

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. EDMOND KAVANAGH,  
BY THE REV. JAMES O'LALOR.

EDITED BY JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL. D.

INTRODUCTION.—The following Elegy was composed in the year 1764 by the Rev. James O'Lalor, Lalor, or Lawler, afterwards P. P. of Oning and Templeorum, in the barony of Iverk, and county of Kilkenny, for his relative, the Rev. Edmond Kavanagh, P. P. of Ballyragget in the same county, who died in that year. The editor saw the autograph original when he was very young, but he fears that it is now either lost, or mouldering in the possession of some of his relatives. A very good copy of it was made by the late Mr. James Scurry of Knockhouse, which is now preserved in the British Museum; another by a Mr. Dempsey, about the year 1776, now preserved in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy; and a third by Richard Monck, Esq., of Banagher, in the King's County.

All the books and MSS. of the author were left to the late Mr. James Höberlin, of Coolnaleen, near Tory Hill, after whose death they passed to his nephew, Mr. Paul Egan, of Curraghmore, who is also dead; and the editor does not know whether or not they are still preserved. He wrote several other short poems of considerable merit, chiefly of a religious character, but they are probably all lost. He also wrote an Irish Grammar, a copy of which, in his own most beautiful handwriting, the editor saw many years since, but does not know where it is now to be had.

Of the history of the family of Lalor, or O'Lalor, very little is preserved by our annalists or historians. They are of the same race as the O'Mores, and were one of the seven septa of Leix, in the Queen's County. They were seated at Dysart-Enos, near the rock of Dunamase, from which they were driven by the English family of Pigott, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In Garrett Byrne's account of the massacre of Mullaghmast, where the inhabitants of the Queen's County slaughtered each other almost to extermination, a very curious anecdote is told of Harry Lalor, of Dysart, who, having observed the murders perpetrated by Master Cosby, Harpool O'Dempsey, and others, desired his friends not to advance to the conference if they did not see him return. Harry Lalor cut his way with his sword through the enemy, and made his escape to Dysart *without seeing the Barrow!* See "Annals of the Four Masters," A. D. 1577, vol. v. p. 1696. Margaret, the daughter of O'Lalor (Donell an Chnuic), is said to have built the castle of Knockardagurr, near Dysart-Galen. She was first married to Lord Mountgarrett, and afterwards to Taaffe, of Hosey's Cross.

In our own time there have been some distinguished and worthy men of this sept who have figured far more conspicuously than our author : as, Major-General O'Lalor, of the Spanish service, Honorary Companion of the Order of the Bath ; the late Patrick Lalor, M. P. for the Queen's County, and his son, the gifted but unfortunate James Lalor ; the late Dr. Lalor, of Stradbally, a physician of high character, great wealth, and distinguished benevolence ; and the Lalors of Cascade, near Freshford, in the county of Kilkenny. From this family was also descended, by the mother's side, the late gifted orator and distinguished statesman, the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil, M.P., whose brilliant speeches in the British Senate will be read with interest and admiration as long as the English language shall survive.

The Rev. Edmond Kavanagh, for whom this Elegy was composed, was of a junior branch of the Kavanaghs of Ballyleigh, near St. Mullin's ; but of his private history nothing is known to the editor, except what is preserved in this composition. His tomb in the old church-yard of Donoughmore, near Ballyragget, now much time-worn, exhibits the following inscription :—

Here lieth the Body of the Revd Edmond Kavanagh Parrish Priest of Ballyragget 15 years who departed this life the 2nd day of August 1761 aged 76 years. Requiescat in pace. Amen.<sup>1</sup>

The following " Abstract of the Kavanaghs and of their lands," written in 1572, evidently by Harpoole, Governor of Carlow, is preserved amongst the Carew MSS. at Lambeth, and gives an account of the several branches of the Kavanaghs then in being :—

All Gerald's children which had Fernes are *hanged* and gone, but one whose name is Walter Gall, who was fostered and brought up in the Co. of Wexford, and hath byne ever a traytor and a theife.

There be of estimation of the Kavanaghs but three : that is, Bryan mac Care of St. Moly'n's, Mortogh Oge of the Garyhill,<sup>2</sup> and Care Duffe of Clonlyn ; and there is none of them able to make [up] eight horsemen of his own byinge, and every one of them is enemy unto the other ; but they have *theeves on foote* to steale from the Queen's trewe subjects, and they doe all dwell in the counties of Wexford and Carloughe, and are easye to be brought to answer to the lawe.

The following table will exhibit at one view some of the lines of descent from Dermot Mac Murrough, which the editor has been able to trace. The MS. authorities differ very materially in these genealogical lines, but the authority of Duald Mac Firis and of the Book of Leinster is followed in the earlier generations.

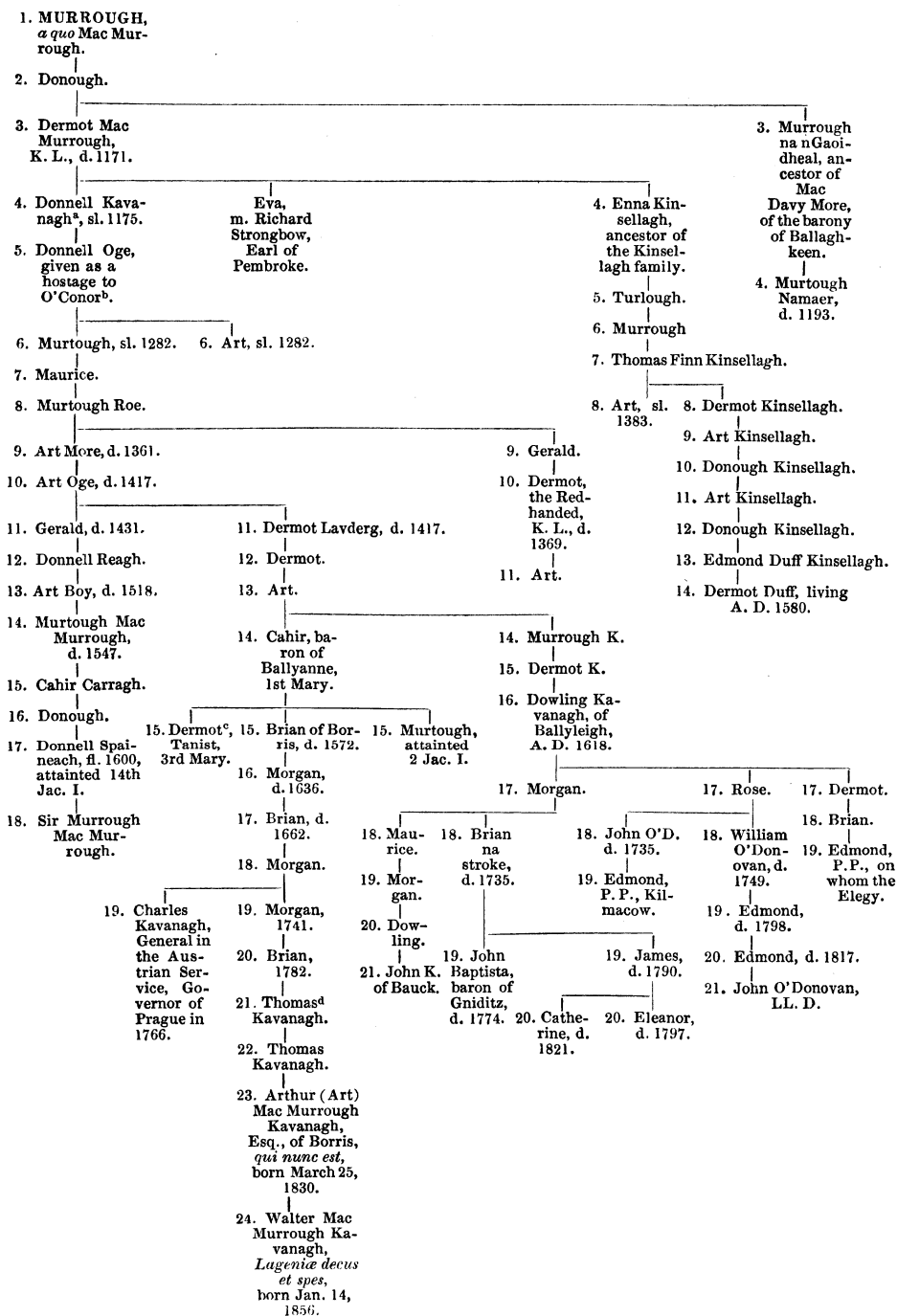
<sup>1</sup> The Elegy (see p. 142, *infra*) makes 1764 the year of his death, which is most likely to be the correct date. Monuments are often set up long after the person's death, and the unit on the tombstone may have been the mistake

of the stone-cutter, but it cannot have formed the upright stroke of a partly obliterated old-fashioned 4, as it is shaped like the letter *f*.

<sup>2</sup> See the grant or confirmation of his arms, p. 121, *infra*.

