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'As the advocate of society, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the state, that grand detector of public imposture—guard it—because when it sinks there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the crown.'—CURRAN.

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SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. I.

It is a singular fact, in the history of the human mind, that man will embrace any doctrine, however absurd, rather than continue in doubt; for nothing can be more irritating than a novel or strange effect without any assignable cause. Hence superstition is the consequence of imperfect knowledge; for when men, in the infancy of the sciences, were unable to account, on natural principles, for the daily phenomena which took place around them, they attributed what they could not comprehend to the agency of aerial beings, whom their imagination invested with peculiar powers, both good and evil. Fear and hope were, therefore, sufficient to make these objects worthy of propitiation; and, though some of them never acquired any thing like religious worship, still they inspired the vulgar with awe, though never with veneration.

All the nations of Europe have, with some slight modifications, nearly the same superstitious creed; but it is curious to observe how the national spirit and disposition have affected these absurd, and sometimes mischievous, notions. In the East human victims have expired, and still expire, on the altar of superstition; while the same thing, in a different form, was practised in Britain, previous to the introduction of Christianity. In Ireland, however, notwithstanding the religion of druidism, no such sanguinary immolations took place; for the mild, cheerful, and humane spirit of the people counteracted the pernicious doctrine of the priests. This fact is not the only one which illustrates the active humanity of the Irish people. In early times the conqueror wept over his fallen foe; and the body of the vanquished enemy, after the battle, received the same funeral honours as that of a friend. Even in our own day, the superstition of the English and Irish peasantry, though in theory nearly the same, is very dissimilar in practice. In England scarcely an Assize passes without one or more of the country people standing in the dock for having drawn blood from reputed witches, that sanguinary process being considered necessary to paralyse the baneful influence of the decrepit hag; but, in the sister island, a little *holy water* is considered sufficient to counteract the evil powers of superannuated women, while fairymen, as they are called, so far from being regarded as objects of hatred or distrust, are considered of great public utility, being more frequently applied to than the doctor or farrier for assistance when either men or cattle happen to be 'overlooked' by people with 'evil eyes.' Besides, they are supposed to possess a peculiar power over the 'good people,' as fairies are called; and, as these may be unintentionally offended, the mediation of the fairymen is of the first importance, to prevent the anger of Oberon from taking effect.

In these sketches, of which the following is the first of a series, I shall relate only such tales as are still currently believed—and endeavour to snatch from oblivion the fictions which float through the public mind, and give them 'a local habitation and a name.' I choose this method the more willingly, as these sketches will completely embody the whole superstition of the Irish peasantry. Unlike the popular tales of the northern nations, there is in them nothing revolting to humanity; nothing to absolutely terrify or alarm; nothing but what a simple peasantry might believe without injury to themselves, or mischief to others; while, at the same time, they are not the less amusing, and to minds not vitiated by a depraved taste for the horrible, they will, I fancy, be far more acceptable.

THE BENSHEE.

ON the right-hand side of the little by-road, which conducts the traveller from the famous bog of Monela to the northern range of the Sliew-bloom mountains, stands the uninhabited mansion of a gentleman named Fitzpatrick, who has, if we believe

the neighbouring peasantry, a better apology than many of his countrymen for being an absentee. The history of his family, as related by the country people, develops the superstitious notion respecting that harbinger of death—the *Benshee*.

The Fitzpatricks of Ossory and the

Ormonds of Kilkenny were, for centuries, deadly foes. More than one of the illustrious house of Butler were prisoners * of their implacable enemies; and, in the reign of Charles the First, the celebrated Duke of Ormond completely destroyed the power of the Fitzpatricks, and annexed Durrow, their patrimony, to his own possessions, since which time that district, though nearly surrounded by the Queen's County, forms part of the county of Kilkenny.

Some ages previous to this period, one of the Butlers having overrun Lower Ossory, and, as usual, having slaughtered most of the inhabitants, the heir of the house of Fitzpatrick found refuge in the castle of O'More, the Chieftain of Leix. The chivalrous spirit of the times inculcated such elevated notions of honour, that friendship and unlimited confidence were synonymous; while the man who was admitted a guest never had his actions regarded with suspicion. Treachery was out of the question; for justice was then so summary, that life was the immediate forfeit of an unworthy action. No wonder, then, that O'More took no precaution to prevent any improper intimacy between Fitzpatrick and his only daughter—a lady who possessed, in an eminent degree, all those charms which superadd to the attractions of youth and beauty. The consequence of parental neglect on this occasion was fatal; and, as the story goes, continues yet to blast the happiness of the descendants of one of the party.

The chieftain's lovely daughter naturally attracted the attention of her father's guest, who was about her own age; and, as no restraint was placed upon their interviews, they soon learned to feel mutual happiness in each other's company. They were indiscreet; and, to their horror, discovered that a knowledge of their criminal conduct must soon take place, as the daughter of the chieftain was pregnant. There remained for them no expectation of pardon; for they knew with O'More nothing could palliate their crime, and that the lives of both must fall a sacrifice

to his wounded honour unless they escaped from his wrath. Under these circumstances the lovers agreed to fly from Leix, and appointed an evening to meet at a lonely well, to arrange for their departure.

The unhappy lady was punctual; but Fitzpatrick was perfidious: he met her at the well, and, while in the act of caressing her, plunged a dagger into her heart! She fell a corpse; her blood tinged the water of the spring, and the faithless lover returned undiscovered to the castle. The chieftain lamented the fate of his child, but never suspected his guest; and the heir of Ossory, for a time, encountered no reproof but that of his own guilty conscience.

In a short time Fitzpatrick was restored by O'More to his possessions in Ossory, where he married, and had a numerous offspring. For twenty years he carried in his bosom the assassin's secret, and the memory of his lovely victim had nearly been forgotten, when, one night, as himself and his *kerns*, during an intestine war, were encamped not far from the fatal spot where he had committed murder, the awful and solemn cry of a benshee was heard to proceed from the well.

The guilty chieftain started; but, as if impelled by some supernatural power, he walked towards the spring, and distinctly saw the victim of his treachery, in her ordinary dress of white, sitting beneath the tree that shaded the well, and wringing her hands as if in an agony of grief. He had scarcely gazed on her, when she arose, redoubled her cries, and seemed to approach the place where he stood. At this moment his fears appeared to have overcome him; and, as he exclaimed 'Pardon, oh! pardon your murderer!' the apparition gave a hoarse scream, and vanished, like a shadow of the moon, down the valley, still keeping up the cry of the benshee, which was distinctly heard for several minutes. It had scarcely ceased when the sentinel gave the alarm of a sudden attack, and the O'Mores in an instant were in the camp of the Fitzpatricks. The battle was long and bloody; but, ere the

* There is an old painting in Trinity College, Dublin, representing the treacherous capture of a Duke of Ormond by the Chieftain of Leix, the friend of the Fitzpatricks.

morning sun arose, the heroes of Leix prevailed, and the Chieftain of Ossory fell beneath the weapon of his old protector's son, confessing, ere he died, that his was the fatal hand by which the sister of the conqueror was slain.

From this time the cry of the Benshee was regularly heard at the fatal well previous to the dissolution of any of the descendants of Fitzpatrick; and, in time, it became so notorious, that the spring acquired the appellation of the 'Benshee's Well,' a name which it yet retains.

No matter whether a Fitzpatrick died in war or peace, abroad or at home, the cry that foretold the sad event was to be heard at the fountain where the apparition was first seen, and where the chieftain's daughter had been so treacherously assassinated by her lover. From this circumstance it was inferred that the Benshee was nothing more nor less than the murdered lady, on whom had been imposed the melancholy duty of announcing to the descendants of her deceiver the fearful intelligence of their approaching destiny.

In one of the revolutions which this part of the country underwent this branch of the Fitzpatricks were expelled from Ossory, and settled in the district of O'More, where their descendant, better than half a century ago, erected the mansion which is yet standing. This gentleman, as a necessary requisite to the retention of his property, had embraced the reformed religion; and as a Protestant is, in some measure, a negative papist, he determined to disbelieve the superstitious, as well as the religious, creed of his ancestors; but in nothing was he more positive than in the non-appearance of the Benshee. In vain the old retainers of his family alleged their having repeatedly heard the cry, and instanced the case of his father, who had expired in London on the very night it was last heard in Ireland. Still he was incredulous, and dared those who believed in the apparition to tell him when next the Benshee should be heard; for, if she remained the usual time at the well, he would have an opportunity of seeing and hearing her, the distance not being quite a quarter of a mile.

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Years rolled on, and no Benshee was heard, when Fitzpatrick became confirmed in his incredulity, forgetful that none of his family had, during all this time, needed such a monitor. At length a favourite daughter fell suddenly ill, and the alarmed father fled himself, at twelve o'clock at night, for a physician. Returning with the doctor, he heard a sad and solemn cry proceed from the direction of the well, and, thinking it a trick of some one to mock his incredulity, he hastened home, seized his pistols, and hurried alone to the fountain. Cautiously casting his eyes through an aperture of the shade that protected the water during the day from the sunbeams, he saw a female figure, dressed in white, sitting on the bank, and uttering a most melancholy cry. Enraged at what he thought an attempt to terrify himself, and possibly accelerate the death of his child, he cocked his pistol, aimed at the object, and fired. A scream of superhuman force and horror, that nearly froze the blood in his veins, instantly burst upon him; and, as he turned to fly, the figure of the Benshee, all covered with blood, crossed his path, and continued, at intervals, to intercept him as he ran. When he reached home he rushed into his daughter's room, and on his entrance the sick girl screamed out 'See, see! oh see that beautiful lady, all covered with blood!' 'Where, oh! where?' demanded the father. 'In the window, Sir,' replied the poor creature. 'Oh! no, she's gone.'

From that moment the patient, in spite of the doctor's skill, continued to grow worse; and next day, about twelve o'clock, she expired. On that evening, about twilight, as the afflicted father was pacing up and down one of the walks in his garden that overlooked the avenue, he was surprised at hearing a noise as if a coach and horses were coming up to the house. Casting his eyes over the hedge, he distinctly saw six black headless horses, driven by a headless coachman, drawing a hearse, which regularly stopped before the hall door, and to his amazement a coffin was brought out and placed upon it, when instantly the bloody figure of the Benshee mounted upon the pall, and the hearse drove on.

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When he had somewhat recovered from his astonishment he ran into the house, where, finding the corpse as he had left it, he began to suspect that his eyes had deceived him. 'By no means, my dear,' said his lady; 'that hearse follows my father's family; I saw it myself when one of my uncles died, and you know it's quite as natural as the Benshee'—

'Hold!' exclaimed Fitzpatrick, 'there she is, outside of the window, bloody and vindictive-looking as when I shot her! She recedes—she's gone! Heaven forefend from me her wrath; for I am sure she bodes me evil!'

His apprehensions were but too just; for next day another of his children died; and he could not stir from home any night after dark without encountering the appalling figure of the Benshee. She crossed his path whether he rode or walked, was alone or in company; till, at length, in the hope of avoiding her, he quitted the country, and passed over into England, where he soon after died.

The enraged Benshee, whose kind offices were so badly requited, was never heard to lament the approaching death of a Fitzpatrick after the night she had been fired at. In fact, her services in that way appeared to cease,

as she has only since been known as the persecutor of those over whose existence she would, if properly treated, have continued to watch.

About twenty years ago the mansion of Fitzpatrick was visited by the owner, with the intention of residing in it; when, on the night of his arrival, the dreadful cry of the infuriated Benshee assailed the house, and continued to do so nightly until it was once more deserted; since which time it has been totally uninhabited.

Such is the strange relation which is familiar in the mouths of the peasantry in that part of the country where the incidents are supposed to have taken place. But the idea here given of a Benshee is by no means without exceptions; for, in some parts of the country, the apparition is described as an old man, and in others an old woman, who announce their doleful news from the ashes' corner, or from under the staircase. In general, however, the Benshee is understood to be like a beautiful young woman, who utters her melancholy cry, sometimes once, and sometimes twice, before death, near to a spring, a river, or a lake. Whether she is the friend or enemy of the family to which she is attached is not distinctly understood.

IMPROMPTU ON QUITTING THE PIER OF HOWTH.—BY A 'BONDSMAN.'

No foolish friend, with woman's tears,
To stay my steps this morn appears;
But indignation prompts my mind
To curse the slaves I leave behind;
Slaves so mean and envious too,
That freedom's light the dastards smother,
Lest those beams they think their due
Should shed their brightness on a brother:
Content intolerant chains to bind,
And wound their fellow-man still deeper,
Whilst, curse them! each can only find
His home a gaol—himself the keeper.
How well did Justice here ordain,
When freemen she this precept gave—
'The man, who shall a brother chain,
Becomes by fate himself a slave!'
Then once again I bid adieu
To slaves of every party hue;
And may the links you forge be thine—
May man 'gainst fellow-man combine—
Till faction's curse to you make known
The chains that goad you are your own!

of the time; there lingered the Ly-saghts, the Mac Nallys, and the Reynolds's, ready to laugh dull Prudence out of countenance, or willing to disconcert the wisdom of the worldly ones by the irresistible magic of a joke! Of all their jibes and their jests, of all their "quips and their cranks," of all the mirth that reigned around them, here there remains not a vestige! Where are the "men of sound," who occupied in stateliness the crowded orchestra?—Where are the gifted composer and the tasteful performer, who once sat here scattering about them the very soul of harmony?—They have disappeared—crotchets, quavers, sharps, flats, and all! there lingers not behind them even a solitary echo!—Where even is that stage upon which the Mossops, and the Barrys, and the Kembles, strutted their little hour in tragic dignity?—Can this broken mound, this raised space upon which we stand, be the scene of their departed achievements?

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Yonder is the Green Room, where the idlers, and the foplings, and the would-be wits of the day, resorted. Its present occupants are of another and an humbler class. Four ill-clad meagre-looking figures, with damp stones for their seats, are chatting carelessly around that small fire which they have just kindled. This indeed is a melancholy alteration! the scene altogether is one calculated to make even a trifle thoughtful. Of all that was once gay and gaudy beneath the extended dome of this lonely edifice there is now hardly a trace remaining—utter desolation reigns within the place!—There

is not a door to exclude the vulgar intruder, not a window to keep off the winter breeze, not a bench to receive the solitary visitor—not the fragment of a gallery, not the relic of a box, not a plank to tread upon save that which the ragged inmates of the Green Room have now torn up to feed their miserable fire!—Such is the Crow Street Playhouse. I have entered it when it wore a different aspect!—It is painful to look upon this scene of ruin—it makes one sad to think that the place which might have been preserved as an additional ornament to the splendid metropolis of Ireland is now but a dangerous and disgusting nuisance. My friend and I turned around; we were about to depart, when one of the Green-room gentry advanced to show us the readiest way out. He was clad in seedy black, in the extreme of what is called shabby-genteel. His air was altogether theatrical:—"This way, gentlemen," said he, politely removing his small greasy hat—"this way, if you please!" his accent was trebly Corkonian.—"What part do you play here?" said my friend.—"Troth, sir, I've played many of 'em; I've been door-keeper, candle-snuffer, and bill-sticker—dropping by degrees, sir; I was always too fond of a *drop*."—"You're manager here now, I suppose?"—"Oh yes, sir," said he, laughing; "and I've got on famously: we've been playing '*All in the Wrong*' for a great number of nights; ay, and of days too; but its nearly all over—the place is deserted—even the robbers don't think it worth their while to come now."—We gave the new manager a trifle to drink, and left him to take care of his 'house of desolation.'

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. II.

THE FAIRYMAN OF CROONAN.

IN that part of Leinster, where the counties of Carlow, Kilkenny, and Wexford meet, there is a picturesque and romantic dell, called by the peasantry 'The Fairy Glen of Croonaa,' in which there is nothing more remarkable than a holy well, a clear stream,

the ruins of a poor cottage, and one of those mounds of earth which antiquarians tell us are sepulchral monuments, but which the country people, with equal probability, say are the habitations of the 'good people.*' The latter being the popular opinion, these *motes* are approached with awe, and

* In all probability these artificial elevations, so numerous in Ireland, are nothing more than the high places from which the Brehons distributed justice, which they always did in the open air. The name *Mote* (a court of judicature) seems to confirm this opinion.

the most pious or profligate will refrain, while near them, from saying any thing disrespectful to the invisible inhabitants of the place. Every mote has its history of appalling wonders, more or less attested by the people of the neighbourhood; but the one of Croonaan is familiar to all the peasantry of the South; and, as the events on which the story rests happened at no very remote period, they are implicitly believed, and related with all the veneration that is due to the respective actors in this superstitious drama.

Somewhat less than a century ago the ruins which are yet visible in the vale of Croonaan were inhabited by an honest and industrious couple, of the name of Roach, who, in the first year of their union, were blessed as they thought with a son, whom they had baptized in honour of Ireland's patron saint, Patrick. The boy, until his second year, constituted the greatest comfort of his dotting parents, and might have continued their joy and solace were it not for an envious fairy. One day, while his partial mother was engaged in gathering a *brashna* for the fire, the chubby little Patrick was amusing himself near the holy well in pulling wild flowers, when his artless gambols attracted the attention of a pious votary, who was apparently performing her devotions at the blessed fountain of Croonaan. Nine times she made the circuit of the spring on her bare knees, which appeared too tender for such an office; and, when the mortification was concluded, she arose, drank three times of the water, and tied a lock of her hair to a branch of the tree that shaded the well; then, with a smile, approached the laughing Patrick, took him up in her arms, and apparently caressed him with the utmost tenderness. Her dress indicated that she belonged to a superior rank in life; and the mother of the boy, like all mothers, was gratified by the attention shown her child by one who seemed her superior. Her vanity thus got the better of what she should have otherwise considered her duty; for, were it an ordinary woman who had so intensely admired the boy, she would undoubtedly have discarded ceremony, and spat in his face to prevent the effects of being 'overlooked,'

saying, at the same time, 'All your thrift your own;' that being considered necessary whether the object looked upon be either man or beast.

The stranger seemed so much taken with the child, that she accompanied it and its mother to the cottage, and gave them both some trifling presents before she took her departure. On the next day she again made her appearance, wearing a large cloak, but had not been long in the house when she fell down in a swoon. Mrs. Roach, alarmed for the safety of her guest, ran to the well for some fresh water; but, to her surprise, on her return no stranger was to be found. She flew to the door, and cast her eye to every place where there was any egress from the valley, but no woman could be seen. She then hurried in, examined the cradle, saw a child—screamed and fell down—arose, blessed herself, cautiously removed the clothes once more from the boy's face, and again fell down in hysterics, from which she was only aroused by the voice of her 'dear little Patrick' calling out 'Mammy!' 'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed the poor distracted creature, 'tis he! 'tis he! But no; this is not his face, nor his eyes, nor his mouth, nor his nose, nor his chin—yet, ("Mammy" again,) ay, that is my poor Patrick. Alas! what will Paddy say when he comes home, and finds his boy bewitched? for surely that wretch (cross of Christ betwixt me and all hurt and harm!) was a witch, or at least a woman of an evil eye.'

Such were her exclamations as she regarded the face of her child, so suddenly deformed from a look of health and loveliness to a pallid and sickly hue, with features now almost as repulsive as they were before engaging. The voice alone remained; and, were it not for this, 'ould Paddy' could not have recognised his boy in the fairy-struck creature he met on his return from labour. The report of the transaction soon spread through the neighbourhood; and all the gossips, for five miles round, came to offer advice and assistance. It being deemed a case entirely beyond the power of medicine, there was no thought of applying to a doctor; and, when Roach spoke of going to the priest for spiritual assistance, an old *granny* rebuked him

sharply, telling him, at the same time, that it was a case with which priests and friars had nothing to do—that clergymen affect to disbelieve in the existence of the ‘good people,’ though every day proved the fact. ‘What has happened to your child,’ said she, ‘has happened to hundreds. This brat is the son of the fairywoman who took away your boy; and will keep him too if you don’t put this thing out on the shovel. So, in the name of Saint Joseph, and the other twelve apostles, let us be after doing it this very night; and do you, Paddy, just like an honest boy, as you are, get us a drap of *Bulcaan** to wet our mouths after the fright we shall be in.’

