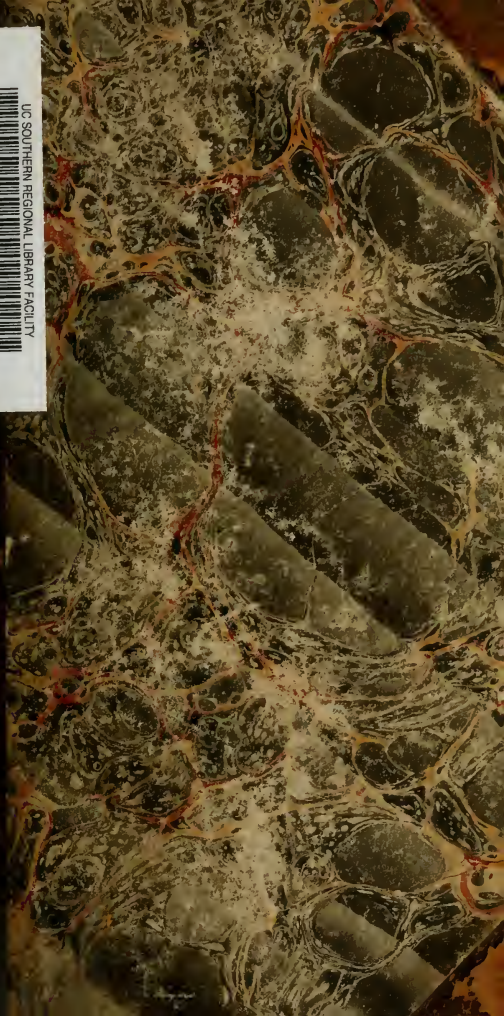


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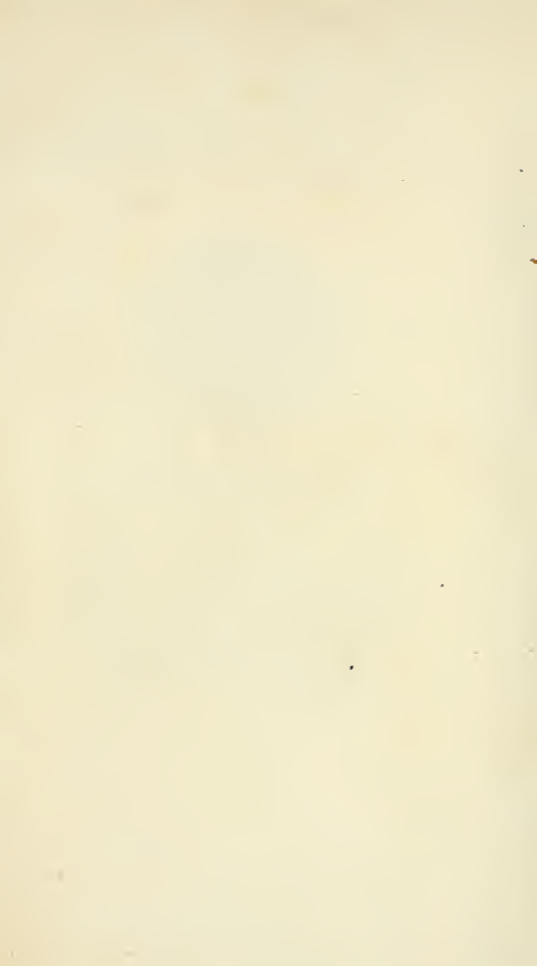


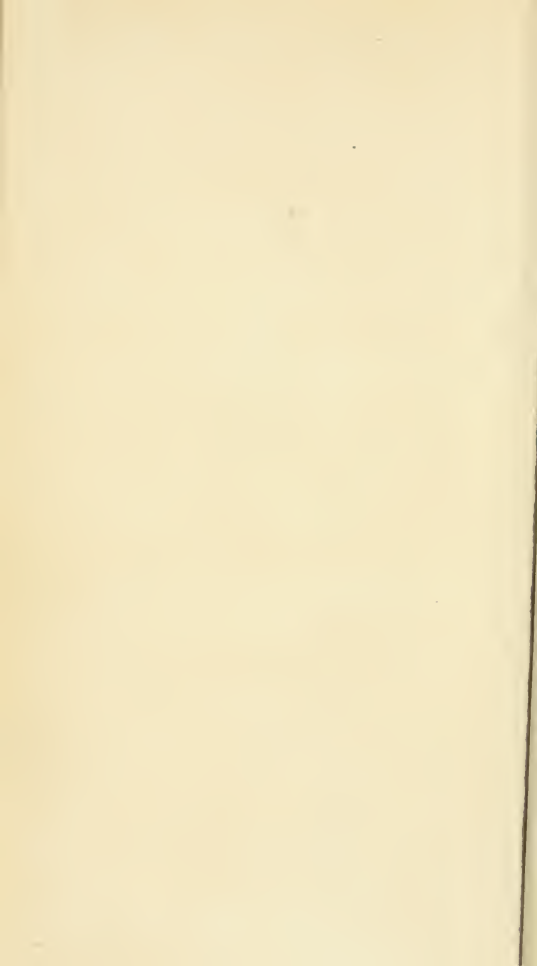
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George Johnston Allan

THE

P O E M S

OF

T H O M A S D A V I S .

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

With Notes and Historical Illustrations.

Thy striving, be it with Loving;
Thy living, be it in Deed.

Goethe.

DUBLIN:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES DUFFY.

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STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1846.

Brief, brave and glorious, was his young career,
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not outstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons. He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

Byron.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAVE spared no pains to make this volume as correct and complete as a first edition can be expected to be. But there were obstacles in the way, which no solicitude on my part could overcome. The reader will bear in mind, that one half of these poems were never collected during the author's lifetime, and that many of them had never received the slightest revision since their first appearance in the columns of a weekly journal. Thrown off too, during the brief intervals of leisure, which his multifarious pursuits afforded, they could seldom have obtained that complete finish which would have precluded the necessity of their revision.

The classification and order under which they appear is altogether the work of the Editor. It has been his aim to group them in such a manner as by contrast or sequency, to make them throw light upon each other, and produce their full effect. The passages from MR. DAVIS's prose writings have been inserted with the same view.

A partial attempt has been made in a few of the ballads, to restore the Irish names of places and persons to their correct forms. But from the opposite character of the two languages, many difficulties arose, and the altera-

1835

tions have been confined to a few of the Ballads in Part III. MR. DAVIS was a warm advocate of the restoration of the Irish forms, where practicable, and he was constantly making experiments to that end. Instances of the length to which he carried this, may be found in the 4to *Spirit of the Nation*. But he had the right to take any liberties he pleased with his own verses, and where he spoiled, could alter and amend. But the Editor could not venture to tamper to any such extent with the harmony and integrity of the poems confided to him. Accordingly, the reformation of the spelling of Irish names and places has been confined to a few of the earlier Historical Ballads, where these purely Irish forms seemed more in keeping with the subject and the scene.

The Glossary of these phrases, which was promised, and which is occasionally referred to in the notes, is unavoidably postponed until the next edition.

As MR. DAVIS contributed largely to the *Spirit of the Nation*, and to the *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, it is necessary to state here, that there are more than Thirty Poems in this volume, which have not been included in any previous collection.

T. W.

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The sun set; but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye:
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again:
His action won such reverence sweet,
As hid all measure of the feat.

Emerson.

INTRODUCTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is my sincere belief, that no book has ever been published, of more immediate and permanent interest to the Irish People, than this little volume of the POEMS of THOMAS DAVIS.

The momentary grief of the people for his loss was loud and ardent enough. I have heard some touching instances of the intensity with which it manifested itself in thousands, who had never seen his face, or heard his voice,—to whom, indeed, his very name and being were unknown, until the tidings of his death awoke in them the vain regret that they had not earlier known and honoured the good great man who worked unseen among them.

But, alas! regrets of this description are in their very nature transient; and all ranks of the people have much to learn before they can rightly appreciate what a treasure of hope and energy, of life and love, of greatness and glory for himself and them, lies buried in that untimely grave.

It has been the peculiar destiny of this Nation of Sorrows, to lose by unseasonable death, at the very crisis of her peril, the only men who were endowed with the genius and energy to guide her unharmed through the strife. Too seldom have Ireland's champions lived to reap the mature fruit of their toil. Too seldom hath the calm evening of existence, o'ercanopied by victory, and smiled on by such parting twilight as promises a brighter morrow, heralded for them that glad repose, which they only know who have laboured and seen their labour blessed. The insidious angel of Death has preferred to take our chieftains unprepared in their noon of manhood,—too often before that noon arrived, stabbing them stealthily in their tents, as they donned their armour, at the dawn of some great day, or mused upon the event of that encounter, which they had bent every energy to meet, and yet were doomed never to see.

Long centuries hath the hand of God, for inscrutable causes, been very heavy on Ireland; and this alacrity of Death is the fetter-key of his wrath. May this last offering of our first-born propitiate him, and may the kingly souls whom hereafter He may send among us to rule and guide our people, no more be prematurely summoned away, in the very dawn of their glory, with their hopes unrealized, and their mission unfulfilled.

Fortunately, DAVIS was not a statesman and political leader merely, but a thinker and a writer too,—more than that, a genuine poet; as, I trust, all who peruse this little book will acknowledge. True, it is a mere garland of blossoms, whose fruit was doomed never to ripen; a reliquary of undeveloped genius, but recently awakened to a consciousness of its own power.

The ambition, the activity, and above all, the overweening confidence of most young men of genius, secures for them a spontaneous discipline in those pursuits for which they are specially adapted. Goethe and Schiller, Burns and Byron, Wordsworth and Coleridge, too young as most of them were, when they commenced a career of authorship, had written verses for years before they became known to the public. Many are the recounted instances of precocious poetic power, both in those, who afterwards became renowned as poets, and in men destined to shine in far other pursuits, the first exercise of whose intellectual energy has taken this direction. Even men who, like Cowper and Alfieri, have burst the shell of seclusion at comparatively a late period of life, have betrayed in their boyish tastes or habits, the peculiar bent of their genius. However waywardness or timidity may have retarded the public profession of their art, they had yet some forecast of their destiny. They knew they had wings, and fluttered them, though they had not yet strength to fly.

The case of DAVIS is different, and altogether so peculiar, that it ought not to be passed over in the very briefest introduction to his poetical remains. Until about three years before his death, as I am assured, he had never written a line of poetry. His efforts to acquire knowledge, to make himself useful, and to find a suitable sphere of action, were incessant; but they tried every path, and took every direction but this. The warmth of his affections, and his intense enjoyment of the beauties of nature and character, of literature and art, ought early to have marked him out as one destined to soar and sing, as well as to think and act. But the

fact is, that among his youthful cotemporaries, for many a long year, he got as little credit for any promise this way, as he did for any other remarkable qualities, beyond extreme goodnature, untiring industry, and very varied learning.

Truth to say, much of this early misconception of his character was DAVIS's own fault. He learned much; suffered much, I have no doubt: felt and sympathised much; and hoped and enjoyed abundantly; but he had not yet learned to rely on himself. His powers were like the nucleus of an embryo star, uncompressed, unpurified, flickering and indistinct. He carried about with him huge loads of what other men, most of them statist and logicians, had thought proper to assert; but what he thought and felt himself, he did not think of putting forward. The result was, that during his college course, and for some years after, while he was very generally liked, he had, unless perhaps with some who knew him intimately, but a moderate reputation for high ability of any kind. In his twenty-fifth year, as I remember—that is, in the spring of 1839,—he first began to break out of this. His opinions began to have weight, and his character and influence to unfold themselves in a variety of ways. In the following year he entered political life. But this is not the place to recount the details of his subsequent career.

The outbreak of his poetical power began in this wise. In the autumn of 1842, taking an active part in the establishment of a new popular journal, (the *Nation*,) which was intended to advance the cause of Nationality by all the aids, which literary as well as political talent could bring to its advocacy, DAVIS, and the friends asso-

ciated with him, found that while their corps in other respects was sufficiently complete, they had but scanty promise of support in the poetical department. The well-known saying of Fletcher of Saltoun,—“Give me the ballads, and let who will make the laws,”—had sunk deeply into the minds of some of the projectors of the journal: though I am told that DAVIS himself was at first not very solicitous on this point; so little aware was he of his own power in that respect, at the moment it was about to break forth. But the Editor of the journal had set his heart on it, having before partially tried the experiment in a Northern paper. Ultimately, however, all the founders of the *Nation* agreed in the resolve, that come whence it would, poetry,—real living poetry, gushing warm from the heart, and not mechanically mimicing obsolete and ungenial forms,—was worth a trial, as a fosterer of National feeling, and an excitement to National hope. But it came not from any outward source; and thereupon DAVIS and his companions resolved, in default of other aid, to write the poetry themselves. They did so; they surprised themselves and every body else. The results of that despairing attempt have since been made known, and applauded in every quarter of the globe. The right chord had been struck, and the consequent stimulus to Irish literature has been, and is, incalculable.

The rapidity and thrilling power, with which, from the time that he got full access to the public ear, DAVIS developed his energies as statesman, political writer, and poet, has been well described elsewhere. It excited the surprise and admiration even of those who knew him best, and won the respect of numbers, who from poli-

tical or personal prejudices, had been originally most unwilling to admit his worth. So signal a victory over long-continued neglect and obstinate prejudice as he had at length obtained, has never come under my observation, and I believe it to be almost unexampled. There is no assurance of greatness so unmistakeable as this. No power is so overwhelming, no energy so untiring, no enthusiasm so indomitable, as that which slumbers for years, unconscious and unsuspected, until the character is completely formed, and then bursts at once into light and life, when the time for action is come.

This was the true guarantee of DAVIS's greatness,—of a genius which was equal to any emergency, which would have been constantly placing itself in new aspects, overcoming new difficulties, and winning fresh love and honour from his countrymen, and from mankind. A character so rich in promise, so full of life and energy, of love and hope, as his, and at the same time so suited for public life, is a rarity in history. Had he been spared for a few years longer, the world would have known this well. As it is, they must partly take it on trust from those who knew the man. For none of his writings, either in prose or verse, will enable them to know him thoroughly. As, indeed, the richer and deeper, and more vital and versatile a man's character is, the poorer fragment of himself will his writings inevitably be.

Not, but that everything DAVIS has written, abounds in admonition and instruction, for Irishmen of every class, and for all in any country who have the sympathies and affections of men. But from the activity of his public life, it was impossible that he could write with that leisure and deliberate care, which the heart

and intellect require for finished composition. And accordingly, none of his works can be taken as an adequate expression of his creative power. Had he lived, and been enabled to shift a portion of his political burden upon other shoulders, I have no doubt but he would have more frequently retired into himself, and thus been enabled to give the world the purer fruits of his unencumbered leisure. But the weight of his toil cut him off before that leisure came.

If anywhere, it is in this volume, that a key to DAVIS'S most engaging qualities, and to his inward heart, may be found. But there is not room here, and I must await some other opportunity of weighing the merits of these poems, in relation to their author's character, and to the wants of the time and country for which they were written. It may, at all events, be better done when his prose works also have been given to the public, and the *elite* of the labours of his young statesmanship made permanently and universally accessible. For literary pre-eminence was not his ambition at all, and even usefulness through the channels of literature, but one of the many means which he shaped to one great end.

For these and other reasons, apart from his want of leisure, and his early death, his poems above all must not be judged without a reference to his aims and his mode of life. I do not believe that since the invention of printing, there has been any volume of such sincere effect, and varied power, produced under similar circumstances. The longer portion and by far the best of them were written and published in a single year (1844), and that the most active of the author's life, during which his political labours, in addition to constant

writing for the journal with which he was connected, were almost as incessant and fatiguing as those of a minister of state.

In these and in some not dissimilar instances which I could recount of others, there seems good reason to hope for our country and our age. Novalis used to lament bitterly the severance of poetry from philosophy, and surely not without abundant cause; but with far better reason might he have bemoaned the divorce of poetry from life and action. For in no respect is there a greater contrast between these latter formalized ages, and the wilder, healthier centuries of the world's antique life. Solon was a poet, as well as a statesman and sage. Sophocles was not only an unrivalled dramatist, but a distinguished soldier, and in youth a miracle of beauty and accomplishments,—the Sidney as well as the Shakspeare of that glorious age. Pericles and Cæsar were orators, philosophers, soldiers, wits, poets, and consummate statesmen, all in one. Descending to a later age, entirely different in character and aims, we find Alfred teaching his people as well as ruling them. Richard Cœur-de-lion was hardly less renowned for poetry than for courage. Bertrand de Born was warrior and patriot, poet and statesman, and it was not found that his success in one pursuit was marred or defeated by his proficiency in another. Among the Moslem cotemporaries of all these men, abundant examples might be adduced of such a combination of political with poetical power. And recurring to the early dwellers in the East, above all to those whom a peculiar dispensation set apart from other men, Moses and David were poets, as well as prophets and kings.

For such is the natural condition of health, in nations as in men. The mind and the body alike are agile for a thousand feats, and equal to a thousand labours. For literature is then a part of life, a dweller in the common landscape, a presence in sunshine and in shade, in camp and festival, before the altar and beside the hearth,—and not an intruding reminiscence, an antiquated mockery, a ghastly effete excrescence, hiding with its bloated bulk the worth of the present hour, and the lovely opportunities of unused actual life, that ever lie with mute appeal before the dullard man; and which he alone who feels the force of, can enter into the feelings or appreciate the worth of bye-gone generations too.

It is only the insidious materialism of modern existence, that has rent the finest tissues of moral power, and dwarfed into mechanical routine and huxtering subserviency, the interchanging faculties of man, making literature itself a statute-book, or a gin-shop, instead of an overhanging canopy of the simple and sublime, a fostering, embracing atmosphere to man's every thought and act. And thus it is that poets and philosophers,—that is, men of purer, deeper, more genial and generative faculty than others,—find all the avenues to power barred against them by lawyers and diplomatists, and are driven to suck their thumbs in corners, when they ought, by virtue of the fiercer life and more powerful reason that is in them, to be teaching the world by example as well as precept; and not by words alone, but by action too, by the communities of peril, and the interchange of sympathy, and love, to be filling the souls of men with hope and resolution, with piety and truth.

Here, at least, in this little book, is a precedent and admonition to the honest man-of-letters of whatever class or country—that if his feeling for his fellow-men—and who will feel for them, if he does not?—should lead him into political action, he need not despond because he is a poet, if only he is, into the bargain, a self-reliant man. DAVIS was a poet, but he was not for that the less practical in public life, nor did the most prosaic of his opponents ever object to him, that he was the less fitted to advise and govern, because he occasionally expressed in verse the purer aspirations of his soul.

Pity it is, to be sure, that these aspirations had not found a fuller utterance, before the fiat of death had hushed to unseasonable rest the throbbings of that large heart. Fragments though they be of a most capacious and diversified character, they are yet to a wonderful degree its unaffected utterance. Like wild flowers springing from the mould in the clefts of a giant oak, they relish of the open air, and have looked the sky in the face. Doubtless in many ways the impress of the poet's spirit, and of the graces of his character, is but the purer for this partial and too late development of its loveliest folds. Like the first fragrance of the rose, ere its perfume becomes heavy with sweetness; or as the violet smells the sweetest, when hidden by its cherishing leaves from the glare of the noonday sun.

Moreover, the supreme worth of books is as an index of character; as a fragmentary insight into unfathomed worth and power. For the man who is not better than his books, has ever seemed to me a poor creature.—Many there are, no doubt,—men whose names are high in literature—who fail to produce on their cotempora-

ries or on those who know their biography, an impression adequate to the promise of their writings—and some, perhaps, who really have no corresponding inward worth. Allowing for the too ardent expectations of their admirers, this indicates ever some lamentable deficiency. One cannot help occasionally, in moments of ill humour, suspecting some of these authors to be paltry secondhand thieves of other men's thoughts, or mimics of other men's energy, and not as all good writers ought to be, natural, self-taught, self-directed men. And, therefore, in honest writing, above all things, is it true, that “well begun, is half done;” be it but once *well* begun. Goldsmith's lovely nature is as visible, and more distinct in the little volume of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, than if he had written a dozen *Waverley* novels; *Rosamund Gray*, and *Undine* are a purer offspring of their author's minds, and a more convincing evidence of their worth, than any congeries of romances could have been.

And thus, perhaps, after all, the soul of DAVIS will shine from this book, as pure and clear,—though not so bright, or comprehensive, or beneficent,—as if he had been thirty years writing instead of three, and filled a dozen of volumes instead of one. Ah! as far as writing goes, there is enough to make men love him, and guess at him,—and what more can the best of readers do with the supremest writer, though he lived to the age of Sophocles or Goethe. The true loss is of the oak's timber, the living tree itself, and not of its acorns or of the flowers at its base. The loss of his immediate influence on the events of his time, and on the souls of his cotemporaries by guidance and example,—that is the true

bereavement; one which possibly many generations to come will be suffering from and expiating, consciously or unconsciously. So complete an endowment as his is a rare phenomenon, and no calamity can be compared with its untimely extinction.

Undoubtedly the circumstances which attended the development of DAVIS's powers, are a striking proof of the latent energy, which lies hid among our people, unwrought and almost unthought of. Not that I entertain the opinion, though it is a favourite theory with some men,—and one which does not obtain the less acceptance because it flatters human nature,—that there is an abundance of great men, ever walking the earth, utterly unconscious of their power, and only wanting a sufficient stimulus, themselves to know their power, and make all men acknowledge it. A theory of life and history, in any high sense of greatness, to which I cannot assent: for it seems to me the very essence of the great man is, that he is, in spite of himself, making ever new acquaintance with the realities of life. All animate and inanimate nature is in a conspiracy to make him know himself, or at least to make others know him, and by their love or hate, their fear or reverence, to awaken his slumbering might. Destiny has a thousand electric shocks in store for him, to which unearnest men are insensible; while his own unceasing yet unceasing spirit is ever fathoming new depths in the infinites of thought, and suffering, and love. For, as the wisest of the ancients told the clods who condemned him,—the great man is not born of a stock or a stone; but nature's wants are strong in him, and the ties of heart and home are as dear, or dearer to him than to any. And home

is the great teacher, in childhood by its joys, in manhood by its sorrows, in age by its ebbing regrets.

No matter, then, whether thought or passion have the mastery in the great man's nature, no matter whether action or reception preponderates in his life, if he be truly great, and live through man's estate, he will in some way be recognised. Strange it were indeed, if every other element in nature—the paltriest grain of sand, or the most fleeting wave of light—were perpetual and unlimited in its influence, and the mightiest power of all, the plenitude of spiritual life, could remain unfelt by kindred spirit, for the natural life of man. True, the great man will often shun society, and court obscurity and solitude: but let him withdraw into himself ever so much, his soul will only expand the more with thought and passion. The mystery of life will be the greater to him, the more time he has to study it; the loveliness of nature will be the sweeter to him, the less his converse with her is disturbed by the thoughtless comment of the worldly or the vain. Let him retire into utter solitude, and even if he were not great, that solitude,—if nature whispers to him, and he listens to her,—would go near to make him so: as Selkirk, when after his four years' solitude, he trod again the streets of London, looked for a while a king, and talked like a philosopher. For a while,—since, as Richard Steele ably tells the story, in six months or so, the royalty had faded from his face, and he had grown again, what he was at first, a sturdy but common-place sailor.

But nature herself haunts incessantly the really great man, and nothing can vulgarize *him*. And if it were only on that account alone, whether tested by action, or un-

tested by it, the great man is sure of recognition, if allowed to live out his life. If he act, his acts will shew him; and even if he do not act, his thoughts or his goodness will betray him. "Hide the thoughts of such a man," says a sage of our time: "hide the sky and stars, hide the sun and moon! Thought is all light, and publishes itself to the universe. It will speak, though you were dumb, by some miraculous organ. It will flow out of your actions, your manners and your face. It will bring you friendships, and impledge you to nature and truth, by the love and expectations of generous minds."

And yet there is in many of the best and greatest men, a tardiness of growth, which either beneficially shrouds their budding graces from the handling of impatient friends; or at least sets at naught that impatience, and huffs the scrutiny of the interested watcher by perpetual new growth of mere leaves, instead of the flowers and fruit he craves. Even where the natural tendency is to active life, such men will for years evince an awkwardness, a shiftlessness, an indirectness of aim, and unsteadiness of pursuit,—on the whole a hulking, slobbery ponderousness, as of an overgrown school-boy,—which will make men tardy in acknowledging their worth and power, when at length, after abundant waywardness, their discipline is complete, their character formed, and their strength matured.

As to the causes of all this, I dare not enter on them now. They all centre in a good-natured simplicity, an infantine acquiescence and credulity, which makes such slow-growing men content to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for half a life-time, until their patience

is exhausted; or until the trumpet call of duty, ever on the watch to startle them, rouses them into life; then at length they commence their labours and assert their rights. In their experiences likewise, they are sometimes tardy, and as some ancient wrote, and Goethe was fond of quoting:—

Ὁ μὴ ἔαρεῖς ἄνθρωπος οὐ παιδεύεται.

In some such frame may the history of DAVIS'S mind be set.

But though great men, wise men, kingly men, cannot but be few, good men and true need not be so scarce as they are,—men, I mean, true to their own convictions, and prompt in their country's need,—not greedy of distinction, but knowing well the hived sweetness that abides in an unnoticed life,—and yet not shrinking from responsibility, or avoiding danger, when the hour of trial comes. It is such men that this country needs, and not flaunting histrionists, or empty, platform patriots. She wants men who can and will work as well as talk. Men glad to live, and yet prepared to die. For Ireland is approaching her majority, and what she wants is men.

And thus is it, above all, in the manliness of this book, and of the author's character, that the germ abides of hope for the country, and of consolation for his loss. If such worth could grow up, and such success be won, amid all the treacherous influences that sap the strength of Ireland, what have we not a right to hope for? What may not be yet the glory and gladness of that distant time, when our National Genius shall at length stand regenerated and disenthralled from the shackles of foreign thought, and the contagion of foreign example; when beneath his own skies, with his own hills around,

and the hearts of a whole people echoing his passionate words, he shall feel therein a content and exultation which mere cosmopolitan greatness is doomed never to know; when satisfied with ministering to the wants of the land that bore him, and having few or no affections beyond the blue waves which are its eternal boundary, he shall find his only and most ample reward in the gratitude and love of our own fervent people?

Ah! some few short years ago, who could look for such a result with confidence? Though some there were, whom strong affections made strong in hope, that never despaired, in the gloomiest season. Times are altered since then. The eyes of our people are opened, and their hearts are changed. A swift and a surprising, and yet an easy change, for a nation perisheth not except by its own sentence. Blind though it be, it needs but be led toward the East and turned to the rising sun, Tiresias-like, to recover its sight.

Well, until a spirit of Nationality had arisen in the land, and spread from sea to sea, and was not only talked of, but became an abiding principle in our lives, how could we hope to have a manly book, or a manly being among us? Or was it that the man and the feeling both arose together, like a high-tide with a storm at its back? What else but the fostering breath of Nationality could make that genius strong, which, without such sympathy and cherishing, must necessarily grow up a weakling? For sympathy, given and received, is the life and soul of genius: without such support it crawls along a crippled abortion, when it ought to walk abroad a giant and champion of men. Until we had proved ourselves worthy of having great men among us;

until we had shewed respect unto our dead, and taken the memory of our forgotten brave unto our hearts again, and bid them live there for ever; until we dared to love and honour our own, as they deserved to be loved and honoured, what had we, the Irish People, a right to expect? what goodness or greatness could we presume to claim? Until all sects and parties had at least begun to hold out a helping hand to each other, and to bind their native land with one bond of labour and love, what grace could even Nature's bounty bestow on such a graceless people?

Time was, as many alive may well remember—and I have been often pained by the feeling—when, if the report of any new genius arose among us, we had to make up our minds to find much of its brightest promise blighted in the early bud, or stunted in maturer growth, by the mingled chill of exotic culture and of home neglect. In those days we could never approach a product of the National Mind, without a cold fear at our hearts, that we should find it unworthy of the Nation; that we should find on it the stamp of the slave, or the slimy trail of the stranger. And even as we gazed with fondness and admiration on those, who in our evil days had yet achieved something for us, and given us something to be proud of, we still expected to meet in them some failure, some inconsistency, some sad, some lamentable defect, and to see the strong man totter like a weakling and a slave.

And otherwise it could not be, in our abandonment both of our rights, and hope to recover them. Could the orphaned heart of genius be glad like his who had a parent,—a mother-country, a father-land? Could he

who had no country, or doubted what country he belonged to, and knew not anything that he should care to live or die for; or if he dreamed of such an object, had chosen sect instead of country?—Could he be strong in filial might, and firm in manly rectitude, and bold in genial daring,—or can he yet be so among us,—like him upon whose childish thought no party spite hath shed its venom, the milk of whose untried affections sectarian hate hath curdled not; but the greatness and glory of his country illumined for him the morning horizon of life; while home, and love, and freedom, the sovereign graces of earth, have blended in one religion, and strengthened his heart with a mighty strength, and chastening his spirit for ever, have made the memory of his young days, indeed ineffably divine? Can he love home as home should be loved, who loves not his country too? Can he love country right, who hath no home? Can he love home or country perfectly, to whose aching heart the balm of love hath not been timely given? Believe it not, ye sons of men!—as he ought, he cannot. As star poiseth star in the wilderness of the illimitable heavens, even so the charities of life sustain each other, and centre in the spirit of God, and bind all created beings beneath the shelter of his love.

But enough,—a better and a brighter day is dawning, and the

“ —— flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

“ From forth day's pathway, made by FREEDOM's wheels.”

And our lost THOMAS DAVIS was our Phosphoros, or bringer of light!

“ Justice and Truth their winged child have found!”

But let us not be incautiously hopeful. Let us remember that the pestilential influences, which DAVIS, like all of us, had to struggle with and overcome, are still rife among us. Let us not deceive ourselves. The miseries of our country for seven centuries have had foreign causes; but there have been, ever from the beginning of that misery, domestic causes too. We were divided, and did hate each other. We are divided and do hate each other; and therefore we cannot stand. It is in many respects, too, an ill time, in which we are to unlearn these errors, and abjure this vice, if ever we abjure it. But He who sent the disease will send the healing too. Ah, why were we not reconciled among ourselves, in earlier, in better times than these? The fruit of our reconciliation then would have been greater far than ever it can be now. Our native laws, and institutions, and language, were not then withered away. The trees which our forefathers planted, had yet firm root in the land. But now, in the old age of our Nation, we have had to begin life again, and with deliberate effort, and the straining of every nerve, to repeat those toils, which the gladness of youth made light for our fathers long ages ago. And this autumn blossom of our glory may go, too, as tribute to swell the renown of those who so long enslaved us. Yet it is the best we can do. There are millions of sad hearts in our land. Are they to be so for ever? There are millions who have not food. Are they never to be filled? Happy are you, after all, O youth of Ireland! fortunate if you but knew it, for if ever a generation had, in hope, something worth living for, and in sacrifice, something worth dying for, that blessed lot is yours.

And here, youth of Ireland! in this little book is a Psalter of Nationality, in which every aspiration of your hearts will meet its due response,—your every aim and effort, encouragement and sympathy, and wisest admonition. High were the hopes of our young poet patriot, and unforeseen by him and all the stroke of fate which was to call him untimely away. The greater need that you should discipline and strengthen your souls, and bring the aid of many, to what the genius of him who is gone might have contributed more than all. Hive up strength and knowledge. Be straightforward, and sincere, and resolute, and undismayed as he was; and God will yet reward your truth and love, and bless the land whose sons you boast yourselves to be.

T. W.

20th April, 1846.

To the Memory of Thomas Davis.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

WHEN on the field where freedom bled,
I press the ashes of the brave,
Marvelling that man should ever dread
Thus to wipe out the name of slave;
No deep-drawn sigh escapes my breast—
No woman's drops my eyes distain,
I weep not gallant hearts at rest—
I but deplore they died in vain.

When I the sacred spot behold,
For aye remembered and renowned,
Where dauntless hearts and arms as bold,
Strewed tyrants and their slaves around;
High hopes exulting fire my breast—
High notes triumphant swell my strain,
Joy to the brave! in victory blest—
Joy! joy! they perished not in vain.

But when thy ever mournful voice,
My country, calls me to deplore
The champion of thy youthful choice,
Honoured, revered, but seen no more;
Heavy and quick my sorrows fall
For him who strove, with might and main,
To leave a lesson for us all,
How we might live—nor live in vain.

If, moulded of earth's common clay,
 Thou had'st to sordid arts stooped down,
 Thy glorious talent flung away,
 Or sold for price thy great renown;
 In some poor pettifogging place,
 Slothful, inglorious, thou had'st lain,
 Herding amid the unhonoured race,
 Who doze, and dream, and die in vain.

A spark of HIS celestial fire,
 The GOD of freemen struck from thee;
 Made thee to spurn each low desire,
 Nor bend the uncompromising knee;
 Made thee to vow thy life, to rive
 With ceaseless tug, th' oppressor's chain;
 With lyre, with pen, with sword, to strive
 For thy dear land—nor strive in vain.

How hapless is our country's fate,—
 If Heaven in pity to us send
 Like thee, one glorious, good, and great—
 To guide, instruct us, and amend;
 How soon thy honoured life is o'er—
 Soon Heaven demandeth thee again;
We grope on darkling as before,
 And fear lest thou hast died in vain.

In vain—no, never! O'er thy grave,
 Thy spirit dwelleth in the air;
 Thy passionate love, thy purpose brave,
 Thy hope assured, thy promise fair.
 Generous and wise, farewell!—Forego
 Tears for the glorious dead and gone;
His tears, if tears are *his*, still flow
 For slaves and cowards living on.

PART I.



NATIONAL

BALLADS AND SONGS.

“ NATIONAL POETRY is the very flowering of the soul,—the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. Its melody is balsam to the senses. It is the playfellow of Childhood, ripens into the companion of Manhood, consoles Age. It presents the most dramatic events, the largest characters, the most impressive scenes, and the deepest passions, in the language most familiar to us. It magnifies and ennobles our hearts, our intellects, our country, and our countrymen,—binds us to the land by its condensed and gem-like history; to the future by example and by aspiration. It solaces us in travel, fires us in action, prompts our invention, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury round our homes, is the recognised envoy of our minds among all mankind, and to all time.”—DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

NATIONAL
BALLADS AND SONGS.

TIPPERARY.

AIR—*Original.**

I.

LET Britain boast her British hosts,
About them all right little care we;
Not British seas nor British coasts
Can match The Man of Tipperary!

II.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
His spirit light as any fairy—
His wrath is fearful as the storm
That sweeps The Hills of Tipperary!

III.

Lead him to fight for native land,
His is no courage cold and wary;
The troops live not on earth would stand
The headlong Charge of Tipperary!

* *Vide* "Spirit of the Nation," 4to. p. 84.

IV.

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
 Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,
 You'd swear they knew no other mood
 But Mirth and Love in Tipperary !

V.

You're free to share his scanty meal,
 His plighted word he'll never vary—
 In vain they tried with gold and steel
 To shake The Faith of Tipperary !

VI.

Soft is his *cailin's* sunny eye,
 Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
 Her heart is fond, her soul is high—
 Oh ! she's The Pride of Tipperary !

VII.

Let Britain brag her motley rag ;
 We'll lift The Green more proud and airy ;—
 Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
 And head The Men of Tipperary !

VIII.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we—
 Give us, to guard our native coasts,
 The Matchless Men of Tipperary !

THE RIVERS.

AIR—*Kathleen O'More.*

I.

THERE'S a far-famed Blackwater that runs to Loch Neagh,
 There's a fairer Blackwater that runs to the sea—
 The glory of Ulster,
 The beauty of Munster,
 'These twin rivers be.

II.

From the banks of that river Benburb's towers arise;
 This stream shines as bright as a tear from sweet eyes;
 This fond as a young bride,
 That with foeman's blood dyed—
 Both dearly we prize.

III.

Deep sunk in that bed is the sword of Monroe,
 Since, 'twixt it and Donagh, he met Owen Roe,
 And Charlemont's cannon
 Slew many a man on
 These meadows below.

IV.

The shrines of Armagh gleam far over yon lea,
 Nor afar is Dungannon that nursed liberty,
 And yonder Red Hugh
 Marshal Bagenal o'erthrew
 On Béal-an-atha-Buidhe.*

V.

But far kinder the woodlands of rich Convamore,
 And more gorgeous the turrets of saintly Lismore ;
 There the stream, like a maiden
 With love overladen,
 Pants wild on each shore.

VI.

Its rocks rise like statues, tall, stately, and fair,
 And the trees, and the flowers, and the mountains, and air,
 With Wonder's soul near you,
 To share with, and cheer you,
 Make Paradise there.

VII.

I would rove by that stream, ere my flag I unrolled ;
 I would fly to these banks my betrothed to enfold—
 The pride of our sire-land,
 The Eden of Ireland,
 More precious than gold.

* *Vulgo*, Ballanabwee—the mouth of the yellow ford.—*Vide GLOSSARY.*

VIII.

May their borders be free from oppression and blight:
 May their daughters and sons ever fondly unite—
 The glory of Ulster,
 The beauty of Munster,
 Our strength and delight:

GLENGARIFF.

AIR.—*O'Sullivan's March.*

I.

I WANDERED at eve by Glengariff's sweet water,
 Half in the shade, and half in the moon,
 And thought of the time when the Sacsanach slaughter
 Reddened the night and darkened the noon;
*Mo nuar! mo nuar! mo nuar!** I said,—
 When I think, in this valley and sky—
 Where true lovers and poets should sigh—
 Of the time when its chieftain O'Sullivan fled.†

* "Alas."

† *Vide post*, page 108.

II.

Then my mind went along with O'Sullivan marching
 Over Musk'ry's moors and Ormond's plain,
 His *curachs* the waves of the Shannon o'erarching,
 And his pathway mile-marked with the slain :
Mo nuar ! mo nuar ! mo nuar ! I said,—
 Yet 'twas better far from you to go,
 And to battle with torrent and foe,
 Than linger as slaves where your sweet waters spread.

III.

But my fancy burst on, like a clan o'er the border,
 To times that seemed almost at hand,
 When grasping her banner, old Erin's *Lamh Laidir*
 Alone shall rule over the rescued land :
O baotho ! O baotho ! O baotho ! * I said,—
 Be our marching as steady and strong,
 And freemen our vallies shall throng,
 When the last of our foemen is vanquished and fled!

* "Oh, fine." The meaning, &c., of all the Irish phrases in this volume will be found in the GLOSSARY.

THE WEST'S ASLEEP.

AIR—*The Brink of the White Rocks.*

I.

WHEN all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
When Connaught lies in slumber deep.
There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks—their guardian chivalry—
Sing oh! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

II.

That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and Nationhood demand—
Be sure, the great God never planned,
For slumbering slaves, a home so grand.
And, long, a brave and haughty race
Honoured and sentinelled the place—
Sing oh! not even their sons' disgrace
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

* *Vide* "Spirit of the Nation," 4to. p. 70.

III.

For often, in O'Connor's van,
To triumph dashed each Connaught clan—
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Through Corlieu's Pass and Ardrahan.
And later times saw deeds as brave ;
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—
Sing oh ! they died their land to save,
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

IV.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
Alas ! and well may Erin weep,
That Connaught lies in slumber deep.
But—hark !—some voice like thunder spake :
“ *The West's awake, the West's awake*”—
“ Sing oh ! hurra ! let England quake,
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake !”

OH! FOR A STEED.

*AIR—Original.**

I.

OH! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing scimitar,
 To hunt from beauteous Italy the Austrian's red hussar;
 To mock their boasts,
 And strew their hosts,
 And scatter their flags afar.

II.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and dear Poland gathered
 around,
 To smite her circle of savage foes, and smash them upon
 the ground;
 Nor hold my hand
 While, on the land,
 A foreigner foe was found.

* *Vide* "Spirit of the Nation," 4to. p. 203.

III.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a rifle that never
failed,
And a tribe of terrible prairie men, by desperate valour
mailed,
Till "stripes and stars,"
And Russian czars,
Before the Red Indian quailed.

IV.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the plains of Hin-
dustan,
And a hundred thousand cavaliers, to charge like a
single man,
Till our shirts were red,
And the English fled
Like a cowardly caravan.

V.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, with the Greeks at
Marathon,
Or a place in the Switzer phalanx, when the Morat men
swept on,
Like a pine-clad hill
By an earthquake's will
Hurled the vallies upon.

VI.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, when Brian smote
 down the Dane,
 Or a place beside great Aodh O'Neill, when Bagenal the
 bold was slain,
 Or a waving crest
 And a lance in rest,
 With Bruce upon Bannoch plain.

VII.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the Curragh of
 Kildare,
 And Irish squadrons skilled to do, as they are ready to
 dare—
 A hundred yards,
 And Holland's guards
 Drawn up to engage me there.

VIII.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and any good cause at all,
 Or else, if you will, a field on foot, or guarding a lea-
 guered wall
 For freedom's right;
 In flushing fight
 To conquer if then to fall.

CYMRIC RULE AND CYMRIC RULERS.*

AIR—*The March of the Men of Harlech.*†

I.

ONCE there was a Cymric nation ;
 Few its men, but high its station—
 Freedom is the soul's creation

Not the work of hands.

Coward hearts are self-subduing ;
 Fetters last by slaves' renewing—

Edward's castles are in ruin,

Still his empire stands.

Still the Saxon's malice

Blights our beauteous valleys ;

Ours the toil, but his the spoil, and his the laws we
 writhe in ;

Worked like beasts, that Saxon priests may riot in our
 tithing ;

Saxon speech and Saxon teachers

Crush our Cymric tongue!

Tolls our traffic binding,

Rents our vitals grinding—

* *Vide* Appendix.

† Welsh air.

Bleating sheep, we cower and weep, when, by one bold
endeavour,
We could drive from out our hive these Saxon drones
for ever.

“CYMRIC RULE AND CYMRIC RULERS”—

Pass along the word!

II.

We should blush at Arthur's glory—
Never sing the deeds of Rory—
Caratach's renowned story
 Deepens our disgrace.

By the bloody day of Banchor!
By a thousand years of rancour!
By the wrongs that in us canker!

Up! ye Cymric race—
Think of Old Llewellyn,—
Owen's trumpets swelling;

Then send out a thunder shout, and every true man
summon,
Till the ground shall echo round from Severn to Plin-
limmon,

“Saxon foes, and Cymric brothers,

“Arthur's come again!”

Not his bone and sinew,
But his soul within you,

Prompt and true to plan and do, and firm as Monmouth
iron

For our cause, though crafty laws and charging troops
environ—

“CYMRIC RULE AND CYMRIC RULES”—

Pass along the word!

A BALLAD OF FREEDOM.

I.

THE Frenchman sailed in Freedom's name to smite the
Algerine,

The strife was short, the crescent sunk, and then his
guile was seen ;

For, nestling in the pirate's hold—a fiercer pirate far—
He bade the tribes yield up their flocks, the towns their
gates unbar.

Right on he pressed with freemen's hands to subjugate
the free,

The Berber in old Atlas glens, the Moor in Titteri ;
And wider had his *razzias* spread, his cruel conquests
broader,

But God sent down, to face his frown, the gallant Abdel-
Kader—

The faithful Abdel-Kader ! unconquered Abdel-Kader !

Like falling rock,

Or fierce siroc—

No savage or marauder—

Son of a slave !

First of the brave !

Hurrah for Abdel-Kader !*

* This name is pronounced Cawder. The French say that their

II.

The Englishman, for long, long years, had ravaged
Ganges' side—

A dealer first, intriguer next, he conquered far and
wide,

Till, hurried on by avarice, and thirst of endless rule,
His sepoy's pierced to Candahar, his flag waved in Cabul;
But still within the conquered land was one unconquered
man,

The fierce Pushtani* lion, the fiery Akhbar Khan—

He slew the sepoy's on the snow, till Scindh's† full flood
they swam it

Right rapidly, content to flee the son of Dost Mohammed,
The son of Dost Mohammed, and brave old Dost
Mohammed—

Oh! long may they
Their mountains sway,
Akhbar and Dost Mohammed!
Long live the Dost!
Who Britain crost,
Hurrah for Dost Mohammed!

great foe was a slave's son. Be it so—he has a hero's and freeman's heart. “Hurrah for Abdel-Kader!”—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

* This is the name by which the Affghans call themselves. Affghan is a Persian name (see Elphinstone's delightful book on Cabul).—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

† The real name of the Indus, which is a Latinised word.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

III.

The Russian, lord of million serfs, and nobles serflier
still,

Indignant saw Circassia's sons bear up against his will;
With fiery ships he lines their coast, his armies cross
their streams—

He builds a hundred fortresses—his conquests done, he
deems.

But steady rifles—rushing steeds—a crowd of nameless
chiefs—

The plough is o'er his arsenals!—his fleet is on the reefs!
The maidens of Kabyntica are clad in Moscow dresses—
His slavish herd, how dared they beard the mountain-
bred Cherkesses!

The lightening Cherkesses!—the thundering Cherkesses!

May Elburz top

In Azof drop,

Ere Cossacks beat Cherkesses!

The fountain head

Whence Europe spread—

Hurrah! for the tall Cherkesses!*

* Cherkesses or Abdyes is the right name of the, so-called, Circassians. Kabyntica is a town in the heart of the Caucasus, of which Mount Elburz is the summit. Blumenbach, and other physiologists, assert that the finer European races descend from a Circassian stock.—

IV.

But Russia preys on Poland's fields, where Sobieski
reigned,

And Austria on Italy—the Roman eagle chained—
Bohemia, Servia, Hungary, within her clutches, gasp ;
And Ireland struggles gallantly in England's loosening
grasp.

Oh ! would all these their strength unite, or battle on
alone,

Like Moor, Pushtani, and Cherkess, they soon would
have their own.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! it can 't be far, when from the Scindh
to Shannon

Shall gleam a line of freemen's flags begirt by freemen's
cannon !

The coming day of Freedom—the flashing flags of
Freedom !

The victor glaive—

The mottoes brave,

May we be there to read them !

That glorious noon,

God send it soon—

Hurrah for human Freedom !

THE IRISH HURRAH.

AIR—*Nach m-baineann sin dó.*

I.

HAVE you hearkened the eagle scream over the sea?
 Have you hearkened the breaker beat under your lee?
 A something between the wild waves, in their play,
 And the kingly bird's scream, is The Irish Hurrah.

II.

How it rings on the rampart when Saxons assail—
 How it leaps on the level, and crosses the vale,
 Till the talk of the cataract faints on its way,
 And the echo's voice cracks with the Irish Hurrah.

III.

How it sweeps o'er the mountain when hounds are on
 scent,
 How it presses the billows when rigging is rent,
 Till the enemy's broadside sinks low in dismay,
 As our boarders go in with The Irish Hurrah.

IV.

Oh! there's hope in the trumpet and glee in the fife,
 But never such music broke into a strife,
 As when at its bursting the war-clouds give way,
 And there's cold steel along with The Irish Hurrah.

V.

What joy for a death-bed, your banner above,
And round you the pressure of patriot love,
As you're lifted to gaze on the breaking array
Of the Saxon reserve at The Irish Hurrah.

A SONG FOR THE IRISH MILITIA.

AIR—*The Peacock.*

I.

THE tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in prostrate men;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the crop so bravely sown!
No more I'll sing nor idly pine,
But train my soul to lead a line—
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

II.

No foe would fear your thunder words
 If 'twere not for our light'ning swords—
 If tyrants yield when millions pray,
 'Tis lest they link in war array ;
 Nor peace itself is safe, but when
 The sword is sheathed by fighting men—
 A soldier's life's the life for me—
 A soldier's death, so Ireland's free !

III.

The rifle brown and sabre bright
 Can freely speak and nobly write—
 What prophets preached the truth so well
 AS HOFER, BRIAN, BRUCE, and TELL ?
 God guard the creed these heroes taught,—
 That blood-bought Freedom's cheaply bought.
 A soldier's life's the life for me—
 A soldier's death, so Ireland's free !

IV.

Then, welcome be the bivouac,
 The hardy stand, and fierce attack,
 Where pikes will tame their carbineers,
 And rifles thin their bay'neteers,
 And every field the island through
 Will show " what Irishmen can do !"
 A soldier's life's the life for me—
 A soldier's death, so Ireland's free !

V.

Yet, 'tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel ;
But wisdom, working day by day,
Till comes the time for passion's sway—
The patient dint, and powder shock,
Can blast an empire like a rock.
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

VI.

The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in slavish men ;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown.
No more I'll sing, no more I'll pine,
But train my soul to lead a line—
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

OUR OWN AGAIN.

*AIR—Original.**

I.

LET the coward shrink aside,
 We'll have our own again ;
Let the brawling slave deride,
 Here's for our own again—
Let the tyrant bribe and lie,
March, threaten, fortify,
Loose his lawyer and his spy,
 Yet we'll have our own again.
Let him soothe in silken tone,
Scold from a foreign throne ;
Let him come with bugles blown,
 We shall have our own again.
Let us to our purpose bide,
 We'll have our own again—
Let the game be fairly tried,
 We'll have our own again.

* *Vide* "Spirit of the Nation," 4to. p. 308.

II.

Send the cry throughout the land,
 "Who's for our own again?"
 Summon all men to our band,—
 Why not our own again?
 Rich, and poor, and old, and young,
 Sharp sword, and fiery tongue—
 Soul and sinew firmly strung,
 All to get our own again.
 Brothers thrive by brotherhood—
 Trees in a stormy wood—
 Riches come from Nationhood—
 Sha'n't we have our own again?
 Munster's woe is Ulster's bane!
 Join for our own again—
 Tyrants rob as well as reign,—
 We'll have our own again.

III.

Oft our fathers' hearts it stirred,
 "Rise for our own again!"
 Often passed the signal word,
 "Strike for our own again!"
 Rudely, rashly, and untaught,
 Uprose they, ere they ought,
 Failing, though they nobly fought,
 Dying for their own again.

Mind will rule and muscle yield,
 In senate, ship, and field—
 When we've skill our strength to wield,
 Let us take our own again.
 By the slave his chain is wrought,—
 Strive for our own again.
 Thunder is less strong than thought,—
 We'll have our own again.

IV.

Calm as granite to our foes,
 Stand for our own again;
 Till his wrath to madness grows,
 Firm for our own again.
 Bravely hope, and wisely wait,
 Toil, join, and educate;
 Man is master of his fate;
 We'll enjoy our own again.
 With a keen constrained thirst—
 Powder's calm ere it burst—
 Making ready for the worst,
 So we'll get our own again.
 Let us to our purpose bide,
 We'll have our own again.
 God is on the righteous side,
 We'll have our own again.

CELTS AND SAXONS.*

I.

WE hate the Saxon and the Dane,
 We hate the Norman men—
 We cursed their greed for blood and gain,
 We curse them now again,
 Yet start not, Irish born man,
 If you're to Ireland true,
 We heed not blood, nor creed, nor clan—
 We have no curse for you.

II.

We have no curse for you or your's,
 But Friendship's ready grasp,
 And Faith to stand by you and your's,
 Unto our latest gasp—
 To stand by you against all foes,
 Howe'er, or whence they come,
 With traitor arts, or bribes, or blows,
 From England, France, or Rome.

* Written in reply to some very beautiful verses printed in the *Evening Mail*, deprecating and defying the assumed hostility of the Irish Celts to the *Irish Saxons*.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

III.

What matter that at different shrines
We pray unto one God—
What matter that at different times
Our fathers won this sod—
In fortune and in name we're bound
By stronger links than steel ;
And neither can be safe nor sound
But in the other's weal.

IV.

As Nubian rocks, and Ethiop sand
Long drifting down the Nile,
Built up old Egypt's fertile land
For many a hundred mile ;
So Pagan clans to Ireland came,
And clans of Christendom,
Yet joined their wisdom and their fame
To build a nation from.

V.

Here came the brown Phœnician,
The man of trade and toil—
Here came the proud Milesian,
Ahungering for spoil ;
And the Firbolg and the Cymry,
And the hard, enduring Dane,
And the iron Lords of Normandy,
With the Saxons in their train.

VI.

And oh! it were a gallant deed
To show before mankind,
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined—
Might be combined, yet not forget
The fountains whence they rose,
As, filled by many a rivulet
The stately Shannon flows.

VII.

Nor would we wreak our ancient feud
On Belgian or on Dane,
Nor visit in a hostile mood
The hearths of Gaul or Spain ;
But long as on our country lies
The Anglo-Norman yoke,
Their tyranny we'll signalize,
And God's revenge invoke.

VIII.

We do not hate, we never cursed,
Nor spoke a foeman's word
Against a man in Ireland nursed,
Howe'er we thought he erred ;
So start not, Irish born man,
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan,
We've hearts and hands for you.

ORANGE AND GREEN WILL CARRY
THE DAY.

AIR—*The Protestant Boys.*

I.

IRELAND! rejoice, and England! deplore—
Faction and feud are passing away.

'Twas a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar,
“Orange and Green will carry the day.”

Orange! Orange!
Green and Orange!

Pitted together in many a fray—

Lions in fight!
And linked in their might,

Orange and Green will carry the day.

Orange! Orange!
Green and Orange!

Wave them together o'er mountain and bay.

Orange and Green!
Our King and our Queen!

“Orange and Green will carry the day!”

II.

Rusty the swords our fathers unsheathed—
 William and James are turned to clay—
 Long did we till the wrath they bequeathed ;
 Red was the crop, and bitter the pay !
 Freedom fled us !
 Knaves misled us !
 Under the feet of the foemen we lay—
 Riches and strength
 We'll win them at length,
 For Orange and Green will carry the day !
 Landlords fooled us ;
 England ruled us,
 Hounding our passions to make us their prey ;
 But, in their spite,
 The Irish UNITE,
 And Orange and Green will carry the day !

III.

Fruitful our soil where honest men starve ;
 Empty the mart, and shipless the bay ;
 Out of our want the Oligarchs carve ;
 Foreigners fatten on our decay !
 Disunited,
 Therefore blighted,
 Ruined and rent by the Englishman's sway ;
 Party and creed
 For once have agreed—
 Orange and Green will carry the day !

Boyne's old water,
 Red with slaughter !
 Now is as pure as an infant at play ;
 So, in our souls,
 Its history rolls,
 And Orange and Green will carry the day !

IV.

English deceit can rule us no more,
 Bigots and knaves are scattered like spray—
 Deep was the oath the Orangeman swore,
 “ Orange and Green must carry the day ! ”
 Orange ! Orange !
 Bless the Orange !
 Tories and Whigs grew pale with dismay,
 When, from the North,
 Burst the cry forth,
 “ Orange and Green will carry the day ; ”
 No surrender !
 No Pretender !
 Never to falter and never betray—
 With an Amen,
 We swear it again,
ORANGE AND GREEN SHALL CARRY THE DAY.

“THE elements of Irish Nationality are not only combining—in fact, they are growing confluent in our minds. Such nationality as merits a good man’s help, and awakens a true man’s ambition,—such nationality as could stand against internal faction and foreign intrigue,—such nationality as would make the Irish hearth happy, and the Irish name illustrious, is becoming understood. It must contain and represent all the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic; it must not be Saxon; it must be Irish. The Brehon law, and the maxims of Westminster;—the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael, the placid strength of the Sacsanach, the marshalling insight of the Norman;—a Literature which shall exhibit in combination the passions and idioms of all, and which shall equally express our mind, in its romantic, its religious, its forensic, and its practical tendencies;—finally, a native government, which shall know and rule by the might and right of all, yet yield to the arrogance of none;—these are the components of such a nationality.”—DAVIS’S ESSAYS.

“It is not a gambling fortune, made at imperial play, Ireland wants it is the plous and stern cultivation of her faculties and her virtues, the acquisition of faithful and exact habits, and the self-respect that rewards a dutiful and sincere life. To get her peasants into snug homesteads, with well-tilled fields and placid hearths,—to develop the ingenuity of her artists, and the docile industry of her artisans,—to make for her own instruction a literature wherein our climate, history, and passions shall breathe,—to gain conscious strength and integrity, and the high post of holy freedom;—these are Ireland’s wants.”

DAVIS'S ESSAYS

PART II.



MISCELLANEOUS

SONGS AND BALLADS.

“THE greatest achievement of the Irish people is their music. It tells their history, climate, and character; but it too much loves to weep. Let us, when so many of our chains have been broken,—while our strength is great, and our hopes high,—cultivate its bolder strains—its raging and rejoicing; or if we weep, let it be like men whose eyes are lifted, though their tears fall.

“Music is the first faculty of the Irish; and scarcely anything has such power for good over them. The use of this faculty and this power, publicly and constantly, to keep up their spirits, refine their tastes, warm their courage, increase their union, and renew their zeal,—is the duty of every patriot.”—DAVIS'S ESSAYS

MISCELLANEOUS
SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE LOST PATH.

AIR.—*Grádh mo chroide.*

I.

SWEET thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
All comfort else has flown;
For every hope was false to me,
And here I am, alone.
What thoughts were mine in early youth!
Like some old Irish song,
Brimful of love, and life, and truth,
My spirit gushed along.

II.

I hoped to right my native isle,
I hoped a soldier's fame,
I hoped to rest in woman's smile,
And win a minstrel's name—

Oh! little have I served my land,
No laurels press my brow,
I have no woman's heart or hand,
Nor minstrel honours now.

III.

But fancy has a magic power,
It brings me wreath and crown,
And woman's love, the self-same hour
It smites oppression down.
Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
I have no joy beside ;
Oh! throng around, and be to me
Power, country, fame, and bride.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

I.

To the conqueror his crowning,
First freedom to the slave,
And air unto the drowning,
Sunk in the ocean's wave—
And succour to the faithful,
Who fight their flag above,
Are sweet, but far less grateful
Than were my lady's love.

II.

I know I am not worthy
Of one so young and bright ;
And yet I would do for thee
Far more than others might ;
I cannot give you pomp or gold,
If you should be my wife,
But I can give you love untold,
And true in death or life,

III.

Methinks that there are passions
Within that heaving breast
To scorn their heartless fashions,
And wed whom you love best.
Methinks you would be prouder
As the struggling patriot's bride,
Than if rank your home should crowd, or
Cold riches round you glide.

IV.

Oh ! the watcher longs for morning,
And the infant cries for light,
And the saint for heaven's warning,
And the vanquished pray for might ;
But their prayer, when lowest kneeling,
And their suppliance most true.
Are cold to the appealing
Of this longing heart to you,

HOPE DEFERRED.

AIR.—*Oh! art thou gone, my Mary dear?*

I.

'Tis long since we were forced to part, at least it seems
so to my grief,
For sorrow wearies us like time, but ah! it brings not
time's relief:
As in our days of tenderness, before me still she seems
to glide;
And, though my arms are wide as then, yet she will not
abide.
The day-light and the star-light shine, as if her eyes
were in their light,
And, whispering in the panting breeze, her love-songs
come at lonely night:
While, far away with those less dear, she tries to hide
her grief in vain,
For, kind to all while true to me, it pains her to give
pain.

II.

I know she never spoke her love, she never breathed a
single vow,
And yet I'm sure she loved me then, and still doats on
me now;

For, when we met, her eyes grew glad, and heavy when
 I left her side,
 And oft she said she'd be most happy as a poor man's
 bride;
 I toiled to win a pleasant home, and make it ready by
 the spring;
 The spring is past—what season now my girl unto our
 home will bring?
 I'm sick and weary, very weary—watching, morning,
 night, and noon;
 How long you're coming—I am dying—will you not
 come soon?

EIBHLIN A RUIN.

AIR.—*Eibhlín a rúin.*

I.

WHEN I am far away,
Eibhlín a rúin,
 Be gayest of the gay,
Eibhlín a rúin.
 Too dear your happiness,
 For me to wish it less—
 Love has no selfishness.
Eibhlín a rúin.

II.

And it must be our pride,

Eibhlín a rúin,

Our trusting hearts to hide,

Eibhlín a rúin.

They wish our love to blight,

We'll wait for Fortune's light—

The flowers close up at night,

Eibhlín a rúin.

III.

And when we meet alone,

Eibhlín a rúin,

Upon my bosom thrown,

Eibhlín a rúin ;

That hour, with light bedecked,

Shall cheer us and direct,

A beacon to the wrecked,

Eibhlín a rúin.

IV.

Fortune, thus sought, will come,

Eibhlín a rúin,

We'll win a happy home,

Eibhlín a rúin ;

And, as it slowly rose,

'Twill tranquilly repose,

A rock 'mid melting snows,

Eibhlín a rúin.

THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

AIR.—*A Trip to the Cottage.*

I

OH! the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,
And love in a cottage for Mary and me;
There's not in the land a lovelier tide,
And I'm sure that there's no one so fair as my bride.

She's modest and meek,
There's a down on her cheek,
And her skin is as sleek
As a butterfly's wing—
Then her step would scarce show
On the fresh-fallen snow,
And her whisper is low,
But as clear as the spring.

Oh! the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,
And love in a cottage for Mary and me,
I know not how love is happy elsewhere,
I know not how any but lovers are there!

II.

Oh! so green is the grass, so clear is the stream,
So mild is the mist, and so rich is the beam,
That beauty should ne'er to other lands roam,
But make on the banks of the river its home.

When, dripping with dew,
 The roses peep through,
 'Tis to look in at you
 They are growing so fast ;
 While the scent of the flowers
 Must be hoarded for hours,
 'Tis poured in such showers
 When my Mary goes past.

Oh ! the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,
 And love in a cottage for Mary and me—
 Oh, Mary for me—oh, Mary for me !
 And 'tis little I'd sigh for the banks of the Lee !

THE GIRL OF DUNBWY.

I.

'Tis pretty to see the girl of Dunbwy
 Stepping the mountain statelily—
 Though ragged her gown, and naked her feet,
 No lady in Ireland to match her is meet.

II.

Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies—
 Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of her eyes ;
 The child of a peasant—yet England's proud Queen
 Has less rank in her heart, and less grace in her mien.

III.

Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams, just as if
A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff—
And love, and devotion, and energy speak
From her beauty-proud eye, and her passion-pale cheek.

IV.

But, pale as her cheek is, there's fruit on her lip,
And her teeth flash as white as the crescent moon's tip,
And her form and her step, like the reed-deer's, go past—
As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.

V.

I saw her but once, and I looked in her eye,
And she knew that I worshipped in passing her by ;
The saint of the wayside—she granted my prayer,
'Though we spoke not a word, for her mother was there.

VI.

I never can think upon Bantry's bright hills,
But her image starts up, and my longing eye fills ;
And I whisper her softly, "again, love, we'll meet,
And I'll lie in your bosom, and live at your feet."

DUTY AND LOVE.

AIR.—*My lodging is on the cold ground.*

I.

OH! lady, think not that my heart has grown cold,
If I woo not as once I could woo ;
Though sorrow has bruised it, and long years have rolled,
It still doats on beauty and you :
And were I to yield to its inmost desire,
I would labour by night and by day,
Till I won you to flee from the home of your sire,
To live with your love far away.

II.

But it is that my country's in bondage, and I
Have sworn to shatter her chains !
By my duty and oath I must do it or lie
A corse on her desolate plains ;
Then, sure, dearest maiden, 'twere sinful to sue,
And crueller far to win,
But, should victory smile on my banner, to you
I shall fly without sorrow or sin.

ANNIE DEAR.

AIR.—*Maids in May.*

I.

OUR mountain brooks were rushing,
 Annie, dear,
The Autumn eve was flushing,
 Annie, dear;
But brighter was your blushing,
When first, your murmurs hushing,
I told my love outgushing,
 Annie, dear.

II.

Ah! but our hopes were splendid,
 Annie, dear,
How sadly they have ended,
 Annie, dear;
The ring betwixt us broken,
When our vows of love were spoken,
Of your poor heart was a token,
 Annie, dear.

BLIND MARY.

AIR.—*Blind Mary.*

I.

THERE flows from her spirit such love and delight,
That the face of Blind Mary is radiant with light—
As the gleam from a homestead through darkness will
 show,
Or the moon glimmer soft through the fast falling snow.

II.

Yet there's a keen sorrow comes o'er her at times,
As an Indian might feel in our northerly climes ;
And she talks of the sunset, like parting of friends,
And the starlight, as love, that nor changes nor ends.

III.

Ah ! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,
For the mountains that tower, or the rivers that run—
For beauty and grandeur, and glory, and light,
Are seen by the spirit, and not by the sight.

IV.

In vain for the thoughtless are sunburst and shade,
In vain for the heartless flowers blossom and fade ;
While the darkness that seems your sweet being to
 bound
Is one of the guardians, an Eden around !

THE BRIDE OF MALLOW.

I.