TABLE OF DESCENT FROM DERMOT MAC MURROUGH.

["K. L." stands for "King of Leinster."]



<sup>a</sup> He is called Prince Donald by Maurice Regan, who makes no allusion to his illegitimacy. But in a MS. at Lambeth, compiled by Sir George Carew, who did all he could to defame the Kavanaghs, we read: "This Donell challenged the kingdom of Leinstre, but his sister Eva did prove him to be a bastard both in England and Ireland, wherefore he rebelled, calling himself King of Leinstre. Of him his yssue are called Cavanaugh, because he was fostered at Castle Cavan in the Byrnes' countrye."—Carew, "Lambeth," 635, fol. 40 b.

<sup>b</sup> Some of the pedigrees leave out this Donnell Oge altogether, but it is a mere blunder of transcribers. He must have been very young when executed by King Roderic O'Conor; his son Murtough must have been born in or before A. D. 1170, so that King Dermot saw his great-grandson in 1170, when he was about eighty years old. He carried off Dervorgilla in 1152, when he was sixty-two years old!!

<sup>c</sup> This Dermot was appointed Tanist to Moriortagh Kavanagh in the 3rd of Mary. In 1582 the Ulster King made the following grant or confirmation of arms to Moriortagh Oge Kavanagh of Garkil, chief of his name:—

"The trewe coppie of Ulsters grant to Murtothe Oge Cavanaghe for bearinge his Armes.

"To all Nobles and Gentles these present letters readinge or seinge Nicolas Narbon alias Ulster principall herald and kinge of Armes of all partes of this realme of Irelande sendeth due humble commendation and gretinge. Equitie willet, and reason ordayne that men vertuouse and of noble courage be by their merites and good renowne rewarded not *alonie* their persones in this mortall life so brief and transitorie, but also after them those that shalbe of their bodyes descended to be in all places of honour with other nobles and gentles accepted by certayn ensignes and demonstracōn of honour and noblenesse, that is to saye BLASON HELME AND TIMBER to the end that by their ensamples others may the more enforce themselves to have perseverance to use their dayes in feates of Armes and workes vertuouse to get the renowne of ancye[n]t noblesse in their lignes and posterities; and for as much as Moriortoghe Oge Cauanaghe of the Garkil chief of his name, gentleman, is descended of an ancient house undefamed, bearinge Armes, neverthelesse he beinge uncertayne under what sorte and manner his predecessors bare the said Armes, he not willinge to do any thinge that should be prejudicial to any gentleman of name and of Armes, hath desired me the said Ulster Kinge at Armes to ordayne assigne and set foorth the his Armes due and lawful to be borne. Therefore I the said Ulster seeinge his request so iust and reasonable by the authoritie and power annexed attributed given and granted by the Queene, our Sovereign Ladye's highnesse to me and to my office of Ulster Kinge of Armes by expresse wordes under her most noble great seale, have ordayned granted and set forth his Armes lawful to be borne: that is to saye he beareth quarterlie fower coates, the first gules a lyon rampant argent armed langued azure, the second vert a cross [a cross fourchée is here depicted] betweene six crosses crossletts fitches or; the third argent thre vipers 2, 1 vert; the fourth azure three garbes 2, 1, or; ffor and in consideration to have and to hold to the said Moriortaghe Oge Cauanaghe gentleman and to his posteritie, and yt to use and enioye for euermore. In witness whereof, I the said Ulster Kinge of Armes have signed these presents with my hand and sett thereunto the seale of my Armes with the seal of my office of Ulster Kinge of Armes. Geven and granted at Dublin the 12th Octobris 1582, and in the 24th yeare of the raigne of our soveraigne Ladye Elizabeth.

"By me Nicolas Narbon al's Ulster Kinge of Armes of all Ireland manu propria.

"The seal of Nicolas Narbon Kinge of Armes is 3 half Garters couped 2. 1. The seal of his office is a playne crosse in cheif a lyon passant gardant between a harpe and a portcullis."

<sup>d</sup> He was the chief of the Kavanaghs when Dr. O'Brien published his Irish Dictionary, who speaks of him as follows: "Thomas O'Kavanagh [*recte* Kavanagh, for they never prefixed the O'] of Borass, in the Co. of Carlow, Esq., is now the worthy direct chief of the very ancient and noble house of the Mac Moroughs."

The introduction of banshés into poems of this kind, to predict the recent deaths of the heroes or good men, whose virtues were the subject of the composition, was a favourite form of composition with the Irish poets of the last two centuries. They delighted in describing the charms and radiant beauty of these fabled beings;<sup>1</sup> and in this respect our reverend author appears to rival, if not exceed, many of his lay contemporaries in the glow and warmth of his colouring. His sentiments and language throughout exhibit his sincerest and warmest affection, respect, and admiration for his departed friend, of the antiquity and royal descent of whose great family he does not think proper to boast, but reserves all his eulogium for his own individual character.<sup>2</sup> In this particular it differs from most elegies, a considerable portion of which usually treats of the pedigree and virtues of ancestors. In the eastern counties of Ireland this fabled female sprite is called *Bodhbh chaointe* (Bowe keentè), but in West Munster and Connaught she is known by the name of bean riúge (Ban shé). Dr. O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, has the following remarks on this term, *in voce* Sithbhrog:—

“SITH-BHROG, the same as SIGH-BHROG, from SIGHE, a fairy, and BROG, a house; hence BEAN SIGHE, *plur.*, MNA SIGHE, she fairies, or women fairies, credulously supposed by the common people to be so affected to certain families, that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations about their houses by night whenever any of the family labours under a sickness which is to end by death. But no families which are not of an ancient and noble stock are believed to be honoured with this fairy privilege: pertinent to which notion a very humorous quatrain 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 seaport town, the property of those Knights), every one of the merchants was alarmed lest the mournful cry should be a forewarning of his own death. But the poet assures them, in a very humorous manner, that they may make themselves very easy on that occasion. The Irish words will explain the rest:—

<sup>1</sup> “When lo! a nymph, whose brow, whose  
bosom's sheen,  
Might shame the grace of beauty's fabled  
queen,  
Came o'er the hill—her towering forehead  
bore  
The impress of high thought—like molten  
ore,  
Gushed the golden ringlets o'er its polished  
plane;  
Her cheek of snow confessed one rose's  
stain.  
She spoke, and vain, in sooth, were min-  
strel skill  
To bid the chord such liquid sweets distil.”

—See the Roman Vision in Hardiman's “Irish  
Minstrelsy,” vol. ii. p. 307.

<sup>2</sup> He makes the banshé describe him as if he were, like Melchizedek, “without father, without mother, without descent.” He had also, doubtlessly, the following classical passages in view:—

“Nam genus, et proavos, et quæ non  
fecimus ipsi  
Vix ea nostra voco.”

OVID, *Met.*, lib. xiii. v. 140.

“Nam quanto vita majorum præclarior,  
tanto horum secordia flagitior. Et profecto ita  
se res habet. Majorum gloria posteris quasi  
lumen est, neque bona eorum neque mala in  
oculto patitur.”—SALLUST, *Bellum Jugur-  
thinum*, c. 87.

“Anar an Dangan ’nuair neartaib an b’rónḡol,  
 ‘Do ḡlac eaḡla ceannuḡḡe an énráicc:  
 ’Na ḡ-taob féin nír baḡḡal ḡóibḡin:  
 Ní éaomḡ mná riḡe an rḡrḡ ran.

“At the Dangan when the mournful cry was strong,  
 The hoarding merchants took alarm!  
 But with respect to themselves they need not fear danger;  
 Banshees do not bewail that class of mortals.”

The names of several banshés are preserved in romantic tales, as well as in elegies, and other poems, of which the most celebrated are Aebhinn (now Aoibhell), of Craigliath, near Killaloe, the banshé of the Dal-gCais of North Munster; Cliodhna, of Tonn Cliodhna, at Glandore, the banshé of the Mac Carthys and the other families of South Munster; Aine, of Knockany, in the county of Limerick; Una, of Cnoc Sidhe-Una, the banshé of the O’Carrolls; Cailleach Beirre, of Dun-Caillighe Beirre, the banshé of some of the Leinster and Meath families; Grian, of Cnoc Greine, in Munster; Aine, of Lissan, in Tyrone, so attached to the family of O’Corra; Eibhlinn, of Sliabh Fuaid, &c. &c. Each of these is *Bainrioghan na bruighne*, or Queen of the fairy palace, in her own district; and it looks very strange that our author does not give the particular name of the banshé of his poem, who frequented the moat near Ballyragget, in any part of his Elegy.

The most ancient notice of a banshé in Irish history is found in Mageoghegan’s translation of the Annals of Clonmacnoise, where it is stated that Crimthann Nianar, monarch of Ireland immediately preceding the first year of Christ, “was carried away by a fairy lady into her palace, where, after great entertainment bestowed upon him, and after they took their pleasure of each other by carnal knowledge, she bestowed a gilt coach, with a sum of money, on him as a love token; and soon after he died.”

