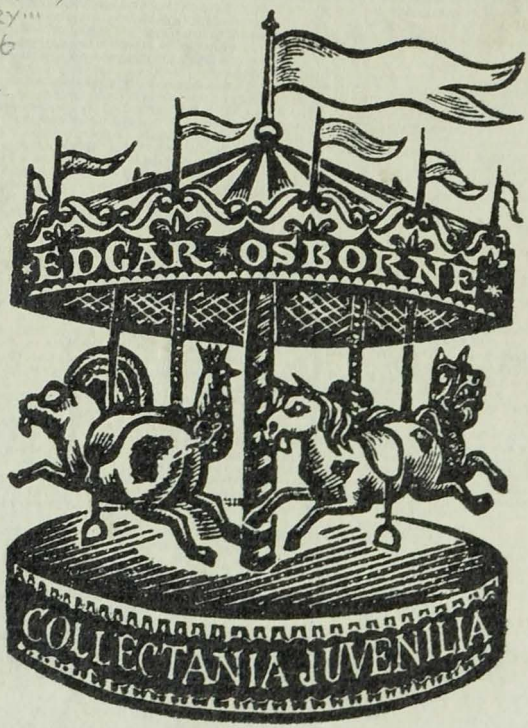


To face title page.

"Success my little fellow," said Billy Mac Daniel.

page 100.

Published April 10, 1826, by John Murray, London.

FAIRY LEGENDS

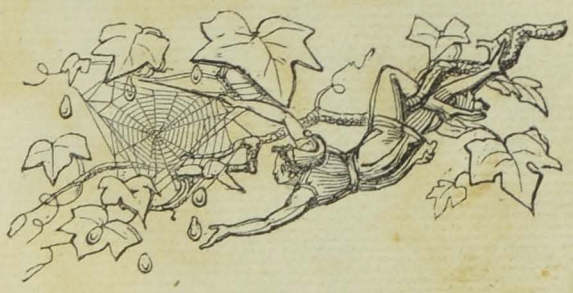
AND

TRADITIONS

OF THE

SOUTH OF IRELAND.

SECOND EDITION.



LONDON.

JOHN MURRAY.

MDCCCXXVI.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

PREFACE.

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

I have introduced into the notes, and on one or two occasions into the text, alterations suggested by friends, and by the critics who gave themselves the trouble of noticing these tales. The Quarterly Reviewer will find that I have, in the note on "the Legend of Knockgrafton," availed myself of the information with which he has supplied me in his kind and learned critique. A clever correspondent of the Literary Gazette will perceive that, in the notes on "the Haunted Cellar" and "Seeing is Believing," his

anecdotes have been transferred to my pages. With respect to other critics I have nothing particular to say, except to inform the jocular writer in Blackwood, who advised me to give an annual duodecimo on fairies, that although a regular book of the kind *annually* would be too much, yet I mean to comply with the hint so far as shortly to trouble the public with *one* more, in which I shall be enabled to complete my illustrations of Irish Fairy Superstitions, by traditions of the Merrow, (Mermaid,) Fir darrig, Dullahers, &c.

The etchings, which have been added to this edition, are from sketches by Mr. M'Clise, a young Irish artist of considerable promise, who I trust will receive that patronage which he so justly merits.

I have heard some objections from Ireland to the unpretending stories in this volume, such as their being too trite, and their being extremely common in that country. I confess that I look upon these objections as compliments. I make no pretension to originality, and avow at once, that there is no story in my book which has not been told

by half the old women of the district in which the scene is laid. I give them as I found them—as indications of a particular superstition in the minds of a part—and an important part of my countrymen—the peasantry.

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

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

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

To the English translator of Messrs. Grimm's *Kinder und haus Märchen* I feel grateful for the notice taken of this collection at the close of his second volume. His spirited translation has been the means in this country of calling attention to the subject, and decorated as it is by the fanciful needle of George Cruikshank, forms a pleasing addition to our light literature.

If this little volume, however, produced me no other satisfaction than the following letter from Sir Walter Scott, I should not regret having written it. To say that praise from

* *Mährchen und Sagen aus Süd-Irland. Aus dem Engl. Übersezt und mit Ammerkungen bereichert von den Brüdern Grimm.—Friedrick Fleischur. Leipzig.* 1825.

him is a compliment which I feel, would be indeed superfluous.

TO THE AUTHOR OF IRISH FAIRY LEGENDS.

SIR,

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

> "Who every year can mend your cheer
> With tales both old and new."

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

The beautiful superstition of the Banshee seems

in a great measure peculiar to Ireland, though in some highland families there is such a spectre, particularly in that of Mac Lean of Lochbŭy; but I think I could match all your other tales with something similar.

I can assure you, however, that the progress of philosophy has not even yet entirely "pulled the old wŏman out of our hearts," as Addison expresses it. Witches are still held in reasonable detestation, although we no longer burn or even *score above the breath.* As for the water bull, they live who will take their oaths to having seen him emerge from a small lake on the boundary of my property here, scarce large enough to have held him, I should think. Some traits in his description seem to answer the hippopotamus, and these are always mentioned both in highland and lowland story: strange if we could conceive there existed, under a tradition so universal, some shadowy reference to these fossil bones of animals which are so often found in the lakes and bogs.

But to leave antediluvian stories for the freshest news from fairy land, I cannot resist the temptation to send you an account of king Oberon's court, which was verified before me as a magistrate with all the solemnities of a court of justice, within this fortnight past. A young shepherd, a lad of about eighteen years of age, well brought

up, and of good capacity, and that I may be perfectly accurate, in the service of a friend, a most respectable farmer at Oakwood, on the estate of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, made oath and said, that going to look after some sheep which his master had directed to be put upon turnips, and passing in the grey of the morning a small copse wood adjacent to the river Etterick, he was surprised at the sight of four or five little personages, about two feet or thirty inches in height, who were seated under the trees and apparently in deep conversation. At this singular appearance he paused till he had refreshed his noble courage with a prayer and a few recollections of last Sunday's sermon, and then advanced to the little party. But observing that, instead of disappearing, they seemed to become yet more magnificently distinct than before, and now doubting nothing, from their foreign dresses and splendid decorations, that they were the choice ornaments of the fairy court, he fairly turned tail and went to "raise the water" as if the Southr'on had made a raid. Others came to the rescue, and yet the fairy *cortege* awaited their arrival in still and silent dignity:—I wish I could stop here, for the devil take all explanations, they stop duels and destroy the credit of apparitions, neither allow ghosts to be made in an honorable way, or to be

believed in (poor souls) when they revisit the glimpses of the moon.

I must however explain, like other honorable gentlemen, elsewhere.—You must know, that like our neighbours, we have a school of arts for our mechanics at G———, a small manufacturing town in this country, and that the tree of knowledge there as elsewhere produces its usual crop of good and evil. The day before this avatar of Oberon was a fair-day at Selkirk, and amongst other popular divertisements, was one which, in former days, I would have called a puppet show, and its master a puppet showman. He has put me right however by informing me, that he writes himself *artist from Vauxhall* and that he exhibits *fantoccini;* call them what you will, it seems they gave great delight to the unwashed artificers of G———. Formerly they would have been contented to wonder and applaud, but not so were they satisfied in our modern days of investigation, for they broke into Punch's sanctuary forcibly, after he had been laid aside for the evening, made violent seizure of his person, and carried off him, his spouse, and heaven knows what captives besides, in their plaid nooks, to be examined at leisure. All this they literally did (forcing a door to accomplish their purpose) in the spirit of science alone, or but slightly stimulated by that

of malt whiskey, with which last we have been of late deluged. Cool reflection came as they retreated by the banks of the Etterick; they made the discovery that they could no more make Punch move than Lord —— could make him speak, and recollecting, I believe, that there was such a person as the sheriff in the world, they abandoned their prisoners, in hopes, as they pretended, that they would be found and restored in safety to their proper owner.

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

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

Your obliged and thankful servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

27th April, 1825.
ABBOTSFORD, MELROSE.

The Wood Engravings after drawings by
W. H. Brooke, Esq.

CONTENTS.

THE SHEFRO.

THE CLURICAUNE.

THE BANSHEE.

THE PHOOKA.

THIERNA NA OGE.

TO

LADY CHATTERTON,

CASTLE MAHON.

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

FAIRY LEGENDS.

THE SHEFRO.

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

MILTON.

LEGENDS OF THE SHEFRO.

THE

LEGEND OF KNOCKSHEOGOWNA.

In Tipperary is one of the most singularly shaped hills in the world. It has got a peak at the top like a conical nightcap thrown carelessly over your head as you awake in the morning. On the very point is built a sort of lodge, where in the summer the lady who built it and her friends used to go on parties of pleasure; but that was long after the days of the fairies, and it is, I believe, now deserted.

But before lodge was built, or acre sown, there was close to the head of this hill a large pasturage, where a herdsman spent his days and nights among the herd. The spot had been an old fairy ground, and the good people were angry that the scene of their light and airy gambols should be trampled by the rude hoofs of bulls and cows.

The lowing of the cattle sounded sad in their ears, and the chief of the fairies of the hill determined in person to drive away the new comers, and the way she thought of was this. When the harvest nights came on, and the moon shone bright and brilliant over the hill, and the cattle were lying down hushed and quiet, and the herdsman, wrapt in his mantle, was musing with his heart gladdened by the glorious company of the stars twinkling above him, she would come and dance before him,—now in one shape—now in another, —but all ugly and frightful to behold. One time she would be a great horse, with the wings of an eagle, and a tail like a dragon, hissing loud and spitting fire. Then in a moment she would change into a little man lame of a leg, with a bull's head, and a lambent flame playing round it. Then into a great ape, with duck's feet and a turkey-cock's tail. But I should be all day about it were I to tell you all the shapes she took. And then she would roar, or neigh, or hiss, or bellow, or howl, or hoot, as never yet was roaring, neighing, hissing, bellowing, howling, or hooting, heard in this world before or since. The poor herdsman would cover his face, and call on all the saints for help, but it was no use. With one puff of her breath she would blow away the fold of his great coat, let him hold it never so tightly over his eyes,

and not a saint in heaven paid him the slightest attention. And to make matters worse, he never could stir; no, nor even shut his eyes, but there was obliged to stay, held by what power he knew not, gazing at these terrible sights until the hair of his head would lift his hat half a foot over his crown, and his teeth would be ready to fall out from chattering. But the cattle would scamper about mad, as if they were bitten by the fly; and this would last until the sun rose over the hill.

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

came back in numbers, and gambolled as merrily as before, quaffing dew-drops from acorns, and spreading their feast on the head of capacious mushrooms.

What was to be done, the puzzled farmer thought in vain. He found that his substance was daily diminishing, his people terrified, and his rent-day coming round. It is no wonder that he looked gloomy, and walked mournfully down the road. Now in that part of the world dwelt a man of the name of Larry Hoolahan, who played on the pipes better than any other player within fifteen parishes. A roving dashing blade was Larry, and feared nothing. Give him plenty of liquor, and he would defy the devil. He would face a mad bull, or fight single-handed against a fair. In one of his gloomy walks the farmer met him, and on Larry's asking the cause of his down looks, he told him all his misfortunes. "If that is all ails you," said Larry, "make your mind easy. Were there as many fairies on Knocksheogowna as there are potatoe blossoms in Eliogurty, I would face them. It would be a queer thing, indeed, if I, who never was afraid of a proper man, should turn my back upon a brat of a fairy not the bigness of one's thumb." "Larry," said the farmer, "do not talk so bold, for you know not who is hearing you; but, if you make your

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

The bargain was struck, and Larry went to the hill-top, when the moon began to peep over the brow. He had been regaled at the farmer's house, and was bold with the extract of barley-corn. So he took his seat on a big stone under a hollow of the hill, with his back to the wind, and pulled out his pipes. He had not played long when the voice of the fairies was heard upon the blast, like a low stream of music. Presently they burst out into a loud laugh, and Larry could plainly hear one say, "What! another man upon the fairies' ring? Go to him, queen, and make him repent his rashness;" and they flew away. Larry felt them pass by his face as they flew like a swarm of midges; and, looking up hastily, he saw between the moon and him a great black cat, standing on the very tip of its claws, with its back up, and mewing with a voice of a water-mill. Presently it swelled up towards the sky, and, turning round on its left hind leg, whirled till it fell to the ground, from which it started in the shape of a salmon, with a cravat round its neck, and a pair of new top boots. "Go on, jewel,"

said Larry; "if you dance, I'll pipe;" and he struck up. So she turned into this, and that, and the other, but still Larry played on, as he well knew how. At last she lost patience, as ladies will do when you do not mind their scolding, and changed herself into a calf, milk-white as the cream of Cork, and with eyes as mild as those of the girl I love. She came up gentle and fawning, in hopes to throw him off his guard by quietness, and then to work him some wrong. But Larry was not so deceived; for when she came up, he, dropping his pipes, leaped upon her back.

Now from the top of Knocksheogowna, as you look westward to the broad Atlantic, you will see the Shannon, queen of rivers, "spreading like a sea," and running on in gentle course to mingle with the ocean through the fair city of Limerick. It on this night shone under the moon, and looked beautiful from the distant hill. Fifty boats were gliding up and down on the sweet current, and the song of the fishermen rose gaily from the shore. Larry, as I said before, leaped upon the back of the fairy, and she, rejoiced at the opportunity, sprung from the hill-top, and bounded clear, at one jump, over the Shannon, flowing as it was just ten miles from the mountain's base. It was done in a second, and when she alighted

on the distant bank, kicking up her heels, she flung Larry on the soft turf. No sooner was he thus planted, than he looked her straight in the face, and, scratching his head, cried out, "By my word, well done! that was not a bad leap *for a calf!*"

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

Tipperary: but whether the fairies returned to the hill of Knocksheogowna after his death is more than I can say.

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

Olaus Magnus (book iii. cap. 10.) tells us, that "Travellers in the night, and such as watch their flocks and herds, are wont to be compassed about with many strange apparitions."

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

The song of Castle Hyde, so well known in the south of Ireland, presents a salmon engaged in as unfishlike an employment as that of dancing in a pair of new top boots.

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

THE

LEGEND OF KNOCKFIERNA.

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

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

Carroll O'Daly used to go roving about from one place to another, and the fear of nothing

stopped him; he would as soon pass an old churchyard or a regular fairy ground, at any hour of the night, as go from one room into another, without ever making the sign of the cross, or saying, "Good luck attend you, gentlemen."

It so happened that he was once journeying in the county of Limerick, towards "the Balbec of Ireland," the venerable town of Kilmallock; and just at the foot of Knockfierna he overtook a respectable looking man jogging along upon a white pony. The night was coming on, and they rode side by side for some time, without much conversation passing between them, further than saluting each other very kindly; at last, Carroll O'Daly asked his companion how far he was going?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A sudden resolve to follow flashed across the mind of O'Daly with the speed of lightning: both his courage and curiosity had been worked up by his cogitations to a pitch of chivalry; and muttering "Here's after you, old boy," he dismounted from his horse, bound him to an old thorn-tree,

and then commenced vigorously ascending the mountain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the tale serves as the key-stone to a multitude of Irish verses in which the valour of Eogain and the vengeance of Cucullin are celebrated.

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

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

Abuse and insult (much of which it is now, from a happy change in manners, difficult to understand correctly) are bestowed in the satires of Angus O'Daly, with the greatest liberality, on every one whom he has occasion to mention, always excepting with considerable ingenuity the clan Daly: for instance,

"Da naoṁuiṁ clan Ndalaig,
Nior dion dam ṁ fiol feanadam ṁ;
Clan Ndalaig buo dion dam ṁ,
Agus fiol Adam Daonad."

"If I lampoon the clan Daly, no shield to me is the race of old Adam:—Let the clan Daly protect me, I may satirize all mankind."

THE

LEGEND OF KNOCKGRAFTON.

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

Lusmore, for that was the nickname put upon

him by reason of his always wearing a sprig of the fairy cap, or lusmore, in his little straw hat, would ever get a higher penny for his plaited work than any one else, and perhaps that was the reason why some one, out of envy, had circulated the strange stories about him. Be that as it may, it happened that he was returning one evening from the pretty town of Cahir towards Cappagh, and as little Lusmore walked very slowly, on account of the great hump upon his back, it was quite dark when he came to the old moat of Knockgrafton, which stood on the right hand side of his road. Tired and weary was he, and noways comfortable in his own mind at thinking how much farther he had to travel, and that he should be walking all the night; so he sat down under the moat to rest himself, and began looking mournfully enough upon the moon, which

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

Presently there rose a wild strain of unearthly melody upon the ear of little Lusmore; he listened, and he thought that he had never heard such ravishing music before. It was like the sound of many voices, each mingling and blending with the other so strangely, that they seemed

to be one, though all singing different strains, and the words of the song were these:

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

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

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

Glorious to behold was the sight that burst

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

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

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

When these words were said, poor little Lusmore felt himself so light, and so happy, that he thought he could have bounded at one jump over the moon, like the cow in the history of the cat and the fiddle; and he saw, with inexpressible pleasure, his hump tumble down upon the ground from his shoulders. He then tried to lift up his

head, and he did so with becoming caution, fearing that he might knock it against the ceiling of the grand hall, where he was; he looked round and round again with the greatest wonder and delight upon every thing, which appeared more and more beautiful; and overpowered at beholding such a resplendent scene, his head grew dizzy, and his eyesight became dim. At last he fell into a sound sleep, and when he awoke, he found that it was broad day-light, the sun shining brightly, the birds singing sweet; and that he was lying just at the foot of the moat of Knockgrafton, with the cows and sheep grazing peaceably round about him. The first thing Lusmore did, after saying his prayers, was to put his hand behind to feel for his hump, but no sign of one was there on his back, and he looked at himself with great pride, for he had now become a well-shaped dapper little fellow; and more than that, found himself in a full suit of new clothes, which he concluded the fairies had made for him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cadine, augus Da Hena, thinking that if one day was good, two were better; and that if Lusmore had one new suit of clothes given him, he should have two.

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

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

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

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

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

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

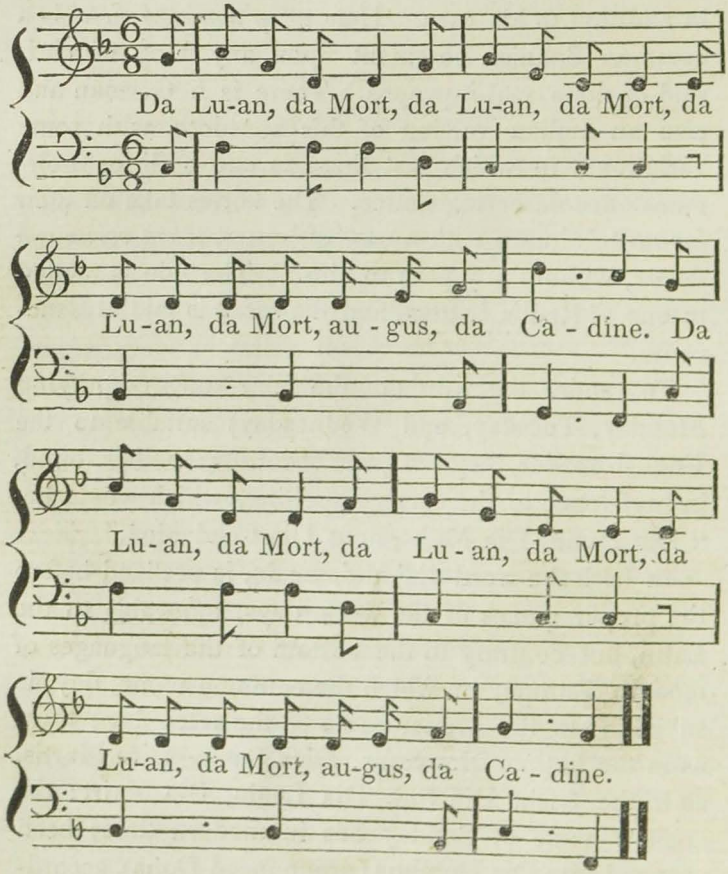
A writer in the "Quarterly Review," No. LXIII., informs us, that "this story is told in Spain very nearly as it is in Ireland. A hump-backed man hears some small voices singing '*Lunes y Martes y Miercoles tres,*' and completes their song by the addition of *Jueves y Viernes y Sabado seis.*' The fairies, who were the songsters, are so pleased at this, that they imme-

diately relieve him from his hump and dismiss him with honour. A stupid fellow, afflicted with the same deformity, having got wind of this story, intrudes upon them and offers a new addition to their song in '*y Domingo siete.*' Indignant at the breach of rhythm or at the mention of the Lord's day, which is a *tender subject* with fairies, they seize the intruder, and according to received genie-practice, overwhelm him with a shower of blows and send him off with his neighbour's hump in addition to his own. Hence '*y domingo siete*' is a common Spanish comment upon any thing which is said or done mal-à-propos. There is a German and also an Italian version of this anecdote, with some variations, in which last there is one additional circumstance deserving notice. The fairies take off their favourite's hump with a saw of butter, *senza verun suo dolore,* without any pain to him." The tale is related in one of Redi's Letters, and the scene is laid at Benevento.

To render the words of the fairy song (signifying Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday) suitable to the English reader, they are given according to their sound, in preference to the correct spelling, which would be, " Dia Luain, Dia Mairt, agus Dia Ceadaoine."

In Irish the word dia', dié, or de, is prefixed before the proper names of the week days, agreeably to the Latin, but contrary to the custom of the languages of modern Europe, in which the common name, day, is subjoined to the proper name of the week day; thus, as in the Latin, Dies Solis, Dies Lunæ, Dies Martis, so in the Irish, Dia Sul, Dia Luain, Dia Mairt: the ancient name of Sunday has in modern times been changed into Dia Domhna (pronounced Dona), accord-

ing to the Christian Latin, most probably introduced by the clergy; but the derivation and comparison of names would lead into a digression much too long for this volume. From a curious circumstance, the writer is indebted to his friend, Mr. A. D. Roche (whose musical taste and knowledge must speedily give him eminence in his profession), for a notation of this unique specimen of fairy song:



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

The verses used by the fairies in removing and conferring humps are free translations from the Irish, which should be given but for the necessity of terminating this already long note; for the same reason, the various localities must remain unnoticed: but it is impossible to conclude without a few parting words on little Lusmore, whose nickname is not perhaps sufficiently explained by the word "Fairy Cap." Lusmore, literally the *great herb*, is specifically applied to that graceful and hardy plant the "digitalis purpurea," usually called by the peasantry Fairy Cap,

"from the supposed resemblance of its bells to this part of fairy dress. To the same plant many rustic superstitions are attached, particularly its salutation of supernatural beings, by bending its long stalks in token of recognition."

THE PRIEST'S SUPPER.

It is said by those who ought to understand such things, that the good people, or the fairies, are some of the angels who were turned out of heaven, and who landed on their feet in this world, while the rest of their companions, who had more sin to sink them, went down further to a worse place. Be this as it may, there was a merry troop of the fairies, dancing and playing all manner of wild pranks on a bright moonlight evening towards the end of September. The scene of their merriment was not far distant from Inchegeela, in the west of the county Cork—a poor village, although it had a barrack for soldiers; but great mountains and barren rocks, like those round about it, are enough to strike poverty into any place: however, as the fairies can have every thing they want for wishing, poverty does not trouble them much, and all their care is to seek out unfrequented nooks and places where it is not likely any one will come to spoil their sport.

On a nice green sod by the river's side were the little fellows dancing in a ring as gaily as may

be, with their red caps wagging about at every bound in the moonshine; and so light were these bounds, that the lobes of dew, although they trembled under their feet, were not disturbed by their capering. Thus did they carry on their gambols, spinning round and round, and twirling and bobbing, and diving and going through all manner of figures, until one of them chirped out,

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

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

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

cording to this determination, he stopped at the dwelling of Dermod Leary, lifted the latch, and entered with "My blessing on all here."

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

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

Dermod looked sorrowfully at the wake which the fish had left upon the water, shining like a

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

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

Dermod gazed on the tiny speaker with wonder, who continued, "Make yourself noways uneasy about the priest's supper, for if you will go back and ask him one question from us, there will be as fine a supper as ever was put on a table spread out before him in less than no time."