'Twas dying they thought her,
And kindly they brought her
To the banks of Blackwater,
 Where her forefathers lie ;
'Twas the place of her childhood,
And they hoped that its wild wood,
And air soft and mild would
 Soothe her spirit to die.

II.

But she met on its border
A lad who adored her—
No rich man, nor lord, or
 A coward, or slave ;
But one who had worn
A green coat, and borne
A pike from Slieve Mourne,
 With the patriots brave.

III.

Oh! the banks of the stream are
Than emeralds greener :
And how should they wean her
 From loving the earth ?
While the song-birds so sweet,
And the waves at their feet,
And each young pair they meet,
 Are all flushing with mirth.

IV.

And she listed his talk,
And he shared in her waik—
And how could she baulk
 One so gallant and true?
But why tell the rest?
Her love she confest,
And sunk on his breast,
 Like the eventide dew.

V.

Ah! now her cheek glows
With the tint of the rose,
And her healthful blood flows,
 Just as fresh as the stream;
And her eye flashes bright,
And her footstep is light,
And sickness and blight
 Fled away like a dream.

VI.

And soon by his side
She kneels a sweet bride,
In maidenly pride
 And maidenly fears;
And their children were fair,
And their home knew no care,
Save that all homesteads were
 Not as happy as theirs.

THE WELCOME.

AIR.—*An buachailín buidhe.*

I.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning,
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever."

II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them ;
 Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you ;
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
 Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed
 farmer,
 Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour ;
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
 Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably
 beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever!"

THE MI-NA-MEALA.

I.

LIKE the rising of the sun,
Herald of bright hours to follow,
Lo! the marriage rites are done,
And begun the *Mi-na-meala*.

II.

Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Vowed 'fore God to love and cherish,
Each by each in grief to stand,
Never more apart to flourish.

III.

Now their lips, low whisp'ring, speak
Thoughts their eyes have long been saying,
Softly bright, and richly meek,
As seraphs first their wings essaying.

IV.

Deeply, wildly, warmly, love—
'Tis a heaven-sent enjoyment,
Lifting up our thoughts above
Selfish aims and cold employment.

V.

Yet, remember, passion wanes,
 Romance is parent to dejection ;
 Nought our happiness sustains
 But thoughtful care and firm affection.

VI.

When the *Mi-na-meala's* flown,
 Sterner duties surely need you ;
 Do their bidding,—'tis love's own,—
 Faithful love will say God speed you.

VII.

Guard her comfort as 'tis worth,
 Pray to God to look down on her ;
 And swift as cannon-shot go forth
 To strive for freedom, truth, and honour.

VIII.

Oft recall—and never swerve—
 Your children's love and her's will follow ;
 Guard your home, and there preserve
 For you an endless *Mi-na-meala*.*

* Honeymoon. Vide GLOSSARY.

MAIRE BHAN A STOIR.

AIR—*Original.*

I.

IN a valley, far away,
 With my *Máire bhán a stóir*,*
 Short would be the summer-day,
 Ever loving more and more ;
 Winter-days would all grow long,
 With the light her heart would pour,
 With her kisses and her song,
 And her loving *maith go léor*.†
 Fond is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Fair is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Sweet as ripple on the shore,
 Sings my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

* Which means, "fair Mary my treasure." If we are to write gibberish to enable some of our readers to pronounce this, we must do so thus, *Maur-ya vaun asthore*, and pretty looking stuff it is. Really it is time for the inhabitants of Ireland to learn Irish.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

† Much plenty, or in abundance.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

II.

Oh! her sire is very proud,
 And her mother cold as stone ;
 But her brother bravely vowed
 She should be my bride alone ;
 For he knew I loved her well,
 And he knew she loved me too,
 So he sought their pride to quell,
 But 'twas all in vain to sue.

True is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Tried is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Had I wings I'd never soar,
 From my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

III.

There are lands where manly toil
 Surely reaps the crop it sows,
 Glorious woods and teeming soil,
 Where the broad Missouri flows ;
 Through the trees the smoke shall rise,
 From our hearth with *maith go léor*,
 There shall shine the happy eyes
 Of my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

Mild is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Mine is *Máire bhán a stóir*,
 Saints will watch about the door
 Of my *Máire bhán a stóir*.

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

AIR.—*The Swaggering Jig.*

I.

OH! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and *mo bhuachail* for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me;
 For Eoghan* is straight as a tower,
 And tender and loving and true,
 He told me more love in an hour
 Than the Squires of the county could do.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

II.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
 His eye is as clear as the day,
 His conscience and vote were unsold
 When others were carried away;
 His word is as good as an oath,
 And freely 'twas given to me;
 Oh! sure 'twill be happy for both
 The day of our marriage to see.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

* *Vulgo* Owen; but that is, properly, a name among the Cymry (Welsh).—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

III.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
 The neighbours think much of his skill,
 And Eoghan's the lad to my mind,
 Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
 But he has a tilloch of land,
 A horse, and a stocking of coin,
 A foot for the dance, and a hand
 In the cause of his country to join.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

IV.

We meet in the market and fair—
 We meet in the morning and night—
 He sits on the half of my chair,
 And my people are wild with delight.
 Yet I long through the winter to skim,
 Though Eoghan longs more I can see,
 When I will be married to him,
 And he will be married to me.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and *mo bhuachail* for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage,
 Might envy my marriage to me.

A PLEA FOR LOVE.

I.

THE summer brook flows in the bed,
The winter torrent tore asunder ;
The sky-lark's gentle wings are spread,
Where walk the lightning and the thunder :
And thus you'll find the sternest soul
The gayest tenderness concealing,
And minds, that seem to mock control,
Are ordered by some fairy feeling.

II.

Then, maiden ! start not from the hand
That's hardened by the swaying sabre—
The pulse beneath may be as bland
As evening after day of labour :
And, maiden ! start not from the brow
That thought has knit, and passion darkened—
In twilight hours, 'neath forest bough,
The tenderest tales are often hearkened.

THE BISHOP'S DAUGHTER.

AIR.—*The Maid of Killala.*

I.

KILLALA'S halls are proud and fair ;
Tyrawley's hills are cold and bare ;
Yet, in the palace, you were sad,
While, here, your heart is safe and glad.

II.

No satin couch, no maiden train,
Are here to soothe each passing pain ;
Yet lay your head my breast upon,—
'Twill turn to down for you, sweet one !

III.

Your father's halls are rich and fair,
And plain the home you've come to share ;
But happy love's a fairy king,
And sheds a grace on every thing.

THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

AIR.—*An Cóta Caol.*

I.

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
 His love is rich to me ;
 I could not in a palace find
 A truer heart than he.
 The eagle shelters not his nest
 From hurricane and hail,
 More bravely than he guards my breast—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

II.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps
 Is not a whit more pure—
 The goat that down Cnoc Sheehy leaps
 Has not a foot more sure.
 No firmer hand nor freer eye
 E'er faced an Autumn gale—
 De Courcy's heart is not so high—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

III.

The brawling squires may heed him not,
The dainty stranger sneer—
But who will dare to hurt our cot,
When Myles O'Hea is here.
The scarlet soldiers pass along—
They'd like, but fear to rail—
His blood is hot, his blow is strong—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

IV.

His hooker's in the Scilly van,
When seines are in the foam ;
But money never made the man,
Nor wealth a happy home.
So, blest with love and liberty,
While he can trim a sail,
He'll trust in God, and cling to me—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

DARLING NELL.

I.

WHY should not I take her unto my heart ?
She has not a morsel of guile or art ;
Why should not I make her my happy wife,
And love her and cherish her all my life ?
I've met with a few of as shining eyes,
I've met with a hundred of wilder sighs,
I think I met some whom I loved as well—
But none who loved me like my Darling Nell.

II.

She's ready to cry when I seem unkind,
But she smothers her grief within her mind ;
And when my spirit is soft and fond,
She sparkles the brightest of stars beyond.
Oh ! 'twould teach the thrushes to hear her sing,
And her sorrow the heart of a rock would wring ;
There never was saint but would leave his cell,
If he thought he could marry my Darling Nell !

LOVE CHAUNT.

I.

I THINK I've looked on eyes that shone
 With equal splendour,
 And some, but they are dimmed and gone,
 As wildly tender.
 I never looked on eyes that shed
 Such home-light mingled with such beauty,—
 That 'mid all lights and shadows said,
 "I love and trust and will be true to ye."

II.

I've seen some lips almost as red,
 A form as stately ;
 And some such beauty turned my head
 Not very lately.
 But not till now I've seen a girl
 With form so proud, lips so delicious,
 With hair like night, and teeth of pearl,—
 Who was not haughty and capricious.

III.

Oh, fairer than the dawn of day
 On Erne's islands !
 Oh, purer than the thorn spray
 In Bantry's highlands !
 In sleep such visions crossed my view,
 And when I woke the phantom faded ;
 But now I find the fancy true,
 And fairer than the vision made it.

A CHRISTMAS SCENE;

OR, LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

I.

THE hill blast comes howling through leaf-rifted trees,
That late were as harp-strings to each gentle breeze ;
The strangers and cousins and every one flown,
While we sit happy-hearted—together—alone.

II.

Some are off to the mountain, and some to the fair,
The snow is on their cheek, on mine your black hair ;
Papa with his farming is busy to-day,
And mamma's too good-natured to ramble this way.

III.

The girls are gone—are they not?—into town,
To fetch bows and bonnets, perchance a *beau*, down ;
Ah! tell them, dear Kate, 'tis not fair to coquette—
Though you, you bold lassie, are fond of it yet!

IV.

You're not—do you say?—just remember last night,
You gave Harry a rose, and you dubbed him your knight ;
Poor lad! if he loved you—but no, darling! no,
You're too thoughtful and good to fret any one so.

V.

The painters are raving of light and of shade,
And Harry, the poet, of lake, hill, and glade ;
While the light of your eye, and your soft wavy form
Suit a proser like me, by the hearth bright and warm.

VI.

The snow on those hills is uncommonly grand,
But, you know, Kate, it's not half so white as your hand ;
And say what you will of the grey Christmas sky,
Still I *slightly* prefer my dark girl's grey eye.

VII.

Be quiet, and sing me "The Bonny Cuckoo,"
For it bids us the summer and winter love through,—
And then I'll read out an old ballad that shews
How Tyranny perished, and Liberty rose.

VIII.

My Kate ! I'm so happy, your voice whispers soft,
And your cheek flushes wilder from kissing so oft ;
For town or for country, for mountains or farms,
What care I ?—My darling's entwined in my arms.

THE INVOCATION.

AIR.—*Fanny Power.*

I.

BRIGHT fairies by Glengariff's bay,
 Soft woods that o'er Killarney sway,
 Bold echoes born in Céim-an-eich,
 Your kinsman's greeting hear!
 He asks you, by old friendship's name,
 By all the rights that minstrels claim,
 For Erin's joy and Desmond's fame,
 Be kind to Fanny dear!

II.

Her eyes are darker than Dunloe,
 Her soul is whiter than the snow,
 Her tresses like arbutus flow,
 Her step like frightened deer:
 Then, still thy waves, capricious lake!
 And ceaseless, soft winds, round her wake,
 Yet never bring a cloud to break
 The smile of Fanny dear!

III.

Oh ! let her see the trance-bound men,
And kiss the red deer in his den,
And spy from out a hazel glen
 O'Donoghue appear ;—
Or, should she roam by wild Dunbwy,
Oh ! send the maiden to her knee,
I sung whilome,*—but then, ah ! me,
 I knew not Fanny dear !

IV.

Old Mangerton ! thine eagles plume—
Dear Innisfallen ! brighter bloom—
And Mucruss ! whisper thro' the gloom
 Quaint legends to her ear ;
Till strong as ash-tree in its pride,
And gay as sunbeam on the tide,
We welcome back to Liffey's side,
 Our brightest, Fanny dear.

* *Vide ante*, page 42.

LOVE AND WAR.

I.

How soft is the moon on Glengariff!
The rocks seem to melt with the light;
Oh! would I were there with dear Fanny,
To tell her that love is as bright;
And nobly the sun of July
O'er the waters of Adragoole shines—
Oh! would that I saw the green banner
Blaze there over conquering lines.

II.

Oh! love is more fair than the moonlight,
And glory more grand than the sun;
And there is no rest for a brave heart,
Till its bride and its laurels are won;
But next to the burst of our banner,
And the smile of dear Fanny, I crave
The moon on the rocks of Glengariff—
The sun upon Adragoole's wave.

MY LAND.

I.

She is a rich and rare land ;
Oh ! she's a fresh and fair land ;
She is a dear and rare land—
 This native land of mine.

II.

No men than her's are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver ;
I'd freely die to save her,
 And think my lot divine.

III.

She's not a dull or cold land ;
No ! she's a warm and bold land ;
Oh ! she's a true and old land—
 This native land of mine.

IV.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
 No friend within it pine !

V.

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land ;
Oh, she's a true and rare land !
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
 This native land of mine.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

I.

LET the feeble-hearted pine,
 Let the sickly spirit whine,
 But work and win be thine,
 While you've life.
 God smiles upon the bold—
 So, when your flag's unrolled,
 Bear it bravely till you're cold
 In the strife.

II.

If to rank or fame you soar,
 Out your spirit frankly pour—
 Men will serve you and adore,
 Like a king.
 Woo your girl with honest pride,
 Till you've won her for your bride—
 Then to her, through time and tide,
 Ever cling.

III.

Never under wrongs despair ;
 Labour long, and everywhere,
 Link your countrymen, prepare,
 And strike home.
 Thus have great men ever wrought,
 Thus must greatness still be sought,
 Thus laboured, loved, and fought,
 Greece and Rome.

PART III.

HISTORICAL
BALLADS AND SONGS.

First Series.

"THIS country of ours is no sand-bank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honoured in the archives of civilisation, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valour, and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organisations, subtle codes, beacon crimes, leading virtues, and self-mighty men were here. If we live influenced by wind, and sun, and tree, and not by the passions and deeds of the PAST, we are a thriftless and hopeless people."

DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

BALLADS AND SONGS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

IRISH HISTORY.

A NATION ONCE AGAIN. * (a)

I.

WHEN boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
THREE HUNDRED MEN and THREE MEN. (b)
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

* This little poem, though not strictly belonging to the historical class, is placed first; as striking more distinctly than any other in the collection, the key-note of the author's theme.—ED.

(a) Set to original music in the "Spirit of the Nation," 4to. p. 272. ED.

(b) The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopylæ, and the Three Romans who kept the Sublician Bridge.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

II.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
 That hope has shone, a far light;
 Nor could love's brightest summer glow
 Outshine that solemn starlight:
 It seemed to watch above my head
 In forum, field, and fane;
 Its angel voice sang round my bed,
 "A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

III.

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark
 And service high and holy,
 Would be profaned by feelings dark
 And passions vain or lowly:
 For freedom comes from God's right hand,
 And needs a godly train;
 And righteous men must make our land
 A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

IV.

So, as I grew from boy to man,
 I bent me to that bidding—
 My spirit of each selfish plan
 And cruel passion ridding;
 For, thus I hoped some day to aid—
 Oh! can *such* hope be vain?—
 When my dear country shall be made
 A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

LAMENT FOR THE MILESIAKS.

AIR—*An bruach na carraige báine.*(a)

I.

OH! proud were the chieftains of green Inis-Fail ;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !(b)
 The stars of our sky, and the salt of our soil ;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
 Their hearts were as soft as a child in the lap,
 Yet they were “the men in the gap”—
 And now that the cold clay their limbs doth enwrap ;—
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

II.

'Gainst England long battling, at length they went down ;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
 But they left their deep tracks on the road of renown ;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
 We are heirs of their fame, if we're not of their race,—
 And deadly and deep our disgrace,
 If we live o'er their sepulchres, abject and base ;—
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

(a) Set to this beautiful Tipperary air in the “Spirit of the Nation,” 4to. p. 236. For the meaning, &c., of this, and all the other Irish phrases which occur throughout the volume, *vide* GLOSSARY at the end.—ED.

(b) “That is pity, without heir in their company,” *i. e.* What a pity that there is no heir of their company. See the poem of Giolla Iosa Mor Mac Firbisigh in *The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of the Ui Fiachrach, or O'Dubhda's Country*, printed for the Irish Arch. Soc. p. 230, line 2, and note d. Also *O'Reilly's Dict. voce—farradh.*—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

III.

Oh! sweet were the minstrels of kind Inis-Fail!

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

Whose music, nor ages nor sorrow can spoil;

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

But their sad stifled tones are like streams flowing hid,

Their *caoine*(*a*) and their *piopracht*(*b*) were chid,

And their language, "that melts into music," forbid;

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

IV.

How fair were the maidens of fair Inis-Fail!

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

As fresh and as free as the sea-breeze from soil

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

Oh! are not our maidens as fair and as pure?

Can our music no longer allure?

And can we but sob, as such wrongs we endure?

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

V.

Their famous, their holy, their dear Inis-Fail!

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

Shall it still be a prey for the stranger to spoil?

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

Sure, brave men would labour by night and by day

To banish that stranger away;

Or, dying for Ireland, the future would say

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

(*a*) *Anglice*, keen.

(*b*) *Angl.* pibroch.

VI.

Oh! shame—for unchanged is the face of our isle;

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

That taught them to battle, to sing, and to smile;

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

We are heirs of their rivers, their sea, and their land,—

Our sky and our mountains as grand—

We are heirs—oh! we're not—of their heart and their hand;

As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

THE FATE OF KING DATHI.^(a)

(A.D. 428.)^(b)

I.

DARKLY their glibs o'erhang,

Sharp is their wolf-dog's fang,

Bronze spear and falchion clang—

Brave men might shun them!

Heavy the spoil they bear—

Jewels and gold are there—

Hostage and maiden fair—

How have they won them?

(a) This and the remaining poems in Part I. have been arranged as nearly as possible in chronological sequence.—Ed.

(b) *Vide Appendix.*

II.

From the soft sons of Gaul,
 Roman, and Frank, and thrall,
 Borough, and hut, and hall,—

These have been torn.

Over Britannia wide,
 Over fair Gaul they hied,
 Often in battle tried,—

Enemies mourn !

III.

Fiercely their harpers sing,—
 Led by their gallant king,
 They will to EIRE bring

Beauty and treasure.

Britain shall bend the knee—
 Rich shall their households be—
 When their long ships the sea
 Homeward shall measure.

IV.

Barrow and Rath shall rise,
 Towers, too, of wondrous size,
Táiltin they'll solemnize,

Feis-Teamhrach assemble.

Samhain and Béal shall smile
 On the rich holy isle—
 Nay ! in a little while

Ætius shall tremble !^(a)

(a) The consul Ætius, the shield of Italy, and terror of "the barbarian," was a cotemporary of King Dathi. *Feis-Teamhrach*, the Parliament

V.

Up on the glacier's snow,
 Down on the vales below,
 Monarch and clansmen go—
 Bright is the morning.
 Never their march they slack,
 Jura is at their back,
 When falls the evening black,
 Hideous, and warning.

VI.

Eagles scream loud on high ;
 Far off the chamois fly ;
 Hoarse comes the torrent's cry,
 On the rocks whitening.
 Strong are the storm's wings ;
 Down the tall pine it flings ;
 Hail-stone and sleet it brings—
 Thunder and lightning.

VII.

Little these veterans mind
 Thundering, hail, or wind ;
 Closer their ranks they bind—
 Matching the storm.
 While, a spear-cast or more,
 On, the front ranks before,
 DATHI the sunburst bore—
 Haughty his form.

VIII.

Forth from the thunder-cloud
 Leaps out a foe as proud—
 Sudden the monarch bowed—
 On rush the vanguard ;
 Wildly the king they raise--
 Struck by the lightning's blaze—
 Ghastly his dying gaze,
 Clutching his standard !

IX.

Mild is the morning beam,
 Gently the rivers stream,
 Happy the valleys seem ;
 But the lone islanders—
 Mark how they guard their king !
 Hark, to the wail they sing !
 Dark is their counselling—
 Helvetia's highlanders

X.

Gather, like ravens, near—
 Shall DATHI's soldiers fear ?
 Soon their home-path they clear—
 Rapid and daring ;
 On through the pass and plain,
 Until the shore they gain,
 And, with their spoil, again,
 Landed in EIRINN.

XL.

Little does EIRE^(a) care
 For gold or maiden fair—
 “Where is King DATHI?—where,
 Where is my bravest?”
 On the rich deck he lies,
 O'er him his sunburst flies—
 Solemn the obsequies,
 EIRE! thou gavest.

XII.

See ye that countless train
 Crossing Ros-Comain's^(b) plain,
 Crying, like hurricane,
 Uile liú ai?—
 Broad is his *carn's* base—
 Nigh the “King's burial-place,”^(c)
 Last of the Pagan race,
 Lieth King DATHI!

(a) The true *ancient and modern* name of this island. *Vide GLOSSARY in voc.*—ED.

(b) *Angl.* Roscommon.

(c) *Hibernice*, Roilig na Riogh, *vulgo*, Religuaree—“A famous burial place near Cruachan, in Connacht, where the kings were usually interred, before the establishment of the Christian religion in Ireland.”—*O'Brien's Ir. Dict.*

ARGAN MÓR.^(a)AIR—*Argan Mór.*

I.

THE Danes rush around, around ;
 To the edge of the fosse they bound ;
 Hark ! hark, to their trumpets' sound,
 Bidding them to the war
 Hark ! hark to their cruel cry,
 As they swear our hearts' cores to dry,
 And their Raven red to dye ;
 Glutting their demon, Thor.

II.

Leaping the Rath upon,
 Here's the fiery Ceallachàn—
 He makes the Lochlonnach^(b) wan,
 Lifting his brazen spear !
 Ivor, the Dane, is struck down,
 For the spear broke right through his crown ;
 Yet worse did the battle frown—
 Anlaf is on our rere !

^(a) *Vide* Appendix.^(b) Northmen,—*vide* Glossary.

III.

See! see! the Rath's gates are broke!
And in—in, like a cloud of smoke,
Burst on the dark Danish folk,
 Charging us everywhere—
Oh, never was closer fight
Than in Argan Mór that night—
How little do men want light,
 Fighting within their lair

IV.

Then girding about our king,
On the thick of the foes we spring—
Down—down we trample and fling,
 Gallantly though they strive:
And never our falchions stood,
Till we were all wet with their blood,
And none of the pirate brood
 Went from the Rath alive!

THE VICTOR'S BURIAL.

I.

WRAP him in his banner, the best shroud of the
brave—

Wrap him in his *onchu*,^(a) and take him to his grave—

Lay him not down lowly, like bulwark overthrown,

But, gallantly upstanding, as if risen from his throne,

With his *craiseach*^(b) in his hand, and his sword on his
thigh,

With his war-belt on his waist, and his *cathbharr*^(c) on
high—

Put his *fleasg*^(d) upon his neck—his green flag round
him fold,

Like ivy round a castle wall—not conquered, but grown
old—

*'Mhuire as truagh! A mhuire as truagh! A mhuire
as truagh! ochon!*^(e)

Weep for him! Oh! weep for him, but remember, in
your moan,

That he died, in his pride,—with his foes about him
strown.

II.

Oh! shrine him in Beinn-Edair^(f) with his face towards
the foe,

As an emblem that not death our defiance can lay
low—

(a) Flag.

(b) Spear.

(c) Helmet.

(d) Collar.

(e) *Anglice*, Wirrasthru, ochonc!

(f) Howth.

Let him look across the waves from the promontory's
 breast,
 To menace back The East, and to sentinel The West;
 Sooner shall these channel waves the iron coast cut
 through,
 Than the spirit he has left, yield, Easterlings! to you—
 Let his coffin be the hill, let the eagles of the sea
 Chorus with the surges round, the *tuireamh*^(a) of the
 free!
*'Mhuire as truagh! A mhuire as truagh! A mhuire
 as truagh! ochon!*
 Weep for him! Oh! weep for him, but remember, in
 your moan,
 That he died, in his pride,—with his foes about him
 strown!

THE TRUE IRISH KING.^(b)

I.

THE Cæsar of Rome has a wider demesne,
 And the *Ard Righ* of France has more clans in his train;
 The sceptre of Spain is more heavy with gems,
 And our crowns cannot vie with the Greek diadems;
 But kinglier far before heaven and man
 Are the Emerald fields, and the fiery-eyed clan,
 The sceptre, and state, and the poets who sing,
 And the swords that encircle A TRUE IRISH KING!

(a) A masculine lament.

(b) *Vide* Appendix.

II.

For, he must have come from a conquering race—
 The heir of their valour, their glory, their grace :
 His frame must be stately, his step must be fleet,
 His hand must be trained to each warrior feat,
 His face, as the harvest moon, steadfast and clear,
 A head to enlighten, a spirit to cheer ;
 While the foremost to rush where the battle-brands ring,
 And the last to retreat is A TRUE IRISH KING !

III.

Yet, not for his courage, his strength, or his name,
 Can he from the clansmen their fealty claim.
 The poorest, and highest, choose freely to-day
 The chief, that to-night, they'll as truly obey ;
 For loyalty springs from a people's consent,
 And the knee that is forced had been better unbent—
 The Sacsanach serfs no such homage can bring
 As the Irishmen's choice of A TRUE IRISH KING !

IV.

Come, look on the pomp when they “make an O'NEILL ;
 The muster of dynasts—O'h-Again, O'Shiadhail,
 O'Catháin, O'h-Anluain,^(a) O'Bhreisléin, and all,
 From gentle Aird Uladh^(b) to rude Dún na n-gall ;^(c)

(a) *Angl.* O'Hagan, O'Shiel, O'Caian, or Kane, O'Hanlon.

(b) *Angl.* The Ards.

(c) *Angl.* Donegal.

“St. Patrick’s *comharba*,”^(a) with bishops thirteen,
 And *ollamhs*^(b) and *breitheamhs*,^(c) and minstrels, are seen,
 Round Tulach-Og^(d) Rath, like the bees in the spring,
 All swarming to honour A TRUE IRISH KING !

V.

Unsandalled he stands on the foot-dinted rock ;
 Like a pillar-stone fixed against every shock.
 Round, round is the Rath on a far-seeing hill ;
 Like his blemishless honour, and vigilant will.
 The grey-beards are telling how chiefs by the score
 Have been crowned on “The Rath of the Kings” here-
 tofore,
 While, crowded, yet ordered, within its green ring,
 Are the dynasts and priests round THE TRUE IRISH KING !

VI.

The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,
 And pledged him to bide by their blessing and ban ;
 His *skian* and his sword are unbuckled to show
 That they only were meant for a foreigner foe ;
 A white willow wand has been put in his hand—
 A type of pure, upright, and gentle command—
 While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling,
 And O’Catháin proclaims him A TRUE IRISH KING !

(a) Successor—*comharba Phadrúig*—the Archbishop of (*Ard-macha*)
 Armagh

(b) Doctors or learned men. (c) Judges. *Angl.* Brehons.

(d) In the county (*Tir-Eoghain*) Tyrone, between Cookstown and
 Stewartstown.

VII.

Thrice looked he to Heaven with thanks and with
prayer—

Thrice looked to his borders with sentinel stare—
To the waves of Loch n-Eathach, ^(a) the heights of Srath-
bhán ; ^(b)

And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his clan—
One clash on their bucklers!—one more!—they are still—
What means the deep pause on the crest of the hill?
Why gaze they above him?—a war-eagle's wing!
“ 'Tis an omen!—Hurrah! for THE TRUE IRISH KING!”

VIII.

God aid him!—God save him!—and smile on his reign—
The terror of England—the ally of Spain.
May his sword be triumphant o'er Sacsanach arts!
Be his throne ever girt by strong hands, and true hearts!
May the course of his conquest run on till he see
The flag of Plantagenet sink in the sea!
May minstrels for ever his victories sing,
And saints make the bed of THE TRUE IRISH KING!

(a) *Angl.* Lough Neagh.

(b) *Angl.* Strabane.

THE GERALDINES.

I.

THE Geraldines! the Geraldines!— 'tis full a thousand
years
Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their
battle-spears ;
When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron
shields were known,
And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the
Garonne :
Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard by
William's side,
And the grey sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they
died ;—
But never then, nor thence, till now, have falsehood or
disgrace
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his
face.

II.

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—'tis true, in Strong-
bow's van,
By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign be-
gan ;
And, oh! through many a dark campaign they proved
their prowess stern,
In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king, and
chief, and kerne :
But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely
won,
And generous was the steel-gloved hand that had such
slaughter done ;
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien, you'd ask
no herald's sign—
Among a thousand you had known the princely GERALDINE.

III.

These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—not long our air
they breathed ;
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed ;
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers
nursed,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling
burst !

The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force,
 and bribe,
 To win from Irish thoughts and ways this "more than
 Irish" tribe;
 For still they clung to fosterage, to *breitheamh*, cloak,
 and bard:
 What king dare say to Geraldine, "your Irish wife
 discard"?

IV.

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—how royally ye reigned
 O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English
 arts disdained:
 Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was
 your bugle call
 By Gleann's^(a) green slopes, and Daingean's^(b) tide, from
 Bearbha's^(c) banks to Eóchail.^(d)
 What gorgeous shrines, what *breitheamh*^(e) lore, what
 minstrel feasts there were
 In and around Magh Nuadhaid's^(f) keep, and palace-
 filled Adare!
 But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin
 were pressed;
 And foemen fled, when "*Crom Abú*"^(g) bespoke your
 lance in rest.

(a) *Angl.* Glyn.(b) *Angl.* Dingle.(c) *Angl.* Barrow.(d) *Angl.* Youghal.(e) *Angl.* Brehon.(f) *Angl.* Maynooth.

(g) Formerly the war-cry of the Geraldines; and now their motto.

Vide GLOSSARY *in voc.*

V.

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—since Silken Thomas
flung
King Henry's sword on council board, the English
thanes among,
Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English
sway,
Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest cut
away.
Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins passed on
th' exhausted tide ;
His title lives—a Sacsanach churl usurps the lion's hide :
And, though Kildare tower haughtily, there's ruin at
the root,
Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree no
fruit ?

VI.

True Geraldines! brave Geraldines!—as torrents mould
the earth,
You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy
and worth :
When Ginckle 'leaguered Limerick, the Irish soldiers
gazed
To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's banner
blazed !

And still it is the peasants' hope upon the Cuirreach's^(a)
mere,
"They live, who'll see ten thousand men with good
Lord Edward here"—
So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Ed-
ward's shade,
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be
arrayed!

VII.

These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—rain wears away
the rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the
battle's shock,
But, ever, sure, while one is left of all that honoured
race,
In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place:
And, though the last were dead and gone, how many a
field and town,
From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeile, would cherish their
renown,
And men would say of valour's rise, or ancient power's
decline,
"Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the GERAL-
DINE."

(a) *Angl. Curragh.*

VIII.

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—and are there any
fears

Within the sons of conquerors for full a thousand years?
Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with martyr's
blood?

Or has that grown a purling brook, which long rushed
down a flood?—

By Desmond swept with sword and fire,—by clan and
keep laid low,—

By Silken Thomas and his kin,—by sainted Edward!
No!

The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish line
COMMAND THEIR SON TO TAKE THE POST THAT FITS
THE GERALDINE!^(a)

(a) The concluding stanza, now first published, was found among the author's papers.—ED.

O'BRIEN OF ARA.(a)

AIR—*The Piper of Blessington.*

I.

TALL are the towers of O'Ceinneidigh—(b)
 Broad are the lands of MacCarrthaigh—(c)
 Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day ;
 Yet, here's to O'Briain(d) of Ara !
 Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,(e)
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Clansman and kinsman are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

II.

See you the mountains look huge at eve—
 So is our chieftain in battle—
 Welcome he has for the fugitive,—
Uisce-beatha,(f) fighting, and cattle !

(a) Ara is a small mountain tract, south of Loch Deirgdheirc, and north of the Camailte (*vulgo* the Keeper) hills. It was the seat of a branch of the Thomond princes, called the O'Briens of Ara, who hold an important place in the Munster Annals.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

(b) *Vulgo*, O'Kennedy. (c) *Vul.* M'Carthy. (d) *Vul.* O'Brien.

(e) *Vul.* Drumineer. (f) *Vul.* Usquebaugh.

Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Gossip and ally are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

III.

Horses the valleys are tramping on,
 Sleek from the Sacsanach manger—
Creachs the hills are encamping on,
 Empty the bâns of the stranger !
 Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
Ceithearn(*a*) and *buannacht* are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

IV.

He has black silver from Cill-da-lua(*b*)—
 Rian(*c*) and Cearbhall(*d*) are neighbours—
 'N Aonach(*e*) submits with a *fuililiú*—
 Butler is meat for our sabres !
 Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Rian and Cearbhall are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

(*a*) *Vulgo*, Kerne.(*b*) *Vul.* Killaloe.(*c*) *Vul.* Ryan.(*d*) *Vul.* Carroll.(*e*) *Vul.* Nenagh.

V.

'Tis scarce a week since through Osairghe^(a)
 Chased he the Baron of Durmghagh—^(b)
 Forced him five rivers to cross, or he
 Had died by the sword of Red Murchadh!^(c)
 Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 All the Ui Bhriain are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

VI.

Tall are the towers of O'Ceinneidigh—
 Broad are the lands of MacCarrthaigh—
 Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day ;
 Yet, here's to O'Briain of Ara !
 Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Clansman and kinsman are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

(a) *Vulgo*, Ossory.(b) *Vul.* Durrow.(c) *Vul.* Murrough.

EMMELINE TALBOT.

A BALLAD OF THE PALE.

[The Scene is on the borders of Dublin and Wicklow.]

I.

'Twas a September day—
 In Glenismole,^(a)
 Emmeline Talbot lay
 On a green knoll.
 She was a lovely thing,
 Fleet as a falcon's wing,
 Only fifteen that spring—
 Soft was her soul.

II.

Danger and dreamless sleep
 Much did she scorn,
 And from her father's keep
 Stole out that morn.
 Towards Glenismole she hies;—
 Sweetly the valley lies,
 Winning the enterprise,—
 No one to warn.

^(a) *Hibernice*,—Gleann-an smóll.

III.

Till by the noon, at length,
 High in the vale,
 Emmeline found her strength
 Suddenly fail.

Panting, yet pleasantly,
 By Dodder-side lay she—
 Thrushes sang merrily,
 “Hail, sister, hail!”

IV.

Hazel and copse of oak
 Made a sweet lawn,
 Out from the thicket broke
 Rabbit and fawn.
 Green were the *eiscirs* round,
 Sweet was the river's sound,
 Eastwards flat Cruach frowned,
 South lay Sliabh Bân.

V.

Looking round Barnakeel,^(a)
 Like a tall Moor
 Full of impassioned zeal,
 Peeped brown Kippure.^(b)
 Dublin in feudal pride,
 And many a hold beside,
 Over Finn-ghaill^(c) preside—
 Sentinels sure!

(a) *Hib.* Bearna-chael. (b) *Hib.* Keap-iúbhair. (c) *Vulg.* Fingal.

VI.

Is that a roebuck's eye
 Glares from the green?—
 Is that a thrush's cry
 Rings in the screen?
 Mountaineers round her sprung,
 Savage their speech and tongue,
 Fierce was their chief and young—
 Poor Emmeline!

VII.

“Hurrah, 'tis Talbot's child,”
 Shouted the kerne,
 “Off to the mountains wild,
Faire,^(a) O'Byrne!”
 Like a bird in a net,
 Strove the sweet maiden yet,
 Praying and shrieking, “Let—
 Let me return.”

VIII.

After a moment's doubt,
 Forward he sprung,
 With his sword flashing out—
 Wrath on his tongue.
 “Touch not a hair of her's—
 Dies he, who finger stirs!”
 Back fell his foragers—
 To him she clung.

(a) *Vulg.* Farrah.

IX.

Soothing the maiden's fears,
 Kneeling was he,
 When burst old Talbot's spears
 Out on the lea.
 March-men, all staunch and stout,
 Shouting their Belgard shout—
 "Down with the Irish rout,
Prets d'accomplir."^(a)

X.

Taken thus unawares,
 Some fled amain—
 Fighting like forest bears,
 Others were slain.
 To the chief clung the maid—
 How could he use his blade?—
 That night, upon him weighed
 Fetter and chain.

XI.

Oh! but that night was long,
 Lying forlorn,
 Since, 'mid the wassail song,
 These words were borne—
 "Nathless your tears and cries,
 Sure as the sun shall rise,
 Connor O'Byrne^(b) dies,
 Talbot has sworn."

(a) The motto and cry of the Talbots. (b) *Hib.* Conchobhar O'Broln.

XII.

Brightly on Tamhlacht^(a) hill
 Flashes the sun ;
 Strained at his window-sill,
 How his eyes run
 From lonely Sagart slade
 Down to Tigh-bradán glade,
 Landmarks of border raid,
 Many a one.

XIII.

Too well the captive knows
 Belgard's main wall
 Will, to his naked blows,
 Shiver and fall,
 Ere in his mountain hold
 He shall again behold
 Those whose proud hearts are cold,
 Weeping his thrall.

XIV.

“ Oh ! for a mountain side,
 Bucklers and brands !
 Freely I could have died
 Heading my bands,
 But on a felon tree”—
 Bearing a fetter key,
 By him all silently
 Emmeline stands. * * *

(a) *Vulg.* Tallaght.

XV.

Late rose the castellan,
He had drunk deep,—
Warder and serving-man
Still were asleep,—
Wide is the castle-gate,
Open the captive's grate,
Fetters disconsolate
Flung in a heap. * *

XVI.

'Tis an October day,
Close by Loch Dan
Many a *creach* lay,
Many a man.
'Mongst them, in gallant mien,
Connor O'Byrne's seen
Wedded to Emmeline,
Girt by his clan !

O'SULLIVAN'S RETURN. *(a)*AIR—*An crúisgin lán.* *(b)*

I.

O'SUILLEBHAIN has come
 Within sight of his home,—
 He had left it long years ago ;
 The tears are in his eyes,
 And he prays the wind to rise,
 As he looks towards his castle, from the prow, from the
 prow ;
 As he looks towards his castle, from the prow.

II.

For the day had been calm,
 And slow the good ship swam,
 And the evening gun had been fired ;
 He knew the hearts beat wild
 Of mother, wife, and child,
 And of clans, who to see him long desired, long desired ;
 And of clans, who to see him long desired.

(a) Vide Appendix.*(b)* Slow time.

III.

Of the tender ones the clasp,
 Of the gallant ones the grasp,
 He thinks, until his tears fall warm :
 And full seems his wide hall,
 With friends from wall to wall,

Where their welcome shakes the banners, like a storm,
 like a storm ;

Where their welcome shakes the banners like a storm.

IV.

Then he sees another scene—
 Norman churls on the green—
 “ *O'Suilleabháin abú* ” is the cry ;
 For filled is his ship's hold
 With arms and Spanish gold,

And he sees the snake-twined spear wave on high, wave
 on high ;

And he sees the snake-twined spear wave on high.^(a)

(a) The standard bearings of O'Sullivan. See O'Donovan's edition of the Banquet of Dún na n-Gedh, and the Battle of Magh Rath, for the Archæological Society, App. p. 349.—“ Bearings of O'Sullivan at the Battle of Caisglinn.”

“ I see, mightily advancing on the plain,
 The banner of the race of noble Finghin ;
 His spear with a venomous adder (*entwined*),
 His host all fiery champions.”

Finghin was one of their most famous progenitors.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

V.

“ Finghín’s race shall be freed
 From the Norman’s cruel breed—
 My sires freed Béar’ once before,
 When the Barnwells were strewn
 On the fields, like hay in June,

And but one of them escaped from our shore, from our
 shore ;

And but one of them escaped from our shore.”(a)

VI.

And, warming in his dream,
 He floats on victory’s stream,
 Till Desmond—till all Erin is free !
 Then, how calmly he’ll go down,
 Full of years and of renown,

To his grave near that castle by the sea, by the sea ;
 To his grave near that castle by the sea !

VII.

But the wind heard his word,
 As though he were its lord,
 And the ship is dashed up the Bay.
 Alas ! for that proud barque,
 The night has fallen dark,

’Tis too late to Eadarghabhal^(b) to bear away, bear away ;
 ’Tis too late to Eadarghabhal to bear away.

(a) The Barnwells were Normans, who seized part of Beara in the reign of Henry II. ; but the O’Sullivans came down on them, and cut

VIII.

Black and rough was the rock,
 And terrible the shock,
 As the good ship crashed asunder ;
 And bitter was the cry,
 And the sea ran mountains high,
 And the wind was as loud as the thunder, the thunder ;
 And the wind was as loud as the thunder.

IX.

There 's woe in Béara,
 There 's woe in Gleann-garbh, (c)
 And from Beantraíge (d) unto Dún-kiaráin ; (e)
 All Desmond hears their grief,
 And wails above their chief—
 “ Is it thus, is it thus, that you return, you return—
 Is it thus, is it thus, that you return ? ”

off all save one—a young man who settled at Drimnagh Castle, Co. Dublin, and was ancestor to the Barnwells, Lords of Trimlestone and Kingsland.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

(b) *Vul.* Adragoole.

(c) *Vul.* Glengariff.

(d) *Vul.* Bantry.

(e) *Vul.* Dunkepron.

THE FATE OF THE O'SULLIVANS.(a)

I.

" A BABY in the mountain gap—
 Oh! wherefore bring it hither?
 Restore it to it's mother's lap,
 Or else 'twill surely wither.
 A baby near the eagle's nest!
 How should their talons spare it?
 Oh! take it to some woman's breast,
 And she will kindly care it."

(a) After the taking of Dunbwy and the ruin of the O'Sullivan's country, the chief marched right through Muskerry and Ormond, hotly pursued. He crossed the Shannon in *curachs* made of his horses' skins. He then defeated the English forces and slew their commander, Manby, and finally fought his way into O'Ruarc's country. During his absence his lady (*Beantighearna*) and infant were supported in the mountains, by one of his clansmen, M'Swinye, who, tradition says, used to rob the eagles' nests of their prey for his charge. O'Sullivan was excepted from James the First's amnesty on account of his persevering resistance. He went to Spain, and was appointed governor of Corunna and Viscount Berehaven. His march from Glengarriff to Leitrim is, perhaps, the most romantic and gallant achievement of his age.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

II.

“ Fear not for it,” M'Swiney said,
 And stroked his *cul-fionn*(*a*) slowly,
 And proudly raised his matted head,
 Yet spoke me soft and lowly—
 “ Fear not for it, for, many a day,
 I climb the eagle's eyrie,
 And bear the eaglet's food away
 To feed our little fairy.

III.

“ Fear not for it, no Bantry bird
 Would harm our chieftain's baby”—
 He stopped, and something in him stirred—
 'Twas for his chieftain, may be.
 And then he brushed his softened eyes,
 And raised his bonnet duly,
 And muttered “ the *Beantighearna* lies
 Asleep in yonder *buaili*.”(*b*)

IV.

He pointed 'twixt the cliff and lake,
 And there a hut of heather,
 Half hidden in the craggy brake,
 Gave shelter from the weather ;
 The little tanist shrieked with joy,
 Adown the gulley staring—
 The clansman swelled to see the boy,
 O'Sullivan-like, daring.

(*a*) *Vulgo*, coulin.(*b*) *Vulgo*, boulle.

V.

Oh! what a glorious sight was there,
 As from the summit gazing,
 O'er winding creek and islet fair,
 And mountain waste amazing;
 The Caha and Dunkerron hills
 Cast half the gulfs in shadow,
 While shone the sun on Culiagh's rills,
 And Whiddy's emerald meadow—

VI.

The sea a sheet of crimson spread,
 From Foze to Dursey islands;
 While flashed the peaks from Mizenhead
 To Musk'ry's distant highlands—
 I saw no kine, I saw no sheep,
 I saw nor house nor furrow;
 But round the tarns the red deer leap,
 Oak and arbutus thorough.

VII.

Oh! what a glorious sight was there,
 That paradise o'ergazing—
 When, sudden, burst a smoky glare,
 Above Glengarriff blazing—
 The clansman sprung upon his feet—
 Well might the infant wonder—
 His hands were clenched, his brow was knit,
 His hard lips just asunder.

VIII.

Like shattered rock from out the ground,
He stood there stiff and silent—
Our breathing hardly made a sound,
As o'er the baby I leant ;
His figure then went to and fro,
As the tall blaze would flicker—
And as exhausted it sunk low,
His breath came loud and thicker.

IX.

Then slowly turned he round his head,
And slowly turned his figure ;
His eye was fixed as Spanish lead,
His limbs were full of rigour—
Then suddenly he grasped the child,
And raised it to his shoulder,
Then pointing where, across the wild,
The fire was seen to smoulder ;—

X.

“ Look, baby !—look, there is the sign,
Your father is returning,
The ‘ generous hand’ of Finghin’s line
Has set that beacon burning.
‘ The generous hand’—Oh ! Lord of hosts—
Oh, Virgin, ever holy !
There’s nought to give on Bantry’s coasts—
Dunbwy is lying lowly.

XI.

“ The halls, where mirth and minstrelsy
 Than Béara’s wind rose louder,
 Are flung in masses loneliness,
 And black with English powder—
 The sheep that o’er our mountains ran,
 The kine that filled our valleys,
 Are gone, and not a single clan
 O’Sullivan now rallies.

XII.

“ He, long the Prince of hill and bay !
 The ally of the Spaniard !
 Has scarce a single *cath* to-day,
 Nor seaman left to man yard”—
 M’Swiney ceased, then fiercely strode,
 Bearing along the baby,
 Until we reached the rude abode
 Of Bantry’s lovely lady.

XIII.

We found her in the savage shed—
 A mild night in mid winter—
 The mountain heath her only bed,
 Her dais the rocky splinter !
 The sad *Beantighearn*’ had seen the fire—
 ’Twas plain she had been praying—
 She seized her son, as we came nigher,
 And welcomed me, thus saying—

XIV.

“ Our gossip’s friend I gladly greet,
Though scant’ly I can cheer him ;”
Then bids the clansman fly to meet
And tell her lord she’s near him.
M’Swiney kissed his foster son,
And shouting out his *faire*—
“ *O’Suillebháin abú*”—is gone
Like Marchman’s deadly arrow !

XV.

An hour went by, when, from the shore
The chieftain’s horn winding,
Awoke the echoes’ hearty roar—
Their fealty reminding :
A moment, and he faintly gasps—
“ These—these, thank heav’n, are left me”—
And smiles as wife and child he clasps—
“ They have not quite bereft me.”

XVI.

I never saw a mien so grand,
A brow and eye so fearless—
There was not in his veteran band
A single eyelid tearless.
His tale is short—O’Ruarc’s strength
Could not postpone his ruin,
And Leitrim’s towers he left at length,
To spare his friend’s undoing.

XVII.

To Spain—to Spain, he now will sail,
His destiny is wroken—
An exile from dear Inis-fail,—
Nor yet his will is broken ;
For still he hints some enterprise,
When fleets shall bring them over,
Dunbwy's proud keep again shall rise,
And mock the English rover. * * *

XVIII.

I saw them cross Slieve Miskisk o'er,
The crones around them weeping—
I saw them pass from Culiagh's shore,
Their galleys' strong oars sweeping ;
I saw their ship unfurl its sail—
I saw their scarfs long waven—
They saw the hills in distance fail—
They never saw Berehaven !

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.^(a)

I.

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred
isles—

The summer's sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's
rough defiles—

Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting
bird ;

And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard ;
The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease their
play ;

The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to
pray—

And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour
o'er—

Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

(a) Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a Castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighbourhood is most interesting.—See "The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork," by Charles Smith, M. D., vol. 1, p.270. Second edition. Dublin, 1774.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

II.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight
there ;

No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea,
or air.

The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem conscious of
the calm ;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy
balm.

So still the night, these two long barques, round Dun-
ashad that glide,

Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the
ebbing tide—

Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to
the shore—

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Balti-
more !

III.

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gli-
ding feet—

A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "the roof is in a
flame!"

From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and
sire, and dame—

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's
fall,

And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crim-
son shawl—

The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and
shriek, and roar—

Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

IV.

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword ;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored ;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching wild ;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child ;
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avengéd in the sack of Baltimore !

V.

Mid-summer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began to sing—
They see not now the milking maids—deserted is the spring !
Mid-summer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown ;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléire, and saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

V.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must
tend the steed—

This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's
jerreed.

Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.

The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the
Dey—

She's safe—she's dead—she stabbed him in the midst of
his Serai;

And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they
bore,

She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of
Baltimore.

VII.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that
bloody band,

And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse
stand,

Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is
seen—

'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he, who steered the Alge-
rine!

He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing
prayer,

For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred
there—

Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the
Norman o'er—

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF EOGHAN
RUADH O'NEILL,^(a)

[Time—10th Nov., 1649. Scene—Ormond's Camp, County Waterford.
Speakers—A Veteran of Eoghan O'Neill's clan, and one of the horse-
men, just arrived with an account of his death.]

I.

“DID they dare, did they dare, to slay Eoghan Ruadh
O'Neill?”

“Yes, they slew with poison him, they feared to meet
with steel.”

“May God wither up their hearts! May their blood
cease to flow!

May they walk in living death, who poisoned Eoghan
Ruadh!

II.

Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter
words.”

“From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure
swords;

But the weapon of the Sacsanach met him on his way,
And he died at Cloch Uachtar,^(b) upon Saint Leonard's
day.”

(a) Commonly called Owen Roe O'Neill. *Vide Appendix.*

(b) *Vulgo*, Clough Oughter.

III.

“Wail, wail ye for The Mighty One! Wail, wail ye
for the Dead ;

Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes
strew the head.

How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

IV.

Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall!
Sure we never won a battle—’twas Eoghan won them all.
Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had been
free ;

But he’s dead, but he’s dead, and ’tis slaves we’ll ever be.

V.

O’Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,
Audley and Mac Mahon—ye are valiant, wise, and true ;
But—what, what are ye all to our darling who is gone ?
The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle’s corner
stone !

VI.

Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for
our pride !

Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died !

Weep the Victor of Beann-bhorbh^(a)—weep him, young
man and old ;
Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold !

VII.

We thought you would not die—we were sure you
would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel
blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the
sky—
Oh ! why did you leave us, Eoghan ? Why did you die ?

VIII.

Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill ! bright was
your eye,
Oh ! why did you leave us, Eoghan ? why did you die ?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on
high ;
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Eoghan !—why did
you die ?”

(a) *Vul.* Benburb.

A RALLY FOR IRELAND. (a)

[MAY, 1689.] (b)

I.

SHOUT it out, till it ring
 From Beann-mhór to Cape Cléire,
 For our country and king,
 And religion so dear.

Rally, men! rally—
 Irishmen! rally!

Gather round the dear flag, that, wet with our tears,
 And torn, and bloody, lay hid for long years,
 And now, once again, in its pride re-appears.

See! from The Castle our green banner waves,
 Bearing fit motto for uprising slaves—

FOR NOW OR NEVER!

NOW AND FOR EVER!

Bids you to battle for triumph or graves—
 Bids you to burst on the Sacsanach knaves—

Rally, then, rally!

Irishmen, rally!

SHOUT NOW OR NEVER!

NOW AND FOR EVER!

Heed not their fury, however it raves,
 Welcome their horsemen with pikes and with staves,
 Close on their cannon, their bay'nets, and glaives,
 Down with their standard wherever it waves;
 Fight to the last, and ye cannot be slaves!
 Fight to the last, and ye cannot be slaves!

(a) Set to original music in "Spirit of Nation," 4to., p. 121.

(b) *Vide* Appendix.

II.

Gallant Sheldon is here,
 And Hamilton, too,
 And Tirchonail so dear,
 And Mac Carrthaigh, so true.
 And there are Frenchmen ;
 Skilful and staunch men—

De Rosen, Pontée, Pusignan, and Boisseleau,
 And gallant Lauzun is a coming, you know,
 With Baldearg, the kinsman of great Eoghan Ruadh.

From Sionainn to Banna, from Lifé to Laoi,^(a)
 The country is rising for Libertie.

Tho' your arms are rude,
 If your courage be good,
 As the traitor fled will the stranger flee,
 At another Drom-mór, from "the Irishry."

Arm, peasant and lord !
 Grasp musket and sword !
 Grasp pike-staff and *shian* !
 Give your horses the rein !

March, in the name of his Majesty—
 Ulster and Munster unitedly—
 Townsman and peasant, like waves of the sea—
 Leinster and Connacht to victory—
 Shoulder to shoulder for Liberty,
 Shoulder to shoulder for Liberty.

(a) *Vulgo* Shannon, Bann, Liffey, and Lee.

III.

Kirk, Schomberg and Churchill
Are coming—what then?

We'll drive them and Dutch Will
To England again ;

We can laugh at each threat,
For our Paliament's met—

De Courcy, O'Briain, Mac Domhnaill, Le Poer,
O'Neill and St. Lawrence, and others *go leor*,

The choice of the land from Athluain^(a) to the shore!

They'll break the last link of the Sacsanach chain—

They'll give us the lands of our fathers again!

Then up ye! and fight

For your King and your Right,

Or ever toil on, and never complain,

Tho' they trample your roof-tree, and rifle your fanc.

Rally, then, rally!

Irishmen, rally—

FIGHT NOW OR NEVER,

NOW AND FOR EVER!

Laws are in vain without swords to maintain;

So, muster as fast as the fall of the rain:

Serried and rough as a field of ripe grain,

Stand by your flag upon mountain and plain:

Charge till yourselves or your foemen are slain!

Fight till yourselves or your foemen are slain!

(a) *Ful.* Athlone.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.^(a)

[AUGUST 27, 1690.]

AIR—*Garradh Eoghain.*^(b)

I.

OH, hurrah! for the men, who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

King William's men round Limerick lay,
 His cannon crashed from day to day,
 Till the southern wall was swept away

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas.*^(c)

'Tis afternoon, yet hot the sun,
 When William fires the signal gun,
 And, like its flash, his columns run

On the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas.*

(a) *Vide* Appendix.

(b) *Vulgo*, Garryowen.

(c) "Limerick of the azure river." See "The Circuit of Ireland,"
 p. 47.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

II.

Yet, hurrah! for the men, who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

The breach gaped out two perches wide,
 The fosse is filled, the batteries plied;
 Can the Irishmen that onset bide

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

Across the ditch the columns dash,
 Their bayonets o'er the rubbish flash,
 When sudden comes a rending crash

From the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

III.

Then, hurrah! for the men, who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

The bullets rain in pelting shower,
 And rocks and beams from wall and tower;
 The Englishmen are glad to cower

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*

But, rallied soon, again they pressed,
 Their bayonets pierced full many a breast,
 Till they bravely won the breach's crest

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

IV.

Yet, hurrah! for the men, who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

Then fiercer grew the Irish yell,
 And madly on the foe they fell,
 Till the breach grew like the jaws of hell—

Not the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.
 The women fought before the men,
 Each man became a match for ten,
 So back they pushed the villains then,
 From the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

V.

Then, hurrah! for the men, who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

But Bradenburgh the ditch has crost,
 And gained our flank at little cost—
 The bastion's gone—the town is lost;

Oh! poor city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.
 When, sudden, Sarsfield springs the mine—
 Like rockets rise the Germans fine,
 And come down dead, 'mid smoke and shine,
 At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

VI.

So, hurrah! for the men, who, when danger is nigh,
Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

Out, with a roar, the Irish sprung,
And back the beaten English flung,
Till William fled, his lords among,

From the city of *Luimneach-linn-ghlas*.

'Twas thus was fought that glorious fight,
By Irishmen, for Ireland's right—
May all such days have such a night

As the battle of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

PART IV.

HISTORICAL
BALLADS AND SONGS.

Second Series.

“By a Ballad History we do not mean a metrical chronicle, or any continued work, but a string of ballads chronologically arranged, and illustrating the main events of Irish History, its characters, costumes, scenes, and passions.

Exact dates, subtle plots, minute connexions and motives, rarely appear in Ballads ; and for these ends the worst prose history is superior to the best Ballad series ; but these are not the highest ends of history. To hallow or accurse the scenes of glory and honour, or of shame and sorrow—to give to the imagination the arms, and homes, and senates, and battles of other days—to rouse and soften and strengthen and enlarge us with the passions of great periods—to lead us into love of self-denial, of justice, of beauty, of valour, of generous life and proud death— and to set up in our souls the memory of great men, who shall then be as models and judges of our actions—these are the highest duties of History, and these are best taught by a Ballad History.”—DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

BALLADS AND SONGS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

IRISH HISTORY.

THE PENAL DAYS.

AIR—*The Wheelwright.*

I.

OH! weep those days, the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained.
Oh! weep those days, the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned;
When, year by year,
For serf, and peer,
Fresh cruelties were made by law,
And, filled with hate,
Our senate sate
To weld anew each fetter's flaw.
Oh! weep those days, those penal days—
Their memory still on Ireland weighs.

II.

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
 To sell the priest and rob the sire ;
 Their dogs were taught alike to run
 Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
 Among the poor,
 Or on the moor,
 Were hid the pious and the true—
 While traitor knave,
 And recreant slave,
 Had riches, rank, and retinue ;
 And, exiled in those penal days,
 Our banners over Europe blaze.

III.

A stranger held the land and tower
 Of many a noble fugitive ;
 No Popish lord had lordly power,
 The peasant scarce had leave to live :
 Above his head
 A ruined shed,
 No tenure but a tyrant's will—
 Forbid to plead,
 Forbid to read,
 Disarmed, disfranchised, imbecile—
 ♪ What wonder if our step betrays
 The freedman, born in penal days ?

IV.

They're gone, they're gone, those penal days !
 All creeds are equal in our isle ;
 Then grant, O Lord, thy plenteous grace,
 Our ancient feuds to reconcile.
 Let all atone
 For blood and groan,
 For dark revenge and open wrong ;
 Let all unite
 For Ireland's right,
 And drown our griefs in freedom's song ;
 Till time shall veil in twilight haze,
 The memory of those penal days.

THE DEATH OF SARFIELD.*

A CHAUNT OF THE BRIGADE.

I.

SARFIELD has sailed from Limerick Town,
 He held it long for country and crown ;
 And ere he yielded, the Saxon swore
 To spoil our homes and our shrines no more.

* Sarsfield was slain on the 29th July, 1693, at Landen, heading his countrymen in the van of victory,—King William flying. He could

II.

Sarsfield and all his chivalry
Are fighting for France in the low countrie—
At his fiery charge the Saxons reel,
They learned at Limerick to dread the steel.

III.

Sarsfield is dying on Landen's plain ;
His corslet hath met the ball in vain—
As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
He says, " Oh ! that this was for father-land ! "

IV.

Sarsfield is dead, yet no tears shed we—
For he died in the arms of Victory,
And his dying words shall edge the brand,
When we chase the foe from our native land !

not have died better. His last thoughts were for his country. As he lay on the field unhelmed and dying, he put his hand to his breast. When he took it away, it was full of his best blood. Looking at it sadly with an eye in which victory shone a moment before, he said faintly, " Oh ! that this were for Ireland. " He said no more ; and history records no nobler saying, nor any more becoming death.—
AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*Vide* Appendix, for a brief sketch of the services of the Irish Brigade, in which most of the allusions in these and several of the following poems are explained.—ED.

THE SURPRISE OF CREMONA.

(1702.)

I.

FROM Milan to Cremona Duke Villeroy rode,
And soft are the beds in his princely abode ;
In billet and barrack the garrison sleep,
And loose is the watch which the sentinels keep :
'Tis the eve of St. David, and bitter the breeze
Of that mid-winter night on the flat Cremonese ;
A fig for precaution !—Prince Eugene sits down
In winter cantonments round Mantua town !

II.

Yet through Ustiano, and out on the plain,
Horse, foot, and dragoons are defiling amain.
“That flash!” said Prince Eugene, “Count Merci,
push on”—
Like a rock from a precipice Merci is gone.
Proud mutters the prince—“That is Cassioli’s sign :
Ere the dawn of the morning Cremona ’ll be mine—
For Merci will open the gate of the Po,
But scant is the mercy Prince Vaudemont will shew !”

III.

Through gate, street and square, with his keen cavaliers—
 A flood through a gulley—Count Merci careers—
 They ride without getting or giving a blow,
 Nor halt 'till they graze on the gate of the Po—
 “Surrender the gate”—but a volley replied,
 For a handful of Irish are posted inside.
 By my faith, Charles Vaudemont will come rather late,
 If he stay 'till Count Merci shall open that gate!

IV.

But in through St. Margaret's the Austrians pour,
 And billet and barrack are ruddy with gore;
 Unarmed and naked, the soldiers are slain—
 There's an enemy's gauntlet on Villeroy's rein—
 “A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse—
 Release me, MacDonnell!”—they hold on their course.
 Count Merci has seized upon cannon and wall,
 Prince Eugene's head-quarters are in the Town-hall!

V.

Here and there, through the city, some readier band,
 For honour and safety, undauntedly stand.
 At the head of the regiments of Dillon and Burke
 Is Major O'Mahony, fierce as a Turk.
 His sabre is flashing—the major is drest,
 But muskets and shirts are the clothes of the rest!
 Yet they rush to the ramparts—the clocks have tolled ten—
 And Count Merci retreats with the half of his men.

VI.

“In on them,” said Friedberg,—and Dillon is broke,
 Like forest-flowers crushed by the fall of the oak ;
 Through the naked battalions the cuirassiers go ;—
 But the man, not the dress, makes the soldier, I trow.
 Upon them with grapple, with bay’net, and ball,
 Like wolves upon gaze-hounds, the Irishmen fall—
 Black Friedberg is slain by O’Mahony’s steel,
 And back from the bullets the cuirassiers reel.

VII.

Oh! hear you their shout in your quarters, Eugene?
 In vain on Prince Vaudemont for succour you lean!
 The bridge has been broken, and, mark! how pell-mell
 Come riderless horses, and volley and yell!—
 He’s a veteran soldier—he clenches his hands,
 He springs on his horse, disengages his bands—
 He rallies, he urges, till, hopeless of aid,
 He is chased through the gates by the IRISH BRIGADE.

VIII.

News, news, in Vienna!—King Leopold’s sad.
 News, news, in St. James’s!—King William is mad.
 News, news, in Versailles—“Let the Irish Brigade
 Be loyally honoured, and royally paid.”
 News, news, in old Ireland—high rises her pride,
 And high sounds her wail for her children who died,
 And deep is her prayer,—“God send I may see
 “MacDonnell and Mahony fighting for me.”

THE FLOWER OF FINAE.

I.

BRIGHT red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheelin,
A cool gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

II.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like grey morning,
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finae.

III.

But who down the hill side than red deer runs fleeter?
And who on the lake side is hastening to greet her?
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finae?

IV.

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness;
Ah! why do they change on a sudden to sadness—
He has told his hard fortune, nor more he can stay,
He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finae.

V.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland;

He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,
But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finae.

VI.

He fought at Cremona—she hears of his story ;
He fought at Cassano—she's proud of his glory,
Yet sadly she sings *Siúbhail a rúin** all the day,
“ Oh, come, come, my darling, come home to Finae.”

VII.

Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh broken-
hearted,
Her *reel*, and her *rock*, and her *flax* she has parted ;
She sails with the “ Wild Geese” to Flanders away,
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finae.

VIII.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging—
Before him, the Sacsanach squadrons enlarging—
Behind him the Cravats their sections display—
Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finae.

IX.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are flying,
Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,
Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array ;
And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finae.

X.

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying ;
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray ;
'This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finae.

* *Vulgo*, Shule aroon.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

AIR—*The girl I left behind me.*

I.

THE dames of France are fond and free.
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling ;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms fail to bind me,
And my heart flies back to Erin's isle,
To the girl I left behind me.

II.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side.
And purer than its water,
But she refused to be my bride
Though many a year I sought her ;
Yet, since to France I sailed away,
Her letters oft remind me
That I promised never to gainsay
The girl I left behind me.

III.

She says—"My own dear love, come home,
My friends are rich and many,
Or else abroad with you I'll roam
A soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come, nor let me go,
I'll think you have resigned me."
My heart nigh broke when I answered--No!
To the girl I left behind me.

IV.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling;
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on;
But, were it free or to be freed,
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound--nor message need
From the girl I left behind me.

// CLARE'S DRAGOONS.*

AIR—*Viva la.*

I.

WHEN, on Ramillies' bloody field,
 The baffled French were forced to yield,
 The victor Saxon backward reeled
 Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
 The Flags, we conquered in that fray,
 Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say,
 We'll win them company to-day,
 Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la, for Ireland's wrong!
Viva la, for Ireland's right!
Viva la, in battle throng,
 For a Spanish steed, and sabre bright!

* *Vide Appendix.*

II.

The brave old lord died near the fight,
 But, for each drop he lost that night,
 A Saxon cavalier shall bite

The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.
 For, never, when our spurs were set,
 And never, when our sabres met,
 Could we the Saxon soldiers get
 To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la, the New Brigade !
Viva la, the Old One, too !
Viva la, the rose shall fade,
 And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

III.