O’Flaherty magnifies this poetical legend into the following account, which he takes for true history:—

“Crimthannus postquam sedecim annos regnasset equo dejectus mortem casu oppetiit apud Duncrimthann regiam suam juxta Binnedair recens ab expeditione celebri transmarinâ reversus, multis pretiosis spoliis onustus: inter quæ recensentur carpentum ex auro cælatum; alveus lusorius trecentas gemmas pellucidas complexus; singulare stragulum colorum et figurarum multitudine variegatum læna trilix auro intexta; gladius præliaris multis serpentum formis è puro obryzo conflatis inculptus, scutum argenteis bullis nitentibus ornatum, lancea immedicabile vulnus semper infligens; funda adeo ad collimandum certa ut nunquam a scopo aberret; duo canes venatici catenâ copulati, quæ ex nitido argento confecta trecentas vaccas valebat, hæc præter alia non vulgaria cimelia.”—“Ogygia,” part iii. c. 52.

But the most curious and truly historical notice of the *sidhe* [the gods of the earth] is found in the Life of St. Patrick preserved in the Book of Armagh. Among the converts of the Irish apostle were the royal sisters, Ethnea and Fethlimia, daughters of Loegaire, the monarch of Ireland. Patrick, on his way to visit the wood of Fochlut, had the good fortune to meet with these royal sisters at a fountain called Clabach, near the royal palace of Rathcroghan, where they were living under the care of their foster-father. Patrick and his companions had rested for the night at this fountain, and at day-break he and his companions began to chant their morning service, when the two young princesses, coming to the fountain at this early hour to bathe, were surprised by the appearance of a group of venerable persons all clothed in white garments, and holding books in their hands,—they took them to be male *sidhe*, or gods of the earth. On their inquiring who these venerable men were, and to what class of beings they belonged, whether celestial, ærial, or terrestrial, the Irish apostle, with that clear insight into the Irish character, with which he had become so well acquainted in his early youth, availed himself of this opportunity of instructing them in the nature of the true God; and, while answering their questions as to where the God he worshipped dwelt, whether in heaven or on the earth, on mountains or in valleys, in the sea or in rivers, contrived to explain to them the leading truths of the Christian religion.

O'Flaherty, in his "Ogygia," part iii. c. 22, remarks on this passage that the Irish call these beings *sidhe*, because they are seen to come out of pleasant hills, where the common people imagine they reside, which fictitious habitations are called by us *sidhe*, or *siodha*.

"Viros *sidhe* vocant Hiberni ærios spiritus, aut phantasmata; ex eo quod ex amœnis collibus quasi prodire conspicantur, in quibus vulgus eos habitare credit: quæ collium talium ficta habitacula a nostris *sidhe* vel *siodha* dicuntur."

Hence this learned man infers that the divinities of the Irish were local ones, that is, residing in mountains, plains, rivers, in the sea, and such places, for, as the Pagan superstition taught,—"*uti animæ nascentibus, ita populis fatales genii dividuntur. Variosque Custodes cunctis regionibus mens divina distribuit*"—Symmachus, "Ethnicus," lib. i. epist. 4; and that these local genii never went to other countries."

The next notice of the *sidhe* occurring in the Irish annals is found in connexion with the death of Muirchertach Mor Mac Earca, who, according to the Annals of Clonmacnoise, was *killed, drowned, and burned together* by a *faerie* woman that burned the house of Cleytagh over his head on Hollandtide.—See "Annals of the Four Masters," A. D. 526, vol. i. pp. 173, 175.

But, perhaps, the most valuable historical reference to be found in all our ancient literature to the belief of the ancient Irish respecting these good-natured female sprites or banshés, who, according to the oldest accounts, are of the Tuatha de Danann race, is found in the account of the battle of Clontarf preserved in the Annals of Kilronan, and in various other MSS. not yet published. It is stated that Oeibhinn of Craigliath (near Killaloe), the banshé of the Dal-gCais, enveloped in a magical cloud the hero Dunlaing O'Hartagan (a chief attendant on Murchadh, the son of the monarch Brian Borumha), to prevent him from joining in the battle of Clontarf; but that O'Hartagan nevertheless made his way to Murchadh, who, on reproaching him for his delay, was told that Oeibhinn was the cause; upon which O'Hartagan conducted Murchadh to where the banshé was, and a conversation ensued, in which the banshé predicted the fall of the monarch Brian, as well as of the prince Murchadh himself, with O'Hartagan and many other chiefs of the Dalcassian army. It is curious to see that at the same time the Norse or Scandinavian enemy also believed in female sprites or witches, but of a more gloomy and diabolical nature,<sup>1</sup> who had the power of foreboding the dreadful slaughter about to ensue at Clontarf. Shortly before the battle of Clontarf a certain Danish chieftain, about to set out for the scene of slaughter, had sought to foresee his fate at Caithness, in Scotland. When a certain man named Dorrudo was going forth from his house, he saw twelve horsemen making for a certain tumulus; but these having suddenly vanished from the view of all, he advanced to the tumulus, and, looking through an aperture which was in it, he saw females arranged within, who commenced weaving a web, having human heads for woof and warp, a sword for

<sup>1</sup> The name Aoibhinn is now always pronounced Aoibhill. A similar corruption is observable in the name of St. Brénall, for St. Brenainn, or Brendan; also in Lough Ennell for Loch Aininn, &c. The Irish banshés were generally good-natured; but we have a story of the Lady Grian, of Knockgreany, in the county of Limerick, turning certain men who had insulted her into badgers, which were afterwards killed by Cormac Gaileng, and cooked for a feast at the table of Teige, son of Cian, son of Oilioll, ancestor of O'Hara and O'Gara, for which this Cormac was banished into Connaught. The following reference to the Lady Grian, of Cnoc-Greine, is found in a MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. Speaking of these youths who were metamorphosed into badgers, the story goes on: "They were transformed into badgers by Grian Gruadhsholuis, daughter of Firai, son of Eogabhal. The cause for which she so transformed them is this:—They were

the five sons of Conall, son of Eochaidh, son of Mogh Nuadhat, and they slew Grian's handmaid, and demolished the *Sídh*, or fairy palace, of her father, Firai. After which Grian came to them, and metamorphosed these heroes into the forms of badgers, and they remain so still. When Conall had heard that his sons were destroyed, he came to *Cnoc na g'Curadh* (hill of the heroes), which is now called *Cnoc Gréine*, and found Grian asleep; a struggle ensued between them, in which she was nearly killed. 'Art thou Conall?' said she. 'I am,' replied he. 'Come over to me,' said she, 'that I may bestow prosperity on thee.' Conall approached her, and she shook dust upon him. After this Conall departed from the hill, and proceeded to Carn Conaill, where he died, and the carn there was named after him. Grian afterwards died on this hill, and it is from her it is called *Cnoc Gréine* [i. e. the hill of Grian]."—MS. Library, Trin. Coll. Dub., H. 3, 18, p. 42.



a reed, an arrow for a shuttle ; and they sang these words following, which he committed to memory :—

“ Vitt er orpinn,  
Fyrit valfalli,  
Riss reidi skei,  
Rignir hlodi !” &c.

Out of this wild, but poetical rhapsody, the English poet Gray has called up the spirit of poesy, as follows :—

“ Now the storm begins to lour,  
Haste, the loom of hell prepare,  
Iron sleet of arrowy shower  
Hurtles in the darkened air.  
Glittering lances are the loom,  
Where the dusky warp we strain,  
Weaving many a soldier’s doom,  
Orkney’s woe and Radner’s bane.  
See the gristly texture grow,  
(’Tis of human entrails made);  
And the shafts that play below,  
Each a gasping warrior’s head.”<sup>1</sup>

Presently these females drew off the web, and cut it, carrying away each her own part,—and Dorrudo having returned home from his peeping-hole, they mounted their horses, and took their departure, six towards the south, and the other six towards the north.—See Johnston’s “*Antiquitates Celto-Scandicæ*,” pp. 122–9.

The gloomy and diabolical idea attached to the Norse and Lapland witches is referred to by Milton in his “*Paradise Lost*,” in the description of Sin, the portress of Hell’s gate, and her son, Death :—

“ Far less abhorred than these  
Vex’d Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;  
Nor uglier follow the Night-hag, when, called  
In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
Lur’d with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches, while the lab’ring Moon  
Eclipses at their charms.”—Book ii. ll. 659–66.

The good-natured banshé *Aeibhinn* [*Amæna*, now corruptly called *Aoibhell*—*Evil*] is mentioned in various other poems relating to the *Dal-gCais*. Donogh Roe Mac Namara, in his “*Mock*

<sup>1</sup> Magrath, in his “*Wars of Thomond*,” introduces *Brónach Boirne* (i. e., the hag of *Burrinhead*, now *Blackhead*) as foreboding the slaughter of the battle of the abbey of *Corcomroe*, A. D. 1318, by washing fantastical skulls and other human bones on the

margin of *Loch Rasga*, now *Loughrask*, in the barony of *Burrin*; but, in genuine Irish folklore, *Aeibhinn* is never represented as delighting in slaughter of this kind. She always grieves for it. In fact, she was not at all a foul and ugly hag.