"I'll have nothing at all to do with you," replied Dermod, in a tone of determination; and after a pause he added, "I'm much obliged to you for your offer, sir, but I know better than to

sell myself to you or the like of you for a supper; and more than that, I know Father Horrigan has more regard for my soul that to wish me to pledge it for ever, out of regard to any thing you could put before him—so there's an end of the matter."

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

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

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

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

"Please your reverence," said Dermod, after

some hesitation, "may I make bold to ask your honour one question?"

"What may that be?" said Father Horrigan.

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

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

"I'll tell no lies about the matter, and nothing in life but the truth," said Dermod. "It was the good people themselves who sent me to ask the question, and there they are in thousands down on the bank of the river waiting for me to go back with the answer."

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

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

poor Dermod so fast and in such numbers, that he was quite bewildered.

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

It is curious to observe the similarity of legends, and of ideas concerning imaginary beings, among nations that for ages have had scarcely any communication. In the 4th vol. of the *Danske Folkesagen*, or Danish Popular Legends, lately collected by Mr. Thiele, the following story occurs, which has a great resemblance to the adventure of Dermod Leary: "A priest was going in a carriage one night from Kjeslunde to Roeskilde, in the island of Zealand, *(Sjælland)*; and on his way passed by a hill, in which there was music and dancing, and other merry-making going on. Some dwarfs *(Dærge)* jumped suddenly out of the hill, stopped the carriage, and asked '*Hvor skall du hen?*' (Where are you going?)—'*Til Landemode,*' (to the chapter-house), said the priest. They then asked him whether he thought they could be saved: to which he

replied, that at present he could not tell: on which they begged of him to meet them with an answer that day twelvemonth. Notwithstanding, the next time the coachman drove that way, an accident befel him, for he was thrown on the level ground, and severely hurt. When the priest returned at the end of the year, they asked him the same question: to which he answered, '*Nei! I ere alle fordoemte,*' (No! you are all damned); and scarcely had he spoken the word, when the whole hill was enveloped in a bright flame."

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

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

THE YOUNG PIPER.

THERE lived not long since, on the borders of the county Tipperary, a decent honest couple, whose names were Mick Flanigan, and Judy Muldoon. These poor people were blessed, as the saying is, with four children, all boys: three of them were as fine, stout, healthy, good-looking children as ever the sun shone upon; and it was enough to make any Irishman proud of the breed of his countrymen to see them about one o'clock on a fine summer's day standing at their father's cabin-door, with their beautiful flaxen hair hanging in curls about their heads, and their cheeks like two rosy apples, and a big laughing potato smoking in their hand. A proud man was Mick of these fine children, and a proud woman, too, was Judy; and reason enough they had to be so. But it was far otherwise with the remaining one, which was the third eldest: he was the most miserable, ugly, ill-conditioned brat that ever God put life into: he was so ill-thriven, that he never was able to stand alone, or to leave his cradle; he had long, shaggy, matted, curled hair, as black as the soot; his face was of a greenish yellow

colour; his eyes were like two burning coals, and were for ever moving in his head, as if they had the perpetual motion. Before he was a twelve-month old, he had a mouth full of great teeth; his hands were like kites' claws, and his legs were no thicker than the handle of a whip, and about as straight as a reaping-hook: to make the matter worse, he had the gut of a cormorant, and the whinge, and the yelp, and the screech, and the yowl, was never out of his mouth.

The neighbours all suspected that he was something not right, particularly as it was observed, when people, as they do in the country, got about the fire, and began to talk of religion and good things, the brat, as he lay in the cradle, which his mother generally put near the fire-place that he might be snug, used to sit up, as they were in the middle of their talk, and begin to bellow as if the devil was in him in right earnest: this, as I said, led the neighbours to think that all was not right, and there was a general consultation held one day about what would be best to do with him. Some advised to put him out on the shovel, but Judy's pride was up at that. A pretty thing indeed, that a child of hers should be put on a shovel and flung out on the dunghill just like a dead kitten, or a poisoned rat! no, no, she would not hear to that at all. One old woman, who

was considered very skilful and knowing in fairy matters, strongly recommended her to put the tongs in the fire, and heat them red hot, and to take his nose in them, and that that would, beyond all manner of doubt, make him tell what he was, and where he came from (for the general suspicion was, that he had been changed by the good people); but Judy was too soft-hearted, and too fond of the imp, so she would not give into this plan, though every body said she was wrong; and may be she was, but it's hard to blame a mother. Well, some advised one thing, and some another; at last one spoke of sending for the priest, who was a very holy and a very learned man, to see it; to this Judy of course had no objection, but one thing or other always prevented her doing so; and the upshot of the business was, that the priest never saw him.

Things went on in the old way for some time longer. The brat continued yelping and yowling, and eating more than his three brothers put together, and playing all sorts of unlucky tricks, for he was mighty mischievously inclined; till it happened one day that Tim Carrol, the blind piper, going his rounds, called in and sat down by the fire to have a bit of chat with the woman of the house. So after some time, Tim, who was no churl of his music, yoked on the pipes, and

began to bellows away in high style; when the instant he began, the young fellow, who had been lying as still as a mouse in his cradle, sat up, began to grin and twist his ugly face, to swing about his long tawny arms, and to kick out his crooked legs, and to show signs of great glee at the music. At last nothing would serve him but he should get the pipes into his own hands, and to humour him, his mother asked Tim to lend them to the child for a minute. Tim, who was kind to children, readily consented; and as Tim had not his sight, Judy herself brought them to the cradle, and went to put them on him; but she had no occasion, for the youth seemed quite up to the business. He buckled on the pipes, set the bellows under one arm, and the bag under the other, worked them both as knowingly as if he had been twenty years at the business, and lilted up Sheela na guira, in the finest style imaginable.

All was in astonishment: the poor woman crossed herself. Tim, who, as I said before, was *dark*, and did not well know who was playing, was in great delight; and when he heard that it was a little *prechan* not five years old, that had never seen a set of pipes in his life, he wished the mother joy of her son; offered to take him off her hands if she would part with him, swore he was a *born* piper, a natural *genus*, and de-

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

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

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

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

But besides all his fine Irish music, he had one queer tune of his own, the oddest that ever was heard; for the moment he began to play it, every thing in the house seemed disposed to dance; the plates and porringers used to jingle on the dresser, the pots and pot-hooks used to rattle in

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

The older he grew the worse he grew, and by the time he was six years old there was no standing the house for him; he was always making his brothers burn or scald themselves, or break

their shins over the pots and stools. One time in harvest, he was left at home by himself, and when his mother came in, she found the cat a horseback on the dog, with her face to the tail, and her legs tied round him, and the urchin playing his queer tune to them; so that the dog went barking and jumping about, and puss was mewing for the dear life, and slapping her tail backwards and forwards, which as it would hit against the dog's chaps, he'd snap at and bite, and then there was the philliloo. Another time, the farmer Mick worked with, a very decent respectable man, happened to call in, and Judy wiped a stool with her apron, and invited him to sit down and rest himself after his walk. He was sitting with his back to the cradle, and behind him was a pan of blood, for Judy was making pig's puddings; the lad lay quite still in his nest, and watched his opportunity till he got ready a hook at the end of a piece of twine, which he contrived to fling so handily, that it caught in the bob of the man's nice new wig, and soused it in the pan of blood. Another time, his mother was coming in from milking the cow, with the pail on her head: the minute he saw her he lilted up his infernal tune, and the poor woman letting go the pail, clapped her hands aside, and began to dance a jig, and tumbled the milk all atop of her husband, who

was bringing in some turf to boil the supper. In short there would be no end to telling all his pranks, and all the mischievous tricks he played.

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

Accordingly next Sunday at chapel, Mick gave out that he was about leaving the work at John Riordan's, and immediately a farmer, who lived a couple of miles off, and who wanted a ploughman (the last one having just left him), came up to Mick, and offered him a house and garden, and work all the year round. Mick, who knew him to be a good employer, immediately closed with him; so it was agreed that the farmer should send a car * to take his little bit of furniture, and that he should remove on the following Thursday.

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

They had to cross a river, but as it ran through a bottom between two high banks, you did not see it till you were close on it. The young fellow was lying pretty quiet in the bottom of his cradle, till they came to the head of the bridge, when

* Car,—a cart.

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

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

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

Putting a child that is suspected of being a changeling out on a shovel, or tormenting it in any way, is done with a view of inducing the fairies to restore the stolen child. In Denmark the mother heats the oven, and places the changeling on the peel, pretending to put it in, or whips it severely with a rod, or throws it into the water. In Sweden, they employ a method very similar to the Irish one, of putting on the shovel.

"Tales," says Mr. J. Ihre, in his "Dissertatio de Superstitionibus hodiernis," when mentioning what are called Bythinga (changelings), "tales subinde morbosos infantes esse judicant; quos si in fornacem ardentem se injicere velle simulaverint, aut si tribus dici Jovis vesperis *ad trivium deportentur*, proprios se accepturos credunt." The change is always made before the child is christened, and the methods most approved of for preventing it are, good watching, keeping a light constantly burning, making a cross over the door or cradle, putting some pieces of iron, a needle, a nail, a knife, &c. in the cradle. In Thuringia, it is considered an infallible preventive to hang the father's breeches against the wall.

The Irish, like the Tuscans, as observed by Mr. Rose in his interesting "Letters from the North of Italy," are extremely picturesque in their language. Thus they constantly use the word *dark* as synonymous with *blind;* and a blind beggar will implore you "to look down with pity on a poor *dark* man." It may be observed here that the Irish, like the Scotch (see Waverley), by a very beautiful and tender euphemism, call idiots *innocents.* A lady of rank in Ireland, in whose heart benevolence had fixed her seat, and who was the Lady Bountiful of her neighbourhood, was one day asking a man about a poor orphan: "Ah, my lady," said he, "the poor creature is sadly afflicted with *innocence.*" Another peculiarity in the phraseology of the Irish is their fondness for using what Mr. Burke—who perhaps was thus led into his notion of terror being the cause of the sublime—would term *sublime adjectives,* instead of the common English adverbs, very, extremely, &c.; and which, by sometimes

unluckily meeting with substantives, or with other adjectives expressing ideas of a totally opposite nature, produce very ludicrous combinations. Thus they will very picturesquely say, "It's a *cruel* cold morning;" but at other times you may hear that Mr. Such a one is "a *cruel* good man." A young clergyman was once told by one of his parishioners that the people all said he was most *horridly* improved in his preaching. And, describing female beauty, an Irish peasant may perhaps say, that Peggy So and so is a *shocking* pretty girl, or a *terrible* pretty girl. These last, by the way, are quite classic, or perhaps rather Oriental. They correspond pretty exactly to the δεινος and εκπαγλος of the Greeks; and, in the "Song of Songs," the wise son of David says of the Egyptian princess, that "She is fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and *terrible* as an army with banners." Even Mr. Pope speaks of "*awful* beauty." In the *bon ton* the word "*monstrous*" is often employed with as little propriety as the Hibernicisms "*shocking and terrible.*" There are, indeed, few Irish idioms that are not the result of a lively imagination, and which might not be justified in a similar manner. Thus an Irishman will say, "There's a *power* of ivy growing on the old church of such a place." What is this but the "Est hederæ *vis*" of Horace?

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

Es giebt sich ein Elfenkönigstück das zwar mancher geschichte Musicus spielen kann, aber nicht vorzutragen wagt; denn wenn es ertönt, wird Alt und Jung ja selbst das Leblose zum Tanzen getrieben und der Spieler kann nicht aufhören, wenn er nicht das Lied genau rückwärts spielen kann, oder ihm Jemand vom hinten die Saiten auf der Violine zerschneidet.

Die Edda von Fr. Rühs, p. 16.

The "Bold Dragoon," in Mr. Washington Irving's very entertaining "Tales of a Traveller," must have been familiar with the idea of this music, which had such power of communicating motion, as it seems to have been the stuff of which his dream or invention was composed.

Heel and toe and *cover the buckle* are Irish steps, which to be understood should be seen performed by some strapping Hibernian, on a barn-floor; or, should the dance take place in a cabin, as the floor is seldom remarkably level, on a door which is taken off the hinges and laid down in the middle of the room; thus a fitting stage is formed for the dancer to go through his evolutions on. So the old song happily has it—

"But they couldn't keep time on the cold earthen floor,
So, to humour the music, they danced on the door," &c.

It is possible that even D'Egville, eminent in his art as he is, may never have heard of these steps.

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

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

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

THE

BREWERY OF EGG-SHELLS.

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

Now Mrs. Sullivan fancied that her youngest child had been changed by "fairies theft," and certainly appearances warranted such a conclusion; for in one night her healthy, blue-eyed boy

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

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

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

FAIRY QUEEN, Book i. Canto 10.

had become shrivelled up into almost nothing, and never ceased squalling and crying. This naturally made poor Mrs. Sullivan very unhappy; and all the neighbours, by way of comforting her, said, that her own child was, beyond any kind of doubt, with the good people, and that one of themselves was put in his place.

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

One day who should Mrs. Sullivan meet but a cunning woman, well known about the country by the name of Ellen Leah (or Grey Ellen.) She had the gift, however she got it, of telling where the dead were, and what was good for the rest of their souls; and could charm away warts and wens, and do a great many wonderful things of the same nature.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"If you do as I bid you," returned Ellen Leah, "you'll know." Mrs. Sullivan was silent in expectation, and Ellen continued, "Put down the big pot, full of water, on the fire, and make it boil like mad; then get a dozen new laid eggs, break them, and keep the shells, but throw away the rest; when that is done, put the shells in the

pot of boiling water, and you will soon know whether it is your own boy or a fairy. If you find that it is a fairy in the cradle, take the red hot poker and cram it down his ugly throat, and you will not have much trouble with him after that, I promise you."

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

The child was lying for a wonder quite easy and quiet in the cradle, every now and then cocking his eye, that would twinkle as keen as a star in a frosty night, over at the great fire, and the big pot upon it; and he looked on with great attention at Mrs. Sullivan breaking the eggs, and putting down the egg-shells to boil. At last he asked, with the voice of a very old man, "What are you doing, mammy?"

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

"And what are you brewing, mammy?" said the little imp, whose supernatural gift of speech

now proved beyond question that he was a fairy substitute.

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

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

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

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

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

never been disturbed, save the rosy mouth which moved with a gentle and regular breathing.

Who can tell the feelings of a mother when she looks upon her sleeping child? Why should I therefore endeavour to describe those of Mrs. Sullivan at again beholding her long lost boy? The fountains of her heart overflowed with the excess of joy—and she wept!—tears trickled silently down her cheek, nor did she strive to check them—they were tears not of sorrow, but of happiness.

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

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

Ellen Leah (correctly written, *Liath*) is not an ideal

personage; indeed, most of the characters introduced in these legends are sketched from nature.

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

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

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

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

and for rapidity, far exceeds the nimbleness of Robin

Goodfellow, in the old masquing song attributed to Ben Jonson, where that sportive fairy tells us, he can

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

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

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

It is worthy of remark, that several words which were in common use in the reign of Elizabeth, and which are no longer to be met in English dictionaries or conversation, should still exist in Ireland. The word "ho" may be given as an instance, which is used as a substantive by Lord Berners, in his translation of Froissart, as also by Laneham, in his letter describing the festivities at Kenilworth, and is still so employed in Ireland. "As soon as he came into his fortune, there was no *ho* to his dashing away money." Another word is "forenenst," which is always employed by the Irish peasantry for "opposite," and which is used in the same sense by Fairfax, in his "Godfrey of Boulogne." To return to the word "Dony;" there is a village near Dublin named Donnybrook, situated on a mountain stream, called the Dodder, over which there is a handsome bridge with lofty arches. In dry wea-

ther the quantity of water is so inconsiderable, that a stranger would be very apt to use the sarcastic observation of the Spaniard, who on viewing the magnificent bridge that spanned the contemptible Manzanares, near Madrid, exclaimed, "*Es menester vender la puente, por comprar agua.*" "They ought to sell the bridge and buy water;" but in a few hours after a heavy fall of rain in the mountains, the Dodder becomes a river indeed, and swells up to the very summit of the arches. This has been mentioned for the sake of noticing a peculiarity in the name Donnybrook—little brook. It is curious that the word "brook" hardly ever occurs in English speech or writing, except in the sense defined by Johnson, "a running water less than a river;" and is always associated with the idea of flowery meads, &c. but in Ireland it appears to be employed in its true and original sense. The streams, which in the county Wicklow during rain burst or *break* from the hills, are always by the common people called *brooks*. Now the Anglo-Saxon Bꝑoc, from whence it evidently comes, signifies a torrent—torrens—χειμαρρους; and it is clear that it is derived from Bꝑocan, the participle of Bꝑecan, to break.

THE CHANGELING.

A YOUNG woman, whose name was Mary Scannell, lived with her husband not many years ago at Castle Martyr. One day in harvest time she went with several more to help in binding up the wheat, and left the child, which she was nursing, in a corner of the field, quite safe, as she thought, wrapped up in her cloak. When her work was finished, she returned to where the child was, but in place of her own, she found a thing in the cloak that was not half the size, and that kept up such a crying you might have heard it a mile off: so Mary Scannell guessed how the case stood, and, without stop or stay, away she took it in her arms pretending to be mighty fond of it all the while, to a wise woman. The wise woman told her in a whisper not to give it enough to eat, and to beat and pinch it without mercy, which Mary Scannell did; and just in one week after to the day, when she awoke in the morning, she found her own child lying by her side in the bed! The fairy that had been put in its place did not like the usage it got from Mary Scannell,

who understood how to treat it, like a sensible woman as she was, and away it went after the week's trial and sent her own child back to her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Anster has founded an exquisite ballad, printed in his Poems (8vo. Edinburgh, 1819, p. 157,) on this

point of fairy superstition, in which he applies the term "*weakling*" to the representative of the abstracted child.

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

Martin Luther, in his *Colloquia Mensalia*, or Table Talk, tells us of "a changed childe" twelve years of age, "who would eat as much as two threshers, would laugh and be joyful when any evil happened in the house, but would cry and be very sad when all went well."

Luther told the Prince of Anhalt, that if he were prince of that country, he would "venture *homicidum* thereon, and would throw it into the river Moldaw."—He admonished the people to pray devoutly to God to take away the devil, which "was done accordingly; and the second year after the changeling died."

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

The reader will perceive a strong similarity in the

traits of changeling character on comparing the foregoing with the tale of the Young Piper in this volume.

Castle Martyr, formerly called Bally Martyr, is a pretty village, through which the high road from Cork to Youghall passes. It is chiefly remarkable as the residence of Lord Shannon.

Dr. Smith, in his History of Cork, mentions that "about a mile south-east of Castle Martyr, a river called the Dowr breaks out from a limestone rock, after taking a subterraneous course near half a mile, having its rise near Mogeely."

In an Irish keen, or funeral lamentation, some verses of which are translated in a subsequent note, the mother who sings it over the dead body of her son compares the cheerless feelings with which she must pass through life to the dark waters of the subterranean Dowr.—A feeble attempt is made at giving this beautiful image in English verse:

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

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

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

CAPTURE OF BRIDGET PURCELL,

AS RELATED BY HER SISTER KATE PURCELL.

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

* Kippen—a switch. † Struck—fairy-struck.

more there, every where, up and down, for 'twas a good big place, and Biddy was in one corner, with not one along with her, or near her—only just herself. She had picked a good bundle of rushes, and while she was tying them in her apron, up came an old woman to her, and a very curious old woman she was. Not one of the neighbours could tell who she was, from poor Biddy's account, nor ever saw or heard tell of the likes of her before or since. So she looks at the rushes, and, "Biddy Purcell," says she, "give me some of them rushes."—Biddy was *afeard* of her life; but for all that she told her the bog was big enough, and there was plenty more rushes, and to go pick for herself, and not be bothering other people. The word wasn't out of her mouth, when the old woman got as mad as fire, and gave her such a slash across the knees and feet with a little whip that was in her hand, that Biddy was 'most *kilt* with the pain. That night Biddy took sick, and what with pains in her heart and out through her knees, she wasn't able to sit nor lie, and had to be kept up standing on the floor, and you'd hear the screeching and bawling of her as far, aye, and farther than Mungret. Well, our heart was broke with her, and we didn't know what in the wide world to do, for she was always

telling us, that if we had all the money belonging to the master, and to lose it by her, 'twould not do—she knew all along what ailed her, but she wasn't let tell till a couple of hours before she died, and then she told us she saw a whole heap of fairies, and they riding upon horses under Carrig, and every one of them had girls behind them all to one, and he told her he was waiting for her, and would come for her at such a day, and such an hour, and sure enough 'twas at that day and hour she died. She was just five days sick, and, as I said before, our heart was fairly broke to see the poor *craythur*, she was so bad. Well, we hear tell of a man that was good to bring back people (so they said,) and we went to him; he gave us a bottle full of green herbs, and desired us to boil them on the fire, and if they kept green she was our own, but if they turned yellow, she was gone—the good people had her from us. He bid us to give her the water they were boiled in to drink. When we came home we boiled the herbs, and they turned as yellow as gold in the pot before our eyes. We gave her the water to drink, and five minutes after she took it she died, or *whatsomever* thing we had in her place died: any how 'twas just like herself, and talked to us just the same as if 'twas our

own sister we had there before us. People says she's down 'long wi' them* in the old fort; some says she'll come back, and more says she wont, and indeed, *faix*, there's no knowing for *sartain* which to believe, or which way it is.

* The fairies.

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

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

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

In Doctor Neilson's excellent Irish Grammar the following metrical account of a fairy route occurs :—

"Around Knock Grein and Knock na Rae
Bin Builvin, and Keis Corain,
To Bin Eachlan, and Loch Da eun
From thence north-east to Slieve Guilin
They traversed the lofty hills of Mourne
Round high Sleive Denard, and Balachanèry
Down to Dundrin, Dundrum, and Dunardalay
Right forward to Knock na Feadalea."

The fairy tale which has furnished this extract is given in Irish with an English translation, and is most admirably told.

LEGEND OF BOTTLE HILL.

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

It was in the good days, when the little people most impudently called fairies, were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, that a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighbourhood of the 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 bottles for the child, and gave me my breakfast when I went over to ask a question, so he did; and how he came to see Billy, and never left off his goodness till he was quite well?"

"Oh! you are always that way, Molly, and I believe you are right after all, so I wont be sorry for selling the cow; but I'll go to-morrow, and

you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know 'tis 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, 'tisn'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? 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 wasn'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 could'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-traveller did not seem to walk like other men, nor to put one foot before the other, but to glide over the rough road, and rough enough it was, like a shadow, without noise and without effort. Mick's heart trembled within him, and he said a prayer to himself, wishing he 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.

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

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

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

"And what's that?" says Mick.

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

"And is this all?" says Mick.

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

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

"Lord between us and harm!" said Mick: "*He* can't 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, 'tisn't Mick can tell you, for the never a know does he know where she is now."

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

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

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

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

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

"Now, Molly," says Mick, "can't you hearken to reason? Didn't I tell you how the old man, or whatsomever he was, met me,—no, he did not meet me neither, but he was there with me—on the big hill, and how he made me sell him the

cow, and told me the bottle was the only thing for me?"

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

"Look there! Look there, mammy!"

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

"Arrah! then, have you? why, then, your'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 salvers were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out, "Stop those two devils, Mick Purcell, or I'll have you hanged."

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

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

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

An excellent moral may be drawn from this story, were the Irish a moralizing people; not being so, the

omission is perhaps characteristic. A close resemblance between the Legend of Bottle-hill, when allowance is made for the difference of locality and manners, and a well known eastern tale, will appear so evident, that it is sufficient barely to point it out: a German tale, called in English the "Bottle Imp," may also be mentioned, as similar in some of the incidents to this legend.

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

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

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

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

Mick Purcell's soliloquy respecting the buried treasure is in strict accordance with the popular belief of

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

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

THE

CONFESSIONS OF TOM BOURKE.

Tom Bourke lives in a low long farm-house, resembling in outward appearance a large barn, placed at the bottom of the hill, just where the new road strikes off from the old one, leading from the town of Kilworth to that of Lismore. He is of a class of persons who are a sort of black swans in Ireland: he is a wealthy farmer. Tom's father had, in the good old times, when a hundred pounds were no inconsiderable treasure, either to lend or spend, accommodated his landlord with that sum, at interest; and obtained as a return for the civility, a long lease, about half a dozen times more valuable than the loan which procured it. The old man died worth several hundred pounds, the greater part of which, with his farm, he bequeathed to his son Tom. But besides all this, Tom received from his father, upon his deathbed, another gift, far more valuable than worldly riches, greatly as he prized, and is still known to prize them. He was invested with the privilege, enjoyed by few of the sons of men, of communi-

cating with those mysterious beings, called "the good people."