Another Clare is here to lead,
 The worthy son of such a breed ;
 The French expect some famous deed,
 When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.
 Our colonel comes from Brian's race,
 His wounds are in his breast and face,
 The *bearna baoghail** is still his place,
 The foremost of his bold Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la, the New Brigade !
Viva la, the Old One, too
Viva la, the rose shall fade,
 And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

* Gap of danger.

IV.

There's not a man in squadron here
 Was ever known to flinch or fear ;
 Though first in charge and last in rere,
 Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons ;
 But, see ! we'll soon have work to do,
 To shame our boasts, or prove them true,
 For hither comes the English crew,
 To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la, for Ireland's wrong !
 Viva la, for Ireland's right !
Viva la, in battle throng,
 For a Spanish steed and sabre bright !

V.

Oh ! comrades ! think how Ireland pines,
 Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,
 Her dearest hope, the ordered lines,
 And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
 Then fling your Green Flag to the sky,
 Be Limerick your battle-cry,
 And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high,
 Around the track of Clare's Dragoons !

CHORUS.

Viva la, the New Brigade !
 Viva la, the Old One, too !
Viva la, the rose shall fade,
 And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

WHEN SOUTH WINDS BLOW.

AIR—*The gentle Maiden.*

I.

WHY sits the gentle maiden there,
 While surfing billows splash around?
 Why doth she southwards wildly stare,
 And sing, with such a fearful sound—
 “The Wild Geese fly where others walk;
 The Wild Geese do what others talk—
 The way is long from France, you know—
 He’ll come at last when south winds blow.”

II.

Oh! softly was the maiden nurst
 In Castle Connell’s lordly towers,
 Where Skellig’s billows boil and burst,
 And, far above, Dunkerron towers;
 And she was noble as the hill—
 Yet battle-flags are nobler still:
 And she was graceful as the wave—
 Yet who would live a tranquil slave?

III.

And, so, her lover went to France,
 To serve the foe of Ireland's foe ;
 Yet deep he swore—"Whatever chance,
 "I'll come some day when south winds blow."
 And prouder hopes he told beside,
 How she should be a prince's bride,
 How Louis would the Wild Geese* send,
 And Ireland's weary woes should end.

IV.

But tyrants quenched her father's hearth,
 And wrong and absence warped her mind ;
 The gentle maid, of gentle birth,
 Is moaning madly to the wind—
 "He said he'd come, whate'er betide :
 He said I'd be a happy bride :
 Oh ! long the way and hard the foe—
 He'll come when south—when south winds blow !"

* The recruiting for the Brigade was carried on in the French ships which smuggled brandies, wines, silks, &c., to the western and south-western coasts. Their return cargoes were recruits for the Brigade, and were entered in their books as Wild Geese. Hence this became the common name in Ireland for the Irish serving in the Brigade. The recruiting was chiefly from Clare, Limerick, Cork, Kerry, and Galway.
 —AUTHOR'S NOTE.

THE BATTLE EVE OF THE BRIGADE.

AIR—*Contented I am.*

I.

THE mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,
 And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet;
 The vet'ran arose, like an uplifted lance,
 Crying—"Comrades, a health to the monarch of
 France!"
 With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
 For King Louis is loved by The Irish Brigade.

II.

"A health to King James," and they bent as they
 quaffed,
 "Here's to George the *Electer*," and fiercely they
 laughed,
 "Good luck to the girls we wooed long ago,
 Where Shannon, and Barrow, and Blackwater flow;"
 "God prosper Old Ireland,"—you'd think them afraid,
 So pale grew the chiefs of 'The Irish Brigade.

III.

“ But, surely, that light cannot come from our lamp?
And that noise—are they *all* getting drunk in the
camp?”

“ Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come,
And the *generale's* beating on many a drum.”
So they rush from the revel to join the parade:
For the van is the right of The Irish Brigade.

IV.

They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true,
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few;
And they, who survived, fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more,
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

FONTENOY.*

(1745.)

I.

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column
failed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain
assailed ;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking
battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch
auxiliary.
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers
burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished, and
dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious
eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride !
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at
eventide.

* *Vide Appendix.*

II.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at
their head ;
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb
the hill ;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right on-
ward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace
blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets
showering fast ;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their
course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hos-
tile force :
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their
ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's
ocean banks.

III.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush
round ;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the
ground ;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they
marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

“Push on, my household cavalry!” King Louis madly
cried:

To death they rush, but rude their shock—not un-
venged they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis
turns his rein:

“Not yet, my liege,” Saxe interposed, “the Irish troops
remain;”

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and
true.

IV.

“Lord Clare,” he says, “you have your wish, there are
your Saxon foes!”

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who’re wont to be
so gay,

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts
to-day—

The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith ’twas writ
could dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their wo-
men’s parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country
overthrown,—

Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him
alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles
were.

V.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,

'Fix bay'nets'—'charge,'—Like mountain storm, rush
on these fiery bands!

'Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys
grow,

Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a
gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-
wind—

Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men
behind!

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the
surging smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong
Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!

"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the
Saesanach!"

VI.

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's
pang,

Right up against the English line the Irish exiles
sprang:

Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are
filled with gore;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled
flags they tore;

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—

The green hill side is matted close with dying and with dead.

Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack.

While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,

With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

THE DUNGANNON CONVENTION.

(1782.)

I.

THE church of Dungannon is full to the door,

And sabre and spur clash at times on the floor,

While helmet and shako are ranged all along,

Yet no book of devotion is seen in the throng.

In the front of the altar no minister stands,

But the crimson-clad chief of these warrior bands;

And though solemn the looks and the voices around,

You'd listen in vain for a litany's sound.

Say! what do they hear in the temple of prayer?

Oh! why in the fold has the lion his lair?

II.

Sad, wounded, and wan was the face of our isle,
By English oppression, and falsehood, and guile ;
Yet when to invade it a foreign fleet steered,
To guard it for England the North volunteered.
From the citizen-soldiers the foe fled aghast—
Still they stood to their guns when the danger had past,
For the voice of America came o'er the wave,
Crying—Woe to the tyrant, and hope to the slave !—
Indignation and shame through their regiments speed
'They have arms in their hands, and what more do they
 need ?

III.

O'er the green hills of Ulster their banners are spread,
The cities of Leinster resound to their tread,
The vallies of Munster with ardour are stirred,
And the plains of wild Connaught their bugles have heard ;
A Protestant front-rank and Catholic rere—
For—forbidden the arms of freemen to bear—
Yet foeman and friend are full sure, if need be,
The slave for his country will stand by the free.
By green flags supported, the Orange flags wave,
And the soldier half turns to unfetter the slave !

IV.

More honoured that church of Dungannon is now,
Than when at its altar communicants bow ;
More welcome to heaven than anthem or prayer,
Are the rites and the thoughts of the warriors there ;
In the name of all Ireland the Delegates swore :
“ We’ve suffered too long, and we’ll suffer no more—
Unconquered by Force, we were vanquished by Fraud ;
And now, in God’s temple, we vow unto God,
That never again shall the Englishman bind
His chains on our limbs, or his laws on our mind.”

V.

The church of Dungannon is empty once more—
No plumes on the altar, no clash on the floor.
But the councils of England are fluttered to see,
In the cause of their country, the Irish agree ;
So they give as a boon what they dare not withhold,
And Ireland, a nation, leaps up as of old,
With a name, and a trade, and a flag of her own,
And an army to fight for the people and throne.
But woe worth the day if to falsehood or fears
She surrender the guns of her brave Volunteers !

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1782.

AIR.—*Boyne Water.*

I.

HURRAH! 'tis done—our freedom's won—
Hurrah for the Volunteers!
No laws we own, but those alone
Of our Commons, King, and Peers.
The chain is broke—the Saxon yoke
From off our neck is taken;
Ireland awoke—Dungannon spoke—
With fear was England shaken.

II.

When Grattan rose, none dared oppose
The claim he made for freedom:
They knew our swords, to back his words,
Were ready, did he need them.
Then let us raise, to Grattan's praise,
A proud and joyous anthem;
And wealth, and grace, and length of days,
May God, in mercy grant him!

III.

Bless Harry Flood, who nobly stood
 By us, through gloomy years !
 Bless Charlemont, the brave and good,
 The Chief of the Volunteers !
 The North began ; the North held on
 The strife for native land ;
 Till Ireland rose, and cowed her foes—
 God bless the Northern land !

IV.

And bless the men of patriot pen—
 Swift, Molyneux, and Lucas ;
 Bless sword and gun, which “Free Trade” won—
 Bless God ! who ne'er forsook us !
 And long may last, the friendship fast,
 Which binds us all together ;
 While we agree, our foes shall flee
 Like clouds in stormy weather.

V.

Remember still, through good and ill,
 How vain were prayers and tears—
 How vain were words, till flashed the swords
 Of the Irish Volunteers.
 By arms we've got the rights we sought
 Through long and wretched years—
 Hurrah ! 'tis done, our Freedom's won—
 Hurrah for the Volunteers !

THE MEN OF 'EIGHTY-TWO.

AIR.—*An Crúisgín Lán.*

I.

To rend a cruel chain,
 To end a foreign reign,
 The swords of the Volunteers were drawn,
 And instant from their sway,
 Oppression fled away ;
 So we'll drink them in a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*
 We'll drink them in a *crúisgín lán !*

II.

Within that host were seen
 The Orange, Blue, and Green—
 The Bishop for it's coat left his lawn—
 The peasant and the lord
 Ranked in with one accord,
 Like brothers at a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*
 Like brothers at a *crúisgín lán !*

III.

With liberty there came
 Wit, eloquence, and fame ;
 Our feuds went like mists from the dawn ;

Old bigotry disdained—

Old privilege retained—

Oh! sages, fill a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*

And, boys! fill up a *crúisgín lán!*

IV.

The trader's coffers filled,

The barren lands were tilled,

Our ships on the waters thick as spawn—

Prosperity broke forth,

Like summer in the north—

Ye merchants! fill a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*

Ye farmers! fill a *crúisgín lán!*

V.

The memory of that day

Shall never pass away,

Tho' its fame shall be yet outshone;

We'll grave it on our shrines,

We'll shout it in our lines—

Old Ireland! fill a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*

Young Ireland! fill a *crúisgín lán!*

VI.

And drink—The Volunteers,

Their generals, and seers,

Their gallantry, their genius, and their brawn

With water, or with wine—

The draught is but a sign—

The purpose fills the *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*

This purpose fills the *crúisgín lán!*

VII.

That ere Old Ireland goes,
 And while Young Ireland glows,
 The swords of our sires be girt on,
 And loyally renew
 The work of 'EIGHTY-TWO—
 Oh! gentlemen—a *crúisgín lán, lán, lán,*
 Our freedom! in a *crúisgín lán!*

 NATIVE SWORDS.

(A VOLUNTEER SONG.—1ST JULY, 1792.)

AIR.—*Boyne Water.*

I.

WE'VE bent too long to braggart wrong,
 While force our prayers derided;
 We've fought too long, ourselves among,
 By knaves and priests divided;
United now, no more we'll bow,
 Foul faction, we discard it;
 And now, thank God! our native sod
 Has Native Swords to guard it.

II.

Like rivers, which, o'er valleys rich,
Bring ruin in their water,
On native land, a native hand
Flung foreign fraud and slaughter.
From Dermod's crime to Tudor's time
Our clans were our perdition;
Religion's name, since then, became
Our pretext for division.

III.

But, worse than all, with Lim'rick's fall
Our valour seem'd to perish;
Or, o'er the main, in France and Spain,
For bootless vengeance flourish.
The peasant, here, grew pale for fear
He'd suffer for our glory,
While France sang joy for Fontenoy,
And Europe hymned our story.

IV.

But, now, no clan, nor factious plan,
The East and West can sunder—
Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear,
Can only wake our wonder.
Religion's cross, when union's lost,
And "royal gifts" retard it;
But now, thank God! our native sod
Has Native Swords to guard it.

TONE'S GRAVE.

I.

IN Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly along it the winter winds rave ;
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruined walls there,
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

II.

Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—
And thought how he perished in prison alone,
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—
“ Oh, bitter,” I said, “ is the patriot's meed ;

III.

For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life, and a governing mind—
A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone—
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown.

IV.

I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band, who came into the home of the dead ;
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopped when they came to the grave of Wolfe
Tone.

V.

There were students and peasants, the wise and the
brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,
And children who thought me hard-hearted; for they,
On that sanctified sod, were forbidden to play.

VI.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said,
“We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is
laid,
And we're going to raise him a monument, too—
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true.”

VII.

My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,
And I blessed him, and blessed every one of his band;
“Sweet! sweet! 'tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause, and the man so long vanquished and slain.”

VIII.

In Bodinstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave—
Far better they suit him—the ruin and gloom,—
TILL IRELAND, A NATION, CAN BUILD HIM A TOMB.

"A BALLAD HISTORY is welcome to childhood, from its rhymes, its high colouring, and its aptness to memory. As we grow into boyhood, the violent passions, the vague hopes, the romantic sorrow of patriot ballads are in tune with our fitful and luxuriant feelings. In manhood we prize the condensed narrative, the grave firmness, the critical art, and the political sway of ballads. And in old age they are doubly dear; the companions and reminders of our life—the toys and teachers of our children and grand-children. Every generation finds its account in them. They pass from mouth to mouth like salutations; and even the minds which lose their words are under their influence, as one can recall the starry heavens who cannot revive the form of a single constellation."—DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

PART V.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"NATIONALITY is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks, it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people. It is the summary name for many things. It seeks a Literature made by Irishmen, and coloured by our scenery, manners, and character. It desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief. It would make our Music sound in every parish at twilight, our Pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our Poetry and History sit at every hearth.

"It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland. It would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy; the harbours of Ireland, to receive a greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on, by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland to enhance by their genius and valour; the Independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."—DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

NATIONALITY.

I.

A NATION'S voice, a nation's voice—
It is a solemn thing!
It bids the bondage-sick rejoice—
'Tis stronger than a king.
'Tis like the light of many stars,
The sound of many waves;
Which brightly look through prison-bars;
And sweetly sound in caves.
Yet is it noblest, godliest known,
When righteous triumph swells its tone.

II.

A nation's flag, a nation's flag—
If wickedly unrolled,
May foes in adverse battle drag
Its every fold from fold.
But, in the cause of Liberty,
Guard it 'gainst Earth and Hell;
Guard it till Death or Victory—
Look you, you guard it well!
No saint or king has tomb so proud,
As he whose flag becomes his shroud.

III.

A nation's right, a nation's right—
God gave it, and gave, too,
A nation's sword, a nation's might,
Danger to guard it through.
'Tis freedom from a foreign yoke,
'Tis just and equal laws,
Which deal unto the humblest folk,
As in a noble's cause.
On nations fixed in right and truth,
God would bestow eternal youth.

IV.

May Ireland's voice be ever heard
Amid the world's applause!
And never be her flag-staff stirred,
But in an honest cause!

May Freedom be her very breath,
 Be Justice ever dear ;
 And never an ennobled death
 May son of Ireland fear !
 So the Lord God will ever smile,
 With guardian grace, upon our isle.

SELF-RELIANCE.

I.

THOUGH savage force and subtle schemes,
 And alien rule, through ages lasting,
 Have swept your land like lava streams,
 Its wealth, and name, and nature blasting,
 Rot not, therefore, in dull despair,
 Nor moan at destiny in far lands ;
 Face not your foe with bosom bare,
 Nor hide your chains in pleasure's garlands.
 The wise man arms to combat wrong,
 The brave man clears a den of lions,
 The true man spurns the Helot's song ;
 The freeman's friend is Self-Reliance !

II.

Though France, that gave your exiles bread,
 Your priests a home, your hopes a station,
 Or that young land, where first was spread
 The starry flag of Liberation,—
 Should heed your wrongs some future day,
 And send you voice or sword to plead 'em,
 With helpful love their help repay,
 But trust not even to them for Freedom.
 A Nation freed by foreign aid
 Is but a corpse by wanton science
 Convulsed like life, then flung to fade—
 The life itself is Self-Reliance !

III.

Oh ! see your quailing tyrant run
 To courteous lies, and Roman agents ;
 His terror, lest Dungannon's sun
 Should rise again with riper radiance.
 Oh ! hark the Freeman's welcome cheer,
 And hark your brother sufferers sobbing ;
 Oh ! mark the universe grow clear,
 And mark your spirit's royal throbbing.—
 'Tis Freedom's God that sends such signs,
 As pledges of his blest alliance ;
 He gives bright hopes to brave designs,
 And lends his bolts to Self-Reliance !

IV.

Then, flung alone, or hand-in-hand,
 In mirthful hour, or spirit solemn ;
 In lowly toil, or high command,
 In social hall, or charging column ;
 In tempting wealth, and trying woe,
 In struggling with a mob's dictation ;
 In bearing back a foreign foe,
 In training up a troubled nation :
 Still hold to Truth, abound in Love,
 Refusing every base compliance—
 Your Praise within, your Prize above,
 And live and die in SELF-RELIANCE !

 SWEET AND SAD.

A PRISON SERMON.

I.

'Tis sweet to climb the mountain's crest,
 And run, like deer-hound, down its breast
 'Tis sweet to snuff the taintless air,
 And sweep the sea with haughty stare :
 And, sad it is, when iron bars
 Keep watch between you and the stars ;
 And sad to find your footstep stayed
 By prison-wall and palisade :

But 'twere better be
 A prisoner for ever,
 With no destiny
 To do, or to endeavour ;
 Better life to spend
 A martyr or confessor,
 Than in silence bend
 To alien and oppressor.

II.

'Tis sweet to rule an ample realm,
 Through weal and woe to hold the helm ;
 And sweet to strew, with plenteous hand,
 Strength, health, and beauty, round your land :
 And sad it is to be unprized,
 While dotards rule, unrecognized ;
 And sad your little ones to see
 Writhe in the gripe of poverty :
 But 'twere better pine
 In rags and gnawing hunger,
 While around you whine
 Your elder and your younger ;
 Better lie in pain,
 And rise in pain to-morrow,
 Than o'er millions reign,
 While those millions sorrow.

III.

'Tis sweet to own a quiet hearth,
 Begirt by constancy and mirth ;
 'Twere sweet to feel your dying clasp
 Returned by friendship's steady grasp :
 And sad it is, to spend your life,
 Like sea-bird in the ceaseless strife—
 Your lullaby the ocean's roar,
 Your resting-place a foreign shore :
 But 'twere better live,
 Like ship caught by Lofoden,
 'Than your spirit give
 To be by chains corroden ;
 Best of all to yield
 Your latest breath, when lying
 On a victor field,
 With the green flag flying !

IV.

Human joy and human sorrow,
 Light or shade from conscience borrow ;
 The tyrant's crown is lined with flame,
 Life never paid the coward's shame :
 The miser's lock is never sure,
 The traitor's home is never pure ;
 While seraphs guard, and cherubs tend
 The good man's life and brave man's end :

But their fondest care
Is the patriot's prison,
Hymning through its air—
“ Freedom hath arisen,
Oft from statesmen's strife,
Oft from battle's flashes,
Oft from hero's life,
Oftenest from his ashes !”

THE BURIAL.*

WHY rings the knell of the funeral bell from a hundred
village shrines?
Through broad Fingall, where hasten all those long and
ordered lines?
With tear and sigh they're passing by,—the matron and
the maid—
Has a hero died—is a nation's pride in that cold coffin
laid?

* Written on the funeral of the Rev. P. J. Tyrrell, P. P. of Lusk; one of those indicted with O'Connell in the government prosecutions of 1843.—ED.

With frown and curse, behind the hearse, dark men go
tramping on—
Has a tyrant died, that they cannot hide their wrath till
the rites are done?

THE CHAUNT.

“ *Ululu! ululu!* high on the wind,
“ There’s a home for the slave where no fetters can bind.
“ Woe, woe to his slayers”—comes wildly along,
With the trampling of feet and the funeral song.

And now more clear
It swells on the ear;
Breathe low, and listen, ’tis solemn to hear.

“ *Ululu! ululu!* wail for the dead.
“ Green grow the grass of Fingall on his head;
“ And spring-flowers blossom, ere elsewhere appearing,
“ And shamrocks grow thick on the Martyr for Erin.
“ *Ululu! ululu!* soft fall the dew
“ On the feet and the head of the martyred and true.”

For awhile they tread
In silence dread—
Then muttering and moaning go the crowd,
Surging and swaying like mountain cloud,

And again the wail comes fearfully loud.

THE CHAUNT.

“ *Ululu ! ululu !* kind was his heart !
 “ Walk slower, walk slower, too soon we shall part.
 “ The faithful and pious, the Priest of the Lor¹
 “ His pilgrimage over, he has his reward.
 “ By the bed of the sick, lowly kneeling,
 “ To God with the raised cross appealing—
 “ He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to pray,
 “ And the sins of the dying seem passing away.

“ In the prisoner’s cell, and the cabin so dreary,
 “ Our constant consoler, he never grew weary ;
 “ But he’s gone to his rest,
 “ And he’s now with the blest,
 “ Where tyrant and traitor no longer molest—
 “ *Ululu ! ululu !* wail for the dead !
 “ *Ululu ! ululu !* here is his bed.”

Short was the ritual, simple the prayer,
 Deep was the silence and every head bare ;
 The Priest alone standing, they knelt all around,
 Myriads on myriads, like rocks on the ground.
 Kneeling and motionless—“ Dust unto dust.”
 “ He died as becometh the faithful and just—
 “ Placing in God his reliance and trust ;”

Kneeling and motionless—"ashes to ashes"—
 Hollow the clay on the coffin-lid dashes ;
 Kneeling and motionless, wildly they pray,
 But they pray in their souls, for no gesture have they—
 Stern and standing—oh ! look on them now,
 Like trees to one tempest the multitude bow ;
 Like the swell of the ocean is rising their vow :

THE VOW.

- " We have bent and borne, though we saw him torn
 from his home by the tyrant's crew—
 " And we bent and bore, when he came once more,
 though suffering had pierced him through :
 " And now he is laid beyond our aid, because to Ireland
 true—
 " A martyred man—the tyrant's ban, the pious patriot
 slew.
- " And shall we bear and bend for ever,
 " And shall no time our bondage sever,
 " And shall we kneel, but battle never,
 " For our own soil ?
 " And shall our tyrants safely reign
 " On thrones built up of slaves and slain,
 " And nought to us and ours remain
 " But chains and toil ?
 " No ! round this grave our oath we plight,
 " To watch, and labour, and unite,
 " 'Till banded be the nation's might—
 " Its spirit steeled,

“ And then, collecting all our force,
“ We’ll cross oppression in its course,
“ And die—or all our rights enforce,
“ On battle field.”

Like an ebbing sea that will come again,
Slowly retired that host of men ;
Methinks they’ll keep some other day
The oath they swore on the martyr’s clay.

WE MUST NOT FAIL.

I.

WE must not fail, we must not fail,
However fraud or force assail ;
By honour, pride, and policy,
By Heaven itself!—we must be free.

II.

Time had already thinned our chain,
Time would have dulled our sense of pain ;
By service long, and suppliance vile,
We might have won our owner’s smile.

III.

We spurned the thought, our prison burst,
And dared the despot to the worst ;
Renewed the strife of centuries,
And flung our banner to the breeze.

IV.

We called the ends of earth to view
The gallant deeds we swore to do :
They knew us wronged, they knew us brave,
And, all we asked, they freely gave.

V.

We took the starving peasant's mite
To aid in winning back his right,
We took the priceless trust of youth ;
Their freedom must redeem our truth.

VI.

We promised loud, and boasted high,
" To break our country's chains, or die ;"
And, should we quail, that country's name
Will be the synonyme of shame.

VII.

Earth is not deep enough to hide
The coward slave who shrinks aside ;
Hell is not hot enough to scathe
The ruffian wretch who breaks his faith.

VIII.

But—calm, my soul!—we promised true
Her destined work our land shall do ;
Thought, courage, patience will prevail!
We shall not fail—we shall not fail!

O'CONNELL'S STATUE.

(LINES TO HOGAN.)

CHISEL the likeness of The Chief,
Not in gaiety, nor grief;
Change not by your art to stone,
Ireland's laugh, or Ireland's moan.
Dark her tale, and none can tell
Its fearful chronicle so well.
Her frame is bent—her wounds are deep—
Who, like him, her woes can weep?
He can be gentle as a bride,
While none can rule with kinglier pride.
Calm to hear, and wise to prove,
Yet gay as lark in soaring love.
Well it were, posterity
Should have some image of his glee;
That easy humour, blossoming
Like the thousand flowers of spring!
Glorious the marble which could show
His bursting sympathy for woe:

Could catch the pathos, flowing wild,
Like mother's milk to craving child.

And oh! how princely were the art
Could mould his mien, or tell his heart.
When sitting sole on Tara's hill,
While hung a million on his will!
Yet, not in gaiety, nor grief,
Chisel the image of our Chief;
Nor even in that haughty hour
When a nation owned his power.

But would you by your art unroll
His own, and Ireland's secret soul,
And give to other times to scan
The greatest greatness of the man?
Fierce defiance let him be
Hurling at our enemy.—
From a base as fair and sure
As our love is true and pure,
Let his statue rise as tall
And firm as a castle wall;
On his broad brow let there be
A type of Ireland's history;
Pious, generous, deep, and warm,
Strong and changeful as a storm;
Let whole centuries of wrong
Upon his recollection throng—

Strongbow's force, and Henry's wife,
Tudor's wrath, and Stuart's guile,
And iron Strafford's tiger jaws,
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws ;
Not forgetting Saxon faith,
Not forgetting Norman scaith,
Not forgetting William's word,
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword.
Let the Union's fetter vile—
The shame and ruin of our isle—
Let the blood of 'Ninety-Eight
And our present blighting fate—
Let the poor mechanic's lot,
And the peasant's ruined cot,
Plundered wealth and glory flown,
Ancient honours overthrown—
Let trampled altar, rifled urn,
Knit his look to purpose stern.
Mould all this into one thought,
Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught ;
Still let our glories through it gleam,
Like fair flowers through a flooded stream,
Or like a flashing wave at night,
Bright,—'mid the solemn darkness bright.
Let the memory of old days
Shine through the statesman's anxious face—
Dathi's power, and Brian's fame,
And headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame,

And the spirit of Red Hugh,
And the pride of 'Eighty-Two,
And the victories he won,
And the hope that leads him on !

Let whole armies seem to fly
From his threatening hand and eye ;
Be the strength of all the land
Like a falchion in his hand,
And be his gesture sternly grand.
A braggart tyrant swore to smite
A people struggling for their right—
O'Connell dared him to the field,
Content to die, but never yield.
Fancy such a soul as his,
In a moment such as this,
Like cataract, or foaming tide,
Or army charging in its pride.
Thus he spoke, and thus he stood,
Proffering in our cause his blood.
Thus his country loves him best—
To image this is your behest.
Chisel thus, and thus alone,
If to man you'd change the stone.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.*

AIR—*Irish Molly O!*

I.

FULL often when our fathers saw the Red above the
 Green,
 They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike, and
scian,
 And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,
 They proudly set the Irish Green above the English Red.

II.

But in the end, throughout the land, the shameful sight
 was seen—
 The English Red in triumph high above the Irish Green;
 But well they died in breach and field, who, as their
 spirits fled,
 Still saw the Green maintain its place above the English
 Red.

* This, and the three following pieces are properly street ballads. The reader must not expect depth or finish in verses of this description, written for a temporary purpose.—ED.

III.

And they who saw, in after times, the Red above the
Green,
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath a forest
screen ;
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were
fed,
That, in some day to come, the Green should flutter o'er
the Red.

IV.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone
sunk serene—
Because they could not bear to leave the Red above the
Green ;
And 'twas for this that Owen fought, and Sarsfield nobly
bled—
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the
Red.

V.

So, when the strife began again, our darling Irish Green
Was down upon the earth, while high the English Red
was seen ;
Yet still we held our fearless course, for something in us
said,
“ Before the strife is o'er you'll see the Green above the
Red.”

VI.

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive
to glean,
That we may pull the English Red below the Irish Green,
And leave our sons sweet Liberty, and smiling plenty
spread
Above the land once dark with blood—*the Green above
the Red!*

VII.

The jealous English tyrant now has banned the Irish
Green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and
mean ;
But yet, by Heavens ! he 'll sooner raise his victims
from the dead
Than force our hearts to leave the Green, and cotton to
the Red !

VIII.

We 'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those
who lean
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or
queen ;
And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood to
shed
Once and for evermore to raise the Green above the Red !

THE VOW OF TIPPERARY.

AIR.—*Tipperary.*

I.

FROM Carrick streets to Shannon shore,
From Slievenamon to Ballindeary,
From Longford Pass to Gaillte Mór,
Come hear The Vow of Tipperary.

II.

Too long we fought for Britain's cause,
And of our blood were never chary ;
She paid us back with tyrant laws,
And thinned The Homes of Tipperary.

III.

Too long, with rash and single arm,
The peasant strove to guard his eyrie,
Till Irish blood bedewed each farm,
And Ireland wept for Tipperary.

IV.

But never more we'll lift a hand—
We swear by God and Virgin Mary !
Except in war for Native Land,
And *that's* The Vow of Tipperary !

A PLEA FOR THE BOG-TROTTERS.

I.

“BASE Bog-trotters,” says the *Times*,
 “Brown with mud, and black with crimes,
 Turf and lumpers dig betimes
 (We grant you need ’em),
 But never lift your heads sublime,
 Nor talk of Freedom.”

II.

Yet, Bog-trotters, sirs, be sure,
 Are strong to do, and to endure,
 Men whose blows are hard to cure—
 Brigands! what’s in ye,
 That the fierce man of the moor
 Can’t stand again ye?

III.

The common drains in Mushra moss
 Are wider than a castle fosse,
 Connaught swamps are hard to cross,
 And histories boast
 That Allen’s Bog has caused the loss
 Of many a host.

IV.

Oh! were you in an Irish bog,
 Full of pikes, and scarce of prog,
 You'd wish your *Times*-ship was incog.
 Or far away,
 Though Saxons, thick as London fog,
 Around you lay.

A SECOND PLEA FOR THE BOG-
 TROTTERS.

I.

THE *Mail* says, that Hanover's King
 Twenty Thousand men will bring,
 And make the "base bog-trotters" sing
 A pillileu ;
 And that O'Connell high shall swing,
 And others too.

II.

There is a tale of Athens told,
 Worth at least its weight in gold
 'To fellows of King Ernest's mould,
 (The royal rover),
 Who think men may be bought and sold,
 Or ridden over.

III.

Darius (an Imperial wretch,
A Persian Ernest, or Jack Ketch,))
Bid his knaves from Athens fetch
 "Earth and water,"
Or else the heralds necks he'd stretch,
 And Athens slaughter.

IV.

The Athenians threw them in a well,
And left them there to help themsel',
And when his armies came, pell-mell,
 They tore his banners,
And sent his slaves in shoals to hell,
 To mend their manners.

V.

Let those who bring and those who send
Hanoverians, comprehend
Persian-like may be their end,
 And the "bog-trotter"
May drown their knaves, their banners rend,
 Their armies slaughter.

A SCENE IN THE SOUTH.

I.

I WAS walking along in a pleasant place,
In the county Tipperary ;
The scene smiled as happy as the holy face
Of the Blessed Virgin Mary ;
And the trees were proud, and the sward was green,
And the birds sang loud in the leafy scene.

II.

Yet somehow I felt strange, and soon I felt sad,
And then I felt very lonely ;
I pondered in vain why I was not glad,
In a place meant for pleasure only :
For I thought that grief had never been there,
And that sin would as lief to heaven repair.

III.

And a train of spirits seemed passing me by,
The air grew as heavy as lead ;
I looked for a cabin, yet none could I spy
In the pastures about me spread ;
Yet each field seemed made for a peasant's cot,
And I felt dismayed when I saw them not.

IV.

As I stayed on the field, I saw—Oh, my God!
 The marks where a cabin had been :
 'Through the midst of the fields, some feet of the sod
 Were coarser and far less green,
 And three or four trees in the centre stood,
 But they seemed to freeze in their solitude.

V.

Surely here was the road that led to the cot,
 For it ends just beneath the trees,
 And the trees like mourners are watching the spot,
 And *cronauning* with the breeze ;
 And their stems are bare with children's play,
 But the children—where, oh ! where are they ?

VI.

An old man unnoticed had come to my side,
 His hand in my arm linking—
 A reverend man, without haste or pride—
 And he said :—“ I know what you're thinking ;
 “ A cabin stood once underneath the trees,
 “ Full of kindly ones—but alas ! for these !

VII.

“ A loving old couple, and tho' somewhat poor,
 “ Their children had leisure to play ;
 “ And the piper, and stranger, and beggar were sure
 “ To bless them in going away ;
 “ But the typhus came, and the agent too
 “ Ah ! need I name the worst of the two ?

VIII.

" Their cot was unroofed, yet they strove to hide
 " In its walls till the fever was passed ;
 " Their crime was found out, and the cold ditch side
 " Was their hospital at last :
 " Slowly they went to poorhouse and grave,
 " But the LORD *they* bent to, their *souls* will save.

IX.

" And thro' many a field you passed, and will pass,
 " In this lordling's 'cleared' demesne,
 " Where households as happy were once—but, alas !
 " They too are scattered or slain."
 Then he pressed my hand, and he went away ;
 I could not stand, so I knelt to pray :

X.

' God of justice !' I sighed, " send your spirit down
 " On these lords so cruel and proud,
 " And soften their hearts, and relax their frown,
 " *Or else,*" I cried aloud—
 " Vouchsafe thy strength to the peasant's hand
 " To drive them at length from off the land !"*

* The scene is a mere actual landscape which I saw.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

WILLIAM TELL AND THE GENIUS OF
SWITZERLAND.*

I.

TELL.—You have no fears,
 My native land !
 Then dry your tears,
 And draw your brand.
 A million made a vow
 To free you.—Wherefore, now,
 Tears again, my native land ?

II.

GENIUS.—I weep not from doubt,
 I weep not for dread ;
 There's strength in your shout,
 And trust in your tread.
 I weep, for I look for the coming dead,
 Who for Liberty's cause shall die ;
 And I hear a wail from the widow's bed
 Come mixed with our triumph-cry.
 Though dire my woes, yet how can I
 Be calm when I know such suffering's nigh ?

* Just before the insurrection which expelled the Austrians, Tell and some of his brother conspirators spent a night on the shore of the Underwald Lake, consulting for liberty ; and while they were thus en-

III.

TELL.—Death comes to all,
 My native land!
 Weep not their fall—
 A glorious band!
 Famine and slavery
 Slaughter more cruelly
 Than Battle's blood-covered hand!

IV.

GENIUS.—Yes, and all glory
 Shall honour their grave,
 With shrine, song, and story,
 Denied to the slave.
 Thus pride shall so mingle with sorrow,
 Their wives half their weeping will stay;
 And their sons long to tempt on the morrow
 The death they encounter to-day.
 Then away, sons, to battle away!
 Draw the sword, lift the flag, and away!

gaged, the genius of Switzerland appeared to them, and she was armed, but weeping. "Why weep you, mother?" said Tell; and she answered, "I see dead patriots, and hear their orphans wailing;"—and he said again to her, "The tyrant kills us with his prisons and taxes, and poisons our air with his presence; war-death is better;" and she said, "It is better"—and the cloud passed from her brow and she gave him a spear and bade him conquer.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

THE EXILE.

(PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH.)

I.

I'VE passed through the nations unheeded, unknown ;
Though all looked upon me, none called me their own.
I shared not their laughter—they cared not my moan—
For, ah ! the poor exile is always alone.

II.

At eve, when the smoke from some cottage uprose,
How happy I've thought, at the weary day's close,
With his dearest around, must the peasant repose ;
But, ah ! the poor exile is always alone.

III.

Where hasten those clouds ? to the land or the sea—
Driven on by the tempest, poor exiles, like me ?
What matter to either where either shall flee ?
For, ah ! the poor exile is always alone.

IV.

Those trees they are beauteous—those flowers they are
fair ;
But no trees and no flowers of my country are there.
They speak not unto me—they heed not my care ;
For, ah ! the poor exile is always alone.

V.

That brook murmurs softly its way through the plain ;
 But the brooks of my childhood had not the same strain.
 It reminds me of nothing—it murmurs in vain ;
 For, ah ! the poor exile is always alone.

VI.

Sweet are those songs, but their sweetness or sorrow
 No charm from the songs of my infancy borrow,
 I hear them to-day and forget them to-morrow ;
 For, ah ! the poor exile is always alone.

VII.

They've asked me, " Why weep you ? " I've told them
 my woe—
 They listed my words, as the rocks feel the snow.
 No sympathy bound us ; how could their tears flow ?
 For, sure the poor exile is always alone.

VIII.

When soft on their chosen the young maidens smile,
 Like the dawn of the morn on Erin's dear isle,
 With no love-smile to cheer me, I look on the while ;
 For, ah ! the poor exile is always alone.

IX.

Like boughs round the tree are those babes round their
 mother,
 And these friends, like its roots, clasp and grow to each
 other ;
 But, none call me child, and none call me brother ;
 For, ah ! the poor exile is ever alone.

X.

Wives never clasp, and friends never smile,
 Mothers ne'er fondle, nor maidens beguile;
 And happiness dwells not, except in our isle,—
 And so the poor exile is always alone.

XI.

Poor exile, cease grieving, for all are like you—
 Weeping the banished, the lovely, and true.
 Our country is Heaven—'twill welcome you, too;
 And cherish the exile, no longer alone!

 MY HOME.

A DREAM.

I HAVE dreamt of a home—a happy home—
 The ficklest from it would not care to roam:
 'Twas a cottage home on native ground,
 Where all things glorious clustered round—
 For highland glen and lowland plain
 Met within that small demesne.

In sight is a tarn, with cliffs of fear,
 Where the eagle defies the mountaineer,
 And the cataract leaps in mad career,
 And through oak and holly roam the deer.
 On its brink is a ruined castle, stern,—
 The mountains are crowned with *rath* and *carn*,
 Robed with heather, and bossed with stone,
 And belted with a pine wood lone.

Thro' that mighty gap in the mountain chain,
Oft, like rivers after rain,
Poured our clans on the conquered plain.
And there, upon their harassed rear,
Oft pressed the Norman's bloody spear ;
Men call it "the pass of the leaping deer."

Wild is the region, yet gentle the spot—
As you look on the roses, the rocks are forgot ;
For garden gay, and primrose lawn
Peep through the rocks, as thro' night comes dawn.

And see, by that burn the children play ;
In that valley the village maidens stray,
Listing the thrush and the robin's lay,
Listing the burn sigh back to the breeze,
And hoping—guess whom ? 'mong the thorn trees.
Not yet, dear girls—on the uplands green
Shepherds and flocks may still be seen.

Freemen's toils, with fruit and grain,
The valley fill, and clothe the plain.
There's the health which labour yields—
Labour tilling its own fields.
Freed at length from stranger lord—
From his frown, or his reward—
Each the owner of his land,
Plenty springs beneath his hand.

Meet these men on land or sea—
Meet them in council, war, or glee ;
Voice, glance, and mien, bespeak them free.
Welcome greets you at their hearth ;
Reverend they to age and worth ;
Yet prone to jest and full of mirth.
Fond of song, and dance, and *crowd**—
Of harp, and pipe, and laughter loud ;
Their lay of love is low and bland,
Their wail for death is wild and grand ;
Awful and lovely their song of flame,
When they clash the chords in their country's name.

They seek no courts, and own no sway,
Save the counsels of their elders grey ;
For holy love, and homely faith,
Rule their hearts in life and death.
Yet their rifles would flash, and their sabres smite,
And their pike-staffs redden in the fight,
And young and old be swept away,
Ere the stranger in their land should sway.

But the setting sun, ere he sink in the sea,
Flushes and flashes o'er crag and tree,
Kisses the clouds with crimson sheen,
And sheets with gold the ocean's green.

* Correctly *cruit*, the Irish name for the violin.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Where the stately frigate lies in the bay,
The friendly fleet of the Frenchmen lay.
Yonder creek, and yonder shore
Echoed then the battle's roar ;

Where, on slope after slope, the west sun shines,
After the fight lay our conquering lines.
The triumph, though great, had cost us dear ;
And the wounded and dead were lying near—
When the setting sun on our bivouac proud,
Sudden burst through a riven cloud,
An answering shout broke from our men—
Wounds and toils were forgotten then,
And dying men were heard to pray
The light would last till they passed away—
They wished to die on our triumph day.
We honoured the omen, and thought on times gone,
And from chief to chief the word was passed on,
The “ harp on the green ” our land-flag should be,
And the sun through clouds bursting, our flag at sea,
The green borne harp o'er yon battery gleams,
From the frigate's topgallant the “ sun-burst ” streams.

In that far-off isle a sainted sage
Built a lowly hermitage,
Where ages gone made pilgrimage.
Over his grave, with what weird delight,
The grey trees swim in the flooding light ;

How a halo clasps their solemn head,
Like heaven's breath on the rising dead.

Longing and languid as prisoned bird,
With a powerless dream my heart is stirred.
And I pant to pierce beyond the tomb,
And see the light, or share the gloom.
But vainly for such power we pray.
God wills—enough—let man obey.

Two thousand years, 'mid sun and storm,
That tall tower has lifted its mystic form.
The yew-tree shadowing the aisle,
'Twixt airy arch and mouldering pile,
And nigh the hamlet that chapel fair
Shew religion has dwelt, and is dwelling there.

While the Druid's *crom-leac* up the vale
Tells how rites may change, and creeds may fail.
Creeds may perish, and rites may fall,
But that hamlet worships the God of all.

In the land of the pious, free, and brave,
Was the happy home that sweet dream gave.
But the mirth, and beauty, and love that dwell
Within that home—I may not tell.

MY GRAVE.

SHALL they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the green-wood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;

For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf—put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair ;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
“ HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY, AND LOVED HIS KIND.”

Oh ! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

Ὅν γὰρ φιλεῖ θεός γ', αποθνήσκει νέος.

APPENDIX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It was at first the intention of the Editor, that the following Appendix should include illustrations of all the Historical Ballads; but want of space has compelled him to omit several papers which were in preparation. He hopes to remedy this defect in a future edition.

The Glossary of Irish Phrases, which has been referred to in some of the notes, is likewise unavoidably postponed for the present. It will appear in the next edition.

APPENDIX.

I.

*Deep sunk in that bed is the sword of Monro,
Since, twixt it and Donagh,* he met Owen Roe,*

Poems, page 5.

The Blackwater in Ulster is especially remarkable as the scene of the two most memorable victories obtained by the Irish over the English power for several centuries past. The particulars of these battles are so little known, that it is hoped the following accounts of them, taken from the best accessible sources, will be acceptable to the reader. The first is from the pen of MR. DAVIS.

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB.

(5TH JUNE, 1646.)

The battle of Benburb was fought upon the slopes of ground, now called the Thistle Hill, from being the property of the Thistles, a family of Scotch farmers, now represented by a fine old man of over eighty

* So this line runs, as originally published, and likewise in the text of the present edition. But I have a strong suspicion that the author wrote it,—“Since 'twixt it and *Oonagh*,” &c., meaning the river Oonagh. *Vide* description of the battle, especially the first paragraph. I would not, however, alter the text, without some search after the original MS.; or, in default of that, a critical examination of the topography of a district, in the description of which so many errors have been committed.—Ed.

years. This ground is two and a quarter miles in a right line, or three by the road, from the church of Benburb, and about six miles below Caledon, in the county Tyrone; in the angle between the Blackwater and the Oonagh, on the Benburb side of the latter, and close to Battleford Bridge. We are thus particular in marking the exact place, because of the blunders of many writers on it.

Major General Robert Monro landed with several thousand Scots at Carrickfergus, in the middle of April, 1642, and on the 28th and 29th was joined by Lord Conway and Colonel Chichester, &c., with 1800 foot, five troops of horse, and two of dragoons. Early in May, a junction was effected between Monro and Titchborne, and an army of 12,000 foot, and between 1,000 and 2,000 horse, was made up. Yet, with this vast force, Monro achieved nothing but plunder, unless the treacherous seizure of Lord Antrim be an exception. Thus was the spring of 1642 wasted. Yet, so overwhelming was Monro's force, that the Irish chiefs were thinking of giving up the war, when, on the 13th July, OWEN ROE MAC-ART O'NEILL landed at Doe Castle, county Donegal, and received the command.

Owen Roe was born in Ulster, and at an early age entered the Spanish—the imperial service—influenced, doubtless, by the same motives that led Marshal Mac Donald into the French—that “the gates of promotion were closed at home.” Owen, from his great connexions and greater abilities, rose rapidly, and held a high post in Catalonia. We have heard, through Dr. Gartland, the worthy head of the Salamanca College, that Eugenio Rufo is still remembered there. He held Arras in 1640 against the French, and (says Carte) “surrendered it at last upon honourable terms, yet his conduct in the defence was such as gave him great reputation, and procured him extraordinary respect even from the enemy.”

Owen was sent for at the first outbreak in 1641, but it was not till the latter end of June, 1642, that he embarked from Dunkirk, with many of the officers and men of his own regiment, and supplies of arms. He sailed round the north of Scotland to Donegal, while another frigate brought similar succours to Wexford, under Henry O'Neill and Richard O'Farrell. Owen was immediately conducted to Charlemont, and invested with the command of Ulster.

Immediately on Owen's landing, Lesley, Earl of Leven, and General of the Scotch troops, wrote to him, saying “he was sorry a man of his reputation and experience abroad, should come to Ireland for the maintaining of so bad a cause;” and advising his return! O'Neill replied, “he had more reason to come to relieve the deplorable state of his country, than Lesley had to march at the head of an army into England against his king, at a time when they (the Scots) were already

masters of all Scotland." No contrast could be greater or better put. Lord Leven immediately embarked for Scotland, telling Monro, whom he left in command, "that he would certainly be ousted, if O'Neill once got an army together." And so it turned out. Owen sustained himself for four years against Monro on one side and Ormond on the other—harassed by the demands of the other provincial generals, and distressed for want of provisions—defying Monro by any means to compel him to fight a battle until he was ready for it. But at length, having his troops in fine fighting order, he fought and won the greatest battle fought in Ireland since the "Yellow Ford." But we must tell how this came about.

Throughout 1642, and in the summer of 1643, Monro made two attempts to beat up O'Neill's quarters; and though the Irish General had not *one tenth* of Monro's force, he compelled him to retire with loss into Antrim and Down. Assailed by Stewart's army on the Donegal side, Owen Roe retreated into Longford and Leitrim, hoping in the rugged districts to nurse up an army which would enable him to meet Monro in the field.

By the autumn of 1643, after having suffered many trifling losses, he had got together a militia army of 3,000 men, and the cessation having been concluded, he marched into Meath, joined Sir James Dillon, and reduced the entire district. In 1644, Monro's army amounting to 13,000 men,—O'Neill, after having for a short time occupied great part of Ulster, again returned to North Leinster. Here he was joined by Lord Castlehaven with 6,000 men; but except trifling skirmishes, no engagement took place, and Castlehaven returned, disgusted with a war, which he had not patience to value, nor profundity to practise. 1645 passed over in similar skirmishes, in which the country suffered terribly from the plundering of Monro's army.

The leaders under Owen Roe were, Sir Phelim O'Neill, and his brother Turlough; Con, Cormac, Hugh, and Brian O'Neill; and the following chieftains with their clans:—Bernard Mac Mahon, the son of Hugh, chief of Monaghan, and Baron of Dartry; Colonel Mac Mahon, Colonel Patrick Mac Neney (who was married to Helen, sister of Bernard Mac Mahon); Colonel Richard O'Ferrall of Longford; Roger Maguire of Fermanagh; Colonel Philip O'Reilly, of Ballynacargy castle in the county of Cavan (who was married to Rose O'Neill, the sister of Owen Roe); and the valiant Maolmora O'Reilly (kinsman to Philip), who from his great strength and determined bravery, was called Miles the Slasher. The O'Reillys brought 200 chosen men of their own name, and of the Mac Bradys, Mac Cabes, Mac Gowans, Fitzpatricks, and Fitzsimons, from Cavan. Some fighting men were also brought by Mac Gauran of Templeport, and Mac Ternan of Croghan; some

Connaught forces came with the O'Rorkes, Mac Dermotts, O'Connors and O'Kellys; there came also some of the O'Donnells and O'Doghertys of Donegal; Manus O'Cane of Derry; Sir Constantine Magennis, county of Down; the O'Hanlons of Armagh, regal standard bearers of Ulster; and the O'Hagans of Tyrone.

Lords Blaney, Conway, and Montgomery commanded under Monro.

In the spring of 1646, Owen Roe met the Nuncio at Kilkenny, and received from the council an ampler provision than heretofore; and by May he had completed his force under it to 5,000 foot and 500 horse. This army consisted partly of veterans trained by the four preceding campaigns, and partly of new levies, whom he rapidly brought into discipline by his organising genius, and his stern punishments.

With this force he marched into the county Armagh, and Monro, hearing of his movements, advanced against him by rapid marches, hoping to surprise him in Armagh city. Monro's forces consisted, according to all the best authorities, of 6,000 foot, 800 horse, and 7 field-pieces; though some accounts raise his foot to 8,500, and he himself lowers it in his apologetic dispatch to 3,400, and states his field-pieces at 6.

Simultaneously with Monro's advance, his brother, Colonel George Monro, marched from Coleraine, along the west shore of Loch Neagh, with three troops of horse; and a junction was to have been effected between the two Monros and the Tyrconnell forces at Glasslough, a place in the county Monaghan, but only a few miles S.W. of Armagh. On the 4th of June Owen Roe marched from Glasslough to Benburb, confident, by means of the river and hilly country, that he could prevent the intended junction. Monro bivouacked the same night at Hamilton's Bawn, four miles from Armagh. Before dawn, on Friday, the 5th, Monro marched to Armagh town, burning houses, and wasting crops, as he advanced. Fearful lest his brother, who had reached Dungannon, should be cut off, he marched towards Benburb, and on finding the strength of the Irish position there, advanced up the right bank of the Blackwater, hoping to tempt Owen from his ground. In the mean time a body of Irish horse, detached against George Monro, had met him near Dungannon, and checked his advance, though with some loss.

A good part of the day was thus spent, and it was two o'clock in the afternoon before Monro crossed the Blackwater at Kinaird (now Caledon), and led his army down the left bank of the river against O'Neill. This advance of Owen's to Ballykilgavin, was only to consume time and weary the enemy, for he shortly after retreated to Knocknacliagh, where he had determined to fight. It was now past

four o'clock, when the enemy's foot advanced in a double line of columns. The first line consisted of five, and the second of four columns, much too close for manœuvring. The Irish front consisted of four, and the reserve of three divisions, with ample room.

O'Neill's position was defended on the right by a wet bog, and on the left by the junction of the Blackwater and the Oonagh. In his front was rough, hilly ground, covered "with scrogs and bushes."

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard O'Farrell occupied some strong ground in advance of Owen's position, but Colonel Cunningham, with 500 musketeers, and the field-pieces, carried the pass, and O'Farrell effected his retreat with little loss, and no disorder. The field guns were pushed in advance by Monro with most of his cavalry, but Owen kept the main body of his horse in reserve.

A good deal of skirmishing took place, and though the enemy had gained much ground, his soldiers were growing weary, it was five o'clock, and the evening sun of a clear and fiery June glared in their faces. While in this state, a body of cavalry was seen advancing from the north-west; Monro declared them to be his brother's squadrons, and became confident of success. But a few minutes sufficed to undeceive him,—they were the detachments, under Colonels Bernard Mac Mahon and Patrick Mac Nenev, returning from Dungannon, after having driven George Monro back upon his route.

The Scotch musketeers continued for some time to gain ground along the banks of the Oonagh, and threatened Owen's left, till the light cavalry of the Irish broke in among them, sabred many, drove the rest across the stream, and returned without any loss. The battle now became general. The Scotch cannon posted on a slope annoyed O'Neill's centre, and there seemed some danger of Monro's manœuvring to the west sufficiently to communicate with George Monro's corps. Owen, therefore, decided on a general attack, keeping only Rory Maguire's regiment as a reserve. His foot moved on in steady columns, and his horse in the spaces between the first and second charge of his masses. In vain did Monro's cavalry charge this determined infantry; it threw back from its face squadron after squadron, and kept constantly, rapidly, and evenly advancing. In vain did Lord Blaney take pike in hand, and stand in the ranks. Though exposed to the play of Monro's guns and musketry, the Irish infantry charged up hill without firing a shot, and closed with sabre and pike. They met a gallant resistance. Blaney and his men held their ground long, till the superior vivacity and freshness of the Irish clansmen bore him down.

An attempt was made with the columns of the rear line to regain the ground; but from the confined space in which they were drawn up, the attempt to manœuvre them only produced disorder; and just at

this moment, to complete their ruin, O'Neill's cavalry, wheeling by the flanks of his columns, charged the Scotch cavalry, and drove them well-mell upon the shaken and confused infantry. A total route followed. Monro, Lord Conway, Captain Burke, and forty of the horse-men escaped across the Blackwater, but most of the foot were cut to pieces, or drowned in the river. 3,423 of the enemy were found on the battle-field, and Lord Montgomery, with 21 officers and 150 men were taken prisoners. O'Neill lost 70 killed (including Colonel Manus Mac Neill and Garve O'Donnell), and 200 wounded (including Lt.-Col. O'Farrell and Phelim Mac Tuohill O'Neill). He took all the Scots artillery, twenty stand of colours, and all the arms, save those of Sir James Montgomery, whose regiment, being on Monro's extreme right, effected its retreat in some order. 1,500 draft horses and two months' provisions were also taken, but, unfortunately, Monro's ammunition blew up shortly after the battle was won. Monro fled without coat or wig to Lisburn. Moving from thence he commanded every household to furnish two musketeers; he wrote an apologetic and deceptive dispatch to the Irish committee in London, burnt Dundrum, and deserted most of Down. But all his efforts would have been in vain; for O'Neill, having increased his army by Scotch deserters and fresh levies, to 10,000 foot and 21 troops of horse, was in the very act of breaking in on him, with a certainty of expelling the last invader from Ulster, when the fatal command of the Nuncio reached Owen at Tanderagee, ordering him to march southward to support that factious ecclesiastic against the peace. O'Neill, in an unhappy hour, obeyed the Nuncio, abandoned the fruits of his splendid victory, and marched to Kilkenny.

II.

And Charlemont's cannon

Slew many a man on

These meadows below.

Poems, page 5.

The following passage will sufficiently explain this allusion:—

“Early in June (1602) Lord Mountjoy marched by Dundalk to Armagh, and from thence, without interruption, to the banks of the Blackwater, about five miles to the eastward of Portmore, and nearer to Lough Neagh. He sent Sir Richard Moryson to the

north bank of the river, commenced the building of a bridge at that point, and a castle, which he named Charlemont, from his own christian name, and stationed a garrison of one hundred and fifty men there, under the command of Captain Toby Caulfield—the founder of a noble family, which has held that spot from that day to this; but which afterwards (as is usual with settlers in Ireland) became more Irish than many of the Irish themselves.”

Mitchell's Life of Aodh O'Neill, p. 219.

Vide *Irish Penny Journal* for 1841-2, p. 217.

III.

*And yonder Red Hugh
Marshal Bagenal o'erthrew
On Beal-an-atha-buidhe.*

Poems, page 6.

THE BATTLE OF BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHE.

(10TH AUGUST, 1595.)

“The tenth morning of August rose bright and serene upon the towers of Armagh and the silver waters of Avonmore. Before day dawned, the English army left the city in three divisions, and at sunrise they were winding through the hills and woods behind the spot where now stands the little church of Grange. The sun was glancing on the corslets and spears of their glittering cavalry; their banners waved proudly, and their bugles rung clear in the morning air; when, suddenly, from the thickets on both sides of their path, a deadly volley of musketry swept through the foremost ranks. O'Neill had stationed here five hundred light-armed troops to guard the defiles; and in the shelter of thick groves of fir-trees they had silently waited for the enemy. Now they poured in their shot, volley after volley, and killed great numbers of the English: but the first division, led by Bagnal in person, after some hard fighting, carried the pass, dislodged the marksmen from their position, and drove them backwards into the plain.—The centre division under Cosby and Wingfield, and the rear-guard led by Cuin and Billing, supported in flank by the cavalry under Brooke, Montacute and Fleming, now pushed forward, speedily cleared the difficult country, and formed in the open ground in front of the Irish lines. ‘It was not quite safe,’ says an Irish chronicler, in admi-

ration of Bagnal's disposition of his forces) 'to attack the nest of griffins and den of lions in which were placed the soldiers of London.' Bagnal, at the head of his first division, and aided by a body of cavalry, charged the Irish light-armed troops up to the very entrenchments, in front of which O'Neill's foresight had prepared some pits, covered over with wattles and grass; and many of the English cavalry rushing impetuously forward, rolled headlong, both men and horses, into these trenches and perished. Still the Marshal's chosen troops, with loud cheers and shouts of 'St. George, for merry England!' resolutely attacked the entrenchments that stretched across the pass, battered them with cannon, and in one place succeeded, though with heavy loss, in forcing back their defenders. Then first the main body of O'Neill's troops was brought into action; and with bag-pipes sounding a charge, they fell upon the English, shouting their fierce battle-cries, *Lamhdearg!* and *O'Domhnaill Abu!* O'Neill himself, at the head of a body of horse, pricked forward to seek out Bagnal amidst the throng of battle; but they never met: the marshal, who had done his devoir that day like a good soldier, was shot through the brain by some unknown marksman: the division he had led was forced back by the furious onslaught of the Irish, and put to utter rout; and, what added to their confusion, a cart of gunpowder exploded amidst the English ranks and blew many of their men to atoms. And now the cavalry of Tyrconnell and Tyr-owen dashed into the plain and bore down the remnant of Brooke's and Fleming's horse: the columns of Wingfield and Cosby reeled before their rushing charge—while in front, to the war-cry of *Batailla Abu!* the swords and axes of the heavy-armed galloglasses were raging amongst the Saxon ranks. By this time the cannon were all taken; the cries of 'St. George' had failed, or turned into death-shrieks; and once more, England's royal standard sunk before the Red Hand of Tyr-owen.

"The last who resisted was the traitor O'Reilly: twice he tried to rally the flying squadrons, but was slain in the attempt: and at last the whole of that fine army was utterly routed, and fled pell-mell towards Armagh, with the Irish hanging fiercely on their rear. Amidst the woods and marshes all connexion and order were speedily lost; and as O'Donnell's chronicler has it, they were 'pursued in couples, in threes, in scores, in thirties, and in hundreds,' and so cut down in detail by their avenging pursuers. In one spot especially the carnage was terrible, and the country people yet point out the lane where that hideous rout passed by, and call it to this day the 'Bloody Loaning.' Two thousand five hundred English were slain in the battle and flight, including twenty-three superior officers, besides lieutenants and ensigns. Twelve thousand gold pieces, thirty-four standards, all the musical

instruments and cannon, with a long train of provision waggons, were a rich spoil for the Irish army. The confederates had only two hundred slain and six hundred wounded."

Mitchell's Life of Aodh O'Neill, pp. 141—144.

IV.

CYMRIC RULE AND CYMRIC RULERS.

Poems, page 14.

This poem has less title than any other in Part I. to be ranked among National (*i. e.* either in subject, or by aim or allusion, Irish) Ballads and Songs, unless the affinity of the Cymric with the Irish Celts, and the fact that the author himself was of Welsh extraction by the father's side, be considered a sufficient justification.

Mr. Davis was very fond of the air—"The March of the men of Harlech," to which this poem is set. To evince his strong partiality for, and sympathy with, the Welsh people, it is enough to quote the following passages from one of his political essays.—

"We just now opened *M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary*, to ascertain some Welsh statistics, and found at the name "Wales" a reference to "England and Wales," and at the latter title nothing distinct on the Principality; and what was there, was rather inferior to the information on Cumberland, or most English counties.

"'And has time, then,' we said, 'mouldered away that obstinate and fiery tribe of Celts which baffled the Plantagenets, which so often trod upon the breastplates of the Norman, which sometimes bent in the summer, but ever rose when the fierce elements of winter came to aid the native? Has that race passed away which stood under Llewellyn, and rallied under Owen Glendower, and gave the Dragon flag and Tudor kings to England? Is the prophecy of twelve hundred years false—are the people and tongue passed away?'

"No! spite of the massacre of bards, and the burning of records—spite of political extinction, there is a million of these Kymrys in Wales and its marches; and nine out of ten of these speak their old tongue, follow their old customs, sing the songs which the sleepers upon Snowdon made, have their religious rites in Kymric, and hate the Logrian as much as ever their fathers did. * * *

"Twenty-nine Welsh members could do much if united, more especially if they would co-operate with the Irish and Scotch members in demanding their share of the imperial expenditure; or what would be safer and better, in agitating for a local council to administer the local

affairs of the Principality. A million of the Kymry, who are still apart in their mountains, who have *immense* mineral resources, and some good harbours, one (Milford) the best in Britain, and who are of our blood, nearly of our old and un-English language, have as good a right to a local senate, as the 700,000 people of Greece, or the half million of Cassel or Mecklenburgh have to independence, or as each of the States of America has to a local congress. Localisation by means of Federalism seems the natural and best resource of a country like Wales, to guard its purse, and language, and character, from imperial oppression, and its soil from foreign invasion. As powers run, it is not like Ireland, quite able, if free, to hold her own; but it has importance enough to entitle it to a local congress for its local affairs."

V.

THE IRISH HURRAH.]

Poems, page 20.

The second stanza of this poem, as it appears in the text, was omitted by the author in a later copy; it would seem, with a view of adapting it better to the air to which it is set.

VI.

A CHRISTMAS SCENE.

Poems, page 64.

The first sketch of this poem differs a good deal from that in the text. It is so pleasing, that it is given here, as originally published. It was then entitled:

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

THE hill-blast comes howling from leaf-rifted trees,
Which late were as harp-strings to each gentle breeze;
The sportsmen have parted, the blue-stockings gone,
While we sit happy-hearted—together, alone.

II.

The glory of nature through the window has charms,
But within, gentle Kate, you're entwined in my arms;
The sportsmen may seek for snipe, woodcock and hare—
The snow is on their cheek, on mine your black hair.

III.

The painters may rave of the light and the shade,
 The *blues* and the poets of lake, hill, and glade;
 While the light of your eye, and your soft wavy form
 Suit a proser like me by the hearth bright and warm.

IV.

My Kate, I'm so happy, your voice whispers soft,
 And your cheek flushes wilder by kissing so oft;
 Should our kiss grow less fond, or the weather serene,
 Forth together we'll wander to see each loved scene.

V.

And at eve, as the sportsmen and pedants will say,
 As they swallow their dinner, how they spent the day,
 Your eye, roguish-smiling, to me only will say
 That more sweetly than any, you and I spent the day.

VII.

THE FATE OF KING DATHI.

Poems, p. 77.

The real adventures of this warlike king, the last of the Pagan monarchs of Ireland, and likewise the last who extended his conquests to the continent of Europe, are, like too much of the ancient annals of this country, obscured by the mixture of pious or romantic legends with authentic history. An accurate account of Dathi, and his immediate predecessors will be found in the Addenda to Mr. O'Donovan's excellent edition of the *Tribes and Customs of the Ui-Fiachrach*, printed for the Irish Archæological Society; from which the following passages are extracted.

“ In the life-time of Niall of the Nine Hostages, Brian, his brother of the half-blood, became King of Connaught, and his second brother of the half-blood, Fiachra, the ancestor of the O'Dowds and all the Ui-Fiachrach tribes, became chief of the district extending from Carn Fearadhaigh, near Limerick, to Magh Mucroime, near Athenry. But dissensions soon arose between Brian and his brother Fiachra, and the result was that a battle was fought between them, in which the latter was defeated, and delivered as a hostage into the hands of his half-brother, Niall of the Nine Hostages. After this, however, Dathi, a very warlike youth, waged war on his uncle Brian, and challenged him to a pitched battle, at a place called Damh-cluain, not far from Knock-

mea-hill, near Tuam. In this battle, in which Dathi was assisted by Crimthann, son of Enna Cennseloch, King of Leinster, Brian and his forces were routed, and pursued from the field of battle to Fulcha Domhnaill, where he was overtaken and slain by Crimthann. * * *

“After the fall of Brian, Fiachra was set at liberty and installed King of Connaught, and enjoyed that dignity for twelve years, during which period he was general of the forces of his brother Niall. * * * According to the book of Lecan, this Fiachra had five sons, of which the most eminent were Dathi, and Amhalgaidh (*vulgo* Awley) King of Connaught, who died in the year 449. The seven sons of this Amhalgaidh, together with twelve thousand men, are said to have been baptized in one day by St. Patrick, at Forrach Mac n’Amhalgaidh, near Killala.