Æneid," makes Aoibhell the sybil of his poem; and Brian Merri- man introduces her into his facetious poem, called the "Midnight Court," as holding a court at Craigliath to enact laws for the more rapid growth of the Dalcassian population, who are to be the future liberators of Ireland from unjust laws.

Of the good-natured banshé Cliodhna [Cleená] many stories are also told. Her principal palace was situated in the east side of the townland of Carrig-Cleena-more, in the parish of Kilshanick, barony of Duhallow, and county of Cork. She is believed to have haunted this place till about forty years ago, when the wickedness of men, who are growing too intelligent, obliged her to desert it.

There is another very remarkable rock, called after her, in the harbour of Glandore, where she still wails most mournfully for the approaching dissolution of her favourite families of the races of Oilíoll Olum and Lughaidh mac Itha. Donnell O'Donovan, chief of Clancahill, is called Dragon of Tonn Chliodhna by Muldowny O'Morrison in his Inauguration Ode addressed to this Donnell in 1638. The wail of the banshé in this harbour is the natural moan of the caverns of the rocks, which frequently takes place some time before an approaching storm. When the wind is in the north-east, off the shore, the waves resounding in the caverns send forth a deep, loud, hollow, monotonous roar, which in a calm night is peculiarly impressive to the imagination, producing sensations either of melancholy or fear.—See "Annals of the Four Masters," A. D. 1557, p. 1549. The cliffs from the caverns of which Cliodhna sends forth this remarkable wail are made the subject of a Latin poem written by Dean Swift in June, 1723, and which is published by Smith in his "History of the County of Cork," vol. i. p. 273:—

"Ecce ingens fragmen scopuli quod vertice summo  
Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum  
Decidet in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa  
Horrisono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur  
Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis  
Nam longa venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ  
Æquorei laticis, specus ima rupe cavatur:  
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant  
Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas."

It is strange that the great Irish wit makes no allusion, in this poem, to the legend about the banshé Cliodhna, which the genius of Ovid would have turned to so much account.

There are two other waves very frequently referred to in Irish romances and elegies, of which, unfortunately, no local Swift has left us any description—viz. Tonn Tuaithe, at Ballintoy, off the north coast of the county of Antrim, and Tonn Rudhraighe, in the bay

of Dundrum, off the coast of the county of Down. These waves were wont to lament the approaching deaths of kings and chieftains, but by what local genius or natural instinct they did so has not been explained by our bards.<sup>1</sup> Lord Bacon, in his work "De Ventis," attempts some natural explanations of strange sounds of this description—see edition of 1662, pp. 38, 215.

The paramount fairy queen of Ireland and Scotland, however, was Meadhbh, Queen of Connaught. She also found her way into England under the name of Queen Mab; but when she appeared there first has not been yet cleared up. This great personage, the ancestress of the O'Farrells, Mac Rannells, and O'Conors of Kerry, was of the Milesian or Scotic race, and flourished about A. D. 62. — See "Ogygia," part iii. c. 46. Her acts are blazoned in the "Tain-bo-Cuailgne,"<sup>2</sup> in the wildest style of poetical exaggeration, and she is vividly remembered in the traditions of the mountainous parts of Ireland as Meadhbh Cruachan, or Queen Mab, and many places are called after her; but though sometimes introduced into modern elegies, she does not appear to have ever been as affectionately attached to the old Milesian families as Aoibhinn and the older banshés of the Tuatha de Danann race. The reason of this is not very clear; but, from the stories told of her by the Irish shanachies, she appears to have been regarded rather as a quean than a queen. She had four other sisters, remarkable for their loose characters. The following account of her father, sisters, and herself, is given in Mageoghegan's translation of the "Annals of Clonmacnoise:"—

"Eochy Feyleagh was king twelve years, and then died at Taragh. He was father to that famous (but not altogether for goodness) woman, Meave Cruachan, and to four other daughters. But the Lady Meave was of greater report than the rest, because of her great beauty, boldness, and stout *manliness* in giving of battles, insatiable lust, &c.

"Her father allowed her for her portion the province of Connaught, and she being thereof possessed, grew so insolent and shameless that she made an oath never to marry with any one whatsoever that would be stained with any of these three defects and imperfections, as she accounted them; viz. with jealousies for any leachery she would use, with unmanliness or imbecility for as that the party could not be so bold as to undertake any adventure whatsoever, were it never so difficult; and lastly, she would never marry with any one that feared any one living."

<sup>1</sup> "Death waves" are still believed in by the peasantry of the Waterford coast, being the name given to those sudden and dangerous swellings of the sea supposed to result from earthquakes in some distant part of the world.—Eds.

<sup>2</sup> "Fergusius (Rex Ultoniæ) solo pariter, ac solio Ultoniæ exterminatus in Connactiam ad Olillum et Maudam ibidem regnantes profugit; quibus patrocinantibus memorabile ex-

arsit bellum septennale inter Connactos et Ultonios multis poeticis figmentis, ut ea ferebat ætas adornatum. Hujus belli circiter medium Octennio ante caput æræ Christianæ, Mauda regina Connactiæ, Fergusio Rogio ductore immensam Boum prædam conspicuis agentium et insectantium virtutibus memorabilem è Cualgniâ in agro Louthiano reportavit (Tain bo Cuailgne)."—"Ogygia," p. 275.

Shakspeare verily gives this Queen Mab too diminutive a form even in her disembodied shape, where he espouses her to Oberon as his fairy queen.

No being exactly resembling the Irish banshé appears in Greek or Roman mythology. In the "Tales of the Genii," the Genius [Geni-ess?], who is always the female, is not unlike our banshé; but she is not exactly the same, nor does any fairy character of any other nation exactly like her appear in Keightley's "Fairy Mythology," which is a work of great learning and research.

No doubt can for a moment be entertained of the fact that a most piteous wailing is heard shortly before the dissolution of the members of some families; but great doubts may be rationally harboured as to the fact of these being always of Celtic or ancient Irish, or even of noble or distinguished lineage.

A friend of the editor's, who is much given to philosophical experiments on almost every subject, has written him the following account of the banshé wail in his own family, which is collaterally of royal descent, but not very Celtic:—

"In Nov. 1820, when I was in attendance on a near and dear relative's death-bed, in an old castle in the county of Westmeath, I heard a most extraordinary sound, resembling that of an Æolian harp, but also having such a strong similitude to the human voice, it was more nearly allied to singing than instrumental music. I never heard anything like it before or since. Had I been superstitious, I should have at once considered it to be the song or wail of the banshee.

"The sound appeared to me to be everywhere in the room, and not to come from any one point; and I feel certain that the servants in the house at the time might, with a little stretch of their fancy, have placed it anywhere except in the real *locus* from whence it proceeded—and that was the throat of the almost unconscious invalid.

"Under the circumstances in which I was placed, I could not escape examining into the nature of the extraordinary sounds; and I found they were due to an involuntary action of the organs of voice, coupled with the spasmodic breathing of the patient, which changed every moment, producing a sort of ventriloquistic singing or melody, which was exquisitely harmonious, and perfectly unearthly, as was observed by one of the listeners, who did not venture to form an opinion as to the nature of the sounds she heard.

"The sound heard on the occasion referred to, is not, I feel certain, the only instance of its occurrence, for I have heard of others; but sensible people generally do not like to speak of such things, and servants, nurses, and, indeed, others who have heard of banshees, and would believe in their existence without investigation, have attributed such sounds to their agency.

"I have known a shutter closed, when a window-sash was not entirely shut down, emit sounds not unlike the Æolian harp; but this was not the sound I refer to above. It was exactly what I have described, and, only for the circumstances under which it took place, would have been a

matter deserving of notice and admiration. The other circumstance to which I refer was the death of one of those birds called Willie-water-wagtails, which killed itself by striking itself against one of the windows of the bedroom the day of the night we heard the sounds described. This trifling event was made curiously interesting by a sister of the sick person, who was living in the house, stating over and over again, from day to day, that she felt sure her brother would live till after a bird of this kind should kill itself at the window, for one had done so in several previous cases where members of our family had died in that room. Indeed, she went so far as to maintain that it was always the case, and was preserved as a tradition in the family.

"I certainly gave little heed to what she said, till I was startled from my reading at the window indicated by a bird of this kind striking the window with great force, and falling on the window-stool stunned, and thence rolling off on the roof of a pantry or office beneath, off which I, in a few minutes after, picked up the bird dead, and brought it to the lady who had actually predicted the fact. It satisfied the family that the time was at hand that all had been looking to for some weeks.

