combined with literary and artistic tastes of a high order. His family appear to have given no great encouragement to these tastes, for in 1813, at the suggestion of his maternal relative, Sir William Dillon, Bart., Crofton Croker was placed as an apprentice in the counting-house of Messrs Lecky and Mark, an eminent mercantile firm in Cork, though his leisure was still devoted to his favourite pursuits. During the years 1812 and 1815, he made several excursions in the south of Ireland, sketching and studying the character and traditions of the country, on which occasions he was frequently accompanied by Mr Joseph Humphreys, an intelligent Quaker, afterwards master of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Claremont, near Dublin. It was no doubt during these youthful excursions that he laid the first foundations of those works which afterwards contributed most to his literary reputation. In 1817 he appeared as an exhibiter in the second exhibition of the Cork Society, for he had already displayed considerable talent as an

artist; and in 1818 he contributed to an ephemeral production published in Cork under the title of "The Literary and Political Examiner." On the 22nd of March of that year his father died, and young Crofton left Ireland not to revisit it until he made a short excursion there in 1821 with Alfred Nicholson and Miss Nicholson (who afterwards became Mrs Croker), children of the late Mr Francis Nicholson, one of the founders of the English water-colour school, who died in 1844 at the patriarchal age of ninety-one years. Crofton Croker's first visit in England was paid to Thomas Moore in Wiltshire; and soon after he settled in London he received from the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker an appointment at the Admiralty, of which office his namesake (but no relation) was secretary, and from which he (Crofton) retired in 1850 as senior clerk of the first class, having served upwards of thirty years, thirteen of which were passed in the highest class. This retirement, although he stood first for promotion to the office of chief clerk, was compulsory upon a reduction of office, and was not a matter of private convenience. In 1830 Crofton Croker married Miss Marianne Nicholson, and the result of their union was an only child, Thomas Francis Dillon Croker, born 26th August, 1831, the writer of the present memoir.

It was during this last-mentioned excursion in Ireland, that Mr Crofton Croker appears to have formed the design which he afterwards carried out in the publication, in a substantial quarto volume, of his "Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, and the Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry; with an Appendix, containing a private Narrative of the Rebellion of 1798." He had embodied in this work his earlier topographical labours, and he informed his readers that it consisted "of little more than an arrangement of notes made during several excursions in the south of Ireland, between the years 1812 and 1822." Although favourably received, this work was not very successful, but he was now contemplating the work the success of which was destined to compensate him fully for any disappointment which might have been caused by the first. I have found little among my father's papers to throw any light on the history of his first collection of Irish legends, which appeared, anonymously, early in the spring of 1825, under the title of "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland." Before the book had been given to the world,

the author was rewarded by the following encouraging letter from his publisher, Mr John Murray (who had also published his previous work).

“Albemarle Street, March 18th, 1825.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I feel so very confident that your Fairy Tales deserve to be sold that I am inclined to believe that they will sell. I do not like therefore to keep you a moment longer in suspense, and I have therefore much satisfaction in enclosing a draft for your share of the profit of the first edition, with many thanks for the portion of it which falls to,

“My dear Sir,

“Your truly obliged and faithful friend,
“JOHN MURRAY.”

Nor was Murray, in this instance, mistaken in his predictions. The success of the little volume was so complete, that the spirited publisher became anxious not only to get out a new edition with the least possible delay, but to produce a second series, and, at his request, Mr Croker visited Ireland, in order to collect materials: on which occasion his zeal led him to sustain fatigue and exposure, the consequence of which was a severe illness. On his recovery from this attack he wrote to a friend:—

“On Friday, the first of April, 1825—ominous day, and fool as I was—I started from London at four in the evening, for Bristol, with an intention of making a tour in the south of Ireland, for the purpose of gleaning, in the course of six weeks, the remainder of the fairy legends and traditions which Mr Murray, of Albemarle Street, suspected were still to be found lurking among its glens—having satisfied himself as to the value of dealing in the publication of such fanciful articles, and the correctness of my friend Ben Disraeli’s estimate thereof. I started from London, as I before said, with a firm determination of seeing the sun rise, and making a personal acquaintance with the shade of O’Donoghue, at Killarney, on May morning; and, during the month that was before me, and till the day previous to that fixed on for our personal introduction, making the most of my time in hunting up and bagging all the old ‘grey superstitious’ I could fall in with. My sport was to have been ‘shooting folly as it flies;’ and pretty fair, though devilish

wild sport I had, and rough enough it was into the bargain. After sundry adventures with Whiteboys, in caves and out of caves, upon hill-tops, with bootmakers and broguemakers, with smugglers and coastguard-men, with magistrates and murderers, with pilgrims and pedlars, I returned to England within the prescribed time—bringing with me not only a budget of ‘grey superstitions,’ but the seeds of disease, which grew to maturity in June, blossomed in autumn, and do not leave me convalescent at the close of the year, when I write to you, my dear friend, to wish you many less painful returns of the next, and less of wild adventure than I have experienced in the present.”

The success of the Legends was, as just stated, extraordinary, and among its first results was a complimentary letter from Sir Walter Scott, which Mr Croker printed in the preface to his second edition, which appeared in the year 1826. A translation had already appeared in German by the Brothers Grimm in 1825, and they were translated into French, and published in Paris in 1828, under the title of “*Les Contes Irlandais, précédés d’une introduction, par M. P. A. Dufau.*” The former led to an intimate correspondence between the author and the two eminent German philologists, which commenced on their part with a flattering letter from Wilhelm Grimm, of which the following is a translation:—

“*Cassell in Hessen, 29th July, 1826.*”

“**MOST HIGHLY HONOURED SIR,**

“Your agreeable letter of the 16th June, which we duly received through Mr Fleischer of Leipsig, has procured us the satisfaction of a more intimate acquaintance with the man whose valuable collection of Irish Tales and Legends occupied us for several months last summer. We had, however, guessed your name from the ‘*Researches in the South of Ireland,*’ which a few weeks before reached our Library, as the quotations in the ‘*Fairy Legends,*’ p. 14 and 36, authorized us in supposing a connection between the two works. Your letter has given us the wished-for certainty on this point. It happened fortunately that a countryman of yours, Mr Cooper (if I understand his name rightly), who in his travels has been at Cassell, being a friend and acquaintance of yours, was able to give us a more exact account of your literary employments.

“ The approbation bestowed by you on the translation of the ‘ Fairy Legends ’ is gratifying to us, as you think that therein you recognize the spirit and exact meaning of the original; would that also in the details the exactness were as great as we wish. In many peculiar expressions and turns the difficulty will excuse us for not being able without particular aid, and without being intimately acquainted with the country itself, and circumstances which these Tales present, to arrive at the perfect understanding. Many things which your instructive letter points out to us, and some which we ourselves have partly discovered, might have been better expressed, and shall not be repeated in a second edition that is now in preparation.

“ If you will give the annexed Essay on the Fairies, on which I am vain enough to set some value, the honour of a translation, it cannot but prove highly gratifying to us; without doubt, too, the matter itself will be benefited by it, not merely as to its greater diffusion in England, where the opportunity is so favourable to engage people in further inquiries on the subject, but as you yourself, from your extensive knowledge of popular superstitions, will be able to add much that is new and interesting. I too have had, since writing, an opportunity of learning more, partly from domestic sources, partly from acquaintance with Barry’s History of the Orkney Islands, and the accounts of the English and North American Fairies. In Irving’s Bracebridge Hall I have also got some information respecting the little People in Holland and Lower Brittany; finally, on the Servian Vileu, which are evidently the same spirits, and respecting which Wesely’s Servian Hochzeitslieder, Pest, 1826, gives an account. In rewriting the Essay there would be, consequently, much to add, though the chief result to which it leads, a spreading of the Fairies through the whole of ancient Europe, appears scarcely to admit of a doubt. Most wished comes unto us the intelligence that a second part of the Fairy Legends is already in the press, and thankfully do we accept of your kind offer of sending us the sheets. Mr Frederic Fleischer of Leipsig, through whom you will receive this letter, will immediately point out the bookseller, or some other way through which we may receive them, for ’tis evident that we must not leave our translation imperfect, but must enrich it with your continuation.

“ My brother Jacob joins me in the most particular remembrances.

Should it be in our power to serve you in any literary affair, we are ready to do it with the greatest pleasure.

“ I subscribe myself with the greatest respect,

“ Your Honour’s entirely,

“ DR WILHELM GRIMM,

“ Secretary of the Prince’s Library.

“ I beg you to have the kindness to deliver the enclosure to Mr Edgar Taylor, the translator of our Fairy Tales.”

“ MR T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq.

“ *London, 52, Charlotte Street, Portland Place.*”

The second edition of the Legends was illustrated with engravings. Among other persons to whom it had given delight was a young and talented artist, who has since risen to a high rank among the modern English school of painters, Maclise. The origin of his illustrations is thus told by the editor of the “Gentleman’s Magazine.” “The artist, who had not then quitted his native city of Cork, was a frequent visitor to Mr Sainthill (the author of ‘Olla Podrida’), at the time that the first edition of the work appeared. Mr Sainthill read the tales aloud from time to time in the evening, and Maclise would frequently, on the next morning, produce a drawing of what he had heard. These were not seen by Mr Croker until his next visit to Cork; but when he did see them he was so much pleased with them that he prevailed upon Mr Sainthill to allow them to be copied for his forthcoming edition: and this was done by Maclise, and the drawings were engraved by W. H. Brooke (who made some variations in, and additions to, the drawings), and Maclise’s name was not attached to them, but merely mentioned by Mr Croker in his preface.”

In October, 1826, after the appearance of the second edition of the Legends, Croker was introduced to Sir Walter Scott at Lockhart’s in Pall Mall. Sir Walter recorded the interview thus:—“At breakfast Crofton Croker, author of the Irish Fairy Tales—little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of easy, prepossessing manners, something like Tom Moore. Here were also Terry, Allan Cunningham, Newton, and others.” At this meeting, Sir Walter Scott suggested the adventures of Daniel O’Rourke as the subject for the Adelphi pantomime, and, at the request of Messrs Terry and Yates, Croker wrote a pantomime founded upon the legend, which was produced at the Adelphi the same year. It succeeded and underwent two editions: the second was published in 1828, uniform with the Legends, and

entitled "Daniel O'Rourke, or Rhymes of a Pantomime founded on that Story."

Scott has, in several of his works, recorded his favourable opinion of the Fairy Legends; and one or two of his inedited letters, preserved among my father's correspondence, will, I think, be not unacceptable to the readers of the present edition of the book. The first was written, evidently, a short time before the publication of the second edition of the first series of the Legends, and appears to be a reply to one in which my father expressed his wish to print Sir Walter's Letter.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am obliged by your letter, and the contents of mine are fully at your service. But as I have forgot what these contents are, perhaps you will favour me with a perusal either in manuscript or proof, that I may make them more fit for the public eye, being a very careless scribe of familiar epistles, and if I can add anything I will, though I believe I exhausted my funds on the subject of Fairy Superstition when John Leyden and I composed in conjunction an Essay on the subject published in the *Border Minstrelsy*. I have a notion that the Leprechaun is a superstition of Danish origin. You know the opinions of the Scandinavians concerning the Duerger, or dwarfs, who were in their mythology the guardians of hidden treasures. There is in one of Glanville's narrations a story of a David Hunter, neatherd to the Bishop of Down and Connor, who made a curious acquaintance with the 'wandering people,' who if not precisely fairies, were something little better.

"When I was in Ireland last autumn, and talking on the subject of the Irish superstitions with Mr Plunkett, he mentioned a spectre frequenting the streets called the *Dullaghan*, which was very punctilious in exacting that he should yield him the wall, insomuch that, said Mr Plunkett, I was afraid he would come to take the wall of me in my own bed. I mentioned this to one or two other friends, who could give me no account whatever of the Dullaghan, except a gentleman who told me it was the ghost of a waiter in a tavern, who had been murdered among some wild fellows in a drunken fray. I wonder what made a plebeian ghost take such state on himself?

"I am, dear Sir,

"Very much yours,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Abbotsford, Melrose, 26th March, 1826.*"

"I must observe from a relation concerning a Dutch lieutenant in Glanville, that ghosts in general were tenacious of taking place of the living when walking the streets. So the Dullaghan's humour was not perhaps peculiar.

"In England it was recommended to strike at a goblin as a sure receipt for putting him to flight, or compelling him to abandon any disguise he might assume. There is a curious passage to the purpose in one of Bishop Corbett's poems, called *Iter Boreale*, from which, moreover, we also learn that if you become bewildered in a fairy circle, the turning your cloak reversed the charm, and set the party free. See Octavius Gilchrist's *Poems of Richard Corbett*. 1807, p. 197."

The next was written not quite a month later.

Abbotsford, Melrose, 15th April, 1826.

"DEAR SIR,

"I return the proof sheets, from which I have only taken the liberty to expunge some names which people might not care to have mentioned. I am much obliged for your explanation of the Dullaghan, he puts me in mind of a spectre at Drumlanrick Castle, of no less a person than the Duchess of Queensberry,—'Fair Katty, blooming, young, and gay,'—who instead of setting fire to the world in mamma's chariot, amuses herself with wheeling her own head in a wheelbarrow through the great gallery.

"You have not yet hit upon the punctilious spectre of Mr Plunkett which takes the wall of folks. God be with your labour, as Ophelia says. I will feel much honoured in the compliment you design for me.

"Yours truly,

"WALTER SCOTT."

The next letter was written at the time when the second volume of the *Fairy Legends*, which was dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, was in the press. Scott begins by alluding to a work by Major Beamish on a question of military accoutrement.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am favoured with your letter, and received at the same time Major Beamish's valuable present. I assure you that when you say it is fitter for my son than for me I scorn your words, for I was an officer of cavalry, yeomanry, videlicet, before he was

born, and relish the army as much as I used to like in former days the parade and the march, the tramp of the horses and the angry rattle and ring of the steel sheaths, which may match the ringing of your airy bridles. We had never, it is true, a more formidable encounter than with colliers and old women. But if Boney and his invincibles did not come to share the fate of

———— ‘Alexander, king of Mæcedon,
Who conquered all the world but Scotland alone,’

why, it was not my fault; we dreamed of him, looked for him, and, by our Lady, hoped for him. So you see I am in reality *un vieux routier*. I had then a good seat on horseback, have ridden more than a hundred miles a day to join my corps on a sudden alarm, and in fact taught my son to ride when he was but seven years old. Now Age has clawed me in its clutches I still like the crack of the whip as well as an old sportsman can, who must always hear it with a sort of regret for the years and the strength that have gone far away. But seriously, I could not have had a more agreeable subject of study than Major Beamish's work, and I request you will make my best thanks acceptable to him.

“I have just glanced at the book, but cannot help saying how much I agree with Major Beamish in doubting the propriety of introducing defensive armour among our troops, especially as they have contrived to make the cuirasses so ill furred and insufficient. It is very odd that, eager as we are to avail ourselves of all foreign fashions in our uniforms and equipments, we always miss the point of utility. The Hussar cap, for example, is, according to the real Hungarian form, a useful thing. The long triangular flaps which hang down like a jelly bag, consist in a double slip of cloth which, when necessary, fold round the soldier's face on each side, and form a comfortable night-cap. In our service one single slip is left to fly and dangle about the ears, not a great convenience by day, and totally useless by night. I could say a great deal about pistols, broadswords, and carabines, but I bridle in my old war-horse (peace be with him!) and spare you.

“I have got some delightful news from the land of Oberon, which I hope will be soon put in such a shape as to be sent to you. A rummager of records lent me this Monday a most singular trial of an old woman who was tried, condemned, and burned alive for hold-

ing too close a connection with Elfland. The poor old woman was in fact tried for having succeeded in curing maladies by her prayers and spells as well as her herbs and ointments. Her familiar was one Tom Reid, whom she saw almost daily at the hour of noon; he died, as he told her—for to her he was a posthumous acquaintance—in the fatal battle of Pinkie, called the Black Saturday, and it seems was carried off by those wandering spirits the fairies, who, when Heaven and Hell were stewing stakes, came in for some portion, it would seem, of so magnificent a feast as the Black Saturday afforded.

“I will be delighted to see your collection, and think myself much honoured in the patronage your goodness has assigned me. I wish you would come down and see us at Abbotsford, where there is more than one place celebrated for the resort of the fairies, besides a small loch which is haunted by the water-bull. A respectable farmer told me he had seen him one evening raise his wrinkled brow above the water and roar till every hill rang again. I asked him if he might be the size of an otter? He replied indignantly that he was larger than the ordinary run of Highland *stotts*, &c. I had nothing for it but Trinculo’s solution, that ‘this must be the devil and no monster.’

“Always, my dear Sir,

“Yours truly obliged and faithful,

“*Edinburgh, 7th July, 1827.*”

“WALTER SCOTT.

The second series of the Fairy Legends appeared at the close of the year in which this letter was written, and bears the date of 1828. It had been looked forward to with impatience, and towards the close of the year the publisher in Cork, in a letter to the author, expresses this impatience in rather amusing terms. “When,” he says, “will the second series of the Legends appear?—every one here is most anxiously expecting it. I would not wonder if the Bishop of Cloyne should include ‘the Fairy Legends’ in his list of books for the use of candidates for Holy Orders, for you have no warmer admirer here than his Lordship.”

Among other popular writers with whom Mr Crofton Croker now became acquainted, was Miss Edgeworth, who expressed her opinion of it in the following pleasing letter. It was the moment when the fashion for the illustrated Annuals was at its height, and Mr Croker was at this time editing a juvenile annual entitled “The Christmas Box.”

“Edgeworth's Town, March 2nd, 1828.

“Mr C. Croker, the author of *Faivy Legends*, ought not to apologize for writing to Maria Edgeworth ‘without an introduction,’ but should do her the justice to believe that he is well known and well appreciated by her. Daniel O'Rourke's dream made her laugh more, and has given her the pleasure of making her friends laugh more, than anything she has read for years. It is in every way a true and first-rate specimen of Irish genius.

“I had intended to have delayed replying to your letter, Sir, till I had completed a little story for your next year's publication. I began to write one to-day, but I paused to consider that I am not sufficiently informed of the *length, breadth, and depth* of what you desire, to know how to work up my materials to fit your purpose. I have never yet seen your last Christmas Box, and must beg you to bribe me by a copy, which you may enclose to the Earl of Rosse, Parson's Town, Ireland, directing the inside cover to Miss Edgeworth, Edgeworth's Town; then he has only the trouble of putting his name at the corner to frank it to me. As soon as I have the book I can judge for what *ages* it is intended, but I should wish to know also about what number of pages you would desire my story to fill. I often find matter expand so under my hand, that I must take care to compress in time to keep in proportion to the space allotted.

“Mr Lockhart applied to me last year to request that I would contribute something to your publication, but I was then so circumstanced as not to be able to comply. I was very sorry to refuse any request of his, and am the more desirous now to be prompt in my compliance that I may prove at least my desire to be obliging to one to whom I feel obliged.

“I am, Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“MARIA EDGEWORTH.”

The following letter, dated a fortnight later, is also from Miss Edgeworth, and was written after she had received the new volume of the *Legends*.

“Edgeworth's Town, 16th March, 1828.

“SIR,

“The day I received your last letter I began to write a story for your Christmas Box. I have finished it this day—and it so

happened that at the moment I was reading it to my family a parcel containing, as I afterwards found, your *Fairy Legends*, was brought into the room. Ordered to lie on the table unopened till we had finished reading. My conscience would have twinged me when I opened the parcel and found your kind present, if I had not been at least doing my endeavour to fulfil your wishes. My MS. contains about 40 pages of folio paper, I should suppose, but have not time this day to count exactly; the whole will make about 45 of the printed pages, same as your Christmas Box for 1827. Let me know if this be too much for you. But observe, I don't think I can cut much without in some degree taking away life. I beg to know whether I may enclose the MS. to Mr Barrow. I cannot send it through my friend Lord Rosse's frank at present. Sir F. Freeling has sometimes allowed me to transmit MS. *only* through his frank. But I should scruple to apply to him at this moment, as I am informed the Post Office is undergoing some inquiry, which makes a difficulty with all the privileged orders.

"I much admire some of the designs and engravings in your *Fairy Legends*, and hope Messrs M'Clise and Brooke's talents may unite to make your next Christmas Box agreeable to young and old.

"The *Fairy Legends* are also beautifully printed, and got up altogether as Murray the Elegant usually gets up his books.

"My youngest brother has seized upon the new volume, and is devouring fairies and goblins while I am writing. My right of eldership and my nine points of the law, possession, I shall soon make good.

"Meantime I am, Sir,

"Your obliged and, I hope, obliging, humble servant,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

About the same time my father became acquainted with Miss Mitford, and the two following letters from that lady contain allusions to the publication of the second volume of the *Fairy Legends*. The first was written in the summer of 1828, when she was writing a story for the Christmas Box, which was to appear at the end of that year.

"*Three Mile Cross, 1st July.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I thank you most sincerely and most heartily for your very kind letter. It is a great pleasure to an authoress—the greatest certainly that in a literary capacity an authoress can have—to please and

interest those by whose writings she herself has been interested and pleased; and this gratification you have afforded me in no common degree. I only hope that, should any circumstances bring you again into our neighbourhood, you will not fail to knock at the door of our 'rose-covered' cottage, where you would find an Irish welcome, and finding that would, I am sure, forgive all other deficiencies, and where your presence would confer equal pleasure and honour. Now to our grave and important business. I am very glad that my little story suits you, and still more rejoiced to find that Miss Edgeworth has resumed her delightful pen. I dare say that the ghost story of last year was very bad for little boys and girls, for it was so exquisitely done that I myself could not get it out of my head for a month, and looked at the latch of my own door very doubtfully night and morning. But certainly my dear Mrs Hofland is right, and I have no doubt but the next year's Christmas Box will be the fitter for its intended readers for the want of such thrilling legends, however finely executed they may be. Will the enclosed little song suit you? It was written about a year ago, at the request of a musical professor, for a melody which he had composed, but which, at the time of writing the song, I had not heard. The air turned out to be very beautiful, but far too plaintive for the lines, so that it was published with other verses, and mine remained in the composer's hands, to be set at some future period. Up to last week I know that it was not set, the professor having left London, and I believe England, and probably forgotten or lost the song. There does not appear to me the slightest probability that it should ever be published; but nevertheless I think it right to tell you that there is, or was, a copy in another person's hands. I send it to you under this disadvantage, because it seems to me peculiarly fit for your little book, likely to please children by its liveliness, and fit for them by its negative qualities, its entire absence of sentiment and passion. Really these little people are difficult to write for. I am myself fully persuaded that you may use it without the slightest risk; but if you have any fears or scruples, you must let me know, and I will try to produce a few lines for you which nobody shall have ever seen. I am, however, sure that these are safe.

“ Believe me to be, dear Sir,

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ M. R. MITFORD.”

The other was written soon after the publication of that volume of the Christmas Box.

“ Three Mile Cross, Jan. 3rd, 1829.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I have to acknowledge the receipt of your very pretty book and a five-pound note, for both of which I beg you to accept my thanks. I was very sorry not to have an opportunity of making your acquaintance on the evening when we were named to each other at Mr Hall’s, but I felt so awkward amongst so many strangers that I think I must have looked quite like a fool. Some day or other I will hope that we may meet in a smaller circle, and if we do not like each other then, it will not be for the want of favourable prepossession on my part, for one of whom everybody speaks with so much regard, and from whom (to say nothing of his peculiar literary talents) I have myself experienced in our short intercourse so much kindness. I was quite sorry not to have had the power of acknowledging it on that night, but I felt so awkward, and that feeling being aggravated by exceeding near-sightedness, so afraid of addressing some one else by mistake, that I could not get courage to make anything like an advance towards the acquaintanceship which I really wished to establish. How very silly everybody must have thought me! And very kind as our host and hostess were, how much (don’t tell!) I wished myself at home! ‘Something too much of this!’

“ I am quite charmed with your little book; to meet Miss Edgeworth again is a treat indeed, and I hope you will try to persuade her to favour grown people as well as children, although not a child in Christendom can read her little stories, especially the matchless ‘Barring out,’ oftener than I do. Mr Brooke’s wood-cuts are really most beautiful.

“ Believe me ever, my dear Sir,

“ With the sincerest good wishes, very truly yours,

“ M. R. MITFORD.”

The following letter from the elder Disraeli also relates to the second series of the Fairy Legends.

“ Bloomsbury Square, Thursday, 24th Feb., 1829.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I receive with the greatest pleasure, from yourself, the elegant volume of ‘Fairy Legends,’ which my daughter, during her absence, had also sent her from our friend.

“ There never was a book which bears on its face a more promis-

ing look ; the wood-cuts are exquisite, the title page invites, and the notes, in which I have already dipped here and there, are full of curious reading and delightfully desultory.

"I read with great satisfaction the critique on Thiele. Is not the story of the Troll and the pudding, in its close, a parallel to one in your own collection? All that I wished for in the critique was a more philological view of the origin, and, if possible, a more historical account of these travelling Legends.

"I thank you for Col. Trench's project, which I suppose will not be carried into execution.

"I congratulate you on your *first* appearance, I presume, in these elegant trifles. I hope they will be public favourites. You have highly gratified the sensible part of the reading world in your preceding work, and I expect the Fairies will stand by you.

"I find my name most undeservedly mentioned in your notes. I value the kindness.

"Believe me with great esteem,

"My dear Sir, most truly yours,

"I. DISRAELI."

Two other letters relating to the second series of the Fairy Legends may also deserve a place here. The first is from Lockhart, the son-in-law of Scott, and editor of the Quarterly Review.

"DEAR CROKER,

"Your paper is in one of my little blue or red boxes, which, if you are in a great hurry, I hereby give you leave to overhaul in company with my wife ; I am however very sorry to think of losing great part of it, and hope you will bear the Old Quarterly *in mind*. I read the little book to my contentment in the Mail Coach, and then handed them over to the Baronet of Abbotsford, who, when I left him, was chuckling over them heartily. He at once recognized O'Donoghue.

"Yours truly,

"J. G. LOCKHART.

"I shall be in Town in ten days.

"*Amhenraith, Hamilton, Jan. 17, 1829.*"

The other is from the poet Moore.

"*Sloperton Cottage, Jan. 19, 1829.*

"Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your pretty volumes, The Fairy Legends ; I have not yet had time to finish them, but am much

amused with the parts I have read, and with none more than those about myself. Your kind feeling towards me is so evident through all the fun, that (thin-skinned as I am, or rather was) it would be impossible for me to be offended at it.

“Wishing you every success, I am

“Very truly yours,

“THOMAS MOORE.”

From this time Crofton Croker shared his time between a steady attendance on his official duties and active literary labours. Among his subsequent publications may be mentioned, “The Christmas-Box,” already alluded to, and containing contributions by Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Ainsworth, Maria Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, and others; “Legends of the Lakes; or, Sayings and Doings at Killarney,” published in 1829, and re-edited in 1831; “A Memoir of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in 1798,” published in 1837; and “The Popular Songs of Ireland,” 1839. Mr Croker was also a constant contributor to the periodical literature of his day, and was an active *collaborateur* with the various clubs, such as the Camden, Percy, and other similar societies.

For eight years Mr Crofton Croker resided at Rosamond’s Bower, Fulham, which he had fitted up with much antiquarian and artistic taste; and it was there that he loved to gather round him his literary friends, such as Moore, Rogers, Maria Edgeworth, Lucy Aikin, “Father Prout” (Mahony), Barham (Ingoldsby), Sydney Smith, Jerdan, Theodore Hook, Lover, Lords Braybrooke, Strangford, and Northampton, Lord Albert Conyngham (afterwards Lord Londesborough), Sir G. Back, John Barrow, Sir Emerson Tennent, Wyon, Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, T. Wright, Planché, and many others.

It has been already stated that Mr Crofton Croker married, in 1830, Miss Marianne Nicholson, in whom he found a partner with similar tastes to his own. She was the author of two books, “Barney Mahoney,” and “My Village *versus* Our Village,” (the latter intended as a reply to the well-known book by Miss Mitford,) which, at her desire, were published under the name of her husband. Mr Crofton Croker died at his residence, 3, Gloucester Road, Old Brompton, on the 8th of August, 1854, at the age of 57, and was buried in the grave of his father-in-law, Mr Francis Nicholson, in the Brompton Cemetery.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO THE FIRST VOLUME, SECOND EDITION.

WHEN collecting the following stories I had no idea that I should be called upon for a preface to a second edition; the favour with which they have been received was completely unexpected by me.

I have introduced into the notes, and on one or two occasions into the text, alterations suggested by friends, and by the critics who gave themselves the trouble of noticing these tales. The Quarterly Reviewer will find that I have, in the note on "the Legend of Knockgraston," availed myself of the information with which he has supplied me in his kind and learned critique. A clever correspondent of the Literary Gazette will perceive that, in the notes on "the Haunted Cellar" and "Seeing is Believing," his anecdotes have been transferred to my pages. With respect to other critics I have nothing particular to say, except to inform the jocular writer in Blackwood, who advised me to give an annual duodecimo on fairies, that although a regular book of the kind *annually* would be too much, yet I mean to comply with the hint so far as shortly to trouble the public with *one* more, in which I shall be enabled to complete my illustrations of Irish Fairy Superstitions, by traditions of the Merrow (Mermaid), Fir darrig, Dullahans, &c.

I have heard some objections from Ireland to the unpretending stories in this volume, such as their being too trite, and their being extremely common in that country. I confess that I look upon these objections as compliments. I make no pretension to originality, and avow at once, that there is no story in my book which has not been told by half the old women of the district in which the scene is laid. I give them as I found them—as indications of a particular superstition in the minds of a part, and an important part, of my countrymen—the peasantry.

It would be too much to say with the French critic in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, (who, I may remark *en passant*, has whimsically enough imagined that the Irish names of the different classes of the fairies are districts of the country,) that “*Le cœur saigne, en voyant un peuple si hardi, si brave, si intelligent, livré aux ténèbres du moyen âge,*”—for such is not exactly the fact. But if we talk seriously, there is no risk in asserting that whatever throws a light on any peculiarity of the human mind is worthy of attention; and if we talk lightly, we may as safely say that such speculations are at least amusing.

Having mentioned one of my French critics, I cannot pass by another, “*Le Globe,*” a very clever literary paper, without offering my thanks for the civility and exactness of its notice.

It is flattering to find that these legends have been translated into German * by Messrs Grimm, one of whose amusing works on fairy superstition is familiar to the English reader under the title of “*German Popular Stories.*” I have not yet seen a copy of the *Mährchen und Sagen aus Süd-Irland*, and I am therefore only able generally to return my acknowledgments.

To the English translator of Messrs Grimm’s *Kinder und Haus-Mährchen* I feel grateful for the notice taken of this collection at the close of his second volume. His spirited trans-

* *Mährchen und Sagen aus Süd-Irland. Aus dem Engl. übersetzt und mit Anmerkungen bereichert von den Brüdern Grimm.—Friedrich Fleischer. Leipzig, 1825.*

lation has been the means in this country of calling attention to the subject, and decorated as it is by the fanciful needle of George Cruikshank, forms a pleasing addition to our light literature.

If this little volume, however, produced me no other satisfaction than the following letter from Sir Walter Scott, I should not regret having written it. To say that praise from *him* is a compliment which I feel, would be indeed superfluous.

“TO THE AUTHOR OF IRISH FAIRY LEGENDS.

“SIR,

“I have been obliged by the courtesy which sent me your very interesting work on Irish Superstitions, and no less by the amusement which it has afforded me, both from the interest of the stories, and the lively manner in which they are told. You are to consider this, sir, as a high compliment from one, who holds him on the subject of elves, ghosts, visions, &c., nearly as strong as William Churne of Staffordshire,

‘Who every year can mend your cheer
With tales both old and new.’

“The extreme similarity of your fictions to ours in Scotland is very striking. The Claricaine (which is an admirable subject for a pantomime) is not known here. I suppose the Scottish cheer was not sufficient to tempt to the hearth either him, or that singular demon called by Heywood the Buttery Spirit, which diminished the profits of an unjust landlord by eating up all that he cribbed from his guests.

“The beautiful superstition of the Banshee seems in a great measure peculiar to Ireland, though in some highland families there is such a spectre, particularly in that of Mac Lean of Lochbù; but I think I could match all your other tales with something similar.

“I can assure you, however, that the progress of philosophy has not even yet entirely ‘pulled the old woman out of our hearts,’ as Addison expresses it. Witches are still held in reasonable detestation, although we no longer burn or even *score above the breath*. As for the water bull, they live who would take their oaths to having seen him emerge from a small lake on the boundary of my property here, scarce large enough to have held him, I should think. Some traits in

his description seem to answer the hippopotamus, and these are always mentioned both in highland and lowland story: strange if we could conceive there existed, under a tradition so universal, some shadowy reference to these fossil bones of animals which are so often found in the lakes and bogs.

“But to leave antediluvian stories for the freshest news from fairy land, I cannot resist the temptation to send you an account of king Oberon's court, which was verified before me as a magistrate with all the solemnities of a court of justice, within this fortnight past. A young shepherd, a lad of about eighteen years of age, well brought up, and of good capacity, and that I may be perfectly accurate, in the service of a friend, a most respectable farmer at Oakwood, on the estate of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, made oath and said, that going to look after some sheep which his master had directed to be put upon some turnips, and passing in the grey of the morning a small copse-wood adjacent to the river Etterick, he was surprised at the sight of four or five little personages, about two feet or thirty inches in height, who were seated under the trees and apparently in deep conversation. At this singular appearance he paused till he had refreshed his noble courage with a prayer and a few recollections of last Sunday's sermon, and then advanced to the little party. But observing that, instead of disappearing, they seemed to become yet more magnificently distinct than before, and now doubting nothing, from their foreign dresses and splendid decorations, that they were the choice ornaments of the fairy court, he fairly turned tail and went to ‘raise the water,’ as if the Southr'on had made a raid. Others came to the rescue, and yet the fairy *cortège* awaited their arrival in still and silent dignity.—I wish I could stop here, for the devil take all explanations, they stop duels and destroy the credit of apparitions, neither allow ghosts to be made in an honourable way, or to be believed in (poor souls) when they revisit the glimpses of the moon.

“I must however explain, like other honourable gentlemen, elsewhere.—You must know, that like our neighbours, we have a school of arts for our mechanics at G——, a small manufacturing town in this country, and that the tree of knowledge there as elsewhere produces its usual crop of good and evil. The day before this avatar of Oberon was a fair-day at Selkirk, and amongst other popular diversions, was one which, in former days, I would have called a

puppet show, and its master a puppet showman. He has put me right, however, by informing me, that he writes himself *artist from Vaux-hall*, and that he exhibits *fantoccini*; call them what you will, it seems they gave great delight to the unwashed artificers of G—. Formerly they would have been contented to wonder and applaud, but not so were they satisfied in our modern days of investigation, for they broke into Punch's sanctuary forcibly, after he had been laid aside for the evening, made violent seizure of his person, and carried off him, his spouse, and Heaven knows what captives besides, in their plaid nooks, to be examined at leisure. All this they literally did (forcing a door to accomplish their purpose) in the spirit of science alone, or but slightly stimulated by that of malt whiskey, with which last we have been of late deluged. Cool reflection came as they retreated by the banks of the Etterick; they made the discovery that they could no more make Punch move than Lord — could make him speak, and recollecting, I believe, that there was such a person as the sheriff in the world, they abandoned their prisoners, in hopes, as they pretended, that they would be found and restored in safety to their proper owner.

“It is only necessary to add that the artist had his losses made good by a subscription, and the scientific inquirers escaped with a small fine, as a warning not to indulge such an irregular spirit of research in future.

“As this somewhat tedious story contains the very last news from fairy land, I hope you will give it acceptance, and beg you to believe very much

“Your obliged and thankful servant,

“WALTER SCOTT.

“*Abbotsford, Melrose, 27th April, 1825.*”

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

IN redeeming a promise made in the preface to the second edition of the Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland, and placing before the public a second part of the same work, I trust that the indulgence which the former volume has experienced will be extended to the present collection.

The literary intercourse of European nations is now so great, and translation so common, that a writer has in general but little reason to plume himself on his work having appeared in a French or German dress. But the character of the translator may confer value on that otherwise indifferent circumstance; and I cannot but feel and express a considerable degree of satisfaction at observing my former volume translated into German by such eminent scholars as the brothers Grimm, whose friendship and valuable correspondence it has also procured me. Their version, which I had not seen when the second edition appeared, is, as might be expected, faithful and spirited; and to it they have prefixed a most learned and valuable introduction respecting fairy superstition in general.

“Whoever,” says Dr Grimm, in the preface to the German translation, “has a relish for innocent and simple poetry, will feel attracted by these tales. They possess a peculiar flavour which is not without its charms, and they come to us from a country of which we are in general reminded in but few, and those not very pleasant, relations. It is, moreover, inhabited by a people whose antiquity and early civilization is attested by

history; and who, as they in part still speak their own language, must retain living traces of their former times, to show which the belief in supernatural beings here exhibited yields, perhaps, one of the best examples."

The following extracts from the public prints are evidences of the popular superstition of Ireland, and are in themselves too remarkable to be omitted in a work professing to illustrate the subject. Deeply as I lament that such delusion should exist, these facts will sufficiently prove that I have not (as has been insinuated) conjured up forgotten tales, or attempted to perpetuate a creed which had disappeared. On the contrary my aim has been to bring the twilight tales of the peasantry before the view of the philosopher; as, if suffered to remain unnoticed, the latent belief in them may long have lingered among the inhabitants of the wild mountain and lonesome glen, to retard the progress of their civilization.

"FRATHE ASSIZES, July, 1826.--*Child Murder.*--Ann Roche, an old woman of very advanced age, was indicted for the murder of Michael Leahy, a young child, by drowning him in the Flesk. This case, which at first assumed a very serious aspect, from the meaning imputed to words spoken by the prisoner, 'that the sin of the child's death was on the grandmother, and not on the prisoner,' turned out to be a homicide committed under the delusion of the grossest superstition. The child, though four years old, could neither stand, walk, or speak--*it was thought to be fairy-struck*--and the grandmother ordered the prisoner and one of the witnesses, Mary Clifford, to bathe the child every morning in that pool of the river Flesk where the boundaries of three farms met; they had so bathed it for three mornings running, and on the last morning the prisoner kept the child longer under the water than usual, when her companion (the witness, Mary Clifford) said to the prisoner, 'How can you hope ever to see God after this?' to which the prisoner replied, 'that the sin was on the grandmother and not on her.' Upon cross-examination, the witness said it was not done with intent to kill the child, but to cure it--*to put the fairy out of it.*

"The policeman who apprehended her stated, that on charging

her with drowning the child, she said it was no matter if it had died four years ago.

"Baron Pennefather said, that though it was a case of suspicion, and required to be thoroughly examined into, yet the jury would not be safe in convicting the prisoner of murder, however strong their suspicions might be. Verdict—Not guilty."—*Morning Post*.

"An inquest was held on Saturday last, on the body of a man of the name of Connor, a schoolmaster, in the neighbourhood of Castle Nenor, county of Sligo. This unfortunate man had expressed his determination to read his recantation on the following Sunday, notwithstanding all the efforts of his friends to dissuade him; they succeeded in enticing him into a house, where he was found suspended from the ceiling. A verdict of Wilful Murder against persons unknown was found at the inquest, and warrants were issued against his own father and two of his cousins on suspicion of having perpetrated the deed. These persons endeavoured to circulate a report that he had been hanged by the *fairies*. It appeared on the inquest that those persons, who were the first to give the alarm, had passed by some houses in the immediate vicinity of the house where the body was found hanging."—*Dublin Evening Mail*, 18th April, 1827.

It would be in the power of every one conversant with the manners of the country to produce instances of the undoubting belief in these superstitions, if not so formal and revolting as the foregoing, yet fully as convincing.

Notwithstanding the collection of Irish fairy legends, which I have formed in this and the former volume, the subject is far from being exhausted. But here, at least as relates to Ireland, I have determined to finish my task.

In conclusion, I have to offer my very best acknowledgments for the many communications with which I have been favoured. To Mr Lynch, in particular, my thanks are due for a manuscript collection of legends, from which those of "Diarmaid Bawn, the Piper," and "Rent Day" have been selected. The material assistance, however, derived from various sources will be evident, and these sources are so numerous as almost to preclude individual mention.

CONTENTS.

THE SHEFRO.

	PAGE
The Legend of Knocksheogowna	1
The Legend of Knockferna	6
The Legend of Knockgrafton	10
The Priest's Supper	17
The Young Piper	22
The Brewery of Egg-shells	32
The Changeling	36
Capture of Bridget Purcell	39
The Legend of Bottle-hill	41
The Confessions of Tom Bourke	51
Fairies or no Fairies	67

THE CLURICAUNE.

The Haunted Cellar	73
Seeing is Believing	85
Master and Man	91
The Turf Cutters	100
The Field of Boliauns	102
The Little Shoe	108

THE BANSHEE.

	PAGE
The Bunworth Banshee	110
The Mac Carthy Banshee	117

THE PHOOKA.

The Spirit Horse	135
Daniel O'Rourke	140
The Crookened Back	148
The Haunted Castle	155

THIERNA NA OGE.

Fior Usga	160
Cormac and Mary	165
The Legend of Lough Gur	167
The Enchanted Lake	171
The Legend of O'Donoghue	175

THE MERROW.

The Lady of Gollerus	180
Flory Cantillon's Funeral	190
The Soul Cages	195
The Lord of Dunkerron	211
The Wonderful Tune	215

THE DULLAHAN.

The Good Woman	225
Hanlon's Mill	236
The Harvest Dinner	241

	PAGE
The Death Coach	254
The Headless Horseman	257

THE FIR-DARRIG.

Diarmid Bawn, the Piper	266
Teigue of the Lee	272
Ned Sheehy's Excuse	280
The Lucky Guest	295

TREASURE LEGENDS.

Dreaming Tim Jarvis	303
Rent-Day	312
Scath-a-Legaune	316
Linn-na-Payshta	325

ROCKS AND STONES.

Legend of Cairn Thierna	334
The Rock of the Candle	337
Clough na Cuddy	341
Barry of Cairn Thierna	351
The Giant's Stairs	358



TO THE

DOWAGER LADY CHATTERTON,
CASTLE MAHON.

THEE, Lady, would I lead through Fairy-land
(Whence cold and doubting reasoners are exiled),
A land of dreams, with air-built castles piled;
The moonlight SIEFROS there, in merry band
With artful CLURCAUNE, should ready stand
To welcome thee—Imagination's child!
Till on thy ear would burst so sadly wild
The BANSHEE's shriek, who points with wither'd hand.
In the dim twilight should the PUCOOKA come,
Whose dusky form fades in the sunny light,
That opens clear, calm LAKES upon thy sight,
Where blessed spirits dwell in endless bloom.
I know thee, Lady—thou wilt not deride
Such Fairy Scenes.—Then onward with thy Guide.

J. Crofton Croker.

FAIRY LEGENDS.

THE SHEFRO.



“ Fairy Elves
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course.”—MILTON.

THE LEGEND OF KNOCKSHEOGOWNA.

IN Tipperary is one of the most singularly shaped hills in the world. It has got a peak at the top like a conical nightcap thrown carelessly over your head as you awake in the morning. On the very point is built a sort of lodge, where in the summer the lady who built it and her friends used to go on

parties of pleasure ; but that was long after the days of the fairies, and it is, I believe, now deserted.

But before lodge was built, or acre sown, there was close to the head of this hill a large pasturage, where a herdsman spent his days and nights among the herd. The spot had been an old fairy ground, and the good people were angry that the scene of their light and airy gambols should be trampled by the rude hoofs of bulls and cows. The lowing of the cattle sounded sad in their ears, and the chief of the fairies of the hill determined in person to drive away the new comers, and the way she thought of was this. When the harvest nights came on, and the moon shone bright and brilliant over the hill, and the cattle were lying down hushed and quiet, and the herdsman, wrapt in his mantle, was musing with his heart gladdened by the glorious company of the stars twinkling above him, she would come and dance before him,—now in one shape—now in another,—but all ugly and frightful to behold. One time she would be a great horse, with the wings of an eagle, and a tail like a dragon, hissing loud and spitting fire. Then in a moment she would change into a little man lame of a leg, with a bull's head, and a lambent flame playing around it. Then into a great ape, with duck's feet and a turkey-cock's tail. But I should be all day about it were I to tell you all the shapes she took. And then she would roar, or neigh, or hiss, or bellow, or howl, or hoot, as never yet was roaring, neighing, hissing, bellowing, howling, or hooting, heard in this world before or since. The poor herdsman would cover his face, and call on all the saints for help, but it was no use. With one puff of her breath she would blow away the fold of his great coat, let him hold it never so tightly over his eyes, and not a saint in heaven paid him the slightest attention. And to make matters worse, he never could stir ; no, nor even shut his eyes, but there was obliged to stay, held by what power he knew not, gazing at these terrible sights until the hair of his head would lift his hat half a foot over his crown, and his teeth would be ready to fall out from chattering. But the cattle would scamper about mad, as if they were bitten by the fly ; and this would last until the sun rose over the hill.

The poor cattle from want of rest were pining away, and food did them no good; besides, they met with accidents without end. Never a night passed that some of them did not fall into a pit, and get maimed, or may be, killed. Some would tumble into a river and be drowned: in a word, there seemed never to be an end of the accidents. But what made the matter worse, there could not be a herdsman got to tend the cattle by night. One visit from the fairy drove the stoutest-hearted almost mad. The owner of the ground did not know what to do. He offered double, treble, quadruple wages, but not a man could be found for the sake of money to go through the horror of facing the fairy. She rejoiced at the successful issue of her project, and continued her pranks. The herd gradually thinning, and no man daring to remain on the ground, the fairies came back in numbers, and gambolled as merrily as before, quaffing dew-drops from acorns, and spreading their feast on the head of capacious mushroom-rooms.

What was to be done, the puzzled farmer thought in vain. He found that his substance was daily diminishing, his people terrified, and his rent-day coming round. It is no wonder that he looked gloomy, and walked mournfully down the road. Now in that part of the world dwelt a man of the name of Larry Hoolahan, who played on the pipes better than any other player within fifteen parishes. A roving, dashing blade was Larry, and feared nothing. Give him plenty of liquor, and he would defy the devil. He would face a mad bull, or fight single-handed against a fair. In one of his gloomy walks the farmer met him, and on Larry's asking the cause of his down looks, he told him all his misfortunes. "If that is all ails you," said Larry, "make your mind easy. Were there as many fairies on Knockshegowna as there are potato blossoms in Eliogurty,* I would face

It would be a queer thing, indeed, if I, who never afraid of a proper man, should turn my back upon a brat iry not the bigness of one's thumb." "Larry," said the farmer, "do not talk so bold, for you know not who is hear-

[Eliogurty is the name of a barony in the county Tipperary, re-
famous for its fertility.]

ing you; but, if you make your words good, and watch my herds for a week on the top of the mountain, your hand shall be free of my dish till the sun has burnt itself down to the bigness of a farthing rushlight."

The bargain was struck, and Larry went to the hill-top, when the moon began to peep over the brow. He had been regaled at the farmer's house, and was bold with the extract of barley-corn. So he took his seat on a big stone under a hollow of the bill, with his back to the wind, and pulled out his pipes. He had not played long when the voice of the fairies was heard upon the blast, like a low stream of music. Presently they burst out into a loud laugh, and Larry could plainly hear one say, "What! another man upon the fairies' ring? Go to him, queen, and make him repent his rashness;" and they flew away. Larry felt them pass by his face as they flew like a swarm of midges; and, looking up hastily, he saw between the moon and him a great black cat, standing on the very tip of its claws, with its back up, and mewling with a voice of a water-mill. Presently it swelled up towards the sky, and, turning round on its left hind leg, whirled till it fell to the ground, from which it started in the shape of a salmon, with a cravat round its neck, and a pair of new top-boots. "Go on, jewel," said Larry: "if you dance, I'll pipe;" and he struck up. So she turned into this, and that, and the other, but still Larry played on, as he well knew how. At last she lost patience, as ladies will do when you do not mind their scolding, and changed herself into a calf, milk-white as the cream of Cork, and with eyes as mild as those of the girl I love. She came up gentle and fawning, in hopes to throw him off his guard by quietness, and then to work him some wrong. But Larry was not so deceived; for when she came up, he, dropping his pipes, leaped upon her back.

Now from the top of Knockshegowna, as you look ward to the broad Atlantic, you will see the Shannon of rivers, "spreading like a sea," and running on in course to mingle with the ocean through the fair Limerick. On this night it shone under the moon, and beautiful from the distant hill. Fifty boats were glid

and down on the sweet current, and the song of the fishermen rose gaily from the shore. Larry, as I said before, leaped upon the back of the fairy, and she, rejoicing at the opportunity, sprung from the hill-top, and bounded clear, at one jump, over the Shannon, flowing as it was just ten miles from the mountain's base. It was done in a second, and when she alighted on the distant bank, kicking up her heels, she flung Larry on the soft turf. No sooner was he thus planted, than he looked her straight in the face, and, scratching his head, cried out, "By my word, well done! that was not a bad leap for a calf!"

She looked at him for a moment, and then assumed her own shape. "Laurence," said she, "you are a bold fellow; will you come back the way you went?" "And that's what I will," said he, "if you let me." So changing to a calf again, again Larry got on her back, and at another bound they were again upon the top of Knockshegowna. The fairy once more resuming her figure, addressed him: "You have shown so much courage, Laurence," said she, "that while you keep herds on this hill you never shall be molested by me or mine. The day dawns, go down to the farmer, and tell him this; and if anything I can do may be of service to you, ask and you shall have it." She vanished accordingly; and kept her word in never visiting the hill during Larry's life: but he never troubled her with requests. He piped and drank at the farmer's expense, and roosted in his chimney corner, occasionally casting an eye to the flock. He died at last, and is buried in a green valley of pleasant Tipperary: but whether the fairies returned to the hill of Knockshegowna after his death is more than I can say.

Knockshegowna signifies "*The Hill of the Fairy Calf.*"

The figure of "a salmon with a cravat round its neck, and a pair of new top-boots," is perhaps rather too absurd, but it has been judged best to give the legend as received, particularly as it affords a fair specimen of the very extravagant imagery in which the Irish are so fond of indulging.

The song of Castle Hyde, so well known in the south of Ireland,

presents a salmon engaged in as unfishlike an employment as that of dancing in a pair of new top-boots.

"The trout and salmon
Play at Backgammon
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde."

[Shefro, which is given as the title of this division of the legends, signifies a fairy, and is applied particularly to the "good people."]

THE LEGEND OF KNOCKFIERNA.

It is a very good thing not to be any way in dread of the fairies, for without doubt they have then less power over a person; but to make too free with them, or to disbelieve in them altogether, is as foolish a thing as mau, woman, or child can do.

It has been truly said that "good manners are no burthen," and that "civility costs nothing;" but there are some people fool-hardy enough to disregard doing a civil thing, which, whatever they may think, can never harm themselves or any one else, and who at the same time will go out of their way for a bit of mischief, which never can serve them; but sooner or later they will come to know better, as you shall hear of Carroll O'Daly, a strapping young fellow up out of Connaught, whom they used to call, in his own country, "Devil Daly."

Carroll O'Daly used to go roving about from one place to another, and the fear of nothing stopped him; he would as soon pass an old churchyard, or a regular fairy ground, at any hour of the night, as go from one room into another, without ever making the sign of the cross, or saying, "Good luck attend you, gentlemen."

It so happened that he was once journeying in the county of Limerick, towards "the Balbec of Ireland," the venerable town of Kilmallock; and just at the foot of Knockfierna he

overtook a respectable-looking man jogging along upon a white pony. The night was coming on, and they rode side by side for some time, without much conversation passing between them, further than saluting each other very kindly; at last, Carroll O'Daly asked his companion how far he was going?

"Not far your way," said the farmer, for such his appearance bespoke him: "I'm only going to the top of this hill here."

"And what might take you there," said O'Daly, "at this time of the night?"

"Why then," replied the farmer, "if you want to know, 'tis the *good people*."

"The fairies, you mean," said O'Daly.

"Whist! whist!" said his fellow-traveller, "or you may be sorry for it;" and he turned his pony off the road they were going towards a little path which led up the side of the mountain, wishing Carroll O'Daly good-night and a safe journey.

"That fellow," thought Carroll, "is about no good this blessed night, and I would have no fear of swearing wrong if I took my Bible oath, that it is something else beside the fairies, or the good people, as he calls them, that is taking him up the mountain at this hour—The fairies!" he repeated—"is it for a well-shaped man like him to be going after little chaps like the fairies? to be sure some say there are such things, and more say not; but I know this, that never afraid would I be of a dozen of them, ay, of two dozen, for that matter, if they are no bigger than what I hear tell of."

Carroll O'Daly, whilst these thoughts were passing in his mind, had fixed his eyes stedfastly on the mountain, behind which the full moon was rising majestically. Upon an elevated point that appeared darkly against the moon's disk, he beheld the figure of a man leading a pony, and he had no doubt it was that of the farmer with whom he had just parted company.

A sudden resolve to follow flashed across the mind of O'Daly with the speed of lightning: both his courage and

curiosity had been worked up by his cogitations to a pitch of chivalry ; and muttering " Here's after you, old boy," he dismounted from his horse, bound him to an old thorn-tree, and then commenced vigorously ascending the mountain.

Following as well as he could the direction taken by the figures of the man and pony, he pursued his way, occasionally guided by their partial appearance : and after toiling nearly three hours over a rugged and sometimes swampy path, came to a green spot on the top of the mountain, where he saw the white pony at full liberty, grazing as quietly as may be. O'Daly looked around for the rider, but he was nowhere to be seen ; he however soon discovered close to where the pony stood an opening in the mountain like the mouth of a pit, and he remembered having heard, when a child, many a tale about the " Poul-duve," or Black Hole of Knockfierna ; how it was the entrance to the fairy castle which was within the mountain ; and how a man, whose name was Ahern, a land-surveyor in that part of the country, had once attempted to fathom it with a line, and had been drawn down into it and was never again heard of ; with many other tales of the like nature.

" But," thought O'Daly, " these are old women's stories ; and since I've come up so far I'll just knock at the castle door, and see if the fairies are at home."

No sooner said than done ; for seizing a large stone as big, ay, bigger than his two hands, he flung it with all his strength down into the Poul-duve of Knockfierna. He heard it bounding and tumbling about from one rock to another with a terrible noise, and he leant his head over to try and hear if it would reach the bottom,—when what should the very stone he had thrown in do but come up again with as much force as it had gone down, and gave him such a blow full in the face, that it sent him rolling down the side of Knockfierna, head over heels, tumbling from one crag to another, much faster than he came up ; and in the morning Carroll O'Daly was found lying beside his horse ; the bridge of his nose broken, which disfigured him for life ; his head all cut and bruised, and both his eyes closed up, and as black as if Sir Daniel Donnelly had painted them for him.

Carroll O'Daly was never bold again in riding alone near the haunts of the fairies after dusk ; but small blame to him for that ; and if ever he happened to be benighted in a lone-some place he would make the best of his way to his journey's end, without asking questions, or turning to the right or to the left, to seek after the good people, or any who kept company with them.

This legend was briefly and in some parts inaccurately told in the *Literary Gazette* (Sept. 11, 1824), where Knock Fierna is translated the Hill of the Fairies : this cannot be correct ; the compound, Fierna, is probably derived from Firinne, the Irish for truth ; which conjecture is supported by an idiom, current in the county Limerick, commonly used at the conclusion of an argument, when one party has failed to convince the other, "Go to Knockfierna, and you will see who is right."

Carroll O'Daly, the hero, is much celebrated both in Irish song and tradition. The popular melody of *Ellen a Roon* is said to have been composed and sung by him when he carried off Miss Elinor Kavanagh after the manner of young Lochiuvar. This romantic anecdote is told in the *Life of Cormac Common*, to be found in Walker's *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*.

An adventure of Carroll O'Daly's on the banks of Lough Lean (Killarney Lake), with a Sheban, or female spirit, forms the subject of a favourite Irish song.

In a note on the ballad of the Gay Goss Hawk, to be found in the 2nd volume of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, reference is made to "a MS. translation of an Irish Fairy Tale, called the Adventures of Paravla, Princess of Scotland, and Carroll O'Daly, son of Donogh More O'Daly, Chief Bard of Ireland." This tale, judging from the short extract and notice given of it, appears to be a fragment of the well-known adventures of the beautiful Deirdre and her unfortunate lover, Naoise, an analysis of which may be seen in Miss Brooke's *Relics of Irish Poetry* (p. 13) : indeed the tale serves as the key-stone to a multitude of Irish verses in which the valour of Eogain and the vengeance of Cucullin are celebrated.

The family of O'Daly have been for many centuries famous in Ireland for romantic courage and bardic acquirements.

Angus or Æneas O'Daly, better known by the names of Angus Na

Naor (Angus of the satires), and Bard Ruadh or the Red Bard, who died in 1617, is said in a tradition, full of wild and singular incidents, to have been secretly employed by the Earl of Essex, and Sir George Carew, to satirize his own countrymen and the families of English descent, as the Fitzgeralds or Geraldines, who had from their long residence fallen into the habits of the "Irishry." This disreputable task, though his verses proved of little political importance, he performed with some skill, and was rewarded, according to the fashion of the times, with a grant of land.

THE LEGEND OF KNOCKGRAFTON.

THERE was once a poor man who lived in the fertile glen of Aberlow, at the foot of the gloomy Galtee mountains, and he had a great hump on his back : he looked just as if his body had been rolled up and placed upon his shoulders ; and his head was pressed down with the weight so much, that his chin, when he was sitting, used to rest upon his knees for support. The country people were rather shy of meeting him in any lonesome place, for though, poor creature, he was as harmless and as inoffensive as a new-born infant, yet his deformity was so great, that he scarcely appeared to be a human creature, and some ill-minded persons had set strange stories about him afloat. He was said to have a great knowledge of herbs and charms ; but certain it was that he had a mighty skilful hand in plaiting straw and rushes into hats and baskets, which was the way he made his livelihood.

Lusmore, for that was the nickname put upon him by reason of his always wearing a sprig of the fairy cap, or lusmore, (the foxglove,) in his little straw hat, would ever get a higher penny for his plaited work than any one else, and perhaps that was the reason why some one, out of envy, had circulated the strange stories about him. Be that as it may, it happened that he was returning one evening from the pretty town of Cahir towards Cappagh, and as little Lusmore walked very

slowly, on account of the great hump upon his back, it was quite dark when he came to the old moat of Knockgrafton, which stood on the right-hand side of his road. Tired and weary was he, and noways comfortable in his own mind at thinking how much farther he had to travel, and that he should be walking all the night; so he sat down under the moat to rest himself, and began looking mournfully enough upon the moon, which

“Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent Queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.”

Presently there rose a wild strain of unearthly melody upon the ear of little Lusmore; he listened, and he thought that he had never heard such ravishing music before. It was like the sound of many voices, each mingling and blending with the other so strangely, that they seemed to be one, though all singing different strains, and the words of the song were these:

Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, when there would be a moment's pause, and then the round of melody went on again.

Lusmore listened attentively, scarcely drawing his breath lest he might lose the slightest note. He now plainly perceived that the singing was within the moat, and though at first it had charmed him so much, he began to get tired of hearing the same round sung over and over so often without any change; so availing himself of the pause when the *Da Luan, Da Mort*, had been sung three times, he took up the tune and raised it with the words *augus Da Cadine*, and then went on singing with the voices inside of the moat, *Da Luan, Da Mort*, finishing the melody, when the pause again came, with *augus Da Cadine*.

The fairies within Knockgrafton, for the song was a fairy melody, when they heard this addition to their tune, were so much delighted, that with instant resolve it was determined to bring the mortal among them, whose musical skill so far exceeded theirs, and little Lusmore was conveyed into their company with the eddying speed of a whirlwind.

Glorious to behold was the sight that burst upon him as

he came down through the moat, twirling round and round and round with the lightness of a straw, to the sweetest music that kept time to his motion. The greatest honour was then paid him, for he was put up above all the musicians, and he had servants 'tending upon him, and everything to his heart's content, and a hearty welcome to all; and in short he was made as much of as if he had been the first man in the land.

Presently Lusmore saw a great consultation going forward among the fairies, and, notwithstanding all their civility, he felt very much frightened, until one stepping out from the rest came up to him and said,—

“Lusmore! Lusmore!
Doubt not, nor deplore,
For the hump which you bore
On your back is no more;
Look down on the floor,
And view it, Lusmore!”

When these words were said, poor little Lusmore felt himself so light, and so happy, that he thought he could have bounded at one jump over the moon, like the cow in the history of the cat and the fiddle; and he saw, with inexpressible pleasure, his hump tumble down upon the ground from his shoulders. He then tried to lift up his head, and he did so with becoming caution, fearing that he might knock it against the ceiling of the grand hall, where he was; he looked round and round again with the greatest wonder and delight upon everything, which appeared more and more beautiful; and overpowered at beholding such a resplendent scene, his head grew dizzy, and his eyesight became dim. At last he fell into a sound sleep, and when he awoke he found that it was broad day-light, the sun shining brightly, the birds singing sweet; and that he was lying just at the foot of the moat of Knockgraston, with the cows and sheep grazing peaceably round about him. The first thing Lusmore did, after saying his prayers, was to put his hand behind to feel for his hump, but no sign of one was there on his back, and he looked at himself with great pride, for he had now become a well-shaped, dapper little fellow; and more than that,

found himself in a full suit of new clothes, which he concluded the fairies had made for him.

Towards Cappagh he went, stepping out as lightly, and springing up at every step as if he had been all his life a dancing-master. Not a creature who met Lusmore knew him without his hump, and he had great work to persuade every one that he was the same man—in truth he was not, so far as outward appearance went.

Of course it was not long before the story of Lusmore's hump got about, and a great wonder was made of it. Through the country, for miles round, it was the talk of every one, high and low.

One morning as Lusmore was sitting contented enough at his cabin-door, up came an old woman to him, and asked if he could direct her to Cappagh?

"I need give you no directions, my good woman," said Lusmore, "for this is Cappagh; and whom may you want here?"

"I have come," said the woman, "out of Decie's country, in the county of Waterford, looking after one Lusmore, who, I have heard tell, had his hump taken off by the fairies: for there is a son of a gossip of mine who has got a hump on him that will be his death; and may be, if he could use the same charm as Lusmore, the hump may be taken off him. And now I have told you the reason of my coming so far: 'tis to find out about this charm, if I can."

Lusmore, who was ever a good-natured little fellow, told the woman all the particulars, how he had raised the tune for the fairies at Knockgrafton, how his hump had been removed from his shoulders, and how he had got a new suit of clothes into the bargain.

The woman thanked him very much, and then went away quite happy and easy in her own mind. When she came back to her gossip's house, in the county Waterford, she told her everything that Lusmore had said, and they put the little hump-backed man, who was a peevish and cunning creature from his birth, upon a car, and took him all the way across the country. It was a long journey, but they did not care for that, so the hump was taken from off him; and they

brought him, just at nightfall, and left him under the old moat of Knockgraston.

Jack Madden, for that was the humpy man's name, had not been sitting there long when he heard the tune going on within the moat much sweeter than before; for the fairies were singing it the way Lusmore had settled their music for them, and the song was going on: *Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, agus Da Cadine*, without ever stopping. Jack Madden, who was in a great hurry to get quit of his hump, never thought of waiting until the fairies had done, or watching for a fit opportunity to raise the tune higher again than Lusmore had: so having heard them sing it over seven times without stopping, out he bawls, never minding the time, or the humour of the tune, or how he could bring his words in properly, *agus Da Cadine, agus Da Hena*, thinking that if one day was good, two were better; and that if Lusmore had one new suit of clothes given him, he should have two.

No sooner had the words passed his lips than he was taken up and whisked into the moat with prodigious force; and the fairies came crowding round about him with great anger, screeching and screaming, and roaring out, "who spoiled our tune? who spoiled our tune?" and one stepped up to him above all the rest and said—

"Jack Madden! Jack Madden!
Your words came so bad in
The tune we feel glad in;—
This castle you' re had in,
That your life we may sadden;
Here 's two humps for Jack Madden!"

And twenty of the strongest fairies brought Lusmore's hump and put it down upon poor Jack's back, over his own, where it became fixed as firmly as if it was nailed on with twelve-penny nails, by the best carpenter that ever drove one. Out of their castle they then kicked him, and in the morning when Jack Madden's mother and her gossip came to look after their little man, they found him half dead, lying at the foot of the moat, with the other hump upon his back. Well to be sure, how they did look at each other! but they were afraid to say anything, lest a hump might be put upon their

own shoulders. Home they brought the unlucky Jack Madden with them, as downcast in their hearts and their looks as ever two gossips were; and what through the weight of his other hump, and the long journey, he died soon after, leaving, they say, his heavy curse to any one who would go to listen to fairy tunes again.

The popular voice has been followed in naming this legend the moat of Knockgrifton, as what is called the moat should be, correctly speaking, styled a barrow or tumulus.

It is almost needless to point out this legend as the foundation of Parnell's well-known fairy tale. "Parnell," says Miss Edgeworth, in a note on her admirable story of Castle Rackrent, "who showed himself so deeply 'skilled in fairy lore,' was an Irishman, and though he presented his fairies to the world in the ancient English dress of 'Britain's isle and Arthur's days,' it is probable that his first acquaintance with them began in his native country."

A writer in the "Quarterly Review," No. LXIII., informs us, that "this story is told in Spain very nearly as it is in Ireland. A hump-backed man hears some small voices singing, '*Lunes y Martes y Miércoles tres,*' and completes their song by the addition of '*Jueves y Viernes y Sabado seis.*' The fairies, who were the songsters, are so pleased at this, that they immediately relieve him from his hump and dismiss him with honour. A stupid fellow, afflicted with the same deformity, having got wind of this story, intrudes upon them and offers a new addition to their song in '*y Domingo siete.*' Indignant at the breach of rhythm or at the mention of the Lord's day, which is a tender subject with fairies, they seize the intruder, and according to received genii-practice, overwhelm him with a shower of blows and send him off with his neighbour's hump in addition to his own. Hence '*y domingo siete*' is a common Spanish comment upon anything which is said or done mal-à-propos. There is a German and also an Italian version of this story, with some variations, in which last there is one additional circumstance deserving notice. The fairies take off their favourite's hump with a saw of butter, *senza verun suo dolore*, without any pain to him." The tale is related in one of Redi's Letters, and the scene is laid at Benevento.

To render the words of the fairy song (signifying Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday) suitable to the English reader, they are given

according to their sound, in preference to the correct spelling, which would be, "Dia Luain, Dia Mairt, agus Dia Ceadaoine."

In Irish the word dia', dié, or de, is prefixed before the proper names of the week days, agreeably to the Latin, but contrary to the custom of the languages of Modern Europe, in which the common name, day, is subjoined to the proper name of the week day; thus, as in the Latin, Dies Solis, Dies Lunæ, Dies Martis, so in the Irish, Dia Sul, Dia Luain, Dia Mairt: the ancient name of Sunday has in modern times been changed into Dia Domhna (pronounced Dona), according to the Christian Latin, most probably introduced by the clergy; but the derivation and comparison of names would lead into a digression much too long for this volume. From a curious circumstance, the writer is indebted to his friend, Mr A. D. Roche, for a notation of this unique specimen of fairy song:

Da Lu-an, da Mort, da Lu-an, da Mort, da

Lu-an, da Mort, au-gus da Ca-dinc. Da

Lu-an, da Mort, da Lu-an, da Mort, da

Lu-an, da Mort, au-gus da Ca-dinc.

This rude melody, which is certainly, from its construction, very ancient, is commonly sung by every skilful narrator of the tale, to render the recitation more effective. In different parts of the country, of course, various raths and mounds are assigned as the scene of fairy revelry. The writer's reason for selecting the moat of Knockgraston, was his having been told the legend within view of the place in August 1816, and with little variation from the words of the text. It may perhaps be asked how the moat could open and shut with such facility; but fairy historians are privileged persons, who seldom trouble themselves about the means by which effects are produced. In the legends of all countries, hill-sides are as movable as the door of the peasant's own habitation; and in those of Scandinavia, not only does the hill-side open, which is a matter of common and daily occurrence; but on solemn festivals, such as New Year's night and Saint John's eve, the whole hill itself is lifted up on pillars and suspended like a canopy over the heads of its inhabitants, who dance and revel beneath.

The verses used by the fairies in removing and conferring humps are free translations from the Irish, which should be given but for the necessity of terminating this already long note; for the same reason, the various localities must remain unnoticed: but it is impossible to conclude without a few parting words on little Lusmore, whose nickname is not perhaps sufficiently explained by the word "Fairy Cap." Lusmore, literally the *great herb*, is specifically applied to that graceful and hardy plant, the "*digitalis purpurea*," usually called by the peasantry Fairy Cap, "from the supposed resemblance of its bells to this part of fairy dress. To the same plant many rustic superstitions are attached, particularly its salutation of supernatural beings, by bending its long stalks in token of recognition."

THE PRIEST'S SUPPER.

It is said by those who ought to understand such things, that the good people, or the fairies, are some of the angels who were turned out of heaven, and who landed on their feet in this world, while the rest of their companions, who had

more sin to sink them, went down further to a worse place. Be this as it may, there was a merry troop of the fairies, dancing and playing all manner or wild pranks, on a bright moonlight evening towards the end of September. The scene of their merriment was not far distant from Inchegeola, in the west of the county Cork—a poor village, although it had a barrack for soldiers; but great mountains and barren rocks, like those round about it, are enough to strike poverty into any place: however, as the fairies can have everything they want for wishing, poverty does not trouble them much, and all their care is to seek out unfrequented nooks and places where it is not likely any one will come to spoil their sport.

On a nice green sod by the river's side were the little fellows dancing in a ring as gaily as may be, with their red caps wagging about at every bound in the moonshine; and so light were these bounds, that the lobes of dew, although they trembled under their feet, were not disturbed by their capering. Thus did they carry on their gambols, spinning round and round, and twirling and bobbing, and diving and going through all manner of figures, until one of them chirped out,

“Cease, cease, with your drumming,
Here's an end to our mumming;
By my smell
I can tell
A priest this way is coming!”

And away every one of the fairies scampered off as hard as they could, concealing themselves under the green leaves of the lusmore, where, if their little red caps should happen to peep out, they would only look like its crimson bells; and more hid themselves at the shady side of stones and brambles, and others under the bank of the river, and in holes and crannies of one kind or another.

The fairy speaker was not mistaken, for along the road, which was within view of the river, came Father Horrigan on his pony, thinking to himself that as it was so late he would make an end of his journey at the first cabin he came to. According to this determination, he stopped at the dwell-

ing of Dermod Leary, lifted the latch, and entered with "My blessing on all here."

I need not say that Father Horrigan was a welcome guest wherever he went, for no man was more pious or better beloved in the country. Now it was a great trouble to Dermod that he had nothing to offer his reverence for supper as a relish to the potatoes, which "the old woman," for so Dermod called his wife, though she was not much past twenty, had down boiling in the pot over the fire; he thought of the net which he had set in the river, but as it had been there only a short time, the chances were against his finding a fish in it. "No matter," thought Dermod, "there can be no harm in stepping down to try, and may be as I want the fish for the priest's supper that one will be there before me."

Down to the river-side went Dermod, and he found in the net as fine a salmon as ever jumped in the bright waters of "the spreading Lec;" but as he was going to take it out, the net was pulled from him, he could not tell how or by whom, and away got the salmon, and went swimming along with the current as gaily as if nothing had happened.

Dermod looked sorrowfully at the wake which the fish had left upon the water, shining like a line of silver in the moonlight, and then, with an angry motion of his right hand and a stamp of his foot, gave vent to his feelings by muttering, "May bitter bad luck attend you night and day for a black-guard schemer of a salmon, wherever you go! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, if there's any shame in you, to give me the slip after this fashion! And I'm clear in my own mind you'll come to no good, for some kind of evil thing or other helped you—did I not feel it pull the net against me as strong as the devil himself?"

"That 's not true for you," said one of the little fairies, who had scampered off at the approach of the priest, coming up to Dermod Leary, with a whole throng of companions at his heels; "there was only a dozen and a half of us pulling against you."

Dermod gazed on the tiny speaker with wonder, who continued, "Make yourself noways uneasy about the priest's supper, for if you will go back and ask him one question from us,

there will be as fine a supper as ever was put on a table spread out before him in less than no time."

"I'll have nothing at all to do with you," replied Dermod in a tone of determination; and after a pause he added, "I'm much obliged to you for your offer, sir, but I know better than to sell myself to you or the like of you for a supper; and more than that, I know Father Horrigan has more regard for my soul than to wish me to pledge it for ever, out of regard to anything you could put before him—so there's an end of the matter."

The little speaker, with a pertinacity not to be repulsed by Dermod's manner, continued, "Will you ask the priest one civil question for us?"

Dermod considered for some time, and he was right in doing so, but he thought that no one could come to harm out of asking a civil question. "I see no objection to do that same, gentlemen," said Dermod; "but I will have nothing in life to do with your supper,—mind that."

"Then," said the little speaking fairy, whilst the rest came crowding after him from all parts, "go and ask Father Horrigan to tell us whether our souls will be saved at the last day, like the souls of good Christians; and if you wish us well, bring back word what he says without delay."

Away went Dermod to his cabin, where he found the potatoes thrown out on the table, and his good woman handing the biggest of them all, a beautiful laughing red apple, smoking like a hard ridden horse on a frosty night, over to Father Horrigan.

"Please your reverence," said Dermod, after some hesitation, "may I make bold to ask your honour one question?"

"What may that be?" said Father Horrigan.

"Why, then, begging your reverence's pardon for my freedom, it is, If the souls of the good people are to be saved at the last day?"

"Who bid you ask me that question, Leary?" said the priest, fixing his eyes upon him very sternly, which Dermod could not stand before at all.

"I'll tell no lies about the matter, and nothing in life but the truth," said Dermod. "It was the good people themselves

who sent me to ask the question, and there they are in thousands down on the bank of the river, waiting for me to go back with the answer."

"Go back by all means," said the priest, "and tell them, if they want to know, to come here to me themselves, and I'll answer that or any other question they are pleased to ask with the greatest pleasure in life."

Dermod accordingly returned to the fairies, who came swarming round about him to hear what the priest had said in reply; and Dermod spoke out among them like a bold man as he was: but when they heard that they must go to the priest, away they fled, some here and more there; and some this way and more that, whisking by poor Dermod so fast and in such numbers, that he was quite bewildered.

When he came to himself, which was not for a long time, back he went to his cabin and ate his dry potatoes along with Father Morrigan, who made quite light of the thing; but Dermod could not help thinking it a mighty hard case that his reverence, whose words had the power to banish the fairies at such a rate, should have no sort of relish to his supper, and that the fine salmon he had in the net should have been got away from him in such a manner.

It is curious to observe the similarity of legends, and of ideas concerning imaginary beings, among nations that for ages have had scarcely any communication. In the 4th vol. of Thiele's *Danske Folkesagen*, or Danish Popular Legends, the following story occurs, which has a great resemblance to the adventure of Dermod Leary: "A priest was going in a carriage one night from Kjeslunde to Roeskilde, in the island of Zealand, (*Sjælland*); and on his way passed by a hill, in which there was music and dancing, and other merry-making going on. Some dwarfs (*Dverge*) jumped suddenly out of the hill, stopped the carriage, and asked 'Hvor skall du hen?' (Where are you going?)—'Til Landemode,' (to the chapter-house,) said the priest. They then asked him whether he thought they could be saved: to which he replied, that at present he could not tell: on which they begged of him to meet them with an answer that day twelvemonth. Notwithstanding, the next time the coachman drove that way, an acci-

dent befell him, for he was thrown on the level ground, and severely hurt. When the priest returned at the end of the year, they asked him the same question: to which he answered, '*Nei! I ere alle fordoemte,*' (No! you are all damned); and scarcely had he spoken the word, when the whole hill was enveloped in a bright flame."

The notion of fairies, dwarfs, brownies, &c., being excluded from salvation, and of their having formed part of the crew that fell with Satan, seems to be pretty general all over Europe. In the text, we find it in Ireland; in the preceding part of this note, in Denmark; and in a sonnet of a celebrated Spanish poet, the author observes—

"Disputase por hombres entendidos
Si fue de los caidos este duende."

[This was a common mediæval notion with regard to the origin of the elves and fairies. It was believed that they were a part of the angels who fell with Lucifer, but whose criminality was so much less than the others that they were visited with less punishment, and were allowed to inhabit the earth; but the question of their ultimate salvation was left uncertain.]

THE YOUNG PIPER.

THERE lived not long since, on the borders of the county Tipperary, a decent honest couple, whose names were Mick Flanigan and Judy Muldoon. These poor people were blessed, as the saying is, with four children, all boys: three of them were as fine, stout, healthy, good-looking children as ever the sun shone upon; and it was enough to make any Irishman proud of the breed of his countrymen to see them about one o'clock on a fine summer's day standing at their father's cabin-door, with their beautiful flaxen hair hanging in curls about their heads, and their cheeks like two rosy apples, and a big laughing potato smoking in their hand. A proud man was Mick of these fine children, and a proud

woman, too, was Judy; and reason enough they had to be so. But it was far otherwise with the remaining one, which was the third eldest: he was the most miserable, ugly, ill-conditioned brat that ever God put life into: he was so ill-thriven that he never was able to stand alone, or to leave his cradle; he had long, shaggy, matted, curled hair, as black as the soot; his face was of a greenish yellow colour; his eyes were like two burning coals, and were for ever moving in his head, as if they had the perpetual motion. Before he was a twelvemonth old he had a mouth full of great teeth; his hands were like kites' claws, and his legs were no thicker than the handle of a whip, and about as straight as a reaping-hook: to make the matter worse, he had the appetite of a cormorant, and the whinge, and the yelp, and the screech, and the yowl, was never out of his mouth.

The neighbours all suspected that he was something not right, particularly as it was observed, when people, as they do in the country, got about the fire, and began to talk of religion and good things, the brat, as he lay in the cradle, which his mother generally put near the fire-place that he might be snug, used to sit up, as they were in the middle of their talk, and begin to bellow as if the devil was in him in right earnest: this, as I said, led the neighbours to think that all was not right, and there was a general consultation held one day about what would be best to do with him. Some advised to put him out on the shovel, but Judy's pride was up at that. A pretty thing indeed, that a child of hers should be put on a shovel and flung out on the dunghill just like a dead kitten, or a poisoned rat; no, no, she would not hear to that at all. One old woman, who was considered very skilful and knowing in fairy matters, strongly recommended her to put the tongs in the fire, and heat them red hot, and to take his nose in them, and that that would, beyond all manner of doubt, make him tell what he was, and where he came from (for the general suspicion was, that he had been changed by the good people); but Judy was too soft-hearted, and too fond of the imp, so she would not give in to this plan, though everybody said she was wrong, and may be she was, but it's hard to blame a mother. Well, some advised one thing, and some

another ; at last one spoke of sending for the priest, who was a very holy and a very learned man, to see it. To this Judy of course had no objection, but one thing or other always prevented her doing so, and the upshot of the business was that the priest never saw him.