This advice was taken; and, at eleven o’clock at night, a chosen few assembled in the cottage for the purpose of restoring the fairy her child, and regaining poor Patrick. Paddy provided a clean shovel; and the brat, being stripped naked, was placed upon it, in which position he was carried out, and left sitting in the centre of the dunghill, round which the old hags performed three circles, Roach all the time chanting some verses in Irish, of which the following is a translation:—

Fairy men and women all
List!—It is your baby’s call:
For on the dunghill’s top he lies
Beneath the wide inclement skies.
Then come with coach and sumptuous train,
And take him to your mote again;
For, if ye stay till cocks shall crow,
You’ll find him like a thing of snow;
A pallid lump—a child of scorn—
A monstrous brat, of fairies born.
But, ere you bear the boy away,
Restore the child you took instead;
When, like a thief, the other day,
You robbed my infant’s cradle-bed.
But give me back my only son,
And I’ll forgive the harm you’ve done;
And nightly, for your gamboling crew,
I’ll sweep the hearth and kitchen too;
And leave you free your tricks to play,
Whene’er you choose to pass this way.
Then, like good people, do incline
To take your child and give back mine.

This part of the ceremony finished, they hastily retired into the cottage, carefully closing the door after them; and then sprinkling abundance of holy water all over themselves, they fell on their knees to await the issue. In a

few minutes the house was assailed by a tremendous gale of wind, accompanied by thunder and lightning, that seemed to threaten instant destruction, while the cries of the brat were audible above the war of elements. Once or twice Roach was for going out to bring in the child, but the hags assured him that it was yet too soon; and then, desiring him to listen attentively, he heard, or thought he heard, the sounds of coaches and horsemen approaching. The next instant they rattled into the bawn; and, after wheeling once or twice around the dunghill, appeared to drive off in the direction of the mote. A prayer of thanksgiving was now uttered by the old women; after which the door was opened, and the child brought in. The hags unani- mously declared it was the lost one; but Paddy, on examining it, shook his head, saying he could perceive no difference between it and the one he carried out on the shovel. His opinion, however, being overruled, he was doomed, as he thought, to rear a fairy’s brat—a thing pale and feeble, though it devoured more food than half a dozen men; and, while its face indicated extreme old age, it seemed to improve nothing in size. Once or twice Paddy overheard it in conversation with some invisible beings; and such was the effect produced on the poor man’s constitution, by the impression of his son being in communion with the ‘good people,’ that in a few years he sunk into a premature grave.

His wife survived him twenty years, during which time young Paddy reached the age, if not the stature, of man. His figure might have been mistaken for the original of ‘Death upon wires,’ for he was literally nothing but skin and bone, and withal so deformed that, whenever he ventured into public, a host of boys were sure to surround him. His eyes were so situated that he looked at once to two cardinal points; and his hair, of dirty red, singularly contrasted with his pallid and hollow cheeks. His limbs stood under him like a pair of stilts; and his long lank body resembled a permanent maypole on a winter’s day, divested of all ornament.

* Whisky distilled from black oats.

Such was the 'Fairyman of Croonaan,' an object calculated to fill the wise with surprise, and the credulous with apprehensions. From childhood he was regarded as an imposition on mortality—as one surreptitiously imposed upon human nature, and inhabiting a world in which he had no proper inheritance. To his lonely valley he was necessarily confined; and, during the life of his mother, he was to be seen an animated shadow—a walking skeleton—moving among the rocks, or hovering, like a spectre, about the holy well, from which his presence had expelled the usual visitants, who came to get cured of headaches, sore eyes, and the other evils to which even simple swains are exposed. He appeared to live in utter loneliness, associating with nothing but his mother's *mil-cow*, to whom he appeared much attached; a circumstance that procured him the name of *Paudeen-a-Boo*, or Patrick of the Cow, though he was better known as the Fairyman of Croonaan.

This latter denomination was, however, for a long time undeserved, as he did not commence the practice of his profession until late in life; but, as his almost supernatural figure was attributed to his nightly rambles astride the *boughalaans* after the 'good people,' it naturally followed that he was to be considered a 'fairyman.'

Whether Paudeen-a-Boo commenced fairymanship upon his own or imputed familiarity with the 'good people' I cannot take upon myself to say; but certain it is no man ever acquired such a notoriety in the South of Ireland for fairymanship, it being, at the present day, a common answer to a difficult question to say 'It would puzzle the Fairyman of Croonaan to tell you that.' He cured men and brutes, however affected; restored the profit of butter; told where lost goods were to be found; and, if stolen, gave a description of the thief. The past and future were alike open to him; and, while he related to strangers their personal concerns of the preceding day, he could recount what would befall them to-morrow.

Such a man was found very useful; and the crowds who flocked for advice and herbs to the fairy glen of Croonaan exceeded, by hundreds, those

who circle the door of a metropolitan practitioner, who, for the sake of popularity, gives advice gratis every morning for full—ten minutes. Paudeen, fairyman as he was, had his enemies. The parish priest, Father M'Shane, preached a sermon on the folly and irreligion of applying to what he called an impostor; and a youth named Richard M'Guire, alias Dioul Dick (Dick Devil), threatened to break his bones if ever he bewitched any of his cattle, or took away the profit of his cow's milk. On both of these the Fairyman of Croonaan promised to be amply revenged.

Father M'Shane resided in a lonely house, with no other inmate than a servant-man, a housemaid, and his niece—

'A chief of temper formed to please,

Fit to converse and keep the keys.'

To the latter Dioul Dick was in the habit of paying his addresses; and, though he was what the country people called a *heram-skeeram* sort of a fellow, yet the good father looked upon him as not totally irreclaimable, and gave him some hopes of a wife and a fortune when he should reform his rakish ways, and become sober. Dick, in a temporal point of view, was worthy of the first farmer's daughter in the country; for he possessed sixty acres of choice land, at half a crown an acre, had no less than twenty milch cows; and, as he used to boast at the 'Plough and Harrow,' a bull in the middle of them. The profit of all these, however, used to go to 'mine host' of the above noted sign; and, whenever Dick was reproached with his extravagance, he always replied that the priest had money enough for him when he had spent all his own.

In about a month after Father M'Shane's sermon against the Fairyman of Croonaan, as the good priest was one night reading his Breviary by the fire, a trampling of horses was heard approaching the house. The heart of the niece leaped, thinking that Dick was among the visitors, though it was unusual for him to be attended by such a cavalcade as was now within hearing. A strange voice cried out 'Father M'Shane!' and the incautious priest replied, 'Here!' then hurried to the door, which he opened, but had scarcely passed it when it

suddenly closed after him with a tremendous crash, and a loud and supernatural laugh was heard to mock the faint wailings of one in distress. The terrified niece, who firmly believed in the 'good people,' notwithstanding the frequent exhortations of her uncle, wrung her hands in despair; for, knowing that the fairies, in consequence of the priest's answering, contrary to the opinion of all old women, before the third call, possessed unlimited power over him, she thought it useless to attempt recovering him from their horrid dominion. On the same night Dioul Dick, whose cows had been fairy-struck—that is, their milk would yield no butter—resorted to the usual process of recovering what is technically called the 'profits of the dairy.' He brought home the plough-coulter; and, having placed it in a good turf fire, he set his people to churn in the middle of the floor, every aperture in the doors and windows being previously well secured, so that no one could possibly thrust their hand in.* They had no sooner commenced than the churn-dash got so ponderous, that it required two men to lift it up and down, the milk all the time frothing out of the churn. 'Work away, my boys!' cried Dick: 'the coulters is just red,—it is red,' he continued; and as he spoke a gentle tap was heard at the kitchen window. 'Who is there?' he inquired.—'A poor woman,' replied a mournful voice, 'begging a drink of water.' No water, of course, was given, and the cries outside increased to an agony of distress. 'I know her,' cried Dick; 'it is Molly-the-mant—but I'll settle her witchcraft.'

The screams from without now increased to an intensity of suffering, and the wretch appeared to be consuming with thirst, when the cries altogether ceased, and a tremendous black cat mounted upon the side of the churn, and commenced licking up the foam, 'Ho, ho! are you there?' cried Dick, seizing the red-hot coulters, and making a blow at her hinder legs, when she instantly vanished, and the wretch outside gave a sudden scream.

'Now I'll catch her,' said Dick, opening the door, and pursuing the moans, which appeared to cross the fields. The churn-dash immediately grew lighter, the milk returned to its natural state, and the dairy-maid confessed she never had a better churning or sweeter butter.

In the mean time Dioul Dick pursued the moans of Molly-the-mant, across ditch and hedge, to a considerable distance, when the cries of his victim were drowned by the most delicious sounds he ever heard. Dick, having a natural ear for harmony, stopped to listen, and thought he heard passing him the confused noise of a festive throng, preceded by the most exquisite and fascinating music. It was some moments before he recollected himself; and when his thoughts were restored he could not tell where he was. He felt around him, and discovered that the field was nearly covered with boughalaans, upon which he concluded he was in the midst of 'good people.' Forgetting the butter witch, he hastened towards what he considered a hedge: but when he approached it appeared a frightful and impassable chasm; and at the instant a brilliant fire arose in an opposite direction. He, therefore, hastened towards Will-o'-the-wisp; but when he got there the light was extinguished, and another chasm impeded his further progress. Dick, considering himself now as certainly bewitched, coolly took off his coat, and, having turned it inside out, put it on again, made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and, shouldering the coulters, which he still held, was proceeding on his way, when he stumbled over a human body. Dick, who never knew fear, demanded who was there, and was answered by Molly-the-mant, who had got no farther when the cock crew, at which time she was obliged to resume her natural form, burnt as she was by the red-hot coulters.

An explanation now took place: Molly acknowledged that she was employed by the Fairyman of Croonnan to take away Dick's butter; but that, if he would keep silence, she

* During this operation, which frequently takes place in the South of Ireland, it is necessary to keep out the butter-witch's hand; for, if she either got a drink, or obtained admittance for any part of her body, her influence over the milk continued.

would now enable him to be revenged on Paudeen-a-Boo. Dick instantly agreed to these conditions; and the witch, having cut a hazel switch, desired him to carry her to the fairy glen of Croonaan, as she had been too much burnt to walk. To this he assented with some reluctance; and, when they reached the mote, the music Dick had heard before now rushed upon his ear. 'This night,' said the witch, 'they keep revel here; and, as it is after twelve o'clock, they have no power to harm you; but, as you value liberty, taste nothing that is offered to you. Be not deceived by the splendour that surrounds you, for it's all deception, as you shall see. When I place this switch in your hand, if you see any one you wish to set at liberty, just touch them with this potent hazel, and they shall be restored to their former self.'

The witch now pronounced some gibberish; and, to Dick's astonishment, they were whirled through a suit of splendid apartments into a superb assembly-room, fantastically chalked, and hung round with the most exquisite paintings. Of these Dick was no great judge; but he could not but admire the beauty and elegance of the females who were tripping it 'on the light fantastic toe;' and he was not a little astonished to see his friend Father M'Shane the companion of a charming belle in a country dance. Amazed, however, as Dick undoubtedly was, at the scene before him, its splendour did not deprive him of either politeness or gallantry; for, seeing a creature of exquisite beauty in want of a partner, he stepped up to her, made a low bow, scraped the floor with his brogue, and begged the honour of her hand. She modestly complied; and, when the dance was over, he twirled her round in the usual way in expectation of a kiss; but, some how or other, her lips always receded from his. Presently fruits, conserves, and wines, were offered him in abundance; but he declined taking any: upon which a solitary being, dressed in royal robes, approached, and congratulated him

on his escape. 'Who are you?' asked Dick — 'Paddy Roach's son,' replied the exalted personage: 'can you tell me if my mother lives?—I am here heir to the throne of the fairies; but I long for the vale of Croonaan.' — 'And there you shall soon be,' cried Dick, seizing the hazel switch, and tapping him on the shoulder, at which he vanished. He then sought the priest, and, touching him, he also disappeared.—'Now me,' said the witch who had brought him hither. He obeyed, and she also flew away. 'Egad!' said Dick, 'I'll free them all; and he commenced laying about him with his hazel switch, when in an instant the fairy palace disappeared, and he found himself standing alone in the field of boughalaans. Hopeless of finding his way home before daylight, and being weary with his exertions in pursuit of the witch as well as in the dance, he laid down on the grass, and was quickly lost in sleep.

Next morning he was found by the country people in a quiet slumber, and when they awoke him he related what he had heard and seen. At first his wonderful narrative only excited laughter; but when it was discovered that Father M'Shane had returned home, that a two-year old child was found on Paudeen-a-Boo's dunghill, and that the Fairyman of Croonaan had disappeared, the people altered their opinion, and for once thought it possible that Dick might have been sober. At first, indeed, there were many sceptics; in a twelvemonth about half a dozen; but in two years there was not one, so universal had become the belief in the potency of a hazel switch.

Father M'Shane affected not to understand Dick's insinuations respecting the fair companion in the country dance; and, as the priest soon after bestowed the hand of his niece and two hundred guineas on the farmer, it was generally surmised that he did so to stop Dioul Dick from dwelling on what he called the 'rake's drunken fancies.'

us that the clergy of all religions will prefer the government that supports them to the interest of their sect, or even the good of mankind.

‘What they wish to perpetuate they wish to see revered; and accordingly we find loyalty inculcated from the pulpit in the reign of Elizabeth, as well as in that of her immediate predecessor. This has always been the case, and applies as much to the Protestant as to the Catholic teacher.’

‘But is it fair,’ I asked, ‘to infer from the conduct of a priesthood paid by the state the principles of the religion?’

‘If unjust,’ replied Malachy, ‘when applied to Protestantism, it certainly cannot be just when applied to Catholicism. If the Protestant be not judged by the conduct of his clergy, neither is the Catholic: if the one be liberal, in spite of the intolerance of his teacher, why not the other? The truth is, mankind have never thought

that Christianity defined their civil conduct; and have latterly indicated a disposition to be free, when they think it more easy to throw off a burden than to endure it.

‘Circumstances, and not their religion, form their characters; and, what the Protestant once was, the Irish Catholic is now—a republican in his heart. Inquire the reason, and you will find it to have originated in precisely the same cause—oppression. But, behold the reverse! How has the mighty fallen! The high-minded Protestant has degenerated into an instrument of tyranny; and is now degraded into an obsequious tool of power, not less a slave than the Catholic he endeavours to fetter.’

We were now within sight of my uncle’s house, which we quickly entered. A description of this Irish castle, and its inmates, in my next.

GODFREY K.—N.

FAIRY LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.*

How dull, how revolting, appear the legends and traditions of the northern nations, when compared with those of Ireland! Humanity shudders and the heart sickens at the one, while nothing but risibility or pleasure is produced by the other. Let Ledwich and others cavil at the ancient records of Erin—let her history perish, and her monuments moulder into dust—still indubitable proofs of the oriental descent of her children will remain in their fairy tales and traditions. Their superstitious notions bespeak them of a family different from the rest of Europe; while the fervid imagery, wild and extravagant fancy, as well as the moral of all their legends, declare that they must have been warmed into birth in those regions which have given us the ‘Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.’ Indeed many of those in the volume before us are evidently but different versions of some of these tales, which charm us in youth, and amuse us in age.

To Mr. Crofton Croker we are already indebted for rather an ambitious volume on subjects connected

with the South of Ireland; and, though the little duodecimo before us makes no pretensions to talents or learning, we are satisfied it will become infinitely more popular than the author’s embellished quarto. Not that we think the work is as entertaining and useful as it might have been made, but because it furnishes proofs of a kindly feeling, of a humane and generous disposition, of some industry, and much humour. Mr. Croker exhibits the poorer classes of his countrymen—not as they are usually exhibited, in disgusting colours—but in forms the most laughable and pleasing, in such as they are usually seen by those who know their eccentric and singular manners. Like our author, we have rambled through the southern districts; and, though we have never encountered so extraordinary a Munchausen as Daniel O’Rourke, with his eagle, his moon with a reaping-hook stuck in it, and his flying gander; yet we have sat for hours listening to the ‘tales of other times;’ and, though these were at once absurd and amusing, we have never thought that it made those who believed in

* Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland. Murray, London. 1825.

them less happy or less useful, though Mr. Croker seems to insinuate the contrary.

It would be too much to expect that all the superstitious tales of the Irish peasantry could be related in a single volume: Mr. Croker has therefore only made a selection; nor has he uniformly selected the best. Many of the legends and traditions are very deficient in interest; and many more are wanting in those circumstances with which they have been usually connected by the people themselves. Our own esteemed contributor, in his 'Benshee,' and 'Fairymen of Croonaan,' evinces a more intimate acquaintance with his subject; and, though it has been whispered about that the former article was from Mr. Croker's pen, we can assure our readers that the report is false: we did not hear of his intended publication until after the appearance of the 'Benshee' in our first Number; we cannot, therefore, be accused of intentionally anticipating the work before us.

Mr. Croker has given most of his legends and traditions in the words of those from whose lips he first heard them; and all who wish to know what kind of language the Irish peasant talks in should read this very entertaining volume. We have before said that most of our Irish novelists have caricatured the dialect and manners of the people; and few of them more than Miss Edgeworth. But in future this will not be permitted; for Mr. Croker has set an example that deserves to be followed. In reading his book we imagined ourselves listening to Paddy himself; and we must confess his is the only work that ever impressed us with such an idea before. The following 'Legend of Bottle-hill,' one of the best in the book, will serve to illustrate our remarks:—

It was in the good days when the little people, most impudently called fairies, were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, that a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighbourhood of the once celebrated preceptory of Mourne, situated about three miles from Mallow, and thirteen from "the beautiful city called Cork." Mick had a wife and family: they all did what they could, and that was but little, for the poor man had

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

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

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

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

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

'Oh! you are always that way, Molly, and I believe you are right after all, so I won't be sorry for selling the cow; but I'll go to-morrow, and you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know 'tis ripped under the arm.'

Molly told him he should have every thing right; and about twelve o'clock next day he left her, getting a charge not to sell his cow except for the highest penny. Mick promised to mind it, and went his way along the road. He drove his cow slowly through the little stream which crosses it, and runs under the old walls of Mourne: as he passed he glanced his eye upon the towers and one of the old elder trees, which were only then little bits of switches.

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

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

'Where are you going with the cow, honest man?'

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

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

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

'Will you sell her to me?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mick started.

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

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

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

'And how do you know but there will be much cattle at the fair, and you will get a bad price, or may be you might be robbed when you are coming home? but what need I talk more to you, when you are determined to throw away your luck, Mick Purcell?'

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

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

Mick hesitated.

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

'May be 'tis true,' said Mick, still hesitating: he did not know what to do—he could hardly help believing the old man,

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and at length, in a fit of desperation, he seized the bottle—'Take the cow,' said he, 'and if you are telling a lie, the curse of the poor will be on you.'

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

'And what's that?' says Mick.

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

'And is this all?' says Mick.

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

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

'Lord between us and harm!' said Mick: 'He can't belong to this earth; but where is the cow?' She too was gone, and Mick went homeward muttering prayers, and holding fast the bottle.