"Ever yours,  
"\_\_\_\_\_,"

**ELEGIES.**—One of the oldest references to lamentations for the dead would be that which occurs in the tale of Deirdre, published in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin," if the work were the real composition of the time to which it refers; but the language has been so modernized, and the story so altered from its ancient structure, that it cannot be relied on as a genuine historical authority, even though it may have preserved an undoubted fact:—

"Their stone was raised over their monument, their Ogham names were written, and their ceremony of lamentation was performed."—p. 128.

The same observations will hold good with respect to the elegy said to have been composed by Oilioll Olum, King of Munster, for his seven sons who fell in the battle of Magh Mucroimhe, near Athenry, in the middle of the third century. O'Flaherty, who fixes the date of this battle to A. D. 250, notices the existence of this poem; but though he is very credulous in other respects, he does not believe this poem to be genuine, because in the benedictions which King Oilioll gives his son Eoghan, living and dead, he uses a style and expression totally unknown in Pagan times. The poem is, however, very ancient, and may preserve a fact, though not the genuine composition of Oilioll Olum. O'Flaherty's words are:—

"Extat poema pervetustum (Α μακάρι να εις τιαρο) Olilli regis nomine ad Fiachum nepotem, deplorans septem filiorum in Mucromio prælio, præsertim Eugenii casum, et Fiachi pupilli miseriam patre et matre orbati: sed ne Olilli genuinum suspicor, siquidem de benedictionibus, quas Eugenio tam mortuo quam vivo impertit, mentionem faciat Ethnicis vocabulo et praxi inusitato."—"Ogygia," part iii. c. 67, p. 328.

After the introduction of Christianity, we have numerous references to elegies composed at various periods, which it would be tedious to mention here. A few of the more important of these references may be here noticed.

There are some curious references to elegies in Cormac's "Glossary"—a work composed before the year 908—and also in the "Annals of the Four Masters." Under the word *Gamh*, the "Glossary" gives a quotation from a *marbhmodh*, or elegy composed by Colman Macu Cluasaigh for Cuimine Fota, the patron saint of the See of Cloyne, who died on the 12th of November, 661. The quotation runs thus:—

Seò ba h-Èppcop romh ba rí,  
ba mac tìgearna mo Chuimín,  
Cenbál 'Èipenn ar íoar  
ba h-álainn map ro choap.  
Maic a ñeméil, maic a èpué,  
ba leñan a ñomflonnuò,  
Ua Choirprii ocup Ua Chuirc  
ba raf, ba h-án, ba opðuirc  
Òurpan mapbán a mí ñam;  
Ní liac, ní b'écuib iapam.<sup>1</sup>

He was not more bishop than king.  
My Cuimin was son of a lord,  
Lamp of Erin for his learning;  
He was beautiful, as all have heard;  
Good his kindred, good his shape,  
Extensive were his relatives,  
Descendant of Coirpri, descendant of Core,  
He was learned, noble, illustrious,—  
Alas! is dead in the month of Gam;  
But 'tis no cause of grief! 'Tis not to death he has gone.

The same most important elegy is also quoted in the same Glossary under the word *bie*.

'Ní maic cpíðe cen chie.  
A heart without grief is not good.

And also in the "Annals of the Four Masters," under the obit of Cuimine Fota, A.D. 661. Under the word *Galgat*, is quoted, in Cormac's "Glossary," another ancient elegy composed by Guaire Aidhne, King of Connaught, lamenting the death of his friend Laidhgnen, Abbot of Clonfert-Molua, beginning—

Cian ó tibe do ñáipe.  
Long since thou laughest thy laughter!

<sup>1</sup> A glossographer adds:—*Cñ neih do éuib*,—"he passed to heaven."

From this period forward there are frequent references to Irish elegies, and some curious ones are still extant. Of these, Mr. Hardiman has given some good specimens in the second volume of his "Irish Minstrelsy," as, Torna's Lament for Core and Niall, pp. 183-187; Seanchan's Lament over the dead body of Dallan, pp. 193-197; Kincora; or, Mac Liag's Lament, pp. 197-201; and the Elegy on the death of Oliver Grace.

This latter elegy is exceedingly curious, and makes us regret that we have not more of the compositions of the author—John Mac Walter Walsh, Esq., a native of the Walsh Mountains, in the county of Kilkenny. The allusion to the banshé in this elegy is as follows:—

“An bairt, a uairt d'í mo éiríde!  
 Óo rpeab go dubac an bean ríge?  
 A meóhan éim uaigneac oíðce  
 I' cuimac do bí ag eagaoinead!

“Was it for thee, O youth, in love allied,  
 Close to my bosom as the spirit there;  
 The banshee, on the lonely mountain side,  
 Poured her long wailings thro' the midnight air?”

This elegy, of which the metre is very badly preserved in the printed copy, is a very good specimen of modern Irish elegies. We have almost innumerable specimens of elegies of the same kind, as that of Donell O'Donovan, chief of Clancahill, who died in 1660, by O'Daly of Carbery, and which I hope the Society will print at no distant period. Mr. Hardiman has given some specimens of more modern elegies, as that on the death of John Claragh Mac Donnell, by John Toomey, pp. 253-7; Elegy on the death of Denis Mac Carthy, pp. 273-9; the Roman Vision, pp. 307-39. There are almost countless others of the same kind, not yet published, of which the Elegy on Sir John Bourke, of DerrymacLaughney, in the county of Galway, is a very good specimen. And also that on John Bourke, of Carntreila, near Dunmore, in the county of Galway, composed by Cormac O'Comain, and published by Miss Brooke. Also the elegy for Redmond, son of David Barry, which treats of his ancestry and kindred in the most extravagant manner; there was a good copy of the latter in a manuscript written by Dermot O'Brien, of Thomastown, extant in 1821, but the editor does not know where it is at present. The long and curious elegy composed for Randal, Marquis of Antrim, who died in 1721, and the various touching and highly poetical elegies composed for the unfortunate Sir James Cotter, of the county of Cork, may also be mentioned. There were still lingering in the memory of old men and women, with whom I was acquainted, a great many most graphic elegies, which I often admired when very young, but

which were never committed to writing, one of which, composed for a Mr. John O'Brien, shows the wonderful pride of a fallen people, "who preferred nobilitie of blood before either virtue or wealth, and abhorred nothing more than disparagement, which was more odious unto them than death." It describes his personal form, beauty, characteristics of mind and body, and the respectability of his relations, spread far and wide throughout the county of Kilkenny. Another, still more extravagant, composed for John, son of William, son of William, son of Cornelius, son of Edmond O'Donovan, by his nurse Bridget Ny-Dwyre (brígid n̄ ùbuidir), about the year 1799. This Cliodhna of Ida describes the personal perfections of her nursling in naturally eloquent strains, and enumerates his relations, from Waterford to Carrick-on-Suir, and his ancestors up to Edmond, who came from Bawnlahan, in the south of Ireland, to Gaulstown, in the county of Kilkenny, where, as she states in heraldic phrase, his name, his surname, and his armorial bearings, with the date of the year when he settled in Leinster, were still to be seen over the gate:—

Sin a ainm 'ra fíomneadh 'ra éoat of armp,  
 A' r' dáta na bliadhna 'nar éiríall pé ó'n m-bán leathan  
 'Or cionn an gheata le peicirín gac lá ann.

The celebrated J. Philpot Curran informs us that it was from the funeral lamentations sung by the old women in the mountains of the county of Cork that he picked up his first ideas of eloquence.

marbónaó an ačar eamuinna éaoimhanaiđ.  
 an τ-αταir seamus o'leathlabair, sağart paraiste  
 onainđ ađus čeampuil oórain, cct.

A' m-beiđ đam pealad ađ taupteal na cđige,  
 Ğo-haepac meannnac ađ caičeam̄ na h-đige,  
 Sealad le h-imipte do čugainn a' r' le h-đl di,  
 A' r' peal beađ Ğann do čabairt le h-eolur.

Čápla a n-ĝleann mé a d-čeannra an epáčóna,  
 Map a m-b'aoibinn ĝac epaoib le ceolčaiđ;—  
 Fuaim na d-čiobpac ĝ-epiočallač n-đmbpac,  
 A' r' na n-ĝairiđe binne ađ taučim le pđirpeađ.

bile ápb dípeac do ĝac pfođba ap pđĝnam̄,  
 A' r' éanla beaĝa aépac ĝo ceđlm̄ap  
 'Na m-barrapčaiđ ađ cantam a nóčaiđe,  
 Ğo m-ba puairc le epoiđe beiđ ađ éirčeačt a ĝ-ceolča.

A' r' an n-ĝleannpo do bí deallpađ an τ-pairpađ,  
 ĝac epaeđ paoi bláč dob' áilne lonmpa,  
 Ğan ní ap aile ačt maipac pđđail ann,  
 Map a d'-páĝ an τ-uđap cuipra a ĝ-clđó é.