Things went on in the old way for some time longer. The brat continued yelping and yowling, and eating more than his three brothers put together, and playing all sorts of unlucky tricks, for he was mighty mischievously inclined ; till it happened one day that Tim Carrol, the blind piper, going his rounds, called in and sat down by the fire to have a bit of chat with the woman of the house. So after some time, Tim, who was no churl of his music, yoked on the pipes, and began to bellows away in high style ; when the instant he began, the young fellow, who had been lying as still as a mouse in his cradle, sat up, began to grin and twist his ugly face, to swing about his long tawny arms, and to kick out his crooked legs, and to show signs of great glee at the music. At last nothing would serve him but he should get the pipes into his own hands, and to humour him, his mother asked Tim to lend them to the child for a minute. Tim, who was kind to children, readily consented ; and as Tim had not his sight, Judy herself brought them to the cradle, and went to put them on him ; but she had no occasion, for the youth seemed quite up to the business. He buckled on the pipes, set the bellows under one arm, and the bag under the other, worked them both as knowingly as if he had been twenty years at the business, and lilted up *Sheela na guira* in the finest style imaginable.

All was in astonishment : the poor woman crossed herself. Tim, who, as I said before, was *dark*, and did not well know who was playing, was in great delight ; and when he heard that it was a little *prechan* not five years old, that had never seen a set of pipes in his life, he wished the mother joy of her son ; offered to take him off her hands if she would part with him, swore he was a *born* piper, a natural *genus*, and declared that in a little time more, with the help of a little good instruction from himself, there would not be his match in the whole country. The poor woman was greatly delighted to

hear all this, particularly as what Tim said about natural *genus* quieted some misgivings that were rising in her mind, lest what the neighbours said about his not being right might be too true; and it gratified her moreover to think that her dear child (for she really loved the whelp) would not be forced to turn out and beg, but might earn decent bread for himself. So when Mick came home in the evening from his work, she up and told him all that had happened, and all that Tim Carrol had said; and Mick, as was natural, was very glad to hear it, for the helpless condition of the poor creature was a great trouble to him. So next day he took the pig to the fair, and with what it brought set off to Clonmel, and bespoke a bran-new set of pipes, of the proper size for him.

In about a fortnight the pipes came home, and the moment the chap in his cradle laid eyes on them, he squealed with delight, and threw up his pretty legs, and bumped himself in his cradle, and went on with a great many comical tricks; till at last, to quiet him, they gave him the pipes, and he immediately set to and pulled away at Jig Polthog, to the admiration of all that heard him.

The fame of his skill on the pipes soon spread far and near, for there was not a piper in the six next counties could come at all near him, in Old Moderagh rue, or The Hare in the Corn, or The Fox-hunter's Jig or The Rakes of Cashel, or The Piper's Maggot, or any of the fine Irish jigs which make people dance whether they will or no: and it was surprising to hear him rattle away "The Fox-hunt;" you'd really think you heard the hounds giving tongue, and the terriers yelping always behind, and the huntsman and the whippers-in cheering or correcting the dogs; it was, in short, the very next thing to seeing the hunt itself.

The best of him was, he was noways stingy of his music, and many a merry dance the boys and girls of the neighbourhood used to have in his father's cabin; and he would play up music for them, that they said used as it were to put quicksilver in their feet; and they all declared they never moved so light and so airy to any piper's playing that ever they danced to.

But besides all his fine Irish music, he had one queer tune of his own, the oddest that ever was heard ; for the moment he began to play it everything in the house seemed disposed to dance ; the plates and porringers used to jingle on the dresser, the pots and pot-hooks used to rattle in the chimney, and people used even to fancy they felt the stools moving from under them ; but, however it might be with the stools, it is certain that no one could keep long sitting on them, for both old and young always fell to capering as hard as ever they could. The girls complained that when he began this tune it always threw them out in their dancing, and that they never could handle their feet rightly, for they felt the floor like ice under them, and themselves every moment ready to come sprawling on their backs or their faces. The young bachelors that wished to show off their dancing and their new pumps, and their bright red or green and yellow garters, swore that it confused them so that they never could go rightly through the *heel and toe*, or *cover the buckle*, or any of their best steps, but felt themselves always all bedizzied and bewildered, and then old and young would go jostling and knocking together in a frightful manner ; and when the unlucky brat had them all in this way, whirligigging about the floor, he'd grin and chuckle and chatter, for all the world like Jacko the monkey when he has played off some of his roguery.

The older he grew the worse he grew, and by the time he was six years old there was no standing the house for him ; he was always making his brothers burn or scald themselves, or break their shins over the pots and stools. One time, in harvest, he was left at home by himself, and when his mother came in she found the cat a horseback on the dog, with her face to the tail, and her legs tied round him, and the urchin playing his queer tune to them ; so that the dog went barking and jumping about, and puss was mewling for the dear life, and slapping her tail backwards and forwards, which, as it would hit against the dog's chaps, he'd snap at and bite, and then there was the philliloo. Another time, the farmer with whom Mick worked, a very decent, respectable man, happened to call in, and Judy wiped a stool with her apron, and invited him to sit down and rest himself after his walk. He was sit-

ting with his back to the cradle, and behind him was a pan of blood, for Judy was making pig's puddings. The lad lay quite still in his nest, and watched his opportunity till he got ready a hook at the end of a piece of twine, which he contrived to fling so handily that it caught in the bob of the man's nice new wig, and soused it in the pan of blood. Another time his mother was coming in from milking the cow, with the pail on her head : the minute he saw her he lilted up his infernal tune, and the poor woman, letting go the pail, clapped her hands aside, and began to dance a jig, and tumbled the milk all atop of her husband, who was bringing in some turf to boil the supper. In short there would be no end to telling all his pranks, and all the mischievous tricks he played.

Soon after, some mischances began to happen to the farmer's cattle. A horse took the staggers, a fine veal calf died of the black-leg, and some of his sheep of the red-water ; the cows began to grow vicious, and to kick down the milk-pails, and the roof of one end of the barn fell in ; and the farmer took it into his head that Mick Flanigan's unlucky child was the cause of all the mischief. So one day he called Mick aside, and said to him, " Mick, you see things are not going on with me as they ought, and to be plain with you, Mick, I think that child of yours is the cause of it. I am really falling away to nothing with fretting, and I can hardly sleep on my bed at night for thinking of what may happen before the morning. So I 'd be glad if you 'd look out for work somewhere else ; you 're as good a man as any in the country, and there 's no fear but you 'll have your choice of work." To this Mick replied, " that he was sorry for his losses, and still sorrier that he or his should be thought to be the cause of them ; that for his own part he was not quite easy in his mind about that child, but he had him, and so must keep him : " and he promised to look out for another place immediately.

Accordingly, next Sunday at chapel Mick gave out that he was about leaving the work at John Riordan's, and immediately a farmer, who lived a couple of miles off, and who wanted a ploughman (the last one having just left him), came

up to Mick, and offered him a house and garden, and work all the year round. Mick, who knew him to be a good employer, immediately closed with him; so it was agreed that the farmer should send a car* to take his little bit of furniture, and that he should remove on the following Thursday.

When Thursday came, the car came, according to promise, and Mick loaded it, and put the cradle with the child and his pipes on the top, and Judy sat beside it to take care of him, lest he should tumble out and be killed. They drove the cow before them, the dog followed, but the cat was of course left behind; and the other three children went along the road picking skeephorries (haws) and blackberries, for it was a fine day towards the latter end of harvest.

They had to cross a river, but as it ran through a bottom between two high banks, you did not see it till you were close on it. The young fellow was lying pretty quiet in the bottom of the cradle, till they came to the head of the bridge, when, hearing the roaring of the water (for there was a great flood in the river, as it had rained heavily for the last two or three days), he sat up in his cradle and looked about him; and the instant he got a sight of the water, and found they were going to take him across it, oh, how he did bellow and how he did squeal!—no rat caught in a snap-trap ever sang out equal to him. “Whisht! A lanna,” said Judy, “there’s no fear of you; sure it’s only over the stone bridge we’re going.” “Bad luck to you, you old rip!” cried he, “what a pretty trick you’ve play’d me, to bring me here!” and still went on yelling, and the further they got on the bridge the louder he yelled; till at last Mick could hold out no longer, so giving him a great skelp of the whip he had in his hand, “Devil choke you, you brat!” said he, “will you never stop bawling? a body can’t hear their ears for you.” The moment he felt the thong of the whip, he leaped up in the cradle, clapped the pipes under his arm, gave a most wicked grin at Mick, and jumped clean over the battlements of the bridge down into the water. “O my child, my child!” shouted Judy, “he’s gone for ever from me.” Mick and the rest of the children ran to the other side of the bridge, and looking over,

* Car,—a cart.

they saw him coming out from under the arch of the bridge, sitting cross-legged on the top of a white-headed wave, and playing away on the pipes as merrily as if nothing had happened. The river was running very rapidly, so he was whirled away at a great rate; but he played as fast, ay and faster, than the river ran; and though they set off as hard as they could along the bank, yet, as the river made a sudden turn round the hill, about a hundred yards below the bridge, by the time they got there he was out of sight, and no one ever laid eyes on him more; but the general opinion was that he went home with the pipes to his own relations, the good people, to make music for them.

The circumstance with which the foregoing story opens, of the young piper's father and mother bearing different names, need cause no scandal, as it is a common custom, both in Ireland and Scotland, for a married woman to retain her maiden name.

Putting a child that is suspected of being a changeling out on a shovel, or tormenting it in any way, is done with a view of inducing the fairies to restore the stolen child. In Denmark the mother heats the oven, and places the changeling on the peel, pretending to put it in, or whips it severely with a rod, or throws it into the water. In Sweden they employ a method very similar to the Irish one of putting on the shovel. "Tales," says Mr J. Ihre, in his "*Dissertatio de Superstitionibus hodiernis*," when mentioning what are called *Bythinga* (changelings), "*tales subinde morbosos infantes esse judicant; quos si in fornacem ardentem se injicere velle simulaverint, aut si tribus diei Jovis vespere ad trivium deportentur, proprios se accepturos credunt.*" The change is always made before the child is christened, and the methods most approved of for preventing it are, good watching, keeping a light constantly burning, making a cross over the door or cradle, putting some piece of iron, a needle, a nail, a knife, &c., in the cradle. In Thuringia it is considered an infallible preventive to hang the father's breeches against the wall.

The Irish, like the Tuscans, as observed by Mr Rose in his interesting "*Letters from the North of Italy*," are extremely picturesque in their language. Thus they constantly use the word *dark* as synonymous with *blind*; and a blind beggar will implore you "to look down with pity on a poor *dark* man." It may be observed here that

the Irish, like the Scotch (see *Waverley*), by a very beautiful and tender euphemism, call idiots *innocents*. A lady of rank in Ireland, in whose heart benevolence had fixed her seat, and who was the Lady Bountiful of her neighbourhood, was one day asking a man about a poor orphan; "Ah, my lady," said he, "the poor creature is sadly afflicted with *innocence*." Another peculiarity in the phraseology of the Irish is their fondness for using what Mr Burke—who perhaps was thus led into his notion of terror being the cause of the sublime—would term *sublime adjectives*, instead of the common English adverbs, very, extremely, &c.; and which, by sometimes unluckily meeting with substantives, or with other adjectives, expressing ideas of a totally opposite nature, produce very ludicrous combinations. Thus they will very picturesquely say, "It's a *cruel* cold morning;" but at other times you may hear that Mr Such-a-one is "a *cruel* good man." A young clergyman was once told by one of his parishioners that the people all said he was most *horridly* improved in his preaching. And, describing female beauty, an Irish peasant may perhaps say, that Peggy So-and-so is a *shocking* pretty girl, or a *terrible* pretty girl. These last, by the way, are quite classic, or perhaps rather Oriental. They correspond pretty exactly to the *δεινος* and *εκπαγλος* of the Greeks; and, in the "Song of Songs," the wise son of David says of the Egyptian princess, that "She is fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and *terrible* as an army with banners." Even Mr Pope speaks of "*awful* beauty." In the *bon ton* the word "*monstrous*" is often employed with as little propriety as the Hibernicisms *shocking* and *terrible*. There are, indeed, few Irish idioms that are not the result of a lively imagination, and which might not be justified in a similar manner. Thus an Irishman will say, "There's a *power* of ivy growing on the old church of such a place." What is this but the "*Est hederæ vis*" of Horace?

The "Fox-hunt" is a piece of music which every piper is expected to know. It, as described in the text, imitates the various sounds of the chase; and some pipers accompany their music with a very accurate topographical description of a hunt, the scene of which is the neighbourhood of the place where the piper is performing.

Heel and toe and *cover the buckle* are Irish steps, which to be understood should be seen performed by some strapping Hibernian on a barn-floor; or, should the dance take place in a cabin, as the floor is seldom remarkably level, on a door which is taken off the hinges and laid down in the middle of the room. Thus a fitting stage is formed

for the dancer to go through his evolutions on. So the old song happily has it—

“But they could n't keep time on the cold earthen floor,
So, to humour the music, they danced on the door,” &c.

Huddle the feet may appear ludicrous, yet few could have any great objection to *manage the feet*, which is just the same thing.

It is a piece of superstition with the Irish never to take a cat with them when they are removing, more particularly when they have to cross a river.

The Irish terms which occur in this story are merely the words *Prechan* and *Alanna*: the former, correctly written *Préacha'n* or *Príáchan*, signifies a raven, and is metaphorically applied to any nonsensical chatterer;—the latter, properly *ma leanbh*, means, my child.

“The little bagpiper,” the brothers Grimm remark on this legend, “is *Hans mein Igel* of the German Tales (p. 108), who likewise asks his father for a bagpipe, on which he plays with much skill. There is a still more striking coincidence with German stories of changelings (vide our Collection, i. Nos. 81 and 82), who, when they come near the water, or on a bridge, jump in, and play as merrily as in their own element; while at the same moment the true child is found strong and healthy by its mother in the cradle. One of the oldest legends of the changeling is that in the Low German poem of *Zeno* (Bruns Sammlung, p. 26). The devil carries off the unbaptized child and places himself in its cradle; but is so greedy in his demands on the mother's milk that she cannot satisfy him. Nurses are hired; but as they, too, are unable to appease the insatiable changeling, cows are brought for his nourishment. The parents are obliged to expend their whole fortune in feeding the false child. What the poets, in a Christian point of view, ascribe to the devil, the people in their songs and tales attribute to fairies and dwarfs. The North abounds in stories of such changes (*umskiptingar*), to which new-born, unbaptized children are exposed. See the Collection of Faroë Songs, p. 294.”



THE BREWERY OF EGG-SHELLS.

It may be considered impertinent were I to explain what is meant by a changeling; both Shakspeare and Spenser have already done so, and who is there unacquainted with the *Midsummer Night's Dream* * and the *Fairy Queen*? †

Now Mrs Sullivan fancied that her youngest child had been enchanged by "fairies theft," and certainly appearances warranted such a conclusion; for in one night her healthy, blue-eyed boy had become shrivelled up into almost nothing, and never ceased squalling and crying. This naturally made poor Mrs Sullivan very unhappy; and all the neighbours, by way of comforting her, said that her own child was, beyond any kind of doubt, with the good people, and that one of themselves was put in his place.

Mrs Sullivan of course could not disbelieve what every one told her, but she did not wish to hurt the thing; for although its face was so withered, and its body wasted away to a mere skeleton, it had still a strong resemblance to her own boy. She therefore could not find it in her heart to roast it alive on the griddle, or to burn its nose off with the red-hot tongs, or to throw it out in the snow on the road-side, notwithstanding these, and several like proceedings, were strongly recommended to her for the recovery of her child.

One day who should Mrs Sullivan meet but a cunning woman, well known about the country by the name of Ellen

* "For Oberon is passing fell and wrath
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:
She never had so sweet a changeling."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Act ii. s. 1.

† "———A Fairy thee unwearied rest,
There as thou slepest in tender swadling band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left,
Such men do changelings call--so changed by fairies theft."

FAIRY QUEEN, Book i. Canto 10.

Leah (or Grey Ellen). She had the gift, however she got it, of telling where the dead were, and what was good for the rest of their souls; and could charm away warts and wens, and do a great many wonderful things of the same nature.

"You're in grief this morning, Mrs Sullivan," were the first words of Ellen Leah to her.

"You may say that, Ellen," said Mrs Sullivan, "and good cause I have to be in grief, for there was my own fine child whipped off from me out of his cradle, without as much as by your leave or ask your pardon, and an ugly dony bit of a shrivelled up fairy put in his place; no wonder then that you see me in grief, Ellen."

"Small blame to you, Mrs Sullivan," said Ellen Leah; "but are you sure 'tis a fairy?"

"Sure!" echoed Mrs Sullivan, "sure enough am I to my sorrow, and can I doubt my own two eyes? Every mother's soul must feel for me!"

"Will you take an old woman's advice?" said Ellen Leah, fixing her wild and mysterious gaze upon the unhappy mother; and, after a pause, she added, "but may be you'll call it foolish?"

"Can you get me back my child, my own child, Ellen?" said Mrs Sullivan with great energy.

"If you do as I bid you," returned Ellen Leah, "you'll know." Mrs Sullivan was silent in expectation, and Ellen continued, "Put down the big pot, full of water, on the fire, and make it boil like mad; then get a dozen new-laid eggs, break them, and keep the shells, but throw away the rest; when that is done, put the shells in the pot of boiling water, and you will soon know whether it is your own boy or a fairy. If you find that it is a fairy in the cradle, take the red-hot poker and cram it down his ugly throat, and you will not have much trouble with him after that, I promise you."

Home went Mrs Sullivan, and did as Ellen Leah desired. She put the pot on the fire, and plenty of turf under it, and set the water boiling at such a rate, that if ever water was red-hot, it surely was.

The child was lying for a wonder quite easy and quiet in the cradle, every now and then cocking his eye, that would

twinkle as keen as a star in a frosty night, over at the great fire, and the big pot upon it; and he looked on with great attention at Mrs Sullivan breaking the eggs, and putting down the egg-shells to boil. At last he asked, with the voice of a very old man, "What are you doing, mammy?"

Mrs Sullivan's heart, as she said herself, was up in her mouth ready to choke her, at hearing the child speak. But she contrived to put the poker in the fire, and to answer without making any wonder at the words, "I'm brewing, *a vick*" (my son).

"And what are you brewing, mammy?" said the little imp, whose supernatural gift of speech now proved beyond question that he was a fairy substitute.

"I wish the poker was red," thought Mrs Sullivan; but it was a large one, and took a long time heating: so she determined to keep him in talk until the poker was in a proper state to thrust down his throat, and therefore repeated the question.

"Is it what I'm brewing, *a vick*," said she, "you want to know?"

"Yes, mammy: what are you brewing?" returned the fairy.

"Egg-shells, *a vick*," said Mrs Sullivan.

"Oh!" shrieked the imp, starting up in the cradle, and clapping his hands together, "I'm fifteen hundred years in the world, and I never saw a brewery of egg-shells before!" The poker was by this time quite red, and Mrs Sullivan seizing it ran furiously towards the cradle; but somehow or other her foot slipped, and she fell flat on the floor, and the poker flew out of her hand to the other end of the house. However, she got up without much loss of time and went to the cradle, intending to pitch the wicked thing that was in it into the pot of boiling water, when there she saw her own child in a sweet sleep, one of his soft round arms rested upon the pillow—his features were as placid as if their repose had never been disturbed, save the rosy mouth, which moved with a gentle and regular breathing.

Who can tell the feelings of a mother when she looks upon her sleeping child? Why should I therefore endeavour

to describe those of Mrs Sullivan at again beholding her long-lost boy? The fountains of her heart overflowed with the excess of joy, and she wept!—tears trickled silently down her cheek, nor did she strive to check them—they were tears not of sorrow, but of happiness.

The writer regrets that he is unable to retain the rich vein of comic interest in the foregoing tale, as related to him by Mrs Philipps, to whose manner of narration it may perhaps be ascribed.

The story has already been told, with some immaterial variations, in "Grose's Provincial Glossary," where it is quoted from "A Pleasant Treatise on Witchcraft." For instance: Ellen Leah is there represented by an old man, and the mother of the changeling, instead of brewing the egg-shells, breaks a dozen eggs, and places the twenty-four half shells before the child, who exclaims, "Seven years old was I before I came to the nurse, and four years have I lived since, and never saw so many milk-pans before!" The exposure of the fairy and subsequent restitution of the woman's child form the sequel.

Ellen Leah (correctly written, *Liath*) is not an ideal personage; indeed, most of the characters introduced in these legends are sketched from nature.

The comparison of the changeling's eye, at beholding the large pot of water on the fire, to "a star on a frosty night," is a familiar, though nevertheless beautiful simile. The reader will probably remember the description of the enchantress in Miss Brooke's spirited and faithful translation of the Chase. (*Relics of Irish Poetry*, p. 98.)

"Gold gave its rich and radiant dye,
And in her tresses flow'd;
And like a freezing star, her eye
With Heaven's own splendour glow'd."

In the note on the preceding story, some remarks were made relative to the "picturesque phraseology" of the Irish peasant. Another example occurs in the present tale, in Mrs Sullivan's expression, "Every mother's soul must feel for me." This would be considered among the higher classes in Ireland a decided vulgarism, and it is so: but will any one deny its poetical tenderness? In a former tale, also, the fairy's offer to provide supper for the priest "in less than no time"

certainly surpasses all subtle subdivisions of time, even that made by Titania, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii. Sc. iii.

“Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song,
Then, for the third part of a minute hence;”

and for rapidity, far exceeds the nimbleness of Robin Goodfellow, in the old masquing song attributed to Ben Jonson, where that sportive fairy tells us, he can

“——— in a minute's space descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone.”

Yet it must be granted, however suitable the phrase “in less than no time” may be to fairy language, that it is absurd enough to hear a stout “beg-trotter” offer to “step over the mountain and be back again with your honour in less than no time.”

The word “dony” in the text agrees exactly in signification with “tiny,” to which it is evidently related; and is to be found in the *Fairy Queen* as the name of Florimel's dwarf.

The Grimms remark on this legend:—“A German tradition (*Tales*, iii. 39), which is obviously the same, is superior to it in the pretty trait, that the mother recovers her own child as soon as she succeeds in making the changeling laugh. The mother breaks an egg, and in the two shells puts water on the fire to boil; upon this the changeling cries out, ‘I am as old as the Westerwald, and never yet saw any one boil water in an egg-shell!’ bursts out into a laugh, and the same moment the real child is restored. It is also related in Denmark. Vide Thiele, i. 47.”

THE CHANGELING.

A YOUNG woman, whose name was Mary Scannell, lived with her husband not many years ago at Castle Martyr. One day in harvest time she went with several more to help in binding up the wheat, and left the child, which she was nursing, in a corner of the field, quite safe, as she thought, wrapped up in her cloak. When her work was finished, she returned to

where the child was, but in place of her own, she found a thing in the cloak that was not half the size, and that kept up such a crying you might have heard it a mile off. So Mary Scannell guessed how the case stood, and, without stop or stay, away she took it in her arms, pretending to be mighty fond of it all the while, to a wise woman. The wise woman told her in a whisper not to give it enough to eat, and to beat and pinch it without mercy, which Mary Scannell did; and just in one week after to the day, when she awoke in the morning, she found her own child lying by her side in the bed! The fairy that had been put in its place did not like the usage it got from Mary Scannell, who understood how to treat it, like a sensible woman as she was, and away it went after a week's trial and sent her own child back to her.

This, with the two preceding tales, are illustrative of the popular opinion respecting the fairies stealing away children.

"The most formidable attribute of the Elves," says Sir Walter Scott, in his valuable *Essay on Fairy Superstition* in the second volume of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, "was their practice of carrying away and exchanging children, and that of stealing human souls from their bodies."

Robin Goodfellow's song, before mentioned, thus describes the proceedings of a fairy troop:

"When larks 'gin sing
 Away we sling,
 And babes new born steal as we go,
 An elfe in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing. Ho! Ho! Ho!"

And again from the *Irish Hudibras* (8vo, London, 1689, p. 122) we learn that fairies

"Drink dairies dry, and stroke the cattle;
 Steal sucklings, and through key-holes sling,
 Topping and dancing in a ring."

Mr. Anster has founded an exquisite ballad, printed in his *Poems*

(8vo, Edinburgh, 1819, p. 157), on this point of fairy superstition, in which he applies the term "*weulking*" to the representative of the abstracted child.

Gay, in his fable of the Mother, Nurse, and Fairy, ridicules the superstitious idea of changelings; but it is needless to multiply quotations on the subject.

Martin Luther, in his *Colloquiu Mensalia*, or Table Talk, tells us of "a changed childe" twelve years of age, "who would eat as much as two threshers, would laugh and be joyful when any evil happened in the house, but would cry and be very sad when all went well." Luther told the Prince of Anhalt, that if he were prince of that country, he would "venture *homicidium* thereon, and would throw it into the river Moldaw."—He admonished the people to pray devoutly to God to take away the devil, which "was done accordingly; and the second year after the changeling died."

Another and better story than this, from the same source, is of "a man that had also a kill-crop, who sucked the mother and five other women drie," and besides, devoured heaven knows how much! The man was advised to make a pilgrimage to Halberstadt to offer his bargain to the Virgin Mary, and to have it rocked. "Going over a river, being upon the bridge, another devil that was below in the river called and said, 'Killcrop! Killcrop!' Then the childe in the basket, which never before spake one word, answered 'ho, ho!' The devil in the water asked further—'Whither art thou going?' The childe in the basket said, 'I am going to Hocklestad to our loving Mother to be rocked.'"

The reader will perceive a strong similarity in the traits of changeling character on comparing the foregoing with the tale of the Young Piper in this volume.

Castle Martyr, formerly called Bally Martyr, is a pretty village, through which the high road from Cork to Youghall passes. It is chiefly remarkable as the residence of Lord Shannon. Dr. Smith, in his History of Cork, mentions that "about a mile south-east of Castle Martyr, a river called the Dowr breaks out from a limestone rock, after taking a subterraneous course near half a mile, having its rise near Mogely." In an Irish keen, or funeral lamentation, some verses of which are translated in a subsequent note, the mother, who sings it over the dead body of her son, compares the cheerless feelings with which she must pass through life to the dark waters of the subter-

ranean Dour.—A feeble attempt is made at giving this beautiful image in English verse :

“ Dark as flows the buried Dour,
 Where no ray can reach its tide,
 So no bright beam has the power
 Through my soul's cold stream to glide.”

The original would seem to have suggested to Moore the notion of that touching song in his Irish Melodies—

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

CAPTURE OF BRIDGET PURCELL,

AS RELATED BY HER SISTER, KATE PURCELL.

BIDDY PURCELL was as clean and as clever a girl as you would see in any of the seven parishes. She was just eighteen when she was whipped away from us, as some say ; and I'll tell you how it was. Biddy Purcell and myself, that's her sister, and more girls with us, went one day, 'twas Sunday too, after hearing mass, to pick rushes in the bog that's under the old castle. Well, just as we were coming through Carrig gate, a small child, just like one of them little *craythurs* you see out there, came behind her, and gave her a little bit of a tip with a *kippen* * between the two shoulders. Just then she got a pain in the small of her back, and out through her heart, as if she was struck ; † we only made game of her, and began to laugh ; for sure that much wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone a Christian.—Well, when we got to the bog, some went here, and more there, everywhere, up and down, for 'twas a good big place, and Biddy was in one corner, with not one along with her, or near her—only just herself. She had picked

* Kippen,—a switch.

† Struck,—fairly-struck.

a good bundle of rushes, and while she was tying them in her apron, up came an old woman to her, and a very curious old woman she was. Not one of the neighbours could tell who she was from poor Biddy's account, nor ever saw or heard tell of the likes of her before or since. So she looks at the rushes, and, "Biddy Purcell," says she, "give me some of them rushes."—Biddy was *afeard* of her life; but for all that she told her the bog was big enough, and there was plenty more rushes, and to go pick for herself, and not be bothering other people. The word was n't out of her mouth, when the old woman got as mad as fire, and gave her such a slash across the knees and feet with a little whip that was in her hand, that Biddy was 'most *kilt* with the pain. That night Biddy took sick, and what with pains in her heart and out through her knees, she was n't able to sit nor lie, and had to be kept up standing on the floor, and you'd hear the screeching and bawling of her as far, ay, and farther than Mungret. Well, our heart was broke with her, and we did n't know what in the wide world to do, for she was always telling us, that if we had all the money belonging to the master, and to lose it by her, 'twould not do—she knew all along what ailed her; but she was n't let tell till a couple of hours before she died, and then she told us she saw a whole heap of fairies, and they riding upon horses under Carrig, and every one of them had girls behind them all to one, and he told her he was waiting for her, and would come for her at such a day, and such an hour, and sure enough 'twas at that day and hour she died. She was just five days sick, and, as I said before, our heart was fairly broke to see the poor *cragthair*, she was so bad. Well, we hear tell of a man that was good to bring back people (so they said), and we went to him. He gave us a bottle full of green herbs, and desired us to boil them on the fire, and if they kept green she was our own, but if they turned yellow, she was gone—the good people had her from us. He bid us to give her the water they were boiled in to drink. When we came home we boiled the herbs, and they turned as yellow as gold in the pot before our eyes. We gave her the water to drink, and five minutes after she took it she died, or *whatsomever* thing we had in her place died: any how 'twas

just like herself, and talked to us just the same as if 'twas our own sister we had there before us. People says she's down 'long wi' them^c in the old fort; some says she'll come back, and more says she won't, and indeed, *faix*, there's no knowing for *sartain* which to believe, or which way it is.

This narrative was taken down verbatim from the lips of a poor cottager in the county Limerick, by Miss Maria Dickson, 22nd April, 1825.

Carrig or Carrigogunnial Castle, a favourite haunt of the fairies, is particularly mentioned in a subsequent note on the tale of "Master and Man;" and the reader is referred to "The Confessions of Tom Bourke" for an illustration of the term fairy "struck," and the superstitious belief in omens and charms, which so strongly prevails among the peasantry of Ireland.

An eddy of dust, raised by the wind, is supposed by the lower orders to be occasioned by the journeying of a fairy troop from one of their haunts to another, and the same civilities are scrupulously observed towards the invisible riders as if the dust had been caused by a company of the most important persons in the country. In Scotland, the sound of bridles ringing through the air accompanies the whirlwind which marks the progress of a fairy journey.

LEGEND OF BOTTLE-HILL.

"Come, listen to a tale of times of old,
Come, listen to me——."

It was in the good days when the little people, most impudently called fairies, were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, that a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighbourhood of

* The Fairies.

the once celebrated preceptory of Mourne, situated about three miles from Mallow, and thirteen from "the beautiful city called Cork." Mick had a wife and family. They all did what they could, and that was but little, for the poor man had no child grown up big enough to help him in his work; and all the poor woman could do was to mind the children, and to milk the one cow, and to boil the potatoes, and carry the eggs to market to Mallow; but with all they could do, 'twas hard enough on them to pay the rent. Well, they did manage it for a good while; but at last came a bad year, and the little grain of oats was all spoiled, and the chickens died of the pip, and the pig got the measles,—*she* was sold in Mallow and brought almost nothing; and poor Mick found that he hadn't enough to half pay his rent, and two gales were due.

"Why, then, Molly," says he, "what 'll we do?"

"Wisha, then, mavournene, what would you do but take the cow to the fair of Cork and sell her?" says she; "and Monday is fair day, and so you must go to-morrow, that the poor beast may be rested *again* the fair."

"And what 'll we do when she's gone?" says Mick, sorrowfully.

"Never a know I know, Mick; but sure God won't leave us without him, Mick; and you know how good he was to us when poor little Billy was sick, and we had nothing at all for bim to take,—that good doctor gentleman at Ballydahin come riding and asking for a drink of milk; and how he gave us two shillings; and how he sent the things and bottles for the child, and gave me my breakfast when I went over to ask a question, so he did; and how he came to see Billy, and never left off his goodness till he was quite well?"

"Oh! you are always that way, Molly, and I believe you are right after all, so I wont be sorry for selling the cow; but I'll go to-morrow, and you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know 'tis ripp'd under the arm."

Molly told him he should have everything right; and about twelve o'clock next day he left her, getting a charge not to sell his cow except for the highest penny. Mick promised to mind it, and went his way along the road. He drove his cow slowly through the little stream which crosses it, and

runs under the old walls of Mourne. As he passed he glanced his eye upon the towers and one of the old elder trees, which were only then little bits of switches.

“Oh, then, if I only had half the money that’s buried in you, ’tis n’t driving this poor cow I’d be now! Why, then, is n’t it too bad that it should be there covered over with earth; and many a one besides me wanting? Well, if it’s God’s will, I’ll have some money myself coming back.”

So saying he moved on after his beast. ’Twas a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the walls of the old abbey as he passed under them. He then crossed an extensive mountain tract, and after six long miles he came to the top of that hill—Bottle-hill ’tis called now, but that was not the name of it then, and just there a man overtook him. “Good morrow,” says he. “Good morrow, kindly,” says Mick, looking at the stranger, who was a little man, you’d almost call him a dwarf, only he was n’t quite so little neither: he had a bit of an old, wrinkled, yellow face, for all the world like a dried cauliflower, only he had a sharp little nose, and red eyes, and white hair, and his lips were not red, but all his face was one colour, and his eyes never were quiet, but looking at everything, and although they were red they made Mick feel quite cold when he looked at them. In truth he did not much like the little man’s company; and he could n’t see one bit of his legs nor his body, for though the day was warm, he was all wrapped up in a big great coat. Mick drove his cow something faster, but the little man kept up with him. Mick did n’t know how he walked, for he was almost afraid to look at him, and to cross himself, for fear the old man would be angry. Yet he thought his fellow-traveller did not seem to walk like other men, nor to put one foot before the other, but to glide over the rough road—and rough enough it was—like a shadow, without noise and without effort. Mick’s heart trembled within him, and he said a prayer to himself, wishing he had n’t come out that day, or that he was on Fair-hill, or that he had n’t the cow to mind, that he might run away from the bad thing—when, in the midst of his fears, he was again addressed by his companion.

“Where are you going with the cow, honest man?”

"To the fair of Cork then," says Mick, trembling at the shrill and piercing tones of the voice.

"Are you going to sell her?" said the stranger.

"Why, then, what else am I going for but to sell her?"

"Will you sell her to me?"

Mick started—he was afraid to have anything to do with the little man, and he was more afraid to say no.

"What'll you give for her?" at last says he.

"I'll tell you what, I'll give you this bottle," said the little one, pulling a bottle from under his coat.

Mick looked at him and the bottle, and, in spite of his terror, he could not help bursting into a loud fit of laughter.

"Laugh if you will," said the little man, "but I tell you this bottle is better for you than all the money you will get for the cow in Cork—ay, than ten thousand times as much."

Mick laughed again. "Why then," says he, "do you think I am such a fool as to give my good cow for a bottle—and an empty one, too? indeed, then, I won't."

"You had better give me the cow, and take the bottle—you'll not be sorry for it."

"Why, then, and what would Molly say? I'd never hear the end of it; and how would I pay the rent? and what would we all do without a penny of money?"

"I tell you this bottle is better to you than money; take it, and give me the cow. I ask you for the last time, Mick Purcell."

Mick started.

"How does he know my name?" thought he.

The stranger proceeded: "Mick Purcell, I know you, and I have a regard for you; therefore do as I warn you, or you may be sorry for it. How do you know but your cow will die before you go to Cork?"

Mick was going to say "God forbid!" but the little man went on (and he was too attentive to say anything to stop him; for Mick was a very civil man, and he knew better than to interrupt a gentleman, and that's what many people, that hold their heads higher, do n't mind now).

"And how do you know but there will be much cattle at the fair, and you will get a bad price, or may be you might

be robbed when you are coming home? but what need I talk more to you, when you are determined to throw away your luck, Mick Purcell."

"Oh! no, I would not throw away my luck, sir," said Mick; "and if I was sure the bottle was as good as you say, though I never liked an empty bottle, although I had drank the contents of it, I'd give you the cow in the name——"

"Never mind names," said the stranger, "but give me the cow; I would not tell you a lie. Here, take the bottle, and when you go home do what I direct exactly."

Mick hesitated.

"Well, then, good-bye, I can stay no longer: once more, take it, and be rich; refuse it, and beg for your life, and see your children in poverty, and your wife dying for want—that will happen to you, Mick Purcell!" said the little man with a malicious grin, which made him look ten times more ugly than ever.

"May be, 'tis true," said Mick, still hesitating: he did not know what to do—he could hardly help believing the old man, and at length in a fit of desperation, he seized the bottle. "Take the cow," said he, "and if you are telling a lie, the curse of the poor will be on you."

"I care neither for your curses nor your blessings, but I have spoken truth, Mick Purcell, and that you will find to-night, if you do what I tell you."

"And what's that?" says Mick.

"When you go home, never mind if your wife is angry, but be quiet yourself, and make her sweep the room clean, set the table out right, and spread a clean cloth over it; then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words: 'Bottle, do your duty,' and you will see the end of it."

"And is this all?" says Mick.

"No more," said the stranger. "Good-bye, Mick Purcell—you are a rich man."

"God grant it!" said Mick, as the old man moved after the cow, and Mick retraced the road towards his cabin; but he could not help turning back his head, to look after the purchaser of his cow, who was nowhere to be seen.

"Lord between us and harm!" said Mick. "He can't be-

long to this earth ; but where is the cow ?” She too was gone, and Mick went homeward muttering prayers, and holding fast the bottle.

“And what would I do if it broke ?” thought he. “Oh ! but I’ll take care of that ;” so he put it into his bosom, and went on anxious to prove his bottle, and doubting of the reception he should meet from his wife. Balancing his anxieties with his expectation, his fears with his hopes, he reached home in the evening, and surprised his wife, sitting over the turf fire in the big chimney.

“Oh ! Mick, are you come back ? Sure you weren’t at Cork all the way ! What has happened to you ? Where is the cow ? Did you sell her ? How much money did you get for her ? What news have you ? Tell us everything about it ?”

“Why then, Molly, if you’ll give me time, I’ll tell you all about it. If you want to know where the cow is, ’tis n’t Mick can tell you, for the never a know does he know where she is now.”

“Oh ! then, you sold her ; and where’s the money ?”

“Arrah ! stop awhile, Molly, and I’ll tell you all about it.”

“But what is that bottle under your waistcoat ?” said Molly, spying its neck sticking out.

“Why, then, be easy now, can’t you,” says Mick, “till I tell it to you ;” and putting the bottle on the table, “That’s all I got for the cow.”

His poor wife was thunderstruck. “All you got ! and what good is that, Mick ? Oh ! I never thought you were such a fool ; and what’ll we do for the rent, and what——”

“Now, Molly,” says Mick, “can’t you hearken to reason ? Didn’t I tell you how the old man, or whatsomever he was, met me—no, he did not meet me neither, but he was there with me—on the big hill, and how he made me sell him the cow, and told me the bottle was the only thing for me ?”

“Yes, indeed, the only thing for you, you fool !” said Molly, seizing the bottle to hurl it at her poor husband’s head ; but Mick caught it, and quietly (for he minded the old man’s advice) loosened his wife’s grasp, and placed the bottle again in his bosom. Poor Molly sat down crying, while Mick told her his story, with many a crossing and blessing

between him and harm. His wife could not help believing him, particularly as she had as much faith in fairies as she had in the priest, who indeed never discouraged her belief in the fairies; may be he did n't know she believed in them, and may be he believed in them himself. She got up, however, without saying one word, and began to sweep the earthen floor with a bunch of heath; then she tidied up everything, and put out the long table, and spread the clean cloth, for she had only one, upon it, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, looked at it and said, "Bottle, do your duty."

"Look there! look there, mammy!" said his chubby eldest son, a boy about five years old—"look there! look there!" and he sprung to his mother's side, as two tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done went into the bottle again. Mick and his wife looked at everything with astonishment; they had never seen such plates and dishes before, and did n't think they could ever admire them enough, the very sight almost took away their appetites; but at length Molly said, "Come and sit down, Mick, and try and eat a bit: sure you ought to be hungry after such a good day's work."

"Why, then, the man told no lie about the bottle."

Mick sat down, after putting the children to the table, and they made a hearty meal, though they could n't taste half the dishes.

"Now," says Molly, "I wonder will those two good little gentlemen carry away these fine things again?" They waited, but no one came; so Molly put up the dishes and plates very carefully, saying, "Why, then, Mick, that was no lie sure enough: but you 'll be a rich man yet, Mick Purcell."

Mick and his wife and children went to their bed, not to sleep, but to settle about selling the fine things they did not want, and to take more land. Mick went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money; and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret; but for all that, their landlord found it out, for he came to Mick one day and asked him where he

got all his money—sure it was not by the farm ; and he bothered him so much, that at last Mick told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever : so Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want any more money, and gave him the bottle : but Mick was mistaken—he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it ; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow ; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle. It was hardly daybreak when he left home, and he walked on at a good pace till he reached the big hill : the mists were sleeping in the valleys and curling like smoke wreaths upon the brown heath around him. The sun rose on his left, and just at his feet a lark sprang from its grassy couch and poured forth its joyous matin song, ascending into the clear blue sky,

“Till its form like a speck in the airiness blending,
And thrilling with music, was melting in light.”

Mick crossed himself, listening as he advanced to the sweet song of the lark, but thinking, notwithstanding, all the time of the little old man ; when, just as he reached the summit of the hill, and cast his eyes over the extensive prospect before and around him, he was startled and rejoiced by the same well-known voice : “ Well, Mick Purcell, I told you you would be a rich man.”

“ Indeed, then, sure enough I was, that's no lie for you, sir. Good morning to you, but it is not rich I am now—but have you another bottle, for I want it now as much as I did long ago ; so if you have it, sir, here is the cow for it.”

“ And here is the bottle,” said the old man, smiling ; “ you know what to do with it.”

“ Oh ! then, sure I do, as good right I have.”

“ Well, farewell for ever, Mick Purcell : I told you you would be a rich man.”

“ And good-bye to you, sir,” said Mick, as he turned back ; “ and good luck to you, and good luck to the big hill—it

wants a name—Bottle-hill—Good-bye, sir, good-bye :” so Mick walked back as fast as he could, never looking after the white-faced little gentleman and the cow, so anxious was he to bring home the bottle. Well, he arrived with it safely enough, and called out as soon as he saw Molly—“Oh! sure I’ve another bottle!”

“Arrah! then, have you? why, then, you’re a lucky man, Mick Purcell, that’s what you are.”

In an instant she put everything right; and Mick, looking at his bottle, exultingly cried out, “Bottle, do your duty.” In a twinkling, two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle (I do not know how they got room in it), and belaboured poor Mick and his wife and all his family, till they lay on the floor, when in they went again. Mick, as soon as he recovered, got up and looked about him; he thought and thought, and at last he took up his wife and his children; and, leaving them to recover as well as they could, he took the bottle under his coat and went to his landlord, who had a great company: he got a servant to tell him he wanted to speak to him, and at last he came out to Mick.

“Well, what do you want now?”

“Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle.”

“Oh! ho! is it as good as the first?”

“Yes, sir, and better; if you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen.”

“Come along, then.” So saying, Mick was brought into the great hall, where he saw his old bottle standing high up on a shelf: “Ah! ha!” says he to himself, “may be I won’t have you by and by.”

“Now,” says his landlord, “show us your bottle.” Mick set it on the floor, and uttered the words: in a moment the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running, and roaring, and sprawling, and kicking, and shrieking. Wine cups and salvers were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out, “Stop those two devils, Mick Purcell, or I’ll have you hanged.”

“They never shall stop,” said Mick, “till I get my own bottle that I see up there at top of that shelf.”

"Give it down to him, give it down to him, before we are all killed!" says the landlord.

Mick put his bottle in his bosom: in jumped the two men into the new bottle, and he carried them home. I need not lengthen my story by telling how he got richer than ever, how his son married his landlord's only daughter, how he and his wife died when they were very old, and how some of the servants, fighting at their wake, broke the bottles; but still the bill has the name upon it; ay, and so 'twill be always Bottle-hill to the end of the world, and so it ought, for it is a strange story!

An excellent moral may be drawn from this story, were the Irish a moralizing people; not being so, the omission is perhaps characteristic. A close resemblance between the Legend of Bottle-hill, when allowance is made for the difference of locality and manners, and a well-known Eastern tale, will appear so evident, that it is sufficient barely to point it out: a German tale, called in English the "Bottle Inn," may also be mentioned, as similar in some of the incidents to this legend.

Mr Pisani, formerly secretary to Lord Strangford and now in the embassy at Constantinople, relates a tale similar to the Legend of Bottle-hill, which was told him when a child by his nurse, who was a Greek woman.

The comparison of the little man's face to a cauliflower will probably bring to the reader's recollection the Ettrick shepherd's admirable ballad of the Witch of Fife, in the "Queen's Wake."

"Then up there raise ane wee wee man,
Frae the moss-gray stane:
His face was wan like the collifloure,
For he nouthir had blude nor bane."

The preceptory of Mourne is situated about four miles south of Mallow; the ruins still remain between the old and new roads from Cork to that town, both of which pass close under its walls. It was originally a foundation for knights templars; some particulars respecting it are given in Archdale's *Monasticon Hibernicum* and Smith's *History of Cork*.

Mick Purell's soliloquy respecting the buried treasure is in strict

accordance with the popular belief of the Irish peasantry. There are few old ruins in and about which excavations have not been made in the expectation of discovering hidden wealth; in some instances the consequence is, the destruction of the building, which has been actually undermined. About three miles south of Cork, near the village of Douglas, is a hill called Castle Treasure, where the writer has more than once witnessed the labours of an old woman "in search of a little crock of gold," which, according to tradition, is buried there. The discovery, a few years since, of a rudely-formed clay urn and two or three brazen implements attracted, for some time, great crowds to the spot; and it is still a prevalent opinion that "the little crock of gold" at Castle Treasure remains to reward some lucky person.

Bottle-hill, remarkable only (as unfortunately too many places in Ireland are) for a skirmish between the partizans of James and William, lies midway between Cork and Mallow, and is a poorly cultivated tract, along which the roofless walls of deserted manufactories are thinly scattered. These throw an air of unspeakable melancholy over the barrenness and desolation of the scene; and make it painful to turn to the description given by Mr Arthur Young, in his *Irish Tour*, of the improvements effected there by the enterprise of Mr Gourdon (vol. i. p. 387).

THE CONFESSIONS OF TOM BOURKE.

TOM BOURKE lives in a low long farm-house, resembling in outward appearance a large barn, placed at the bottom of the hill, just where the new road strikes off from the old one, leading from the town of Kilworth to that of Lismore. He is of a class of persons who are a sort of black swans in Ireland: he is a wealthy farmer. Tom's father had, in the good old times, when a hundred pounds were no inconsiderable treasure, either to lend or spend, accommodated his landlord with that sum, at interest; and obtained as a return for the civility, a long lease, about half a dozen times more valuable than the loan which procured it. The old man died worth several

hundred pounds, the greater part of which, with his farm, he bequeathed to his son Tom. But besides all this, Tom received from his father, upon his death-bed, another gift, far more valuable than worldly riches, greatly as he prized, and is still known to prize, them. He was invested with the privilege, enjoyed by few of the sons of men, of communicating with those mysterious beings, called "the good people."

Tom Bourke is a little, stout, healthy, active man, about fifty-five years of age. His hair is perfectly white, short and bushy behind, but rising in front erect and thick above his forehead, like a new clothes-brush. His eyes are of that kind which I have often observed with persons of a quick, but limited intellect—they are small, gray, and lively. The large and projecting eye-brows under, or rather within, which they twinkle, give them an expression of shrewdness and intelligence, if not of cunning. And this is very much the character of the man. If you want to make a bargain with Tom Bourke, you must act as if you were a general besieging a town, and make your advances a long time before you can hope to obtain possession; if you march up boldly, and tell him at once your object, you are for the most part sure to have the gates closed in your teeth. Tom does not wish to part with what you wish to obtain; or another person has been speaking to him for the whole of the last week. Or, it may be, your proposal seems to meet the most favourable reception. "Very well, sir;" "That's true, sir;" "I'm very thankful to your honour," and other expressions of kindness and confidence, greet you in reply to every sentence; and you part from him wondering how he can have obtained the character which he universally bears, of being a man whom no one can make anything of in a bargain. But when you next meet him the flattering illusion is dissolved: you find you are a great deal further from your object than you were when you thought you had almost succeeded; his eye and his tongue express a total forgetfulness of what the mind within never lost sight of for an instant; and you have to begin operations afresh, with the disadvantage of having put your adversary completely upon his guard.

Yet, although Tom Bourke is, whether from supernatural

revealings, or (as many will think more probable) from the tell-truth, experience, so distrustful of mankind, and so close in his dealings with them, he is no misanthrope. No man loves better the pleasures of the genial board. The love of money, indeed, which is with him (and who will blame him ?) a very ruling propensity, and the gratification which it has received from habits of industry, sustained throughout a pretty long and successful life, have taught him the value of sobriety, during those seasons, at least, when a man's business requires him to keep possession of his senses. He has therefore a general rule, never to get drunk but on Sundays. But in order that it should be a general one to all intents and purposes, he takes a method which, according to better logicians than he is, always proves the rule. He has many exceptions ; among these, of course, are the evenings of all the fair and market-days that happen in his neighbourhood ; so also all the days on which funerals, marriages, and christenings take place among his friends within many miles of him. As to this last class of exceptions, it may appear at first very singular, that he is much more punctual in his attendance at the funerals than at the baptisms or weddings of his friends. This may be construed as an instance of disinterested affection for departed worth, very uncommon in this selfish world. But I am afraid that the motives which lead Tom Bourke to pay more court to the dead than the living are precisely those which lead to the opposite conduct in the generality of mankind—a hope of future benefit and a fear of future evil. For the good people, who are a race as powerful as they are capricious, have their favourites among those who inhabit this world ; often show their affection, by easing the objects of it from the load of this burdensome life ; and frequently reward or punish the living, according to the degree of reverence paid to the obsequies and the memory of the elected dead.

Some may attribute to the same cause the apparently humane and charitable actions which Tom, and indeed the other members of his family, are known frequently to perform. A beggar has seldom left their farm-yard with an empty wallet, or without obtaining a night's lodging, if required, with a sufficiency of potatoes and milk to satisfy even an Irish

beggars appetite ; in appeasing which, account must usually be taken of the auxiliary jaws of a hungry dog, and of two or three still more hungry children, who line themselves well within, to atone for their nakedness without. If one of the neighbouring poor be seized with a fever, Tom will often supply the sick wretch with some untenanted hut upon one of his two large farms (for he has added one to his patrimony), or will send his labourers to construct a shed at a hedge-side, and supply straw for a bed while the disorder continues. His wife, remarkable for the largeness of her dairy, and the goodness of everything it contains, will furnish milk for whey ; and their good offices are frequently extended to the family of the patient, who are, perhaps, reduced to the extremity of wretchedness, by even the temporary suspension of a father's or a husband's labour.

If much of this arises from the hopes and fears to which I above alluded, I believe much of it flows from a mingled sense of compassion and of duty, which is sometimes seen to break from an Irish peasant's heart, even where it happens to be enveloped in an habitual covering of avarice and fraud ; and which I once heard speak in terms not to be misunderstood, "when we get a deal, 'tis only fair we should give back a little of it."

It is not easy to prevail on Tom to speak of those good people, with whom he is said to hold frequent and intimate communications. To the faithful, who believe in their power, and their occasional delegation of it to him, he seldom refuses, if properly asked, to exercise his high prerogative when any unfortunate being is *struck* in his neighbourhood. Still, he will not be won unsued : he is at first difficult of persuasion, and must be overcome by a little gentle violence. On these occasions he is unusually solemn and mysterious, and if one word of reward be mentioned, he at once abandons the unhappy patient, such a proposition being a direct insult to his supernatural superiors. It is true, that as the labourer is worthy of his hire, most persons gifted as he is do not scruple to receive a token of gratitude from the patients or their friends *after* their recovery. It is recorded that a very handsome gratuity was once given to a female practitioner in this

occult science, who deserves to be mentioned, not only because she was a neighbour and a rival of Tom's, but from the singularity of a mother deriving her name from her son. Her son's name was Owen, and she was always called *Owen sa vauher* (Owen's mother). This person was, on the occasion to which I have alluded, *persuaded* to give her assistance to a young girl who had lost the use of her right leg : *Owen sa vauher* found the cure a difficult one. A journey of about eighteen miles was essential for the purpose, probably to visit one of the good people who resided at that distance ; and this journey could only be performed by *Owen sa vauher* travelling upon the back of a white hen. The visit, however, was accomplished ; and at a particular hour, according to the prediction of this extraordinary woman, when the hen and her rider were to reach their journey's end, the patient was seized with an irresistible desire to dance, which she gratified with the most perfect freedom of the diseased leg, much to the joy of her anxious family. The gratuity in this case was, as it surely ought to have been, unusually large, from the difficulty of procuring a hen willing to go so long a journey with such a rider.

To do Tom Bourke justice, he is on these occasions, as I have heard from many competent authorities, perfectly disinterested. Not many months since, he recovered a young woman (the sister of a tradesman living near him), who had been struck speechless after returning from a funeral, and had continued so for several days. He steadfastly refused receiving any compensation ; saying, that even if he had not as much as would buy him his supper, he could take nothing in this case, because the girl had offended at the funeral one of the *good people* belonging to his own family, and though he would do her a kindness he could take none from her.

About the time this last remarkable affair took place, my friend Mr Martin, who is a neighbour of Tom's, had some business to transact with him, which it was exceedingly difficult to bring to a conclusion. At last Mr Martin, having tried all quiet means, had recourse to a legal process, which brought Tom to reason, and the matter was arranged to their mutual satisfaction, and with perfect good-humour between

the parties. The accommodation took place after dinner at Mr Martin's house, and he invited Tom to walk into the parlour and take a glass of punch, made of some excellent *potteen*, which was on the table : he had long wished to draw out his highly-endowed neighbour on the subject of his supernatural powers, and as Mrs Martin, who was in the room, was rather a favourite of Tom's, this seemed a good opportunity.

"Well, Tom," said Mr Martin, "that was a curious business of Molly Dwyer's, who recovered her speech so suddenly the other day."

"You may say that, sir," replied Tom Bourke ; "but I had to travel far for it : no matter for that now. Your health, ma'am," said he, turning to Mrs Martin.

"Thank you, Tom. But I am told you had some trouble once in that way in your own family," said Mrs Martin.

"So I had, ma'am ; trouble enough : but you were only a child at that time."

"Come, Tom," said the hospitable Mr Martin, interrupting him, "take another tumbler ;" and he then added, "I wish you would tell us something of the manner in which so many of your children died. I am told they dropped off, one after another, by the same disorder, and that your eldest son was cured in a most extraordinary way, when the physicians had given him over."

"'Tis true for you, sir," returned Tom ; "your father, the doctor (God be good to him, I won't belie him in his grave), told me, when my fourth boy was a week sick, that himself and Doctor Barry did all that man could do for him ; but they could not keep him from going after the rest. No more they could, if the people that took away the rest wished to take him too. But they left him ; and sorry to the heart I am I did not know before why they were taking my boys from me ; if I did, I would not be left trusting to two of 'em now."

"And how did you find it out, Tom ?" inquired Mr Martin.

"Why, then, I'll tell you, sir," said Bourke. "When your father said what I told you, I did not know very well

what to do. I walked down the little *bohereen* you know, sir, that goes to the river side near Dick Heafy's ground; for 'twas a lonesome place, and I wanted to think of myself. I was heavy, sir, and my heart got weak in me, when I thought I was to lose my little boy; and I did not know well how to face his mother with the news, for she doted down upon him. Beside, she never got the better of all she cried at his brother's *berrin** the week before. As I was going down the bohereen, I met an old *bocough*, that used to come about the place once or twice a year, and used always to sleep in our barn while he staid in the neighbourhood. So he asked me how I was. 'Bad enough, Shamous,' † says I. 'I'm sorry for your trouble,' says he; 'but you're a foolish man, Mr Bourke. Your son would be well enough if you would only do what you ought with him.' 'What more can I do with him, Shamous?' says I; 'the doctors give him over.' 'The doctors know no more what ails him than they do what ails a cow when she stops her milk,' says Shamous: 'but go to such a one,' telling me his name, 'and try what he'll say to you.'

"And who was that, Tom?" asked Mr Martin.

"I could not tell you that, sir," said Bourke, with a mysterious look: howsoever, you often saw him, and he does not live far from this. But I had a trial of him before; and if I went to him at first, may be I'd have now some of them that's gone, and so Shamous often told me. Well, sir, I went to this man, and he came with me to the house. By course, I did everything as he bid me. According to his order, I took the little boy out of the dwelling-house immediately, sick as he was, and made a bed for him and myself in the cow-house. Well, sir, I lay down by his side in the bed, between two of the cows, and he fell asleep. He got into a perspiration, saving your presence, as if he was drawn through the river, and breathed hard, with a great *impression* on his chest, and was very bad—very bad entirely through the night. I thought about 12 o'clock he was going at last, and I was just getting up to go call the man I told you of; but there was no occasion. My friends were getting the better of them that wanted to take him away from me. There was nobody in

* Berrin—burying.

† Shamous—James.

the cow-house but the child and myself. There was only one halfpenny candle lighting and that was stuck in the wall at the far end of the house. I had just enough of light where we were lying to see a person walking or standing near us: and there was no more noise than if it was a churchyard, except the cows chewing the fodder in the stalls. Just as I was thinking of getting up, as I told you—I won't belie my father, sir—he was a good father to me—I saw him standing at the bed-side, holding out his right hand to me, and leaning his other hand on the stick he used to carry when he was alive, and looking pleasant and smiling at me, all as if he was telling me not to be afeard, for I would not lose the child. 'Is that you, father?' says I. He said nothing. 'If that's you,' says I again, 'for the love of them that's gone, let me catch your hand.' And so he did, sir; and his hand was as soft as a child's. He stayed about as long as you'd be going from this to the gate below at the end of the avenue, and then went away. In less than a week the child was as well as if nothing ever ailed him; and there is n't to-night a healthier boy of nineteen, from this blessed house to the town of Ballyporeen, across the Kilworth mountains."

"But I think, Tom," said Mr Martin, "it appears as if you are more indebted to your father than to the man recommended to you by Shamous; or do you suppose it was he who made favour with your enemies among the good people, and that then your father——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Bourke, interrupting him; "but don't call them my enemies. 'Twould not be wishing to me for a good deal to sit by when they are called so. No offence to you, sir.—Here's wishing you a good health and long life."

"I assure you," returned Mr Martin, "I meant no offence, Tom; but was it not as I say?"

"I can't tell you that, sir," said Bourke; "I'm bound down, sir. Howsoever, you may be sure the man I spoke of and my father, and those they know, settled it between them."

There was a pause, of which Mrs Martin took advantage to inquire of Tom, whether something remarkable had not

happened about a goat and a pair of pigeons, at the time of his son's illness—circumstances often mysteriously hinted at by Tom.

"See that, now," said he, turning to Mr Martin, "how well she remembers it! True for you, ma'am. The goat I gave the mistress, your mother, when the doctors ordered her goats' whey?"

Mrs Martin nodded assent, and Tom Bourke continued—
"Why, then, I'll tell you how that was. The goat was as well as e'er goat ever was, for a month after she was sent to Killaan to your father's. The morning after the night I just told you of, before the child woke, his mother was standing at the gap leading out of the baru-yard into the road, and she saw two pigeons flying from the town of Kilworth, off the church down towards her. Well, they never stopped, you see, till they came to the house on the hill at the other side of the river, facing our farm. They pitched upon the chimney of that house, and after looking about them for a minute or two, they flew straight across the river, and stopped on the ridge of the cow-house where the child and I were lying. Do you think they came there for nothing, sir?"

"Certainly not, Tom," returned Mr Martin.

"Well, the woman came in to me, frightened, and told me. She began to cry.—'Whisht, you fool?' says I: 't'is all for the better.' 'Twas true for me. What do you think, ma'am; the goat that I gave your mother, that was seen feeding at sunrise that morning by Jack Cronin, as merry as a bee, dropped down dead without anybody knowing why, before Jack's face; and at that very moment he saw two pigeons fly from the top of the house out of the town, towards the Lismore road. 'Twas at the same time my woman saw them, as I just told you."

"'Twas very strange, indeed, Tom," said Mr Martin; "I wish you could give us some explanation of it."

"I wish I could, sir," was Tom Bourke's answer; "but I'm bound down. I can't tell but what I'm allowed to tell, any more than a sentry is let walk more than his rounds."

"I think you said something of having had some former

knowledge of the man that assisted in the cure of your son," said Mr. Martin.

"So I had, sir," returned Bourke. "I had a trial of that man. But that's neither here nor there. I can't tell you anything about that, sir. But would you like to know how he got his skill?"

"Oh! very much, indeed," said Mr Martin.

"But you can tell us his Christian name, that we may know him the better through the story," added Mrs Martin. Tom Bourke paused for a minute to consider this proposition.

"Well, I believe I may tell you that, any how; his name is Patrick. He was always a smart, active, 'cute^e boy, and would be a great clerk if he stuck to it. The first time I knew him, sir, was at my mother's wake. I was in great trouble, for I did not know where to bury her. Her people and my father's people—I mean their friends, sir, among the *good people*, had the greatest batle that was known for many a year, at Dunmanway-cross, to see to whose church-yard she'd be taken. They fought for three nights, one after another, without being able to settle it. The neighbours wondered how long I was before I buried my mother; but I had my reasons, though I could not tell them at that time. Well, sir, to make my story short, Patrick came on the fourth morning and told me he settled the business, and that day we buried her in Kilcrumper churchyard, with my father's people."

"He was a valuable friend, Tom," said Mrs Martin, with difficulty suppressing a smile. "But you were about to tell how he became so skilful."

"So I will and welcome," replied Bourke. "Your health, ma'am. I'm drinking too much of this punch, sir; but to tell the truth, I never tasted the like of it: it goes down one's throat like sweet oil. But what was I going to say?—Yes—well—Patrick, many a long year ago, was coming home from a *berrin* late in the evening, and walking by the side of the river, opposite the big inch, † near Ballyhefaan ford. He had taken a drop, to be sure; but he was only a little merry,

* 'Cute—acute.

† Inch—low meadow ground near a river.

as you may say, and knew very well what he was doing. The moon was shining, for it was in the month of August, and the river was as smooth and as bright as a looking-glass. He heard nothing for a long time but the fall of the water at the mill weir about a mile down the river, and now and then the crying of the lambs on the other side of the river. All at once, there was a noise of a great number of people, laughing as if they'd break their hearts, and of a piper playing among them. It came from the inch at the other side of the ford, and he saw, through the mist that hung over the river, a whole crowd of people dancing on the inch. Patrick was as fond of a dance as he was of a glass, and that's saying enough for him; so he whipped off his shoes and stockings, and away with him across the ford. After putting on his shoes and stockings at the other side of the river, he walked over to the crowd, and mixed with them for some time without being minded. He thought, sir, that he'd show them better dancing than any of themselves, for he was proud of his feet, sir, and good right he had, for there was not a boy in the same parish could foot a double or treble with him. But pwah!—his dancing was no more to theirs than mine would be to the mistress there. They did not seem as if they had a bone in their bodies, and they kept it up as if nothing could tire them. Patrick was 'shamed within himself, for he thought he had not his fellow in all the country round; and was going away, when a little old man, that was looking at the company for some time bitterly, as if he did not like what was going on, came up to him. "Patrick," says he. Patrick started, for he did not think anybody there knew him. "Patrick," says he, "you're discouraged, and no wonder for you. But you have a friend near you. I'm your friend, and your father's friend, and I think worse^o of your little finger than I do of all that are here, though they think no one is as good as themselves. Go into the ring and call for a lilt. Don't be afraid. I tell you the best of them did not do as well as you shall, if you will do as I bid you." Patrick felt something within him as if he ought not to gainsay the old man. He went into the ring, and called the piper to play up the best

* Worse—more.

double he had. And, sure enough, all that the others were able for was nothing to him! He bounded like an eel, now here and now there, as light as a feather, although the people could hear the music answered by his steps, that beat time to every turn of it, like the left foot of the piper. He first danced a hornpipe on the ground. Then they got a table, and he danced a treble on it that drew down shouts from the whole company. At last he called for a trencher; and when they saw him, all as if he was spinning on it like a top, they did not know what to make of him. Some praised him for the best dancer that ever entered a ring; others hated him because he was better than themselves; although they had good right to think themselves better than him or any other man that never went the long journey."

"And what was the cause of his great success?" inquired Mr Martin.

"He could not help it, sir," replied Tom Bourke. "They that could make him do more than that made him do it. Howsomever, when he had done, they wanted him to dance again, but he was tired and they could not persuade him. At last he got angry, and swore a big oath, saving your presence, that he would not dance a step more; and the word was hardly out of his mouth, when he found himself all alone, with nothing but a white cow grazing by his side."

"Did he ever discover why he was gifted with these extraordinary powers in the dance, Tom?" said Mr Martin.

"I'll tell you that too, sir," answered Bourke, "when I come to it. When he went home, sir, he was taken with a shivering, and went to bed; and the next day they found he had got the fever, or something like it, for he raved like as if he was mad. But they could n't make out what it was he was saying, though he talked constant. The doctors gave him over. But it's little they knew what ailed him. When he was, as you may say, about ten days sick, and everybody thought he was going, one of the neighbours came in to him with a man, a friend of his, from Ballinlacken, that was keeping with him some time before. I can't tell you his name either, only it was Darby. The minute Darby saw Patrick, he took a little bottle, with the juice of herbs in it, out of his pocket, and

gave Patrick a drink of it. He did the same every day for three weeks, and then Patrick was able to walk about, as stout and as hearty as ever he was in his life. But he was a long time before he came to himself; and he used to walk the whole day sometimes by the ditch side, talking to himself, like as if there was some one along with him. And so there was, surely, or he would n't be the man he is to-day."

"I suppose it was from some such companion he learned his skill," said Mr Martin.

"You have it all now, sir," replied Bourke. "Darby told him his friends were satisfied with what he did the night of the dance; and though they could n't hinder the fever, they'd bring him over it, and teach him more than many knew beside him. And so they did. For you see all the people he met on the inch that night were friends of a different faction; only the old man that spoke to him, he was a friend of Patrick's family, and it went again his heart, you see, that the others were so light and active, and he was bitter in himself to hear 'em boasting how they'd dance with any set in the whole country round. So he gave Patrick the gift that night, and afterwards gave him the skill that makes him the wonder of all that know him. And to be sure it was only learning he was at that time when he was wandering in his mind after the fever."

"I have heard many strange stories about that inch near Ballyhefaan ford," said Mr Martin. "'Tis a great place for the good people, is n't it, Tom?"

"You may say that, sir," returned Bourke. "I could tell you a great deal about it. Many a time I sat for as good as two hours by moonlight, at th' other side of the river, looking at 'em playing goal as if they'd break their hearts over it; with their coats and waistcoats off, and white handkerchiefs on the heads of one party, and red ones on th' other, just as you'd see on a Sunday in Mr Simming's big field. I saw 'em one night play till the moon set, without one party being able to take the ball from th' other. I'm sure they were going to fight, only 't was near morning. I'm told your grandfather, ma'am, used to see 'em there, too," said Bourke, turning to Mrs Martin.

“So I have been told, Tom,” replied Mrs Martin. “But don’t they say that the churchyard of Kilcrumper is just as favourite a place with the good people, as Ballyhefaan inch?”

“Why, then, may be you never heard, ma’am, what happened to Davy Roche in that same churchyard,” said Bourke; and turning to Mr Martin, added, “’T was a long time before he went into your service, sir. He was walking home, of an evening, from the fair of Kilcummer, a little merry, to be sure, after the day, and he came up with a berrin. So he walked along with it, and thought it very queer that he did not know a mother’s soul in the crowd but one man, and he was sure that man was dead many years afore. Howsomever, he went on with the berrin till they came to Kilcrumper churchyard; and faith he went in and staid with the rest, to see the corpse buried. As soon as the grave was covered, what should they do but gather about a piper that *come* along with ’em and fall to dancing as if it was a wedding. Davy longed to be among ’em (for he had n’t a bad foot of his own, that time, whatever he may now); but he was loth to begin, because they all seemed strange to him, only the man I told you that he thought was dead. Well, at last this man saw what Davy wanted, and came up to him. ‘Davy,’ says he, ‘take out a partner, and show what you can do, but take care and don’t offer to kiss her.’ ‘That I won’t,’ says Davy, ‘although her lips were made of honey.’ And with that he made his bow to the *purtiest* girl in the ring, and he and she began to dance. ’T was a jig they danced, and they did it to th’ admiration, do you see, of all that were there. ’T was all very well till the jig was over; but just as they had done, Davy, for he had a drop in, and was warm with the dancing, forgot himself, and kissed his partner, according to custom. The smack was no sooner off of his lips, you see, than he was left alone in the churchyard, without a creature near him, and all he could see was the tall tombstones. Davy said they seemed as if they were dancing too, but I suppose that was only the wonder that happened him, and he being a little in drink. Howsomever, he found it was a great many hours later than he thought it; ’t was near morning when he came home; but they couldn’t get a

word out of him till the next day, when he woke out of a dead sleep about twelve o'clock."

When Tom had finished the account of Davy Roche and the berrin, it became quite evident that spirits, of some sort, were working too strong within him to admit of his telling many more tales of the good people. Tom seemed conscious of this.—He muttered for a few minutes broken sentences concerning churchyards, riversides, leprechans, and *dina magh*, which were quite unintelligible, perhaps to himself, certainly to Mr Martin and his lady. At length he made a slight motion of the head upwards, as if he would say, "I can talk no more;" stretched his arm on the table, upon which he placed the empty tumbler slowly, and with the most knowing and cautious air; and rising from his chair, walked, or rather rolled, to the parlour door. Here he turned round to face his host and hostess; but after various ineffectual attempts to bid them good night, the words, as they rose, being always choked by a violent hiccup, while the door, which he held by the handle, swung to and fro, carrying his unyielding body along with it, he was obliged to depart in silence. The cow-boy, sent by Tom's wife, who knew well what sort of allurements detained him, when he remained out after a certain hour, was in attendance to conduct his master home. I have no doubt that he returned without meeting any material injury, as I know that within the last month he was, to use his own words, "As stout and hearty a man as any of his age in the county Cork."

The character of Tom Bourke is accurately copied from nature, and it has been thought better to preserve the scene entire, rather than derive two or three tales from his confessions. It affords an illustration of the difficulty with which an acknowledgment of supernatural skill is extorted from the gifted possessor, of the credulity of the peasantry, and of some national superstitions.

"Don't call them my enemies," exclaims Tom Bourke, on hearing Mr Martin apply the term enemy to an adverse fairy faction; and throughout it will be observed that he calls the fairies, as all Irish in

his class of life would do, "Good People." (*Dina Magh*, correctly written *Daoine Maith*.)

In some parts of Wales the fairies are termed *tylwyth teg*, or the fair family; in others *y teulu*, the family: also, *bendith eu mamau*, or the blessings of their mothers; and *gwreigedh amcyl*, or dear wives.

A similar desire of propitiating superior beings of malignant nature, or a wish to avoid words of ill omen, characterizes people of higher civilization. The Greeks denominated the furies by the name of *Ευμενιδες*, the benevolent. On similar principles, without having recourse to grammatical quiddities, may possibly be explained the name of Charon, "the grim ferryman that poets write of," which if it be of Greek origin signifies "the rejoicing;" and why *Lucus*, the gloomy and appalling grove, should be derived from *luceo*, to shine with light: other instances will immediately occur to the scholar, as *Maleventum* changed to *Beneventum*; *ποντος αξενος*, the sea unfriendly to strangers, to *ποντος ευξενος*, the friendly, &c. We see it in more modern days in the alteration of "the Cape of Storms" into the "Cape of Good Hope." In one of the Waverley novels, Sir W. Scott, mentions that the Highlanders call the gallows, by which so many of their countrymen suffered, the *kind* gallows, and address it with uncovered head. Sir W. cannot account for this, but it is evidently propitiatory.

Even the law of Scotland itself has not ventured to offend the fairies, for in the very indictments for witchcraft, and they continued late in the 17th century, they are uniformly called "the gude neichboris."

The term "fairy struck" is applied to paralytic affections, which are supposed to proceed from a blow given by the invisible hand of an offended fairy; this belief, of course, creates fairy doctors, who by means of charms and mysterious journeys profess to cure the afflicted. It is only fair to add, that the term has also a convivial acceptation, the fairies being not unfrequently made to bear the blame of the effects arising from too copious a sacrifice to the jolly god.

Bocough or Buckaugh is the name given to a singular class of Irish mendicants, whose character bears some resemblance to that of the Gaberlunzie man of Scotland, and their adventures, perhaps, are sometimes not unlike those recorded in the verses of James Vth.

The importance attached to the manner and place of burial by the peasantry is almost incredible: it is always a matter of consideration

and often of dispute whether the deceased shall be buried with his or her "own people."

Ballyhefaan was a ford of the river Funcheon (the Fanchin of Spenser), on the road leading from Fermoy along the banks of the Blackwater, through Isle-clash (called also Lyclash), Ballydera-own and Mocrony to Araglin, a wild district of the county Cork, situated where that county joins those of Waterford and Tipperary; the road terminates at a place called "The Furnace," in the angle of the junction of the three counties were many years since an iron foundry was established, which is understood to have failed from the want of fuel, perhaps of capital. This road crosses the highway leading from Kilworth to Lismore, about a mile east of the former town, and about half a mile north from the ford of Ballyhefaan, over which a bridge has been recently built.

The "big Inch," on which the "good people" were so fond of playing goal or hurling, a game illiberally explained by Mr Arthur Young, as "the Cricket of Savages," is an extensive, flat, and very rich piece of ground, bounded by the Funcheon on the south, and the Blackwater on the east.

Kilcrumpher churchyard, the scene of Davy Roche's dance, lies about two hundred yards off the Dublin mail-coach road, about half way between Kilworth and Fermoy.

FAIRIES OR NO FAIRIES.

JOHN MULLIGAN was as fine an old fellow as ever threw a Carlow spur into the sides of a horse. He was, besides, as jolly a boon companion over a jug of punch as you would meet from Carnsore Point to Bloody Farland. And a good horse he used to ride; and a stiffer jug of punch than his was not in nineteen baronies. May be he stuck more to it than he ought to have done—but that is nothing whatever to the story I am going to tell.

John believed devoutly in fairies; and an angry man was he if you doubted them. He had more fairy stories than

would make, if properly printed in a rivulet of print running down a meadow of margin, two thick quartos for Mr John Murray, of Albemarle-street ; all of which he used to tell on all occasions that he could find listeners. Many believed his stories—many more did not believe them—but nobody, in process of time, used to contradict the old gentleman, for it was a pity to vex him. But he had a couple of young neighbours who were just come down from their first vacation in Trinity College to spend the summer months with an uncle of theirs, Mr Whaley, an old Cromwellian, who lived at Ballybegmullinahone, and they were too full of logic to let the old man have his own way undisputed.

Every story he told they laughed at, and said that it was impossible—that it was merely old woman's gabble, and other such things. When he would insist that all his stories were derived from the most credible sources—nay, that some of them had been told him by his own grandmother, a very respectable old lady, but slightly affected in her faculties, as things that came under her own knowledge—they cut the matter short by declaring that she was in her dotage, and at the best of times had a strong propensity to pulling a long bow.

“But,” said they, “Jack Mulligan, did you ever see a fairy yourself?”

“Never,” was the reply.

“Well, then,” they answered, “until you do, do not be bothering us with any more tales of my grandmother.”

Jack was particularly nettled at this and took up the cudgels for his grandmother ; but the youngers were too sharp for him, and finally he got into a passion, as people generally do who have the worst of an argument. This evening—it was at their uncle's, an old crony of his with whom he had dined—he had taken a large portion of his usual beverage, and was quite riotous. He at last got up in a passion, ordered his horse, and, in spite of his host's entreaties, galloped off, although he had intended to have slept there, declaring that he would not have anything more to do with a pair of jackanapes puppies, who, because they had learned how to read good-for-nothing books in cramp writing, and were

taught by a parcel of wiggly, red-snouted, prating prigs, ("not," added he, "however, that I say a man may not be good man and have a red nose,") they imagined they knew more than a man who had held buckle and tongue together facing the wind of the world for five dozen years.

He rode off in a fret, and galloped as hard as his horse Shaunbuie could powder away over the limestone. "Damn it!" hiccuped he, "Lord pardon me for swearing! the brats had me in one thing—I never did see a fairy! and I would give up five as good acres as ever grew apple-potatoes to get a glimpse of one—and, by the powers! what is that?"

He looked and saw a gallant spectacle. His road lay by a noble demesne, gracefully sprinkled with trees, not thickly planted as in a dark forest, but disposed, now in clumps of five or six, now standing singly, towering over the plain of verdure around them, as a beautiful promontory arising out of the sea. He had come right opposite the glory of the wood. It was an oak, which in the oldest title-deeds of the county, and they were at least five hundred years old, was called the old oak of Ballinghassig. Age had hollowed its centre, but its massy boughs still waved with their dark serrated foliage. The moon was shining on it bright. If I were a poet, like Mr Wordsworth, I should tell you how the beautiful light was broken into a thousand different fragments—and how it filled the entire tree with a glorious flood, bathing every particular leaf, and showing forth every particular bough; but, as I am not a poet, I shall go on with my story. By this light Jack saw a brilliant company of lovely little forms dancing under the oak with an unsteady and rolling motion. The company was large. Some spread out far beyond the farthest boundary of the shadow of the oak's branches—some were seen glancing through the flashes of light shining through its leaves—some were barely visible, nestling under the trunk—some no doubt were entirely concealed from his eyes. Never did man see anything more beautiful. They were not three inches in height, but they were white as the driven snow, and beyond number numberless. Jack threw the bridle over his horse's neck, and drew up to the low wall which bounded the demesne, and leaning over it, surveyed

with infinite delight their diversified gambols. By looking long at them, he soon saw objects which had not struck him at first; in particular that in the middle was a chief of superior stature, round whom the group appeared to move. He gazed so long that he was quite overcome with joy, and could not help shouting out, "Bravo! little fellow," said he, "well kicked and strong." But the instant he uttered the words the night was darkened, and the fairies vanished with the speed of lightning.

"I wish," said Jack, "I had held my tongue; but no matter now. I shall just turn bridle about and go back to Ballybegmullinahone Castle, and beat the young Master Whaleys, fine reasoners as they think themselves, out of the field clean."

No sooner said than done; and Jack was back again as if upon the wings of the wind. He rapped fiercely at the door, and called aloud for the two collegians.

"Halloo!" said he, "young Flatcaps, come down now, if you dare. Come down, if you dare, and I shall give you *oc-oc-ocular* demonstration of the truth of what I was saying."

Old Whaley put his head out of the window, and said, "Jack Mulligan, what brings you back so soon?"