“On the death of his father Fiachra, Dathi became King of Connaught, and on the death of his uncle, Niall of the Nine Hostages, he became Monarch of Ireland, leaving the government of Connaught to his less warlike brother Amhalgaidh. King Dathi, following the example of his predecessor, Niall, not only invaded the coasts of Gaul, but forced his way to the very foot of the Alps, where he was killed by a flash of lightning, leaving the throne of Ireland to be filled by a line of Christian kings.”

Tribes and Customs of the Ui-Fiachrach—Addenda, pp. 344—6.

VIII.

ARGAN MOR.

Poems, page 82.

Mr. Davis was very fond of the air, for which this poem was composed, and which suggested its name. It is a simple air, of great antiquity, preserved in Bunting’s Third Collection, where it is No. V. of the airs marked “very ancient.” The following is Mr. Bunting’s account of it:—

“*Argan Mor*.—An Ossianic air, still sung to the words preserved by Dr. Young, and published in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. The editor took down the notes from the singing, or rather recitation, of a native of Murloch, in the county of Antrim. This sequestered district lies along the sea-shore, between Tor Point, and Fair Head, and is still rife with traditions, both musical and legendary. From the neighbouring ports of Cushendun and Cushendall was the principal line of communication with Scotland; and, doubtless, it was by this route that the Ossianic poems themselves found their way into that country.”—*Ancient Music of Ireland*—Preface, p. 88.

IX.

THE TRUE IRISH KING.

Poems, page 85.

In an essay on Ballad History, Mr. Davis refers to this poem, as an attempt to shew how the materials and hints, scattered through antiquarian volumes, may be brought together and presented with effect in a poetical form. The subject is one involved in unusual obscurity, considering its importance in Irish History. The chief notices of the custom have been collected by Mr. O'Donovan in the Addenda to his edition of the *Tribes and Customs of the Ui-Fiachrach*, pp. 425—452, to which work the reader is referred, who may wish to trace the *disjecta membra poematis*, in the scattered hints and traditions of which Mr. Davis has availed himself.

X.

O'SULLIVAN'S RETURN.

Poems, page 104.

The following description was prefixed to this ballad by the author, on its first publication:—

“This ballad is founded on an ill-remembered story of an Irish chief, returning after long absence on the Continent, and being wrecked and drowned close to his own castle.

“The scene is laid in Bantry Bay, which runs up into the county of Cork, in a north-easterly direction. A few miles from its mouth, on your left-hand as you go up, lies Beare Island (about seven miles long), and between it and the mainland of Beare lies Beare Haven, one of the finest harbours in the world. Dunboy Castle, near the present Castletown, was on the main, so as to command the south-western entrance to the haven.

“Further up, along the same shore of Beare, is Adragoole, a small gulf off Bantry Bay.

“The scene of the wreck is at the south-eastern shore of Beare Island. A ship, steering from Spain, by Mizenhead for Dunboy, and caught by a southerly gale, if unable to round the point of Beare and to make the Haven, should leave herself room to run up the bay, towards Adragoole, or some other shelter.”

XI.

—*Dunbwy is lying lowly.*

*The halls where mirth and minstrelsy
Than Beara's wind rose lowler,
Are flung in masses loneliness,
And black with English powder.*

Poems, pp. 111, 112.

The destruction of O'Sullivan's Castle of Dunboy or Dunbwy, (correctly *Dunbaoi* or *Dunbuidhe*) is well described by Mr. Mitchel:—

“Mountjoy spent that spring in Munster, with the President, reducing those fortresses which still remained in the hands of the Irish, and fiercely crushing down every vestige of the national war. Richard Tyrrell, however, still kept the field; and O'Sullivan Beare held his strong castle of Dun-buidhe, which he wrested from the Spaniards after Don Juan had stipulated to yield it to the enemy.* This castle commanded Bantry Bay, and was one of the most important fortresses in Munster; and therefore Carew determined, at whatever cost, to make himself master of it. Dun-buidhe was but a square tower, with a court-yard and some out-works, and had but 140 men; yet it was so strongly situated, and so bravely defended, that it held the Lord President and an army of four thousand men, with a great train of artillery and some ships of war, fifteen days before its walls. After a breach was made, the storming parties were twice driven back to their lines; and even after the great hall of the castle was carried, the garrison, under their indomitable commander, Mac Geohegan, held their ground in the vaults underneath for a whole day, and at last fairly beat the besiegers out of the hall. The English cannon then played furiously upon the walls; and the President swore to bury these obstinate Irish under the ruins. Again a desperate sortie was made by forty men—they were all slain: eight of them leaped into the sea to save themselves by swimming; but Carew, anticipating this, had stationed Captain Harvy, ‘with three boats to keepe the sea, but had the killing of them all;’ and at last, after Mac Geohegan was mortally wounded, the remnant of the garrison laid down their arms. Mac

* “Among other places, which were neither yielded nor taken to the end they should be delivered to the English, Don Juan tied himself to deliver my castle and haven, the only key of mine inheritance, whereupon the living of many thousand persons doth rest, that live some twenty leagues upon the sea-coast, into the hands of my cruell, cursed, misbelieving enemies.”—Letter of Donald O'Sullivan Beare to the King of Spain. *Pac. Hib.*

Geohagan lay, bleeding to death, on the floor of the vault; yet when he saw the besiegers admitted, he raised himself up, snatched a lighted torch, and staggered to an open powder-barrel—one moment, and the castle, with all it contained, would have rushed skyward in a pyramid of flame, when suddenly an English soldier seized him in his arms: he was killed on the spot, and all the rest were shortly after executed. 'The whole number of the ward,' says Carew, 'consisted of one hundred and forty-three selected men, being the best choice of all their forces, of which not one man escaped, but were either slain, executed, or buried in the ruins; and so obstinate a defence hath not been seen within this kingdom.' Perhaps some will think that the survivors of so brave a band deserved a better fate than hanging."

Mitchel's Life of Aodh O'Neill, pp. 216—218.

XII.

LAMENT FOR OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

Poems, p. 119.

The most notable events in the career of this great chieftain, will be found in the account of the Battle of Benburb, *ante*. pp. 207—212. The closing scenes of his life were briefly narrated as follows by MR. DAVIS in a little sketch, published with this poem, when it first appeared:—

"In 1649, the country being exhausted, Owen made a truce with Monk, Coote, and the Independents—a truce observed on both sides, though Monk was severely censured by the English Parliament for it.—(Journals, 10th August, 1649.) On its expiration, O'Neill concluded a treaty with Ormond, 12th October, 1649; and so eager was he for it, that ere it was signed, he sent over 3,000 men, under Major-General O'Farrell, to join Ormond, (which they did October 25th.) Owen himself strove with all haste to follow, to encounter Cromwell, who had marched south after the sack of Drogheda. But fate and an unscrupulous foe forbade. Poison, it is believed, had been given him either at Derry, or shortly after. His constitution struggled with it for some time; slowly and sinking he marched through Tyrone and Monaghan into Cavan, and,—anxiously looked for by Ormond, O'Farrell, and the southern corps and army,—lingered till the 6th of November (St. Leonard's feast), when he died at Clough Oughter Castle,—then the seat of Maelmorra O'Reilly, and situated on a rock in Lough Oughter, some six miles west of Cavan. He was buried, says Carte, in Cavan Abbey; but report says his sepulchre was concealed, lest it should be violated by the English. The news of his death reached Ormond's camp when the Duke was preparing to fight Cromwell,—when Owen's genius and

soldiers were most needed. All writers (even to the sceptical Dr. O'Connor, of Stowe) admit that had Owen lived, he would have saved Ireland. His gallantry, his influence, his genius, his soldiers, all combine to render it probable. The rashness with which the stout bishop, Ebber Mac Mahon, led 4,000 of Owen's veterans to death at Letterkenny, the year after; and the way in which Ormond frittered away the strength of O'Farrell's division (though 1,200 of them slew 2,000 of Cromwell's men in the breach at Clonmel),—and the utter prostration which followed, showed Ireland how great was her loss when Owen died.

“O'Farrell, Red Hugh O'Neill, and Mac Mahon, were Ulster generals; Audley, Lord Castlehaven, and Preston, commanded in the south and east; the Marquis of Clanrickarde was president of Connaught.”

XIII.

A RALLY FOR IRELAND.

Poems, page 122.

There is no period in Irish, or in English History, which has been so much misrepresented, or of which so utterly discordant opinions are still entertained, as the Revolution of 1688—91. The English history of that revolution has been elaborately sifted, and its hidden causes successively dragged to light, by men of remarkable eminence in literature and in politics. It is sufficient to mention in England, Mr. Fox, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Hallam, Dr. Lingard, and Mr. Ward;—in France, M. Thierry (*Historical Essays*, No. VI.) M. Carrel, and M. De Mazire,—and among Irishmen, Mr. W. Wallace, (*Continuation of Mackintosh's History*), and Mr. Torrens Mac Cullagh, (Articles in the *North of England Magazine*, for 1842, and in the *Dublin Magazine*, for 1843.) A minute study of some at least of these writers,—Mr. Wallace's History is, perhaps, on the whole, the fairest and most comprehensive,—is indispensable to a correct understanding of the Irish question.

In the *Dublin Magazine*, for 1843, January to April, Mr. Davis devoted a series of papers to a critical examination of some of the Irish authorities on this subject, principally in regard to the Irish Parliament of 1689. His aim was to vindicate the character of that legislature, and to refute some of the most glaring falsehoods, which had hitherto by dint of impudent reassertion, passed almost unquestioned by Irishmen of every shade of political opinion. Falsehoods of a more injurious tendency have never been current among a people; and the effort to expose them was with Mr. Davis, a labour of zeal

and love; for he knew well, how much of the religious dissension which has been and is the ruin of Ireland, took its rise from, and stands rooted in, erroneous conceptions of that time. To these papers the reader is referred, who is anxious to form an accurate, and withal a national, judgment of the cardinal crisis in Irish History.

How high the hopes of Ireland were at the commencement of this struggle, and how she cherished afterwards the memories and hopes bequeathed from it, is abundantly illustrated by the Jacobite Relics in Mr. Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, and in the more recent collection of Mr. Daly.

XIV.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE BRIGADE.

Poems, pp. 133 to 152.

So considerable a space in this volume is occupied by poems, founded on the adventures and services of the Irish Brigade, that it seemed right to include here the following sketch, written by Mr. Davis in the year 1844:—

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

INTRODUCTION.

The foreign military achievements of the Irish began on their own account. They conquered and colonized Scotland, frequently overran England during and after the Roman dominion there, and more than once penetrated into Gaul. During the time of the Danish invasion, they had enough to do at home. The progress of the English conquest brought them again to battle on foreign ground. It is a melancholy fact, that in the brigades wherewith Edward I. ravaged Scotland, there were numbers of Irish and Welsh. Yet Scotland may be content; Wales and Ireland suffered from the same baseness. The sacred heights of Snowdon (the Parnassus of Wales) were first forced by Gascon mountaineers, whose independence had perished; and the Scotch did no small share of blood-work for England here, from the time of Monro's defeats in the Seventeenth Century, to the Fencible victories over drunken peasants in 1798.

In these levies of Edward I., as in those of his son, were numbers of native Irish. The Connaught clans in particular seem to have served these Plantagenets.

From Edward Bruce's invasion, the English control was so broken that the Irish clans ceased to serve altogether, and indeed, shortly

after, made many of the Anglo-Irish pay them tribute. But the lords of the Pale took an active and prominent part in the wars of the Roses; and their vassals shared the victories, the defeats, and the carnage of the time.

In the Continental wars of Edward III. and Henry V., the Norman-Irish served with much distinction.

Henry VIII. demanded of the Irish government 2000 men, 1000 of whom were, if possible, to be gunners, *i. e.* armed with matchlocks. The services of these Irish during the short war in France, and especially at the siege of Boulogne, are well known.

At the submission of Ireland in 1603, O'Sullivan Bearra and some others excepted from the amnesty, took service and obtained high rank in Spain; and after the flight of O'Neill and O'Donnell in 1607, numbers of Irish crowded into all the Continental services. We find them holding commissions in Spain, France, Austria, and Italy.

Scattered among "*Strafford's Letters*," various indications are discoverable of the estimation in which the Irish were held as soldiers in foreign services during the early part of the seventeenth century. The Spanish government in particular seems to have been extremely desirous of enlisting in Ireland, their own troops at that time being equal, if not superior, to any in the world, especially their infantry.

Nor were the Irish troops less active for the English king. Strafford had increased the Irish army. These he paid regularly, clothed well, and frequently "drew out in large bodies." He meant to oppress, but discipline is a precious thing, no matter who teaches it—a Strafford or a Wellington; and during the wars which followed 1641, some of these troops he had raised, served Ireland. In 1639, when the first row with the Scotch took place, Wentworth was able to send a garrison of 500 Irish to Carlisle, and other forces to assist Charles. And the victories of Montrose were owing to the valour and discipline of the Irish auxiliaries under Colkitto (left-handed) Alister Mae Donnell.

Many of the Irish who had lost their fortunes by the Cromwellian wars, served on the Continent.

Tyrconnell increased the Irish army, but with less judgment than Strafford. Indeed, numbers of his regiments were ill-officered mobs, and, when real work began in 1689, were disbanded as having neither arms nor discipline. His sending of the Irish troops to England hastened the Revolution by exciting jealousy, and they were too mere a handful to resist. They were forced to enter the service of German princes, especially the Prussian.

[*An account of the formation of the Irish Brigade, with the names and numbers of the regiments, &c., is omitted here, as more accurate details will be found in "The History of the Irish Brigade," which is to appear in the "Library of Ireland."*]

SERVICES OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

The year before the English Revolution of '88, William effected the league of Augsburg, and combined Spain, Italy, Holland, and the empire, against France; but, except some sieges of imperial towns, the war made no great progress till 1690. In that year France blazed out ruin on all sides. The Palatinate was overrun and devastated.—The defeat of Humieres at Valcourt was outweighed by Luxemburgh's great victory over Prince Waldech at Fleurus.

But, as yet, no Irish troops served north of the Alps. It was otherwise in Italy.

The Duke of Savoy having joined the Allies, Marshal Catinat entered his territories at the head of 18,000 men. Mountcashel's brigade, which landed in May and had seen service, formed one-third of this corps. Catinat, a disciple of Turenne, relied on his infantry; nor did he err in this instance. On the 8th of August, 1690, he met the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene at Staffardo, near Salucco. The battle began by a feigned attack on the Allies' right wing. The real attack was made by ten battalions of infantry, who crossed some marshes heretofore deemed impassable, turned the left wing, commanded by Prince Eugene, drove it in on the centre, and totally routed the enemy. The Irish troops ("bog-trotters," the *Times* calls us now) proved that there are more qualities in a soldier than the light step and hardy frame which the Irish bog gives to its inhabitants.

But the gallant Mountcashel received a wound, of which he died soon after at Bareges.

This same brigade continued to serve under Catinat throughout the Italian campaigns of '91, '92, and '93.

The principal action of this last year was at Marsiglia on the 4th October. It was not materially different in tactic from Staffardo. Catinat cannonaded the Allies from a height, made a feigned attack in the centre, while his right wing lapped round Savoy's left, tumbled it in, and routed the army with a loss of 8,000, including Duke Schomberg, son to him who died at the Boyne. On this day, too, the Munster soldiers had their full share of the laurels.

They continued to serve during the whole of this war against Savoy; and when, in 1796, the Duke changed sides, and, uniting his forces with Catinat's, laid siege to Valenza in North Italy, the Irish distinguished themselves again. No less than six Irish regiments were at this siege.

While these campaigns were going on in Italy, the garrison of Limerick landed in France, and the second Irish Brigade was formed.

The Flanders campaign of '91 hardly went beyond skirmishes.

Louis opened 1692 by besieging Namur at the head of 120,000 men, including the bulk of the Irish Brigade. Luxemburgh was the actual commander, and Vauban the engineer. Namur, one of the greatest fortresses of Flanders, was defended by Coehorn, the all but equal of Vauban; and William advanced to its relief at the head of 100,000 men,—illustrious players of that fearful game. But French and Irish valour, pioneered by Vauban and manœuvred by Luxemburgh, prevailed. In seven days Namur was taken, and shortly after the citadel surrendered, though within shot of William's camp.

Louis returned to Versailles, and Luxemburgh continued his progress.

On the 24th of July, 1692, William attempted to steal a victory from the Marshal who had so repeatedly beaten him. Having forced a spy to persuade Luxemburgh that the Allies meant only to forage, he made an attack on the French camp, then placed between Steenkirk and Enghien. Wirtemberg and Mackay had actually penetrated the French camp ere Luxemburgh mounted his horse. But, so rapid were his movements, so skilfully did he divide the Allies and crush Wirtemberg ere Count Sohnes could help him, that the enemy was driven off with the loss of 3,000 men, and many colours and cannon.

Sarsfield, who commanded the Brigade that day, was publicly thanked for his conduct. In March, 1693, he was made a Mareschal de Camp.

But his proud career was drawing to a close. He was slain on the 29th July, 1693, at Landen, heading his countrymen in the van of victory, King William flying. He could not have died better. His last thoughts were for his country. As he lay on the field unhelmed and dying, he put his hand to his breast. When he took it away, it was full of his best blood. Looking at it sadly with an eye in which victory shone a moment before, he said faintly, "Oh! that this were for Ireland." He said no more; and history records no nobler saying, nor any more becoming death.*

It is needless to follow out the details of the Italian and Flanders campaigns. Suffice that bodies of the Irish troops served in each of the great armies, and maintained their position in the French ranks during years of hard and incessant war.

James II. died at St. Germain's on the 16th September, 1701, and was buried in the church of the English Benedictines in Paris. But

* According to Mr. O'Connor, (*Military History of the Irish Nation*, p. 223.) "there was no Irish corps in the army of Luxemburgh, and Sarsfield fell leading on a charge of strangers." But this only makes his death, and the regrets which accompanied it, the more affecting. Ed.

his death did not affect the Brigade. Louis immediately acknowledged his son James III., and the Brigade, upon which the king's hopes of restoration lay, was continued.

In 1701, Sheldon's cavalry, then serving under Catinat in Italy, had an engagement with the cavalry corps under the famous Count Merci, and handled them so roughly that Sheldon was made a lieutenant-general of France, and the supernumeraries of his corps were put on full pay.

In January, 1702, occurred the famous rescue of Cremona. Villeroy succeeded Catinat in August, 1701, and having with his usual rashness attacked Eugene's camp at Chiari, he was defeated. Both parties retired early to winter quarters, Eugene encamping so as to blockade Mantua. While thus placed, he opened an intrigue with one Cassoli, a priest of Cremona, where Villeroy had his head quarters. An old aqueduct passed under Cassoli's house, and he had it cleared of mud and weeds by the authorities, under pretence that his house was injured from want of drainage. Having opened this way, he got several of Eugene's grenadiers into the town disguised, and now at the end of January all was ready.

Cremona lies on the left bank of the river Po.* It was then five miles round, was guarded by a strong castle and by an *enceinte*, or continued fortification all round it, pierced by five gates. One of these gates led almost directly to the bridge over the Po. This bridge was fortified by a redoubt.

Eugene's design was to surprise the town at night. He meant to penetrate on two sides, south and north. Prince Charles of Vaudemont crossed the Po at Firenzola, and marching up the right bank with 2,500 foot and 500 horse, was to assault the bridge and gate of the Po, as soon as Eugene had entered on the north. As this northern attack was more complicated, and as it succeeded, it may be best described in the narrative of events.

On the 31st of January Eugene crossed the Oglio at Ustiano, and approached the north of the town. Marshal Villeroy had that night returned from a war council at Milan.

At 3 o'clock in the morning of the 1st of February, the allies closed in on the town in the following order: 1,100 men under Count Kufstein entered by the aqueduct; 300 men were led to the gate of St. Margaret's, which had been walled up, and immediately commenced removing the wall from it; meantime, the other troops under Kufstein

* In talking of right or left banks of rivers, you are supposed to be looking down the stream. Thus, Connaught is on the right bank of the Shannon; Leinster and Munster on its left bank.

pushed on and secured the ramparts to some distance, and as soon as the gate was cleared, a vanguard of horse under Count Merci dashed through the town. Eugene, Staremberg, and Prince Commerci followed with 7,000 horse and foot. Patrols of cavalry rode the streets; Staremberg seized the great square; the barracks of four regiments were surrounded, and the men cut down as they appeared.

Marshal Villeroy hearing the tumult, hastily burned his papers and rode out attended only by a page. He was quickly snapped up by a party of Eugene's cavalry commanded by an Irishman named Macdonnell. Villeroy seeing himself in the hands of a soldier of fortune, hoped to escape by bribery. He made offer after offer. A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse were refused by this poor Irish captain; and Villeroy rode out of the town with his captor.

The Marquis of Mongon, General Crenant, and other officers, shared the same fate, and Eugene assembled the town council to take an oath of allegiance, and supply him with 14,000 rations. All seemed lost.

All was not lost. The Po gate was held by 35 Irishmen, and to Merci's charge and shout they answered with a fire that forced their assailant to pass on to the rampart, where he seized a battery. This unexpected and almost rash resistance was the very turning point of the attack. Had Merci got this gate, he had only to ride on and open the bridge to Prince Vaudemont. The entry of 3,000 men more, and on that side, would have soon ended the contest.

Not far from this same gate of the Po were the quarters of two Irish regiments, Dillon (one of Mountcashel's old brigade) and Burke (the Athlone regiment). Dillon's regiment was, in Colonel Lacy's absence, commanded by Major Mahony. He had ordered his regiment to assemble for exercise at day-break, and lay down. He was woke by the noise of the Imperial Cuirassiers passing his lodgings. He jumped up, and finding how things were, got off to the two corps, and found them turning out in their shirts to check the Imperialists, who swarmed round their quarters.

He had just got his men together when General D'Arenes came up, put himself at the head of these regiments, who had nothing but their muskets, shirts, and cartouches about them. He instantly led them against Merci's force, and after a sharp struggle, drove them from the ramparts, killing large numbers, and taking many prisoners, amongst others Macdonnell, who returned to fight after securing Villeroy.

In the mean time Estrague's regiment had made a post of a few houses in the great square: Count Revel had given the word "French to the ramparts," and retook All-Saints' Gate, while M. Frasin made head against the Imperial Cavalry patrols. But when Revel attempted to push further round the ramparts and regain St. Margaret's

Gate, he was repulsed with heavy loss, and D'Arcnes, who seems to have been every where, was wounded.

It was now ten o'clock in the day, and Mahony had received orders to fight his way from the Po to the Mantua Gate, leaving a detachment to guard the rampart from which he had driven Merci. He pushed on, driving the enemies' infantry before him, but suffering much from their fire, when Baron Freiberg at the head of a regiment of Imperial Cuirassiers, burst into Dillon's regiment. For a while their case seemed desperate; but almost naked as they were, they grappled with their foes. The linen shirt and the steel cuirass—the naked footmen and the harnessed cavalier met, and the conflict was desperate and doubtful. Just at this moment Mahony grasped the bridle of Freiberg's horse, and bid him ask quarter. "No quarter to-day," said Freiberg, dashing his spurs into his horse; he was instantly shot. The Cuirassiers saw and paused; the Irish shouted and slashed at them. The volley came better and the sabres wavered. Few of the Cuirassiers lived to fly; but all who survived did fly: and there stood these glorious fellows in the wintry streets, bloody, triumphant, half-naked. Bourke lost seven officers and forty-two soldiers killed, and nine officers and fifty soldiers wounded; Dillon had one officer and forty-nine soldiers killed, and twelve officers and seventy-nine soldiers wounded.

But what matter for death or wounds! Cremona is saved. Eugene waited long for Vaudemont, but the French, guarded from Merci's attack by the Irish picquet of 35, had ample time to evacuate the redoubt and ruin the bridge of boats.

On hearing of Freiberg's death, Eugene made an effort to keep the town by frightening the council. On hearing of the destruction of the bridge, he despaired, and effected his retreat with consummate skill, retaining Villeroy and 100 other officers prisoners.

Europe rang with applause. Mr. Forman mentions what we think a very doubtful saying of King William's about this event. There is no such question as to King Louis. He sent his public and formal thanks to them, and raised their pay forthwith. We would not like to meet the Irishman who, knowing these facts, would pass the north of Italy, and not track the steps of the Irish regiments through the streets and gates and ramparts of Cremona.

In the campaigns of 1703, the Irish distinguished themselves under Vendome in Italy, at Vittoria, Luzzara, Cassano, and Calcinato, and still more on the Rhine. When Villars won the battle of Friedlingen, the Irish had their share of the glory. At Spires, when Tallard defeated the Germans, they had more. Tallard had surprised the enemy, but their commander, the Prince of Hesse, rallied his men and although he had three horses shot under him, he repelled the attack and was

getting his troops well into hand. At this crisis Nugent's regiment of horse was ordered to charge a corps of German cuirassiers. They did so effectually. The German cavalry was cut up; the French infantry thus covered returned to their work, and Hesse was finally defeated with immense loss.

And now the fortunes of France began to waver, but the valour of the Brigade did not change.

It is impossible in our space to do more than glance at the battles in which they won fame amid general defeat.

At the battle of Hochstet or Blenheim in 1704, Marshal Tallard was defeated and taken prisoner by Marlborough and Eugene. The French and Bavarians lost 10,000 killed, 13,000 prisoners, and 90 pieces of cannon. Yet amid this monstrous disaster, Clare's dragoons were victorious over a portion of Eugene's famous cavalry, and took two standards. And in the battle of Ramillies in 1706, where Villeroy was utterly routed, Clare's dragoons attempted to cover the wreck of the retreating French, broke through an English regiment, and followed them into the thronging van of the Allies. Mr. Forman states that they were generously assisted out of this predicament by an Italian regiment, and succeeded in carrying off the English colours they had taken.

At the sad days of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, some of them were also present; but to the victories which brightened this time, so dark to France, the Brigade contributed materially. At the battle of Almanza (13th March, 1707), several Irish regiments served under Berwick. In the early part of the day the Portuguese and Spanish auxiliaries of England were broken, but the English and Dutch fought successfully for a long time; nor was it till repeatedly charged by the elite of Berwick's army, including the Irish, that they were forced to retreat. 3,000 killed, 10,000 prisoners, and 120 standards attested the magnitude of the victory. It put King Philip on the throne of Spain. In the siege of Barcelona, Dillon's regiment fought with great effect. In their ranks was a boy of twelve years old; he was the son of a Galway gentleman, Mr. Lally or O'Lally of Tulloch na Daly, and his uncle had sat in James's parliament of 1689. This boy, so early trained, was afterwards the famous Count Lally de Tollendal, whose services in every part of the globe make his execution a stain upon the honour as well as upon the justice of Louis XVI. And when Villars swept off the whole of Albemarle's battalions at Denain, in 1712, the Irish were in his van.

The treaty of Utrecht and the dismissal of Marlborough put an end to the war in Flanders, but still many of the Irish continued to serve in Italy and Germany, and thus fought at Parma, Guastalla, and Phi-

lipsburg. In the next war their great and peculiar achievement was at the battle of Fontenoy.

Louis in person had laid siege to Tournay: Marshal Saxe was the actual commander, and had under him 79,000 men. The Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of 55,000 men, chiefly English and Dutch, to relieve the town. At the Duke's approach, Saxe and the King advanced a few miles from Tournay with 45,000 men, leaving 18,000 to continue the siege, and 6,000 to guard the Scheld. Saxe posted his army along a range of slopes thus: his centre was on the village of Fontenoy, his left stretched off through the wood of Barri, his right reached to the town of St. Antoine, close to the Scheld. He fortified his right and centre by the villages of Fontenoy and St. Antoine, and redoubts near them. His extreme left was also strengthened by a redoubt in the wood of Barri, but his left centre, between that wood and the village of Fontenoy, was not guarded by any thing save slight lines. Cumberland had the Dutch, under Waldeck, on his left, and twice they attempted to carry St. Antoine, but were repelled with heavy loss. The same fate attended the English in the centre, who thrice forced their way to Fontenoy, but returned fewer and sadder men. Ingoldsby was then ordered to attack the wood of Barri with Cumberland's right. He did so, and broke into the wood, when the artillery of the redoubt suddenly opened on him, which, assisted by a constant fire from the French tirailleurs (light infantry), drove him back.

The Duke resolved to make one great and final effort. He selected his best regiments, veteran English corps, and formed them into a single column of 6,000 men. At its head were six cannon, and as many more on the flanks, which did good service. Lord John Hay commanded this great mass.

Every thing being now ready, the column advanced slowly and evenly, as if on the parade ground. It mounted the slope of Saxe's position, and pressed on between the wood of Barri and the village of Fontenoy. In doing so, it was exposed to a cruel fire of artillery and sharpshooters; but it stood the storm, and got behind Fontenoy. The moment the object of the column was seen, the French troops were hurried in upon them. The cavalry charged; but the English hardly paused to offer the raised bayonet, and then poured in a fatal fire. They disdained to rush at the picked infantry of France. On they went till within a short distance, and then threw in their balls with great precision, the officers actually laying their canes along the muskets, to make the men fire low. Mass after mass of infantry was broken, and on went the column, reduced, but still apparently invincible. Duc Richelieu had four cannon hurried to the front, and he literally pattered the head of the column, while the household cavalry sur-

rounded them, and, in repeated charges, wore down their strength; but these French were fearful sufferers. Louis was about to leave the field. In this juncture Saxe ordered up his last reserve—the Irish Brigade. It consisted that day of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Roth, and Buckley, with Fitzjames's horse. O'Brien, Lord Clare, was in command. Aided by the French regiments of Normandy and Vaisseany, they were ordered to charge upon the flank of the English with fixed bayonets, without firing. Upon the approach of this splendid body of men, the English were halted on the slope of a hill, and up that slope the Brigade rushed rapidly and in fine order. "They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of '*Cuimhnigídh ar Luimneac agus ar fheile na Sacsanach*'* was re-echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory the most decisive crowned the arms of France."

The English were weary with a long day's fighting, cut up by cannon, charge and musketry, and dispirited by the appearance of the Brigade—fresh, and consisting of young men in high spirits and discipline—still they gave their fire well and fatally: but they were literally stunned by the shout and shattered by the Irish charge. They broke before the Irish bayonets, and tumbled down the far side of the hill, disorganized, hopeless, and falling by hundreds. The Irish troops did not pursue them far: the French cavalry and light troops pressed on till the relics of the column were succoured by some English cavalry, and got within the batteries of their camp. The victory was bloody and complete. Louis is said to have ridden down to the Irish bivouac, and personally thanked them; and George II., on hearing it, uttered that memorable imprecation on the Penal Code, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects." The one English volley, and the short struggle on the crest of the hill, cost the Irish dear. One fourth of the officers, including Colonel Dillon, were killed, and one third of the men.

Their history, after Fontenoy, may be easily given. In 1747, they carried the village of Laufeldt, after three attacks, in which another Colonel Dillon, 130 other officers, and 1,600 men were killed; and in 1751 they were at Maestricht. Lally's regiment served in India, and the other regiments in Germany, during the war from 1756 to 1762; and during the American war, they fought in the French West India Islands.

At this time they were greatly reduced, and at the Revolution, completely broken up.

* 'Remember Limerick and British faith.'

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL

George Johnston Allan

ESSAYS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

“*Ṭáiriṣ aḡam a ḡ-Ḣiriḡ.*”

“A Soul came into Ireland.”

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I DEDICATE
THIS VOLUME OF THE WORKS OF
THOMAS DAVIS
TO
JOHN B. DILLON,
HIS DEAR AND TRUSTED FRIEND
AND
MINE.
THE EDITOR.

Dec. 1845.

I meditated, originally, accompanying these Essays with some account of his intellectual character and his influence upon his time and his contemporaries. But, neither his life nor writings need any defence, and the period for interpreting between him and the people has not yet come.

It is not Death alone, but Time and Death that canonize the Patriot.

We are still too near to see his proportions truly. The friends to whom his singularly noble and loveable character was familiar, and who knew all the great designs he was bringing to maturity, are in no fit condition to measure his intellectual force with a calm judgment. The people who knew him imperfectly, or not at all—for it was one of the practical lessons he taught the young men of his generation, to be chary of notoriety—have still to gather from his works whatever faint image of a true Great Man, can ever be collected from books. Till they have done this, they will not be prepared to hear the whole truth of him.

All he was, and might have become, they can never fully know; as it is, their unconsciousness of what they have lost, impresses those who knew him, and them, with that pitying pain we

feel for the indifference of a child to the death of his father

Students who will be eager to estimate him for themselves, must take in connexion with his works the fact, that over the grave of this man, living only to manhood, and occupying only a private station, there gathered a union of parties, and a combination of intellect that would have met round the tomb of no other man living, or who has lived in our time. No life—not that of Guttenberg, or Franklin, or Tone, illustrates more strikingly than his, how often it is necessary to turn aside from the *dais* on which stand the great and titled, for the real moving power of the time—the men who are stirring like a soul in the bosom of society. Such a one they will speedily discover Davis to have been.

It is perhaps unnecessary to announce that his friends will give his entire works in succession to the public. All that is left of him, his reputation and his labours, will be their dear and special care.

His poetry, carefully edited and noted by one of his friends, will form an early volume in this series—his political writings (which cannot be included in the “Library of Ireland,”) will

be selected and classified by another friend, and appear in a distinct shape. When these have had time to sink into the people's mind, his "Life and Correspondence" will be published—and some attempt made to convey an impression of what he was in life and action.

All the Essays in the present collection are taken from *The Nation*; selections from his Pamphlets, and contributions to *The Irish Monthly Magazine* will make another volume of the same character.

C. G. D.

Christmas Eve, 1845.

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LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

STUDY.

BESIDE a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of man—his constitution, brigade, factory, man of war, cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motley calf-skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaliedoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—24 (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt, and the lyrics of Burns. Young reader! pause steadily, and look at this fact till it blaze before you; look till your imagination summon up even

the few acts and thoughts named in that last sentence; and when these visions—from the Greek pirate to the fiery-eyed Scotchman—have begun to dim, solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one whose breast has been sobbing at the far sight of a mountain, resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in his purposed toil.

Throughout the country, at this moment, thousands are consulting how to obtain and use books. We feel painfully anxious that this noble purpose should be well directed. It is possible that these sanguine young men, who are wildly pressing for knowledge, may grow weary or be misled—to their own and Ireland's injury. We intend, therefore, to put down a few hints and warnings for them. Unless they, themselves, ponder and discuss these hints and warnings they will be useless, nay, worse than useless.

On the selection and purchase of books it is hard to say what is useful without going into detail. Carlyle says that a library is the true University of our days, where every sort of knowledge is brought together to be studied; but the student needs guides in the library as much as in the University. He does not need rules nor rulers; but light and classification. Let a boy loose in a library, and if he have years of leisure and a creative spirit he will come out a master-mind. If he have the leisure without the original spring he will become a book-worm—a useful help, perhaps, to his neighbours, but himself a very feeble and poor creature. For one man who gains weapons from idle reading, we know twenty who

lose their simplicity without getting strength, and purchase cold recollections of other men's thoughts by the sacrifice of nature.

Just as men are bewildered and lost from want of guides in a large library, so are others from an equal want of direction in the purchase of a small one. We know from bitter experience how much money it costs a young man to get a sufficient library. Still more hard we should think it for a club of young men to do so. But worse than the loss of money, are the weariness from reading dull and shallow books, the corruption from reading vicious, extravagant, and confused books, and the waste of time and patience from reading idle and impertinent books. The remedy is not by saying "this book you shall read, and this other you shall not read under penalty;" but by inducing students to regard their self-education solemnly, by giving them information on the classification of books, and by setting them to judge authors vigorously and for themselves.

Booksellers, especially in small towns, exercise no small influence in the choice of books—yet they are generally unfit to do so. They are like agents for the sale of patent medicines—knowing the prices but not the ingredients, nor the comparative worth of their goods, yet puffing them for the commission sake.

If some competent person would write a book on books, he would do the world a great favour; but he had need be a man of caution, above political bias or personal motive, and indifferent to the outcries of party. Todd's Students' Manual,

Vericour's Modern French Literature, and the like, are rather childish affairs, though better than nothing. M'Cullagh's "Rise and Study of History" is, on its peculiar subject, a book of much value. Men will differ in judging the style; but it honestly, learnedly, and in a suggestive, candid way examines the great histories from Horodotus down. We wish to see it more generally in the people's hands. Occasionally one meets in a Review a comprehensive and just estimate of the authorities on some subject; but most of these periodicals are written for some party or interested purpose, and are not trustworthy. Hallam's Literature of Europe, Sismondi and Schlegel are guides of the highest value in the formation of a large library, but we fear their use in Ireland is remote.

One of the first mistakes a young, ardent student falls into is, that he can master all knowledge. The desire for universal attainment is natural and glorious; but he, who feels it, is in danger of hurrying over a multitude of books, and confusing himself into the belief that he is about to know every thing because he has skimmed many things.

Another evil is apt to grow from this. A young man who gets a name for a great variety of knowledge often is ashamed to appear ignorant of what he does not know. He is appealed to as an authority, and, instead of manfully and wisely avowing his ignorance, he harangues from the title-page, or skilfully parades the opinions of other men as if they were his own observations.

Looking through books_ in order to talk of

them is one of the worst and commonest vices. It is an acted lie, a device to conceal laziness and ignorance, or to compensate for want of wit; a stupid device, too, for it is soon found out, the employer of it gets the character of being a literary cheat, he is thought a pretender, even when well-informed, and a plagiarist when most original.

Reading to consume time is an honest but weak employment. It is a positive disease with multitudes of people. They crouch in corners, going over novels and biographies at the rate of two volumes a day, when they would have been far better employed in digging or playing shuttlecock. Still it is hard to distinguish between this long-looking through books and the voracity of a curious and powerful mind gathering stores which it will afterwards arrange and use. Indeed the highest reading of all (what we may name epic reading) is of this class. When we are youngest and heartiest we read thus. The fate and passions of men are all in all to us; for we are then true-lovers, candidates for laurel crowns, assured Liberators and conquerors of the earth, rivals of archangels perchance in our dreams. We never pause then upon the artistical excellence of a book—we never try to look at and realise the scenery or sounds described (if the author make them clear, well and good—if not, no matter)—we hurry on to the end of the shipwreck, or the battle, the courtship, or the journey—palpitating for our hero's fate. This, we repeat, is the highest kind of reading.

This sort of reading is most common in human narrative.

Earnest readers of science read their books at first as ordinary people do their histories—for the plot.

Some of us can recollect the zealous rush through a fresh book on mathematics or chymistry to know the subtle scheme of reasoning, or understand the just unveiled secrets of nature, as we read “Sinbad the Sailor” or “Mungo Park’s Travels.”

But most readers of science read in order to use it. They try to acquire command over each part for convenience sake, and not from curiosity or love. All men who persevere in science do this latter mainly; but all of them retain or acquire the epic spirit in reading, and we have seen a dry lawyer swallow a stiff treatise, not thinking of its use in his arguments, but its intrinsic beauty of system and accuracy of logic.

He who seeks to make much use, too, of narrative literature (be it novel, poem, drama, history, or travel), must learn scientific as well as epic reading.

He need not formally criticise and review every book, still less need he pause on every sentence and word till the full meaning of it stands before him.

But he must often do this. He must analyse as well as enjoy. He must consider the elements as well as the argument of a book just as, long dwelling on a landscape, he will begin to know the trees and rocks, the sun-flooded hollow, and

the cloud-crowned top, which go to make the scene—or, to use a more illustrative thought—as one, long listening to the noise on a summer day, comes to separate and mark the bleat of the lamb, the hoarse caw of the crow, the song of the thrush, the buzz of the bee, and the tinkle of the brook.

Doing this *deliberately* is an evil to the mind whether the subject be nature or books. The evil is not because the act is one of analysis, though that has been said. It is proof of higher power to combine new ideas out of what is before you, or to notice combinations not at first obvious, than to distinguish and separate. The latter tends to logic, which is our humblest exercise of mind, the former to creation, which is our highest. Yet analysis is not an unhealthy act of mind, nor is the process we have described always analytical.

The evil of deliberate criticism is, that it generates scepticism. Of course we do not mean religious, but general scepticism. The process goes on till one sees only stratification in the slope, gases in the stream, cunning tissues in the face, associations in the mind, and an astronomical machine in the sky. A more miserable state of soul no mortal ever suffered than this. But an earnest man living and loving vigorously is in little danger of this condition, nor does it last long with any man of strong character.

Another evil, confined chiefly to men who write or talk for effect, is that they become spies (as Emerson calls them) on Nature. They do not wonder at love, or hate what they see. All

books and men are arsenals to be used, or, more properly, stores to be plundered by them. But their punishment is sharp. They love insight into the godlier qualities, they love the sight of sympathy, and become conscious actors of a poor farce.

Happiest is he who judges and knows books, and nature, and men (himself included), spontaneously or from early training—whose feelings are assessors with his intellects, and who is thoroughly in earnest. An actor or a spy is weak as well as wretched; yet it may be needful for him who was blinded by the low principles, the tasteless rules, and the stupid habits of his family and teachers, to face this danger, deliberately to analyze his own and others' nature, deliberately to study how faculties are acquired and results produced, and thus to cure himself of blindness, and deafness, and dumbness, and become a man, observant and skilful. He will suffer much, and run great danger, but if he go through this faithfully, and then fling himself into action and undertake responsibility, he shall be great and happy.

MEANS AND AIDS TO SELF-EDUCATION.

“What good were it for me to manufacture perfect iron, while my own breast is full of dross? What would it stead me to put properties of land in order, while I am at variance with myself? To speak it in a word; the cultivation of my individual self, here as I am, has from my youth upwards been constantly though dimly my wish and my purpose.”

“Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest; the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect; that every one should study to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things by every method in his power. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments: it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason, he would add, ‘one ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words.’”—*Goethe.*

WE have been often asked by certain of the Temperance Societies to give them some advice on Self-Education. Lately we promised one of these bodies to write some hints, as to how the members of it could use their association for their mental improvement.

We said, and say again, that the Temperance Societies can be made use of by the people for their instruction as well as pleasure. Assemblies of any kind are not the *best* places either for

study or invention. Home or solitude are better—home is the great teacher. In domestic business we learn mechanical skill, the nature of those material bodies with which we have most to deal in life—we learn labour by example and by kindly precepts—we learn (in a prudent home) decorum, cleanliness, order—in a virtuous home we learn more than these, we learn reverence for the old, affection without passion, truth, piety, and justice. These are the greatest things man can know. Having these he is well; without them attainments of wealth or talent are of little worth. Home is the great teacher; and its teaching passes down in honest homes from generation to generation, and neither the generation that gives, nor the generation that takes it, lays down plans for bringing it to pass.

Again, to come to designed learning. We learn arts and professions by apprenticeships, that is, much after the fashion we learned walking or stitching, or fire-making, or love-making at home—by example, precept, and practice combined. Apprentices at anything, from ditching, basket-work, or watch-making, to merchant-trading, legislation, or surgery, submit either to a nominal or an actual apprenticeship. They see other men do these things, they desire to do the same, and they learn to do so by watching *how*, and *when*, and asking, or guessing *why* each part of the business is done; and as fast as they know, or are supposed to know, any one part, whether it be sloping the ditch, or totting the accounts, or dressing the limb, they begin to do that, and, being directed when they fail, they

learn at last to do it well, and are thereby prepared to attempt some other or harder part of the business.

Thus it is by experience—or trying to do, and often doing a thing—combined with teaching, or seeing, and being told how and why other people, more experienced, do that thing, that most of the practical business of life is learned.

In some trades, formal apprenticeship and planned teaching exist as little as in ordinary home-teaching. Few men are, of set purpose, taught to dig; and just as few are taught to legislate.

Where formal teaching is usual, as in what are called learned professions, and in delicate trades, fewer men know anything of these businesses. Those who learn them at all, do so exactly and fully, but commonly practise them in a formal and technical way, and invent and improve them little. In those occupations which most men take up casually—as book-writing, digging, singing, and legislation, and the like—there is much less exact knowledge, less form, more originality and progress, and more of the public know something about them in an unprofessional way.

The Caste system of India, Egypt, and Ancient Ireland, carried out the formal apprenticeship plan to its full extent. The United States of America have very little of it. Modern Europe is between the two, as she has in most things abolished caste or hereditary professions (kings and nobles excepted), but has, in many things, retained exact apprenticeships.

Marriage, and the bringing up of children, the employment of dependants, travel, and daily sights, and society, are our chief teachers of morals, sentiment, taste, prudence, and manners. Mechanical and literary skill of all sorts, and most accomplishments, are usually picked up in this same way.

We have said all this, lest our less-instructed readers should fall into a mistake common to all beginners in study, that books, and schooling, and lectures, are the chief teachers in life; whereas most of the things we learn here are learned from the experience of home, and of the practical parts of our trades and amusements.

We pray our humbler friends to think long and often on this.

But let them not suppose we undervalue, or wish them to neglect other kinds of teaching; on the contrary, they should mark how much the influences of home, and business, and society, are affected by the quantity and sort of their scholarship.

Home life is obviously enough affected by education. Where the parents read and write, the children learn to do so too, early in life, and with little trouble; where they know something of their religious creed, they give its rites a higher meaning than mere forms; where they know the history of the country well, every field, every old tower or arch is a subject of amusement, of fine old stories, and fine young hopes; where they know the nature of other people and countries, their own country and people become texts to be commented on, and likewise supply

a living comment on those peculiarities of which they have read.

Again, where the members of a family can read aloud, or play, or sing, they have a well of pleasant thoughts and good feelings, which can hardly be dried or frozen up; and so of other things.

And in the trades and professions of life, to study in books the objects, customs, and rules of that trade or profession to which you are going saves time, enables you to improve your practice of it, and makes you less dependent on the teaching of other practitioners, who are often interested in delaying you.

In these, and a thousand ways besides, study and science produce the best effects upon the practical parts of life.

Besides, the *first* business of life is the improvement of one's own heart and mind. The study of the thoughts and deeds of great men, the laws of human, and animal, and vegetable, and lifeless nature, the principles of fine and mechanical arts, and of morals, society, and religion—all directly give us nobler and greater desires, more wide and generous judgments, and more refined pleasures.

Learning in this latter sense may be got either at home, or at school, by solitary study, or in associations. Home *learning* depends, of course, on the knowledge, good sense, and leisure of the parents. The German Jean Paul, the American Emerson, and others of an inferior sort, have written deep and fruitful truths on bringing up, and teaching at home. Yet, con-

sidering its importance, it has not been sufficiently studied. Upon schools much has been written. Almost all the private schools in this country are bad. They merely cram the memories of pupils with facts or words, without developing their judgment, taste, or invention, or teaching them the *application* of any knowledge. Besides, the things taught are commonly those least worth learning. This is especially true of the middle and richer classes. Instead of being taught the nature, products, and history, first of their own, and then of other countries, they are buried in classical frivolities, languages which they never master, and manners and races which they cannot appreciate. Instead of being disciplined to think exactly, to speak and write accurately, they are crammed with rules, and taught to repeat forms by rote.

The National Schools are a vast improvement on anything hitherto in this country, but still they have great faults. From the miserably small grant, the teachers are badly paid, and therefore hastily and meagerly educated.

The maps, drawing, and musical instruments, museums, and scientific apparatus, which should be in every school, are mostly wanting altogether. The books, also, are defective.

The information has the worst fault of the French system; it is too exclusively on physical science and natural history. Fancy a *National* School which teaches the children no more of the state and history of Ireland than of Belgium or Japan! We have spoken to pupils, nay, to masters of the *National* Schools, who were igno-

rant of the physical character of every part of Ireland except their native villages—who knew not how the people lived, or died, or sported, or fought—who had never heard of Tara, Clontarf, Limerick, or Dungannon—to whom the O’Neills and Sarsfields, the Swifts and Sternes, the Grattans and Barrys, our generals, statesmen, authors, orators, and artists, were alike and utterly unknown! Even the hedge schools kept up something of the romance, history, and music of the country.

Until the *National* Schools fall under national control, the people must take *diligent care to procure books on the history, men, language, music, and manners of Ireland for their children*. These schools are very good so far as they go, and the children should be sent to them; but they are not *national*, they do not use the Irish language, nor teach anything peculiarly Irish.

As to solitary study, lists of books, pictures, and maps, can alone be given; and to do this usefully would exceed our space at present.

As it is, we find that we have no more room, and have not said a word on what we proposed to write—namely, Self-Education through the Temperance Societies.

We do not regret having wandered from our professed subject, as, if treated exclusively, it might lead men into errors which no afterthought could cure.

What we chiefly desire is, to set the people on making out plans for their own and their children’s education. Thinking cannot be done by deputy—they must think for themselves.

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

SOMETHING has been done to rescue Ireland from the reproach that she was a wailing and ignorant slave.

Brag as we like, the reproach was not undeserved, nor is it quite removed.

She is still a serf-nation, but she is struggling wisely and patiently, and is ready to struggle with all the energy her advisers think politic, for liberty. She has ceased to wail—she is beginning to make up a record of English crime and Irish suffering, in order to explain the past, to justify the present, and caution the future. She begins to study the past—not to acquire a beggar's eloquence in petition, but a hero's wrath in strife. She no longer tears and parades her wounds, to win her smiter's mercy; and now she should look upon her breast and say—"That wound makes me distrust, and this makes me guard, and they all will make me steadier to resist, or, if all else fails, fiercer to avenge."

Thus will Ireland do naturally and honourably.

Our spirit has increased—our liberty is not far off.

But to make our spirit lasting and wise as it is bold—to make our liberty an inheritance for our children, and a charter for our prosperity, we must study as well as strive, and learn as well as feel.

If we attempt to govern ourselves without statesmanship—to be a nation without a knowledge of the country's history, and of the propensities to good and ill of the people—or to fight without generalship, we will fail in policy, society, and war. These—all these things—we, people of Ireland, must know if we would be a free, strong nation. A mockery of Irish independence is not what we want. The bauble of a powerless parliament does not lure us. We are not children. The office of supplying England with recruits, artizans, and corn, under the benign interpositions of an Irish Grand Jury, *shall* not be our destiny. By our deep conviction—by the power of mind over the people, we say, No!

We are true to our colour, “the green,” and true to our watchword, “Ireland for the Irish.” We want to win Ireland and keep it. If we win it, we will not lose it, nor give it away to a bribing, a bullying, or a flattering minister. But, to be able to keep it, and use it, and govern it, the men of Ireland must know what it is, what it was, and what it can be made. They must study her history, perfectly know her present state, physical and moral—and train themselves up by science, poetry, music, industry, skill, and by all the studies and accomplishments of peace and war.

If Ireland were in national health, her history would be familiar by books, pictures, statuary, and music to every cabin and shop in the land—her resources as an agricultural, manufacturing, and trading people, would be equally known—

and every young man would be trained, and every grown man able to defend her coast, her plains, her towns, and her hills—not with his right arm merely, but by his disciplined habits and military accomplishments. These are the pillars of independence.

Academies of art, institutes of science, colleges of literature, schools and camps of war are a nation's means for teaching itself strength, and winning safety and honour; and when we are a nation, please God, we shall have them all. Till then, we must work for ourselves. So far as we can study music in societies, art in schools, literature in institutes, science in our colleges, or soldiership in theory, we are bound as good citizens to learn. Where these are denied by power, or unattainable by clubbing the resources of neighbours, we must try and study for ourselves. We must visit museums and antiquities, and study, and buy, and assist books of history to know what the country and people were, how they fell, how they suffered, and how they rose again. We must read books of statistics—and let us pause to regret that there is no work on the statistics of Ireland, except the scarce lithograph of Moreau, the papers in the second Report of the Railway Commission, and the chapters in *M'Culloch's Statistics of the British Empire*—the Repeal Association ought to have a hand-book first, and then an elaborate and vast account of Ireland's statistics brought out.

To resume, we must read such statistics as we have, and try and get better; and we must get the best maps of the country—the Ordnance and

County Index Maps, price 2s. 6d. each, and the Railway Map, price 1l.—into our Mechanics' Institutes, Temperance Reading-rooms, and schools. We must, in making our journeys of business and pleasure, observe and ask for the nature and amount of the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of the place we are in, and its shape, population, scenery, antiquities, arts, music, dress, and capabilities for improvement. A large portion of our people travel a great deal within Ireland, and often return with no knowledge, save of the inns they slept in, and the traders they dealt with.

We must give our children in schools the best knowledge of science, art, and literary elements possible. And at home they should see and hear as much of national pictures, music, poetry, and military science as possible.

And, finally, we must keep our own souls, and try, by teaching and example, to lift up the souls of all our family and neighbours, to that pitch of industry, courage, information, and wisdom necessary to enable an enslaved, dark, and starving people to become free, and rich, and rational.

Well, as to this National History—L'Abbe MacGeoghegan published a history of Ireland, in French, in 3 vols. quarto, dedicated to the Irish Brigade. Writing in France, he was free from the English censorship; writing for "The Brigade," he avoided the impudence of Huguenot historians. The sneers of the Deist Voltaire, and the lies of the Catholic Cambrensis, receive a sharp chastisement in his preface, and a full

answer in his text. He was a man of the most varied acquirements and an elegant writer. More full references and the correction of a few errors of detail, would render his book more satisfactory to the professor of history, but for the student it is the best in the world. He is graphic, easy, and Irish. He is not a bigot, but apparently a genuine Catholic. His information as to the numbers of troops, and other facts of our Irish battles, is superior to any other general historian's; and they who know it well need not blush, as most Irishmen must now, at their ignorance of Irish history.

But the Association for liberating Ireland has offered a prize for a new history of the country, and given ample time for preparation.

Let no man postpone the preparation who hopes the prize. An original and highly-finished work is what is demanded, and for the composition of such a work the time affords no leisure.

Few persons, we suppose, hitherto quite ignorant of Irish history, will compete; but we would not discourage even these. There is neither in theory nor fact any limit to the possible achievements of genius and energy. Some of the greatest works in existence were written rapidly, and many an old book-worm fails where a young book-thrasher succeeds.

Let us now consider some of the qualities which should belong to this history.

It should, in the first place, be written from the original authorities. We have some notion of giving a set of papers on these authorities, but

there are reasons against such a course, and we counsel no man to rely on us—every one on himself; besides, such a historian should rather make himself able to teach us, than need to learn from us.

However, no one can now be at a loss to know what these authorities are. A list of the choicest of them is printed on the back of the Volunteer's card for this year, and was also printed in the *Nation*.* These authorities are not enough for a

* The following is the list of books given as the present sources of history:—

SOME OF THE ORIGINAL SOURCES OF IRISH HISTORY.

ANCIENT IRISH TIMES.

Annals of Tigernach, abbot of Clonmacnoise, from A. D. 200, to his death, 1188, partly compiled from writers of the eighth, seventh, and sixth centuries.
Lives of St. Patrick, St. Columbanus, &c.
Annals of Four Masters, from the earliest times to 1616.
Other Annals, such as those of Innisfallen, Ulster, Boyle, &c. Publications of the Irish Archæological Society, Danish and Icelandic Annals.

ENGLISH INVASION AND THE PALE.

Gerald de Barri, surnamed Cambrensis "Topography" and "Conquest of Ireland." Four Masters, Tracts in Harris's Hibernica. Champion's, Hanmer's, Marlborough's, Camden's, Holingshed's, Stanihurst's, and Ware's Histories. Hardiman's Statutes of Kilkenny.
Henry VIII. and Elizabeth—Harris's Ware. O'Sullivan's Catholic History. Four Masters. Spencer's View. Sir G. Carew's Pacata Hibernia. State Papers, Temp. H. VIII. Fyne's Morrison's Itinerary.
James I.—Harris's Hibernica. Sir John Davies' Tracts.
Charles I.—Strafford's Letters. Carte's Life of Ormond. Lodge's Desiderata. Clarendon's Rebellion. Tichborne's Drogheda. State Trials. Rinuncini's

historian. The materials, since the Revolution especially, exist mainly in pamphlets, and even for the time previous only the leading authorities are in the list. The list is not faulty in this, as it was meant for learners, not teachers; but any one using these authorities will readily learn from them what the others are, and can so track out for himself.

There are, however, three tracts specially on the subject of Irish writers. First is Bishop

Letters. Pamphlets. Castlehaven's Memoirs. Clanrickarde's Memoirs. Peter Walsh. Sir J. Temple. Charles II.—Lord Orrery's Letters. Essex's Letters. James II. and William III.—King's State of Protestants, and Lesley's Answer. The Green Book. Statutes of James's Parliament, in Dublin Magazine, 1843. Clarendon's Letters. Rawdon Papers. Tracts. Molyneux's Case of Ireland.

George I. and II.—Swift's Life. Lucas's Tracts. Howard's Cases under Popery Laws. O'Leary's Tracts. Boulter's Letters. O'Connor's and Parnell's Irish Catholics. Foreman on "The Brigade."

George III.—Grattan's and Curran's Speeches and Lives—Memoirs of Charlemont. Wilson's Volunteers. Barrington's Rise and Fall. Wolfe Tone's Memoirs. Moore's Fitzgerald. Wyse's Catholic Association. Madden's United Irishmen. Hay, Teeling, &c., on '98. Tracts. Mac Nevin's State Trials. O'Connell's and Sheil's Speeches. Plowden's History.

Compilations—Moore. M'Geoghehan. Curry's Civil Wars. Carey's Vindiciæ. O'Connell's Ireland. Leland.

Current Authorities—The Acts of Parliament. Lords' and Commons' Journals and Debates. Lynch's Legal Institutions.

Antiquities, Dress, Arms—Royal Irish Academy's Transactions and Museum. Walker's Irish Bards. British Costume, in Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

Nicholson's "Irish Historical Library." It gives accounts of numerous writers, but is wretchedly meagre. In Harris's "Hibernica" is a short tract on the same subject; and in Harris's edition of Ware's works an ample treatise on *Irish Writers*. This treatise is most valuable, but must be read with caution, as Ware was slightly, and Harris enormously, prejudiced against the native Irish and against the later Catholic writers. The criticisms of Harris, indeed, on all books relative to the Religious Wars are partial and deceptive; but we repeat that the work is of great value.

The only more recent work on the subject is a volume written by Edward O'Reilly, for the Ibero-Celtic Society, on the Native Irish Poets; an interesting work, and containing morsels invaluable to a picturesque historian.

By the way, we may hope, that the studies for this prize history will be fruitful for historical ballads.

Too many of the original works can only be bought at an expense beyond the means of most of those likely to compete. For instance, Harris's "Ware," Fynes' "Morrison," and "The State Papers of Henry the Eighth," are very dear. The works of the Archæological Society can only be got by a member. The price of O'Connor's "*Re-rum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*," is eighteen guineas; and yet, in it alone, the annals of Tigernach, Boyle, Innisfallen, and the early part of the "Four Masters," are to be found. The great majority of the books, however, are tolerably cheap; some of the dearer books might

be got by combination among several persons, and afterwards given to the Repeal Reading-rooms.

However, persons resident in, or able to visit Dublin, Cork, or Belfast, can study all, even the scarcest of these works, without any real difficulty.

As to the qualities of such a history, they have been concisely enough intimated by the Committee.

It is to be A HISTORY. One of the most absurd pieces of cant going is that against history, because it is full of wars, and kings, and usurpers, and mobs. History describes, and is meant to describe, *forces*, not proprieties—the mights, the acted realities of men, bad and good—their historical importance depending on their mightiness, not their holiness. Let us by all means have then a “graphic” narrative of what was, not a set of moral disquisitions on what ought to have been.

Yet the man who would keep chronicling the dry events would miss writing a history. He must fathom the social condition of the peasantry, the townsmen, the middle-classes, the nobles, and the clergy (Christian or Pagan,) in each period—how they fed, dressed, armed, and housed themselves. He must exhibit the nature of the government, the manners, the administration of law, the state of useful and fine arts, of commerce, of foreign relations. He must let us see the decay and rise of great principles and conditions—till we look on a tottering sovereignty, a rising creed, an incipient war, as distinctly as, by turning to the highway, we can see the old man, the vigorous youth, or the infant child. He must paint—the council robed in its hall—the priest

in his temple—the conspirator—the outlaw—the judge—the general—the martyr. The arms must clash and shine with genuine, not romantic likeness; and the brigades or clans join battle, or divide in flight, before the reader's thought. Above all, a historian should be able to seize on character, not vaguely eulogising nor cursing; but feeling and expressing the pressure of a great mind on his time, and on after-times.

Such things may be done partly in disquisitions, as in Michelet's "France;" but they must now be done in narrative; and nowhere, not even in Livy, is there a finer specimen of how all these things may be done by narrative than in Augustine Thierry's "Norman Conquest and Merovingian Scenes." The only danger to be avoided in dealing with so long a period in Thierry's way is the continuing to attach importance to a once great influence, when it has sunk to be an exceptive power. He who thinks it possible to dash off a profoundly coloured and shaded narrative like this of Thierry's will find himself bitterly wrong. Even a great philosophical view may much more easily be extemporised than this lasting and finished image of past times.

The greatest vice in such a work would be bigotry—bigotry of race or creed. We know a descendant of a great Milesian family who supports the Union, because he thinks the descendants of the Anglo-Irish—his ancestors' foes—would mainly rule Ireland, were she independent. The opposite rage against the older races is still more usual. A religious bigot is altogether unfit,

incurably unfit, for such a task ; and the writer of such an Irish history must feel a love for all sects, a philosophical eye to the merits and demerits of all, and a solemn and haughty impartiality in speaking of all.

Need we say that a history, wherein glowing oratory appeared in place of historical painting, bold assertion instead of justified portraiture, flattery to the living instead of justice to the dead, clever plunder of other compilers instead of original research, or a cramped and scholastic instead of an idiomatic, "clear, and graphic" style, would deserve rejection, and would, we cannot doubt, obtain it.

To give such a history to Ireland as is now sought, will be a proud and illustrious deed.—Such a work would have no passing influence, though its first political effect would be enormous ; it would be read by every class and side ; for there is no readable book on the subject ; it would people our streets, and glens, and castles, and abbeys, and coasts with a hundred generations besides our own ; it would clear up the grounds of our quarrels, and prepare reconciliation ; it would *unconsciously* make us recognise the causes of our weakness ; it would give us great examples of men and of events, and materially influence our destiny.

Shall we get such a history ? Think, reader ! has God given you the soul and perseverance to create this marvel ?

ANCIENT IRELAND.

THERE was once civilization in Ireland. We never were very eminent to be sure for manufactures in metal, our houses were simple, our very palaces rude, our furniture scanty, our saffron shirts not often changed, and our foreign trade small. Yet was Ireland civilized. Strange thing! says some one whose ideas of civilization are identical with carpets and cut glass, fine masonry, and the steam-engine; yet 'tis true. For there was a time when learning was endowed by the rich and honoured by the poor, and taught all over our country. Not only did thousands of natives frequent our schools and colleges, but men of every rank came here from the Continent to study under the professors and system of Ireland, and we need not go beyond the testimonies of English antiquaries, from Bede to Camden, that these schools were regarded as the first in Europe. Ireland was equally remarkable for piety. In the Pagan times it was regarded as a sanctuary of the Magian or Druid creed. From the fifth century it became equally illustrious in Christendom. Without going into the disputed question of whether the Irish church was or was not independent of Rome, it is certain that Italy did not send out more apostles from the fifth to the ninth centuries than Ireland, and we find their names and achievements remembered through the Continent.

Of two names which Hallam thinks worth rescuing from the darkness of the dark ages one is the Irish metaphysician, John Erigna. In a recent communication to the "Association," we had Bavarians acknowledging the Irish St. Kilian as the apostle of their country.

Yet what beyond a catalogue of names and a few marked events, do even the educated Irish know of the heroic Pagans or the holy Christians of old Ireland. These men have left libraries of biography, religion, philosophy, natural history, topography, history, and romance. They *cannot all be worthless*; yet, except the few volumes given us by the Archæological Society, which of their works have any of us read?

It is also certain that we possessed written laws with extensive and minute comments and reported decisions. These Brehon laws have been foully misrepresented by Sir John Davies. Their tenures were the Gavelkind once prevalent over most of the world. The land belonged to the clan, and, on the death of a clansman his share was re-apportioned according to the number and wants of his family. The system of erics or fines for offences has existed amongst every people from the Hebrews downwards, nor can any one knowing the multitude of crimes now punishable by fines or damages, think the people of this empire justified in calling the ancient Irish barbarous, because they extended the system. There is in these laws, so far as they are known, minuteness and equity; and, what is a better test of their goodness, we learn from Sir John Davies himself, and from the still abler Baron Finglass,

that the people revered, obeyed, and clung to these laws, though to decide by or obey them was a high crime by England's code. Moreover, the Norman and Saxon settlers hastened to adopt these Irish laws, and used them more resolutely, if possible, than the Irish themselves.