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

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

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

'Oh! then, you sold her; and where's the money?'

'Arrah! stop awhile, Molly, and I'll tell you all about it.'

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

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

His poor wife was thunderstruck. 'All you got! and what good is that, Mick? Oh! I never thought you were such a

fool; and what'll we do for the rent? and what—'

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

'Yes, indeed, the only thing for you, you fool!' said Molly, seizing the bottle to hurl it at her poor husband's head; but Mick caught it, and quietly (for he minded the old man's advice) loosened his wife's grasp, and placed the bottle again in his bosom. Poor Molly sat down crying, while Mick told her his story, with many a crossing and blessing between him and harm. His wife could not help believing him, particularly as she had as much faith in fairies as she had in the priest, who indeed never discouraged her belief in the fairies; may be he didn't know she believed in them, and may be he believed them himself. She got up, however, without saying one word, and began to sweep the earthen floor with a bunch of heath: then she tidied up every thing, and put out the long table, and spread the clean cloth, for she had only one, upon it, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, looked at it and said, 'Bottle, do your duty.'

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

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

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

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

Mick and his wife and children went to

their bed, not to sleep, but to settle about selling the fine things they did not want, and to take more land. Mick went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money, and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret; but for all that their landlord found it out, for he came to Mick one day and asked him where he got all his money—sure it was not by the farm; and he bothered him so much, that at last Mick told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever: so Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want any more money, and gave him the bottle: but Mick was mistaken—he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle. It was hardly daybreak when he left home, and he walked on at a good pace till he reached the big hill: the mists were sleeping in the valleys, and curling like smoke-wreaths upon the brown heath around him. The sun rose on his left, and just at his feet a lark sprang from its grassy couch and poured forth its joyous matin song, ascending into the clear blue sky, 'Till its form like a speck in the airiness blending,

And thrilling with music, was melting in light.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Well, what do you want now?'

'Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle.'

'Oh! ho! is it as good as the first?'

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

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

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

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

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

Mick put his bottle in his bosom: in jumped the two men into the new bottle, and he carried them home. I need not lengthen my story by telling how he got richer than ever, how his son married his landlord's only daughter, how he and his wife died when they were very old, and how some of the servants, fighting at their

wake, broke the bottles; but still the hill has the name upon it; ay, and so 'twill be always Bottle-hill to the end of the world; and so it ought, for it is a strange story!

In taking leave of Mr. Croker we are not without hopes of soon meeting him again; for we are fully persuaded that he possesses talents which should not be permitted to remain unemployed. The following verses, translated from a popular *keen*, possess considerable merit:—

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

See the space within my dwelling—

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

Keeners, let your song not falter—
He was as the hawthorn fair.—

Lowly at the virgin's altar
Will his mother kneel in prayer.

Prayer is good to calm the spirit,
When the keen is sweetly sung.—

Death though mortal flesh inherit,
Why should age lament the young?—

'Twas the Banshee's lonely wailing:—
Well I knew the voice of Death

On the night-wind slowly sailing
O'er the bleak and gloomy heath.

THE VETERAN LEGIONNER.—NO. I.

No. —, *Rue de la Seine, St. Patrick's Day, 1825.*

MR. EDITOR,—AFTER a life of vicissitudes, perils, and fatigues, more (as I think, and as I hope to make appear to you) than fall to the lot of men in general, what is left to the old fellow but to talk about the scenes he has acted in and the adventures he has experienced? How can he better employ the leisure which he enjoys, and which is the result and the recompense of his past labour and suffering, than in attempting to make others wise by example, (the next best instructor to experience, and a far more gentle one,) and to amuse those who are always ready to sympathize with—though, happily for themselves, they can never encounter—such rude chances?

What time can be more auspicious for the commencement of such an undertaking than this day, the anniversary of a festival so dear to every Irish heart? It is not, I fear, from any too great veneration for our holy patron (good Catholic as I venture to say I am) that I hail the return of this day with emotions which crowd upon my heart with all the freshness and force of my earliest youth; but it is because it acts like a spell upon my feelings, and wakes recollections which neither the bustle of a military life, (an especial weakener of memory and sentiment,) nor the lapse of time, (which destroys every thing besides,) have been able to erase, or even to chill. The return of St. Patrick's day reminds one of those earlier times—happy because we then feared, as little as we knew, what the black future was to contain, and when the

affections of the heart flourished with a vigour and verdure which seemed to promise immortality. It brings in review to every person of reflection (and who is so happy or so stupid as not to reflect sometimes?) the events of his life, and forms a resting-place whence the past may be contemplated, and the future may be speculated upon. I have even known men, whose hearts had grown so cold and callous in their intercourse with the world that all the generous impulses seemed to have fled them for ever, who at the return of this day would melt into something like tenderness, and yield to impressions of kindness and good will almost as miraculously as the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, which on one sacred eve in each year puts forth blossoms. But what have we to do with such hearts? Neither you, my good Editor, as I know—nor I, as I hope—have any feelings in common with those people: in the first place, because it is impossible to love them; and, in the next, because they will not buy the 'Dublin and London Magazine.' Such people never buy any thing. But for those who hold a higher place in our affections I have thought that I could not spend this morning in any better way than by beginning a sketch—which I shall continue with your good leave, and as circumstances may direct me—of the life of an old Irish soldier, who, driven by his hard fate, or what you will, from his own country, has spent the greatest part of his life in the service of France. I propose to call it the 'Veteran

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY — NO. III.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

THE sun, on a lovely summer's evening, had scarcely hidden his serene face behind the sombre mountains of Leinster, when the peasantry of Lacken and its neighbourhood began to flock to the wake of Peter Revel, whose corpse was now laid out in his own spacious barn. The 'house of mourning,' though always gloomy, was on this occasion associated with fearful and melancholy ideas; for superstition, ever active, had imparted its terrors to the presence of death. The deceased was the last of his family; for the table on which his body lay had, within the last twelve months, waked his wife and six children.

Lacken, as the name imports, is a piece of ground that gradually descends to the water, formed by the bar of Lough, and lies in that part of the county of Wexford called Bargio, between the little villages of Duncormick and Bannow. Immediately before it stretches out the burrow of Ballyteige, protecting it, as it were, from the waves of St. George's Channel, while the angry waters, as they rush through the bar, keep up a deafening noise, the modulations of which serve as a barometer to the country-people for ascertaining the changes in the weather.* The scenery here is not unpleasing. The waters within the burrow—or, as they are called, the little sea—have all the appearance of an expanded lake, covering several thousand acres, and abounding with fish and wild fowl. To the south is seen, through the hazy exhalations of the sea, the conspicuous town of Feathard, the tower of Hook, and the Mouth of the Suir; while on the other hand rise up the Saltees, fronting the highly-cultivated lands of Kilmore, on which is reflected the shadow of many a sail, as the vessels, on passing here, are obliged to keep near the shore. The inhabitants are decidedly the happiest in Ireland, and consequently the most moral and independent. Their

language is a mixture of Irish, English, and the dialect spoken in the barony of Forth; and which Valency and others suppose is the ancient British. They have, of course, their superstitions; and that of 'The City in the Sea' is not the least remarkable.

The wake on this night was well attended. Pipes and tobacco lay in abundance on the table; and bread, cheese, and whisky, were distributed with an unsparing hand. The practise of *keening* was then unknown in these parts; and the absence of mercenary mourners left the attendants to a more natural expression of their feelings.

'The Lard be gud an' marciful to your poor ould sowl, Peter astore,' says an old woman, who sat, with a short black pipe in the side of her mouth, near the head of the corpse, 'for 'twas yourself was the gud warrant to go to wake or birn† when any o' the neighbours went to their long home.'

'Poor man,' said another, 'he's had a sorrowful handful of it this long twelmonth, Katty, hunny.'

'Faith, Molly, agra,' replied Katty, 'you may say that; for, though the poor and the stranger were ever and always welcome to his corneal,‡ some evil eye fell upon the Revels, and a *crossmaul* in particular on poor Peter.'

'That comes,' said another old woman, 'of building his house in the path of the "gud people."'

'Fáde§ is that you say?' asked an old man.

'Ich|| am sayin,' she replied, 'nothin but downright truth; for, since the hour Peter Revel built his house in the path of the *Sheecoges*,¶ he had'n't a day's luck. His cow, his caul,** his pig, and his sheep, died; but, as he did'n't take warnen, his children died one afther another; then his maun,†† and now himself. Sure, is'n't it well known that his house is haunted every liven night in the year?'

* M'Swine's Gun, in the north of Ireland, serves, with unerring accuracy, for the same purpose. † Funeral. ‡ Corner. § What. || I. ¶ Fairies.

** Horse.

†† Woman.

'How is that?' enquired Katty.

'Why, because,' replied the old woman, 'it stands where it ought'n't to stand, in the way the gud people travel from the *wraith* to the "City in the Sea"—that is, Bannow that was.'

'Hah! hah! hah!' roared out a thoughtless young fellow, named Luke Sparrow, alias the Buck of Duncormick, who sat, with Peggy Roach, on his knee, in the far corner of the barn. 'Och! musha,' he continued, 'how ould women's *goster* sickens me out and out! "City in the Sea!" psha! who knows that?'

'Ich knows it, garsoon,' replied an old fisherman, 'and is'n't it a shame and scandal for a *pustughawn* like you to be maken a gawky o' himself, and bringing other innocent people into danger with your hah! hah! hah! just as if those oulder and wiser than yourself did'n't know, ay, and were in the "City in the Sea," too? Many and many and many is the time Ich have seen the chimneys, and the tops of the castle buried in the water, as Ich sailed over it;* and, troth! there's not a man from Ballyhack to Raslare, would throw out his nets over Bannow.'

'And fade brought the city there?' asked the Buck.

'Some say,' replied the fisherman, 'an earthquake; but I believe it was enchantment.'

Luke, at this, gave another irreverend laugh; and, in the course of argument, denied, *in toto*, the existence of Sheeoges, or fairies. The old women appeared shocked at his scepticism, and in the hope of reclaiming him from what they apprehended a dangerous error, related many surprising instances of fairy revenge upon those who dared to question their existence or deny their authority. Still the Buck appeared incredulous; and, though numerous persons were mentioned who had been in the 'City of the Sea,' yet he persisted in saying, to the horror of all the old people present, that there was no such place. 'The Lard enlighten him,' said Katty, as the Buck and Peggy withdrew from the wake! 'But

where's the wonder in his not believing in Sheeoges, since the brute ate meat of a Friday—on that blessed and holy day, that a dog would hardly touch it?'

This observation was well timed. The people were shocked at Luke's irreverence, but being now reminded that he was a Protestant, they soon comforted themselves by reflecting that his opinions respecting another world were entitled to no respect. The good humour, so lately interrupted, was now restored; hurry-the-brogue commenced; 'God speed the Plough' was played; and the boys and girls were certainly as happy as the spectators of an Italian Opera at the King's Theatre.

Luke Sparrow was one of the few Protestants in this neighbourhood, and though he occasionally boasted of his loyalty, he took special care that it should not prove offensive, lest his residence might turn out, as he said himself, to be a hornet's nest. He went, therefore, to every place the other boys went, except to chapel; and as he had a good person, and was fond of dressing it out to the best advantage, he acquired the name of the Buck of Duncormick. Luke's education or fortune did not exalt him above the condition of his neighbours; and, though he affected to despise the popular belief in Sheeoges, there was not a man in existence more in dread of their power. Passing a cross-road, at night, he always whistled; and if riding or walking by a wrath or mote, he made the sign of the cross; because if it did no good (said Luke), it did no harm; and, since the Papists believed in it, perhaps it might be serviceable to a Protestant.

The Buck being one of the volunteers of this period, set off, in his regimentals, the morning after the wake, to attend parade at Taghmon; and, as he was one of the cleanest and best-mounted of the troop, the commander chose him to carry a dispatch to Duncannon. Luke was vain of the appointment; and, as he cantered on his way over Goff's

* The belief in subaqueous cities prevails in various parts of Ireland, and no doubt it proceeds from the same cause—optical deception. The spires and towers of Bannow, like those of Lough Neagh, were pointed out to me in 1810, during an excursion from Cullenstown to Feathard.

Bridge, the discordant gratings of his saddle, boots, sword, &c. was the most delicious music to his ears. As he thought of his own importance, he stood more erect in his stirrups; and though the idle villagers laughed at him as he passed, he did not allow himself to suffer any diminution of dignity, but attributed their conduct to the envy little minds always feel for those above them.

At rather an early hour in the evening he arrived at Duncannon; and, having delivered his dispatch to the proper authority, he called on a cousin who belonged to the garrison, and proceeded with him to view the fort. Luke, however, loved whisky better than forty-pounders; and knew more of jugs, quarts, and glasses, than of bastions and parapets; and accordingly took an early opportunity of inviting his guide to Jaek Rea's alehouse. The punch was excellent; and naggin followed naggin, until the roll of the drum warned the Buck's cousin that it was time to return to the garrison. Luke, who wished him to wait for another jug, bade him farewell with some reluctance; and then, mounting his horse, he quitted the town. There were two roads by which he might return home, but that over the Scar of Barristown was by many miles the shorter. Luke cast his eye up to the moon, which flung his shadow before him, not with the poetical intention of returning thanks for its 'silvery light,' but for the more useful purpose of ascertaining its position. He was not entirely ignorant of nautical affairs; and when he saw in what part of the heavens the luminary of night was situated, he said to himself, 'It is now over the gable-end of my father's barn, and of course the tide is out: I'll therefore cross the Scar, and call to see Peggy Roach before I go home.'

With this resolution he turned his horse to the right, and held his course through Tintern, which village he passed just as Mr. Colclough's abbey clock struck eleven. Apprized of the lateness of the hour, the Buck stuck the spurs into the sides of his horse, and proceeded at nearly a full gallop.

In a short time the screech of the

curlew, and the cry of the plover, assured him that he was near the Scar; and in a few minutes after the broad expanse of strand and water shone as white as silver beneath the beams of a declining moon. This sight relieved Luke from the few apprehensions of Sheeoges which now and again crossed his mind as he passed by lonesome places; and as he descended the steep hill which leads immediately to the Scar, he commenced whistling 'God speed the Plough.' 'Whistle and be sure of the Fairies,' was an observation he had often heard; and, thinking that he had done wrong, he looked about him to see if his imprudence had subjected him to any ill consequence. On the left side he saw nothing but the furze ditch; but, when he turned to the right, he was not a little startled by the presence of a horseman alongside of him. He thought he knew the rider; but no, it could not be him. No later than last night he saw the corpse of Peter Revel laid out in his own barn; and yet the person beside him wore the clothes and rode the same horse as his deceased neighbour! His 'fetch,' thought Luke. No, he is dead, and there could be no 'fetch'; it therefore must be his ghost. Horrible apprehension! He would have crossed himself, were he not prevented by the dread of ridicule; for, if the stranger turned out after all to be a mere man, the laugh of the parish would be heard at the Buck's expense. After snatching a few hasty glances at his strange companion, Luke ventured to break silence; but he had not uttered the first word of the usual salutation, 'God save you,' when a flash of lightning prevented his finishing it; and, ere he could proceed, the apparition asked, 'Fadie* art thou goin?'

'H-o-o-me,' stammered out Luke, as he recognised the voice of Peter Revel.

'It is too late,' returned the other; 'you may as well stop with an ould neighbour for one night:' and he set off at full gallop—Luke's horse, in spite of his endeavours, following. When they came to the channel of the Scar the water separated; and

* Where.

the Buck, to his great terror and amazement, found himself sinking into the earth, and thought he heard a noise over his head, as if the waves were closing above. But there was no time for reflection, one wonder was so quickly succeeded by another; and at the moment when Luke thought he was lost for ever, he found himself agreeably riding along a delightful road, apparently on a fine summer's day, though he could nowhere see the sun. In about half an hour, himself and companion entered an antiquated town, such as Luke never saw before; nor could he suppress a smile at the singular dresses of the people, as they passed in pursuit of either business or pleasure. A moment after, they alighted before a spacious mansion; and the Buck was welcomed by troops of ladies and gentlemen—all very strangely dressed, to be sure, but extremely polite. Their attentions were so flattering, and their manners so pleasing, that Luke forgot his situation, and entered without reluctance into the gaieties of the place. The viands that were set before him had a most delicious taste, and the fruits and flowers a bewildering perfume; but, above all, the whisky exceeded any thing that ever entered the Buck's lips before or since. It was so rich and mellow that it tasted like honey; and so strong, that it warmed like love. The very remembrance of it, ever afterwards, was sufficient to throw Luke into ecstasies; and he would drink it in imagination by smacking his lips, and showing by other indications the pleasure it gave him.

The tippler dreads nothing so much as old whisky, because it imperceptibly incapacitates him for protracted enjoyment; and the Buck was, in the bacchanalian phrase, soon 'done up' by the good spirits. He began to talk thick and loud, laughed immoderately, and at length tumbled under the table; from which position he was carried to a bed-chamber, all the time singing out in a most discordant key, 'The day we crossed the Water,' &c. &c.

When he awoke, he found himself lying on a bare rock, close to the tower of Hook, the spray dashing over him; and, without waiting to

recall the past, he made all possible haste from his disagreeable situation. When fairly on the dry strand, his tenacious memory began to embody the events of his late adventure; and, though his senses were a little bewildered, he did not forget his horse; which not finding, as usual, between his legs, he proceeded to walk, in his heavy cavalry boots, for his father's house at Duncormick. As he proceeded along the road, he was surprised to see no sign of any men stirring; while such women and children as he saw precipitately fled from his sight in terror and amazement: and, what was still more wonderful, he knew none of the females he met, though now within two miles of his native village. His surprise was soon increased when he heard the shout of war; and almost the next instant beheld the confused approach of a retreating army. They wore red coats, however; and this was a most cheering circumstance, as the Buck recollected with satisfaction that he had the honour to be a loyalist. With a bold front, therefore, he walked forward; and was not a little chagrined to find his fellow-soldiers staring at him, and laughing at each other. 'Who is he?' asked one. 'Cut him down!' cried another. 'Let the old rascal live!' exclaimed a third. 'Old!' said Luke, instinctively putting his hand up to his chin, which he intended to stroke with complacency, when a wild cry of horror proclaimed his anguish at finding twelve inches of beard hanging down upon his breast. The laugh of the soldiers at Luke's strange conduct was here interrupted by news from the rear; and they proceeded in great haste, making a cut of their swords at the poor Buck as they passed. These, however, he avoided; and, when the road was cleared, he proceeded towards Duncormick; but had not gone far, when a score pikes were presented at him. 'An Orangeman!' they exclaimed; 'pike him! run him through, the Protestant rascal! don't you see his regimentals?' and they were about putting their threat into execution, when Luke espied a school-fellow among his assailants, notwithstanding that he looked nearly twenty years older than when he last

saw him. Upon this person he called by name; and, with some difficulty, he made him understand who he was. The astonishment of all present was now extraordinary; and, when the Buck asked how was Peggy Roach, he was answered 'Very well' by a young man six feet high, who called himself her son. This was too much for poor Luke; and, with the intention of taking away his own life, he laid his hand on his sword, but found it detained in the scabbard by the

rust. A deep sigh now escaped him; and, when an explanation took place, after several hours' wonder, it was discovered that Luke had been a prisoner, in 'The City in the Sea,' for nearly twenty years, as a punishment for his contempt of the Sheeoges; and that, during his absence from this world, the rebellion of *Ninety-eight* had been provoked and proclaimed, the Buck having encountered the royal army in its retreat from Wexford to Duncannon.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE.