Tom Bourke is a little, stout, healthy, active man, about fifty-five years of age. His hair is perfectly white, short and bushy behind, but rising in front erect and thick above his forehead, like a new clothes-brush. His eyes are of that kind which I have often observed with persons of a quick, but limited intellect—they are small, gray, and lively. The large and projecting eye-brows under, or rather within which they twinkle, give them an expression of shrewdness and intelligence, if not of cunning. And this is very much the character of the man. If you want to make a bargain with Tom Bourke, you must act as if you were a general besieging a town, and make your advances a long time before you can hope to obtain possession; if you march up boldly, and tell him at once your object, you are for the most part sure to have the gates closed in your teeth. Tom does not wish to part with what you wish to obtain, or another person has been speaking to him for the whole of the last week. Or, it may be, your proposal seems to meet the most favourable reception. "Very well, sir;" "That's true, sir;" "I'm very thankful to your honour," and other expressions of kindness and confidence, greet you in reply to every sentence; and you

part from him wondering how he can have obtained the character which he universally bears, of being a man whom no one can make any thing of in a bargain. But when you next meet him, the flattering illusion is dissolved: you find you are a great deal farther from your object than you were when you thought you had almost succeeded; his eye and his tongue express a total forgetfulness of what the mind within never lost sight of for an instant; and you have to begin operations afresh, with the disadvantage of having put your adversary completely upon his guard.

Yet, although Tom Bourke is, whether from supernatural revealings, or (as many will think more probable) from the tell-truth, experience, so distrustful of mankind, and so close in his dealings with them, he is no misanthrope. No man loves better the pleasures of the genial board. The love of money, indeed, which is with him (and who will blame him?) a very ruling propensity, and the gratification which it has received from habits of industry, sustained throughout a pretty long and successful life, have taught him the value of sobriety, during those seasons, at least, when a man's business requires him to keep possession of his senses. He has therefore a general rule, never to get drunk but on Sundays. But in order that it should be a general one to all intents

and purposes, he takes a method which, according to better logicians than he is, always proves the rule. He has many exceptions; among these, of course, are the evenings of all the fair and market-days that happen in his neighbourhood; so also all the days on which funerals, marriages, and christenings take place among his friends within many miles of him. As to this last class of exceptions, it may appear at first very singular, that he is much more punctual in his attendance at the funerals than at the baptisms or weddings of his friends. This may be construed as an instance of disinterested affection for departed worth, very uncommon in this selfish world. But I am afraid that the motives which lead Tom Bourke to pay more court to the dead than the living are precisely those which lead to the opposite conduct in the generality of mankind—a hope of future benefit and a fear of future evil. For the good people, who are a race as powerful as they are capricious, have their favourites among those who inhabit this world; often show their affection, by easing the objects of it from the load of this burdensome life; and frequently reward or punish the living, according to the degree of reverence paid to the obsequies and the memory of the elected dead.

Some may attribute to the same cause the

apparently humane and charitable actions which Tom, and indeed the other members of his family, are known frequently to perform. A beggar has seldom left their farm-yard with an empty wallet, or without obtaining a night's lodging, if required, with a sufficiency of potatoes and milk to satisfy even an Irish beggar's appetite; in appeasing which, account must usually be taken of the auxiliary jaws of a hungry dog, and of two or three still more hungry children, who line themselves well within, to atone for their nakedness without. If one of the neighbouring poor be seized with a fever, Tom will often supply the sick wretch with some untenanted hut upon one of his two large farms (for he has added one to his patrimony), or will send his labourers to construct a shed at a hedge-side, and supply straw for a bed while the disorder continues. His wife, remarkable for the largeness of her dairy, and the goodness of every thing it contains, will furnish milk for whey; and their good offices are frequently extended to the family of the patient, who are, perhaps, reduced to the extremity of wretchedness, by even the temporary suspension of a father's or a husband's labour.

If much of this arises from the hopes and fears to which I above alluded, I believe much of it flows from a mingled sense of compassion and of

duty, which is sometimes seen to break from an Irish peasant's heart, even where it happens to be enveloped in an habitual covering of avarice and fraud; and which I once heard speak in terms not to be misunderstood, "when we get a deal, 'tis only fair we should give back a little of it."

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

but from the singularity of a mother deriving her name from her son. Her son's name was Owen, and she was always called *Owen sa vauher* (Owen's mother). This person was, on the occasion to which I have alluded, *persuaded* to give her assistance to a young girl who had lost the use of her right leg: *Owen sa vauher* found the cure a difficult one. A journey of about eighteen miles was essential for the purpose, probably to visit one of the good people who resided at that distance; and this journey could only be performed by *Owen sa vauher* travelling upon the back of a white hen. The visit, however, was accomplished; and at a particular hour, according to the prediction of this extraordinary woman, when the hen and her rider were to reach their journey's end, the patient was seized with an irresistible desire to dance, which she gratified with the most perfect freedom of the diseased leg, much to the joy of her anxious family. The gratuity in this case was, as it surely ought to have been, unusually large, from the difficulty of procuring a hen willing to go so long a journey with such a rider.

To do Tom Bourke justice, he is on these occasions, as I have heard from many competent authorities, perfectly disinterested. Not many months since, he recovered a young woman (the sister of a tradesman living near him), who had been

struck speechless after returning from a funeral, and had continued so for several days. He steadfastly refused receiving any compensation; saying, that even if he had not as much as would buy him his supper, he could take nothing in this case, because the girl had offended at the funeral one of the *good people* belonging to his own family, and though he would do her a kindness, he could take none from her.

About the time this last remarkable affair took place, my friend Mr. Martin, who is a neighbour of Tom's, had some business to transact with him, which it was exceedingly difficult to bring to a conclusion. At last Mr. Martin, having tried all quiet means, had recourse to a legal process, which brought Tom to reason, and the matter was arranged to their mutual satisfaction, and with perfect good-humour between the parties. The accommodation took place after dinner at Mr. Martin's house, and he invited Tom to walk into the parlour and take a glass of punch, made of some excellent *potteen*, which was on the table: he had long wished to draw out his highly-endowed neighbour on the subject of his supernatural powers, and as Mrs. Martin, who was in the room, was rather a favourite of Tom's, this seemed a good opportunity.

"Well, Tom," said Mr. Martin, "that was a

curious business of Molly Dwyer's, who recovered her speech so suddenly the other day."

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

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

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

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

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

not know before why they were taking my boys from me; if I did, I would not be left trusting to two of 'em now."

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

"Why, then, I'll tell you, sir," said Bourke. "When your father said what I told you, I did not know very well what to do. I walked down the little *bohereen* you know, sir, that goes to the river side near Dick Heafy's ground; for 'twas a lonesome place, and I wanted to think of myself. I was heavy, sir, and my heart got weak in me, when I thought I was to lose my little boy; and I did not know well how to face his mother with the news, for she doted down upon him. Beside, she never got the better of all she cried at his brother's *berrin** the week before. As I was going down the bohereen, I met an old *bocough*, that used to come about the place once or twice a year, and used always sleep in our barn while he staid in the neighbourhood. So he asked me how I was. 'Bad enough, Shamous,'† says I. 'I'm sorry for your trouble,' says he; 'but you're a foolish man, Mr. Bourke. Your son would be well enough if you would only do what you ought with him.' 'What more can I do with

* Berrin—burying. † Shamous—James.

him, Shamous?' says I: 'the doctors give him over.' 'The doctors know no more what ails him than they do what ails a cow when she stops her milk,' says Shamous: 'but go to such a one,' telling me his name, 'and try what he'll say to you.' "

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

"I could not tell you that, sir," said Bourke, with a mysterious look: "howsoever, you often saw him, and he does not live far from this. But I had a trial of him before; and if I went to him at first, may be I'd have now some of them that's gone, and so Shamous often told me. Well, sir, I went to this man, and he came with me to the house. By course, I did every thing as he bid me. According to his order, I took the little boy out of the dwelling-house immediately, sick as he was, and made a bed for him and myself in the cow-house. Well, sir, I lay down by his side, in the bed, between two of the cows, and he fell asleep. He got into a perspiration, saving your presence, as if he was drawn through the river, and breathed hard, with a great *impression* on his chest, and was very bad—very bad entirely through the night. I thought about 12 o'clock he was going at last, and I was just getting up to go call the man I told you of; but there was no occasion. My friends were getting the better of

them that wanted to take him away from me. There was nobody in the cow-house but the child and myself. There was only one halfpenny candle lighting and that was stuck in the wall at the far end of the house. I had just enough of light where we were laying to see a person walking or standing near us: and there was no more noise than if it was a churchyard, except the cows chewing the fodder in the stalls. Just as I was thinking of getting up, as I told you—I won't belie my father, sir—he was a good father to me—I saw him standing at the bed-side, holding out his right hand to me, and leaning his other hand on the stick he used to carry when he was alive, and looking pleasant and smiling at me, all as if he was telling me not to be afeard, for I would not lose the child. 'Is that you, father?' says I. He said nothing. 'If that's you,' says I again, 'for the love of them that's gone, let me catch your hand.' And so he did, sir; and his hand was as soft as a child's. He stayed about as long as you'd be going from this to the gate below at the end of the avenue, and then went away. In less than a week the child was as well as if nothing ever ailed him; and there isn't to-night a healthier boy of nineteen, from this blessed house to the town of Ballyporeen, across the Kilworth mountains."

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

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

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

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

There was a pause, of which Mrs. Martin took advantage to inquire of Tom, whether something remarkable had not happened about a goat and a pair of pigeons, at the time of his son's illness—circumstances often mysteriously hinted at by Tom.

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

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

" Certainly not, Tom," returned Mr. Martin.

" Well, the woman came in to me, frightened, and told me. She began to cry.—' Whisht, you fool?' says I: ' 'tis all for the better.' 'Twas true for me. What do you think ma'am; the goat that I gave your mother, that was seen feeding at sunrise that morning by Jack Cronin, as merry as a bee, dropped down dead, without any body knowing why, before Jack's face; and at that very moment he saw two pigeons fly from the top of the house out of the town, towards the

Lismore road. 'Twas at the same time my woman saw them, as I just told you."

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

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

"I think you said something of having had some former knowledge of the man that assisted in the cure of your son," said Mr. Martin.

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

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

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

"Well, I believe I may tell you that, any how: his name is Patrick. He was always a smart, active, 'cute* boy, and would be a great clerk if he stuck to it. The first time I knew him, sir,

* 'Cute—acute.

was at my mother's wake. I was in great trouble, for I did not know where to bury her. Her people and my father's people—I mean their friends, sir, among the *good people*, had the greatest battle that was known for many a year, at Dunmanway-cross, to see to whose churchyard she'd be taken. They fought for three nights, one after another, without being able to settle it. The neighbours wondered how long I was before I buried my mother; but I had my reasons, though I could not tell them at that time. Well, sir, to make my story short, Patrick came on the fourth morning and told me he settled the business, and that day we buried her in Kilcrumper churchyard, with my father's people."

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

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

big inch,* near Ballyhefaan ford. He had taken a drop, to be sure; but he was only a little merry, as you may say, and knew very well what he was doing. The moon was shining, for it was in the month of August, and the river was as smooth and as bright as a looking-glass. He heard nothing for a long time but the fall of the water at the mill wier about a mile down the river, and now and then the crying of the lambs on the other side of the river. All at once, there was a noise of a great number of people, laughing as if they'd break their hearts, and of a piper playing among them. It came from the inch at the other side of the ford, and he saw, through the mist that hung over the river, a whole crowd of people dancing on the inch. Patrick was as fond of a dance as he was of a glass, and that's saying enough for him; so he whipped off his shoes and stockings, and away with him across the ford. After putting on his shoes and stockings at the other side of the river, he walked over to the crowd, and mixed with them for some time without being minded. He thought, sir, that he'd show them better dancing than any of themselves, for he was proud of his feet, sir, and good right he had, for there was not a boy in the same parish could foot a double or treble with

* Inch—low meadow ground near a river.

him. But pwah!—his dancing was no more to theirs than mine would be to the mistress there. They did not seem as if they had a bone in their bodies, and they kept it up as if nothing could tire them. Patrick was 'shamed within himself, for he thought he had not his fellow in all the country round; and was going away, when a little old man, that was looking at the company for some time bitterly, as if he did not like what was going on, came up to him. "Patrick," says he. Patrick started, for he did not think any body there knew him. "Patrick," says he, "you're discouraged, and no wonder for you. But you have a friend near you. I'm your friend, and your father's friend, and I think worse* of your little finger than I do of all that are here, though they think no one is as good as themselves. Go into the ring and call for a lilt. Don't be afeard. I tell you the best of them did not do as well as you shall, if you will do as I bid you." Patrick felt something within him as if he ought not to gainsay the old man. He went into the ring, and called the piper to play up the best double he had. And, sure enough, all that the others were able for was nothing to him! He bounded like an eel, now here and now there, as light as a fea-

* Worse—more.

ther, although the people could hear the music answered by his steps, that beat time to every turn of it, like the left foot of the piper. He first danced a hornpipe on the ground. Then they got a table, and he danced a treble on it that drew down shouts from the whole company. At last he called for a trencher; and when they saw him, all as if he was spinning on it like a top, they did not know what to make of him. Some praised him for the best dancer that ever entered a ring; others hated him because he was better than themselves; although they had good right to think themselves better than him or any other man that never went the long journey."

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

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

"Did he ever discover why he was gifted with

these extraordinary powers in the dance, Tom?" said Mr. Martin.

"I'll tell you that too, sir," answered Bourke, "when I come to it. When he went home, sir, he was taken with a shivering, and went to bed; and the next day they found he got the fever, or something like it, for he raved like as if he was mad. But they couldn't make out what it was he was saying, though he talked constant. The doctors gave him over. But it's little they know what ailed him. When he was, as you may say, about ten days sick, and every body thought he was going, one of the neighbours came in to him with a man, a friend of his, from Ballinlacken, that was keeping with him some time before. I can't tell you his name either, only it was Darby. The minute Darby saw Patrick, he took a little bottle, with the juice of herbs in it, out of his pocket, and gave Patrick a drink of it. He did the same every day for three weeks, and then Patrick was able to walk about, as stout and as hearty as ever he was in his life. But he was a long time before he came to himself; and he used to walk the whole day sometimes by the ditch side, talking to himself, like as if there was some one along with him. And so there was, surely, or he would't be the man he is to-day."

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

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

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

"You may say that, sir," returned Bourke. "I could tell you a great deal about it. Many a time I sat for as good as two hours by moon-

light, at th 'other side of the river, looking at 'em playing goal as if they'd break their hearts over it; with their coats and waistcoats off, and white handkerchiefs on the heads of one party, and red ones on th' other, just as you'd see on a Sunday in Mr. Simming's big field. I saw 'em one night play till the moon set, without one party being able to take the ball from th' other. I'm sure they were going to fight, only 'twas near morning. I'm told your grandfather, ma'am, used to see 'em there, too," said Bourke, turning to Mrs. Martin.

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

"Why, then, may be, you never heard, ma'am, what happened to Davy Roche in that same churchyard," said Bourke; and turning to Mr. Martin, added, "'Twas a long time before he went into your service, sir. He was walking home, of an evening, from the fair of Kilcummer, a little merry, to be sure, after the day, and he came up with a berrin. So he walked along with it, and thought it very queer, that he did not know a mother's soul in the crowd, but one man, and he was sure that man was dead many years afore. Howsomever, he went on with the berrin,

till they came to Kilcrumper churchyard; and faith he went in and staid with the rest, to see the corpse buried. As soon as the grave was covered, what should they do but gather about a piper that *come* along with 'em and fall to dancing as if it was a wedding. Davy longed to be among 'em (for he hadn't a bad foot of his own, that time, whatever he may now;) but he was loath to begin, because they all seemed strange to him, only the man I told you that he thought was dead. Well, at last this man saw what Davy wanted, and came up to him. 'Davy,' says he, 'take out a partner, and show what you can do, but take care and don't offer to kiss her.' 'That I won't,' says Davy, 'although her lips were made of honey.' And with that he made his bow to the *purtiest* girl in the ring, and he and she began to dance. 'Twas a jig they danced, and they did it to th' admiration, do you see, of all that were there. 'Twas all very well till the jig was over; but just as they had done, Davy, for he had a drop in, and was warm with the dancing, forgot himself, and kissed his partner, according to custom. The smack was no sooner off of his lips, you see, than he was left alone in the churchyard, without a creature near him, and all he could see was the tall tombstones. Davy said they seemed as if they were dancing too, but I suppose that was only the wonder that happened

him, and he being a little in drink. Howsomever, he found it was a great many hours later than he thought it; 'twas near morning when he came home; but they couldn't get a word out of him till the next day, when he woke out of a dead sleep about twelve o'clock."

When Tom had finished the account of Davy Roche and the berrin, it became quite evident that spirits, of some sort, were working too strong within him to admit of his telling many more tales of the good people. Tom seemed conscious of this.—He muttered for a few minutes broken sentences concerning churchyards, riversides, leprechans, and *dina magh*, which were quite unintelligible, perhaps to himself, certainly to Mr. Martin and his lady. At length he made a slight motion of the head upwards, as if he would say, "I can talk no more;" stretched his arm on the table, upon which he placed the empty tumbler slowly, and with the most knowing and cautious air; and rising from his chair, walked, or rather rolled, to the parlour door. Here he turned round to face his host and hostess; but after various ineffectual attempts to bid them good night, the words, as they rose, being always choked by a violent hiccup, while the door, which he held by the handle, swung to and fro, carrying his unyielding body along with it, he was obliged

to depart in silence. The cow-boy, sent by Tom's wife, who knew well what sort of allurement detained him, when he remained out after a certain hour, was in attendance to conduct his master home. I have no doubt that he returned without meeting any material injury, as I know that within the last month, he was, to use his own words, "As stout and hearty a man as any of his age in the county Cork."

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

"Don't call them my enemies," exclaims Tom Bourke, on hearing Mr. Martin apply the term enemy to an adverse fairy faction; and throughout it will be observed that he calls the fairies, as all Irish in his class of life would do, "*Good People.*" (*Dina Magh*, correctly written *Daoine Maith.*)

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

A similar desire of propitiating superior beings of malignant nature, or a wish to avoid words of ill omen, characterizes people of higher civilization. The Greeks

denominated the furies by the name of Ευμενιδ ς, the benevolent, and gave to one of them the title of Μεγαιρα, the merciful. On similar principles, without having recourse to grammatical quiddities, may possibly be explained the name of Charon, " the *grim* ferryman that poets write of," which if it be of Greek origin signifies " the rejoicing;" and why *Lucus*, the gloomy and appalling grove, should be derived from *luceo*, to shine with light: other instances will immediately occur to the scholar, as *Maleventum* changed to *Beneventum*; πονΐος αξενος, the sea unfriendly to strangers, to πονΐος ευξενος, the friendly, &c. We see it in more modern days in the alteration of " the Cape of Storms" into the " Cape of Good Hope." In one of the Waverley novels, Sir W. Scott, if Sir Walter it be, mentions that the Highlanders call the gallows, by which so many of their countrymen suffered, the *kind* gallows, and address it with uncovered head. Sir W. cannot account for this, but it is evidently propitiatory.

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

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

Bocough or Buckaugh is the name given to a singular class of Irish mendicants, whose character bears

some resemblance to that of the Gaberlunzie man of Scotland, and their adventures, perhaps, are sometimes not unlike those recorded in the verses of James Vth.

The importance attached to the manner and place of burial by the peasantry is almost incredible: it is always a matter of consideration and often of dispute whether the deceased shall be buried with his or her "own people."

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

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

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

FAIRIES OR NO FAIRIES.

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

John believed devoutly in faires; and an angry man was he if you doubted them. He had more fairy stories than would make, if properly printed in a rivulet of print running down a meadow of margin, two thick quartos for Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle-street; all of which he used to tell on all occasions that he could find listeners. Many believed his stories—many more did not believe them—but nobody, in process of time, used to contradict the old gentleman, for it was a pity to vex him. But he had a couple of young neigh-

bours who were just come down from their first vacation in Trinity College to spend the summer months with an uncle of theirs, Mr. Whaley, an old Cromwellian, who lived at Ballybegmullinahone, and they were too full of logic to let the old man have his own way undisputed.

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

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

"Never," was the reply.

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

Jack was particularly nettled at this and took up the cudgels for his grandmother; but the younkers were too sharp for him, and finally he got into a passion, as people generally do who

have the worst of an argument. This evening—it was at their uncle's, an old crony of his with whom he had dined—he had taken a large portion of his usual beverage, and was quite riotous. He at last got up in a passion, ordered his horse, and, in spite of his host's entreaties, galloped off, although he had intended to have slept there, declaring that he would not have any thing more to do with a pair of jackanapes puppies, who, because they had learned how to read good-for-nothing books in cramp writing, and were taught by a parcel of wiggy, red-snouted, prating prigs, ("not," added he, "however, that I say a man may not be a good man and have a red nose,") they imagined they knew more than a man who had held buckle and tongue together facing the wind of the world for five dozen years.

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

He looked and saw a gallant spectacle. His road lay by a noble demesne, gracefully sprinkled with trees, not thickly planted as in a dark forest,

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

and beyond number numberless. Jack threw the bridle over his horse's neck, and drew up to the low wall which bounded the demesne, and leaning over it, surveyed, with infinite delight, their diversified gambols. By looking long at them, he soon saw objects which had not struck him at first; in particular that in the middle was a chief of superior stature, round whom the group appeared to move. He gazed so long that he was quite overcome with joy, and could not help shouting out, "Bravo! little fellow," said he, "well kicked and strong." But the instant he uttered the words the night was darkened, and the fairies vanished with the speed of lightning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Done!" cried Jack; "but I will not promise that you will find them there, for I saw them scudding up in the sky like a flight of bees, and heard their wings whizzing through the air." This, you know, was a bounce, for Jack had heard no such thing.

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

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

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

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

"Catsup," said Jack, who when he found that the two lads (for the second had followed his bro-

ther) were both laughing in the middle of the fairies, had dismounted and advanced slowly—

"What do you mean by catsup?"

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

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

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

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

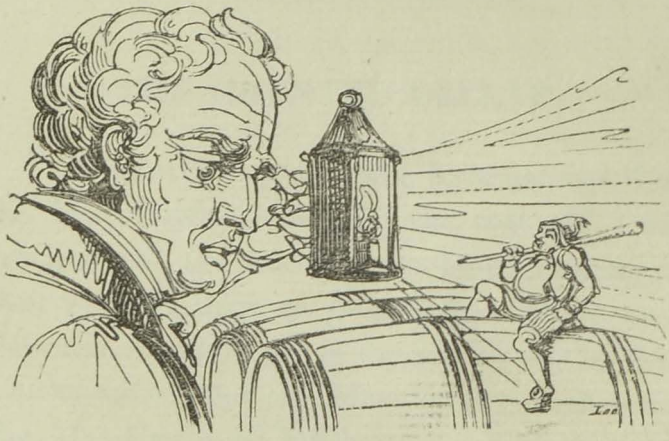
In concluding this section, it may gratify the reader to see the account of the origin of the fairies given by Addison in his Latin poem of the Πυγμαιογεξανομαχια, where, after mentioning the extermination of the pygmy

race by the victorious cranes, and showing how, as the Assyrian, the Persian, and the Roman empires had yielded to fate, so had that of the pygmies; and saying, that the souls of the pygmy warriors now roamed through the vallies of elysium, he thus proceeds:

"——— Aut si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, pygmæos corpore cassos,
Dum secura gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet."

FAIRY LEGENDS.

THE CLURICAUNE.



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

Δ.

LEGENDS

OF

THE CLURICAUNE.

THE HAUNTED CELLAR.