"The fairies," shouted Jack; "the fairies!"

"I am afraid," muttered the Lord of Ballybegmullinahone, "the last glass you took was too little watered: but no matter—come in and cool yourself over a tumbler of punch."

He came in and sat down again at table. In great spirits he told his story;—how he had seen thousands and tens of thousands of fairies dancing about the old oak of Ballinghas-sig; he described their beautiful dresses of shining silver; their flat-crowned hats, glittering in the moonbeams; and the princely stature and demeanour of the central figure. He added, that he heard them singing and playing the most enchanting music; but this was merely imagination. The young men laughed, but Jack held his ground. "Suppose," said one of the lads, "we join company with you on the road, and ride along to the place, where you saw that fine company of fairies?"

"Done!" cried Jack; "but I will not promise that you

will find them there, for I saw them scudding up in the sky like a flight of bees, and heard their wings whizzing through the air." This, you know, was a bounce, for Jack had heard no such thing.

Off rode the three, and came to the demesne of Oakwood. They arrived at the wall flanking the field where stood the great oak; and the moon, by this time, having again emerged from the clouds, shone bright as when Jack had passed. "Look there," he cried exultingly; for the same spectacle again caught his eyes, and he pointed to it with his horsewhip; "look, and deny if you can."

"Why," said one of the lads, pausing, "true it is that we do see a company of white creatures; but were they fairies ten times over, I shall go among them;" and he dismounted to climb over the wall.

"Ah, Tom! Tom!" cried Jack, "stop, man, stop! what are you doing? The fairies—the good people, I mean—hate to be meddled with. You will be pinched or blinded; or your horse will cast its shoe; or—look! a wilful man will have his way. Oh! oh! he is almost at the oak—God help him! for he is past the help of man."

By this time Tom was under the tree, and burst out laughing. "Jack," said he, "keep your prayers to yourself. Your fairies are not bad at all. I believe they will make tolerably good catsup."

"Catsup," said Jack, who when he found that the two lads (for the second had followed his brother) were both laughing in the middle of the fairies, had dismounted and advanced slowly—"What do you mean by catsup?"

"Nothing," replied Tom, "but that they are mushrooms (as indeed they were); and your Oberon is merely this overgrown puff-ball."

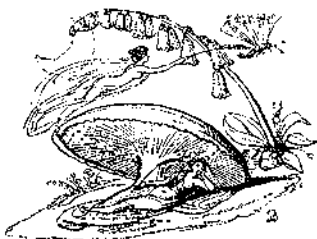
Poor Mulligan gave a long whistle of amazement, staggered back to his horse without saying a word, and rode home in a hard gallop, never looking behind him. Many a long day was it before he ventured to face the laughers at Ballybegmullinahone; and to the day of his death the people of the parish, ay, and five parishes round, called him nothing but Musharoon Jack, such being their pronunciation of mushroom.

I should be sorry if all my fairy stories ended with so little dignity ; but—

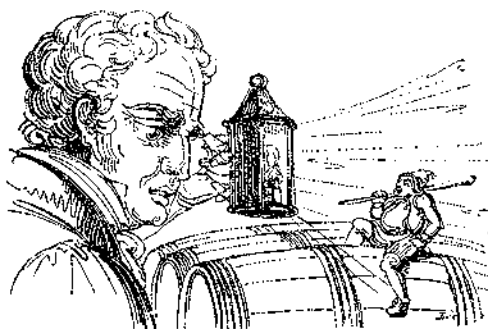
“ ————— These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air—into thin air.”

In concluding this section, it may gratify the reader to see the account of the origin of the fairies given by Addison in his Latin poem of the *Πυγμαιογέρανομαχία*, where, after mentioning the extermination of the pygmy race by the victorious cranes, and showing how, as the Assyrian, the Persian, and the Roman empires had yielded to fate, so had that of the pygmies ; and saying, that the souls of the pygmy warriors now roamed through the valleys of elysium, he thus proceeds :

“ ——— Aut si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, pygmæos corpore cassos
Dum secreta gruum et veteres oblita labores
Lætitiaè penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbis
Turba levis salit, et lemorum cognomine gaudet.”



THE CLURICAUNE.



“—————That sottish elf
Who quaffs with swollen lips the ruby wine,
Draining the cellar with as free a hand
As if it were his purse which ne'er lack'd coin ;—
And then, with feign'd contrition, ruminates
Upon his wasteful pranks, and revelry,
In some secluded dell or lonely grove
Tinsell'd by twilight.”—Δ.

THE HAUNTED CELLAR.

THERE are few people who have not heard of the Mac Carthies—one of the real old Irish families, with the true Milesian blood running in their veins as thick as buttermilk. Many were the clans of this family in the south ; as the Mac Carthy-more—and the Mac Carthy-reagh—and the Mac Carthy of Muskerry ; and all of them were noted for their hospitality to strangers, gentle and simple.

But not one of that name, or of any other, exceeded Jus-

tin Mac Carthy, of Ballinacarth, at putting plenty to eat and drink upon his table; and there was a right hearty welcome for every one who should share it with him. Many a wine-cellar would be ashamed of the name if that at Ballinacarth was the proper pattern for one. Large as that cellar was, it was crowded with bins of wine, and long rows of pipes, and hogsheads, and casks, that it would take more time to count than any sober man could spare in such a place, with plenty to drink about him, and a hearty welcome to do so.

There are many, no doubt, who will think that the butler would have little to complain of in such a house; and the whole country round would have agreed with them, if a man could be found to remain as Mr Mac Carthy's butler for any length of time worth speaking of; yet not one who had been in his service gave him a bad word.

"We have no fault," they would say, "to find with the master, and if he could but get any one to fetch his wine from the cellar, we might every one of us have grown gray in the house and have lived quiet and contented enough in his service until the end of our days."

"'T is a queer thing that, surely," thought young Jack Leary, a lad who had been brought up from a mere child in the stables of Ballinacarth to assist in taking care of the horses, and had occasionally lent a hand in the butler's pantry:—" 'T is a mighty queer thing, surely, that one man after another cannot content himself with the best place in the house of a good master, but that every one of them must quit, all through the means, as they say, of the wine-cellar. If the master, long life to him! would but make me his butler, I warrant never the word more would be heard of grumbling at his bidding to go to the wine-cellar."

Young Leary, accordingly watched for what he conceived to be a favourable opportunity of presenting himself to the notice of his master.

A few mornings after, Mr Mac Carthy went into his stable-yard rather earlier than usual, and called loudly for the groom to saddle his horse, as he intended going out with the hounds. But there was no groom to answer, and young Jack Leary led Rainbow out of the stable.

"Where is William?" inquired Mr Mac Carthy.

"Sir?" said Jack; and Mr Mac Carthy repeated the question.

"Is it William, please your honour?" returned Jack; "why, then, to tell the truth, he had just *one* drop too much last night."

"Where did he get it?" said Mr Mac Carthy; "for since Thomas went away the key of the wine-cellar has been in my pocket, and I have been obliged to fetch what was drunk myself."

"Sorrow a know I know," said Leary, "unless the cook might have given him the *least taste* in life of whiskey. But," continued he, performing a low bow by seizing with his right hand a lock of hair, and pulling down his head by it, whilst his left leg, which had been put forward, was scraped back against the ground, "may I make so bold as just to ask your honour one question?"

"Speak out, Jack," said Mr Mac Carthy.

"Why, then, does your honour want a butler?"

"Can you recommend me one," returned his master, with the smile of good-humour upon his countenance, "and one who will not be afraid of going to my wine-cellar?"

"Is the wine-cellar all the matter?" said young Leary; "devil a doubt I have of myself then for that."

"So you mean to offer me your services in the capacity of butler?" said Mr Mac Carthy, with some surprise.

"Exactly so," answered Leary, now for the first time looking up from the ground.

"Well, I believe you to be a good lad, and have no objection to give you a trial."

"Long may your honour reign over us, and the Lord spare you to us!" ejaculated Leary, with another national bow, as his master rode off; and he continued for some time to gaze after him with a vacant stare, which slowly and gradually assumed a look of importance.

"Jack Leary," said he, at length, "Jack—is it Jack?" in a tone of wonder; "faith, 't is not Jack now, but Mr John, the butler;" and with an air of becoming consequence he strided out of the stable-yard towards the kitchen.

It is of little purport to my story, although it may afford an instructive lesson to the reader, to depict the sudden transition of nobody into somebody. Jack's former stable companion, a poor superannuated hound named Bran, who had been accustomed to receive many an affectionate pat on the head, was spurned from him with a kick and an "Out of the way, sirrah." Indeed, poor Jack's memory seemed sadly affected by this sudden change of situation. What established the point beyond all doubt was his almost forgetting the pretty face of Peggy, the kitchen wench, whose heart he had assailed but the preceding week by the offer of purchasing a gold ring for the fourth finger of her right hand, and a lusty imprint of good-will upon her lips.

When Mr Mac Carthy returned from hunting, he sent for Jack Leary—so he still continued to call his new butler. "Jack," said he, "I believe you are a trustworthy lad, and here are the keys of my cellar. I have asked the gentlemen with whom I hunted to-day to dine with me, and I hope they may be satisfied at the way in which you will wait on them at table; but, above all, let there be no want of wine after dinner."

Mr John having a tolerably quick eye for such things, and being naturally a handy lad, spread his cloth accordingly, laid his plates and knives and forks in the same manner he had seen his predecessors in office perform these mysteries, and really, for the first time, got through attendance on dinner very well.

It must not be forgotten, however, that it was at the house of an Irish country squire, who was entertaining a company of booted and spurred fox-hunters, not very particular about what are considered matters of infinite importance under other circumstances and in other societies.

For instance, few of Mr Mac Carthy's guests (though all excellent and worthy men in their way) cared much whether the punch produced after soup was made of Jamaica or Antigua rum; some even would not have been inclined to question the correctness of good old Irish whiskey; and, with the exception of their liberal host himself, every one in company preferred the port which Mr Mac Carthy put on his

table to the less ardent flavour of claret,—a choice rather at variance with modern sentiment.

It was waxing near midnight, when Mr Mac Carthy rung the bell three times. This was a signal for more wine; and Jack proceeded to the cellar to procure a fresh supply, but it must be confessed not without some little hesitation.

The luxury of ice was then unknown in the south of Ireland; but the superiority of cool wine had been acknowledged by all men of sound judgment and true taste.

The grandfather of Mr Mac Carthy, who had built the mansion of Ballinacorthy upon the site of an old castle which had belonged to his ancestors, was fully aware of this important fact; and in the construction of his magnificent wine-cellar had availed himself of a deep vault, excavated out of the solid rock in former times as a place of retreat and security. The descent to this vault was by a flight of steep stone stairs, and here and there in the wall were narrow passages—I ought rather to call them crevices; and also certain projections, which cast deep shadows, and looked very frightful when any one went down the cellar-stairs with a single light: indeed, two lights did not much improve the matter, for though the breadth of the shadows became less, the narrow crevices remained as dark and darker than ever.

Summoning up all his resolution, down went the new butler, bearing in his right hand a lantern and the key of the cellar, and in his left a basket, which he considered sufficiently capacious to contain an adequate stock for the remainder of the evening: he arrived at the door without any interruption whatever; but when he put the key, which was of an ancient and clumsy kind—for it was before the days of Bramah's patent,—and turned it in the lock, he thought he heard a strange kind of laughing within the cellar, to which some empty bottles that stood upon the floor outside vibrated so violently that they struck against each other: in this he could not be mistaken, although he may have been deceived in the laugh, for the bottles were just at his feet, and he saw them in motion.

Leary paused for a moment, and looked about him with becoming caution. He then boldly seized the handle of the

key, and turned it with all his strength in the lock, as if he doubted his own power of doing so ; and the door flew open with a most tremendous crash, that if the house had not been built upon the solid rock would have shook it from the foundation.

To recount what the poor fellow saw would be impossible, for he seems not to have known very clearly himself : but what he told the cook next morning was, that he heard a roaring and bellowing like a mad bull, and that all the pipes and hogsheads and casks in the cellar went rocking backwards and forwards with so much force that he thought every one would have been staved in, and that he should have been drowned or smothered in wine.

When Leary recovered, he made his way back as well as he could to the dining-room, where he found his master and the company very impatient for his return.

"What kept you?" said Mr Mac Carthy in an angry voice ; "and where is the wine? I rung for it half an hour since."

"The wine is in the cellar, I hope, sir," said Jack, trembling violently ; "I hope 't is not all lost."

"What do you mean, fool?" exclaimed Mr Mac Carthy in a still more angry tone : "why did you not fetch some with you?"

Jack looked wildly about him, and only uttered a deep groan.

"Gentlemen," said Mr Mac Carthy to his guests, "this is too much. When I next see you to dinner, I hope it will be in another house, for it is impossible I can remain longer in this, where a man has no command over his own wine-cellar, and cannot get a butler to do his duty. I have long thought of moving from BallinacCarthy ; and I am now determined, with the blessing of God, to leave it to-morrow. But wine shall you have were I to go myself to the cellar for it." So saying, he rose from table, took the key and lantern from his half-stupified servant, who regarded him with a look of vacancy, and descended the narrow stairs, already described, which led to his cellar.

When he arrived at the door, which he found open, he

thought he heard a noise, as if of rats or mice scrambling over the casks, and on advancing perceived a little figure, about six inches in height, seated astride upon the pipe of the oldest port in the place, and bearing a spigot upon his shoulder. Raising the lantern, Mr Mac Carthy contemplated the little fellow with wonder: he wore a red night-cap on his head; before him was a short leather apron, which now, from his attitude, fell rather on one side; and he had stockings of a light blue colour, so long as nearly to cover the entire of his leg; with shoes, having huge silver buckles in them, and with high heels (perhaps out of vanity to make him appear taller). His face was like a withered winter apple; and his nose, which was of a bright crimson colour, about the tip wore a delicate purple bloom, like that of a plum; yet his eyes twinkled

—————“like those mites
Of candied dew in moony nights—”

and his mouth twitched up at one side with an arch grin.

“Ha, scoundrel!” exclaimed Mr Mac Carthy, “have I found you at last? disturber of my cellar—what are you doing there?”

“Sure, and master,” returned the little fellow, looking up at him with one eye, and with the other throwing a sly glance towards the spigot on his shoulder, “a’n’t we going to move to-morrow? and sure you would not leave your own little Cluricaune Naggeneen behind you?”

“Oh!” thought Mr Mac Carthy, “if you are to follow me, master Naggeneen, I don’t see much use in quitting BallinacCarthy.” So filling with wine the basket which young Leary in his fright had left behind him, and locking the cellar door, he rejoined his guests.

For some years after Mr Mac Carthy had always to fetch the wine for his table himself, as the little Cluricaune Naggeneen seemed to feel a personal respect towards him. Notwithstanding the labour of these journeys, the worthy lord of BallinacCarthy lived in his paternal mansion to a good round age, and was famous to the last for the excellence of his wine, and the conviviality of his company; but at the time of his death, that same conviviality had nearly emptied his

wine-cellar ; and as it was never so well filled again, nor so often visited, the revels of master Naggeneen became less celebrated, and are now only spoken of amongst the legendary lore of the country. It is even said that the poor little fellow took the declension of the cellar so to heart, that he became negligent and careless of himself, and that he has been sometimes seen going about with hardly a *skreed* to cover him.

The Cluricaune of the county Cork, the Luricaune of Kerry, and the Lurigadaune of Tipperary, appear to be the same as the Leprechan of Leinster, and the Loghery man of Ulster ; and these words are probably provincialisms of Luacharma'n, the Irish for a pigmy. The peculiarities of this extraordinary spirit will be sufficiently illustrated in the following legends ; but the main point of distinction between the Cluricaune and the Shefro arises from the sottish and solitary habits of the former, who are never found in troops or communities.

Having been favoured (by letter from Cork) with another version of this tale, which contains some additional traits of Irish fairy character, not unlike those of the Scotch Brownie, it is annexed for the purpose of comparison. It is singular, however, that the Cluricaune should become attached to a peaceful quaker family.

“Mr Harris, a quaker, had a Cluricaune in his family: it was very diminutive in form. If any of the servants, as they sometimes do through negligence, left the beer barrel running, little Wildbeam (for that was his name) would wedge himself into the cock and stop it at the risk of being smothered, until some one came to turn the key. In return for such services, the cook was in the habit, by her master's orders, of leaving a good dinner in the cellar for little Wildbeam. One Friday it so happened that she had nothing to leave but part of a herring and some cold potatoes, when just at midnight something pulled her out of bed, and, having brought her with irresistible force to the top of the cellar stairs, she was seized by the heels and dragged down them ; at every knock her head received against the stairs, the Cluricaune, who was standing at the door, would shout out—

‘Molly Jones—Molly Jones—
 Potato-skins and herring-bones!—
 I'll knock your head against the stones!
 Molly Jones—Molly Jones.’

"The poor cook was so much bruised by that night's adventure, she was confined to her bed for three weeks after. In consequence of this piece of violent conduct, Mr Harris wished much to get rid of his fairy attendant; and being told if he removed to any house beyond a running stream, that the Cluricaune could not follow him, he took a house, and had all his furniture packed on carts for the purpose of removing: the last articles brought out were the cellar furniture; and when the cart was completely loaded with casks and barrels, the Cluricaune was seen to jump into it, and fixing himself in the bung-hole of an empty cask, cried out to Mr Harris, 'Here, master! here we go, all together!'

"'What!' said Mr Harris, 'dost thou go also?'

"'Yes, to be sure, master,' replied little Wildbeam; 'here we go, all together.'

"'In that case, friend,' said Mr Harris, 'let the carts be unpacked; we are just as well where we are.' Mr Harris died soon after, but it is said the Cluricaune still attends the Harris family."

In the *Danske Folkesagen*, a work before alluded to, a Nis, a being that answers to the Scotch Brownie, was exceedingly troublesome in the family of a farmer. The farmer, like Mr Harris, thought his best way to secure peace and quietness would be to leave the Nis and house to take care of each other, and for himself and family to decamp. Accordingly a new house was taken, and all was removed but the last cart-load, composed of empty tubs, barrels, &c., when the farmer having occasion to go behind the cart, espied master Nis peeping out of one of the tubs. Nis burst out laughing, and cried out, "*See, idzy Rytter vi*" (see, we're moving to-day). The story does not say how the farmer acted, but it is probable that, like Mr Harris, he staid where he was.

A correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* (No. 430), after noticing the first edition of this volume in the kindest manner, thus proceeds:—

"Indeed, I am acquainted with the identical farm-house where the mischievous goblin, or, as it is termed in Yorkshire, the *Boggart*, dislodged by its pranks a farmer and his family. I was surprised to find it a familiar tale with the Irish, and that it is equally well known in the annals of Danish tradition. My version of the legend runs thus—A Boggart* intruded himself, upon what pretext or by

* The Boggart is a spectre or goblin that haunts houses or families, like the Brownie of the Scotch or the Nis of the Danes, and is gener-

what authority I never could learn, into the house of a quiet, inoffensive, and laborious farmer; and when it had once taken possession, it disputed the right of domicile with the legal mortal tenant, in a very unneighbourly and arbitrary manner. In particular it seemed to have a great aversion to children. As there is no point on which a parent feels more acutely than that of the mal-treatment of his offspring, the feelings of the farmer, and more particularly of his good dame, were daily, ay, and nightly harrowed up by the malice of this malignant and invisible Boggart (a Boggart is seldom or ever visible to the human eye, though it is frequently seen by cattle, particularly horses, and then they are said to take the *boggle*, a Yorkshireism for a shying horse). The children's bread and butter would be snatched away, or their porringers of bread and milk would be dashed down by an invisible hand; or if they were left alone for a few minutes, they were sure to be found screaming with terror on the return of the parents, like the farmer's children in the tale of the 'Field of Terror,' whom the 'drudging goblin' used to torment and frighten when he was left alone with them. The stairs ascended from the kitchen; a partition of boards covered the ends of the steps and formed a closet beneath the staircase: a large round knot was accidentally displaced from one of the boards of this partition. One day the farmer's youngest boy was playing with the shoe-horn, and as children will do he stuck the horn into this knot-hole. Whether this aperture had been formed by the Boggart as a peep-hole to watch the motions of the family, I cannot pretend to say: some thought it was, for it was designated the Boggart's hole; or whether he merely wished to amuse himself by ejecting the aforesaid horn with surprising precision at the head of those who put it there; be it either way, or both ways, if in mirth or in anger, the horn darted out with velocity and struck the poor child over the head. Time at length familiarized this preternatural occurrence, and that which at first was regarded with terror, became a kind of amusement with the more thoughtless and daring of the family. Often was the horn slipped slyly into the hole, which never failed to be darted forth at the head of one or other; but most commonly he or she who placed it there was the mark at which their invisible foe launched the offending horn. They used to call this, in their provincial dialect—'laking with Boggart,' i. e. playing with

ally invisible. The Barguest, so named by the Yorkshire peasantry, is an out-of-door goblin, the supposed appearance of which indicates death or some great calamity.

Boggart; and now, as if enraged at these liberties taken with his Boggartship, the goblin commenced a series of night persecutions; heavy steps, as of a person in wooden clogs, were often heard clattering down the stairs in the dead hour of darkness; and the pewter and earthen dishes appeared to be dashed on the kitchen floor: though in the morning all remained uninjured on their respective shelves. The children were chiefly marked out as objects of dislike by this unearthly tormentor. The curtains of their beds would be violently pulled backwards and forwards; anon, a heavy weight, as of a human being, would press them nearly to suffocation;—they would then scream out for their daddy and mammy, who occupied the adjoining room; and thus they were disturbed night after night.

“ Things could not long go on after this fashion; the farmer and his good dame resolved to leave a place where they had not the least shadow of rest or comfort. It was upon their removal that the scene took place which so closely resembles the Irish and Danish legends. The farmer, whose name was George Gilbertson, was following with his wife and family, the last load of furniture, when they met a neighbouring farmer, whose name was John Marshall, between whom and the unhappy tenant the following colloquy took place. ‘ Well, Georgey, and soa you ’re leaving t’ oud hoose at last?’

“ ‘ Heigh, Johnny ma lad, I ’m forc’d tull it, for that dam’d Boggart torments us soa, we can neither rest neet nor day for’t.—It seems loike to have such a malice again’t poor bairns, it ommost kills my poor dame here at thoughts on’t, and soa, ye see, we’re forc’d to flitt like.’ He had gone thus far in his complaint, when behold a shrill voice from a deep upright churn called out, in nearly the same words used by the Nis in the legend of the *Danske Folksagen*—‘ Ay—ay, Georgey, we’re flitting you see.’—

“ ‘ Od damn thee,’ says the poor farmer, ‘ if I’d known thou’d been there I wad n’t ha stirrid a peg. Nay—nay—it’s to na use, Mally,’ turning to his wife, ‘ we may as weel turn back again to t’ oud hoose, as be tormented in another that ’s not sa convenient.’

“ ‘ I believe they did turn back, and the Boggart and they came to a better understanding, though it long continued its trick of shooting the horn from the knot-hole. An old tailor, whom I but faintly remember, used to say the horn was often ‘ pitched ’ at his head, and at the head of his apprentice, many years after the above circumstance took place, whilst seated on the kitchen table of this farm-house, when

they went their rounds to work, as is customary with country tailors."

In that most amusing scene, in the *Dama Duende* of Calderon, when the lady's maid has put out the light which Don Manuel's man Cosimo held, and afterwards escaped by leaving a bundle of clothes in the hands of Don Manuel himself while Cosimo is gone for a light; Cosimo on his return describes the Duende, for which description he draws on his imagination or his invention, as he had not in reality seen anything, any more than his countryman Sancho Panza, when he describes so minutely the seven nanny-goats.

C. Viva Dios, que yo le vi
A los ultimos reflexos
Que la pavesa dexò
De la luz que me avia muerto.

Don M. Que forma tenia ?

C. Era un Frayle
Tamañito, y tenia puesto
Un cucurucho tamaño
Que por estas señas creo
Que era duende Capuchino.

The following definition of the word Duende is given in the dictionary of the Spanish Academy. "Duende, a species of demon or spirit, so called from its usually haunting houses. It may be derived from the Arabic *duar*, which signifies a house."

Naggeateen, the name given to the Cluricaune, implies something even less than the smallest measure of drink; *naggin* or *noggin* being about the same as an English gill. *Een* is the Irish diminutive, and like the Italian *ino*, which it closely resembles in form and signification, is often applied as a term of endearment: thus a snug covering for the head is called a *fodahéen*, or little hood, which carries with it a notion of comfort; and a mother will speak of her infant by the pet term *macolihéen*, or my little woman. *Potheen* is the name given to illicit whiskey, because secretly manufactured in small quantities, which are brewed in a "little pot." Again, *baher* is a road, therefore *bahereen* signifies "a little road," or narrow by-way between two hedges. So the English word buck or dandy forms the ludicrous compound *buckeen*, a little buck, or would-be dandy. As these examples are intended for the English reader, the Irish words have been spelled here, as

in other places, according to sound, in preference to their correct orthography.

The circumstance of old English words, which are lost in England, having been still retained in Ireland, has been already remarked on more than one occasion. The word *skreed*, which is found in the concluding sentence of the tale, presents an opportunity of once more pointing it out. It is a word that probably will not be met with in any dictionary or glossary; but the Anglo-Saxon *scredan*, from which it is plainly derived, signifies "to clothe;" and in the Danish, *skvæder* is "a tailor," and *skvæde* "to clothe."

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

THERE'S a sort of people whom every one must have met with some time or other; people that pretend to disbelieve what, in their hearts, they believe and are afraid of. Now Felix O'Driscoll was one of these. Felix was a rattling, rollocking, harum-scarum, devil may-care sort of a fellow, like—but that's neither here nor there. He was always talking one nonsense or another, and among the rest of his foolery, he pretended not to believe in the fairies, the Cluricaunes, and the phoocas; and he even sometimes had the impudence to affect to doubt of ghosts, that everybody believes in, at any rate. Yet some people used to wink and look knowing when Felix was *gostering*, for it was observed that he was very shy of passing the ford of Ahnamoe after nightfall; and that when he was once riding past the old church of Grenaugh in the dark, even though he had got enough of *potheen* into him to make any man stout, he made the horse trot so that there was no keeping up with him; and every now and then he would throw a sharp look out over his left shoulder.

One night there was a parcel of people sitting drinking and talking together at Larry Reilly's *public*,* and Felix was

* *Public*—public house.

one of the party. He was, as usual, getting on with his *bletherumskite* about the fairies, and swearing that he did not believe there was any *live* things, barring men and beasts, and birds and fish, and such things as a body could see, and he went on at last talking in so profane a way of the "*good people*," that some of the people grew timid, and began to cross themselves, not knowing what might happen, when an old woman called Moirna Hoggane, with a long blue cloak about her, who had been sitting in the chimney corner smoking her pipe without taking any share in the conversation, took the pipe out of her mouth, threw the ashes out of it, spit in the fire, and, turning round, looked Felix straight in the face.

"And so you don't believe there is such things as Cluricaunes, do n't you?" said she.

Felix looked rather daunted, but he said nothing.

"Why, then, upon my troth, and it well becomes the like o' you, that 's nothing but a bit of a *gossoon*, to take upon you to pretend not to believe what your father and your father's father, and his father before him never made the least doubt of! But to make the matter short, seein' 's believing, they say; and I that might be your grandmother tell you there are such things as Cluricaunes, and I myself saw one—there 's for you, now!"

All the people in the room looked quite surprised at this, and crowded up to the fire-place to listen to her. Felix tried to laugh, but it would n't do; nobody minded him.

"I remember," said she, "some time after I married my honest man, who's now dead and gone, it was by the same token just a little afore I lay in of my first child (and that 's many a long day ago), I was sitting out in our bit of garden with my knitting in my hand, watching some bees that we had that were going to swarun. It was a fine sunshiny day about the middle of June, and the bees were humming and flying backwards and forwards from the hives, and the birds were chirping and hopping on the bushes, and the butterflies were flying about and sitting on the flowers, and every-thing smelt so fresh and so sweet, and I felt so happy, that I hardly knew where I was. When all of a sudden I heard,

among some rows of beans that we had in a corner of the garden, a noise that went tick-tack, tick-tack, just for all the world as if a brogue-maker was putting on the heel of a pump. 'Lord preserve us!' said I to myself; 'what in the world can that be?' So I laid down my knitting, and got up and stole softly over to the beans, and never believe me if I did not see sitting there before me, in the middle of them, a bit of an old man, not a quarter so big as a newborn child, with a little cocked hat on his head, and a dudeen in his mouth smoking away, and a plain old-fashioned drab-coloured coat with big buttons upon it on his back, and a pair of massy silver buckles in his shoes, that almost covered his feet, they were so big; and he working away as hard as ever he could, heeling a little pair of brogues. The minute I clapt my two eyes upon him I knew him to be a Cluricaune; and as I was stout and fool-hardy, says I to him, 'God save you, honest man! that's hard work you're at this hot day.' He looked up in my face quite vexed like; so with that I made a run at him, caught a hold of him in my hand, and asked him where was his purse of money. 'Money?' said he, 'money, indeed! and where would a poor little old creature like me get money?'—'Come, come,' said I, 'none of your tricks: doesn't everybody know that Cluricaunes, like you, are as rich as the devil himself?' So I pulled out a knife I had in my pocket, and put on as wicked a face as ever I could (and, in troth, that was no easy matter for me then, for I was as comely and good-humoured a looking girl as you'd see from this to Carrignavar), and swore if he did n't instantly give me his purse, or show me a pot of gold, I'd cut the nose off his race. Well, to be sure, the little man did look so frightened at hearing these words, that I almost found it in my heart to pity the poor little creature. 'Then,' said he, 'come with me just a couple of fields off, and I'll show you where I keep my money.' So I went, still holding him in my hand and keeping my eyes fixed upon him, when all of a sudden I heard a *whizz* behind me. 'There! there!' cries he, 'there's your bees all swarming and going off with themselves.' I, like a fool as I was, turned my head round, and when I saw nothing at all, and looked back at the Cluri-

caune, I found nothing at all at all in my hand ; for when I had the ill luck to take my eyes off him, you see, he slipped out of my hand just as if he was made of fog or smoke, and the sorrow the foot he ever came nigh my garden again."

The popular voice assigns shoe-making as the occupation of the Cluricaune, and his recreations smoking and drinking. His characteristic traits are those which create little sympathy or regard, and it is always the vulgar endeavour to outwit a Cluricaune, who, however, generally contrives to turn the tables upon the self-sufficient mortal. This fairy is represented as avaricious and cunning, and when surprised by a peasant, fearful of his superior strength, although gifted with the power of disappearing, if by any stratagem, for which he is seldom at a loss, he can unfix the eye which has discovered him.

In the Irish Melodies this point of superstition is thus happily explained—

“ Her smile when beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him, the sprite,
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too beauty won me ;
 But while her eyes were on me :
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
 Oh ! winds could not outrun me.”

The Cluricaune is supposed to have a knowledge of buried treasure, and is reported to be the possessor of a little leather purse, containing a shilling, which, no matter how often expended, is always to be found within it. This is called *Sprè na Skillenagh*, or, the Shilling Fortune. *Sprè*, literally meaning cattle, is used to signify a dowry or fortune, from the marriage portion or fortune being paid by the Irish, not in money, but in cattle. Sometimes the Cluricaune carries two purses, the one containing this magic shilling, the other filled with brass coin ; and, if compelled to deliver, has recourse to the subterfuge of giving the latter, the weight of which appears satisfactory until the examination of its contents, when the eye being averted, the giver of course disappears.

“Gostering,” which occurs in the text, may be explained as boasting talk. The reader is referred to the edition published by Galignani (Paris, 1819), of Mr Moore’s Works, for an illustration, vol. iv. p. 270.

“Poh, Dermot! go along with your *goster*,
 You might as well pray at a jig,
 Or teach an old cow Pater noster,
 Or whistle Moll Row to a pig!”

Dudeen signifies a little stump of a pipe. Small tobacco-pipes, of an ancient form, are frequently found in Ireland, on digging or ploughing up the ground, particularly in the vicinity of those circular entrenchments called Danish forts, which were more probably the villages or settlements of the native Irish. These pipes are believed by the peasantry to belong to the Cluricaunes, and when discovered are broken, or otherwise treated with indignity, as a kind of retort for the tricks which their supposed owners had played off. In the *Anthologia Hibernica*, vol. i. p. 352 (Dublin, 1793), there is a print of one of these pipes, which was found at Brannockstown, county Kildare, sticking between the teeth of a human skull; and it is accompanied by a paper, which, on the authority of Herodotus (lib. 1. sec. 36), Strabo (lib. vii. 296), Pomponius Mela (2), and Solinus (c. 15), goes to prove that the northern nations of Europe were acquainted with tobacco, or an herb of similar properties, and that they smoked it through small tubes—of course, long before the existence of America was known.

These arguments, in favour of the antiquity of smoking, receive additional support from the discovery of several small clay pipes in the hull of a ship, found about ten years since, when excavating under the city of Dantzic, where, from its situation, it must have lain undisturbed for many centuries.

The correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* (No. 430), from whose communication a long extract has been already made in the preceding note, states that “A respectable female (who lived in a village in the East Riding of Yorkshire), who is nearly related to the writer of this, and who is now alive, beheld when she was a little girl a troop of fairies ‘softly footing a roundel daunce,’ in her mother’s large old wainscoted parlour, even in the ‘garish eye of day.’ I have frequently,” continues the writer, “heard it related by her venerable mother, and subsequently by herself. I shall give the tale as I receive

ed it from the old lady.—‘My eldest daughter, Betsey, was about four years old. I remember it was on a fine summer’s afternoon, or rather evening, I was seated on this chair which I now occupy. The child had been in the garden; she came into that entry or passage from the kitchen (on the right side of the entry was the old parlour door, on the left the door of the common sitting-room; the mother of the child was in a line with both the doors); the child, instead of turning towards the sitting-room, made a pause at the parlour door, which was open. I observed her to stand, and look in very attentively: she stood several minutes quite still; at last I saw her draw her hand quickly towards her body; she set up a loud shriek, and ran, or rather flew to me, crying out ‘Oh, mammy, green man will heb me, green man will heb me!’ It was a long time before I could pacify her; I then asked her why she was so frightened. ‘Oh mammy,’ she said, ‘all t’ parlour is full of *addlers* and *menters*.’ Elves and fairies, I suppose she meant. She said they were dancing, and a little man in a green coat, with a gold-laced cocked hat on his head, offered to take her hand, as if he would have her as his partner in the dance.’ The mother, upon hearing this, went and looked into the old parlour, but the fairy pageant, like Prospero’s spirits, had melted into thin air. Such is the account I heard of this vision of fairies; the person is still alive who witnessed, or supposed she saw it, and though a well-informed person, still positively asserts the relation to be strictly true.’

Ahnamoe, correctly written Ath na bo, signifies “the ford of the cow.” It is a little clear stream, which, crossing the Carrignavar road, divides two farms, situated about seven miles north-east of Cork.

Greناugh, or Greenagh, is a ruined church, seven or eight miles north-west of Cork, concerning which, and that of Garrycloyne, not far distant, many marvellous tales of the Tam o’ Shanter class are told.

MASTER AND MAN.

BILLY MAC DANIEL was once as likely a young man as ever shook his brogue at a patron, emptied a quart, or handled a shillelagh ; fearing for nothing but the want of drink ; caring for nothing but who should pay for it ; and thinking of nothing but how to make fun over it : drunk or sober, a word and a blow was ever the way with Billy Mac Daniel ; and a mighty easy way it is of either getting into or of ending a dispute. More is the pity that, through the means of his thinking, and fearing, and caring for nothing, this same Billy Mac Daniel fell into bad company ; for surely the good people are the worst of all company any one could come across.

It so happened that Billy was going home one clear frosty night not long after Christmas ; the moon was round and bright ; but although it was as fine a night as heart could wish for, he felt pinched with the cold. "By my word," chattered Billy, "a drop of good liquor would be no bad thing to keep a man's soul from freezing in him ; and I wish I had a full measure of the best."

"Never wish it twice, Billy," said a little man in a three-cornered hat, bound all about with gold lace, and with great silver buckles in his shoes, so big that it was a wonder how he could carry them, and he held out a glass as big as himself, filled with as good liquor as ever eye looked on or lip tasted.

"Success, my little fellow," said Billy Mac Daniel, nothing daunted, though well he knew the little man to belong to the *good people* ; "here 's your health, anyway, and thank you kindly ; no matter who pays for the drink ;" and he took the glass and drained it to the very bottom without ever taking a second breath to it.

"Success," said the little man ; "and you 're heartily wel-

come, Billy ; but do n't think to cheat me as you have done others,—out with your purse and pay me like a gentleman."

"Is it I pay you?" said Billy ; "could I not just take you up and put you in my pocket as easily as a blackberry?"

"Billy Mac Daniel," said the little man, getting very angry, "you shall be my servant for seven years and a day, and that is the way I will be paid ; so make ready to follow me."

When Billy heard this he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the little man ; and he felt himself, yet could not tell how, obliged to follow the little man the live-long night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake without any rest.

When morning began to dawn, the little man turned round to him and said, "You may now go home, Billy, but on your peril do n't fail to meet me in the Fort-field to-night ; or if you do, it may be the worse for you in the long run. If I find you a good servant you will find me an indulgent master."

Home went Billy Mac Daniel ; and though he was tired and weary enough, never a wink of sleep could he get for thinking of the little man ; but he was afraid not to do his bidding, so up he got in the evening, and away he went to the Fort-field. He was not long there before the little man came towards him and said, "Billy, I want to go a long journey to-night ; so saddle one of my horses, and you may saddle another for yourself, as you are to go along with me, and may be tired after your walk last night."

Billy thought this very considerate of his master, and thanked him accordingly : "But," said he, "if I may be so bold, sir, I would ask which is the way to your stable, for never a thing do I see but the fort here, and the old thorn-tree in the corner of the field, and the stream running at the bottom of the hill, with the bit of bog over against us."

"Ask no questions, Billy," said the little man, "but go over to that bit of bog, and bring me two of the strongest rushes you can find."

Billy did accordingly, wondering what the little man

would be at ; and he picked out two of the stoutest rushes he could find, with a little bunch of brown blossom stuck at the side of each, and brought them back to his master.

“Get up, Billy,” said the little man, taking one of the rushes from him and striding across it.

“Where shall I get up, please your honour ?” said Billy.

“Why, upon horseback, like me, to be sure,” said the little man.

“Is it after making a fool of me you’d be,” said Billy, “bidding me get a horse-back upon that bit of a rush ? May be you want to persuade me that the rush I pulled but while ago out of the bog over there is a horse ?”

“Up ! up ! and no words,” said the little man, looking very angry ; “the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it.” So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush. “Borram ! Borram ! Borram !” cried the little man three times (which, in English, means to become great), and Billy did the same after him : presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed ; but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs, without much minding how he did it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which was rather awkward, with his face to the horse’s tail ; and so quickly had his steed started off with him that he had no power to turn round, and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

At last they came to their journey’s end, and stopped at the gate of a fine house : “Now, Billy,” said the little man, “do as you see me do, and follow me close ; but as you did not know your horse’s head from his tail, mind that your own head does not spin round until you can’t tell whether you are standing on it or on your heels : for remember that old liquor, though able to make a cat speak, can make a man dumb.”

The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could make no meaning ; but he contrived to say them after him for all that ; and in they both went through the key-hole of the door, and through one key-hole

after another, until they got into the wine-cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, noway disliking the example, did the same. "The best of masters are you, surely," said Billy to him; "no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink."

"I have made no bargain with you," said the little man, "and will make none; but up and follow me." Away they went, through key-hole after key-hole; and each mounting upon the rush which he left at the hall door, scampered off, kicking the clouds before them like snow balls, as soon as the words, "Borram, Borram, Borram," had passed their lips.

When they came back to the Fort-field, the little man dismissed Billy, bidding him to be there the next night at the same hour. Thus did they go on, night after night, shaping their course one night here, and another night there—sometimes north, and sometimes east, and sometimes south; until there was not a gentleman's wine-cellar in all Ireland they had not visited, and could tell the flavour of every wine in it as well—ay, better than the butler himself.

One night when Billy Mac Daniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, "Billy, I shall want another horse to-night, for may be we may bring back more company with us than we take." So Billy, who now knew better than to question any order given to him by his master, brought a third rush, much wondering who it might be that would travel back in their company, and whether he was about to have a fellow servant. "If I have," thought Billy, "he shall go and fetch the horses from the bog every night; for I don't see why I am not, every inch of me, as good a gentleman as my master."

Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigounniel, that was built, they say, by the great Brian Boru. Within the house there was great carousing going forward,

and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen ; then turning round all of a sudden, said, " Billy, I will be a thousand years old to-morrow ! "

" God bless us, sir," said Billy, " will you ? "

" Don't say these words again, Billy," said the little man, " or you will be my ruin for ever. Now, Billy, as I will be a thousand years in the world to-morrow, I think it is full time for me to get married."

" I think so too, without any kind of doubt at all," said Billy, " if ever you mean to marry."

" And to that purpose," said the little man, " have I come all the way to Carrigogunniel ; for in this house, this very night, is young Darby Riley going to be married to Bridget Rooney ; and as she is a tall and comely girl, and has come of decent people, I think of marrying her myself, and taking her off with me."

" And what will Darby Riley say to that ? " said Billy.

" Silence ! " said the little man, putting on a mighty severe look : " I did not bring you here with me to ask questions ; " and without holding further argument, he began saying the queer words which had the power of passing him through the key-hole as free as air, and which Billy thought himself mighty clever to be able to say after him.

In they both went ; and for the better viewing the company, the little man perched himself up as nimbly as a cock-sparrow upon one of the big beams which went across the house over all their heads, and Billy did the same upon another facing him ; but not being much accustomed to roosting in such a place, his legs hung down as untidy as may be, and it was quite clear he had not taken pattern after the way in which the little man had bundled himself up together. If the little man had been a tailor all his life he could not have sat more contentedly upon his haunches.

There they were, both master and man, looking down upon the fun that was going forward ; and under them were the priest and piper, and the father of Darby Riley, with Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son ; and there were both the father and the mother of Bridget Rooney, and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as

good right they had ; and her four sisters, with bran new ribbons in their caps, and her three brothers all looking as clean and as clever as any three boys in Munster, and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and cousins enough besides to make a full house of it ; and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them, if they had been double the number.

Now it happened, just as Mrs Rooney had helped his reverence to the first cut of the pig's head which was placed before her, beautifully bolstered up with white savoy's, that the bride gave a sneeze, which made every one at table start, but not a soul said "God bless us." All thinking that the priest would have done so, as he ought if he had done his duty, no one wished to take the word out of his mouth, which unfortunately was pre-occupied with pig's head and greens. And after a moment's pause the fun and merriment of the bridal feast went on without the pious benediction.

Of this circumstance both Billy and his master were no inattentive spectators from their exalted stations. "Ha !" exclaimed the little man, throwing one leg from under him with a joyous flourish, and his eye twinkled with a strange light, whilst his eyebrows became elevated into the curvature of Gothic arches—"Ha !" said he, leering down at the bride, and then up at Billy, "I have half of her now, surely. Let her sneeze but twice more, and she is mine, in spite of priest, mass-book, and Darby Riley."

Again the fair Bridget sneezed ; but it was so gently, and she blushed so much, that few except the little man took, or seemed to take, any notice ; and no one thought of saying "God bless us."

Billy all this time regarded the poor girl with a most rueful expression of countenance ; for he could not help thinking what a terrible thing it was for a nice young girl of nineteen, with large blue eyes, transparent skin, and dimpled cheeks, suffused with health and joy, to be obliged to marry an ugly little bit of a man, who was a thousand years old, barring a day.

At this critical moment the bride gave a third sneeze, and Billy roared out with all his might, "God save us !" Whe-

ther this exclamation resulted from his soliloquy, or from the mere force of habit, he never could tell exactly himself; but no sooner was it uttered than the little man, his face glowing with rage and disappointment, sprung from the beam on which he had perched himself, and shrieking out in the shrill voice of a cracked bagpipe, "I discharge you from my service, Billy Mac Daniel—take *that* for your wages," gave poor Billy a most furious kick in the back, which sent his unfortunate servant sprawling upon his face and hands right in the middle of the supper-table.

If Billy was astonished, how much more so was every one of the company into which he was thrown with so little ceremony. But when they heard his story, Father Cooney laid down his knife and fork, and married the young couple out of hand with all speed; and Billy Mac Daniel danced the Rinka at their wedding, and plenty did he drink at it too, which was what he thought more of than dancing.

This mode of travelling through the air upon rushes is of common occurrence in fairy history; a straw, a blade of grass, a fern, or cabbage stalk, are equally well adapted for steeds. The writer has been told of many men who were obliged, like Billy Mac Daniel, to give way and keep company with the good people; to use the words of the narrator, "going *far* and near with them, day and night—to London one night, and to America the next; and the only horses they made use of for these great journeys were cabbage stumps in the form of natural horses."

At Dundaniel, a village two miles from Cork, in a pleasant outlet, called Blackrock, there is now (December, 1824) living a gardener, named Crowley, who is considered by his neighbours as under fairy control, and is suffering from what they term "the falling sickness;" resulting from the fatigue attendant on the journeys which he is compelled to take, being forced to travel night after night with the good people on one of his own cabbage stumps.

"The Witch of Fife" furnishes an apt illustration.

"The first lect night, quhan the new moon set,
 Quhan all was douffe and mirk,
 We saddled our naigis wi' the moon-fern leif,
 And rode fra Kilmerrin kirk.

“Some horses ware of the brume-cow framit,
 And some of the greine bay tree ;
 But mine was made of anc humloke schaw,
 And a stout stallion was he.”

This ballad of Mr Hogg's appears to be founded on the traditional anecdote recorded of one of the Duffus family, who, by means of the phrase “Horse and Hattock,” equivalent in effect to the words “Borram, Borram, Borram,” joined company with the fairies on a trip, to examine the king of France's wine-cellar, where, having drunk too freely, he fell asleep, and was so found the next day, with a silver cup in his hand. The sequel informs us, that on being brought before the king, his Majesty not only most graciously pardoned the offender ; but dismissed him with the wine-cup as a present, which is said to be still preserved in the family.

A similar tradition is very common in Ireland, particularly in the county Galway, and is evidently the basis on which Billy Mac Daniel's adventure has been constructed.

To the kindness of Dr Owen Pughe (distinguished by his publications on Cambrian Literature and Antiquities) the writer is indebted for the communication of some interesting particulars concerning the popular superstitions of Wales.—Relative to fairy travelling, the doctor writes—

“The word *Ellyll* may be explained as a wandering spirit or elf ;—a kind of mountain goblin, after whom the poisonous mushroom is called *Bwyd Ellyllon*, or the meat of the goblins, and the bells of the digitalis or foxglove are termed *Menyg Ellyllon* or the goblins' gloves.

“*Yr ydeodh yn mhob gobant, Ellyllon vingemion gant.*”

In every tiny dingle there was a hundred of wry-mouthed goblins.—So says *D. ab Gwilym*, in his Address to the Mist, 1340.

“These fairies are often inclined to play tricks with the less pure inhabitants of the mountains, who hazard to ramble in misty weather ; they will seize hold of any forlorn traveller they meet with, and propose to give him a lift through the air, and they offer the choice of one out of three courses : that is, he may be carried below wind, above wind, or mid wind. Those who are used to these journeys take care to choose the middle course ; for should any one unused to such things choose to go above wind, he will be borne so high as to despair of ever alighting again on the earth ; and any ignorant wight who prefers to be carried below wind is dragged through all the brambles and briers that

they can find. A lawyer with a broken nose and otherwise disfigured," continues the learned doctor, "used to relate in my hearing, when a boy, of such having been his lot, and of which he bore the marks, and was consequently called 'Y Trwyn' or 'the Nosy.' This, I remember, had such an effect upon me, that if I walked in a mist I took good care to walk on the grass, in case there should be need to catch hold of a blade of it, which the fairies had not the power to break."

The young couple, whose happiness would doubtless have been destroyed by the little man but for Billy Mac Daniel's pious exclamation, are probably the identical pair whose courtship is so particularly detailed in a popular song, of which the annexed verse may serve as a specimen.

" Young Darby Rily,
 He approached me sily,
 And with a smile he
 Unto me cried,
 Sweet Bridget Rooney,
 Here's Father Cooney,
 And very soon he
 'Il make you my bride."

The Rinka (correctly written Rinceadh) which Billy, to whom they were so much indebted, danced at their wedding, is the national dance of Ireland; for a particular account of which the reader is referred to the conclusion of Mr Walker's Historical Essay on the Irish Bards.

On the custom of saluting after sneezing, Mr D'Israeli has a pleasant paper in the first series of his Curiosities of Literature—one of the most delightful books in our language.

Carrigogunnell Castle is an extensive ruin, five or six miles west of the city of Limerick:—it may be described by the words of the old poet, Thomas Churchyard—

" A fort of strength, a strong and stately hold,
 It was at first, though now it is full old.
 On rock alone full farre from other mount
 It stands, which shows it was of great account."

During the last siege of Limerick this castle was garrisoned by the adherents of James II., but was surrendered by them without defence, although it was so tenable a position that the besiegers deemed it ex-

pedient to blow it up. "The violent effect of the explosion is still evident in the dilapidated remains of Carrigogunnial. Massive fragments of the walls and towers lie scattered around in a confusion not unpicturesque; and it is a matter of some difficulty to trace the original plan." A view of Carrigogunnial is given in the second volume of Grose's Antiquities of Ireland.

THE TURF CUTTERS.

"SURELY," said Bill Welsh, "there is none of them things called Cluricaunes now—'t is my belief they are gone, clear and clean out of the country, this many a long year."

"Don't be so sure of that," replied Pat Murphy, with a knowing nod of his head; "for people have seen them, without any kind of doubt."

"Ay," said Welsh, "the old people--them that 's dead and gone, and can no more come back than the Cluricaunes themselves to tell us what sort of things they were."

"What sort of a thing the Cluricaune is!" said Murphy, in a tone of surprise; "there 's myself, that is no dead man, but, God be praised for the same, stout and hearty this blessed summer's morning, I see one once, and another man along with me see it as well as myself. It is as good as fifteen years ago, I was walking in Coolnahullig bog, in the parish of Magourney, with John Lynch going for turf. Well, what should we see there before us, but a boy like of ten or twelve years old, only more broad and bulky, dressed in a grey little coat, and stockings of the same colour, with an old little black woollen hat. 'By the laws,' says Jack, 'that 's a Cluricaune!' 'It might be,' said I, 'for I never saw one.' 'I am sure of it,' says he, 'for no boy could be so bulky. We 'll hunt him,' says he, 'and try if we can catch him, and get the purse, and then we 'll always find a shilling when we put our hand in it.'

“So we threw down the baskets we had on our shoulders, and away with us after him; he was not more than twelve or fifteen yards from us at first, and he kept walking—walking on before us, until he came to a drain, when over pop went the little fellow with the spring of a grasshopper. On he kept walking then, and we run, and run our best too, but never the bit closer could we get to him. We followed him better than a quarter of a mile, and he taking it fair and easy before our faces, when all of a sudden he turns short round a rick of turf from us.

“Jack, says I to Lynch, we ’ll have him fast now, at the other side of the rick. ‘He ’s ours for certain,’ says Jack. So one of us you see turned one side, and the other the other side of the rick, thinking to pin the Cluricaune. We met sure enough on the other side, but never the bit of him could we find—he was gone, as if the ground had opened and swallowed him up!

“Lynch said he must be the Cluricaune beyond all doubt, for there was no hole in the rick half big enough for him to go hiding in from us!”

This account of the Cluricaune was communicated by Mr Richard Sainthill of Cork, who overheard the dialogue, 4th June, 1825.

It has been inserted to prove that the popular creed in Ireland acknowledges such beings; a fact which some persons, over-zealous for the honour of their country, have taken upon them to deny. Such a belief can be no discredit to the Irish peasantry, for a letter in the *Literary Gazette* of April 16th, 1825, gives two stories (copied in preceding notes on this section) which show that similar superstitions exist, or recently existed, in Yorkshire.

The editor of that paper adds another story, which proves that even in Hampshire the belief in fairies is not extinct.

The turf cutters’ tale, with the other Cluricaune legends, evince that the dress of these little beings is not of any one fashion. They wear, as may be seen, cocked hats, red nightcaps, drab coats, and grey coats. In this last article they resemble the Danish Trolde, who are always appparelled in homely grey. The latter, however, like the “green coated” fairies, are constant to the red cap.

THE FIELD OF BOLIAUNS.

TOM FITZPATRICK was the eldest son of a comfortable farmer who lived at Ballincollig. Tom was just turned of nine-and-twenty, when he met the following adventure, and was as clever, clean, tight, good-looking a boy as any in the whole county Cork. One fine day in harvest—it was indeed Lady-day in harvest, that everybody knows to be one of the greatest holidays in the year—Tom was taking a ramble through the ground, and went sauntering along the sunny side of a hedge, thinking in himself, where would be the great harm if people, instead of idling and going about doing nothing at all, were to shake out the hay, and bind and stook the oats that was lying on the ledge, 'specially as the weather had been rather broken of late, when all of a sudden he heard a clacking sort of noise a little before him, in the hedge. “Dear me,” said Tom, “but is n't it now really surprising to hear the stonechatters singing so late in the season?” So Tom stole on, going on the tips of his toes to try if he could get a sight of what was making the noise, to see if he was right in his guess. The noise stopped; but as Tom looked sharply through the bushes, what should he see in a nook of the hedge but a brown pitcher, that might hold about a gallon and a half of liquor; and by and by a little wee diny dony bit of an old man, with a little *motty* of a cocked hat stuck upon the top of his head, and a deeshy daushy leather apron hanging before him, pulled out a little wooden stool, and stood up upon it and dipped a little piggin into the pitcher, and took out the full of it, and put it beside the stool, and then sat down under the pitcher, and began to work at putting a heel-piece on a bit of a brogue just fitting for himself. “Well, by the powers,” said Tom to himself, “I often heard tell of the Cluricaune; and, to tell God's truth, I never rightly believed in them—but here's

one of them in real earnest. If I go knowingly to work, I'm a made man. They say a body must never take their eyes off them, or they 'll escape."

Tom now stole on a little further, with his eye fixed on the little man just as a cat does with a mouse, or, as we read in books, the rattle-snake does with the birds he wants to enchant. So when he got up quite close to him, "God bless your work, neighbour," said Tom.

The little man raised up his head, and "Thank you kindly," said he.

"I wonder you'd be working on the holiday?" said Tom.

"That 's my own business, not yours," was the reply.

"Well, may be you'd be civil enough to tell *us* what you've got in the pitcher there?" said Tom.

"That I will, with pleasure," said he: "it's good beer."

"Beer!" said Tom: "Thunder and fire! where did you get it?"

"Where did I get it, is it? Why, I made it. And what do you think I made it of?"

"Devil a one of me knows," said Tom, "but of malt, I suppose; what else?"

"'Tis there you're out. I made it of *heath*."

"Of heath!" said Tom, bursting out laughing; "sure you do n't think me to be such a fool as to believe that?"

"Do as you please," said he, "but what I tell you is the truth. Did you never hear tell of the Danes?"

"And that I did," said Tom: "were n't *them* the fellows we gave such a *licking* when they thought to take Limerick from us?"

"Hem!" said the little man, drily—"is that all you know about the matter?"

"Well, but about *them* Danes?" said Tom.

"Why, all the about them there is, is that when they were here they taught us to make beer out of the heath, and the secret 's in my family ever since."

"Will you give a body a taste of your beer?" said Tom.

"I'll tell you what it is, young man—it would be fitter for you to be looking after your father's property than to be

bothering decent, quiet people with your foolish questions. There now, while you're idling away your time here, there's the cows have broke into the oats, and are knocking the corn all about."

Tom was taken so by surprise with this that he was just on the very point of turning round, when he recollected himself; so, afraid that the like might happen again, he made a *grab** at the Cluricaune, and caught him up in his hand; but in his hurry he overset the pitcher, and spilt all the beer, so that he could not get a taste of it to tell what sort it was. He then swore what he would not do to him if he did not show him where his money was. Tom looked so wicked and so bloody-minded, that the little man was quite frightened; so, says he, "Come along with me a couple of fields off, and I'll show you a crock of gold."

So they went, and Tom held the Cluricaune fast in his hand, and never took his eyes from off him, though they had to cross hedges, and ditches, and a crooked bit of bog (for the Cluricaune seemed, out of pure mischief, to pick out the hardest and most contrary way), till at last they came to a great field all full of boliaun buies (rag-weed), and the Cluricaune pointed to a big boliaun, and, says he, "Dig under that boliaun, and you'll get the great crock all full of guineas."

Tom in his hurry had never minded the bringing a spade with him, so he thought to run home and fetch one; and that he might know the place again he took off one of his red garters, and tied it round the boliaun.

"I suppose," said the Cluricaune very civilly, "you have no further occasion for me?"

"No," says Tom; "you may go away now, if you please, and God speed you, and may good luck attend you wherever you go."

"Well, good-bye to you, Tom Fitzpatrick," said the Cluricaune, "and much good may it do you, with what you'll get."

So Tom ran, for the dear life, till he came home and got a spade, and then away with him, as hard as he could go, back to the field of boliauns; but when he got there, lo, and

* *Grab*—grasp.

behold! not a boliaun in the field but had a red garter, the very identical model of his own, tied about it; and as to digging up the whole field, that was all nonsense, for there was more than forty good Irish acres in it. So Tom came home again with his spade on his shoulder, a little cooler than he went; and many 's the hearty curse he gave the Cluricaune every time he thought of the neat turn he had served him.

The following is the account given by Lady Morgan, of the Cluricaune or Leprechan, in her excellent novel of O'Donnell, (Vol. II. p. 246,) which has been referred to in a preceding note.

"It would be extremely difficult," says her Ladyship, "to class this supernatural agent, who holds a distinguished place in the Irish 'fairies.' His appearance, however, is supposed to be that of a shrivelled little old man, whose presence marks a spot where hidden treasures lie concealed, which were buried there in 'the troubles.' He is therefore generally seen in lone and dismal places, out of the common haunts of man; and though the night wanderer may endeavour to mark the place where he beheld the guardian of the treasures perched, yet when he returns in the morning with proper implements to turn up the earth, the thistle, stone, or branch he has placed as a mark is so multiplied that it is no longer a distinction; and the disappointments occasioned by the malignity of the little Leprechan render him a very unpopular fairy: his name is never applied but as a term of contempt."

The ancients imagined that treasures buried in the earth were guarded by spirits called Incubones, and that if you seized their cap you compelled them to deliver this wealth.

"Sed ut dicunt ego nihil scio, sed audivi, quomodo Incuboni pileum rapuisset et thesaurum invenit," are the words of Petronius.

The English reader will perhaps be surprised to see the term *boy* applied to a young man of nine-and-twenty; but in Ireland this word is commonly used as equivalent to young man, much as the word *παῖς* was employed by the Greeks, and *puer*, still more abusively, by the Romans; as, for example, in the first Eclogue of Virgil: Tityrus, who represents Augustus as replying to his application for protection from the soldiery—"Pascite ut ante boves, *pueri*," is immediately addressed by the other shepherd—"Fortunate *senex*." Spenser also

employs it in the same sense; for he calls Prince Arthur's squire Timias a *lusty boy*; and Spenser, except in his finals, is good authority. Mr Wordsworth, too, whose logical correctness in the use of words is notorious, does not scruple, among the employments which his "Old Adam" assumed on coming to London, to mention that of an "errand *boy*." It may, perhaps, be safely asserted, that our shoals of continental travellers do not always find the *garçon* at a French hotel or café to be an *imberbis puer*. It is treading on tender ground to presume to censure Miss Edgeworth, but it might possibly be queried whether, in her tale of "Ormond," she has not o'erstepped the modesty of nature when she makes King Corny qualify the tough ploughman with the title of *boy*, though, indeed, this is a point that may admit of doubt; for the devil himself, who all agree is no chicken, is very commonly styled the "*Old boy*."

It is a generally-received tradition in the south of Ireland, that the Danes manufactured a kind of intoxicating beer from the heath. Dr Smith, in his History of Kerry (p. 173), informs us that "the country people" of the southern part of the barony of Corckaguiny "are possessed with an opinion that most of the old fences in these wild mountains were the work of the ancient Danes, and that they made a kind of beer of the heath which grows there; but these enclosures are more modern than the time when that northern nation inhabited Ireland. Many of them," continues the doctor, "were made to secure cattle from wolves, which animals were not entirely extirpated until about the year 1710; as I find by the presentments for raising money for destroying them in some old grand jury books; and the more ancient enclosures were made about corn-fields, which were more numerous before the importation of potatoes into Ireland than at present."

Dr Smith may be right in his conjectures respecting the fences which he has described, though these will by no means apply to the low stone lines which are to be seen on many of the mountains in Muskerry, in the county Cork, and which were obviously never intended for enclosures, but for mere boundaries, or marks of property; the stones are placed in regular lines, and are certainly not the remains of walls, as they consist of only one layer of stones. It is also to be remarked, that the enclosures are too small and too numerous to indicate a division of land for ordinary purposes; and their use can only be explained by supposing (as we have every reason to do) that

they were intended to mark out the bounds within which each man cut his portion of heath.

Gwrâch is the Welsh name for a hag or witch, and *Gwrâch y Rhibyn*, signifies the hag of the dribble, a personage, according to Cambrian tradition, who caused the many *dribbles of stones* seen on the slopes of the mountains. This phrase happily expresses the boundaries just described. The legend of *Gwrâch y Rhibyn* states, that in her journeys over the hills she was wont to carry her apron full of stones; and by chance, when the string of her apron broke, a dribble was formed.

Tom Fitzpatrick, the hero of the tale, does not seem to have been a very profound antiquary; and a case of similar ignorance in a respectable farmer may be quoted. This farmer lived within less than fifty miles of Londonderry; and yet, to a question addressed to him by a gentleman about the Danes, he replied in the very words of Tom, only substituting Derry for Limerick. In justice to the writer's countrymen, it must be, however, declared, that such ignorance is by no means common among them. They well know who the Danes were, and will tell you very gravely that a father in Denmark, when bestowing his daughter in marriage, always assigns with her, as a portion, some of the lands which his ancestors had possessed in Ireland. It would be rather curious to ascertain whether the Northumbrians and the peasants of the East Riding retain so distinct an idea of these northern invaders.

"*Dear me,*" and "*to tell God's truth,*" says Tom; and the narrator says, Tom ran for the "*dear life:*" these are odd expressions will say, perhaps, the reader. Not at all. *Dear* is almost exactly the Homeric *φιλος*, and is a strong expression of the possessive pronoun; it is frequently so employed by Spenser and the elder writers; the Persian poet Ferdosee uses the word *shireen*, *sweet*, in precisely the same manner: and, *by God's truth*, an Irishman means the truth, pure and unmixed as it is in the Divinity, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," or the truth as it should be uttered in the presence of the Divinity.

The three original diminutives are *tiny*, *dony*, and *wee*. By variously combining the elements of these, the Irish make a variety of others. Thus, from the first and third they form *weeny*, and by the use of the termination *shy*, they make *deeshy doshy*, and *weeshy*.

THE LITTLE SHOE.

“Now tell me, Molly,” said Mr Coote to Molly Cogan, as he met her on the road one day, close to one of the old gateways of Kilmallock, “did you ever hear of the Cluricaune?”

“Is it the Cluricaune? why, then, sure I did, often and often; many’s the time I heard my father, rest his soul! tell about ’em over and over again.”

“But did you ever see one, Molly—did you ever see one yourself?”

“Och! no, I never *see* one in my life; but my grandfather, that’s my father’s father, you know, he *see* one, one time, and caught him too.”

“Caught him! Oh! Molly, tell me how was that?”

“Why, then, I’ll tell you. My grandfather, you see, was out there above in the bog, drawing home turf, and the poor old mare was tired after her day’s work, and the old man went out to the stable to look after her, and to see if she was eating her hay; and when he came to the stable door there, my dear, he heard something hammering, hammering, hammering, just for all the world like a shoemaker making a shoe, and whistling all the time the prettiest tune he ever heard in his whole life before. Well, my grandfather, he thought it was the Cluricaune, and he said to himself, says he, ‘I’ll catch you, if I can, and then I’ll have money enough always.’ So he opened the door very quietly, and did n’t make a bit of noise in the world that ever was heard; and looked all about, but the never a bit of the little man he could see anywhere, but he heard him hammering and whistling, and so he looked and looked, till at last he *see* the little fellow; and where was he, do you think, but in the girth under the mare; and there he was with his little bit of an apron on him, and hammer in his hand, and a little red nightcap on his head, and he making a shoe; and he was so busy with

his work, and he was hammering and whistling so loud, that he never minded my grandfather till he caught him fast in his hand. 'Faith, I have you now,' says he, 'and I'll never let you go till I get your purse—that's what I won't; so give it here to me at once, now.' 'Stop, stop,' says the Cluricaune, 'stop, stop,' says he, 'till I get it for you.' So my grandfather, like a fool, you see, opened his hand a little, and the little fellow jumped away laughing, and he never saw him any more, and the never the bit of the purse did he get, only the Cluricaune left his little shoe that he was making; and my grandfather was mad enough angry with himself for letting him go; but he had the shoe all his life, and my own mother told me she often *see* it, and had it in her hand, and 'twas the prettiest little shoe she ever saw."

"And did you see it yourself, Molly?"

"Oh! no, my dear, it was lost long afore I was born; but my mother told me about it often and often enough."

There is nothing very strange in the circumstance of Molly's grandfather becoming the possessor of a Cluricaune's shoe, for even in the present century, when these little people are supposed to have grown more shy and cautious of letting themselves be seen or heard, persons have been fortunate enough to get their shoes, though the purse still eludes them. In a Kilkenny paper, published some years ago, there was a paragraph (which paragraph was copied in most of the Irish papers) stating that a peasant returning home in the dusk of the evening, discovered one of these little folk at work, and as the workman, as usual, contrived to make his escape, the peasant secured the shoe to bear witness of the fact, which shoe, to satisfy public curiosity, lay for inspection at the office of the said paper. It is therefore not impossible that this specimen of Cluricaune cordwainery may still exist.



THE BANSHEE.



“ Who sits upon the heath forlorn
 With robe so free and tresses torn ?
 Anon she pours a harrowing strain,
 And then--she sits all mute again !--
 Now peals the wild funereal cry--
 And now--it sinks into a sigh.”—OURAWNS.

The Reverend Charles Bunworth was rector of Buttevant, in the county Cork, about the middle of the last century. He was a man of unaffected piety, and of sound learning; pure in heart, and benevolent in intention. By the rich he was respected, and by the poor beloved; nor did a difference of creed prevent their looking up to “*the minister*” (so was Mr Bunworth called by them) in matters of difficulty and in seasons of distress, confident of receiving from him the advice and assistance that a father would afford to his children. He was the friend and the benefactor of the surrounding country—to him, from the neighbouring town of Newmarket, came both Curran and Yelverton for advice and instruction,

previous to their entrance at Dublin College. Young, indigent, and inexperienced, these afterwards eminent men received from him, in addition to the advice they sought, pecuniary aid ; and the brilliant career which was theirs justified the discrimination of the giver.

But what extended the fame of Mr Bunworth far beyond the limits of the parishes adjacent to his own, was his performance on the Irish harp, and his hospitable reception and entertainment of the poor harpers who travelled from house to house about the country. Grateful to their patron, these itinerant minstrels sang his praises to the tingling accompaniment of their harps, invoking in return for his bounty abundant blessings on his white head, and celebrating in their rude verses the blooming charms of his daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. It was all these poor fellows could do ; but who can doubt that their gratitude was sincere, when, at the time of Mr Bunworth's death, no less than fifteen harps were deposited on the loft of his granary, bequeathed to him by the last members of a race which has now ceased to exist. Trifling, no doubt, in intrinsic value were these relics, yet there is something in gifts of the heart that merits preservation ; and it is to be regretted that, when he died, these harps were broken up one after the other, and used as fire-wood by an ignorant follower of the family, who, on their removal to Cork for a temporary change of scene, was left in charge of the house.

The circumstances attending the death of Mr Bunworth may be doubted by some ; but there are still living credible witnesses who declare their authenticity, and who can be produced to attest most, if not all, of the following particulars.

About a week previous to his dissolution, and early in the evening, a noise was heard at the hall-door resembling the shearing of sheep ; but at the time no particular attention was paid to it. It was near eleven o'clock the same night, when Kavanagh, the herdsman, returned from Mallow, whither he had been sent in the afternoon for some medicine, and was observed by Miss Bunworth, to whom he delivered the parcel, to be much agitated. At this time, it must be observed, her father was by no means considered in danger.

"What is the matter, Kavanagh?" asked Miss Bunworth; but the poor fellow, with a bewildered look, only uttered, "The master, Miss—the master—he is going from us;" and overcome with real grief, he burst into a flood of tears.

Miss Bunworth, who was a woman of strong nerve, inquired if anything he had learned in Mallow induced him to suppose that her father was worse.

"No, Miss," said Kavanagh; "it was not in Mallow—"

"Kavanagh," said Miss Bunworth, with that stateliness of manner for which she is said to have been remarkable, "I fear you have been drinking, which, I must say, I did not expect at such a time as the present, when it was your duty to have kept yourself sober;—I thought you might have been trusted;—what should we have done if you had broken the medicine bottle, or lost it? for the doctor said it was of the greatest consequence that your master should take it to-night. But I shall speak to you in the morning, when you are in a fitter state to understand what I say."

Kavanagh looked up with a stupidity of aspect which did not serve to remove the impression of his being drunk, as his eyes appeared heavy and dull after the flood of tears;—but his voice was not that of an intoxicated person.

"Miss," said he, "as I hope to receive mercy hereafter, neither bit or sup has passed my lips since I left this house: but the master—"

"Speak softly," said Miss Bunworth; "he sleeps, and is going on as well as we could expect."

"Praise be to God for that, any way," replied Kavanagh; "but oh! Miss, he is going from us surely—we will lose him—the master—we will lose him, we will lose him!" and he wrung his hands together.

"What is it you mean, Kavanagh?" asked Miss Bunworth.

"Is it mean?" said Kavanagh: "the Banshee has come for him, Miss; and 't is not I alone who have heard her."

"'T is an idle superstition," said Miss Bunworth.

"May be so," replied Kavanagh, as if the words "idle superstition" only sounded upon his ear without reaching his mind—"May be so," he continued; "but as I came through

the glen of Ballybeg, she was along with me, keening, and screeching, and clapping her hands, by my side every step of the way, with her long white hair falling about her shoulders, and I could hear her repeat the master's name every now and then, as plain as ever I heard it. When I came to the old abbey, she parted from me there, and turned into the pigeon-field next the *berrin* ground, and folding her cloak about her, down she sat under the tree that was struck by the lightning, and began keening so bitterly, that it went through one's heart to hear it."

"Kavanagh," said Miss Bunworth, who had, however, listened attentively to this remarkable relation, "my father is, I believe, better; and I hope will himself soon be up and able to convince you that all this is but your own fancy; nevertheless, I charge you not to mention what you have told me, for there is no occasion to frighten your fellow-servants with the story."

Mr Bunworth gradually declined; but nothing particular occurred until the night previous to his death. That night both his daughters, exhausted with continued attendance and watching, were prevailed upon to seek some repose; and an elderly lady, a near relative and friend of the family, remained by the bedside of their father. The old gentleman then lay in the parlour, where he had been in the morning removed at his own request, fancying the change would afford him relief; and the head of his bed was placed close to the window. In a room adjoining sat some male friends, and, as usual on like occasions of illness, in the kitchen many of the followers of the family had assembled.

The night was serene and moonlight—the sick man slept—and nothing broke the stillness of their melancholy watch, when the little party in the room adjoining the parlour, the door of which stood open, was suddenly roused by a sound at the window near the bed: a rose-tree grew outside the window so close as to touch the glass; this was forced aside with some noise, and a low moaning was heard, accompanied by clapping of hands, as if of a female in deep affliction. It seemed as if the sound proceeded from a person holding her mouth close to the window. The lady who sat by the bedside

of Mr Bunworth went into the adjoining room, and in a tone of alarm, inquired of the gentlemen there, if they had heard the Banshee? Sceptical of supernatural appearances, two of them rose hastily and went out to discover the cause of these sounds, which they also had distinctly heard. They walked all round the house, examining every spot of ground, particularly near the window from whence the voice had proceeded; the bed of earth beneath, in which the rose-tree was planted, had been recently dug, and the print of a footstep—if the tree had been forced aside by mortal hand—would have inevitably remained; but they could perceive no such impression, and an unbroken stillness reigned without. Hoping to dispel the mystery, they continued their search anxiously along the road, from the straightness of which and the lightness of the night, they were enabled to see some distance around them; but all was silent and deserted, and they returned, surprised and disappointed. How much more then were they astonished at learning that, the whole time of their absence, those who remained within the house had heard the moaning and clapping of hands even louder and more distinct than before they had gone out; and no sooner was the door of the room closed on them, than they again heard the same mournful sounds! Every succeeding hour the sick man became worse, and when the first glimpse of the morning appeared, Mr Bunworth expired.

The character of Mr Bunworth, and the particulars related of him, accord with the truth:—See Ryan's *Worthies of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 228, where it is stated that the harp made for him by Kelly, and which bears an inscription to that effect, is still preserved in his family. This interesting relic was, when this book was first published, in the possession of his grand-daughter, Miss Dillon of Blackrock, near Cork, to whom the musical talent of her ancestor seemed also to have descended. The anecdote of the legacies bequeathed by the poor bards to Mr Bunworth may bring the lines of Ireland's national poet into the reader's mind.

“When the light of my song is o’er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door
 Where weary travellers love to call.

Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note in passing along,
 Oh! let one thought of its master ’waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.”

By one of those strange coincidences, which are nevertheless always occurring, the very next song in the Irish Melodies begins—

“How oft has the Banshee cried.”

The word Banshee has been variously explained as the head of the fairies, and as the white fairy; but Dr O’Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, writes “*Bean-síghé*, plural *mna-síghé*, she-fairies, or woman-fairies, credulously supposed by the common people to be so affected to certain families, that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations about their houses at night, whenever any of the family labours under a sickness which is to end in death. But,” continues the doctor, “no families which are not of an ancient and noble stock are believed to be honoured with this fairy privilege: pertinent to which notion, a very humorous quartain is set down in an Irish elegy on the death of one of the knights of Kerry, importing that when the fairy-woman of the family was heard to lament his death at Dingle (a sea-port town, the property of those knights), every one of the merchants was alarmed lest the mournful cry should be a fore-warning of his own death; but the poet assures them in a very humorous manner that they may make themselves very easy on that occasion. The Irish words will explain the rest. *An sa Daingion’ nuair neartaídh an brón-ghol: do ghlac eagla ceannuidhthe an chnósaice: ’na dtaobh féin nár bhaoghal dóibhsin: ní chaoínid mna-síghé an sort san.*”

In Dingle, the Hussey, Rice, and Trant families are said to have their Banshee;—in the county Tipperary, the Butler, Kearney, and Keating families are attended by this spirit; “but,” remarked the informant, “I don’t hear that Banshees go on so much now as they did formerly.”

The Welsh *Gwrâch y Rhibyn*, or the hag of the dribble, mentioned in a former note, bears some resemblance to the Irish Banshee, be-

ing regarded as an omen of death. She is said to come after dusk, and flap her leathern wings against the window where she warns of death, and in a broken, howling tone, to call on the one who is to quit mortality by his or her name several times, as thus, *A-a-a-n-ni-i-i-i!* *Anni.*

Keening is the Irish term for a wild song of lamentation poured forth over a dead body, by certain mourners employed for the purpose. The reader will find a paper on this subject, with a musical notation of the Irish funeral lamentation, in the fourth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.*

The following verses, translated from a popular keen, are given not so much because they afford a specimen of one, as because of the introduction of the Banshee. It was composed on a young man named Ryan, whose mother speaks :

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

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

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

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

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

* * * *

LEGENDS OF THE BANSHEE.

THE family of Mac Carthy have for some generations possessed a small estate in the county of Tipperary. They are the descendants of a race, once numerous and powerful in the south of Ireland ; and though it is probable that the property they at present hold is no part of the large possessions of their ancestors, yet the district in which they live is so connected with the name of Mac Carthy by those associations which are never forgotten in Ireland, that they have preserved with all ranks a sort of influence much greater than that which their fortune or connections could otherwise give them. They are, like most of this class, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, to which they adhere with somewhat of the pride of ancestry, blended with a something, call it what you will, whether bigotry, or a sense of wrong, arising out of repeated diminutions of their family possession, during the more rigorous periods of the penal laws. Being an old family, and especially being an old Catholic family, they have of course their Banshee ; and the circumstances under which the appearance, which I shall relate, of this mysterious har-binger of evil took place, were told me by an old lady, a near connection of theirs, who knew many of the parties concerned, and who, though not deficient in understanding or education, cannot to this day be brought to give a decisive opinion as to the truth or authenticity of the story. The plain inference to be drawn from this is, that she believes it, though she does not own it ; and as she was a contemporary of the persons concerned—as she heard the account from many persons about the same period, all concurring in the important particulars—as some of her authorities were themselves actors in the scene—and as none of the parties were interested in speaking what was false ; I think we have about as good evidence that the whole is undeniably true as we have of

many narratives of modern history which I could name, and which many grave and sober-minded people would deem it very great pyrrhonism to question. This, however, is a point which it is not my province to determine. People who deal out stories of this sort must be content to act like certain young politicians, who tell very freely to their friends what they hear at a great man's table; not guilty of the impertinence of weighing the doctrines, but leaving it to their hearers to understand them in any sense, or in no sense, just as they may please.