It is gratifying to see the respect which mankind, of every denomination, are ready to pay to the possessor of talents and virtue. Protestants have been, generally, foremost in their admiration of such men as Fenelon, Ganganelli, and O'Leary; whose conduct and writings have compelled the opponents of their creed to acknowledge that liberality and genius are not incompatible with the ecclesiastical character — even though that character should be Roman Catholic. Unhappily bigotry and intolerance are not exclusively the attributes of any particular religion, being, we fear, largely infused into all; but, while we lament the circumstance, it is pleasing to find the redeeming qualities of our nature evinced, from time to time, by individuals of rank and genius, who rise above the littleness that surrounds them, and show to the world the genuine principles and beauty of Christianity. We look upon the subject of this memoir as one of these.

Of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, in his public character, we have spoken in our former Number; and have now only to furnish a few brief notices of his private life. The doctor is, we understand, descended from a respectable family; and was born near New Ross, in the county of Wexford. From an early age he was destined for the sacred profession, preparatory to which he was sent to complete his studies at a college in Spain. These he had scarcely finished, when the ambition of Buonaparte threatened destruction to the Spanish empire; and in the national spirit which his unprincipled

conduct aroused Dr. Doyle participated. He, hastily changing the student's gown and cap for the helmet and the sword, joined the patriot ranks, and proved that a distinguished scholar can make a good soldier. On the expulsion of the French he returned to his native country, and was shortly after appointed professor of divinity in Carlow College. His talents, piety, and learning, soon acquired him the esteem and friendship of his brother clergymen; and, some years ago, he was chosen, without a dissenting voice, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, though then a very young man. At present he is the youngest of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates.

Dr. Doyle, we believe, even before his elevation to the prelacy, had published many articles in the Dublin and provincial papers: they appeared under various signatures, and related principally to subjects connected with religion. It was his reply, however, his masterly reply, to the very elaborate, but very bigoted, 'Charge' of Dr. Magee, the present Archbishop of Dublin, that first directed the public attention towards him as a polemical and political writer: in that reply every thing was finished and complete. We have been told that no less a critic than the distinguished statesman who now governs Ireland gave it as his opinion that the archbishop had decidedly the worst of it: in point of diction, the young Catholic prelate was evidently his superior; and, as to theological research, and an intimate acquaintance with those writers that Churchmen call the 'Fathers,' there was no comparison.

press or religion, to the decided opinion of a revolt being necessary, then I will subscribe to your doctrine, draw the sword, and cast away the scabbard. But this time, thank God! is not come: the people are not sufficiently enthusiastic in favour of revolutions; their clergy preach against rebellion, and the aristocracy deprecate it. Unanimity is, therefore, wanted; and whoever thinks otherwise has only to make the experiment, to be convinced of his error.'

The concluding observations of the

Exile appeared to have convinced Emmet how useless it would be to persevere in his arguments, and therefore he diverted the conversation into an opposite channel. About twelve o'clock we took leave of the youthful Gracehus, and left him to meditate alone on his schemes of subverting the Irish government. I was then ignorant of his intentions, and would to God!— But, as I have said before, there is no use in moralizing now.

GODFREY K—N.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. IV.

THE RATH.

THE rustic inhabitants of Achenree, a town* situated in the southern district of Kildare, were assembled, on Sunday evening, not long since, to drink *shibbeen* in the whitewashed cabin of Jack Dooling, an honest man, who was always remarkably poor, notwithstanding his success in cheating the gauger. In Jack's brewery there was little attention paid to the division of labour, Scotch lecturers having never established the principles of co-operative industry at Achenree; and, indeed, it was quite unnecessary that they should, for things went on very well without them. Jack took his sack of barley; immersed it in the marle-hole † beyond the ken of the excise-man; and, when sufficiently saturated, he drew it forth, spread it on the barn-floor to vegetate; afterwards dried it by the fire, and thus converted the produce of his own farm into good malt, from which *shibbeen* was brewed in a metal pot, that sparkled, as Jack used to say, like stars on a frosty night, though served up in wooden noggins. On the evening in question it was undoubtedly super-excellent; for the perfect good humour of the guests proclaimed the exhilarating quality of the liquor.

As the soldier talks of war, and other professions of what they best understand, so the good folk of

Achenree, who knew little of law, physic, or divinity, discoursed very eloquently about what they did know, hurling, dancing, and courting; not forgetting ghosts, demons, and fairies.

Dull realities can seldom satisfy people whose range of information is limited. The imagination loves to expatiate in realms of its own; and the vulgar fancy, perhaps, derives the greater pleasure from these mental excursions, as it knows nothing of system, consistency, or design. Every vision is received without examination; and, while it derives pleasure from its own creation, it never takes the trouble to arrange or analyze. This, in my opinion, accounts for the superior attractions which tales, founded on popular superstitions, possess over the most laborious allegories of German metaphysicians.

On this night the conversation was soon directed into a superstitious channel; and every one had his story, illustrative of fairy lore, when Luke Driscoll, Mr. Power's ploughman, raised his noggin from off the table, twisted round the *shibbeen* in it, and, after taking a drink, gave a grin of incredulity.

'So, Luke,' said the blacksmith, 'you pretend not to believe in sheeges?'

'Troth, I just do, Jim.'

'Then you think there's no luck in an ould horse-shoe?'

* This word has retained its primitive signification in Ireland, being always applied to land, and seldom to houses. Thus a certain portion of a parish is called a town, though there may not be an individual living in it—a thing, by-the-by, not easily met with in the prolific Land of Bogs.

† The dunghill frequently serves the same purpose when a bog-hole is not convenient.

'No, not quite that, neather, Jim, agraph! but, as for fairies, who ever saw one?'

This challenge was indignantly met by the whole company. Some had uncles, others *grannies*, who had seen hundreds of sheeoges; but, unfortunately, none of the persons present had ever that honour. 'Pshaw!' said Luke, 'that's like the man that saw the man, that knew the man, that had seen the man, that said he saw the man that had seen Ould Nick.'

The comparison was highly offensive; and the blacksmith, as he afterwards said, had a good mind to give the ploughman a *potthoge*; when Rose Barnes, an old woman who sat in the corner, took her skutty pipe out of her mouth, struck it on the nail of her left thumb to rid it of the ashes, and, having ejected from her mouth a globulous liquid to extinguish the burning weed, reversed the earthen tube in her hand; and, then leaning forward, fixed on the offender a look in which expostulation was blended with anger.

'Arrah, Luke Driscol! ent times come to a pretty pass, when the likes o' you would be after shaming us for believing what's as plain as God's truth? May be you never heard what happened to Paddy M'Dermid, at the Rath of —'

'Come,' interrupted the blacksmith, starting up from a reverie, 'I'll bet three gallons of shibbeen that Luke Driscol don't go by himself, all alone, to the little Rath in his own master's big field, and bring us this night a black sally switch that grows in the middle of it.'

'Tis done!' cried Luke.

'Done!' echoed the smith; and, as they closed the bet by seizing each other's hand, the smack of their iron palms might have been heard at half a mile distant. The timid endeavoured to persuade Luke from his purpose; but, as he had often crossed the Rath at night, he felt no apprehension of danger; or, if he did, the dread of ridicule prevented his acknowledging it. 'Give us a *shough* of your pipe, Rose,' said he to the old woman, 'before I go.'

'Troth, I will, a *golth*, Luke, astore,' replied the hag; 'and, if you

would be after taking an ould woman's advice that might be your granny, don't be fool-hardy, but stay where you are, and drink your drap in comfort. Well, since the gawky must have his way, here's the pipe, and take a *whiff* as you go along for company.'

Luke took the pipe, kindled it with a coal of turf, and then placed it in the side of his mouth, with his fingers turned, sheath-like, over it, to prevent the blaze from injuring his eye, a precaution rendered necessary by the shortness of the tube. In a moment after he was on his way to the Rath of Achenree for the black sally switch.

To relieve the suspense occasioned by Luke's absence, Rose Barnes prevailed on, by all the young girls present, to tell them something concerning Paddy M'Dermid and the Rath, a story which she was about relating when interrupted by the blacksmith.

'When I was a young thackeen,' proceeded the old woman, 'some three score years ago, Paddy M'Dermid was one of the most rollicking boys in the whole county of Kildare. Fair or pattern could'nt be held barring he was in the middle of it; and, though he beat the ould boy himself for drinken and swearin, faith there was worse men than Paddy; for he took good care of his poor ould mother—heaven rest her soul in glory—praise be to God for all things! Well, as I was sayen, Paddy was in every place, like bad luck; and faith, where there is no turf, its hard for the praties to bile. Paddy's little farm was seldom sowed in season; and, where he expected barley, there grew nothing but weeds. Money became scarce in poor Paddy's pocket; and the cow went after the pig, until all he had was near gone. Lucky, however, for him, if he had *gomsh* enough to mind it, he had a most beautiful dream one night as he lay tossed in the Rath of Monogue, because he was'nt able to come home.'

'Ah! what did he dream, Rose, *avourneen*?' asked an impatient girl, who had listened to the story with the utmost interest.

'Listen, and I'll tell you. He dreamt that, under the place where he lay, a pot of money was buried

since long before the memory of man.'

'Tare and ounce!' interrupted the smith, 'and he got the money.'

'Not so fast, Jim Donohoe,' said Rose; 'he might have got it, but there was a *crumsmaul* over poor Paddy; for, as the saying is, it is better be born lucky than rich.' Paddy kept the dream to himself until the next night, when, taking a spade and pickaxe, with a bottle of holy water, he went to the Rath, and, having made a circle round the place, commenced diggen sure enough; for the bare life and soul of him thinking that he was made up for ever and ever. He had sunk about twice the depth of his knees, when *whack* the pickaxe struck against a flag, and at the same time Paddy heard something breathe quite near him. He looked up, and just forenent him there sat on his haunches a comely looking greyhound.

'God save you,' said Paddy, every hair on his head standing up as straight as a sally twig.

'Save you kindly,' answered the greyhound—leaving out God, the beast, bekase he was the devil. Christ defend us from ever seeing the like's o' him. 'Musha, Paddy M'Dermid,' said he, 'what would you be lookin' after in that grave of a hole your diggen there?'

'Faith, nothing at all at all,' answered Paddy; bekase you see he did'nt like to tell a stranger.

'Arrah! be easy now, Paddy M'Dermid,' said the greyhound; 'don't I know very well what you are looken for?'

'Why, then, in troth, if you do, I may as well tell you at wost, particularly as you seem a civil-looking gentleman, that's not above speaking to a poor gorsoon like myself.'—(Paddy wanted to butter him up a bit.)

'Well, then,' said the greyhound, 'come out here, and sit down on this bank;' and Paddy, like a gomulagh, did as he was desired; but had hardly put his brogue outside of the circle, made by the holy water, when the beast of a hound set upon him, and drove him out of the Rath; for Paddy was frightened, as well he might, at the fire that flamed from his mouth.

'Oh, the fool!' exclaimed all present; and the blacksmith asked if he left his tools behind him.

'To be sure he did,' replied Rose; 'for would you have him to face the old boy himself, and he in possession of all his holy water, too? No, no, Paddy was'nt such a fool as all that; but next night he returned full sure that the money was there. As before he made a circle, and touched the flag; when my gentleman, the greyhound, appeared in his ould place.

'Oh, ho!' said Paddy, 'you are there, are you? but it will be a long day, I promise you, before you trick me again;' and he made another stroke at the flag.

'Well, Paddy M'Dermid, said the hound, 'since you will have money you must;—but say, how much will satisfy you?'

'Paddy scratched his coulaan; and, after a little while, said—

'How much will your honour give me?' for he thought it better to be civil.

'Just as much as you consider reasonable, Paddy M'Dermid.'

'Egad,' says Paddy to himself, 'there's nothen like axen enough,' so 'Fifty thousand pounds!' said he. (He might as well have axed a hundred thousand, for I be bail the beast had money gulloure.) 'You shall have it,' said the hound; and then, after trotting away a little bit, he came back with a crock full of guineas between his paws. 'Come here and reckon them,' said he; but Paddy was up to him, and refused to stir, so the crock was shoved along side the blessed and holy circle; and Paddy pulled it in, right glad to have it in his clutches, and never crack—cried until he reached his own home, where his guineas turned into little bones, and his ould mother laughed at him. Paddy now swore vengeance against the deceitful beast of a greyhound; and went next night to the Rath again, where, as before, he met Mr. Hound. 'So you are here again, Paddy!' says he.

'Yes, you big blaggard,' said Paddy; 'and I'll never leave this place until I pull out the pot of money that's buried here.'

'Oh, you won't!' said he. 'Well, Paddy M'Dermid, since I see you are

such a brave venturesome fellow, I'll be after making you up if you walk down stairs with me, out of the coud ;' and sure enough it was snowing like murder.

'Oh! may I never see Athy if I do,' returned Paddy; 'for you only want to be after loading me with ould bones, or, perhaps, breaking my own, which would be just as bad.'

'Pon, honor,' said the hound, 'I am your friend; and so don't stand in your own light. Come with me, and your fortune is made. Remain where you are, and you'll die a beggarman.' So, begad, with one palaver and another, Paddy consented; and, in the middle of the Rath, opened up a beautiful staircase, down which they walked; and, after winding and turning, and winding and turning, they came to a house much finer than the Duke of Leinster's, in which all the tables and chairs were solid gold. Paddy was quite delighted; and, after sitting down, a fine lady handed him a glass of something to drink; but he had hardly swallowed a spoonful when all around set up a horrid yell; and those, who before appeared beautiful, now looked like what they were—enraged 'good people.' Before Paddy could bless himself, they seized him, legs and arms, carried him out to a great high hill, that stood like a wall over a river, and flung him down. 'Murder!' cried Paddy; but it was no use; he fell upon a rock, and lay there as dead until next morning, where some people found him in the trench that surrounds the *mote* of Coulhull, the good people having carried him there: and from that hour till the day of his death he was the greatest object in the world. He walked two double, and had his mouth (God bless us!) where his ear should be. I saw him often and often when I was a girl.

Towards the conclusion of Rose's narrative the company had collected themselves into a very narrow circle around her, and had not recovered from the wonder her story had excited, when the door flew open, and Luke Driscoll fell prostrate on the floor.

'I have won my bet!' exclaimed the smith. 'Take care of my pipe!' cried out the old woman; while others, having less cause for selfishness, rais-

ed the ploughman from the ground. His face had all the paleness of death; and several minutes elapsed before he recovered, so as to speak to those about him. 'Luke, honey, where's my pipe?' again asked the old woman, and was answered only by an unmeaning stare. 'Oh! ay,' said she, 'I expected as much: it is gone, and may I never take another shough if I'd wish it for all the pipes in Leinster, and—'

'Whist, woman, whist!' interrupted Luke, 'for I have seen—'

'Seen what?' inquired the smith.

'The witch of Tracy's Town, and all the fairies in christendom.'

'Peg Martin?' said Jem. 'where was she?'

'Sitting in the middle of the Rath,' replied Luke; 'and ten thousand of the neatest and purtiest men and women ever you seen dancing around her. Some of them weren't much bigger than my thumb; yet they were so nimble and so soople, that it would do your heart good to look at them, only for the fear.'

'Then you saw the good people?'

'Troth, I did, and felt 'em, too.'

'Why, did they beat you?'

'Och, aye, by the powers, kilt me quite! One o' them, who was neither like a goat nor a calf, but the exact image of both, came behind me, and, without saying as much as "by your leave, Luke," hit's me a polthough between my shoulders; and, though I run for the bare life, he kept thumping me until I reached the door; and then, with a terrible big thump, he drove me clean into the kitchen, here. Och! I'm sure there's not a whole bone in my skin!'

'Oh! it was only the Phooka,' said the smith; 'you'll not make game of him any more, and so now pay what you lost.' With this demand Luke complied; and, as the whole company were now pretty well terrified, they soon after left the *shibbeen*, and returned to their respective homes, thoroughly convinced of the existence of 'good people.'

Next day Luke was sent to work in the very field where the Rath was situated, and, to his amazement, was strictly enjoined to plough through the prohibited ground—ground held so long sacred, and undisturbed by

spade or coulter, that the reason why it is so is utterly unknown.* At first Luke gently remonstrated; 'for sure such a thing as ploughing a Rath was never heard of before; and the master could not be in earnest to bring the good people on his back.' This argument proving unavailing, Luke related his adventure of the preceding night, at which Mr. Power only laughed. Luke, having no further excuse, at length positively refused, on which the farmer seized the plough—desired the boy to drive on—but had not gone more than a yard or two into the Rath, when *crash* went the beam. Another plough being procured, it was quickly served in the same manner; and what Luke regarded as the work of the fairies his master attributed to the quantity of roots which had grown in the ground. Abandoned, however, the work was on this day; and that night the farmer suffered for his temerity. About twelve o'clock his house was assailed by a tremendous gale of wind that threatened to carry away the roof, while sounds and screams of the most terrific kind filled the bawn or farm-yard. It seemed as if

the lower regions had yawned forth their inmates, for the destruction of Mr. Power's property, as the cattle had broke loose from their stalls, and commenced destroying each other. No one would dare venture out; and at day-break, when the unearthly storm had subsided, the out-offices were a complete wreck, several cows and pigs killed, and the once comfortable bawn presented only a scene of desolation. Next night the visitation was repeated with more than its former horror; and the day following Luke called upon Peg Martin, the Witch of Tracy's Town, for advice and assistance. The hag was at first inexorable; but the artful ploughman contrived to soften her into compliance by the present of a guinea, and the promise of sundry things, which he never intended to give. In the evening he returned home, took the paddle, and turned back the sod into the furrow; after which he poured on the Rath a libation of cows' *beestheens*, which seemed to have had the effect of averting further calamity from his master, as he slept the next and each succeeding night in undisturbed tranquillity.

TO-DAY IN IRELAND.†

'THE demand,' the political economists say, 'produces the supply;' and we must refer to this axiom for an explanation of the sudden irruption, as it were, of Irish publications, or, more correctly speaking, publications relative to Ireland, in the literary market. Politics has its 'tens of thousands' of pamphlets, which, like certain insects, have the term of their existence limited to a day, while the labours of the polemic are quite as brief and transitory. To cause a resuscitation of these, by critical notice,

would be only to imitate the dubious kindness of the gaol surgeon, who restores his patient to health that he may endure a more painful death. We have, therefore, from motives of humanity, consigned these ephemeral abortions to the 'tomb of all the Capulets,' and restricted ourselves to works of better promise—publications of a more literary and permanent cast—in which instruction is sometimes blended with amusement.

The mutation of taste is proverbial: Scotch novels have had their day; and

* *Rath*, according to Spenser, signifies a hill, but I never knew one of them to be particularly elevated. In general they are separated from the adjoining field by a kind of ditch, though sometimes undistinguished except by the brushwood, which, in the total absence of cultivation, is allowed to grow on them. Some are very large, not unfrequently occupying an acre of ground, though others do not exceed a few perches square. The peasantry regard them as the peculiar habitations of the good people; and, as antiquarians are unable to explain their original purpose, may not I as well elucidate the mystery, by assuring them that Rathes were the burial-places of the people, previous to the introduction of Christianity. One of them is to be found in every townland; and I have myself found one of them filled with human bones—a fact which accounts for the veneration in which they are held.

† To-day in Ireland, 3 vols. 8vo. Charles Knight. London.

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The Superechaun

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SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. V.

THE LUPRECHAUN.

THE county of Wicklow may be justly considered the Paradise of the Fairies; for, though decidedly the fittest place in the world for them to reside in, there has not been one of the good people seen there for some years. At what period, or for what crime, they had been ejected from this modern Eden, I have been unable to learn; but, certain it is, there yet live those who say that the hills and dales of this romantic district once abounded with those beings of another world.