Orderliness and hospitality were peculiarly cultivated. Public caravansaries were built for travellers in every district, and we have what would almost be legal evidence of the grant of vast tracts of land for the supply of provisions for these houses of hospitality. The private hospitality of the chiefs was equally marked, nor was it quite rude. Ceremony was united with great freedom of intercourse; age, and learning, and rank, and virtue were respected, and these men whose cookery was probably as coarse as that of Homer's heroes, had around their board harpers and bards who sang poetry as gallant and fiery, though not so grand as the Homeric ballad-singers, and flung off a music which Greece never rivalled.

Shall a people, pious, hospitable, and brave, faithful observers of family ties, cultivators of learning, music, and poetry, be called less than civilized, because mechanical arts were rude, and "comfort" despised by them?

Scattered through the country in MS., are hundreds of books wherein the laws and achievements, the genealogies and possessions, the creeds, and manners and poetry of these our predecessors in Ireland are set down. Their music lives in the traditional airs of every valley.

Yet *mechanical civilization*, more cruel than

time, is trying to exterminate them, and, therefore, it becomes us all who do not wish to lose the heritage of centuries, nor to feel ourselves living among nameless ruins, when we might have an ancestral home—it becomes all who love learning, poetry, or music, or are curious of human progress, to aid in or originate a series of efforts to save all that remains of the past.

It becomes them to lose no opportunity of instilling into the minds of their neighbours, whether they be corporators or peasants, that it is a brutal, mean, and sacrilegious thing, to turn a castle, a church, a tomb, or a mound, into a quarry or a gravel pit, or to break the least morsel of sculpture, or to take any old coin or ornament they may find to a jeweller, so long as there is an Irish Academy in Dublin to pay for it or accept it.

Before the year is out we hope to see A SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF IRISH MUSIC established in Dublin, under the joint patronage of the leading men of all politics, with branches in the provincial towns for the collection and diffusion of Irish airs.

An effort—a great and decided one—must be made to have the Irish Academy so endowed out of the revenues of Ireland, that it may be A NATIONAL SCHOOL OF IRISH HISTORY AND LITERATURE AND A MUSEUM OF IRISH ANTIQUITIES, on the largest scale. In fact, the Academy should be a secular Irish College with professors of our old language, literature, history, antiquities, and topography; with suitable schools, lecture-rooms, and museums.

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS OF IRELAND.

WE were a little struck the other day in taking up a new book by Merimée to see after his name the title of "Inspector-General of the Historical Monuments of France." So, then, France, with the feeding, clothing, protecting, and humouring, of 36 million People to attend to, has leisure to employ a Board and Inspector, and money to pay them for looking after the Historical Monuments of France, lest the Bayeux tapestry which chronicles the conquest of England, or the Amphitheatre of Nimes, which marks the sojourn of the Romans, suffer any detriment.

And has Ireland no monuments of her history to guard, has she no tables of stone, no pictures, no temples, no weapons? Are there no Brehon's chairs on her hills to tell more clearly than Vallancey or Davies how justice was administered here? Do not you meet the Druid's altar, and the Guebre's tower in every barony almost, and the Ogham stones in many a sequestered spot, and shall we spend time and money to see, to guard, or to decipher Indian topes, and Tuscan graves, and Egyptian hieroglyphics, and shall every nation in Europe shelter and study the remains of what it once was, even as one guards the tomb of a parent, and shall Ireland let all go to ruin?

We have seen pigs housed in the piled friezes

of a broken church, cows stabled in the palaces of the Desmonds, and corn threshed on the floor of abbeys, and the sheep and the tearing wind tenant the corridors of Aileach.

Daily are more and more of our crosses broken, of our tombs effaced, of our abbeys shattered, of our castles torn down, of our cairns sacrilegiously pierced, of our urns broken up, and of our coins melted down. All classes, creeds, and politics are to blame in this. The peasant lugs down a pillar for his sty, the farmer for his gate, the priest for his chapel, the minister for his glebe. A mill-stream runs through Lord Moore's Castle, and the Commissioners of Galway have skaken, and threatened to remove, the Warden's house—that fine stone chronicle of Galway heroism.

How our children will despise us for all this! Why shall we seek for histories, why make museums, why study the manners of the dead, when we foully neglect or barbarously spoil their homes, their castles, their temples, their colleges, their courts, their graves? He who tramples on the past does not create for the future. The same ignorant and vagabond spirit which made him a destructive, prohibits him from creating for posterity.

Does not a man, by examining a few castles and arms, know more of the peaceful and warrior life of the dead nobles and gentry of our island than from a library of books; and yet a man is stamped as unlettered and rude if he does not know and value such knowledge. Ware's Antiquities, and Archdall, speak not half so clearly the taste, the habits, the every-day customs of

the monks, as Adare Abbey, for the fine preservation of which we owe so much to Lord Dunraven.

The state of civilization among our Scotie or Milesian, or Norman, or Danish sires, is better seen from the Museum of the Irish Academy, and from a few raths, keeps, and old coast towns, than from all the prints and historical novels we have. An old castle in Kilkenny, a house in Galway give us a peep at the arts, the intercourse, the creed, the indoor, and some of the out-door ways of the gentry of the one, and of the merchants of the other, clearer than Scott could, were he to write, or Cattermole were he to paint for forty years.

We cannot expect Government to do anything so honourable and liberal as to imitate the example of France, and pay men to describe and save these remains of dead ages. But we do ask it of the Clergy, Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenting, if they would secure the character of men of education and taste—we call upon the gentry, if they have any pride of blood, and on the people if they reverence Old Ireland, to spare and guard every remnant of antiquity. We ask them to find other quarries than churches, abbeys, castles, and cairns—to bring rusted arms to a collector, and coins to a museum, and not to iron or gold smiths, and to take care that others do the like. We talk much of Old Ireland, and plunder and ruin all that remains of it—we neglect its language, fiddle with its ruins, and spoil its monuments.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

THERE is on the north (the left) bank of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, a pile compared to which, in age, the Oldbridge obelisk is a thing of yesterday, and compared to which, in lasting interest, the Cathedrals of Dublin would be trivial. It is the Temple of Grange. History is too young to have noted its origin—Archæology knows not its time. It is a legacy from a forgotten ancestor, to prove that he, too, had art and religion. It may have marked the tomb of a hero who freed, or an invader who subdued—a Brian or a Strongbow. But whether or not a hero's or a saint's bones consecrated it at first, this is plain, it is a temple of nigh two thousand years, perfect as when the last Pagan sacrificed within it.

It is a thing to be proud of, as a proof of Ireland's antiquity, to be guarded as an illustration of her early creed and arts. It is one of a thousand muniments of our old nationality, which a national government would keep safe.

What, then, will be the reader's surprise and anger to hear that some people, having legal power or corrupt influence in Meath, are getting or have got *a presentment for a road to run right through the Temple of Grange!*

We do not know their names, nor, if the design be at once given up, as in deference to

public opinion it must finally be, shall we take the trouble to find them out. But if they persist in this brutal outrage against so precious a landmark of Irish history and civilization, then we frankly say if the law will not reach them public opinion shall, and they shall bitterly repent the desecration. These men who design, and those who consent to the act, may be Liberals or Tories, Protestants or Catholics, but beyond a doubt they are tasteless blockheads—poor devils without reverence or education—men who as Wordsworth says—

“ Would peep and botanize
Upon their mothers' graves.”

All over Europe the governments, the aristocracies, and the people have been combining to discover, gain, and guard every monument of what their dead countrymen had done or been. France has a permanent commission charged to watch over her antiquities. She annually spends more in publishing books, maps, and models, in filling her museums and shielding her monuments from the iron clutch of time, than all the roads in Leinster cost. It is only on time she needs to keep watch. A French peasant would blush to meet his neighbour had he levelled a Gaulish tomb, crammed the fair moulding of an abbey into his wall, or sold to a crucible the coins which tell that a Julius, a Charlemagne, or a Philip Augustus swayed his native land. And so it is everywhere. Republican Switzerland, despotic Austria, Prussia, and Norway, Bavaria and Greece, are all equally precious of everything that exhibits the architecture, sculpture,

rites, dress, or manners of their ancestors—nay, each little commune would guard with arms these local proofs that they were not men of yesterday. And why should not Ireland be as precious of its ruins, its manuscripts, its antique vases, coins, and ornaments, as these French and German men—nay as the English, for they, too, do not grudge princely grants to their museums, and restoration funds.

This island has been for centuries either in part or altogether a province. Now and then above the mist we see the wheel of Sarsfield's sword, the red battle-hand of O'Neil, and the points of O'Connor's spears; but 'tis a view through eight hundred years to recognise the Sunburst on a field of liberating victory. Reckoning back from Clontarf, our history grows ennobled (like that of a decayed house), and we see Lismore and Armagh centres of European learning; we see our missionaries seizing and taming the conquerors of Europe, and, farther still, rises the wizard pomp of Eman, and Tara—the palace of the Irish Pentarchy. And are we, the people to whom the English (whose fathers were painted savages, when Tyre and Sidon traded with this land) can address reproaches for our rudeness and irreverence? So it seems. The *Athenæum* says:—

“ It is much to be regretted that the society lately established in England, having for its object the preservation of British antiquities, did not extend its design over those of the sister island, which are daily becoming fewer and fewer in number. That the gold ornaments which are so frequently found in various parts of Ireland should be melted down for the sake of the very pure

gold of which they are composed, is scarcely surprising; but that carved stones and even immense druidical remains should be destroyed is, indeed, greatly to be lamented. At one of the late meetings of the Royal Irish Academy a communication was made of the intention of the proprietor of the estate at New Grange, to destroy that most gigantic relic of druidical times, which has justly been termed the Irish pyramid, merely because its vast size 'cumbereth the ground.' At Mellifont a modern corn-mill of large size has been built out of the stones of the beautiful monastic buildings, some of which still adorn that charming spot. At Monasterboice, the churchyard of which contains one of the finest of the round towers, are the ruins of two of the little ancient stone Irish churches, and three most elaborately carved stone crosses, eighteen or twenty feet high. The churchyard itself is overrun with weeds, the sanctity of the place being its only safeguard. At Clonmacnoise, where, some forty years ago, several hundred inscriptions in the ancient Irish character were to be seen upon the gravestones, scarcely a dozen (and they the least interesting) are now to be found—the large flat stones on which they were carved forming excellent slabs for doorways, the copings of walls, &c.! It was the discovery of some of these carved stones in such a situation which had the effect of directing the attention of Mr. Petre (then an artist in search of the picturesque, but now one of the most enlightened and conscientious of the Irish antiquaries) to the study of antiquities; and it is upon the careful series of drawings made by him that future antiquarians must rely for very much of ancient architectural detail now destroyed. As to Glendalough, it is so much a holiday place for the Dubliners that it is no wonder everything portable has disappeared. Two or three of the seven churches are levelled to the ground—all the characteristic carvings described by Ledwich, and which were '*quite unique in Ireland,*' are gone. Some were removed and used as key-stones for the arches of Derrybawn-bridge. Part of the churchyard has been cleared of its gravestones, and forms a famous place, where the villagers play at ball against the old walls of the church. The little church, called

‘ St. Kevin’s Kitchen,’ is given up to the sheep, and the font lies in one corner, and is used for the vilest purposes. The abbey church is choked up with trees and brambles, and being a little out of the way a very few of the carved stones still remain there, two of the most interesting of which I found used as coping-stones to the wall which surrounds it. The connexion between the ancient churches of Ireland and the north of England renders the preservation of the Irish antiquities especially interesting to the English antiquarian; and it is with the hope of drawing attention to the destruction of those ancient Irish monuments that I have written these few lines. The Irish themselves are, unfortunately, so engrossed with political and religious controversies, that it can scarcely be hoped that singlehanded they will be roused to the rescue even of these evidences of their former national greatness. Besides, a great obstacle exists against any interference with the religious antiquities of the country, from the strong feelings entertained by the people on the subject, although *practically*, as we have seen, of so little weight. Let us hope that the public attention directed to these objects will have a beneficial result and insure a greater share of ‘ justice to Ireland;’ for will it be believed that the only establishment in Ireland for the propagation and diffusion of scientific and antiquarian knowledge—the Royal Irish Academy—receives annually the munificent sum of £300 from the government! And yet, notwithstanding this pittance, the members of that society have made a step in the right direction by the purchase of the late Dean of St. Patrick’s Irish Archæological Collection, of which a fine series of drawings is now being made at the expense of the academy, and of which they would, doubtless, allow copies to be made, so as to obtain a return of a portion of the expense to which they are now subjected. Small, moreover, as the collection is, it forms a striking contrast with our own *National* Museum, which, rich in foreign antiquities, is almost without a single object of native archæological interest, if we except the series of English and Anglo-Saxon coins and MSS.”

The Catholic clergy were long and naturally

the guardians of our antiquities, and many of their archæological works testify their prodigious learning. Of late, too, the honourable and wise reverence brought back to England has reached the Irish Protestant clergy, and they no longer make antiquity a reproach, or make the maxims of the iconoclast part of their creed.

Is it extravagant to speculate on the possibility of the Episcopalian, Catholic, and Presbyterian clergy joining in an Antiquarian Society to preserve our ecclesiastical remains—our churches, our abbeys, our crosses, and our fathers' tombs, from fellows like the Meath road-makers. It would be a politic and a noble emulation of the sects, restoring the temples wherein their sires worshipped for their children to pray in. There's hardly a barony wherein we could not find an old parish or abbey church, capable of being restored to its former beauty and convenience at a less expense than some beastly barn is run up, as if to prove and confirm the fact that we have little art, learning, or imagination.

Nor do we see why some of these hundreds of half-spoiled buildings might not be used for civil purposes—as alms-houses, schools, lecture-rooms, town-halls. It would always add another grace to an institution to have its home venerable with age and restored to beauty. We have seen men of all creeds join the Archæological Society to preserve and revive our ancient literature. Why may we not see, even without waiting for the aid of an Irish Parliament, an Antiquarian Society, equally embracing the chief civilians and divines, and charging itself with the duties performed in

France by the Commission of Antiquities and Monuments?

The Irish antiquarians of the last century did much good. They called attention to the history and manners of our predecessors which we had forgotten. They gave a pedigree to nationhood, and created a faith that Ireland could and should be great again by magnifying what she had been. They excited the noblest passions—veneration, love of glory, beauty, and virtue. They awoke men's fancy by their gorgeous pictures of the past, and imagination strove to surpass them by its creations. They believed what they wrote, and thus their wildest stories sank into men's minds. To the exertions of Walker, O'Halloran, Vallancey, and a few other Irish academicians in the last century, we owe almost all the Irish knowledge possessed by our upper classes till very lately. It was small, but it was enough to give a dreamy renown to ancient Ireland; and if it did nothing else it smoothed the reception of Bunting's music, and identified Moore's poetry with his native country.

While, therefore, we at once concede that Vallancey was a bad scholar, O'Halloran a credulous historian, and Walker a shallow antiquarian, we claim for them gratitude and attachment, and protest, once for all, against the indiscriminate abuse of them now going in our educated circles.

But no one should lie down under the belief that they were the deep and exact men their cotemporaries thought them. They were not patient nor laborious. They were very graceful,

very fanciful, and often very wrong in their statements and their guesses. How often they avoided painful research by gay guessing we are only now learning. O'Halloran and Keatinge have told us bardic romances with the same tone as true chronicles. Vallancey twisted language, towers, and traditions into his wicker-work theory of Pagan Ireland; and Walker built great facts and great blunders, granite blocks and rotten wood, into his antiquarian edifices. One of the commonest errors, attributing immense antiquity, oriental origin, and everything noble in Ireland, to the Milesians, originated with these men; or, rather, was transferred from the adulatory songs of clan-bards to grave stories. Now, it is quite certain that several races flourished here before the Milesians, and that every thing Oriental, and much that was famous in Ireland, belonged to some of these elder races, and not to the Scoti or Milesians.

Premising this much of warning and defence as to the men who first made anything of ancient Ireland known to the mixed nation of modern Ireland, we turn with pure pleasure to their successors, the antiquarians and historians of our own time.

We liked for awhile bounding from tussach to tussach, or resting on a green esker in the domain of the old academicians of Grattan's time; but 'tis pleasanter, after all, to tread the firm ground of our own archæologists.

THE SEA KINGS.*

THESE Sea Kings were old friends and old foes of Ireland. History does not reach back to the age in which ships passed not between Ireland and Scandinavia. It seems highly probable that the Milesians themselves—that Scotic (or Scythian) race who gave our isle the name of Scotia Major—reached our shore, having sailed from the Baltic. They were old Sea Kings.

So were the Jutes, or Getæ, who came under Hengist and Horsa to England in the fifth century, and received the isle of Thanet as a reward for repelling the Irish invaders; and, not content with this pay, used their saxes (or short swords,) from whence we name them Saxons, till all the east of England obeyed them. So, too, were the Danes, who conquered that same England over again in the tenth century. So were the Black and White Strangers, who held our coast and ravaged our inland till Brien of Thomond trampled their raven at Clontarf on the 23d of April, 1014. And the Normans themselves, too, were of that self-same blood.

Mr. Laing has given us fresh materials for judging the race so related to Ireland. He has

* The Hemskringla, or Chronicle of the Kings of Norway, translated from the Icelandic of Snorro Sturleson, with a preliminary dissertation by Samuel Laing, Esq. 3 vols.

translated the greatest of their histories, and pre-faced it by an account of the creed, literature, and social condition of the Scandinavians.

There are strong reasons for believing that these people came from the east, through Muscovy, and preferring the fish-filled bays and game-filled hills of Norway and Sweden to the flat plains of Germany, settled far north. Such is the tradition of the country and the expressed opinion of all their writers. The analogy of their language to the Sanscrit, their polygamy and their use of horse-flesh, all tend to prove that they were once an equestrian tribe in Upper Asia.

However this may be, we find them, from remote times, living in the great Peninsula of the North. Their manners were simple and hardy, and their creed natural. The Cimbri, or Kymry, whom Marius encountered, and the Milesians, both apparently from Scandia, showed equal valour, though not with the same fortune.

Their paganism was grand, though dark. Idolaters they were, but idolatry is but an outward sign. The people who bow to a stone have got a notion of a god beyond it. That this northern paganism originated in the natural custom of all people to express their belief in some soul mightier and better than their soul—some ruler of the storm and the sun—we may agree with Mr. Laing. But surely he is wrong in jumping from this to a denial of Hero-worship. Nothing seems more likely, nothing in mythology is better proved, than that this feeling took the shape of reverence for the soul of some dead chief

who had manifested superior might. Time would obscure his history and glorify his attributes till he became a demi-god.

The pagan gods rarely seem to be absolute deities. Behind the greatest in renown of these hero-gods lurks some Fate or Wisdom whose creature he is.

The materials for the mythology of the Scandinavians are, according to Mr. Laing, very small. The principal work is the older Edda, composed by Sœmund. Of this there are only three fragments:—

“The one is called the ‘Voluspa,’ or the Prophecy of Vola. In the Scotch words ‘spæ-wife,’ and in the English word ‘spy,’ we retain words derived from the same root, and with the same meaning, as the word ‘spa’ of the Voluspa. The second fragment is called ‘Havamal,’ or the High Discourse; the third is the Magic, or Song of Odin. The Voluspa gives an account by the prophetess of the actions and operations of the gods; a description of chaos; of the formation of the world; of giants, men, dwarfs; of a final conflagration and dissolution of all things; and of the future happiness of the good, and punishment of the wicked. The Havamal is a collection of moral and economical precepts. The song of Odin is a collection of stanzas in celebration of his magic powers. The younger Edda, composed 120 years after the older, by Snorro Sturleson, is a commentary upon the Voluspa; illustrating it in a dialogue between Gylfe, the supposed contemporary of Odin, under the assumed name of Gangir, and three divinities—Har (the High), Jafnhar (equal to the High), and Triddi (the Third)—at Asgard (the abode of the gods, or the original Asiatic seat of Odin) to which Gylfe had gone to ascertain the cause of the superiority of the Asiatics. Both the Eddas appear to have been composed as hand-books to assist in understanding the names of the gods, and the allusions to them in the poetry of the Scalds;

not to illustrate the doctrine of the religion of Odin. The absurd and the rational are consequently mingled. Many sublime conceptions, and many apparently borrowed by Sæmund and Snorro from Christianity—as for instance the Trinity with which Gangir converses—are mixed with fictions almost as puerile as those of the classical mythology. The genius of Snorro Sturleson shines even in these fables. In the grave humour with which the most extravagantly gigantic feats of Thor and Utgard are related and explained, Swift himself is not more happy; and one would almost believe that Swift had the adventures of Thor and the giant Utgard Loke before him when he wrote of Brobdignac. The practical forms or modes of worship in the religion of Odin are not to be discovered from the Eddas, nor from the sagas which the two Eddas were intended to illustrate. It is probable that much has been altered to suit the ideas of the age in which they were committed to writing, and of the scribes who compiled them. Christianity in Scandinavia seems, in the 11th century, to have consisted merely in the ceremony of baptism, without any instruction in its doctrines.”

The priesthood consisted of the descendants of the twelve diars or goddars, who accompanied Odin from Asia; but they were judges as well as priests. Their temples were few, small, and rude. Their chief religious festivals were three in number. The first possesses a peculiar interest for us. It was called Yule from one of Odin's names, though held in honour of Thor, the supreme god of the Scandians. Occurring in mid-winter it became mixed with the Christmas festival, and gave its name thereto. The other festivals were in honour of the goddess Friggia (pronounced Freya,) and of Odin or Woden, the demigod or prophet. From these deities our Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday take their names. The Valhalla, or heaven of these Pagans,

reserved for warriors, free from women, and abounding in beer and metheglin, is sufficiently known.

Centuries after Christianity had been received by their neighbours these Pagans held to Odinism, and Pagans they were when, in the 9th century, their great colonies went out.

The spread of the Northmen at that time came to pass in this way. Along the broken coast of the Northern peninsula reigned a crowd of independant chiefs, who lived partly on fishing and hunting, but much more by piracy.

In the beginning of the 9th century their expeditions became formidable. The north, and finally the whole of England, was overrun, and it took the genius of Alfred, Edmund, and Athelstane to deliver it even for a time. Ireland suffered hardly less. Some of these rovers even penetrated the Mediterranean, and Charlemagne is said to have wept at the sight of those galleys laden with wrath. The achievements of one of them, Regner Lodbrog, have been as nobly described in an Icelandic poem as anything Homer wrote of the Sea Kings of Greece who warred against Troy.

So powerful abroad, they paid slight allegiance to the King of Norway. At length, about 870, King Harald Haarfager (or the Fair Haired) resolved to stop their iniquities, or at least to free his own dominions from them. In a series of wars he subdued these sea kings, and forbade piracy on his coast or isles. Thus debarred from their old life at home they went out in still greater colonies than before.

One of these colonies was led by Rolf, who was surnamed Gan'gr, or the Walker, as from his great stature he could get no horse to carry him, and walked with his followers. Sailing south they entered the Seine, took Rouen, besieged Paris, and finally extorted from Charles the Bald that tract to which they gave the name of Normandy. But these events took many years.

Other bands came to the aid of their friends in England, Ireland, and the Scotch Isles, while a large and illustrious colony went to Iceland.

In that land of snow they found fish and game. They abandoned piracy and became merchants, trading through the whole west of Europe. Nor did they remain at this side of the Atlantic. Sailing north-west, they occupied Greenland, and visited some more southerly part of America, which they called Vinland.

But still a higher honor belongs to the Icelanders. They were the most famous Scalds or Bards who spoke the Norse tongue. Amongst the earliest institutions of the North were the laws of Gravelkind, and a strict entail of lands. Lands could not be sold or devised, the next of blood took them in equal shares. It was, therefore, of great value to preserve a knowledge of relationship, and this office fell to the literary class or Scalds. There was no law limiting the bardic office to natives of Iceland, yet, in fact, their superior skill won such an eminence for them that an Icelandic scald was as needed in every Norse settlement, from Rouen to Drontheim, as an Irish saint was in every part of Christian Europe.

Mr. Laing prints a list of about 200 Norse histories, romances, &c. Originally, it seems their sagas were oral, and it was not till the 12th century that any progress was made in transferring them to writing. The reader of Mr. Laing's details will be struck by many facts like those used in the controversy as to whether the *Iliad* was a collection of ballads, or an originally single work.

It seems that there is no manuscript saga older than the end of the 14th century in existence.

With his usual heartiness, Mr. Laing defends the Norsemen through thick and thin. In his opinion the best parts of the English constitution are due to them. He describes the Saxons as cowardly and slavish devotees when these gallant and free Pagans came in and renewed their vigour. The elective judges, and officers, and juries he traces to the Danes; and in the *Things* or popular assemblies of these Northmen he finds the origin of English parliaments. Nor would he have us judge them by the report of trembling monks who wrote Latin invectives and invocations against them, while through the window of their transcribing room they could see the homestead blaze and the Raven soar.

In this part of his case he seems rather successful. The writings of the Anglo-Saxons were a few dry chronicles in Latin; while the Northmen had an endless mass of histories and popular ballads. But even here he is in excess. He seems forgetful of the Saxon ballads of Brunanburgh, of Beowulf, and many others. If we can trust our recollections, or Thierry's quota-

tions, there are many touching and lofty passages even in those old Latin Chronicles.

His proof of the knowledge of the useful arts possessed by the Northmen is very ingenious. It rests on the account of their shipping. One ship is described as being as large as a 40-gun frigate. To make vessels so large and efficient as even their smaller ships required skill in working timber, in raising, smelting, and preparing iron, masts, sails, ropes, and anchors for *such* ships; and the necessity of coopering water vessels, and salting meat for long voyages, imply the existence of several arts.

The amount of knowledge of countries and men, sure to be acquired in their giant piracies, should also be remembered.

He is very exclusive in his advocacy. So far from sanctioning the claim of the Teutonic race to *general* superiority over the Celts, he treats it as "the echo of the bray" first heard in the Ossianic controversy.

"The black hair, dark eye, and dusky skin of the small-sized Celt, were considered by those philosophers to indicate an habitation for souls less gifted than those which usually dwell under the yellow hair, blue eye, and fair skin of the bulky Goth. This conceit has been revived of late in Germany, and in America; and people talk of the superiority of the Gothic, Germanic, or Anglo-Saxon race, as if no such people had ever existed as the Romans, the Spaniards, the French—no such men as Cæsar, Buonaparte, Cicero, Montesquieu, Cervantes, Ariosto, Raphael, Michael Angelo. If the superiority they claim were true, it would be found not to belong at all to that branch of the one great northern race which is called Teutonic, Gothic, Germanic, or Anglo-Saxon—for that branch in England was, previous to the settle-

ments of the Danes or Northmen in the 10th or 11th centuries, and is at this day throughout all Germany, morally and socially degenerate, and all distinct and distinguishing spirit or nationality in it dead; but to the small cognate branch of the Northmen or Danes, who, between the 9th and 12th centuries brought their Paganism, energy, and social institutions, to bear against, conquer, mingle with, and invigorate the priest-ridden, inert, descendants of the old Anglo-Saxon race."

Mr. Laing's translation comes fresh and racy. He seems to like the ship-building, and roving, and fighting. Cast a few centuries earlier, he had made a famous Viking. Notwithstanding his Benthamite notions, his heart is strong and natural, and he relishes vigorous humanity wherever it is found.

: THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.*

ACCUSTOMED from boyhood to regard these towers as revelations of a gorgeous, but otherwise undefined antiquity—dazzled by oriental analogies—finding a refuge in their primeval greatness from the meanness or the misfortunes of our middle ages, we clung to the belief of their Pagan origin.

In fancy, we had seen the white-robed Druid tend the holy fire in their lower chambers—had measured with the Tyrian-taught astronomer the length of their shadows—and had almost knelt to the elemental worship with nobles whose robes had the dye of the Levant, and sailors whose

* The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. Vol. XX. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, Grafton-street.

cheeks were brown with an Egyptian sun, and soldiers whose bronze arms clashed as the trumpets from the tower-top said, that the sun had risen. What wonder that we resented the attempt to cure us of so sweet a frenzy?

We plead guilty to having opened Mr. Petrie's work strongly bigoted against his conclusion.

On the other hand, we could not forget the authority of the book. Its author, we knew, was familiar beyond almost any other with the country—had not left one glen unsearched, not one island untrod; had brought with him the information of a life of antiquarian study, a graceful and exact pencil, and feelings equally national and lofty. We knew, also, that he had the aid of the best Celtic scholars alive in the progress of his work. The long time taken in its preparation ensured maturity; and the honest men who had criticised it, and the adventurers who had stolen from it enough to make false reputations, equally testified to its merits.

Yet, we repeat, we jealously watched for flaws in Mr. Petrie's reasoning; exulted, as he set down the extracts from his opponents, in the hope that he would fail in answering them, and at last surrendered with a sullen despair.

Looking now more calmly at the discussion, we are grateful to Mr. Petrie for having driven away an idle fancy. In its stead he has given us new and unlooked-for trophies, and more solid information on Irish antiquities than any of his predecessors. We may be well content to hand over the Round Towers to Christians of the sixth or the tenth century when we find that these

Christians were really eminent in knowledge as well as piety, had arched churches by the side of these *campanilia*, gave an alphabet to the Saxons, and hospitality and learning to the students of all western Europe—and the more readily, as we get in exchange *proofs* of a Pagan race having a Pelasgic architecture, and the arms and ornaments of a powerful and cultivated people.

The volume before us contains two parts of Mr. Petrie's essay. The first part is an examination of the false theories of the origin of these towers. The second is an account not only of what he thinks their real origin, but of every kind of early ecclesiastical structure in Ireland. The third part will contain a historical and descriptive account of every ecclesiastical building in Ireland of a date prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion of which remains now exist. The work is crowded with illustrations drawn with wonderful accuracy, and engraved in a style which proves that Mr. O'Hanlon, the engraver, has become so proficient as hardly to have a superior in wood-cutting.

We shall for the present limit ourselves to the first part of the work on the

“ERRONEOUS THEORIES WITH RESPECT TO THE
ORIGIN AND USES OF THE ROUND TOWERS.

The first refutation is of the

“THEORY OF THE DANISH ORIGIN OF THE
TOWERS.”

John Lynch, in his *Cambrensis Eversus*, says

that the Danes are reported (*dicuntur*) to have first erected the Round Towers as *watch*-towers, but that the Christian Irish changed them into *clock* or bell-towers. Peter Walsh repeated and exaggerated the statement; and Ledwich, the West British antiquary of last century, combined it with lies enough to settle his character, though not that of the Towers. The only person, at once explicit and honest, who supported this Danish theory was Dr. Molyneux. His arguments are, that all stone buildings, and indeed all evidences of mechanical civilization, in Ireland were Danish; that some traditions attributed the Round Towers to them; that they had fit models in the monuments of their own country; and that the word by which he says, the native Irish call them, viz., "Clogachd," comes from the Teutonic root, *clugga*, a bell. These arguments are easily answered.

The Danes, so far from introducing stone architecture, found it flourishing in Ireland, and burned and ruined our finest buildings, and destroyed mechanical and every kind of civilization wherever their ravages extended—doing thus in Ireland precisely as they did in France and England, as all annals (their own included) testify. Tradition does not describe the towers as Danish *watch*-towers, but as Christian bell-fries. The upright stones and the little barrows, not twelve feet high, of Denmark, could neither give models nor skill to the Danes. They had much ampler possession of England and Scotland, and permanent possession of Normandy, but never a Round Tower did they erect there;

and, finally, the native Irish name for a Round Tower is *cloic-theach*, from *teach*, a house, and *cloc*, the Irish word used for a bell in Irish works before “the Germans or Saxons had churches or bells,” and before the Danes had ever sent a war-ship into our seas.

We pass readily from this ridiculous hypothesis with the remark, that the gossip which attributes to the Danes our lofty monumental pyramids and cairns, our Druid altars, our dry stone caisils or keeps, and our raths or fortified enclosures for the homes or cattle of our chiefs, is equally and utterly unfounded; and is partly to be accounted for from the name of power and terror which these barbarians left behind, and partly from ignorant persons confounding them with the most illustrious and civilized of the Irish races—the Danaans.

THEORY OF THE EASTERN ORIGIN OF THE ROUND TOWERS.

Among the middle and upper classes in Ireland the Round Towers are regarded as one of the results of an intimate connexion between Ireland and the East, and are spoken of as either 1, Fire-Temples; 2, Stations from whence Druid festivals were announced; 3, Sun dials (gnomons) and astronomical observatories; 4, Buddhist or Phallic temples, or two or more of these uses are attributed to them at the same time.

Mr. Petrie states that the theory of the Phœnician or Indo-Scythic origin of these towers was stated for the first time so recently as 1772 by General Vallancey, in his “Essay on the Antiquity

of the Irish Language," and was re-asserted by him in many different and contradictory forms in his "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," published at intervals in the following years.

It may be well to premise who

GENERAL CHARLES VALLANCEY

was. His family were from Berry in France; their name Le Brun, called de Valencia, from their estate of that name. General Vallancey was born in Flanders, but was educated at Eton College. When a Captain in the 12th Royal Infantry he was attached to the engineer department in Ireland, published a book on Field Engineering in 1756, and commenced a survey of Ireland. During this he picked up something of the Irish language, and is said to have studied it under Morris O'Gorman, clerk of Mary's-lane chapel. He died in his house, Lower Mountstreet, 18th August, 1812, aged 82 years.

His "Collectanea" and his discourses in the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was an original member, spread far and wide his oriental theories. He was an amiable and plausible man, but of little learning, little industry, great boldness, and no scruples; and while he certainly stimulated men's feelings towards Irish antiquities, he has left us a re-producing swarm of falsehood, of which Mr. Petrie has happily begun the destruction. Perhaps nothing gave Vallancey's follies more popularity than the opposition of the Rev. Edward Ledwich, whose "Antiquities of Ireland" is a mass of falsehoods, disparaging to the people and the country.

FIRE TEMPLES.

Vallancey's first analogy is plausible. The Irish Druids honoured the elements and kept up sacred fires, and at a particular day in the year all the fires in the kingdom were put out, and had to be re-lighted from the Arch-Druid's fire. A similar creed and custom existed among the Parsees or Guebres of Persia, and he takes the resemblance to prove connexion and identity of creed and civilization. From this he immediately concludes the Round Towers to be Fire Temples. Now, there is no evidence that the Irish Pagans had sacred fires, except in open spaces (on the hill tops), and, therefore, none of course that they had them in towers round or square; but Vallancey falls back on the *alleged existence of Round Towers in the East similar to ours, and on etymology.*

Here is a specimen of his etymologies. The Hebrew word *gadul* signifies *great*, and thence a tower; the Irish name for a round tower, *cloghad*, is from this *gadul* or *gad* and *clogh*, a *stone*: and the Druids called every place of worship *cloghad*. To which it is answered—*gadul* is not *gad*—*clogh*, a *stone*, is not *cloch*, a *bell*—the Irish word for a Round Tower is *cloch-thach*, or bell-house, and there is no proof that the Druids called *any* place of worship *cloghad*.

Vallancey's guesses are numerous, and nearly all childish, and we shall quote some finishing specimens, with Mr. Petrie's answers:—

“ This is another characteristic example of Vallancey's mode of quoting authorities; he first makes O'Brien say,

that *Cuilceach* becomes corruptly *Claiceach*, and then that the word *seems* to be corrupted *Clog-theach*. But O'Brien does not say that *Cuilceach* is corruptly *Claiceach*, nor has he the word *Culkah* or *Claiceach* in his book; neither does he say that *Cuilceach* *seems* to be a corruption of *Clog-theach*, but states positively that it is so. The following are the passages which Vallancey has so misquoted and garbled:—

‘*CUILCEACH*, a steeple, *cuilceach*, Cluan-umba, Cloyne steeple—This word *is* a corruption of *Clog-theach*.

‘*CLOIG-THEACH*, a steeple, a belfry; *corruptè* *Cuilg-theach*.’

“Our author next tells us that another name for the Round Towers is *Sibheit*, *Sithbheit*, and *Sithbhein*, and for this he refers us to O'Brien's and Shaw's Lexicons; but this quotation is equally false with those I have already exposed, for the words *Sibheit* and *Sithbheit* are not to be found in either of the works referred to. The word *Sithbhe* is, indeed, given in both Lexicons, but explained, a city, not a round tower. The word *Sithbhein* is also given in both, but explained a fort, a turret, and the real meaning of the word as still understood in many parts of Ireland, is a fairy hill, or hill of the fairies, and is applied to a green round hill crowned by a small sepulchral mound.

“He next tells us that *Caiceach*, the last name he finds for the Round Towers, is supposed by the Glossarists to be compounded of *cai*, a house, and *teach* a house, an explanation, which, he playfully adds, is tautology with a witness. But where did he find authority for the word *Caiceach*? I answer, nowhere; and the tautology he speaks of was either a creation or a blunder of his own. It is evident to me that the Glossarist to whom he refers is no other than his favourite Cormac; but the latter makes no such blunder, as will appear from the passage which our author obviously refers to:—

‘*Cai i. teach unde dicitur ceard cha i. teach cearda; creas cha i. teach cumang.*’

‘*Cai, i. e. a house; unde dicitur ceard-cha, i. e. the house of the artificer; creas-cha, i. e. a narrow house.*’”

The reader has probably now had enough of Vallancey's etymology, but it is right to add that Mr. Petrie goes through every hint of such proof given by the General, and disposes of them with greater facility.

The next person disposed of is Mr. Beauford, who derives the name of our Round Towers from *Tlacht, earth*—asserts that the foundations of temples for Vestal fire exist in Rath-na-Emhain, and other places (poor devil!)—that the Persian Magi overran the world in the time of the great Constantine, introducing Round Towers in place of the Vestal mounds into Ireland, combining their fire-worship with our Druidism—and that the present Towers were built in imitation of these Magian Towers. This is all, as Mr. Petrie says, pure fallacy, without a particle of authority; but we should think "*twelfth*" is a misprint for "*seventh*" in the early part of Beauford's passage, and, therefore, that the last clause of Mr. Petrie's censure is undeserved.

This Beauford is not to be confounded with Miss Beaufort. She, too, paganizes the Towers by aggravating some mis-statements of Mason's *Parochial Survey*; but her errors are not worth notice, except the assertion that the Psalters of Tara and Cashel allege that the Towers were for keeping the sacred fire. These Psalters are believed to have perished, and any mention of sacred fires in the glossary of Cormac M'Cullenan, the supposed compiler of the Psalter of Cashel, is adverse to their being in Towers. He says—

"*Belltane, i. e. bil tene, i. e. tene bil, i. e. the goodly-*

fire, *i. e.* two goodly fires, which the Druids were used to make, with great incantations on them, and they used to bring the cattle between them against the diseases of each year."

Another MS. says—

"*Beltaine*, *i. e.* *Bel-dine*: *Bel* was the name of an idol; it was on it (*i. e.* the festival) that a couple of the young of every cattle were exhibited as in the possession of *Bèl*; *unde Beltine*. Or, *Beltine*, *i. e.* *Bil-tine*, *i. e.* the goodly fire, *i. e.* two goodly fires, which the Druids were used to make with great incantations, and they were used to drive the cattle between them against the diseases of each year."

Mr. Petrie continues—

"It may be remarked, that remnants of this ancient custom, in perhaps a modified form, still exist in the May fires lighted in the streets and suburbs of Dublin, and also in the fires lighted on St. John's Eve, in all other parts of Ireland. The *Tinne Eigen* of the Highlands, of which Dr. Martin gives the following account, is probably a remnant of it also, but there is no instance of such fires being lighted in towers or houses of any description:—

'The Inhabitants here (Isle of Skye) did also make use of a Fire call'd *Tin-Egin* (*i. e.*) a forced Fire, or Fire of necessity, which they used as an Antidote against the *Plague* or *Murrain* in Cattle; and it was performed thus:—All the Fires in the Parish were extinguish'd, and eighty one marry'd Men, being thought the necessary number for effecting this Design, took two great Planks of Wood, and nine of 'em were employ'd by turns, who by their repeated Efforts rubb'd one of the Planks against the other until the Heat thereof produced Fire; and from this forc'd Fire each Family is supplied with new Fire, which is no sooner kindled, than a Pot full of water is quickly set on it, and afterwards sprinkled upon the People infected with the *Plague*, or upon cattle that have the *Murrain*. And this, they all say, they find successful by Experience.'—*Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*—(second edition,) p. 113.

“As authority for Miss Beaufort’s second assertion, relative to the Tower of Thlachtga, &c., we are referred to the *Psalter of Tara*, by Comerford, (p. 41,) cited in the *Parochial Survey* (vol. iii. p. 320); and certainly in the latter work we do find a passage in nearly the same words which Miss Beaufort uses. But if the lady had herself referred to Comerford’s little work, she would have discovered that the author of the article in the *Parochial Survey* had in reality no authority for his assertions, and had attempted a gross imposition on the credulity of his readers.”

Mr. D’Alton relies much on a passage in *Cambrensis*, wherein he says that the fishermen on Lough Neagh (a lake certainly formed by an inundation in the first century—A. D. 62) point to such towers under the lake; but this only shows they were considered old in Cambrensis’ time (King John’s) for Chambrensis calls them *turres ecclesiasticas* (a Christian appellation); and the fishermen of every lake have such idle traditions from the tall objects they are familiar with; and the steeples of Antrim, &c., were handy to the Loch N-Eathach men.

One of the authorities quoted by all the Paganists is from the “Ulster Annals” at the year 448; it is, “Ingenti terremotu per loca varia imminente plurime urbes auguste muri recenti adhuc re-edificatione constructi, cum LVII. turribus corruerant.” This was made to mean that part of the wall of Armagh, with fifty-seven Round Towers, fell in an earthquake in 448, whereas the passage turns out to be a quotation from “Marcellinus” of the fall of part of the defences of Constantinople—“Urbis Augustæ!”

References to Towers in Irish annals are quoted

by Mr. D'Alton ; but they turn out to be written about the Cyclopean Forts, or low stone raths, such as we find at Aileach, &c.

CELESTIAL INDEXES.

Dr. Charles O'Connor, of Stowe, is the chief supporter of the astronomical theory. One of his arguments is founded on the mistaken reading of the word "*turaghun*" (which he derives from *tur* a tower, and *aghan*, or *adhan*, the kindling of flame), instead of "*truaghan*," an ascetic. The only other authority of his which we have not noticed is the passage in the "Ulster Annals," at the year 995, in which it is said that certain Fidhnemead were burnt by lightning at Armagh. He translates the word celestial indexes, and paraphrases it Round Towers, and all because *fiadh* means witness, and *neimhedh* heavenly or sacred, the real meaning being holy wood, or wood of the sanctuary, from *fidh* a wood, and *neimhedh* holy, as is proved by a pile of *exact* authorities.

Dr. Lanigan, in his ecclesiastical history, and Moore, in his general history, repeat the arguments which we have mentioned. They also bring objections against the alleged Christian origin, which we hold over ; but it is plain that nothing prevailed more with them than the alleged resemblance of these towers to certain oriental buildings. Assuredly, if there were a close likeness between the Irish Round Towers and oriental fire temples of proved antiquity, it would be an argument for identity of use ; and though direct testimony from our annals would

come in and show that the present Towers were built as Christian belfries from the sixth to the tenth centuries, the resemblance would at least indicate that the belfries had been built after the model of Pagan fire towers previously existing here. But "rotundos of above thirty feet in diameter" in Persia, Turkish minarets of the tenth or fourteenth centuries, and undated turrets in India, which Lord Valentia thought like our Round Towers, give no *such* resemblance. We shall look anxiously for exact measurements and dates of oriental buildings resembling Round Towers, and weigh the evidence which may be offered to show that there were any Pagan models for the latter in Ireland or in Asia.

Mr. Windele, of Cork, besides using all the previously-mentioned arguments for the Paganism of these Towers, finds another in the supposed resemblance to

THE NURAGGIS OF SARDINIA,

which are tombs or temples formed in that island, and attributed to the Phœnicians. But, alas! for the theory—they have turned out to be "as broad as they're long." A square building, 57 feet in each side, with bee-hive towers at each angle, and a centre bee-hive tower reaching to 45 or 65 feet high, with stone stairs, is sadly unlike a round tower!

The most recent theory is, that the Round Towers are

HERO-MONUMENTS.

Mr. Windele and the South Munster Antiqua-

rian Society started this, Sir William Betham sanctioned it, and several rash gentlemen dug under Towers to prove it. At Cashel, Kinsale, &c., they satisfied themselves that there were no sepulchres or bones ever under the Towers, but in some other places they took the rubbish bones casually thrown into the Towers, and in two cases the chance underlying of ancient-burying-grounds, as proofs of this notion. But Mr. Petrie settles for this idea by showing that there is no such use of the Round Towers mentioned in our annals, and also by the following most interesting account of the cemeteries and monuments of all the races of Pagan Irish:—

HISTORY OF THE CEMETERIES.

“ A great king of great judgments assumed the sovereignty of Erin, *i. e.* Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn of the Hundred Battles. Erin was prosperous in his time, because just judgments were distributed throughout it by him; so that no one durst attempt to wound a man in Erin during the short jubilee of seven years; for Cormac had the faith of the one true God, according to the law; for he said that he would not adore stones, or trees, but that he would adore Him who had made them, and who had power over all the elements, *i. e.* the one powerful God who created the elements; in Him he would believe. And he was the third person who had believed, in Erin, before the arrival of St. Patrick. Conchobor Mac Nessa, to whom Altus had told concerning the crucifixion of Christ *was the first*; Morann, the son of Cairbre Cinncait (who was surnamed Mac Main) was the second person; and Cormac was the third; and it is probable that others followed on their track in this belief.

“ Where Cormac held his court was at Tara, in imitation of the kings who preceded him, until his eye was destroyed by Engus Gaibhuaiphnech, the son of Eoch-

aidh Finn Fuathairt: but afterwards he resided at Acaill (the hill on which Scrin Colaim Cille is at this day,) and at Cenannas (Kells,) and at the house of Cletech; for it was not lawful that a king with a *personal* blemish should reside at Tara. In the second year after the injuring of his eye he came by his death at the house of Cletech, the bone of a salmon having stuck in his throat. And he (Cormac) told his people not to bury him at Brugh (because it was a cemetery of Idolaters,) for he did not worship the same God as any of those interred at Brugh; but to bury him at Ros na righ, with his face to the east. He afterwards died, and his servants of trust held a council, and came to the resolution of burying him at Brugh, the place where the kings of Tara, his predecessors, were *buried*. The body of the king was afterwards thrice raised to be carried to Brugh, but the Boyne swelled up thrice, so as that they could not come; so that they observed that it was 'violating the judgment of a prince' to break through this Testament of the king, and they afterwards dug his grave at Ros na righ, as he himself had ordered.

"These were the chief cemeteries of Erin before the Faith (*i. e.* before the introduction of Christianity,) viz. Cruachu, Brugh, Tailtin, Luachair, Ailbe, Oenach Ailbe, Oenach Culi, Oenach Colmain, Temhair Erann.

"Oenach Cruachan, in the first place, it was there the race of Heremon, *i. e.* the kings of Tara, were used to bury until the time of Cremhthann, the son of Lughaidh Riabh-n-derg, (who was the first king of them that was interred at Brugh), viz., Cobhlhach Coelbreg, and Labhraidh Loingsech, and Eocho Fedhlech with his three sons (*i. e.* the three Fidhemhna, *i. e.* Bres, Nar, and Lothor), and Eocho Airemh, Lughaidh Riabh-n-derg, the six daughters of Eocho Fedhlech (*i. e.* Medhbh, and Clothru, Muresc, and Drebriu, Mugain, and Ele), and Adill Mac Mada with his seven brothers (*i. e.* Cet, Anlon, Doche, *[et ceteri]*), and all the kings down to Cremhthann (these were all buried at Cruachan). Why was it not at Brugh that the kings (of the race of Cobhlhach down to Crimhthann) were interred? Not difficult; because the two provinces, which the race of Heremon possessed were the province of Gailian (*i. e.*

the province of Leinster), and the province of Olne-macht (*i. e.* the province of Connaught). In the first place the province of Gailian was occupied by the race of Labhraidh Loingsech, and the province of Connaught was the peculiar inheritance of the race of Cobhtach Coelbreg; wherefore it (*i. e.* the province of Connaught) was given to Medhbh before every other province. (The reason that the government of this land was given to Medhbh is, because there was none of the race of Eochaidh fit to receive it but herself, for Lughaidh was not fit for action at the time.) And whenever, therefore, the monarchy of Erin was enjoyed by any of the descendants of Cobhtach Coelbreg, the province of Connaught was his *ruidles* (*i. e.* his native principality). And for this reason they were interred at Oenach na Cruachna. But they were interred at Brugh from the time of Crimhthann (Niadh-nar) to the time of Loeghaire, the son of Niall, except three persons, namely, Art, the son of Conn, and Cormac, the son of Art, and Niall of the Nine Hostages.

“We have already mentioned the cause for which Cormac was not interred there. The reason why Art was not interred there is, because he ‘believed,’ the day before the battle of Muccramma was fought, and he predicted the Faith, (*i. e.*, that Christianity would prevail in Erin,) and he said that his own grave would be at Dumha Dergluachra, where Treoit [Trevet] is at this day, as he mentioned in a poem which he composed—viz., *Cain do denna den*, (*i. e.*, a poem which Art composed, the beginning of which is *Cain do denna den*, &c.) When his (Art’s) body was afterwards carried eastwards to Dumha Dergluachra, if all the men of Erin were drawing it thence, they could not, so that he was interred in that place, because there was a Catholic church to be afterwards at the place where he was interred (*i. e.*, Treoit *hodie*) because the truth and the Faith had been revealed to him through his regal righteousness.

“Where Niall was interred was at Ochain, whence the hill was called Ochain, *i. e.* *Och Caine*, *i. e.* from the sighing and lamentation which the men of Erin made in lamenting Niall.

“Conaire More was interred at Magh Feci in Bregia (*i. e.* at Fert Conaire); however some say that it was Conaire Carpraigne was interred there, and not Conaire Mor, and that Conaire Mor was the third king who was interred at Tara, viz. Conaire, Loeghaira, and * * *

“At Tailltin the kings of Ulster were used to bury, viz. Ollamh Fodhla, with his descendants down to Conchobhar, who wished that he should be carried to a place between Sleá and the sea, with his face to the east, on account of the Faith which he had embraced.

“The nobles of the Tuatha De Danann were used to bury at Brugh (*i. e.* the Dagda with his three sons; also Lughaidh and Oe, and Ollam, and Ogma, and Etan, the Poetess, and Corpre, the son of Etan), and Cremhthann followed them because his wife Nar was of the Tuatha Dea, and it was she solicited him that he should adopt Brugh as a burial-place for himself and his descendants, and this was the cause that they did not bury at Cruachan.

“The Lagenians (*i. e.* Cathair with his race and the kings who were before them) were buried at Oenach Ailbhe. The Clann Dedad (*i. e.* the race of Conaire and Erna) at Temhair Erann; the men of Munster (*i. e.* the Dergthene) at Oenach Culi, and Oenach Colmain; and the Connacians at Cruachan.”

ANCHORITE TOWERS.

Because Simon Stylites lived in a domicile, sized “scarce two cubits,” *on* a pillar sixty feet high, and because other anchorites lived on pillars and in cells, Dean Richardson suggested that the Irish Round Towers were for hermits; and was supported by Walter Harris, Dr. Milner, Dr. King, &c.—The *cloch angoire*, or hermit’s stone, quoted in aid of this fancy, turns out to be a narrow cell; and so much for the hermits!!

The confusion of

TOURS AND TOWERS

is a stupid pun or a vulgar pronunciation in

English ; but in Irish gave rise to the antiquarian theory of Dr. Smith, who, in his "History of Cork," concludes that the Round Towers were penitential prisons, because the Irish word for a penitential round or journey is *turas*!

THE PHALLIC THEORY^c₄

never had any support but poor Henry O'Brien's enthusiastic ignorance, and the caricaturing pen of his illustrator.

We have now done with the theories of these Towers, which Mr. Petrie has shown, past doubt, to be either positively false or quite unproved. His own opinion is that they were used—1, as belfries ; 2, as keeps, or houses of shelter for the clergy and their treasures ; and 3, as watch towers and beacons ; and into his evidence for this opinion we shall go at a future day, thanking him at present for having displaced a heap of incongruous, though agreeable fancies, and given us the most learned, the most exact, and the most important work ever published on the antiquities of the Ancient Irish Nation.

ETHNOLOGY OF THE IRISH RACE.

DR. WILDE, the traveller, read a paper to the Dublin College of Physicians on the skulls of the races that had died in Ireland, and this paper he has printed, under the title of "A Lecture on the Ethnology of the Ancient Irish."

He introduces the subject by a summary of the means by which ancient races are commonly investigated. First, and rightly, he ranks architectural and implimental remains. The palaces, pyramids, and picture-filled tombs of Egypt tell us now the state of their arts, their appearance, government, and manners. How much we would learn of Greece had her writings perished, and her statuary and temples reached us; and how much of the Romans if Pompeii alone remained, and remained without a clue to its manuscripts. So, in Ireland, we have the monuments of different races. We have the Ogham pillar-stone, the rested rock altar, the supported cromleach, the arched stone fort, the trenched rath, with or without stone facings, the clay or rubble pyramid, with a passage and chamber, the flag-made tomb. We have the round tower, the stone circle, the Brehon's or Druid's chair, and the stone-roofed crypt—to say nothing of our country castles, our town residences, our churches and monasteries, which one must see if he would know how men lived here in the middle ages.

Monumental and other sculptures tell us dress and arms better than any description in words. We are amply supplied with these to illustrate the middle ages in Ireland. Our old churches are full of such tombs—but grievously they are abused and neglected. Who can look upon the shattered monuments of Jerpoint and Mellifont, and not think that a double barbarism (that of the people and that of their oppressors) has been upon Ireland. Nay, within a few miles of Dublin, in the church of Lusk, we, the other day, found a noble monument broken in two, and it and another fine tomb left to the mercies of untaught and irreverent children, for want of a five shilling door to the roofless, but otherwise perfect church. Who is to blame for this, the Rector or the Commissioners? *Both*, we say. How fine a use may be made of these mediæval tombs, without wantonly stirring them, is shown, as we remarked before, in St. Canice's, Kilkenny, disgraced as that cathedral is by whitewash. Curse it for whitewash! 'tis the dirtiest, ugliest thing that ever was put outside a cottage wall or inside a large building—for the inside of small rooms 'tis well enough.

Then, again, there are weapons, and ornamental and economical implements to tell us the domestic and military habits, and the state of mechanical arts among a people. We shall have more to say on this head some other time. We pass to the other modes of investigating races.

The second means of Ethnology is language. Having a number of words in common proves

communication between races. If these words are of a very simple and radical kind the communication must have been long and ancient. If, in addition, the structure and character of the languages be the same—if their use of articles and tenses, of inflections in the ends of words, as in Greek, Latin, and German, or in the beginning of them, as in Irish or Welsh, be alike, this is evidence that their first language was one, and, therefore, the races *probably* identical.

We say, probably identical, because identity of language does not quite prove identity of race. The negroes of the West Indies will most likely speak English when their islands are in a federal republic. The red men of Brazils will most likely speak Portuguese. But the change of language is wonderfully slow in an independent country. The people of Gascony and Provence do not speak French. They speak Gascon and Provençal. The different English counties have their dialects, showing what branch of Saxons or Danes they descend from. The Welsh language is now as flourishing as it was when Edward outlawed it; and now, after centuries of wrong, when Anglicism has made us serfs, not a people, we have colleges founded for the support of the Irish language.

Identity in the structure of language is, then, a very strong proof of identity, and, as a study, of the highest interest.

The third means classified by Mr. Wilde for Ethnologic research, is by the written history and oral traditions of a country. In this section

he indulges in some sneers, which had been better omitted. We doubt the taste and correctness of much of what he says on the topic.

There are other sorts of analogies, worth following out, not noticed by Mr. Wilde. Such is that so ingeniously thought of, and ably illustrated by Mr. Forde, of Cork. He *disproves* the European origin of our music, and reduces it to either an original construction here, or to an Eastern source. If Eastern, we could have got it from the Oriental Christians, or Pagans. The last seems Mr. Forde's opinion. We trust he will have further means of following out this subject.

Identity in form and substance of scientific knowledge proves little, as one man, or one book could well produce it; but musical characteristics are, perhaps, the most spiritual and safe from confusion of any that can be imagined, and the surest to last in a country, if it be independent, or if it be rude. A country long refined, or enslaved, may lose every thing.

We now come to Mr. Wilde's peculiar subject, and that to which he (faultily) restricts the term, Ethnography—namely, the *natural* history of man. The study of man's animal form shows that each simple race has peculiarities in size, in shape of bones and limbs, in play of features, and carriage of body, and in colour.

Many of these peculiarities can be studied from the bones of a race. Of course, the bones, or *any* of them, show the size of the race. The skull shows not only the shape of the head, but of the features. The skull of a man with an

aquiline nose, and open orbits, and massy jaws, is as distinguishable from one with the nose or eyes of a Hun or the jaw of a Bengalee, as from that of a rabbit.

The marks left by the muscles in the bones wherein their extremities worked, show, too, the "play of features" or expression of countenance to some extent.

Taking these principles with him, Mr. Wilde examined a number of skulls in old churchyards, and in barrows and cairns, both here and abroad, and tries from thence to classify the races of the Irish.

His conclusions are not very clearly made out, and his proofs are frequently loose, but his tract is suggestive and serviceable.

His opinion is that the first inhabitants of this country were what are called Firbolgs—men of Teutonic or German blood—small, lively, with aquiline noses, dark complexions, and heads of great length from front to back. This race used the stone and flint hatchets, shell ornaments, bone needles, stone mills, and clay urns. The second race, who came and subdued the Firbolgs, were (he conceives) those called Tuatha da Danaan—men of "fair hair and large size," as Mac Firbis says. They were, thinks Mr. Wilde, Celts, and used bronze in their weapons and implements. He asserts, too, that Norway and Sweden were colonised from Ireland by Firbolgs after they had learned the use of metals from the Tuatha da Danaan. The proof given is that skulls, such as he supposes peculiar to the Firbolgs, are found in Scandinavia associated with metal weapons.

There is evidence, too, that these Tuatha da Danaan were either Phœnicians, or from a Phœnician colony and so of the next invaders—the Milesians. Mr. Wilde *seems* to attribute a fine globular head to these Danaans; but he seems elsewhere to say that no metal remains have been found with any heathen skulls, which would contradict his own hypothesis.

We shall conclude with a couple of extracts—the first, showing the uncertainty of the observations likely to be made, and the imprudence of all generalities (Mr. Wilde's included) now, and the other for illustration sake:—

“This leads me to the last locality in which bones of the ancient Irish people are said to have been found—I allude to the round towers, particularly to that lately excavated at Drumbo, in the county Down. Much interest has, as you are aware, been lately excited by this discovery, from the supposition that these human remains would offer some clue as to the origin and uses of these strange monuments, or to assist in determining the probable era of their erection. The enchanted palace of the Irish round tower will shortly be opened for our inspection, and, therefore, any, even a passing opinion as to anything connected with it would be out of place. Here, however, is a very beautiful cast of the skull found within the round tower of Drumbo; and the moment it was presented to me, I felt convinced, that if it is of a contemporaneous age with the structure beneath which it was found, then the Irish round tower is not the ancient building we suppose it to be; for this, compared with the other heads which I have laid before you, is of comparatively modern date. Now, nearly all round towers are in connexion with ancient burial places, and this one, in particular, was so; and I need only dig around and without it to find many similar remains. We read that the skeleton was found at full length, embedded in the clay, within the ancient structure. Now,

I respectfully submit it to the antiquarian world that, if the round tower was erected as a monument over the person whose skeleton was found within it, it certainly would not have been buried thus in the simple earth without a vault or stone chamber, such as the enlightened architect who built the tower would be thoroughly acquainted with. Moreover, I do not believe that a skull thus placed loosely in the earth, without any surrounding chamber, would have remained thus perfect for the length of time, which even the most modernising antiquaries assign as the date of the round tower. At Larne, in the county of Antrim, a skeleton was lately discovered, which, from the iron sword and other weapons in connexion with it, appeared to have been that of a templar; and similar remains were, not long since, discovered at Kilmainham. This templar's skull, found at Larne, (which Mr. Wilde here produced) although it has an Irish physiognomy, and a Fir-Bolg form of head, cannot be traced back farther than the eleventh or twelfth century for its date.

“N. B.—Since this lecture was delivered, I had the gratification of receiving several communications from different parts of the country, on the subject of tumuli and human remains; so that one of the objects for which it was undertaken—that of calling attention to the matter—has been attained. Among these communications, I had the honour of receiving one of special interest, from A. N. Nugent, Esq., who lately opened a sepulchral mound in the neighbourhood of Portaferry.—‘There was,’ he writes to me, ‘a circle of large stones, containing an area of about a rood. Between each of these stones, there was a facing of flat ones, similar to the building of our modern fences. The outer coating was covered with white pebbles averaging the size of a goose-egg, of which there were several cart loads—although it would be difficult to collect even a small quantity at present along the beach.

“‘After this was taken away we came to a confused heap of rubbish, stone, and clay, and then some large flag stones on their ends—the tumulus still preserving a cone shape. In the centre we came to a chamber about six feet long, formed by eight very large upright stones.

with a large flag stone at the bottom, on which lay, in one heap, of a foot in thickness, a mixture of black mould and bones.' These bones, some of which were kindly forwarded to me, are all human, and consist of portions of the ribs, vertebræ, and the ends of the long bones, together with pieces of the skull and some joints of the fingers of a full-grown person, and also several bones of a very young child; none of these have been subject to the action of fire; but among the parcel forwarded to me are several fragments of incinerated or calcined bones, also human. Either these latter were portions of the same bodies burned, or they belonged to an individual sacrificed to the manes of the person whose grave this was; and I am inclined to think the latter is the more probable, from the circumstances under which similar remains have been discovered in other localities. Evidently this tumulus is of very ancient date—long prior to the authentic historic period—and was, I should say, erected over some person or family of note in that day. There were no urns, weapons, or ornaments discovered in connexion with it; but my informant states, that in the field in which this barrow was opened, there have been at various times, small stone chambers, or kistvaens, discovered; and in one of these a skull of the long, flat, and narrow character, was some time ago dug up. A farmer in the vicinity, likewise, told Mr. Nugent that many years ago, while ploughing in that same field, he turned up a stone chamber of the same kind, and that it contained a skull with a portion of hair of a deep red colour attached to it."

The subject is worthy of close study; but *careless dabbling with it were worse than neglect*. There are some people—very curious, but neither reverent nor scientific—who, on reading this, will long to plunge into every cairn or grave that looks a few centuries old, to see whether Wilde is right or Wilde is wrong. We deprecate this. We entreat them to spare, nay, to guard, these as if they were precious caskets

entrusted to them. The Irish tombs must not be Grahamed. It is not right for any man, who has not spent years in studying comparative anatomy, to open the meanest tomb. Even had we a scientific commission of the ablest men we should insist upon a sparing and considerate use of such violation of the dead man's home for the sake of the live man's curiosity. He who does not respect the remains of his fellow-creature, and their last shelter, is without one of the finest feelings of humanity. Even the hired soldier, who slays for pay, is more human. Some of these mounds can, and will be, opened hereafter by the Irish Academy, when it is made, as it must be, an Irish Antiquarian Institute. In the meantime the subject had best be *practically* left to Dr. Wilde and the few competent people who are engaged on it. Let these tombs, whether on the mountain, or in the tilled field, or the ruined churchyard, be religiously preserved; and, above all, let the children be brought up with tender reverence for these sanctuaries of the departed. We have room enough without trespassing on the grave.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

WHEN valour becomes a reproach, when patriotism is thought a prejudice, and when a soldier's sword is a sign of shame, the Irish Brigade will be forgotten or despised.

The Irish are a military people—strong, nimble, and hardy, fond of adventure, irascible, brotherly, and generous—they have all the qualities that tempt men to war and make them good soldiers. Dazzled by their great fame on the Continent, and hearing of their insular wars chiefly through the interested lies of England, Voltaire expressed his wonder, that a nation which had behaved so gallantly abroad had “always fought badly at home.” It would have been most wonderful.