Charles Mac Carthy was, in the year 1749, the only surviving son of a very numerous family. His father died when he was little more than twenty, leaving him the Mac Carthy estate, not much encumbered, considering that it was an Irish one. Charles was gay, handsome, unfettered either by poverty, a father, or guardians, and therefore was not, at the age of one-and-twenty, a pattern of regularity and virtue. In plain terms, he was an exceedingly dissipated—I fear I may say debauched young man. His companions were, as may be supposed, of the higher classes of the youth in his neighbourhood, and, in general, of those whose fortunes were larger than his own, whose dispositions to pleasure were therefore under still less restrictions, and in whose example he found at once an incentive and an apology for his irregularities. Besides, Ireland, a place to this day not very remarkable for the coolness and steadiness of its youth, was then one of the cheapest countries in the world in most of those articles which money supplies for the indulgence of the passions. The odious exciseman, with his portentous book in one hand, his unrelenting pen held in the other, or stuck beneath his hat-band, and the ink-bottle ('black emblem of the informer') dangling from his waistcoat-button—went not then from ale-house to ale-house, denouncing all those patriotic dealers in spirits, who preferred selling whiskey, which had nothing to do with English laws (but to elude them), to retailing that poisonous liquor, which derived its name from the British "Parliament" that compelled its circulation among a reluctant people. Or if the gauger—recording angel of the law—wrote down the peccadillo of a publican,

he dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever ! For, welcome to the tables of their hospitable neighbours, the guardians of the excise, where they existed at all, scrupled to abridge those luxuries which they freely shared ; and thus the competition in the market between the smuggler, who incurred little hazard, and the personage ycleped fair trader, who enjoyed little protection, made Ireland a land flowing, not merely with milk and honey, but with whiskey and wine. In the enjoyments supplied by these, and in the many kindred pleasures to which frail youth is but too prone, Charles Mac Carthy indulged to such a degree, that just about the time when he had completed his four-and-twentieth year, after a week of great excesses, he was seized with a violent fever, which, from its malignity, and the weakness of his frame, left scarcely a hope of his recovery. His mother, who had at first made many efforts to check his vices, and at last had been obliged to look on at his rapid progress to ruin in silent despair, watched day and night at his pillow. The anguish of parental feeling was blended with that still deeper misery which those only know who have striven hard to rear in virtue and piety a beloved and favourite child ; have found him grow up all that their hearts could desire, until he reached manhood ; and then, when their pride was highest, and their hopes almost ended in the fulfilment of their fondest expectations, have seen this idol of their affections plunge headlong into a course of reckless profligacy, and, after a rapid career of vice, hang upon the verge of eternity, without the leisure or the power of repentance. Fervently she prayed that, if his life could not be spared, at least the delirium, which continued with increasing violence from the first few hours of his disorder, might vanish before death, and leave enough of light and of calm for making his peace with offended Heaven. After several days, however, nature seemed quite exhausted, and he sunk into a state too like death to be mistaken for the repose of sleep. His face had that pale, glossy, marble look, which is in general so sure a symptom that life has left its tenement of clay. His eyes were closed and sunk ; the lids having that compressed and stiffened ap-

pearance which seemed to indicate that some friendly hand had done its last office. The lips, half closed and perfectly ashy, discovered just so much of the teeth as to give to the features of death their most ghastly, but most impressive look. He lay upon his back, with his hands stretched beside him, quite motionless; and his distracted mother, after repeated trials, could discover not the least symptom of animation. The medical man who attended, having tried the usual modes for ascertaining the presence of life, declared at last his opinion that it was flown, and prepared to depart from the house of mourning. His horse was seen to come to the door. A crowd of people who were collected before the windows, or scattered in groups on the lawn in front, gathered round when the door opened. These were tenants, fosterers, and poor relations of the family, with others attracted by affection, or by that interest which partakes of curiosity, but is something more, and which collects the lower ranks round a house where a human being is in his passage to another world. They saw the professional man come out from the hall door and approach his horse; and while slowly, and with a melancholy air, he prepared to mount, they clustered round him with inquiring and wishful looks. Not a word was spoken, but their meaning could not be misunderstood; and the physician, when he had got into his saddle, and while the servant was still holding the bridle, as if to delay him, and was looking anxiously at his face as if expecting that he would relieve the general suspense, shook his head, and said in a low voice, "It's all over, James;" and moved slowly away. The moment he had spoken, the women present, who were very numerous, uttered a shrill cry, which, having been sustained for about half a minute, fell suddenly into a full, loud, continued, and discordant but plaintive wailing, above which occasionally were heard the deep sounds of a man's voice, sometimes in broken sobs, sometimes in more distinct exclamations of sorrow. This was Charles's foster-brother, who moved about the crowd, now clapping his hands, now rubbing them together in an agony of grief. The poor fellow had been Charles's playmate and companion when a boy, and

afterwards his servant ; had always been distinguished by his peculiar regard, and loved his young master as much, at least, as he did his own life.

When Mrs Mac Carthy became convinced that the blow was indeed struck, and that her beloved son was sent to his last account, even in the blossoms of his sin, she remained for some time gazing with fixedness upon his cold features ; then, as if something had suddenly touched the string of her tenderest affections, tear after tear trickled down her cheeks, pale with anxiety and watching. Still she continued looking at her son, apparently unconscious that she was weeping, without once lifting her handkerchief to her eyes, until reminded of the sad duties which the custom of the country imposed upon her, by the crowd of females belonging to the better class of the peasantry who now, crying audibly, nearly filled the apartment. She then withdrew, to give directions for the ceremony of waking, and for supplying the numerous visitors of all ranks with the refreshments usual on these melancholy occasions. Though her voice was scarcely heard, and though no one saw her but the servants and one or two old followers of the family, who assisted her in the necessary arrangements, everything was conducted with the greatest regularity ; and though she made no effort to check her sorrows they never once suspended her attention, now more than ever required to preserve order in her household, which, in this season of calamity, but for her would have been all confusion.

The night was pretty far advanced ; the boisterous lamentations which had prevailed during part of the day in and about the house had given place to a solemn and mournful stillness ; and Mrs Mac Carthy, whose heart, notwithstanding her long fatigue and watching, was yet too sore for sleep, was kneeling in fervent prayer in a chamber adjoining that of her son :—suddenly her devotions were disturbed by an unusual noise, proceeding from the persons who were watching round the body. First there was a low murmur—then all was silent, as if the movements of those in the chamber were checked by a sudden panic—and then a loud cry of terror burst from all within :—the door of the chamber was

thrown open, and all who were not overturned in the press rushed wildly into the passage which led to the stairs, and into which Mrs Mac Carthy's room opened. Mrs Mac Carthy made her way through the crowd into her son's chamber, where she found him sitting up in the bed, and looking vacantly around, like one risen from the grave. The glare thrown upon his sunk features and thin lathy frame gave an unearthly horror to his whole aspect. Mrs Mac Carthy was a woman of some firmness; but she was a woman, and not quite free from the superstitions of her country. She dropped on her knees, and, clasping her hands, began to pray aloud. The form before her moved only its lips, and barely uttered "Mother;"—but though the pale lips moved, as if there was a design to finish the sentence, the tongue refused its office. Mrs Mac Carthy sprung forward, and catching the arm of her son, exclaimed, "Speak! in the name of God and his saints, speak! are you alive?"

He turned to her slowly, and said, speaking still with apparent difficulty, "Yes, my mother, alive, and—But sit down and collect yourself; I have that to tell which will astonish you still more than what you have seen." He leaned back upon his pillow, and while his mother remained kneeling by the bedside, holding one of his hands clasped in hers, and gazing on him with the look of one who distrusted all her senses, he proceeded:—"Do not interrupt me until I have done. I wish to speak while the excitement of returning life is upon me, as I know I shall soon need much repose.—Of the commencement of my illness I have only a confused recollection; but within the last twelve hours I have been before the judgment-seat of God. Do not stare incredulously on me—'tis as true as have been my crimes, and as, I trust, shall be my repentance. I saw the awful Judge arrayed in all the terrors which invest him when mercy gives place to justice. The dreadful pomp of offended omnipotence, I saw,—I remember. It is fixed here; printed on my brain in characters indelible; but it passeth human language. What I *can* describe I *will*—I may speak it briefly. It is enough to say, I was weighed in the balance and found wanting. The irrevocable sentence was upon the point of

being pronounced; the eye of my Almighty Judge, which had already glanced upon me, half spoke my doom; when I observed the guardian saint, to whom you so often directed my prayers when I was a child, looking at me with an expression of benevolence and compassion. I stretched forth my hands to him, and besought his intercession; I implored that one year, one month might be given to me on earth, to do penance and atonement for my transgressions. He threw himself at the feet of my Judge, and supplicated for mercy. Oh! never—not if I should pass through ten thousand successive states of being—never, for eternity, shall I forget the horrors of that moment, when my fate hung suspended—when an instant was to decide whether torments unutterable were to be my portion for endless ages! But Justice suspended its decree, and Mercy spoke in accents of firmness, but mildness, ‘Return to that world in which thou hast lived but to outrage the laws of Him who made that world and thee. Three years are given thee for repentance; when these are ended, thou shalt again stand here, to be saved or lost for ever.’—I heard no more; I saw no more, until I awoke to life, the moment before you entered.”

Charles’s strength continued just long enough to finish these last words, and on uttering them he closed his eyes, and lay quite exhausted. His mother, though, as was before said, somewhat disposed to give credit to supernatural visitations, yet hesitated whether or not she should believe that, although awakened from a swoon which might have been the crisis of his disease, he was still under the influence of delirium. Repose, however, was at all events necessary, and she took immediate measures that he should enjoy it undisturbed. After some hours’ sleep, he awoke refreshed, and thenceforward gradually but steadily recovered.

Still he persisted in his account of the vision, as he had at first related it; and his persuasion of its reality had an obvious and decided influence on his habits and conduct. He did not altogether abandon the society of his former associates, for his temper was not soured by his reformation; but he never joined in their excesses, and often endeavoured to reclaim them. How his pious exertions succeeded, I have

never learnt ; but of himself it is recorded that he was religious without ostentation, and temperate without austerity ; giving a practical proof that vice may be exchanged for virtue, without a loss of respectability, popularity, or happiness.

Time rolled on, and long before the three years were ended, the story of his vision was forgotten, or, when spoken of, was usually mentioned as an instance proving the folly of believing in such things. Charles's health, from the temperance and regularity of his habits, became more robust than ever. His friends, indeed, had often occasion to rally him upon a seriousness and abstractedness of demeanour, which grew upon him as he approached the completion of his seven-and-twentieth year, but for the most part his manner exhibited the same animation and cheerfulness for which he had always been remarkable. In company, he evaded every endeavour to draw from him a distinct opinion on the subject of the supposed prediction ; but among his own family it was well known that he still firmly believed it. However, when the day had nearly arrived on which the prophecy was, if at all, to be fulfilled, his whole appearance gave such promise of a long and healthy life, that he was persuaded by his friends to ask a large party to an entertainment at Spring House, to celebrate his birth-day. But the occasion of this party, and the circumstances which attended it, will be best learned from a perusal of the following letters, which have been carefully preserved by some relations of his family. The first is from Mrs Mac Carthy to a lady, a very near connection and valued friend of hers, who lived in the county Cork, at about fifty miles' distance from Spring House.

“ TO MRS BARRY, CASTLE BARRY.

“ *Spring House, Tuesday morning,*
October 15th, 1752.

“ MY DEAREST MARY,

“ I am afraid I am going to put your affection for your old friend and kinswoman to a severe trial. A two days' journey at this season, over bad roads and through a troubled country, it will indeed require friendship such as yours to per-

suade a sober woman to encounter. But the truth is, I have, or fancy I have, more than usual cause for wishing you near me. You know my son's story. I can't tell you how it is, but as next Sunday approaches, when the prediction of his dream or his vision will be proved false or true, I feel a sickening of the heart, which I cannot suppress, but which your presence, my dear Mary, will soften, as it has done so many of my sorrows. My nephew, James Ryan, is to be married to Jane Osborne (who, you know, is my son's ward), and the bridal entertainment will take place here on Sunday next, though Charles pleaded hard to have it postponed a day or two longer. Would to God—but no more of this till we meet. Do prevail upon yourself to leave your good man for *one* week, if his farming concerns will not admit of his accompanying you; and come to us, with the girls, as soon before Sunday as you can.

“Ever my dear Mary's attached cousin and friend,

“ANN MAC CARTHY.”

Although this letter reached Castle Barry early on Wednesday, the messenger having travelled on foot, over bog and moor, by paths impassable to horse or carriage, Mrs Barry, who at once determined on going, had so many arrangements to make for the regulation of her domestic affairs (which, in Ireland, among the middle orders of the gentry, fall soon into confusion when the mistress of the family is away), that she and her two younger daughters were unable to leave home until late on the morning of Friday. The eldest daughter remained to keep her father company, and superintend the concerns of the household. As the travellers were to journey in an open one-horse vehicle, called a jaunting car (still used in Ireland), and as the roads, bad at all times, were rendered still worse by the heavy rains, it was their design to make two easy stages; to stop about midway the first night, and reach Spring House early on Saturday evening. This arrangement was now altered, as they found that, from the lateness of their departure, they could proceed, at the utmost, no farther than twenty miles on the first day; and they therefore purposed sleeping at the house

of a Mr Bourke, a friend of theirs, who lived at somewhat less than that distance from Castle Barry. They reached Mr Bourke's in safety, after rather a disagreeable drive. What befell them on their journey the next day to Spring House, and after their arrival there, is fully recounted in a letter from the second Miss Barry to her eldest sister.

*“Spring House, Sunday evening,
20th October, 1752.*

“DEAR ELLEN,

“As my mother's letter, which encloses this, will announce to you briefly the sad intelligence which I shall here relate more fully, I think it better to go regularly through the recital of the extraordinary events of the last two days.

“The Bourkes kept us up so late on Friday night, that yesterday was pretty far advanced before we could begin our journey, and the day closed when we were nearly fifteen miles distant from this place. The roads were excessively deep, from the heavy rains of the last week, and we proceeded so slowly, that at last my mother resolved on passing the night at the house of Mr Bourke's brother (who lives about a quarter of a mile off the road), and coming here to breakfast in the morning. The day had been windy and showery, and the sky looked fitful, gloomy, and uncertain. The moon was full, and at times shone clear and bright; at others it was wholly concealed behind the thick black and rugged masses of clouds, that rolled rapidly along and were every moment becoming larger, and collecting together as if gathering strength for a coming storm. The wind, which blew in our faces, whistled bleakly along the low hedges of the narrow road, on which we proceeded with difficulty from the number of deep sloughs, and which afforded not the least shelter, no plantation being within some miles of us. My mother, therefore, asked Leary, who drove the jaunting car, how far we were from Mr Bourke's? ‘Tis about ten spades from this to the cross, and we have then only to turn to the left into the avenue, ma'am.’ ‘Very well, Leary: turn up to Mr Bourke's as soon as you reach the cross roads.’ My mother had scarcely spoken these

words, when a shriek, that made us thrill as if our very hearts were pierced by it, burst from the hedge to the right of our way. If it resembled anything earthly it seemed the cry of a female, struck by a sudden and mortal blow, and giving out her life in one long deep pang of expiring agony. 'Heaven defend us!' exclaimed my mother. 'Go you over the hedge, Leary, and save that woman, if she is not yet dead, while we run back to the hut we just passed, and alarm the village near it.' 'Woman!' said Leary, beating the horse violently, while his voice trembled—'that's no woman: the sooner we get on, ma'am, the better;' and he continued his efforts to quicken the horse's pace. We saw nothing. The moon was hid. It was quite dark, and we had been for some time expecting a heavy fall of rain. But just as Leary had spoken, and had succeeded in making the horse trot briskly forward, we distinctly heard a loud clapping of hands, followed by a succession of screams, that seemed to denote the last excess of despair and anguish, and to issue from a person running forward inside the hedge, to keep pace with our progress. Still we saw nothing; until, when we were within about ten yards of the place where an avenue branched off to Mr Bourke's to the left, and the road turned to Spring House on the right, the moon started suddenly from behind a cloud and enabled us to see, as plainly as I now see this paper, the figure of a tall thin woman, with uncovered head, and long hair that floated round her shoulders, attired in something which seemed either a loose white cloak or a sheet thrown hastily about her. She stood on the corner hedge, where the road on which we were met that which leads to Spring House, with her face towards us, her left hand pointing to this place, and her right arm waving rapidly and violently, as if to draw us on in that direction. The horse had stopped, apparently frightened at the sudden presence of the figure, which stood in the manner I have described, still uttering the same piercing cries, for about half a minute. It then leaped upon the road, disappeared from our view for one instant, and the next was seen standing upon a high wall a little way up the avenue on which we purposed going, still pointing towards the road to Spring House, but in an attitude

of defiance and command, as if prepared to oppose our passage up the avenue. The figure was now quite silent, and its garments, which had before flown loosely in the wind, were closely wrapped around it. 'Go on, Leary, to Spring House, in God's name,' said my mother; 'whatever world it belongs to, we will provoke it no longer. 'Tis the Banshee, ma'am,' said Leary; 'and I would not, for what my life is worth, go anywhere this blessed night but to Spring House. But I'm afraid there's something bad going forward, or *she* would not send us there.' So saying, he drove forward; and as we turned on the road to the right, the moon suddenly withdrew its light, and we saw the apparition no more; but we heard plainly a prolonged clapping of hands, gradually dying away, as if it issued from a person rapidly retreating. We proceeded as quickly as the badness of the roads and the fatigue of the poor animal that drew us would allow, and arrived here about eleven o'clock last night. The scene which awaited us you have learned from my mother's letter. To explain it fully, I must recount to you some of the transactions which took place here during the last week.

"You are aware that Jane Osborne was to have been married this day to James Ryan, and that they and their friends have been here for the last week. On Tuesday last, the very day on the morning of which cousin Mac Carthy despatched the letter inviting us here, the whole of the company were walking about the grounds a little before dinner. It seems that an unfortunate creature, who had been seduced by James Ryan, was seen prowling in the neighbourhood in a moody, melancholy state for some days previous. He had separated from her for several months, and, they say, had provided for her rather handsomely; but she had been seduced by the promise of his marrying her; and the shame of her unhappy condition, uniting with disappointment and jealousy, had disordered her intellects. During the whole forenoon of this Tuesday she had been walking in the plantations near Spring House, with her cloak folded tight round her, the hood nearly covering her face; and she had avoided conversing with or even meeting any of the family.

"Charles Mac Carthy, at the time I mentioned, was

walking between James Ryan and another, at a little distance from the rest, on a gravel path, skirting a shrubbery. The whole party were thrown into the utmost consternation by the report of a pistol, fired from a thickly planted part of the shrubbery which Charles and his companions had just passed. He fell instantly, and it was found that he had been wounded in the leg. One of the party was a medical man ; his assistance was immediately given, and, on examining, he declared that the injury was very slight, that no bone was broken, that it was merely a flesh wound, and that it would certainly be well in a few days. ' We shall know more by Sunday,' said Charles, as he was carried to his chamber. His wound was immediately dressed, and so slight was the inconvenience which it gave, that several of his friends spent a portion of the evening in his apartment.

"On inquiry, it was found that the unlucky shot was fired by the poor girl I just mentioned. It was also manifest that she had aimed, not at Charles, but at the destroyer of her innocence and happiness, who was walking beside him. After a fruitless search for her through the grounds, she walked into the house of her own accord, laughing and dancing and singing wildly, and every moment exclaiming that she had at last killed Mr Ryan. When she heard that it was Charles, and not Mr Ryan, who was shot, she fell into a violent fit, out of which, after working convulsively for some time, she sprung to the door, escaped from the crowd that pursued her, and could never be taken until last night, when she was brought here, perfectly frantic, a little before our arrival.

"Charles's wound was thought of such little consequence, that the preparations went forward, as usual, for the wedding entertainment on Sunday. But on Friday night he grew restless and feverish, and on Saturday (yesterday) morning felt so ill, that it was deemed necessary to obtain additional medical advice. Two physicians and a surgeon met in consultation about twelve o'clock in the day, and the dreadful intelligence was announced, that unless a change, hardly hoped for, took place before night, death must happen within twenty-four hours after. The wound, it seems, had

been too tightly bandaged, and otherwise injudiciously treated. The physicians were right in their anticipations. No favourable symptom appeared, and long before we reached Spring House every ray of hope had vanished. The scene we witnessed on our arrival would have wrung the heart of a demon. We heard briefly at the gate that Mr Charles was upon his death-bed. When we reached the house, the information was confirmed by the servant who opened the door. But just as we entered, we were horrified by the most appalling screams issuing from the staircase. My mother thought she heard the voice of poor Mrs Mac Carthy, and sprung forward. We followed, and on ascending a few steps of the stairs, we found a young woman, in a state of frantic passion, struggling furiously with two men-servants, whose united strength was hardly sufficient to prevent her rushing up-stairs over the body of Mrs Mac Carthy, who was lying in strong hysterics upon the steps. This, I afterwards discovered, was the unhappy girl I before described, who was attempting to gain access to Charles's room, to 'get his forgiveness,' as she said, 'before he went away to accuse her for having killed him.' This wild idea was mingled with another, which seemed to dispute with the former possession of her mind. In one sentence she called on Charles to forgive her, in the next she would denounce James Ryan as the murderer both of Charles and her. At length she was torn away; and the last words I heard her scream were, 'James Ryan, 't was you killed him, and not I—'t was you killed him, and not I.'

"Mrs Mac Carthy, on recovering, fell into the arms of my mother, whose presence seemed a great relief to her. She wept—the first tears, I was told, that she had shed since the fatal accident. She conducted us to Charles's room, who, she said, had desired to see us the moment of our arrival, as he found his end approaching, and wished to devote the last hours of his existence to uninterrupted prayer and meditation. We found him perfectly calm, resigned, and even cheerful. He spoke of the awful event which was at hand with courage and confidence, and treated it as a doom for which he had been preparing ever since his former remarkable illness, and which he never once doubted was truly foretold to him. He

bade us farewell with the air of one who was about to travel a short and easy journey; and we left him with impressions which, notwithstanding all their anguish, will, I trust, never entirely forsake us.

"Poor Mrs Mac Carthy——but I am just called away. There seems a slight stir in the family; perhaps——"

The above letter was never finished. The enclosure to which it more than once alludes told the sequel briefly, and it is all that I have further learned of the family of Mac Carthy. Before the sun had gone down upon Charles's seven-and-twentieth birthday, his soul had gone to render its last account to its Creator.

Romantic in incident and artificial in construction as this story may appear, it is nevertheless a narrative of facts, if the supernatural appearance of the Banshee be excepted;—the names and places mentioned are, in every instance but one, real, and that has been changed for certain reasons which it is unnecessary to explain, as the alteration is immaterial. Much may even be said in vindication of the superstition of the Banshee on the evidence of well-informed and enlightened persons.

Miss Lofanu, the niece of Sheridan, relates the following anecdote in the memoirs of her grandmother, Mrs Frances Sheridan (8vo, London, 1824), p. 32.

"Like many Irish ladies, who resided during the early part of her life in the country, Miss Elizabeth Sheridan was a firm believer in the Banshee, or female demon, attached to certain ancient Irish families: she firmly maintained that the Banshee of the Sheridan family was heard waiting beneath the windows of Quilca (the family residence) before the news arrived from France of Mrs Frances Sheridan's death at Blois, thus affording them a preternatural intimation of the impending melancholy event. A niece of Miss Sheridan's made her very angry by observing, that as Mrs Frances Sheridan was by birth a Chamberlaine, a family of English extraction, she had no right to the guardianship of an Irish fairy, and that therefore the Banshee must have made a mistake!"

Another account of the Banshee, although probably the reader is already acquainted with it, is yet too curious to be omitted here;—it is given in a note on “the Lady of the Lake,” where Sir Walter Scott, after describing the appearance of this mournful fairy as that of “an old woman with a blue mantle and streaming hair,” thus proceeds:—“But the most remarkable instance of the kind occurs in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshaw, so exemplary for her conjugal affection: her husband, Sir Richard, and she chanced, during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend, the head of a sept, who resided in an ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and looking out of bed, beheld, by the moonlight, a female face and part of the form hovering at the window. The distance from the ground, as well as the circumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale, and the hair, which was reddish, loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshaw’s terror did not prevent her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished, with two shrieks similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshaw’s attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit, but to account for the apparition:—

“‘A near relation of my family,’ said he, ‘expired last night in this castle. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. Now, before such an event happens in this family and castle, the female spectre whom you have seen always is visible: she is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done to his family, he caused to be drowned in the Castle Moat.’”

Lady Fanshaw lived in turbulent and unsettled times, when to the lively imagination every sight and sound came fraught with dismal forebodings of evil. Perhaps this reasoning will account for the Banshee being a spirit so familiar in Ireland.

The reader will probably remember the White Lady of the House of Brandenburgh, and the fairy Melusine, who usually prognosticated

the recurrence of mortality in some noble family of Poitou. Prince, in his *Worthies of Devon*, records the appearance of a white bird performing the same office for the worshipful lineage of Oxenham.

An instance of this superstition occurred in the writer's family. A servant, named Peggy Rilehan, declared that some great misfortune was about to happen, as she had heard a shriek, and had seen something pass across the window. On this the writer's sister, who was present at the time, remarks—"I saw nothing, but I heard Peggy scream, and then exclaim—'There it is—there it is—what always appears when any of the Rilehans are to die.' She says she saw it before, when aunt Harriott's nurse (who was her grandmother) died at Mallow."

The poor girl's cousin was at this time in jail. He was one of the misguided followers of Captain Rock; and two or three days after was tried for being concerned in the attack on Churchtown barrack, found guilty, and executed.

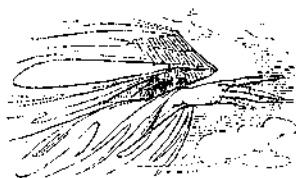
In 1816 much confusion was created in the house of a gentleman, where the writer was on a visit, by the following simple circumstance :

The house was situated in a proclaimed barony of the county Tipperary, not far distant from the scene of Mr Baker's murder, which had occurred only a short time before. Mysterious looks and whispers amongst the domestics had at that moment something in them to excite alarm; but after strict inquiry it was found that they were caused by the voice of a Banshee, which had been heard for several nights wailing through the house. On examination, these sounds of woe were traced to the bedchamber of Miss —, and were discovered to have proceeded from an Eolian harp, which she had placed in the window.

Since, however, Banshees have become amenable to vulgar laws, they have lost much of their romantic character: the particulars respecting the manner in which this important change has been effected are given on good authority.

In a retired district of the county Cork stood a solitary farmhouse, where a widow lady and her sister lived, with only one maid-servant. The lawn or field before the house was covered with flax, which had been steeped, and was spread out to dry: every morning a large quantity of it was gone; and during the night the Banshee's cry was heard sounding dismally about the grounds. The lady was satisfied the flax could not be carried away without hands, although

her suspicions did not fall on any particular person; and she determined, if possible, to discover the thief. The next night the Banshee was heard as usual, and she desired the servant-girl to find out from what part of the grounds the voice came. The servant, however, felt too much alarmed to obey the order of her mistress, when the lady, who was a woman of strong mind, notwithstanding the persuasions of her sister, determined herself on walking round the house. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and she had not advanced many steps from the door, when she saw what appeared to be the figure of a woman crouching in a blue cloak, singing a sweet but most melancholy air. She walked quickly up to the form, and laid her hand on its shoulder: it rose slowly, and continued increasing in height: still the lady held firm her grasp; and her sister coming up, they seized the Banshee, under whose blue cloak a quantity of flax was found concealed. The servant, who had recovered her senses, on hearing the altercation which ensued, now came to their assistance, and they contrived to secure the woman for the night. The next day she was sent to the jail of Cork, where at the assizes the lady prosecuted her, and she was sentenced to seven years' transportation.



THE PHOOKA.



“ No let house-fires, nor lightnings helpless harms,
 No let the *Pouke*, nor other evil spright,
 No let mischievous witches with their charms,
 No let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
 Fray us with things that be not.”—SPENSER.

THE SPIRIT HORSE.

THE history of Morty Sullivan ought to be a warning to all young men to stay at home, and to live decently and soberly if they can, and not to go roving about the world. Morty, when he had just turned of fourteen, ran away from his father and mother, who were a mighty respectable old couple, and many and many a tear they shed on his account. It is said they both died heart-broken for his loss: all they ever learned about him was that he went on board of a ship bound to America.

Thirty years after the old couple had been laid peacefully in their graves, there came a stranger to Beerhaven inquiring after them—it was their son Morty; and, to speak the truth of him, his heart did seem full of sorrow when he heard that his parents were dead and gone;—but what else could he expect to hear? Repentance generally comes when it is too late.

Morty Sullivan, however, as an atonement for his sins, was recommended to perform a pilgrimage to the blessed chapel of St Gobnate, which is in a wild place called Ballyvourney.

This he readily undertook; and willing to lose no time, commenced his journey the same afternoon. Morty had not proceeded many miles before the evening came on: there was no moon, and the starlight was obscured by a thick fog, which ascended from the valleys. His way was through a mountainous country, with many cross-paths and by-ways, so that it was difficult for a stranger like Morty to travel without a guide. He was anxious to reach his destination, and exerted himself to do so; but the fog grew thicker and thicker, and at last he became doubtful if the track he was in led to Saint Gobnate's chapel. Seeing therefore a light, which he imagined not to be far off, he went towards it, and when he thought himself close to it the light suddenly seemed at a great distance, twinkling dimly through the fog. Though Morty felt some surprise at this, he was not disheartened, for he thought that it was a light which the blessed Saint Gobnate had sent to guide his feet through the mountains to her chapel.

Thus did he travel for many a mile, continually, as he believed, approaching the light, which would suddenly start off to a great distance. At length he came so close as to perceive that the light came from a fire; seated beside which he plainly saw an old woman:—then, indeed, his faith was a little shaken, and much did he wonder that both the fire and the old woman should travel before him so many weary miles, and over such uneven roads.

“In the pious names of Saint Gobnate, and of her pre-

ceptor Saint Abban," said Morty, "how can that burning fire move on so fast before me, and who can that old woman be sitting beside the moving fire?"

These words had no sooner passed Morty's lips than he found himself, without taking another step, close to this wonderful fire, beside which the old woman was sitting munching her supper. With every wag of the old woman's jaw her eyes would roll fiercely upon Morty, as if she was angry at being disturbed; and he saw with more astonishment than ever that her eyes were neither black, nor blue, nor grey, nor hazel, like the human eye, but of a wild red colour, like the eye of a ferret. If before he wondered at the fire, much greater was his wonder at the old woman's appearance; and stout-hearted as he was, he could not but look upon her with fear—judging, and judging rightly, that it was for no good purpose her supping in so unfrequented a place, and at so late an hour, for it was near midnight. She said not one word, but munched and munched away, while Morty looked at her in silence.—"What's your name?" at last demanded the old hag, a sulphureous puff coming out of her mouth, her nostrils distending, and her eyes growing redder than ever, when she had finished her question.

Plucking up all his courage, "Morty Sullivan," replied he, "at your service;" meaning the latter words only in civility.

"*Ubbubbo!*" said the old woman, "we'll soon see that;" and the red fire of her eyes turned into a pale green colour. Bold and fearless as Morty was, yet much did he tremble at hearing this dreadful exclamation, he would have fallen down on his knees and prayed to Saint Gobnate, or any other saint, for he was not particular; but he was so petrified with horror that he could not move in the slightest way, much less go down on his knees.

"Take hold of my hand, Morty," said the old woman: "I'll give you a horse to ride that will soon carry you to your journey's end." So saying, she led the way, the fire going before them;—it is beyond mortal knowledge to say how, but on it went, shooting out bright tongues of flame, and flickering fiercely.

Presently they came to a natural cavern in the side of the mountain, and the old hag called aloud in a most discordant voice for her horse! In a moment a jet-black steed started from its gloomy stable, the rocky floor of which rung with a sepulchral echo to the clanging hoofs.

"Mount, Morty, mount!" cried she, seizing him with supernatural strength, and forcing him upon the back of the horse. Morty finding human power of no avail, muttered, "O that I had spurs!" and tried to grasp the horse's mane; but he caught at a shadow, which nevertheless bore him up and bounded forward with him, now springing down a fearful precipice, now clearing the rugged bed of a torrent, and rushing like the dark midnight storm through the mountains.

The following morning Morty Sullivan was discovered by some pilgrims (who came that way after taking their rounds at Gougane Barra) lying on the flat of his back, under a steep cliff, down which he had been flung by the Phooka. Morty was severely bruised by the fall, and he is said to have sworn on the spot, by the hand of O'Sullivan (and that is no small oath), never again to take a full quart bottle of whiskey with him on a pilgrimage.

Ballyvourney, or the town of my beloved, is six or seven miles west of Macroom, and is regarded as a place of peculiar holiness. An indulgence, dated 12th July, 1601, was granted by Pope Clement the VIIIth to pilgrims going thither, which is printed in Smith's History of Cork, from a copy in the Lambeth Library. Some other curious particulars respecting Ballyvourney may also be found in the same work.

In addition to these, a remarkable tradition concerning St Gobnate has been communicated to the writer, which is as follows:—About eight hundred years ago a powerful chief on the point of waging war against the head of another clan, seeing the inferiority of his troops, prayed to Saint Gobnate for assistance, in a field adjacent to the scene of the approaching battle. In this field was a bee-hive, and the good saint granted his request by turning the bees into armed soldiers, who issued forth from the hive with every appearance of military discipline, arranged themselves in ranks, and followed their

leader to the contest, where they were victorious. After the battle, gratitude instigated the conquering chief to visit the spot from whence he had received such miraculous aid, when he found that the hive had likewise been metamorphosed from straw or rushes, of which it was composed, into brass, and that it had become not unlike a helmet in shape. This relic is in the possession of the O'Hierlyhie family, and is held by the Irish peasantry in such profound veneration that they will travel several miles to procure a drop of water from it, which, if given to a dying relative or friend, they imagine will secure their ready admission into heaven. Not long since some water from this brazen bee-hive was administered to a dying priest by his coadjutor, in compliance with the popular superstition. "The priest himself who gave the water," adds the lady, to whom the writer is indebted for the communication, "is my authority for the story."

A pilgrimage to a place of reputed sanctity, like that undertaken by Morty Sullivan, is the common mode in Ireland, as in other Catholic countries, by which the peasant endeavours to make atonement for his sins, and to propitiate the favour of Heaven. "The consequences of such pilgrimages," remarks Mr Gilly (the talented and zealous advocate of the Vaudois), "have not unfrequently been fatal to innocence; and often have processions of pilgrims been converted into bands of profligate voluptuaries." Indeed this fact was so notorious, that the Catholic clergy in the south of Ireland publicly forbade the customary pilgrimage on the 24th of June to the Lake of Gougane Barra, as it presented an annual scene of drunkenness, riot, and debauchery, too shocking for description.

Morty Sullivan, therefore, appears to have only followed the common practice of other devotees, when he set out on his journey, in taking the whiskey-bottle with him; and those incredulous of supernatural appearances will probably attribute his fall rather to its contents, than to the terrific bound of the Spirit Horse, or Phooka.

It is difficult to explain the exact attributes of the Phooka, which have always in them something dusky and indistinct. The Welsh word *Gwyll*, variously used to express gloom, darkness, a shade, a goblin, and the nightmare, is pretty nearly the Irish Phooka.

"Old people," said a boy, named Murphy, who guided the writer through the mountains from Kenmare to Killarney, in the spring of 1825—"Old people used to say that the Phookas were very numerous in the times long ago; they were wicked-minded, black-looking, bad

things, that would come in the form of wild colts with chains hanging about them. 'The Phookas did great hurt to benighted travellers.'

In Drayton's very fanciful poem of *Nymphidia*, we find :

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt
Of purpose to deceive us,
And leading us makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way ;
And when we stick in mire or clay
Hob doth with laughter leave us."

The moving fire, or *ignis fatuus*, by which Morty was deluded, is termed by the peasantry in the south of Ireland "*Miscoun marry*."

"*Ubbubbo!*" exclaims the old hag,—that is *bobo*, an Irish interjection of wonder, like the Latin *papa*, and the Greek *ποποι* and *βαβα*.

Morty swears "by the hand of O'Sullivan," an oath not to be broken by one of that name; for, according to the old legend of this family —

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

DANIEL O'ROURKE.

PEOPLE may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower. I knew the man well: he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he, at the time that he told me the story, with grey hair and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree,

on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Buonaparte or any such was heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and, may be, give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end; and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes;—and there was no grinding for rent, and few agents; and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in a year; but now it's another thing: no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was I left the place; only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, in myself, I'd just step to Molly Cronohan's, the fairy woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer that was bewitched; and so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyashenogh, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself—for why? it was Lady-day—I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.


"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The

moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for mentioning her), and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog;—I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my *berrin* place. So I sat down upon a stone which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head, and sing the *Ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I: 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I: 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. 'T'is, sir,' says I: so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who 'tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' 'Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest: and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog—besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadance:—'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan

of your civility; and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up, God knows how far up he flew. 'Why then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely;—'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a *could* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept, flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he: 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he: so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way, (drawing the figure thus  on the ground with the end of his stick.)

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 't was so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg, and pray, and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and split, and smashed all to bits: you are a vile deceiver,—so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he: 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that 's sticking out of the

side of the moon, and 't will keep you up.' 'I won't, then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you do n't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you ;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year,' ('t was true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say,) 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cockthrow.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute, you?' says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hook'd nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'T was all to no manner of use: he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before, I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

"'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'how do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle

promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

“‘Dan,’ said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, ‘you must not stay here.’ ‘Indeed, sir,’ says I, ‘’t is much against my will I’m here at all; but how am I to go back?’ ‘That’s your business,’ said he, ‘Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.’ ‘I’m doing no harm,’ says I, ‘only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.’ ‘That’s what you must not do, Dan,’ says he. ‘Pray, sir,’ says I, ‘may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging: I’m sure ’t is not so often you’re troubled with strangers coming to see you, for ’t is a long way.’ ‘I’m by myself, Dan,’ says he; ‘but you’d better let go the reaping-hook.’ ‘Faith, and with your leave,’ says I, ‘I’ll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won’t let go;—so I will.’ ‘You had better, Dan,’ says he again. ‘Why, then, my little fellow,’ says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, ‘there are two words to that bargain; and I’ll not budge, but you may if you like.’ ‘We’ll see how that is to be,’ says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed) that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

“Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. ‘Good morning to you, Dan,’ says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand; ‘I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.’ I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. ‘God help me,’ says I, ‘but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night: I am now sold fairly.’ The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; all

the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenough, else how should they know me? the *culd* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *culd*. 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke: how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you: put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought within myself that I do n't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand, sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia!' said I; 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr Goose: why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking, a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind: 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over it,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he:

'If I dropped you now you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I: 'I know better than that, for it is just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.'

"If you must, you must," said he; 'there, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water till there was n't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'t was a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off of that;'' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me;—for, rest her soul I though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own.

"Get up," said she again: 'and of all places in the parish would no place *save* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moons, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."

The tale of Daniel O'Rourke, the Irish Astolpho, is a very common one, and is here related according to the most authentic version. It has been pleasantly versified in six cantos of *ottava rima*, by Mr S. Gosnell of Cork, in Blackwood's Magazine, where the localities of the gander-flight are much more copiously given:

"They bravely sped o'er Thoulmdeeshig's plain,
 And crossed the summit of Glendeloch's mount,
 Scudded along Lord Bantry's rich demesne,
 And poised a moment o'er Bosfordha's fount,

Then dash'd above the wilds of dark Drishane,
 And other grounds too numerous to recount.
 For why should I such information purvey
 For those who can procure H. Townsend's Survey."

Canto vi. ver. 12.

The Castle of Carrigaphooka, or the Phooka's Rock, beneath the walls of which O'Rourke was discovered by his wife, is doubtless the one of that name situated about two miles west of Maeroon.

THE CROOKENED BACK.

PEGGY BARRETT was once tall, well-shaped, and comely. She was in her youth remarkable for two qualities, not often found together, of being the most thrifty housewife, and the best dancer, in her native village of Ballyhooley. But she is now upwards of sixty years old; and during the last ten years of her life she has never been able to stand upright. Her back is bent nearly to a level; yet she has the freest use of all her limbs that can be enjoyed in such a posture; her health is good, and her mind vigorous; and, in the family of her eldest son, with whom she has lived since the death of her husband, she performs all the domestic services which her age, and the infirmity just mentioned, allow. She washes the potatoes, makes the fire, sweeps the house (labours in which she good-humouredly says "she finds her crooked back mighty convenient"), plays with the children, and tells stories to the family and their neighbouring friends, who often collect round her son's fireside to hear them during the long winter evenings. Her powers of conversation are highly extolled, both for humour and narration; and anecdotes of droll or awkward incidents, connected with the posture in which she has been so long fixed, as well as the history of the occurrence to which she owes that misfortune, are favourite topics of her discourse. Among other matters she is

fond of relating how, on a certain day, at the close of a bad harvest, when several tenants of the estate on which she lived concerted in a field a petition for an abatement of rent, they placed the paper on which they wrote upon her back, which was found no very inconvenient substitute for a table.

Peggy, like all experienced story-tellers, suited her tales, both in length and subject, to the audience and the occasion. She knew that, in broad daylight, when the sun shines brightly, and the trees are budding, and the birds singing around us, when men and women, like ourselves, are moving and speaking, employed variously in business or amusement; she knew, in short (though certainly without knowing or much caring wherefore), that when we are engaged about the realities of life and nature, we want that spirit of credulity, without which tales of the deepest interest will lose their power. At such times Peggy was brief, very particular as to facts, and never dealt in the marvellous. But round the blazing hearth of a Christmas evening, when infidelity is banished from all companies, at least in low and simple life, as a quality, to say the least of it, out of season; when the winds of "dark December" whistled bleakly round the walls, and almost through the doors of the little mansion, reminding its inmates, that as the world is vexed by elements superior to human power, so it may be visited by beings of a superior nature:—at such times would Peggy Barrett give full scope to her memory, or her imagination, or both; and upon one of these occasions she gave the following circumstantial account of the "crookening of her back."

"It was of all days in the year, the day before May-day, that I went out to the garden to weed the potatoes. I would not have gone out that day, but I was dull in myself, and sorrowful, and wanted to be alone; all the boys and girls were laughing and joking in the house, making goaling-balls and dressing out ribbons for the mummers next day. I could n't bear it. 'T was only at the Easter that was then past (and that's ten years last Easter—I won't forget the time), that I buried my poor man; and I thought how gay and joyful I was, many a long year before that, at the May-eve before our wedding, when with Robin by my side I sat

cutting and sewing the ribbons for the goaling-ball I was to give the boys on the next day, proud to be preferred above all the other girls of the banks of the Blackwater by the handsomest boy and the best hurler in the village ; so I left the house and went to the garden. I staid there all the day, and did n't come home to dinner. I do n't know how it was, but somehow I continued on, weeding, and thinking sorrowfully enough, and singing over some of the old songs that I sung many and many a time in the days that are gone, and for them that never will come back to me to hear them. The truth is, I hated to go and sit silent and mournful among the people in the house, that were merry and young, and had the best of their days before them. 'T was late before I thought of returning home, and I did not leave the garden till some time after sunset. The moon was up ; but though there was n't a cloud to be seen, and though a star was winking here and there in the sky, the day was n't long enough gone to have it clear moonlight ; still it shone enough to make everything on one side of the heavens look pale and silvery-like ; and the thin white mist was just beginning to creep along the fields. On the other side, near where the sun was set, there was more of daylight, and the sky looked angry, red, and fiery though the trees, like as if it was lighted up by a great town burning below. Everything was as silent as a churchyard, only now and then one could hear far off a dog barking, or a cow lowing after being milked. There was n't a creature to be seen on the road or in the fields. I wondered at this first, but then I remembered it was Mayeve, and that many a thing, both good and bad, would be wandering about that night, and that I ought to shun danger as well as others. So I walked on as quick as I could, and soon came to the end of the demesne wall, where the trees rise high and thick at each side of the road, and almost meet at the top. My heart misgave me when I got under the shade. There was so much light let down from the opening above, that I could see about a stone throw before me. All of a sudden I heard a rustling among the branches, on the right side of the road, and saw something like a small black goat, only with long wide horns turned out instead of being

bent backwards, standing upon its hind legs upon the top of the wall, and looking down on me. My breath was stopped, and I could n't move for near a minute. I could n't help, somehow, keeping my eyes fixed on it; and it never stirred, but kept looking in the same fixed way down at me. At last I made a rush, and went on; but I did n't go ten steps, when I saw the very same sight on the wall to the left of me, standing in exactly the same manner, but three or four times as high, and almost as tall as the tallest man. The horns looked frightful: it gazed upon me as before; my legs shook, and my teeth chattered, and I thought I would drop down dead every moment. At last I felt as if I was obliged to go on—and on I went; but it was without feeling how I moved, or whether my legs carried me. Just as I passed the spot where this frightful thing was standing, I heard a noise as if something sprung from the wall, and felt like as if a heavy animal plumped down upon me, and held with the fore feet clinging to my shoulder, and the hind ones fixed in my gown, that was folded and pinned up behind me. 'Tis the wonder of my life ever since how I bore the shock; but so it was, I neither fell, nor even staggered with the weight, but walked on as if I had the strength of ten men, though I felt as if I could n't help moving, and could n't stand still if I wished it. Though I gasped with fear, I knew as well as I do now what I was doing. I tried to cry out, but could n't; I tried to run, but was n't able; I tried to look back, but my head and neck were as if they were screwed in a vice. I could barely roll my eyes on each side, and then I could see, as clearly and plainly as if it was in the broad light of the blessed sun, a black and cloven foot planted upon each of my shoulders. I heard a low breathing in my ear; I felt, at every stop I took, my leg strike back against the feet of the creature that was on my back. Still I could do nothing but walk straight on. At last I came within sight of the house, and a welcome sight it was to me, for I thought I would be released when I reached it. I soon came close to the door, but it was shut; I looked at the little window, but it was shut too, for they were more cautious about May-eve than I was; I saw the light inside, through the chinks of the door; I

heard 'em talking and laughing within ; I felt myself at three yards distance from them that would die to save me ; —and may the Lord save me from ever again feeling what I did that night, when I found myself held by what could n't be good nor friendly, but without the power to help myself, or to call my friends, or to put out my hand to knock, or even to lift my leg to strike the door, and let them know that I was outside it ! 'T was as if my hands grew to my sides, and my feet were glued to the ground, or had the weight of a rock fixed to them. At last I thought of blessing myself ; and my right hand, that would do nothing else, did that for me. Still the weight remained on my back, and all was as before. I blessed myself again : 't was still all the same. I then gave myself up for lost : but I blessed myself a third time, and my hand no sooner finished the sign, than all at once I felt the burthen spring off of my back ; the door flew open as if a clap of thunder burst it, and I was pitched forward on my forehead in upon the middle of the floor. When I got up my back was crookened, and I never stood straight from that night to this blessed hour."

There was a pause when Peggy Barrett finished. Those who had heard the story before had listened with a look of half-satisfied interest, blended, however, with an expression of that serious and solemn feeling which always attends a tale of supernatural wonders, how often soever told. They moved upon their seats out of the posture in which they had remained fixed during the narrative, and sat in an attitude which denoted that their curiosity as to the cause of this strange occurrence had been long since allayed. Those to whom it was before unknown still retained their look and posture of strained attention, and anxious but solemn expectation. A grandson of Peggy's about nine years old (not the child of the son with whom she lived) had never before heard the story. As it grew in interest, he was observed to cling closer and closer to the old woman's side ; and at the close he was gazing stedfastly at her, with his body bent back across her knees, and his face turned up to hers, with a look, through which a disposition to weep seemed contending with curiosity. After a moment's pause he could no longer restrain his im-

patience, and catching her gray locks in one hand, while the tear of dread and wonder was just dropping from his eyelash, he cried, "Granny, what was it?"

The old woman smiled first at the elder part of her audience, and then at her grandson, and patting him on the forehead, she said, "It was the Phooka."

The commentators on Shakespeare would derive the beautiful and frolicsome Puck of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* from the mischievous Pouk or Phooka, which, they candidly acknowledge, means nothing better than fiend or devil.

Of the quotations given by Stevens, that from the ninth book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (Edit. 1587, p. 126), affords a remarkable illustration of the legend of The Crooked Back:—

—"and the countrie where Chymæra, that same *Pooks*,
Hath goatish bodie," &c.

Hurling, or goal, a game before alluded to, has some resemblance to the Scotch game of golf; but the ball is much larger, being in general four inches in diameter; the instruments used are larger also, and not turned angularly at the bottom, but fashioned thus:

The number of hurlers may be twenty, or even a hundred, or more. It is usually played in a large level field, by two parties of nearly balanced powers, either as to number or dexterity, and the object of each is to strike the ball over one of two opposite hedges, assigned respectively before the game begins. "*Baire comórtais*" signifies, according to an expression quite Irish, "two sides of a country (that is, a certain number of the youth of each), who meet to goal against one another," generally on a Sunday, or holiday, after prayers. On these occasions, instead of the hedges of a field, two conspicuous landmarks (a road and a wood, for instance) are assigned, and the game is contested in the space between them with a heat and vigour which often lead to a serious and bloody conflict, especially if one of those clannish feuds, so prevalent among the peasantry of Ireland, should exist between the opposing parties; the



hurley, or hurlet, being an effective and desperate weapon. The game derives one of its names from the instrument employed; the other, goal, is evidently taken from the boundary or winning-mark, which must be passed by the ball before the game can be won.

Mummers, in Ireland, are clearly a family of the same race with those festive bands, termed Morrice dancers, in England. They appear at all seasons in Ireland, but May-day is their favourite and proper festival. They consist of a number, varying according to circumstances, of the girls and young men of the village or neighbourhood, usually selected for their good looks, or their proficiency,—the females in the dance, the youths in hurling and other athletic exercises. They march in procession, two abreast, and in three divisions; the young men in the van and the rear dressed in white or other gay-coloured jackets or vests, and decorated with ribbons on their hats and sleeves; the young women are dressed also in light-coloured garments, and two of them bear each a holly-bush, in which are hung several new hurling-balls, the May-day present of the girls to the youths of the village. The bush is decorated with a profusion of long ribbons, or paper cut in imitation, which adds greatly to the gay and joyous, yet strictly rural, appearance of the whole. The procession is always preceded by music; sometimes of the bagpipe, but more commonly of a military fife, with the addition of a drum or tambourine. A clown is, of course, in attendance: he wears a frightful mask, and bears a long pole, with shreds of cloth nailed to the end of it, like a mop, which ever and anon he dips in a pool of water, or puddle, and besprinkles such of the crowd as press upon his companions, much to the delight of the younger spectators, who greet his exploits with loud and repeated shouts and laughter. The Mummers, during the day, parade the neighbouring villages, or go from one gentleman's seat to another, dancing before the mansion-house, and receiving money. The evening, as might be expected, terminates with drinking.

May-eve is considered a time of peculiar danger. The "*good people*" are supposed then to possess the power and the inclination to do all sorts of mischief without the slightest restraint. The "*evil eye*" is then also deemed to have more than its usual vigilance and malignity; and the nurse who would walk in the open air with a child in her arms would be reprobated as a monster. Youth and loveliness are thought to be especially exposed to peril. It is therefore a na-

tural consequence, that not one woman in a thousand appears abroad : but it must not be understood that the want of beauty affords any protection. The grizzled locks of age do not always save the cheek from a *blast* ; neither is the brawny hand of the roughest ploughman exempt from a similar visitation. The *blast* is a large round tumour, which is thought to rise suddenly upon the part affected from the baneful breath cast on it by one of "the good people" in a moment of vindictive or capricious malice. May-day is called *la na Beal tina*, and May-eve *neen na Beal tina*,—that is, day and eve of Beal's fire, from its having been, in heathen times, consecrated to the god Beal, or Belus ; whence also the month of May is termed in Irish "*Mi na Beal-tine*." The ceremony practised on May-eve, of making the cows leap over lighted straw or faggots, has been generally traced to the worship of that deity. It is now vulgarly used in order to save the milk from being pilfered by "the good people."

Another custom prevalent on May-eve is the painful and mischievous one of stinging with nettles. In the south of Ireland it is the common practice for school-boys, on that day, to consider themselves privileged to run wildly about with a bunch of nettles, striking at the face and hands of their companions, or of such other persons as they think they may venture to assault with impunity.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

THE Christmas of 1820 I had promised to spend at Island Bawn House, in the county Tipperary, and I arrived there from Dublin on the 18th of December : I was so tired with travelling, that for two days after I remained quietly by the fireside, reading Mr Luttrell's exquisite *jeu d'esprit*, "*Advice to Julia*."

The first person I met on venturing out was old Pierce Grace, the smith, one of whose sons always attends me on my shooting excursions. "Welcome to these parts," said

Pierce : "I was waiting all day yesterday, expecting to see your honour."

"I am obliged to you, Piercy ; I was with the mistress."

"So I heard, your honour, which made me *delicate* of asking to see you. John is ready to attend you, and he has taken account of a power of birds."

The following morning, gun in hand, I sallied forth on a ramble through the country, attended by old Pierce's son John. After some hours' walking we got into that winding vale, through which the Curriheen flows, and beheld the castle of Ballinatotty, whose base it washes in the distance.

The castle is still in good preservation, and was once a place of some strength. It was the residence of a powerful and barbarous race, named O'Brian, who were the scourge and terror of the country. Tradition has preserved the names of three of the family : Phelim *lauwe lauider* (with the strong hand), his son Morty *lauwe ne fulle* (of the bloody hand), and grandson Donough *gontrough na thaha* (without mercy in the dark), whose atrocities threw the bloody deeds of his predecessors completely into the shade. Of him it is related, that in an incursion on a neighbouring chieftain's territories, he put all the men and children to the sword ; and having ordered the women to be half buried in the earth, he had them torn in pieces by blood-hounds ! "Just to frighten his enemies," added my narrator. The deed, however, which drew down upon him the deepest execration was the murder of his wife, *Aileen na gruig buie* (Ellen with the yellow hair), celebrated throughout the country for her beauty and affability. She was the daughter of O'Kennedy of Lisnabonny Castle, and refused an offer of marriage made to her by Donough ; being supported in her refusal by her brother Brian Oge, *skeul roa more* (the persuasive speaking), she was allowed to remain single by her father, and his death seemed to relieve her from the fear of compulsion ; but in less than a month after Brian Oge was murdered by an unknown hand ; on which occasion Ellen composed that affecting and well-known keen, *Thaw ma cree geen bruitha le foeth* (My heart is sick and heavy with cold). As she returned from her brother's funeral, Donough way-laid the

procession ; her attendants were slaughtered, and she was compelled to become his wife. Ellen ultimately perished by his hand, being, it is said, thrown out of the bower window for having charged him with the murder of her brother. The spot where she fell is shown ; and on the anniversary of her death (the second Tuesday in August) her spirit is believed to visit it.

Giving John my gun, I proceeded to examine the castle : a window on the south side is pointed out as the one from which Ellen was precipitated ; but it appears more probable that it was from the battlement over it, because from the circumstance of there being corresponding holes in the masonry above and below, it is evident that the iron-work must have been let in at the time of building, and that it did not open.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I was about to quit the room, when, observing an opening in the south-east corner, I was tempted to explore it, and found a small staircase, which led to a sleeping recess. This recess was occupied by a terrier and a litter of whelps. Enraged at my intrusion, the dam attacked me, and having no means of defence, I made a hasty retreat. How far the angry animal pursued me, I cannot say ; for in my precipitate flight, as I descended the second staircase, my foot slipped, and I tumbled through a broad opening into what had probably been the guard-room ; but the evil I now encountered far exceeded that from which I fled, for the floor of this room was in the last stage of decay—a cat could hardly have crossed it in safety ; the violence with which I came on it carried me through its rotten surface with as little opposition as I should have received from a spider's web, and down I plunged into the gloomy depth beneath. A number of bats, whom my sudden entrance had disturbed, flapped their wings, and flitted round me.

* * * * *

When my recollection returned, a confused sound of voices struck my ears, and I then distinguished that of a female, who in a tone of the greatest sweetness and tenderness

said, "It's not wanting—it's not wanting—the life's coming into him. Opening my eyes, I found my head resting on the lap of a peasant girl, who was chafing my temples. Health or anxiety gave a glow to her mild and expressive features, and on the forehead her light-brown hair was simply parted. On one side stood an old man, her father, with a bunch of keys, and on the other knelt John Grace, with a cup of whiskey, which she was applying to recover me. Looking round, I perceived that we were on the rocks near the castle, and the river was flowing at our feet. Various exclamations of joy followed; and the old man desiring John to rinse the cup, insisted on my swallowing some of the "*cratur*," which having done and got up, I returned my thanks, and offered a small pecuniary recompense, which they would not accept. "For sure and certain they would have gladly done *tin* times as much for his honour without fee or reward."

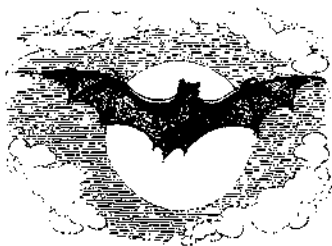
I then inquired how they came to find me. "Why, as I thought your honour," said John Grace, "would be some time looking into the crooks and corners of the place, I just walked round to talk to Honny here; and so we were talking over matters, and Honny was just saying to me that the boys (meaning her brothers) were just baling the streams, and had got a can of large eels, and that if I thought the mistress would like them, I could take as many as I pleased, and welcome, when we heard a crash of a noise. 'What's that?' says I. 'I suppose,' says Honny, 't is the *ould* gray horse that has fallen down and is *kilt*; or may be it's Paddy's Spanish dog *Sagur* that's coursing about: there's no thinking the plague he gives me—they're both in the turf-house, forment us' (meaning, your honour, the underpart of the castle that Cromwell made a breach into, and beside which the cabin stands).

"In comes Tim Hagerty there, and then we heard a screech! 'Tis his honour's voice,' says I; 'he has fallen through the flooring!' 'Oh! if he has,' says Tim, 'I'm lost and undone for ever: and didn't the Squire no later than last Monday week bid me build up the passage, or that somebody, he said, would be *kilt*—and sure I meant to do it to-morrow.' Well, your honour, we got a light, and we saw

the Phookas that caused your fall all flying about, in the shape of bats, and there we found your honour, and the turf all over the place: and for sure and certain, if you had n't first come on it, instead of the bones that Paddy and Mick have been gathering against the young master's wedding, you would have been smashed entirely. All of us were mad and distracted about the wicked Phookas that were in the place, and could not tell what to do; but Honny said to bring you out into the open air; and so we did; and there, your honour, by care and management, praise be to God, we brought you round again; but it was a desperate long time first, and myself thought it was as good as all over with you."

The reader, it is to be hoped, will not be able to form a perfect notion of the Phooka; for indistinctness, like that of an imperfectly remembered dream, seems to constitute its character, and yet Irish superstition makes the Phooka palpable to the touch. Its appearance is variously described as a horse, a goat, a bird, and a bat, and to its agency the peasantry usually ascribe accidental falls; hence many rocky pits and caverns are called Poula Phooka, or the hole of the Phooka. A waterfall of this name, formed by the Liffey, is enumerated among "the sights" of the county Wicklow.

An odd notion connected with the Phooka is, that the country people will tell their children after Michaelmas-day not to eat the *Grian-mhuine* (blackberries), and they attribute the decay in them, which about that time commences, to the operation of the Phooka.



THIERNNA NA OGE.



“ On Lough-Neagh’s bank, as the fisherman strays
 When the clear cold eve’s declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining.”—MOORE.

FIOR USGA.

A LITTLE way beyond the Gallows Green of Cork, and just outside the town, there is a great lough of water, where people in the winter go and skate for the sake of diversion; but the sport above the water is nothing to what is under it, for at the very bottom of this lough there are buildings and gardens, far more beautiful than any now to be seen, and how they came there was in this manner.

Long before Saxon foot pressed Irish ground, there was a great king, called Corc, whose palace stood where the

lough now is, in a round green valley, that was just a mile about. In the middle of the court-yard was a spring of fair water, so pure, and so clear, that it was the wonder of all the world. Much did the king rejoice at having so great a curiosity within his palace; but as people came in crowds from far and near to draw the precious water of this spring, he was sorely afraid that in time it might become dry; so he caused a high wall to be built up round it, and would allow nobody to have the water, which was a very great loss to the poor people living about the palace. Whenever he wanted any for himself he would send his daughter to get it, not liking to trust his servants with the key of the well-door, fearing they might give some away.

One night the king gave a grand entertainment, and there were many great princes present, and lords and nobles without end; and there were wonderful doings throughout the palace: there were bonfires, whose blaze reached up to the very sky; and dancing was there, to such sweet music, that it ought to have waked up the dead out of their graves; and feasting was there in the greatest of plenty for all who came; nor was any one turned away from the palace gates—but “you’re welcome—you’re welcome, heartily,” was the porter’s salute for all.

Now it happened at this grand entertainment there was one young prince above all the rest mighty comely to behold, and as tall and as straight as ever eye would wish to look on. Right merrily did he dance that night with the old king’s daughter, wheeling here, and wheeling there, as light as a feather, and footing it away to the admiration of every one. The musicians played the better for seeing their dancing; and they danced as if their lives depended upon it. After all this dancing came the supper; and the young prince was seated at table by the side of his beautiful partner, who smiled upon him as often as he spoke to her; and that was by no means so often as he wished, for he had constantly to turn to the company and thank them for the many compliments passed upon his fair partner and himself.

In the midst of this banquet one of the great lords said to King Corc, “May it please your majesty, here is every

thing in abundance that heart can wish for, both to eat and drink, except water."

"Water!" said the king, mightily pleased at some one calling for that of which purposely there was a want: "water shall you have, my lord, speedily, and that of such a delicious kind, that I challenge all the world to equal it. Daughter," said he, "go fetch some in the golden vessel which I caused to be made for the purpose."

The king's daughter, who was called Fior Usga, (which signifies in English, Spring Water,) did not much like to be told to perform so menial a service before so many people, and though she did not venture to refuse the commands of her father, yet hesitated to obey him, and looked down upon the ground. The king, who loved his daughter very much, seeing this, was sorry for what he had desired her to do, but having said the word, he was never known to recall it; he therefore thought of a way to make his daughter go speedily and fetch the water, and it was by proposing that the young prince her partner should go along with her. Accordingly, with a loud voice, he said, "Daughter, I wonder not at your fearing to go alone so late at night; but I doubt not the young prince at your side will go with you." The prince was not displeased at hearing this; and taking the golden vessel in one hand, with the other led the king's daughter out of the hall so gracefully that all present gazed after them with delight.

When they came to the spring of water, in the court-yard of the palace, the fair Usga unlocked the door with the greatest care, and stooping down with the golden vessel to take some of the water out of the well, found the vessel so heavy that she lost her balance and fell in. The young prince tried in vain to save her, for the water rose and rose so fast, that the entire court-yard was speedily covered with it, and he hastened back almost in a state of distraction to the king.

The door of the well being left open, the water, which had been so long confined, rejoiced at obtaining its liberty, rushed forth incessantly, every moment rising higher, and was in the hall of the entertainment sooner than the young prince himself, so that when he attempted to speak to the king he

was up to his neck in water. At length the water rose to such a height, that it filled the entire of the green valley in which the king's palace stood, and so the present lough of Cork was formed.

Yet the king and his guests were not drowned, as would now happen if such an awful inundation were to take place; neither was his daughter, the fair Usga, who returned to the banquet-hall the very next night after this dreadful event; and every night since the same entertainment and dancing goes on in the palace in the bottom of the lough, and will last until some one has the luck to bring up out of it the golden vessel which was the cause of all this mischief.

Nobody can doubt that it was a judgment upon the king for his shutting up the well in the court-yard from the poor people: and if there are any who do not credit my story, they may go and see the lough of Cork, for there it is to be seen to this day; the road to Kinsale passes at one side of it; and when its waters are low and clear, the tops of towers and stately buildings may be plainly viewed in the bottom by those who have good eyesight, without the help of spectacles.

Burton, in his History of Ireland, relates a legend somewhat similar to the foregoing.

“In Ulster is a lake thirty thousand paces long, and fifteen thousand broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bane, wherein there are abundance of great fish, so that the nets are often broke. It is believed by the inhabitants, that they were very wicked, vicious people, formerly living in this place; and there was an old prophecy in every one's mouth, that whenever a well which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water should issue thereout as would forthwith overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old beldam coming to fetch water, heard her child cry, upon which running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and coming back to do it, the land was so overrun that it was past her help; and at length she, her child, and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool that remains to this day.”

Giraldus Cambrensis takes notice of the tradition that Lough Neagh had been formerly a fountain, which overflowed the whole country, and the following passage of that writer has been frequently quoted: "Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patrio arctæ sunt et altæ necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt."

In that most absurd book, O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, we are informed, on the authority of an old Irish poem, that there were only three loughs or lakes in Ireland on the arrival of Partholan, and the dates of the appearance, overflowing, and stagnation of many others, are given with all due attention to annomundane chronology. "That we may be the more inclined to give credit to the irruptions of those lakes," writes the profound O'Flaherty (vol. ii. cap. xvii.), "Dionysius Hallycarnassæus, who flourished a little before the birth of Christ, in the reign of Augustus, has recorded that the vestiges of the house of Attadius, king of the Latins, were to be seen in his time in a transparent lake."

For a city gradually covered by the sea, see the account of Mahabalipoor in that gallery of splendid poetic pictures, "The Curse of Kehama." The reader may not be displeased at being presented with the following passage from it:

"Now the ancient towers appear'd at last,
 Their golden summits in the noonday ray
 Shone o'er the dark green deep that roll'd between,
 For domes and pinnacles and spires were seen
 Peering above the sea—a mournful sight.
 Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
 What works of wonder the devouring wave
 Had swallow'd there, when monuments so brave
 Bore record of their old magnificence."

Stories of buildings beneath the waters have originated some in real events, as where towns have been swallowed by earthquakes, and lakes formed where they had stood; or where the sea, by gradual encroachment, has covered the land and the buildings on it; others, perhaps, from optical illusion, where the shadows of the mountains and the various and fantastic forms of the clouds are reflected from the

calm and unruffled bosom of a lake. "If," said a peasant to an officer lately quartered in the west of Ireland, "if, on a fine summer's evening, when the sun is just sinking behind the mountains, you go to the lough, and get on a little bank that hangs over it on the west side, and stoop down and look into the water, you 'll see the finest sight in the whole world, for you 'll see under you in the water, as plain as you see me, a great city, with palaces and churches, and long streets and squares in it." There was doubtless some legend, as there always is, connected with this lake, but the peasant was not acquainted with it.

"Les anciens auteurs grecs," says M. de Latocnaye, in his pleasant tour through Ireland, "Platon particulièrement, nous ont rapporté la tradition de l'ancien monde: ils prétendent qu'une île immense, ou plutôt un vaste continent, a été englouti dans la mer à l'ouest de l'Europe. Il est plus que probable que les habitans du Conomara n'ont jamais entendu parler de Platon, ni des Grecs; cependant c'est aussi leur ancienne tradition. *Notre pays reparaitra un jour*, disent les vieillards aux jeunes gens, en les menant un certain jour de l'année sur une montagne et leur montrant la mer; les pêcheurs des côtes aussi, prétendent voir des villes et des villages au fond de la mer. Les descriptions qu'ils font de ce pays imaginaire, sont aussi emphatiques et exagérées, que celles de la terre promise; le lait coule dans des ruisseaux et le vin dans d'autres: ceci certainement n'est pas de leur invention; car ils auraient sans doute fait couler quelques parts, des ruisseaux de *wiskey* et de *porter*."

CORMAC AND MARY.

"SHE is not dead—she has no grave—
 She lives beneath Lough Corrib's water;
 And in the murmur of each wave
 Methinks I catch the songs I taught her."

Thus many an evening on the shore
 Sat Cormac raving wild and lowly;
 Still idly muttering o'er and o'er,
 "She lives, detain'd by spells unholy."

“Death claims her not; too fair for earth,
 Her spirit lives—alien of heaven;
 Nor will it know a second birth
 When sinful mortals are forgiven!

“Cold is this rock—the wind comes chill,
 And mists the gloomy waters cover;
 But oh! her soul is colder still—
 To lose her God—to leave her lover!”

The lake was in profound repose,
 Yet one white wave came gently curling,
 And as it reach'd the shore, arose
 Dim figures—banners gay unfurling.

Onward they move, an airy crowd:
 Through each thin form a moonlight ray shone;
 While spear and helm, in pageant proud,
 Appear in liquid undulation.

Bright barbed steeds curvetting tread
 Their trackless way with antic capers;
 And curtain clouds hang overhead,
 Festoon'd by rainbow-colour'd vapours.

And when a breath of air would stir
 That drapery of Heaven's own wreathing,
 Light wings of prismatic gossamer
 Just moved and sparkled to the breathing.

Nor wanting was the choral song,
 Swelling in silv'ry chimes of sweetness;
 To sound of which this subtle throng
 Advanced in playful grace and fleetness.

With music's strain, all came and went
 Upon poor Cormac's doubting vision;
 Now rising in wild merriment,
 Now softly fading in derision.

“Christ, save her soul,” he boldly cried;
 And when that blessed name was spoken,

Fierce yells and fiendish shrieks replied,
 And vanish'd all,—the spell was broken.
 And now on Corrib's lonely shore,
 Freed by his word from power of faëry,
 To life, to love, restored once more,
 Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary.

This ballad has appeared before in a periodical publication: but it is now reprinted, as the Legend on which it is founded was originally collected with the others contained in this volume, and its versification was merely an experiment.

Gervase of Tilbury mentions, in his *Otia Imperialia*, certain water spirits, called *Draco*, who allured young women and children into their habitations beneath lakes and rivers. It was supposed that any pious exclamation had the power of breaking the charm by which fairies detained those whom they had carried off;—a black-hafted knife was considered as peculiarly serviceable on such occasions, if it should be necessary to grapple with the evil one; turning the coat or cloak was also recommended before such service. Bishop Corbet, in his *Iter Boreale*, thus alludes to this superstition:

“—————William found
 A means for our deliverance: *turne your cloakes,*
 Quoth hee, for Pucke is busy in these oakes;
 If ever wee at Bosworth will be found,
 Then *turne your cloakes,* for this is fairy ground.”

Lough Corrib is situated in the county Galway, and is about twenty miles in length, and at the broadest part eleven. It is so contracted in the middle as to appear like two lakes.

THE LEGEND OF LOUGH GUR.

LARRY COTTER had a small farm on one side of Lough Gur, and was thriving in it, for he was an industrious proper sort of man, who would have lived quietly and soberly to the end

of his days, but for the misfortune that came upon him, and you shall hear how that was. He had as nice a bit of meadow-land, down by the water-side, as ever a man would wish for : but its growth was spoiled entirely on him, and no one could tell how.

One year after the other it was all ruined just in the same way : the bounds were well made up, and not a stone of them was disturbed ; neither could his neighbours' cattle have been guilty of the trespass, for they were spancellorled ;* but however it was done, the grass of the meadow was destroyed, which was a great loss to Larry.

"What in the wide world will I do?" said Larry Cotter to his neighbour, Tom Welsh, who was a very decent sort of man himself: "that bit of meadow-land, which I am paying the great rent for, is doing nothing at all to make it for me; and the times are bitter bad, without the help of that to make them worse."

"'Tis true for you, Larry," replied Welsh: "the times are bitter bad—no doubt of that; but may be if you were to watch by night, you might make out all about it; sure there's Mick and Terry, my two boys, will watch with you; for 'tis a thousand pities any honest man like you should be ruined in such a scheming way."

Accordingly the following night, Larry Cotter, with Welsh's two sons, took their station in a corner of the meadow. It was just at the full of the moon, which was shining beautifully down upon the lake, that was as calm all over as the sky itself; not a cloud was there to be seen anywhere, nor a sound to be heard, but the cry of the corncreaks answering one another across the water.

"Boys! boys!" said Larry, "look there! look there! but for your lives don't make a bit of noise, nor stir a step till I say the word."

They looked, and saw a great fat cow, followed by seven milk-white heifers, moving on the smooth surface of the lake towards the meadow.

"'Tis not Tim Dwyer the piper's cow, any way, that danced all the flesh off her bones," whispered Mick to his brother.

* Spancellorled—fettered.

"Now, boys!" said Larry Cotter, when he saw the fine cow and her seven white heifers fairly in the meadow, "get between them and the lake if you can, and no matter who they belong to, we'll just put them into the pound."

But the cow must have overheard Larry speaking, for down she went in a great hurry to the bank of the lake, and into it with her, before all their eyes: away made the seven heifers after her, but the boys got down to the bank before them, and work enough they had to drive them up from the lake to Larry Cotter.

Larry drove the seven heifers, and beautiful beasts they were, to the pound; but after he had them there for three days, and could hear of no owner, he took them out, and put them up in a field of his own. There he kept them, and they were thriving mighty well with him, until one night the gate of the field was left open, and in the morning the seven heifers were gone. Larry could not get any account of them after; and, beyond all doubt, it was back into the lake they went. Wherever they came from, or to whatever world they belonged, Larry Cotter never had a crop of grass off the meadow through their means. So he took to drink, fairly out of the grief; and it was the drink that killed him they say.

There is a lake in the county Tipperary, not far from Cahir, called Lough na Bo, or the Lake of the Cow, from a legend somewhat similar to that of Lough Gur. The horns of this cow are said to be so long, that, when the water is low, the tips of them may be plainly seen above it.

The Lake of Blarney, which popular song informs us, is

"-----stored with perches
 And comely eels in the verdant mud,
 Besides good leeches, and groves of becches
 All ranged in order for to guard the flood."

Notwithstanding such guardianship, even out of that lake two cows have been seen to proceed, which are known to commit considerable damage in the adjacent meadow-land and corn-fields.

In addition to these subaqueous cows, every seven years "a great

gentleman," to use the words of the narrator, comes out of the Lough of Blarney, and walks two or three miles from it in the hopes that some one will speak to him; but as no person dares to do so, he has always returned into the lough, and seven years elapse before he again appears.

This "great gentleman" is doubtless an Earl of Clancarthy, anxious to impart the means of discovering his plate chest, which, according to tradition, was flung into the lake to prevent its falling into the hands of the besiegers of his castle.

The name given to the present section is "Thierna na Oge," or the Country of Youth, from the belief that those who dwell in regions under the water are not affected by the movements of time. Barry, the historical painter, who was a native of Cork, used to relate to his friends an Irish fairy legend, which closely resembled the Adventures of Porsenna, king of Russia, published in the sixth volume of Dodsley's Poetical Collection, and had some similarity to the subsequent tale of "The Enchanted Lake." Porsenna was carried off by Zephyr to a delightful region, with the sovereign princess of which realm (by whom he is taken for a phoenix) he remains, according to his belief, only a short time. Being anxious to return to earth,

"He ask'd how many charming hours were flown
 Since on her slave her heav'n of beauty shone?
 'Should I consult my heart,' cried he, 'the rate
 Were small—a week would be the utmost date:
 But when my mind reflects on actions past,
 And count its joys, time must have fled more fast—
 Perhaps I might have said three months are gone.'
 'Three months!' replied the fair, 'three months alone:
 Know that three hundred years are roll'd away
 Since at my feet my lovely phoenix lay.'
 'Three hundred years!' re-echoed back the prince:
 'A whole three hundred years completed since
 I landed here!'—p. 219.

On his return to earth, he is overtaken by all-conquering Time, to whom he had so long played truant, and becomes his victim.

The writer is indebted for this anecdote of Barry to Mr D'Israeli, from whose various and kind communications he has derived material assistance.

THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

IN the west of Ireland there was a lake, and no doubt it is there still, in which many young men were at various times drowned. What made the circumstance remarkable was that the bodies of the drowned persons were never found. People naturally wondered at this; and at length the lake came to have a bad repute. Many dreadful stories were told about that lake: some would affirm, that on a dark night its waters appeared like fire—others would speak of horrid forms which were seen to glide over it; and every one agreed that a strange sulphureous smell issued from out of it.

There lived, not far distant from this lake, a young farmer, named Roderick Keating, who was about to be married to one of the prettiest girls in that part of the country. On his return from Limerick, where he had been to purchase the wedding-ring, he came up with two or three of his acquaintance, who were standing on the bank, and they began to joke him about Peggy Honan. One said that young Delaney, his rival, had in his absence contrived to win the affections of his mistress;—but Roderick's confidence in his intended bride was too great to be disturbed at this tale, and putting his hand in his pocket, he produced and held up with a significant look the wedding-ring. As he was turning it between his fore-finger and thumb, in token of triumph, somehow or other the ring fell from his hand, and rolled into the lake. Roderick looked after it with the greatest sorrow; it was not so much for its value, though it had cost him half a guinea, as for the ill-luck of the thing; and the water was so deep, that there was little chance of recovering it. His companions laughed at him, and he in vain endeavoured to tempt any of them by the offer of a handsome reward to dive after the ring: they were all as little inclined to venture as

Roderick Keating himself; for the tales which they had heard when children were strongly impressed on their memories, and a superstitious dread filled the minds of each.

"Must I then go back to Limerick to buy another ring?" exclaimed the young farmer. "Will not ten times what the ring cost tempt any one of you to venture after it?"

There was within hearing a man who was considered to be a poor crazy half-witted fellow, but he was as harmless as a child, and used to go wandering up and down through the country from one place to another. When he heard of so great a reward, Paddeen, for that was his name, spoke out, and said, that if Roderick Keating would give him encouragement equal to what he had offered to others, he was ready to venture after the ring into the lake; and Paddeen, all the while he spoke, looked as covetous after the sport as the money.

"I'll take you at your word," said Keating. So Paddeen pulled off his coat, and without a single syllable more, down he plunged, head foremost, into the lake: what depth he went to, no one can tell exactly; but he was going, going, going down through the water, until the water parted from him, and he came upon the dry land: the sky, and the light, and everything, was there just as it is here; and he saw fine pleasure-grounds, with an elegant avenue through them, and a grand house, with a power of steps going up to the door. When he had recovered from his wonder at finding the land so dry and comfortable under the water, he looked about him, and what should he see but all the young men that were drowned working away in the pleasure-grounds as if nothing had ever happened to them. Some of them were mowing down the grass, and more were settling out the gravel walks, and doing all manner of nice work, as neat and as clever as if they had never been drowned; and they were singing away with high glee:

"She is fair as Cappoquin:
Have you courage her to win?
And her wealth it far outshines
Cullen's bog and Silvermines.
She exceeds all heart can wish;
Not brawling like the Foherish,

But as the brightly-flowing Lee,
Graceful, mild, and pure is she !”

Well, Paddeen could not but look at the young men, for he knew some of them before they were lost in the lake ; but he said nothing, though he thought a great deal more for all that, like an oyster :—no, not the wind of a word passed his lips ; so on he went towards the big house, bold enough, as if he had seen nothing to speak of ; yet all the time mightily wishing to know who the young woman could be that the young men were singing the song about.

When he had nearly reached the door of the great house, out walks from the kitchen a powerful fat woman, moving along like a beer-barrel on two legs, with teeth as big as horse's teeth, and up she made towards him.

“ Good morrow, Paddeen,” said she.

“ Good morrow, Ma'am,” said he.

“ What brought you here ? ” said she.

“ 'Tis after Rory Keating's gold ring,” said he, “ I'm come.”

“ Here it is for you,” said Paddeen's fat friend, with a smile on her face that moved like boiling stirabout.*

“ Thank you, Ma'am,” replied Paddeen, taking it from her :—“ I need not say the Lord increase you, for you 're fat enough already. Will you tell me, if you please, am I to go back the same way I came ? ”

“ Then you did not come to marry me ? ” cried the corpulent woman, in a desperate fury.

“ Just wait till I come back again, my darling,” said Paddeen : “ I'm to be paid for my message, and I must return with the answer, or else they 'll wonder what has become of me.”

“ Never mind the money,” said the fat woman : “ if you marry me you shall live for ever and a day in that house, and want for nothing.”