One Sunday morning, in the spring of 1822, the country people had collected round the little chapel of Greenaan, beautifully situated on the banks of the Avoca, about nine miles from Arklow, and embosomed in woods and mountains. The congregation, while waiting for the presence of Father John Cullen, 'a little round, fat, oily man of God,' had disposed themselves in groups about the green yard; and on the grass in the neighbouring fields, while some indolently lay against the ditches: but the most distinguished for consequence and numbers was that party which had encircled Jerry O'Toole, the Nestor of Greenaan, who was labouring to spell his way, with the help of spectacles, through an old newspaper, lent him by his neighbour Father Kavanagh, the parish priest, whose mansion, in spite of thatch, presented the idea of tranquil independence. The list of bankrupts and French news presented insurmountable obstacles to Jerry, and he passed over the debates in parliament as a puzzle which he was unable to unravel. At length he came to more congenial matter; and those, who listened before only from a sense of propriety, drew closer with looks of intense curiosity when he read aloud

'An Account of the Luprechaun, lately seen near Carlow.*'

'Ay, ay,' said an old man present, when Jerry had concluded the lengthy paragraph, 'Columbkill's prophecy will now be fulfilled, and the mill of Amberstown will be turned for a whole week with the blood of the slain. A woman shall get upon the highest ditch in the parish, and shall not be able to see either man or boy; for all must go to battle, until the sogers are driven into the sea below Arklow, where a spring-tide will drown them all. Oh! the Lord have mercy upon us, it will be a murdering wicked time, so it will, to live in! Christ save and protect us!'

The listeners shuddered. 'Jem Murrough,' asked one of them, 'why do you think this time is coming now?'

'Because, you gawky,' answered Jem, 'every one knows the ould sayen:

"When Luprechauns appear
Troubled times are near."

'You are just right, Jem, agragh,' said Jerry, 'for did'nt Mick Kavanagh katch one o' them a little while before the last rebellion, and sure we've all hard of Luprechaun Mary, who lived at Rathdrum; and did'nt she katch one o' them? only she let him go again, the omudhaun, because he tricked her out of the money when she was certain sure of it.'

'How was that Jerry?' asked several by-standers.'

'Why, Mary,' replied Jerry, 'was the child of as honest a couple as ever broke bread, and one day as she was goen to school through a long narrow boughereen, with as many turns in it as there are curls in a lawyer's wig, she saw walking before her a man, who wasn't a man neather, he was so

* The writer had subjoined in a note this account from the 'Carlow Morning Post;' but, as the particulars are given by our worthy friend the Hermit, in his article for this month, we have omitted the extract. It is not a little singular that two of our contributors should have chosen the same subject.—Ed.

little, with a cocked hat upon him, and a dawning furr upon his back, for all the world like a cobbler's stool, having at one end of it a place for his wax and his nawls, and his pinchers, and all his other tools. At first Mary took him for a bochcha who was travelling to some fair or pattern; but as she could see not a bit of a crutch, and as his feet appeared as natural as any Christian's, she thought he was a fairy, and so grew afraid, and ran away. When she got home her mother tould her it was the Luprechaun she had seen, and that if she had caught him, and kept her eye on him, he would have tould her where a crock of money was to be found.

'The Luprechaun, you must know,' continued Jerry, 'is the fairies' shoemaker, and why but the crethers should have shoes as well as other people? He is never seen without his kit, as they call it; and, if you once let him out of your sight, he vanishes like lightning on a summer's night; and a terrible thing it is! But that is not here nor there: and so, as I was sayen, Mary was larned the whole history of the Luprechaun, and tould what to do the next time she should see one. But it isn't every day you can catch a March hare; and faith Mary was long enough after before she got sight of a Luprechaun.

'As she grew up, (and a fine girl she was; they say, as you would meet in a day's walk,) she went to sarvice, where she got a sweetheart, a strapping young fellow, who used to meet her in the evenings at a wild *Dun*,* near her master's house. It was May-Eve, above all evenings in the year, that Mary was sitting under a tree waiting for her sweetheart; and few would venture out on such an evening, barren one that was in love. She was almost tired of waiting, when suddenly she heard something knock, knock, knock, just for all the world like a shoemaker hammering. At first she was frightened; but, taking courage, she got up, crept round the tree that stood behind her, and who should she see at his work but my

ould gentleman, the Luprechaun? Mary, like a greyhound, sprung upon him; and grasped him so fast by the neck that the pipe fell out of his mouth, and he roared out "*Milla a murdher*" like one who was kilt.

'Give me money,' cried Mary. 'I will, I will,' said he, 'if you come over the stile there with me, and don't choke me.'

'To this Mary consented, keeping her eye all the time on the little ould fellow; and he played several tricks to make her look another way, but she was up to him; and so held him fast. He went first into this field, and then into that field, and then into another; till, seeing there was no chance of escape, he stamped his foot on the ground, and said, "Here is the money; have you got a feck?"

'No,' says Mary.

'Then,' says he, 'go home and get one; and when you come back dig up this place, and you'll find plenty of money.'

'But how might I be after knowing this place again?' axed Mary.

'Oh, as to that,' said he, 'I'll soon put a mark upon it;' and so, taking his stobbing-nawl, he punched it into the ground, and, quick as thought, up springs a great big thistle, the like of which was never seen before in Ireland, as I'll tell you by-and-by. Well, Mary thought now, sure enough, that her fortune was made; and so, letting the chap go, she ran for a feck. On her way she met her sweetheart; and, hitting him a slap on the shoulder, she asked him wouldn't he marry her.'

'Marry you! to be sure I will,' said Paddy.

'Now, or never,' says she; 'bekase do you see, Paddy, I have a reason;' and then, putting her hands behind her back, she looked cunning, as much as to say, "Paddy, you blackguard, I have got something to make the pot bile."

'Paddy liked the thackeen, and so, without much ado, ran off to the priest, and got married out o' hand. When Father Luke, God be good and merciful to his sowl in glory! stretch-

* *Dun* is the name given to the remains of ancient fortifications, which were always erected on elevated positions. The celebrated one in the Queen's County, called *Dunamase*, is the largest in the kingdom. Antiquarians have confounded those with *Raths*, but they had very different origins.

ed out his hand for something for his trouble, Mary cried, "You must have it, sir. Paddy, get a feck, and come along, I'll make a man of you; for I am as rich as if I'd Damer's estate; and I would'nt tell you before, bekase I wanted to try you."

'The people, all astonished, as well they might, at this strange conduct, followed the new-married couple to the field; but when they entered it, by the Powers, in place of one thistle there were twenty thousand, all in blossom.

'*Och avudstruc!* what a piece of work there was then! Mary fell to cry, and all the rest ran home for spades and shovels; but the devil a hapenny a money they would get if they dug there since, bekase they did'nt know the right thistle. But these thistles have been a greater curse than that of Cromwell himself; for, like Scotchmen, they take root every where, and let nothing thrive but themselves. Until Mary met the Luprechaun there wasn't one of these thistles in Ireland, so that she ought to have been called Thistle Mary, instead of Luprechaun Mary, a name by which she ever after went.'

'Well, and what did Paddy do?' asked a youngster who stood listening to Jerry.

'Do! what could he do? Marriage is a knot you can tie with your tongue, but can't open with your teeth. Himself and Mary struggled to keep a bit in their head, and had a house full of childer; and, when one o' them grew up to be a man, he was balloted for the sogers, and couldn't pay for a—something they call to sarve in his place. You would think his poor auld mother would break her heart with grief; and one evening she walked out all alone, with nobody with her, her stocking under her arm, and the ball of tread tied up in her apron before her, and she knitting for the life and soul of her. Where should she walk to? but to the auld Dun and, as she sat down under the tree, she heard the ould knock, tack knock, tack knock; and, thinking that it was the Luprechaun, she dropt her stocking, stood up, and, putting the branches and brambles a one side, she saw the little cobbler hard at work, his three-cocked hat on him,

his silver buckles in his shoes, and every thing about him quite comfortable. Now, thought she, her ould face laughing with gladness, like a May sun after a stormy night, I'll git money to save my Dick from the sogers: and, while you'd say that, she popped upon him. He struggled hard to get away, but couldn't, Mary held him so tight.'

'Come into the field,' said he, 'and I'll show you where the money is.'

'No, no,' says Mary, 'none of your Scotch thistles for me; my son is listed, and I must have money.'

'Oh! if that's the case,' said the Luprechaun, 'here's a purse that will never be empty,' and he gave her a beautiful one, sure enough, full of money. Mary, delighted with the gingle, let go the little fellow, who was quickly out of sight, and hurried home; but, what do you think? the money was all slates, and the purse was given as a curiosity to Lord Wicklow, who has it to this very day.'

'That's the way wud'em all,' said one of Jerry's auditors. 'I never hard of any one who ever got any thing from a Luprechaun in my life. He always tricks 'em.'

'Not always,' returned Jerry, 'for Kavanagh got a real purse from one o' them, that, put his hand in it when he would, there was always plenty of money.'

'Oh, Jerry, tell us about Kavanagh,' was the general request.

'Why, then, you must know,' proceeded Jerry, 'that Kavanagh was an industrious boy, who lived with his mother, not far from this. He kept his little farm so tidy and cozy that he was growing very prosperous in the world, when one evening he catches a Luprechaun behind a haystack, and—like Mary—he demanded money from the fairy shoemaker.'

'Do you owe any rent?' asked the Luprechaun.

'None, thank God!' answered Kavanagh; 'nor am I indebted to any body living.'

'Very good,' said the Luprechaun, 'and I'll engage a hard-working boy like you has money buried in some place, or perhaps stuck in the thatch.'

'A little,' said Kavanagh.

‘And then pray, young man, what do you want of more?’ said the fairy cobbler.

‘Oh,’ said Kavanagh, ‘I want it, and must have it, for when I’m rich I’ll not work, but ride about and be a great man.’

‘Indeed!’ said the Luprechaun; ‘but are you not very happy as you are?’

‘Why yes,’ answered Kavanagh, ‘but then I shall be happier.’

‘Take care of that, young man,’ said he, ‘and let well enough alone. I dare say you have heard of Cræsus, the rich king of Lydia.’

‘No, nor the devil a word,’ answered Kavanagh; ‘but don’t think to be after bothering me with your ould goster about crocuses and leeds, but out with the money, or, by the Bed of St. Kevin, I’ll cut you into bits not as big as a pipe-stopper!’

‘The Luprechaun, terrified out of his wits, took off his apron, and, pulling a purse out of his right-hand breeches-pocket, gave it to Kavanagh, telling him to “want not, waste not.”

‘Kavanagh snatched the prize, and, on putting his hand into it, found it, sure enough, to contain money lashens gullore. After capering about for a while like a nanny-goat, he put the purse into his pocket, and resolved to tell nobody. Riches, they say, like death, make great alteration. Kavanagh would now work no more; and, instead of listening to his mother, he flew to ball-courts, hurling-matches, horse-races, cock-fights, and patterns. Every one called him a good fellow, for he flung money about like the dirt of his shoe. At length he became an united Irishman, it being then before the rebellion, and was, they said, to be a captain when Boney should come over. He attended all private meetings; and shared his money so freely, that his comrades began to suspect him, looked on him as a spy of government, and turned him out of their committee; which was a nasty turn of theirs, the spalpeens, as he was real true blue. This wasn’t his only misfortune, as bad luck would have it;

for soon after he was taken up by the yeomen, as he wouldn’t tell them where he got the money, and they suspected he stole it, for every body knew he could not get all he spent from his mother’s farm, which was now entirely a common for the neighbours’ pigs. He didn’t, however, lie long in gaol; for Counsellor Macnally procured his pardon, long life to him! though I believe he’s dead, but that’s no matter.

‘When the rebellion broke out, Kavanagh shouldered his pike; but, being taken prisoner at Vinegar Hill by the sogers, he pulled out his purse to treat them, when a drummer snatched it out of his hand, and ran away with it. His life, however, was spared; and, sad and sorrowful, he turned towards home, wishing that he had never seen a Luprechaun. But it never rains but it pours; and when he got to Ferns he was obliged to hide himself in the ould castle, for fear of some yeomen who were parading the streets. While he lay like a hedgehog rolled up in his den, he heard something hammering like a shoemaker; and, stealing into a hole of a place as dark as murder, barren a little light, who should he see but his ould friend, the Luprechaun, cobbling the shoes of the very drummer who had run away with the purse? Holding his tongue for a while, he said nothing; and, when the job was done, the row-dow-dow-beater pulled out the money out o’ it, flung it to the Luprechaun, who, it appears, was the principal cobbler at Ferns.* The drummer didn’t know the value of what he parted with; but the cobbler was wiser, and quickly put it into his pocket, and again began to hammer away.

‘Good morrow to you, Mr. Luprechaun,’ says Kavanagh, stepping out of his hiding-place.

‘Oh, are you there?’ says he; ‘I hope you made good use of my purse: you are now a happy man, I suppose?’

* Some years ago, a literary friend informs me, a mysterious cobbler took up his abode in the old castle of Ferns; he repaired such shoes as were left at the mouth of his retreat, but was never visible to any of his customers. After exciting great curiosity in the town, he suddenly disappeared; according to the vulgar opinion, he was the Luprechaun.

'Not quite,' says Kavanagh: 'your purse had nearly got me murdered, hanged, and shot; but still it's a good purse, and so I'll thank you for it—No goster! didn't I see the drummer give it to you this moment? so out with it, auld fellow, or I'll be after letting the day light through you with your own paring-knife!'

'Oh, lord!' cried the Luprechaun, 'see the sogers!'

'Where?' roared Kavanagh, turning about; and instantly the Luprechaun was off, like the shot out of a gun, and was never seen since.

'And what became of Kavanagh?'
'Coming out of his hiding-place,'

continued Jerry, 'he was caught by the Orangemen, who hanged him upon the first sign-post they met, and there was an end of him. Happy would it have been for him if he had never seen a Luprechaun; for, troth, only for the money, he might have been a happy man to-day.'

'Ay, in troth,' said an old man, 'we should give God thanks for what we have, and be contented. But, Jerry, you have a murdering fine memory, God bless you, man! for you tould that story as well as the priest of the parish; and, talkin of the priest, see where he comes.'—
The ringing of the altar-bell now called them to mass.'

THE BENSHEE.

By the Author of 'Glean-dalach.'

'He heard the Benshee's boding scream.'—SCOTT.

Now cheer thee on, my gallant steed,
There's a weary way before us—
Across the mountain swiftly speed,
For the storm is gathering o'er us.
Away, away, the horseman rides;
His bounding steed's dark form
Seemed o'er the soft black moss to glide—
A spirit of the storm!
Now, rolling in the troubled sky,
The thunder's loudly crashing;
And through the dark clouds, driving by,
The moon's pale light is flashing.
In sheets of foam the mountain flood
Comes roaring down the glen;
On the steep bank one moment stood
The horse and rider then.
One desperate bound the courser gave,
And plunged into the stream;
And, snorting, stemmed the boiling wave
By the lightning's quivering gleam.
The flood is past—the bank is gained—
Away with headlong speed:
A fleetier horse than Desmond reined
Ne'er served at lover's need.
His scattered train in eager haste
Far, far, behind him ride;
Alone he's crossed the mountain waste,
To meet his promised bride.
The clouds across the moon's dim form
Are fast and faster sailing,
And sounds are heard on the sweeping storm
Of wild unearthly wailing.
At first low moanings seemed to die
Away, and faintly languish,
Then swell into the piercing cry
Of deep heart-bursting anguish.

Beneath an oak, whose branches bare
 Were crashing in the storm,
 With wringing hands and streaming hair,
 There sat a female form.

To pass that oak in vain he tried ;
 His steed refused to stir,
 Though furious 'gainst his panting side
 Was struck the bloody spur.

The moon, by driving clouds o'ercast,
 Withheld its fitful gleam ;
 And louder than the tempest blast
 Was heard the Benshee's scream.

And, when the moon unveiled once more,
 And showed her paly light,
 Then nought was seen save the branches hoar
 Of the oak-tree's blasted might.

That shrieking form had vanished
 From out that lonely place ;
 And, like a dreamy vision, fled,
 Nor left one single trace.

Earl Desmond gazed—his bosom swelled
 With grief and sad foreboding ;
 Then on his fiery way he held,
 His courser madly goading—

For well that wailing voice he knew,
 And, onward hurrying fast,
 O'er hills and dales impetuous flew,
 And reached his home at last.

Beneath his wearied courser's hoof
 The trembling drawbridge clangs ;
 And Desmond sees his own good roof,
 But darkness o'er it hangs.

He passed beneath the gloomy gate,
 No guiding tapers burn,
 No vassals in the court-yard wait
 To welcome his return.

The hearth is cold in the lonely hall,
 No banquet decks the board,
 No page stands ready at the call
 To 'tend his wearied lord ;

But all within is dark and drear,
 No sights or sounds of gladness—
 Nought broke the stillness on the ear,
 Save a sudden burst of sadness.

Then slowly swelled the keener's strain
 With loud lament and weeping,
 For round a corse a mournful train
 The sad death-watch were keeping.

Aghast he stood, bereft of power,
 Hope's fairy visions fled ;
 His fears confirmed,—his beauteous flower—
 His fair-haired bride—was dead !

H. K.

erved the assistance of a freeman's arm, and not basely to betray my countrymen, for I trust those that surround me will not refuse me the fraternal embrace because I was born in England, while my parents and heart were ever Irish.' This remark elicited much applause, and I proceeded: 'I trust that the person who has imputed such a base motive to my presence here has mistaken me'—

'You are right, Godfrey,' interrupted Malachy, with the utmost familiarity; 'I did indeed mistake you for another person.'

'I thought as much,' said Emmet, 'and let us now rejoice that our cause, the noblest in which man was

ever engaged, has received the acquisition of a pure spirit who feels indignant at our wrongs, and who burns to avenge them.'

Harmony being thus restored, the meeting, after some desultory proceedings, dispersed, and Emmet, Malachy, and I, proceeded to Castle —. The arguments of my enthusiastic young friend during the evening served to make me enamoured of his ideal republic, which he painted in all the rich colours of his vivid and excursive fancy. For the first time in my life I retired to rest with the sin of disloyalty on my soul.

GODFREY K—N.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. VI.

O'DONOHUE'S BAGPIPES.

In the kingdom of Kerry, where the men are brave, and the women chaste—the cows little, and the hills many—lived one Mick M'Connell, a *dark** man, who played upon the bagpipes; and a most beautiful fine piper he was, without an equal in the whole country, for a thousand miles round. Mick, though blind, knew every nook and corner from Kenmare to Tralee; and had a great advantage over those who could see, for he could travel just as well by night as by day without ever making a false step or once missing his road; and that was a great blessing indeed, and only for it poor Mick would have been badly off; for he had neither wife nor child, kit, kin, or relation, to say as much as 'How do you do?' or 'Do you want any thing, Mick?'

Poor Mick was a wet soul to boot, and was never sober when he could get any thing to drink, and that was always and all weathers; for he was born in the good old times, when the real gentlemen lived in the country, that hadn't their hearts in a trifle: there was nothing then but coshering and patterns, dancing and hunting. Peelers were then unknown; and a gauger daren't show his nose within fifty miles of the Devil's Punch-bowl; and very bad punch it was the last time I tasted it; and, 'if old Nick' can't make better, he might as well stay where he is, and never open a public

house within sight of Mangerton mountain.