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

But not one of that name, or of any other, exceeded Justin Mac Carthy, of Ballinacarthy, at putting plenty to eat and drink upon his table; and there was a right hearty welcome for every one who would share it with him Many a wine-cellar would be ashamed of the name if that at Billinacarthy was the proper pattern for one;

a low bow by seizing with his right hand a lock of hair, and pulling down his head by it, whilst his left leg, which had been put forward, was scraped back against the ground, " may I make so bold as just to ask your honour one question?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

" Jack Leary," said he at length, " Jack—is it

Jack?" in a tone of wonder; "faith, 'tis not Jack now, but Mr. John, the butler;" and with an air of becoming consequence he strided out of the stable-yard towards the kitchen.

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

When Mr. Mac Carthy returned from hunting, he sent for Jack Leary—so he still continued to call his new butler. "Jack," said he, "I believe you are a trustworthy lad, and here are the keys of my cellar. I have asked the gentlemen with whom I hunted to-day to dine with me, and I hope they may be satisfied at the way in which

you will wait on them at table; but above all, let there be no want of wine after dinner."

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

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

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

It was waxing near midnight, when Mr. Mac Carthy rung the bell three times. This was a

signal for more wine; and Jack proceeded to the cellar to procure a fresh supply, but it must be confessed not without some little hesitation.

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

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

Summoning up all his resolution, down went the new butler, bearing in his right hand a lantern and the key of the cellar, and in his left a basket, which he considered sufficiently capacious to con-

tain an adequate stock for the remainder of the evening: he arrived at the door without any interruption whatever; but when he put the key, which was of an ancient and clumsy kind—for it was before the days of Bramah' spatent,—and turned it in the lock, he thought he heard a strange kind of laughing within the cellar, to which some empty bottles that stood upon the floor outside vibrated so violently, that they struck against each other: in this he could not be mistaken, although he may have been deceived in the laugh, for the bottles were just at his feet, and he saw them in motion.

Leary paused for a moment, and looked about him with becoming caution. He then boldly seized the handle of the key, and turned it with all his strength in the lock, as if he doubted his own power of doing so; and the door flew open with a most tremendous crash, that if the house had not been built upon the solid rock, would have shook it from the foundation.

To recount what the poor fellow saw would be impossible, for he seems not to know very clearly himself: but what he told the cook the next morning was, that he heard a roaring and bellowing like a mad bull, and that all the pipes and hogsheads and casks in the cellar went rocking backwards and forwards with so much force that he thought

every one would have been staved in, and that he should have been drowned or smothered in wine.

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

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

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

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

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

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mac Carthy to his guests, "this is too much. When I next see you to dinner, I hope it will be in another house, for it is impossible I can remain longer in this, where a man has no command over his own wine-cellar, and cannot get a butler to do his duty. I have long thought of moving from Ballinacarthy; and I am now determined, with the blessing of God, to leave it to-morrow. But wine shall you have were I to go myself to the cellar for it." So

saying, he rose from table, took the key and lantern from his half-stupified servant, who regarded him with a look of vacancy, and descended the narrow stairs, already described, which led to his cellar.

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

——————" like those mites
Of candid dew in moony nights—"

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

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

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

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

For some years after Mr. Mac Carthy had always to fetch the wine for his table himself, as the little Cluricaune Naggeneen seemed to feel a personal respect towards him. Notwithstanding the labour of these journeys, the worthy lord of Ballinacarthy lived in his paternal mansion to a good round age, and was famous to the last for the excellence of his wine, and the conviviality of his company; but at the time of his death, that same conviviality had nearly emptied his wine-cellar; and as it was never so well filled again, nor so

often visited, the revels of master Naggeneen became less celebrated, and are now only spoken of amongst the legendary lore of the country. It is even said that the poor little fellow took the declension of the cellar so to heart, that he became negligent and careless of himself, and that he has been sometimes seen going about with hardly a *skreed* to cover him.

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

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

"Mr. Harris, a quaker, had a Cluricaune in his family: it was very diminutive in form. If any of the servants, as they sometimes do through negligence, left

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

"Molly Jones—Molly Jones—
Potatoe skins and herring bones!—
I'll knock your head against the stones!
Molly Jones—Molly Jones."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

upon what pretext or by what authority I never could learn, into the house of a quiet, inoffensive, and laborious farmer; and when it had once taken possession, it disputed the right of domicile with the legal mortal tenant, in a very unneighbourly and arbitrary manner. In particular it seemed to have a great aversion to children. As there is no point on which a parent feels more acutely than that of the mal-treatment of his offspring, the feelings of the farmer, and more particularly of his good dame, were daily, aye, and nightly, harrowed up by the malice of this malignant and invisible Boggart (a Boggart is seldom or ever visible to the human eye, though it is frequently seen by cattle, particularly horses, and then they are said to take the *boggle*, a Yorkshireism for a shying horse.) The children's bread and butter would be snatched away, or their porringers of bread and milk would be dashed down by an invisible hand; or if they were left alone for a few minutes, they were sure to be found screaming with terror on the return of the parents, like the farmer's children in the tale of the 'Field of Terror,' whom the 'drudging goblin' used to torment and frighten when he was left alone with them. The stairs ascended from the kitchen; a partition of boards covered the ends of the steps and formed a closet beneath the staircase: a large round knot was accidentally displaced from one of the boards of this partition. One day the farmer's youngest boy was playing with the shoe-horn, and as children will do he stuck the horn

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

into this knot-hole. Whether this aperture had been formed by the Boggart as a peep hole to watch the motions of the family, I cannot pretend to say: some thought it was, for it was designated the Boggart's hole; or whether he merely wished to amuse himself by ejecting the aforesaid horn with surprising precision, at the head of those who put it there; be it either way, or both ways, if in mirth or in anger, the horn darted out with velocity and struck the poor child over the head. Time at length familiarized this preternatural occurrence, and that which at first was regarded with terror, became a kind of amusement with the more thoughtless and daring of the family. Often was the horn slipped slyly into the hole, which never failed to be darted forth at the head of one or other; but most commonly he or she, who placed it there, was the mark at which their invisible foe launched the offending horn. They used to call this, in their provincial dialect—'laking with Boggart,' i. e. playing with Boggart; and now, as if enraged at these liberties taken with his Boggartship, the goblin commenced a series of night persecutions; heavy steps, as of a person in wooden clogs, were often heard clattering down the stairs in the dead hour of darkness; and the pewter and earthen dishes appeared to be dashed on the kitchen floor: though in the morning all remained uninjured on their respective shelves. The children were chiefly marked out as objects of dislike by this unearthly tormentor. The curtains of their beds would be violently pulled backwards and forwards; anon, a heavy weight, as of a human being, would press them nearly to suffocation;—they would then scream out for their daddy and mammy, who occupied the

adjoining room; and thus they were disturbed night after night.

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

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

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

"I believe they did turn back, and the Boggart and they came to a better understanding, though it long continued its trick of shooting the horn from the knothole. An old tailor, whom I but faintly remember,

used to say the horn was often 'pitched' at his head, and at the head of his apprentice, many years after the above circumstance took place, whilst seated on the kitchen table of this farm-house, when they went their rounds to work, as is customary with country tailors."

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

C. Viva Dios, que yo le vi
A los ultimos reflexos
Que la pavesa dexò
De la luz que me avia muerto.
Don M. Que forma tenia?
C. Era un Frayle
Tamañito, y tenia puesto
Un cucurucho tamaño
Que por estas señas creo
Que era duende Capuchino.

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

Naggeneen, the name given to the Cluricaune, im-

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

The writer has ventured to retain the Irish name of Naggeneen, in opposition to the advice of a critical English friend, who recommended that of Flip-nip, as conveying something the same idea, and being in better accordance with fairy nomenclature. The latter part of this remark was enforced by a quotation from Poole's English Parnassus (8vo. 1677,) where the Fairy Court, founded on Drayton's Nymphidia, is arranged as follows:

OBERON, *the Emperor.* MAB, *the Empress.*

Periwiggen, Periwinkle, Puck, Hobgoblin, Tomalin, Tom Thumb—*Courtiers.*

Hop, Mop, Drop, Pip, Trip, Skip, Fib, Tib, Tick,

Pink, Pin, Quick, Gill, Jin, Tit, Wap, Win, Nit—*The Maids of Honour.*

Nymphidia—*Mother of the Maids.*

Herrick also, in his poem entitled "the Fairie Temple," an exuberantly fanciful satire on the rites of the Romish church, thus playfully recounts the fairy saints.

"Saint *Tit*, Saint *Nit*, Saint *Is*, Saint *Itis*,
Who 'gainst *Mab's State* plac't here right is,
Saint *Will o' th' Wispe* (of no great bignes)
But *alias* call'd here *Fatuus ignis.*
Saint *Frip*, Saint *Trip*, Saint *Fill*, Saint *Fillie.*
Neither those other saintships will I
Here goe about for to recite,
Their number almost infinite;
Which, one by one, here set down are,
In this most curious calendar."

Common consent seems to have nominated Herrick the laureat of the fairies; and it must be acknowledged that the quaint beauty of his verses well merited for their author the distinction. Herrick evidently took delight in fairy-sounding monosyllabic names.

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

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

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

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

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

Felix looked rather daunted, but he said nothing.

"Why, then, upon my troth, and it well becomes the like o' you, that's nothing but a bit of a *gossoon*, to take upon you to pretend not to believe what your father and your father's father,

* *Public*—public house.

and his father before him, never made the least doubt of! But to make the matter short, seeing's believing, they say; and I that might be your grandmother tell you there are such things as Cluricaunes, and I myself saw one—there's for you, now!"

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

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

the heel of a pump. 'Lord preserve us!' said I to myself: 'what in the world can that be?' So I laid down my knitting, and got up and stole softly over to the beans, and never believe me if I did not see sitting there before me, in the middle of them, a bit of an old man not a quarter so big as a new-born child, with a little cocked hat on his head, and a dudeen in his mouth smoking away, and a plain old-fashioned drab-coloured coat with big buttons upon it on his back, and a pair of massy silver buckles in his shoes, that almost covered his feet, they were so big; and he working away as hard as ever he could, heeling a little pair of brogues. The minute I clapt my two eyes upon him, I knew him to be a Cluricaune; and as I was stout and fool-hardy, says I to him, 'God save you, honest man! that's hard work you're at this hot day.' He looked up in my face quite vexed like; so with that I made a run at him, caught a hold of him in my hand, and asked him where was his purse of money. 'Money?' said he, 'money, indeed! and where would a poor little old creature like me get money?'—'Come, come,' said I, 'none of your tricks: doesn't every body know that Cluricaunes, like you, are as rich as the devil himself?' So I pulled out a knife I had in my pocket, and put on as wicked a face as ever I could (and, in troth, that

was no easy matter for me then, for I was as comely and good-humoured a looking girl as you'd see from this to Carrignavar),—and swore if he didn't instantly give me his purse, or show me a pot of gold, I'd cut the nose off his face. Well, to be sure, the little man did look so frightened at hearing these words, that I almost found it in my heart to pity the poor little creature. 'Then,' said he, 'come with me just a couple of fields off, and I'll show you where I keep my money.' So I went, still holding him in my hand and keeping my eyes fixed upon him, when all of a sudden I heard a *whiz-z* behind me. 'There! there!' cries he, 'there's your bees all swarming and going off with themselves.' I, like a fool as I was, turned my head round, and when I saw nothing at all, and looked back at the Cluricaune, I found nothing at all at all in my hand; for when I had the ill luck to take my eyes off him, you see, he slipped out of my hand just as if he was made of fog or smoke, and the sorrow the foot he ever came nigh my garden again."

The popular voice assigns shoe-making as the occupation of the Cluricaune, and his recreations smoking and drinking. His characteristic traits are those which

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

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

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

Mr. Moore, in a note on these words, apparently with more of gallantry than skill in "fairie lore," doubts his own knowledge of the Leprechan or Cluricaune, in consequence of the account given by Lady Morgan, which though unquestionably her ladyship is "a high authority on such subjects," it will be seen can be reconciled without much difficulty, as it is but the tricking sequel of a Cluricaune adventure, should his endeavour to avert the eye prove unsuccessful.

The Cluricaune is supposed to have a knowledge of

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

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

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

Dudeen signifies a little stump of a pipe. Small tobacco-pipes, of an ancient form, are frequently found in Ireland, on digging or ploughing up the ground, particularly in the vicinity of those circular entrenchments, called Danish forts, which were more probably the villages or settlements of the native Irish. These pipes are believed by the peasantry to belong to the Cluricaunes, and when discovered are broken, or otherwise treated with indignity, as a kind of retort for the

tricks which their supposed owners had played off. In the Anthologia Hibernica, vol. i. p. 352 (Dublin, 1793), there is a print of one of these pipes, which was found at Brannockstown, county Kildare, sticking between the teeth of a human skull; and it is accompanied by a paper, which, on the authority of Herodotus (lib. 1. sec. 36), Strabo (lib. vii. 296), Pomponius Mela (2), and Solinus (c. 15), goes to prove that the northern nations of Europe were acquainted with tobacco, or an herb of similar properties, and that they smoked it through small tubes—of course, long before the existence of America was known.

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

Should the reader feel inclined to doubt any part of Moirna Hogaune, *anglice*, Mary Hogan's relation, it will not be difficult to obtain an account of her adventure with the Cluricaune, and many other even more wonderful tales, from her own lips; as Moirna is well known, and is, or at least was, living within the last six months, not far from the ford of Ahnamoe, alluded to in the text, which is considered to be a favourite haunt of the fairies. This information may perhaps be acceptable to Mr. Ellis, the able and judicious editor of Brand's Popular Antiquities; for in one of his notes on that valuable work, he says, "I made strict inquiries after fairies in the uncultivated wilds of Northumberland, but even there I could only meet with a man who said that he had seen *one that*

had seen fairies. Truth is hard to come at in most cases; none, I believe ever came nearer to it in this than I have."

The correspondent of the Literary Gazette (No. 430), from whose communication a long extract has been already made in the preceding note, states that "A respectable female (who lived in a village in the east riding of Yorkshire), who is nearly related to the writer of this, and who is now alive, beheld when she was a little girl a troop of fairies "softly footing a roundel daunce," in her mother's large old wainscotted parlour, even in the 'garish eye of day.' I have frequently," continues the writer, "heard it related by her venerable mother, and subsequently by herself. I shall give the tale as I received it from the old lady.—'My eldest daughter, Betsey, was about four years old; I remember it was on a fine summer's afternoon, or rather evening, I was seated on this chair which I now occupy: the child had been in the garden, she came into that entry or passage from the kitchen (on the right side of the entry was the old parlour door, on the left the door of the common sitting-room; the mother of the child was in a line with both the doors); the child, instead of turning towards the sitting-room, made a pause at the parlour door, which was open: I observed her to stand, and look in very attentively: she stood several minutes quite still; at last I saw her draw her hand quickly towards her body; she set up a loud shriek, and ran, or rather flew to me, crying out 'oh, mammy, green man will heb me, green man will heb me!' It was a long time before I could pacify her; I then asked her why she was so frightened. 'Oh mammy,' she said, 'all t' parlour is full of *addlers* and *menters*.'

Elves and fairies, I suppose she meant. She said they were dancing, and a little man in a green coat with a gold-laced cock'd hat on his head, offered to take her hand, as if he would have her as his partner in the dance.' The mother, upon hearing this, went and looked into the old parlour, but the fairy pageant, like Prospero's spirits, had melted into thin air. Such is the account I heard of this vision of fairies, the person is still alive who witnessed, or supposed she saw it, and though a well-informed person, still positively asserts the relation to be strictly true."

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

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

MASTER AND MAN.

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

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

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

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

"Success," said the little man; "and you're heartily welcome, Billy; but don't think to cheat me as you have done others,—out with your purse and pay me like a gentleman."

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

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

When Billy heard this, he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the little man; and he felt himself, yet could not

tell how, obliged to follow the little man the live-long night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake without any rest.

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

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

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

the bottom of the hill, with the bit of bog over against us."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Up! up! and no words," said the little man, looking very angry; "the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it." So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush: "Borram! Borram! Borram!" cried the little man three times (which, in English, means to become great), and Billy

did the same after him: presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed; but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs, without much minding how he did it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which, was rather awkward, with his face to the horse's tail; and so quickly had his steed started off with him, that he had no power to turn round, and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

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

The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could make no meaning; but he contrived to say them after him for all that; and in they both went through the key-hole of the door, and through one key-hole after another, until they got into the wine-cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, noway disliking the example,

did the same. "The best of masters are you, surely," said Billy to him; "no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink."

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

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

One night when Billy Mac Daniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, "Billy, I shall want another horse to-night, for may be we may

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

Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigogunniel, that was built, they say, by the great Brian Boru. Within the house there was great carousing going forward, and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen; then turning round all of a sudden, said, Billy, I will be a thousand years old to-morrow!"

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

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

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

"And to that purpose," said the little man,

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

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

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

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

There they were, both master and man, looking

down upon the fun that was going forward—and under them were the priest and piper—and the father of Darby Riley, with Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son—and there were both the father and the mother of Bridget Rooney, and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as good right they had—and her four sisters with bran new ribbons in their caps, and her three brothers all looking as clean and as clever as any three boys in Munster—and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and cousins enough besides to make a full house of it —and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them, if they had been double the number.

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

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

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

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

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

"Ha!" exclaimed the little Man."

Published April 10, 1826, by John Murray, London.

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

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

This mode of travelling through the air upon rushes is of common occurrence in fairy history;—a straw, a blade of grass, a fern, or cabbage stalk, are equally well adapted for steeds. The writer has been told of many men who were obliged, like Billy Mac Daniel,

to give way and keep company with the good people; to use the words of the narrator, " going far and near with them, day and night—to London one night, and to America the next; and the only horses they made use of for these great journeys were cabbage stumps in the form of natural horses."

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

" The Witch of Fife" furnishes an apt illustration.

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

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

This ballad of Mr. Hogg's appears to be founded on the traditional anecdote recorded of one of the Duffus family, who by means of the phrase " Horse and Hattock," equivalent in effect to the words " Borram, Borram, Borram," joined company with the fairies on a trip, to examine the king of France's wine-cellar,

where, having drunk too freely, he fell asleep, and was so found the next day, with a silver cup in his hand. The sequel informs us, that on being brought before the king, his majesty not only most graciously pardoned the offender; but dismissed him with the wine-cup as a present, which is said to be still preserved in the family.

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

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

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

"*Yr ydeodh ynmhob gobant, Ellyllon vingeimion gant.*"

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

"These fairies are often inclined to play tricks with the less pure inhabitants of the mountains, who hazard to ramble in misty weather; they will seize hold

of any forlorn traveller they meet with, and propose to give him a lift through the air, and they offer the choice of one out of three courses: that is, he may be carried below wind, above wind, or mid wind. Those who are used to these journeys take care to choose the middle course; for, should any one unused to such things choose to go above wind, he will be borne so high as to despair of ever alighting again on the earth; and any ignorant wight who prefers to be carried below wind is dragged through all the brambles and briers that they can find. A lawyer with a broken nose, and otherwise disfigured," continues the learned doctor, " used to relate in my hearing, when a boy, of such having been his lot, and of which he bore the marks, and was consequently called '*Y Trwyn*' or 'the Nosy.' This, I remember, had such an effect upon me, that if I walked in a mist, I took good care to walk on the grass, in case there should be need to catch hold of a blade of it, which the fairies had not the power to break."

Such being the pranks of Welsh fairies, it is not to be wondered at that the valiant Sir John Falstaff should feel so particularly dismayed at discovering one in company with the wickedly disposed elves of Hernes Oak. (Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V. Scene 5.) " Heavens defend me," exclaims the knight, " from that *Welsh* fairy, lest he transform me into a piece of cheese!"

The young couple, whose happiness would doubtless have been destroyed by the little man but for Billy Mac Daniel's pious exclamation, are probably the identical pair whose courtship is so particularly de-

tailed in a popular song, of which the annexed verse may serve as a specimen.

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

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

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

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

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

During the last siege of Limerick, this castle was garrisoned by the adherents of James II. but was sur-

rendered by them without defence, although it was so tenable a position that the besiegers deemed it expedient to blow it up. "The violent effect of the explosion is still evident in the delapidated remains of Carrigogunniel. Massive fragments of the walls and towers lie scattered around in a confusion not unpicturesque; and it is a matter of some difficulty to trace the original plan." A view of Carrigogunniel is given in the second volume of Grose's Antiquities of Ireland.

THE TURF CUTTERS.

"Surely," said Bill Welsh, "there is none of them things called Cluricaunes now—'tis my belief they are gone, clear and clean out of the country this many a long year."

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

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

"What sort of a thing the Cluricaune is," said Murphy, in a tone of surprise, "there's myself, that is no dead man, but God be praised for the same, stout and hearty this blessed summer's morning, I see one once, and another man along with me see it as well as myself. It is as good as fifteen years ago, I was walking in Coolnahullig bog, in the parish of Magourney, with John Lynch going for turf. Well, what should we see there before us, but a boy like of ten or twelve years old, only more broad and bulky, dressed in a grey

little coat, and stockings of the same colour, with an old little black woollen hat. 'By the laws,' says Jack, 'that's a Cluricaune!' It might be, said I, for I never saw one. 'I am sure of it,' says he, 'for no boy could be so bulky—We'll hunt him,' says he, 'and try if we can catch him, and get the purse, and then we'll always find a shilling when we put our hand in it.'

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

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

"over pop, went the little fellow with the spring of a Grafshopper."

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

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

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

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

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

THE FIELD OF BOLIAUNS.

Tom Fitzpatrick was the eldest son of a comfortable farmer who lived at Ballincollig. Tom was just turned of nine-and-twenty, when he met the following adventure, and was as clever, clean, tight, good-looking a boy as any in the whole county Cork. One fine day in harvest—it was indeed Lady-day in harvest, that every body knows to be one of the greatest holidays in the year—Tom was taking a ramble through the ground, and went sauntering along the sunny side of a hedge, thinking in himself, where would be the great harm if people, instead of idling and going about doing nothing at all, were to shake out the hay, and bind and stook the oats that was lying on the ledge, 'specially as the weather had been rather broken of late, when all of a sudden he heard a clacking sort of noise a little before him, in the hedge. "Dear me," said Tom, "but isn't it now really surprising to hear the stonechatters singing so late in the season?" So Tom stole on, going on the tops of his toes to try if he could get a sight of what was making

the noise, to see if he was right in his guess. The noise stopped; but as Tom looked sharply through the bushes, what should he see in a nook of the hedge but a brown pitcher that might hold about a gallon and a half of liquor; and by and by a little wee diny dony bit of an old man, with a little *motty* of a cocked hat stuck upon the top of his head, and a deeshy daushy leather apron hanging before him, pulled out a little wooden stool, and stood up upon it and dipped a little piggin into the pitcher, and took out the full of it, and put it beside the stool, and then sat down under the pitcher, and began to work at putting a heel-piece on a bit of a brogue just fitting for himself. "Well, by the powers;" said Tom to himself, "I often heard tell of the Cluricaune; and, to tell God's truth, I never rightly believed in them—but here's one of them in real earnest. If I go knowingly to work, I'm a made man. They say a body must never take their eyes off them, or they'll escape."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll tell you what it is, young man—it would be fitter for you to be looking after your father's property than to be bothering decent, quiet people with your foolish questions. There now, while you're idling away your time here, there's the cows have broke into the oats, and are knocking the corn all about."

Tom was taken so by surprise with this, that he was just on the very point of turning round when he recollected himself; so, afraid that the like might happen again, he made a *grab** at the Cluricaune, and caught him up in his hand; but in his hurry he overset the pitcher, and spilt all the beer, so that he could not get a taste of it to tell what sort it was. He then swore what he would not do to him if he did not show him where his money was. Tom looked so wicked

* Grab—grasp.

and so bloody-minded, that the little man was quite frightened; so, says he, "Come along with me a couple of fields off, and I'll show you a crock of gold."

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

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

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

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

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

So Tom ran, for the dear life, till he came

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

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

" It would be extremely difficult," says her ladyship, " to class this supernatural agent, who holds a distinguished place in the Irish ' fairies.' His appearance, however, is supposed to be that of a shrivelled little old man, whose presence marks a spot where hidden treasures lie concealed, which were buried there in ' *the troubles.*' He is therefore generally seen in lone and dismal places, out of the common haunts of man; and though the night wanderer may endeavour to mark the place where he beheld the guardian of the treasures perched, yet when he returns in the morning with proper implements to turn up the earth, the thistle, stone, or branch he has placed as a mark

is so multiplied, that it is no longer a distinction; and the disappointments occasioned by the malignity of the little Leprechan render him a very unpopular fairy: his name is never applied but as a term of contempt."