Bí gaeṫa na gṫéime a'ṫ pṫéapṫa coiṫḡlan,  
 ḡan ṫmúit, ḡan néalṫa, ḡan gaeṫ an lóitṫe,  
 ḡan ṫṫrúṫṫ, ḡan ṫéapṫaimn, ḡan ṫḡamail, ḡan ceo ann,  
 Áṫṫ caṫaoiṫ ṫṫhoebuiṫ aḡ ṫḡéitṫeáṫ mór-ṫeap'.

Ap m-beitṫ ṫann laḡ ó ṫaṫ na ṫliḡe ṫam,  
 Mo éṫoiṫe ṫḡóṫṫa, a'ṫ ḡan cóiṫ na ṫiḡe aḡam,  
 ṫo éoiṫḡeap iṫ an ṫobap m'íota,  
 Á'ṫ ṫ'ṫanapṫ ap a ṫṫuaṫ am' ṫuan ḡo h-óíṫṫe.

An ṫéitṫean ṫolupaṫṫ epáṫ ṫloḡaṫ 'ṫan m'ín-ṫuiṫ,  
 ṫo éáimḡ maṫḡṫe mánla mná ḡo ṫ-ṫí mé,  
 Map ṫiana epáṫ ṫo bí ṫí,  
 'S a ṫluaḡ béitṫeṫ ap éaeb cnuic ṫ'á coiṫṫeáṫṫ.

ba ḡile a mama 'ná an eala ap epéan-ṫuiṫ,  
 ba ḡlape a ṫúil na ṫṫrúṫṫ ap ṫéapṫaiṫ,  
 ḡaṫ ṫeíṫil ṫ'a lonṫṫa ap éṫoṫ na n-ṫéitṫeṫ,  
 Á'ṫ ṫeaṫṫ ḡo ceapṫ a n-aile a ééile.

Sḡannṫuiḡeap ṫuaṫ ó'm ṫuan ṫ'én-bíṫṫoḡaṫ,  
 Á'ṫ ṫo'n ṫoiḡ-aiṫṫiṫ éuiṫ ṫo ṫinnear aoiṫṫa,  
 ṫ'ṫiapṫaiḡeap ṫo'n béitṫ an ó'n ṫpéiṫ ṫo éaoiṫṫiḡ,  
 Á'ṫ epéaṫ an ṫṫioṫal le a ṫ-ṫáimḡ ap na h-áṫṫ-éioṫṫaiṫ.

Nó má'ṫ ṫṫuinnḡeal éú ṫo nuiṫṫiṫ na n-ṫéitṫeṫ,  
 Caṫ é an áit ṫo a ṫ-ṫáṫla me am aṫṫap?  
 No cia an ṫannṫpaṫṫ mṫoṫail ṫṫeaḡ béapṫa  
 Iab ṫo aṫ éuiṫeáṫṫa éúṫ ṫeíṫeaiṫ ṫo ṫéanaṫ oṫṫ?

Á óiḡṫiṫ ḡṫiṫn, ḡiṫ ṫinn liom ṫ'éiṫṫeáṫṫ  
 An éeipṫ ṫeo éuiṫiṫ ní ṫuiṫiṫ liom a ṫéiṫṫeáṫṫ,  
 ṫ'eaḡla ṫḡannṫa, no ṫannṫaiṫiṫe éáṫṫ oṫṫ;  
 Áṫṫ ḡlupaiṫ liom ḡo h-uáṫṫap an ṫ-ṫléiṫṫe.

ṫo ṫiublap leiṫ an ḡ-cuinn-ṫṫuinnḡeal máepṫa,  
 Láim ap láim a'ṫ béal ap béal lé,  
 ḡup ṫanḡamaṫ báṫṫ an énuic aṫṫa,  
 'S níṫṫ éáimḡ ṫuaṫ linn ṫoiṫn ṫo na béitṫiṫ.

ṫo éuiṫ le na ṫaṫṫ mé am ṫuiṫṫe ap an ṫ-ṫéap ḡlap,  
 'Sa ṫubaiṫṫ, a óiḡṫiṫ 'ḡá ṫ-ṫuil eolup a'ṫ béapa,  
 ṫo léiḡ beapṫa aḡup ḡaiṫḡeáṫ na ṫéime,  
 Siúṫ é Siúṫe ṫiṫn, map a m-bíṫṫonn ḡṫeíṫiṫn ap béitṫiṫ.

ṫo éṫṫuiṫ ṫḡaṫa ap ṫ'apṫapṫup epéann,  
 Seo é Siáṫ na m-bann ṫiṫn na ṫann a'ṫ na m-béitṫeṫ,  
 'Sé ap ṫáḡaṫ aca ṫ'ṫeapṫann a'ṫ ṫ' oṫṫṫeáṫṫ  
 Áṫṫ Cnoc ṫíṫiṫne amám, Cnoc 'Áine a'ṫ ḡṫéime.



No Creb do beip an Capan duib gan tairneim na ghréine?  
 A duhairt rí ag capaó ón Ialla go héirge,  
 A díg-íip, ip do bhrónaó mo rgeal duie,  
 D'ég an fear poéma, porca na cléipe,  
 Aéair na mboét do nídeó a doóet do péiteaó;  
 Do beipeaó biaó go fial doib a'p éavaó,  
 Do beipeaó a róda doib ón lo go éile.  
 Do beipeaó meirneó don laige ip don éagruaib,  
 Do beipeaó leigear ap éreigib an tréava;  
 Do beipeaó teagarg a leapa da daennaió  
 Do beipeaó a pláinte, le ghrápaib an aenimic,  
 Do gaó epuaill ap a mbíod buaóairt ón dael rpirio.  
 Do beipeaó oideácur do luét buile ríó méiríuib,  
 Do beipeaó eolur don óg ip don aorva,  
 Do beipeaó gan coirmearg íaó go Caéair an én-nic!

Do b'é capaó na mboét ip luét na déipe,  
 Capa na mbairtreavaó canclaó déaríap,  
 Capa na noítleaóca claióete éagnaó,  
 Capa na ndall gan poillpe na ghréine,  
 Capa na mbacaó martraó epéimeó,  
 Capa na n-amadán bíod ap díoghbáil céile,  
 Capa dlúé luét upnaigéte a'p déipe,  
 Capa na n-uíal, le ap b'ponn deigb'earc.  
 Capa éogair luét eporgaó do déanaí.

Da déig rgiuirpe an péacaig ip capa an ípéin é,  
 A b-íneamain an tigeapna ba dian a íaeáap,  
 'S ní ag ól na ag ríórt 'ma áepaib,  
 Aét go huairneó eiuin ap upnaigéte a n-aenap,  
 Da hé a íuzpaó eporgaó a'p epaónur;  
 'S an epaé g'eibéó an t-airgeó, ní a éairgeaó do dénaó  
 Aét do rgeapeaó go fairpínz ap boétaib Dé é.

Ip pollur gur b'ava bíod tairpait na gceáó air,  
 Ó gaóa háip'ó d' oileán na h-Éipeann,  
 Do leigearaó a ngalar a'p a ndeacair a n-éimpeét,  
 'S do éuireaó na pláinte le ghrápa an Spiraie naeméta íaó.  
 Ba íompla do'n deoigrip go léip é,  
 Sé náp éaie a beapca ap bailtib ná ap épéavaib,  
 Náp maioib go mb'eol do ceannaó bó ap oenaó,  
 'Snáp óaop an talain ap g'arra an epaóéair.  
 Ní éabapraó upraim do éuine da épéine,  
 Dá méó a éigepnur, a íarbuip a'p éileam,  
 Do leapraó eapmaip 'ma r'apraóca claena,  
 Zan a gairm a'p a íógaip a gcomélop don epaéul é.  
 Mar do bí arim gairge paoi b'pataó mic Dé airge,  
 Cum a éopame pa éonghbáil ó óaep b'puio.

Mar naó báip me beappraó áipéuil na h-Éipeann  
 Ag paóail mo beaéa le blaap ó éinneaó,

Αὐτὸ δὶζῶσαν τὰ κάριμαρ ἐράϊδτε λέανηαρ,  
 Οὐβαὸ ἐαζαομεαὸ ἐπε βάρ αν δέιζῆρ,  
 Νί ρήμπεαὸ δὶβρε α ρήρρηεαὸτ ρα ζαετα,  
 Αὐτ α ἀρειαὸν αρ να ηαιερεῖαιβ ναεμτα,  
 Μαρ Μελήρπεδὸ ῥαν βλιζεὸ αερβα.

Ανοιρ ηί ῥανραὸ ζο ραὸραὸ βα ῥεαὸααν,  
 Κυρρεαὸ ρζολ μνά ριζε βὰ ἔαοιμε α νέηῥεαὸτ,  
 Τρέ ῥεαβυρ α βεατα, α βεαρτα ῥα ἐρειδτε,  
 Μαρ βα κοῦαρρα ρεαλ ῥαν μὸτα ὀαμ ρέιν ἔ.