Paddeen saw clearly that, having got possession of the ring, the fat woman had no power to detain him ; so without minding anything she said, he kept moving and moving

* Stirabout—gruel.

down the avenue, quite quietly, and looking about him; for, to tell the truth, he had no particular inclination to marry a fat fairy. When he came to the gate, without ever saying good-bye, out he bolted, and he found the water coming all about him again. Up he plunged through it, and wonder enough there was, when Paddeen was seen swimming away at the opposite side of the lake; but he soon made the shore, and told Roderick Keating and the other boys that were standing there looking out for him all that had happened. Roderick paid him the five guineas for the ring on the spot; and Paddeen thought himself so rich with such a sum of money in his pocket, that he did not go back to marry the fat lady with the fine house at the bottom of the lake, knowing she had plenty of young men to choose a husband from if she pleased to be married.

Mankind have in all ages delighted to find their own image in all the parts of space. It is in consequence of this propensity that we find so frequently human beings, or divinities like to men in form, represented as dwelling beneath the sea, or within the waters of rivers and fountains. In Homer the submarine cavern of Neptune at *Ægæ* is described in the 13th *Odyssey*; and that in which *Thetis* and *Eury-nome* concealed *Vulcan*, in the 18th. The only accounts given by the ancient poets of the descent of mortals into these aqueous abodes are that of *Hylas*, of which the best account occurs in the 13th *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*, and of *Aristæus*, in the 4th book of the *Georgics* of *Virgil*.

The idea the ancients had of the habitations of the gods and nymphs beneath the water was, that their caves were dry and impenetrable to the surrounding fluid, through which they could ascend and descend at pleasure. But the oriental conception of the rational inhabitants of the aqueous realms is very different, and of a more pleasing and philosophical cast; and it is curious to compare the account of the inhabitants of the sea given by *Gulnare* to the king of *Persia*, in the story of *King Beder* in the *Arabian Nights*, with the philosophical *Mythus* in the *Phædon* of *Plato*. According to the former, the people of the sea walk on the bottom of it with as much ease as men do upon land, and the water answers to them all the purposes that the air does to the inhabitants of the earth: they have a

succession of day and night, and the moon, stars, and planets are visible to them. Their palaces and other buildings are formed of the most precious materials, far more splendid than anything upon earth; and the sea-people have the power of transporting themselves with incredible velocity from place to place: in short, in everything they have the advantage over the dwellers on earth. Now the sublime conception of Plato is, that what we call earth is not the true earth, but merely the bottom of one of the chasms of it; that the true earth is of prodigious extent, far excelling in every respect the spot on which we dwell, and which we dignify with the name of the earth; that the aether is its atmosphere, and the air is to it what the water is to this; that we, as has been said, dwell at the bottom of one of its seas, and consequently see all the heavenly bodies and the colours and forms of natural ones dimly and indistinctly through a dense medium. The chief difference between the Grecian philosopher and the eastern story-teller is, that the former more justly gives the advantage to those who respire the purer and rarer element, and are nearer in situation to the celestial regions.

The circumstance of losing a ring in a lake is a common preface to Irish tales of enchantment;—see, for instance, *The Chase*, in *Miss Brooke's Relics of Irish Poetry*, p. 100.

THE LEGEND OF O'DONOGHUE.

In an age so distant that the precise period is unknown, a chieftain named O'Donoghue ruled over the country which surrounds the romantic Lough Lean, now called the lake of Killarney. Wisdom, beneficence, and justice distinguished his reign, and the prosperity and happiness of his subjects were their natural results. He is said to have been as renowned for his warlike exploits as for his pacific virtues; and as a proof that his domestic administration was not the less rigorous because it was mild, a rocky island is pointed out to strangers, called "O'Donoghue's Prison," in which this

prince once confined his own son for some act of disorder and disobedience.

His end—for it cannot correctly be called his death—was singular and mysterious. At one of those splendid feasts for which his court was celebrated, surrounded by the most distinguished of his subjects, he was engaged in a prophetic relation of the events which were to happen in ages yet to come. His auditors listened, now wrapt in wonder, now fired with indignation, burning with shame, or melted into sorrow, as he faithfully detailed the heroism, the injuries, the crimes, and the miseries of their descendants. In the midst of his predictions he rose slowly from his seat, advanced with a solemn, measured, and majestic tread to the shore of the lake, and walked forward composedly upon its unyielding surface. When he had nearly reached the centre, he paused for a moment, then turning slowly round, looked towards his friends, and waving his arms to them with the cheerful air of one taking a short farewell, disappeared from their view.

The memory of the good O'Donoghue has been cherished by successive generations with affectionate reverence: and it is believed that at sunrise, on every May-day morning, the anniversary of his departure, he revisits his ancient domains: a favoured few only are in general permitted to see him, and this distinction is always an omen of good fortune to the beholders: when it is granted to many, it is a sure token of an abundant harvest,—a blessing, the want of which during this prince's reign was never felt by his people.

Some years have elapsed since the last appearance of O'Donoghue. The April of that year had been remarkably wild and stormy; but on May-morning the fury of the elements had altogether subsided. The air was hushed and still; and the sky, which was reflected in the serene lake, resembled a beautiful but deceitful countenance, whose smiles, after the most tempestuous emotions, tempt the stranger to believe that it belongs to a soul which no passion has ever ruffled.

The first beams of the rising sun were just gilding the lofty summit of Glenaa, when the waters near the eastern shore of the lake became suddenly and violently agitated,

though all the rest of its surface lay smooth and still as a tomb of polished marble, the next moment a foaming wave darted forward, and, like a proud high-crested war-horse, exulting in his strength, rushed across the lake towards Toomies mountain. Behind this wave appeared a stately warrior fully armed, mounted upon a milk-white steed ; his snowy plume waved gracefully from a helmet of polished steel, and at his back fluttered a light blue scarf. The horse, apparently exulting in his noble burden, sprung after the wave along the water, which bore him up like firm earth, while showers of spray that glittered brightly in the morning sun were dashed up at every bound.

The warrior was O'Donoghue ; he was followed by numberless youths and maidens, who moved lightly and unconstrained over the watery plain, as the moonlight fairies glide through the fields of air ; they were linked together by garlands of delicious spring flowers, and they timed their movements to strains of enchanting melody. When O'Donoghue had nearly reached the western side of the lake, he suddenly turned his steed, and directed his course along the wood-fringed shore of Glenaa, preceded by the huge wave that curled and foamed up as high as the horse's neck, whose fiery nostrils snorted above it. The long train of attendants followed with playful deviations the track of their leader, and moved on with unabated fleetness to their celestial music, till gradually, as they entered the narrow strait between Glenaa and Dinis, they became involved in the mists which still partially floated over the lakes, and faded from the view of the wondering beholders : but the sound of their music still fell upon the ear, and echo catching up the harmonious strains, fondly repeated and prolonged them in soft and softer tones, till the last faint repetition died away, and the hearers awoke as from a dream of bliss.

Every person who has visited Killarney must be familiar with the legend of O'Donoghue and his white horse. It is related in Weld's account of these lakes, in Derrick's Letters, and in numerous poems of which Killarney is the theme. Moore has made it the subject of

a song in his *Irish Melodies*; and the pencil of Martin, distinguished by his unbounded imagination, has been employed to illustrate it.

That particular mortals have been permitted, as a reward for their virtues, or condemned, as a punishment for their crimes, to revisit, at certain seasons, their favourite haunts on earth, is a belief to be found in most countries. In Ireland, the princely O'Donoghue gallops his white charger over the waters of Killarney at early dawn on May morning: and on a certain night in August, one of the ancient Earls of Kildare, cased in armour, and mounted on a stately war-horse, reviews his shadowy troops on an extensive plain called the Curragh of Kildare; for

“—————Quæ gratia curruum
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.”

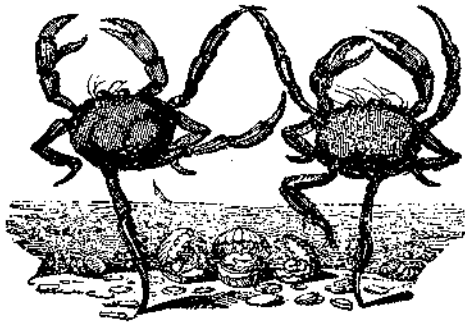
In Hindoostan, the virtuous and beneficent giant Bali, whose pride when on earth brought down from heaven the mighty Vishnoo to quell it, is, as a reward for his virtues, permitted once in each year to revisit earth, to feast his soul on the praises which the grateful inhabitants of the land bestow on the memory of the generous Bali. The legends of the Germanic nations are of a darker character, and in them we usually meet the dead who “revisit the glimpses of the moon” in the character of “wild huntsmen,” sentenced, for their tyranny or disregard of the rights of property, to pursue the chase through the air and along the earth.

It was a happy idea, and does credit to the imagination of the Irish peasantry, to assign May morn, that most delicious of all days, that season so universally consecrated to the festive adoration of fresh and youthful nature, as the period of the appearance of the “Good O'Donoghue,” whose presence is the harbinger of plenty: a sight like the Arabian “Gardens of Irem” vouchsafed to but a favoured few.

It has been attempted, in the preceding notes, to point out the circumstances from which the belief of the existence of buildings and inhabitants beneath the surface of lakes may have originated; and it shall now be attempted to explain the appearance of the “departed” at certain seasons. The human imagination delights in bestowing the attributes of the animated portion of nature on mere matter, particularly when in motion: this was the source of ancient mythology, and of the splendid system of polytheism formed by the brilliant imagination of the Greeks. Thus Attraction and Repulsion became animated,

and were Love and Strife; these latter were personified; behold Venus and Mars, whose offspring are Harmonia, and Eros or Cupid, who rules over gods and men. The savage, or the unlettered hind, stands on the shore of the sea, or the border of a lake, and beholds waves dashing, foaming, and chasing each other, and his fancy recalls the speed, the emulation, and the foam of a set of sprightly coursers, and he terms the waves "white horses;" by the Welsh, in whose mythology *Gwenidw* is a female who presides over the sea, the white breakers on the shore are called *Devaid Gwenidw*, or the sheep of *Gwenidw*. In the northern parts of Ireland, when the wind blows softly from the east, and the snow slowly descends in broad flakes, the children say the Scotchmen are plucking their geese; and towards the south of the island they assign this action to the Welsh of the opposite coast. By reflection on this resemblance between flakes of snow and feathers, Herodotus was enabled to give a solution of the wonderful story which circulated in Greece of a region far to the north where showers of feathers continually filled the sky. Optical illusions may also contribute to cheat the imagination; and the magic shows of the Mirage and of *La Fata Morgana* are well-known examples. In one of the Spanish histories of South America, we read that the inhabitants of a certain district long resisted the attempts of the missionaries to convert them, alleging as a proof of the truth of their own religion, that at certain seasons their gods used to appear to them, surrounded by troops of worshippers, on the opposite side of a lake, in a consecrated valley. An intelligent missionary examined the story accurately; he found that they had erected statues to their gods on the eastern side of the lake, and that in particular states of the atmosphere, and at a certain elevation of the sun, as in the parallel case of the "aërial Morgana," the figures of the idols and those of their worshippers were reflected on the dense vapour beyond the lake. He explained the phenomenon, removed the idols, and his sagacity was rewarded by the speedy conversion of the entire district. If these two circumstances are combined with the *additive* power of the imagination, the phenomenon of O'Donoghue and his white horse will not be of difficult solution. The stories of "Wild huntsmen" probably originated in the distant baying of dogs, or other sounds heard by the "lured peasant," when passing in the night over the tracts where those mighty hunters had pursued the chase; and imagination quickly conjured up the rider and the steed, the hounds and the horns.

THE MERROW.



----- "The mysterious depths
And wild and wondrous forms of ocean old."
MATTIMA'S CONCHOLOGIST.

THE LADY OF GOILERUS.

ON the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at day-break, stood Dick Fitzgerald "shogging the duceen," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists clearing away out of the valleys went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'T is just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after

a pause, " 't is mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo ! I know this, that if I had the luck, or may be the misfortune," said Dick, with a melancholy smile, " to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife ? He's no more surely than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissors, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete.—Is it not so ? " said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour ; and now the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her ; and he had heard that, if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water : so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her ; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 't was enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

"Do n't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald ; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand, by way of comforting her. "T was in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot ; but 't was as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

"What's your name, my darling ?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him ; but he got no answer ; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him : he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language ; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeas'd at this mode of conversation ; and, making an end of her whining all at once—"Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, "Man, will you eat me ?"

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel ! Is it I eat you, my pet ? —Now, 't was some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning !"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me ?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife : he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome ; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'T was the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion ; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you Mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she ; "I'm ready and willing to be yours, Mister Fitzgerald ; but stop, if you please, 'till I twist up my hair."

It was some time before she had settled it entirely to her

liking ; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and, says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father not to be waiting breakfast for me ; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck?" says Dick.

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!"

"And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be.

"Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father; to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated the Merrow, "what's money?"

"Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and may be now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?"

"Oh! yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."

"To speak the truth then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I'm thinking, is no ways fitting for a king's daughter; so if 'twould not be displeasing to you, just to mention a nice feather-bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about? may be you have not such things as beds down under the water?"

"By all means," said she, "Mr Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster-beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

"You have?" says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "Tis a feather-bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrinnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his Reverence, looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then, says he—

"Please your Reverence, she's a king's daughter."

"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your Reverence," said Dick again, in an under tone, "she is as mild and as beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the Priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her; and" said Dick, looking up slyly, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the Priest; "why there's some reason now in what you say: why did n't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansel of it as another, that may be would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus well pleased with each other. Everything prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been

brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children ; for, at the end of three years there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days if he had only had the sense to take care of what he had got ; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

One day when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own *cohuleen driuth*.

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea ; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?"

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it a tear trembled for an instant in her eye and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand.—The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he

asked Kathelin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "For," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

While she was with him she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country as the pattern for one, under the name of THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

The people of Feroe say, that the seal every ninth night puts off its skin and gets a human form, and then dances and sports like the "human mortals," till it resumes its skin and becomes a seal again. It once happened that a man came by while this took place, and seeing the skin, he seized it and hid it. When the seal, which was in the shape of a woman, could not find its skin to creep into, it was forced to remain in the human form, and, as she was fair to look upon, the same man took her to wife, had children by her, and lived right happy with her. After a long time the wife found the skin that had been stolen and could not resist the temptation to creep into it, and so she became a seal again.—*Danske Folkesagn*, vol. 3, p. 51.

Mr Hibbert, in his Description of the Shetland Islands, relates the same story in such a pleasing manner, that it is impossible to refrain from quoting his words. "Sometimes," he informs us, "Mermen and Merwomen have formed connubial attachments with the human race. A story is told of an inhabitant of Unst, who, in walking on the sandy margin of a voe, saw a number of these beings dancing by moonlight, and several seal-skins strowed beside them on the ground. At his approach, they immediately fled to secure their garbs, and taking upon themselves the form of seals plunged immediately into the sea. But

as the Shetlander perceived that one skin lay close to his feet, he snatched it up, bore it swiftly away, and placed it in concealment. On returning to the shore, he met the fairest damsel that was ever gazed upon by mortal eyes lamenting the robbery by which she should become an exile from her submarine friends and a tenant of the upper world. Vainly she implored the restitution of her property: the man had drunk deeply of love, and was inexorable, but offered her protection beneath his roof as his betrothed spouse. The Merlady perceiving that she must become an inhabitant of the earth, found that she could not do better than accept of the offer. This strange connubial attachment subsisted for many years, and several children were the fruits of it, who retained no further marks of their origin, than in the resemblance which a sort of web between their fingers bore to the forefeet of a seal—this peculiarity being possessed by the descendants of the family to the present day. The Shetlander's love for his Merwife was unbounded, but his affection was coldly returned. The lady would often steal alone to the desert strand, and, on a signal being given, a large seal would make his appearance, with whom she would hold, in an unknown tongue, an anxious conference. Years had thus glided away, when it happened that one of the children in the course of his play, found concealed beneath a stack of corn a seal's skin, and, delighted with the prize, ran with it to his mother. Her eyes glistened with rapture—she gazed upon it as her own—as the means by which she could pass through the ocean that led to her native home. She burst forth into an ecstasy of joy, which was only moderated when she beheld her children whom she was now about to leave, and after hastily embracing them, fled with all speed towards the sea-side. The husband immediately returned—learned the discovery that had taken place—ran to overtake his wife, but only arrived in time to see her transformation of shape completed—to see her in the form of a seal bound from the ledge of a rock into the sea. The large animal of the same kind with whom she had held a secret converse soon appeared, and evidently congratulated her in the most tender manner on her escape. But before she dived to unknown depth, she cast a parting glance at the wretched Shetlander, whose despairing looks excited in her breast a few transient feelings of commiseration. 'Farewell,' said she to him: 'I loved you very well when I resided upon earth, but I always loved my first husband much better.'"—Page 569.

Mr. Theile tells us, in a note on the *Danske Folkesagn*, that there

are still families who believe themselves to be descended from such marriages. A similar belief exists in Kerry respecting the O'Flaherty and the O'Sullivan families; and the Maconmaras, a Clare family, have their name from a tradition of the same nature. Morgan, according to Ussher, signified in the ancient British "*Born of the Sea.*" It was the real name of the celebrated Pelagius; and is at present a very common one in Wales.

Vade, the father of the famous smith Volent, was the son of king Vilkinus and a Mermaid whom he met in a wood on the sea-shore in Russia.—*Vilkinia Saga*, c. 18.

The stories of Peleus and Thetis in classical, and of king Beder and the fair Gulnare in oriental, literature, may be referred to, as well as the ballad of *Rosmer Havmand* translated by Mr Jamieson from the *Kœmpe Viser*, and many others.

"Paracelsus," says old Burton, "hath several stories of them" (Water devils), "how they have lived, and been married to mortal men, and so continued for several years with them, and after, upon some dislike, have forsaken them."—*Anatomic of Melancholy*, p. 47.

The Irish word Merrow, correctly written *Morúadh*, or *Morúach*, answers exactly to the English mermaid, and is the compound of *muir*, the sea, and *oigh*, a maid. It is also used to express a sea monster, like the Armoric and Cornish *morkuch*, to which it evidently bears analogy. A mermaid is called in Basse Bretagne, *Mary Morgan*. Is Mary, Marie, or is it derived from the sea? Morgan has been already mentioned.

In Irish, *Murdhucha'n*, *Muir-gheilt*, *Samhghubha*, and *Suire*, are various names for sea-nymphs or mermaids. The romantic historians of Ireland describe the *Suire*, or sea-nymphs, as playing round the ships of the Milesians when on their passage to that Island.

The poem of *Moiru Borb* (to be found in Miss Brooke's Relics of Irish Poetry) celebrates the valour of the Finian heroes in the cause of a lady, who introduces herself in pretty nearly the words of the Merrow, in the foregoing story, *I am the daughter of the king under the waves.*

The *cohuleen driuth* bears some resemblance to the feather dresses of the ladies, in the oriental tales of Jahanshah and Hassan of Bassora. There is something also of the same nature in a modern German Tale. It may be explained as an enchanted cap, from *cuthdarín*, a sort of *montera* or *monmouth* cap; and *driúadh*, a charmer or magician.

In the tale, a rock on the shore is said to look as bold as ever Kerry witness did. A Kerry witness (no offence to MacGillieuddy) signifies a witness who will swear anything.

"The duceen," or the pipe, "the woman," and such expressions, are examples of the practice so common among the Irish of using the article instead of the possessive pronoun. In this, and the preceding volume, there are many instances.

Dick calls the echo the child of his voice: the daughter, according to General Vallancey, is a literal translation of the Irish compound name for Echo, and a convincing argument of our eastern origin. "What people in the world," says that fanciful antiquary, "the orientlists and the Irish excepted, called the copy of a book, the son of a book, and echo the daughter of a voice?" The General here evidently alludes to the Rabbinical mode of divination by *לִבְיָרָא*, i. e. *the daughter of the voice*.

Mucalla is the Hibernian term for the "*Jocosa Montis imago*" of Horace, and is explained by Dr O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, as *the pig of the rock or cliff*; query, if it be not *Macalla, son of the cliff*, which General Vallancey, with his usual ingenuity in the confounding of words, has translated daughter? *Allabhair*, another Irish name for echo, or rather a compound echo, is, literally, *the cliffs game at goal*, or the bounding and rebounding of the voice, as the ball in that game.

In Iceland they assign a supernatural origin to Echo, and call it *Dvergmal* or the voice of the Dvergs or Dwarfs.

Smerwick harbour, where the scene of the tale is laid, is situated on the north side of a little "tongue" of land, which the county Kerry shoots forth into the Atlantic, and which, to use the words of Camden, is "boaten on with barking billows on both sides." It is memorable in history, from the landing of some Spaniards and Italians, in 1579, under the pope's consecrated banner, who threw up a defence there, called Fort del Oro. Sir Walter Raleigh's butchery of the garrison in cold blood still remains a subject of execration in the mouths of the Irish peasantry, and a stain upon English history, which even the pens of Spenser and Camden fail in vindicating. To it, however, we are said to be indebted for the poet's truly valuable work, "*A View of the State of Ireland*," undertaken for the purpose of excusing his patron, Lord Grey de Wilton, then Lord Deputy of Ireland. A map of Smerwick harbour, illustrative of this event, is

preserved in the State Paper Office, which that zealous and distinguished antiquary, Mr Lemon, conjectured, from the writing, to be the performance of the author of the "Fairie Queen."

Gollerus is a small village on the eastern side of the harbour, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, near which there is a very ancient stone cell or chapel, a building probably coeval with the round tower.

FLORY CANTILLON'S FUNERAL.

THE ancient burial-place of the Cantillon family was on an island in Ballyheigh Bay. This island was situated at no great distance from the shore, and at a remote period was overflowed in one of the encroachments which the Atlantic has made on that part of the coast of Kerry. The fishermen declare they have often seen the ruined walls of an old chapel beneath them in the water, as they sailed over the clear green sea of a sunny afternoon. However this may be, it is well known that the Cantillons were, like most other Irish families, strongly attached to their ancient burial-place; and this attachment led to the custom, when any of the family died, of carrying the corpse to the sea-side, where the coffin was left on the shore within reach of the tide. In the morning it had disappeared, being, as was traditionally believed, conveyed away by the ancestors of the deceased to their family tomb.

Connor Crowe, a county Clare man, was related to the Cantillons by marriage. "Connor Mac in Cruagh, of the seven quarters of Breintragh," as he was commonly called, and a proud man he was of the name. Connor, be it known, would drink a quart of salt water, for its medicinal virtues, before breakfast; and for the same reason, I suppose, double that quantity of raw whiskey between breakfast and night, which last he did with as little inconvenience to himself as any man in the barony of Moyferta; and were I to add Clanderalaw and Ibrickan, I do n't think I should say wrong.

On the death of Florence Cantillon, Connor Crowe was

determined to satisfy himself about the truth of this story of the old church under the sea : so when he heard the news of the old fellow's death, away with him to Ardfert, where Flory was laid out in high style, and a beautiful corpse he made.

Flory had been as jolly and as rollicking a boy in his day as ever was stretched, and his wake was in every respect worthy of him. There was all kind of entertainment and all sort of diversion at it, and no less than three girls got husbands there—more luck to them. Everything was as it should be : all that side of the country, from Dingle to Tarbert, was at the funeral. The Keen was sung long and bitterly ; and according to the family custom, the coffin was caried to Ballyheigh strand, where it was laid upon the shore with a prayer for the repose of the dead.

The mourners departed, one group after another, and at last Connor Crowe was left alone : he then pulled out his whiskey bottle, his drop of comfort as he called it, which he required, being in grief ; and down he sat upon a big stone that was sheltered by a projecting rock, and partly concealed from view, to await with patience the appearance of the ghostly undertakers.

The evening came on mild and beautiful ; he whistled an old air which he had heard in his childhood, hoping to keep idle fears out of his head : but the wild strain of that melody brought a thousand recollections with it, which only made the twilight appear more pensive.

"If 't was near the gloomy tower of Dunmore, in my own sweet county, I was," said Connor Crowe, with a sigh, "one might well believe that the prisoners, who were murdered long ago there in the vaults under the castle, would be the hands to carry off the coffin out of envy, for never a one of them was buried decently, nor had as much as a coffin amongst them all. 'Tis often, sure enough, I have heard lamentations and great mourning coming from the vaults of Dunmore Castle ; but," continued he, after fondly pressing his lips to the mouth of his companion, and silent comforter, the whiskey bottle, "didn't I know all the time well enough, 't was the dismal sounding waves working through the cliffs and

hollows of the rocks, and fretting themselves to foam. Oh, then, Dunmore Castle, it is you that are the gloomy-looking tower on a gloomy day, with the gloomy hills behind you ; when one has gloomy thoughts on their heart, and sees you like a ghost rising out of the smoke made by the kelp burners on the strand, there is, the Lord save us ! as fearful a look about you as about the Blue Man's Lake at midnight. Well then, any how," said Connor, after a pause, " is it not a blessed night, though surely the moon looks mighty pale in the face ? St Senan himself between us and all kinds of harm."

It was, in truth, a lovely moonlight night ; nothing was to be seen around but the dark rocks, and the white pebbly beach, upon which the sea broke with a hoarse and melancholy murmur. Connor, notwithstanding his frequent draughts, felt rather queerish, and almost began to repent his curiosity. It was certainly a solemn sight to behold the black coffin resting upon the white strand. His imagination gradually converted the deep moaning of old ocean into a mournful wail for the dead, and from the shadowy recesses of the rocks he imaged forth strange and visionary forms.

As the night advanced, Connor became weary with watching ; he caught himself more than once in the fact of nodding, when suddenly giving his head a shake, he would look towards the black coffin. But the narrow house of death remained unmoved before him.

It was long past midnight, and the moon was sinking into the sea, when he heard the sound of many voices, which gradually became stronger, above the heavy and monotonous roll of the sea : he listened, and presently could distinguish a Keen, of exquisite sweetness, the notes of which rose and fell with the heaving of the waves, whose deep murmur mingled with and supported the strain !

The Keen grew louder and louder, and seemed to approach the beach, and then fell into a low plaintive wail. As it ended, Connor beheld a number of strange and, in the dim light, mysterious-looking figures, emerge from the sea, and surround the coffin, which they prepared to launch into the water.

"This comes of marrying with the creatures of earth," said one of the figures, in a clear, yet hollow tone.

"True," replied another, with a voice still more fearful, "our king would never have commanded his gnawing white-toothed waves to devour the rocky roots of the island cemetery, had not his daughter, Darfulla, been buried there by her mortal husband!"

"But the time will come," said a third, bending over the coffin,

"When mortal eye—our work shall spy,
And mortal ear—our dirge shall hear."

"Then," said a fourth, "our burial of the Cantillons is at an end for ever!"

As this was spoken, the coffin was borne from the beach by a retiring wave, and the company of sea people prepared to follow it; but at the moment, one chanced to discover Connor Crowe, as fixed with wonder and as motionless with fear as the stone on which he sat.

"The time is come," cried the unearthly being, "the time is come; a human eye looks on the forms of ocean, a human ear has heard their voices: farewell to the Cantillons; the sons of the sea are no longer doomed to bury the dust of the earth!"

One after the other turned slowly round, and regarded Connor Crowe, who still remained as if bound by a spell. Again arose their funeral song; and on the next wave they followed the coffin. The sound of the lamentation died away, and at length nothing was heard but the rush of waters. The coffin and the train of sea people sank over the old churchyard, and never since the funeral of old Flory Cantillon, have any of the family been carried to the strand of Ballyhoigh, for conveyance to their rightful burial-place, beneath the waves of the Atlantic.

Another version of this wild and picturesque tradition was communicated by Mr Lynch, of the King's German legion. In both legends the locality is the same; but in Mr Lynch's version the name of the McEllicot family is substituted for that of the Cantillons. The latter,

however, accords with the statement of Doctor Smith, in his History of Kerry, p. 210.

“The neighbouring inhabitants,” says that writer, speaking of Ballyheigh, “show some rocks visible in this bay only at low tides, which they say are the remains of an island that was formerly the burial-place of the family of Cantillon, the ancient proprietors of Ballyheigh.”

In the preceding note mention has been made of the conjugal union contracted between the human race and the inhabitants of the deep. An attachment, however, between the finny tribes and man has some foundation in fact, if we are to credit the testimony of the ancients. In the following story given by Athenæus, though dolphins do not exactly act as undertakers, they seem to have performed the part of mourners.

The dolphin, says Athenæus (Lib. 13, Cap. 8), is of all animals the fondest of men, the most sensible, and one possessing the virtue of gratitude. Phylarchus relates, in his 12th Book, that Coiranus, the Milesian, seeing some fishermen who had caught a dolphin in their nets, and were about to cut him up, gave them some money, and prevailed on them to throw him back into the sea. Some time after, happening to be shipwrecked near Myconos, all on board perished except Coiranus, who was saved by a dolphin. Coiranus died when an old man, in his own country; and the funeral happening to take place on the shore, by Miletus, a great number of dolphins appeared in the harbour on that day, and swam at a little distance along the shore after those who attended the funeral, joining, as it were, the procession, as mourners, and attending on the funeral of the man.

Pliny mentions a pretty anecdote of the friendship existing between a boy and a dolphin, which seems to have been a favourite tale, as it is also related both by Ælian and Aulus Gellius.

Connor Crowe will be recognised by those acquainted with the county Clare, as a faithful sketch from nature. The Blue Man's Lake mentioned in his soliloquy is situated in the Bog of Shragh, about four miles from Kilrush. It is so named from the tradition, that a spectral figure enveloped in a bluish flame haunts its melancholy waters.

Durfulla, the name of the sea-king's daughter, who married Flory Cantillon's ancestor, signifies *leaping water*. “Gnawing white-toothed waves” is the literal translation of a common Irish epithet.

THE SOUL CAGES.

JACK DOGHERTY lived on the coast of the county Clare. Jack was a fisherman, as his father and grandfather before him had been. Like them, too, he lived all alone (but for the wife), and just in the same spot. People used to wonder why the Dogherty family were so fond of that wild situation, so far away from all human kind, and in the midst of huge shattered rocks, with nothing but the wide ocean to look upon. But they had their own good reasons for it.

The place was just the only spot on that part of the coast where anybody could well live; there was a neat little creek, where a boat might lie as snug as a puffin in her nest, and out from this creek a ledge of sunken rocks ran into the sea. Now when the Atlantic, according to custom, was raging with a storm, and a good westerly wind was blowing strong on the coast, many a richly laden ship went to pieces on these rocks; and then the fine bales of cotton and tobacco, and such like things, and the pipes of wine, and the puncheons of rum, and the casks of brandy, and the kegs of Hollands that used to come ashore! Dunbeg Bay was just like a little estate to the Doghertys.

Not but they were kind and humane to a distressed sailor, if ever one had the good luck to get to land; and many a time indeed did Jack put out in his little *corragh* (which, though not quite equal to honest Andrew Hennessy's canvas life-boat, would breast the billows like any gannet), to lend a hand towards bringing off the crew from a wreck. But when the ship had gone to pieces, and the crew were all lost, who would blame Jack for picking up all he could find?

"And who is the worse of it?" said he. "For as to the king, God bless him! everybody knows he's rich enough already without getting what's floating in the sea."

Jack, though such a hermit, was a good-natured, jolly fel-

low. No other, sure, could ever have coaxed Bidly Mahony to quit her father's snug and warm house in the middle of the town of Ennis, and to go so many miles off to live among the rocks, with the seals and sea-gulls for next door neighbours. But Bidly knew that Jack was the man for a woman who wished to be comfortable and happy; for, to say nothing of the fish, Jack had the supplying of half the gentlemen's houses of the country with the *Godsends* that came into the bay. And she was right in her choice; for no woman ate, drank, or slept better, or made a prouder appearance at chapel on Sundays, than Mrs Dogherty.

Many a strange sight, it may well be supposed, did Jack see, and many a strange sound did he hear, but nothing daunted him. So far was he from being afraid of Merrows, or such beings, that the very first wish of his heart was to fairly meet with one. Jack had heard that they were mighty like Christians, and that luck had always come out of an acquaintance with them. Never, therefore, did he dimly discern the Merrows moving along the face of the waters in their robes of mist, but he made direct for them; and many a scolding did Bidly, in her own quiet way, bestow upon Jack for spending his whole day out at sea, and bringing home no fish. Little did poor Bidly know the fish Jack was after!

It was rather annoying to Jack, that, though living in a place where the Merrows were as plenty as lobsters, he never could get a right view of one. What vexed him more was that both his father and grandfather had often and often seen them; and he even remembered hearing, when a child, how his grandfather, who was the first of the family that had settled down at the creek, had been so intimate with a Merrow, that, only for fear of vexing the priest, he would have had him stand for one of his children. This, however, Jack did not well know how to believe.

Fortune at length began to think that it was only right that Jack should know as much as his father and grandfather did. Accordingly, one day when he had strolled a little farther than usual along the coast to the northward, just as he turned a point, he saw something, like to nothing he had

ever seen before, perched upon a rock at a little distance out to sea: it looked green in the body, as well as he could discern at that distance, and he would have sworn, only the thing was impossible, that it had a cocked hat in its hand. Jack stood for a good half-hour straining his eyes and wondering at it, and all the time the thing did not stir hand or foot. At last Jack's patience was quite worn out, and he gave a loud whistle and a hail, when the Merrow (for such it was) started up, put the cocked hat on its head, and dived down, head foremost, from the rock.

Jack's curiosity was now excited, and he constantly directed his steps towards the point; still he could never get a glimpse of the sea-gentleman with the cocked hat; and with thinking and thinking about the matter, he began at last to fancy he had been only dreaming. One very rough day, however, when the sea was running mountains high, Jack Dogherty determined to give a look at the Merrow's rock (for he had always chosen a fine day before), and then he saw the strange thing cutting capers upon the top of the rock, and then diving down, and then coming up, and then diving down again.

Jack had now only to choose his time (that is, a good blowing day), and he might see the man of the sea as often as he pleased. All this, however, did not satisfy him—"much will have more;" he wished now to get acquainted with the Merrow, and even in this he succeeded. One tremendous blustering day, before he got to the point whence he had a view of the Merrow's rock, the storm came on so furiously that Jack was obliged to take shelter in one of the caves which are so numerous along the coast; and there, to his astonishment, he saw sitting before him a thing with green hair, long green teeth, a red nose, and pig's eyes. It had a fish's tail, legs with scales on them, and short arms like fins: it wore no clothes, but had the cocked hat under its arm, and seemed engaged thinking very seriously about something.

Jack, with all his courage, was a little daunted; but now or never, thought he: so up he went boldly to the cogitating fishman, took off his hat, and made his best bow.

"Your servant, sir," said Jack.

"Your servant, kindly, Jack Dogherty," answered the Merrow.

"To be sure, then, how well your honour knows my name!" said Jack.

"Is it I not know your name, Jack Dogherty? Why, man, I knew your grandfather long before he was married to Judy Regan your grandmother! Ah, Jack, Jack, I was fond of that grandfather of yours; he was a mighty worthy man in his time: I never met his match above or below, before or since, for sucking in a shellful of brandy. I hope, my boy," said the old fellow, with a merry twinkle in his little eyes, "I hope you 're his own grandson!"

"Never fear me for that," said Jack; "if my mother had only reared me on brandy, 't is myself that would be a sucking infant to this hour!"

"Well, I like to hear you talk so manly; you and I must be better acquainted, if it were only for your grandfather's sake. But, Jack, that father of yours was not the thing! he had no head at all."

"I 'm sure," said Jack, "since your honour lives down under the water, you must be obliged to drink a power to keep any heat in you in such a cruel, damp, *could* place. Well, I 've ofter heard of Christians drinking like fishes: and might I be so bold as to ask where you get the spirits?"

"Where do you get them yourself, Jack?" said the Merrow, twitching his red nose between his forefinger and thumb.

"Hubbubboo," cries Jack, "now I see how it is; but I suppose, sir, your honour has got a fine dry cellar below to keep them in."

"Let me alone for the cellar," said the Merrow, with a knowing wink of his left eye.

"I 'm sure," continued Jack, "it must be mighty well worth the looking at."

"You may say that, Jack," said the Merrow; "and if you meet me here, next Monday, just at this time of the day, we we will have a little more talk with one another about the matter."

Jack and the Merrow parted the best friends in the world.

On Monday they met, and Jack was not a little surprised to see that the Merrow had two cooked hats with him, one under each arm.

"Might I take the liberty to ask, sir," said Jack, "why your honour has brought the two hats with you to-day? You would not, sure, be going to give me one of them, to keep for the *curoosity* of the thing?"

"No, no, Jack," said he, "I do n't get my hats so easily, to part with them that way; but I want you to come down and dine with me, and I brought you the hat to dive with."

"Lord bless and preserve us!" cried Jack, in amazement, "would you want me to go down to the bottom of the salt sea ocean? Sure I'd be smothered and choked up with the water, to say nothing of being drowned! And what would poor Biddy do for me, and what would she say?"

"And what matter what she says, you *pinkteen*? Who cares for Biddy's squalling? It's long before your grandfather would have talked in that way. Many's the time he stuck that same hat on his head, and dived down boldly after me; and many's the snug bit of dinner and good shellful of brandy he and I have had together below, under the water."

"Is it really, sir, and no joke?" said Jack; "why, then, sorrow from me for ever and a day after, if I'll be a bit worse man nor my grandfather was! Here goes—but play me fair now. Here's neck or nothing!" cried Jack.

"That's your grandfather all over," said the old fellow; "so come along, then, and do as I do."

They both left the cave, walked into the sea, and then swam a piece until they got to the rock. The Merrow climbed to the top of it, and Jack followed him. On the far side it was as straight as the wall of a house, and the sea beneath looked so deep that Jack was almost cowed.

"Now, do you see, Jack," said the Merrow: "just put this hat on your head, and mind to keep your eyes wide open. Take hold of my tail, and follow after me, and you'll see what you'll see."

In he dashed, and in dashed Jack after him boldly. They went and they went, and Jack thought they'd never stop going. Many a time did he wish himself sitting at home by the fireside with Biddy. Yet, where was the use of wishing now, when he was so many miles as he thought below the waves of the Atlantic? Still he held hard by the Merrow's tail, slippery as it was; and, at last, to Jack's great surprise, they got out of the water, and he actually found himself on dry land at the bottom of the sea. They landed just in front of a nice house that was slated very neatly with oyster shells! and the Merrow, turning about to Jack, welcomed him down.

Jack could hardly speak, what with wonder, and what with being out of breath with travelling so fast through the water. He looked about him and could see no living things, barring crabs and lobsters, of which there were plenty walking leisurely about on the sand. Overhead was the sea like a sky, and the fishes like birds swimming about in it.

"Why do n't you speak, man?" said the Merrow: "I dare say you had no notion that I had such a snug little concern here as this? Are you smothered, or choked, or drowned, or are you fretting after Biddy, eh?"

"Oh! not myself, indeed," said Jack, showing his teeth with a good-humoured grin:—"but who in the world would ever have thought of seeing such a thing?"

"Well, come along and let's see what they've got for us to eat?"

Jack really was hungry, and it gave him no small pleasure to perceive a fine column of smoke rising from the chimney, announcing what was going on within. Into the house he followed the Merrow, and there he saw a good kitchen, right well provided with everything. There was a noble dresser, and plenty of pots and pans, with two young Merrows cooking. His host then led him into the room, which was furnished shabbily enough. Not a table or a chair was there in it; nothing but planks and logs of wood to sit on, and eat off. There was, however, a good fire blazing on the hearth—a comfortable sight to Jack.

"Come now, and I'll show you where I keep—you know what," said the Merrow, with a sly look; and opening a little

door, he led Jack into a fine long cellar, well filled with pipes, and kegs, and hogsheads, and barrels.

"What do you say to that, Jack Dogherty?—Eh!—may be a body can't live snug under the water?"

"Never the doubt of that," said Jack, with a convincing smack of his under lip, that he really thought what he said.

They went back to the room, and found dinner laid. There was no table-cloth, to be sure—but what matter? It was not always Jack had one at home. The dinner would have been no discredit to the first house of the county on a fast day. The choicest of fish, and no wonder, was there. Turbots, and soles, and lobsters, and oysters, and twenty other kinds, were on the planks at once, and plenty of the best of foreign spirits. The wines, the old fellow said, were too cold for his stomach.

Jack ate and drank till he could eat no more: then, taking up a shell of brandy, "Here 's to your honour's good health, sir," said he; "though, begging your pardon, it's mighty odd, that as long as we've been acquainted I do n't know your name yet."

"That's true, Jack," replied he; "I never thought of it before, but better late than never. My name's Coomara."

"And a mighty decent name it is," cried Jack, taking another shellful: "here 's to your good health, Coomara, and may you live these fifty years to come!"

"Fifty years!" repeated Coomara; "I'm obliged to you, indeed! If you had said five hundred, it would have been something worth the wishing."

"By the laws, sir," cries Jack, "*youz* live to a powerful age here under the water! You knew my grandfather, and he's dead and gone better than these sixty years. I'm sure it must be a mighty healthy place to live in."

"No doubt of it; but come, Jack, keep the liquor stirring." Shell after shell did they empty, and to Jack's exceeding surprise, he found the drink never got into his head, owing, I suppose, to the sea being over them, which kept their noddles cool.

Old Coomara got exceedingly comfortable, and sung

several songs ; but Jack, if his life had depended on it, never could remember more than

*Rum fum boodle boo,
Ripple dipple nitty dob ;
Dumdoe doodle coo,
Raffle taffle chittibob !*

It was the chorus to one of them ; and to say the truth, nobody that I know has ever been able to pick any particular meaning out of it ; but that, to be sure, is the case with many a song now-a-days.

At length said he to Jack, "Now, my dear boy, if you follow me, I'll show you my *curiosities* !" He opened a little door and led Jack into a large room, where Jack saw a great many odds and ends that Coomara had picked up at one time or another. What chiefly took his attention, however, were things like lobster-pots ranged on the ground along the wall.

"Well, Jack, how do you like my *curiosities* ?" said old Coo.

"Upon my *sowkins*, sir," said Jack, "they're mighty well worth the looking at ; but might I make so bold as to ask what these things like lobster-pots are ?"

"Oh ! the Soul Cages, is it ?"

"The what ? sir !"

"These things here that I keep the souls in."

"*Arrah* ! what souls, sir ?" said Jack in amazement : "sure the fish have got no souls in them ?"

"Oh ! no," replied Coo, quite coolly, "that they have not ; but these are the souls of drowned sailors."

"The Lord preserve us from all harm !" muttered Jack, "how in the world did you get them ?"

"Easily enough : I've only when I see a good storm coming on, to set a couple of dozen of these, and then, when the sailors are drowned and the souls get out of them under the water, the poor things are almost perished to death, not being used to the cold ; so they make into my pots for shelter, and then I have them snug, and fetch them home, and keep

them here dry and warm ; and is it not well for them poor souls to get into such good quarters ? ”

Jack was so thunderstruck, he did not know what to say, so he said nothing. They went back into the dining-room, and had a little more brandy, which was excellent, and then, as Jack knew that it must be getting late, and as Bidy might be uneasy, he stood up, and said he thought it was time for him to be on the road.

“ Just as you like, Jack,” said Coo, “ but take a *duc an durrus* before you go ; you ’ve a cold journey before you.”

Jack knew better manners than to refuse the parting glass. “ I wonder,” said he, “ will I be able to make out my way home ? ”

“ What should ail you,” said Coo, “ when I ’ll show you the way ? ”

Out they went before the house, and Coomara took one of the cocked hats, and put it upon Jack’s head the wrong way, and then lifted him up on his shoulder that he might launch him up into the water.

“ Now,” says he, giving him a heave, “ you ’ll come up just in the same spot you came down in, and, Jack, mind and throw me back the hat.”

He canted Jack off his shoulder, and up he shot like a bubble—whirr, whirr, whiz—away he went up through the water, till he came to the very rock he had jumped off, where he found a landing-place, and then in he threw the hat, which sunk like a stone.

The sun was just going down in the beautiful sky of a calm summer’s evening. *Feascor* was seen dimly twinkling in the cloudless heaven, a solitary star, and the waves of the Atlantic flashed in a golden flood of light. So Jack, perceiving it was late, set off home ; but when he got there, not a word did he say to Bidy of where he had spent his day.

The state of the poor souls cooped up in the lobster-pots gave Jack a great deal of trouble, and how to release them cost him a great deal of thought. He at first had a mind to speak to the priest about the matter. But what could the priest do, and what did Coo care for the priest ? Besides, Coo was a good sort of an old fellow, and did not think he

was doing any harm. Jack had a regard for him too, and it also might not be much to his own credit if it were known that he used to go dine with Merrows. On the whole, he thought his best plan would be to ask Coo to dinner, and to make him drunk, if he was able, and then to take the hat and go down and turn up the pots. It was first of all necessary, however, to get Biddy out of the way; for Jack was prudent enough, as she was a woman, to wish to keep the thing secret from her.

Accordingly, Jack grew mighty pious all of a sudden, and said to Biddy, that he thought it would be for the good of both of their souls if she was to go and take her rounds at Saint John's Well, near Ennis. Biddy thought so too, and accordingly off she set one fine morning at day dawn, giving Jack a strict charge to have an eye to the place.

The coast being clear, away went Jack to the rock to give the appointed signal to Coomara, which was throwing a big stone into the water. Jack threw, and up sprang Coo!

"Good morrow, Jack," said he; "what do you want with me?"

"Just nothing at all to speak about, sir," returned Jack, "only to come and take a bit of dinner with me, if I might make so free as to ask you, and sure I'm now after doing so."

"It's quite agreeable, Jack, I assure you; what's your hour?"

"Any time that's most convenient to you, sir—say one o'clock, that you may go home, if you wish, with the daylight."

"I'll be with you," said Coo, "never fear me."

Jack went home, and dressed a noble fish dinner, and got out plenty of his best foreign spirits, enough for that matter to make twenty men drunk. Just to the minute came Coo, with his cocked hat under his arm. Dinner was ready—they sat down, and ate and drank away manfully. Jack, thinking of the poor souls below in the pots, plied old Coo well with brandy, and encouraged him to sing, hoping to put him under the table, but poor Jack forgot that he had

not the sea over his own head to keep it cool. The brandy got into it and did his business for him, and Coo reeled off home, leaving his entertainer as dumb as a haddock on a Good Friday.

Jack never woke till the next morning, and then he was in a sad way. "T is to no use for me thinking to make that old Rapparee drunk," said Jack, "and how in this world can I help the poor souls out of the lobster-pots?" After ruminating nearly the whole day, a thought struck him. "I have it," says he, slapping his knee; "I'll be sworn that Coo never saw a drop of *poteen*, as old as he is, and that's the *thing* to settle him! Oh! then, is not it well that Biddy will not be home these two days yet; I can have another twist at him."

Jack asked Coo again, and Coo laughed at him for having no better head, telling him he'd never come up to his grandfather.

"Well, but try me again," said Jack, "and I'll be bail to drink you drunk and sober, and drunk again."

"Anything in my power," said Coo, "to oblige you."

At this dinner Jack took care to have his own liquor well watered, and to give the strongest brandy he had to Coo. At last, says he; "Pray, sir, did you ever drink any *poteen*?—any real mountain dew?"

"No," says Coo; "what's that, and where does it come from?"

"Oh, that's a secret," said Jack, "but it's the right stuff—never believe me again, if 't is not fifty times as good as brandy or rum either. Biddy's brother just sent me a present of a little drop, in exchange for some brandy, and as you're an old friend of the family, I kept it to treat you with."

"Well, let's see what sort of thing it is," said Coomara.

The *poteen* was the right sort. It was first rate, and had the real smack upon it. Coo was delighted; he drank and he sung *Rum bum boodle boo* over and over again; and he laughed and he danced, till he fell on the floor fast asleep. Then Jack, who had taken good care to keep himself sober, snapt up the cocked hat—ran off to the rock—leaped in, and soon arrived at Coo's habitation.

All was as still as a church-yard at midnight—not a

Merrow old or young was there. In he went and turned up the pots, but nothing did he see, only he heard a sort of a little whistle or chirp as he raised each of them. At this he was surprised, till he recollected what the priest had often said, that nobody living could see the soul, no more than they could see the wind or the air! Having now done all that he could do for them he set the pots as they were before, and sent a blessing after the poor souls, to speed them on their journey wherever they were going. Jack now began to think of returning; he put the hat on, as was right, the wrong way; but when he got out, he found the water so high over his head, that he had no hopes of ever getting up into it, now that he had not old Coomara to give him a lift. He walked about looking for a ladder, but not one could he find, and not a rock was there in sight. At last he saw a spot where the sea hung rather lower than anywhere else, so he resolved to try there. Just as he came to it, a big cod happened to put down his tail. Jack made a jump and caught hold of it, and the cod, all in amazement, gave a bounce and pulled Jack up. The minute the hat touched the water, pop away Jack was whisked, and up he shot like a cork, dragging the poor cod, that he forgot to let go, up with him, tail foremost. He got to the rock in no time, and without a moment's delay hurried home, rejoicing in the good deed he had done. But, meanwhile, there was fine work at home; for our friend Jack had hardly left the house on his soul-freeing expedition, when back came Biddy from her soul-saving one to the well. When she entered the house and saw the things lying *thrie-na helah* on the table before her,—

“Here’s a pretty job!” said she—“that blackguard of mine—what ill-luck I had ever to marry him! He has picked up some vagabond or other, while I was praying for the good of his soul, and they’ve been drinking all the *po-teen* that my own brother gave him, and all the spirits, to be sure, that he was to have sold to his honour.”—Then hearing an outlandish kind of grunt, she looked down, and saw Coomara lying under the table.—“The blessed Virgin help me,” shouted she, “if he has not made a real beast of himself!

Well, well, I've often heard of a man making a beast of himself with drink!—Oh hone, oh hone—Jack, honey, what will I do with you, or what will I do without you? How can any decent woman ever think of living with a beast?"

With such like lamentations Biddy rushed out of the house, and was going, she knew not where, when she heard the well-known voice of Jack singing a merry tune. Glad enough was Biddy to find him safe and sound, and not turned into a thing that was like neither fish nor flesh. Jack was obliged to tell her all, and Biddy, though she had half a mind to be angry with him for not telling her before, owned that he had done a great service to the poor souls. Back they both went most lovingly to the house, and Jack wakened up Coomara; and perceiving the old fellow to be rather dull, he bid him not be cast down, for 't was many a good man's case; said it all came of his not being used to the *poteen*, and recommended him, by way of cure, to swallow a hair of the dog that bit him. Coo, however, seemed to think he had had quite enough: he got up, quite out of sorts, and without having the manners to say one word in the way of civility, he sneaked off to cool himself by a jaunt through the salt water.

Coomara never missed the souls. He and Jack continued the best friends in the world, and no one, perhaps, ever equalled Jack at freeing souls from purgatory; for he contrived fifty excuses for getting into the house below the sea, unknown to the old fellow, and then turning up the pots and letting out the souls. It vexed him, to be sure, that he could never see them; but as he knew the thing to be impossible, he was obliged to be satisfied.

Their intercourse continued for several years. However, one morning, on Jack's throwing in a stone as usual, he got no answer. He flung another, and another; still there was no reply. He went away, and returned the following morning, but it was to no purpose. As he was without the hat, he could not go down to see what had become of old Coo, but his belief was, that the old man, or the old fish, or whatever he was, had either died, or had removed away from that part of the country.

In Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen*, there is a story which has a striking resemblance to the foregoing ; and it is accurately translated for the sake of comparison.

A water-man once lived on good terms with a peasant, who dwelt not far from his lake ; he often visited him, and at last begged that the peasant would, in return, visit him in his house under the water. The peasant consented, and went with him. There was everything below, in the water, as in a stately palace on the land,—halls, chambers, and cabinets, with costly furniture of every description. The waterman led his guest through the whole, and showed him everything that was in it. They came at length to a little chamber, where there was standing several new pots turned upside down. The peasant asked what was in them. "They contain," said he, "the souls of drowned people, which I put under the pots, and keep them close so that they cannot get away." The peasant said nothing, and came up again on the land. The affair of the souls caused him much uneasiness for a long time, and he watched till the water-man should be gone out. When this happened, the peasant, who had marked the right road down, descended into the water-house, and succeeded in finding again the little chamber ; and when he was there he turned up all the pots, one after another ; immediately the souls of the drowned men ascended out of the water, and were again at liberty.

Grimm says that he was told the water-man is like any other man, only that when he opens his mouth his green teeth may be seen ; he also wears a green hat, and appears to the girls, as they go by the lake he dwells in, measures out ribbon, and flings it to them.

Dunbeg Bay is situated on the coast of the county Clare, and may be readily found on any map of Ireland. Corragh, or currugh, is a small boat used by the fishermen of that part, and is formed of cow hides, or pitched cloth, strained on a frame of wicker-work. The boldness and confidence of the navigators of these fragile vessels often surprises the stranger. By the Irish poets they are invariably termed broad-chested or strong-bowed corraghs ; "*Curraghaune aulin cleavorshin*," as it is pronounced. It is the *carabus* of the later Latin writers, thus described by Isidore : "*Carabus, parva scapha ex vimine facta, quæ contexta crudo corio genus navigii præbet.*"—Isidorus, Orig. l. xviii. c. 1. It is also described in some pleasing verses by Festus Avienus. Græcè *κάραβος*, see Suidas and Et. Mag. [It is of course the *coracle* of the Welsh.]

Of honest Andrew Hennessy's canvas life-boat it is only necessary to state, that the inventor, with a crew of five seamen, weathered the equinoctial gale of October 1825 (the severest remembered for many years), in an experimental passage from Cork to Liverpool.

St John's Well, whither Mrs Dogherty journeyed to take her rounds, lies at the foot of a hill, about three miles from Ennis, and close to it is a rude altar, at which the superstitious offer up their prayers. The water of this, like other holy wells, is believed to possess the power of restoring the use of the limbs, curing defective vision, &c. Near the well there is a small lough, said to be the abode of a strange kind of fish or mermaid, which used to appear very frequently. This lady of the lake was observed resorting to the cellar of Newhall, the seat of Mr M'Donall. The butler, perceiving the wine decrease rapidly, determined, with some of his fellow-servants, to watch for the thief, and at last they caught the mermaid in the fact of drinking it. The enraged butler threw her into a caldron of boiling water, when she vanished, after uttering three piercing shrieks, leaving only a mass of jelly behind. Since that period her appearances have been restricted to once in every seven years.

Merrows are said to be as fond of wine as snakes are of milk, and for the sake of it to steal on board of ships in the night time. Paul sanias tells us, that the citizens of Tanagra were greatly annoyed by a Triton who frequented the neighbouring coast. By the advice of the oracle, they set a large vessel of wine on the beach, which the Triton emptied on his next visit; the liquor made him drunk, and the citizens cut off his head as he slept.

Coomara or *cú-mara*, means the sea-hound. The Irish family of Macnamara or Maconmara are, according to tradition, descended from *cú-mara*, and hence their name from *mac* a son, *con* the genitive of *cu* a greyhound, and *mara* of the sea.

The Macnamara clan inhabited the western district of the county Clare, and were dependent on the O'Briens.

Cumara's song, if indeed it be not altogether the invention of the narrator, may be considered as an extremely curious lyrical fragment. But few will feel inclined to acknowledge its genuineness, as nothing appears to be more easy than to fabricate a short effusion of this kind, or even an entire language. Psalmanazar's Formosan language is well known. Rabelais abounds in specimens. Shakespeare, in "All's well that ends well," has tried his hand at it. Swift has given some

morsels of Lilliputian, Brobdignagian, and other tongues; and any one curious about fairy language has only to look into Giralduſ Cambrēſis. Even the inhabitants of the lower regions have had a dialect invented for them, as the following valuable extract from the Macaronica of the profound Merlinus Coccaius will prove. See the opening of the xxivth book :

“Cra era tif trafnot ſgnedlet canatanta riogna
Ecce venit gridando Charon—”

which, in a marginal note, he kindly informs us—“ nec Græcum nec Hebræum, ſed diabolicum eſt.” And perhaps even the well-known line of Dante, of which it is an imitation—

“Pape Satan, pape Satan Aleppè,”

is nec Latinum, nec Hebræum, ſed diabolicum, alſo.

On the Irifhifms uſed in the Legend of “the Soul Cages” a few words. *Arrah* is a common exclamation of ſurpriſe. It is correctly written *ara*, and, according to Dr O’Brien, ſignifies a conference. A popular phraſe is, “Arrah come here now,” *i. e.* come here and let us talk over the matter.

Duc an Durras, Angliſh, the ſtirrup cup, means literally, the drink at the door; from *Dooch*, to drink, and *Doras* or *Duras*, a door. In Devonſhire and Cornwall it is called *Dash and Darrax*, probably a corruption of the old Corniſh expreſſion.

Rapparee was the name given to certain freebooters in the times of James and William. It is uſed in the ſtory rather as a term of regard, as we ſometimes employ the word rogue.

Thriv-na-helah may be translated by the Engliſh word topsy-turvey.

Pinkeen and *Sowkin* are diminutives; the former of Penk or Pink, the name of the little fiſh more commonly called, in England, a Minnow. *Sowkin* is evidently a contraction of *Soulkin*, the diminutive of ſoul. It answers to the German *Seelchen*, and is an old Engliſh expreſſion, no longer, it is believed, to be met with in that country, but very common as a minor oath in Ireland.

By the Laws, is, as is well known, a ſoftening down of a very ſolemn aſſeſeration. If taken literally, people may fancy it an oath not very binding in the mouth of an Irifhman, who is ſeldom diſtinguiſhed by his profound veneration for the Statute Book. This, however, only proves that law and juſtice in Ireland were eſſentially dif-

ferent things; for Sir John Davies, himself a lawyer, remarked, long since, how fond the natives were of justice; and it is to be hoped that a regular and impartial administration will speedily impress them as synonyms on the minds of the Irish peasantry.

Few need to be informed that the lower orders in Ireland, although their tone is different, speak the English language more grammatically than those of the same rank in England. The word *yez* or *youz* affords an instance of their attention to etymology; for as they employ *you* in speaking to a single person, they naturally enough imagined that it should be employed in the plural when addressed to more than one.

“A hair of the dog that bit him,” is the common recommendation of an old toper to a young one on the morning after a debauch. “Shall we pluck a hair of the same wolf to-day, Proctor John?”—*Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair*, Act 1, Scene 1.

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.

THE lord of Dunkerron—O'Sullivan More,
Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten shore?
His bark lies in haven, his hounds are asleep;
No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly the lord of Dunkerron is known
On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone;
For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 't is said,
The lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When, by moonlight, the waters were hush'd to repose,
That beautiful spirit of ocean arose;
Her hair, full of lustre, just floated and fell
O'er her bosom, that heaved with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he loved her—long vainly essay'd
To lure from her dwelling the coy ocean maid;
And long had he wander'd and watch'd by the tide,
To claim the fair spirit O'Sullivan's bride!

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth,
 Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth :
 Then smiled ; and abash'd, as a maiden might be,
 Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea.

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above,
 O'Sullivan felt 't was the dawning of love,
 And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind,
 As the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

The lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves,
 And sought, through the fierce rush of waters, their
 caves ;
 The gloom of whose depths, studded over with spars,
 Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell or can fancy the treasures that sleep
 Intombed in the wonderful womb of the deep ?
 The pearls and the gems, as if valueless, thrown
 To lie 'mid the sea-wrack conceal'd and unknown.

Down, down went the maid,—still the chieftain pur-
 sued ;
 Who flies must be follow'd ere she can be woo'd.
 Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
 The maiden at length he has claspt in his arms !

They rose from the deep by a smooth-spreading strand,
 Whence beauty and verdure stretch'd over the land.
 'Twas an isle of enchantment ! and lightly the breeze,
 With a musical murmur, just crept through the trees.

The haze-woven shroud of that newly born isle
 Softly faded away from a magical pile,
 A palace of crystal, whose bright-beaming sheen
 Had the tints of the rainbow—red, yellow, and green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
 Were there, as flung up—the wild sport of the storm ;
 Yet all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm,
 It seem'd but a region of sunshine and balm.

“ Here, here shall we dwell in a dream of delight,
Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite !
Yet, loved son of earth ! I must from thee away ;
There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to obey !

“ Once more must I visit the chief of my race,
His sanction to gain ere I meet thy embrace.
In a moment I dive to the chambers beneath :
One cause can detain me—one only—'t is death !”

They parted in sorrow, with vows true and fond ;
The language of promise had nothing beyond.
His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns :
The moment is gone—but no maiden returns.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified ear—
What accents of rage and of grief does he hear ?
What sees he ? what change has come over the flood—
What tinges its green with a jetty of blood ?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would explain ?

That she sought the consent of her monarch in vain !—
For see all around him, in white foam and froth,
The waves of the ocean boil up in their wrath !

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dyes of the rainbow no longer are there ;
And grottoes with vapour and clouds are o'ercast,
The sunshine is darkness—the vision has past !

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief ;
They sought him with accents of wailing and grief :
He heard, and he struggled—a wave to the shore,
Exhausted and faint, bears O'Sullivan More !

Kenmare, 27th April, 1825.

An attempt has been made at throwing into the ballad form one of the many tales told of the O'Sullivan family to the writer by an old boatman, with whom he was becalmed an entire night in the Kenmare river, on his return from a pilgrimage to the Skellig Rocks.

Grimm relates precisely the same legend of the Elbe maid, who, it appears, in rather an unearthly fashion, used to come to the market at Magdeburg to buy meat. A young butcher fell in love with her, and followed her until he found whence she came and whither she returned. At last he went down into the water with her. They told a fisherman, who assisted them and waited for them on the bank, that if a wooden trencher with an apple on it should come up through the water, all was well; if not, it was otherwise. Shortly after, a red streak shot up; a proof that the bridegroom had not pleased the kindred of the Elbe maid, and that they had put him to death. Another variation of this legend, and the one alluded to on account of its similarity, relates that the maid went down alone, and her lover remained sitting on the bank to wait her answer. She (dutiful girl) wished to get the consent of her parents to her marriage, or to communicate the affair to her brothers. However, instead of an answer, there only appeared a spot of blood upon the water, a sign that she had been put to death.

Mr Barry St Leger's tale of "the Nymph of the Lurley," in his clever work, "Mr Blount's MSS" bears a striking resemblance to another tradition related of the O'Sullivan family, and their strange intercourse with the "spirits of the vasty deep;" particularly in the circumstance of the attempt at wounding the mermaid, and the fate of the person making it.

A well-known Manx legend relates that a sea-maiden once carried off a beautiful youth, of whom she became enamoured, to the Isle of Man, and conjured up a mist around the island to prevent his escape; hence it has sometimes been called the Isle of Mists. Mermaid love is an extremely common fiction, and tales founded on it are abundant, although they contain little variety of incident. In the *Ballades et Chants populaires de la Provence*, there is a very pretty tale of "*La Fée aux Cheveux Verts*," who entices a fisherman to her palace beneath the sea. The amour, as is generally the case with fairy love, produces unhappy consequences.

The Annals of the Four Masters give us rather a gigantic idea of mermaids, although expressly mentioning the delicacy and beauty of their skin. According to this veritable record (which Irish historians are so fond of quoting as an authority), Pontoppidan's Norway kraken is not without a fair companion:—"A. D. 887. A mermaid of an enormous size was cast on the north-east coast of Scotland by the sea :

her height was 195 feet; her hair was 18 feet; her fingers 7 feet; and her nose 7 feet: she was all over as white as a swan."

For an account of Dunkerron the reader is referred to Smith's History of Kerry, p. 88. The castle lies about a mile below the town of Kenmare, on the west side of the river. Its present remains are part of a square keep, and one side of a castellated mansion, which probably adjoined the keep, and was built at a more recent period. The Rev. Mr Godfrey kindly pointed out to the writer two rudely sculptured stones, which had been removed from Dunkerron castle and placed in the boat-house at Lansdown lodge. One of these bears the following inscription :

I. H. S. M A R I A
D E O G R A T I A S
* T H I S W O R K
W A S M A D E T H E
X X O F A P R I E L
1 5 9 6 : B Y O W N
O S U L I V A N M O R E
* * * D O N O G H
M A C C A R T Y R I B O G H .

The other, the O'Sullivan arms, in which a barbarous attempt to express the figure of a mermaid is evident, above the "Manus Sullivani."

THE WONDERFUL TUNE.

MAURICE CONNOR was the king, and that's no small word, of all the pipers in Munster. He could play jig and planxty without end, and Ollistrun's March, and the Eagle's Whistle, and the Hen's Concert, and odd tunes of every sort and kind. But he knew one far more surprising than the rest, which had in it the power to set everything dead or a live dancing.

In what way he learned it is beyond my knowledge, for

he was mighty cautious about telling how he came by so wonderful a tune. At the very first note of that tune the brogues began shaking upon the feet of all who heard it—old or young, it mattered not—just as if their brogues had the ague; then the feet began going, going, going from under them, and at last up and away with them, dancing like mad! whisking here, there, and everywhere, like a straw in a storm—there was no halting while the music lasted!

Not a fair, nor a wedding, nor a patron in the seven parishes round, was counted worth the speaking of without “blind Maurice and his pipes.” His mother, poor woman, used to lead him about from one place to another just like a dog.

Down through Iveragh—a place that ought to be proud of itself, for ’t is Daniel O’Connell’s country—Maurice Connor and his mother were taking their rounds. Beyond all other places Iveragh is the place for stormy coasts and steep mountains: as proper a spot it is as any in Ireland to get yourself drowned, or your neck broken on the land, should you prefer that. But, notwithstanding, in Ballinskellig bay there is a neat bit of ground, well fitted for diversion, and down from it, towards the water, is a clean smooth piece of strand—the dead image of a calm summer’s sea on a moonlight night, with just the curl of the small waves upon it.

Here it was that Maurice’s music had brought from all parts a great gathering of the young men and the young women—*O the darlints!*—for ’t was not every day thestr and of Trafraska was stirred up by the voice of a bagpipe. The dance began; and as pretty a rinkafadda it was as ever was danced. “Brave music,” said everybody, “and well done,” when Maurice stopped.

“More power to your elbow, Maurice, and a fair wind in the bellows,” cried Paddy Dorman, a hump-backed dancing-master, who was there to keep order. “’T is a pity,” said he, “if we ’d let the piper run dry after such music; ’t would be a disgrace to Iveragh, that did n’t come on it since the week of the three Sundays.” So, as well became him, for he was always a decent man, says he: “Did you drink, piper?”

“I will, sir,” said Maurice, answering the question on the

safe side, for you never yet knew piper or schoolmaster who refused his drink.

“What will you drink, Maurice?” says Paddy.

“I’m no ways particular,” says Maurice; “I drink anything, and give God thanks, barring *raw* water: but if ’t is all the same to you, mister Dorman, may be you wouldn’t lend me the loan of a glass of whiskey.”

“I’ve no glass, Maurice,” said Paddy; “I’ve only the bottle.”

“Let that be no hindrance,” answered Maurice; “my mouth just holds a glass to the drop; often I’ve tried it sure.”

So Paddy Dorman trusted him with the bottle—more fool was he; and, to his cost, he found that though Maurice’s mouth might not hold more than the glass at one time, yet, owing to the hole in his throat, it took many a filling.

“That was no bad whiskey neither,” says Maurice, handing back the empty bottle.

“By the holy frost, then!” says Paddy, “’t is but *could* comfort there’s in that bottle now; and ’t is your word we must take for the strength of the whiskey, for you’ve left us no sample to judge by:” and to be sure Maurice had not.

Now I need not tell any gentleman or lady with common understanding, that if he or she was to drink an honest bottle of whiskey at one pull, it is not at all the same thing as drinking a bottle of water; and in the whole course of my life I never knew more than five men who could do so without being overtaken by the liquor. Of these Maurice Connor was not one, though he had a stiff head enough of his own—he was fairly tipsy. Do n’t think I blame him for it; ’t is often a good man’s case; but true is the word that says, “when liquor’s in sense is out;” and puff, at a breath, before you could say “Lord, save us!” out he blasted his wonderful tune.

’T was really then beyond all belief or telling the dancing. Maurice himself could not keep quiet; staggering now on one leg, now on the other, and rolling about like a ship in a cross sea, trying to humour the tune. There was his mother too, moving her old bones as light as the youngest girl of them all; but her dancing, no, nor the dancing of all the rest, is not worthy the speaking about to the work that was

going on down upon the strand. Every inch of it covered with all manner of fish jumping and plunging about to the music, and every moment more and more would tumble in out of the water, charmed by the wonderful tune. Crabs of monstrous size spun round and round on one claw with the nimbleness of a dancing-master, and twirled and tossed their other claws about like limbs that did not belong to them. It was a sight surprising to behold. But perhaps you may have heard of father Florence Conry, a Franciscan friar, and a great Irish poet; *bolg an dàna*, as they used to call him—a wallet of poems. If you have not, he was as pleasant a man as one would wish to drink with of a hot summer's day; and he has rhymed out all about the dancing fishes so neatly, that it would be a thousand pities not to give you his verses; so here 's my hand at an upset of them into English:

The big seals in motion
 Like waves of the ocean,
 Or gouty feet prancing,
 Came heading the gay fish,
 Crabs, lobsters, and cray fish,
 Determined on dancing.

The sweet sounds they follow'd,
 The gasping cod swallow'd;
 'T was wonderful, really!
 And turbot and flounder,
 'Mid fish that were rounder,
 Just caper'd as gaily.

John-dories came tripping;
 Dull hake by their skipping
 To frisk it seem'd given;
 Bright mackrel went springing,
 Like small rainbows winging
 Their flight up to heaven.

The whiting and haddock
 Left salt water paddock

This dance to be put in :
 Where skate with flat faces
 Edged out some odd plaices ;
 But soles kept their footing.

Sprats and herrings in powers
 Of silvery showers
 All number out-number'd.
 And great ling so lengthy
 Were there in such plenty
 The shore was encumber'd.

The scollop and oyster
 Their two shells did roister,
 Like castanets fitting ;
 While limpets moved clearly,
 And rocks very nearly
 With laughter were splitting.

Never was such an ullabullo in this world, before or since ;
 't was as if heaven and earth were coming together ; and all
 out of Maurice Connor's wonderful tune !

In the height of all these doings, what should there be
 dancing among the outlandish set of fishes but a beautiful
 young woman—as beautiful as the dawn of day ! She had
 a cocked hat upon her head : from under it her long green
 hair—just the colour of the sea—fell down behind, without
 hindrance to her dancing. Her teeth were like rows of
 pearl ; her lips for all the world looked like red coral ; and
 she had an elegant gown, as white as the foam of the
 wave, with little rows of purple and red sea-weeds settled
 out upon it ; for you never yet saw a lady, under the water
 or over the water, who had not a good notion of dressing
 herself out.

Up she danced at last to Maurice, who was flinging his
 feet from under him as fast as hops—for nothing in this
 world could keep still while that tune of his was going on—
 and says she to him, chaunting it out with a voice as sweet
 as honey—

"I'm a lady of honour
 Who live in the sea ;
 Come down, Maurice Connor,
 And be married to me.
 Silver plates and gold dishes
 You shall have and shall be
 The king of the fishes,
 When you're married to me."

Drink was strong in Maurice's head, and out he chaunted in return for her great civility. It is not every lady, may be, that would be after making such an offer to a blind piper ; therefore 't was only right in him to give her as good as she gave herself—so says Maurice,

"I'm obliged to you, madam :
 Off a gold dish or plate,
 If a king, and I had 'em,
 I could dine in great state.
 With your own father's daughter
 I'd be sure to agree ;
 But to drink the salt water
 Would n't do so with me !"

The lady looked at him quite amazed, and swinging her head from side to side like a great scholar, "Well," says she, "Maurice, if you're not a poet, where is poetry to be found?"

In this way they kept on at it, framing high compliments ; one answering the other, and their feet going with the music as fast as their tongues. All the fish kept dancing too : Maurice heard the clatter and was afraid to stop playing lest it might be displeasing to the fish, and not knowing what so many of them may take it into their heads to do to him if they got vexed.

Well, the lady with the green hair kept on coaxing of Maurice with soft speeches, till at last she overpersuaded him to promise to marry her, and be king over the fishes, great and small. Maurice was well fitted to be their king, if they wanted one that could make them dance ; and he surely

would drink, barring the salt water, with any fish of them all.

When Maurice's mother saw him, with that unnatural thing in the form of a green-haired lady as his guide, and he and she dancing down together so lovingly to the water's edge, through the thick of the fishes, she called out after him to stop and come back. "O then," says she, "as if I was not widow enough before, there he is going away from me to be married to that scaly woman. And who knows but 'tis grandmother I may be to a hake or a cod—Lord help and pity me, but 'tis a mighty unnatural thing!—and may be 'tis boiling and eating my own grandchild I'll be, with a bit of salt butter, and I not knowing it!—Oh Maurice, Maurice, if there's any love or nature left in you, come back to your own *ould* mother, who reared you like a decent Christian!"

Then the poor woman began to cry and ullagoane so finely that it would do any one good to hear her.

Maurice was not long getting to the rim of the water; there he kept playing and dancing on as if nothing was the matter, and a great thundering wave coming in towards him ready to swallow him up alive; but as he could not see it, he did not fear it. His mother it was who saw it plainly through the big tears that were rolling down her cheeks; and though she saw it, and her heart was aching as much as ever mother's heart ached for a son, she kept dancing, dancing, all the time for the bare life of her. Certain it was she could not help it, for Maurice never stopped playing that wonderful tune of his.

He only turned the bothered ear to the sound of his mother's voice, fearing it might put him out in his steps, and all the answer he made back was—

"Whisht with you, mother—sure I'm going to be king over the fishes down in the sea, and for a token of luck, and a sign that I'm alive and well, I'll send you in, every twelve-month on this day, a piece of burned wood to Trafraska." Maurice had not the power to say a word more, for the strange lady with the green hair, seeing the wave just upon them, covered him up with herself in a thing like a cloak with a big hood to it, and the wave curling over twice as high as their

heads, burst upon the strand, with a rush and a roar that might be heard as far as Cape Clear.

That day twelvemonth the piece of burned wood came ashore in Trafraska. It was a queer thing for Maurice to think of sending all the way from the bottom of the sea. A gown or a pair of shoes would have been something like a present for his poor mother; but he had said it, and he kept his word. The bit of burned wood regularly came ashore on the appointed day for as good, ay, and better than a hundred years. The day is now forgotten, and may be that is the reason why people say how Maurice Connor has stopped sending the luck-token to his mother. Poor woman, she did not live to get as much as one of them; for what through the loss of Maurice, and the fear of eating her own grandchildren, she died in three weeks after the dance. Some say it was the fatigue that killed her, but whichever it was, Mrs Connor was decently buried with her own people.

Seafaring people have often heard, off the coast of Kerry, on a still night, the sound of music coming up from the water; and some, who have had good ears, could plainly distinguish Maurice Connor's voice singing these words to his pipes:—

Beautiful shore, with thy spreading strand,
Thy crystal water, and diamond sand;
Never would I have parted from thee,
But for the sake of my fair ladie.

The wonderful effects of music on brutes, and even inanimate matter, have been the theme of traditions in all ages. Trees and rocks gave ear to the tones of the Orphean lyre: the stones of Thebes ranged themselves in harmony to the strains of Amphion; the dolphin, delighted by the music of Arion, bore him in safety through the seas; even

“Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark.”

Lord of the Isles, c. i. st. 2.

The tales of Germany, and other countries, contain instances of

magically endowed tunes. The effect of Oberon's horn is now well known in this country through Weber's opera, and Mr Sotheby's elegant translation of Wieland's poem.

In Hogg's ballad of the Witch of Fife, the pipe of the "Wee wee man" makes

"—the troutis laup out of the Leven Loch
Charmit with the melodye."

And as to "fish out of water" feeling uncomfortable, Irish fish are said occasionally to prefer dry land. For this, if the language of nature be that of truth, we have no less an authority than Mr Joseph Cooper Walker, the historian of the Irish bards, and a distinguished writer on matters of taste.

"Mr O'Halloran informs me," says Mr Walker, "that there is preserved in the Leabher Lecan, or Book of Sligo, a beautiful poem on the storm that arose on the second landing of the Milesians, which is attributed to Amergin. In this poem there appears a boldness of metaphor which a cold critic would despise, because it offends against the rules of Aristotle, though the Stagyrte was not then born: *however, it is the language of Nature!* The author, in order to heighten the horrors of the storm, represents the fish as being so much terrified that they quit their element for dry land.

The odd tunes mentioned as being known to Maurice Connor are great favourites in Ireland. "The Eagle's Whistle" is a singularly wild strain, which was a march or war-tune of the O'Donoghues, and is not to be met with in print. "The Hens' Concert" has been published in O'Farrell's Companion for the Pipes, and is a melodious imitation of the *tuc-tuc-a-tuc-too* of the barn-door gentry. "Ollistrum's March" may be found in Researches in the South of Ireland, p. 116.

The Rinka fada is a national dance mentioned in a note to the tale of "Master and Man," in the present volume. It is said to mean "the long dance," from the Irish words *Rinceadh*, a dance, and *fada*, long. In Ben Jonson's Irish Masque, the words *fading* and *faders* occur; on the former Mr Gifford observes: "This word, which was the burthen of a popular Irish song, gave name to a dance frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Both the song and the dance appear to have been of a licentious character, and merit no further elucidation." Notwithstanding the high critical reputation of the former

editor of the Quarterly, the writer, in justice to his country, must state his ignorance of any such Irish song as that mentioned by Mr Gifford; although, from the attention which he has paid to the subject, and his personal intercourse with the peasantry, it could hardly have escaped his acquaintance. He has frequently witnessed the *Rinka fada* performed, but has never observed the really graceful movements of that dance to partake of licentiousness. The mere explanation, that *Feadán* is the Irish for a pipe or reed, and *Feadánach*, a piper, appears to be all the comment which the passage in "rare Ben" requires.

"When liquor's in, the wit is out,"—a common Irish saying, resembles the old legend to be seen over the cellar-door of Doldershall Park, Bucks, where it was put up about the time of Elizabeth:

"Welcome, my freinde, drinke with a noble hearie,
But get, before you drinke too much, departe;
For though good drinke will make a coward stout,
Yet, when too much is in, the wit is out."

Father Conry's poem respecting the dancing fish is freely translated from the Irish.

Maurice is said to have turned "the bothered ear" to his mother. This Hiberno-Anglicism is exactly the same as the English phrase "turning the deaf ear;" deaf being, in the Hiberno-Celtic, *Bóthar*. The word bother, indeed, appears to have in some degree become naturalized in England:

"O Kitty Clover, she bothers me so, &c."

Smith, in his History of Kerry (p. 102), thus describes the scene of the dance at Trafraska:—"Near the mouth of the river Inny there is a fine extensive strand, which I mention because it is almost the only smooth place that a person might venture to put a horse to gallop for many miles round it. It is esteemed also a rarity, all the cliffs of the coast being exceeding high, and washed by the ocean at low water."

THE DULLAHAN.



—————“Men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“Says the friar, 't is strange headless horses should trot.”

OLD SONG.

THE GOOD WOMAN.