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

"Sed ut dicunt ego nihil scio, sed audivi, quomodo Incuboni pileum rapuisset et thesaurum invenit," are the words of Petronius, an author of whom Lady Morgan is of course ignorant.

The English reader will perhaps be surprised to see the term *boy* applied to a young man of nine-and-twenty; but in Ireland this word is commonly used as equivalent to young man, much as the word παις was employed by the Greeks, and *puer*, still more abusively, by the Romans; as, for example, in the first Eclogue of Virgil: Tityrus, who represents Augustus as replying to his application for protection from the soldiery—"Pascite ut ante boves *pueri*," is immediately addressed by the other shepherd—"Fortunate *senex*." Spenser also employs it in the same sense; for he calls Prince Arthur's squire Timias *a lusty boy;* and Spenser, except in his finals, is good authority. Mr. Wordsworth, too, whose logical correctness in the use of words is notorious, does not scruple, among the employments which his "Old Adam" assumed on coming to London, to mention that of an "errand *boy*." It may, perhaps, be safely asserted, that our shoals of continental travellers do not always find the *garçon* at a French hotel or caffé

to be an *imberbis puer*. It is treading on tender ground to presume to censure Miss Edgeworth, but it might possibly be queried whether, in her tale of "Ormond," she has not o'erstepped the modesty of nature when she makes King Corny qualify the tough ploughman with the title of *boy*, though, indeed, this is a point that may admit of doubt; for the devil himself, who, all agree, is no chicken, is very commonly styled the "*Old boy*."

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

Dr. Smith may be right in his conjectures respecting the fences which he has described, though these will by no means apply to the low stone lines which are to be seen on many of the mountains in Muskerry, in the county Cork, and which were obviously never in-

tended for enclosures, but for mere boundaries, or marks of property: the stones are placed in regular lines, and are certainly not the remains of walls, as they consist of only one layer of stones. It is also to be remarked, that the enclosures are too small and too numerous to indicate a division of land for ordinary purposes; and their use can only be explained by supposing (as we have every reason to do) that they were intended to mark out the bounds within which each man cut his portion of heath.

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

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

It would be rather curious to ascertain whether the Northumbrians and the peasants of the East Riding retain so distinct an idea of these northern invaders.

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

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

THE LITTLE SHOE.

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

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

"But did you ever see one, Molly—did you ever see one yourself?"

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

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

"Why, then, I'll tell you. My grandfather, you see, was out there above in the bog, drawing home turf, and the poor old mare was tired after her day's work, and the old man went out to the stable to look after her, and to see if she was eating her hay; and when he came to the stable

door there, my dear, he heard something hammering, hammering, hammering, just for all the world like a shoemaker making a shoe, and whistling all the time the prettiest tune he ever heard in his whole life before. Well, my grandfather, he thought it was the Cluricaune, and he said to himself, says he, 'I'll catch you, if I can, and then I'll have money enough always.' So he opened the door very quietly, and didn't make a bit of noise in the world that ever was heard; and looked all about, but the never a bit of the little man he could see any where, but he heard him hammering and whistling, and so he looked and looked, till at last he *see* the little fellow; and where was he, do you think, but in the girth under the mare; and there he was with his little bit of an apron on him, and hammer in his hand, and a little red nightcap on his head, and he making a shoe; and he was so busy with his work, and he was hammering and whistling so loud, that he never minded my grandfather till he caught him fast in his hand. 'Faith, I have you now,' says he, 'and I'll never let you go till I get your purse—that's what I won't; so give it here to me at once, now.' 'Stop, stop,' says the Cluricaune, 'stop, stop,' says he, 'till I get it for you.' So my grandfather, like a fool, you see,

opened his hand a little, and the little fellow jumped away laughing, and he never saw him any more, and the never the bit of the purse did he get, only the Cluricaune left his little shoe that he was making; and my grandfather was mad enough angry with himself for letting him go; but he had the shoe all his life, and my own mother told me she often *see* it, and had it in her hand, and 'twas the prettiest little shoe she ever saw."

"And did you see it yourself, Molly?"

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

There is nothing very strange in the circumstance of Molly's grandfather becoming the possessor of a Cluricaune's shoe, for even in the present century, when these little people are supposed to have grown more shy and cautious of letting themselves be seen or heard, persons have been fortunate enough to get their shoes, though the purse still eludes them. In a Kilkenny paper, published not more than three years ago, there was a paragraph (which paragraph was copied in most of the Irish papers) stating that a peasant returning home in the dusk of the evening, discovered one of these little folk at work, and as the

workman, as usual, contrived to make his escape, the peasant secured the shoe to bear witness of the fact, which shoe, to satisfy public curiosity, lay for inspection at the office of the said paper. It is therefore not impossible that this specimen of Cluricaune cordwainery may still exist.

The names of Cogan and Kilmallock excite ideas of rather a serious nature; which, however little they may accord with the tone of the tales contained in the section which is now closing, serve to prepare the mind for those of a more solemn character, composing that which follows. The name Cogan cannot fail to recall to the mind of the reader versed in Irish history the celebrated Milo de Cogan, one of those early adventurers termed Strongbownians, and from whom all the Irish Cogans are probably descended; but sadly indeed has that name declined in importance, for few who bear it now rank even in the middle classes of society. The same observation may be made concerning most of the names which occur in the history of the first invasion. Some have totally disappeared, others have sunk down into the lower orders, and but a small number retain the semblance of what they once were. Where are now the Fitz Andelms, the Fitz Hughs, the Fitz Stephens, and those numerous other families which bore the Norman patronymic of Fitz? They have vanished. Where shall we seek for the descendants of the brave Milo de Cogan, and Hugh Tyrrell, the accomplished Raymond le Gros, or the puissant Walter and Hugh de Lacy, who could venture to set at defiance even the royal authority? A few, a very

few may be found among the middle ranks, but the great majority occupy no higher station than that of artizans and labourers. The Barrys, the De Courceys, the St. Laurences, the Mountmorrises, the De Burgos, the Fitz Geralds, alone appear on the rolls of nobility; but how few of these can cope in wealth and importance with some peers of far more recent creation? Of the Fitz Geralds, the Kildare branch still retains its wealth and dignity; but where are now the once potent Fitz Maurices of Desmond? Alas! with the exception of those branches bearing the romantic titles of the White Knight, the Black Knight, and the Knight of Glin (and even these are fast merging into other families,) the descendants of the mighty house of Desmond are no longer distinguished by either fame or fortune; and a pang for the transitoriness of human splendour will, perhaps, be excited in a reflecting mind, on reading the following artless lines in the cathedral of Cork—

> "Here lies a branch of Desmond's race,
> In Thomas Holland's burial-place."

Equally fallen with the noble race of Desmond is the former chief seat of their power, Kilmallock, distinguished by its splendid abbeys, and its strong defences. It is now the abode of wretchedness and misery, interesting only by its ruins, and the associations connected with its name. What tourist, possessed of sensibility, can view Kilmallock and think of the Desmonds, their opulence and their power, without calling

to mind these beautiful and pensive lines of the Italian Homer—

> " Giace l'alta Cartago, appena i segni
> De l'alte sue ruine il lido serba;
> Muoiono le città, muoiono i regni,
> Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba,
> E l'uom d' esser mortal par che si sdegni?
> O nostra mente cupida e superba!"

FAIRY LEGENDS.

THE BANSHEE.

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

OURAWNS.

LEGENDS

OF

THE BANSHEE.

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

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

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

as fire-wood by an ignorant follower of the family, who, on their removal to Cork for a temporary change of scene, was left in charge of the house.

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

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

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

Miss Bunworth, who was a woman of strong nerve, inquired if any thing he had learned in

Mallow induced him to suppose that her father was worse.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Tis an idle superstition," said Miss Bunworth.

"May be so," replied Kavanagh, as if the words 'idle superstition' only sounded upon his ear without reaching his mind—"May be so," he continued; "but as I came through the glen of Ballybeg, she was along with me keening, and screeching and clapping her hands, by my side every step of the way, with her long white hair falling about her shoulders, and I could hear her repeat the master's name every now and then, as plain as ever I heard it. When I came to the old abbey, she parted from me there, and turned into the pigeon-field next the *berrin* ground, and folding her cloak about her, down she sat under the tree that was struck by the lightning, and began keening so bitterly, that it went through one's heart to hear it."

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

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

The night was serene and moonlight—the sick man slept—and nothing broke the stillness of their melancholy watch, when the little party in the room adjoining the parlour, the door of which

stood open, was suddenly roused by a sound at the window near the bed: a rose-tree grew outside the window, so close as to touch the glass; this was forced aside with some noise, and a low moaning was heard, accompanied by clapping of hands, as if of a female in deep affliction. It seemed as if the sound proceeded from a person holding her mouth close to the window. The lady who sat by the bedside of Mr. Bunworth went into the adjoining room, and in the tone of alarm, inquired of the gentlemen there, if they had heard the Banshee? Sceptical of supernatural appearances, two of them rose hastily and went out to discover the cause of these sounds, which they also had distinctly heard. They walked all round the house, examining every spot of ground, particularly near the window from whence the voice had proceeded; the bed of earth beneath, in which the rose tree was planted, had been recently dug, and the print of a footstep —if the tree had been forced aside by mortal hand —would have inevitably remained; but they could perceive no such impression; and an unbroken stillness reigned without. Hoping to dispel the mystery, they continued their search anxiously along the road, from the straightness of which and the lightness of the night, they were enabled to see some distance around them; but all was

silent and deserted, and they returned surprised and disappointed. How much more then were they astonished at learning that the whole time of their absence, those who remained within the house had heard the moaning and clapping of hands even louder and more distinct than before they had gone out; and no sooner was the door of the room closed on them, than they again heard the same mournful sounds! Every succeeding hour the sick man became worse, and when the first glimpse of the morning appeared, Mr. Bunworth expired.

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

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

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

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

"How oft has the Banshee cried."—

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

neartaidh an brón-ghol: do ghlac eagla ceannuidhthe an chnósaicc: 'na dtaobh féin nír bhaoghal dòibhsin: ni chaoinid mna-sighe an sort san."

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

The Welsh Gwrâch y Rhibyn, or the hag of the dribble, mentioned in a former note, bears some resemblance to the Irish Banshee, being regarded as an omen of death. She is said to come after dusk, and flap her leathern wings against the window where she warns of death, and in a broken, howling tone, to call on the one who is to quit mortality by his or her name several times, as thus, *A-a-a-n-ni-i-i-i-! Anni.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

LEGENDS OF THE BANSHEE.

The family of Mac Carthy have for some generations possessed a small estate in the county of Tipperary. They are the descendants of a race, once numerous and powerful in the south of Ireland; and though it is probable that the property they at present hold is no part of the large possessions of their ancestors, yet the district in which they live is so connected with the name of Mac Carthy by those associations which are never forgotten in Ireland, that they have preserved with all ranks a sort of influence much greater than that which their fortune or connexions could otherwise give them. They are, like most of this class, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, to which they adhere with somewhat of the pride of ancestry, blended with a something, call it what you will, whether bigotry, or a sense of wrong, arising out of repeated diminutions of their family possession, during the more rigorous periods of the penal laws. Being an old family, and especially being an old Catholic family, they have of course their Banshee; and the circumstances

under which the appearance, which I shall relate, of this mysterious harbinger of evil took place, were told me by an old lady, a near connexion of theirs, who knew many of the parties concerned, and who, though not deficient in understanding or education, cannot to this day be brought to give a decisive opinion as to the truth or authenticity of the story. The plain inference to be drawn from this is, that she believes it, though she does not own it; and as she was a contemporary of the persons concerned—as she heard the account from many persons about the same period, all concurring in the important particulars—as some of her authorities were themselves actors in the scene—and as none of the parties were interested in speaking what was false; I think we have about as good evidence that the whole is undeniably true as we have of many narratives of modern history, which I could name, and which many grave and sober-minded people would deem it very great pyrrhonism to question. This, however, is a point which it is not my province to determine. People who deal out stories of this sort must be content to act like certain young politicians, who tell very freely to their friends what they hear at a great man's table; not guilty of the impertinence of weighing the doctrines, and leaving it to their hearers to un-

derstand them in any sense, or in no sense, just as they may please.

Charles Mac Carthy was, in the year 1749, the only surviving son of a very numerous family. His father died when he was little more than twenty, leaving him the Mac Carthy estate, not much encumbered, considering that it was an Irish one. Charles was gay, handsome, unfettered either by poverty, a father, or guardians, and therefore was not, at the age of one-and-twenty, a pattern of regularity and virtue. In plain terms, he was an exceedingly dissipated—I fear I may say debauched young man. His companions were, as may be supposed, of the higher classes of the youth in his neighbourhood, and, in general, of those whose fortunes were larger than his own, whose dispositions to pleasure were therefore under still less restrictions, and in whose example he found at once an incentive and an apology for his irregularities. Besides, Ireland, a place to this day not very remarkable for the coolness and steadiness of its youth, was then one of the cheapest countries in the world in most of those articles which money supplies for the indulgence of the passions. The odious exciseman, with his portentous book in one hand, his unrelenting pen held in the other, or stuck beneath his hat-band, and the ink-bottle ('black

emblem of the informer') dangling from his waist-coat-button—went not then from ale-house to ale-house, denouncing all those patriotic dealers in spirits, who preferred selling whiskey, which had nothing to do with English laws (but to elude them), to retailing that poisonous liquor, which derived its name from the British "Parliament" that compelled its circulation among a reluctant people. Or if the gauger—recording angel of the law—wrote down the peccadillo of a publican, he dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever! For, welcome to the tables of their hospitable neighbours, the guardians of the excise, where they existed at all, scrupled to abridge those luxuries which they freely shared; and thus the competition in the market between the smuggler, who incurred little hazard, and the personage ycleped fair trader, who enjoyed little protection, made Ireland a land flowing, not merely with milk and honey, but with whiskey and wine. In the enjoyments supplied by these, and in the many kindred pleasures to which frail youth is but too prone, Charles Mac Carthy indulged to such a degree, that just about the time when he had completed his four-and-twentieth year, after a week of great excesses, he was seized with a violent fever, which, from its malignity, and the weakness of his frame, left scarcely a hope of

his recovery. His mother, who had at first made many efforts to check his vices, and at last had been obliged to look on at his rapid progress to ruin in silent despair, watched day and night at his pillow. The anguish of parental feeling was blended with that still deeper misery which those only know who have striven hard to rear in virtue and piety a beloved and favourite child; have found him grow up all that their hearts could desire, until he reached manhood; and then, when their pride was highest, and their hopes almost ended in the fulfilment of their fondest expectations, have seen this idol of their affections plunge headlong into a course of reckless profligacy, and, after a rapid career of vice, hang upon the verge of eternity, without the leisure or the power of repentance. Fervently she prayed that, if his life could not be spared, at least the delirium, which continued with increasing violence from the first few hours of his disorder, might vanish before death, and leave enough of light and of calm for making his peace with offended Heaven. After several days, however, nature seemed quite exhausted, and he sunk into a state too like death to be mistaken for the repose of sleep. His face had that pale, glossy, marble look, which is in general so sure a symptom that life has left its tenement of clay. His eyes

were closed and sunk; the lids having that compressed and stiffened appearance which seemed to indicate that some friendly hand had done its last office. The lips, half-closed and perfectly ashy, discovered just so much of the teeth as to give to the features of death their most ghastly, but most impressive look. He lay upon his back, with his hands stretched beside him, quite motionless; and his distracted mother, after repeated trials, could discover not the least symptom of animation. The medical man who attended, having tried the usual modes for ascertaining the presence of life, declared at last his opinion that it was flown, and prepared to depart from the house of mourning. His horse was seen to come to the door. A crowd of people who were collected before the windows, or scattered in groups on the lawn in front, gathered round when the door opened. These were tenants, fosterers, and poor relations of the family, with others attracted by affection, or by that interest which partakes of curiosity, but is something more, and which collects the lower ranks round a house where a human being is in his passage to another world. They saw the professional man come out from the hall door and approach his horse; and while slowly, and with a melancholy air, he prepared to mount, they clustered round him with inquiring

and wishful looks. Not a word was spoken; but their meaning could not be misunderstood; and the physician, when he had got into his saddle, and while the servant was still holding the bridle, as if to delay him, and was looking anxiously at his face as if expecting that he would relieve the general suspense, shook his head, and said in a low voice, "It's all over, James;" and moved slowly away. The moment he had spoken, the women present, who were very numerous, uttered a shrill cry, which, having been sustained for about half a minute, fell suddenly into a full, loud, continued and discordant but plaintive wailing, above which occasionally were heard the deep sounds of a man's voice, sometimes in broken sobs, sometimes in more distinct exclamations of sorrow. This was Charles's foster-brother, who moved about the crowd, now clapping his hands, now rubbing them together in an agony of grief. The poor fellow had been Charles's playmate and companion when a boy, and afterwards his servant; had always been distinguished by his peculiar regard, and loved his young master, as much, at least, as he did his own life.

When Mrs. Mac Carthy became convinced that the blow was indeed struck, and that her beloved son was sent to his last account, even in the blossoms of his sin, she remained for some

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

The night was pretty far advanced; the boisterous lamentations which had prevailed during part of the day in and about the house had given

place to a solemn and mournful stillness; and Mrs. Mac Carthy, whose heart, notwithstanding her long fatigue and watching, was yet too sore for sleep, was kneeling in fervent prayer in a chamber adjoining that of her son:—suddenly her devotions were disturbed by an unusual noise, proceeding from the persons who were watching round the body. First there was a low murmur—then all was silent, as if the movements of those in the chamber were checked by a sudden panic—and then a loud cry of terror burst from all within:—the door of the chamber was thrown open, and all who were not overturned in the press rushed wildly into the passage which led to the stairs, and into which Mrs. Mac Carthy's room opened. Mrs. Mac Carthy made her way through the crowd into her son's chamber, where she found him sitting up in the bed, and looking vacantly around, like one risen from the grave. The glare thrown upon his sunk features and thin lathy frame gave an unearthly horror to his whole aspect. Mrs. Mac Carthy was a woman of some firmness; but she was a woman, and not quite free from the superstitions of her country. She dropped on her knees, and, clasping her hands, began to pray aloud. The form before her moved only its lips, and barely uttered "Mother;"—but though the pale lips moved, as if

there was a design to finish the sentence, the tongue refused its office. Mrs. Mac Carthy sprung forward, and catching the arm of her son, exclaimed, " Speak! in the name of God and his saints, speak! are you alive?"

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

but it passeth human language. What I *can* describe I *will*—I may speak it briefly. It is enough to say, I was weighed in the balance and found wanting. The irrevocable sentence was upon the point of being pronounced; the eye of my Almighty Judge, which had already glanced upon me, half spoke my doom; when I observed the guardian saint, to whom you so often directed my prayers when I was a child, looking at me with an expression of benevolence and compassion. I stretched forth my hands to him, and besought his intercession; I implored that one year, one month might be given to me on earth, to do penance and atonement for my transgressions. He threw himself at the feet of my Judge, and supplicated for mercy. Oh! never—not if I should pass through ten thousand successive states of being—never, for eternity, shall I forget the horrors of that moment, when my fate hung suspended—when an instant was to decide whether torments unutterable were to be my portion for endless ages! But Justice suspended its decree, and Mercy spoke in accents of firmness, but mildness, 'Return to that world in which thou hast lived but to outrage the laws of Him who made that world and thee. Three years are given thee for repentance; when these are ended, thou shalt again stand here, to be saved

or lost for ever.'—I heard no more; I saw no more, until I awoke to life, the moment before you entered."

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

Still he persisted in his account of the vision, as he had at first related it; and his persuasion of its reality had an obvious and decided influence on his habits and conduct. He did not altogether abandon the society of his former associates, for his temper was not soured by his reformation; but he never joined in their excesses, and often endeavoured to reclaim them. How his pious exertions succeeded, I have never learnt; but of himself it is recorded, that he was religious without ostentation, and temperate without austerity;

giving a practical proof that vice may be exchanged for virtue, without a loss of respectability, popularity, or happiness.

Time rolled on, and long before the three years were ended, the story of his vision was forgotten, or, when spoken of, was usually mentioned as an instance proving the folly of believing in such things. Charles's health, from the temperance and regularity of his habits, became more robust than ever. His friends, indeed, had often occasion to rally him upon a seriousness and abstractedness of demeanour, which grew upon him as he approached the completion of his seven-and-twentieth year, but for the most part his manner exhibited the same animation and cheerfulness for which he had always been remarkable. In company, he evaded every endeavour to draw from him a distinct opinion on the subject of the supposed prediction ; but among his own family it was well known that he still firmly believed it. However, when the day had nearly arrived on which the prophecy was, if at all, to be fulfilled, his whole appearance gave such promise of a long and healthy life, that he was persuaded by his friends to ask a large party to an entertainment at Spring House, to celebrate his birth-day. But the occasion of this party, and the circumstances which attended it, will be best learned from a

perusal of the following letters, which have been carefully preserved by some relations of his family. The first is from Mrs. Mac Carthy to a lady, a very near connexion and valued friend of hers, who lived in the county Cork, at about fifty miles distance from Spring House.

"TO MRS. BARRY, CASTLE BARRY.

"*Spring House, Tuesday morning, October 15th,* 1752.

"MY DEAREST MARY,

"I am afraid I am going to put your affection for your old friend and kinswoman to a severe trial. A two days' journey at this season, over bad roads and through a troubled country, it will indeed require friendship such as yours to persuade a sober woman to encounter. But the truth is, I have, or fancy I have, more than usual cause for wishing you near me. You know my son's story. I can't tell how it is, but as next Sunday approaches, when the prediction of his dream or his vision will be proved false or true, I feel a sickening of the heart, which I cannot suppress, but which your presence, my dear Mary, will soften, as it has done so many of my sorrows. My nephew, James Ryan, is to be married to Jane Osborne (who, you know, is my son's ward), and the bridal entertainment will take place here on Sunday next, though Charles pleaded hard to

have it postponed a day or two longer. Would to God—but no more of this till we meet. Do prevail upon yourself to leave your good man for *one* week, if his farming concerns will not admit of his accompanying you; and come to us, with the girls, as soon before Sunday as you can.

"Ever my dear Mary's attached cousin and friend,

"ANN MAC CARTHY."

Although this letter reached Castle Barry early on Wednesday, the messenger having travelled on foot, over bog and moor, by paths impassable to horse or carriage, Mrs. Barry, who at once determined on going, had so many arrangements to make for the regulation of her domestic affairs (which, in Ireland, among the middle orders of the gentry, fall soon into confusion when the mistress of the family is away), that she and her two younger daughters were unable to leave home until late on the morning of Friday. The eldest daughter remained, to keep her father company, and superintend the concerns of the household. As the travellers were to journey in an open one-horse vehicle, called a jaunting car (still used in Ireland), and as the roads, bad at all times, were rendered still worse by the heavy rains, it was their design to make two easy stages; to stop about mid-way

the first night, and reach Spring House early on Saturday evening. This arrangement was now altered, as they found that, from the lateness of their departure, they could proceed, at the utmost, no farther than twenty miles on the first day; and they therefore purposed sleeping at the house of a Mr. Bourke, a friend of theirs, who lived at somewhat less than that distance from Castle Barry. They reached Mr. Bourke's in safety, after rather a disagreeable drive. What befel them on their journey the next day to Spring House, and after their arrival there, is fully recounted in a letter from the second Miss Barry to her eldest sister.

"*Spring House, Sunday evening,*
20th October, 1752.

"DEAR ELLEN,

"As my mother's letter, which encloses this, will announce to you briefly the sad intelligence which I shall here relate more fully, I think it better to go regularly through the recital of the extraordinary events of the last two days.