Αρ ράδ αν κοῦρὰδ ρο βον ρῥέιρ-βαν,  
 Ο' ρεαὸυρ ρεαὸα ὀφομ αρ αιρτε να ρεατα,  
 Τάιηζ ρζρεαματ ceo ρο-ῆὸρ ιρ νέατα,  
 Οο πλέιρζ αμ ἐμπρεαλλ ροο ρζῆνν αν βέ υαμ.

Ο' ιμῆιζ αν παλάρ βο βί βλάιτ, ceαρτ αεραὸ,  
 Σηίρ ῥαν ὀ'ά ἐαιρῖβ αὐτ αιτεανν α'ρ ῥραεὸ ανη,  
 Αηη ρῖν βο ρμαοιηεαρ αρ αιρτιδὸ βαν αεραὸ,  
 Σναὸ ραιβ αὐτ αιρῖηζ ιηα βρεααυρ α ρέιρ ανη.  
 Σεαὸτ ζ-αὸαὸ αρ ῆιηε μαρ αον λε ααεζαὸ,<sup>1</sup>  
 Α'ρ αυιρ ἐρῖ ceαῖραυρ αναice ιρ ὀίρ αεητα,  
 Οο β'ι αοιρ ῆιε Μάριε ῆάνηα ῥαερ ρῖνν,  
 Αη ταν βο ααιηεὸ αν ραζαρτ μαῖτ Ἐμονη.

Αζυρ ρορ βα εὐιβῖδ νυηῆιρ ζαὸ λαε εὐρ ρῖορ,  
 Ο ῖη α ρορζ λε αν ἐζ ι η-α εῖηδ,  
 Α εὐιρλε ὀ ρτορ, α ερυε ὀ ἐρῖεζ ρα ζηαοι,  
 Σεαὸτ ραὸ εὐαιδ εορτ ιρ ὀοαὸ λα βον μῖ.

### ΡΕΑΡΤΛΑΟΙ.

Μονυαρ αν τεαηζα βειρεαὸ τεαζαρζ ῆιε Οὐ ὄο ζῆρηνν,  
 Σιυὸ ῖ βαηβ, α λαβαρτα, ζέ ζυρ βῖνν,  
 βάν ἐροβ να ραεραμεητ βο ζηααὸ ῥοο ροηην,  
 Σῖητε ζαν ταπα αναice, ιρ εὐιρ λέην ιηη.

Ιηη ιρ εὐιρ λέην να ρέιδρεαὸ ceοητα ριζε,  
 Νί ηιαὸ να ηεάνηα βειτ ζαν αεν ρῖηοζ, ζαν ὄτα αρ εραοῖβ,  
 Νά μαρ βο ἐρῖεζ ζαὸ ρζῆιμ αρ αν μὸτα βῖ,  
 Αὐτ βυλ Ἐθμὸιηη ὀ'η ἐρεαὸ βοὸτ ρά'η βῥοδ να ιυῖδ.

<sup>1</sup> In another copy the year of his death is thus indicated:—

Κυρ η αρ βεῦρ, ῖρζο βλιε να ηαιce  
 κυρ β,  
 'S μαρ βειρεαὸ ορτα να β-ροαυρ  
 κυρ εῦρα c,  
 Κυρ ι ζαν οβαὸ ζο ceὸεαὸ βλάιτ  
 'να ρυῖδὸ,  
 Αὐτ βαη δὸ ἀρ ῥα η-αιτ κυρ ὕ ρο  
 ἐρῖ.  
 Σῖη αοιρ ῆιε μάριε ῆάνηα ὀρ ραο-  
 ραὸ ρῖρη,

Τῥά ελαοῖδ αν βάρ ῥάρ-ῥεαρ να  
 μβηιαεαν μβῆνν.

Place M first, and closely by it place D,  
 And for an addition to them place two C's  
 with them.

Place L undoubtedly, fairly and beauti-  
 fully sitting,

Take an ace from their sum, and instead  
 of it add three times V.

This was the age of the son of the mild  
 Mary who saved us,

When death subdued the excellent man  
 of sweet words.

Cúir mo léin na reidreab ceolta,  
 Ní h-iað na héanla beit ar ghéaraib gan nóta,  
 Ná mar do éiríx saé ríéim an móta,  
 Céit dul Éoméóinn o'n tpeáð ar peóðan.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. EDMOND KAVANAGH,  
 P.P. OF BALLYRAGGET, WHO DIED IN 1764.

BY THE REV. JAMES O'LALOR, P.P. OF ONING AND TEMPLEORUM.

As I one time was travelling the province,  
 Airily, cheerfully, spending my youth;  
 Some time to gambling I bestowed, and to drinking,  
 And a small, short time I devoted to knowledge.

I happened [to come] into a valley, towards the evening,  
 Where every tree was delightful with music;  
 The sound of the crystalline, amber-sanded wells [was there],  
 And the sweet torrents falling with vehemence.

Tall, straight trees, of every best kind of timber,  
 And little birds, airy and musical,  
 On their tops chanting their notes,  
 So that it was pleasant to the heart to listen to their melody.

In this valley was the aspect of summer,  
 Every bush bearing blossom of delightful brilliance—  
 Nothing *out of joint*, but beautiful, pleasant  
 As the sweet Author of Nature left it in form.

The rays of the sun and the sky were equally clear—  
 No mist, no cloud, no gentle wind was there;  
 No dew, no rain, no fog, no vapour was there:  
 But the throne of Phæbus shedding great heat.

I being feebly-weak upon my way,  
 My heart being burnt, no drink of *ale* being near,  
 I slaked my thirst in the well,  
 And remained in my slumber on its brink till night.

When the brilliant lamp was swallowed in the smooth sea,  
 A mild, fair dame came to me,  
 Who was like Diana in her mien,  
 And a host of maidens accompanying her on the mountain's side.

Her breast was fairer than the swan on the mighty sea,  
 Her eye was brighter than the dew on the grass;  
 Every feature of her splendour was like the shape of the gods,  
 Harmonizing with each other in exact proportions.

I started up from my slumbers, affrighted,  
 And to the soft damsel I made adoration;  
 I asked of the damsel was it from the sky she descended,  
 And what errand she came on from the high regions?

Or if thou art one of the number of the goddesses,  
 What place is this in which I chanced to come alone?  
 Or who are these fine, modest nymphs  
 In thy company to attend upon thee?

O pleasant young man! though I delight to hear thee,  
 The question thou hast asked I cannot easily answer,  
 From fear that dread or phantasy should seize thee;  
 But come with me along to the summit of the mountain.

I walked with the mild and stately damsel,  
 Arm in arm, and mouth by mouth, until  
 We gained the top of the ærial hill,  
 Not one of the nymphs coming up with us.

She made me sit beside her on the green grass,  
 And said, "Young man, who hast knowledge and politeness,  
 Who hast read of the valour and deeds of the Fenians,  
 This is the Seat of Finn, where damsels are delighted.

"I have slept for some time on Erin's Parnassus<sup>1</sup>—  
 This is Slieve-na-mBan-fionn, of poems and damsels;  
 'Tis all that has been left to us of land and inheritance,<sup>2</sup>  
 Except Knockfeërin,<sup>3</sup> Knockaany,<sup>4</sup> and Knockgreany.<sup>5</sup>

"And that thou mayest feel satisfied at once,  
 Me the Queen of the Fairy Court<sup>6</sup> they call;  
 Now thou art with me upon a visit,  
 A thousand welcomes to the mountain palace I give thee."

With this my eye beheld a seat, which, for height,  
 For splendour, for elegance, for delight,  
 Excelled what I e'er had imagined to be of this world,  
 Which excelled in beauty all the seats of men.

<sup>1</sup> Slieve-na-mBan is here so termed.

<sup>2</sup> i. e., We, the banshés of the Tuatha de Danann race, have been robbed of all our inheritance by the Scoti, except these hills.

<sup>3</sup> A hill near Ballingarry, in the county of Limerick, very famous in fairy lore, where Don and his followers hold their fairy court.

<sup>4</sup> A well-known hill in the county of Limerick, the palace of the fairy Queen Ainy, daughter of Eogaval, who showed herself to Oilíoll Olum, King of Munster.

<sup>5</sup> The hill of Grian, a Tuatha de Danann fairy Queen, who is still believed to possess

it. Our author is wrong in suggesting that no other hills in Ireland are held to be the property of the fairies. They still hold possession of many others, as Knockmaa in Galway, Knockboo in Roscommon, Sídh Budha Deirg, in the barony of Tirawley, in the county of Mayo, Knockivoe in Tyrone, &c. &c.

<sup>6</sup> *Queen of the Fairy Court*, бамриоган на бпуиџне. The word бпуиџеан, which originally signified a distinguished residence, is now understood to mean a fairy place. See O'Brien's "Irish Dictionary," in *vocibus* бпуиџеан and Сичибуог.