It may be conceded that the Irish performed more illustrious actions on the Continent. They fought with the advantages of French discipline and equipment; they fought as soldiers, with the rights of war, not “rebels, with halters round their necks;” they fought by the side of great rivals and amid the gaze of Europe.

In the most of their domestic wars they appeared as divided clans or abrupt insurgents; they were exposed to the treachery of a more instructed, of an unscrupulous and a compact enemy; they had neither discipline, nor generalship, nor arms; their victories were those of

a mob, their defeats were followed by extermination.

We speak of their ordinary contests with England from the time of Roderick O'Connor to that of '98. Occasionally they had more opportunities, and their great qualities for war appeared. In Hugh (or rather Aodh) O'Neill they found a leader who only wanted material resources to have made them an independent nation. Cautious, as became the heir of so long a strife, he spent years in acquiring military knowledge and nursing up his clan into the kernel for a nation—crafty as Bacon and Cecil, and every other man of his time, he learned war in Elizabeth's armies, and got help from her store-houses. When the discontent of the Pale, religious tyranny, and the intrigues and hostility of Spain and Rome against England gave him an opening, he put his ordered clan into action, stormed the neighbouring garrisons, struck terror into his hereditary foes, and gave hope to all patriots; but finding that his ranks were too few for battle, he negotiated successfully for peace, but unavailingly for freedom; his grievances and designs remained, and he retired to repeat the same policy, till, after repeated guerillas and truces, he was strong enough to proclaim alliance with Spain and war with England, and to defeat and slay every deputy that assailed him, till at last he marched from the triumph of Beal-an-ath-Buidhe (where Marshal Bagenal and his army perished) to hold an almost royal court in Munster, and to reduce the Pale to the limits it had formed in the wars of the Roses; and even when the neglect of Spain, the

genius of Mountjoy, the resources and intrigues of England, and the exhaustion and divisions of Ireland had rendered success hopeless, the Irish under O'Ruarc, O'Sullivan, and O'Doherty vindicated their military character.

From that period they, whose foreign services, since Dathi's time, had been limited to supplying feudatories to the English kings, began to fight under the flags of England's enemies in every corner of Europe. The artifices of the Stuarts regained them, and in the reign of Charles the First they were extensively enlisted for the English allies and for the crown; but it was under the guidance of another O'Neill, and for Ireland, they again exhibited the qualities which had sustained Tyrone. The battle of Benburb affords as great a proof of Irish soldiership as Fontenoy.

But it was when with a formal government and in a regular war they encountered the Dutch invader, they showed the full prowess of the Irish; and at the Boyne, Limerick, Athlone, and Aughrim, in victory or defeat, and always against *immensely superior numbers and armament*, proved that they fought well at home.

Since the day when Sarsfield sailed, the Irish have never had an opportunity of refuting the calumny of England which Voltaire accepted. In '98 they met enormous forces resting on all the magazines of England; they had no officers; their leaders, however brave, neither knew how to organize, provision, station or manœuvre troops—their arms were casual—their ignorance profound—their intemperance unrestrainable. If they put English supremacy in peril (and had

Arklow or Ballinahinch been attacked with skill, that supremacy was gone,) they did so by mere valour.

It is therefore on the Continent that one must chiefly look for Irish trophies. It is a pious and noble search; but he who pursues it had need to guard against the error we have noticed in Voltaire, of disparaging Irish soldiership at home.

The materials for the history of the Irish Brigade are fast accumulating. We have before us the "Military History of the Irish Nation," by the late Matthew O'Connor. He was a barrister, but studied military subjects (as became a gentleman and a citizen,) peculiarly interested himself in the achievements of his countrymen, and prepared materials for a history of them. He died, leaving his work unfinished, yet happily sufficiently advanced to offer a continuous narrative of Irish internal wars, from Hugh O'Neill to Sarsfield, and of their foreign services up to the peace of Utrecht, in 1711. The style of the work is earnest and glowing, full of patriotism and liberality; but Mr. O'Connor was no blind partisan, and he neither hides the occasional excesses of the Irish, nor disparages their opponents. His descriptions of battles are very superior to what one ordinarily meets in the works of civilians, and any one reading them with a military atlas will be gratified and instructed.

The value of the work is vastly augmented by the appendix, which is a memoir of the Brigade, written in French, in 1749, and including the war-office orders, and all the changes in organi-

sation, numbers, and pay of the Brigade to that date. This memoir is authenticated thus:—

“His Excellency, the Duke of Feltré, Minister of War, was so kind as to communicate to me the original memoir above cited, of which this is a perfect copy, which I attest.

“DE MONTMORENCY MORRES (Hervé),
Adjutant-Commandant, Colonel.

“Paris, 1st September, 1813.”

To give any account of the details of Mr. O’Conor’s book we should abridge it, and an abridgment of a military history is a catalogue of names. It contains accounts of Hugh O’Neill’s campaigns, and of the wars of William and James in Ireland. It describes (certainly a new chapter in our knowledge) the services of the Irish in the Low Countries and France during the religious wars in Henri Quatre’s time, and the hitherto equally unknown actions abroad during Charles the Second’s exile and reign.

The wars of Mountcashel’s (the old) Brigade in 1690–1, under St. Ruth in Savoy, occupy many interesting pages, and the first campaigns of the New Brigade, with the death of Sarsfield and Mountcashel, are carefully narrated. The largest part of the work is occupied with the wars of the Spanish succession, and contains minute narratives of the battles and sieges of Cremona, Spire, Luzzaca, Bleinheim, Cassano, Ramilies, Almanza, Alcira, Malplaquet, and Denain, with the actions of the Irish in them.

Here are great materials for our future History of Ireland.

THE SPEECHES OF GRATTAN.*

OF the long line of Protestant patriots Grattan is the first in genius, and first in services. He had a more fervid and more Irish nature than Swift or Flood, and he accomplished what Swift hardly dreamed, and Flood failed in—an Irish constitution. He had immeasurably more imagination than Tone; and though he was far behind the great Founder of the United Irishmen in organising power, he surpassed him in inspiration. The statues of all shall be in our forums, and examples of all in our hearts, but that of Grattan shall be pre-eminent. The stubborn and advancing energy of Swift and Flood may teach us to bear up against wrong; the principles of Tone may end in liberation; but the splendid nationality of Grattan shall glorify us in every condition.

The speeches of Grattan were collected and his memoirs written by his son. The latter is an accessible and an invaluable account of his life; but the speeches were out of print, not purchaseable under five or six guineas, and then were unmanageably numerous for any but a

* The Select Speeches of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan. To which is added his Letter on the Union, with a Commentary on his Career and Character. By Daniel Owen Madden, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Dublin, James Duffy, 1845. 8vo, pp. 534.

professed politician. Mr. Madden's volume gives for a trifle all Grattan's most valuable speeches, with a memoir sufficient to explain the man and the orator.

On the speeches of Grattan here published we have little to say. They are the finest specimens of imaginative eloquence in the English, or in any language. There is not much pathos, and no humour in them, and in these respects Grattan is far less of an Irishman, and of an orator, too, than Curran; but a philosophy, penetrating constitutions for their warnings, and human nature for its guides—a statesman's (as distinguished from an antiquarian's) use of history—a passionate scorn and invective for the base, tyrannical, and unjust—a fiery and copious zeal for liberty and for Ireland, and a diction and cadence almost lyrical, made Grattan the sudden achiever of a Revolution, and will make him for ever one of the very elements of Ireland.

No other orator is so uniformly animated. No other orator has brightened the depths of political philosophy with such vivid and lasting light. No writer in the language, except Shakspeare, has so sublime and suggestive a diction. His force and vehemence are amazing—far beyond Chatham, far beyond Fox, far beyond any orator we can recal.

To the student of oratory Grattan's speeches are dangerously suggestive—overpowering spirits that will not leave when bid. Yet, with all this terrible potency, who would not bask in his genius, even at the hazard of having his light

for ever in your eyes. The brave student will rather exult in his effulgence—not to rob, not to mimic it—but to catch its inspiration, and then go on his way resolved to create a glory of his own which, however small, being genuine, shall not pale within its sphere.

To give a *just* idea of Grattan's rush and splendour to any one not familiar with his speeches is impossible; but *some* glimmer may be got by one reading the extracts we shall add here. We shall take them at random, as we open the pages in the book, and leave the reader, untaught in our great orator, to judge, if chance is certain of finding such gems, what would not judicious care discover! Let him use that care again and again:—

“Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, and we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease: never! so long as the parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country: so long as this shall be the case, that very free trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

“The British minister mistakes the Irish character; had he intended to make Ireland a slave, he should have kept her a beggar; there is no middle policy; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore,

are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland:—they judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty; they judge of us with a true knowledge, and just deference, for our character: that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

“Impracticable! impracticable! impracticable, a zealous divine will say; any alteration is beyond the power and wisdom of parliament; above the faculties of man to make adequate provision for 900 clergymen, who despise riches. Were it to raise a new tax for their provision, or for that of a body less holy, how easy the task! how various the means! but, when the proposal is to diminish a tax already established, an impossibility glares us in the face, of a measure so contrary to our practices both in church and state.”

We were wrong in saying there was no humour in Grattan. Here is a passage humorous enough, but it is scornful, rhetorical humour:—

“It does not affect the doctrine of our religion; it does not alter the church establishment; it does not affect the constitution of episcopacy. The *modus* does not even alter the mode of their provision, it only limits the quantum, and limits it on principles much less severe than that charity which they preach, or that abstinence which they inculcate. Is this innovation?—as if the Protestant religion was to be propagated in Ireland, like the influence of a minister, by bribery; or like the influence of a county candidate, by money; or like the cause of a potwalloping canvasser, by the weight of the purse; as if Christ could not prevail over the earth unless Mammon took him by the hand. Am I to understand that if you give the parson 12s. in the acre for potatoes, and 10s. for wheat, the Protestant religion is safe on its rock? But if you reduce him to 6s. the acre for potatoes and wheat, then Jupiter shakes the Heavens with his thunder, Neptune rakes up the deep with his trident, and Pluto leaps from his throne! See the

curate—he rises at six to morning prayers; he leaves company at six for evening prayer; he baptizes, he marries, he churches, he buries, he follows with pious offices his fellow-creature from the cradle to the grave; for what immense income! what riches to reward these inestimable services? (Do not depend on the penury of the laity, let his own order value his deserts;) 50*l.* a year! 50*l.*! for praying, for christening, for marrying, for churching, for burying, for following with Christian offices his fellow-creature from cradle to grave; so frugal a thing is devotion, so cheap religion, so easy the terms on which man may worship his Maker, and so small the income, in the opinion of ecclesiastics, sufficient for the duties of a clergyman, as far as he is connected at all with the Christian religion.

* * * * *

“By this trade of parliament the King is absolute; his will is signified by both houses of parliament, who are now as much an instrument in his hand as a bayonet in the hands of a regiment. Like a regiment we have our adjutant, who sends to the infirmary for the old and to the brothel for the young, and men thus carted, as it were, into this house, to vote for the minister, are called the representatives of the people! Suppose General Washington to ring his bell, and order his servants out of livery to take their seats in Congress—you can apply this instance.

“It is not life but the condition of living—the slave is not so likely to complain of the want of property as the proprietor of the want of privilege. The human mind is progressive—the child does not look back to the parent that gave him being, nor the proprietor to the people that gave him the power of acquisition, but both look forward—the one to provide for the comforts of life, and the other to obtain all the privileges of property.”

But we have fallen on one of his most marvellous passages, and we give it entire:—

“I will put this question to my country; I will suppose her at the bar, and I will ask her, will you fight for a

Union as you would for a constitution? Will you fight for that Lords, and that Commons, who, in the last century, took away your trade, and, in the present, your constitution, as for that King, Lords, and Commons, who have restored both? Well, the minister has destroyed this constitution; to destroy is easy. The edifices of the mind, like the fabrics of marble, require an age to build, but ask only minutes to precipitate; and, as the fall of both is an effort of no time, so neither is it a business of any strength—a pick-axe and a common labourer will do the one—a little lawyer, a little pimp, a wicked minister the other.

“The constitution, which, with more or less violence, has been the inheritance of this country for six hundred years—that *modus tenendi parliamentum*, which lasted and outlasted of Plantagenet the wars, of Tudor the violence, and of Stuart the systematic falsehood—the condition of our connexion—yes, the constitution he destroys is one of the pillars of the British empire. He may walk round it and round it, and the more he contemplates the more must he admire it—such a one as had cost England of money millions and of blood a deluge, cheaply and nobly expended—whose restoration had cost Ireland her noblest efforts, and was the habitation of her loyalty—we are accustomed to behold the kings of these countries in the keeping of parliament—I say of her loyalty as well as of her liberty, where she had hung up the sword of the Volunteer—her temple of fame as well as of freedom—where she had seated herself, as she vainly thought, in modest security and in a long repose.

“I have done with the pile which the minister batters, I come to the Babel which he builds; and as he throws down without a principle, so does he construct without a foundation. This fabric he calls a Union, and to this his fabric, there are two striking objections—first, it is no Union; it is not an identification of people, for it excludes the Catholics; secondly, it is a consolidation of the Irish legislatures; that is to say, a merger of the Irish parliament, and incurs every objection to a Union, without obtaining the only object which a Union professes; it is an extinction of the constitution, and an

exclusion of the people. Well! he has overlooked the people as he has overlooked the sea. I say he excludes the Catholics, and he destroys their best chance of admission—the relative consequence. Thus he reasons, that hereafter, in course of time (he does not say when), if they behave themselves (he does not say how), they may see their subjects submitted to a course of discussion (he does not say with what result or determination); and as the ground for this inane period, in which he promises nothing, and in which, if he did promise much, at so remote a period he could perform nothing, unless he, like the evil he has accomplished, be immortal. For this inane sentence, in which he can scarcely be said to deceive the Catholic, or suffer the Catholic to deceive himself, he exhibits no other ground than the physical inanity of the Catholic body accomplished by a Union, which, as it destroys the relative importance of Ireland, so it destroys the relative proportion of the Catholic inhabitants, and thus they become admissible, because they cease to be anything. Hence, according to him, their brilliant expectation: ‘You were,’ say his advocates, and so imports his argument, ‘before the Union as three to one, you will be by the Union as one to four.’ Thus he founds their hopes of political power on the extinction of physical consequence, and makes the inanity of their body and the non-entity of their country, the pillars of their future ambition.”

We now return to the memoir by Mr. Madden. It is not the details of a life meagre for want of space, and confused for want of principles, as most little biographies are; it is an estimate, a profound one of Grattan’s original nature, of the influences which acted on him from youth to manhood, of his purposes, his principles, and his influence on Ireland.

Henry Grattan was twenty-nine years of age when he entered on politics, and in seven years he was the triumphant leader of a people free

and victorious after hereditary bondage. He entered parliament educated in the metaphysical and political philosophy of the time, injured by its cold and epigrammatic verse and its artificial tastes—familiar with every form of aristocratic life from Kilkenny to London—familiar, too, with Chatham's oratory and principles, and with Flood's views and example. He came when there were great forces rushing through the land—eloquence, love of liberty, thirst for commerce, hatred of English oppression, impatience, glory, and, above all, a military array. He combined these elements, and used them to achieve the Revolution of '82. Be he for ever honoured!

Mr. Madden defends him against Flood on the question of Simple Repeal. Here is his reasoning:—

“It is an easy thing now to dispose of the idle question of simple repeal. In truth, there was nothing whatever deserving of attention in the point raised by Mr. Flood. The security for the continuance of Irish freedom did not depend upon an English act of parliament. It was by Irish *will* and not at English pleasure that the new constitution was to be supported. The transaction between the countries was of a high political nature, and it was to be judged by political reason, and by statesmanlike computation, and not by the petty technicalities of the court of law. The revolution of 1782, as carried by Ireland, and assented to by England (in repealing the 6th George the First), was a political compact—proposed by one country, and acknowledged by the other in the face of Europe: it was not (as Mr. Flood and his partisans construed the transaction) of the nature of municipal right, to be enforced or annulled by mere judicial exposition.”

This is unanswerable, but Grattan should have gone further. The Revolution was effected mainly by the Volunteers, whom he had inspired; arms could alone have preserved the constitution. Flood was wrong in setting value on one form—Grattan in relying on any; but both before, and after, '82 Flood seems to have had glimpses that the question was one of might, as well as of right, and that national laws could not last under such an alien army.

Taken as military representatives, the Convention at the Rotundo was even more valuable than as a civic display. Mr. Madden censures Grattan for having been an elaborate neutral during these Reform dissensions; but that the result of *such* neutrality ruined the Convention proves a comparative want of power in Flood, who could have governed that Convention in spite of the rascally English and the feeble Irish Whigs. Oh! had Tone been in that council!

In describing Grattan's early and enthusiastic and ceaseless advocacy of Catholic liberty, Mr. Madden has a just subject for unmixed eulogy. Let no one imagine that the interest of these Emancipation speeches has died with the achievement of what they pleaded for; they will ever remain divinest protests against the vice and impolicy of religious ascendancy, of sectarian bitterness, and of bigot separation.

For this admirable beginning of the design of giving Ireland its most glorious achievement—the speeches of its orators—to contemplate, the country should be grateful; but if there can be

anything better for it to hear than can be had in Grattan's speeches, it is such language as this from his eloquent editor :

“Reader! if you be an Irish Protestant, and entertain harsh prejudices against your Catholic countrymen—study the works and life of Grattan—learn from him, for none can teach you better, how to purify your nature from bigotry. Learn from him to look upon all your countrymen with a loving heart—to be tolerant of infirmities, caused by their unhappy history—and, like Grattan, earnestly sympathise with all that is brave and generous in their character.

“Reader! if you be an Irish Catholic, and that you confound the Protestant religion with tyranny—learn from Grattan, that it is possible to be a Protestant, and have a heart for Ireland and its people. Think that the brightest age of Ireland was when Grattan—a steady Protestant—raised it to proud eminence; think also that in the hour of his triumph, he did not forget the state of your oppressed fathers, but laboured through his virtuous life, that both you and your children should enjoy unshackled liberty of conscience.

“But reader! whether you be Protestant or Catholic, and whatever be your party, you will do well as an Irishman to ponder upon the spirit and principles which governed the public and private life of Grattan. Learn from him how to regard your countrymen of all denominations. Observe, as he did, how very much that is excellent belongs to both the great parties into which Ireland is divided. If (as some do) you entertain dispiriting views of Ireland, recollect that any country, containing such elements as those which roused the genius of Grattan, never need despair. *Sursum corda.* Be not disheartened.

“Go—go—my countrymen—and, within your social sphere, carry into practice those moral principles which Grattan so eloquently taught, and which he so remarkably enforced by his well-spent life. He will teach you to avoid hating men on account of their religious professions, or hereditary descent. From him you will learn principles which, if carried out, would generate a new state of society in Ireland.”

MEMORIALS OF WEXFORD.

'TwiXT Croghan-Kinshela, and Hook Head, 'twixt Carnsore and Mount-Leinster, there is as good a mass of men as ever sustained a state by honest franchises, by peace, virtue, and intelligent industry; and as stout a mass as ever tramped through a stubborn battle. There is a county where we might seek more of stormy romance, and there is a county where prospers a shrewder economy, but no county in Ireland is fitter for freedom than Wexford.

They are a peculiar people—these Wexford men. Their blood is for the most part English and Welsh, though mixed with the Danish and the Gaelic, yet they are Irish in thought and feeling. They are a Catholic people, yet on excellent terms with their Protestant landlords. Outrages are unknown, for though the rents are high enough, they are not unbearable by a people so industrious and skilled in farming.

Go to the fair and you will meet honest dealing, and a look that heeds no lordling's frown—for the Wexford men have neither the base bend nor the baser craft of slaves. Go to the hustings, and you will see open and honest voting; no man shrinking or crying for concealment, or extorting a bribe under the name of "his expenses." Go to their farms, and you will see a snug homestead, kept clean, prettily sheltered

(much what you'd see in Down), more green crops than even in Ulster, the National School and the Repeal Reading-room well filled, and every religious duty regarded.

Wexford is not all it might be, or all that, with more education and the life-hope of nationality, it will be—there is something to blame and something to lament, here a vice sustained, and there a misfortune lazily borne; yet, take it for all in all, it is the most prosperous, it is the pattern county of the South; and when we see it coming forward in a mass to renew its demand for native government, it is an omen that the spirit of the people outlives quarrels and jealousies, and that it has a rude vitality which will wear out its oppressors.

Nor are we indifferent to the memories of Wexford. It owes much of its peace and prosperity to the war it sustained. It rose in '98 with little organisation against intolerable wrong; and though it was finally beaten by superior forces, it taught its aristocracy and the government a lesson not easily forgiven, to be sure, but far harder to be forgotten—a lesson that popular anger could strike hard as well as sigh deeply; and that it was better to conciliate than provoke those who even for an hour had felt their strength. The red rain made Wexford's harvest grow. Their's was no treacherous assassination—their's no stupid riot—their's no pale mutiny. They rose in mass and swept the country by sheer force.

Nor in their sinking fortunes is there anything

to blush at. Scullabogue was not burned by the fighting men.

Yet, nowhere did the copper sun of that July burn upon a more heart-piercing sight than a rebel camp. Scattered on a hill-top, or screened in a gap, were the grey-coated thousands, their memories mad at burned cabins, and military whips, and hanged friends; their hopes dimmed by partial defeat; their eyes lurid with care; their brows full of gloomy resignation. Some have short guns, which the stern of a boat might bear, but which press through the shoulder of a marching man; and others have light fowling pieces, with dandy locks—troublesome and dangerous toys. Most have pikes, stout weapons, too; and though some swell to handspikes, and others thin to knives, yet, for all that, fatal are they to dragoon or musketeer if they can meet him in a rush; but how shall they do so? The gunsmen have only a little powder in scraps of paper or bags, and their balls are few and rarely fit. They have no potatoes ripe, and they have no bread—their food is the worn cattle they have crowded there, and which the first skirmish may rend from them. There are women and children seeking shelter, seeking those they love; and there are leaders busier, feebler, less knowing, less resolved than the women and the children.

Great hearts! how faithful ye were. How ye bristled up when the foe came on, how ye set your teeth to die as his shells and round-shot fell steadily; and with how firm a cheer ye dashed

at him, if he gave you any chance at all of a grapple. From the wild burst with which ye triumphed at Oulart hill, down to the faint gasp wherewith the last of your last column died in the corn fields of Meath, there is nothing to shame your valour, your faith, or your patriotism. You wanted arms, and you wanted leaders. Had you had them, you would have guarded a green flag in Dublin Castle, a week after you beat Walpole. Isolated, unorganised, unofficered, half-armed, girt by a swarm of foes, you ceased to fight, but you neither betrayed, nor repented. Your sons need not fear to speak of Ninety-eight.

You, people of Wexford, almost all Repealers, are the sons of the men of '98 ; prosperous and many, will you only shout for Repeal, and line roads and tie boughs for a holiday ? Or will you press your organisation, work at your education, and increase your political power, so that your leaders may know and act on the knowledge, that come what may, there is trust in Wexford ?

THE HISTORY OF TO-DAY.

FROM 1793 to 1829—for thirty-six years—the Irish Catholics struggled for Emancipation. *That* Emancipation was but admission to the Bench, the Inner Bar, and Parliament. It was won by self-denial, genius, vast and sustained labours, and lastly by the sacrifice of the forty-shilling freeholders—the poor veterans of the war—and by submission to insulting oaths; yet it was cheaply bought. Not so cheaply, perchance, as if won by the sword; for, on it were expended more treasures, more griefs, more intellect, more passion, more of all which makes life welcome, than had been needed for war; still it was cheaply bought, and Ireland has glorified herself, and will through ages triumph in the victory of '29.

Yet what was Emancipation compared to Repeal?

The one put a silken badge on a few members of one profession; the other would give to all professions and all trades the rank and riches which resident proprietors, domestic legislation, and flourishing commerce, infallibly create.

Emancipation made it possible for Catholics to sit on the judgment seat; but it left a foreign administration, which has excluded them, save in two or three cases, where over-topping eminence made the acceptance of a Judgeship no

promotion; and it left the local Judges—those with whom the people has to deal—as partial, ignorant, and bigotted as ever; while Repeal would give us an Irish code and Irish-hearted Judges in every Court, from the Chancery to the Petty Sessions.

Emancipation dignified a dozen Catholics with a senatorial name in a foreign and hostile Legislature. Repeal would give us a Senate, a Militia, an Administration, all our own.

The Penal Code, as it existed since 1793, insulted the faith of the Catholics, restrained their liberties, and violated the public Treaty of Limerick. The Union has destroyed our manufactures, prohibits our flag, prevents our commerce, drains our rental, crushes our genius, makes our taxation a tribute, our representation a shadow, our name a bye-word. It were nobler to strive for Repeal than to get Emancipation.

Four years ago, the form of Repeal agitation began—two years ago, its reality. Have we not cause to be proud of the labours of these two years? If life be counted, not by the rising of suns, or the idle turning of machinery, but by the growth of the will, and the progress of thoughts and passions in the soul, we Irishmen have spent an age since we raised our first cry for liberty. Consider what we were then, and what we have done since. We had a People unorganised—disgusted with a Whig alliance—beaten in a dishonourable struggle to sustain a faction—ignorant of each others' will—without books, without song, without leaders (save one), without purposes, without strength, without

hope. The Corn-Exchange was the faint copy of the Catholic Association, with a few enthusiasts, a few loungers, and a few correspondents. Opposite to us was the great Conservative party, with a majority exceeding our whole representation, united, flushed, led by the craftiest of living statesmen and the ablest of living generals. Oh! how disheartening it was then, when, day by day, we found prophecy and exhortation, lay and labour, flung idly before a distracted People. May we never pass through that icy ordeal again!

How different now! The People are united under the greatest system of organisation ever attempted in any country. They send in, by their Collectors, Wardens, and Inspectors, to the central office of Ireland, the contributions needed to carry on the Registration of Voters, the public meetings, the publications, the law expenses, and the organisation of the Association; and that in turn carries on registries, holds meetings, opens Reading-rooms, sends newspapers, and books, and political instructions, back through the same channel; so that the Central Committee knows the state of every parish, and every parish receives the teaching and obeys the will of the Central Committee.

The Whig Alliance has melted, like ice before the sun, and the strong souls of our People will never again serve the purposes of a faction.

The Conservative party, without union and without principle, is breaking up. Its English section is dividing into the tools of expediency and the pioneers of a New Generation—its

Irish section into Castle Hacks, and National Conservatives.

Meantime, how much have the Irish People gained and done! They have received, and grown rich under torrents of thought. Song, and sermon, and music, speech and pamphlet, novel and history, essay, and map, and picture, have made the dull thoughtful, and the thoughtful studious, and will make the studious wise and powerful. They have begun a system of self-teaching in their Reading-rooms. If they carry it, we shall, before two years, have in every parish men able to manufacture, to trade, and to farm—men acquainted with all that Ireland was, is, and should be—men able to serve The Irish Nation in peace and war.

In the teeth, too, of the Government, we held our meetings. They are not for this time, but they were right well in their own time. They showed our physical force to the Continent, to ourselves, to America, to our rulers. They showed that the People would come and go rapidly, silently, and at bidding, in numbers enough to recruit a dozen armies. These are literal facts. Any one monster meeting could have offered little resistance in the open country to a regular army, but it contained the materials—the numbers, intelligence, and obedience—of a conquering host. Whenever the impression of their power grows faint, we shall revive them again.

The toleration of these meetings was the result of fear; the prosecution of their chiefs sprung from greater fear. That prosecution was begun

audaciously, was carried on meanly and with virulence, and ended with a charge and a verdict which disgraced the law. An illegal imprisonment afforded a glorious proof that the People could refrain from violence under the worst temptation; that their leaders were firm; and, better than all, that had these leaders been shot, not prisoned, their successors were ready. Such an imprisonment served Ireland more than an acquittal, for it tried her more; and then came the day of triumph, when the reluctant constitution liberated our chiefs, and branded our oppressors.

This is a history of two years never surpassed in importance and honour. This is a history which our sons shall pant over and envy. This is a history which pledges us to perseverance. This is a history which guarantees success.

Energy, patience, generosity, skill, tolerance, enthusiasm, created and decked the agitation. The world attended us with its thoughts and prayers. The graceful genius of Italy and the profound intellect of Germany paused to wish us well. The fiery heart of France tolerated our unarmed effort, and proffered its aid. America sent us money, thought, love—she made herself a part of Ireland in her passions and her organisation. From London to the wildest settlement which throbs in the tropics, or shivers nigh the Pole, the empire of our misruler was shaken by our effort. To all earth we proclaimed our wrongs. To man and God we made oath that we would never cease to strive till an Irish Nation stood supreme on this island. The genius which roused and organised us, the energy which

laboured, the wisdom that taught, the manhood which rose up, the patience which obeyed, the faith which swore, and the valour that strained for action, are here still, experienced, recruited, resolute.

The future shall realise the promise of the past.

THE RESOURCES OF IRELAND.*

BISHOP BERKELEY put, as a query, could the Irish live and prosper if a brazen wall surrounded their island? The question has been often and vaguely replied to.

Dr. Kane has at length answered it, and proved the affirmative. Confining himself strictly to the *land* of our island (for he does not enter on the subjects of fisheries and foreign commerce,) he has proved that we possess *physical* elements for every important art. Not that he sat down to prove this. Taste, duty, industry, and genius, prompted and enabled him gradually to acquire a knowledge of the physical products and powers of Ireland, and his mastery of chemical and mechanical science enabled him to see how these could be used.

* The Industrial Resources of Ireland, by Robert Kane, M.D., Secretary to the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Royal Dublin Society, and of Chemistry to the Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 21, College-green.

Thus qualified, he tried, in the Lecture-room of the Dublin Society, to communicate his knowledge to the public. He was as successful as any man lecturing on subjects requiring accurate details could be; and now he has given, in the volume before us, all his lectures, and much more. He, then, is no party pamphleteer, pandering to the national vanity; but a philosopher, who garnered up his knowledge soberly and surely, and now gives us the result of his studies. There was, undoubtedly, a good deal of information on the subjects treated of by Dr. Kane scattered through our topographical works and parliamentary reports, but that information is, for the most part, vague, unapplied, and not tested by science. Dr. Kane's work is full, clear, scientific, exact in stating places, extent, prices, and every other working detail, and is a manual of the whole subject.

In such interlaced subjects as industrial resources we must be content with practical classifications.

Dr. Kane proceeds in the following order:—First, he considers the *mechanical* powers of the country—viz., its fuel and its water powers. Secondly, its *mineral* resources—its iron, copper, lead, sulphur, marble, slates, &c. Thirdly, the agriculture of the country in its first function—the raising of food, and the modes of cropping, manuring, draining, and stacking. Fourthly, agriculture in its secondary use, as furnishing staples for the manufacture of woollens, linens, starch, sugar, spirits, &c. Fifthly, the modes of carrying internal trade by roads, canals, and rail-

ways. Sixthly, the cost and condition of skilled and unskilled labour in Ireland. Seventhly, our state as to capital. And he closes by some earnest and profound thoughts on the need of industrial education in Ireland.

Now, let us ask the reader what he knows upon any or all of these subjects; and whether he ought, as a citizen, or a man of education, or a man of business, to be ignorant of them? Such ignorance as exists here must be got rid of, or our cry of "Ireland for the Irish" will be a whine or a brag, and will be despised as it deserves. We must know Ireland from its history to its minerals, from its tillage to its antiquities, before we shall be an Irish nation, able to rescue and keep the country. And if we are too idle, too dull, or too capricious to learn the arts of strength, wealth, and liberty, let us not murmur at being slaves.

For the present, we shall confine ourselves to the subjects of the mechanical powers and minerals of Ireland, as treated by Dr. Kane.

The first difference between manufactures now, and in *any* former time, is the substitution of machines for the hands of man. It may, indeed, be questioned whether the increased strength over matter thus given to man compensates for the ill effects of forcing people to work in crowds; of destroying small and pampering large capitalists, of lessening the distribution of wealth even by the very means which increase its production.

We sincerely lament, with Lord Wharncliffe,

the loss of domestic manufactures; we would prefer one house-wife skilled in the distaff and the dairy—home-bred, and home-taught, and home-faithful—to a factory full of creatures who live amid the eternal roll, and clash, and glimmer of spindles and rollers, watching with aching eyes the thousand twirls, and capable of but one act—tying the broken threads. We abhor that state; we prefer the life of the old times, or of modern Norway.

But, situated as we are, so near a strong enemy, and in the new highway from Europe to America, it may be doubted whether we can retain our simple domestic life. There is but one chance for it. If the Prussian Tenure Code be introduced, and the people turned into small proprietors, there is much, perhaps every hope of retaining or regaining our homestead habits, and such a population need fear no enemy.

If this do not come to pass, we must make the best of our state, join our chief towns with railways, put quays to our harbours, mills on our rivers, turbines on our coasts, and under restrictions and with guarantees set the steam-engine to work at our flax, wool, and minerals.

The two great mechanical powers are fire and water. Ireland is nobly endowed with both.

We do not possess as ample fields of flaming coal as Britain; but even of that we have large quantities, which can be raised at about the same rate at which English coal can be landed on our coast.

The chief seats of flaming coal in Ireland are

to the west of Lough Allen, in Connaught, and around Dungannon, in Tyrone. There is a small district of it in Antrim.

The stone coal, or anthracite, which having little gas, does not blaze, and having much sulphur is disagreeable in a room, and has been thought unfit for smelting, is found—first, in the Kilkenny district, between the Nore and Barrow—secondly, from Freshford to Cashel; and thirdly, in the great Munster coal country, cropping up in every barony of Clare, Limerick, Cork, and Kerry. By the use of vapour with it, the anthracite appears to be freed from all its defects as a smelting and engine coal, and being a much more pure and powerful fuel than the flaming coal, there seems no reason to doubt that in it we have a manufacturing power that would supply as for generations.

Our bogs have not been done justice to. The use of turf in a damp state turns it into an inferior fuel. Dried under cover, or broken up and dried under pressure, it is more economical, because far more efficient. It is used now in the Shannon steamers, and its use is increasing in mills. For some purposes it is peculiarly good—thus, for the finer iron works, turf, and turf-charcoal are even better than wood, and Dr. Kane shows that the precious Baltic iron, for which from 15*l.* to 35*l.* per ton is given, could be equalled by Irish iron smelted by Irish turf for six guineas per ton.

Dr. Kane proves that the cost of fuel, even if greater in Ireland, by no means precludes us from competing with England; he does so by

showing that the cost of fuel in English factories is only from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while in Ireland it would be only $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—a difference greatly overbalanced by our cheaper labour, labour being over 33 per cent. of the whole expense of a factory.

Here is the analysis of the cost of producing cotton in England in 1830:—

| | | | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------|--------|-------------|--------------|--------|
| Cotton wool | | £8,244,693 | or per cent. | 26·27 |
| Wages | | 10,419,000 | " | 33·16 |
| Interest on capital | | 3,400,000 | " | 10·84 |
| Coals | | 339,680 | " | 1·08 |
| Rent, taxes, insu- rance, other charges and profit | | 8,935,320 | " | 28·65 |
| | | <hr/> | | |
| | | £31,338,693 | | 100·00 |

In water-power we are still better off. Dr. Kane calculates the rain which falls on Ireland in a year at over 100 billion cubic yards; and of this he supposes two-thirds to pass off in evaporation, leaving one-third, equal to near a million and a half of horse power, to reach the sea. His calculations of the water-power of the Shannon and other rivers are most interesting. The elements, of course, are the observed fall of rain by the gauge in the district, and the area of the catchment (or drainage) basins of each river and its tributaries. The chief objection to water-power is its irregularity. To remedy this he proposes to do what has increased the water-power on the Bann five-fold, and has made the wealth of Greenock—namely, to make mill-lakes by damming up valleys, and thus controlling and equalising the supply of water, and letting none

go waste. His calculations of the relative merits of undershot, overshot, breast, and turbine wheels, are most valuable, especially of the last, which is a late and successful French contrivance, acting by pressure. He proposes to use the turbine in coast mills, the tide being the motive power; and, strange as it sounds, the experiments seem to decide in favour of this plan.—

“The Turbine was invented by M. Fourneyron. Coals being abundant, the steam-engine is invented in England; coals being scarce, the water-pressure engine and the turbine are invented in France. It is thus the physical condition of each country directs its mechanical genius. The turbine is a horizontal wheel furnished with curved float-boards, on which the water presses from a cylinder which is suspended over the wheel, and the base of which is divided by curved partitions, that the water may be directed in issuing, so as to produce upon the curved float boards of the wheel its greatest effect. The best curvature to be given to the fixed partitions and to the float-boards is a delicate problem, but practically it has been completely solved. The construction of the machine is simple, its parts not liable to go out of order; and as the action of the water is by pressure, the force is under the most favourable circumstances for being utilized.

“The effective economy of the turbine appears to equal that of the overshot wheel. But this economy in the turbine is accompanied by some conditions which render it peculiarly valuable. In a water wheel you cannot have great economy of power without very slow motion, and hence where high velocity is required at the working point, a train of mechanism is necessary, which causes a material loss of force. Now, in the turbine the greatest economy is accompanied by rapid motion, and hence the connected machinery may be rendered much less complex. In the turbine also a change in the height of the head of water alters only the power of the machine in that proportion, but the whole quantity of water is

economized to the same degree. Thus if a turbine be working with a force of ten horses, and that its supply of water be suddenly doubled, it becomes of twenty horse power; if the supply be reduced to one-half, it still works five horse power: whilst such sudden and extreme change would altogether disarrange water wheels, which can only be constructed for the minimum, and allow the overplus to go to waste."

Our own predilection being in favour of water-power—as cheaper, healthier, and more fit for Ireland than steam—gave the following peculiar interest in our eyes:—

“I have noticed at such length the question of the cost of fuel and of steam power, not from my own opinion of its ultimate importance, but that we might at once break down that barrier to all active exertion which indolent ignorance constantly retreats behind. The cry of, ‘what can we do? consider England’s coal mines,’ is answered by showing that we have available fuel enough. The lament that coals are so dear with us and so cheap in England, is, I trust, set at rest by the evidence of how little influential the price of fuel is. However, there are other sources of power besides coals; there are other motive powers than steam. Of the 83,000 horse power employed to give motion to mills in England, 21,000, even in the coal districts, are not moved by fire but by fire water. The force of gravity in falling water can spin and wave as well as the elasticity of steam; and in this power we are not deficient. It is necessary to study its circumstances in detail, and I shall, therefore, next proceed to discuss the condition of Ireland with regard to water power.”

Dr. Kane proves that we have at Arigna an *inexhaustible* supply of the richest iron ore, with coals to smelt it, lime to flux it, and infusible sand-stone and fire-clay to make furnaces of on the spot. Yet not a pig or bar is made there

now. He also gives in great detail the extent, analysis, costs of working, and every other leading fact, as to the copper mines of Wicklow, Knockmahon, and Allihies; the lead, gold, and sulphur mines of Wicklow; the silver mines of Ballylichey, and details of the building materials and marbles.

He is everywhere precise in his industrial and scientific statements, and beautifully clear in his style and arrangement.

Why, then, are we a poor province? Dr. Kane quotes Forbes, Quetelet, &c., to prove the physical strength of our people. He might have quoted every officer who commanded them to prove their courage and endurance; nor is there much doubt expressed even by their enemies of their being quick and inventive. Their soil is productive—the rivers and harbours good—their fishing *opportunities* great—so is their means of making internal communications across their great central plains. We have immense water, and considerable fire power; and, besides the minerals necessary for the arts of peace, we are better supplied than almost any country with the finer sorts of iron, charcoal, and sulphur, wherewith war is now carried on. Why is it, with these means of amassing and guarding wealth, that we are so poor and paltry? Dr. Kane seems to think we are so from industrial education. He is partly right. The remote causes were repeated foreign invasion, forfeiture, and tyrannous laws. Ignorance, disunion, self-distrust, quick credulity, and caprice, were the weaknesses engendered in us by misfortune and misgovern-

ment; and they were then the allies of oppression; for, had we been willing, we had long ago been rich and free. Knowledge is now within our reach, if we work steadily; and strength of character will grow upon us, by every month of perseverance and steadiness in politics, trade, and literature.

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY.

COMPLAINTS had frequently been made of the inequality of the grand jury taxation before any attempt was made to remedy it. The committee on grand jury presentments, in their report, dated 12th June, 1815, stated that these complaints were well founded, and recommended "that some mode should be devised for rendering such assessments more equal, the defect appearing to them to arise, in a great degree, from the levy being made in reference to old surveys (which were taken on the measure of land which was deemed profitable at the time of such surveys), which, of course, cannot comprehend the great improvements which have taken place in Ireland since the period at which these surveys took place."

Though some of the evidence given before that committee displays a remarkable ignorance of this and many other facts, yet the fact itself of the oppressive inequality was put beyond doubt by the evidence of Daniel Mussenden, Esq.

C. P. Leslie, Esq., Right Hon. Denis Browne, Colonel Crosbie, General Archdall, &c.

It appears, from their evidence, that the grand jury cess was in some places distributed in equal shares over districts of a size and value often differing as one from six, and in other places distributed in unequal shares, bearing no obvious proportion to the size or value of the different districts.

These districts were generally called townlands, sometimes ploughlands, cartrons, carvas, tates, &c. Most of the witnesses fancied that these divisions had been originally equal, and made by James I., or Strafford, Sir W. Petty, or William III.

Mr. Mussenden suggested that they were made by the old Irish. It is possible that the Connaught divisions may have been affected by the Strafford survey, now lost; Ulster by the settlement in James's time, and many parts of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, by the forfeitures and divisions in William's, Cromwell's, Charles's, James's, and Elizabeth's times, or even by those of earlier date. With respect to these, we would remark that the forfeitures were according to previous divisions, and so the grants generally were.

Some of the townlands, from their names, seem to have been household lands of princes, other hospitality lands attached to the caravanserais which the ancient Irish so liberally endowed; but most of them must be accounted for in other ways. If these divisions grew marked in the middle ages, we should be disposed to say that

each was the possession of a large family or small sept, by the aggregation of many of which the great principedoms were made up. If these names and divisions are of older date (as we believe), then they either originated in, or were used for, the annual distribution of lands which was customary under the Brehon law; and in either case were likely to have been continued during the middle ages for family purposes.

And here we would remark that this annual distribution of land has been foolishly censured. The Irish then lived partly as hunters—chiefly as shepherds and herds—very little as tillers. The annual distribution of grazing land seems not so unreasonable, nor could it have been attended with the wasteful and disastrous results supposed to result from changeful tenures of tillage lands.

In a second report, in 1818, the Grand Jury Presentment Committee urged the immediate and complete alteration of the system, and, in 1819, a bill for the survey and valuation of Ireland was brought in. But this bill was soon abandoned.

In 1824 the subject was taken up in good earnest. The Commons resolved that “it is expedient, for the purpose of apportioning more equally the local burthens of Ireland, to provide for a general survey and valuation of that part of the United Kingdom.” Accordingly it voted £5,000 towards a trigonometrical survey, and appointed an active and fair committee “to consider of the best mode of apportioning more equally the local burthens collected in Ireland

and to provide for a general survey and valuation of that part of the United Kingdom."

The committee sat and received the evidence of Major Colby (now, and then, head of the survey in both kingdoms), Lieutenant Colonel Keane, Mr. Spring Rice, (now Lord Monteagle), Mr. Leslie Foster (late Baron of the Exchequer), Mr. John Wilson Croker, Mr. Richard Griffiths (since intrusted with the valuation of Ireland), Messrs. Bald, Nimmo, Edgeworth, and Aher, civil engineers, Captain Kater, and many others. It reported on the 21st of June, 1824.

The report states that the grand jury taxes for the preceding year were over £750,000, and that the assessment of this was most unequal and unjust, for the reasons before stated.

The committee speak separately on the survey and valuation.

The most material part of their *Report on the Survey* is as follows:—

They state the surface of Ireland at about twelve millions Irish, or twenty millions English, acres, divided in four provinces, thirty-two counties at large, eight counties of cities or towns or other independent jurisdictions, two hundred and fifty-two baronies, about two thousand four hundred parishes, and an immense number of townlands or minor sub-divisions.

The existing surveys they describe as few and defective. They omit any notice of the survey of Ulster made in 1618–19, under royal commission, by Pymar and others, and printed in the first part of Harris's collection of tracts on Ireland, entitled *Hibernica*.

They state, on Mr. Nimmo's authority, that "Strafford's Survey of the Forfeited Lands" was a memoir, terrier, or written description, accompanied by outline maps, and that all these documents have perished.

Mr. Hardiman, in a paper on Irish maps, printed in the fourteenth volume of the *Transactions of the Irish Academy*, states that surveys had been made of Ireland by the Irish monarchs, that fragments of these remain, and that in one of them, by Fenton, some allusion to a map seems to be made. If such ever existed, it no longer does.

The earliest published map of Ireland, according to Mr. Nimmo, is that in the "Itinerary of Antonine," published by Ricardus Corinensis in the fourteenth century, and taken from the table of latitudes and longitudes, made by Ptolemy. Ware notices that Ptolemy places Mona, Man, &c., among the isles of Ireland, and adds that Macianus (in Periplo) says that Ireland had sixteen provinces, fifteen famous cities, five noted promontories, and six eminent islands.

Mercator and Hondius published an inferior map, taken chiefly from Norse and Danish authorities. Mr. Bald refers to a map of Ireland of the fourteenth century, contained in "Arrowsmith's Memoir;" but whether this is Ricardus's or not, we do not know—neither can we get in Dublin "Arrowsmith's Memoir," or "Ricardus's map." But Bertram, who re-printed Ricardus, Nennius, and Gildas, in 1755, gives an original and highly interesting map of Ireland. Mercator was only copied until Elizabeth's time,

when a map fourteen English miles to one inch, was published.

Then follow Speed's in 1610, of Ireland and of the four provinces, Richard Blome's and Strafford's, before alluded to.

In the State Papers (temp. Henry VIII.) there are three Irish maps, for the first time printed from old MSS. maps. The first of these is a map of Munster, the date of which is only shown by its being noted in Lord Burleigh's hand. The second is a map of all Ireland, made by John Goghe in 1557; and the third is also a map of Ireland, made by John Morden, for the Earl of Salisbury, in 1609. All these contain clan names; one of them has the arms of the principal families, and they all, besides written names, contain topographical maps of much antiquarian value.

In the *Pacata Hibernia*, edited by Stafford in 1633, there are maps of Ireland, of Munster, and fifteen plans of different places in Munster, roughly engraved, but usefully drawn as picture-maps or panoramas—the best style for small plans at least, and lately revived on the continent in the panoramas of Switzerland, the Rhine, &c.

Danville contains a map of ancient Ireland, and he and Beaufort, and many others published, made up maps of Ireland in the middle ages. Ware, too, in his antiquities, prints a map of ancient Ireland, made from Ptolemy, Camden, and in one place from Orosius.

We now come to the celebrated Down Survey. It was executed by Sir William Petty, Physician-General, under a commission, dated 11th De-

ember, 1654, at the payment of 20s. a-day and 1*d.* an acre. Petty got a lot of Cromwellian soldiers into training in two months, and then surveyed all the forfeited lands. These soldiers used the chain and circumferentor, and their measurements were sent to Dublin, and there plotted or laid *down* on paper, whence the work is called The Down Survey.

This Survey contained both barony and parish maps of two-thirds of Ireland; the former on a scale of forty perches to an inch, containing parish and townland boundaries, mountain and bog marks, &c. 1430 maps remain in the Record Tower—of these 260 are baronial, 1170 parochial. 130 baronial maps are perfect, 67 partially burned, 2 or 3 are “missing.” 780 parochial are perfect, 391 partly burnt in 1711. A copy of the baronial maps exists in Paris in the King’s Library, having been taken by a privateer when on their way to England for Sir W. Petty, and tracings of these were made by General Vallancey and Major Taylor. In the Queen’s Inns is copied his account of this survey. All Petty’s maps have marginal descriptions and references to the “Book of Distributions” of the forfeitures. These maps are evidence between the crown and subject, and between two subjects holding as grantees from the crown by that distribution. There are some maps relating to, or part of this, said to be in the Lansdowne Collection.

Sir William Petty published a folio “County Atlas”—so did Mr. Pratt. A miniature “County Atlas” was printed in London, in 1720, by

Rowles, taken from Petty and Pratt. The latest "County Atlas" is the meagre one published with Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary."

The next official survey was that of the lands forfeited in William's time, composing about two millions acres. It is lodged in the vice-treasurer's office.

The following lists of maps and surveys was given in by Mr. Bald as part of his evidence:—

"A map of Ireland in 1716, by Thomas Bakewill, who also issued a map of the city of Dublin.

Herman Moll gave a map of Ireland.

Ortelinus (Charles O'Connor's) map of Ireland, with the names of the septs at the beginning of the 17th century.

Ditto, improved, containing proprietors' names in 1777, (Note too, that this has been re-printed in Madden's United Irishmen—2nd series.)

Ireland, by Pratt, six sheets.

Ditto, J. Rocque, four sheets.

Ditto, C. Bowles, four sheets.

Ditto, Jeffries, one sheet.

Ditto, Kitchin, one sheet.

Ditto, Major Taylor, one sheet, 1793.

Ditto, Beaufort, two sheets, 1793, accompanied by a very bad memoir.

Ditto, Arrowsmith, four sheets, 1811, reprinted frequently since.

Taylor and Skinner's map of Irish roads, in 1777.

We may add, Ireland, by Overdon and Morgan; do., by Senex, &c., in 1711.

COUNTY MAPS OF IRELAND.

County of Dublin, published in 1760, by John Rocque, scale not quite six inches to three English miles.

Survey of the county of Dublin, by William Duncan, principal draughtsman to the quarter-master-general of Ireland, published in 1821, scale three inches to one mile, and has been constructed on trigonometrical principles.

County of Louth, surveyed by Taylor and Skinner in 1777, scale two inches to one mile.

A survey of Louth, by Mr. John M'Neill.

County of Armagh, surveyed by John Rocque, scale two inches to one mile; states the impossibility of finding the barony bounds, and had recourse to Sir William Petty's surveys.

Wexford, surveyed by Valentine Gill, four sheets.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Westmeath, by Wm. Larkin, since 1800 | | | } Scale of the published maps, two inches to one mile. |
| Meath, | do. | do. | |
| Waterford, | do. | do. | |
| Leitrim, | do. | do. | |
| Sligo, | do. | do. | |
| Galway, | do. | do. | |
| Cavan, | do. | do. | |

All Mr. Larkin's county surveys were protracted from a scale of four inches to one Irish mile, but do not appear to have been constructed from triangular measurements.

Cork, surveyed by Edwards and Savage in 1811.

† Londonderry, by the Rev. G. V. Sampson in 1813, accompanied by a statistical memoir; sections on the map, scale two inches to one mile.

Longford, surveyed by William Edgeworth. This map was constructed from trigonometrical data.

Roscommon, by Messrs. Edgeworth and Griffiths. This survey has been done trigonometrically. The engraving was executed in a most superior manner.

County of Down, scale one inch to a mile; published in 1755. Hills drawn in profile; no surveyor's name to the map; it has soundings along the coast.

County of Down, by Williamson, 1810.

Antrim, by John Lendrick, in 1780.

Kildare, by Major Alexander Taylor, in 1783. Scale one inch and half to a mile.

Kerry, by Pelham.

Ditto, by Porter.

Wicklown, by Jacob Neville, in 1760.

Clare, by Henry Pelham, in 1787. Scale one inch and half to the Irish mile.

Kilkenny has been surveyed by Mr. David Aher in town lands.

Limerick, King's County, Donegal, Fermanagh, Monaghan, Carlow, Queen's County, Tipperary, Mayo, and King's County have all been surveyed.

CHARTS.

Chart of Kenmare River, by William Irwin, 1749.

Mr. Murdoch M'Kenzie made a general survey of the whole harbours, bays, and shores of Ireland, on the scale of one inch to an English mile, with general charts, in two volumes. By the date of the variation in 1759, it appears he was engaged about sixteen years. His sailing directions are valuable; and although the outline of the coast is faulty, yet all chart-makers have continued to copy his soundings.

Chart of Dublin Bay, by Seal and Richards, 1765.

Do. of the Shannon, by Cowan, 1795, two inches and a half to an Irish mile.

Do. of Dublin Bay, by Captain Bligh.

Several charts of the harbours on the east coast of Ireland have been published by the Fishery Board; they were surveyed under the direction of Mr. Nimmo, and are among the finest engraved specimens of our hydrographic surveys yet published.

Chart of Lough Derg, by Longfield and Murray.

Chart of Lough Ree."

Rocque was a pupil of Cassini, the astronomer and topographer, and came to Ireland in 1752. Mr. Nimmo states that he founded a class of surveyors and valuers, represented in 1824 by Messrs. Brassington, Sherrard, &c.; highly respectable, but who, not having much science, use only the circumferentor, chain and level. He added that the hydrographical survey of Dublin Coast, by Seal and Richards' pupils of that old French school was "respectable."

The survey of the forfeited estates in Scotland founded a school with more science, using the theodolite, &c. Among its pupils were Messrs.

Taylor, who, with Skinner, surveyed the roads of Ireland, Scotland, and part of England, and by others of this school the post-office road surveys were made.

Messrs. Nimmo and Bald, Scotchmen, Vignoles, an Englishman, and Messrs. Griffiths, Edgeworth, Aher, and M'Neill, Irishmen, and all men of very high abilities and science, bring down the pedigree of civil topography in Ireland to our time.

Among the greatest topographical works of these men were the **BOG MAPS** (four inches to the mile); Mr. Nimmo's coast and harbour surveys for the Fishery Board; Mr. Vignoles' surveys for the Railway Commission, and Mr. Bald's superb map of Mayo, on a scale of four inches to the mile, shaded, lithographed beautifully in Paris, and accompanied by raised models of the actual shape of parts of the county. Numerous other surveys and maps were made by these gentlemen, and by Mr. Griffiths, &c., for the Board of Works, the Woods and Forests, the Shannon Commissioners, and various other public departments.

The Ordnance made a slight military survey by order of the Irish Parliament. At the head of it was General Vallancey, assisted by Colonel Tarrant and Major Taylor; but the witnesses in 1824 treat it slightly.

The present survey has, besides its own unrivalled maps, given materials for several others. Amongst these are the maps in the census report, shaded to represent the density of population, the diffusion of houses, of stock, and of know-

ledge. Indeed, Captain Larcom's application of the electrotype to the multiplication of the copper-plates enables him to represent on a map any single attribute of the country separately, with little trouble or expense. The materials for single and double sheet maps of the Useful Knowledge Society, price 6*d.* and 1*s.*, were supplied from the Survey-office. The Railway Commissioners' general map was also made at Mountjoy.* This is the only large-sized map of Ireland, shaded according to the slopes of the land, possessed of any accuracy. We can testify to this accuracy. It is published in six sheets for £1 uncoloured. It is also issued at a higher price coloured geologically. For those who have more time and energy than money to spare, we know no better in-door way of studying Irish geology than to buy this map uncoloured, and to put in the geological colouring from another copy.

The reader is, probably, wearied enough of this catalogue, and yet if he be a young student of his country's state or history, this catalogue will be most useful to him. If he be master, not apprentice, he will see how rude and imperfect this list is. We must ask him to forgive these crudities, and send us (as he well can) something better, and we shall be glad to use it for ourselves and the public. For a list of maps of Ireland, and parts of it chiefly in MSS., in Trinity College, Dublin, we must refer the reader to Mr. Hardiman's valuable paper in the 14th volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

* The late Mountjoy Barracks, in the Phoenix Park, Dublin.

THE VALUATION OF IRELAND.

THE Committee of 1824 was but meagerly supplied with evidence as to foreign surveys. They begin that subject with a notice of the Survey of England, made by order of William the Conqueror, and called the Domesday Book. That book took six years to execute, and is most admirably analysed by Thierry.

The following is their summary account of some modern surveys:—

“In France, the great territorial survey or *cadastre*, has been in progress for many years. It was first suggested in 1763, and after an interval of thirty years, during which no progress was made, it was renewed by the government of that day, and individuals of the highest scientific reputation, M. M. Lagrange, Laplace, and Delambre, were consulted, with respect to the best mode of carrying into effect the intention of government. Subsequent events suspended any effectual operations in the French *cadastre* till the year 1802, when a school of topographical engineering was organised.—The operations now in progress were fully commenced in 1808. The principle adopted, is the formation of a central commission acting in conjunction with the local authorities; the classification of lands, according to an ascertained value, is made by three resident proprietors of land in each district, selected by the municipal council, and by the chief officer of revenue. ‘In the course of thirteen years, one third only of each department had been surveyed, having cost the state £120,000 per annum. At the rate at which it is carried on, it may be computed as likely to require for its completion, a total sum of £4,630, 000, or an acreable charge of 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.’

The delay of the work as well as the increase of expense, seem to have been the result of the minuteness of the survey, which extends to every district field; a minuteness which, for many reasons, your committee consider both unnecessary and inexpedient to be sought for, in the proposed Survey of Ireland.

“The survey of Bavaria is of modern date, but of equal minuteness. It is commenced by a primary triangulation, and principal and verification bases; it is carried on to a second triangulation, with very accurate instruments, so as to determine ‘all the principal points; the filling up the interior is completed by a peculiar species of plane table; and in order to do away with the inaccuracies of the common chain, the triangulation is carried down on paper to the most minute corners of fields.’ *The map is laid down on a scale of 12 inches to the mile, or one-five-thousandth part of the real size: and as it contains all that is required in the most precise survey of property, it is used in the purchase and sale of real estates.*

“The cadastre of Savoy and Piedmont began in 1729, and is stated to have at once afforded the government the means of apportioning justly all the territorial contributions, and to have put an end to litigations between individuals, by ascertaining, satisfactorily, the bounds of properties.

“The Neapolitan survey under Visconti, and that of the United States under Hessler, are both stated to be in progress; but your committee have not had the means of ascertaining on what principles they are conducted.”

The Committee adopted a scale for the maps of six inches to a statute mile, believing, apparently with justice, that a six-inch scale map, if perfectly well executed, would be minute enough for buyers and sellers of land, especially as the larger holdings are generally townlands, the bounds of which they meant to include. And, wherever a greater scale was needed, the pentagraph afforded a sufficiently accurate plan of

forming maps to it. They, in another point, *proposed* to differ from the Bavarian Survey, in omitting field boundaries, as requiring too much time and expense; but they stated that barony, parish, and townland boundaries were essential to the utility of the maps. They also seemed to think that for private purposes their utility would much depend on their being accompanied, as the Bavarian maps were, by a memoir of the number of families, houses, size, and description of farms, and a valuation. And for this purpose they printed all the forms. The valuation still goes on of the townlands, and classes of soil in each. The Statistical Memoir has, unfortunately, been stopped, and no survey or valuation of farms, or holdings as such, has been attempted. We would *now* only recall attention to the design of the Committee of 1824 on the subject.

They proposed to leave the whole Survey to the Board of Ordnance, and the Valuation to Civil Engineers.

The Valuation has been regulated by a series of acts of Parliament, and we shall speak of it presently.

The Survey commenced in 1826, and has gone on under the superintendence of Colonel Colby, and the local control of Captain Larcom.

The following has been its progress:—First, a base line of about five miles was measured on the flat shore of Lough Foyle, and from thence triangular measurements were made by the theodolite and over the whole country, and all the chief points of mountain, coast, &c., ascertained. How accurately this was done has been proved

by an astronomical measurement of the distance from Dublin to Armagh (about seventy miles), which only differed four feet from the distance calculated by the Ordnance triangles.

Having completed these large triangles, a detailed survey of the baronies, parishes, and townlands of each county followed. The field books were sent to the central station at Mountjoy, and sketched, engraved on copper, and printed there. The first county published was Derry, in 1833, and now the townland survey is finished, and all the counties have been engraved and issued except Limerick, Kerry, and Cork.

The Survey has also engraved a map of Dublin City on the enormous scale of five feet to a statute mile. This map represents the shape and space occupied by every house, garden, yard, and pump in Dublin. It contains antiquarian lettering. Every house, too, is numbered on the map. One of its sheets, representing the space from Trinity College to the Castle, is on sale, as we trust the rest of it will be.

Two other sets of maps remain to be executed. First—Maps of the towns of Ireland, on a scale of five feet to the mile. Whatever may be said in reply to Sir Denham Norreys' demand for a survey of holdings in rural districts does not apply to the case of towns, and we therefore trust that the holdings will be marked and separately valued in towns.

The other work is a general *shaded* map of Ireland, on a scale of one inch to the statute mile. At present, as we elsewhere remarked, the only tolerable shaded map of Ireland is that

of the Railway Commission, which is on a scale of one inch to four statute miles. Captain Larcom proposes, and the Commission on the Ordnance Memoir recommend, that contour lines should be the skeleton of the shading. If this plan be adopted the publication cannot be for some years; but the shading will have the accuracy of machine work instead of mere hand skill. Contours are lines representing series of levels through a country, and are inestimable for draining, road making, and military movements. But though easily explained to the eye, we doubt our ability to teach their meaning by words only.

To return to the townland or six-inch survey. The names were corrected by Messrs. Petrie, O'Donovan, and Curry, from every source accessible in *Ireland*. Its maps contain the county, barony, parish, townland, and glebe boundaries, names and acreage; names and representations of all cities, towns, demesnes, farms, ruins, collieries, forges, limekilns, tanneries, bleachgreens, wells, &c., &c.; also of all roads, rivers, canals, bridges, locks, weirs, bogs; ruins, churches, chapels; they have also the number of feet of every little swell of land, and a mark for every cabin.

Of course these maps run to an immense number. Thus for the county of Galway there are 137 double folio sheets, and for the small county of Dublin 28. Where less than half the sheet is covered with engraving (as occurs towards the edges of a county) the sheet is sold uncoloured for 2s. 6d.; where more than half is covered the price is 5s.

In order to enable you to find any sheet so as to know the bearings of its ground on any other, there is printed for each county an index map, representing the whole county on one sheet. This sheet is on a small scale (from one to three miles to an inch), but contains in smaller type the baronies and parishes, roads, rivers, demesnes, and most of the information of general interest. This index map is divided by lines into as many oblong spaces as there are maps of the six-inch scale; and the spaces are numbered to correspond with the six-inch map. On the sides of the index maps are tables of the acreage of the baronies and parishes; and examples of the sort of marks and type used for each class of subjects in the *six-inch* maps. Uncoloured, the index map, representing a whole county, is sold for 2s. 6d.

Whenever those maps are re-engraved, the Irish words will, we trust, be spelled in an Irish and civilised orthography, and not barbarously, as at present.

It was proposed to print for each county one or more volumes, containing the history of the district and its antiquities, the numbers, and past and present state and occupations of the people, the state of its agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, and what means of extending there existed in the county, and its natural history, including geology, zoology, &c. All this was done for the town of Derry, much to the service and satisfaction of its people. All this ought to be *as fully* done for Armagh, Dublin, Cork, and every other part of Ireland.

The commissioners recommend that the geology of Ireland (and we would add natural history generally) should be investigated and published, not by the topographical surveyors nor in counties, but by a special board, and for the whole of Ireland; and they are right, for our plants, rocks, and animals are not within civil or even obvious topographical boundaries, and we have plenty of Irishmen qualified to execute it. They also advise that the statistics should be entrusted to a statistical staff, to be permanently kept up in Ireland. This staff would take the census every ten years, and would in the intervals between the beginning and ending of each census have plenty of statistical business to do for parliament (Irish or Imperial) and for public departments. If we are ever to have a registry of births, deaths (with the circumstances of each case), and marriages, some such staff will be essential to inspect the registry, and work up information from it. But the history, antiquities, and industrial resources, the commissioners recommend to have published in county volumes. They are too solicitous about keeping such volumes to small dimensions; but the rest of their plans are admirable.

The value of this to Ireland, whether she be a nation or a province, cannot be overrated. From the farmer and mechanic to the philosopher, general, and statesman, the benefit will extend, and yet so careless or so hostile are ministers that they have not conceded it, and so feeble by dulness or disunion are Irishmen and Irish members, that they cannot extort even this.

We now come to the last branch of the subject—

THE VALUATION.

The Committee of 1824 recommended only principles of Valuation. They were three, viz. :—

“ § 1. A fixed and uniform principle of valuation applicable throughout the whole work, and enabling the valuation not only of townlands but that of counties, to be compared by one common measure. § 2. A central authority, under the appointment of government, for direction and superintendence, and for the generalisation of the returns made in detail. § 3. Local assistance, regularly organised, furnishing information on the spot, and forming a check for the protection of private rights.”