"The Bourkes kept us up so late on Friday night, that yesterday was pretty far advanced before we could begin our journey, and the day closed when we were nearly fifteen miles distant from this place. The roads were excessively

deep, from the heavy rains of the last week, and we proceeded so slowly, that at last my mother resolved on passing the night at the house of Mr. Bourke's brother, (who lives about a quarter of a mile off the road,) and coming here to breakfast in the morning. The day had been windy and showery, and the sky looked fitful, gloomy, and uncertain. The moon was full, and at times shone clear and bright; at others, it was wholly concealed behind the thick, black, and rugged masses of clouds, that rolled rapidly along, and were every moment becoming larger, and collecting together, as if gathering strength for a coming storm. The wind, which blew in our faces, whistled bleakly along the low hedges of the narrow road, on which we proceeded with difficulty from the number of deep sloughs, and which afforded not the least shelter, no plantation being within some miles of us. My mother, therefore, asked Leary, who drove the jaunting car, how far we were from Mr. Bourke's. 'Tis about ten spades from this to the cross, and we have then only to turn to the left into the avenue, ma'am.' 'Very well, Leary: turn up to Mr. Bourke's as soon as you reach the cross roads.' My mother had scarcely spoken these words, when a shriek, that made us thrill as if our very hearts were pierced by it, burst from the hedge to the right of

our way. If it resembled any thing earthly, it seemed the cry of a female, struck by a sudden and mortal blow, and giving out her life in one long deep pang of expiring agony. 'Heaven defend us!' exclaimed my mother. 'Go you over the hedge, Leary, and save that woman, if she is not yet dead, while we run back to the hut we just passed, and alarm the village near it.' 'Woman!' said Leary, beating the horse violently, while his voice trembled—'that's no woman: the sooner we get on, ma'am, the better;' and he continued his efforts to quicken the horse's pace. We saw nothing. The moon was hid. It was quite dark, and we had been for some time expecting a heavy fall of rain. But just as Leary had spoken, and had succeeded in making the horse trot briskly forward, we distinctly heard a loud clapping of hands, followed by a succession of screams, that seemed to denote the last excess of despair and anguish, and to issue from a person running forward inside the hedge, to keep pace with our progress. Still we saw nothing; until, when we were within about ten yards of the place where an avenue branched off to Mr. Bourke's to the left, and the road turned to Spring House on the right, the moon started suddenly from behind a cloud, and enabled us to see, as plainly as I now see this paper, the figure of a tall thin woman,

with uncovered head, and long hair that floated round her shoulders, attired in something which seemed either a loose white cloak, or a sheet thrown hastily about her. She stood on the corner hedge, where the road on which we were, met that which leads to Spring House, with her face towards us, her left hand pointing to this place, and her right arm waving rapidly and violently, as if to draw us on in that direction. The horse had stopped, apparently frightened at the sudden presence of the figure, which stood in the manner I have described, still uttering the same piercing cries, for about half a minute. It then leaped upon the road, disappeared from our view for one instant, and the next was seen standing upon a high wall a little way up the avenue, on which we purposed going, still pointing towards the road to Spring House, but in an attitude of defiance and command, as if prepared to oppose our passage up the avenue. The figure was now quite silent, and its garments, which had before flown loosely in the wind, were closely wrapped around it. 'Go on, Leary, to Spring House, in God's name,' said my mother; 'whatever world it belongs to, we will provoke it no longer.' 'Tis the Banshee, ma'am,' said Leary; 'and I would not, for what my life is worth, go any where this blessed night but to Spring House. But I'm

afraid there's something bad going forward, or *she* would not send us there.' So saying, he drove forward; and as we turned on the road to the right, the moon suddenly withdrew its light, and we saw the apparition no more; but we heard plainly a prolonged clapping of hands, gradually dying away, as if it issued from a person rapidly retreating. We proceeded as quickly as the badness of the roads and the fatigue of the poor animal that drew us would allow, and arrived here about eleven o'clock last night. The scene which awaited us you have learned from my mother's letter. To explain it fully, I must recount to you some of the transactions which took place here during the last week.

"You are aware that Jane Osborne was to have been married this day to James Ryan, and that they and their friends have been here for the last week. On Tuesday last, the very day on the morning of which cousin Mac Carthy despatched the letter inviting us here, the whole of the company were walking about the grounds a little before dinner. It seems that an unfortunate creature, who had been seduced by James Ryan, was seen prowling in the neighbourhood in a moody melancholy state for some days previous. He had separated from her for several months, and, they say, had provided for her rather hand-

somely; but she had been seduced by the promise of his marrying her; and the shame of her unhappy condition, uniting with disappointment and jealousy, had disordered her intellects. During the whole forenoon of this Tuesday, she had been walking in the plantations near Spring House, with her cloak folded tight round her, the hood nearly covering her face; and she had avoided conversing with or even meeting any of the family.

"Charles Mac Carthy, at the time I mentioned, was walking between James Ryan and another, at a little distance from the rest, on a gravel path, skirting a shrubbery. The whole party were thrown into the utmost consternation by the report of a pistol, fired from a thickly planted part of the shrubbery which Charles and his companions had just passed. He fell instantly, and it was found that he bad been wounded in the leg. One of the party was a medical man; his assistance was immediately given, and, on examining, he declared that the injury was very slight, that no bone was broken, that it was merely a flesh wound, and that it would certainly be well in a few days. 'We shall know more by Sunday,' said Charles, as he was carried to his chamber. His wound was immediately dressed, and so slight was the inconvenience which it gave, that several

of his friends spent a portion of the evening in his apartment.

"On inquiry, it was found that the unlucky shot was fired by the poor girl I just mentioned. It was also manifest that she had aimed, not at Charles, but at the destroyer of her innocence and happiness, who was walking beside him. After a fruitless search for her through the grounds, she walked into the house of her own accord, laughing, and dancing and singing wildly, and every moment exclaiming that she had at last killed Mr. Ryan. When she heard that it was Charles, and not Mr. Ryan, who was shot, she fell into a violent fit, out of which, after working convulsively for some time, she sprung to the door, escaped from the crowd that pursued her, and could never be taken until last night, when she was brought here, perfectly frantic, a little before our arrival.

"Charles's wound was thought of such little consequence, that the preparations went forward, as usual, for the wedding entertainment on Sunday. But on Friday night he grew restless and feverish, and on Saturday (yesterday) morning felt so ill, that it was deemed necessary to obtain additional medical advice. Two physicians and a surgeon met in consultation about twelve o'clock in the day, and the dreadful intelligence was announced,

that unless a change, hardly hoped for, took place before night, death must happen within twenty-four hours after. The wound, it seems, had been too tightly bandaged, and otherwise injudiciously treated. The physicians were right in their anticipations. No favourable symptom appeared, and long before we reached Spring House every ray of hope had vanished. The scene we witnessed on our arrival would have wrung the heart of a demon. We heard briefly at the gate that Mr. Charles was upon his death bed. When we reached the house, the information was confirmed by the servant who opened the door. But just as we entered, we were horrified by the most appalling screams issuing from the staircase. My mother thought she heard the voice of poor Mrs. Mac Carthy, and sprung forward. We followed, and on ascending a few steps of the stairs, we found a young woman, in a state of frantic passion, struggling furiously with two men-servants, whose united strength was hardly sufficient to prevent her rushing up stairs over the body of Mrs. Mac Carthy, who was lying in strong hysterics upon the steps. This, I afterwards discovered, was the unhappy girl I before described, who was attempting to gain access to Charles's room, to 'get his forgiveness,' as she said, 'before he went

away to accuse her for having killed him.' This wild idea was mingled with another, which seemed to dispute with the former possession of her mind. In one sentence she called on Charles to forgive her, in the next she would denounce James Ryan as the murderer both of Charles and her. At length she was torn away; and the last words I heard her scream were, 'James Ryan, 'twas you killed him, and not I—'twas you killed him, and not I.'

"Mrs. Mac Carthy, on recovering, fell into the arms of my mother, whose presence seemed a great relief to her. She wept—the first tears, I was told, that she had shed since the fatal accident. She conducted us to Charles's room, who, she said, had desired to see us the moment of our arrival, as he found his end approaching, and wished to devote the last hours of his existence to uninterrupted prayer and meditation. We found him perfectly calm, resigned, and even cheerful. He spoke of the awful event which was at hand with courage and confidence, and treated it as a doom for which he had been preparing ever since his former remarkable illness, and which he never once doubted was truly foretold to him. He bade us farewell with the air of one who was about to travel a short and easy journey; and we

left him with impressions which, notwithstanding all their anguish, will, I trust, never entirely forsake us.

" Poor Mrs. Mac Carthy——but I am just called away. There seems a slight stir in the family; perhaps——"

The above letter was never finished. The enclosure to which it more than once alludes told the sequel briefly, and it is all that I have farther learned of the family of Mac Carthy. Before the sun had gone down upon Charles's seven-and-twentieth birthday, his soul had gone to render its last account to its Creator.

Romantic in incident and artificial in construction as this story may appear, it is nevertheless a narrative of facts, if the supernatural appearance of the Banshee be excepted;—the names and places mentioned are, in every instance but one, real, and that has been changed for certain reasons which it is unneceseay to explain, as the alteration is immaterial. Much may even be said in vindication of the superstition of the Banshee on the evidence of well-informed and enlightened persons.

Miss Lefanu, the niece of Sheridan, relates the following anecdote in the memoirs of her grandmother, Mrs. Frances Sheridan (8vo. London, 1824), p. 32.

" Like many Irish ladies, who resided during the early part of her life in the country, Miss Elizabeth Sheridan was a firm believer in the Banshee, or female demon, attached to certain ancient Irish families: she firmly maintained that the Banshee of the Sheridan family was heard wailing beneath the windows of Quilca (the family residence) before the news arrived from France of Mrs. Frances Sheridan's death at Blois, thus affording them a preternatural intimation of the impending melancholy event. A niece of Miss Sheridan's made her very angry by observing, that as Mrs. Frances Sheridan was by birth a Chamberlaine, a family of English extraction, she had no right to the guardianship of an Irish fairy, and that therefore the Banshee must have made a mistake!"

Another account of the Banshee, although probably the reader is already acquainted with it, is yet too curious to be omitted here;—it is given in a note on " the Lady of the Lake," where Sir Walter Scott, after describing the appearance of this mournful fairy as that of " an old woman with a blue mantle and streaming hair," thus proceeds:—" But the most remarkable instance of the kind occurs in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshaw, so exemplary for her conjugal affection: her husband, Sir Richard, and she chanced, during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend, the head of a sept, who resided in an ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and looking out of bed, beheld, by the moonlight, a female face and part of the form hovering at the window. The distance from the ground, as well as the circumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was

of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale, and the hair, which was reddish, loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshaw's terror did not prevent her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished, with two shrieks, similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshaw's attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit, but to account for the apparition.—

" 'A near relation of my family,' said he, 'expired last night in this castle. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. Now, before such an event happens in this family and castle, the female spectre whom you have seen always is visible: she is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done to his family, he caused to be drowned in the Castle Moat.' "

Lady Fanshaw lived in turbulent and unsettled times, when to the lively imagination every sight and sound came fraught with dismal forebodings of evil. Perhaps this reasoning will account for the Banshee being a spirit so familiar in Ireland.

The reader will probably remember the White Lady of the House of Brandenburgh, and the fairy Melusine, who usually prognosticated the recurrence of mortality in some noble family of Poitou. Prince, in his Worthies of Devon, records the appearance of a white bird, performing the same office for the worshipful lineage of Oxenham.

A recent instance of this superstition has occurred in the writer's family. A servant, named Peggy Rilehan, declared that some great misfortune was about to happen, as she had heard a shriek, and had seen something pass across the window. On this the writer's sister, who was present at the time, remarks—"I saw nothing, but I heard Peggy scream, and then exclaim—'There it is—there it is—what always appears when any of the Rilehans are to die.' She says she saw it before, when aunt Harriott's nurse (who was her grandmother) died at Mallow."

The poor girl's cousin was at this time in jail. He was one of the misguided followers of Captain Rock; and two or three days after was tried for being concerned in the attack on Churchtown barrack, found guilty, and executed.

In 1816, much confusion was created in the house of a gentleman, where the writer was on a visit, by the following simple circumstance.

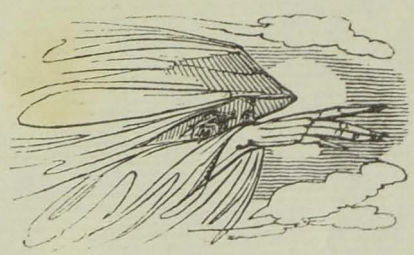
The house was situated in a proclaimed barony of the county Tipperary, not far distant from the scene of Mr. Baker's murder, which had occurred only a short time before. Mysterious looks and whispers amongst the domestics had at that moment something in them to excite alarm; but after strict inquiry it was found that they were caused by the voice of a Banshee, which had been heard for several nights wailing through the house. On examination, these sounds of woe were traced to the bedchamber of Miss ———, and were discovered to have proceeded from an Eolian harp, which she had placed in the window.

Since, however, Banshees have become amenable to vulgar laws, they have lost much of their romantic

character: the particulars respecting the manner in which this important change has been effected are given on good authority.

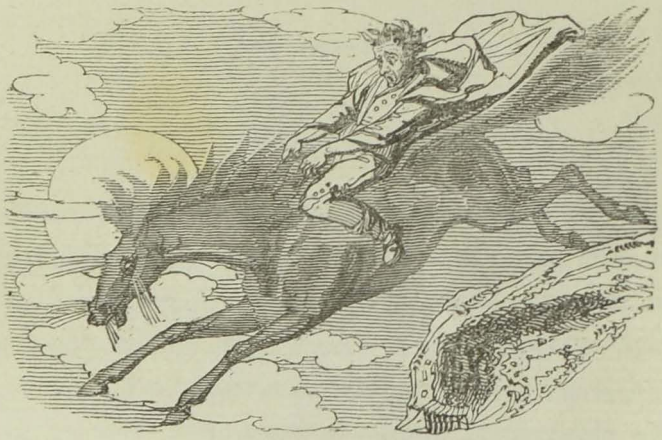
In a retired district of the county Cork, stood a solitary farm-house, where a widow lady and her sister lived, with only one maid-servant. The lawn or field before the house was covered with flax, which had been steeped, and was spread out to dry: every morning a large quantity of it was gone; and during the night the Banshee's cry was heard sounding dismally about the grounds. The lady was satisfied the flax could not be carried away without hands, although her suspicions did not fall on any particular person; and she determined, if possible, to discover the thief. The next night the Banshee was heard as usual, and she desired the servant-girl to find out from what part of the grounds the voice came. The servant, however, felt too much alarmed to obey the order of her mistress, when the lady, who was a woman of strong mind, notwithstanding the persuasions of her sister, determined herself on walking round the house. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and she had not advanced many steps from the door, when she saw what appeared to be the figure of a woman crouching in a blue cloak, singing a sweet but most melancholy air. She walked quickly up to the form, and laid her hand on its shoulder: it rose slowly, and continued increasing in height: still the lady held firm her grasp; and her sister coming up, they seized the Banshee, under whose blue cloak a quantity of flax was found concealed. The servant, who had recovered her senses, on hearing the altercation which ensued, now came to their assistance, and

they contrived to secure the woman for the night. The next day she was sent to the jail of Cork, where at the assizes the lady prosecuted her, and she was sentenced to seven years' transportation.



FAIRY LEGENDS.

THE PHOOKA.



"Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings helpless harms,
Ne let the *Pouke*, nor other evil spright,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not."

SPENSER.

LEGENDS

OF

THE PHOOKA.

THE SPIRIT HORSE.

The history of Morty Sullivan ought to be a warning to all young men to stay at home, and to live decently and soberly if they can, and not to go roving about the world. Morty, when he had just turned of fourteen, ran away from his father and mother, who were a mighty respectable old couple, and many and many a tear they shed on his account. It is said they both died heart-broken for his loss: all they ever learned about him was that he went on board of a ship bound to America.

Thirty years after the old couple had been laid peacefully in their graves, there came a stranger to Beerhaven inquiring after them—it was their son Morty; and, to speak the truth of him, his

heart did seem full of sorrow, when he heard that his parents were dead and gone;—but what else could he expect to hear? Repentance generally comes when it is too late.

Morty Sullivan, however, as an atonement for his sins, was recommended to perform a pilgrimage to the blessed chapel of St. Gobnate, which is in a wild place called Ballyvourney.

This he readily undertook; and willing to lose no time, commenced his journey the same afternoon. Morty had not proceeded many miles before the evening came on: there was no moon, and the starlight was obscured by a thick fog, which ascended from the valleys. His way was through a mountainous country, with many cross-paths and by-ways, so that it was difficult for a stranger like Morty to travel without a guide. He was anxious to reach his destination, and exerted himself to do so; but the fog grew thicker and thicker, and at last he became doubtful if the track he was in led to Saint Gobnate's chapel. Seeing therefore a light which he imagined not to be far off, he went towards it, and when he thought himself close to it the light suddenly seemed at a great distance, twinkling dimly through the fog. Though Morty felt some surprise at this, he was not disheartened, for he thought that it was a light which the blessed Saint Gobnate had sent

to guide his feet through the mountains to her chapel.

Thus did he travel for many a mile, continually, as he believed, approaching the light, which would suddenly start off to a great distance. At length he came so close as to perceive that the light came from a fire; seated beside which he plainly saw an old woman:—then, indeed, his faith was a little shaken, and much did he wonder that both the fire and the old woman should travel before him, so many weary miles, and over such uneven roads.

"In the pious names of Saint Gobnate, and of her preceptor Saint Abban," said Morty, "how can that burning fire move on so fast before me, and who can that old woman be sitting beside the moving fire?"

These words had no sooner passed Morty's lips than he found himself, without taking another step, close to this wonderful fire, beside which the old woman was sitting munching her supper. With every wag of the old woman's jaw her eyes would roll fiercely upon Morty, as if she was angry at being disturbed; and he saw with more astonishment than ever that her eyes were neither black, nor blue, nor gray, nor hazel, like the human eye, but of a wild red colour, like the eye of a ferret. If before he wondered at the fire, much greater was his wonder at the old woman's ap-

pearance; and stout-hearted as he was, he could not but look upon her with fear—judging, and judging rightly, that it was for no good purpose her supping in so unfrequented a place, and at so late an hour, for it was near midnight. She said not one word, but munched and munched away, while Morty looked at her in silence.—"What's your name?" at last demanded the old hag, a sulphureous puff coming out of her mouth, her nostrils distending, and her eyes growing redder than ever, when she had finished her question.

Plucking up all his courage, "Morty Sullivan," replied he, "at your service;" meaning the latter words only in civility.

"*Ubbubbo!*" said the old woman, "we'll soon see that;" and the red fire of her eyes turned into a pale green colour. Bold and fearless as Morty was, yet much did he tremble at hearing this dreadful exclamation, he would have fallen down on his knees and prayed to Saint Gobnate, or any other saint, for he was not particular; but he was so petrified with horror, that he could not move in the slightest way, much less go down on his knees.

"Take hold of my hand, Morty," said the old woman: "I'll give you a horse to ride that will soon carry you to your journey's end." So saying, she led the way, the fire going before them;—it

is beyond mortal knowledge to say how, but on it went, shooting out bright tongues of flame, and flickering fiercely.

Presently they came to a natural cavern in the side of the mountain, and the old hag called aloud in a most discordant voice for her horse! In a moment a jet-black steed started from its gloomy stable, the rocky floor of which rung with a sepulchral echo to the clanging hoofs.

"Mount, Morty, mount!" cried she, seizing him with supernatural strength, and forcing him upon the back of the horse. Morty finding human power of no avail, muttered, "O that I had spurs!" and tried to grasp the horse's main; but he caught at a shadow, which nevertheless bore him up and bounded forward with him, now springing down a fearful precipice, now clearing the rugged bed of a torrent, and rushing like the dark midnight storm through the mountains.

The following morning Morty Sullivan was discovered by some pilgrims (who came that way after taking their rounds at Gougane Barra) lying on the flat of his back, under a steep cliff, down which he had been flung by the Phooka. Morty was severely bruised by the fall, and he is said to have sworn on the spot, by the hand of O'Sullivan (and that is no small oath), never again to take a full quart bottle of whiskey with him on a pilgrimage.

Ballyvourney, or the town of my beloved, is six or seven miles west of Macroom, and is regarded as a place of peculiar holiness. An indulgence, dated 12th July, 1601, was granted by Pope Clement the VIIIth. to pilgrims going thither, which is printed in Smith's History of Cork, from a copy in the Lambeth Library. Some other curious particulars respecting Ballyvourney may also be found in the same work.

In addition to these, a remarkable tradition concerning St. Gobnate has been communicated to the writer, which is as follows:—About eight hundred years ago, a powerful chief on the point of waging war against the head of another clan, seeing the inferiority of his troops, prayed to Saint Gobnate for assistance, in a field adjacent to the scene of the approaching battle. In this field was a bee-hive, and the good saint granted his request by turning the bees into armed soldiers, who issued forth from the hive with every appearance of military discipline, arranged themselves in ranks, and followed their leader to the contest, where they were victorious. After the battle, gratitude instigated the conquering chief to visit the spot from whence he had received such miraculous aid, when he found that the hive had likewise been metamorphosed from straw or rushes, of which it was composed, into brass, and that it had become not unlike a helmet in shape. This relic is in the possession of the O'Hierlyhie family, and is held by the Irish peasantry in such profound veneration that they will travel several miles to procure a drop of water from it, which, if given to a dying relative or friend, they imagine will secure their ready admission into heaven. Not long

since, some water from this brazen bee-hive was administered to a dying priest by his coadjutor, in compliance with the popular superstition. "The priest himself who gave the water," adds the lady, to whom the writer is indebted for the communication, "is my authority for the story."

A pilgrimage to a place of reputed sanctity, like that undertaken by Morty Sullivan, is the common mode in Ireland, as in other Catholic countries, by which the peasant endeavours to make atonement for his sins, and to propitiate the favour of Heaven. "The consequences of such pilgrimages," remarks Mr. Gilly (the talented and zealous advocate of the Vaudois), "have not unfrequently been fatal to innocence; and often have processions of pilgrims been converted into bands of profligate voluptuaries." Indeed this fact was so notorious, that the Catholic clergy in the south of Ireland publicly forbade the customary pilgrimage on the 24th June to the Lake of Gougane Barra, as it presented an annual scene of drunkenness, riot, and debauchery, too shocking for description.

Morty Sullivan, therefore, appears to have only followed the common practice of other devotees, when he set out on his journey, in taking the whiskey-bottle with him; and those incredulous of supernatural appearances will probably attribute his fall rather to its contents, than to the terrific bound of the Spirit Horse, or Phooka.

It is difficult to explain the exact attributes of the Phooka, which have always in them something dusky and indistinct. The Welch word *Gwyll*, variously used to express gloom, darkness, a shade, a

goblin, and the nightmare, is pretty nearly the Irish Phooka: thus—

"Aeth dy enaid gàn Wyllion mynydh."

"Thy soul is gone with the *sprites* of the mountain."

Merdhin. A.D. 600.

And again—

"Aed à'i câr gàn Wyllon!"

"May such as love him go with the *glooms!*" (sprites)

Hywel Voel. A.D. 1260.

"Old people," said a boy, named Murphy, who guided the writer through the mountains from Kenmare to Killarney, in the spring of 1825—"Old people used to say that the Phookas were very numerous in the times long ago; they were wicked-minded black-looking, bad things, that would come in the form of wild colts with chains hanging about them. The Phookas did great hurt to benighted travellers."

In Drayton's very fanciful poem of Nymphidia, we find

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt
Of purpose to deceive us,
And leading us makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire or clay
Hob doth with laughter leave us."

The moving fire, or ignis fatuus, by which Morty was deluded, is termed by the peasantry in the south of Ireland "*Miscaun marry.*"

"*Ubbubbo!*" exclaims the old hag,—that is *bobo*, an Irish interjection of wonder, like the Latin *papæ*, and the Greek ποποι and βαβαι.

Morty swears "by the hand of O'Sullivan," an oath not to be broken by one of the name; for, according to the old legend of this family—

"Nulla manus,
Tam liberalis,
Atque generalis,
Atque universalis,
Quam Sullivanis!"

DANIEL O'ROURKE.

People may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower. I knew the man well: he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he at the time that he told me the story, with gray hair, and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Buonaparte or any such was heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all

the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen, after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and, may be, give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end; —and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes;—and there was no grinding for rent, and few agents; and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in the year;—but now it's another thing: no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had every thing of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was I left the place: only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, in myself, I'd just step to Molly Cronohan's, the fairy woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer what was bewitched; and so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of

Ballyashenogh, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself—for why? it was Lady-day —I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for mentioning her), and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog;—I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my *berrin* place. So I sat down upon a stone which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head, and sing the *Ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from

page 253.