IN a pleasant and not unpicturesque valley of the White Knight's Country, at the foot of the Galtee mountains, lived Larry Dodd and his wife Nancy. They rented a cabin and a few acres of land, which they cultivated with great care, and its crops rewarded their industry. They were independent and respected by their neighbours; they loved each

other in a marriageable sort of way, and few couples had altogether more the appearance of comfort about them.

Larry was a hard-working, and, occasionally, a hard-drinking, Dutch-built, little man, with a fiddle head and a round stern; a steady-going straight-forward fellow, barring when he carried too much whiskey, which, it must be confessed, might occasionally prevent his walking the chalked line with perfect philomathical accuracy. He had a moist ruddy countenance, rather inclined to an expression of gravity, and particularly so in the morning; but, taken all together, he was generally looked upon as a marvellously proper person, notwithstanding he had, every day in the year, a sort of unholy dew upon his face, even in the coldest weather, which gave rise to a supposition (amongst censorious persons, of course), that Larry was apt to indulge in strong and frequent potations. However, all men of talents have their faults—indeed, who is without them—and as Larry, setting aside his domestic virtues and skill in farming, was decidedly the most distinguished breaker of horses for forty miles round, he must be in some degree excused, considering the inducements of “the stirrup cup,” and the fox-hunting society in which he mixed, if he had also been the greatest drunkard in the county—but in truth this was not the case.

Larry was a man of mixed habits, as well in his mode of life and his drink, as in his costume. His dress accorded well with his character—a sort of half-and-half between farmer and horse-jockey. He wore a blue coat of coarse cloth, with short skirts, and a stand-up collar; his waistcoat was red, and his lower habiliments were made of leather, which in course of time had shrunk so much that they fitted like a second skin, and long use had absorbed their moisture to such a degree that they made a strange sort of crackling noise as he walked along. A hat covered with oil-skin; a cutting-whip, all worn and jagged at the end; a pair of second-hand, or, to speak more correctly, second-footed, greasy top-boots, that seemed never to have imbibed a refreshing draught of Warren’s blacking of matchless lustre!—and one spur without a rowel, completed the every-day dress of Larry Dodd.

Thus equipped was Larry returning from Cashel, mounted on a rough-coated and wall-eyed nag, though, notwithstanding these and a few other trifling blemishes, a well-built animal; having just purchased the said nag, with a fancy that he could make his own money again of his bargain, and maybe, turn an odd penny more by it, at the ensuing Kildorrery fair. Well pleased with himself, he trotted fair and easy along the road in the delicious and lingering twilight of a lovely June evening, thinking of nothing at all, only whistling, and wondering would horses always be so low. "If they go at this rate," said he to himself, "for half nothing, and that paid in butter buyer's notes, who would be the fool to walk?" This very thought, indeed, was passing in his mind, when his attention was roused by a woman pacing quickly by the side of his horse, and hurrying on, as if endeavouring to reach her destination before the night closed in. Her figure, considering the long strides she took, appeared to be under the common size—rather of the dumpy order; but further, as to whether the damsel was young or old, fair or brown, pretty or ugly, Larry could form no precise notion, from her wearing a large cloak (the usual garb of the female Irish peasant), the hood of which was turned up, and completely concealed every feature.

Enveloped in this mass of dark and concealing drapery, the strange woman, without much exertion, contrived to keep up with Larry Dodd's steed for some time, when his master very civilly offered her a lift behind him, as far as he was going her way. "Civility begets civility," they say; however, he received no answer; and thinking that the lady's silence proceeded only from bashfulness, like a man of true gallantry, not a word more said Larry, until he pulled up by the side of a gap, and then says he, "*Ma colleen beg,** just jump up behind me, without a word more, though never a one have you spoke, and I'll take you safe and sound through the lonesome bit of road that is before us."

She jumped at the offer, sure enough, and up with her on the back of the horse as light as a feather. In an instant

* My little girl.

there she was seated up behind Larry, with her hand and arm buckled round his waist, holding on.

"I hope you 're comfortable there, my dear," said Larry, in his own good-humoured way; but there was no answer; and on they went—trot, trot, trot—along the road; and all was so still and so quiet that you might have heard the sound of the hoofs on the limestone a mile off: for that matter there was nothing else to hear except the moaning of a distant stream, that kept up a continued *cronane*,* like a nurse *hushoing*. Larry, who had a keen ear, did not however require so profound a silence to detect the click of one of the shoes. "T is only loose the shoe is," said he to his companion, as they were just entering on the lonesome bit of road of which he had before spoken. Some old trees, with huge trunks, all covered, and irregular branches festooned, with ivy, grew over a dark pool of water, which had been formed as a drinking-place for cattle; and in the distance was seen the majestic head of Galtee-more. Here the horse, as if in grateful recognition, made a dead halt; and Larry, not knowing what vicious tricks his new purchase might have, and unwilling that through any odd chance the young woman should get *spilt* in the water, dismounted, thinking to lead the horse quietly by the pool.

"By the piper's luck, that always found what he wanted," said Larry, recollecting himself, "I've a nail in my pocket: 't is not the first time I've put on a shoe, and may be it won't be the last; for here is no want of paving-stones to make hammers in plenty."

No sooner was Larry off than off with a spring came the young woman just at his side. Her feet touched the ground without making the least noise in life, and away she bounded like an ill-mannered wench, as she was, without saying "by your leave," or no matter what else. She seemed to glide rather than run, not along the road, but across a field, up towards the old ivy-covered walls of Kilnaslattery church—and a pretty church it was.

"Not so fast, if you please, young woman—not so fast," cried Larry, calling after her; but away she ran, and Larry

* A monotonous song; a drowsy humming noise.

followed, his leathern garment, already described, crack, crick, crackling at every step he took. "Where's my wages?" said Larry: "*Thorum pog, ma colleen oge**,—sure I've earned a kiss from your pair of pretty lips—and I'll have it too!" But she went on faster and faster, regardless of these and other flattering speeches from her pursuer; till at last she came to the churchyard wall, and then over with her in an instant.

"Well, she's a mighty smart creature anyhow. To be sure, how neat she steps upon her pasterns! Did any one ever see the like of that before;—but I'll not be baulked by any woman that ever wore a head, or any ditch either," exclaimed Larry, as with a desperate bound he vaulted, scrambled, and tumbled over the wall into the churchyard. Up he got from the elastic sod of a newly-made grave in which Tade Leary that morning was buried—rest his soul!—and on went Larry, stumbling over head-stones and foot-stones, over old graves and new graves, pieces of coffins, and the skulls and bones of dead men—the Lord save us!—that were scattered about there as plenty as paving-stones; floundering amidst great over-grown dock-leaves and brambles that, with their long prickly arms, tangled round his limbs, and held him back with a fearful grasp. Meantime the merry wench in the cloak moved through all these obstructions as evenly and as gaily as if the churchyard, crowded up as it was with graves and gravestones (for people came to be buried there from far and near), had been the floor of a dancing-room. Round and round the walls of the old church she went. "I'll just wait," said Larry, seeing this, and thinking it all nothing but a trick to frighten him; "when she comes round again, if I don't take the kiss, I won't, that's all,—and here she is!" Larry Dodd sprung forward with open arms, and clasped in them—a woman, it is true—but without any lips to kiss, by reason of her having no head!

"Murder!" cried he. "Well, that accounts for her not speaking." Having uttered these words, Larry himself became dumb with fear and astonishment; his blood seemed turned to ice, and a dizziness came over him; and, stagger-

* Give me a kiss, my young girl.

ing like a drunken man, he rolled against the broken window of the ruin, horrified at the conviction that he had actually held a Dullahan in his embrace!

When he recovered to something like a feeling of consciousness, he slowly opened his eyes, and then, indeed, a scene of wonder burst upon him. In the midst of the ruin stood an old wheel of torture, ornamented with heads, like Cork gaol, when the heads of Murty Sullivan and other gentlemen were stuck upon it. This was plainly visible in the strange light which spread itself around. It was fearful to behold, but Larry could not choose but look, for his limbs were powerless through the wonder and the fear. Useless as it was, he would have called for help, but his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and not one word could he say. In short, there was Larry gazing through a shattered window of the old church, with eyes bleared and almost starting from their sockets; his breast rested on the thickness of the wall, over which, on one side, his head and outstretched neck projected, and on the other, although one toe touched the ground, it derived no support from thence: terror, as it were, kept him balanced. Strange noises assailed his ears, until at last they tingled painfully to the sharp clatter of little bells, which kept up a continued ding—ding—ding—ding: marrowless bones rattled and clanked, and the deep and solemn sound of a great bell came booming on the night wind.

'T was a spectre rung
That bell when it swung—
 Swing-swang!
And the chain it squeaked,
And the pulley creaked,
 Swing-swang!

And with every roll
Of the deep death toll,
 Ding-dong!
The hollow vault rang
As the clapper went bang,
 Ding-dong!

It was strange music to dance by ; nevertheless, moving to it, round and round the wheel set with skulls, were well dressed ladies and gentlemen, and soldiers and sailors, and priests and publicans, and jockeys and jennys, but all without their heads. Some poor skeletons, whose bleached bones were ill covered by moth-eaten palls, and who were not admitted into the ring, amused themselves by bowling their brainless noddles at one another, which seemed to enjoy the sport beyond measure.

Larry did not know what to think ; his brains were all in a mist, and losing the balance which he had so long maintained, he fell head foremost into the midst of the company of Dullahans.

“ I 'm done for and lost for ever,” roared Larry, with his heels turned towards the stars, and souse down he came.

“ Welcome, Larry Dodd, welcome,” cried every head, bobbing up and down in the air. “ A drink for Larry Dodd,” shouted they, as with one voice, that quavered like a shake on the bagpipes. No sooner said than done, for a player at heads, catching his own as it was bowled at him, for fear of its going astray, jumped up, put the head, without a word, under his left arm, and, with the right stretched out, presented a brimming cup to Larry, who, to show his manners, drank it off like a man.

“ T is capital stuff,” he would have said, which surely it was, but he got no further than cap, when decapitated was he, and his head began dancing over his shoulders like those of the rest of the party. Larry, however, was not the first man who lost his head through the temptation of looking at the bottom of a brimming cup. Nothing more did he remember clearly, for it seems body and head being parted is not very favourable to thought, but a great hurry scurry with the noise of carriages and the cracking of whips.

When his senses returned, his first act was to put up his hand to where his head formerly grew, and to his great joy there he found it still. He then shook it gently, but his head remained firm enough, and somewhat assured at this, he proceeded to open his eyes and look around him. It was

broad daylight, and in the old church of Kilnaslattery he found himself lying, with that head, the loss of which he had anticipated, quietly resting, poor youth, "upon the lap of earth." Could it have been an ugly dream? "Oh no," said Larry, "a dream could never have brought me here, stretched on the flat of my back, with that death's head and cross marrow-bones forenenting me on the fine old tombstone there that was *faced* by Pat Kearney * of Kilcrea—but where is the horse?" He got up slowly, every joint aching with pain from the bruises he had received, and went to the pool of water, but no horse was there. "'T is home I must go," said Larry, with a rueful countenance; "but how will I face Nancy?—what will I tell her about the horse, and the seven I. O. U.'s that he cost me?—'T is them Dullahans that have made their own of him from me—the horse-stealing robbers of the world, that have no fear of the gallows!—but what's gone is gone, that's a clear case!"—so saying, he turned his steps homewards, and arrived at his cabin about noon, without encountering any further adventures. There he found Nancy, who, as he expected, looked as black as a thunder-cloud at him for being out all night. She listened to the marvellous relation which he gave with exclamations of astonishment, and when he had concluded, of grief, at the loss of the horse that he had paid for like an honest man in I. O. U.'s, three of which she knew to be as good as gold.

"But what took you up to the old church at all out of the road, and at that time of the night, Larry?" inquired his wife.

Larry looked like a criminal for whom there was no relieve; he scratched his head for an excuse, but not one could he muster up, so he knew not what to say.

"Oh! Larry, Larry," muttered Nancy, after waiting some time for his answer, her jealous fears during the pause rising like barm; "'t is the very same way with you as with any other man—you are all alike for that matter—I've no pity for you—but, confess the truth!"

Larry shuddered at the tempest which he perceived was

* *Faced*, so written by the Chantry of Kilcrea for "*fecit*."

about to break upon his devoted head. "Nancy," said he, "I do confess :—it was a young woman without any head that——"

His wife heard no more. "A woman I knew it was," cried she ; "but a woman without a head, Larry !—well, it is long before Nancy Gollagher ever thought it would come to that with her!—that she would be left *dissolute* and alone here by her *baste* of a husband, for a woman without a head !—O father, father ! and O mother, mother ! it is well you are low to-day !—that you do n't see this affliction and disgrace to your daughter that you reared decent and tender. O Larry, you villain, you'll be the death of your lawful wife, going after such O—O—O—"

"Well," says Larry, putting his hands in his coat-pockets, "least said is soonest mended. Of the young woman I know no more than I do of Moll Flanders ; but this I know, that a woman without a head may well be called a Good Woman, because she has no tongue !"

How this remark operated on the matrimonial dispute history does not inform us. It is, however, reported that the lady had the last word.

Mr O'Reilly, author of the best Irish Dictionary extant, respecting the name Dullahan thus expresses himself in a communication to the writer.

"Dulachan (in Irish Dubhlachan) signifies a dark, sullen person. The word Durrachan, or Dullahan, by which in some places the goblin is known, has the same signification. It comes from *Dorr*, or *Durr*, anger, or *Durrach*, malicious, fierce, &c." The correctness of the last etymology may be questioned, as *Dubh*, black, is evidently a component part of the word.

Headless people are not peculiar to Ireland, although there alone they seem to have a peculiar name. Legends respecting them are to be found in most countries. It cannot be asserted that the ancients had any idea of people appearing after death without heads, but they firmly believed that whole nations contrived to live without them. St Augustine, whose veracity it is to be supposed no one will question, not merely heard of them, but actually preached the gospel to such

beings. In his 37th sermon, *Ad Fratres in Eremo*, he thus expresses himself. "Ego jam Episcopus Hipponensis eram et cum quibusdam servis Christi ad Æthiopiam perrexi ut eis sanctum Christi Evangelium prædicarem et vidimus ibi multos homines ac mulieres *capita non habentes*." Kornmann in his "*de Miraculis Vivorum*" (Frankf. 1694, p. 58) endeavours to account philosophically for the production of headless people.

If one saint preached to people "*capita non habentes*," the history of other saints will prove that the head is not so essential a part of man as is generally believed. The legend of St Denis, who, *sans tête*, walked from Paris to the place which now bears his name, is too well known to require repetition. At Zaragosa, in Spain, there is a church called *Engracia*, the patron saint of which is said to have marched a league, carrying his head in his hands, talking all the way; and in this manner he presented himself at the gate of the convent. The marvellous expertness of the Orrilo of Bojardo and Ariosto at sticking on his head and limbs, when they chanced to be struck off by the adverse knight, must be familiar to the Italian reader. His chase of Astolpho, who gallops off with the head, far exceeds the sober walk of the aforesaid patron saints. See Orlando Furioso, c. 15.

Blind Harry records the adventure of an Irish chieftain who pitched his head at the renowned Sir William Wallace, which Sir William, dexterously catching by the hair, flung back at his adversary.

The idea of decollated persons walking probably began thus:— "The old painters represented the martyrs by characteristic badges, allusive of the mode of their execution; some, with a knife in the bosom, others, who were decapitated, with their heads upon a table hard by, or in their hands. Hence, perhaps, arose the singular sign, still so great a favourite with our oil-men, 'The good woman,' originally expressive of a female saint; a holy or good woman, who had met her death by the privation of her head." There is no authority to prove that headless people are unable to speak; on the contrary, a variation of the story of the Golden Mountain given in a note in the *Kindermärchen*, relates, that a servant *without a head* informed the fisherman (who was to achieve the adventure) of the enchantment of the king's daughter, and of the mode of liberating her. How by the waggery of after ages the good woman came to be converted down into the silent woman, as if it were a matter of necessity, is thus explained by the poet:

“ A silent woman, sir ! you said—
 Pray, was she painted without head ?
 Yes, sir, she was !—you never read on
 A silent woman with her head on :
 Besides, you know, there’s nought but speaking
 Can keep a woman’s heart from breaking !”

Mr M. W. Praed, in his pretty tale of Lillian, by an ingenious metaphor of a beautiful idiot would explain a headless woman.

“ And hence the story had ever run,
 That the fairest of dames was a headless one.”

To pass from the living to the dead. “ The Irish Dullahan,” said a high authority on such matters (Sir Walter Scott), “ puts me in mind of a spectre at Drumlanrick castle, of no less a person than the duchess of Queensberry—‘ Fair Kitty, blooming, young, and gay,’—who, instead of setting fire to the world in mamma’s chariot, amuses herself with wheeling her own head in a wheel-barrow through the great gallery.”

At Odense, in the Island of Funen, the people relate that a priest, who seduced a girl and murdered her babe, was buried alive for his crimes. His Ghost is now condemned to walk, and Sunday children (those born on Sunday, who are gifted with the power of seeing what is invisible to other eyes) have beheld him going about with his *head under his arm*.—*Thiele’s Danske Folkesagn*, vol. ii. p. 84.

In notes on the subsequent stories of this section, headless appearances, connected with horses and carriages, will be noticed. Such apparitions are sometimes looked on as the forerunners of death. Camerarius, in his Opera Subseciva, c. i. p. 336, says—It not unfrequently happens in monasteries that the spectres (wraiths) of monks and nuns, whose death is at hand, are seen in the chapel, occupying their usual seats, but *without* heads. Dr Ferrier, in his Theory of Apparitions, speaking of second sight in Scotland (p. 65), mentions an old northern chieftain, who owned to a relative of his (Dr F’s) “ that the door” (of the room in which they and some ladies were sitting) “ had appeared to open, and that a little woman *without* a head had entered the room ;—that the apparition indicated the sudden death of some person of his acquaintance,” &c.

This last circumstance of death being presaged by apparitions without heads seems to have something symbolical in it, as it was very

natural to denote the cessation of life by a figure devoid of the seat of sensation and thought.

HANLON'S MILL.

ONE fine summer's evening Michael Noonan went over to Jack Brien's, the shoemaker, at Ballyduff, for the pair of brogues which Jack was mending for him. It was a pretty walk the way he took, but very lonesome ; all along by the river-side, down under the oak-wood, till he came to Hanlon's mill, that used to be, but that had gone to ruin many a long year ago.

Melancholy enough the walls of that same mill looked ; the great old wheel, black with age, all covered over with moss and ferns, and the bushes all hanging down about it. There it stood, silent and motionless ; and a sad contrast it was to its former busy clack, with the stream which once gave it use rippling idly along.

Old Hanlon was a man that had great knowledge of all sorts ; there was not a herb that grew in the field but he could tell the name of it and its use, out of a big book he had written, every word of it in the real Irish *karácter*. He kept a school once, and could teach the Latin ; that surely is a blessed tongue all over the wide world ; and I hear tell as how "the great Burke" went to school to him. Master Edmund lived up at the old house there, which was then in the family, and it was the Nagles that got it afterwards, but they sold it.

But it was Michael Noonan's walk I was about speaking of. It was fairly between lights, the day was clean gone, and the moon was not yet up, when Mick was walking smartly across the Inch. Well, he heard, coming down out of the wood, such blowing of horns and halloeing, and the cry of all the hounds in the world, and he thought they were coming after him ; and the galloping of the horses, and the voice of the whipper-in, and he shouting out, just like the fine old song,

“Hullo Piper, Lily, agus Finder ;”

and the echo over from the gray rock across the river giving back every word as plainly as it was spoken. But nothing could Mick see, and the shouting and hallooing following him every step of the way till he got up to Jack Brien's door ; and he was certain, too, he heard the clack of old Hanlon's mill going, through all the clatter. To be sure, he ran as fast as fear and his legs could carry him, and never once looked behind him, well knowing that the Duhallow hounds were out in quite another quarter that day, and that nothing good could come out of the noise of Hanlon's mill.

Well, Michael Noonan got his brogues, and well heeled they were, and well pleased was he with them ; when who should be seated at Jack Brien's before him, but a gossip of his, one Darby Haynes, a mighty decent man, that had a horse and car of his own, and that used to be travelling with it, taking loads like the royal mail coach between Cork and Limerick ; and when he was at home, Darby was a near neighbour of Michael Noonan's.

“Is it home you 're going with the brogues this blessed night ?” said Darby to him.

“Where else would it be ?” replied Mick : “but, by my word, 't is not across the Inch back again I 'm going, after all I heard coming here ; 't is to no good that old Hanlon's mill is busy again.”

“True, for you,” said Darby ; “and may be you 'd take the horse and car home for me, Mick, by way of company, as 't is along the road you go. I 'm waiting here to see a sister's son of mine that I expect from Kilcoleman.”

“That same I 'll do,” answered Mick, “with a thousand welcomes.” So Mick drove the car fair and easy, knowing that the poor beast had come off a long journey ; and Mick—God reward him for it—was always tender-hearted and good to the dumb creatures.

The night was a beautiful one ; the moon was better than a quarter old ; and Mick, looking up at her, could not help bestowing a blessing on her beautiful face, shining

down so sweetly upon the gentle Awbeg. He had now got out of the open road and had come to where the trees grew on each side of it : he proceeded for some space in the half-and-half light which the moon gave through them. At one time, when a big old tree got between him and the moon, it was so dark that he could hardly see the horse's head ; then, as he passed on, the moonbeams would stream through the open boughs and variegate the road with lights and shades. Mick was lying down in the car at his ease, having got clear of the plantation, and was watching the bright piece of a moon in a little pool at the road-side, when he saw it disappear all of a sudden, as if a great cloud came over the sky. He turned round on his elbow to see if it was so, but how was Mick astonished at finding, close along-side of the car, a great high black coach drawn by six black horses, with long black tails reaching almost down to the ground, and a coachman dressed all in black sitting upon the box. But what surprised Mick the most was, that he could see no sign of a head either upon coachman or horses. It swept rapidly by him, and he could perceive the horses raising their feet as if they were in a fine slinging trot, the coachman touching them up with his long whip, and the wheels spinning round like hoddy-doddies ; still he could hear no noise, only the regular step of his gossip Darby's horse, and the squeaking of the gudgeons of the car, that were as good as lost entirely for want of a little grease.

Poor Mick's heart almost died within him, but he said nothing, only looked on ; and the black coach swept away, and was soon lost among some distant trees. Mick saw nothing more of it, or indeed of anything else. He got home just as the moon was going down behind Mount Hillery—took the tackling off the horse, turned the beast out in the field for the night, and got to his bed.

Next morning, early, he was standing at the road-side thinking of all that had happened the night before, when he saw Dan Madden, that was Mr Wrixon's huntsman, coming on the master's best horse down the hill, as hard as ever he went at the tail of the hounds. Mick's mind instantly mis-

gave him that all was not right, so he stood out in the very middle of the road, and caught hold of Dan's bridle when he came up.

"Mick, dear—for the love of God! do n't stop me," cried Dan.

"Why, what 's the hurry?" said Mick.

"Oh, the master!—he 's off—he 's off—he 'll never cross a horse again till the day of judgment!"

"Why, what would ail his honour?" said Mick; "sure it is no later than yesterday morning that I was talking to him, and he stout and hearty; and says he to me, Mick, says he"—

"Stout and hearty was he?" answered Madden; "and was he not out with me in the kennel last night, when I was feeding the dogs; and did n't he come out to the stable, and give a ball to Peg Pullaway with his own hand, and tell me he 'd ride the old General to-day; and sure," said Dan, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, "who 'd have thought that the first thing I 'd see this morning was the mistress standing at my bed-side, and bidding me get up and ride off like fire for Doctor Johnson; for the master had got a fit, and"—poor Dan's grief choked his voice—"oh, Mick! if you have a heart in you, run over yourself, or send the gossoon for Kate Finnigan, the midwife; she 's a cruel skilful woman, and may be she might save the master till I get the doctor."

Dan struck his spurs into the hunter, and Michael Noonan flung off his newly-mended brogues, and cut across the fields to Kate Finnigan's; but neither the doctor nor Katty was of any avail, and the next night's moon saw Ballygibblin—and more 's the pity—a house of mourning.

To an anonymous correspondent (A. H. B., Clonmel) the compiler is chiefly indebted for the foregoing legend. Burke's residence in the neighbourhood of, and early education at, Castletown roche, are noticed by Sir James Prior in his excellent Life of that illustrious man.

Another legend of the same district relates, that a black coach,

drawn by headless horses, goes every night from Castle Hyde till it comes to Glana Fauna, a little beyond Ballyhooly, when it proceeds up the valley, and then returns back again. The same coach is also reported to drive every Saturday night through the town of Doneraile, and to stop at the doors of different houses; but should any one be so fool-hardy as to open the door, a basin of blood is instantly flung in their face.

The appearance of "the Headless Coach," as it is called, is a very common superstition, and is generally regarded as a sign of death, or as an omen of some misfortune.

"The people of Basse Bretagne believe, that when the death of any person is at hand, a hearse drawn by skeletons (which they call *carriquet an nankon*), and covered with a white sheet, passes by the house where the sick person lies, and the creaking of the wheels may be plainly heard."—*Journal des Sciences*, 1826, communicated by Dr Grimm.

The Glasgow Chronicle (January, 1826) records the following occurrence at Paisley, on the occasion of some silk-weavers being out of employment.

"Visions have been seen of carts, caravans, and coaches going up Gleniffer braes without horses, or with horses without heads. Not many nights ago, mourning coaches, too, were seen going up the Cart above the town, with all the solemnity of a funeral. Some hoary-headed citizens relate, that about thirty years backward in their history, a famine was prognosticated in much the same way, by unusual appearances in the Causey-side. The most formidable witnesses in favour of the visions come from Neilston, who declare that they have seen the coaches, &c., two by two, coming over the braes, and are quite willing to depose to said facts, whenever asked, before the Paisley magistrates."

Places where any fatal accident has occurred, or any murder been committed, are seldom without a supernatural tale of terror, in which the headless coach and horses perform their part. One instance will probably suffice.

Many years ago a clergyman belonging to St Catharine's church in Dublin resided at the old castle of Donore, in the vicinity of that city. From melancholy, or some other cause, he put an end to his existence by hanging himself out of a window near the top of the castle, so small that it was matter of surprise how he was able to force his

body through it. That he had supernatural aid in accomplishing the deed is the belief of the neighbourhood; for, besides the smallness of the window, there is the further evidence that, to this very day, the mark of his figure is seen on the wall beneath it, and no whitewashing is able to efface it. After his death, a coach, sometimes driven by a coachman without a head, sometimes drawn by horses without heads, was frequently observed at night driving furiously by Roper's Rest—so the castle was called from him.

Popular legends are full of accounts of wild huntsmen, and such restless personages. King Arthur, we are told, used to hunt in the English woods: no one could see the monarch himself, but the sounding of the horns and the cry of the hounds might be plainly heard; and when any one called out after him, an answer was returned—"We are king Arthur and his kindred." In France there was Le Grand Veneur, who haunted the woods round Fontainebleau; in Germany, Hackelberg, who gave up his share of heaven for permission to hunt till doomsday; in Sleswick, king Abel; in the Danish islands, Green Jette, who rides with his head under his arm, Paina Jager, and king Wolmar, or Waldemar. This last monarch also hunts in Jutland, where he may be heard continually crying out, *Hei! Hou! Lystig! Courage!* which are the names of his four hounds. For hunting fairies, see Waldron, p. 132; also Croniek's Remains of Nithisdale and Galloway Song, p. 298, and note on subsequent story.

THE HARVEST DINNER.

It was Monday, and a fine October morning. The sun had been some time above the mountains, and the hoar-frost and the drops on the gossamers were glittering in the light, when Thady Byrne, on coming in to get his breakfast, after having dug out a good piece of his potatoes, saw his neighbour, Paddy Cavenagh, who lived on the other side of the road, at his own door tying his brogues.

"A good morrow to you, Paddy, honey," said Thady Byrne.

"Good morrow, kindly, Thady," said Paddy.

"Why then, Paddy avick, it is not your early rising, any how, that will do you any harm this morning."

"It's true enough for you, Thady," answered Paddy, casting a look up at the sky; "for I believe it's pretty late in the day. But I was up, you see, murdering late last night."

"To be sure, then, Paddy, it was up at the great dinner, yesterday, above at the big house you were."

"Ay was it; and a rattling fine dinner we had of it, too."

"Why, then, Paddy, agraph, what is to ail you now, but you'd just sit yourself down here, on this piece of green sod, and tell us all about it, from beginning to end."

"Never say the word twice, man; I'll give you the whole fall and true account of it, and welcome."

They sat down on the road-side, and Paddy thus began:

"Well, you see, Thady, we'd a powerful great harvest of it, you know, this year, and the men all worked like jewels as they are; and the master was in great spirits, and he promised he'd give us all a grand dinner when the drawing-in was over, and the corn all safe in the haggard. So this last week crowned the business; and on Saturday night the last sheaf was neatly tied and sent in to the mistress, and everything was finished, all to the thatching of the ricks. Well, you see, just as Larry Toole was come down from heading the last rick, and we were taking away the ladder, out comes the mistress, herself—long life to her—by the light of the moon; and 'Boys,' says she, 'yez have finished the harvest bravely, and I invite yez all to dinner here, to-morrow; and if yez come early, yez shall have mass in the big hall, without the trouble of going up all the ways to the chapel for it.'"

"Why, then, did she really say so, Paddy?"

"That she did—the sorrow the lie in it."

"Well, go on."

"Well, if we did not set up a shout for her, it's no matter!"

"Ay, and good right you had too, Paddy, avick."

"Well, you see, yesterday morning—which, God be praised! was as fine a day as ever came out of the sky—when I had taken the beard off me, Tom Connor and I set

out for the big house. And I don't know, Thady, whether it was the fineness of the day, or the thoughts of the good dinner we were to have, or the kindness of the mistress, that made my heart so light, but I felt, anyhow, as gay as any skylark.—Well, when we got up to to the house, there was every one of the people that's in the work, men, women, and childer, all come together in the yard; and a pretty sight it was to look upon, Thady—They were all so gay, and so clean, and so happy.”

“ True for you, Paddy, aghra; and a fine thing it is, too, to work with a real gentleman, like the master. But tell us, avick, how it was the mistress contrived to get the mass for yez: sure father Clancey, himself, or the coadjutor, did n't come over?”

“ No, in troth did n't they; but the mistress managed it better nor all that. You see, Thady, there's a priest, an old friend of the family's, one father Mullin, on a visit this fortnight past, up at the big house. He's as gay a little man as ever spoke, only he's a little too fond of the drop—the more is the pity—and it's whispered about among the servants, that by means of it he has lost a parish he had down the country; and he was on his way up to Dublin, when he stopped to spend a few days with his old friends, the master and mistress.

“ Well, you see, the mistress, on Saturday, without saying a single word of it to any living soul, writes a letter with her own hand, and sends Tom Freen off with it to father Clancey, to ax him for a loan of the vestments. Father Clancey, you know, is a mighty *gégeel* man, and one that likes to oblige the quality in anything that does not go against his duty; and glad he was to have it in his power to serve the mistress; and he sent off the vestments with all his heart and soul, and as civil a letter, Tommy Freen says—for he heard the mistress reading it—as ever was penned.

“ Well, there was an altar, you see, got up in the big hall, just between the two doors—if ever you were in it—leading into the store-room and the room the childer sleep in; and when everything was ready we all came in, and the

priest gave us as good mass every bit as if we were up at the chapel for it. The mistress and all the family attended themselves, and they stood just within-side of the parlour-door ; and it was really surprising, Thady, to see how decently they behaved themselves. If they'd been all their lives going to chapel they could not have behaved themselves better nor they did."

"Ay, Paddy, mavourneen, I'll be bail they did n't skit and laugh the way some people would be doing."

"Laugh!—not themselves, indeed! They'd more manners, if nothing else, nor to do that.—Well, to go on with my story : when the mass was over we went strolling about the lawn and place till three o'clock come, and then, you see, the big bell rung out for dinner, and maybe it was not we that were glad to hear it. So away with us to the long barn, where the dinner was laid out ; and upon my conscience, Thady Byrne, there's not one word of lie in what I'm going to tell you ; but at the sight of so much victuals every taste of appetite in the world left me, and I thought I'd have fainted down on the ground that was under me. There was, you see, two rows of long tables laid the whole length of the barn, and table-cloths spread upon every inch of them ; and there was rounds of beef, and rumps of beef, and ribs of beef, both boiled and roast ; and there was legs of mutton, and hands of pork, and pieces of fine bacon ; and there was cabbage and potatoes to no end, and a knife and fork laid for everybody ; and barrels of beer and porter, with the cocks in every one of them, and mugs and porringers in heaps. In all my born days, Thady dear, I never laid eyes on such a load of victuals."

"By the powers of delph ! Paddy, ahayger, and it *was* a grand sight sure enough. Tear and ayjers ! what ill luck I had not to be ip the work this year ! But go on, agrah."

"Well, you see, the master, himself, stood up at the end of one of the tables, and cut up a fine piece of beef for us ; and right forenent him sat, at the other end, old Paddy Byrne ; for though you know he is a farmer himself, yet the mistress is so fond of him—he is such a decent man—that she would, by all manner of means, have him there. Then the priest

was at the head of the other table, and said grace for us, and then fell to slashing up another piece of the beef for us; and forenent him sat Jem Murray the steward; and sure enough, Thady, it was ourselves that played away in grand style at the beef, and the mutton, and the cabbage, and all the other fine things. And there was Tom Freen, and all the other servants, waiting upon us, and handing us drink, just as if we were so many grand gentlemen that were dining with the master.—Well, you see, when we were about half done, in walks the mistress herself, and the young master, and the young ladies, and the ladies from Dublin that's down on a visit with the mistress, just, as she said, to see if we were happy and merry over our dinner; and then, Thady, you see, without anybody saying a single word, we all stood up like one man, and every man and boy, with his full porringer of porter in his hand, drank long life and success to the mistress and master, and every one of the family.—I do n't know for others, Thady, but for myself, I never said a prayer in all my life more from the heart; and a good right I had, sure, and every one that was there, too; for, to say nothing of the dinner, is there the like of her in the whole side of the country for goodness to the poor, whether they're sick or they're well? Would not I myself, if it was not but for her, be a lone and desolate man this blessed day?"

"It's true for you, avick, for she brought Judy through it better nor any doctor of them all."

"Well, to make a long story short, we ate and we drank, and we talked and we laughed, till we were tired, and as soon as it grew dusk we were all called again into the hall; and there, you see, the mistress had got over Tim Connel, the blind piper, and had sent for all the women that could come, and the cook had tea for them down below in the kitchen; and they came up to the hall, and there was chairs set round it for us all to sit upon, and the mistress came out of the parlour, and 'Boys,' says she, 'I hope yez have made a good dinner, and I've been thinking of yez, you see, and I've got yez plenty of partners, and it's your own faults if yez do n't spend a pleasant evening.' So with that we set up another shout for the mistress, and Tim struck up, and the

master took out Nelly Mooney into the middle of the floor to dance a jig, and it was they that footed it neatly. Then the master called out Dinny Moran, and dragged him up to one of the Dublin young ladies, and bid Dinny be stout and ax her out to dance with him. So Dinny, you see, though he was ashamed to make so free with the lady, still he was afeard not to do as the master bid him ; so, by my conscience, he bowled up to her manfully, and held out the fist, and axed her out to dance with him, and she gave him her hand in a crack, and Dinny whipped her out into the middle of the hall, forenent us all, and pulled up his breeches, and called out to Tim to blow up 'The Rocks of Cashel' for them. And then, my jewel, if you were to see them ! Dinny flinging the legs about as if they'd fly from off him, and the lady now here now there, just for all the world as if she was a spirit, for not a taste of noise did she make on the floor that ever was heard ; and Dinny calling out to Tim to play it up faster and faster, and Tim almost working his elbow through the bag, till at last the lady was fairly tired, and Dinny clapped his hands and called out Peggy Reilly, and she attacked him boldly, and danced down Dinny, and then up got Johnny Regan, and put her down completely. And since the world was a world I believe there never was such dancing seen."

"The sorrow the doubt of it, avick, I'm certain ; they're all of them such real fine dancers. And only to think of the lady dancing with the likes of Dinny !"

"Well, you see, poor old Paddy Byrne, when he hears that the women were all to be there, in he goes into the parlour to the mistress, and axes her if he might make so bold as to go home and fetch his woman. So the mistress, you see—though you know Katty Byrne is no great favourite with her—was glad to oblige Paddy, and so Katty Byrne was there too. And then old Hugh Carr axed her out to move a *minnet* with him ; and there was Hugh, as stiff as if he had dined upon one of the spits, with his black wig and his long brown coat and his blue stockings, moving about with his hat in his hand, and leading Katty about, and looking so soft upon her ; and Katty, in her stiff mob-cap, with the ears pinned down under her chin, and her little black hat

on the top of her head ; and she at one corner *curcheying* to Hugh, and Hugh at another bowing to her, and everybody wondering at them, they moved it so elegantly."

"Troth, Paddy, avourneen, that was well worth going a mile of ground to see."

"Well, you see, when the dancing was over, they took to the singing, and Bill Carey gave the 'Wounded Hussar' and the 'Poor but Honest Soldier' in such style, that you'd have heard him up on the top of Slee Roo ; and Dinny Moran and old Tom Freen gave us the best songs they had, and the priest sung the Cruiskeen Laun for us gaily, and one of the young ladies played and sung upon a thing within in the parlour like a table, that was prettier nor any pipes to listen to."

"And didn't Bill give yez 'As down by Banna's banks I strayed?' Sure that's one of the best songs he has."

"And that he did, till he made the very seats shake under us ; but a body can't remember everything, you know. Well, where was I?—oh, ay!—You see, my dear, the poor little priest was all the night long going backwards and forwards, every minute, between the parlour and the hall, and the spirits, you see, was lying open upon the sideboard, and the dear little man he could n't keep himself from it, but kept helping himself to a drop now and a drop then, till at last he became all as one as tipsy. So, then, he comes out into the hall among us, and goes about whispering to us to go home, and not be keeping the family out of their beds. But the mistress saw what he was at, and she spoke out, and she said, 'Good people,' says she, 'never mind what the priest says to yez—yez are my company, and not his, and yez are heartily welcome to stay as long as yez like.' So when he found he could get no good of us, he rolled off with himself to his bed ; and his head, you see, was so bothered with the liquor he'd been taking that he never once thought of taking off his boots, but tumbled into bed with them upon him—Tommy Freen told us when he went into the room to look after him ; and devil be in Tim, when he heard it, but he lilts up the 'Priest in his boots ;' and, God forgive us ! we all

burst out laughing ; for sure who could help it, if it was the bishop himself ? ”

“ Troth it was a shame for yez, anyhow. But Paddy, agraph, did yez come away at all ? ”

“ Why at last we did, after another round of punch to the glory and success of the family. And now, Thady, comes the most surprisingest part of the whole story. I was all alone, you see ; for my woman, you know, could not leave the childer to come to the dance, so, as it was a fine moonshiny night, nothing would do me but I must go out into the paddock to look after poor Rainbow, the plough-bullock, that has got a bad shoulder ; so by that means, you see, I missed the company, and had to go home all alone. Well, you see, it was out by the back gate I went, and it was then about twelve in the night, as well as I could judge by the plough, and the moon was shining as bright as a silver dish, and there was not a sound to be heard but the screeching of the old owl down in the ivy-wall ; and I felt it all pleasant, for I wassomehow rather hearty with the drink I ’d been taking ; for you know, Thady Byrne, I ’m a sober mau.”

“ That ’s no lie for you, Paddy, avick. A little, as they say, goes a great way with you.”

“ Well, you see, on I went whistling to myself some of the tunes they ’d been singing, and thinking of anything, sure, but the good people ; when just as I came to the corner of the plantation, and got a sight of the big bush, I thought, faith, I saw some things moving backwards and forwards, and dancing like, up in the bush. I was quite certain it was the fairies that, you know, resort to it, for I could see, I thought, their little red caps and green jackets quite plain. Well, I was thinking at first of going back and getting home through the fields : but, says I to myself, what should I be afeard of ? I ’m an honest man, says I, that does nobody any harm ; and I heard mass this morning ; and it ’s neither Holly eve, nor St John’s eve, nor any other of their great days, and they can do me no hurt, I ’m certain. So I made the sign of the cross ; and on I went in God’s name, till I came right under the

bush ; and what do you think they were, Thady, after all ? ”

“ Arrah, how can I tell ? But you were a stout man anyhow, Paddy, agrah ! ”

“ Why then, what was it but the green leaves of the old bush and the red bunches of the haws that were waving and shaking in the moonlight. Well, on I goes till I came to the corner of the crab-road, when I happened to cast my eyes over towards the little moat that is in the moat-field, and there, by my *sowl* ! (God forgive me for swearing) I saw the fairies in real earnest.”

“ You did, then, did you ? ”

“ Ay, by my faith, did I, and a mighty pretty sight it was, too, I can tell you. The side of the moat, you see, that looks into the field was open, and out of it there came the darlintest little cavalcade of the prettiest little fellows you ever laid your eyes upon. They were all dressed in green hunting frocks, with nice little red caps on their heads, and they were mounted on pretty little long-tailed white ponies, not so big as young kids, and they rode two and two so nicely. Well, you see, they took right across the field just above the sand-pit, and I was wondering in myself what they ’d do when they came to the big ditch, thinking they ’d never get over it. But I ’ll tell you what it is, Thady,—Mr Tom and the brown mare, though they ’re both of them gay good at either ditch or wall, they ’re not to be talked of in the same day with them. They took the ditch, you see, big as it is, in full stroke ; not a man of them was shook in his seat or lost his rank ; it was pop, pop, pop, over with them, and then, hurra ! away with them like shot across the high field, in the direction of the old church.

“ Well, my dear, while I was straining my eyes looking after, I hears a great rumbling noise coming out of the moat, and when I turned about to look at it, what should I see but a great old family coach and six coming out of the moat and making direct for the gate where I was standing. Well, says I, I ’m a lost man now, anyhow. There was no use at all, you see, in thinking to run for it, for they were driving at the rate of a hunt ; so down I got into the gripe, thinking

to sneak off with myself while they were opening the gate. But, by the laws! the gate flew open without a soul laying a finger to it, the instant minute they came up to it, and they wheeled down the road just close to the spot where I was hiding, and I saw them as plain as I now see you; and a queer sight it was, too, to see, for not a morsel of head that ever was, was there upon one of the horses or on the coachman either, and yet, for all that, Thady, the lord *Léffenant's* coach could not have made a handier or a shorter turn nor they did out of the gate; and the blind thief of a coachman, just as they were making the wheel, was near taking the eye out of me with the lash of his long whip, as he was cutting up the horses to show off his driving. I've my doubts that the schemer knew I was there well enough, and that he did it all on purpose. Well, as it passed by me, I peeped in at the quality within-side, and not a head, no not as big as the head of a pin, was there among the whole kit of them, and four fine footmen that were standing behind the coach were just like the rest of them."

"Well, to be sure, but it was a queer sight."

"Well, away they went tattering along the road, making the fire fly out of the stones at no rate. So when I saw they'd no eyes, I knew it was *unpossible* they could ever see me, so up I got out of the ditch and after them with me along the road as hard as ever I could drive. But when I got to the rise of the hill I saw they were a great way a-head of me, and had taken to the fields, and were making off for the old church too. I thought they might have some business of their own there, and that it might not be safe for strangers to be going after them; so as I was by this time near my own house, I went in and got quietly to bed without saying anything to the woman about it; and long enough it was before I could get to sleep for thinking of them, and that's the reason, Thady, I was up so late this morning. But was not it a strange thing, Thady?"

"Faith, and sure it was, Paddy, ahayger, as strange a thing as ever was. But are you quite certain and sure now you saw them?"

"Am I certain and sure I saw them? Am I certain and sure I see the nose there on your face? What was to ail me

not to see them? Was not the moon shining as bright as day? And did not they pass within a yard of where I was? And did any one ever see me drunk or hear me tell a lie?"

"It's true for you, Paddy, no one ever did, and myself does not rightly know what to say to it."

The scene of the Harvest Dinner lies in Leinster; and the nice observer will perceive some slight differences between the language in it, and the Munster dialect of the other tales. At the end of "the drawing-in," a sheaf very neatly bound up is sent in to "the mistress," a symbol of the termination of her harvest cares: as a matter of course the bearer "gets a glass" to drink her health, and a general invitation to "the people in the work" follows.

Gossamers, a word used in the opening, Johnson says, are the long white cobwebs which fly in the air in calm sunny weather, and he derives the word from the low Latin *gossapium*. This is altogether very unsatisfactory. The gossamers are the cobwebs which may be seen, particularly during a still autumnal morning, in such quantities on the furze bushes, and which are raised by the wind and floated through the air, as thus exquisitely pictured by Browne in *Britannia's Pastorals*:

"The white-milk gossamers not upwards snowed,"

Book ii. Song 2.

Every lover of nature must have observed and admired the beautiful appearance of the gossamers in the early morning, when covered with dew-drops, which, like prisms, separate the rays of light, and shoot the blue, red, yellow, and other colours of the spectrum, in brilliant confusion. Of King Oberon we are told—

"A rich mantle he did wear,
Made of tinsel gossamer,
Bestarred over with a few
Diamond drops of morning dew."

The word gossamer is evidently derived from *goss*, the gorse or furze. Query, *Goss samyl*? Voss, in a note to *Luisa*, iii. 17, says, that in Germany the popular belief attributes the manufacture of the gossamer to the dwarfs and elves.

There is something peculiarly pleasing in the terms of affection

used by the lower orders of the Irish in addressing each other; the expressions *agrah* (my love) and *avick* (my son) resemble the *hijos* and *hermanos* of the Spaniards, and the *fathers* and *sons* of the Hebrews and Arabs. It is curious that this orientalism, if it may be called such, should be only found in Spain and Ireland. Perhaps its common origin lies in warmth of affection, of which no country affords more instances than the one last mentioned. On turning over the unhappily too dark pages of Irish history, the reader must be struck with meeting, in the space of one reign, the deaths of no less than three persons ascribed to grief for the loss of friends. One is an earl of Kildare, who, we are told, pined and died when death deprived him of his foster brother. The cause assigned may not be the true one, but the bond of affection must have been strong in a country where such could even be mentioned. Golownin gives an instance of nearly similar strength of affection among the Japanese.

The perfection of singing, in the opinion of an Irish peasant, consists in strength of lungs. "A powerful bass voice that could be heard at the top of a neighbouring mountain," carries off the palm of excellence, and is sought after and listened to with enthusiasm. The favourite songs display no mean degree of popular taste. Campbell's beautiful and pathetic ballad, mentioned in the tale, is an especial favourite; and "Adelaide," and "the dark-rolling Danube," are as familiar to the ears of the Irish peasantry as Ogle's "Molly Asthore," and "Banna's banks." As a further proof of their natural good taste, it may be mentioned, that of the books printed and circulated by the Kildare Street Society, none is found to equal in sale Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia. The reader will probably call to mind Gilbert Burns' remarks on the kindred taste of the Scottish peasantry. Much may be said respecting educating the lower orders, according to their taste and through the medium of their superstitions, as the most attractive and effectual modes of instruction. But the great question of national education is one of too much importance to be trifled with in a hastily written note.

The appearance of the fairy hunters has some resemblance to the relation in M'Culloch's account of the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, vol. iv. p. 358. "One Highlander, in passing a mountain, hears the tramp of horses, the music of the horn, and the cheering of the huntsman; when suddenly a gallant crew of thirteen fairy hunters,

dressed in green, sweep by him, the silver bosses of their bridles jingling in the night-breeze."

The subsequent attested statement has been transmitted to the writer from Ireland, among other intelligence of fairy proceedings there.

"The accuracy of the following story I can vouch for, having heard it told several times by the person who saw the circumstances.

"About twenty years back, William Cody, churn-boy to a person near Cork, had, after finishing his day's work, to go through six or eight fields to his own house, about 12 o'clock at night. He was passing alongside of the ditch (Anglicè, hodge) of a large field, and coming near a quarry, he heard a great cracking of whips at the other side; he went on to a gap in the same ditch, and out rode a little horseman, dressed in green, and mounted in the best manner, who put a whip to his breast, and made him stop until several hundred horsemen, all dressed alike, rode out of the gap at full speed, and swept round a glin; when the last horseman was clear off, the sentinel clapt spurs to his horse, gave three cracks of his whip, and was out of sight in a second.

"The person would swear to the above, as he was quite sober and sensible at the time. The place had always before the name of being very airy."*

(Signed)

P. BATH,

Royal Cork Institution, 3rd June, 1825.

* A lonesome place, in Scotland and Ireland, is commonly said to be "an airy place," from *airidhe*, which in Irish signifies spectres, visions.

Sir Walter Scott, in *Minstrelsy of Scottish Border*, vol. ii., explains this word as "producing superstitious dread." [The correct form of the word in English is *eyry*, from *eye*, fear, terror, awe, the Angle-Saxon *ege*.]

In the ballad of Tamlane we find

"Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And *ewy* was the way," &c.



THE DEATH COACH.

'Tis midnight!—how gloomy and dark!

By Jupiter, there's not a star!—

'T is fearful!—'t is awful!—and hark!

What sound is that comes from afar?

Still rolling and rumbling, that sound

Makes nearer and nearer approach;

Do I tremble, or is it the ground?—

Lord, save us!—what is it?—a coach!—

A coach! but that coach has no head;

And the horses are headless as it;

Of the driver the same may be said,

And the passengers inside who sit.

See the wheels! how they fly o'er the stones!

And whirl, as the whip it goes crack:

Their spokes are of dead men's thigh-bones,

And the pole is the spine of the back!

The hammer-cloth, shabby display,

Is a pall rather mildew'd by damps;

And to light this strange coach on its way,

Two hollow skulls hang up for lamps!

From the gloom of Rathcooney church-yard,

They dash down the hill of Glanmire;

Pass Lota in gallop as hard

As if horses were never to tire!

With people thus headless 'tis fun

To drive in such furious career;

Since *headlong* their horses can't run,

Nor coachman be *headdy* from beer.

Very steep is the Tivoli lane,

But up-hill to them is as down;

Nor the charms of Woodhill can detain
 These Dullahans rushing to town.

Could they feel as I've felt—in a song—
 A spell that forbade them depart ;
 They'd a lingering visit prolong,
 And after their head lose their heart !

No matter !—'t is past twelve o'clock ;
 Through the streets they sweep on like the wind,
 And, taking the road to Blackrock,
 Cork city is soon left behind.

Should they hurry thus reckless along,
 To supper instead of to bed,
 The landlord will surely be wrong,
 If he charge it at so much a head !

Yet mine host may suppose them too poor
 To bring to his wealth an increase ;
 As till now, all who drove to his door,
 Possess'd at least *one crown* a-piece.

Up the Deadwoman's hill they are roll'd ;
 Boreenmannah is quite out of sight ;
 Ballintemple they reach, and behold !
 At its church-yard they stop and alight.

"Who 's there ?" said a voice from the ground ;
 "We 've no room, for the place is quite full."
 "Oh, room must be speedily found,
 For we come from the parish of Skull.

"Though Murphys and Crowleys appear
 On headstones of deep-letter'd pride ;
 Though Scannels and Murleys lie here,
 Fitzgeralds and Toomies beside ;

"Yet here for the night we lie down,
 To-morrow we speed on the gale ;
 For having no heads of our own,
 We seek the Old Head of Kinsale."

The Death Coach is called in Irish "*Coach a bowcr.*" The time of its appearance is always midnight; and when heard to drive round any particular house, with the coachman's whip cracking loudly, it is said to be a sure omen of death.

The following account of the Dullahans and their coach was communicated to the writer by a lady resident in the neighbourhood of Cork:—

"They drive particularly hard wherever a death is going to take place. The people about here thought that the road would be completely worn out with their galloping before Mrs Spiers died. On the night the poor lady departed they brought an immense procession with them, and instead of going up the road, as usual, they turned into Tivoli: the lodge-people, according to their own account, 'were *kilt* from them that night.' The coachman has a most marvellously long whip, with which he can whip the eyes out of any one, at any distance, that dares to look at him. I suppose the reason he is so incensed at being looked at, is because he cannot return the compliment, '*pon the 'count* of having no head. What a pity it is none but the Dullahans can go without their heads! Some people's heads would be no loss to them, or any one else."

A like superstition to the circumstance of "whipping out the eyes," is related by Thiele as current in Denmark. He tells us, that the oppressive lords of Glorup drive every Christmas night, in a stately coach, from their magnificent tomb in St Knud's church, in Odense, to Glorup. The coach is drawn by six white horses, with long glowing tongues; and he who does not hide his face when he hears it coming, atones for his rashness with loss of sight.—*Danske Folkesagn*, vol. ii. p. 104.

"I cannot find," says a fair Welsh correspondent, "that we have any peculiar designation for the headless people beyond '*Fenyw heb un pen*,' the headless woman—'*Ceffyl heb un pen*,' the headless horse; further we have not aspired, nor have I heard that this headless race in Wales extends beyond a humble horse. With us they have not assumed the same importance as in Ireland, by setting up their carriage."

The localities mentioned in the verses are all in the immediate vicinity of the city of Cork, with the exception of Skull and the Old Head of Kinsale, both of which lie on the coast of that county.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

"God speed you, and a safe journey this night to you, Charley," ejaculated the master of the little sheebeen house at Ballyhooley after his old friend and good customer, Charley Culnane, who at length had turned his face homewards, with the prospect of as dreary a ride and as dark a night as ever fell upon the Blackwater, along whose banks he was about to journey.

Charley Culnane knew the country well, and, moreover, was as bold a rider as any Mallow boy that ever *rattled* a four-year-old upon Drumrue race-course. He had gone to Fermoy in the morning, as well for the purpose of purchasing some ingredients required for the Christmas dinner by his wife, as to gratify his own vanity by having new reins fitted to his snaffle, in which he intended showing off the old mare at the approaching St Stephen's day hunt.

Charley did not get out of Fermoy until late; for although he was not one of your "nasty particular sort of fellows" in anything that related to the common occurrences of life, yet in all the appointments connected with hunting, riding, leaping, in short, in whatever was connected with the old mare, "Charley," the saddlers said, "was the devil to *plūse*." An illustration of this fastidiousness was afforded by his going such a distance for a snaffle bridle. Mallow was full twelve miles nearer Charley's farm (which lay just three-quarters of a mile below Carrick) than Fermoy; but Charley had quarrelled with all the Mallow saddlers, from hard-working and hard-drinking Tim Clancey, up to Mister Ryan, who wrote himself "Saddler to the Duhallow Hunt;" and no one could content him in all particulars but honest Michael Twomey of Fermoy, who used to assert—and who will doubt it?—that he could stitch a saddle better than the lord-lieu-

tenant, although they made him all as one as king over Ireland.

This delay in the arrangement of the snaffle-bridle did not allow Charley Culnane to pay so long a visit as he had at first intended to his old friend and gossip, Con Buckley, of the "Harp of Erin." Con, however, knew the value of time, and insisted upon Charley making good use of what he had to spare. "I won't bother you waiting for water, Charley, because I think you'll have enough of that same before you get home; so drink off your liquor, man. It's as good *parliament* as ever a gentleman tasted, ay, and holy church too, for it will bear 'x waters,' and carry the bead after that, may be."

Charley, it must be confessed, nothing loth, drank success to Con, and success to the jolly "Harp of Erin," with its head of beauty and its strings of the hair of gold, and to their better acquaintance, and so on, from the bottom of his soul, until the bottom of the bottle reminded him that Carrick was at the bottom of the hill on the other side of Castletown Roche, and that he had got no further on his journey than his gossip's at Ballyhooley, close to the big gate of Convamore. Catching hold of his oil-skin hat, therefore, whilst Con Buckley went to the cupboard for another bottle of "the real stuff," he regularly, as it is termed, bolted from his friend's hospitality, darted to the stable, tightened his girths, and put the old mare into a canter towards home.

The road from Ballyhooley to Carrick follows pretty nearly the course of the Blackwater, occasionally diverging from the river and passing through rather wild scenery, when contrasted with the beautiful seats that adorn its banks. Charley cantered gaily, regardless of the rain which, as his friend Con had anticipated, fell in torrents: the good woman's currants and raisins were carefully packed between the folds of his yeomanry cloak, which Charley, who was proud of showing that he belonged to the "Royal Mallow Light Horse Volunteers," always strapped to the saddle before him, and took care never to destroy the military effect of it by putting it on.—Away he went singing like a thrush—

“Sporting, bellying, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking windows—(*hiccup!*)—sinking;
 Ever raking—never thinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

“Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating—(*hiccup, hic*), and duns;
 Duhallow’s true-begotten sons,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.”

Notwithstanding that the visit to the jolly “Harp of Erin” had a little increased the natural complacency of his mind, the drenching of the new snaffle reins began to disturb him; and then followed a train of more anxious thoughts than even were occasioned by the dreaded defeat of the pride of his long-anticipated *turn out* on St Stephen’s day. In an hour of good fellowship, when his heart was warm, and his head not over cool, Charley had backed the old mare against Mr Jenson’s bay filly Desdemona for a neat hundred, and he now felt sore misgivings as to the prudence of the match. In a less gay tone he continued

“Living short, but merry lives,
 Going where the devil drives,
 Keeping———”

“Keeping” he muttered, as the old mare had reduced her canter to a trot at the bottom of Kilmummer Hill. Charley’s eye fell on the old walls that belonged, in former times, to the Templars; but the silent gloom of the ruin was broken only by the heavy rain which splashed and pattered on the gravestones. He then looked up at the sky to see if there was, among the clouds, any hope for mercy on his new snaffle reins; and no sooner were his eyes lowered, than his attention was arrested by an object so extraordinary as almost led him to doubt the evidence of his senses. The head, apparently, of a white horse, with short cropped ears, large open nostrils, and immense eyes, seemed rapidly to follow him. No connection with body, legs, or rider, could possibly be traced—the head advanced—Charley’s old mare, too, was moved at this unnatural sight, and, snorting violently, increased her trot up the hill. The head moved forward, and

passed on ; Charley pursuing it with astonished gaze, and wondering by what means, and for what purpose, this detached head thus proceeded through the air, did not perceive the corresponding body until he was suddenly startled by finding it close at his side. Charley turned to examine what was thus so sociably jogging on with him, when a most unexampled apparition presented itself to his view. A figure, whose height (judging as well as the obscurity of the night would permit him) he computed to be at least eight feet, was seated on the body and legs of a white horse full eighteen hands and a half high. In this measurement Charley could not be mistaken, for his own mare was exactly fifteen hands, and the body that thus jogged alongside he could at once determine, from his practice in horseflesh, was at least three hands and a half higher.

After the first feeling of astonishment, which found vent in the exclamation " I 'm sold now for ever ! " was over, the attention of Charley, being a keen sportsman, was naturally directed to this extraordinary body, and having examined it with the eye of a connoisseur, he proceeded to reconnoitre the figure so unusually mounted, who had hitherto remained perfectly mute. Wishing to see whether his companion's silence proceeded from bad temper, want of conversational powers, or from a distaste to water, and the fear that the opening of his mouth might subject him to have it filled by the rain, which was then drifting in violent gusts against them, Charley endeavoured to catch a sight of his companion's face, in order to form an opinion on that point. But his vision failed in carrying him further than the top of the collar of the figure's coat, which was a scarlet, single-breasted hunting frock, having a waist of a very old-fashioned cut reaching to the saddle, with two huge shining buttons at about a yard distance behind. " I ought to see further than this, too," thought Charley, " although he is mounted on his high horse, like my cousin Darby, who was made barony constable last week, unless 't is Con's whiskey that has blinded me entirely." However, see further he could not, and after straining his eyes for a considerable time to no purpose,

he exclaimed, with pure vexation, "By the big bridge of Mallow, it is no head at all he has!"

"Look again, Charley Culnane," said a hoarse voice, that seemed to proceed from under the right arm of the figure.

Charley did look again, and now in the proper place, for he clearly saw, under the aforesaid right arm, that head from which the voice had proceeded, and such a head no mortal ever saw before. It looked like a large cream cheese hung round with black puddings: no speck of colour enlivened the ashy paleness of the depressed features; the skin lay stretched over the unearthly surface, almost like the parchment head of a drum. Two fiery eyes of prodigious circumference, with a strange and irregular motion, flashed like meteors upon Charley, and a mouth that reached from either extremity of two ears, which peeped forth from under a profusion of matted locks of lustreless blackness. This head, which the figure had evidently hitherto concealed from Charley's eyes, now burst upon his view in all its hideousness. Charley, although a lad of proverbial courage in the county Cork, yet could not but feel his nerves a little shaken by this unexpected visit from the headless horseman, whom he considered this figure doubtless must be. The cropped-eared head of the gigantic horse moved steadily forward, always keeping from six to eight yards in advance. The horseman, unaided by whip or spur, and disdaining the use of stirrups, which dangled uselessly from the saddle, followed at a trot by Charley's side, his hideous head now lost behind the lappet of his coat, now starting forth in all its horror as the motion of the horse caused his arm to move to and fro. The ground shook under the weight of its supernatural burthen, and the water in the pools was agitated into waves as he trotted by them.

On they went—heads without bodies, and bodies without heads.—The deadly silence of night was broken only by the fearful clattering of hoofs, and the distant sound of thunder, which rumbled above the mystic hill of Cecaune a Mona Finnea. Charley, who was naturally a merry-hearted, and rather a talkative fellow, had hitherto felt tongue-tied by ap-

prehension, but finding his companion showed no evil disposition towards him, and having become somewhat more reconciled to the Patagonian dimensions of the horseman and his headless steed, he plucked up all his courage, and thus addressed the stranger—

“Why, then, your honour rides mighty well without the stirrups!”

“Humph!” growled the head from under the horseman’s right arm.

“’Tis not an over-civil answer,” thought Charley; “but no matter, he was taught in one of them riding-houses, may be, and thinks nothing at all about bumping his leather breeches at the rate of ten miles an hour. I’ll try him on the other tack. Ahem!” said Charley, clearing his throat, and feeling at the same time rather daunted at this second attempt to establish a conversation. “Ahem! that’s a mighty neat coat of your honour’s, although ’t is a little too long in the waist for the present cut.”

“Humph!” growled again the head.

This second humph was a terrible thump in the face to poor Charley, who was fairly bothered to know what subject he could start that would prove more agreeable. “’Tis a sensible head,” thought Charley, “although an ugly one, for ’t is plain enough the man does not like flattery.” A third attempt, however, Charley was determined to make, and having failed in his observations as to the riding and coat of his fellow-traveller, thought he would just drop a trifling allusion to the wonderful headless horse; that was jogging on so sociably beside his old mare; and as Charley was considered about Carrick to be very knowing in horses, besides being a full private in the Royal Mallow Light Horse Volunteers, which were every one of them mounted like real Hessians, he felt rather sanguine as to the result of his third attempt.

“To be sure, that’s a brave horse your honour rides,” recommenced the persevering Charley.

“You may say that, with your own ugly mouth,” growled the head.

Charley, though not much flattered by the compliment,

nevertheless chuckled at his success in obtaining an answer, and thus continued :

“ May be your honour would n't be after riding him across the country ? ”

“ Will you try me, Charley ? ” said the head, with an inexpressible look of ghastly delight.

“ Faith, and that's what I'd do,” responded Charley, “ only I'm afraid, the night being so dark, of laming the old mare, and I've every halfpenny of a hundred pounds on her heels.”

This was true enough, Charley's courage was nothing dashed at the headless horseman's proposal ; and there never was a steeple-chase, nor a fox-chase, riding or leaping in the country, that Charley Culnane was not at it, and foremost in it.

“ Will you take my word,” said the man who carried his head so snugly under his right arm, “ for the safety of your mare ? ”

“ Done,” said Charley ; and away they started, helter skelter, over everything, ditch and wall, pop, pop, the old mare never went in such style, even in broad daylight : and Charley had just the start of his companion, when the hoarse voice called out “ Charley Culnane, Charley, man, stop for your life, stop ! ”

Charley pulled up hard. “ Ay,” said he, “ you may beat me by the head, because it always goes so much before you ; but if the bet was neck and neck, and that's the go between the old mare and Desdemona, I'd win it hollow ! ”

It appeared as if the stranger was well aware of what was passing in Charley's mind, for he suddenly broke out quite loquacious.

“ Charley Culnane,” says he, “ you have a stout soul in you, and are every inch of you a good rider. I've tried you, and I ought to know ; and that's the sort of man for my money. A hundred years it is since my horse and I broke our necks at the bottom of Kilcummer hill, and ever since I have been trying to get a man that dared to ride with me, and never found one before. Keep, as you have always done, at the tail of the hounds, never baulk a ditch, nor turn away

from a stone wall, and the headless horseman will never desert you nor the old mare."

Charley, in amazement, looked towards the stranger's right arm, for the purpose of seeing in his face whether or not he was in earnest, but behold! the head was snugly lodged in the huge pocket of the horseman's scarlet hunting-coat. The horse's head had ascended perpendicularly above them, and his extraordinary companion rising quickly after his *avant courier*, vanished from the astonished gaze of Charley Culnane.

Charley, as may be supposed, was lost in wonder, delight, and perplexity; the pelting rain, the wife's pudding, the new snaffle—even the match against squire Jepson—all were forgotten; nothing could he think of, nothing could he talk of, but the headless horseman. He told it, directly that he got home, to Judy; he told it the following morning to all the neighbours; and he told it to the hunt on St Stephen's day: but what provoked him after all the pains he took in describing the head, the horse, and the man, was that one and all attributed the creation of the headless horseman to his friend Con Buckley's "X water parliament." This, however, should be told, that Charley's old mare beat Mr Jepson's bay filly, Desdemona, by Diamond, and Charley pocketed his cool hundred; and if he did n't win by means of the headless horseman, I am sure I do n't know any other reason for his doing so.

It has been already mentioned that Green Jette, the wild huntsman, usually rides with his head under his arm.

Cervantes mentions tales of the *Caballo sin cabeza* among the *cuentos de viejos con que se entretienen al fuego las dilatadas noches del invierno*. In the early part of the last century the headless horse was not unknown in England. The Spectator (No. 110) says—"My friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it" (the wood) "after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that had appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head."

The horse, probably, like the dog, on account of our intimacy with

him, is a favourite actor in popular superstition. The following story from Gervase of Tilbury exhibits him in one of his mildest and most beneficent appearances :

“ Est in Anglia quoddam dæmonum genus quod suo idiomate Grant nominant, ad instar pulli equini anniculi, tibiis erectum, oculis scintillantibus. Istud dæmonum genus sæpissime comparet in plateis, in ipsius diei fervore, aut circa solis occiduum. Et quoties apparet futurum in urbe illa vel vico portendit incendium. Cum ergo, sequente die vel nocte, instat periculum, in plateis discursu facto canes provocat ad latrandum, et dum fugam simulat sequentes canes ad insequendum spe vana consequendi invitat. Hujusmodi illusio convicaneis de ignis custodia cautelam facit, et hic officiorum dæmonum genus, dum conspicientes terret, suo adventu munire ignorantes solet.”—C. 62.

In Denmark an extraordinary custom prevailed of burying a live animal—a horse, a lamb, a pig, and even a child—at the commencement of a building. It is strange that a similar custom appears, from the Servian Ballads, to have prevailed among the Slavonians. A lamb was generally entombed in the foundation of a church; a horse in that of the churchyard. This horse, the peasants say, appears again and goes round the churchyard on three legs; when he meets any one he displays his grinning teeth—and death accompanies him. He is therefore called the *Hælhest*,* the death-horse; and it is usual for a person on recovering from a fit of sickness, to say—“I have given Death a bushel of oats.” Keysler (*Antiq. Sept. et Celt.* p. 181) says: “In ducatu Slesvicensi ea superstitio etiamnum obtinet, ut Hel dicant mortem vel spectrum tempore pestis equo (qui tribus tantum pedibus incedit) inequitans mortalesque trucidans. Vico vel oppido fatali hoc contagio afflato vulgus ait Helam circumire *Der Hell geht umher*. Canes etiam tum ab ea inquietari indicant formula *Der Hell ist bey denen Hunden*.” This last circumstance reminds us of the classic Hecate; the rest, of the sublime apparition of Death on his pale horse in the Apocalypse.

* Hæl was the Pluto of the ancient Scandinavians.

THE FIR DARRIG.



Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
 As from their night-sports they trudge home,
 With counterfeiting voice I greete,
 And call them on, with me to roame
 Through woods, through lakes,
 Through bogs, through brakes;
 Or else, unscene, with them I go,
 All in the nicke,
 To play some tricke,
 And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

OLD SONG.

DIARMID BAWN, THE PIPER.

ONE stormy night Patrick Burke was seated in the chimney
 corner, smoking his pipe quite contentedly after his hard

day's work ; his two little boys were roasting potatoes in the ashes, while his rosy daughter held a splinter* to her mother, who, seated on a siesteen,† was mending a rent in Patrick's old coat ; and Judy, the maid, was singing merrily to the sound of her wheel, that kept up a beautiful humming noise, just like the sweet drone of a bagpipe. Indeed, they all seemed quite contented and happy ; for the storm howled without, and they were warm and snug within, by the side of a blazing turf fire. "I was just thinking," said Patrick, taking the dureen from his mouth and giving it a rap on his thumb-nail to shake out the ashes—"I was just thinking how thankful we ought to be to have a snug bit of a cabin this pelting night over our heads, for in all my born days I never heard the like of it."

"And that 's no lie for you, Pat," said his wife ; "but, whisht ! what noise is that I *hard* ?" and she dropped her work upon her knees, and looked fearfully towards the door.

"The *Vargin* herself defend us all !" cried Judy, at the same time rapidly making a pious sign on her forehead, "if 't is not the banshee !"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said Patrick, "it's only the old gate swinging in the wind ;" and he had scarcely spoken, when the door was assailed by a violent knocking. Molly began to mumble her prayers, and Judy proceeded to mutter over the muster-roll of saints ; the youngsters scampered off to hide themselves behind the settle-bed ; the storm howled louder and more fiercely than ever, and the rapping was renewed with redoubled violence.

"Whisht, whisht !" said Patrick—"what a noise ye 're all making about nothing at all. Judy a roon, can't you go and see who's at the door ?" for, notwithstanding his assumed bravery, Pat Burke preferred that the maid should open the door.

"Why, then, is it me you 're speaking to ?" said Judy, in a tone of astonishment ; "and is it cracked mad you are, Mister Burke ; or is it, maybe, that you want me to be *rund*"

* A splinter, or slip of bog-deal, which, being dipped in tallow, is used as a candle.

† Siesteen is a low block-like seat, made of straw bands firmly sewed or bound together.

away with, and made a horse of, like my grandfather was?—the sorrow a step will I stir to open the door, if you were as great a man again as you are, Pat Burke.”

“Bother you, then! and hold your tongue, and I’ll go myself.” So saying, up got Patrick, and made the best of his way to the door. “Who’s there?” said he, and his voice trembled mightily all the while. “In the name of Saint Patrick, who’s there?”

“T is I, Pat,” answered a voice which he immediately knew to be the young squire’s. In a moment the door was opened, and in walked a young man with a gun in his hand and a brace of dogs at his heels.

“Your honour’s honour is quite welcome, entirely,” said Patrick; who was a very civil sort of a fellow, especially to his betters. “Your honour’s honour is quite welcome; and if ye’ll be so condescending as to demean yourself by taking off your wet jacket, Molly can give ye a bran new blanket, and ye can sit forenent the fire while the clothes are drying.”

“Thank you, Pat,” said the squire, as he wrapt himself, like Mr Weld, in the proffered blanket.*

“But what made you keep me so long at the door?”

“Why, then, your honour, ’t was all along of Judy, there, being so much afraid of the good people; and a good right she has, after what happened to her grandfather—the Lord rest his soul!”

“And what was that, Pat?” said the squire.

“Why, then, your honour must know that Judy had a grandfather; and he was *ould* Diarmid Bawn, the piper, as personable a looking man as any in the five parishes he was; and he could play the pipes so sweetly, and make them *spake* to such perfection, that it did one’s heart good to hear him. We never had any one, for that matter, in this side of the country like him, before or since, except James Gandsey, that is own piper to Lord Headly—his honour’s lordship is the real good gentleman—and ’t is Mr Gandsey’s music that is the pride of Killarney lakes. Well, as I was saying, Diarmid was Judy’s grandfather, and he rented a small mountainy farm; and he was walking about the fields one moonlight

* See Weld’s Killarney, 8vo ed., p. 228.

night, quite melancholy-like in himself for want of the *Tobacco*; because why, the river was flooded, and he could not get across to buy any, and Diarmid would rather go to bed without his supper than a whiff of the duedeen. Well, your honour, just as he came to the old fort in the far field, what should he see?—the Lord preserve us!—but a large army of the good people, 'coutered for all the world just like the dragoons! 'Are ye all ready?' said a little fellow at their head, dressed out like a general. 'No;' said a little curmudgeon of a chap all dressed in red, from the crown of his cocked hat to the sole of his boot. 'No, general,' said he; 'if you do n't get the Fir darrig a horse he must stay behind, and ye 'll lose the battle.'

"'There's Diarmid Bawn,' said the general, pointing to Judy's grandfather, your honour, 'make a horse of him.'

"So with that master Fir darrig comes up to Diarmid, who, you may be sure, was in a mighty great fright; but he determined, seeing there was no help for him, to put a bold face on the matter; and so he began to cross himself, and to say some blessed words, that nothing bad could stand before.

"'Is that what you'd be after, you spalpeen?' said the little red imp, at the same time grinning a horrible grin; 'I'm not the man to care a straw for either your words or your crossings.' So, without more to do, he gives poor Diarmid a rap with the flat side of his sword, and in a moment he was changed into a horse, with little Fir darrig stuck fast on his back.

"Away they all flew over the wide ocean, like so many wild geese, screaming and chattering all the time, till they came to Jamaica; and there they had a murdering fight with the good people of that country. Well, it was all very well with them, and they stuck to it manfully, and fought it out fairly, till one of the Jamaica men made a cut with his sword under Diarmid's left eye, and then, sir, you see, poor Diarmid lost his temper entirely, and he dashed into the very middle of them, with Fir darrig mounted upon his back, and he threw out his heels, and he whisked his tail about, and wheeled and turned round and round at such a rate, that he soon made a fair clearance of them, horse, foot,

and dragoons. At last Diarmid's faction got the better, all through his means; and then they had such feasting and rejoicing, and gave Diarmid, who was the finest horse amongst them all, the best of everything.

"Let every man take a hand of *Tobaccy* for Diarmid Bawn,' said the general; and so they did; and away they flew, for 't was getting near morning, to the old fort back again, and there they vanished like the mist from the mountain.

"When Diarmid looked about the sun was rising, and he thought it was all a dream, till he saw a big rick of *Tobaccy* in the old fort, and felt the blood running from his left eye; for sure enough he was wounded in the battle, and would have been *kilt* entirely, if it was n't for a gospel composed by father Murphy that hung about his neck ever since he had the scarlet fever; and for certain it was enough to have given him another scarlet fever to have had the little red man all night on his back, whip and spur for the bare life. However, there was the *Tobaccy* heaped up in a great heap by his side; and he heard a voice, although he could see no one, telling him, 'That 't was all his own, for his good behaviour in the battle; and that whenever Fir darrig would want a horse again he 'd know where to find a clever beast, as he never rode a better than Diarmid Bawn.' That 's what he said, sir."

"Thank you, Pat," said the squire; "it certainly is a wonderful story, and I am not surprised at Judy's alarm. But now, as the storm is over, and the moon shining brightly, I'll make the best of my way home." So saying, he disrobed himself of the blanket, put on his coat, and, whistling his dogs, set off across the mountain; while Patrick stood at the door, bawling after him, "May God and the blessed Virgin preserve your honour, and keep ye from the good people; for 't was of a moonlight night like this that Diarmid Bawn was made a horse of, for the Fir darrig to ride."

Fir Darrig, correctly written, *fear dearg*, means the red man, and is a member of the fairy tribe of Ireland, who bears a great resemblance to the Puck or Robin Goodfellow of Shakspeare's days. Like

that merry goblin, his delight is in mischief and mockery; and numberless are the wild and whimsical stories in which he figures. Although the German Kobolds partake of the good-natured character of the people, yet the celebrated Hinzelman occasionally amused himself with playing tricks somewhat similar to those of master Fir darrig.

The red dress and strange flexibility of voice possessed by the Fir darrig form his peculiar characteristics; the latter is said, by Irish tale-tellers, to be as *Fuaim na dtonn*, the sound of the waves; and again, it is compared to *Ceol na naingeal*, the music of angels, *Ceileabhar na n-éan*, the warbling of birds, &c.; and the usual address to this fairy is, *Na dean fochmuid fáinn*, do not mock us. His entire dress, when he is seen, is invariably described as crimson; whereas, the fairies generally appear in *Hata dubh, culaigh ghlas, stocaigh bana, agus broga dearga*; a black hat, a green suit, white stockings, and red shoes.

The transformation of Diarmid into a horse is no uncommon one. Circe used to transmute people by hundreds. Queen Labe and Co. in the Arabian Nights were equally expert at metamorphoses; a horse, by-the-by, was the very form which that queen gave king Beder, who, however, had previously transformed her majesty into a mare. King Carpalus, too, in the old romance of Ogier le Dannoy, was condemned to spend three hundred years in the form of a horse, for the resistance he made to king Arthur in Fairy land.

Diarmid Bawn signifies white or fair Edward. "A gospel," to which he owes his preservation in the fairy fight, is a text of Scripture written in a particular manner, and which has been blessed by a priest. It is sewed in red cloth, and hung round the neck as a cure or preventive against various diseases, &c. Few Irish peasants will be found without "a gospel;" or, as in the vicinity of Holy Cross, a blessed string, a blessed stone, or a blessed bit of wood, about their persons, which they consider to be an infallible safeguard against evil. Indeed, the popular mind at the present moment is fully as credulous in these matters as it was nearly two centuries ago, when lord Broghill captured a "peckful of spells and charms" among the baggage, after defeating lord Muskerry.

TEIGUE OF THE LEE.

"I CAN'T stop in the house—I won't stop in it for all the money that is buried in the old castle of Carrigrohan. If ever there was such a thing in the world!—to be abused to my face night and day, and nobody to the fore doing it! and then, if I'm angry, to be laughed at with a great roaring ho, ho, ho! I won't stay in the house after to-night, if there was not another place in the country to put my head under." This angry soliloquy was pronounced in the hall of the old manor-house of Carrigrohan by John Sheehan. John was a new servant; he had been only three days in the house, which had the character of being haunted, and in that short space of time he had been abused and laughed at by a voice which sounded as if a man spoke with his head in a cask; nor could he discover who was the speaker, or from whence the voice came. "I'll not stop here," said John; "and that ends the matter."

"Ho, ho, ho! be quiet, John Sheehan, or else worse will happen to you."

John instantly ran to the hall window, as the words were evidently spoken by a person immediately outside, but no one was visible. He had scarcely placed his face at the pane of glass, when he heard another loud "Ho, ho, ho!" as if behind him in the hall; as quick as lightning he turned his head, but no living thing was to be seen.