Of all the days in the year, it was May-eve that Mick was in the town of Killarney; and, as he met one and another who was right glad to see him, he had a shake hands here, drank a glass of whiskey there; a tumbler of punch in one place, and a pint of ale in another; until Mick became as noisy as his own pipes, which he always carried with him, and particularly on this day, because he was on his road to visit Mr. Herbert, at Mucruss, whose house stands upon a spot which, of all places in the world, I'd like to live and die in, if the proprietor would only let me. Mick was in no hurry out of town, because, you see, he did'nt know the sun had gone to bed for the night among Mac Gilly Cuddy's Reeks, and only thought of going about his business when told by Mrs. Fitzgerald, the landlady of the Brien Boro, that she couldn't let him have any more whiskey that night, that she must go to bed, and that it was time for all honest people to be in theirs. 'Oh! very well, *avourneen*,' said Mick; and, putting his pipes under his arm, grasped his long staff, and walked away the best way he could; and that was bad enough, for the sorrow a well he could stand. He walked and walked till he couldn't tell where he was walking; and, at length, growing fatigued, he sat down upon a stone,

* Blind.

screwed up his pipes, and began playing *Stawk Na Varaga*.* Before the tune was half finished Mick cocked his ear, like an eve-dropper, and heard the sound of horsemen approaching, and, willing to show his abilities, he put elbow-grace to the pipes, and sure enough he made them speak, that you might have heard them at Coombai, if you had been there at the time.

'*Cuisleanach*,' (that is Piper), says one of the horsemen, 'will you come with us?'

'May be I would, and may be I wouldn't,' answered Mick; 'but some how or other I don't happen to know your voice. Are you a Kerryman?'

'What's that to you,' said the stranger, 'who I am. If you accompany me you'll not be sorry.'

'That's something,' said the piper, 'for sorrow a much *araguth-chise*, poor Mick has seen this many a day, and faith it is now much wanted. I owe three *teaster*† to Mrs. Fitzgerald, four *hogs*‡ to Widow Murphy and?—

'And never mind,' interrupted the horseman, 'say whether you'll come or not.'

'Why what's the hurry?' asked Mick: 'I'm no midwife; but may be it's a wedden you'd be taken me to.'

'Something like it,' replied the stranger.

'Oh then, if that's what you want me for, I can't go; for I'm engaged for Mr. Herbert's to-morrow—the pattern next day—the wake the night after, and?—

'And to-night for us,' interrupted the stranger, seizing Mick, and, lifting him up on the horse, galloped away as if the *Puck* was at their heels, and never *crack-cried* till they came to the lake; nor didn't stop there neither, but dashed into it, and went God knows where; for next morning Mick was found asleep under a tree in the Eskamucky Glyn by Tom M'Gordon. 'Get up, you beast,' said Tom, giving the piper a kick; 'an isn't it a burning shame for a Christian soul to be seen in your situation this time o' day, on the king's road?'

'O Lord,' cried Mick, and awaked up.

'Drunk again last night, Mick?' said Tom.

'No in troth, Tom M'Gordon,' for he knew him at once, 'for a drop didn't cross my lips, barren a few mouthfuls at Mrs. Fitzgerald's. But, Lord bless us all, I've seen, last night?—

'Arrah! you seen, Mick?'

'Yes, Tom, I did; for I was carried to O'Donohue's cave: laugh away, but I tell God's truth.'

'Well, let us hear it.'

So Mick began, and told him that he was walking to Mucruss; that he sat down on the side of the road, and began to play on his pipes; that horsemen came up and carried him away; and that he didn't know where they took him to. 'They dashed through thick and thin,' he continued, 'till at last they bid me alight.

'Welcome to O'Donohue's palace, Mick M'Connell,' said a strange voice.

'Be easy now,' said I, "and don't be goen the *mursha* over me—O'Donohue, indeed!"

"Unbelieving piper," said he, "open your eyes and see;" and sure enough I got my sight, the Lord be praised for all things! and where should I find myself but standing in a great hall, much finer than Lord Kenmare's, though that's a very fine one too. "Cross o' Christ about us," said I, "what's all this?"

"The palace of the great and good O'Donohue," said he.

"Well, by the powers," said I, "this beats Bannacher, and, any how, I'll give him a tune:" so saying, I yoked the pipes, and commenced the "Fox-hunters," when a hundred ladies and gentlemen, all in silks and satins, ran in to hear me; and sure enough every body likes to please the great, and why should not Mick M'Connell? The ladies laughed with their pretty smiling faces, and pity they'd ever do any thing else; and the men cried out, "Hoop! halloo!" for you know I can do any thing with that same tune. Troth, I am complete master of it! However, what's hunney to one is pison to another, as the saying is; and the ould bard, with a beard as long as my arm, and as white as my shirt, got so enraged, that, failing to stop his ears with his hands, he seized a rusty sword, and popped it

* Correctly written *Staca an Mharaga*—The Market Stake.

† Three Sixpences.

‡ Shillings.

into my poor bellows, and of course the tune was ended; but one of the grandees present soon mended the matter, by bringing me a span new set of pipes, twice as good as the ould ones.

‘They were all so delighted with my music that they would hear no other play; and, having placed me in a great grand chair, they forced me to eat and drink of the very best, for I was a little *shy* before such fine ladies and gentlemen. But troth they wern’t more pleased with me than I with them; for, when they began to dance, it would do your heart good to see them handle their feet. Jigs, reels, and country dances didn’t come amiss for them, and the sun performed a hornpipe on Lough Lane before they had concluded. Just at that moment a trumpet sounded, and I was led out, where a most beautiful horse waited for me, and in a jiffy the whole train was mounted; and, what was most wonderful of all was, to see the horses walk upon the water without sinking. O’Donohue himself, on a white horse,* marched before his train, to sounds of music; but, by the powers! I was myself the best *musicioner* among ’em, so I was; and so O’Donohue said when we all returned to the palace.

“Mick M’Connell,” said he, “will you stop and live with us?”

“I’d be mighty glad, your honour,” said I, “only I am engaged this day at Mr. Herbert’s, to-morrow at the pattern—”

“Oh, never mind,” said he, interrupting me, “about Mr. Herbert or patterns, but stay here, and you must have eaten and drinken to your heart’s content.”

“But sure, your honour,” said I, “wouldn’t have me break my word; and if you’d just be after letting me go to—”

“If you stir,” says he, “I’ll strike you as blind as brick-bat again.”

“Oh your honour wouldn’t do that, any way, for the sight is a mighty great blessing, and so I *argufied* the matter with him; but, if I said mass on the hobstone, it wouldn’t satisfy him: and so, when I said I should go, he gave me a polthoge in the side, and I never knew what became o’ me afterwards until you awakened me here.”

‘A fine dream you had of it, Mick agra,’ said Tom M’Gordon, ‘some drinken buckeens wanted to have their fun with you, and so carried you a piece of the way, but seeing you were too drunk to play, they pitched you here, where you lay like a lump of a block.’

‘Ay you may think so,’ said Mick, ‘but see the pipes which I brought away with me.’

‘They’re quare looken ones sure enough,’ returned Tom, ‘but you are like my Kate, a great believer in *ramushes*. Troth, if I took my bible oath, she would’nt believe but that the child at home is one o’ the fairies. He’s a mighty odd child sure enough; his limbs are like spindles, his hands like I dinna what; and, though he’s ten years ould, he isn’t much bigger than a little *bonneen*.’†

‘Very odd,’ said Mick; ‘but how goes on the world with you, better than it used, I hope?’

‘Oh yea *diogha-dioghadh*,’ replied Tom, ‘the bit of ground is too dear, the cess is too high; and yesterday I was cast in the tithe court to pay fifteen pounds instead of thirty shillings; so you see, Mick *avourneen*, that I am nearly heart broken. But come, Kate has yet something for breakfast.’

As Mick lived always upon ‘God send,’ he didn’t refuse, and so accompanied Tom to his cabin, a poor place

* O’Donohue, according to a tradition yet brief among the Irish peasantry, was a prince of great virtue and renown, who lived near Lough Lane, now the Lakes of Killarney. He, as a reward for his terrene acts, is permitted occasionally to visit the scenes of his former greatness, and is to be seen on each May morning on his white horse gliding over the lakes, accompanied by the most delicious music. The particulars of this tradition may be found in ‘Derrick’s Letters,’ in ‘Weld’s Killarney,’ &c. The foam caused by the waves breaking on the shore is called, by the peasantry, ‘O’Donohue’s White Horse.’

† Sucking pig.

it was, sure enough, for even in those good times there was plenty of misery; and more's the pity, for poor Paddy would be happy if he could then as well as now. In the corner next the fire stood the old wooden cradle, and in it the brat, who set up a *pul-lillue* the moment he saw Mick, and couldn't be pacified until he got the pipes to please him, but then he seemed highly delighted, and laughed with gladness.

Scarcely had they sat down to the dish of *sturabout*, when in walked the tithe-proctor, to demand the award of the bishop's court; and, while poor Tom was apologizing for not having the money, the landlord's bailiff entered, followed by the constable, who came for the grand jury cess. 'Any more of you?' asked Tom. 'Yes,' answered the parish-clerk, 'I come for the church rates.'

'God bless you all,' said Tom, as he turned around to wipe away the tears that stood in his eyes.

'Father, father,' cried the brat in the cradle.

'Whist, you *cur*,' says Kate, 'there's no *ho* with you when your father is in the house.'

'Oh, don't be cross, Kate *aghudh*,' said Tom, 'the poor child wants something;' and sure enough it did, for it was nothing less than to yoke the pipes for him; and so he did, and the brat slipped into them as if he had been a piper all his life.

'He's a genius,' cried Mick, on hearing the first screech of the pipes; and the brat gave a loud laugh.

'Try it again, my boy,' said the tithe-proctor, and so he did, when he set them all instantly laughing; nor could they help it; and, when he changed the tune, they began, as loud as they could bawl, to sing *Gurryone na gloria*.

'That'll do,' said the little fellow in the cradle, who seemed highly delighted with the effect produced by

his music. 'Now for the *jig polthoge*,' and up bounced the tithe-proctor, the constable, the bailiff, and clerk, and commenced dancing like madmen, with their sticks (for every man in Ireland carries a stick) in their hands.

'*Foghu-boileach*,'* cried the brat, at the same time changing his music, and whap, whap, whap, went the sticks upon their heads. Mick crept under the table; Tom jumped up on the dresser; and Kate sought safety in the ashes' corner, while the little fellow kept screeching in the cradle even louder than his bagpipes. Once more he altered his tune: the combatants desisted; but, instead of stopping to carry away poor M'Gordon's furniture, they ran from the house as if it had been infected, without saying as much as "Good by to you, Tom."

The astonished cottier turned his eyes up to heaven; Mick crept from his hiding-place; and Kate, after blessing herself, seized upon the brat. 'I knew you weren't good,' she exclaimed, 'you *spawn* of a *Sheeoge*! but now I'll settle you,' and she flung him into the turf fire, and a good one it was after boiling the *sturabout*.

'Bad luck to you, you ould hag,' says he, 'I often suspected you for this, and weren't it for the kindness of Tom M'Gordon, I'd have made you sup sorrow long since.' So saying he floated like a balloon up the chimney, and father or mother's son never saw him afterwards.

As for the bagpipes, they were immediately purchased by the minister of the parish, for such an instrument in the hands of the Irish peasantry would prove dangerous to the interest of those who live on tithes. The drones, it is said, were committed to the flames as not quite orthodox; but the bellows are yet shown to the curious as the remains of O'Donohue's bagpipes.

* Strike altogether.

and with terror in his looks declared that there was a party at the gate; who at first stood whispering, and then suddenly became loud in their demand for immediate admission. It was quite dark—I thought of the doctor and the pill-box, and longed most anxiously for home.

The knocking at the gate grew louder; we stared at each other. 'Will they give no name?' cried the baronet. 'None! but that they are friends,' answered the man.

'Curse such friends,' groaned Sir Harcourt. 'Tom, seize that blunderbuss, give me the small pistols, and here, my friend, is a weapon for you. (He handed me a dirk.) We will receive them like men. John, unclose the gate.'

We heard the heavy gate unclosed—

there was a tumultuous rush across the yard—the hall door was slowly opened. We looked to our commander. 'At them, boys, as they enter,' cried the baronet: the footsteps sounded in the hall—I stood ready with my dirk—the blunderbuss was pointed—when the parlour door was thrown back—and a sight presented itself—Oh, ye Powers!!—the pimpled and empurpled nose of my slim friend, Doctor Tighe Gregory. He was followed by Helton, Norton, and Kelly. 'The Address to the Archbishop, Sir Harcourt; you must come with us in the morning to present it.'

'Doctor, let me breathe,' exclaimed the affrighted baronet. 'Tom, put by the arms.'—I shook Sir Harcourt by the hand, and retired.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. VII.

THE CAIRNE.

HAVE you ever been upon the top of *Slieve-duin*, alias Mountain-flat-fist, in the county of Cavan? If not, you have never seen the Cairne, which stands like a rugged pyramid on the eminence which overhangs Loughliagh. It was in the August of 1815 that I sat down upon one of the stones which lie scattered about it, and felt the convenience in more ways than one of being a solitary pedestrian. Ye who wish to consult hoary age about the history of 'other times,' or enjoy the unsophisticated hospitality of the Irish peasant, travel as I have done, alone and on foot, a black-thorn stick in your hand, a coat—neither fine nor coarse—on your back, and very little money in your pocket. Strange as it may appear, the last circumstance is the most necessary of any; for, if you are tempted to pay Paddy for either his generosity or information, you are sure to get neither *genuine*; while the total absence of reward never fails to elicit truth; and the more you are his debtor the more friendship he has for you. Equipped in *my* peculiar style, you will, no matter what religion you profess, be instantly taken for 'one of the right sort;' and, as your appearance will invite at once both familiarity and respect, you may rely upon learning the amount of his hopes and fears, his pleasures and his grievances; he

will then describe to you the 'forms of things unknown,' and tell you of those shadowy beings who haunt the lake, the mountain, and the valley; relate the 'fantastic tricks' they play before high heaven—the history of the maidens they have decoyed, and the children they have stolen.

Another advantage of being a solitary pedestrian I experienced on the occasion in question. The operating chymists, who, in these wild districts, extract *potheen* from barley, took me, at first, for a *gauger*, and were no doubt consulting on the best manner of punishing me for my temerity, when, seeing that I had no appearance of a man of authority, they returned to their *spiritual* occupations, and left me to enjoy the sublime prospect which this mountain view afforded.

'God save you, sir,' said an aged Milesian, at once interrupting my meditations, and darkening my view.

'Nay be,' he continued, 'you'll be ather seeing a little brown cow of mine, that strayed away this mornen. Troth, I've been looken for her till I'm as weary as a horse; and, if you please, I'll sit down and rest myself.'

'With all my heart, friend, there are seats enough here.'

'Och, musha, faith and there is,' he returned, sitting down at a short distance from me, 'and a brave apron

full she had of her own, since she only dropt the quarter o' em here."

'How was that?'

'Why,' he replied, 'the neighbours and all the ould people say this *Cairne** was made by a woman, who carried stones in her apron, the one quarter of which she dropt here; another quarter in another place; and so on till she dropt them all. But that's all *beatherskin*; for divil a one but the *ganconers* † themselves could carry such rocks as these. But, cross o' Christ about us, what day is this?'

'Friday.'

'Oh, then the "good people" can't hear us, or may be they'd sarve us as they did *Paddeen-a-noggin*.'

'What way was that?' I inquired.

'Why then I'll be afther telling you, as may be you're a stranger in this country. Paddeen was a man who sould noggins at every fair and market for fifty miles round, and was a *boggha* to boot. But he was a mighty quare fellow any how, so he was, and could drink and tell stories with any man in the seven parishes. One night himself and his ould horse, with a load of noggins, were on their way to the market o' Trim; and, as Paddeen had never any grass of his own, he generally made love to that of his neighbours. So, passing by a nice fine field of clover on the road side, he removed the bushes out of the gap, and drove in his poor *garron*. You may be sure he didn't stop near the ditch, for feard of being heard, but went into the middle of the field, and then, throwing the halter about the *beast's* neck, he stretched himself, as he thought, upon the grass, but where should it be but in a *Rath*? He hadn't lain long there,

sure enough, before the little red-capped gentlemen began to dance about him. They were quite busy supping dew-drops out o' their hands, when Paddeen spoke up: "Here's noggins a piece for you all," and at that they gathered about him.

"How are you, Paddeen-a-noggin?" axed one o' them.

"Very well, I thank you kindly," answered he, "how is yourself, and the family?"

"Oh," says the ganconer, "I've no family now; I've lost my wife."

"Oh! blud-an-ounce, you have!" cried Paddeen: "more's the pity; but you can get another, for girls are now as plenty as blackberries."

"Do you say so?" said he. "Nay be you'd be afther telling us where a body could get a purty one?"

"Troth, I can," said Paddeen; "devil a purturer girl from this too herself than Luke Magrath the miller's daughter, Norah."

"Where does he live?" axed the ganconer.

"In the county Cavan," said Paddeen, "not a hundred days' walk from this."

"We shall ride," said he; "will you come with us?"

"Troth, I don't much care if I do," answered Paddeen; "but I'd miss the fair to-morrow, and that would be a sore loss."

"Never mind the loss," said the little fellow in the red cap. "Assist me to get Norah, and I'll make you up for ever."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," says Paddy, "and if you make me up, I'm your man;" and with that every one of the ganconers pulled a rush,

* *Cairne*, or, as it is properly written in the Irish language, *Carn*, signifies a priest, an altar, a heap of stones, or a heap of any thing. When it is meant to signify a monument *Cuimhne* is always subjoined though, vulgarly, *Cairne* is now understood to mean a grave; for, when an Irish peasant wants to signify lasting enmity, his expression is, '*Ni curfated me leach au der Cairne*.' 'I would not even throw a stone on your grave;' it being a mark of respect for the passer-by to add a stone to these heaps called *Cairnes*. A disquisition on this custom, which is very generally misunderstood, would here occupy too much space, and I shall therefore only remark that *Cairne* does not always signify a tomb or a monument. In the present instance it evidently does not; for there are stones in this *Cairne*, on Slieve-duin, that never could have been brought thither by human means; and yet, what is very singular, there are no stones of the same kind in the neighbourhood, the mountain being composed of earth and gravel. In the centre of the pile the stones are formed into something like the base of a column, which probably served for an altar in heathen times. Such is the veneration, or rather dread, in which these stones are held, that the peasantry would not remove one, lest they should be visited by some misfortune.

† A name given to the fairies, alias the 'good people,' in the North of Ireland.

and, putting their legs across it, it grew up into a most beautiful fine horse. Paddy did as they bid him, and his rush too became a fine horse. At the word of command, the whole party set off as fast as they could lay legs to ground; and, while you'd be saying "Jack's at home," they were in the miller's bawn. It so happened that there was a great "letting out" at Luke's this night, and half the boys and girls in the parish were at the moment dancing for the bare life in the barn. Paddeen said something that he was bid, and in a minute himself and the ganconers were perched, like roost cocks and hens, on the couple-bock.

"By the Powers," said the little gentleman, "she is a beauty, sure enough; and, if I can only make her sneeze three times, without any one sayen 'God bless her,' she is mine for ever."

'Now Paddeen, you must know, had often ate and drank of the best of the miller's; and, seeing Norah all loveliness, like a May mornen, he relented, and was sorry he had tould the ganconer any thing about her: but it was, he thought, now of no manner of use to be talked about it, particularly as he was trembling like a dog in a wet sack, for feard he should tumble down from the collar-beam and break his neck; so he held his whist, and said nothen.