"Pon the honour of a gentleman" says he.

the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I: 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I: 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. ''Tis, sir,' says I: so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who 'tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' ''Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog—besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadance:—'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility; and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up—God knows how far up he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely;—'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'*Arrah*, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a *could* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept, flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use.

'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he: 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he: so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way, (drawing the figure thus  on the ground with the end of his stick.)

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 'twas so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg, and pray, and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and split, and smashed all to bits: you are a vile deceiver,—so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he: 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up,' 'I won't, then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite

quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took a hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year,' ('twas true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say,) 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cockthrow.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute, you?' says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hook'd nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'Twas all to no manner of use: he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop;

page 250.

"Bad luck to yourself, with your hook'd nose."—

but I might have called and bawled for ever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before. I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

"'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'How do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

"'Dan,' said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, ''tis much against my will I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' 'That's your business,' said he, 'Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must

not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging: I'm sure 'tis not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 'tis a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go;—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed), that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word, he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,'

says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand: 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me,' says I, 'but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night: I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenough, else how should they know *me?* the *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould.* 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke: how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my

way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he. 'I'll save you: put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought in myself that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand, sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia!' said I; 'that's surely some place in foreigh parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose: why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking, a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind: 'Ah!

then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over it,' said he. 'We are, 'said I. 'We are not,' said he: 'If I dropped you now, you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I: 'I know better than that, for it is just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.'

"'If you must, you must,' said he. 'There, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water, till there wasn't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'twas a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off of that:' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me;—for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own.

"'Get up,' said she again: 'and of all places in the parish, would no place *sarve* your turn to

lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moons, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."

The tale of Daniel O'Rourke, the Irish Astolpho, is a very common one, and is here related according to the most authentic version. It has been pleasantly versified in six cantos of *ottava rima*, by Mr. S. Gosnell of Cork, in Blackwood's Magazine, where the localities of the gander-flight are much more copiously given:

"They bravely sped o'er Thoumuldeeshig's plain,
And crossed the summit of Glendeeloch's mount,
Scudded along Lord Bantry's rich demesne,
And poised a moment o'er Bosfordha's fount,
Then dash'd above the wilds of dark Drishane,
And other grounds too numerous to recount.
For why should I such information purvey
For those who can procure H. Townsend's Survey."
Canto vi. v. 12.

Every one must agree with Mr. Fogarty O'Fogarty

(under which *nom de guerre* the poem was written) in the testimony he bears in his notes to the goodness of the Bantry family, and the excellence of the Rev. Mr. Townsend's Survey of the county Cork.

The catastrophe is altered a little, for some reasons which will be found in the ingenious *Latin* verses at the bottom of p. 432, vol. x. of Blackwood (Nov. 1821).

The Castle of Carrigaphooka, or the Phooka's Rock, beneath the walls of which O'Rourke was discovered by his wife, is doubtless the one of that name situated about two miles west of Macroom. Doctor Smith (History of Cork, vol. i. p. 190) seems to have written his description of this castle under the influence of Phooka power—with all the horror of being dashed to pieces staring him full in the face; for he first speaks of "dangerous and slippery footing, where no more than one person at a time can climb," and then assures us that "this rock is quite inaccessible on every other side, and hangs frightfully over the Sullane, which runs foaming at the foot of it through a craggy channel."

Those who have been so fortunate as to view Carrigaphooka free from fairy delusion will read the doctor's account with wonder—the rock on which the castle is built being neither difficult of ascent, nor situated by any means close to the water.

THE CROOKENED BACK.

Peggy Barratt was once tall, well-shaped, and comely. She was in her youth remarkable for two qualities, not often found together, of being the most thrifty housewife, and the best dancer in her native village of Ballyhooley. But she is now upwards of sixty years old; and during the last ten years of her life, she has never been able to stand upright. Her back is bent nearly to a level; yet she has the freest use of all her limbs that can be enjoyed in such a posture; her health is good, and her mind vigorous; and, in the family of her eldest son, with whom she has lived since the death of her husband, she performs all the domestic services which her age, and the infirmity just mentioned, allow. She washes the potatoes, makes the fire, sweeps the house (labours in which she good-humoredly says "she finds her crooked back mighty convenient"), plays with the children, and tells stories to the family and their neighbouring friends, who often collect round her son's fireside to hear them

during the long winter evenings. Her powers of conversation are highly extolled, both for humour and in narration; and anecdotes of droll or awkward incidents, connected with the posture in which she has been so long fixed, as well as the history of the occurrence to which she owes that misfortune, are favourite topics of her discourse. Among other matters she is fond of relating how, on a certain day, at the close of a bad harvest, when several tenants of the estate on which she lived concerted in a field a petition for an abatement of rent, they placed the paper on which they wrote upon her back, which was found no very inconvenient substitute for a table.

Peggy, like all experienced story-tellers, suited her tales, both in length and subject, to the audience and the occasion. She knew that, in broad daylight, when the sun shines brightly, and the trees are budding, and the birds singing around us, when men and women, like ourselves, are moving and speaking, employed variously in business or amusement; she knew, in short (though certainly without knowing or much caring wherefore), that when we are engaged about the realities of life and nature, we want that spirit of credulity, without which tales of the deepest interest will lose their power. At such times Peggy was brief, very particular as to facts, and

never dealt in the marvellous. But round the blazing hearth of a Christmas evening, when infidelity is banished from all companies, at least in low and simple life, as a quality, to say the least of it, out of season; when the winds of "dark December" whistled bleakly round the walls, and almost through the doors of the little mansion, reminding its inmates, that as the world is vexed by elements superior to human power, so it may be visited by beings of a superior nature:—at such times would Peggy Barrett give full scope to her memory, or her imagination, or both; and upon one of these occasions, she gave the following circumstantial account of the "crookening of her back."

"It was of all days in the year, the day before May-day, that I went out to the garden to weed the potatoes. I would not have gone out that day, but I was dull in myself, and sorrowful, and wanted to be alone; all the boys and girls were laughing and joking in the house, making goaling-balls and dressing out ribbons for the mummers next day. I couldn't bear it. 'Twas only at the Easter that was then past (and that's ten years last Easter—I won't forget the time), that I buried my poor man; and I thought how gay and joyful I was, many a long year before that, at the May-eve before our wedding, when with Robin by my

side, I sat cutting and sewing the ribbons for the goaling-ball I was to give the boys on the next day, proud to be preferred above all the other girls of the banks of the Blackwater, by the handsomest boy and the best hurler in the village; so I left the house and went to the garden. I staid there all the day, and didn't come home to dinner. I don't know how it was, but somehow I continued on, weeding, and thinking sorrowfully enough, and singing over some of the old songs that I sung many and many a time in the days that are gone, and for them that never will come back to me to hear them. The truth is, I hated to go and sit silent and mournful among the people in the house, that were merry and young, and had the best of their days before them. 'Twas late before I thought of returning home, and I did not leave the garden till some time after sunset. The moon was up; but though there wasn't a cloud to be seen, and though a star was winking here and there in the sky, the day wasn't long enough gone to have it clear moonlight; still it shone enough to make every thing on one side of the heavens look pale and silvery-like; and the thin white mist was just beginning to creep along the fields. On the other side, near where the sun was set, there was more of daylight, and the sky looked angry, red, and fiery through the trees, like as if it was

lighted up by a great town burning below. Every thing was as silent as a churchyard, only now and then one could hear far off a dog barking, or a cow lowing after being milked. There wasn't a creature to be seen on the road or in the fields. I wondered at this first, but then I remembered it was May-eve, and that many a thing, both good and bad, would be wandering about that night, and that I ought to shun danger as well as others. So I walked on as quick as I could, and soon came to the end of the demesne wall, where the trees rise high and thick at each side of the road, and almost meet at the top. My heart misgave me when I got under the shade. There was so much light let down from the opening above, that I could see about a stone throw before me. All of a sudden I heard a rustling among the branches, on the right side of the road, and saw something like a small black goat, only with long wide horns turned out instead of being bent backwards, standing upon its hind legs upon the top of the wall, and looking down on me. My breath was stopped, and I couldn't move for near a minute. I couldn't help, somehow, keeping my eyes fixed on it; and it never stirred, but kept looking in the same fixed way down at me. At last I made a rush, and went on; but I didn't go ten steps, when I saw the very same sight, on

the wall to the left of me, standing in exactly the same manner, but three or four times as high, and almost as tall as the tallest man. The horns looked frightful: it gazed upon me as before; my legs shook, and my teeth chattered, and I thought I would drop down dead every moment. At last I felt as if I was obliged to go on—and on I went; but it was without feeling how I moved, or whether my legs carried me. Just as I passed the spot where this frightful thing was standing, I heard a noise as if something sprung from the wall, and felt like as if a heavy animal plumped down upon me, and held with the fore feet clinging to my shoulder, and the hind ones fixed in my gown, that was folded and pinned up behind me. 'Tis the wonder of my life ever since how I bore the shock; but so it was, I neither fell, nor even staggered with the weight, but walked on as if I had the strength of ten men, though I felt as if I couldn't help moving, and couldn't stand still if I wished it. Though I gasped with fear, I knew as well as I do now what I was doing. I tried to cry out, but couldn't; I tried to run, but wasn't able; I tried to look back, but my head and neck were as if they were screwed in a vice. I could barely roll my eyes on each side, and then I could see, as clearly and plainly as if it was in the broad light of the blessed sun, a black and

cloven foot planted upon each of my shoulders. I heard a low breathing in my ear; I felt, at every step I took, my leg strike back against the feet of the creature that was on my back. Still I could do nothing but walk straight on. At last I came within sight of the house, and a welcome sight it was to me, for I thought I would be released when I reached it. I soon came close to the door, but it was shut; I looked at the little window, but it was shut too, for they were more cautious about May-eve than I was; I saw the light inside, through the chinks of the door; I heard 'em talking and laughing within; I felt myself at three yards distance from them that would die to save me;—and may the Lord save me from ever again feeling what I did that night, when I found myself held by what couldn't be good nor friendly, but without the power to help myself, or to call my friends, or to put out my hand to knock, or even to lift my leg to strike the door, and let them know that I was outside it! 'Twas as if my hands grew to my sides, and my feet were glued to the ground, or had the weight of a rock fixed to them. At last I thought of blessing myself; and my right hand, that would do nothing else, did that for me. Still the weight remained on my back, and all was as before. I blessed myself again: 'twas

still all the same. I then gave myself up for lost: but I blessed myself a third time, and my hand no sooner finished the sign, than all at once I felt the burthen spring off of my back; the door flew open as if a clap of thunder burst it, and I was pitched forward on my forehead, in upon the middle of the floor. When I got up my back was crookened, and I never stood straight from that night to this blessed hour."

There was a pause when Peggy Barrett finished. Those who had heard the story before had listened with a look of half satisfied interest, blended, however, with an expression of that serious and solemn feeling, which always attends a tale of supernatural wonders, how often soever told. They moved upon their seats out of the posture in which they had remained fixed during the narrative, and sat in an attitude which denoted that their curiosity as to the cause of this strange occurrence had been long since allayed. Those to whom it was before unknown still retained their look and posture of strained attention, and anxious but solemn expectation. A grandson of Peggy's, about nine years old (not the child of the son with whom she lived), had never before heard the story. As it grew in interest, he was observed to cling closer and closer to the old woman's side; and at the close he was gazing

stedfastly at her, with his body bent back across her knees, and his face turned up to hers, with a look, through which a disposition to weep seemed contending with curiosity. After a moment's pause, he could no longer restrain his impatience, and catching her gray locks in one hand, while the tear of dread and wonder was just dropping from his eye lash, he cried, "Granny, what was it?"

The old woman smiled first at the elder part of her audience, and then at her grandson, and patting him on the forehead, she said, "It was the Phooka."—

The commentators on Shakespeare would derive the beautiful and frolicksome Puck of the Midsummer Night's Dream from the mischievous Pouk or Phooka, which, they candidly acknowledge, means nothing better than fiend or devil.

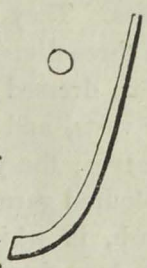
Of the quotations given by Stevens, that from the ninth book of Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses (Edit. 1587, p. 126), affords a remarkable illustration of the legend of The Crookened Back:—

——"and the countrie where Chymæra, that same *Pooke*,
Hath goatish bodie," &c.

There is a striking similarity between the "Legend of the Crookened Back" and the following passage in Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen*:

"*Auf dem alten Rittersitz Kendenich, etwa zwei Stunden von Cöl nam Rhein ist ein mooriger, von Schilf und Erlenstraüchen dicht bewachsener Sumpf. Dort sitzt eine Nonne verborgen und keiner mag am Abend an ihr vorübergehen, dem sie nicht auf den Rücken zu springen sucht. Wen sie erreicht, der muss sie tragen, und sie treibt und jagd ihn durch die ganze Nacht bis er ohnmachtig zur erde stürtz.*"

Hurling, or goal, a game before alluded to, has some resemblance to the Scotch game of golf; but the ball is much larger, being in general four inches in diameter; the instruments used are larger also, and not turned angularly at the bottom, but fashioned thus:



The number of hurlers may be twenty, or even a hundred, or more. It is usually played in a large level field, by two parties of nearly balanced powers, either as to number or dexterity, and the object of each is to strike the ball over one of two opposite hedges, assigned respectively before the game begins. "*Bàire comórtais*" signifies, according to an expression quite Irish, "two sides of a country (that is, a certain number of the youth of each), who meet to goal against one another," generally on a Sunday, or holiday, after prayers. On these occasions, instead of the hedges of a field, two conspicuous landmarks (a road and a wood, for instance) are assigned, and the game is contested in the space between them with a heat and vigour which often lead to a serious and bloody conflict, especially if one of

those clannish feuds, so prevalent among the peasantry of Ireland, should exist between the opposing parties; the hurley, or hurlet, being an effective and desperate weapon. The game derives one of its names from the instrument employed; the other, goal, is evidently taken from the boundary or winning-mark, which must be passed by the ball before the game can be won.

Mummers, in Ireland, are clearly a family of the same race with those festive bands, termed Morrice dancers, in England. They appear at all seasons in Ireland, but May-day is their favourite and proper festival. They consist of a number, varying according to circumstances, of the girls and young men of the village or neighbourhood, usually selected for their good looks, or their proficiency,—the females in the dance, the youths in hurling and other athletic exercises. They march in procession, two abreast, and in three divisions; the young men in the van and the rear, dressed in white or other gay-coloured jackets or vests, and decorated with ribbons on their hats and sleeves; the young women are dressed also in light-coloured garments, and two of them bear each a holly bush, in which are hung several new hurling-balls, the May-day present of the girls to the youths of the village. The bush is decorated with a profusion of long ribbons, or paper cut in imitation, which adds greatly to the gay and joyous, yet strictly rural, appearance of the whole. The procession is always preceded by music; sometimes of the bagpipe, but more commonly of a military fife, with the addition of a drum or tambourine. A clown is, of course, in attendance: he wears a frightful mask, and bears a long pole, with

shreds of cloth nailed to the end of it, like a mop, which ever and anon he dips in a pool of water, or puddle, and besprinkles such of the crowd as press upon his companions, much to the delight of the younger spectators, who greet his exploits with loud and repeated shouts and laughter. The Mummers, during the day, parade the neighbouring villages, or go from one gentleman's seat to another, dancing before the mansion-house, and receiving money. The evening, as might be expected, terminates with drinking.

May-eve is considered a time of peculiar danger. The "*good people*" are supposed then to possess the power and the inclination to do all sorts of mischief without the slightest restraint. The "*evil eye*" is then also deemed to have more than its usual vigilance and malignity; and the nurse, who would walk in the open air with a child in her arms, would be reprobated as a monster. Youth and loveliness are thought to be especially exposed to peril. It is therefore a natural consequence, that not one woman in a thousand appears abroad: but it must not be understood that the want of beauty affords any protection. The grizzled locks of age do not always save the cheek from a *blast;* neither is the brawny hand of the roughest ploughman exempt from a similar visitation. The *blast* is a large round tumour, which is thought to rise suddenly upon the part affected from the baneful breath cast on it by one of "the good people" in a moment of vindictive or capricious malice. May-day is called *la na Beal tina,* and May-eve *neen na Beal tina,*—that is, day and eve of Beal's fire, from its having been, in heathen times, consecrated to the god Beal, or Belus; whence also the month of May is termed in Irish "*Mi na*

Beal-tine." The ceremony practised on May-eve, of making the cows leap over lighted straw or faggots, has been generally traced to the worship of that deity. It is now vulgarly used in order to save the milk from being pilfered by " the good people."

Another custom prevalent on May-eve is the painful and mischievous one of stinging with nettles. In the south of Ireland it is the common practice for school-boys, on that day, to consider themselves privileged to run wildly about with a bunch of nettles, striking at the face and hands of their companions, or of such other persons as they think they may venture to assault with impunity.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

THE Christmas of 1820 I had promised to spend at Island Bawn House, in the county Tipperary, and I arrived there from Dublin on the 18th of December; I was so tired with travelling, that for two days after I remained quietly by the fireside, reading Mr. Luttrell's exquisite *jeu d'esprit*, "Advice to Julia."

The first person I met on venturing out was old Pierce Grace, the smith, one of whose sons always attends me on my shooting excursions: "Welcome to these parts," said Pierce: "I was waiting all day yesterday, expecting to see your honour."

"I am obliged to you, Piercy; I was with the mistress."

"So I heard, your honour, which made me *delicate* of asking to see you. John is ready to attend you, and he has taken 'count of a power of birds."

The following morning, gun in hand, I sallied forth on a ramble through the country, attended by old Pierce's son John. After some hours'

walking, we got into that winding vale, through which the Curriheen flows, and beheld the castle of Ballinatotty, whose base it washes, in the distance.

The castle is still in good preservation, and was once a place of some strength. It was the residence of a powerful and barbarous race, named O'Brian, who were the scourge and terror of the country. Tradition has preserved the names of three of the family: Phelim *lauve lauider* (with the strong hand), his son Morty *lauve ne fulle* (of the bloody hand), and grandson Donough *gontrough na thaha* (without mercy in the dark), whose atrocities threw the bloody deeds of his predecessors completely into the shade. Of him it is related, that in an incursion on a neighbouring chieftain's territories, he put all the men and children to the sword; and having ordered the women to be half buried in the earth, he had them torn in pieces by blood-hounds! "Just to frighten his enemies," added my narrator. The deed, however, which drew down upon him the deepest execration was the murder of his wife, *Aileen na gruig buie* (Ellen with the yellow hair), celebrated throughout the country for her beauty and affability. She was the daughter of O'Kennedy of Lisnabonny Castle, and refused an offer of marriage made to her by Donough; being supported

in her refusal by her brother Brian Oge, *skeul roa more* (the persuasive speaking,) she was allowed to remain single by her father, and his death seemed to relieve her from the fear of compulsion; but in less than a month after, Brian Oge was murdered by an unknown hand; on which occasion Ellen composed that affecting and well-known keen, *Thaw ma cree qeen bruitha le focth* (My heart is sick and heavy with cold). As she returned from her brother's funeral, Donough waylaid the procession; her attendants were slaughtered, and she was compelled to become his wife. Ellen ultimately perished by his hand, being, it is said, thrown out of the bower window for having charged him with the murder of her brother. The spot where she fell is shown; and on the anniversary of her death (the second Tuesday in August) her spirit is believed to visit it.

Giving John my gun, I proceeded to examine the castle: a window on the south side is pointed out as the one from which Ellen was precipitated; but it appears more probable that it was from the battlement over it, because from the circumstance of there being corresponding holes in the masonry above and below, it is evident that the iron-work must have been let in at the time of building, and that it did not open.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I was about to

quit the room, when observing an opening in the south-east corner, I was tempted to explore it, and found a small staircase, which led to a sleeping recess. This recess was occupied by a terrier and a litter of whelps. Enraged at my intrusion, the dam attacked me, and having no means of defence, I made a hasty retreat. How far the angry animal pursued me, I cannot say; for in my precipitate flight, as I descended the second staircase, my foot slipped, and I tumbled through a broad opening into what had probably been the guardroom; but the evil I now encountered far exceeded that from which I fled, for the floor of this room was in the last stage of decay: a cat could hardly have crossed it in safety; the violence with which I came on it carried me through its rotten surface with as little opposition as I should have received from a spider's web, and down I plunged into the gloomy depth beneath. A number of bats, whom my sudden entrance had disturbed, flapped their wings, and flitted round me.

* * * * * *

When my recollection returned, a confused sound of voices struck my ears, and I then distinguished that of a female, who in a tone of the greatest

sweetness and tenderness said, " It's not wanting —it's not wanting—the life's coming into him. Opening my eyes, I found my head resting on the lap of a peasant girl, who was chafing my temples. Health or anxiety gave a glow to her mild and expressive features, and on the forehead her light-brown hair was simply parted. On one side stood an old man, her father, with a bunch of keys, and on the other knelt John Grace, with a cup of whiskey, which she was applying to recover me. Looking round, I perceived that we were on the rocks near the castle, and the river was flowing at our feet. Various exclamations of joy followed; and the old man desiring John to rinse the cup, insisted on my swallowing some of the " *cratur*," which having done and got up, I returned my thanks, and offered a small pecuniary recompense, which they would not accept. " For sure and certain they would have gladly done *tin* times as much for his honour without fee or reward."

I then inquired how they came to find me. " Why, as I thought your honour," said John Grace, " would be some time looking into the crooks and corners of the place, I just walked round to talk to Honny here; and so we were talking over matters, and Honny was just saying to me that the boys (meaning her brothers) were just baling the streams, and had got a can of large

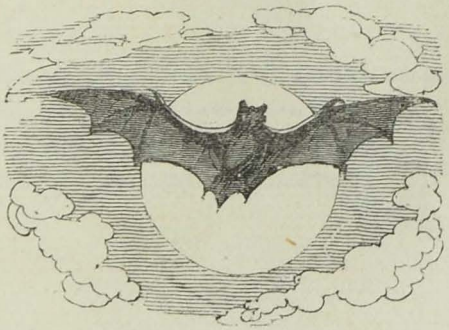
eels, and that if I thought the mistress would like them, I could take as many as I pleased, and welcome, when we heard a crash of a noise. 'What's that?' says I. 'I suppose,' says Honny, 'tis the *ould* gray horse that has fallen down and is *kilt;* or may be it's Paddy's Spanish dog *Sagur* that's coursing about: there's no thinking the plague he gives me—they're both in the turf-house, fornent us' (meaning, your honour, the underpart of the castle that Cromwell made a breach into, and beside which the cabin stands).

"In comes Tim Hagerty there, and then we heard a screech! 'Tis his honour's voice,' says I; 'he has fallen through the flooring!' 'Oh! if he has,' says Tim, 'I'm lost and undone for ever: and didn't the Squire no later than last Monday week bid me build up the passage, or that somebody, he said, would be *kilt*—and sure I meant to do it to-morrow.' Well, your honour, we got a light, and we saw the Phookas that caused your fall all flying about, in the shape of bats, and there we found your honour, and the turf all over the place: and for sure and certain, if you hadn't first come on it, instead of the bones that Paddy and Mick have been gathering against the young master's wedding, you would have been smashed entirely. All of us were mad and distracted about the wicked Phookas that were in the place, and could not tell what to do; but

Honny said to bring you out into the open air; and so we did; and there, your honour, by care and management, praise be to God, we brought you round again; but it was a desperate long time first, and myself thought it was as good as all over with you."