"Ho, ho, ho, John!" shouted a voice that appeared to come from the lawn before the house: "do you think you'll see Teigue?—oh, never! as long as you live! so leave alone looking after him, and mind your business; there's plenty of company to dinner from Cork to be here to-day, and 't is time you had the cloth laid."

"Lord, bless us! there's more of it!—I'll never stay another day here," repeated John.

“Hold your tongue, and stay where you are quietly, and play no tricks on Mr Pratt, as you did on Mr Jervois about the spoons.”

John Sheehan was confounded by this address from his invisible persecutor, but nevertheless he mustered courage enough to say—“Who are you?—come here, and let me see you, if you are a man;” but he received in reply only a laugh of unearthly derision, which was followed by a “Good-bye—I’ll watch you at dinner, John!”

“Lord between us and harm! this beats all!—I’ll watch you at dinner!—maybe you will!—’t is the broad day-light, so ’t is no ghost; but this is a terrible place, and this is the last day I’ll stay in it. How does he know about the spoons?—if he tells it I’m a ruined man!—there was no living soul could tell it to him but Tim Barrett, and he’s far enough off in the wilds of Botany Bay now, so how could he know it?—I can’t tell for the world! But what’s that I see there at the corner of the wall!—’t is not a man!—oh, what a fool I am! ’t is only the old stump of a tree!—But this is a shocking place—I’ll never stop in it, for I’ll leave the house to-morrow; the very look of it is enough to frighten any one.”

The mansion had certainly an air of desolation; it was situated in a lawn, which had nothing to break its uniform level save a few tufts of narcissuses and a couple of old trees coeval with the building. The house stood at a short distance from the road, it was upwards of a century old, and Time was doing his work upon it; its walls were weather-stained in all colours, its roof showed various white patches, it had no look of comfort; all was dim and dingy without, and within there was an air of gloom, of departed and departing greatness, which harmonised well with the exterior. It required all the exuberance of youth and of gaiety to remove the impression, almost amounting to awe, with which you trod the huge square hall, paced along the gallery which surrounded the hall, or explored the long rambling passages below-stairs. The ball-room, as the large drawing-room was called, and several other apartments, were in a state of decay; the walls were stained with damp, and I remember well the sensation of awe which I felt creeping over me when,

boy as I was, and full of boyish life and wild and ardent spirits, I descended to the vaults ; all without and within me became chilled beneath their dampness and gloom—their extent, too, terrified me ; nor could the merriment of my two school-fellows, whose father, a respectable clergyman, rented the dwelling for a time, dispel the feelings of a romantic imagination until I once again ascended to the upper regions.

John had pretty well recovered himself as the dinner-hour approached, and several guests arrived. They were all seated at table, and had begun to enjoy the excellent repast, when a voice was heard in the lawn.

“ Ho, ho, ho, Mr Pratt, won't you give poor Teigue some dinner ? ho, ho, a fine company you have there, and plenty of everything that's good ; sure you won't forget poor Teigue ? ”

John dropped the glass he had in his hand.

“ Who is that ? ” said Mr Pratt's brother, an officer of the artillery.

“ That is Teigue,” said Mr Pratt, laughing, “ whom you must often have heard me mention.”

“ And pray, Mr Pratt,” inquired another gentleman, “ who *is* Teigue ? ”

“ That,” he replied, “ is more than I can tell. No one has ever been able to catch even a glimpse of him. I have been on the watch for a whole evening with three of my sons, yet, although his voice sometimes sounded almost in my ear, I could not see him. I fancied, indeed, that I saw a man in a white frieze jacket pass into the door from the garden to the lawn, but it could be only fancy, for I found the door locked, while the fellow, whoever he is, was laughing at our trouble. He visits us occasionally, and sometimes a long interval passes between his visits, as in the present case ; it is now nearly two years since we heard that hollow voice outside the window. He has never done any injury that we know of, and once when he broke a plate, he brought one back exactly like it.”

“ It is very extraordinary,” said several of the company.

“ But,” remarked a gentleman to young Mr Pratt, “ your

father said he broke a plate ; how did he get it without your seeing him ?”

“ When he asks for some dinner we put it outside the window and go away ; whilst we watch he will not take it, but no sooner have we withdrawn than it is gone.”

“ How does he know that you are watching ?”

“ That’s more than I can tell, but he either knows or suspects. One day my brothers Robert and James with myself were in our back parlour, which has a window into the garden, when he came outside and said, ‘ Ho, ho, ho ! master James and Robert and Henry, give poor Teigue a glass of whiskey.’ James went out of the room, filled a glass with whiskey, vinegar, and salt, and brought it to him. ‘ Here, Teigue,’ said he, ‘ come for it now.’ ‘ Well, put it down, then, on the step outside the window.’ This was done, and we stood looking at it. ‘ There, now, go away,’ he shouted. We retired, but still watched it. ‘ Ho, ho ! you are watching Teigue ! go out of the room, now, or I won’t take it.’ We went outside the door and returned, the glass was gone, and a moment after we heard him roaring and cursing frightfully. He took away the glass, but the next day the glass was on the stone step under the window, and there were crumbs of bread in the inside, as if he had put it in his pocket ; from that time he was not heard till to-day.”

“ Oh,” said the colonel, “ I’ll get a sight of him ; you are not used to these things ; an old soldier has the best chance, and as I shall finish my dinner with this wing, I’ll be ready for him when he speaks next.—Mr Bell, will you take a glass of wine with me ?”

“ Ho, ho ! Mr Bell,” shouted Teigue. “ Ho, ho ! Mr Bell, you were a quaker long ago. Ho, ho ! Mr Bell, you’re a pretty boy ;—a pretty quaker you were ; and now you’re no quaker, nor anything else :—ho, ho ! Mr Bell. And there’s Mr Parkes : to be sure, Mr Parkes looks mighty fine to-day, with his powdered head, and his grand silk stockings, and his bran new rakish-red waistcoat.—And there’s Mr Cole,—did you ever see such a fellow ? A pretty company you’ve brought together, Mr Pratt : kiln-dried quakers, butter-buying buckeens from Mallow-lane, and a drinking

exciseman from the Coal-quay, to meet the great thundering artillery-general that is come out of the Indies, and is the biggest dust of them all."

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the colonel: "I'll make you show yourself;" and snatching up his sword from a corner of the room, he sprang out of the window upon the lawn. In a moment a shout of laughter, so hollow, so unlike any human sound, made him stop, as well as Mr Bell, who with a huge oak stick was close at the colonel's heels; others of the party followed on the lawn, and the remainder rose and went to the windows. "Come on, colonel," said Mr Bell; "let us catch this impudent rascal."

"Ho, ho! Mr Bell, here I am—here 's Teigue—why do n't you catch him?—Ho, ho! Colonel Pratt, what a pretty soldier you are to draw your sword upon poor Teigue, that never did anybody harm."

"Let us see your face, you scoundrel," said the Colonel.

"Ho, ho, ho!—look at me—look at me: do you see the wind, Colonel Pratt?—you 'll see Teigue as soon; so go in and finish your dinner."

"If you 're upon the earth I 'll find you, you villain!" said the colonel, whilst the same unearthly shout of derision seemed to come from behind an angle of the building. "He 's round that corner," said Mr Bell—"run, run."

They followed the sound, which was continued at intervals along the garden wall, but could discover no human being; at last both stopped to draw breath, and in an instant, almost at their ears, sounded the shout,—

"Ho, ho, ho! Colonel Pratt, do you see Teigue now?—do you hear him?—Ho, ho, ho! you 're a fine colonel to follow the wind."

"Not that way, Mr Bell—not that way; come here," said the colonel.

"Ho, ho, ho! what a fool you are; do you think Teigue is going to show himself to you in the field, there? But, colonel, follow me if you can:—you a soldier!—ho, ho, ho!" The colonel was enraged—he followed the voice over hedge and ditch, alternately laughed at and taunted by the unseen object of his pursuit,—(Mr Bell, who was heavy, was

soon thrown out,)—until at length, after being led a weary chase, he found himself at the top of the cliff, over that part of the river Lee which, from its great depth, and the blackness of its water, has received the name of Hell-hole. Here, on the edge of the cliff, stood the colonel out of breath, and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, while the voice, which seemed close at his feet, exclaimed—“ Now, Colonel Pratt—now, if you ’re a soldier, here ’s a leap for you ;—now look at Teigue—why do n’t you look at him ?—Ho, ho, ho ! Come along ; you ’re warm, I ’m sure, Colonel Pratt, so come in and cool yourself ; Teigue is going to have a swim ! ” The voice seemed as descending amongst the trailing ivy and brushwood which clothes this picturesque cliff nearly from top to bottom, yet it was impossible that any human being could have found footing. “ Now, colonel, have you courage to take the leap ?—Ho, ho, ho ! what a pretty soldier you are. Good-bye—I ’ll see you again in ten minutes above, at the house—look at your watch, Colonel :—there ’s a dive for you ; ” and a heavy plunge into the water was heard. The colonel stood still, but no sound followed, and he walked slowly back to the house, not quite half a mile from the Crag.

“ Well, did you see Teigue ? ” said his brother, whilst his nephews, scarcely able to smother their laughter, stood by.—“ Give me some wine,” said the colonel. “ I never was led such a dance in my life ; the fellow carried me all round and round till he brought me to the edge of the cliff, and then down he went into Hell-hole, telling me he ’d be here in ten minutes : ’t is more than that now, but he ’s not come.”

“ Ho, ho, ho ! colonel, is n’t he here ?—Teigue never told a lie in his life : but, Mr Pratt, give me a drink and my dinner, and then good-night to you all, for I ’m tired ; and that ’s the colonel’s doing.” A plate of food was ordered ; it was placed by John, with fear and trembling, on the lawn under the window. Every one kept on the watch, and the plate remained undisturbed for some time.

“ Ah ! Mr Pratt, will you starve poor Teigue ? Make every one go away from the windows, and Master Henry out of the tree, and Master Richard off the garden wall.”

The eyes of the company were turned to the tree and the garden wall; the two boys' attention was occupied in getting down; the visitors were looking at them; and "Ho, ho, ho!—good luck to you, Mr Pratt!—'t is a good dinner, and there 's the plate, ladies and gentlemen—good-bye to you, colonel!—good-bye Mr Bell!—good-bye to you all"—brought their attention back, when they saw the empty plate lying on the grass; and Teigue's voice was heard no more for that evening. Many visits were afterwards paid by Teigue; but never was he seen, nor was any discovery ever made of his person or character.

The pranks of Teigue resemble those related by Gervase of Tilbury of the spirit called Follet, which he describes as inhabiting the houses of ignorant rustics, and whose exorcisms fail in banishing him. He says of the Folletos :

"Verba utique humano more audiuntur et effigies non comparent. De istis pleraque miracula memini me *in vita abbreviata et miraculis beatissimi Antonii reperisse.*"—*Otia Imperialia*, p. 897.

"Their voices may be heard in human fashion, but their form is not visible. I remember to have read a great many marvels about them in the short life and miracles of the blessed Anthony."

The evening previous to sending this note to press, it was the writer's good fortune to meet Major Percy Pratt, son of the Colonel (afterwards General) Pratt mentioned in the tale, who related to Sir William Betham, and repeated to him, all the particulars of this strange story. Several respectable persons in the south of Ireland have favoured him with accounts of Teigue, but they are so nearly similar that it becomes unnecessary to give them. One of these accounts, however, received from Mr Newenham de la Cour, contains some few circumstances which have been omitted in the foregoing relation :

"I never heard," writes Mr de la Cour, "of a more familiar goblin than Teigue. His visit generally commenced with a civil salutation to the master of the house, which was quickly followed by an application for a glass of whiskey; but no human creature could be seen or found in the quarter from whence the voice proceeded. These visits were usually repeated once a week; sometimes, however, a month or

more elapsed between them. If any friend came to dine or to stay at the house for a few days, Teigue was sure to be heard in the evening accosting them in a very courteous manner, inquiring after the different members of their family, and often mentioning domestic occurrences with a surprising intimacy. If a stranger happened to excel in music, this could not escape the penetration of Teigue, who seemed to be familiar with every person's acquirements and habits; and he invariably requested the musician to play or sing. A young lady from Youghall was once called on by Teigue to favour him with a tune: she sat down to the pianoforte all fear and trembling. When she had concluded, Teigue applauded her performance, and said, in return, he would treat her to a song to the best of his ability. He accordingly sung, with a most tremendous voice, 'My name is Teigue, and I lives in state;' a composition well known in the south of Ireland.

"Several cleverly concerted plans have been formed for the discovery of this strange being, yet they all failed of their object. Two different and contradictory opinions prevail respecting Teigue: some people report him to be a giant, others a dwarf; the former opinion is founded on the following circumstance:—Amongst the ingenious methods devised for deciding whether the voice might be that of a mortal man or a goblin was the plan of strewing carefully some fine ashes at twilight before the windows. That night Teigue was unusually noisy without; and the next morning early, when the place was inspected, the print of one foot only, of superhuman dimensions, was found. The notion of his being a dwarf rests on no less an authority than Teigue himself. He frequently styled himself Teigueen, or little Teigue; yet this diminutive may be nothing more than a pet name. But on one occasion, when some guests expressed their surprise that master Teigue had never been caught, this curious being replied, 'T is to no use at all, gentlemen, you 're thinking of catching poor Teigueen, for he is no bigger than your thumb!' All those who have heard him speak agree in this, that the sound of his voice was not in the least like that of ordinary mortals; it resembled, they said, that hollow hoarse kind of voice emitted by a man speaking with his head (as a gallant English officer has described it) enclosed in an *empty cask*."

Connected with the belief of supernatural voices, a common superstitious notion may be worth mentioning here. It is popularly believed in Ireland, and possibly in other countries, that when a friend or

relative dies a warning voice is heard, and the greater the space between the parties the more certain the sound. The following is an attempt at translating an Irish song founded on this idea, which is sung to a singularly wild and melancholy air :

A low sound of song from the distance I hear,
 In the silence of night, breathing sad on my ear !
 Whence comes it ? I know not - unearthly the note,
 And unearthly the tones through the air as they float ;
 Yet it sounds like the lay that my mother once sung,
 As o'er her first-born in his cradle she hung.

Long parted from her, far away from her home,
 'Mong people that speak not her language I roam :
 Is it she that sends over the billowy sea
 This low-breathing murmur of sadness to me !
 What gives it the power thus to shake me with dread ?
 Does it say, that sad voice, that my mother is dead ?

NED SHEEHY'S EXCUSE.

NED SHEEHY was servant-man to Richard Gumbleton, Esq. of Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, in the north of the county of Cork ; and a better servant than Ned was not to be found in that honest county, from Cape Clear to the Kilworth Mountains ; for nobody—no, not his worst enemy, could say a word against him, only that he was rather given to drinking, idling, lying, and loitering, especially the last, for send Ned of a five minute message at nine o'clock in the morning, and you were a lucky man if you saw him before dinner. If there happened to be a public-house in the way, or even a little out of it, Ned was sure to mark it as dead as a pointer ; and knowing everybody, and everybody liking him, it is not to be wondered at he had so much to say and to hear, that the time slipped away as if the sun somehow or other had knocked two hours into one.

But when he came home he never was short of an excuse ; he had, for that matter, five hundred ready upon the tip of his tongue, so much so, that I doubt if even the very reverend Doctor Swift, for many years Dean of St Patrick's in Dublin, could match him in that particular, though his reverence had a pretty way of his own of writing things which brought him into very decent company. In fact, Ned would fret a saint, but then he was so good-humoured a fellow, and really so handy about a house, for, as he said himself, he was as good as a lady's-maid, that his master could not find it in his heart to part with him.

In your grand houses—not that I am saying that Richard Gumbleton, Esquire, of Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, did not keep a good house, but a plain country gentleman, although he is second cousin to the last high-sheriff of the county, cannot have all the army of servants that the lord-lieutenant has in the castle of Dublin—I say, in your grand houses, you can have a servant for every kind of thing, but in Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, Ned was expected to please master and mistress ; or, as Counsellor Curran said,—by the same token the counsellor was a little dark man,—one day that he dined there, on his way to the Clonmel assizes—Ned was minister for the home and foreign departments.

But to make a long story short, Ned Sheehy was a good butler, and a right good one too, and as for a groom, let him alone with a horse ; he could dress it, or ride it, or shoe it, or physic it, or do anything with it but make it speak—he was a second whisperer !—there was not his match in the barony, or the next one neither. A pack of hounds he could manage well, ay, and ride after them with the boldest man in the land. It was Ned who leaped the old bounds ditch at the turn of the boreen of the lands of Reenascreena, after the English captain pulled up on looking at it, and cried out it was “No go.” Ned rode that day Brian Boro, Mr Gumbleton's famous chesnut, and people call it Ned Sheehy's leap to this hour.

So, you see, it was hard to do without him ; however, many a scolding he got, and although his master often said, of an evening, “I'll turn off Ned,” he always forgot to do so

in the morning. These threats mended Ned not a bit ; indeed, he was mending the other way, like bad fish in hot weather.

One cold winter's day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr Gumbleton said to him,

"Ned," said he, "go take Modderaroo down to black Falvey, the horse-doctor, and bid him look at her knees, for Doctor Jenkinson, who rode her home last night, has hurt her somehow. I suppose he thought a parson's horse ought to go upon its knees ; but, indeed, it was I was the fool to give her to him at all, for he sits twenty stone if he sits a pound, and knows no more of riding, particularly after his third bottle, than I do of preaching. Now mind and be back in an hour at furthest, for I want to have the plate cleaned up properly for dinner, as Sir Augustus O'Toole, you know, is to dine here to-day.—Do n't loiter for your life."

"Is it I, sir ?" says Ned. "Well, that beats anything ; as if I'd stop out a minute !" So mounting Modderaroo, off he set.

Four, five, six o'clock came, and so did Sir Augustus and Lady O'Toole, and the four Misses O'Toole, and Mr O'Toole, and Mr Edward O'Toole, and Mr James O'Toole, which were all the young O'Tooles that were at home, but no Ned Sheehy appeared to clean the plate, or to lay the table-cloth, or even to put dinner on. It is needless to say how Mr and Mrs Dick Gumbleton fretted and fumed, but it was all to no use. They did their best, however, only it was a disgrace to see long Jem the stable-boy, and Bill the gossoon that used to go of errands, waiting, without anybody to direct them, when there was a real baronet and his lady at table, for Sir Augustus was none of your knights. But a good bottle of claret makes up for much, and it was not one only they had that night. However, it is not to be concealed that Mr Dick Gumbleton went to bed very cross, and he awoke still crosser.

He heard that Ned had not made his appearance for the whole night, so he dressed himself in a great fret, and taking his horsewhip in his hand he said,

"There is no further use in tolerating this scoundrel ;

I'll go look for him, and if I find him, I'll cut the soul out of his vagabond body! I will by—"

"Do n't swear, Dick dear," said Mrs Gumbleton (for she was always a mild woman, being daughter of fighting Tom Crofts, who shot a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, in the cool of the evening, after the Mallow races, one after the other), "do n't swear, Dick, dear," said she, "but do, my dear, oblige me by cutting the flesh off his bones, for he richly deserves it. I was quite ashamed of Lady O'Toole, yesterday, I was, 'pon honour."

Out sallied Mr Gumbleton; and he had not far to walk; for not more than two hundred yards from the house he found Ned lying fast asleep under a ditch,* and Modderaroo standing by him, poor beast, shaking every limb. The loud snoring of Ned, who was lying with his head upon a stone as easy and as comfortable as if it had been a bed of down or a hop-bag, drew him to the spot, and Mr Gumbleton at once perceived, from the disarray of Ned's face and person, that he had been engaged in some perilous adventure during the night. Ned appeared not to have descended in the most regular manner, for one of his shoes remained sticking in the stirrups, and his hat, having rolled down a little slope, was imbedded in green mud. Mr Gumbleton, however, did not give himself much trouble to make a curious survey, but with a vigorous application of his thong soon banished sleep from the eyes of Ned Sheehy.

"Ned," thundered his master in great indignation; and on this occasion it was not a word and blow, for with that one word came half a dozen. "Get up, you scoundrel," said he.

Ned roared lustily, and no wonder, for his master's hand was not one of the lightest; and he cried out, between sleeping and waking—"O, sir!—do n't be angry, sir!—do n't be angry, and I'll roast you easier—easy as a lamb!"

"Roast me easier, you vagabond!" said Mr Gumbleton; "what do you mean?—I'll roast you, my lad. Where were you all night?—Modderaroo will never get over it.—Pack out of my service, you worthless villain, this moment; and,

* Ditch, a hedge.

indeed, you may give God thanks that I do n't get you transported."

"Thank God, master, dear," said Ned, who was now perfectly awakened—"it's yourself anyhow. There never was a gentleman in the whole county ever did so good a turn to a poor man as your honour has been after doing to me: the Lord reward you for that same. Oh! but strike me again, and let me feel that it is yourself, master, dear;—may whiskey be my poison—"

"It will be your poison, you good-for-nothing scoundrel," said Mr Gumbleton.

"Well, then, *may* whiskey be my poison," said Ned, "if 't was not I was—God help me!—in the blackest of misfortunes, and they were before me, whichever way I turned 't was no matter. Your honour sent me last night, sure enough, with Modderaroo to Mister Falvey's—I do n't deny it—why should I? for reason enough I have to remember what happened."

"Ned, my man," said Mr Gumbleton, "I'll listen to none of your excuses: just take the mare into the stable and yourself off, for I vow to—"

"Bogging your honour's pardon," said Ned, earnestly, "for interrupting your honour; but, master, master! make no vows—they are bad things: I never made but one in all my life, which was to drink nothing at all for a year and a day, and 't is myself repinted of it for the clean twelvemonth after. But if your honour would only listen to reason; I'll just take in the poor baste, and if your honour do n't pardon me this one time may I never see another day's luck or grace."

"I know you, Ned," said Mr Gumbleton. "Whatever your luck has been, you never had any grace to lose: but I do n't intend discussing the matter with you. Take in the mare, sir."

Ned obeyed, and his master saw him to the stables; here he reiterated his commands to quit, and Ned Sheehy's excuse for himself began. That it was heard uninterruptedly is more than I can affirm; but as interruptions, like explanations, spoil a story, we must let Ned tell it his own way.

"No wonder your honour," said he, "should be a bit angry—grand company coming to the house and all, and no regular serving-man to wait, only long Jem ; so I don't blame your honour the least for being fretted like ; but when all's heard, you will see that no poor man is more to be pitied for last night than myself. Fin Mac Coul never went through more in his born days than I did, though he was a great *joint*,* and I only a man.

"I had not rode half a mile from the house, when it came on, as your honour must have perceived clearly, mighty dark all of a sudden, for all the world as if the sun had tumbled down plump out of the fine clear blue sky. It was not so late, being only four o'clock at the most, but it was as black as your honour's hat. Well, I did n't care much, seeing I knew the road as well as I knew the way to my mouth, whether I saw it or not, and I put the mare into a smart canter ; but just as I turned down by the corner of Terence Leahy's field—sure your honour ought to know the place well—just at the very spot the fox was killed when your honour came in first out of a whole field of a hundred and fifty gentlemen, and may be more, all of them brave riders."

(Mr Gumbleton smiled.)

"Just then, there, I heard the low cry of the good people wafting upon the wind. How early you are at your work, my little fellows, says I to myself ; and, dark as it was, having no wish for such company, I thought it best to get out of their way ; so I turned the horse a little up to the left, thinking to get down by the boreen that is that way, and so round to Falvey's, but there I heard the voice plainer and plainer close behind, and I could hear these words :

'Ned ! Ned !
By my cap so red !
You 're as good, Ned,
As a man that is dead.'

A clean pair of spurs is all that's for it now, said I ; so off I set as hard as I could lick, and in my hurry knew no more where I was going than I do the road to the hill of Tara. Away I galloped on for some time, until I came to the noise

* Giant.

of a stream, roaring away by itself in the darkness. What river is this? said I to myself—for there was nobody else to ask—I thought, says I, I knew every inch of ground, and of water too, within twenty miles, and never the river surely is there in this direction. So I stopped to look about; but I might have spared myself that trouble for I could not see as much as my hand. I did n't know what to do; but I thought in myself, it's a queer river, surely, if somebody does not live near it; and I shouted out, as loud as I could, Murder! murder!—fire!—robbery!—anything that would be natural in such a place—but not a sound did I hear except my own voice echoed back to me, like a hundred packs of hounds in full cry above and below, right and left. This did n't do at all; so I dismounted, and guided myself along the stream, directed by the noise of the water, as cautious as if I was treading upon eggs, holding poor Modderaroo by the bridle, who shook, the poor brute, all over in a tremble, like my old grandmother, rest her soul, anyhow! in the ague. Well, sir, the heart was sinking in me, and I was giving myself up, when, as good luck would have it, I saw a light. 'Maybe,' said I, 'my good fellow, you are only a jacky lanthorn, and want to bog me and Modderaroo.' But I looked at the light hard, and I thought it was too *study* (steady) for a jacky lanthorn. 'I'll try you,' says I—'so here goes;' and walking as quick as a thief, I came towards it, being very near plunging into the river once or twice, and being stuck up to my middle, as your honour may perceive cleanly the marks of, two or three times in the *slob*.^{*} At last I made the light out, and it coming from a bit of a house by the road-side; so I went to the door, and gave three kicks at it, as strong as I could.

"'Open the door for Ned Sheehy,' said a voice inside. Now, besides that I could not, for the life of me, make out how any one inside should know me before I spoke a word at all, I did not like the sound of that voice, 't was so hoarse and so hollow, just like a dead man's!—so I said nothing immediately. The same voice spoke again, and said, 'Why do n't you open the door to Ned Sheehy?' 'How pat my

* Or *slaiù*; mire on the sea strand or river's bank.—O'BRIEN.

name is to you,' said I, without speaking out, 'on tip of your tongue, like butter;' and I was between two minds about staying or going, when what should the door do but open, and out came a man holding a candle in his hand, and he had upon him a face as white as a sheet.

"'Why, then, Ned Sheehy,' says he, 'how grand you're grown, that you won't come in and see a friend as you're passing by.'

"'Pray, sir,' says I, looking at him—though that face of his was enough to dumbfounder any honest man like myself—'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I make so bold as to ask if you are not Jack Myers that was drowned seven years ago, next Martinmas, in the ford of Ah-na-fourish?'

"'Suppose I was,' says he; 'has not a man a right to be drowned in the ford facing his own cabin-door any day of the week that he likes, from Sunday morning to Saturday night?'

"'I'm not denying that same, Mr Myers, sir,' says I, 'if 't is yourself is to the fore speaking to me.'

"'Well,' says he, 'no more words about that matter now; sure you and I, Ned, were friends of old; come in, and take a glass; and here's a good fire before you, and nobody shall hurt or harm you, and I to the fore, and myself able to do it.'

"'Now, your honour, though 't was much to drink with a man that was drowned seven years before, in the ford of Ah-na-fourish, facing his own door, yet the glass was hard to be withstood—to say nothing of the fire that was blazing within—for the night was mortal cold. So tying Modderaroo to the hasp of the door—if I do n't love the creature as I love my own life—I went in with Jack Myers.

"'Civil enough he was—I'll never say otherwise to my dying hour—for he handed me a stool by the fire, and bid me sit down and make myself comfortable. But his face, as I said before, was as white as the snow on the hills, and his two eyes fell dead on me, like the eyes of a cod, without any life in them. Just as I was going to put the glass to my lips, a voice—'t was the same that I heard bidding the door be opened—spoke out of a cupboard that was convenient to the

left-hand side of the chimney, and said, 'Have you any news for me, Ned Sheehy?'

"The never a word, sir,' says I, making answer before I tasted the whiskey, all out of civility; and to speak the truth, never the least could I remember at that moment of what had happened to me, or how I got there; for I was quite bothered with the fright.

"Have you no news,' says the voice, 'Ned, to tell me, from Mountbally, Gumbletonmore; or from the Mill; or about Moll Trantum that was married last week to Bryan Oge, and you at the wedding?'

"No, sir,' says I, 'never the word.'

"What brought you in here, Ned, then?' says the voice. I could say nothing; for whatever other people might do, I never could frame an excuse; and I was loth to say it was on account of the glass and the fire, for that would be to speak the truth.

"Turn the scoundrel out,' says the voice; and at the sound of it, who would I see but Jack Myers making over to me with a lump of a stick in his hand, and it clenched on the stick so wicked. For certain, I did not stop to feel the weight of the blow; so, dropping the glass, and it full of the stuff too, I bolted out of the door, and never rested from running away, for as good I believe as twenty miles, till I found myself in a big wood.

"The Lord preserve me! what will become of me, now!' says I. 'Oh, Ned Sheehy!' says I, speaking to myself, 'my man, you're in a pretty hobble; and to leave poor Modderaroo after you!' But the words were not well out of my mouth when I heard the dismallest ullagoane in the world, enough to break any one's heart that was not broke before, with the grief entirely; and it was not long 'till I could plainly see four men coming towards me, with a great black coffin on their shoulders. 'I'd better get up in a tree,' says I, 'for they say 't is not lucky to meet a corpse: I'm in the way of misfortune to-night if ever man was.'

"I could not help wondering how a *berrin** should come there in the lone wood at that time of night, seeing it could

* Funeral.

not be far from the dead hour. But it was little good for me thinking, for they soon came under the very tree I was roosting in, and down they put the coffin, and began to make a fine fire under me. I'll be smothered alive now, thinks I, and that will be the end of me; but I was afraid to stir for the life, or to speak out to bid them just make their fire under some other tree, if it would be all the same thing to them. Presently they opened the coffin, and out they dragged as fine looking a man as you'd meet with in a day's walk.

"Where's the spit?" says one.

"Here 'tis," says another, handing it over; and for certain they spitted him, and began to turn him before the fire.

"If they are not going to eat him, thinks I, like the *Hannibals* father Quinlan told us about in his *sarmin* last Sunday.

"Who'll turn the spit while we go for the other ingredients?" says one of them that brought the coffin, and a big ugly-looking blackguard he was.

"Who'd turn the spit but Ned Sheehy?" says another.

"Burn you! thinks I, how should you know that I was here so handy to you up in the tree?"

"Come down, Ned Sheehy, and turn the spit," says he.

"I'm not here at all, sir," says I, putting my hand over my face that he might not see me.

"That won't do for you, my man," says he; "you'd better come down, or maybe I'd make you."

"I'm coming, sir," says I, for 't is always right to make a virtue of necessity. So down I came, and there they left me turning the spit in the middle of the wide wood.

"Do n't scorch me, Ned Sheehy, you vagabond," says the man on the spit.

"And my lord, sir, and ar'n't you dead, sir," says I, 'and your honour taken out of the coffin and all?'

"I ar'n't," says he.

"But surely you are, sir," says I, 'for 't is to no use now for me denying that I saw your honour, and I up in the tree.'

"I ar'n't," says he again, speaking quite short and snappish.

“So I said no more until presently he called out to me to turn him easy, or that maybe ’t would be the worse turn for myself.

“‘Will that do, sir?’ says I, turning him as easy as I could.

“‘That ’s too easy,’ says he; so I turned him faster.

“‘That ’s too fast,’ says he; so finding that turn him which way I would, I could not please him, I got into a bit of a fret at last, and desired him to turn himself, for a grumbling spalpeen as he was, if he liked it better.

“Away I ran, and away he came hopping, spit and all, after me, and he but half roasted. ‘Murder!’ says I, shouting out; ‘I’m done for at long last—now or never!’—when all of a sudden, and ’t was really wonderful, not knowing where I was rightly, I found myself at the door of the very little cabin by the roadside that I had bolted out of from Jack Myers; and there was Modderaroo standing hard by.

“‘Open the door for Ned Sheehy,’ said the voice, for ’t was shut against me, and the door flew open in an instant. In I ran, without stop or stay, thinking it better to be beat by Jack Myers, he being an old friend of mine, than to be spitted like a Michaelmas goose by a man that I knew nothing about, either of him or his family, one or the other.

“‘Have you any news for me?’ says the voice, putting just the same question to me that it did before.

“‘Yes, sir,’ says I, ‘and plenty.’ So I mentioned all that had happened to me in the big wood, and how I got up in the tree, and how I was made come down again, and put to turning the spit, roasting the gentleman, and how I could not please him, turn him fast or easy, although I tried my best, and how he ran after me at last, spit and all.

“‘If you had told me this before, you would not have been turned out in the cold,’ said the voice.

“‘And how could I tell it to you, sir,’ says I, ‘before it happened?’

“‘No matter,’ says he, ‘you may sleep now till morning on that bundle of hay in the corner there, and only I was your friend, you ’d have been *kilt* entirely.’ So down I lay, but I was dreaming, dreaming all the rest of the night, and

when you, master dear, woke me with that blessed blow, I thought 't was the man on the spit had hold of me, and could hardly believe my eyes when I found myself in your honour's presence, and poor Modderaroo safe and sound by my side; but how I came there is more than I can say, if 't was not Jack Myers, although he did make the offer to strike me, or some one among the good people befriended me."

"It is all a drunken dream, you scoundrel," said Mr Gumbleton; "have I not had filty such excuses from you?"

"But never one, your honour, that really happened before," said Ned, with unblushing front. "Howsoever, since your honour fancies 't is drinking I was, I'd rather never drink again to the world's end, than lose so good a master as yourself, and if I'm forgiven this once, and get another trial——"

"Well," said Mr Gumbleton, "you may, for this once, go into Mountbally Gumbletonmore again; let me see that you keep your promise as to not drinking, or mind the consequences; and above all, let me hear no more of the good people, for I don't believe a single word about them, whatever I may do of bad ones."

So saying, Mr Gumbleton turned on his heel, and Ned's countenance relaxed into its usual expression.

"Now I would not be after saying about the good people what the master said last," exclaimed Peggy, the maid, who was within hearing, and who, by the way, had an eye after Ned: "I would not be after saying such a thing; the good people, maybe, will make him feel the *differ* (difference) to his cost."

Nor was Peggy wrong, for, whether Ned Sheehy dreamt of the Fir Darrig or not, within a fortnight after, two of Mr Gumbleton's cows, the best milkers in the parish, ran dry, and before the week was out Modderaroo was lying dead in the stone quarry.

The name, and some of the situations, in the foregoing tale are taken from Mr Lynch's manuscript collection of Killarney legends. Several versions of this whimsical adventure are current in Ireland;

one, which was noted down many years since, from the writer's nurse, is given as a proof how faithfully the main incidents in these tales are orally circulated and preserved. The heroine is Joan Coleman of Kinsale, who, after being driven out from an enchanted house, for having no story to tell, when called upon by an invisible speaker to do so, finds herself in a dark wood. Here she discovers a very old man, with a long beard, roasting another man as old as himself on a spit before a great fire.

"When the old man, who was turning the spit, saw Joan, he welcomed her, and expressed his joy at seeing his gossip's daughter, Joan Coleman of Kinsale. Joan was much frightened; but he welcomed her so kindly, and told her to sit down to the fire in so friendly a manner, that she was somewhat assured, and complied with the invitation. He then handed her the spit to turn, and gave her the strictest charge not to allow a brown or a burned spot on the old man who was roasting until he came back; and with these directions left her.

"It happened to be rather a windy night, and Joan had not turned the spit long before a spark flew into the beard of the roasting old man, and the wind blowing that way it was speedily on fire. Joan, when she saw what had happened, was much troubled, and ran away as fast as possible. When the old fellow felt his beard on fire, he called out to Joan, in a great passion, to come back, and not to allow him to be burned up to a cinder. Joan only ran the faster; and he, without ever getting off the spit, raced after her, with his beard all in flames, to know why, after the orders she had received, he was treated in that manner. Joan rushed into a house, which happened to be the very same that she had been turned out of for want of a story to tell. When she went in, Joan Coleman was welcomed by the same voice which had directed her to be turned out. She was desired to come to the fire, and pitied much, and a bed was ordered to be made for her. After she had lain down for some time the voice asked her if she had now a story to tell? Joan answered that she had; having 'a fright in her heart,' from what had happened to her since she left, and without more words related her adventure. 'Very well,' said the voice, 'if you had told the same story when you were asked before, you would have had your comfortable lodging and your good night's rest by this time. I am sorry, Joan, that I was obliged to turn you out: that you might have something to tell me, for *Father*

Red Cap never gives a bed without being paid for it by a story.' When Joan awoke next day at the crowing of the cock, she found herself lying on a little bank of rushes and green moss, with her bundle under her head for a pillow."

The Irish *Fir darrig* is doubtless the same as the Scottish *Red Cap*; and a writer in the *Quarterly Review* (No. XLIV. p. 358), tracing national analogies, says, that this fairy is the *Robin Hood* of England, and the Saxon spirit *Hudkin* or *Hodeken*, so called from the hoodakin, or little hood, which he wore.

Ned Sheehy, in his power over horses, is said to be a second Whisperer. To the English reader this may appear obscure, but it will be well understood in the south of Ireland. The Reverend Horatio Townsend, in his valuable *Statistical Survey of Cork*, gives so remarkable an account of the Whisperer that the length of the extract will doubtless be pardoned.

"Among the curiosities of this district" (Newmarket) "may be properly included a very extraordinary power displayed by one of its natives, in controlling and subduing the refractory disposition of horses. What I am about to relate will appear almost incredible, and is certainly very hard to be accounted for; but there is not the least doubt of its truth. Many of the most respectable inhabitants have been witnesses of his performances, some of which came within my own knowledge.

"He was an awkward, ignorant rustic of the lowest class, of the name of Sullivan, but better known by the appellation of the Whisperer—his occupation, horse-breaking. The nickname he acquired from a vulgar notion of his being able to communicate to the animal what he wished by means of a whisper, and the singularity of his method seemed in some degree to justify the attribute. In his own neighbourhood the notoriety of the fact made it appear less remarkable, but I doubt if any instance of similar subjugating talent is to be found on record. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *veni, vidi, vici*, was more justly claimed by Sullivan than by Cæsar himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately" (about 1810) "left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same trade, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned the true secret, or being incapable of putting it in practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the celerity of the operation, which

was performed in privacy, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted without show of resistance to the magical influence of his art, and in the short space of half an hour became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious beast, for which he was paid more or less, according to distance, generally two or three guineas, he directed the stable in which he and the object of the experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a tête-à-tête of about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made, and upon opening the door the horse appeared lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to any discipline, however repugnant to his nature before.

"I once," continues Mr Townsend, "saw his skill tried on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop horse, and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal appeared terrified whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him; how that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstance of the tête-à-tête shows that, upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would, in other hands, have made a fortune, and I understand that great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad. But hunting was his passion. He lived at home in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Duhallow and the fox-hounds."

THE LUCKY GUEST.

THE kitchen of some country houses in Ireland presents in no ways a bad modern translation of the ancient feudal hall. Traces of clanship still linger round its hearth in the numerous dependants on "the master's" bounty. Nurses, foster-brothers, and other hangers-on, are there as matter of right, while the strolling piper, full of mirth and music, the benighted traveller, even the passing beggar, are received with a hearty welcome, and each contributes planxty, song, or superstitious tale, towards the evening's amusement.

An assembly, such as has been described, had collected round the kitchen fire of Ballyrahen-house, at the foot of the Galtee mountains, when, as is ever the case, one tale of wonder called forth another; and with the advance of the evening each succeeding story was received with deeper and deeper attention. The history of Cough na Looba's dance with the black friar at Rahill, and the fearful tradition of *Coum an 'ir morriv* (the dead man's hollow), were listened to in breathless silence. A pause followed the last relation, and all eyes rested on the narrator, an old nurse who occupied the post of honour, that next the fireside. She was seated in that peculiar position which the Irish name "*Currigguib*," a position generally assumed by a veteran and determined story-teller. Her haunches resting upon the ground, and her feet bundled under the body; her arms folded across and supported by her knees, and the outstretched chin of her hooded head pressing on the upper arm; which compact arrangement nearly reduced the whole figure into a perfect triangle.

Unmoved by the general gaze, Bridget Doyle made no change of attitude, while she gravely asserted the truth of the marvellous tale concerning the Dead Man's Hollow; her strongly marked countenance at the time receiving what painters term a fine *chiaro-scuro* effect from the fire-light.

“I have told you,” she said, “what happened to my own people, the Butlers and the Doyles, in the old times; but here is little Ellen Connell from the county Cork, who can speak to what happened under her own father and mother’s roof—the Lord be good to them!”

Ellen was a young and blooming girl of about sixteen, who was employed in the dairy at Ballyrahen. She was the picture of health and rustic beauty; and at this hint from nurse Doyle a deep blush mantled over her countenance; yet although “unaccustomed to public speaking,” she, without further hesitation or excuse, proceeded as follows:

“It was one May eve, about thirteen years ago, and that is, as everybody knows, the airiest day in all the twelve months. It is the day above all others,” said Ellen, with her large dark eyes cast down on the ground, and drawing a deep sigh, “when the young boys and the young girls go looking after the *Drutheen*, to learn from it rightly the name of their sweethearts.

“My father, and my mother, and my two brothers, with two or three of the neighbours, were sitting round the turf fire, and were talking of one thing or another. My mother was hushoing my little sister, striving to quieten her, for she was cutting her teeth at the time, and was mighty uneasy through the means of them. The day, which was threatening all along, now that it was coming on to dusk, began to rain, and the rain increased and fell faster and faster, as if it was pouring through a sieve out of the wide heavens; and when the rain stopped for a bit there was a wind which kept up such a whistling and racket, that you would have thought the sky and the earth were coming together. It blew and it blew as if it had a mind to blow the roof off the cabin, and that would not have been very hard for it to do, as the thatch was quite loose in two or three places. Then the rain began again, and you could hear it spitting and hissing in the fire, as it came down through the big *chimbley*.

“‘God bless us,’ says my mother, ‘but ’tis a dreadful night to be at sea,’ says she, ‘and God be praised that we have a roof, bad as it is, to shelter us.’”

"I don't, to be sure, recollect all this, mistress Doyle, but only as my brothers told it to me, and other people, and often have I heard it; for I was so little then, that they say I could just go under the table without tipping my head. Anyway, it was in the very height of the pelting and whistling that we heard something speak outside the door. My father and all of us listened, but there was no more noise at that time. We waited a little longer, and then we plainly heard a sound like an old man's voice, asking to be let in, but mighty feebly and weak. Tim bounced up, without a word, to ask us whether we'd like to let the old man, or whoever he was, in—having always a heart as soft as a mealy potato before the voice of sorrow. When Tim pulled back the bolt that did the door, in marched a little bit of a shrivelled, weather-beaten creature, about two feet and a half high.

"We were all watching to see who'd come in, for there was a wall between us and the door; but when the sound of the undoing of the bolt stopped, we heard Tim give a sort of a screech, and instantly he bolted in to us. He had hardly time to say a word, or we either, when the little gentleman shuffled in after him, without a God save all here, or by your leave, or any other sort of thing that any decent body might say. We all, of one accord, scrambled over to the farthest end of the room, where we were, old and young, every one trying who'd get nearest the wall, and farthest from him. All the eyes of our body were stuck upon him, but he didn't mind us no more than that frying-pan there does now. He walked over to the fire, and squatting himself down like a frog, took the pipe that my father dropped from his mouth in the hurry, put it into his own, and then began to smoke so hearty that he soon filled the room of it.

"We had plenty of time to observe him, and my brothers say that he wore a sugar-loaf hat that was as red as blood: he had a face as yellow as a kite's claw, and as long as to-day and to-morrow put together, with a mouth all screwed and puckered up like a washer-woman's hand, little blue eyes, and rather a highish nose; his hair was quite grey and lengthy, appearing under his hat, and flowing over the cape

of a long scarlet coat which almost trailed the ground behind him, and the ends of which he took up and planked on his knees to dry, as he sat facing the fire. He had smart corduroy breeches, and woollen stockings drawn up over the knees, so as to hide the knee-buckles, if he had the pride to have them; but, at any rate, if he had n't them in his knees he had them in his shoes, out before his spindle legs. When we came to ourselves a little we thought to escape from the room, but no one would go first, nor no one would stay last; so we huddled ourselves together and made a dart out of the room. My little gentleman never minded anything of the scrambling, nor hardly stirred himself, sitting quite at his ease before the fire. The neighbours, the very instant minute they got to the door, although it still continued pelting rain, cut gutter as if Oliver Cromwell himself was at their heels; and no blame to them for that, anyhow. It was my father, and my mother, and my brothers, and myself, a little hop-of-my-thumb midge as I was then, that were left to see what would come out of this strange visit; so we all went quietly to the *labbig*,* scarcely daring to throw an eye at him as we passed the door. Never the wink of sleep could they sleep that live-long night, though, to be sure, I slept like a top, not knowing better, while they were talking and thinking of the little man.

“When they got up in the morning everything was as quiet and as tidy about the place as if nothing had happened, for all that the chairs and stools were tumbled here, there, and everywhere, when we saw the lad enter. Now, indeed, I forget whether he came next night or not, but, anyway, that was the first time we ever laid eye upon him. This I know for certain, that, about a month after that, he came regularly every night, and used to give us a signal to be on the move, for 't was plain he did not like to be observed. This sign was always made about eleven o'clock; and then, if we'd look towards the door, there was a little hairy arm thrust in through the key-hole, which would not have been big enough, only there was a fresh hole made near the first

* *Labbig*—bed, from *Leaba*.—Vide O'BRIEN and O'REILLY.

one, and the bit of stick between them had been broken away, and so 't was just fitting for the little arm.

"The Fir darrig continued his visits, never missing a night as long as we attended to the signal; smoking always out of the pipe he made his own of, and warming himself till day dawned before the fire, and then going no one living knows where: but there was not the least mark of him to be found in the morning; and 't is as true, nurse Doyle, and honest people, as you are all here sitting before me and by the side of me, that the family continued thriving and my father and brothers rising in the world while ever he came to us. When we observed this we used always look for the very moment to see when the arm would come, and then we'd instantly fly off with ourselves to our rest. But before we found the luck we used sometimes sit still and not mind the arm, especially when a neighbour would be with my father, or that two or three or four of them would have a drop among them, and then they did not care for all the arms, hairy or not, that ever were seen. No one, however, dared to speak to it or of it insolently, except, indeed, one night that Davy Kennane—but he was drunk—walked over and hit it a rap on the back of the wrist: the hand was snatched off like lightning; but every one knows that Davy did not live a month after this happened, though he was only about ten days sick. The like of such tricks are ticklish things to do.

"As sure as the red man would put in his arm for a sign through the hole in the door, and that we did not go and open it to him, so sure some mishap befell the cattle; the cows were elf-stoned, or overlooked, or something or another went wrong with them. One night my brother Dan refused to go at the signal, and the next day, as he was cutting turf in Crogh-na-drimina bog, within a mile and a half of the house, a stone was thrown at him, which broke fairly, with the force, into two halves. Now, if that had happened to hit him, he'd be at this hour as dead as my great-great-grandfather. It came whack-slap against the spade he had in his hand, and split at once in two pieces. He took them up and fitted them

together, and they made a perfect heart. Some way or the other he lost it since, but he still has the one which was shot at the spotted milch cow, before the little man came near us. Many and many a time I saw that same; 't is just the shape of the ace of hearts on the cards, only it is of a dark-red colour, and polished up like the grate that is in the grand parlour within. When this did not kill the cow on the spot, she swelled up; but if you took and put the elf-stone under her udder, and milked her upon it to the last stroking, and then made her drink the milk, it would cure her, and she would thrive with you ever after.

“ But, as I said, we were getting on well enough as long as we minded the door and watched for the hairy arm, which we did sharp enough when we found it was bringing luck to us, and we were now as glad to see the little red gentleman, and as ready to open the door to him, as we used to dread his coming at first and be frightened of him. But at long last we throve so well that the landlord—God forgive him—took notice of us, and envied us, and asked my father how he came by the penny he had, and wanted him to take more ground at a rack-rent that was more than any Christian ought to pay to another, seeing there was no making it. When my father—and small blame to him for that—refused to lease the ground, he turned us off the bit of land we had, and out of the house and all, and left us in a wide and wicked world, where my father, for he was a soft innocent man, was not up to the roguery and the trickery that was practised upon him. He was taken this way by one and that way by another, and he treating them that were working his downfall. And he used to take bit and sup with them, and they with him, free enough as long as the money lasted; but when that was gone, and he had not as much ground that he could call his own as would sod a lark, they soon shabbed him off. The landlord died not long after; and he now knows whether he acted right or wrong in taking the house from over our heads.

“ It is a bad thing for the heart to be cast down, so we took another cabin, and looked out with great desire for the Fir darrig to come to us. But ten o'clock came, and no arm,

although we cut a hole in the door just the *moral* (model) of the other. Eleven o'clock!—twelve o'clock!—no, not a sign of him: and every night we watched, but all would not do. We then travelled to the other house, and we rooted up the hearth, for the landlord asked so great a rent for it from the poor people that no one could take it; and we carried away the very door off the hinges, and we brought everything with us that we thought the little man was in any respect partial to, but he did not come, and we never saw him again.

“My father and my mother and my young sister are since dead, and my two brothers, who could tell all about this better than myself, are both of them gone out with Ingram in his last voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, leaving me behind without kith or kin.”

Here young Ellen's voice became choked with sorrow, and bursting into tears, she hid her face in her apron.

This tale is preserved verbatim as taken down by Mr M'Clisc.

The *Fir darrig* here has many traits of resemblance with the Scotch Brownie, the German Kobold, and the Hob-goblin of England (Milton's "Lubber fiend"). They all love cleanliness and regularity, are harbingers of good-luck, and in general, for some exceptions occur, are, like cats, attached to the house rather than to the family.

Crogh-na-drimina bog lies at the foot of Cairn Thierna, near Ferrary, a hill which is the scene of a subsequent story.

Cough-na-Looba's dance with the black friar at Rahill, as well as the legend of the Dead Man's Hollow, are traditions well known in the county of Tipperary. The present worthy possessor of Rahill (Mr Fennell, a Quaker gentleman) can bear witness to the popular belief in *Cough-na-Looba's* existence, and her supposed abode in his orchard, where she is constantly heard singing

“*Na feck a veetoo*
Na clush u glushetoc
Na nish gevaeketoo
Cough a na Looba.”

The fair dame's song is given as it is pronounced, and has been translated to the writer by a singular character, named Cleary, whose *soubriquet* was "The Wild Fox," as follows:

Do n't see what you see,
 Do n't hear what you hear,
 Do n't tell what you saw
 Of Catherine Looby.

"The Drutheen," which is supposed to possess the power of revealing the name of a sweetheart, is a small white slug or naked snail, and it is the common practice of boys and maids on May morning to place one on a piece of slate lightly sprinkled with flour or fine dust, covering it over with a large leaf, when it never fails to describe the initial of "the one loved name."

The same custom prevailed in England in the time of Gay, and is described by him in "The Shepherd's Week."

"Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
 That might my secret lover's name reveal;
 Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
 For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
 I seized the vermin, home I quickly sped,
 And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
 Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
 In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:
 Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove,
 For L is found in Lubberkin and Love."

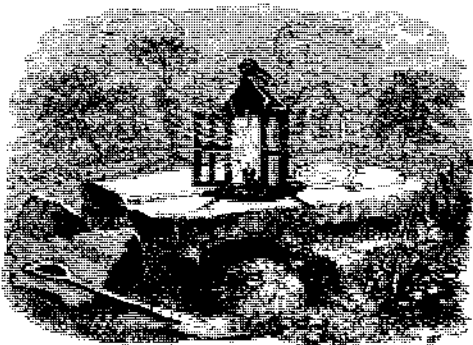
The word is correctly written *drùchdan*, which signifies morning dew, as, according to vulgar opinion, these snails fall with, and are born of the dew, and are never seen but when the dew is on the ground. A kind correspondent (Mr Richard Dowden Richard) suggests, as a probable derivation, *Druadh*, a magician, and hence *Druadhéen*, the little magician.

The flint arrow-heads of the primitive inhabitants, and the axes termed by antiquaries stone celts, are frequently found in turning up the ground in Ireland, as well as Scotland and other countries. By the peasantry they are termed elf-stones, and believed to have been maliciously shot at cattle by "the wandering people."

Thus Collins, in his beautiful ode on the superstitions of the Highlands:

"There every herd by sad experience knows
 How wing'd with fate their elf-shot arrows fly;
 When the sick ewe her summer-food foregoes,
 Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie."

TREASURE LEGENDS.



"Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back
When gold and silver becks me to come on."

KING JOHN.

"This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so."

WINTER'S TALE.

 DREAMING TIM JARVIS.

TIMOTHY Jarvis was a decent, honest, quiet, hard-working man, as everybody knows that knows Balledehob.

Now Balledehob is a small place, about forty miles west of Cork. It is situated on the summit of a hill, and yet it is in a deep valley; for on all sides there are lofty mountains that rise one above another in barren grandeur, and seem to look down with scorn upon the little busy village, which they surround with their idle and unproductive magnificence.

Man and beast have alike deserted them to the dominion of the eagle, who soars majestically over them. On the highest of those mountains there is a small' and, as is commonly believed, unfathomable lake, the only inhabitant of which is a huge serpent, who has been sometimes seen to stretch its enormous head above the waters, and frequently is heard to utter a noise which shakes the very rocks to their foundation.

But, as I was saying, everybody knew Tim Jarvis to be a decent, honest, quiet, hard-working man, who was thriving enough to be able to give his daughter Nelly a fortune of ten pounds; and Tim himself would have been snug enough besides, but that he loved the drop sometimes. However, he was seldom backward on rent day. His ground was never distrained but twice, and both times through a small bit of a mistake; and his landlord had never but once to say to him—"Tim Jarvis, you're all behind, Tim, like the cow's tail." Now it so happened that, being heavy in himself, through the drink, Tim took to sleeping, and the sleep set Tim dreaming, and he dreamed all night, and night after night, about crocks full of gold and other precious stones; so much so, that Norah Jarvis his wife could get no good of him by day, and have little comfort with him by night. The grey dawn of the morning would see Tim digging away in a bog-hole, maybe, or rooting under some old stone walls like a pig. At last he dreamt that he found a mighty great crock of gold and silver—and where, do you think? Every step of the way upon London-bridge, itself! Twice Tim dreamt it, and three times Tim dreamt the same thing; and at last he made up his mind to transport himself, and go over to London, in Pat Mahoney's coaster—and so he did!

Well, he got there, and found the bridge without much difficulty. Every day he walked up and down looking for the crock of gold, but never the find did he find it. One day, however, as he was looking over the bridge into the water, a man, or something like a man, with great black whiskers, like a Hessian, and a black cloak that reached down to the ground, taps him on the shoulder, and says he—"Tim Jarvis, do you see me?"

"Surely I do, sir," said Tim; wondering that anybody should know him in the strange place.

"Tim," says he, "what is it brings you here in foreign parts, so far away from your own cabin by the mine of grey copper at Balledehob?"

"Please your honour," says Tim, "I'm come to seek my fortune."

"You're a fool for your pains, Tim, if that's all," remarked the stranger in the black cloak; "this is a big place to seek one's fortune in to be sure, but it's not so easy to find it."

Now Tim, after debating a long time with himself, and considering, in the first place, that it might be the stranger who was to find the crock of gold for him; and in the next, that the stranger might direct him where to find it, came to the resolution of telling him all.

"There's many a one like me comes here seeking their fortunes," said Tim.

"True," said the stranger.

"But," continued Tim, looking up, "the body and bones of the cause for myself leaving the woman, and Nelly, and the boys, and travelling so far, is to look for a crock of gold that I'm told is lying somewhere hereabouts."

"And who told you that, Tim?"

"Why, then, sir, that's what I can't tell myself rightly—only I dreamt it."

"Ho, ho! is that all, Tim?" said the stranger, laughing; "I had a dream myself; and I dreamed that I found a crock of gold in the Fort field, on Jerry Driscoll's ground at Balledehob; and by the same token, the pit where it lay was close to a large furze bush, all full of yellow blossom."

Tim knew Jerry Driscoll's ground well; and, moreover, he knew the Fort field as well as he knew his own potato garden; he was certain, too, of the very furze bush at the north end of it—so, swearing a bitter big oath, says he—

"By all the crosses in a yard of check I always thought there was money in that same field!"

The moment he rapped out the oath the stranger disappeared, and Tim Jarvis, wondering at all that had happened to him, made the best of his way back to Ireland. Norah,

as may well be supposed, had no very warm welcome for her runaway husband—the dreaming blackguard, as she called him—and so soon as she set eyes upon him, all the blood of her body in one minute was into her knuckles to be at him ; but Tim, after his long journey, looked so cheerful and so happy like, that she could not find it in her heart to give him the first blow ! He managed to pacify his wife by two or three broad hints about a new cloak and a pair of shoes, that, to speak honestly, were much wanting to her to go to chapel in ; and decent clothes for Nelly to go to the patron with her sweetheart, and brogues for the boys, and some corduroy for himself. “It was n’t for nothing,” says Tim, “I went to foreign parts all the ways ; and you ’ll see what ’ll come out of it—mind my words.”

A few days afterwards Tim sold his cabin and his garden, and bought the Fort field of Jerry Driscoll, that had nothing in it, but was full of thistles, and old stones, and blackberry bushes ; and all the neighbours—as well they might—thought he was cracked !

The first night that Tim could summon courage to begin his work he walked off to the field with his spade upon his shoulder ; and away he dug all night by the side of the furze bush till he came to a big stone. He struck his spade against it, and he heard a hollow sound ; but as the morning had begun to dawn, and the neighbours would be going out to their work, Tim, not wishing to have the thing talked about, went home to the little hovel, where Norah and the children were huddled together under a heap of straw ; for he had sold everything he had in the world to purchase Driscoll’s field, that was said to be “the back-bone of the world, picked by the devil.”

It is impossible to describe the epithets and reproaches bestowed by the poor woman on her unlucky husband for bringing her into such a way. Epithets and reproaches which Tim had but one mode of answering, as thus :—“Norah, did you see e’er a cow you ’d like ?”—or, “Norah, dear, has n’t Poll Deasy a feather-bed to sell ?”—or, “Norah, honey, would n’t you like your silver buckles as big as Mrs Doyle’s ?”

As soon as night came Tim stood beside the furze bush spade in hand. The moment he jumped down into the pit he heard a strange rumbling noise under him, and so, putting his ear against the great stone, he listened, and overheard a discourse that made the hair on his head stand up like bulrushes, and every limb tremble.

"How shall we bother Tim?" said one voice.

"Take him to the mountain, to be sure, and make him a toothful for the old serpent; 'tis long since he has had a good meal," said another voice.

Tim shook like a potato-blossom in a storm.

"No," said a third voice; "plunge him in the bog, neck and heels."

Tim was a dead man, barring the breath.*

"Stop!" said a fourth; but Tim heard no more, for Tim was dead entirely. In about an hour, however, the life came back into him, and he crept home to Norah.

When the next night arrived the hopes of the crock of gold got the better of his fears, and taking care to arm himself with a bottle of potheen, away he went to the field. Jumping into the pit, he took a little sup from the bottle to keep his heart up—he then took a big one—and then, with a desperate wrench, he wrenched up the stone. All at once, up rushed a blast of wind, wild and fierce, and down fell Tim—down, down, and down he went—until he thumped upon what seemed to be, for all the world, like a floor of sharp pins, which made him bellow out in earnest. Then he heard a whisk and a hurra, and instantly voices beyond number cried out—

"Welcome, Tim Jarvis, dear!

Welcome, down here!"

Though Tim's teeth chattered like magpies with the fright, he continued to make answer—"I'm he-he-har-ti-ly ob-ob-liged to-to you all, gen-gen-flemen, fo-for your civility to-to a poor stranger like myself." But though he had

* "I non morì, e non rimasi vivo:

Pensa oramai per te, s' hai fior d' ingegno

Qual io divenni d' uno e d' altro privo."

DANTE, INFERNO, Canto 34.

heard all the voices about him, he could see nothing, the place was so dark and so lonesome in itself for want of the light. Then something pulled Tim by the hair of his head, and dragged him, he did not know how far, but he knew he was going faster than the wind, for he heard it behind him, trying to keep up with him, and it could not. On, on, on he went, till all at once, and suddenly, he was stopped, and somebody came up to him, and said, "Well, Tim Jarvis, and how do you like your ride?"

"Mighty well! I thank your honour," said Tim; "and 't was a good beast I rode, surely!"

There was a great laugh at Tim's answer; and then there was a whispering, and a great cugger mugger, and coshering; and at last a pretty little bit of a voice said, "Shut your eyes, and you 'll see, Tim."

"By my word, then," said Tim, "that is the queer way of seeing; but I'm not the man to gainsay you, so I 'll do as you bid me, any how." Presently he felt a small warm hand rubbed over his eyes with an ointment, and in the next minute he saw himself in the middle of thousands of little men and women, not half so high as his brogue, that were pelting one another with golden guineas and lily-white thirteens,* as if they were so much dirt. The finest dressed and the biggest of them all went up to Tim, and says he, "Tim Jarvis, because you are a decent, honest, quiet, civil, well-spoken man," says he, "and know how to behave yourself in strange company, we've altered our minds about you, and will find a neighbour of yours that will do just as well to give to the old serpent."

"Oh, then, long life to you, sir!" said Tim, "and there 's no doubt of that."

"But what will you say, 'Tim," inquired the little fellow, "if we fill your pockets with these yellow boys? What will you say, Tim, and what will you do with them?"

"Your honour's honour, and your honour's glory," answered Tim, "I 'll not be able to say my prayers for one month with thanking you—and indeed I've enough to do with them. I'd make a grand lady, you see, at once of Norah—

* An English shilling was thirteen pence Irish currency.

she has been a good wife to me. We 'll have a nice bit of pork for dinner; and, maybe, I 'd have a glass, or maybe two glasses; or sometimes, if 't was with a friend, or acquaintance, or gossip, you know, three glasses every day; and I 'd build a new cabin; and I 'd have a fresh egg every morning, myself, for my breakfast; and I 'd snap my fingers at the squire, and beat his hounds, if they 'd come coursing through my fields; and I 'd have a new plough; and Norah, your honour, should have a new cloak, and the boys should have shoes and stockings as well as Bidley Leary's brats—that's my sister what was—and Nelly should marry Bill Long of Affadown; and, your honour, I 'd have some corduroy for myself to make breeches, and a cow, and a beautiful coat with shining buttons, and a horse to ride, or maybe two. I 'd have everything," said Tim, "in life, good or bad, that is to be got for love or money—hurra-whoop!—and that's what I 'd do."

"Take care, Tim," said the little fellow, "your money would not go faster than it came, with your hurra-whoop."

But Tim heeded not this speech: heaps of gold were around him, and he filled and filled away as hard as he could, his coat and his waistcoat and his breeches pockets; and he thought himself very clever, moreover, because he stuffed some of the guineas into his brogues. When the little people perceived this, they cried out—"Go home, Tim Jarvis, go home, and think yourself a lucky man."

"I hope, gentlemen," said he, "we won't part for good and all; but maybe ye'll ask me to see you again, and to give you a fair and square account of what I've done with your money."

To this there was no answer, only another shout—"Go home, Tim Jarvis—go home—fair play is a jewel; but shut your eyes, or ye'll never see the light of day again."

Tim shut his eyes, knowing now that was the way to see clearly; and away he was whisked as before—away, away he went, till he again stopped all of a sudden.

He rubbed his eyes with his two thumbs—and where was he?—Where, but in the very pit in the field that was

Jerry Driscoll's, and his wife Norah above with a big stick ready to beat "her dreaming blackguard." Tim roared out to the woman to leave the life in him, and put his hands in his pockets to show her the gold ; but he pulled out nothing only a handful of small stones mixed with yellow furze blossoms. The bush was under him, and the great flag-stone that he had wrenched up, as he thought, was lying, as if it was never stirred, by his side : the whiskey bottle was drained to the last drop ; and the pit was just as his spade had made it.

Tim Jarvis, vexed, disappointed, and almost heart-broken, followed his wife home : and, strange to say, from that night he left off drinking, and dreaming, and delving in bog-holes, and rooting in old caves. He took again to his hard-working habits, and was soon able to buy back his little cabin and former potato-garden, and to get all the enjoyment he anticipated from the fairy gold.

Give Tim one or, at most, two glasses of whiskey punch (and neither friend, acquaintance, or gossip can make him take more), and he will relate the story to you much better than you have it here. Indeed, it is worth going to Balledehob to hear him tell it. He always pledges himself to the truth of every word with his fore-fingers crossed ; and when he comes to speak of the loss of his guineas, he never fails to console himself by adding—"If they staid with me I would n't have luck with them, sir ; and father O'Shea told me 't was as well for me they were changed, for if they had n't, they 'd have burned holes in my pocket, and got out that way."

I shall never forget his solemn countenance, and the deep tones of his warning voice, when he concluded his tale, by telling me that the next day after his ride with the fairies Mick Dowling was missing, and he believed him to be given to the serpent in his place, as he had never been heard of since. "The blessing of the saints be between all good men and harm," was the concluding sentence of Tim Jarvis's narrative, as he flung the remaining drops from his glass upon the green sward.

In Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen* (vol. i. p. 290) this tale, which is also current, with little variation, in the East, is thus related:—"A man once dreamed that if he went to Regensburg and walked on the bridge he should become rich. He went accordingly; and when he had spent near a fortnight walking backwards and forwards on the bridge, a rich merchant came up to him, wondering what he was doing there every day, and asked him what he was looking for; he answered that he had dreamed if he would go to the bridge of Regensburg he should become rich. 'Ah!' said the merchant, 'what do you say about dreams?—Dreams are but froth (*Träume sind Schäume*). I too have dreamed that there is buried under yonder large tree (pointing to it) a great kettle full of money; but I give no heed to this, for dreams are froth' (*Träume sind Schäume*).

"The man went immediately and dug under the tree, and there he got a great treasure, which made a rich man of him; and so his dream was accomplished.

"This story," says Agricola, "I have often heard from my father. The same story is told of several other places. At Lubeck it was a baker's boy who dreamed he should find a treasure on the bridge. On the bridge he met a beggar, who said he had dreamed there was one under a lime-tree in the church-yard of Möllen, but that he would not take the trouble of going there. The baker's boy went and got the treasure."

Precisely the same legend is recorded in the *Danske Folkesagn* (vol. ii. p. 24), of a man at a place called Als, who dreamed he should find a treasure in the streets of Flensborg, and was directed back to Tanslet near Als. But perhaps there is no country in which this story is not current.

Should any reader be fortunate enough to dream of buried money, it may be of some advantage to know the proper "art and order" to be used in digging for it.

"There must be made upon a hazel wand three crosses, and certain words, both blasphemous and impious, must be said over it; and hereunto must be added certain characters and barbarous names. And whilst the treasure is a-digging, there must be read the psalms *De profundis*, *Miserere nostri*, *Requiem*, *Pater noster*, *Ave Maria*, *Et ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo*, *Amen*, *A porta inferni credo videre bona*, &c., and then a certain prayer. And if the

time of digging he neglected the devil will carry all the treasure away." *Reg. Scot. Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 102.

All money-diggers, however, ought to take warning by the fate of one recorded in Dodsley's Annual Register for 1774.

"Daniel Healey of Donoghmore, in Ireland, having three different times dreamed that money lay concealed under a large stone in a field near where he lived, procured some workmen to assist him in removing it; and when they had dug as far as the foundation, it suddenly fell and killed Healey on the spot."

RENT-DAY.

"Oh ullagone, ullagone! this is a wide world, but what will we do in it, or where will we go?" muttered Bill Doody, as he sat on a rock by the Lake of Killarney. "What will we do? to-morrow's rent-day, and Tim the Driver swears if we do n't pay up our rent, he'll cant every *ha'perth* we have; and then, sure enough, there's Judy and myself, and the poor little *grawls*,^c will be turned out to starve on the high road, for the never a halfpenny of rent have I!—Oh hone, that ever I should live to see this day!"

Thus did Bill Doody bemoan his hard fate, pouring his sorrows to the reckless waves of the most beautiful of lakes, which seemed to mock his misery as they rejoiced beneath the cloudless sky of a May morning. That lake, glittering in sunshine, sprinkled with fairy isles of rock and verdure, and bounded by giant hills of ever-varying hues, might, with its magic beauty, charm all sadness but despair; for alas,

"How ill the scene that offers rest
And heart that cannot rest agree!"

Yet Bill Doody was not so desolate as he supposed; there was one listening to him he little thought of, and help was at hand from a quarter he could not have expected.

* Children.

"What's the matter with you, my poor man?" said a tall portly-looking gentleman, at the same time stepping out of a furze-brake. Now Bill was seated on a rock that commanded the view of a large field. Nothing in the field could be concealed from him, except this furze-brake, which grew in a hollow near the margin of the lake. He was, therefore, not a little surprised at the gentleman's sudden appearance, and began to question whether the personage before him belonged to this world or not. He, however, soon mustered courage sufficient to tell him how his crops had failed, how some bad member had charmed away his butter, and how Tim the Driver threatened to turn him out of the farm if he didn't pay up every penny of the rent by twelve o'clock next day.

"A sad story, indeed," said the stranger; "but surely, if you represented the case to your landlord's agent, he won't have the heart to turn you out."

"Heart, your honour! where would an agent get a heart!" exclaimed Bill. "I see your honour does not know him; besides, he has an eye on the farm this long time for a fosterer of his own; so I expect no mercy at all at all, only to be turned out."

"Take this, my poor fellow, take this," said the stranger, pouring a purse full of gold into Bill's old hat, which in his grief he had flung on the ground. "Pay the fellow your rent, but I'll take care it shall do him no good. I remember the time when things went otherwise in this country, when I would have hung up such a fellow in the twinkling of an eye!"

These words were lost upon Bill, who was insensible to everything but the sight of the gold, and before he could unfix his gaze, and lift up his head to pour out his hundred thousand blessings, the stranger was gone. The bewildered peasant looked around in search of his benefactor, and at last he thought he saw him riding on a white horse a long way off on the lake.

"O'Donoghue, O'Donoghue!" shouted Bill; "the good, the blessed O'Donoghue!" and he ran capering like a madman to show Judy the gold, and to rejoice her heart with the prospect of wealth and happiness.

The next day Bill proceeded to the agent's; not sneakingly, with his hat in his hand, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his knees bending under him; but bold and upright, like a man conscious of his independence.

"Why don't you take off your hat, fellow? don't you know you are speaking to a magistrate?" said the agent.

"I know I'm not speaking to the king, sir," said Bill; "and I never takes off my hat but to them I can respect and love. The Eye that sees all knows I've no right either to respect or love an agent!"

"You scoundrel!" retorted the man in office, biting his lips with rage at such an unusual and unexpected opposition, "I'll teach you how to be insolent again—I have the power, remember."

"To the cost of the country, I know you have," said Bill, who still remained with his head as firmly covered as if he was the lord Kingsale himself.

"But, come," said the magistrate; "have you got the money for me?—this is rent-day. If there's one penny of it wanting, or the running gale that's due, prepare to turn out before night, for you shall not remain another hour in possession.

"There is your rent," said Bill, with an unmoved expression of tone and countenance; "you'd better count it, and give me a receipt in full for the running gale and all."

The agent gave a look of amazement at the gold; for it was gold—real guineas! and not bits of dirty ragged small notes, that are only fit to light one's pipe with. However willing the agent may have been to ruin, as he thought, the unfortunate tenant, he took up the gold, and handed the receipt to Bill, who strutted off with it as proud as a cat of her whiskers.

The agent going to his desk shortly after, was confounded at beholding a heap of gingerbread cakes instead of the money he had deposited there. He raved and swore, but all to no purpose; the gold had become gingerbread cakes, just marked like the guineas, with the king's head, and Bill had the receipt in his pocket; so he saw there was no use in

saying anything about the affair, as he would only get laughed at for his pains.

From that hour Bill Doody grew rich; all his undertakings prospered; and he often blesses the day that he met with O'Donoghue, the great prince that lives down under the lake of Killarney.

Another legend respecting the appearance of O'Donoghue is given in an earlier part of the present volume, where, to use the words of Miss Luby (the fair minstrel of Killarney,)

“Aërial spirits in a heavenly throng
Skim the blue waves, and follow him along.”

Spirit of the Lakes, c. ii.

When at Killarney in the spring of 1825, the writer received the following accounts of the appearance of O'Donoghue from actual spectators. The first from a man who was employed in the mines at Ross about twelve or thirteen years before, when Colonel Hall had carried an excavation under the lake, which invasion of his dominions was popularly considered to be extremely offensive to O'Donoghue.

“I saw him, sir,” he continued, “early in the morning, when the water broke into the mines, sweeping all before it like a raging sea, and made the workmen fly for their lives. It was just at daybreak that morning I saw him on the lake, followed by numbers of men mounted upon horseback like *carvally* (cavalry), and each having a drawn sword as bright as the day in his right hand, and a *carbuncle* (carbine) slung at the side of himself and his horse: a thing like a great tent came down from the sky, and covered them all over, and when it cleared away nothing more of O'Donoghue or his men was to be seen.”

The other account was given by a boatman usually called (from his familiarity with the great chieftain) O'Donoghue, but whose real name was Edward Doolin; and the accuracy of his statement is confirmed by Tim Lync, the old coxswain.

“Ten years ago we went out about seven o'clock in the morning to make a long day on the lakes; the water was calm and the sun was shining bright, and it was just nine o'clock when we saw O'Donoghue going from the ‘half-moon’ of Toonies round Rabbit Island. He was dressed in white, with a cocked hat, and shoes with great buckles in them, and he walked very smart on the water, spatter-

ing it up before him ; James Curtin, who pulled the bow oar, saw him too, for as good as seven minutes, and he is alive and able to speak the truth as well as myself. We had two gentlemen in the boat at the time. One of them was a counsellor Moore from Dublin, and they made great wonder at the sight. O'Donoghue, when he finds poor travellers benighted, who are coming for Killarney, takes them down into his palace below the lake, where he entertains them grandly without their paying any cost. The white horse that he sometimes rides, and whose image is in a rock upon the lake, is called *Crebough*."

The circulation of money bestowed by the fairies or supernatural personages, like that of counterfeit coin, is seldom extensive. The story in the Arabian Nights, of the old rogue whose fine-looking money turned to leaves, must be familiar to every reader. When Waldemar, Holger, and Græn Jette, in Danish tradition, bestow money upon the Boors whom they meet, their gift sometimes turns to fire, sometimes to pebbles, and sometimes is so hot that the receiver drops it from his hand, when the gold, or what seemed to be so, sinks into the ground and disappears. In some cases these changes take place, as in the foregoing tale, after the Boors have parted with their money. If a piece of coal, or anything in appearance equally valueless, is given, it always, if kept, prove to be gold. The travelling musicians, who had the honour to play before the enchanted German emperor, Frederick, in the mountain in which he resides, were each rewarded by the monarch with a green branch. Highly incensed at such shabby wages, they all except one flung away the gift, and went out of the mountain. One minstrel, however, who kept his branch, found it growing heavy in his hand, and on examination he discovered that it was composed of pure gold. His companions immediately went back to look for those which they had thrown away, but their branches were not to be found.

SCATHI-A-LEGAUNE.

"WELL, for sure and certain, there must be something in it," said Johnny Curtin, as he awoke and stretched himself one

fine morning, for certain there must be something in it, or he'd never have come the third time. Troth and faith, as I can't do it myself without help, I'll just speak to the master about it, for half a loaf is better than no bread any day in the year."

Johnny Curtin was a poor scholar ; he had been stopping for the last week at the house of Dick Cassidy, a snug farmer, who lived not far from the fine old abbey of Holy Cross, in the county of Tipperary. Mr Cassidy was a hearty man, and loved a story in his soul ; and Johnny Curtin had as good a budget of old songs, and stories of every kind and sort, as any poor scholar that ever carried an ink-bottle dangling at his breast, or a well-thumbed book and a slate under his arm. He was, moreover, as good a man in a hay-field, for a boy of his years, as need to be, so that no one was a more welcome guest to Dick Cassidy in harvest time than Johnny Curtin.

The third night after Johnny had taken up his quarters at Cassidy's farm-house, after sitting up very late, and telling his most wonderful stories to Dick and the children, Johnny went to sleep on a shake-down (of straw) in a corner, and there he dreamed a dream. For he thought that an old man, with a fine long beard, and dressed from head to foot in the real old ancient Irish fashion, came and stood beside him, and called him by his name.

"Johnny Curtin, my child," said the old man, "do you know where you are?"

"I do, sir," said Johnny, though great was his surprise. "I do, sir," said he ; "I am at Dick Cassidy's."

"John, do you know," says he, "that this land belonged, in the good old times, to your own people?"

"Oh I'm sure," says Johnny, "it's little myself knows about my own people, beyond my father and my mother, who, when one would catch the fish, the other would sell it ; but this I know, if 't is as your honour says, and not doubting your word in the least, that I wish my own people had kept their land, that I might have got the *larning* without begging for it from door to door through the country."

"John," said the old man, "there's a treasure not far from

this that belonged to the family, and if you get it, it will make you, and fifty like you, as rich as kings. Now, mind my words, John Curtin, for I have come to put you in the right way. You know the height above the abbey—the blessed spot where the piece of the holy cross fell from its concealment at the sweet sound of the abbey bells, and where the good woman met her son, after his having travelled to Jerusalem for it? You know the old bush that is standing there—*Scath-a-legaune*—in the bleak situation, close to the road, upon the little bank of earth and stones? dig just six feet from it, in a line with the tower of the old abbey; the work must be done in the dead hour of the night, and not a word must be spoken to living man.”

When Johnny woke next morning he recollected every part of his dream well, but he gave no great heed to it. The next night he dreamed that the same old man came to him again and spoke the very same words; and in the course of the day following, he could not help going up to *Scath-a-legaune*, to take a look at the old bush and the little bank of stones and earth, but still he thought it all nonsense going digging there. At last, when the old man came to him in his sleep the third time, and seemed rather angry with him, he resolved to broach the matter to Dick after breakfast, and see if he would join him in the search. Now Dick Cassidy, like many wiser men, was a firm believer in dreams; and Dick was also a prudent man, and willing to better himself and his family in any honest way, so he gave at once into Johnny's proposal, that they should both go the next night and dig under the bush. When Cassidy mentioned this scheme to Peggy his wife, she being a religious woman was much against it, and wanted Dick not to go, and tried to persuade him to take neither hand, nor act, nor part in it; but Dick was too sensible a man, and too fond of his own way, to be said by any foolish woman: so it was settled, that at twelve o'clock he and Johnny Curtin should take spade, pick-axe, and crow-bar with them, and set out for the bush, having agreed to divide fairly between them whatever they should get.

After a good supper, and a stiff jug of punch to keep their

hearts up, Mr Cassidy and Johnny Curtin, regardless of the admonitions of Peggy, set out. They had to pass close under the walls of the old abbey, and the wind, which was rather high, kept flapping the branches of the ash and ivy backwards and forwards, and now and then some of the old stones would tumble down, and the boughs would move and creak with a sound just like the voice of some Christian that was in pain.