'When Norah had done dancen she went and sat down by her sweetheart, Charley Smith, as good-looken a young fellow as you'd see at a hurling. Well, Charley, who was a mighty quare garsoon in his own way, put his arm about her neck, and stuck as close as a pocket to her; for you must know he had rivals in the barn, boys who'd be rather kissing Norah themselves than looken at Charley doen it. My little gentleman, I mean the ganconer, who had an eye like a hawk, watched his opportunity, and hopping down like a sparrow, widout

any living sinner seeing him, he put a *trancon* up her nose; at which she gave a sneeze, and nobody said "God bless her," bekase, you see, she did it so genteel, she wasn't heard at all at all. Again he did the same thing, and nobody took notice; but, when he did it a third time, Paddeen could hould out no longer, and so cried, "Sweet bad luck to every mother's soul of you, why don't you say 'God bless her?'" at which the charm was dissolved, Norah was saved, and Paddeen-a-noggin was kicked by the ganconers from the couple-bock down upon the barn-floor. The people cried "*Mille* murdher!" and Paddy had to walk back to the Rath, where he left his beast.*

'But poor Norah,' continued my companion, 'didn't fare so well afterwards; for she was confined by the ganconers for three long years in this very Cairne where we are now sitting.'

'How was that?' I inquired.

'O the not o' bit o' myself can tell you any thing about it; only I know this much, (for my grandfather, the Lord be merciful to his poor ould sowl, tould it to me often and often, by the fire, in the long w^{ater's} night,) that *Captain Dearg*† or some of his people, carried her away, by some means or other, in spite of all her people could do. Her sweetheart, Charley Smith, travelled high and low, but all to no manner of use. A fairy-woman tould him to threaten to burn the Cairne on them: but it wouldn't do; bekase, you see, Charley, no more than the fox, couldn't set fire to stones. Poor Norah might have staid there until the kingdrom come, hadn't it been for one thing: Nell Wilson was the most famous mid-wife in the whole country, and was called upon to attend both gentle and simple. Well, one night, just as she was stripping herself goen to bed, after sayen her *pater-and-avi*, there came a thunderin knock to the door.

* Mr. Crofton Croker has given a different version of this legend. In Ulster, however, it is universally related as it is given here. The difference, though trifling, is yet sufficient to show how many modifications of one tradition may exist, even in the same country. The moral it enforces points out its oriental origin, where 'God bless us,' was, I believe, a common expression after sneezing. In the 'Talmud' will be found a singular story respecting the cause.

† The red captain. Perhaps it should be *Captain Bearg*, that is, 'a champion, or a marauder.' *Dearganack* (red-coat) is the name given by the Irish to an English soldier.

"Who's there?" axed Nell. "O make haste," says the person outside, "my wife is in the straw, and is very bad entirely; so make haste, like an honest woman." Nell made no more ado, but, putting on her duds as fast as possible, she ran to the stepping-stone, and jumped on the pillion behind the stranger. "Away, now," said she; and away they went, sure enough, for the not a much grass grew under their horse's feet, I can tell you that, until they came to a great grand house, like any gentleman's.—Nell wasn't long about her business. The lady was safely delivered of a thumping boy, and she was well rewarded for her trouble: she got the very best of every thing in the house, and was handed a nice suit of clothes to put on the child; but first she got a bottle of some kind of oil to rub over its skin. While doing this, her eye itched her; and, putting up her finger to scratch it, the oil touched the sight, and faith took the *kippens* off of it: for, instead of seeing a beautiful palace, she beheld nothen but oaves and holes, filled with ganconers, among whom were several of her ould neighbours, and, among others, poor Luke Magrath's daughter. She said nothen, but, watching her opportunity, came up to Norah. "How are you, *achgrah*?" says she. "Oh, very well," says t'other, "if I could get out o' this place. Nurse, jewel, for God's sake, tell Charley Smith, if ever he loved me, to come on All-holland† Eve, and take me from the ganconers. Hush! some one is comen. *Cauthe-a-raace*, the fairy-woman, will tell him what to do."

"Nell, when the business was done, was tould to get up on the horse that brought her, but she could see nothen but a ganconer astride a bulrush.—She mounted, however, and was soon left at her own door. You may be sure she slept little that night; and, when the mornen awoke, she set off to find Charley Smith. Charley had just gone to the fair, and she went after him. When she came to the place where the standings are kept, she saw ten thousand little ganconers filling their red caps with cakes, apples, and every thing else that was selling in the fair: she wondered to see the people take

* All-hallow.

no notice of them, forgetting that they were not to be seen. Going up to one o' them, whom she knew from the night before, she says, "How do you do?"

"Very well, and thanky," said he.

"How is the mother and the child?" says she.

"Very well, and thanky," says he; "but how do you happen to know me?"

"Since I delivered the lady last night," says she.

"Oh, ay," says he: "but how do you see me?"

"With my eye," says she.

"Which eye?" says he.

"My left eye," says she.

"Puff, puff, puff," says he, blowing into her eye, and she saw him no more; kase why, she remained blind of one eye, God bless us, from that day till the hour of her death.

She saw Charley, however, and tould him all, just as I've tould you; and, as he was an honest sowl, though an odd kind of fellow, he set off to *Cauthe-a-raace*.

"Charley," says the fairy-woman, "your mistress will be riding on All-holland Eve, with a thousand others. You will know her by her white dress, and a glove on the right hand."

"And what shall I do?" axed Charley.

"Listen, and you shall hear. Get a bag of sand, and a bottle of holy water, and proceed to any cross roads between the Cairne and Temorah, where you must make a circle about you; and, when Norah comes near, seize her hand and pull her into the ring. But, above all, hold her fast, and don't let yourself be pulled out of the circle."

Charley did as he was desired; and, while every other body was eating their *calcanon*,† and ducken for apples, poor Charley was getting ready. About nine o'clock a horseman galloped passed, crying "Away, away! I am Captain Dearg, and you'll be ridden over by my men if you don't leave the road." At this Charley's hair stood up like sally twigs; but, having a brave heart, he made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and prepared to meet the worst. By-and-by the troops came up, and passed

† Kalecanon.

him in thousands: he thought the road would never be empty, it was so thronged; but his heart leaped up into his mouth when he saw Nōrah coming up the road, dressed all in white. As she drew near the circle she stretched out her hand, and Charley seized it.

“Let her go,” said a red fellow.

“I won’t,” said Charley.

“You must,” said the other.

“I must not,” said Charley; and so they kept pulling poor Nōrah between them across the circle, until the cock crew; when at the instant the gan-

ooners flung her into the circle, more dead than alive: and, to make a long story short, she died the very next day but one, and poor Charley left the country.

‘But,’ continued my companion, ‘sitting here won’t get my cow, though I shouldn’t wonder if she went where Shemus-a-sneidh’s went.’

‘Where was that?’

‘Well then, I’ll tell that too; and may be, agen I’m done, the cow might find her way home. “Once on a time” —but the narrative is too long for this chapter.

ROBERT EMMET AND HIS COTEMPORARIES.—NO. VI.

A Captive.—A Rescue.—A Rebel Depot.

THE same advice has very different effects when given by different people. Had Emmet endeavoured to persuade me from engaging in his wild scheme, I should have had no hesitation in complying with his counsel; but, when Malachy recommended me to have nothing to do with insurrections, I spurned his advice, because I thought it given from a sinister motive; for some recent events had sunk my cousin considerably in my estimation. He affected, however, his usual kindness; and, an evening or two after, it being a holiday, inquired if I would not wish to witness a convivial meeting of the peasantry at one of their shibbeens. I replied in the affirmative; and, accordingly, we set off together. The night had closed around us as we entered a rude cabin situated on the mountain-side. The wig-wam consisted of a single apartment, which was filled with boisterous mountaineers, with their wives and children, drinking beer out of a variety of vessels; such as wooden noggins, earthen pitchers, &c.; and one humorous-looking fellow now and then raised to his head a metal skillet, which contained what he called ‘mountain dew.’ This promiscuous company arose at our entrance, and a hundred vessels were extended towards Malachy, every one requesting the honour of drinking with him. With the address of a man accustomed to such a scene, he took one cup, and, having touched all their measures, he bowed,

and raised it to his head; after which the piper in the corner struck up an Irish air, which I understood was in praise of my uncle’s ancestors.

The best seat in the house was appropriated to our use, and our ‘mountain dew’ was brought us in a clean white jug. I have seldom looked—let the moralist and divine say what they may—upon a more interesting scene than the happy group presented. The cheerful sons of toil, unbending themselves over a wholesome and nutritious beverage, which was shared with those who made labour light and home delightful; the ‘loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind,’ showed the absence of intrusive care; while the ready song, and homely anecdote, evinced an unanimous desire of contributing to the general fund of pleasure. Our peasantry want that buoyancy of spirit, drollery, and piquant humour of the Irish, to give character to such a scene. Beside, they are deficient in those social habits which so frequently bring together the thoughtless sons of the Emerald Isle, who know no selfish happiness, being, on all joyous occasions, found congregated together.

Having laughed for an hour at the fun and humour of the assembly before us, I proposed to Malachy to retire; but he looked carefully at his watch, and said it was yet time enough. Soon after he went out, and, in less than three minutes, the house was surrounded by an armed

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. VIII.

LOUGHLIAGH.

‘Do you see that bit of a lake?’ said my companion, turning his eyes towards the aclevity that overhung Loughliagh.* ‘Troth, and as little as you think of it, and as ugly as it looks with its weeds and its flags, it is the most famous one in all Ireland. Young and ould, rich and poor, far and near, have come to that lake to get cured of all kinds of scurvy and sores. The Lord keep us our limbs whole and sound, for it’s a sorrowful thing not to have the use o’ them. ’Twas but last week we had a great grand Frenchman here; and, though he came upon crutches, faith he went home as sound as a bell; and well he paid Billy Reily for curing him.’

‘And, pray, how did Billy Reily cure him?’

‘Oh, well enough. He took his long pole, dipped it down to the bottom of the lake, and brought up on the top of it as much plaster as would do for a thousand sores.’

‘What kind of plaster?’

‘What kind of plaster! Why black plaster, to be sure: for, isn’t the bottom of the lake filled with a kind of black mud, which cures all the world?’

‘Then it ought to be a famous lake, indeed.’

‘Famous! faith, and so it is,’ replied my companion: ‘but it isn’t for its cures neather that it is famous; for, sure, doesn’t all the world know there is a fine beautiful city at the bottom of it, where the Good People live just like Christians?’

‘Indeed!’

‘Troth, it is the truth I tell you; for *Shemus-a-sneidht*† saw it all when he followed his dun cow, that was stolen.’

‘Who stole her?’

‘I’ll tell you all about it. Shemus was a poor garsoon, who lived on the brow of the hill, in a cabin with his ould mother. They lived by hook and by crook, one way and another, in the best way they could. They had a bit o’ ground that gave ’em the preaty, and a little dun cow, that gave ’em

the drop o’ milk; and, considering how times go, they weren’t badly off, for Shemus was a handy garsoon, to boot; and, while minden the cow, cut heath and made brooms, which his mother sould on a market-day, and brought home the bit o’ tobaccy, the grain of salt, and other nic-nackeries, which a poor body can’t well do widout.

‘Once upon a time, however, Shemus went farther than usual up the mountain, looken for long heath; for town’s-people don’t like to stoop, and so like long handles to their brooms. The little dun cow was a most as cunnen as a Christian sinner, and followed Shemus, like a lap-dog, every where he’d go, so that she required little or no herden. On this day she found nice picken on a round spot as green as a leek; and, as poor Shemus was weary, as a body would be on a fine summer’s day, he lay down on the grass to rest himself, just as we’re resten ourselves on the *Cairne* here. Begad, he hadn’t long lain there, sure enough, when, what should he see but whole loads of ganconers dancing about the place? Some o’ them were hurlen, some kicking a football, and others leaping a lick-step-and-a-lep. They were so soople and so active that Shemus was highly delighted with the sport; and a little tanned-skinned chap in a red cap pleased him better than any o’ them, bekase he used to tumble the other fellows like *mushrooms*. At one time he had kept the ball up for as good as half an hour, when Shemus cried out “Well done, my hurler!” The word wasn’t well out of his mouth when *whap* went the ball on his eye, and *flash* went the fire. Poor Shemus thought he was blind, and roared out “Mille murdher!” but the only thing he heard was a loud laugh.—“Cross o’ Christ about us,” says he to himself, “what is this for?” and, after rubbing his eyes, they came too a little, and he could see the sun and sky; and, by-and-by, he could see every thing but his cow and the mischeivous ganconers. They were

* Loughliagh signifies the *healing lake*, or literally the doctor-lake, and derives its name from the healing properties of the *bitumen* found deposited at the bottom.

† Little James.

gone to their Rath, or Mote; but where was the little dun cow? He looked, and he looked; and he might have looked from that day to this, bekase she wasn't to be found; and good reason why—the ganconers took her away with 'em.

'Shemus-a-sneidh, however, didn't think so, but ran home to his mother.

"Where is the cow, Shemus?" axed the ould woman.

"Och, musha, bad luck to her," said Shemus, "I donna where she is."

"Is that an answer, you big blaggard, for the likes o' you to give your poor ould mother?" said she.

"Och, musha," said Shemus, "don't kick up such a *bolllhour* about nothen. The ould cow is safe enough, I be bail, some place or other, though I could find her if I put my eyes upon *kippeens*; and, speaken of eyes, faith, I had very good luck o' my side, or I had nare a one to look afther her."

"Why, what happened your eyes, agra?" axed the ould woman.

"Oh! didn't the ganconers—the Lord save us from all hurt and harm!—drive their hurlen ball into them both? and sure I was stone blind for an hour."

"And may be," said the mother, "the Good People took our cow?"

"No, nor the devil a one o' them," said Shemus, "for, by the Powers, that same cow is as knoven as a lawyer, and wouldn't be such a fool as to go with the ganconers while she could get such grass as I found for her today."

'In this way,' continued my informant, 'they talked about the cow all that night; and, next mornen, both o' them set off to look for her. Afther searching every place, high and low, what should Shemus see sticking out of a bog-hole but something very like the horns of his little beast?

"Oh, mother, mother!" said he, "I've found her!"

"Where, alanna?" axed the ould woman.

"In the bog-hole, mother," answered Shemus.

'At this the poor ould creature set up such a *pullallue*, that she brought the seven parishes about her; and the neighbours soon pulled the cow out of the bog-hole. You'd

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swear it was the same; and yet it wasn't, as you shall hear by-and-by.

'Shemus and his mother brought the dead beast home with them; and, after skinnen her hung the meat up in the chimney. The loss of the drop o' milk was a sorrowful thing; and, though they had a good deal of meat, that couldn't last always; besides the whole parish *faughed* upon them for eating the flesh of a beast that died without bleeden. But the pretty thing was, they couldn't eat the meat afther all; for, when it was boiled, it was as tough as carrion, and as black as a turf. You might as well think of sinking your teeth in an oak plank as into a piece of it; and then you'd want to sit a great piece from the wall for fear of knocking your head against it when pulling it through your teeth.

'At last and at long run they were forced to throw it to the dogs; but the dogs wouldn't smell to it, and so it was thrown into the ditch, where it rotted. This misfortune cost poor Shemus many a salt tear, for he was now obliged to work twice as hard as before, and be out cutten heath on the mountain late and early. One day he was passen by this Cairne with a load of brooms on his back, when what should he see but the little dun cow, and two red-headed fellows herding her?

"That's my mother's cow," said Shemus-a-sneidh.

"No, it is not," said one of the chaps.

"But I say it is," said Shemus, throwing the brooms on the ground, and seizing the cow by the horns. At that the red fellows drove her as fast as they could to this steep place, and with one leap she bounced over, with Shemus stuck fast to her horns. They made only one *splash* in the lough, when the waters closed over 'em, and they sunk to the bottom. Just as Shemus-a-sneidh thought that all was over with him, he found himself before a most elegant palace built with jewels, and all manner of fine stones. Though his eyes were dazzled with the splendour of the place, faith he had gomsh enough not to let go his holt, but, in spite of all they could do, he held his little cow by the horns. He was axed into the palace, but wouldn't go.

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‘The hubbub at last grew so great that the door flew open, and out walked a hundred ladies and gentlemen, as fine as any in the land.

‘What does this boy want?’ axed one o’ them, who seemed to be the masher.

‘I want my mother’s cow,’ said Shemus.

‘That’s not your mother’s cow,’ said the gentleman.

‘Bethershin!’ cried Shemus-a-sneidh; ‘don’t I know her as well as I know my right hand?’

‘Where did you lose her?’ axed the gentleman; and so Shemus up and tould him all about it, how he was on the mountain—how he saw the Good People hurlen—how the ball was knocked in his eye—and his cow was lost.

‘I believe you are right,’ said the gentleman, pulling out his purse—‘and here is the price of twenty cows for you.’

‘No, no,’ said Shemus, ‘you’ll not catch ould birds wid chaff. I’ll have my cow, and nothen else.’

‘You’re a funny fellow,’ said the gentleman. ‘Maybe you’d stop here, and live with us?’

‘No,’ said Shemus-a-sneidh, ‘I’d rather live with my mother.’

‘Foolish boy!’ said the gentleman, ‘stop here, and live in a palace.’

‘I’d rather live in my mother’s cabin.’

‘Here you can walk through gardens loaded with fruit and flowers.’

‘I’d rather,’ said Shemus, ‘be cutting heath on the mountain.’

‘Here you can eat and drink of the best.’

‘Since I’ve got my cow, I can have milk once more with the pheaties.’

‘Oh!’ cried the ladies, gathering round him, ‘sure you wouldn’t take away the cow that gives us milk for our tea?’

‘Oh!’ said Shemus, ‘my mother wants milk as bad as any one, and she must have it; so there is no use in your palavar—I must have my cow.’

‘At this they all gathered about him, and offered him bushels of gould, but he wouldn’t have any thing but his cow. Seeing him as obstinate as a mule, they began to thump and beat him; but still he held fast by the horns, till at length a great blast of wind blew him out of the place, and, in a moment, he found himself and the cow standing on the side of the lake, the water of which looked as if it hadn’t been disturbed since Adam was a boy; and that’s a long time since.

‘Well, Shemus-a-sneidh drove home his cow, and right glad his mother was to see her; but, the moment she said ‘God bless the beast,’ she sunk down like the *breesha* of a turf rick; and that was the end of *Shemus-a-sneidh’s* dun cow.

‘And sure,’ continued my companion, standing up, ‘it is now time for me to look ather my brown cow, and God send the ganconers haven’t taken her!’ Of this I assured him there could be no fear; and so we parted.

MR. BLANCO WHITE’S EVIDENCE AGAINST THE CATHOLICS.*

MR. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE, you come before us in a ‘questionable shape.’ You have proclaimed yourself a renegade Spaniard, an apostate Catholic, an ex-Jesuit, and an enemy of that unfortunate country which your forefathers loved, and from

which they were exiled by the predecessors of those whose champion you have become, and whose religious and political principles you have espoused. The ties of kindred and country you have burst through, the claims of honour you have disregard-

* Practical and internal Evidence against Catholicism, with occasional Strictures on Mr. Butler’s Book of the Roman Catholic Church: in Six Letters, addressed to the Impartial among the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland. By the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, M. A. B. D. in the University of Seville; Licentiate of Divinity in the University of Osuna; formerly Chaplain Magistral (Preacher) to the King of Spain, in the Royal Chapel at Seville; Fellow, and once Rector, of the College of St. Mary a Jesu of the same town; Synodal Examiner of the Diocese of Cadiz; Member of the Royal Academy of Belles-Lettres, of Seville, &c. &c.; now a Clergyman of the Church of England:—Author of *Doblado’s Letters from Spain*. Murray, 1825.

A few Observations on the Evidence against Catholicism. By the Rev. J. B. White, &c. &c. &c. Booker, 1825.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. IX.