Rapidly she knocked at the gate,  
 And quickly the door-keeper stood up,  
 A bell was rung and lamps were lighted,  
 And servants, in delightful splendour, were in state.  
 Chairs were settled, tables were laid,  
 Cloths the neatest on them were spread;  
 Each food the newest, the daintiest, the most savoury;  
 Each kind of wine, the costliest, was sparkling.  
 A company the mildest, the fairest, the truest,  
 And no human man amongst them but myself.  
 No wonder that the night was spent  
 In sport, in drinking, and in jollity  
 Among young damsels, who *turned* fairy music,  
 In turns relieving each other, as they joined in the long [country]  
 dance,  
 And till the morning continued in this glee.<sup>1</sup>

When I the rays of morning saw,  
 The Queen and I stood up,  
 And we both together went to take the air  
 To Knockseefinn<sup>2</sup>—no one with us,—  
 But, linked, we conversation held together.  
 To the north-east my view was attracted—  
 I saw the clouds at furious war!  
 A whirlwind rocked the trees;  
 I heard the sound of waves and echoes.

I saw a light horseman on a fine steed,  
 Of quicker flight than the harvest wind,  
 Coming with some ominous message  
 To the palace of the mountain of fair maids.

At sight of him a messenger came to call home  
 The stately Queen who was with me;  
 I thought they wanted to call her to her tea<sup>3</sup>—  
 I returned with her unto the gate.

I asked of this fair Queen, on our return,  
 What was this mist which enveloped all along the Nore,  
 And from Dunane to Barnan-Ely?<sup>4</sup>  
 What was this gloom on the face of the mountains  
 From Slieve-Grine<sup>5</sup> to Ben-ānēhā?<sup>6</sup>  
 Or what makes the side of Carnduff impenetrable to the sun?

<sup>1</sup> See Aben Hassan, in the "Arabian Nights."

<sup>2</sup> Knockseefinn, an elevation of Slieve-na-mBan.

<sup>3</sup> Tea at this time was a great rarity in Ireland, and used only at the tables of the aristocracy.

<sup>4</sup> Barnan-Ely, i. e. the gapped mountain

of Ely-O'Carroll, is now called the Devil's-bit Mountain.

<sup>5</sup> Slieve-Grine, now Tory Hill, in the barony of Igrine, county of Kilkenny.

<sup>6</sup> *Benaneha*, *Ḃinn an Féice*, i. e. the raven's cliff, a remarkable rock over the river Barrow, near Graigue-na-managh, in the east of the county of Kilkenny.

Returning quickly from the hall, she said—  
 “ Young man, sorrowful is my tale to thee :  
 A steady pillar of the Church has died,  
 The father of the poor, who relieved their distress,  
 Who generously gave them food and raiment,  
 Who comforted them from day to day,  
 Who inspired the weak and sick with holy courage,  
 Who afforded a cure for the aches of his flock,  
 Who instructed men in the ways of salvation,  
 Who restored health, by the grace of Christ,  
 To every wretch disturbed by the evil spirit,  
 Who gave instruction to the mad and wicked,  
 Who gave knowledge to the young and old,  
 And conducted them to Christ’s blessed mansion.

“ Who was the friend of the poor and needy,  
 The friend of widows, disconsolate, tearful ;  
 The friend of orphans, subdued, distressed ;  
 The friend of the blind, who did not see the sun ;  
 The friend of the lame, distorted, crippled ;  
 The friend of idiots, without reason’s light ;  
 The close friend of those who prayed and gave alms ;  
 The friend of the humble, who loved good deeds ;  
 The sworn friend of fasters and the austere.

“ He was the scourge of sinners, the friend of just men ;  
 Who in the Lord’s vineyard laboriously toiled,  
 Not to luxuriate in grapes or drink of wines,  
 But silently alone to pray in secret.  
 His pastime was fasting and mortification,  
 And, when he got money, he never hoarded it,  
 But liberally distributed it among the poor of God.

“ And hundreds unto him drew, far and near,  
 From every quarter of the isle of Erin :  
 He used to cure their diseases and their distress together,  
 And restored them to health by the grace of the Holy Ghost.

“ He was an example to the whole diocese,  
 He never spent his time on lands or flocks,  
 He never boasted that he knew how to buy a cow at a fair !  
 And never raised the price of land by bidding against the labouring classes.

“ He never showed respect to any man, though ever so powerful,  
 Though great his dignity might be, his rents, his income,  
 He sued him for his evil ways,  
 And exposed them plainly to the world.

“ Because he had on the valorous armour of the Lord,  
 Which preserved him from oppression.



“ As I am not a bard of Erin,  
To earn my bread by flattering any one,  
But a young woman, who is grieved, afflicted, sorrowful,  
Melancholy, woe-worn for this good man’s death.

“ I will not recount the virtues of his sires,  
Nor respectability of his kinsmen in our isle,  
But shall regard him among the patriarchs,  
Like Melchisedech<sup>1</sup> in the old Law.

“ And now I will not stop until I go to see him;  
I will raise a Banshé wail to lament him,  
On account of the virtues of his life, his deeds, his attributes,  
Because he was once my neighbour at the Moat.”<sup>2</sup>

When the fair damsel had spoken this discourse,  
I looked aside, and up towards the stars;  
But very heavy mists and clouds came on,  
And closed around me, and the Banshé vanished;  
The palace, too, was gone, though once so fair,  
And in its place but furze and heath remained.  
Then I bethought me of the Banshés’ wiles,  
And perceived that all I had seen last night was but a fleeting vision.

Seventeen hundred years and sixty-four  
Had rolled from time into the sea eternal,  
Since Christ was born of bright Mary, to redeem us,  
When the good priest Edmond closed his days;  
And it is but right to mark the very day  
On which his pulse had stopped its beat,—  
Seven moons had waned, in that same year,  
And two days besides.

#### EPITAPH.

Alas! the tongue which sweetly delivered Christ’s doctrines,  
Is now without the power of utterance, though once so fluent;  
And the white hand which distributed the sacrament,  
Is stretched without the power of motion by his side, alas!

What is to us a cause of woe, which fairy music strains cannot relieve,  
Is not that the birds have lost their songs and notes,  
Nor that the Moat has lost its wonted beauty,  
But that good Father Edmond, from his flock, now rests beneath the sod!

<sup>1</sup> In this particular this Elegy differs from most others, for they dwell with particular stress on ancestry, and it were to be wished that our author had been as particular in this as he was in his dates. See p. 122, *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> *The Moat*.—A beautiful and lofty green mound, on the north side of the river Nore, above Ballyragget, which gives the name of Moat to the land on which it is situated. The fairies were believed to dwell in such places.

The following graphic, and hitherto unpublished, description of the sounds heard at Portnatrughan, on the north coast of the county of Antrim, by a modern tourist, will convey to the reader a vivid idea of the *moaning waves*, so frequently alluded to by the Irish bards, and to which the editor has already referred at p. 127, *supra*. Portnatrughan is distant from Pleaskin about half a mile, and situated between Benbaun and Bengore. After describing the magnificent scenery of this place, the writer observes:—

“It is not alone the sights of Portnatrughan which are impressed so vividly on my memory; its sounds overheard can never be forgotten.

“During my first transit over the immortal ledge I have spoken of, I stopped to look at a bright and beautiful mass of zeolite, which lay embedded in it, illuminating the dark rock, near the point where it becomes lowest next the sea.

“Suddenly I heard a heavy, long-drawn sigh, as I thought close beside me; the sound seemed human, and yet there was no human being near me. I am not ashamed to confess that I was for a moment completely frightened, and that I listened with a beating heart as the sigh was repeated frequently, and at regular intervals. By degrees I recovered my self-possession, and, on inspection, I found that the sound which had so startled me issued from a fissure in the rock on which I stood. But this is not all. At a short distance forward, I discovered a second fissure, from which proceeded groans, at times so like those of a person in agony, that it was painful to listen to them again,—they became so unearthly as to be almost ludicrous! We visited Portnatrughan thrice, and each time we heard those sounds exactly as I have described them; and not until my return home did I discover, in the notes to Drummond’s beautiful poem, that the Irish name Portnatrughan signifies ‘Lamentation Harbour.’ No name more beautiful or appropriate could have been chosen for it.”

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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS DINELEY,  
ESQUIRE, GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT TO  
IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

COMMUNICATED BY EVELYN PHILIP SHIRLEY, ESQ., M.A., M.P.

INTRODUCTION.—Thomas Dineley, or Dingley, as the name was often written, the learned and industrious topographer whose work on Ireland is now, for the first time, given to the world, was, according to the pedigree in Nash’s “History of Worcestershire,” the fourth son of Henry Dineley, of Charleton, in the county of Worcester, Esq., by Joan, daughter of Sir Edward Pitts, of Kyre-Wiard, in the same county, Knt. The Dineleys were a family of good antiquity and consideration, long seated at Charleton, in the parish of Crophorn, in Worcestershire; and although the principal