Dick and Johnny, with all their courage, were not much assured at hearing this; but they did not remain very long to listen, and crossing the bridge with all convenient speed, directed their steps towards Scath-a-legaune. When they got to the old bush, Dick, without a moment's delay, threw off his coat, stepped the six feet of ground from the little bank towards the tower of the abbey, and began to turn up the sod, and then to dig hard and fast. Johnny all the time stood by, praying to himself, and making pious signs on his forehead and breast. When Dick had dug for better than an hour, he found his spade strike against something hard. He cleared out the loose earth from the hole he had made, and then found that he had come to a great broad flag-stone which was lying quite flat: he saw plainly that he and Johnny could no more lift it than they could fling the rock of Cashel back again into the Devil's bit; so he got up out of the hole and made motions to Johnny Curtin, minding well not to speak a word; and they threw in part of the clay to cover up the flag, and went home to bed planning to get more help against the next night, and fully convinced of success.

The next day Cassidy pitched on three of his best and stoutest men, and in the evening early took them down to the sign of the Saint,* kept by one Mallowney in the village, and proposed the job to them, after giving each a rummer of Roscrea.† They hesitated at the first, saying it was not lucky, and they never heard of good that came out of money that was got at through the means of dreams, and so on, until Dick ordered a second rummer for every man; then he made Johnny tell them his dream over again from beginning to end, and he asked them if they could see any reason upon earth to doubt what Johnny Curtin told them, or that the old man

* Patrick.

† Whiskey.

came to him through his sleep, and he able to mention every pin's worth of his dress. Dick argued with them in this manner, saying a thousand things more of the same kind, until they made an end of their drink, and then he made an offer of giving them a fair share of whatever money was under the flag-stone.

The men at last were over-persuaded; and between eleven and twelve they set out, provided with spades, shovels, and good crow-bars. When they came to the rise of the height, Johnny stopped, and again told them that all their work was sure to fail if any one spoke a word; and he said that silence must be kept, let what would happen, otherwise there was no chance of making out the treasure that beyond all doubt was lying there buried down in the ground.

They cleared away the earth from off the stone, and got the crow-bars under it. The first prise they gave they thought they heard a rumbling noise below: they stopped and listened for a minute or more, but all was silent as the grave. Again they heaved, and there was a noise like as if a door was clapped to violently. The men hesitated, but Dick Cassidy and Johnny, by signs, encouraged them to go on. They then made a great effort and raised the stone a little, while Johnny and Tom Doyle wedged in the handles of their spades, and with their united strength the flag was canted fairly over.

Beneath there was a long flight of steps, so they lit a piece of candle which they had brought with them, and down the steps they went, one after the other. The steps, when they got to the end of them, led into a long passage, that went some way, and there they would have been stopped by a strong door, only it was half open. They went in boldly, and saw another door to the left, which was shut. There was a little grate in this door, and Dick Cassidy held up the light while Ned Flaherty looked in.

"Hurra!" cried Ned, the minute he put his eye to the bars, and straightways making a blow at the door, with the crow-bar in his hand—"Hurra, boys!" says he; "by Noonan's ghost! we are all made men!"

The words had hardly passed his lips when there was a tremendous crashing noise, just as if the whole place was

falling in, and then came a screeching wind from the inner room that whisked out the light, and threw them all on the ground flat on their faces. When they recovered themselves they hardly remembered where they were, or what had happened, and they had lost all the geography of the place. They groped and tumbled about for a long time, and at last they got, with falling and roaring, to the door where they had come in at, and made their way up the steps into the field. On looking towards the abbey, there was a bright flame on the top of its tower, and Bill Dunn would have sworn he saw a figure of something, he could not rightly make out what, in the middle of it, dancing up and down.

Frightened enough they were at the sight, for they plainly perceived something was going on which they could not understand, so they made the best of their way home; but it was little any of them could sleep, as may well be supposed, after what had happened.

Next morning they all held a council about what was further to be done—Mr Cassidy and Johnny Curtin, Tom Doyle, and Bill Dunn, and Ned Flaherty, whose tongue was the reason of their not being all rich men. Some were for giving the business up entirely, but more were for trying it again; and at last Dick Cassidy said he was resolved to go to it the third time, since he was now certain the coin was there; for Ned Flaherty swore he saw a mint of money, beside gold and silver vessels in heaps, and other grand things that he could not tell the use of. It was settled, however, to do nothing the next night.

In the middle of the day Dick took Johnny with him, and walked over to look at the place where they had been digging; but what was their astonishment to find the ground as smooth and as even as if there had not been a spade put into it since the days of Brian Boro! Not a morsel of clay was to be seen, and the white daisies and the glossy yellow buttercups were growing up through the green grass as gaily there as if nothing had ever happened to disturb them.

That night Johnny Curtin had another dream. The very same old man came to him, and looked dark and angry at him for not having followed his directions; and told Johnny

that he had no right to think, and that if his *learning* made him think he was better without it, he had lost all chance of growing rich, and would be a poor scholar to the end of his days ; for the place was now shut up for another hundred years, and it would be dangerous for him or any one else to go digging there until that time was out.

The stories about treasure which has been discovered through spiritual agency or that of dreams, are so numerous that, if collected, many volumes might be filled with them ; yet they vary very little in their details, beyond the actors and localities.

The following legends, two of which are translated from the Danish, will sufficiently prove this assertion, although they illustrate nearly the extreme variations :

There are still to be seen near Flensburg the ruins of a very ancient building. Two soldiers once stood on guard there together ; but when one of them was gone to the town, it chanced that a tall white woman came to the other, and spoke to him, and said, I am an unhappy spirit, who have wandered here these many hundred years, but never shall I find rest in the grave. She then informed him that under the walls of the castle a great treasure was concealed, which only three men in the whole world could take up, and that he was one of the three. The man, who now saw that his fortune was made, promised to follow her directions in every particular, whereupon she desired him to come to the same place at twelve o'clock the following night.

The other soldier meanwhile had come back from the town, just as the appointment was made with his comrade. He said nothing about what unseen he had seen and heard, but went early the next evening and concealed himself among some bushes. When his fellow-soldier came with his spade and shovel he found the white woman at the appointed place, but when she perceived that they were watched she put off the business till the next evening. The man who had lain on the watch to no purpose, went home, and suddenly fell ill ; and as he thought that he should die of that sickness, he sent for his comrade, and told him how he knew all, and conjured him not to have anything to do with witches or with spirits, but rather to seek

counsel of the priest, who was a prudent man. The other thought it would be his wisest plan to follow the advice of his comrade, so he went and discovered the whole affair to the priest, who, however, desired him to do as the spirit had bid him, only to make her lay the first hand to the work herself.

The appointed time was now arrived, and the man was at the place. When the white woman had pointed out to him the spot, and they were just beginning the work, she said to him, that when the treasure was taken up, one half of it should be his, but that he must divide the other half equally between the church and the poor. Then the devil entered into the man, and awakened his covetousness, so that he cried out, "What! shall I not have the whole?" But scarcely had he spoken, when the figure, with a most mournful wail, passed in a blue flame over the moat of the castle, and the man fell sick, and died within three days.

The story soon spread through the country, and a poor scholar who heard it thought he had now an opportunity of making his fortune. He therefore went at midnight to the place, and there he met with the wandering white woman; and he told her why he was come, and offered his services to raise the treasure. But she answered him that he was not one of the three, one of whom alone could free her; and that the wall would still remain so firm, that no human being should be able to break it. She further told him, that at some future time he should be rewarded for his good inclination. And it is said, that when a long time after he passed by that place, and thought with compassion on the sufferings of the unblest woman, he fell on his face over a great heap of money, which soon put him again on his feet. But the wall still stands undisturbed; and as often as any one has attempted to throw it down, whatever is thrown down in the day is replaced again in the night.—*Danske Folkesagn*, vol. iv. p. 33.

Three men went once, in the night-time, to Klumhöi, to try their luck, for a dragon watches there over a great treasure. They dug into the ground, giving each other a strict charge not to utter a word, whatever might happen, otherwise all their labour would be in vain. When they had dug pretty deep, their spades struck against a copper chest; they then made signs to one another, and all, with both hands, laid hold of a great copper ring that was on the top of the chest, and pulled up the treasure; but when they had just got it into their possession, one of them forgot the necessity of silence, and shouted out,

“One pull more, and we have it!” That very instant the chest flew away out of their hands to the lake of Stöierup, but as they all held hard on the ring it remained in their grasp. They went and fastened the ring on the door of St Olai’s church, and there it remains to this very day.—*Danske Folkesagn*, vol. i. p. 112.

“In the next country to that of my former residence,” says Kirke, in his *Secret Commonwealth*, “about the year 1676, when there was some scarcity of grain, a marvellous illapse and vision strongly struck the imagination of two women in one night, living at a good distance from one another, about a treasure hid in a hill, called *Sithbhenaich*, or fairy hill. The appearance of a treasure was first represented to the fancy, and then an audible voice named the place where it was to their awaking senses. Whereupon, both arose, and meeting accidentally at the place discovered their design, and jointly digging, found a vessel as large as a Scottish peck full of small pieces of good money of ancient coin, which halving betwixt them, they sold in dishfulls for dishfulls of meal to the country-people. Very many of undoubted credit saw and had of the coin to this day. But whether it was a good or had angel, one of the subterranean people, or the soul of him who hid it that discovered it, and to what end it was done, I leave to the examination of others.”—p. 12.

The appearance of the tower of Holy Cross Abbey on fire is a common supernatural illusion. Another illustration is offered from the *Danske Folkesagn*, which may be acceptable, as Thiele’s curious work is little known to the English reader.

“Near Daugstrup there is a hill which is called Daugbjerg Dous. Of this hill it is related that it is at all times covered with a blue mist, and that under it there lies a large copper kettle full of money. One night two men went there to dig after this treasure, and they had got so far as to have laid hold of the handle of the kettle. All sorts of wonderful things began then to appear to disturb them in their work. One time a coach, drawn by four black horses, drove by them; then they saw a black dog with a fiery tongue; then there came a cock drawing a load of hay. But still the men persisted in not letting themselves be induced to speak, and still dug on without stopping. At last a fellow came limping by them and said, ‘See, Daugstrup is on fire!’ and when they looked towards the town it appeared exactly as if the whole place was in a bright flame. Then at length one of them forgot to keep silence, and the moment he uttered an exclama-

tion the treasure sunk deeper and deeper; and as often since as any attempt has been made to get it up, the Trolls have, by their spells and artifices, prevented its success."—Vol. iv. p. 56.

The neighbourhood of Holy Cross abounds in wonders. From the Cashel road the hill of Killough is pointed out to the traveller as *Gurdoon a Herin*, the garden of Ireland, in consequence of a belief that it is a national natural botanic establishment, and that every plant which grows in Ireland is to be found upon it. Not far from Scath-a-Legaune a small clear stream of water crosses the road from a spring called *Tubher-a-Dorugh*, Doran's Well; whoever drinks at this fountain it is supposed will never feel the sensation of thirst, or a wish for water again. But there is really no end to tales of this kind.

LINN-NA-PAYSITHA.

TRAVELLERS go to Leinster to see Dublin and the Dargle; to Ulster to see the Giant's Causeway, and, perhaps, to do penance at Lough Dearg; to Munster, to see Killarney, the butter-buying city of Cork, and half a dozen other fine things, but whoever thinks of the fourth province?—whoever thinks of going—

“—westward, where Dick Martin ruled
The houseless wilds of Cunnemara?”

The Ulster-man's ancient denunciation “to Hell or to Connaught,” has possibly led to the supposition that this is a sort of infernal place above ground—a kind of terrestrial Pandemonium—in short, that Connaught is little better than hell, or hell little worse than Connaught; but let any one only go there for a month, and, as the natives say, “I'll warrant he'll soon see the differ, and learn to understand that it is mighty like the rest o' green Erin, only something poorer;” and yet it might be thought that in this particular “worse would be needless;” but so it is.

“My gracious me,” said the landlady of the Inn at Sligo, “I wonder a gentleman of your *teest* and *curoosity* would think of leaving Ireland without making a *tower* (tour) of Connaught, if it was nothing more than spending a day at Hazlewood, and up the lake, and on to the *ould* abbey at Friarstown, and the castle at Dromahair.”

Polly M'Bride, my kind hostess, might not in this remonstrance have been altogether disinterested, but her advice prevailed, and the dawn of the following morning found me in a boat on the unruffled surface of Lough Gill. Arrived at the head of that splendid sheet of water, covered with rich and wooded islands, with their ruined buildings, and bounded by towering mountains, noble plantations, grassy slopes, and precipitous rocks, which give beauty, and, in some places, sublimity to its shores, I proceeded at once up the wide river which forms its principal tributary. The “ould abbey” is chiefly remarkable for having been built at a period nearer to the Reformation than any other ecclesiastical edifice of the same class. Full within view of it, and at the distance of half a mile, stands the shattered remnant of Breffni's princely hall. I strode forward with the enthusiasm of an antiquary, and the high beating heart of a patriotic Irishman. I felt myself on classic ground, immortalized by the lays of Swift and of Moore. I pushed my way into the hallowed precincts of the grand and venerable edifice. I entered its chambers, and, oh my countrymen, I found them converted into the domicile of pigs, cows, and poultry! But the exterior of “O'Rourke's old hall,” grey, frowning, and ivy-covered, is well enough; it stands on a beetling precipice, round which a noble river wheels its course. The opposite bank is a very steep ascent, thickly wooded, and rising to a height of at least seventy feet, and, for a quarter of a mile, this beautiful copse follows the course of the river.

The first individual I encountered was an old cowherd! nor was I unfortunate in my Cicerone, for he assured me there were plenty of old stories about strange things that used to be in the place; “but,” continued he, “for my own share, I never met anything worse nor myself. If it bees ould stories that your honour's after, the story about Linn-

na-Payshttha and Poul-maw-Gullyawn is the only thing about this place that's worth one jack-straw. Does your honour see that great big black hole in the river yonder below?" He pointed my attention to a part of the river about fifty yards from the old hall, where a long island occupied the centre of the wide current, the water at one side running shallow, and at the other assuming every appearance of unfathomable depth. The spacious pool, dark and still, wore a death-like quietude of surface. It looked as if the speckled trout would shun its murky precincts—as if even the daring pike would shrink from so gloomy a dwelling-place. "That's Linn-na-Payshttha, sir," resumed my guide, "and Poul-maw-Gullyawn is just the very *moral* of it, only that it's round, and not in a river, but standing out in the middle of a green field, about a short quarter of a mile from this. Well, 't is as good as fourscore years—I often *hard* my father, God be merciful to him! tell the story—since Manus O'Rourke, a great buckeen, a cock-fighting, drinking blackguard that was long ago, went to sleep one night and had a dream about Linn-na-Payshttha. This Manus, the dirty spalpeen, there was no ho with him; he thought to ride rough-shod over his betters through the whole country, though he was not one of the real stock of the O'Rourkes. Well, this fellow had a dream, that if he dived in Linn-na-Payshttha at twelve o'clock of a Hollow-eve night, he'd find more gold than would make a man of him and his wife while grass grew or water ran. The next night he had the same dream, and sure enough if he had it the second night, it came to him the third in the same form. Manus, well becomes him, never told mankind or womankind, but swore to himself, by all the books that ever were shut or open, that anyhow he would go to the bottom of the big hole. What did he care for the Payshttha—more that was lying there to keep guard on the gold and silver of the old ancient family that was buried there in the wars, packed up in the brewing-pan? Sure he was as good an O'Rourke as the best of them, taking care to forget that his grandmother's father was a cow-boy to the Earl O'Donnell. At last Hollow-eve came, and sly and silent master Manus creeps to bed early, and just at midnight steals down to the

river side. When he came to the bank his mind misgave him, and he wheeled up to Frank M'Clure's—the old Frank that was then at that time—and got a bottle of whiskey, and took it with him, and 't is unknown how much of it he drank. He walked across to the island, and down he went gallantly to the bottom like a stone. Sure enough the Paysstha was there *afore* him, lying like a great big conger eel, seven yards long, and as thick as a bull in the body, with a mane upon his neck like a horse. The Paysstha-more reared himself up, and looking at the poor man as if he 'd eat him, says he, in good English,

“Arrah, then, Manus,’ says he, ‘what brought you here? It would have been better for you to have blown your brains out at once with a pistol, and have made a quiet end of yourself, than to have come down here for me to deal with you.’

“Oh, *plase* your honour,’ says Manus, ‘I beg my life :’ and there he stood shaking like a dog in a wet sack.

“Well, as you have some blood of the O'Rourkes in you, I forgive you this once ; but by this, and by that, if ever I see you, or any one belonging to you, coming about this place again, I 'll hang a quarter of you on every tree in the wood.’

“Go home,’ says the Paysstha—‘go home, Manus,’ says he ; ‘and if you can't make better use of your time, get drunk, but do n't come here bothering me. Yet, stop ! since you are here, and have ventured to come, I 'll show you something that you 'll remember till you go to your grave, and ever after, while you live.’

“With that, my dear, he opens an iron door in the bed of the river, and never the drop of water ran into it ; and there Manus sees a long dry cave, or under-ground cellar like, and the Paysstha drags him in and shuts the door. It was n't long before the *baste* began to get smaller, and smaller, and smaller ; and at last he grew as little as a taughn of twelve years old ; and there he was, a brownish little man, about four feet high.”

“‘*Plase* your honour,’ says Manus, ‘if I might make so bold, maybe you are one of the good people ?’

“‘Maybe I am, and maybe I am not ; but, anyhow, all you have to understand is this, that I 'm bound to look after

the Thiernas* of Breffni, and take care of them through every generation; and that my present business is to watch this cave, and what's in it, till the old stock is reigning over this country once more.'

"'Maybe you are a sort of a banshee?'

"'I am not, you fool,' said the little man. 'The banshee is a woman. My business is to live in the form you first saw me in, guarding this spot. And now hold your tongue, and look about you.'

"Manus rubbed his eyes, and looked right and left, before and behind; and there was the vessels of gold and the vessels of silver, the dishes, and the plates, and the cups, and the punch-bowls, and the tankards: there was the golden methel, too, that every Thierna at his wedding used to drink out of to the kerne in real usquebaugh. There was all the money that ever was saved in the family since they got a grant of this manor, in the days of the Firbolgs, down to the time of their *outer* ruination. He then brought Manus on with him to where there was arms for three hundred men; and the sword set with diamonds and the golden helmet of the O'Rourke; and he showed him the staff made out of an elephant's tooth, and set with rubies and gold, that the Thierna used to hold while he sat in his great hall, giving justice and the laws of the Brehons to all his clan. The first room in the cave, ye see, had the money and the plate, the second room had the arms, and the third had the books, papers, parchments, title-deeds, wills, and everything else of the sort belonging to the family.

"'And now, Manus,' says the little man, 'ye seen the whole o' this, and go your ways; but never come to this place any more, or allow any one else. I must keep watch and ward till the Sassanach is *druw* out of Ireland, and the Thiernas o' Breffni in their glory again.' The little man then stopped for a while and looked up in Manus' face, and says to him in a great passion, 'Arrah! bad luck to ye, Manus, why do'n't ye go about your business?'

"'How can I?—sure you must show me the way out,'

* Or *Tighearna*—a lord. Vide O'BRIEN.

says Manus, making answer. The little man then pointed forward with his finger.

“Can't we go out the way we came?” says Manus.

“No, you must go out at the other end—that's the rule o' this place. Ye came in at Linn-na-payshtha, and ye must go out at Poul-maw-gullyawn: ye came down like a stone to the bottom of one hole, and ye must spring up like a cork to the top of the other.” With that the little man gave him one *hoise*, and all that Manus remembers was the roar of the water in his ears; and sure enough he was found the next morning, high and dry, fast asleep, with the empty bottle beside him, but far enough from the place he thought he landed, for it was just below yonder on the island that his wife found him. My father, God be merciful to him! heard Manus swear to every word of the story.”

The symbolizing genius of antiquity devised different allegorical beings as the guardians of what was hallowed and secret. In Egypt the Sphynxes, placed in rows, lined the approach to the temples of the gods, and many critics regard the cherubim of the Hebrews in the same light. But no creature enjoyed a consideration so extended as the dragon, which, throughout the East and Europe, has at every period been regarded as the sentinel over hidden treasures. A dragon watched the golden apples of the Hesperides; a dragon reposes on the buried gold of Scandinavia and Germany; and the Payshtha-more, or great worm, in Ireland, protects the wealth of O'Rourke. Of so wide-spread a belief, perhaps the following is the true origin.

“Couvéra ou Paulestya est le dieu des richesses et des trésors cachés, d'humides souterrains et des esprits qui y résident, le protecteur des cavernes et des grottes, le roi des rois. Il habite la région du nord. Là, dans Alaka, sa demeure ordinaire, au centre d'une épaisse forêt, il est environné d'une cour brillante de genies appelés Kinnaras et Yakchas: ces derniers ont la charge de donner ou de retirer, aux mortels, les biens sur lesquels ils veillent incessamment. Quelquefois le dieu leur souverain se tient dans une grotte profonde gardée par des serpens, et défendue, en outre, par l'eau et par le feu; alors nu, et remarquable par l'énormité de son ventre, il veille lui-même sur ses trésors souterrains.” Creuzer, Religions de l'Antiquité, traduction de Guigniaut. Paris, 1825, v. i. p. 248.

On which the translator gives the following note : “ L’habitation de Couvéra, au nord, dans les montagnes qui donnent l’or et les pierres, est remarquable ; on voit aussi l’origine de cette opinion, si ancienne et si répandue, qui fait garder par des monstres et des esprits les trésors cachés au sein de la terre.”

Mr Owen (son of Dr Owen Pughe) has kindly communicated to the compiler of this volume the following particulars respecting some treasure, which still lies concealed in North Wales, and of the efforts made and making to recover it. Mr Owen’s letter is dated Nantglyn, May 10, 1827.

“ Some short time ago,” he writes, “ I was applied to by a man, with a view of ascertaining if I could afford him any assistance in his necromantic pursuits. He informed me he had made considerable progress in the rudiments, and was able to cause noises to disturb the rest of any obnoxious person who had displeased him, and to ascertain the purloiners of lost articles almost to infallibility ; that his practice in that way was already pretty considerable, and he expected to enjoy a fair portion of business. In truth, he evinced great expertness in casting nativities, and all the horological and astronomical niceties which distinguish the profound science of astrology.

“ This application, he observed, was more particularly instigated from the information which his master in the science had given him of a great treasure, which he had unsuccessfully attempted to obtain. Some forty years before, when the natural enthusiasm of youth and vain confidence in his necromantic acquirements had induced him to explore the arcana of nature, he had rashly undertaken an adventure which no person had accomplished. In a bordering parish, tradition (*ar lavar gwla*, or the voice of the country) asserts the existence of a chest filled with gold. So great a prize he thought deserved the most strenuous efforts, and he prepared for the undertaking with the most earnest solicitude.

“ Fortified with all that science or resolution could furnish, he went to the district, and it was not long before his art discovered the unobtrusive spot of the gnomic deposit. He found the entrance of a cave—with breathless expectation he explored its intricacies, and at last arrived at its innermost recess : there he perceived a mighty chest, but some mysterious incubus brooded over the prize. Amid a mass of formless mist he discovered what were evidently talons of a most fearful magnitude, well suited to score the hide of the hapless wight

whose spell might not be sufficiently potent to lull the vigilance of this modern Argus; a beak of awful curve, and two lurid eyes, whose basilisk influence unnerved all his powers. He thought he perceived it unfold its wings, dread preparatory of an attack; and finding no time was to be lost, he fumbled for the spell which was to render this appalling menace impotent. He found he had searched in the wrong pocket, and nervous trepidation incapacitated him from a proper use of his faculties: his tongue refused to perform its office: and in this cruel dilemma the impatient fiend pounced upon him. He felt its chilling grasp—and, stretched senseless, he saw no more. When the blood again animated his frame he found himself laid upon the green sward, and every joint racked with the most excruciating torments. ‘In this state,’ he observed to his pupil, ‘I have remained ever since; my limbs have never recovered their proper tone. I could have exemplified to you the manner in which I must have been treated if I had fortunately preserved the clothes I wore at the time; you would have judged some malicious plough-boy had drawn his harrows over me during my swoon. The scratches on my body in such a lapse of time have of course healed, but their marks remain.’ ‘My opinion is,’ remarked the disciple, ‘that he ought not to have undertaken the task alone; and although when the gold is considered, I would encounter the scratch of a demon with the talons of a condor, yet, as it happened to him, a man may, after groping his way through those devious recesses, and coming suddenly, perhaps, in view of the treasure and its guardian, lose his presence of mind and use the wrong incantation. Now I intend, if you, sir, will write the spell very large and plain, so that this imp can have no pretence to disregard it, to insert it in the cleft of a stick as long as a fishing-rod, and taking care to keep it in advance, I will hold it right under his nose, and then we shall see!’ ”

Mr Owen adds that the old professor is still alive, and resides on the banks of the Conway.

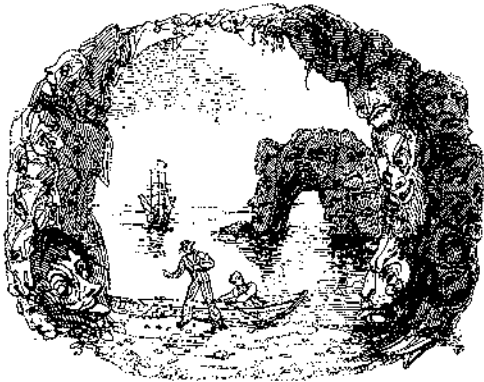
Linn-na-Payshtha signifies the Pool of the Worm. The latter word is correctly written *Beistin*, the diminutive of *biast* or *piasd*, a little beast, which is used for any worm or insect. The application of the term worm to the serpent tribe is very general; indeed the similarity of form naturally led to it. Any one acquainted with the legends of the North must be familiar with Lind-orms, and in those of

Germany the Lind-worm is no unfrequent actor. Dante calls Satan "Il grau Verme;" Milton's Adam reproaches Eve with having lent an ear "to that false worm;" and Shakspeare says that slander's tongue "outvenoms all the worms of Nile."

The scene of Dean Swift's well-known verses of "O'Rourke's noble feast" was the old hall of Dromahair. They were translated from the Irish of Hugh Mac-Gowran of Glengoole in the county of Leitrim, who was a contemporary.



ROCKS AND STONES.



“Forms in silence frown'd,
 Shapeless and nameless; and to mine eye
 Sometimes they roll'd off cloudily,
 Wedding themselves with gloom—or grew
 Gigantic to my troubled view,
 And seem'd to gather round me.”

BANIM'S CAIRN'S PARADISE.

THE LEGEND OF CAIRN THIARNA.

FROM the town of Fermoy, famous for the excellence of its bottled ale, you may plainly see the mountain of Cairn Thiarua. It is crowned by a great heap of stones, which, as the country people remark, never came there without “a crooked thought and a cross job.” Strange it is that any work of the good old times should be considered one of la-

bour ; for round towers then sprung up, like mushrooms, in one night, and people played marbles with pieces of rock, that can now no more be moved than the hills themselves.

This great pile on the top of Cairn Thierna was caused by the words of an old woman, whose bed still remains—*Labacally*, the hag's bed—not far from the village of Glanworth. She was certainly far wiser than any woman, either old or young, of my immediate acquaintance. Jove defend me, however, from making an envious comparison between ladies ; but facts are stubborn things, and the legend will prove my assertion.

O'Keefe was lord of Fermoy before the Roches came into that part of the country ; and he had an only son—never was there seen a finer child : his young face filled with innocent joy was enough to make any heart glad, yet his father looked on his smiles with sorrow, for an old hag had foretold that this boy should be drowned before he grew up to manhood.

Now, although the prophecies of Pastorini were a failure, it is no reason why prophecies should altogether be despised. The art in modern times may be lost, as well as that of making beer out of the mountain heath, which the Danes did to great perfection. 'But I take it, the malt of Tom Walker is no bad substitute for the one ; and if evil prophecies were to come to pass, like the old woman's, in my opinion we are far more comfortable without such knowledge.

“ Infant heir of proud Fermoy,
Fear not fields of slaughter ;
Storm nor fire fear not, my boy,
But shun the fatal water.”

These were the warning words which caused the chief of Fermoy so much unhappiness. His infant son was carefully prevented all approach to the river, and anxious watch was kept over every playful movement. The child grew up in strength and in beauty, and every day became more dear to his father, who, hoping to avert the doom, which however was inevitable, prepared to build a castle far removed from the dreaded element.

The top of Cairn Thierna was the place chosen ; and the lord's vassals were assembled, and employed in collecting

materials for the purpose. Hither came the fated boy ; with delight he viewed the laborious work of raising mighty stones from the base to the summit of the mountain, until the vast heap which now forms its rugged crest was accumulated. The workmen were about to commence the building, and the boy, who was considered in safety when on the mountain, was allowed to rove about at will. In his case how true are the words of the great dramatist :

—“ Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be, as all the ocean,
Enough to stife such a *being* up.”

A vessel which contained a small supply of water, brought there for the use of the workmen, attracted the attention of the child. He saw, with wonder, the glitter of the sunbeams within it ; he approached more near to gaze, when a form resembling his own arose before him. He gave a cry of joy and astonishment, and drew back ; the image drew back also, and vanished. Again he approached ; again the form appeared, expressing in every feature delight corresponding with his own. Eager to welcome the young stranger, he bent over the vessel to press his lips, and losing his balance, the fatal prophecy was accomplished.

The father in despair abandoned the commenced building ; and the materials remain a proof of the folly of attempting to avert the course of fate.

The writer hopes no reader will be uncharitable enough to suspect him of wishing to inculcate a belief in predestination : he only follows his brief. But the truth is, the human mind, as may be observed in the vulgar of every country, has, doubtless owing to its weakness, a strong bias to believe in this doctrine. The tragic muse of Greece delighted to portray the unavailing struggles of men “ bound in the adamantine chain ” of destiny ; and the effect on our minds, though humbling, is not dispiriting. Over the East fate is dominant : it not only enters into the serious occupations of life, but extends its empire through the realms of fiction ; and the reader, were he not now to be supposed familiar with such coincidences, might perhaps be surprised at the similarity between this legend of the Irish peasant and the exquisite tale of Prince Agib, in the *Thousand and One Nights*.

Cairn Thierna is the scene of a subsequent tale in this section; and it only appears necessary to add that the Cork and Dublin mail-coach road runs under it. Of the Hag's bed, a plate, though not a particularly correct or picturesque representation, is given in the second volume of Dr Smith's History of Cork. The Irish name (of this huge block of stone supported by smaller stones) is correctly written *Leaba Cailleach*. Of the hag it may be said, as has been wittily remarked of

——“St Keven,

If hard lying could gain it, he surely gain'd heaven;
 For on rock lay his limb, and rock pillow'd his head,
 Whenever this good holy saint kept his bed;
 And keep it he must, even to his last day,
 For I'm sure he could never have thrown it away.”

“*Bá cairt a cheann-adhairt*”—a stone bolster—is the usual account given of the self-mortification of Irish saints, while the hags, their predecessors in the island on which their piety has bestowed celebrity, seemed to prefer an entire couch of the same material. These dames, however, possessed the power of pitching their pillows after any one at whom they were displeased. What is somewhat remarkable, the *Fiinní*, who were contemporaries with the Hags, were rather luxurious in their rest, for tradition relates that

“*Barrughal crann, caonnooh, agus úr-luachair.*”

Branches of trees, moss, and green rushes, formed their beds.

THE ROCK OF THE CANDLE.

A FEW miles west of Limerick stands the once formidable castle of Carrigunnel. Its riven tower and broken archway remain in mournful evidence of the sieges sustained by that city. Time, however, the great soother of all things, has destroyed the painful effect which the view of recent violence produces on the mind. The ivy creeps around the riven tower, concealing its injuries, and upholding it by a

tough swathing of stalks. The archway is again united by the long-armed briar which grows across the rent, and the shattered buttresses are decorated with wild flowers, which gaily spring from their crevices and broken places.

Boldly situated on a rock, the ruined walls of Carrigogunnel now form only a romantic feature in the peaceful landscape. Beneath them, on one side, lies the flat marshy ground called Corkass land, which borders the noble river Shannon ; on the other side is seen the neat parish church of Kilkeedy, with its glebe-house and surrounding improvements ; and at a short distance appear the irregular mud cabins of the little village of Ballybrown, with the venerable trees of Tervoo.

On the rock of Carrigogunnel, before castle was built, or Brian Boro born to build it, dwelt a hag named Grana, who made desolate the surrounding country. She was gigantic in size, and frightful in appearance. Her eyebrows grew into each other with a grim curve, and beneath their matted bristles, deeply sunk in her head, two small grey eyes darted forth baneful looks of evil. From her deeply wrinkled forehead issued forth a hooked beak, dividing two shrivelled cheeks. Her skinny lips curled with a cruel and malignant expression, and her prominent chin was studded with bunches of grizzly hair.

Death was her sport. Like the angler with his rod, the hag Grana would toil and watch, nor think it labour, so that the death of a victim rewarded her vigils. Every evening did she light an enchanted candle upon the rock, and whoever looked upon it died before the next morning's sun arose. Numberless were the victims over which Grana rejoiced ; one after the other had seen the light, and their death was the consequence. Hence came the country around to be desolate, and Carrigogunnel, the Rock of the Candle, by its dreaded name.

These were fearful times to live in. But the Finni of Erin were the avengers of the oppressed. Their fame had gone forth to distant shores, and their deeds were sung by a hundred bards. To them the name of danger was as an invitation to a rich banquet. The web of enchantment stop-

ped their course as little as the swords of an enemy. Many a mother of a son—many a wife of a husband—many a sister of a brother—had the valour of the Finnian heroes bereft, Dismembered limbs quivered, and heads bounded on the ground, before their progress in battle. They rushed forward with the strength of the furious wind, tearing up the trees of the forest by their roots. Loud was their war-cry as the thunder, raging was their impetuosity above that of common men, and fierce was their anger as the stormy waves of the ocean!

It was the mighty Finn himself who lifted up his voice, and commanded the fatal candle of the hag Grana to be extinguished. "Thine, Regan, be the task," he said, and to him he gave a cap thrice-charmed by the magician Luno of Lochlin.

With the star of the same evening the candle of death burned on the rock, and Regan stood beneath it. Had he beheld the slightest glimmer of its blaze, he, too, would have perished, and the hag Grana, with the morning's dawn, rejoiced over his corse. When Regan looked towards the light, the charmed cap fell over his eyes and prevented his seeing. The rock was steep, but he climbed up its craggy side with such caution and dexterity, that, before the hag was aware, the warrior, with averted head, had seized the candle, and flung it with prodigious force into the river Shannon; the hissing waters of which quenched its light for ever!

Then flew the charmed cap from the eyes of Regan, and he beheld the enraged hag, with outstretched arms, prepared to seize and whirl him after her candle. Regan instantly bounded westward from the rock just two miles, with a wild and wondrous spring. Grana looked for a moment at the leap, and then tearing up a huge fragment of the rock, flung it after Regan with such tremendous force, that her crooked hands trembled and her broad chest heaved with heavy puffs, like a smith's labouring bellows, from the exertion.

The ponderous stone fell harmless to the ground, for the leap of Regan far exceeded the strength of the furious hag. In triumph he returned to Finn;

“The hero, valiant, renowned, and learned ;
White-tooth’d, graceful, magnanimous, and active.”

The hag Grana was never heard of more ; but the stone remains, and, deeply imprinted in it, is still to be seen the mark of the hag’s fingers. That stone is far taller than the tallest man, and the power of forty men would fail to move it from the spot where it fell.

The grass may wither around it, the spade and plough destroy dull heaps of earth, the walls of castles fall and perish, but the fame of the Finni of Erin endures with the rocks themselves, and *Clough-a-Regaven* is a monument fitting to preserve the memory of the dead !

The Finni are, in Ireland, what the race who fought at Thebes and Troy were in Greece ; Sigurd and his companions in Scandinavia ; Dietrich and his warriors in Germany ; Arthur and his knights in Britain ; and Charlemagne and the Paladins in France ; that is, mythic heroes, conceived to have far exceeded in strength and prowess the puny beings who now occupy their place. Their deeds were confined to no one part of the island, for hills, rocks, and stones in each province still testify their superhuman might, and many an extant poem and many a traditionary tale record their exploits. The preceding is one of the latter, in which the writer has ventured to retain much of the idiomatic peculiarities of the Irish original.

Regan’s leap and the hag’s stone-cast will find numerous parallels in the legends of other countries. In German tradition a young giantess makes a grand clearance of a wide valley ; and pitching rocks across an arm of the sea, by way of trying each other’s might, was a common amusement of the northern giants.

A humorous friend writes thus of a large stone near Dublin, after describing the various objects which antiquaries had assigned for its use.

“Or left by the giants of old who play’d quoits
When their game they forsook to attack the *potatoes*.
Potatoes ! sure the root was not then in its glory.
No matter—’t is true as of giants the story !”

CLOUGH NA CUDDY.

ABOVE all the islands in the lakes of Killarney give me Innisfallen—"sweet Innisfallen," as the melodious Moore calls it. It is, in truth, a fairy isle, although I have no fairy story to tell you about it; and if I had, these are such unbelieving times, and people of late have grown so sceptical, that they only smile at my stories, and doubt them.

However, none will doubt that a monastery once stood upon Innisfallen island, for its ruins may still be seen; neither, that within its walls dwelt certain pious and learned persons called Monks. A very pleasant set of fellows they were, I make not the smallest doubt; and I am sure of this, that they had a very pleasant spot to enjoy themselves in after dinner—the proper time, believe me, and I am no bad judge of such matters, for the enjoyment of a fine prospect.

Out of all the monks you could not pick a better fellow nor a merrier soul than Father Cuddy: he sung a good song, he told a good story, and had a jolly, comfortable-looking paunch of his own, that was a credit to any refectory table. He was distinguished above all the rest by the name of "the fat Father." Now there are many that will take huff at a name; but Father Cuddy had no nonsense of that kind about him; he laughed at it—and well able he was to laugh, for his mouth nearly reached from one ear to the other: his might in truth be called an open countenance. As his paunch was no disgrace to his food, neither was his nose to his drink. 'T is a doubt to me if there were not more carbuncles upon it than ever were seen at the bottom of the lake, which is said to be full of them. His eyes had a right merry twinkle in them, like moonshine dancing on the water; and his cheeks had the roundness and crimson glow of ripe arbutus berries.

"He eat, and drank, and pray'd, and slept.—What then?
He eat, and drank, and pray'd, and slept again!"

Such was the tenor of his simple life : but, when he prayed, a certain drowsiness would come upon him, which, it must be confessed, never occurred when a well-filled "black-Jack" stood before him. Hence his prayers were short and his draughts were long. The world loved him, and he saw no good reason why he should not in return love its venison and its usquebaugh. But, as times went, he must have been a pious man, or else what befell him never would have happened.

Spiritual affairs—for it was respecting the importation of a tun of wine into the island monastery—demanded the presence of one of the brotherhood of Innisfallen at the abbey of Irelagh, now called Mucruss. The superintendence of this important matter was committed to Father Cuddy, who felt too deeply interested in the future welfare of any community of which he was a member to neglect or delay such mission. With the morning's light he was seen guiding his shallop across the crimson waters of the lake towards the peninsula of Mucruss ; and having moored his little bark in safety beneath the shelter of a wave-worn rock, he advanced with becoming dignity towards the abbey.

The stillness of the bright and balmy hour was broken by the heavy footsteps of the zealous Father. At the sound the startled deer, shaking the dew from their sides, sprung up from their lair, and as they bounded off—"Hah!" exclaimed Cuddy, "what a noble haunch goes there!—how delicious it would look smoking upon a goodly platter!"

As he proceeded, the mountain bee hummed his tune of gladness around the holy man, save when buried in the fox-glove bell, or revelling upon a fragrant bunch of thyme ; and even then the little voice murmured out happiness in low and broken tones of voluptuous delight. Father Cuddy derived no small comfort from the sound, for it presaged a good metheglin season, and metheglin he regarded, if well manufactured, to be no bad liquor, particularly when there was no stint of usquebaugh in the brewing.

Arrived within the abbey garth, he was received with due respect by the brethren of Irelagh, and arrangements for the embarkation of the wine were completed to his entire

satisfaction. "Welcome, Father Cuddy," said the prior: "grace be on you."

"Grace before meat, then," said Cuddy, "for a long walk always makes me hungry, and I am certain I have not walked less than half a mile this morning, to say nothing of crossing the water."

A pasty of choice flavour felt the truth of this assertion, as regarded Father Cuddy's appetite. After such consoling repast it would have been a reflection on monastic hospitality to depart without partaking of the grace-cup; moreover, Father Cuddy had a particular respect for the antiquity of that custom. He liked the taste of the grace-cup well;—he tried another—it was no less excellent; and when he had swallowed the third he found his heart expand, and put forth its fibres, willing to embrace all mankind. Surely, then, there is Christian love and charity in wine!

I said he sung a good song. Now though psalms are good songs, and in accordance with his vocation, I did not mean to imply that he was a mere psalm-singer. It was well known to the brethren, that wherever Father Cuddy was, mirth and melody were with him;—mirth in his eye, and melody on his tongue; and these, from experience, are equally well-known to be thirsty commodities; but he took good care never to let them run dry. To please the brotherhood, whose excellent wine pleased him, he sung, and as "*in vino veritas*," his song will well become this veritable history.

CANTAT MONACHUS.*

I.

Hoc erat in votis,
Et bene sufficerit totis,
Si dum porto sacculum
Bonum esset ubique jentaculum!

* THE FRIAR'S SONG.

I.

My vows I can never fulfil,
Until
I have breakfasted, one way or other;

Et si parvis
 In arvis
 Nullum
 Invenero pullam,
 Ovum gentiliter præbebit recens
 Puella decens.
 Manu nec dabis invitâ
 Flos vallium harum,
 Decus puellarum,
 Candida Margarita !

II.

Me hora jucunda cœna:
 Dilectat bene,
 Et rerum sine dubio grandium
 Maxima est prædium :
 Sed mihi crede,
 In hac œde,
 Multo magis gaudeo,
 Cum galli cantum audio,
 In sinu tuo
 Videns ova duo.
 Oh semper me tractes ita !
 Panibus de hordeo factis,
 Et copiâ lactis,
 Candida Margarita !

And I freely protest,
 That I never can rest
 'Till I borrow or beg
 An egg,
 Unless I can come at the ould hen, its mother.
 But Maggy, my dear,
 While you 're here,
 I do n't fear
 To want eggs that have just been laid newly ;
 For och ! you 're a pearl
 Of a girl,
 And you 're called so *in Latin* most truly.

II.

There is most to my mind something that is still upper
 Than supper,
 Tho' it must be admitted I feel no way thinner
 After dinner ;
 But soon as I hear the cock crow
 In the morning,
 That eggs you are bringing full surely I know,
 By that warning,
 While your buttermilk helps me to float
 Down my throat
 Those sweet cakes made of oat.

Such was his song. Father Cuddy smacked his lips at the recollection of Margery's delicious fresh eggs, which always imparted a peculiar relish to his liquor. The very idea provoked Cuddy to raise the cup to his mouth, and with one hearty pull thereat he finished its contents.

This is, and ever was, a censorious world, often construing what is only a fair allowance into an excess ; but I scorn to reckon up any man's drink, like an unrelenting host, therefore I cannot tell how many brimming draughts of wine, bedecked with *the venerable Bead*, Father Cuddy emptied into his "soul-case," so he figuratively termed the body.

His respect for the goodly company of the monks of Irelagh detained him until their adjournment to vespers, when he set forward on his return to Innisfallen. Whether his mind was occupied in philosophic contemplation or wrapped in pious musings I cannot declare, but the honest Father wandered on in a different direction from that in which his shallop lay. Far be it from me to insinuate that the good liquor which he had so commended caused him to forget his road, or that his track was irregular and unsteady. Oh no ! —he carried his drink bravely, as became a decent man and a good Christian ; yet, somehow, he thought he could distinguish two moons. "Bless my eyes," said Father Cuddy, "everything is changing now-a-days !—the very stars are not in the same places they used to be ; I think *Camcéachta* (the Plough) is driving on at a rate I never saw it before to-night ; but I suppose the driver is drunk, for there are blackguards everywhere."

Cuddy had scarcely uttered these words when he saw, or fancied he saw, the form of a young woman, who, holding up a bottle, beckoned him towards her. The night was extremely beautiful, and the white dress of the girl floated gracefully in the moonlight, as with gay step she tripped on before the worthy Father, archly looking back upon him over her shoulder.

I do n't envy an earl,
Sweet girl,
Och, 't is you are a beautiful pearl.

“Ah, Margery, merry Margery!” cried Cuddy, “you tempting little rogue!

‘Flos vallium harum,
Decus puellarum,
Candida Margarita.’

I see you, I see you and the bottle! let me but catch you, Candida Margarita!” and on he followed, panting and smiling, after this alluring apparition.

At length his feet grew weary, and his breath failed, which obliged him to give up the chase; yet such was his piety that, unwilling to rest in any attitude but that of prayer, down dropped Father Cuddy on his knees. Sleep, as usual, stole upon his devotions, and the morning was far advanced when he awoke from dreams, in which tables groaned beneath their load of viands and wine poured itself free and sparkling as the mountain spring.

Rubbing his eyes he looked about him, and the more he looked the more he wondered at the alteration which appeared in the face of the country. “Bless my soul and body!” said the good Father, “I saw the stars changing last night, but here is a change!” Doubting his senses, he looked again. The hills bore the same majestic outline as on the preceding day, and the lake spread itself beneath his view in the same tranquil beauty, and studded with the same number of islands; but every smaller feature in the landscape was strangely altered. What had been naked rocks were now clothed with holly and arbutus. Whole woods had disappeared, and waste places had become cultivated fields; and, to complete the work of enchantment, the very season itself seemed changed. In the rosy dawn of a summer’s morning he had left the monastery of Innisfallen, and he now felt in every sight and sound the dreariness of winter. The hard ground was covered with withered leaves; icicles depended from leafless branches; he heard the sweet low note of the Robin, who familiarly approached him; and he felt his fingers numbed from the nipping frost. Father Cuddy found it rather difficult to account for such sudden transformations, and to convince himself it was not the illusion of a dream, he was about to arise,

when, lo! he discovered both his knees buried at least six inches in the solid stone; for, notwithstanding all these changes, he had never altered his devout position.

Cuddy was now wide awake, and felt, when he got up, his joints sadly cramped, which it was only natural they should be, considering the hard texture of the stone, and the depth his knees had sunk into it. But the great difficulty was to explain how, in one night, summer had become winter, whole woods had been cut down, and well-grown trees had sprouted up. The miracle, nothing else could he conclude it to be, urged him to hasten his return to Innisfallen, where he might learn some explanation of these marvellous events.

Seeing a boat moored within reach of the shore, he delayed not in the midst of such wonders to seek his own bark, but seizing the oars, pulled stoutly towards the island; and here new wonders awaited him.

Father Cuddy waddled, as fast as cramped limbs could carry his rotund corporation, to the gate of the monastery, where he loudly demanded admittance.

"Holloa! whence come you, master monk, and what's your business?" demanded a stranger who occupied the porter's place.

"Business!—my business!" repeated the confounded Cuddy,—“why, do you not know me? Has the wine arrived safely?”

"Hence, fellow!" said the porter's representative, in a surly tone; “nor think to impose on me with your monkish tales.”

"Fellow!" exclaimed the Father: “mercy upon us, that I should be so spoken to at the gate of my own house!—Scoundrel!” cried Cuddy, raising his voice, “do you not see my garb—my holy garb?”

"Ay, fellow," replied he of the keys—“the garb of laziness and filthy debauchery, which has been expelled from out these walls. Know you not, idle knave, of the suppression of this nest of superstition, and that the abbey lands and possessions were granted in August last to Master Robert Collan, by our Lady Elizabeth, sovereign Queen of England, and paragon of all beauty—whom God preserve!”

“Queen of England!” said Cuddy; “there never was a sovereign Queen of England—this is but a piece with the rest. I saw how it was going with the stars last night—the world’s turned upside down. But surely this is Innisfallen island, and I am the Father Cuddy who yesterday morning went over to the abbey of Irelagh, respecting the tun of wine. Do you not know me now?”

“Know you!—how should I know you?” said the keeper of the abbey. “Yet true it is, that I have heard my grandmother, whose mother remembered the man, often speak of the fat Father Cuddy of Innisfallen, who made a profane and godless ballad in praise of fresh eggs, of which he and his vile crew knew more than they did of the word of God; and who, being drunk, it is said tumbled into the lake one night, and was drowned; but that must have been a hundred, ay, more than a hundred years ago.”

“’T was I who composed that song in praise of Margery’s fresh eggs, which is no profane and godless ballad—no other Father Cuddy than myself ever belonged to Innisfallen,” earnestly exclaimed the holy man. “A hundred years!—what was your great-grandmother’s name?”

“She was a Mahony of Dunlow—Margaret ni Mahony; and my grandmother—”

“What! merry Margery of Dunlow your great-grandmother!” shouted Cuddy. St Brandon help me!—the wicked wench, with that tempting bottle!—why, ’twas only last night—a hundred years!—your great-grandmother, said you?—God bless us! there has been a strange torpor over me; I must have slept all this time!”

That Father Cuddy had done so I think is sufficiently proved by the changes which occurred during his nap. A reformation, and a serious one it was for him, had taken place. Pretty Margery’s fresh eggs were no longer to be had in Innisfallen; and, with a heart as heavy as his footsteps, the worthy man directed his course towards Dingle, where he embarked in a vessel on the point of sailing for Malaga. The rich wine of that place had of old impressed him with a high respect for its monastic establishments, in one of which he quietly wore out the remainder of his days.

The stone impressed with the mark of Father Cuddy's knees may be seen to this day. Should any incredulous persons doubt my story, I request them to go to Killarney, where Clough na Cuddy—so is the stone called—remains in Lord Kenmare's park, an indisputable evidence of the fact. Spillane, the bugle-man, will be able to point it out to them, as he did so to me.

Stories of wonderful sleepers are common to most countries; of persons who, having fallen into a slumber, remained so for a long course of years; and who found, on waking, everything with which they had been familiar altered; all their former friends and companions consigned to the tomb, and a new generation, with new manners and new ideas, arisen in their places. It was thus that Greece fabled of Epimenides, the epic poet of Crete, who, going in search of one of his sheep, entered a cavern to repose during the mid-day heat, and slept there quietly, according to Eudamus, for forty-seven years, while Pausanias states his nap to have extended thirty years more. When he awoke, fancying that he had only taken a short doze, he proceeded in quest of his ewe.

The legend of the Seven Sleepers was current throughout the East, since the Prophet has deigned to give them a place in the Koran. Their story, the most famous one of the kind, will be found in the *Mines de l'Orient*, where it is related at great length.

The scene of a similar legend is placed by Paulus Diaconus on the shore of the Baltic, where, in "a darke and obscure cavern," five men were found sleeping, "their bodies and garments in no part consumed, but sound and whole as at first, who by their habits appeared to be ancient Romans. Certaine of the inhabitants had often made attempts to waken them, but could not. Upon a time, a wicked fellow purposing to dispoile and rob one of them of his garment, he no sooner touched it but his hand withered and dried up. Olaus Magnus was of opinion that they were confined thither to some strange purpose, that when their trance was expired they might either discover strange visions revealed unto them, or else they were to teach and preach the Christian faith to infidels, who never knew the evangelicall doctrine." *Heywood's Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*.

In German tradition we meet with the account of the woman who

sought a night's lodging from the celebrated Heiling, and who, when she awoke in the morning, found herself lying at the foot of a rock, where she had slept an hundred years: and also the tale of honest Peter Klaus, who slumbered for twenty years in the bowling-green of Kyffhäuser; which last has furnished Washington Irving with the ground-work of his incomparable Rip van Winkle; a beautiful specimen of the mode in which true genius is able to borrow and appropriate.

Another sleepy legend, related in Ireland, called "the Song of the little Bird," was communicated to the Amulet, for 1827.

Miss Luby, in her poem on Killarney, has preserved the story of Clough na Cuddy, both in clever verse and in a prose note. The localities mentioned will be perfectly familiar to all who have visited that region of enchantment. Part of the monastic ruins on Innisfallen have been converted into a banqueting-house, which is the subject of the vignette title-page of Mr Weld's account of those lakes; a work worthy of the scenery it illustrates.

Moore has written some exquisite verses in the Irish Melodies on his departure from that island; and a sonnet and two-thirds, of a less sentimental nature, on dining there, were extracted from an artist's sketch-book. These lines may be quoted in support of the legend, as evidence of the reputed character of the pious chroniclers of Innisfallen; but as "in vino veritas," their work, if not the very best, is certainly one of the best, Irish historical records extant.

"Hail, reverend fathers! whose long-buried bones
 Still sanctify this sod whercon we dine,
 And take, as we are wont, our glass of wine.
 Behold, we pour, amid these hallow'd stones,
 Libation due, unto your thirsty clay!
 For to be dry for now six hundred years,
 Upon my soul, good fathers! moves my tears,
 And almost makes me rather drink than pray,
 To think of what a long, long thirst you have;
 You who were wet and merry souls, I wot,
 And most ecclesiastically took your pot.
 'Tis pity, faith it is, you're in the grave:
 But since it is our common fate, alas!
 Good-bye, good friars!—Come, Tom, fill your glass.

Quoth Thomas, gravely, 'I do much revere
 The clay wherein such reverend bones do lie;
 Yet thus to toast them, I would not comply,
 But that their reverences are where they are;
 For were they face to face, God bless my soul!
 And we had twice as many jugs and bottles,
 And they set to, with all their thirsty throattles,
 A pretty hearing we 'd have of our bowl.'

BARRY OF CAIRN THIerna.

Fermoy, though now so pretty and so clean a town, was once as poor and as dirty a village as any in Ireland. It had neither great barracks, grand church, nor buzzing schools. Two-storied houses were but few: its street—for it had but one—was chiefly formed of miserable mud cabins; nor was the fine scenery around sufficient to induce the traveller to tarry in its paltry inn beyond the limits actually required.

In those days it happened that a regiment of foot was proceeding from Dublin to Cork. One company, which left Caher in the morning, had, with "toilsome march," passed through Mitchelstown, tramped across the Kilworth mountains, and, late of an October evening, tired and hungry, reached Fermoy, the last stage but one of their quarters. No barracks were then built there to receive them; and every voice was raised, calling to the gaping villagers for the name and residence of the billet-master.

"Why, then, can't you be easy now, and let a body tell you," said one. "Sure, then, how can I answer you all at once?" said another. "Anan!" cried a third, affecting not to understand the serjeant who addressed him. "Is it Mr Consadine you want?" replied a fourth, answering one question by asking another. "Bad luck to the whole breed of *sogers*!" muttered a fifth villager—"it's come to eat poor people that work for their bread out of house and home you

are." "Whisht, Teigue, can't you now?" said his neighbour, jogging the last speaker; "there's the house, gentlemen—you see it there yonder forenent you, at the bottom of the street, with the light in the window; or stay, myself would think little of running down with you, poor creatures! for 't is tired and weary you must be after the road." "That's an honest fellow," said several of the dust-covered soldiers; and away scampered Ned Flynn, with all the men of war following close at his heels.

Mr Consadine, the billet-master, was, as may be supposed, a person of some, and on such occasions as the present, of great, consideration in Fermoy. He was of a portly build, and of a grave and slow movement, suited at once to his importance and his size. Three inches of fair linen were at all times visible between his waistband and waistcoat. His breeches-pockets were never buttoned; and, scorning to conceal the bull-like proportions of his chest and neck, his collar was generally open, as he wore no cravat. A flaxen bob-wig commonly sat fairly on his head and squarely on his forehead, and an *ex-officio* pen was stuck behind his ear. Such was Mr Consadine, billet-master-general, barony sub-constable, and deputy-clerk of the sessions, who was now just getting near the end of his eighth tumbler in company with the proctor, who at that moment had begun to talk of coming to something like a fair settlement about his tithes, when Ned Flynn knocked.

"See who's at the door, Nelly," said the eldest Miss Consadine, raising her voice, and calling to the barefooted servant-girl.

"'T is the *sogers*, sir, is come!" cried Nelly, running back into the room without opening the door; "I hear the *jinketing* of their swords and *bagnets* on the paving-stones."

"Never welcome them at this hour of the night," said Mr Consadine, taking up the candle, and moving off to the room on the opposite side of the hall which served him for an office.

Mr Consadine's own pen and that of his son Tom were now in full employment. The officers were sent to the inn; the serjeants, corporals, &c., were billeted on those who were

on indifferent terms with Mr Consadine ; for, like a worthy man, he leaned as light as he could on his friends.

The soldiers had nearly all departed for their quarters, when one poor fellow, who had fallen asleep leaning on his musket against the wall, was awakened by the silence, and starting up, he went over to the table at which Mr Consadine was seated, hoping his worship would give him a good billet.

“ A good billet, my lad,” said the billet-master-general, barony sub-constable, and deputy-clerk of the sessions—“ that you shall have, and on the biggest house in the place. Do you hear, Tom ! make out a billet for this man upon Mr Barry of Cairn Thierna.”

“ On Mr Barry of Cairn Thierna !” said Tom with surprise.

“ Yes ; on Mr Barry of Cairn Thierna—the great Barry !” replied his father, giving a nod, and closing his right eye slowly, with a semi-drunken wink. “ Is not he said to keep the grandest house in this part of the country ?—or stay, Tom, just hand me over the paper, and I’ll write the billet myself.”

The billet was made out accordingly ; the sand glittered on the signature and broad flourishes of Mr Consadine, and the weary grenadier received it with becoming gratitude and thanks. Taking up his knapsack and firelock he left the office, and Mr Consadine waddled back to the proctor to chuckle over the trick that he played the soldier, and to laugh at the idea of his search after Barry of Cairn Thierna’s house.

Truly had he said no house could vie in capacity with Mr Barry’s ; for, like Allan-a-Dale’s, its roof was

“ The blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale.”

Barry of Cairn Thierna was one of the chieftains who of old lorded it over the barony of Barrymore, and for some reason or other he had become enchanted on the mountain of Cairn Thierna, where he was known to live in great state, and was often seen by the belated peasant.

Mr Consadine had informed the soldier that Mr Barry lived a little way out of the town, on the Cork road ; so the

poor fellow trudged along for some time, with eyes right and eyes left, looking for the great house ; but nothing could he see, only the dark mountain of Cairn Thierna before him, and an odd cabin or two on the road-side. At last he met a man, of whom he asked the way to Mr Barry's.

"To Mr Barry's!" said the man; "what Barry is it you want?"

"I can't say exactly in the dark," returned the soldier. "Mr What's-his-name, the billet-master, has given me the direction on my billet; but he said it was a large house, and I think he called him the great Mr Barry."

"Why, sure, it would n't be the great Barry of Cairn Thierna you are asking about?"

"Ay," said the soldier, "Cairn Thierna—that's the very place: can you tell me where it is?"

"Cairn Thierna," repeated the man; "Barry of Cairn Thierna—I'll show you the way and welcome; but it's the first time in all my born days that ever I heard of a soldier being billeted on Barry of Cairn Thierna. 'Tis surely a queer thing for old Dick Consadine to be after sending you there," continued he; "but you see that big mountain before you—that's Cairn Thierna. Any one will show you Mr Barry's when you get to the top of it, up to the big heap of stones."

The weary soldier gave a sigh as he walked forward towards the mountain; but he had not proceeded far when he heard the clatter of a horse coming along the road after him, and turning his head round he saw a dark figure rapidly approaching him. A tall gentleman, richly dressed, and mounted on a noble grey horse, was soon at his side, when the rider pulled up, and the soldier repeated his inquiry after Mr Barry's of Cairn Thierna.

"I'm Barry of Cairn Thierna," said the gentleman; "what is your business with me, friend?"

"I've got a billet on your house, sir," replied the soldier, "from the billet-master of Fermoy."

"Have you, indeed?" said Mr Barry; "well, then, it is not very far off; follow me, and you shall be well taken care of."

He turned off the road, and led his horse up the steep side of the mountain, followed by the soldier, who was astonished

at seeing the horse proceed with so little difficulty, where he was obliged to scramble up, and could hardly find or keep his footing. When they got to the top there was a house sure enough, far beyond any house in Fermoy. It was three stories high, with fine windows, and all lighted up within, as if it was full of grand company. There was a hall door, too, with a flight of stone steps before it, at which Mr Barry dismounted, and the door was opened to him by a servant man, who took his horse round to the stable.

Mr Barry, as he stood at the door, desired the soldier to walk in, and instead of sending him down to the kitchen, as any other gentleman would have done, brought him into the parlour, and desired to see his billet.

"Ay," said Mr Barry, looking at it and smiling, "I know Dick Consadine well—he's a merry fellow, and has got some excellent cows on the inch field of Carrickabrick; a sirloin of good beef is no bad thing for supper.

Mr Barry then called out to some of his attendants, and desired them to lay the cloth, and make all ready, which was no sooner done than a smoking sirloin of beef was placed before them.

"Sit down now, my honest fellow," said Mr Barry, "you must be hungry after your long day's march."

The soldier, with a profusion of thanks for such hospitality, and acknowledgments for such condescension, sat down, and made, as might be expected, an excellent supper; Mr Barry never letting his jaws rest for want of helping until he was fairly done. Then the boiling water was brought in, and such a jug of whiskey punch was made, there was no faulting it.

They sat together a long time, talking over the punch, and the fire was so good, and Mr Barry himself was so good a gentleman, and had such fine converse about everything in the world, far or near, that the soldier never felt the night going over him. At last Mr Barry stood up, saying, it was a rule with him that every one in his house should be in bed by twelve o'clock, "and," said he, pointing to a bundle which lay in one corner of the room, "take that to bed with you, it's the hide of the cow which I had killed for your supper;

give it to the billet-master when you go back to Fermoy in the morning, and tell him that Barry of Cairn Thierna sent it to him. He will soon understand what it means, I promise you ; so good-night, my brave fellow ; I wish you a comfortable sleep, and every good fortune ; but I must be off and away out of this long before you are stirring."

The soldier gratefully returned his host's good-night and good wishes, and went off to the room which was shown him, without claiming, as every one knows he had a right to do, the second-best bed in the house.

Next morning the sun awoke him. He was lying on the broad of his back, and the sky-lark was singing over him in the beautiful blue sky, and the bee was humming close to his ear among the heath. He rubbed his eyes ; nothing did he see but the clear sky, with two or three light morning clouds floating away. Mr Barry's fine house and soft feather-bed had melted into air, and he found himself stretched on the side of Cairn Thierna, buried in the heath, with the cow-hide which had been given him rolled up under his head for a pillow.

"Well," said he, "this beats cock-fighting!—Did n't I spend the pleasantest night I ever spent in my life with Mr Barry last night?—And what in the world has become of the house, and the hall door with the steps, and the very bed that was under me?"

He stood up. Not a vestige of a house or anything like one, but the rude heap of stones on the top of the mountain, could he see, and ever so far off lay the Blackwater, glittering with the morning sun, and the little quiet village of Fermoy on its banks, from whose chimneys white wreaths of smoke were beginning to rise upwards into the sky.

Throwing the cow-hide over his shoulder, he descended, not without some difficulty, the steep side of the mountain up which Mr Barry had led his horse the preceding night with so much ease, and he proceeded along the road, pondering on what had befallen him.

When he reached Fermoy, he went straight to Mr Considine's, and asked to see him.

"Well, my gay fellow," said the official Mr Consadine, recognising, at a glance, the soldier, "what sort of an entertainment did you meet with from Barry of Cairn Thierna?"

"The best of treatment, sir," replied the soldier; "and well did he speak of you, and he desired me to give you this cow-hide as a token to remember him."

"Many thanks to Mr Barry for his generosity," said the billet-master, making a bow in mock solemnity; "many thanks, indeed, and a right good skin it is, wherever he got it."

Mr Consadine had scarcely finished the sentence when he saw his cow-boy running up the street, shouting and crying aloud that the best cow in the inch field was lost and gone, and nobody knew what had become of her, or could give the least tidings of her.

The soldier had flung the skin on the ground, and the cow-boy, looking at it, exclaimed—

"That is her hide, wherever she is!—I'd take my Bible oath to the two suall white spots, with the glossy black about them, and there's the very place where she rubbed the hair off her shoulder last Martinmas." Then, clapping his hands together, he literally sung, to "the tune the old cow died of,"

*Agus oro Drimen duve ; oro ba
Oro Drimen duve ; mhiel agruh !
Agus oro Drimen duve—O—Ochone !
Drimen duve deulish—gn den tu slane beugh.**

This lamentation was stopped short by Mr Consadine.

"There is no manner of doubt of it," said he. "It was Barry who killed my best cow, and all he has left me is the hide of the poor beast to comfort myself with; but it will be a warning to Dick Consadine for the rest of his life never again to play off his tricks upon travellers."

* This, which is written as it is pronounced, may be translated—

And oh, my black cow—oh my cow,
Oh my black cow, a thousand times dear to me;
And oh my black cow—alas, alas!
My darling black cow, why did you leave me?

An anonymous correspondent, before alluded to, has supplied the compiler with the outline of the foregoing tale. Another version, in which a fair dame named Una (Anglicè, Winny, who proves to be the queen of the Fairies) is substituted for Mr Barry, was related to him some years since, under the title of "the Lady of the Rock." The circumstance of the billet, the supper, the hide, and the billet-master's loss of his best cow, are precisely similar in both. The scene of the story was Blarney, and the soldier said to be one of Cromwell's troopers.

According to tradition, the great Barry has his magic dwelling on the summit of Cairn Thierna, the legend of which mountain will be found in the present section. He appears to belong to the same class of beings as Gilroon Doonoch, or Gilroon of the old Head of Kinsale; Farwinneth O'Kilbritaine, or the Green Man of Kilbrittan; Garold Barloch, or Early Garret of Killarney, &c., respecting whom stories very similar to the foregoing and subsequent are related. These super-human mortals also commonly appear before any remarkable event, like the German Emperor, Charles V., who, with his army, according to tradition, inhabit the Odenberg, in Hesse, and when war is on the eve of breaking out, the mountain opens, the Emperor issues forth, sounds his bugle, and with his host passes over to another mountain. Rodenstein, who in a similar manner announces war, was seen so recently as 1815, previous to the landing of Napoleon, to pass with his followers from Schnelbert to his former stronghold of Rodenstein.

THE GIANT'S STAIRS.

ON the road between Passage and Cork there is an old mansion called Ronayne's Court. It may be easily known from the stack of chimneys and the gable ends, which are to be seen look at it which way you will. Here it was that Maurice Ronayne and his wife Margaret Gould kept house, as may be learned to this day from the great old chimney-piece, on which is carved their arms. They were a mighty worthy couple, and had but one son, who was called Philip, after no less a person than the King of Spain.

Immediately on his smelling the cold air of this world the child sneezed, which was naturally taken to be a good sign of his having a clear head ; and the subsequent rapidity of his learning was truly amazing, for on the very first day a primer was put into his hand, he tore out the A,B,C page, and destroyed it, as a thing quite beneath his notice. No wonder then that both father and mother were proud of their heir, who gave such indisputable proofs of genius, or, as they call it in that part of the world, "*genus.*"

One morning, however, Master Phil, who was then just seven years old, was missing, and no one could tell what had become of him : servants were sent in all directions to seek him, on horseback and on foot, but they returned without any tidings of the boy, whose disappearance altogether was most unaccountable. A large reward was offered, but it produced them no intelligence, and years rolled away without Mr and Mrs Ronayne having obtained any satisfactory account of the fate of their lost child.

There lived, at this time, near Carrigaline, one Robert Kelly, a blacksmith by trade. He was what is termed a handy man, and his abilities were held in much estimation by the lads and the lasses of the neighbourhood ; for, independent of shoeing horses, which he did to great perfection, and making plough-irons, he interpreted dreams for the young women, sung Arthur O'Bradley at their weddings, and was so goodnatured a fellow at a christening, that he was gossip to half the country round.

Now it happened that Robin had a dream himself, and young Philip Ronayne appeared to him in it at the dead hour of the night. Robin thought he saw the boy mounted upon a beautiful white horse, and that he told him how he was made a page to the giant Mahon Mac Mahon, who had carried him off, and who held his court in the hard heart of the rock. "The seven years—my time of service—are clean out, Robin," said he, "and if you release me this night I will be the making of you for ever after."

"And how will I know," said Robin—cunning enough, even in his sleep—"but this is all a dream?"

"Take that," said the boy, "for a token"—and at the

word the white horse struck out with one of his hind legs, and gave poor Robin such a kick in the forehead, that thinking he was a dead man, he roared as loud as he could after his brains, and woke up calling a thousand murders. He found himself in bed, but he had the mark of the blow, the regular print of a horse-shoe upon his forehead as red as blood; and Robin Kelly, who never before found himself puzzled at the dream of any other person, did not know what to think of his own.

Robin was well acquainted with the Giant's Stairs, as, indeed, who is not that knows the harbour? They consist of great masses of rock, which, piled one above another, rise like a flight of steps, from very deep water, against the bold cliff of Carrigmahon. Nor are they badly suited for stairs to those who have legs of sufficient length to stride over a moderate-sized house, or to enable them to clear the space of a mile in a hop, step, and jump. Both these feats the giant Mac Mahon was said to have performed in the days of Finnian glory; and the common tradition of the country placed his dwelling within the cliff up whose side the stairs led.

Such was the impression which the dream made on Robin, that he determined to put its truth to the test. It occurred to him, however, before setting out on this adventure, that a plough-iron may be no bad companion, as, from experience, he knew it was an excellent knock-down argument, having, on more occasions than one, settled a little disagreement very quietly: so, putting one on his shoulder, off he marched, in the cool of the evening, through Glaun a Thowk (the Hawk's Glen) to Monkstown. Here an old gossip of his (Tom Clancey by name) lived, who, on hearing Robin's dream, promised him the use of his skiff, and moreover offered to assist in rowing it to the Giant's Stairs.

After a supper which was of the best, they embarked. It was a beautiful still night, and the little boat glided swiftly along. The regular dip of the oars, the distant song of the sailor, and sometimes the voice of a belated traveller at the ferry of Carrigaloe, alone broke the quietness of the land and sea and sky. The tide was in their favour, and in a few minutes

Robin and his gossip rested on their oars under the dark shadow of the Giant's Stairs. Robin looked anxiously for the entrance to the Giant's palace, which, it was said, may be found by any one seeking it at midnight; but no such entrance could he see. His impatience had hurried him there before that time, and after waiting a considerable space in a state of suspense not to be described, Robin, with pure vexation, could not help exclaiming to his companion, " 'T is a pair of fools we are, Tom Clancey, for coming here at all on the strength of a dream."

" And whose doing is it," said Tom, " but your own ? "

At the moment he spoke they perceived a faint glimmering of light to proceed from the cliff, which gradually increased until a porch big enough for a king's palace unfolded itself almost on a level with the water. They pulled the skiff directly towards the opening, and Robin Kelly, seizing his plough iron, boldly entered with a strong hand and a stout heart. Wild and strange was that entrance; the whole of which appeared formed of grim and grotesque faces, blending so strangely each with the other that it was impossible to define any: the chin of one formed the nose of another: what appeared to be a fixed and stern eye, if dwelt upon, changed to a gaping mouth; and the lines of the lofty forehead grew into a majestic and flowing beard. The more Robin allowed himself to contemplate the forms around him, the more terrific they became; and the stony expression of this crowd of faces assumed a savage ferocity as his imagination converted feature after feature into a different shape and character. Losing the twilight in which these indefinite forms were visible, he advanced through a dark and devious passage, whilst a deep and rumbling noise sounded as if the rock was about to close upon him and swallow him up alive for ever. Now, indeed, poor Robin felt afraid.

" Robin, Robin," said he, " if you were a fool for coming here, what in the name of fortune are you now ? " But, as before, he had scarcely spoken, when he saw a small light twinkling through the darkness of the distance, like a star in the midnight sky. To retreat was out of the question; for so many turnings and windings were in the passage, that he

considered he had but little chance of making his way back. He therefore proceeded towards the bit of light, and came at last into a spacious chamber, from the roof of which hung the solitary lamp that had guided him. Emerging from such profound gloom, the single lamp afforded Robin abundant light to discover several gigantic figures seated round a massive stone table as if in serious deliberation, but no word disturbed the breathless silence which prevailed. At the head of this table sat Mahon Mac Mahon himself, whose majestic beard had taken root, and in the course of ages grown into the stone slab. He was the first who perceived Robin; and instantly starting up, drew his long beard from out the huge piece of rock in such haste and with so sudden a jerk that it was shattered into a thousand pieces.

"What seek you?" he demanded in a voice of thunder.

"I come," answered Robin, with as much boldness as he could put on; for his heart was almost fainting within him—"I come," said he, "to claim Philip Ronayne, whose time of service is out this night."

"And who sent you here?" said the giant.

"'T was of my own accord I came," said Robin.

"Then you must single him out from among my pages," said the giant; "and if you fix on the wrong one, your life is the forfeit. Follow me." He led Robin into a hall of vast extent, and filled with lights; along either side of which were rows of beautiful children all apparently seven years old, and none beyond that age, dressed in green, and every one exactly dressed alike.

"Here," said Mahon, "you are free to take Philip Ronayne, if you will; but, remember, I give but one choice."

Robin was sadly perplexed; for there were hundreds upon hundreds of children; and he had no very clear recollection of the boy he sought. But he walked along the hall, by the side of Mahon, as if nothing was the matter, although his great iron dress clanked fearfully at every step, sounding louder than Robin's own sledge battering on his anvil.

They had nearly reached the end without speaking, when Robin seeing that the only means he had was to make friends

with the giant, determined to try what effect a few soft words might have.

"'Tis a fine wholesome appearance the poor children carry," remarked Robin, "although they have been here so long shut out from the fresh air and the blessed light of heaven. 'Tis tenderly your honour must have reared them!"

"Ay," said the giant, "that is true for you; so give me your hand; for you are, I believe, a very honest fellow for a blacksmith."

Robin at the first look did not much like the huge size of the hand, and therefore presented his plough-iron, which the giant seizing, twisted in his grasp round and round again as if it had been a potato stalk; on seeing this all the children set up a shout of laughter. In the midst of their mirth Robin thought he heard his name called; and all ear and eye, he put his hand on the boy who he fancied had spoken, crying out at the same time, "Let me live or die for it, but this is young Phil Ronayne."

"It is Philip Ronayne—happy Philip Ronayne," said his young companions; and in an instant the hall became dark. Crashing noises were heard, and all was in strange confusion; but Robin held fast his prize, and found himself lying in the grey dawn of the morning at the head of the Giant's Stairs with the boy clasped in his arms.

Robin had plenty of gossips to spread the story of his wonderful adventure—Passage, Monkstown, Carrigaline—the whole barony of Kerricurrihy rung with it.

"Are you quite sure, Robin, it is young Phil Ronayne you have brought back with you?" was the regular question; for although the boy had been seven years away, his appearance now was just the same as on the day he was missed. He had neither grown taller nor older in look, and he spoke of things which had happened before he was carried off as one awakened from sleep, or as if they had occurred yesterday.

"Am I sure? Well, that's a queer question," was Robin's reply; "seeing the boy has the blue eye of the mother, with the foxy hair of the father; to say nothing of the *purty* wart on the right side of his little nose."

However Robin Kelly may have been questioned, the worthy couple of Ronayne's Court doubted not that he was the deliverer of their child from the power of the giant Mac Mahon; and the reward they bestowed on him equalled their gratitude.

Philip Ronayne lived to be an old man; and he was remarkable to the day of his death for his skill in working brass and iron, which it was believed he had learned during his seven years' apprenticeship to the giant Mahon Mac Mahon.

This legend, in some particulars, resembles those told in Wales of Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the bloody hand: in Denmark, of Holger the Dane: in Germany, of Frederic Barbarossa, or red beard, &c. The writer of a valuable paper in the Quarterly Review has thus condensed the story, which may be found in Thiele's *Danske Folkesagn*, &c.

"The emperor (Frederic) is secluded in the castle of Kyffhansen, in the Hercynian forest, where he remains in a state not much unlike the description which Cervantes has given of the inhabitants of the cavern of Montesinos: he slumbers on his throne—his red beard has grown through the stone table on which his light arm reclines, or, as some say, it has grown round and round it. A variation of the same fable, coloured according to its locality, is found in Denmark; where it is said that Holger Danske, whom the French romances call Ogier the Dane, slumbers in the vaults beneath Cronenburg castle. A villain was once allured by splendid offers to descend into the cavern and visit the half-torpid hero. Ogier muttered to the visitor, requesting him to stretch out his hand. The villain presented an iron crow to Ogier, who grasped it, indenting the metal with his fingers. 'It is well!' quoth Ogier, who imagined he was squeezing the hand of the stranger, and thus provoking his strength and fortitude: 'there are yet *men* in Denmark.'"

Billy Quinn, the poet of Passage, has sung the charms of the scenery of this legend in such popular numbers, that it is presumed the reader will not be displeased at finding a verse here. After praising the noble river Lee, he tells us that at Passage

"A ferry-boat 's there, quite convenient
 For man and horse to take a ride;
 Who, both in clover, may go over
 To Carrigaloe at the other side.
 'Tis there is seen—oh! the sweet Marino
 With trees so green oh, and fruit so red—
 Brave White-point, and right forenent it
 The Giant's Stairs, and old Horse's head."

The witty Mr Henry Bennett, in his pleasant local poem of the Steam Boat, is pleased to call the Giant's Stairs

----- "a flight
 of fancy."

It may be so: but against such authority the compiler is enabled to support the truth of this legend, at least, by circumstantial evidence. A wonderful pair of cubes have been exhibited to him in proof of Mr Ronayne's supernatural handicraft. Dr Smith, in his History of Cork, vol. i. p. 172, also says that "he (Mr Philip Ronayne) invented a cube which is perforated in such a manner that a second cube of the same dimensions exactly in all respects may be passed through the same."



AND now, farewell! the fairy dream is o'er :
 The tales my infancy had loved to hear,
 Like blissful visions, fade and disappear.
 Such tales Momonia's peasant tells no more!
 Vanish'd are MERMAIDS from her sea-beat shore ;
 Check'd is the HEADLESS HORSEMAN'S strange career ;
 FIR DARRIG'S voice no longer mocks the ear,
 Nor ROCKS bear wondrous imprints as of yore!
 Such is "the march of mind."—But did the fays
 (Creatures of whim—the gossamers of will)
 In Ireland work such sorrow and such ill
 As stormier spirits of our modern days?
 O land beloved! no angry voice I raise ;
 My constant prayer—"may peace be with thee still."



This book is a preservation facsimile produced for
the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign.

It is made in compliance with copyright law
and produced on acid-free archival
60# book weight paper
which meets the requirements of
ANSI/NISO Z39.48-1992 (permanence of paper).

Preservation facsimile printing and binding
by

Northern Micrographics
Brookhaven Bindery
La Crosse, Wisconsin
2011