ALLHALLOW EVE.

THE last day of October, whatever the Almanacks may say to the contrary, is, with the Irish peasantry, the conclusion of autumn. None but a sloven would have potatoes to pit, stacks to thatch, or hay to draw home, after this time; and, as the Paddies, like all the children of Genius, are a procrastinating race, the Eve of All-hallows is generally a busy day. They seldom think of doing this week what *may* be done the next; and hence the bustle and activity which characterize the last day of October throughout the South of Ireland. Thus the feast of the 'harvest home' always takes place on an evening devoted to *divination*;* for why should not the Irish rustics have a peep into futurity as well as their betters? Being no great adepts in the theories of Lavater and Spurzheim, instead of examining the *lumps* or physiognomy of their sweethearts, they resort to what they consider more infallible interpreters to ascertain the disposition of their future partners; or, what is of more consequence, perhaps, to discover whether the object of their choice is decreed to bless their arms. Things of this nature can only be done on the Eve of Allhallows. Is it any wonder, therefore, that on such

a night boys and girls are willing to draw aside the opaque veil which conceals the future from mortal eyes?

Some years since, when people had more faith than at present in sowing hemp-seed backwards, the kitchen of a *cozy* farmer, not far from Kilkenny, was filled with servants, followers, dependents, and neighbours. They had just finished digging the potatoes, and yet felt as little fatigued as if they had only returned from chapel on a Sunday. The monarch of the house was seated in his antiquated chair, which always stood in the corner; and his wife and daughters were busy preparing the *kalecanon*, which kept hissing beneath two half hundred weights, in a large pot on the fire. People may talk of Irish misery and wretchedness; but, phsaw! in what farmer's house are either of these ever found? Not in that of Ned Kavanagh's, any how; for the carcasses of half a dozen pigs lined his ample chimney. Milk was so plenty that the hogs were fed with it; and so little was thought of potatoes, that Ned would not allow his horses to eat them, unless they had been boiled. On this night there were lashings gulhore of every thing; the *kalecanon*† was moistened with half

* General Vallancy, speaking of Allhallow Eve, says, 'On the Oidhche Shamhna, or vigil of Saman, the peasants of Ireland assemble with sticks and clubs, going from house to house, collecting money, bread-cake, butter, cheese, eggs, &c. &c. for the feast, repeating verses in honour of the solemnity, demanding preparations for the festival in the name of St. Columb Kill, desiring them to lay aside the fatted calf, and to bring forth the black sheep. The good women are employed in making the griddle cake and candles: these last are sent from house to house in the vicinity, and are lighted up on the (Saman) next day, before which they pray, or are supposed to pray, for the departed soul of the donor. Every house abounds in the best viands they can afford. Apples and nuts are devoured in abundance; the nut-shells are burnt, and from the ashes many strange things are foretold. Cabbages are torn up by the root. Hemp-seed is sown by the maidens, and they believe that, if they look, they will see the apparition of the man intended for their future spouse. They hang a shift before the fire, on the close of the feast, and sit up all night, concealed in a corner of the room, convinced that his apparition will come down the chimney and turn the shift. They throw a ball of yarn out of the window, and wind it out he reel within, convinced that if they repeat the Pater Noster backwards, and look at the ball of yarn without, they will then also see his sith, or apparition. They dip for apples in a tub of water, and endeavour to bring one up in their mouth. They suspend a cord with a cross stick, with apples at one point, and candles lighted at the other; and endeavour to catch the apple, while it is in a circular motion, in the mouth. These and many other superstitious ceremonies, the remains of Druidism, are observed on this holiday, which will never be eradicated while the name of Saman is permitted to remain.'

† This is called *Callcannon* by the peasantry: it is made of potatoes, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, and turnips, all boiled and blended together.

a firkin of butter; and the whiskey punch was handed about in wooden noggins. Opportunely enough a piper made his appearance just as the house had been swept, and a jig or two was danced; but this was a night sacred to other purposes, and, accordingly, the boys began to prepare other pastimes.

The long-concealed apples were brought from the hay-rick; and a large tub of water being placed in the middle of the floor, the largest apple was thrown in, and became the property of whoever could catch it in his mouth. Loud and lengthened were the peals of laughter which followed each successive ducking; for the prize was to be obtained only by getting it between the teeth and the bottom of the tub, as hands were prohibited from being used.

After some time this sport gave way to another. A stick was suspended by the middle, a lighted candle fastened to one end, an apple to the other. The machine was then twirled round, and the most dexterous were challenged to catch the apple with their mouth. In this attempt many eyebrows were singed, many lips greased, and many noses burnt. Such misfortunes only provoked laughter at the expense of the sufferer; and, when all had in vain endeavoured to secure the prize, attention was called off to another trick.

A plank was nicely balanced on a form, an apple placed on one end, and a tub of water placed under it. Whoever mounted this plank and seized the fruit with his mouth, was allowed to eat it. As they knew but little about the centre of gravity, a ducking was generally the reward of the enterprise; and, of course, loud laughter followed.

Many similar sports succeeded; and these in turn gave way to another species of amusement. The company formed a circle round the fire, and whoever doubted the sincerity of their lovers placed two nuts, side by side, on the hottest part of the hearthstone. If they burnt without stirring, it was a proof of their fidelity; but, if either of them flew off, the reverse was inferred. The parties subject to this ordeal need not be present; and, on this night, there were few young

people in the country whose fidelity had not been put to the test.

'Och musha,' said Ned, after a fit of laughing, 'I'm sick of such nonsense. When I was a boy, by the livens, we had other sport; something that would try a fellow's mettle. What think you, Biddy Brady, of going down to the ould lime-kiln at the bottom of the *boughareen*, in the stone field, and throwing in your ball of thread, and then axen, "Who houlds my bottom of yarn?"'

'Troth, masher honny,' replied Biddy, 'I wouldn't do that this blessed night for all the king's dominions; for sure, ent the good people allowed to do all the mischief in their power at twelve o'clock to-night?'

'Faith and that's true, Biddy agrah,' said the granny in the corner, 'for its a murdering bad thing to be doen foolish tricks on All Saints Eve, when people ought to be prayen for their poor sinful sows, or the sows of those who are gone before 'em. It's now, let me see, three-and-thirty years since Father Mogue, Lord be marcful to his sow! in glory, preached a most beautiful sarmon on the death of Molly Meyler, who died from seeing the devil, Christ save us! on *All Holland Eve*.'

'The devil! How was that?' asked twenty voices, the company at the same time drawing closer to the fire.

''Tis a sad and a sorrowful story,' replied the old woman, 'but *fukes* not a bit o' myself but forgets the greater part of it. All I know is, that Molly lived in the house where Johnny Walsh lives now, and was a brave, clean, hearty girl. Like most thackeens, who don't know when they are well off, she thought it should never be day wid her until she got married, and so she should try on All Saints' Eve who her husband was to be. She went alone by herself to the kiln, and threw in her ball of thread, holding the end of it in her hand. She began to wind and wind, and thought, as no one held it, that she would never get married. But begad, at length and at long run, she felt some one pulling against her. "Who houlds my bottom of yarn?" axed Molly; and she was answered by a loud laugh. "Ah!" said she,

Johnny Farrell, is that you?" quite delighted, bekase Johnny was an ould sort of sweetheart of hers. But it wasn't Johnny, nether; for then there was another laugh.

"Come out o' that you, spalpeen you," said Molly, "and don't be frightening a body with your laughing, as if you had got a mare's nest." The word wasn't well out of her mouth, when, cross o' Christ about us! the ould boy himself stood right forenent her, grinning as if he would have eaten her. She screeched like a Banshee; and run home as fast as her legs would carry her, took to her bed, and never come alive out of it. So you see what a dangerous thing it is to be doen such things.'

'Sure enough, granny,' said one of Ned's children, 'for don't you know the story which *Kittough* Nancy was telling us the other night, about the two girls who went to sow the hempseed; and, instead of seeing their sweethearts, saw the devil himself?'

'Oh!' said one of the potatoe-diggers, 'that was bekase they sowed it in the name of Ould Nick; and what better luck could they have?'

'The devil burn me,' said Ned, 'if I ever liked sowed hemp-seed at all at all; but where's the harm in a body pullen cabbage, or winnowen corn, or?'

'Oh, God bless you, man!' interrupted a beggar-woman, who had taken her seat on the settle, 'don't be afther sayen any thing about winnowen corn; for sure Peter Purcell's woman, of Gurcheenninoge—and a *froughoolough* woman she was—and a good body to give a trencher of meal to a poor traveller—lost her life that way.'

'How was that?' inquired several persons present.

'Why you must know,' proceeded the old woman, 'that as the boys and girls, on an All Holland Eve, were laughen and sporten, may be as you are now doen, one o' 'em says, "I'll go into the barn and winnow some corn, and try if I shan't see the man to whom I am to be married." Wud-out more ado, out she goes, as nimble as a cricket, opens the barn door, and the haggard door, takes a riddleful of corn, and begins to winnow it;

but, before she had half done, a man steps in and takes the riddle out of her hands. Who should he be the exact image of but Peter Purcell himself, her own master? and in she runs and says, "Musha masther, why didn't you let me finish my winnowen?" "Me?" says Peter; "arrah, you foolish thackeen, I didn't stir out of this corner since you went out." Every other body in the house said the same; and, at last, the girl went out again. The same person came once more—took the riddle out of her hand—and she still thought it was her master; and, though they all swore it wasn't, she would not believe 'em. "No, no," said she, "don't be afther thinken to frighten me; for sure I know my own masther, at any rate. Hadn't he on his own blue big coat, his grey stockens, and the ould caubeen, which he wears when he is mending his brogues, or doen any thing else by the fire? and didn't I see his face too?"

'At this they all laughed; but Peter's wife held down her head, and looked very sorrowful, sure enough, as well she might; for she knew she should die. "The will o' God be done," said she; "I am a dead woman before this night twelvemonth; and my own servant girl will be the mistress of my house, and the mother of my childer: but, Anty (that was the girl's name), do you be kind to these little ones, and Heaven will be your bed.' Peter strived to laugh; but, faith, his wife spoke nothen but God's truth; for, in six months after, I ate the bread which was given away at her birn; and, soon after, as God wud have it, Anty got married to Peter.'

'God bless us all!' said the granny, 'what a strange thing! and how like what happened to a cousin of mine. His name was Andy Murphy, and he lived with his father at Cromlichtown. They had the farm for little or nothen; but, as they were no good to manage it, they were always striven and striven, and never could be out of debt. The women were mere *slameens*; and so every thing in the house was *filthafottha*,—and *threena heltha*,—upside down. As the ould cock crows, the young one larns; and, faith, Andy was his daddy's son

from head to foot—a lazy little good-for-nothen garsoon—God forgive him his sins—and would never do any thing for his own good. He was in every mischief in the country; and one saint's eve he was playen his pranks. He took three pewter platters from off the dresser, filled one with meal, another with ashes, and a third with earth. He then went out, tied a handkerchief over his eyes—like one goen to play *boder-boodeen*—and walked in on his hands and feet. A person in the mean time had placed the platters on the floor, in a way anocnt to Andy, who was to grope them out. If he put his hand first into the one wud the meal, he was to be a wealthy man; if in the one wud the ashes, he was to live long; but, if in the one wud the earth, he was to die soon. Poor Audy, as bad luck wud have it, popped his hand into the clay, and then turned as pale as a cloth. In less than three months afterwards he was killed in a fight betune the Murphys and the Reynolds's.

By the time the old woman had concluded, it was discovered that the apples were all eaten. 'Let us go and steal some,' said one of the boys. 'I know a hay-rick in which a bushful are hid.'

'Away wid you,' said Paddy Moran, drawing his stool closer to the fire; 'but the Puck take me if I go.'

'Oh! that's true, Paddy,' said Ned, 'didn't you see the Phooka one night?'

'Troth you may sing that,' replied Paddy, 'and myself never went through so much since or before. I nothen tould all about it; and, if you all like, I'll tell it again.'

The company immediately assented; and Paddy went on with his adventure with the mischievous

PHOOKA.

'Of all nights in the year,' said Paddy, 'it was on All Holland Eve that I met the Phooka. We had just finished diggen the phaties at my ould masher's; and, as he wasn't a nig-gard with his drop, we got lashens of whiskey. About twelve o'clock at night, nothen would do me but to go home to my mother's cabin for to bring some apples, which I had there, to the girls. Every one o' them

said I was blind drunk; but, troth, I wasn't more than half gone. Well, out I went, and promised to be back in a giffy. Goen over the garden stile my foot slipt, and I tumbled head over heels, but soon got up again, and got into the little meadow leaden down to the river. I crossed the ford; but, when in the stubble field, what should I see runnen right forenent me, but a great, big, red, mad, bull, with fire flaming from his eyes, mouth, and nose! You may be sure I cried "War hawk!" and took to my heels. I run for the bare life; but still the bull was red-hot after me; and every minute I thought he would stick his horns in me. I tried all I could to get away from him, but it was of no manner of use, for still he was close behind me. At length I ran to the top of Billy Ryan's lime-kiln; but, faith, here I was near hand being done for; the bull made no more ado than jumped up after me; and, while you'd be cryen "Be easy," pitched me over into the bushes. I thought sure that my back was fairly broke; and I wonder now that it wasn't. By-and-by, a man comes up to me, and says, "Musha, bad luck to you, Paddy Moran; and is it there you are this hour of the night, and no body wid you but your own four bones?"

"Faith, and sure enough it is myself," said I, "and who else would you have me?" I said this in a bit of a flurry, becase I didn't know the fellow, at all at all.

"Arrah! be easy now, Paddy aghud," says he, "and don't be after getten angry for nothen; for sure I meant no harm. But why don't you get up out of that?"

'I tried to get up, so I did, and cudn't; kase why? my back was broke. "Christ save us!" says I, "I'm fairly murdered outright, so I am."

"Musha, no you're not," says he "let me only help you;" and, so sayen, he grips me by the middle, and hoists me like a bag of bran upon his shoulders.

"What are you goen to do?" says I.

"Nothen," says he.

"Oh! but you are," says I.

"Whist, you gomulah," says he,

"ent I goen to carry you home?" and with that he trotted away to—I donna where; for, the first place I found myself in was on the top of a castle. "Over you go, Paddy Moran," says he; "have you any word to send to your relations?"

"Och, bother you," says I, "you had like to frighten me out of my senses with your mursha."

"Faith, it is no mursha, Paddy Moran," says he, "and here you go;" and wid that he pops to the bare edge of the top of the castle, and jirks me on his shoulder as if he would throw me over. Oh, by the Powers! I'll never forget the *plop* my heart made as it was about to lep out of my mouth with the fright; and I had no sooner recovered my breath, than my gentleman pops to the other side; and there I thought, faith, that if he was only joken before, he was now in earnest; for he leaned over half a mile as if he was goen to let me slip off his shoulder, as a body would let a sack of wheat slip off on a car. He didn't, though, for all that; but pops to the other side, and kept hopping about that way for an hour. Every minute I thought my life wasn't worth a *smultheen*; for sure, had he slipt with his *ghoster*, there was a clean end of us both.

'At last he says, "Now, Paddy, go home!"

"How can I go, your honor?" says I, for I got afeard of him; and soft words never broke bones.

"How!" says he; "walk, to be sure."

"Musha, and so I wud, your honor, but that I don't know what way; for I donna, for the life o' me, where I am."

"Oh! is that all?" says he; "follow me." And, sure enough, I did follow him down a long stone stairs.

"Can you ride, Paddy?" he axed.

"Troth, I just can, your honor, with or without a saddle, pillion, or *losque*,* as well as any boy in the whole country."

"Well then," says he, "here is a most beautiful bay mare, which will

carry you home; if you promise to bring her back to me to-morrow."

"Oh! sir," says I, "you may depend upon it." And wud out more to do, he calls out the mare—a fine horse she was as you'd see in a day's walken. I mounted her bare-backed, and ketched the halter.

"Good night, Paddy Moran," says my gentleman; and, before I could say "thank you, kindly," away flew my beast, while the fire flew from her eyes, feet, and nose. I hadn't time to say "God bless us," she ran so fast. I stuck in her mane; and, faith, it was well I did so, for nothen baulked her; she leaped over ditches and hedges, jumped down hills as high as this house, and dived through marle-holes. For a while I stuck in her like a leech; but, finden my opportunity, I slipt off her back; she gave me a kick in the ribs, and then galloped her ways.

'When I got up I looked about me; and, seeing a fire at a little distance, I walked towards it. An ould woman sat by it carding flax. "God save you, Paddy Moran," says she; "are you could?"

"Troth, and I am, and thanky for axen," says I.

"Well, sit down and warm yourself," says she. So I did as I was desired; and soon after fell asleep. By-and-by a fellow comes up and began to *thrush* my head with a flail; I put up my hands and felt the blows—two at a time. "Oh! ho!" says I, "this will never do." I jumped up—wiped my eyes—and found that it was clear daylight, with Kate Murrough's *puckaan*,† standing on his two hind legs, ready to give me another *thump*. When I looked at myself, I found my clothes all covered with mud; and so I went home, and never afther forgot the Phooka; for, sure it was himself, and no other, that frightened me out of my life.'

When Paddy had concluded, the company were so terrified that none of them would venture to go out alone, even to pull cabbages.‡ Ned Kava-

* A straw saddle.

† Buck goat.

‡ Divination by cabbages is thus managed. A person, at twelve o'clock, goes into the garden blindfolded, and pulls the first head he touches with his or her hand. The appearance of this cabbage indicates whether their future partners are to be tidy or dirty; of much worth, or little good, &c. &c.

nagh, soon after, began to manifest ing to hear another story from symptoms of weariness; and, the the granny relative to All Hallow hour being by this time rather late, Eve. the party withdrew, without wait-

GREEK.

SHALL Mahomet's proud banners wave
 Exultingly o'er Freedom's grave?
 Shall Pagan rites and Pagan laws
 Triumphant trample on the cause
 Of Christian Greece oppressed?
 Shall glories past for ever seem
 As visions of the poet's dream,
 By Fiction wildly dressed?

Greece, sacred spot, dear land of Fame!
 Shall death for ever shroud thy name?
 Shall despot sway for ever thrall thee?
 Shall Slavery's chain for ever gall thee?
 Shall dastard Ott'man reign
 O'er thee, brave soil, that once defied
 All Asia's strength, and Asia's pride,
 On many a trophied plain?

Oh! 'twas not thus that Byron's name
 Kindled thy glory's dying fame:
 Oh! 'twas not thus each bard of old
 Sung Greece—the fair—the free—the bold—
 And bade the lyre declare
 How oft for Honour's gory bed
 His country's sons their life-blood shed,
 Nor thought the purchase dear.

Oh! that each Greek were free once more,
 As the wild breeze that sweeps thy shore!
 Oh! that their arm the sword could wield,
 As once in Marathon's red field,
 Where Persia's countless host,
 By patriot Grecian bands withstood,
 Inglorious with their coward blood,
 Dear paid each vain-spiced boast!

Think on those deeds o'er history's page,
 That wake to freedom every age:
 Think on that ever-glorious day
 When Salamis, fame-echoed bay,
 Ingulphed vain Persia's fleet;
 When the gore-crimsoned Ocean's wave
 For ever closed o'er that dark grave,
 For Freedom's foemen met.

Remember, Greeks, each age of Fame;
 Remember Byron's deathless name;
 Think on your soil—your native land,
 And let each true-born Grecian hand
 Grasp Freedom's blade once more:
 On then—and Heaven send every blow
 With tenfold vengeance on the foe,
 Till Slavery's reign be o'er!

M.