Accordingly on the 5th of July, 1825, an act was passed requiring, in the first instance, the entry in all the grand jury records of the names and contents of all parishes, manors, townlands, and other divisions, and the proportionate assessments. It then went on to authorise the Lord Lieutenant to appoint surveyors to be paid out of the Consolidated Fund. These surveyors were empowered to require the attendance of cess collectors and other inhabitants, and with their help to examine, and ascertain, and mark the “reputed boundaries of all and every or any barony, half barony, townland, parish, or other division or denomination of land,” howsoever called. The act also inflicted penalties on persons removing or injuring any post, stone, or other mark made by the surveyors; but we believe there has been no occasion to enforce these clauses, the good sense and good feeling of the

people being ample securities against such wanton crime. Such survey was not to affect the rights of owners, yet from it lay an appeal to the Quarter Sessions.

This, as we see, relates to *civil boundaries*, not *valuations*.

In May, 1820, another act was passed directing the Ordnance officers to send copies of their maps, as fast as finished, to the Lord Lieutenant, who was to appoint “*one* Commissioner of Valuation for *any* counties;” and to give notice of such appointment to the grand jury of every such county. Each grand jury was then to appoint an Appeal Committee for each barony, and a Committee of Revision for the whole county. This Commission of Valuation was then to appoint from three to nine fit valuers in the county, who, after trial by the Commissioner, were to go in parties of three and examine all parts of their district, and value such portion of it, and set down such valuation in a parish field book, according to the following average prices:—

“SCALE OF PRICES.

“Wheat, at the general average price of 10s. per cwt., of 112lbs.

“Oats, at the general average price of 6s. per cwt., of 112lbs.

“Barley, at the general average price of 7s. per cwt., of 112lbs.

“Potatoes, at the general average price of 1s. 7d. per cwt., of 112lbs.

“Butter, at the general average price of 69s. per cwt., of 112lbs.

“Beef, at the general average price of 33s. per cwt., of 112lbs.

“ Mutton, at the general average price of 34s. 6d. per cwt., of 112lbs.

“ Pork, at the general average price of 25s. 6d. per cwt., of 112lbs.

“ That is, having examined each tract—say a hill, a valley, an inch, a reclaimed bit, and by digging and looking at the soil, they were to consider what crop it could best produce, considering its soil, elevation, nearness to markets, and then estimating crops at the foregoing rate, they were to say how much per acre the tract was, in their opinion, worth.

“ From this Parish Field Book the Commissioner was to make out a table of the parishes and townlands, &c., in each barony, specifying the average and total value of houses in such subdivisions, and to forward it to the high constable, who was to post copies thereof. A vestry of twenty pound freeholders and twenty shilling cess-payers was to be called in each parish, to consider the table. If they did not appeal, the table was to stand confirmed; if they did appeal, the grand jury committee of appeal, with the valuation commissioner as chairman, were to decide upon the appeal; but if the assessor were dissatisfied the appeal was to go to the committee of revision. The same committee were then to revise the *proportionate* liabilities of *baronies*, subject to an appeal to the Queen's Bench. The valuation so settled was to be published in the *Dublin Gazette*, and thenceforward all *grand jury* and *parish* rates and cesses were to be levied in the *proportions* thereby fixed. But no land theretofore exempt from any rate was thereby made liable. The expenses were to be advanced from the consolidated fund, and repaid by presentment from the county.”

It made the *proportionate* values of parishes and townlands, pending the baronial survey, and the baronial valuation, to bind after revision and publication in some newspaper circulating in the county; but *within three years* there was to be a second revision, after which they were to be published in the *Dublin Gazette*, &c., and be

final as to the *proportions* of all parish or grand jury rates to be paid by all baronies, parishes, and townlands. It also directed the annexation of detached bits to the counties respectively surrounding them, and it likewise provided for the *use* of the valuation maps and field books in applotting the grand jury cess charged on the holders of lands, but such valuation to be merely a guide and not final. From the varying size and value of holdings this caution was essential.

Under this last act the valuation has been continued, as every reader of the country papers must have seen by Mr. Griffith's Notices, and is now complete in twenty counties, forward in six, begun in four, and not yet begun in Cork, Kerry, Limerick, or Dublin.

Mr. Griffith's instructions are clear and full, and we strongly recommend the study of them, and an adherence to their forms and classifications, to valuers of all private and public properties, so far as they go. He appointed two classes of valuers—Ordinary Valuers to make the first valuation all over each county, and Check Valuers to re-value patches in every district, to test the accuracy of the ordinary valuers.

The ordinary valuer was to have two copies of the Townland (or 6-inch) Survey. Taking a sheet with him into the district represented on it, he was to examine the quality of the soil in lots of from fifty to thirty acres, or still smaller bits, to mark the bounds of each lot on the survey map, and to enter in his field book the value thereof, with all the special circumstances spe-

cially stated. The examination was to include digging to ascertain the depth of the soil and the nature of the subsoil. All land was to be valued at its agricultural worth, supposing it liberally set, leaving out the value of timber, turf, &c. Reductions were to be made for elevation above the sea, steepness, exposure to bad winds, patchiness of soil, bad fences, and bad roads. Additions were to be made for neighbourhood of limestone, turf, sea, or other manure, roads, good climate and shelter, nearness to towns.

The following classification of soils was recommended :—

ARRANGEMENT OF SOILS.

“ All soils may be arranged under four heads, each representing the characteristic ingredients, as 1. Argillaceous, or clayey; 2. Silicious, or sandy; 3. Calcareous, or limy; 4. Peaty.

“ For practical purposes it will be desirable to subdivide each of these classes :—

“ Thus argillaceous soils may be divided into three varieties, viz. :—Clay, clay loam, and argillaceous alluvial.

“ Of silicious soils there are four varieties, viz. :—Sandy, gravelly, slaty, and rocky.

“ Of calcareous soils we have three varieties, viz. :—Limestone, limestone gravel, and marl.

“ Of peat soils two varieties, viz. :—Moor, and peat, or bog.

“ In describing in the field book the different qualities of soils, the following explanatory words may be used as occasion may require :—

“ *Stiff*—Where a soil contains a large proportion, say one-half, or even more, of tenacious clay, it is called stiff. In dry weather this kind of soil cracks, and opens, and has a tendency to form into large and hard lumps, particularly if ploughed in wet weather.

“*Friable*—Where the soil is loose and open, as is generally the case in sandy, gravelly, and moory lands.

“*Strong*—Where a soil contains a considerable portion of clay, and has some tendency to form into clods or lumps, it may be called strong.

“*Deep*—Where the soil exceeds ten inches in depth, the term deep may be applied.

“*Shallow*—Where the depth of the soil is less than eight inches.

“*Dry*—Where the soil is friable, and the subsoil porous, (if there be no springs,) the term dry should be used.

“*Wet*—Where the soil, or subsoil, is very tenacious, or where springs are numerous.

“*Sharp*—Where there is a moderate proportion of gravel, or small stones.

“*Fine or Soft*—Where the soil contains no gravel, but is chiefly composed of very fine sand, or soft, light earth without gravel.

“*Cold*—Where the soil rests on a tenacious clay subsoil, and has a tendency when in pasture, to produce rushes and other aquatic plants.

“*Sandy, or gravelly*—Where there is a large proportion of sand or gravel, through the soil.

“*Slaty*—Where the slaty substratum is much intermixed with the soil.

“*Worn*—Where the soil has been a long time under cultivation, without rest or manure.

“*Poor*—Where the land is naturally of bad quality.

“*Hungry*—Where the soil contains a considerable portion of gravel, or coarse sand, resting on a gravelly subsoil; on such land manure does not produce the usual effect.

“The *colours of soils* may also be introduced, as brown, yellow, blue, grey, red, black, &c.

“Also, where applicable, the words steep, level, shrubby, rocky, exposed, &c., may be used.”

Lists of market prices were sent with the field books, and the amounts then reduced to a uniform rate, which Mr. Griffith fixed at 2s. 6d. per

pound over the prices of produce mentioned in the act.

Rules were also given for valuation of houses, but we must refer to Mr. Griffith's work for them.

COMMERCIAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.

WHILE the Irish were excluded from English law and intercourse, England imposed no restrictions on our trade. The Pale spent its time tilling and fighting, and it was more sure of its bellyful of blows than of bread. It had nothing to sell, why tax its trade? The slight commerce of Dublin was needful to the comforts of the Norman Court in Dublin Castle. Why should *it* be taxed? The market of Kilkenny was guarded by the spears of the Butlers, and from Sligo to Cork the chiefs and towns of Munster and Connaught—the Burkes, O'Loughlens, O'Sullivan's, Galway, Dingle, and Dunbay, carried on a trade with Spain, and piracy or war against England. How *could they* be taxed?

Commercial taxes, too, in those days were hard to be enforced, and more resembled toll to a robber than contribution to the state. Every great river and pass in Europe, from the Rhine and the Alps to Berwick and the Blackwater, was affectionately watched by royal and noble castles at their narrowest points, and the barge anchored and the caravan halted to be robbed, or, as the receivers called it, to be taxed.

At last the Pale was stretched round Ireland by art and force. Solitude and peace were in our plains; but the armed colonist settled in it, and the native came down from his hills as a tenant or a squatter, and a kind of prosperity arose.

Protestant and Catholic, native and colonist, had the same interest—namely, to turn this waste into a garden. They had not, nor could they have had, other things to export than Sydney or Canada have now—cattle, butter, hides, and wool. They had hardly corn enough for themselves; but pasture was plenty, and cows and their hides, sheep and their fleeces, were equally so. The natives had always been obliged to prepare their own clothing, and, therefore, every creaght and digger knew how to dress wool and skins, and they had found out, or preserved, from a more civilized time, dyes which, to this day, are superior to any others. Small quantities of woollen goods were exported, but our assertion holds good that in our war-times there was no manufacture for export worth naming.

Black Tom Wentworth, the ablest of despots, came here 210 years ago, and found “small beginnings towards a clothing trade.” He at once resolved to discourage it. He wrote so to the king on July 25th, 1636, and he was a man true to his enmities. “But,” said he, “I’ll give them a linen manufacture instead.” Now, the Irish had raised flax and made and dyed linen from time immemorial. The saffron-coloured linen shirt was as national as the cloak and birred; so that Strafford rather introduced the linen manu-

facture among the new settlers than among the Irish. Certainly he encouraged it, by sending Irishmen to learn in Brabant, and by bringing French and Flemings to work in Ireland.

Charles the Second, doubtless to punish us for our most unwise loyalty to him and his father, assented to a series of acts prohibiting the export of Irish wool, cattle, &c., to England or her colonies, and prohibiting the *direct* importation of several colonial products into Ireland. The chief acts are 12 Charles, c. 4; 15 Charles, c. 7; and 22 and 23 Charles, c. 26. Thus were the value of land in Ireland, the revenue, and trade, and manufactures of Ireland—Protestant and Catholic—stricken by England.

Perhaps we ought to be grateful, though not to England for these acts. They plundered our pockets, but they guarded our souls from being Anglicised. To France and Spain the produce was sent, and the woollen manufacture continued to increase.

England got alarmed, for Ireland was getting rich. The English lords addressed King William, stating that “the growth and increase of the woollen manufacture in Ireland had long been, and would be *ever*, looked upon with great jealousy by his English subjects, and praying him, by very strict laws, totally to prohibit and suppress the same.” The Commons said likewise; and William answered comfortably—“I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and to encourage the linen manufacture there, and to promote the trade of England.”

He was as good as his word, and even whipped and humbugged the unfortunate Irish Parliament to pass an act, putting twenty per cent. duty on broad, and ten per cent. on narrow cloths :—

“But it did not satisfy the English parliament, where a perpetual law was made, prohibiting from the 20th of June, 1699, the exportation from Ireland of all goods made or mixed with wool, except to England and Wales, and with the license of the commissioners of the revenue; duties had been before laid on the importation into England equal to a prohibition, therefore, this act has operated as a total prohibition of the exportation.”

There was nothing left but to send the wool raw to England; to smuggle it and cloths to France and Spain, or to leave the land unstocked. The first was worst. The export to England declined, smuggling prospered, “wild geese” for the Brigade, and woollen goods, were run in exchange for claret, brandy, and silks; but not much land was left waste. Our silks, cottons, malt, beer, and almost every other article was similarly prohibited. Striped linens were taxed thirty per cent., many other kinds of linen were also interfered with, and twenty-four embargoes in nineteen years straitened our foreign provision trade. Thus England kept her pledge of wrath, and broke her promise of service to Ireland.

A vigorous system of smuggling induced her to relax in some points, and the cannon of the Volunteers blew away the code.

By the Union she was so drained of money, and absentee rents and taxes, and of spirit in every way, that she no longer needs a prohibi-

tory code to prevent our competing with her in any market, Irish or foreign. The Union is prohibition enough, and that England says she will maintain.

Whether it be now possible to create home manufactures, in the old sense of the word—that is, manufactures made in the homes of the workers, is doubted.

In favour of such a thing, if it be possible, the arguments are numberless. Such work is a source of ingenuity and enjoyment in the cabin of the peasant; it rather fills up time that would be otherwise idled, than takes from other work.—Our peasants' wives and daughters could clothe themselves and their families by the winter night work, even as those of Norway do, if the peasants possessed the little estates that Norway's peasants do. Clothes manufactured by hand-work are more lasting, comfortable, and handsome, and are more natural and national than factory goods. Besides, there is the strongest of all reasons in this, that the factory system seems everywhere a poison to virtue and happiness.

Some invention, which should bring the might of machinery in a wholesome and cheap form to the cabin, seems the only solution of the difficulty.

The hazards of the factory system, however, should be encountered, were it sure to feed our starving millions; but this is dubious.

A Native Parliament can alone judge or act usefully on this momentous subject. An absentee tax and a resident government, and the progress of public industry and education, would

enable an Irish Parliament to create vast manufactures, here by protecting duties in the first instance, and to maintain them by our general prosperity, or it could rely on its own adjustment of landed property as sufficient to put the People above the need of hazarding purity or content by embarking in great manufactures.

A peasant proprietary could have wealth enough to import wrought goods, or taste and firmness enough to prefer home-made manufactures.

But these are questions for other years. We wish the reader to take our word for nothing, but to consult the writers on Irish trade. Laurence's "Interest of Ireland," (1682;) Browne's "Tracts," (1728;) "Dobbs on Trade," (1729;) Hutchinson's "Commercial Restraints," (1779;) "Sheffield on Irish Trade," (1785;) "Wallace on Irish Trade," (1798;) the various "Parliamentary Reports," and the very able articles on the same subject in the "Citizen."

Do not be alarmed at the list, reader, a month's study would carry you through all but the Reports, and it would be well spent. But if you still shrink, you can ease your conscience by reading Mr. John O'Connell's Report on "The Commercial Injustices," just issued by the Repeal Association. It is an elaborate, learned, and most useful tract.

NATIONAL ART.

No one doubts that if he sees a place or an action he knows more of it than if it had been described to him by a witness. The dullest man, who "put on his best attire" to welcome Cæsar, had a better notion of life in Rome than our ablest artist or antiquary.

Were painting, then, but a coloured chronicle, telling us facts by the eye instead of the ear, it would demand the Statesman's care and the People's love. It would preserve for us faces we worshipped, and the forms of men who led and instructed us. It would remind us, and teach our children, not only how these men looked, but, to some extent, what they were, for nature is consistent, and she has indexed her labours. It would carry down a pictorial history of our houses, arts, costume, and manners, to other times, and show the dweller in a remote isle the appearance of countries and races of his cotemporaries.

As a register of *facts*—as a portrayer of men, singly or assembled—and as a depicter of actual scenery, art is biography, history, and topography, taught through the eye.

So far as it can express facts, it is superior to writing; and nothing but the scarcity of *faithful* artists, or the stupidity of the public, prevents us from having our pictorial libraries of men and

places. There are some classes of scenes—as where continuous action is to be expressed—in which sculpture quite fails, and painting is but a shadowy narrator.

But this, after all, though the most obvious and easy use of Painting and Sculpture, is far indeed from being their highest end.

Art is a regenerator as well as a copyist. As the historian, who composes a history out of various materials, differs from a newspaper reporter, who sets down what he sees—as Plutarch differs from Mr. Grant, and the Abbe Barthelmy from the last traveller in India—so do the Historical Painter, the Landscape Composer (such as Claude or Poussin) differ from the most faithful Portrait, Landscape, or Scene Drawer.

The Painter, who is a master of composition, makes his pencil cotemporary with all times and ubiquitous. Keeping strictly to nature and fact, Romulus sits for him and Paul preaches. He makes Attila charge and Mohammed exhort, and Ephesus blaze when he likes. He tries not rashly, but by years of study of men's character, and dress, and deeds, to make them and their acts come as in a vision before him. Having thus got a design he attempts to realise the vision on his canvass. He pays the most minute attention to truth in his drawing, shading, and colouring, and by imitating the force of nature in his composition, all the clouds that ever floated by him, "the lights of other days," and the forms of the dead, or the stranger, hover over him.

But Art in its highest stage is more than this. It is a creator. Great as Herodotus and Thierry

are, Homer and Beranger are greater. The ideal has resources beyond the actual. It is infinite, and Art is indefinitely powerful. The Apollo is more than noble, and the Hercules mightier than man. The Moses of Michael Angelo is no likeness of the inspired law-giver, nor of any other that ever lived, and Raphael's Madonnas are not the faces of women. As Reynolds says, "the effect of the capital works of Michael Angelo is, that the observer feels his whole frame enlarged." It is creation, it is representing beings and things different from our nature, but true to their own. In this self-consistency is the only nature requisite in works purely imaginative. Lear is true to his nature, and so are Mephistopheles, and Prometheus, and Achilles; but they are not true to human nature; they are beings created by the poets' minds, and true to *their* laws of being. There is no commoner blunder in men, who are themselves mere critics, never creators, than to require consistency to the nature of us and our world in the works of poet or painter.

To create a mass of great pictures, statues, and buildings, is of the same sort of ennoblement to a people as to create great poems or histories, or make great codes or win great battles. The next best, though far inferior, blessing and power are to inherit such works and achievements. The lowest stage of all is neither to possess nor to create them.

Ireland has had some great Painters—Barry and Forde for example, and many of inferior but great excellence; and now she boasts high names

—Maclise, Hogan, and Mulready. But their works were seldom done for Ireland, and are rarely known in it. Our portrait and landscape Painters paint foreign men and scenes: and, at all events, the Irish people do not see, possess, nor receive knowledge from their works. Irish history has supplied no subjects for our greatest Artists; and though, as we repeat, Ireland possessed a Forde and Barry, creative Painters of the highest order, the pictures of the latter are mostly abroad; those of the former unseen and unknown. Alas! that they are so few.

To collect into, and make known, and publish in Ireland, the best works of our living and dead Artists, is one of the steps towards procuring for Ireland a recognised National Art. And this is essential to our civilization and renown. The other is by giving education to students and rewards to Artists, to make many of this generation true representers, some of them great illustrators and composers, and, perchance, to facilitate the creation of some great spirit.

Something has been done—more remains.

There are schools in Dublin and Cork. But why are those so neglected and imperfect? and why are not similar or better institutions in Belfast, Derry, Galway, Waterford, and Kilkenny? Why is there not a decent collection of casts anywhere but in Cork, and why are they in a garret there? And why have we no gallery of Irishmen's, or any other men's, pictures in Ireland?

The Art-Union has done a great deal. It has helped to support in Ireland artists who should

otherwise have starved or emigrated ; it has dispersed one (when, oh when, will it disperse another?) fine print of a fine Irish picture through the country, and to some extent interested as well as instructed thousands. Yet it could, and we believe will, do much more. It ought to have Corresponding Committees in the principal towns to preserve and rub up old schools of art and foster new ones, and it might by art and historical libraries, and by other ways, help the cause. We speak as friends, and suggest not as critics, for it has done good service.

The Repeal Association, too, in offering prizes for pictures and sculptures of Irish historical subjects has taken its proper place as the patron of nationality in art ; and its rewards for Building Designs may promote the comfort and taste of the people, and the reputation of the country. If artists will examine the rules by which the pictures, statues, and plates remain their property, they will find the prizes not so small as they might at first appear. Nor should they, from interest or just pride, be indifferent to the popularity and fame of success on national subjects, and with a People's Prizes to be contended for. If those who are not Repealers will treat the Association's design kindly and candidly, and if the Repealers will act in art upon principles of justice and conciliation, we shall not only advance national art but gain another field of common exertion.

The Cork School of Art owes its excellence to many causes.

The intense, genial, and Irish character of the

people, the southern warmth and variety of clime, with its effects on animal and vegetable beings, are the natural causes.

The accident of Barry's birth there, and his great fame, excited the ambition of the young artists. An Irishman and a Corkman had gone out from them, and amazed men by the grandeur and originality of his works of art. He had thrown the whole of the English painters into insignificance, for who would compare the luscious common-place of the Stuart painters, or the melo-dramatic reality of Hogarth, or the imitative beauty of Reynolds, or the clumsy strength of West, with the overbearing grandeur of his works.

But the *present* glories of Cork, Maclise and Hogan, the greater, but buried, might of Forde, and the rich promise which we know is springing there now, are mainly owing to another cause; and that is, that Cork possesses a gallery of the finest casts in the world.

These casts are not very many—117 only; but they are perfect, they are the first from Canova's moulds, and embrace the greatest works of Greek art. They are ill placed in a dim and dirty room—more shame to the rich men of Cork for leaving them so—but there they are, and there studied Forde, and Maclise, and the rest, until they learned to draw better than any moderns, except Cornelius and his living brethren.

In the countries where art is permanent there are great collections, Tuscany and Rome for example. But, as we have said before, the highest service done by success in art is not in the possession but in the creation of great works, the

spirit, labour, sagacity, and instruction, needed by the artists to succeed, and flung out by them on their country like rain from sunny clouds.

Indeed there is some danger of a traditionary mediocrity following after a great epoch in art. Superstition of style, technical rules in composition, and all the pedantry of art, too often fill up the ranks vacated by veteran genius, and of this there are examples enough in Flanders, Spain, and even Italy. The schools may, and often do, make men scholastic and ungenial, and art remains an instructor and refiner, but creates no more.

Ireland, fortunately or unfortunately, has every thing to do yet. We have had great artists—we have not their works—we own the nativity of great living artists—they live on the Tiber and the Thames. Our capital city has no school of art—no facilities for acquiring it.

To be sure there are rooms open in the Dublin Society, and they have not been useless, that is all. But a student here cannot learn anatomy, save at the same expense as a surgical student. He has no great works of art before him, no Pantheon, no Valhalla, not even a good museum or gallery.

We think it may be laid down as unalterably true, that a student should never draw from a flat surface. He learns nothing by drawing from the lines of another man—he only mimics. Better for him to draw chairs and tables, bottles and glasses, rubbish, potatoes, cabins, or kitchen utensils, than draw from the lines laid down by other men.

Of those forms of nature which the student can originally consult—the sea, the sky, the earth—we would counsel him to draw from them in the first learning; for though he ought afterwards analyse and mature his style by the study of works of art, from the first sketches to the finished picture, yet, by beginning with nature and his own suggestions, he will acquire a genuine and original style, superior to the finest imitation; and it is hard to acquire a master's skill without his manner.

Were all men cast in a divine mould of strength, and straightness, and gallant bearing, and all women proportioned, graceful, and fair, the artist would need no gallery, at least to begin his studies with. He would have to persuade or snatch his models in daily life. Even then, as art creates greater and simpler combinations than ever exist in fact, he should finally study before the superhuman works of his predecessors.

But he has about him here an indifferently-made, ordinary, not very clean, nor picturesquely-clad people; though, doubtless, if they had the feeding, the dress, and the education (for mind beautifies the body) of the Greeks, they would not be inferior, for the Irish structure is of the noblest order.

To give him a multitude of fine natural models, to say nothing of ideal works, it is necessary to make a gallery of statues or casts. The statues will come in good time, and we hope, and are sure, that Ireland, a nation, will have a national gallery, combining the greatest works of

the Celtic and Teutonic races. But at present the most that can be done is to form a gallery.

Our readers will be glad to hear that this great boon is about to be given to Irish Art. A society for the formation of a gallery of casts in Dublin has been founded.

It embraces men of every rank, class, creed, politics, and calling, thus forming another of those sanctuaries, now multiplying in Ireland, where one is safe from the polemic and the partizan.

Its purpose is to purchase casts of all the greatest works of Greece, Egypt, Etruria, ancient Rome, and Europe in the middle ages. This will embrace a sufficient variety of types both natural and ideal to prevent imitation, and will avoid the debateable ground of modern art. Wherever they can afford it the society will buy moulds, in order to assist provincial galleries, and therefore the provinces are immediately interested in its support.

When a few of these casts are got together, and a proper gallery procured, the public will be admitted to see, and artists to study them without any charge. The annual subscription is but 10s., the object being to interest as many as possible in its support.

It has been suggested to us by an artist that Trinity College ought to establish a gallery and museum containing casts of all the ancient statues, models of their buildings, civil and military, and a collection of their implements of art, trade, and domestic life. A nobler institution, a more vivid and productive commentary on the

classics could not be. But if the Board will not do this of themselves, we trust they will see the propriety of assisting this public gallery, and procuring, therefore, special privileges for the students in using it.

But no matter what persons in authority may do or neglect, we trust the public—for the sake of their own pleasure, their childrens' profit, and Ireland's honour—will give it their instant and full support.

ART UNIONS.

ART Unions are a substitute for State patronage. The State can do much for art. It can furnish teachers and models to a large class, and it can enable an artist to live by great works. Private patronage does not encourage great works. They require much time, and occupy a larger space than suits the size of private dwellings. Their price is immense, not only from the labour they require, but because of the rarity of men able to execute them. Wherever the arts have flourished, the State has been their chief patron. So it was in Athens where art was a branch of public business. In Rome, the patronage was even more liberal, if not quite so just. When arts revived, they were sustained by the monarchs and ecclesiastical corporations of all Europe. But, amongst their earliest, firmest, and wisest friends, were the little republics of Italy and the corporations of the Low Countries. Even now

there is more art of a high order called out by the patronage of the little court of Munich than by any people in the world. When we speak of high art, we mean art used to instruct and enoble men; to teach them great deeds whether historical, religious, or romantic; to awaken their piety, their pride, their justice, and their valour; to paint the hero, the martyr, the rescuer, the lover, the patriot, the friend, the saint, and the Saviour—nor is it confined to expressing moral excellence. It expresses intellectual and physical might—the poet, the orator, the sage, the giant savage, the falling angel. Whatever can be painted or sculptured, of strength or sweetness, of grace or terror, of piety or power—that belongs to high art.

In prizing State patronage so high, we do not assume it sufficient to produce great artists. Public passions, strong thoughts, condensed and deep education must exist (along with facilities to learn, and State patronage) to produce great artists. The perfect success of the little states of Greece, Italy, and the Low Countries in art, was owing less to their patronising art than to the strong passions, the public spirit, the concentration and earnestness of character produced by local government. Polygamy is not more unnatural and debasing than central government. We do not hope to see art advance much till national character is restored by the break up of two or three of the huge and hateful empires.

Latterly a substitute for state patronage has been found, or supposed to have been found, in Art Unions. The clubbed guineas of thousands form a sum large enough to buy the costliest

pictures. We do not think these Unions can realise all their more sanguine friends look for. Some people subscribe to encourage art, most people to get pictures and prints. There is therefore a strong inducement among the managers of these institutions to have as many prizes as possible to distribute. Their motive is excellent. Their desire is to serve artists and satisfy the public. They are all gratuitous labourers in this excellent work. But the effect is to break up the fund into small sums and to prevent Art Committees from buying great, and, therefore, costly pictures, and thus to discourage them. Perhaps even in this respect these committees are blameless; a petty style existed, and has not been got rid of, and it may be many years before they have the opportunity of buying a picture great in design and execution.

Still these institutions do and have done a great deal. They have given the guineas of tens of thousands to support artists who might otherwise have starved or painted portraits. They have put hundreds of pictures and thousands of fine prints into houses where a catch-penny London engraving, or nothing at all, would have reached. They have created an excitement about art. Men talk of it, read of it, think of it, and recommend it, who, ten years ago, would not have heeded its existence. Artists thus encouraged and honored are improving, and there is every hope that by the continuance of such support, and by the increase of public spirit, a school of eminent Irish artists will be created to illustrate their country's history and character, and to associate their fame with her's.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRELAND.

THE most useful premium offered by the Art Union is that for outline illustrations of Irish books. More instruction in art, more service to nationality, would follow from the success of this project than of any other they have attempted.

The preliminary to any excellence in painting is correct drawing. The boldest imagination cannot represent its thought without command over outline. Had Raphael's Madonna crooked eyes, or were the limbs of Angelo's Lazarus not bone and sinew convulsed with returning life, but galvanised blocks (as a pencil untrained to correct outline would have drawn them), not all the light, and shade, and colouring in the world could have made these figures admirable. The prints which glare in our cabins are not more abominable with brick-dust blood, and ochre-skin, than the costlier trash of our drawing-rooms with upright figures that could never stand, eyes that look round corners, arms and necks that seem the work of a carpenter, and bodies, compared to which, gate-posts look animated.

The glare and the prettiness reconcile our ignorant peasants, and our more ignorant gentry, to these deformities; but the same drawings in outline would not be tolerated even by them, ex-

cept as caricatures—dull caricatures. Accustom people to outline drawings—train their eyes to judge and admire correct outlines, vigour of action, strength and beauty of limb, possibility of attitude, unity of frame and of expression, and they will cease to value high colours or smooth graving—they will insist on nature, and faith, and power in works of art—they will appreciate the statues of Greece, the paintings of Italy, and Deutschland—they will demand of their own artists the excellence they are accustomed to, and they will recognise and reward that excellence.

National interests would be served in another way by the publication of such designs. Our history exists chiefly in dry annals or stupid compilations. The original memoirs and letters are little known and hard of access. People think of our history as a set of political facts, not as the lives and deaths of men clad in skins, and armour, and silk, bounding with strength and beauty, flushed with love, wrinkled with rage, full of chivalrous ambition.

The Druid in his grove—the Monk in his abbey—the Creaght on his hill—the Pagan conqueror—the Christian liberator—the Norman castle with its courted maidens, its iron barons, and its plumed train—the Irish rath with its circling trench, and circling woodland, its patriarch prince, its Tartar clan, its foster-love, and its harping bards—the Dane in his galley—the Viceroy in his council—the Patriot in his forethought—the Martyr in his endurance—the Hero in his triumph—his passing triumph—who

thought of these till lately?—who clearly sees them now? All these things an artist illustrating Irish history—illustrating Moore, or Keating—illustrating (to give better texts) the publications of the Archæological Society—the tracts in the *Desiderata*, or the *Hibernica*—the *State Papers*—Carte's *Ormond*—Ware's *Antiquities*, or any of the minuter works on our history—can show us.

How suited for countless illustrations are our Irish fictions, from our ancient fairy stories to our modern novels. In *The Collegians*, *Suil Dhuv*, *Crohore*, *The Fetches*, *The Poor Scholar*, *The Faction and Party Fight*, *Valentine M'Clutchy*, there are countless subjects for illustration, ranging from the mildest beauty to the utmost sublimity.

There is one work of fiction which we peculiarly desire to see illustrated, and that is Griffin's *Invasion*. Its great length, its hard words, and its freedom from hot stimulants, moderate its popularity—but there is in it the most exquisite beauty of scene and form, the purest loveliness, the most original heroism of any work we own, and it contains besides invaluable and countless hints on the *appearance* of ancient Ireland. Nor do occasional antiquarian errors materially lessen the value of the book to an illustrator.

Of poetry, Maclise has taken the best subject—*The Melodies*; nor can we advise any one to compete with him.

But we have wandered. The publication of outlines on our historical and romantic literature

would convey a deep and fresh sense of what Ireland was and is, and of what her writers have described or created. These illustrations would instruct the public in the organisation and costume of our races, give new and distinct imagery to orator and writer, and, becoming confluent, would represent Ireland in all her periods—Ireland imaginative, as well as actual and historical.

We entreat our artists as they love their country, as they owe it a service, as they pity its woes and errors, as they are wroth at its sufferings, and as they hope to share and aid its advance, to use this opportunity of raising the taste and cultivating the nationality of Ireland.

We shall only, in addition, repeat the proposal of the Art-Union :—

DRAWING AND COMPOSITION.

“For the best series of not less than five Outline Drawings, illustrative of the works of Irish writers, in poetry, prose, or history, 30*l*.

“Correct drawing, beauty of form and expression, will be especially looked for ; should the committee think it advisable to engrave the outlines selected, a further remuneration will be given to the artist : the drawings, with a sealed letter containing the name and address of the artist, to be forwarded to the Secretary of the Society, Board-room, College-street, Dublin, previous to the 1st of September next.”

HINTS FOR IRISH HISTORICAL PAINTINGS.

NATIONAL art is conversant with national subjects. We have Irish artists, but no Irish, no national art. This ought not to continue; it is injurious to the artists, and disgraceful to the country. The following historical subjects were loosely jotted down by a friend. Doubtless, a more just selection could be made by students noting down fit subjects for painting and sculpture, as they read. We shall be happy to print any suggestions on the subject—our own are, as we call them, mere hints with loose references to the authors or books which suggested them. For any good painting, the marked figures must be few, the action obvious, the costume, arms, architecture, postures, historically exact, and the manners, appearance, and rank of the characters, strictly studied and observed. The grouping and drawing require great truth and vigour. A similar set of subjects illustrating social life could be got from the Poor Report, Carleton's, Banim's, or Griffin's Stories, or better still from observation.

The references are vague, but perhaps sufficient.

The Landing of the Milesians.—Keating, Moore's Melodies.

Ollamh Fodhla Presenting his Laws to his People. Keating's, Moore's, and O'Halloran's Histories of Ire-

land.—Walker's Irish Dress and Arms, and Vallancey's Collectanea.

Nial and his Nine Hostages.—Moore, Keating.

A Druid's Angury.—Moore, O'Halloran, Keating.

A Chief Riding Out of his Fort.—Griffin's Invasion, Walker, Moore.

The Oak of Kildare.—Moore.

The Burial of King Dathy in the Alps, his thinned troops laying stones on his grave.—M'Geoghegan, l'Histoire de l'Irlande (French edition), Invasion, Walker, Moore.

St. Patrick brought before the Druids at Tara.—Moore and his Authorities.

The First Landing of the Danes.—See Invasion, Moore, &c.

The Death of Turgesius.—Keating, Moore.

Ceallachan Tied to the Mast.—Keating.

Murkertach Returning to Aileach.—Archæological Society's Tracts.

Brian Reconnoitring the Danes before Clontarf.

The Last of the Danes Escaping to his Ship.

O'Ruarc's Return.—Keating, Moore's Melodies.

Raymond Le Gros Leaving his Bride.—Moore.

Roderic in Conference with the Normans.—Moore, M'Geoghegan.

Donald O'Brien Setting Fire to Limerick.—M'Geoghegan.

Donald O'Brien Visiting Holycross.—M'Geoghegan.

O'Brien, O'Connor, and M'Carthy, making Peace to Attack the Normans.—M'Geoghegan, Moore.

The Same Three Victorious at the Battle of Thurles.—Moore and O'Connor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*.

Irish Chiefs Leaving Prince John.—Moore, &c.

M'Murrough and Gloster.—Harris's *Hibernica*, p. 53.

Crowning of Edward Bruce.—Leland, *Grace's Annals*, &c.

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Kildare "on the Necks of the Butlers."—Leland.

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The Battle of the Red Coats.—O'Sullivan's Catholic History.

Hugh O'Neill Victor in Single Combat at Clontibret.—Fynes Moryson, O'Sullivan, M'Geoghegan.

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Maguire and St. Leger in Single Combat.—M'Geoghegan.

O'Sullivan Crossing the Shannon.—Pacata Hibernica.

O'Dogherty Receiving the Insolent Message of the Governor of Derry.—M'Geoghegan.

The Brehon Before the English Judges.—Davis's Letter to Lord Salisbury.

Ormond Refusing to give up his Sword.—Carte's Life of Ormond.

Good Lookers on.—Stafford's Letters.

Owen Conolly Before the Privy Council, 1641.—Carey's *Vindiciæ*.

The Battle of Julianstown.—Temple's Rebellion, and Tichbourne's Drogheda.

Owen Roe Organising the Creaghts.—Carte, and also Belling and O'Neil in the *Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*.

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The Breach of Clonmel.—Do.

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Burning Them.—Castlehaven's Memoirs.

Nagle Before the Privy Council.—Harris's William.

James's Entry into Dublin.—Dublin Magazine for March, 1843.

Bishop King Combining Falsehoods into his Book.

The Bridge of Athlone.—Green Book and Authorities.

St. Ruth's Death.—Do.

The Embarkation from Limerick.—Do.

Cremona.—Cox's Magazine.

Fontenoy.—Do.

Sir S. Rice Pleading against the Violation of the Treaty of Limerick.—Staunton's Collection of Tracts in Ireland.

Molyneux's Book Burned.

Liberty Boys Reading a Drapier's Letter.—Mason's St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Lucas, Surrounded by Dublin Citizens in his Shop.

Grattan Moving Liberty.—Memoirs.

Flood Apostrophising Corruption.—Barrington.

Dungannon Convention.—Wilson Barrington.

Curran Cross-examining Armstrong.—Memoirs.

Curran Pleading Before the Council in Alderman James's Case.

Tone's First Society.—See his Memoirs.

The Belfast Club.—Madden's U.I., 2nd Series, Vol. I.

Tone, Emmet, and Keogh, in the Rathfarnham Garden.

Tone and Carnot.—Tone's Memoirs.

Battle of Oulart.—Hay, Teeling, &c.

First Meeting of the Catholic Association.

O'Connell Speaking in a Munster Chapel.—Wyse's Association.

The Clare Hustings—Proposal of O'Connell.

The Dublin Corporation Speech.

Father Mathew Administering the Pledge in a Munster County.

Conciliation—Orange and Green.

The Lifting of the Irish Flags of a National Fleet and Army.



OUR NATIONAL LANGUAGE.

MEN are ever valued most for peculiar and original qualities. A man who can only talk common-place, and act according to routine, has little weight. To speak, look, and do what your own soul from its depths orders you, are credentials of greatness which all men understand and acknowledge. Such a man's dictum has more influence than the reasoning of an imitative or common-place man. He fills his circle with confidence. He is self-possessed, firm, accurate, and daring. Such men are the pioneers of civilization, and the rulers of the human heart.

Why should not nations be judged thus? Is not a full indulgence of its natural tendencies essential to a *people's* greatness? Force the manners, dress, language, and constitution of Russia, or Italy, or Norway, or America, and you instantly stunt and distort the whole mind of either people.

The language, which grows up with a people, is conformed to their organs, descriptive of their climate, constitution, and manners, mingled inseparably with their history and their soil, fitted beyond any other language to express their prevalent thoughts in the most natural and efficient way.

To impose another language on such a people is to send their history adrift among the acci-

dents of translation—'tis to tear their identity from all places—'tis to substitute arbitrary signs for picturesque and suggestive names—'tis to cut off the entail of feeling, and separate the people from their forefathers by a deep gulf—'tis to corrupt their very organs, and abridge their power of expression.

The language of a nation's youth is the only easy and full speech for its manhood and for its age. And when the language of its cradle goes, itself craves a tomb.

What business has a Russian for the rippling language of Italy or India? How could a Greek distort his organs and his soul to speak Dutch upon the sides of Hymetus, or the beach of Salamis, or on the waste where once was Sparta? And is it befitting the fiery, delicate-organed Celt to abandon his beautiful tongue, docile and spirited as an Arab, "sweet as music, strong as the wave"—is it befitting in him to abandon this wild liquid speech for the mongrel of a hundred breeds called English, which, powerful though it be, creaks and bangs about the Celt who tries to use it?

We lately met a glorious thought in the "Triads of Mochmed," printed in one of the Welsh codes by the Record Commission: "There are three things without which there is no country—common language, common judicature, and co-tillage land—for without these a country cannot support itself in peace and social union."

A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its

language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river.

And in good times it has ever been thought so. Who had dared to propose the adoption of Persian or Egyptian in Greece—how had Pericles thundered at the barbarian? How had Cato scourged from the forum him who would have given the Attic or Gallic speech to men of Rome? How proudly and how nobly Germany stopped “the incipient creeping” progress of French! And no sooner had she succeeded, than her genius, which had tossed in a hot trance, sprung up fresh and triumphant.

Had Pyrrhus quelled Italy, or Xerxes subdued Greece for a time long enough to impose new languages, where had been the literature which gives a pedigree to human genius? Even liberty recovered had been sickly and insecure without the language with which it had hunted in the woods, worshipped at the fruit-strewn altar, debated on the council-hill, and shouted in the battle-charge.

There is a fine song of the Fusians, which describes—

“Language linked to liberty.”

To lose your native tongue, and learn that of an alien, is the worst badge of conquest—it is the chain on the soul. To have lost entirely the national language is death; the fetter has worn through. So long as the Saxon held to his German speech, he could hope to resume his land from the Norman; now, if he is to be free and

locally governed, he must build himself a new home. There is hope for Scotland—strong hope for Wales—sure hope for Hungary. The speech of the alien is not universal in the one; is gallantly held at bay in the other; is nearly expelled from the third.

How unnatural—how corrupting 'tis for us, three-fourths of whom are of Celtic blood, to speak a medley of Teutonic dialects. If we add the Celtic Scots, who came back here from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and the Celtic Welsh, who colonised many parts of Wexford and other Leinster counties, to the Celts who never left Ireland, probably five-sixths, or more, of us are Celts. What business have we with the Norman-Sassenagh?

Nor let any doubt these proportions because of the number of English *names* in Ireland. With a politic cruelty, the English of the Pale passed an act (3 Edw. IV., chap. 3), compelling every Irishman within English jurisdiction, “to go like to one Englishman in apparel, and shaving off his beard above the mouth,” “and shall take to him an English surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale; or colour, as White, Blacke, Browne; or art or science, as Smith, or Carpenter; or office, as Cook, Butler; and that he and his issue shall use this name, under pain of forfeiting his goods yearly.”

And just as this parliament before the Reformation, so did another after the Reformation. By the 28th Henry VIII., c. 15, the dress and language of the Irish were insolently described

as barbarous by the minions of that ruffian king, and were utterly forbidden and abolished under many penalties and incapacities. These laws are still in force; but whether the Archæological Society, including Peel and O'Connell, will be prosecuted, seems doubtful.

There was also, 'tis to be feared, an adoption of English names, during some periods, from fashion, fear, or meanness. Some of our best Irish names, too, have been so mangled as to require some scholarship to identify them. For these and many more reasons, the members of the Celtic race here are immensely greater than at first appears.

But this is not all; for even the Saxon and Norman colonists, notwithstanding these laws, melted down into the Irish, and adopted all their ways and language. For centuries upon centuries Irish was spoken by men of all bloods in Ireland, and English was unknown, save to a few citizens and nobles of the Pale. 'Tis only within a very late period that the majority of the people learned English.

But, it will be asked, how can the language be restored now?

We shall answer this partly by saying that, through the labours of the Archæological and many lesser societies, it *is* being revived rapidly.

We shall consider this question of the possibility of reviving it more at length some other day.

Nothing can make us believe that it is natural or honourable for the Irish to speak the speech

of the alien, the invader, the Sassenagh tyrant, and to abandon the language of our kings and heroes. What! give up the tongue of Ollamh Fodhla and Brian Boru, the tongue of M'Carty, and the O'Nials, the tongue of Sarsfield's, Curran's, Mathew's, and O'Connell's boyhood, for that of Strafford and Poynings, Sussex, Kirk, and Cromwell!

No, oh! no! the "the brighter days shall surely come," and the green flag shall wave on our towers, and the sweet old language be heard once more in college, mart, and senate.

But, even should the effort to save it as the national language fail, by the attempt we will rescue its old literature, and hand down to our descendants proofs that we had a language as fit for love, and war, and business, and pleasure, as the world ever knew, and that we had not the spirit and nationality to preserve it!

Had Swift known Irish, he would have sowed its seed by the side of that nationality which he planted, and the close of the last century would have seen the one as flourishing as the other. Had Ireland used Irish in 1782, would it not have impeded England's re-conquest of us? But 'tis not yet too late.

For *you*, if the mixed speech called English was laid with sweetmeats on your child's tongue, English is the best speech of manhood. And yet, reader, in that case you are unfortunate. The hills, and lakes, and rivers, the forts and castles, the churches and parishes, the baronies and counties around you, have all Irish names—names which describe the nature of the scenery

or ground, the name of founder, or chief, or priest, or the leading fact in the history of the place. To you these are names hard to pronounce, and without meaning.

And yet it were well for you to know them. That knowledge would be a topography, and a history, and romance, walking by your side, and helping your discourse. Meath tells its flatness, Clonmel the abundant riches of its valley, Fermanagh is the land of the Lakes, Tyrone the country of Owen, Kilkenny the Church of St. Canice, Dunmore the great fort, Athenry the Ford of the Kings, Dunleary the Fort of O'Leary; and the Phoenix Park, instead of taking its name from a fable, recognises as christener, the "sweet water" which yet springs near the East-gate.

All the names of our airs and songs are Irish, and we every day are as puzzled and ingeniously wrong about them as the man who, when asked for the air, "I am asleep, and don't waken me," called it "Tommy M'Cullagh made boots for me."

The bulk of our history and poetry are written in Irish, and shall we, who learn Italian, and Latin, and Greek, to read Dante, Livy, and Homer in the original—shall we be content with ignorance or a translation of Irish?

The want of modern scientific words in Irish is undeniable, and doubtless we should adopt the existing names into our language. The Germans have done the same thing, and no one calls German mongrel on that account. Most of these names are clumsy and extravagant; they

are almost all derived from Greek or Latin, and cut as foreign a figure in French and English as they would in Irish. Once Irish was recognised as a language to be learned as much as French or Italian, our dictionaries would fill up, and our vocabularies ramify, to suit all the wants of life and conversation.

These objections are ingenious refinements, however, rarely thought of till after the other and great objection has been answered.

The usual objection to attempting the revival of Irish is, that it could not succeed.

If an attempt were made to introduce Irish, either through the national schools or the courts of law, into the eastern side of the island, it would certainly fail, and the re-action might extinguish it altogether. But no one contemplates this save as a dream of what may happen a hundred years hence. It is quite another thing to say, as we do, that the Irish language should be cherished, taught, and esteemed, and that it can be preserved and gradually extended.

What we seek is, that the people of the upper classes should have their children taught the language which explains our names of persons or places, our older history, and our music, and which is spoken in the majority of our counties, rather than Italian, German, or French. It would be more useful in life, more serviceable to the taste and genius of young people, and a more flexible accomplishment for an Irish man or woman to speak, sing, and write Irish than French.

At present the middle classes think it a sign

of vulgarity to speak Irish—the children are everywhere taught English and English alone in schools—and, what is worse, they are urged by rewards and punishments to speak it at home, for English is the language of their masters. Now, we think the example and exertions of the upper classes would be sufficient to set the opposite and better fashion of preferring Irish; and, even as a matter of taste, we think them bound to do so. And we ask it of the pride, the patriotism, and the hearts of our farmers and shopkeepers, will they try to drive out of their children's minds the native language of almost every great man we had, from Brian Boru to O'Connell—will they meanly sacrifice the language which names their hills, and towns, and music, to the tongue of the stranger?

About half the people west of a line drawn from Derry to Waterford speak Irish habitually, and in some of the mountain tracts east of that line it is still common. Simply requiring the teachers of the National Schools in these Irish-speaking districts to know Irish, and supplying them with Irish translations of the school books, would guard the language where it now exists, and prevent it from being swept away by the English tongue, as the red Americans have been by the English race from New York to New Orleans.

The example of the upper classes would extend and develop a modern Irish literature, and the hearty support they have given to the Archæological Society makes us hope that they will have sense and spirit to do so.

But the establishment of a newspaper partly or wholly Irish would be the most rapid and sure way of serving the language. The Irish-speaking man would find, in his native tongue, the political news and general information he has now to seek in English; and the English-speaking man, having Irish frequently before him in so attractive a form, would be tempted to learn its characters, and by and by its meaning.

These newspapers in many languages are now to be found everywhere but here. In South America many of these papers are Spanish and English, or French; in North America, French and English; in Northern Italy, German and Italian; in Denmark and Holland, German is used in addition to the native tongue; in Alsace and Switzerland, French and German; in Poland, German, French, and Slavonic; in Turkey, French and Turkish; in Hungary, Magyar, Slavonic, and German; and the little Canton of Grison uses three languages in its press. With the exception of Hungary, the secondary language is, in all cases, spoken by fewer persons than the Irish-speaking people of Ireland, and while they everywhere tolerate and use one language as a medium of commerce, they cherish the other as the vehicle of history, the wings of song, the soil of their genius, and a mark and guard of nationality.

O'DONOVAN'S IRISH GRAMMAR.

MR. O'DONOVAN has the reputation (right well earned, we believe) of being the best Celtic scholar alive. He is a man eminently cautious; and disposed, from the highest motives, rather against the pretensions of Gaelic literature. His grammar, begun in 1828, has been gradually ripened while he was engaged on the orthography of the Ordnance Survey, and in editing the best and most learned of the publications of the Archæological Society. It is now published as the class-book, and with the guarantee of the College of St. Columba. His capacity, disposition, and opportunities, and the circumstances of the publication, will, therefore, place his grammar at once, and without question, at the head of Celtic literature.

The work is quite (shall we not say, wonderfully?) free from the vehement style and sweeping assertions, so often and so mischievously carried from the forum to the study, by Irish writers.

One need not be a master, nor even a student of the Irish language, to find interest and knowledge in this work. It is no regiment of rules without reason, illustration, or authority, like most grammars. It is a profound and discursive treatise on the pronunciation, inflections, structure, and prosody of the most perfect of the

Celtic tongues. There is not, we are sure, an antiquarian or philologist in Europe but will grasp it as the long-wished-for key to facts locked in the obscurity of a language, whose best grammarians had only the dialect of their own parishes, and whose most notable grammars were the work of pretenders.

From the letters of the alphabet to the rules of versification, every portion of the Grammar is argued and illustrated—the argument not frantic speculation on the tongues of Tyre or Babel, but the philosophy of one who has weighed the metaphysics of language in Tooke, Mill, and Harris—the illustrations (drawn out of his own and Mr. Curry's reading and experience), extending from the hymns of the early saints, to the Jacobite ballads, from Cormack's glossary, to the slang of the Munster masons.

You cannot open a page of it without finding some fact or fragment which lightens the history of the country, the customs of the people, and the idiom which they have brought into English. In the chapter on Prepositions alone (running to thirty-eight close pages) there are pleasant materials for long study to any student of Ireland, be he ever so ignorant of Irish.

Yet no one must suppose that this work is merely an antiquarian miscellany, or a philological treatise, or both.

It is a thoroughly practical Irish Grammar. It gives, with care and simplicity, the most perfect forms and rules (according to the best judgment of its author), and then proceeds to explain

the effect of each rule, and the reasons for it to show the variations from it during different ages and in distant parts of the island.

These minute details of provincial pronunciation are here given for the first time, and any one who has ever attempted to learn Irish will know the value of them.

It has been made a reproach to the Irish language, that it varies from Kerry to Cork, from Kilkenny to Galway, from Donegal to Armagh, and from Louth to Antrim. The difference in this last county is great; but the Gaelic of the Antrim glens is the Erse, or Albanian dialect, brought from Argyleshire and the Hebrides during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. It is a prodigal son returned a good deal the worse for having been so long on the *shaughran*!

The variety of dialects in Ireland is hardly greater than in other countries. We have tried hopelessly to understand a Zomerzeshire peasant talking English, and the difference between Yorkshire, Norfolkshire, and Cockneyshire are immense. No two provinces in Germany speak the one dialect. The Bavarian and the Oldenburger, the Hessian and the Silesian, are as wide from each other in dialect as the Kerryman and the native of Armagh; and the Low Dutch of Holland and the Danish are as far from the pure tongue of Frankfort, as Erse and Manx from the classic speech of Galway.

By the way, let us pause for a moment to give the original authority for the distinctive qualities

of provincial speaking, with which we are all familiar in a ruder way:—

“ The Munsterman has the accent without the propriety.

“ The Ulsterman has the propriety without the accent.

“ The Leinsterman has neither the propriety nor the accent.

“ The Connaughtman has the accent and the propriety.”

Mr. O'Donovan gives us a paraphrase of these proverbs, published by Lombard, in his *De Regno* in 1632; so that the notion is an old one.

But, talking of dialects, it was only since Luther's Bible that Germany began to have a standard language. Dante took up the speech prevalent about Florence, and founded classic Italian; but to this hour neither the Venetian, nor the Neapolitan, nor the Sicilian, have abandoned their old dialects. Similar differences exist in France, Spain, and everywhere.

Let us no more hear, then, of *this* objection to Irish; but trust that the labours of Mr. O'Donovan, Mr. Curry, Mr. Connellan, the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan, of Bandon, and whoever besides are the best of our Celtic scholars, will be combined to produce such standards as will make this age the founding-time or the epoch of restoration for the Gaelic language.

INSTITUTIONS OF DUBLIN.

JUDGED by the *Directory*, Dublin is nobly supplied with Institutions for the promotion of Literature, Science, and Art; and, judged by its men, there is mind enough here to make these Institutions prosper, and instruct and raise the country. Yet their performances are far short of these promises, and the causes for ill-success are easily found. We believe these causes could be almost as easily removed.

In the first place, we have too many of these Institutions. Stingy grants from Government and the general poverty of the people render economy a matter of first consequence; yet we find these societies maintaining a number of separate establishments, at a great expense of rent and salaries.

The consequence, of course, is that none of them flourishes as it ought—museums, meetings, lectures, libraries, and exhibitions are all flittered away, and nothing is done so well, as it might be. Moreover, from the want of any arrangement and order, the same men are dragged from one society to another—few men do much, because all are forced to attempt so many things.

But 'tis better to examine this in detail, and in doing so we may as well give some leading facts as to the chief of these bodies. Take for example, as a beginning, the

INSTITUTIONS FOR THE PROMOTION OF FINE ARTS.

And first there is the Hibernian Academy. It was founded in 1823, received a present of its house, in Abbey-street, and some books and casts, from Francis Johnston (a Dublin architect,) and has the miserable income of 300*l.* a year from the Treasury. It has a drawing-school, with a few casts, no pictures, bad accommodation, and professors whose pay is nearly nominal.

It undoubtedly has some men of great ability and attainments (and some who have neither); but what can be done without funds, statues, or pictures. To aggravate its difficulties, the Dublin Society has another art school, still worse off as to casts, and equally deficient in pictures. As a place of instruction in the designing of patterns for manufactures and the like, the Dublin Society school has worked well; and many of the best-paid controllers of design in the English manufactories were educated there; but as a school of fine arts it does little; and no wonder. Another branch of the Hibernian Academy's operations is its annual exhibitions of pictures. These exhibitions attract crowds who would never otherwise see a painting, promote thought on art, and procure patronage for artists. In this, too, the Hibernian Academy has recently found a rival in the Society of Irish Artists established in 1842, which has an annual exhibition in College-street, and pays the expenses of the exhibition out of the admission fees, as does the Hibernian Academy. We are not attaching blame to the Society of Irish Artists in noticing the fact of its rivalry.

There are three other bodies devoted to the encouragement of art. One of these is the Art-Union, founded in 1840, and maintained entirely by subscriptions to its lottery. It distributes fine engravings from Irish pictures among all its members, and pictures and statues, bought in the exhibitions of the Hibernian Academy, and of the Society of Irish Artists, among its prizeholders; and it gives premiums for the works of native or resident artists. Its operation is as a patron of art; and, in order to get funds for this purpose, and also to secure superior works and a higher competition, it extends its purchases to the best foreign works exhibited here. It has no collection, and has merely an office in College-street—in fact, its best permanent possession is its unwearied Secretary. The Society of Ancient Art was established last year for the formation of a public gallery of casts from classical and mediæval statues, and ultimately for purposes of direct teaching by lectures, &c. It obtained some funds by subscription; but under the expectation, 'tis said, of a public grant, has done nothing. Lastly, there is the "Institute of Irish Architects," founded in 1839 "for the general advancement of civil architecture, for promoting and facilitating the acquirement of a knowledge of the various arts and sciences connected therewith, for the formation of a Library and Museum, &c."

To us it is very plain that here are too many institutions, and that the efficiency of all suffers materially from their want of connection and arrangement. Some at least, might be amal-

gamated with great advantage, or rather all, except the Art Union. That is only a club of purchasers, and any attempt materially to change its nature would peril its funds. Some such plan as the following would accomplish all that is vainly attempted now. Let the Government be pressed to give 2,000*l.* a year, if the public supply 1,000*l.* a year. Let this income go to a new Hibernian Academy—the present Hibernian Academy, Artists' Society, Society of Ancient Art, the Art Schools of the Dublin Society, and the Institute of Irish Architects, being merged in it. This merger could be easily secured through the inducements secured by the charter, and by accommodation, salaries, and utility of the new body. The present property of these bodies, with some moderate grant, would suffice for the purchase of a space of ground ample for the schools, museums, library, lecture-room, and yards of such an institution.

At the head of it should be a small body governing and accounting for its finances, but *no person* should be a governing member of more than one of its sections. These sections should be for Statuary, Painting, Architecture, and Design Drawing. Each of these sections should have its own Gallery, and its own Practice Rooms; but one Library and one public Lecture Room would suffice for the entire. The architectural section would also need some open space for its experiments and its larger specimens. A present of copies of the British Museum casts, along with the fund of the Ancient Art Society, would originate a Cast Gallery, and a few good pictures

could be bought as a commencement of a National Gallery of Painting, leaving the economy of the managers and the liberality of the public gradually to fill it. Collections of native works in canvass and marble, and architectural models could be soon and cheaply procured. The Art Library of the Dublin Society added to that of the Hibernian Academy would need few additions to make it sufficient for the new body.

Such an Institute ought not to employ any but the best teachers and lecturers. It should encourage proficiency by rewards that would instruct the proficient; it should apply itself to cataloguing, preserving, and making known all the works of art in the country; give prizes for artistical works; publish its lectures and transactions; issue engravings of the most instructive works of art; and hold evening meetings, to which ladies would be admitted. It should allow at least 400*l.* a year for the support of free pupils. In connexion with its drawing and modelling schools should be a professorship of anatomy, or, what were better, some arrangement might be made with the College of Surgeons, or some such body, for courses of instruction for its pupils. The training for its pupils in sculpture, painting, and design, should include the study of ancient and modern costumes, zoology, and of vegetable and geological forms. For this purpose books should not be so much relied on as lectures in gardens, museums, and during student excursions. Of course, the architectural pupils should be required to answer at a preliminary examination in mathematics, and should receive special

instruction in the building materials, action of climate, &c., in Ireland.

Were the buildings standing, and the society chartered judiciously, the sum we have mentioned would be sufficient. Four professors at from 200*l.* to 300*l.* a year each, four assistants at 100*l.* a year each, a librarian at the same rate, with payments for extra instruction in anatomy, &c. &c., and for porters, premiums, and so forth would not exceed 2,000*l.* a year. So that if, 400*l.* were expended on free pupils, there would remain 600*l.* a year for the purchase of works for the galleries.

At present there is much waste of money, great annoyance, and loss of time to the supporters of these institutions, and marvellously little benefit to art. The plan we have proposed would be economical both of time and money; but, what is of more worth, it would give us, what we have not now, a National Gallery of Statuary and Painting—good Exhibition-Rooms for works of art—business-like Lecturers and Lectures—great public excitement about art—and, finally, a great National Academy.

If any one has a better plan, let him say it; we have told ours. At all events, some great change is needed, and there can be no fitter time than this for it.

In any community it is desirable to have Literary Institutions, as well classified as legal offices, and as free from counter-action; but it is especially desirable here now. Our literary class is small, and its duties measureless. The diseased suction of London—the absence of gentry, offices,

and Legislature—the heart-sickness that is on every thoughtful man without a country—the want of a large, educated, and therefore book-buying class—and (it must be confessed) the depression and distrust produced by rash experiments and paltry failure, have left us with few men for a great work. Palpably the great remedy is the restoration of our Parliament, bringing back, as it would, the aristocracy and the public offices, giving society and support to Writers and Artists, and giving them a country's praise to move and a country's glory to reward them.

But one of the very means of attaining nationality is securing some portion of that literary force which would gush abundantly from it; and therefore, consider it how you will, it is important to increase and economise the exertions of the literary class in Ireland. Yet the reverse is done. Institutions are multiplied instead of those being made efficient which exist; and men talk as proudly of the new "Teach'em-everything-in-no-time-Society" as if its natty laws were a library, its desk a laboratory and a museum, and its members fresh labourers, when all they have done is to waste the time of persons who had business, and to delude those who had none into the belief that they were doing good. Ephemeral things! which die not without mischief—they have wasted hours and days of strong men in spinning sand, and leave depression growing from their tombs.

It is a really useful deed to rescue from dissipation, or from idle reading, or from mammon-

hunting, one strong passionate man or boy, and to set him to work investigating, arranging, teaching. It is an honest task to shame the 'broidered youth from meditation on waistcoats and the display of polka steps into manly pursuits. It is an angel's mission (oftenest the work of love) to startle a sleeping and unconscious genius into the spring and victory of a roused lion. But it is worse than useless to establish new associations and orders without well considering first whether the same machinery do not already exist and rust for want of the very energy and skill which you need, too. There is a bridge in a field near Blarney Castle where water never ran. It was built "at the expense of the county." These men build their mills close as houses in a capital, taking no thought for the stream to turn them.

We have already censured this, in some detail, with reference to societies for the promotion of the Fine Arts, and have urged the formation, out of all these fiddling, clashing bodies, of some one great institution for the promotion of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, with a Museum, a Library, a Gallery, and Lecturers, governed by professional minds, great enough to be known and regarded by the people, and popular and strong enough to secure Government support.

Similar defects exist everywhere. Take the Dublin Society for example. Nothing can be more heterogeneous than its objects. We are far from denying its utility. That utility is immense, the institution is native, of old standing

(it was founded in 1731), national, and, when it wanted support, our pen was not idle in its behalf.

But we believe its utility greatly diminished by its attempting too many things, and especially by including objects more fitly belonging to other institutions; and on the opposite it is maimed, by the interference of other bodies, in its natural functions. The Dublin Society was founded for the promotion of husbandry and other useful arts. Its labours to serve agriculture have been repeated and extensive, though not always judicious. It has also endeavoured to promote manufactures. It has gardens and museums fitter for scientific than practical instruction, admirable lecturers, a library most generously opened, a drawing school of the largest purposes and of equivocal success, and various minor branches.

The Irish Academy has some of this fault. It endeavours to unite antiquarianism and abstract science. Its meetings are alternately entertained with mathematics and history, and its transactions are equally comprehensive. We yield to none in anxiety for the promotion of antiquarian studies; we think the public and the government disgraced by the slight support given to the academy. We are not a little proud of the honour and strength given to our country by the science of MacCullagh, Hamilton, and Lloyd; but we protest against the attempt to mix the armoury of the ancient Irish, or the Celtic dialects, or the essay on Round Towers, with trigonometry and the calculus, whether in a lecture-room or a book.

Let us just set down, as we find them, some of the Literary and Scientific Institutions. There are the Royal Dublin Society, the Royal Irish Academy (we wish these royalties were dropped—no one minds them), the Irish Archæological Society, the Royal Zoological Society, the Geological Society, the Dublin Natural History Society, the Dublin Philosophical Society, the Royal Agricultural Society, &c., &c. Now, we take it that these bodies might be usefully reduced to three, and if three moderate government grants were made under conditions, rewarding such a classification, we doubt not it would instantly be made.

In the first place, we would divorce from the Irish Academy the scientific department, requiring Trinity College to form some voluntary organization for the purpose. To this non-collegiate philosophers should be admitted, and, thus disencumbered, we would devote the Academy to antiquities and literature—incorporate with it the Archæological Society—transfer to it all the antiques (of which it had not duplicates in Trinity College, the Dublin Society, &c., and enlarge its museum and meeting-room. Its section of “polite literature” has long been a name—it should be made real. There would be nothing inconvenient or strange in finding in its lecture-rooms or transactions, the antiquities and literature of Ireland, diversified by general historical, critical, and æsthetical researches.

The Dublin Society would reasonably divide into two sections. One, for the promotion of husbandry, might be aggrandised by tempting

the Agricultural Society to join it, and should have a permanent museum, an extensive farm, premiums, shows, publications, and special lecturers. The second section, for the encouragement of manufactures, should have its museum, work-shops, and experiment ground (the last, perhaps, as the agricultural farm), and its special lecturers. The library might well be joint, and managed by a joint committee, having separate funds. The general lecturers on chemistry and other such subjects might be paid in common. The drawing-school (save that for pattern and machine drawing) might be transferred to the Art Institution; and the botanic garden and museum of minerals to a third body we propose.

This third body we would form from a union of the Zoological, the Geological, the Natural History and all other such societies, and endow it with the Botanic and Zoological Gardens—give it rooms for a general, and for a specially Irish museum, and for lecture rooms in town, and supply it with a small fund to pay lecturers, who should go through the provinces.

We are firmly convinced that this re-arrangement of the Institutions of Dublin is quite practicable, would diminish unproductive expenses, economise the time, and condense the purposes of our literary, scientific, and artistical men, and increase enormously the use of the institutions to the public.

Of course the whole plan will be laughed at as fanciful and improbable; we think it easy, and we think it will be done.

IRELAND'S PEOPLE, LORDS, GENTRY, COMMONALTY.

WHEN we are considering a country's resources and its fitness for a peculiar destiny, its people are not to be overlooked. How much they think, how much they work, what are their passions, as well as their habits, what are their hopes and what their history, suggest inquiries as well worth envious investigation as even the inside of a refugee's letter.

And there is much in Ireland of that character—much that makes her superior to slavery, and much that renders her inferior to freedom.

Her inhabitants are composed of Irish nobles, Irish gentry, and the Irish people. Each has an interest in the independence of their country, each a share in her disgrace. Upon each, too, there devolves a separate duty in this crisis of her fate. They all have responsibilities; but the infamy of failing in them is not alike in all.

The nobles are the highest class. They have most to guard. In every other country they are the champions of patriotism. They feel there is no honour for them separate from their fatherland. Its freedom, its dignity, its integrity are as their own. They strive for it, legislate for it, guard it, fight for it. Their names, their titles, their very pride are of it.

In Ireland they are its disgrace. They were first to sell and would be last to redeem it.—

Treachery to it is daubed on many an escutcheon in its heraldry. It is the only nation where slaves have been ennobled for contributing to its degradation.

It is a foul thing this—dignity emanating from the throne to gild the filthy mass of national treason that forms the man's part of many an Irish lord.

We do not include in this the whole Irish peerage. God forbid. There are several of them not thus ignoble. Many of them worked, struggled, sacrificed for Ireland. Many of them were true to her in the darkest times.

They were her Chiefs, her ornaments, her sentinels, her safeguards. Alas, that they, too, should have shrunk from their position, and left their duties to humbler, but bolder and better men.

Look at their station in the State. Is it not one of unequivocal shame? They enjoy the half mendicant privilege of voting for a representative of their order, in the House of Lords, some twice or thrice in their lives. One Irish peer represents about a dozen others of his class, and thus, in his multiplex capacity, he is admitted into fellowship with the English nobility. The borrowed plumes, and delegated authority of so many of his equals raise him to a half-admitted equality with an English nobleman. And, although thus deprived of their inheritance of dignity, they are not allowed even the privilege of a commoner. An Irish lord cannot sit in the House of Commons for an Irish county or city, nor can he vote for an Irish member.

But an Irish lord can represent an English constituency. The distinction is a strange one—unintelligible to us in any sense but one of national humiliation. We understand it thus:—An Irish lord is too mean in his own person, and by virtue of his Irish title, to rank with the British peerage. He can only qualify for that honour by uniting in his the suffrages and titles of ten or twelve others. But—flattering distinction!—he is above the rank of an Irish commoner, nor is he permitted to sully his name with the privileges of that order. And, unspeakable dignity! he may take his stand with a British mob.

There is no position to match this in shame. There is no guilt so despicable as dozing in it without a blush or an effort, or even a dream for independence. When all else are alive to indignity, and working in the way of honour and liberty, they alone, whom it would best become to be earliest and most earnest in the strife, sink back replete with dishonour.

Of those, or their descendants, who, at the time of the Union, sold their country and the high places they filled in her councils and in her glory, for the promise of a foreign title, which has not been redeemed, the shame and the mortification has been, perhaps, too great to admit of any hope in regard to them. Their trust was sacred—their honour unsuspected. The stake they guarded above life they betrayed then for a false bauble; and it is no wonder if they think their infamy irredeemable, and eternal.

We know not but it is. There are many,

however, not in that category. They struggled at fearful odds, and every risk, against the fate of their country. They strove when hope had left them. Wherefore do they stand apart now, when she is again erect, and righteous, and daring? Have they despaired for her greatness, because of the infidelity of those to whom she had too blindly trusted?

The time is gone when she could be betrayed. This one result is already guaranteed by recent teaching. We may not be yet thoroughly instructed in the wisdom and the virtue necessary for the independent maintenance of self-government; but we have mastered thus much of national knowledge that we cannot be betrayed. There is no assurance ever nation gave which we have not given, or may not give, that our present struggle shall end in triumph or in national death.

The writers of *The Nation* have never concealed the defects or flattered the good qualities of their countrymen. They have told them in good faith that they wanted many an attribute of a free people, and that the true way to command happiness and liberty was by learning the arts and practising the culture that fitted men for their enjoyment. Nor was it until we saw them thus learning and thus practising, that our faith became perfect, and that we felt entitled to say to all men, here is a strife in which it will be stainless glory to be even defeated. It is one in which the Irish nobility have the first interest and the first stake in their individual capacities.

As they would be the most honoured and be-

nefitted by national success, they are the guiltiest in opposing, or being indifferent to national patriotism.

Of the Irish gentry there is not much to be said. They are divisible into two classes—the one consists of the old Norman race commingled with the Catholic gentlemen, who either have been able to maintain their patrimonies, or who have risen into affluence by their own industry; the other the descendants of Cromwell's or William's successful soldiery.

This last is the most anti-Irish of all. They feel no personal debasement in the dishonour of the country. Old prejudices, a barbarous law, a sense of insecurity in the possessions they know were obtained by plunder, combine to sink them into the mischievous and unholy belief that it is their interest as well as their duty to degrade, and wrong, and beggar the Irish people.

There are among them men fired by enthusiasm, men fed by fanaticism, men influenced by sordidness; but, as a whole, they are earnest thinkers and stern actors. There is a virtue in their unscrupulousness. They speak, and act, and dare as men. There is a principle in their unprincipledness. Their belief is a harsh and turbulent one, but they profess it in a manly fashion.

We like them better than the other section of the same class. These last are but sneaking echoes of the other's views. They are coward patriots and criminal dandies. But, they ought to be different from what they are. We wish them so. We want their aid now—for the country, for themselves, for all. Would that

they understood the truth, that they thought justly, and acted uprightly. They are wanted, one and all. Why conceal it—they are obstacles in our way, shadows on our path.

These are called the representatives of the property of the country. They are against the national cause, and, therefore, it is said that all the wealth of Ireland is opposed to the Repeal of the Union.

It is an ignorant and a false boast.

The people of the country are its wealth.—They till its soil, raise its produce, ply its trade. They serve, sustain, support, save it. They supply its armies—they are its farmers, its merchants, its tradesmen, its artists, all that enrich and adorn it.

And after all, each of them has a patrimony to spend, the honourable earning of his sweat, or his intellect, or his industry, or his genius.—Taking them on an average, they must, to live, spend at least £15 each by the year. Multiply it by seven millions, and see what it comes to.

Thirty-five millions annually—compare with that the rental of Ireland; compare with it the wealth of the aristocracy spent in Ireland, and are they not as nothing?

But a more important comparison may be made of the strength, the fortitude, the patience, the bravery of those the enrichers of the country, with the meanness in mind and courage of those who are opposed to them.

It is the last we shall suggest. It is sufficient for our purpose. To those who do not think it of the highest value, we have nothing to say.

THE STATE OF THE PEASANTRY.

IN a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns.

He is not unconsoled. Faith in the joys of another world, heightened by his woe in this, give him hours, when he serenely looks down on the torments that encircle him—the moon on a troubled sky. Domestic love, almost morbid from external suffering, prevents him from becoming a fanatic or a misanthrope, and reconciles him to life. Sometimes he forgets all, and springs into a desperate glee or a scathing anger; and latterly another feeling—the hope of better days—and another exertion—the effort for redress—have shared his soul with religion, love, mirth, and vengeance.

His consolations are those of a spirit—his misery includes all physical sufferings, and many that strike the soul, not the senses.

Consider his griefs! They begin in the cradle—they end in the grave.

Suckled by a breast that is supplied from unwholesome or insufficient food, and that is fevered with anxiety—reeking with the smoke of an almost chimneyless cabin—assailed by wind and rain when the weather rages—breathing, when it is calm, the exhalations of a rotten roof, of clay walls, and of manure, which gives his only chance of food—he is apt to perish in his infancy.

Or he survives all this (happy if he have escaped from gnawing scrofula or familiar fever), and, in the same cabin, with rags instead of his mother's breast, and lumpers instead of his mother's milk, he spends his childhood.

Advancing youth brings him labour, and manhood increases it; but youth and manhood leave his roof rotten, his chimney one hole, his window another, his clothes rags (at best muffled by a holiday *cotamore*)—his furniture a pot, a table, a few hay chairs and rickety stools—his food lumpers and water—his bedding straw and a coverlid—his enemies the landlord, the tax-gatherer, and the law—his consolation the priest and his wife—his hope on earth, agitation—his hope hereafter, the' Lord God!

For such an existence his toil is hard—and so much the better—it calms and occupies his mind; but bitter is his feeling that the toil, which gains for him this nauseous and scanty livelihood, heaps dainties and gay wines on the table of his distant landlord, clothes his children or his harem in satin, lodges them in marble halls, and brings all the arts of luxury to solicit their senses—bitter to him to feel that this green land, which he loves and his landlord scorns, is ravished by him of her fruits to pamper that landlord; twice bitter for him to see his wife, with weariness in her breast of love, to see half his little brood torn by the claws of want to undeserved graves, and to know that to those who survive him he can only leave the inheritance to which he was heir; and thrice bitter to him that even his hovel has not the security of the wild beast's den—that

Squalidness, and Hunger, and Disease are insufficient guardians of his home—and that the puff of the landlord's or the agent's breath may blow him off the land where he has lived, and send him and his to a dyke, or to prolong wretchedness in some desperate kennel in the next town, till the strong wings of Death—unopposed lord of such suburbs—bear them away.

Aristocracy of Ireland, will ye do nothing?—will ye do nothing for fear? The body who best know Ireland—the body that keep Ireland within the law—the Repeal Committee—declare that unless some great change take place, an agrarian war may ensue! Do ye know what that is, and how it would come? The rapid multiplication of outrages, increased violence by Magistrates, collisions between the People and the Police, coercive laws and military force, the violation of houses, the suspension of industry—the conflux of discontent, pillage, massacre, war—the gentry shattered, the peasantry conquered and decimated, or victorious and ruined (for who could rule them)—there is an agrarian insurrection! May Heaven guard us from it!—may the fear be vain!

We set aside the fear! Forget it! Think of the long, long patience of the People—their toils supporting you—their virtues shaming you—their huts, their hunger, their disease.

To whomsoever God hath given a heart less cold than stone, these truths must cry day and night. Oh! how they cross us like *Banshees* when we would range free on the mountain—how, as we walk in the evening light amid flow-

ers, they startle us from rest of mind! Ye nobles! whose houses are as gorgeous as the mote's (who dwelleth in the sunbeam)—ye strong and haughty squires—ye dames exuberant with tingling blood—ye maidens, whom not splendour has yet spoiled, will ye not think of the poor?—will ye not shudder in your couches to think how rain, wind, and smoke dwell with the blanketless peasant?—will ye not turn from the sumptuous board to look at those hard-won meals of black and slimy roots on which man, woman, and child feed year after year?—will ye never try to banish wringing hunger and ghastly disease from the home of such piety and love?—will ye not give back its dance to the village—its mountain play to boyhood—its serene hopes to manhood?

Will ye do nothing for pity—nothing for love? Will ye leave a foreign Parliament to mitigate—will ye leave a native Parliament, gained in your despite, to redress these miseries—will ye forever abdicate the duty and the joy of making the poor comfortable, and the peasant attached and happy? Do—if so you prefer; but know that if you do, you are a doomed race. Once more, Aristocracy of Ireland, we warn and entreat you to consider the State of the Peasantry, and to save them with your own hands.

HABITS AND CHARACTER OF THE PEASANTRY.*

THERE are (thank God!) four hundred thousand Irish children in the National Schools. A few years, and *they* will be the People of Ireland—the farmers of its lands, the conductors of its traffic, the adepts in its arts. How utterly unlike *that* Ireland will be to the Ireland of the Penal Laws, of the Volunteers, of the Union, or of the Emancipation?

Well may Carleton say that we are in a transition state. The knowledge, the customs, the superstitions, the hopes of the People are entirely changing. There is neither use nor reason in lamenting what we must infallibly lose. Our course is an open and a great one, and will try us severely; but, be it well or ill, we cannot resemble our fathers. No conceivable effort will get the people, twenty years hence, to regard the Fairies but as a beautiful fiction to be cherished, not believed in, and not a few real and human characters are perishing as fast as the Fairies.

Let us be content to have the past chronicled wherever it cannot be preserved.

Much may be saved—the Gaelic language and the music of the past may be handed uncorrupted to the future; but whatever may be the

* “Tales and Sketches illustrating the Irish Peasantry.” By William Carleton. James Duffy, Dublin, 1845; 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 393.

substitutes, the Fairies and the Banshees, the Poor Scholar and the Ribbonman, the Orange Lodge, the Illicit Still, and the Faction Fight, are vanishing into history, and unless this generation paints them no other will know what they were.

It is chiefly in this way we value the work before us. In it Carleton is the historian of the peasantry rather than a dramatist. The fiddler and piper, the seanachie and seer, the match-maker and dancing-master, and a hundred characters beside are here brought before you, moving, acting, playing, plotting, and gossiping! You are never wearied by an inventory of wardrobes, as in short English descriptive fictions; yet you see how every one is dressed; you hear the honey brogue of the maiden, and the downy voice of the child, the managed accents of flattery or traffic, the shrill tones of woman's fretting, and the troubled gush of man's anger. The moory upland and the corn slopes, the glen where the rocks jut through mantling heather, and bright brooks gurgle amid the scented banks of wild herbs, the shivering cabin and the rudely-lighted farm-house are as plain in Carleton's pages as if he used canvass and colours with a skill varying from Wilson and Poussin, to Teniers and Wilkie.

But even in these sketches, his power of external description is not his greatest merit. Born and bred among the people—full of their animal vehemence—skilled in their sports—as credulous and headlong in boyhood, and as fitful and varied in manhood, as the wildest—he had felt with

them and must ever sympathise with them. Endowed with the highest dramatic genius, he has represented their love and generosity, their wrath and negligence, their crimes and virtues, as a hearty peasant—not a note-taking critic.

In others of his works he has created ideal characters that give him a higher rank as a poet (some of them not surpassed by even Shakspeare for originality, grandeur, and distinctness); but here he is a genuine Seanachie, and brings you to dance and wake, to wedding and christening—makes you romp with the girls, and race with the boys—tremble at the ghosts, and frolic with the fairies of the whole parish.

Come what change there may over Ireland, in these “Tales and Sketches” the peasantry of the past hundred years can be for ever lived with.

IRISH SCENERY.

WE no more see why Irish people should not visit the Continent, than why Germans or Frenchmen ought not to visit Ireland; but there is a difference between them. A German rarely comes here who has not trampled the heath of Tyrol, studied the museums of Dresden and the frescoes of Munich, and shouted defiance on the bank of the Rhine; and what Frenchman who has not seen the vineyards of Provence and the Bocages of Brittany, and the snows of Jura and

the Pyrenees, ever drove on an Irish jingle? But our nobles and country gentlemen, our merchants, lawyers, and doctors—and what's worse, their wives and daughters—penetrate Britain and the Continent without ever trying whether they could not defy in Ireland the *ennui* before which they run over seas and mountains.

The cause of this, as of most of our grievances, was misgovernment, producing poverty, discomfort, ignorance, and misrepresentation. The people were ignorant and in rags, their houses miserable, the roads and hotels shocking; we had no banks, few coaches, and, to crown all, the English declared the people to be rude and turbulent, which they were not, as well as drunken and poor, which they assuredly were. An Irish landlord, who had ill-treated his own tenants, felt a conscientious dread of all frieze-coats, others adopted his prejudices, and a people, who never were rude or unjust to strangers, were considered unsafe to travel amongst.

Most of these causes are removed. The people are sober, and are rapidly advancing to knowledge, their political exertions and dignity have broken away much of the prejudices against them, and a man passing through any part of Ireland expects to find woful poverty and strong discontent, but he does not fear the abduction of his wife, or attempts to assassinate him on every lonely road. The coaches, cars, and roads, too, have become excellent, and the hotels are sufficient for any reasonable traveller. One very marked discouragement to travelling was the want of information; the maps were little daubs,

and the guide-books were few and inaccurate. As to maps we are now splendidly off. The Railway Commissioners' Map of Ireland, aided by the Ordnance Index Map of any county where a visiter makes a long stay, are ample. We have got a good general guide-book in Fraser, but it could not hold a twentieth of the information necessary to a leisurely tourist; nor, till the Ordnance Memoir is out shall we have thorough hand-books to our counties. Meantime let us not burn the little guides to Antrim, Wicklow, and Killarney, though they are desperately dull and inexact—let us not altogether prohibit Mrs. Hall's gossip, though she knows less about our Celtic people than of the Malays; and let us be even thankful for Mr. O'Flanagan's volume on the Munster Blackwater (though it is printed in London), for his valuable stories, for his minute, picturesque, and full topography, for his antiquarian and historical details, though he blunders into making Alaster M'Donnell a Scotchman, and for his hearty love of the scenery and people he has undertaken to guide us through.

And now, reader, in this fine soft summer, when the heather is blooming, and the sky laughing and crying like a hysterical bride, full of love, where will you go—through your own land or a stranger's? If you stay at home you can choose your own scenery, and have something to see in the summer, and talk of in the winter, that will make your friends from the Alps and Appenines respectful to you.

Did you propose to study economics among

the metayers of Tuscany or the artisans of Belgium, postpone the trip till the summer of '45 or '46, when you may have the passport of an Irish office to get you a welcome, and seek for the state of the linen weavers in the soft hamlets of Ulster—compare the cattle herds of Meath with the safe little holdings of Down, and the well-fought farms of Tipperary, or investigate the statistics of our fisheries along the rivers and lakes and shores of our island.

Had a strong desire come upon you to toil over the glacier, whose centre froze when Adam courted Eve, or walk amid the brigand passes of Italy or Spain—do not fancy that absolute size makes mountain grandeur, or romance, to a mind full of passion and love of strength (and with such only do the mountain spirits walk) the passes of Glenmalure and Barnesmore are deep as Chamouni, and Carn Tual and Slieve Donard are as near the lightning as Mount Blanc.

To the picture-hunter we can offer little, though Vandyke's finest portrait is in Kilkenny, and there is no county without some collection; but for the lover of living or sculptured forms—for the artist, the antiquarian, and the natural philosopher, we have more than five summers could exhaust. Every one can see the strength of outline, the vigour of colour, and the effective grouping in every fair, and wake, and chapel, and hurling-ground, from Donegal to Waterford, though it may take the pen of Griffin or the pencil of Burton to represent them. An Irishman, if he took the pains, would surely find something not inferior in interest to Cologne or

the Alhambra in a study of the monumental effigies which mat the floors of Jerpoint and Adare, or the cross in a hundred consecrated grounds, from Kells to Clonmacnoise—of the round towers which spring in every barony—of the architectural perfection of Holycross and Clare-Galway, and the strange fellowship of every order in Athassel, or of the military keeps, and earthen pyramids, and cairns, which tell of the wars of recent, and the piety of distant centuries. The Entomology, Botany, and Geology of Ireland are not half explored; the structure and distinctions of its races are but just attracting the eyes of philosophers from Mr. Wylde's tract, and the country is actually full of airs never noted, history never written, superstitions and romances never rescued from tradition; and why should Irishmen go blundering in foreign researches when so much remains to be done here, and when to do it would be more easy, more honourable, and more useful?

In many kinds of scenery we can challenge comparison. Europe has no lake so dreamily beautiful as Killarney; no bays where the boldness of Norway unites with the colouring of Naples, as in Bantry; and you might coast the world without finding cliffs so vast and so terrible as Achill and Slieve League. Glorious, too, as the Rhine is, we doubt if its warmest admirers would exclude from rivalry the Nore and the Blackwater, if they had seen the tall cliffs, and the twisted slopes, and the ruined aisles, and glancing mountains, and feudal castles through which you boat up from Youghal to Mallow, or

glide down from Thomastown to Waterford harbour. Hear what Inglis says of this Avondhu:—

“ We have had descents of the Danube, and descents of the Rhine, and the Rhone, and of many other rivers; but we have not in print, as far as I know, any descent of the Blackwater; and yet, with all these descents of foreign rivers in my recollection, *I think the descent of the Blackwater not surpassed by any of them.* A detail of all that is seen in gliding down the Blackwater from Cappoquin to Youghal would fill a long chapter. There is every combination that can be produced by the elements that enter into the picturesque and the beautiful—deep shades, bold rocks, verdant slopes, with the triumphs of art superadded, and made visible in magnificent houses and beautiful villas, with their decorated lawns and pleasure-grounds.”

And now, reader, if these kaleidoscope glimpses we have given you have made you doubt between a summer in Ireland and one abroad, give your country “ the benefit of the doubt,” as the lawyers say, and boat on our lake or dive into our glens and ruins, wonder at the basalt coast of Antrim, and soften your heart between the banks of the Blackwater.

IRISH MUSIC AND POETRY,

No enemy speaks slightingly of Irish Music, and no friend need fear to boast of it. It is without a rival.

Its antique war-tunes, such as those of O'Byrne, O'Donnell, Alestrom, and Brian Boru, stream and crash upon the ear like the warriors of a hundred glens meeting; and you are borne with them to battle, and they and you charge and struggle amid cries and battle-axes and stinging arrows. Did ever a wail make man's marrow quiver, and fill his nostrils with the breath of the grave like the ululu of the north or the wirrasthrue of Munster? Stately are their slow, and recklessly splendid their quick marches, their "Boyne Water," and Sios agus sios liom," their "Michael Hoy," and "Gallant Tipperary." The Irish jigs and planxties are not only the best dancing tunes, but the finest quick marches in the world. Some of them would cure a paralytic, and make the marble-legged prince in the Arabian Nights charge like a Fag-an-Bealach boy. The hunter joins in every leap and yelp of the "Fox Chase;" the historian hears the moan of the penal days in "Drimindhu," and sees the embarkation of the Wild Geese in "Limerick Lamentation;" and ask the lover if his breath do not come and go, with "Savourneen Deelish" and "Lough Sheelin."

Varied and noble as our music is, the English-

speaking people in Ireland have been gradually losing their knowledge of it, and a number of foreign tunes—paltry scented things from Italy, lively trifles from Scotland, and German opera cries—are heard in our concerts, and what is worse, from our Temperance bands. Yet we never doubted that “The Sight ‘Entrancing,” or “The Memory of the Dead,” would satisfy even the most spoiled of our fashionables better than anything Balfe or Rossini ever wrote ; and, as it is, “Tow-row-row” is better than *poteen* to the teetotalers, wearied with overtures and insulted by “British Grenadiers” and “Rule Britannia.”

A reprint of *Moore’s Melodies* on lower keys, and at *much* lower prices, would probably restore the sentimental music of Ireland to its natural supremacy. There are in Bunting but two good sets of words—“The Bonny Cuckoo,” and poor Campbell’s “Exile of Erin.” These and a few of Lover’s and Mahony’s songs can alone compete with Moore. But, save one or two by Lysaght and Drennan, almost all the Irish political songs are too desponding or weak to content a people marching to independence as proudly as if they had never been slaves.

The popularity and immense circulation of the *Spirit of the Nation* proved that it represented the hopes and passions of the Irish people. This looks like vanity ; but as a corporation so numerous as the contributors to that volume cannot blush, we shall say our say. For instance, who did not admire “The Memory of the Dead ?” The very Stamp officers were galvanised by it, and the Attorney-General was repeatedly urged to sing

it for the jury. He refused—he had no music to sing it to. We pitied and forgave him; but we vowed to leave him no such excuse next time. If these songs were half so good as people called them, they deserved to flow from a million throats to as noble music as ever O'Neill or O'Connor heard.

Some of them were written to, and some freely combined with, old and suitable airs. These we resolved to have printed with the music, certain that, thus, the music would be given back to a people who had been ungratefully neglecting it, and the words carried into circles where they were still unknown.

Others of these poems, indeed the best of them, had no ante-types in our ancient music. New music was, therefore, to be sought for them. Not on their account only was it to be sought. We hoped they would be the means of calling out and making known a cotemporary music fresh with the spirit of the time, and rooted in the country.

Since Carolan's death there had been no addition to the store. Not that we were without composers, but those we have do not compose Irish-like music, nor for Ireland. Their rewards are from a foreign public—their fame, we fear, will suffer from alienage. Balfe is very sweet, and Rooke very emphatic, but not one passion or association in Ireland's heart would answer to their songs.

Fortunately there was one among us (perchance his example may light us to others) who can smite upon our harp like a master, and make it sigh with Irish memories, and speak sternly with

Ireland's resolve. To him, to his patriotism, to his genius, and, we may selfishly add, to his friendship, we owe our ability now to give to Ireland music fit for "The Memory of the Dead" and "The Hymn of Freedom," and whatever else was marked out by popularity for such care as his.

In former editions of the *Spirit* we had thrown in carelessly several inferior verses and some positive trash, and neither paper nor printing were any great honor to the Dublin press. Every improvement in the power of the most enterprising publisher in Ireland has been made, and every fault, within our reach or his, cured—and whether as the first publication of original airs, as a selection of ancient music, or as a specimen of what the Dublin press can do, in printing, paper, or cheapness, we urge the public to support this work of Mr. James Duffy's—and, in a pecuniary way, it is his altogether.

We had hoped to have added a recommendation to the first number of this work, besides whatever attraction may lie in its music, its ballads, or its mechanical beauty.

An artist, whom we shall not describe or he would be known, sketched a cover and title for it. The idea, composition, and drawing of that design, were such as Flaxman might have been proud of. It is a monument to bardic power, to patriotism, to our music and our history. There is at least as much poetry in it as in the best verses in the work it illustrates. If it do nothing else, it will show our Irish artists that refinement and strength, passion and dignity, are as practicable in Irish as in German painting; and the lesson was needed sorely.

But if it lead him who drew it to see that our history and hopes present fit forms to embody the highest feelings of beauty, wisdom, truth, and glory in, irrespective of party politics, then, indeed, we shall have served our country when we induced our gifted friend to condescend to sketching "a title-page." We need not describe that design now, as it will appear on the cover of the second number, and on the title-page of the finished volume.

BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

How slow we have all been in coming to understand the meaning of Irish Nationality!

Some, dazzled by visions of Pagan splendour, and the pretensions of pedigree, and won by the passions and romance of the olden races, continued to speak in the nineteenth century of an Irish nation as they might have done in the tenth. They forgot the English Pale, the Ulster Settlement, and the filtered colonization of men and ideas. A Celtic kingdom with the old names and the old language, without the old quarrels, was their hope; and, though they would not repeat O'Neill's comment, as he passed Barrett's castle on his march to Kinsale, and heard it belonged to a Strongbownian, that "he hated the Norman churl as if he came yesterday;" yet they quietly assumed that the Norman and Saxon elements would disappear under the Gaelic ge-

nus, like the tracks of cavalry under a fresh crop.

The Nationality of Swift and Grattan was equally partial. They saw that the Government and laws of the settlers had extended to the island—that Donegal and Kerry were in the Pale; they heard the English tongue in Dublin, and London opinions in Dublin—they mistook Ireland for a colony wronged, and great enough to be a nation.

A lower form of nationhood was before the minds of those who saw in it nothing but a parliament in College Green. They had not erred in judging, for they had not tried to estimate the moral elements and tendencies of the country. They were as narrow bigots to the omnipotency of an institution as any Cockney Radical. Could they, by any accumulation of English stupidity and Irish laziness, have got possession of an Irish government, they would soon have distressed every one by their laws, whom they had not provoked by their administration, or disgusted by their dulness.

Far healthier with all its defects, was the idea of those who saw in Scotland a perfect model—who longed for a literary and artistic nationality—who prized the oratory of Grattan and Curran, the novels of Griffin and Carleton, the pictures of Maclise and Burton, the ancient music, as much as any, and far more than most of the political nationalists, but who regarded political independence as a dangerous dream. Unknowingly they fostered it. Their writings, their patronage, their talk was of Ireland; yet it hardly

occurred to them that the ideal would flow into the practical, or that they, with their dread of agitation, were forwarding a revolution.

At last we are beginning to see what we are, and what is our destiny. Our duty arises where our knowledge begins. The elements of Irish nationality are not only combining—in fact, they are growing confluent in our minds. Such nationality as merits a good man's help, and wakens a true man's ambition—such nationality as could stand against internal faction and foreign intrigue, such nationality, as would make the Irish hearth happy and the Irish name illustrious, is becoming understood. It must contain and represent the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic, it must not be Saxon—it must be Irish. The Brehon law, and the maxims of Westminster, the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael, the placid strength of the Sasanach, the marshalling insight of the Norman—a literature which shall exhibit in combination the passions and idioms of all, and which shall equally express our mind in its romantic, its religious, its forensic, and its practical tendencies—finally, a native government, which shall know and rule by the might and right of all; yet yield to the arrogance of none—these are components of *such* a nationality.

But what have these things to do with the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland?" Much every way. It is the result of the elements we have named—it is compounded of all; and never was there a book fitter to advance that perfect nationality to which Ireland begins to aspire. That a country is without national poetry proves its hopeless

dulness or its utter provincialism. National poetry is the very flowering of the soul—the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. Its melody is balsam to the senses. It is the playfellow of childhood, ripens into the companion of his manhood, consoles his age. It presents the most dramatic events, the largest characters, the most impressive scenes, and the deepest passions in the language most familiar to us. It shows us magnified, and ennobles our hearts, our intellects, our country, and our countrymen—binds us to the land by its condensed and gem-like history, to the future by examples and by aspirations. It solaces us in travel, fires us in action, prompts our invention, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury round our homes, is the recognised envoy of our minds among all mankind and to all time.

In possessing the powers and elements of a glorious nationality, we owned the sources of a national poetry. In the combination and joint development of the latter, we find a pledge and a help to that of the former.

This book of Mr. Duffy's,* true as it is to the wants of the time, is not fortuitous. He has prefaced his admirable collection by an Introduction, which proves his full consciousness of the worth of his task, and proves equally his ability to execute it. In a space too short for the most impatient to run by he has accurately investigated the sources of Irish Ballad Poetry, vividly defined the qualities of each, and laboured with perfect success to show that, all naturally

* "Ballad Poetry of Ireland"—Library of Ireland, No. II.

combine towards one great end, as the brooks to a river, which marches on clear, deep, and single, though they be wild, and shallow, and turbid, flowing from unlike regions, and meeting after countless windings.

Mr. Duffy maps out three main forces which unequally contribute to an Irish Ballad Poetry.

The *first* consists of the Gaelic ballads. True to the vehemence and tendencies of the Celtic people, and representing equally their vagueness and extravagance during slavish times, they, nevertheless, remain locked from the middle and upper classes generally, and from the peasantry of more than half Ireland, in an unknown language. Many of them have been translated by rhymers—few, indeed, by poets. The editor of the volume before us, has brought into one house nearly all the poetical translations from the Irish, and thus finely justifies the ballad literature of the Gael from its calumnious friend:—

“With a few exceptions, all the translations we are acquainted with, in addition to having abundance of minor faults, are eminently un-Irish. They seem to have been made by persons to whom one of the languages was not familiar. Many of them were confessedly versified from prose translations, and are mere English poems, without a tinge of the colour or character of the country. Others, translated by sound Irish scholars, are bald and literal; the writers sometimes wanting a facility of versification, sometimes a mastery over the English language. The Irish scholars of the last century were too exclusively national to study the foreign tongue with the care essential to master its metrical resources; and the flexible and weighty language which they had not learned to wield hung heavily on them,

‘Like Saul’s plate armour on the shepherd boy,
Encumbering, and *not* arming them.’

If it were just to estimate our bardic poetry by the specimens we have received in this manner, it could not be rated highly. But it would manifestly be most unjust. Noble and touching, and often subtle and profound thoughts, which no translation could entirely spoil, shine through the poverty of the style, and vindicate the character of the originals. Like the costly arms and ornaments found in our bogs, they are substantial witnesses of a distinct civilization; and their credit is no more diminished by the rubbish in which they chance to be found than the authenticity of the ancient *torques* and *skians* by their embedment in the mud. When the entire collection of our Irish Percy—James Hardiman—shall have been given to a public (and soon may such a one come) that can relish them in their native dress, they will be entitled to undisputed precedence in our national minstrelsy.”

About a dozen of the ballads in the volume, are derived translated from the Irish. It is only in this way that Clarence Mangan (a name to which Mr. Duffy does just honour) contributes to the volume. There are four translations by him exhibiting eminently his perfect mastery of versification—his flexibility of passion, from loneliest grief to the maddest humour. One of these, “The Lament for O’Neill and O’Donnell,” is the strongest, though it will not be the most popular, ballad in the work.

Callanan’s and Ferguson’s translations, if not so daringly versified, are simpler and more Irish in idiom.

Most, indeed, of Callanan’s successful ballads are translations, and well entitle him to what he passionately prays for—a minstrel of free Erin to come to his grave—

“And plant a wild wreath from the banks of the river,
O’er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever.”

But, we are wrong in speaking of Mr. Ferguson's translations in precisely the same way. His "Wicklow War Song" is condensed, epigrammatic, and crashing as anything we know of, except the "Pibroch of Donnill Dhu."

The *second* source is—the common people's ballads. Most of these "make no pretence to being true to Ireland, but only being true to the *purlieus* of Cork and Dublin;" yet, now and then, one meets a fine burst of passion, and oftener a racy idiom. The "Drimin Dhu," the "Blackbird," "Peggy Bawn," "Irish Molly," "Willy Reilly," and the "Fair of Turloughmore," are the specimens given here. Of these "Willy Reilly" (an old and worthy favourite in Ulster, it seems, but quite unknown elsewhere,) is the best; but it is too long to quote, and we must limit ourselves to the noble opening verse of "Turloughmore":—

"Come tell me, dearest mother, what makes my father
stay,
Or what can be the reason that he's so long away?
'Oh! hold your tongue, my darling son, your tears do
grieve me sore,
I fear he has been murdered in the fair of Turlough-
more.'"

The *third* and principal source consists of the Anglo-Irish ballads, written during the last twenty or thirty years.

Of this highest class, he who contributes most and, to our mind, best, is Mr. Ferguson. We have already spoken of his translations—his original ballads are better. There is nothing in this volume—nothing in "Percy's Relics," or the

“Border Minstrelsy,” to surpass, perhaps to equal, “Willy Gilliland.” It is as natural in structure as “Kinmont Willie,” as vigorous as “Otterbourne,” and as complete as “Lochinvar.” Leaving his Irish idiom, we get in the “Forester’s Complaint” as harmonious versification, and, in the “Forging of the Anchor,” as vigorous thoughts, mounted on bounding words, as anywhere in English literature.

We must quote some stray verses from “Willy Gilliland” :—

“Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
 He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of church
 and king ;
 And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge
 he hath ;
 So he must fly his father’s land, or he must die the
 death ;
 For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim
 Dalzell,
 And his smoking rooftree testifies they’ve done their
 errand well.

* * * * *

“His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested
 now,
 And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his
 brow,
 And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the
 sod,
 He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God ;
 And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs dear,
 And against a godless church and king he spoke up loud
 and clear.

* * * * *

“ ‘ My bonny mare! I’ve ridden you when Claver’s e
 rode behind,
 And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like
 the wind ;
 And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek
 flank, I swear,
 Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair !
 Though sword to wield they’ve left me none—yet Wallace
 wight, I wis,
 Good battle did, on Irvine side, wi’ waur weapon than
 this.’—

“ His fishing-rod with both his hands he griped it as he
 spoke,
 And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain
 he broke ;
 The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
 But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike of iron
 shod,
 He ground the sharp spear to a point ; then pulled his
 bonnet down,
 And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick
 town.”

The only ballad equally racy is “ The Croppy Boy,” by some anonymous but most promising writer.

Griffin’s “ Gille Machree,” is of another class—is perfect—“ striking on the heart,” as Mr. Duffy finely says, “ like the cry of a woman ;” but his “ Orange and Green,” and his “ Bridal of Malahide,” belong to the same class, and suffer by comparison with Mr. Ferguson’s ballads.

Banim’s greatest ballad, the “ Soggarth Aroon,” possesses even deeper tenderness and a more perfect Irish idiom than anything in the volume.

Among the collection are Colonel Blacker’s famous Orange ballad, “ Oliver’s Advice” (“ Put your trust in God, my boys, but keep your pow-

der dry,") and two versions of the "Boyne Water." The latter and older one, given in the appendix, is by far the finest, and contains two unrivalled stanzas:—

“Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them
to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot, as he crossed
over the water.
When that King William he observed the brave Duke
Schomberg falling,
He rein'd his horse, with a heavy heart, on the Ennis-
killeners calling;
'What will you do for me, brave boys, see yonder men
retreating,
Our enemies encouraged are—and English drums are
beating;'
He says, 'my boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one
commander,
For God shall be our King this day, and I'll be general
under.'”

Nor less welcome is the comment:—

“Some of the Ulster ballads, of a restricted and provincial spirit, having less in common with Ireland than with Scotland; two or three Orange ballads, altogether ferocious or foreign in their tendencies (preaching murder, or deifying an alien), will be no less valuable to the patriot or the poet on this account. They echo faithfully the sentiments of a strong, vehement, and indomitable body of Irishmen, who may come to battle for their country better than they ever battled for prejudices or their bigotries. At all events, to know what they love and believe is a precious knowledge.”

On the language of most of the ballads, Mr. Duffy says:—

“Many of them, and generally the best, are just as essentially Irish as if they were written in Gaelic. They could have grown among no other people, perhaps under

no other sky or scenery. To an Englishman, to any Irishman educated out of the country, or to a dreamer asleep to impressions of scenery and character, they would be achievements as impossible as the Swedish *Skalds* or the *Arabian Nights*. They are as Irish as Ossian or Carolan, and unconsciously reproduce the spirit of those poets better than any translator can hope to do. They revive and perpetuate the vehement native songs that gladdened the halls of our princes in their triumphs, and wailed over their ruined hopes or murdered bodies. In everything but language, and almost in language, they are identical. That strange tenacity of the Celtic race which makes a description of their habits and propensities when Cæsar was still a Proconsul in Gaul, true in essentials of the Irish people to this day, has enabled them to infuse the ancient and hereditary spirit of the country into all that is genuine of our modern poetry. And even the language grew almost Irish. The soul of the country stammering its passionate grief and hatred in a strange tongue, loved still to utter them in its old familiar idioms and cadences. Uttering them, perhaps, with more piercing earnestness, because of the impediment; and winning out of the very difficulty a grace and a triumph."

How often have we wished for such a companion as this volume. Worse than meeting unclean beds, or drenching mists, or Cockney opinions, was it to have to take the mountains with a book of Scottish ballads. They were glorious to be sure, but they were not ours, they had not the brown of the climate on their cheek, they spoke of places far, and ways which are not our country's ways, and hopes which were not Ireland's, and their tongue was not that we first made sport and love with. Yet how mountaineer without ballads, any more than without a shillelagh? No; we took the Scots ballads, and felt our souls rubbing away with envy and alienage

amid their attentions ; but now, Brighid be praised ! we can have all Irish thoughts on Irish hills, true to them as the music, or the wind, or the sky.

Happy boys ! who may grow up with such ballads in your memories. Happy men ! who will find your hearts not only dutiful but joyous, in serving and sacrificing for the country you thus learned in childhood to love.*

A BALLAD HISTORY OF IRELAND.

OF course the first *object* of the work we project † will be to make Irish History familiar to the minds, pleasant to the ears, dear to the passions, and powerful over the taste and conduct of the Irish people in times to come. More *events* could be put into a prose history. Exact dates, subtle plots, minute connexions and motives, rarely appear in Ballads, and for these ends the worst prose history is superior to the best Ballad series ; but these are not the highest ends of history. To hallow or accurse the scenes of glory and honor, or of shame and sorrow ; to give to the imagination the arms, and homes, and senates, and battles of other days ; to rouse, and soften, and strengthen,

* A corresponding Essay on SONGS, written by Davis, will be found prefixed to Mr. Barry's collection of "The Songs of Ireland."—ED.

† It had been proposed in the *Nation*, by another contributor, to write ballads on the great events in our annals and collect them into a "Ballad History of Ireland." ED.

and enlarge us with the passions of great periods; to lead us into love of self-denial, of justice, of beauty, of valour, of generous life and proud death; and to set up in our souls the memory of great men, who shall then be as models and judges of our actions—these are the highest duties of history, and these are best taught by a Ballad History.

A Ballad History is welcome to childhood, from its rhymes, its high colouring, and its aptness to memory. As we grow into boyhood, the violent passions, the vague hopes, the romantic sorrow of patriot ballads are in tune with our fitful and luxuriant feelings. In manhood we prize the condensed narrative, the grave firmness, the critical art, and the political sway of ballads. And in old age they are doubly dear; the companions and reminders of our life, the toys and teachers of our children and grandchildren. Every generation finds its account in them. They pass from mouth to mouth like salutations; and even the minds which lose their words are under their influence, as one can recall the starry heavens who cannot revive the form of a single constellation.

In olden times all ballads were made to music, and the minstrel sang them to his harp or screamed them in recitative. Thus they reached farther, were welcomer guests in feast and camp, and were better preserved. We shall have more to say on this in speaking of our proposed song collection. Printing so multiplies copies of ballads, and intercourse is so general, that there is less need of this adaptation to music now. Moreover, it may be disputed whether the dramatic effect in the more

solemn ballads is not injured by lyrical forms. In such streaming exhortations and laments as we find in the Greek choruses and in the adjurations and caoins of the Irish, the breaks and parallel repetitions of a song might lower the passion. Were we free to do so, we could point out instances in the *Spirit of the Nation* in which the rejection of song-forms seems to have been essential to the awfulness of the occasion.

In pure narratives, and in the gayer and more splendid, though less stern ballads, the song forms, and adaptation to music are clear gains.

In the Scotch ballads this is usual, in the English rare. We look in vain through Southey's admirable ballads—"Mary the Maid of the Inn," "Jaspar," "Inchkape Rock," "Bishop Hatto," "King Henry V. and the Hermit of Dreux,"—for either burden, chorus, or adaptation, to music. In the "Battle of Blenheim" there is, however, an occasional burden line; and in the smashing "March to Moscow" there is a great chorussing about—

“Morbleu! Parbleu!

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow.”

Coleridge has some skilful repetitions, and exquisite versification, in his "Ancient Mariner," "Genevieve," "Alice du Clos," but no where a systematic burden. Campbell has no burdens in his finest lyric ballads, though the subjects were fitted for them. The burden of the "Exile of Erin" belongs very doubtfully to him.

Macaulay's best ballad, "The Battle of Ivry," is greatly aided by the even burden line; but he has not repeated the experiment, though he, too,

makes much use of repeating lines in his Roman Lays and other ballads.

While, then, we counsel burdens in Historical Ballads, we would recognise excepted cases where they may be injurious, and treat them as in *no case* essential to perfect ballad success. In songs, we would almost always insist either on a chorus verse, or a burden of some sort. A burden need not be at the end of the verse; but may, with quite equal success, be at the beginning or in the body of it, as may be seen in the Scotch Ballads, and in some of these in the *Spirit of the Nation*.

The old Scotch and English ballads, and Lockhart's translations from the Spanish, are mostly composed in one metre, though written down in either of two ways. Macaulay's Roman Lays and "Ivry" are in this metre. Take an example from the last:—

“Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the
ranks of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.”

In the old ballads this would be printed in four lines, of eight syllables and six alternately, and rhyming only alternately—thus:—

“Press where ye see my white plume shine,
Amid the ranks of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day
The helmet of Navarre.”

So Macaulay himself prints this metre in some of his Roman Lays.

But the student should rather avoid than seek this metre. The uniform old beat of eight and six is apt to fall monotonously on the ear, and some of the most startling effects are lost in it.

In the *Spirit of the Nation* the student will find many other ballad metres. Campbell's metres, though new and glorious things, are terrible traps to imitation, and should be warily used. The German ballads, and still more, Mr. Mangan's translations of them, contain great variety of new and safe, though difficult metres. Next in frequency to the fourteen syllable line is that in eleven syllables, such as "Mary Ambree," and "Lochinvar;" and for a rolling brave ballad 'tis a fine metre. The metre of fifteen syllables, with double rhymes (or accents) in the middle, and that of thirteen, with double rhymes at the end, is tolerably frequent, and the metre used by Father Prout, in his noble translation of "Duke d'Alencon" is admirable, and easier than it seems. By the way, what a grand burden runs through that ballad—

"Fools! to believe the sword could give to the children
of the Rhine,
Our Gallic fields—the land that yields the Olive and the
Vine!"

The syllables are as in the common metre, but it has thrice the rhymes.

We have seen great materials wasted in a struggle with a crotchetty metre; therefore, though we counsel the invention of metres, we would add, that unless a metre come out racily and appropriately in the first couple of verses, it should be abandoned, and some of these easily marked metres taken up.

A historical ballad will commonly be narrative in its form but not necessarily so. A hymn of exultation—a call to a council, an army, or a

people—a prophecy—a lament—or a dramatic scene (as in *Lochiel*), may give as much of event, costume, character, and even scenery, as a mere narration. The varieties of form are infinite, and it argues lack of force in a writer to keep always to mere narration, though when exact events are to be told, that may be the best mode.

One of the essential qualities of a good historical ballad is truth. To pervert history—to violate nature, in order to make a fine clatter, has been the aim in too many of the ballads sent us. He who goes to write a historical ballad should master the main facts of the time, and state them truly. It may be well for him perhaps either not to study or to half-forget minute circumstances until after his ballad is drafted out, lest he write a chronicle, not a ballad; but he will do well, ere he suffers it to leave his study, to re-consider the facts of the time, or man, or act of which he writes, and see if he cannot add force to his statements, an antique grace to his phrases, and colour to his language.

Truth and appropriateness in ballads require great knowledge and taste.

To write an Irish historical ballad, one should know the events which he would describe, and know them not merely from an isolated study of his subject, but from old familiarity, which shall have associated them with his tastes and passions, and connected them with other parts of history. How miserable a thing is to put forward a piece of vehement declamation and vague description, which might be uttered of any event, or by the man of any time, as a historical ballad. We have

had battle ballads sent us that would be as characteristic of Marathon or Waterloo as of Clontarf—laments that might have been uttered by a German or a Hindu—and romances equally true to love all the world over.

Such historical study extends not merely to the events. A ballad writer should try to find the voice, colour, stature, passions, and peculiar faculties of his hero—the arms, furniture, and dress of the congress, or the champions, or the troops, he tells of—the rites wherewith the youth were married—the dead interred, and God worshipped; and the architecture—previous history and pursuits (and, therefore, probable ideas and phrases) of the men he describes.

Many of these things he will get in books. He should shun compilations, and take up original journals, letters, state papers, statutes, and cotemporary fictions, and narratives, as much as possible. Let him not much mind Leland or Curry (after he has run over them), but work like fury at the Archæological Society's books—at Harris's *Hibernica*, at Lodge's *Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*, at Strafford's *Pacata*, Spencer's *View*, Giraldus's *Narrative*, Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*, the Ormond Papers, the State Papers of Henry the Eighth, Strafford's and Cromwell's and Rinuncini's Letters, and the correspondence and journals, from Donald O'Neil's letter to the Pope down to Wolfe Tone's glorious memoirs.

In the songs, and even their names, many a fine hint can be got; and he is not likely to be a perfect Balladist of Ireland who has not felt to

tears and laughter the deathless passions of Irish music.

We have condemned compilations; but the ballad student may well labour at Ware's Antiquities. He will find, in the History of British Costume published by the Useful Knowledge Society and in the illustrated work now in progress, called Old England, but, beyond all other books, in the historical works of Thierry, most valuable materials. Nothing—not even the Border Minstrelsy, Percy's Relics, the Jacobite Ballads, or the Archæological Tracts—can be of such service as a repeated study of The Norman Conquest, The Ten Years' Study, and The Merovingian Times of Augustine Thierry.

We know he has rashly stated some events on insufficient authority, and drawn conclusions beyond the warrant of his premises; but there is more deep dramatic skill, more picturesque and coloured scenery, more distinct and characteristic grouping, and more lively faith to the look and spirit of the men and times and feelings of which he writes, in Thierry, than in any other historian that ever lived. He has almost an intuition in favor of liberty, and his vindication of the "men of '98" out of the slanderous pages of Musgrave is a miracle of historical skill and depth of judgment.

In the Irish Academy in Dublin there is a collection (now arranged and rapidly increasing) of ancient arms and utensils. Private collections exist in many provincial towns, especially in Ulster. Indeed, we know an Orange painter in

a northern village who has a finer collection of Irish antiquities than all the Munster cities put together. Accurate observation of, and discussion on, such collections, will be of vast service to a writer of Historical Ballads.

Topography is also essential to a ballad, or to any Historian. This is not only necessary to save a writer from such a gross blunder as we met the other day in Wharton's Ballad, called "The Grave of King Arthur," where he talks of "the steeps of rough Kildare," but to give accuracy and force to both general references and local description.

Ireland must be known to her Ballad Historians, not by flat, but by shaded maps, and topographical and scenic descriptions; not by maps of to-day only, but by maps (such as Ortelius and the maps in the State Papers) of Ireland in time past; and finally, it must be known by the *eye*. A man who has not raced on our hills, panted on our mountains, waded our rivers in drought and flood, pierced our passes, skirted our coast, noted our old towns, and learned the shape and colour of ground and tree, and sky, is not master of all a Balladist's art. Scott knew Scotland thus, and, moreover, he seems never to have laid a scene in a place that he had not studied closely and alone.

What we have heretofore advised relates to the Structure, Truth, and Colouring of Ballads; but there is something more needed to raise a ballad above the beautiful—it must have Force. Strong passions, daring invention, vivid sympathy for great acts—these are the result of one's whole life and nature. Into the temper and training of

“A Poet,” we do not now presume to speak. Few have spoken wisely of them. Emerson, in his recent essay, has spoken like an angel on the mission of “The Poet.” Ambition for pure power (not applause); passionate sympathy with the good, and strong, and beautiful; insight into nature, and such loving mastery over its secrets as a husband hath over a wife’s mind, are the surest tests of one “called” by destiny to tell to men the past, present, and future, in words so perfect that generations shall feel and remember.

We merely meant to give some “Hints on the Properties of Historical Ballads”—they will be idle save to him who has the mind of a Poet.

REPEAL READING ROOMS.

KNOWLEDGE and organisation must set Ireland free, and make her prosperous. If the People be not wise and manageable, they cannot gain liberty but by accident, nor use it to their service. An ignorant and turbulent race may break away from provincialism, but will soon relapse beneath a cunning, skilful, and unscrupulous neighbour. England is the one—Ireland must not be the other.

If she is to be self-freed—if she is not to be retaken slave, she must acquire all the faculties possessed by her enemy, without the vices of that foe. We have to defeat an old and compact government. We must acquire the perfect structure of a nation. We have to resist genius, skill, and immense resources; we must have wisdom, knowledge, and ceaseless industry.

We want the advisers of the People never for a day to forget these facts, that of persons above five years old, there are 829,000 females and 580,000 males who can only read, but cannot write; and that above the same age, there are 2,142,000 females and 1,623,000 males who can neither read nor write. Let them remember, too, that the arts of design do not exist here—that the leading economical difference between England and Ireland is the “industrial ignorance of the latter”—that we have little military or

naval instruction—and that our literature is only beginning to bud.

We are not afraid for all these things, nor do we wish to muffle our eyes against them. We want a brave, modest, laborious, and instructed People. It is deep pleasure to serve, and glory to lead such a People. It is still deeper pleasure and honour to head a race full of virtue and industry, and a thirst for knowledge. But for a swaggering People, who shout for him who flatters them, and turn from those who would lead by plain, manful truth—who shall save them?

The Repeal Association has fronted the difficulty. You, it tells the People, are not educated nor organised as you should be. Your oppressor has millions, cunning in all arts and manufactures, for your thousands. Her literature is famous among men—your's still to be created. Her organisation embraces everything, from the machinery for moving an empire to that of governing a parish. You, too, must learn arts, and literature, and self-government, if you would repel and surpass her.

The generation that will cover Ireland in twenty years will have the instruction you want, but you must not surrender *your* claim to knowledge and liberty. You, too, must go to school and learn. You must learn to obey. You must learn from each other, and obey the highest wisdom that is among you all.

The Repeal Association has resolved that it is expedient to establish Reading-rooms in the Parishes of Ireland, and has appointed a Committee to carry out that resolution.

This is a great undertaking. A meeting, a gossip, or eloquent circular, will not accomplish it. It will take months of labour from strong minds, and large sums of money, to establish such a system; and only by corresponding zeal on the People's part can it be spread among them all.

The Repeal Association has now constituted itself Schoolmaster of the People of Ireland, and must be prepared to carry out its pretension. The People, knowing the attempt, must sustain it with increased funds and zeal.

A Reading-room Committee must not stop its preliminary labours till there is a Reading-room in every village; and then it will fill their hands and draw largely on their funds to make them Reading-rooms, and not idling rooms. Their first duty will be, of course, to ascertain what Reading-rooms exist—how each of them is supported—what books, maps, &c., it contains—at what hours it is open—and how it is attended. For each separate School—we beg pardon, Reading-room—the Committee should make separate arrangements. One will want increased space, another will want industrial books, another maps, another political and statistical tracts.

To the districts where the Irish language is spoken, they should send a purely Irish Grammar and an Anglo-Irish Grammar and Dictionary for each room, to be followed by other works containing general information, as well as peculiarly Irish knowledge, in Irish. Indeed, we doubt if the Association can carry out the plan—which they began by sending down Dr.

MacHale's translations—without establishing a newspaper, partly in English and partly in Irish, like the mixed papers of Switzerland, New Orleans, and Hungary.

To come back, however, to the working of such a Committee. Some of its members should attend from day to day to correspond with the Repeal Inspectors, and the Protestant and Catholic Clergy, who may consent to act as patrons of these Rooms. It will be most desirable that each Committee have an agent in Dublin, who will receive and forward *gratis* all books for it. The cost of postage would absorb the price of a library.

It seems to us to be almost necessary to have persons sent round the country from time to time to organize these Reading Committees—to fix, from inspection, the amount of help which the Association should give to the rent of each room, and to stimulate the People to fresh exertion. This, of course, could be united with a Repeal missionary system, on the same plan as the “Anti-Corn Law League” missions.

Help should be given by the Association in some proportion to the local subscriptions (say a third of them), or the Association might undertake to supply a certain amount of books upon proof of a local subscription large enough, and sufficiently secured, for the wants of the neighbourhood.

A catalogue of the books sent to each Room should be always accessible in the Corn Exchange.

Of course, in sending books a regular system

should be adopted. The Ordnance index map of the county, the townland map of the neighbourhood, a map of Ireland, and maps of the five great sections of the globe (Asia, America, Australia, Europe, and Africa), should be in every Room. Of course, the Reports of the Association will be there; and they, we trust, will soon be a perfect manual of the industrial statistics, topography, history, and county, municipal, and general institutions of Ireland. Much has been done, and the Parliamentary Committee consists of men who are able and willing to carry out their work. What other works, fitted to cultivate the judgment or taste of the People, may be sent, must depend on the exertions of the parishes and the faithfulness of the Committee.

Were such a Room in every village, you would soon have a knot connected with it of young men who had abjured cards, tobacco, dissipation, and more fatal laziness, and were trying to learn each some science, or art, or accomplishment—anything that best pleased them, from mathematics to music. We shall feel unspeakable sorrow if, from the negligence of the Committee or the dulness or want of spirit in our country towns, this great opportunity pass away.

INFLUENCES OF EDUCATION.

“EDUCATE, that you may be free.” We are most anxious to get the quiet, strong-minded People who are scattered through the country to see the force of this great truth ; and we therefore ask them to listen soberly to us for a few minutes, and when they have done, to think and talk again and again over what we say.

If Ireland had all the elements of a nation, she might, and surely would, at once assume the forms of one, and proclaim her independence. Wherein does she now differ from Prussia ? She has a strong and compact territory, girt by the sea ; Prussia’s lands are open and flat, and flung loosely through Europe, without mountain or river, breed, or tongue, to bound them. Ireland has a military population equal to the recruitment of, and a produce able to pay a first-rate army. Her harbours, her soil, and her fisheries, are not surpassed in Europe.

Wherein, we ask again, does Ireland now differ from Prussia ? Why can Prussia wave her flag among the proudest in Europe, while Ireland is a farm ?

It is not in the name of a kingdom, nor in the formalities of independence. We could assume them to-morrow—we could assume them with

better warrants from history and nature than Prussia holds; but the result of such assumption would perchance be a miserable defeat.

The difference is in Knowledge. Were the offices of Prussia abolished to-morrow—her colleges and schools levelled—her troops disarmed and disbanded, she would within six months regain her whole civil and military institutions. Ireland has been struggling for years, and may have to struggle many more, to acquire liberty to form institutions.

Whence is the difference? Knowledge!

The Prussians could, at a week's notice, have their central offices at full work in any village in the kingdom, so exactly known are their statistics, and so general is official skill. Minds make administration—all the desks, and legers, and powers of Downing-street or the Castle would be handed in vain to the ignorants of—any untaught district in Ireland. The Prussians could open their collegiate classes and their professional and elementary schools as fast as the order therefor, from any authority recognized by the People, reached town after town—we can hardly in ten years get a few schools open for our people, craving for knowledge as they are. The Prussians could re-arm their glorious militia in a month, and re-organize it in three days; for the mechanical arts are very generally known, military science is familiar to most of the wealthier men, discipline and a soldier's skill are universal. If we had been offered arms to defend Ireland by Lord Heytesbury, as the Vo-

lunteers were by Lord Buckinghamshire, we would have had to seek for officers and drill-serjeants—though probably we could more rapidly advance in arms than anything else, from the military taste and aptness for war of the Irish People.

Would it not be better for us to be like the Prussians than as we are—better to have religious squabbles unknown, education universal, the People fed, and clad, and housed, and independent, as becomes men; the army patriotic and strong; the public offices ably administered; the nation honoured and powerful? Are not these to be desired and sought by Protestant and Catholic? Are not these things *to be done*, if we are good and brave men? And is it not *plain*, from what we have said, that the reason for our not being all that Prussia is, and something more, is ignorance—want of civil and military and general knowledge amongst all classes?

This ignorance has not been our fault, but our misfortune. It was the interest of our ruler to keep us ignorant, that we might be weak: and she did so—first, by laws prohibiting education; then, by refusing any provision for it; next, by perverting it into an engine of bigotry; and now, by giving it in a stunted, partial, anti-national way. Practice is the great teacher, and the possession of independence is the natural and best way for a People to learn all that pertains to freedom and happiness. Our greatest voluntary efforts, aided by the amplest

provincial institutions, would teach us less in a century than we would learn in five years of Liberty.

In insisting on education, we do not argue against the value of *immediate independence*. *That would be our best teacher*. An Irish Government and a national ambition would be to our minds as soft rains and rich sun to a growing crop. But we insist on education for the People, whether they get it from the Government or give it to themselves, as a round-about, and, yet, the only means of getting strength enough to gain freedom.

Do our readers understand this? Is what we have said *clear* to *you*, reader!—whether you are a shopkeeper or a lawyer, a farmer or a doctor? If not, read it over again, for it is your own fault if it be not clear. If you now know our meaning, you must feel that it is your duty to your family and to yourself, to your country and to God, to *act* upon it, to go and remove some of that ignorance which makes you and your neighbours weak, and therefore makes Ireland a poor province.

All of us have much to learn, but some of us have much to teach.

To those, who, from superior energy and ability, can teach the People, we now address ourselves.

We have often before, and shall often again repeat, that the majority of our population can neither read nor write, and therefore that from the small minority must come those fitted to be

of any civil or military use beyond the lowest rank. The People may be and are honest, brave, and intelligent; but a man could as well dig with his hands, as govern, or teach, or lead, without the elements of Knowledge.

This, however, is a defect which time and the National Schools must cure; and the duty of the class to which we speak is to urge the establishment of such Schools, the attendance of the children at them, and occasionally to observe and report, either directly or through the press, whether the admirable rules of the Board are attended to. In most cases, too, the expenditure of a pound note and a little time and advice would give the children of a school that instruction in national history and in statistics so shamefully omitted by the Board. Reader! will you do this?

Then, of the three hundred Repeal Reading-rooms we know that some, and fear that many are ill-managed, have few or no books, and are mere gossiping-rooms. Such a room is useless; such a room is a disgrace to its members and their educated neighbours. The expense having been gone to of getting a room, it only remains for the members to establish fixed rules, and they will be supplied with the Association Reports (political reading enough for them), and it will be the plain duty of the Repeal Wardens to bring to such a room the newspapers supplied by the Association. If such a body continue and give proofs of being in earnest, the Repeal Association will aid it by gifts of books, maps, &c., and

thus a library, the centre of knowledge and nursery of useful and strong minds, will be made in that district. So miserably off is the country for books, that we have it before us, on some authority, that there are *ten counties in Ireland without a single bookseller in them*. We blush for the fact; it is a disgrace to us; but we must have no lying nor flinching. There is the hard fact; let us face it like men who are able for a difficulty—not as children putting their heads under the clothes when there is danger. Reader! cannot you do something to remedy this great, this disabling misery of Ireland? Will not you *now* try to get up a Repeal Reading-room, and, when one is established, get for it good rules, books from the Association, and make it a centre of thought and power?

These are but some of the ways in which such service can be done by the more, for the less, educated. They have other duties, often pointed out by us. They can sustain and advance the different societies for promoting agriculture, manufactures, art, and literature, in Dublin and the country. They can set on foot, and guide the establishment of Temperance Bands and Mechanics' Institutes, and Mutual Instruction Societies. They can give advice and facilities for improvement to young men of promise; and they can make their circles studious, refined, and ambitious, instead of being, like too many in Ireland—ignorant, coarse, or lazy. The cheapness of books is now such, that even Irish po-

verty is no excuse for Irish ignorance—that ignorance which prostrates us before England. We must help ourselves, and therefore we must educate ourselves.

THE END.



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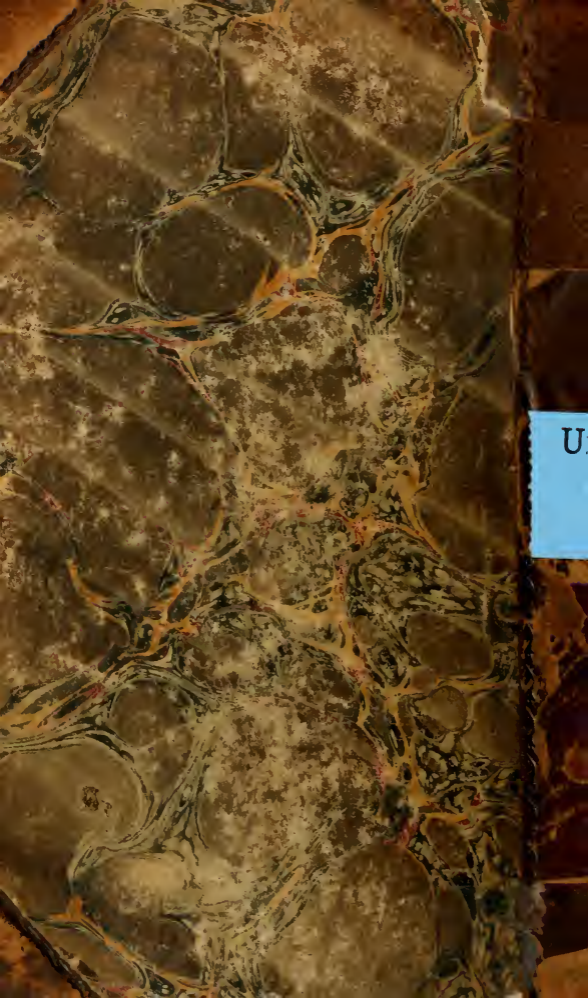
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