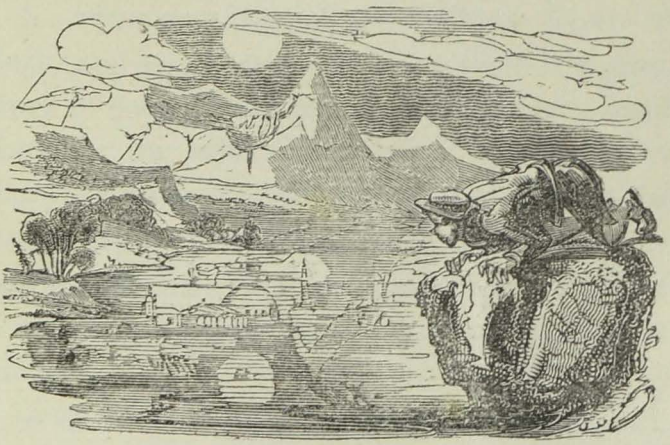
The reader, it is to be hoped, will not be able to form a perfect notion of the Phooka; for indistinctness, like that of an imperfectly remembered dream, seems to constitute its character, and yet Irish superstition makes the Phooka palpable to the touch. Its appearance is variously described as a horse, a goat, a bird and a bat, and to its agency the peasantry usually ascribe accidental falls; hence many rocky pits and caverns are called Poula Phooka, or the hole of the Phooka. A waterfall of this name, formed by the Liffey, is enumerated among "the sights" of the county Wicklow.

An odd notion connected with the Phooka is, that the country people will tell their children after Michaelmas-day not to eat the *Grian-mhuine* (blackberries), and they attribute the decay in them, which about that time commences, to the operation of the Phooka.



FAIRY LEGENDS.

THIERNA NA OGE.



"On Lough-Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining."

MOORE.

THIERNA NA OGE.

FIOR USGA.

A LITTLE way beyond the Gallows Green of Cork, and just outside the town, there is a great lough of water, where people in the winter go and skate for the sake of diversion; but the sport above the water is nothing to what is under it, for at the very bottom of this lough there are buildings and gardens, far more beautiful than any now to be seen, and how they came there was in this manner.

Long before Saxon foot pressed Irish ground, there was a great king, called Corc, whose palace stood where the lough now is, in a round green valley, that was just a mile about. In the middle of the court-yard was a spring of fair water, so pure, and so clear, that it was the wonder of all the world. Much did the king rejoice at having so great a curiosity within his palace; but as people came in crowds from far and near to draw the precious water of this spring, he was sorely

afraid that in time it might become dry; so he caused a high wall to be built up round it, and would allow nobody to have the water, which was a very great loss to the poor people living about the palace. Whenever he wanted any for himself, he would send his daughter to get it, not liking to trust his servants with the key of the well-door, fearing they might give some away.

One night the king gave a grand entertainment, and there were many great princes present, and lords and nobles without end; and there were wonderful doings throughout the palace: there were bonfires, whose blaze reached up to the very sky; and dancing was there, to such sweet music, that it ought to have waked up the dead out of their graves; and feasting was there in the greatest of plenty for all who came; nor was any one turned away from the palace gates—but "you're welcome—you're welcome, heartily," was the porter's salute for all.

Now it happened at this grand entertainment there was one young prince above all the rest mighty comely to behold, and as tall and as straight as ever eye would wish to look on. Right merrily did he dance that night with the old king's daughter, wheeling here, and wheeling there, as light as a feather, and footing it away to the admiration of every one. The musicians played

the better for seeing their dancing; and they danced as if their lives depended upon it. After all this dancing came the supper; and the young prince was seated at table by the side of his beautiful partner, who smiled upon him as often as he spoke to her; and that was by no means so often as he wished, for he had constantly to turn to the company and thank them for the many compliments passed upon his fair partner and himself.

In the midst of this banquet, one of the great lords said to King Corc, "May it please your majesty, here is every thing in abundance that heart can wish for, both to eat and drink, except water."

"Water!" said the king, mightily pleased at some one calling for that of which purposely there was a want: "water shall you have, my lord, speedily, and that of such a delicious kind, that I challenge all the world to equal it. Daughter," said he, "go fetch some in the golden vessel which I caused to be made for the purpose."

The king's daughter, who was called Fior Usga, (which signifies, in English, Spring Water,) did not much like to be told to perform so menial a service before so many people, and though she did not venture to refuse the commands of her father, yet hesitated to obey him, and looked down upon the ground. The king, who loved

his daughter very much, seeing this, was sorry for what he had desired her to do, but having said the word, he was never known to recall it; he therefore thought of a way to make his daughter go speedily and fetch the water, and it was by proposing that the young prince her partner should go along with her. Accordingly, with a loud voice, he said, "Daughter, I wonder not at your fearing to go alone so late at night; but I doubt not the young prince at your side will go with you." The prince was not displeased at hearing this; and taking the golden vessel in one hand, with the other led the king's daughter out of the hall so gracefully that all present gazed after them with delight.

When they came to the spring of water, in the court-yard of the palace, the fair Usga unlocked the door with the greatest care, and stooping down with the golden vessel to take some of the water out of the well, found the vessel so heavy that she lost her balance and fell in. The young prince tried in vain to save her, for the water rose and rose so fast, that the entire court-yard was speedily covered with it, and he hastened back almost in a state of distraction to the king.

The door of the well being left open, the water, which had been so long confined, rejoiced at obtaining its liberty, rushed forth incessantly, every moment rising higher and higher, and was

in the hall of the entertainment sooner than the young prince himself, so that when he attempted to speak to the king he was up to his neck in water. At length the water rose to such a height, that it filled the entire of the green valley in which the king's palace stood, and so the present lough of Cork was formed.

Yet the king and his guests were not drowned, as would now happen, if such an awful inundation were to take place; neither was his daughter, the fair Usga, who returned to the banquet hall the very next night after this dreadful event; and every night since the same entertainment and dancing goes on in the palace at the bottom of the lough, and will last until some one has the luck to bring up out of it the golden vessel which was the cause of all this mischief.

Nobody can doubt that it was a judgment upon the king for his shutting up the well in the courtyard from the poor people: and if there are any who do not credit my story, they may go and see the lough of Cork, for there it is to be seen to this day; the road to Kinsale passes at one side of it; and when its waters are low and clear, the tops of towers and stately buildings may be plainly viewed in the bottom by those who have good eyesight, without the help of spectacles.

Burton, in his History of Ireland, relates a legend somewhat similar to the foregoing.

"In Ulster is a lake thirty thousand paces long, and fifteen thousand broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bane, wherein there are abundance of great fish, so that the nets are often broke. It is believed by the inhabitants, that they were very wicked, vicious people, formerly living in this place; and there was an old prophecy in every one's mouth that whenever a well which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water should issue thereout, as would forthwith overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old beldam coming to fetch water, heard her child cry, upon which running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and coming back to do it, the land was so over-run that it was past her help; and at length she, her child, and all the territory, were drowned, which caused this pool that remains to this day."

Giraldus Cambrensis takes notice of the tradition that Lough Neagh had been formerly a fountain, which overflowed the whole country, and the following passage of that writer has been frequently quoted: "Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patrio arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt."

In that most absurd book, O'Flaherty's Ogygia, we are informed, on the authority of an old Irish poem, that there were only three loughs or lakes in Ireland on the arrival of Partholan, and the dates of the appearance, overflowing, and stagnation of many others,

are given with all due attention to annomundane chronology. "That we may be the more inclined to give credit to the irruptions of those lakes," writes the profound O'Flaherty (vol. ii. cap. xvii.), "Dionysius Hallycarnassæus, who flourished a little before the birth of Christ, in the reign of Augustus, has recorded that the vestiges of the house of Attadius, king of the Latins, were to be seen in his time in a transparent lake."

For a city gradually covered by the sea, see the account of Mahabalipoor in that gallery of splendid poetic pictures, "The Curse of Kehama." The reader may not be displeased at being presented with the following passage from it:

"Now the ancient towers appear'd at last,
Their golden summits in the noonday ray
Shone o'er the dark green deep that roll'd between,
For domes and pinnacles and spires were seen
Peering above the sea—a mournful sight.
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallow'd there, when monuments so brave
Bore record of their old magnificence."

Stories of buildings beneath the waters have originated some in real events, as where towns have been swallowed by earthquakes, and lakes formed where they had stood; or where the sea, by gradual encroachment, has covered the land and the buildings on it; others, perhaps, from optical illusion, where the shadows of the mountains and the various and fantastic forms of the clouds are reflected from the calm and unruffled bosom of a lake. "If," said a peasant to an officer lately quartered in the west of Ireland, "if, on a fine

summer's evening, when the sun is just sinking behind the mountains, you go to the lough, and get on a little bank that hangs over it on the west side, and stoop down and look into the water, you'll see the finest sight in the whole world, for you'll see under you in the water, as plain as you see me, a great city, with palaces and churches, and long streets and squares in it." There was doubtless some legend, as there always is, connected with this lake, but the peasant was not acquainted with it.

" Les anciens auteurs grecs," says M. de Latocnaye, in his pleasant tour through Ireland, " Platon particulièrement, nous ont rapporté la tradition de l'ancien monde : ils prétendent qu'une île immense, ou plutôt, un vaste continent a été englouti dans la mer à l'ouest de l'Europe. Il est plus que probable que les habitans du Conomara n'ont jamais entendu parler de Platon, ni des Grecs ; cependant c'est aussi leur ancienne tradition. *Notre pays reparaîtra un jour* disent les vieillards aux jeunes gens, en les menant un certain jour de l'année sur une montagne et leur montrant la mer ; les pêcheurs des côtes aussi, prétendent voir des villes et des villages au fond de la mer. Les descriptions qu'ils font de ce pays imaginaire, sont aussi emphâtiques et exagéreés, que celles de la terre promise ; le lait coule dans des ruisseaux et le vin dans d'autres : ceci certainement n'est pas de leur invention ; car ils auraient sans doute fait couler quelques parts, des ruisseaux de *wiskey* et de *porter*."

CORMAC AND MARY.

" She is not dead—she has no grave—
  She lives beneath Lough Corrib's water;
And in the murmur of each wave
  Methinks I catch the songs I taught her."

Thus many an evening on the shore
  Sat Cormac raving wild and lowly;
Still idly muttering o'er and o'er,
  " She lives, detain'd by spells unholy.

" Death claims her not, too fair for earth,
  Her spirit lives—alien of heaven;
Nor will it know a second birth
  When sinful mortals are forgiven!

" Cold is this rock—the wind comes chill,
  And mists the gloomy waters cover;
But oh! her soul is colder still—
  To lose her God—to leave her lover!"

The lake was in profound repose,
  Yet one white wave came gently curling,
And as it reach'd the shore, arose
  Dim figures—banners gay unfurling.

Onward they move, an airy crowd:
  Through each thin form a moonlight ray shone;
While spear and helm, in pageant proud,
  Appear in liquid undulation.

Bright barbed steeds curvetting tread
  Their trackless way with antic capers;
And curtain clouds hang overhead,
  Festoon'd by rainbow-colour'd vapours.

And when a breath of air would stir
  That drapery of Heaven's own wreathing,
Light wings of prismy gossamer
  Just moved and sparkled to the breathing.

Nor wanting was the choral song,
  Swelling in silv'ry chimes of sweetness;
To sound of which this subtile throng
  Advanced in playful grace and fleetness.

With music's strain, all came and went
  Upon poor Cormac's doubting vision;
Now rising in wild merriment,
  Now softly fading in derision.

"Christ, save her soul," he boldly cried;
And when that blessed name was spoken,
Fierce yells and fiendish shrieks replied,
And vanished all,—the spell was broken.

And now on Corrib's lonely shore,
Freed by his word from power of faëry,
To life, to love, restored once more,
Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary.

This ballad has appeared before in a periodical publication: but it is now reprinted, as the Legend on which it is founded was originally collected with the others contained in this volume, and its versification was merely an experiment.

Gervase of Tilbury mentions, in his Otia Imperialia, certain water spirits, called *Dracæ*, who allured young women and children into their habitations beneath lakes and rivers. It was supposed that any pious exclamation had the power of breaking the charm by which fairies detained those whom they had carried off;—a black-hafted knife was considered as peculiarly serviceable on such occasions, if it should be necessary to grapple with the evil ones;—turning the coat, or cloak, was also recommended before such service. Bishop Corbet, in his Iter Boreale, thus alludes to this superstition:

" ————William found
A means for our deliverance: *turne your cloakes,*
Quoth hee, for Pucke is busy in these oakes;
If ever wee at Bosworth will be found,
Then *turne your cloakes* for this is fairy ground."

Lough Corrib is situated in the county Galway, and is about twenty miles in length, and at the broadest part eleven. It is so contracted in the middle as to appear like two lakes.

THE LEGEND OF LOUGH GUR.

Larry Cotter had a small farm on one side of Lough Gur, and was thriving in it, for he was an industrious proper sort of man, who would have lived quietly and soberly to the end of his days, but for the misfortune that came upon him, and you shall hear how that was. He had as nice a bit of meadow-land, down by the water-side, as ever a man would wish for; but its growth was spoiled entirely on him, and no one could tell how.

One year after the other it was all ruined just in the same way: the bounds were well made up, and not a stone of them was disturbed; neither could his neighbours' cattle have been guilty of the trespass, for they were spancelled;* but however it was done, the grass of the meadow was destroyed, which was a great loss to Larry.

"What in the wide world will I do?" said Larry Cotter to his neighbour Tom Welsh, who was a very decent sort of man himself: "that bit

* Spancelled—fettered.

of meadow-land, which I am paying the great rent for, is doing nothing at all to make it for me; and the times are bitter bad, without the help of that to make them worse."

"'Tis true for you, Larry," replied Welsh: "the times are bitter bad—no doubt of that; but may be if you were to watch by night, you might make out all about it: sure there's Mick and Terry, my two boys, will watch with you; for 'tis a thousand pities any honest man like you should be ruined in such a scheming way."

Accordingly the following night, Larry Cotter, with Welch's two sons, took their station in a corner of the meadow. It was just at the full of the moon, which was shining beautifully down upon the lake, that was as calm all over as the sky itself; not a cloud was there to be seen any where, nor a sound to be heard, but the cry of the corncreaks answering one another across the water.

"Boys! boys!" said Larry, "look there! look there! but for your lives don't make a bit of noise, nor stir a step till I say the word."

They looked, and saw a great fat cow, followed by seven milk-white heifers, moving on the smooth surface of the lake towards the meadow.

"'Tis not Tim Dwyer the piper's cow, any

way, that danced all the flesh off her bones," whispered Mick to his brother.

"Now, boys!" said Larry Cotter, when he saw the fine cow and her seven white heifers fairly in the meadow, "get between them and the lake if you can, and, no matter who they belong to, we'll just put them into the pound."

But the cow must have overheard Larry speaking, for down she went in a great hurry to the bank of the lake, and into it with her, before all their eyes: away made the seven heifers after her, but the boys got down to the bank before them, and work enough they had to drive them up from the lake to Larry Cotter.

Larry drove the seven heifers, and beautiful beasts they were, to the pound; but after he had them there for three days, and could hear of no owner, he took them out, and put them up in a field of his own. There he kept them, and they were thriving mighty well with him, until one night the gate of the field was left open, and in the morning the seven heifers were gone. Larry could not get any account of them after; and, beyond all doubt, it was back into the lake they went. Wherever they came from, or to whatever world they belonged, Larry Cotter never had a crop of grass off the meadow through their means. So he took to drink, fairly out of the

grief; and it was the drink that killed him, they say.

There is a lake in the county Tipperary, not far from Cahir, called Lough na Bo, or the Lake of the Cow, from a legend somewhat similar to that of Lough Gur. The horns of this cow are said to be so long, that, when the water is low, the tips of them may be plainly seen above it.

The Lake of Blarney, which popular song informs us, is

"———— stored with perches
And comely eels in the verdant mud,
Besides good leeches, and groves of beeches
All ranged in order for to guard the flood."

Notwithstanding such guardianship, even out of that lake two cows have been seen to proceed, which are known to commit considerable damage in the adjacent meadow-land and corn-fields.

In addition to these subaqueous cows, every seven years "a great gentleman," to use the words of the narrator, comes out of the Lough of Blarney, and walks two or three miles from it in the hopes that some one will speak to him; but as no person dares to do so, he has always returned into the lough, and seven years elapse before he again appears.

This "great gentleman" is doubtless an Earl of Clancarthy, anxious to impart the means of discovering his plate chest, which, according to tradition, was flung into the lake to prevent its falling into the hands of the besiegers of his castle.

The name given to the present section is "Thierna na Oge," or the Country of Youth, from the belief that those who dwell in regions under the water are not affected by the movements of time. Barry, the historical painter, who was a native of Cork, used to relate to his friends an Irish fairy legend, which closely resembled the Adventures of Porsenna, king of Russia, published in the sixth volume of Dodsley's Poetical Collection, and had some similarity to the subsequent tale of "The Enchanted Lake." Porsenna was carried off by Zephyr to a delightful region, with the sovereign princess of which realm (by whom he is taken for a phœnix) he remains, according to his belief, only a short time. Being anxious to return to earth,

"He ask'd how many charming hours were flown
Since on her slave her heav'n of beauty shone?
'Should I consult my heart,' cried he, 'the rate
Were small—a week would be the utmost date:
But when my mind reflects on actions past,
And count its joys, time must have fled more fast—
Perhaps I might have said three months are gone.'
'Three months!' replied the fair, three months alone:
Know that three hundred years are roll'd away
Since at my feet my lovely phœnix lay.'
'Three hundred years!' re-echoed back the prince:
'A whole three hundred years completed since
I landed here!'"—p. 219.

On his return to earth, he is overtaken by all-conquering Time, to whom he had so long played truant, and becomes his victim.

The writer is indebted for this anecdote of Barry to Mr. D'Israeli, from whose various and kind communications he has derived material assistance.

THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

In the west of Ireland there was a lake, and no doubt it is there still, in which many young men were at various times drowned. What made the circumstance remarkable was, that the bodies of the drowned persons were never found. People naturally wondered at this; and at length the lake came to have a bad repute. Many dreadful stories were told about that lake: some would affirm, that on a dark night its waters appeared like fire—others would speak of horrid forms which were seen to glide over it; and every one agreed that a strange sulphureous smell issued from out of it.

There lived, not far distant from this lake, a young farmer, named Roderick Keating, who was about to be married to one of the prettiest girls in that part of the country. On his return from Limerick, where he had been to purchase the wedding-ring, he came up with two or three of his acquaintance, who were standing on the bank, and they began to joke with him about Peggy

Honan. One said that young Delaney, his rival, had in his absence contrived to win the affections of his mistress;—but Roderick's confidence in his intended bride was too great to be disturbed at this tale, and putting his hand in his pocket, he produced and held up with a significant look the wedding-ring. As he was turning it between his fore-finger and thumb, in token of triumph, somehow or other the ring fell from his hand, and rolled into the lake: Roderick looked after it with the greatest sorrow; it was not so much for its value, though it had cost him half-a-guinea, as for the ill-luck of the thing; and the water was so deep, that there was little chance of recovering it. His companions laughed at him, and he in vain endeavoured to tempt any of them by the offer of a handsome reward to dive after the ring: they were all as little inclined to venture as Roderick Keating himself; for the tales which they had heard when children were strongly impressed on their memories, and a superstitious dread filled the mind of each.

"Must I then go back to Limerick to buy another ring?" exclaimed the young farmer. "Will not ten times what the ring cost tempt any one of you to venture after it?"

There was within hearing a man who was considered to be a poor crazy half-witted fellow

but he was as harmless as a child, and used to go wandering up and down through the country from one place to another. When he heard of so great a reward, Paddeen, for that was his name, spoke out, and said, that if Roderick Keating would give him encouragement equal to what he had offered to others, he was ready to venture after the ring into the lake; and Paddeen, all the while he spoke, looked as covetous after the sport as the money.

"I'll take you at your word," said Keating. So Paddeen pulled off his coat, and without a single syllable more, down he plunged, head foremost, into the lake: what depth he went to, no one can tell exactly; but he was going, going, going down through the water, until the water parted from him, and he came upon the dry land: the sky, and the light, and every thing, was there ust as it is here; and he saw fine pleasure-grounds, with an elegant avenue through them, and a grand house, with a power of steps going up to the door. When he had recovered from his wonder at finding the land so dry and comfortable under the water, he looked about him, and what should he see but all the young men that were drowned working away in the pleasure-grounds as if nothing had ever happened to them. Some of them were mowing down the grass, and

more were settling out the gravel walks, and doing all manner of nice work, as neat and as clever as if they had never been drowned; and they were singing away with high glee:

> "She is fair as Cappoquin:
> Have you courage her to win?
> And her wealth it far outshines
> Cullen's bog and Silvermines.
> She exceeds all heart can wish;
> Not brawling like the Foherish,
> But as the brightly-flowing Lee,
> Graceful, mild, and pure is she!"

Well, Paddeen could not but look at the young men, for he knew some of them before they were lost in the lake; but he said nothing, though he thought a great deal more for all that, like an oyster:—no, not the wind of a word passed his lips; so on he went towards the big house, bold enough, as if he had seen nothing to speak of; yet all the time mightily wishing to know who the young woman could be that the young men were singing the song about.

When he had nearly reached the door of the great house, out walks from the kitchen a powerful fat woman, moving along like a beer-barrel on two legs, with teeth as big as horse's teeth, and up she made towards him.

"Good morrow, Paddeen," said she.

"Good morrow, Ma'am," said he.

"What brought you here?" said she.

"'Tis after Rory Keating's gold ring," said he, "I'm come."

"Here it is for you," said Paddeen's fat friend, with a smile on her face that moved like boiling stirabout.*

"Thank you, Ma'am," replied Paddeen, taking it from her:—"I need not say the Lord increase you, for you're fat enough already. Will you tell me, if you please, am I to go back the same way I came?"

"Then you did not come to marry me?" cried the corpulent woman, in a desperate fury.

"Just wait till I come back again, my darling," said Paddeen: "I'm to be paid for my message, and I must return with the answer, or else they'll wonder what has become of me."

"Never mind the money," said the fat woman: "If you marry me you shall live for ever and a day in that house, and want for nothing."

Paddeen saw clearly that, having got possession of the ring, the fat woman had no power to detain him; so without minding any thing she said, he kept moving and moving down the avenue, quite quietly, and looking about him; for, to tell

* Stirabout—gruel.

the truth, he had no particular inclination to marry a fat fairy. When he came to the gate, without ever saying good bye, out he bolted, and he found the water coming all about him again. Up he plunged through it, and wonder enough there was, when Paddeen was seen swimming away at the opposite side of the lake; but he soon made the shore, and told Roderick Keating, and the other boys that were standing there looking out for him, all that had happened. Roderick paid him the five guineas for the ring on the spot; and Paddeen thought himself so rich with such a sum of money in his pocket, that he did not go back to marry the fat lady with the fine house at the bottom of the lake, knowing she had plenty of young men to choose a husband from, if she pleased to be married.

Mankind have in all ages delighted to find their own image in all the parts of space. It is in consequence of this propensity that we find so frequently human beings, or divinities like to men in form, represented as dwelling beneath the sea, or within the waters of rivers and fountains. In Homer, the submarine cavern of Neptune at Ægæ is described in the 13th Iliad; and that in which Thetis and Eurynome concealed Vulcan, in the 18th. The only accounts given by the ancient poets of the descent of mortals

into these aqueous abodes are that of Hylas, of which the best account occurs in the 13th Idyllium of Theocritus, and of Aristæus, in the 4th book of the Georgics of Virgil. As both these passages are remarkable, the reader will excuse the introduction of Greek in fairy tales, for the sake of considering them. The story of Hylas is well known. Theocritus relates that he went to fetch water for himself and his messmates Hercules and Telamon, and that he came to a fountain surrounded by herbage of the richest and most varied kind.

Ὕδατι δ' ἐν μέσσῳ νύμφαι χορὸν ἀρτίζοντο,
νύμφαι ἀκοίμητοι, δείναι θεαὶ ἀγροιώταις.

* * * * * *

ἤτοι ὁ κοῦρος ἐπεῖχε ποτῳ πολυχάνδεα κρωσσόν,
βάψαι ἐπειγόμενος, ται δ' ἐν χερὶ πᾶσαι ἔφυσαν,
πασάων γὰρ ἔρως ἁπαλὰς φρενὰς ἀμφικάλυψεν
Ἀργείῳ ἐπὶ παιδί· κατήριπε δ' ἐς μέλαν ὕδωρ.

* * * * * *

νύμφαι μὲν σφετέροις ἐπὶ γουνάσι κοῦρον ἔχοισαι
δακρυόεντ', ἀγανοῖσι παρεψύχοντ' ἐπέεσσιν.

Hercules missing him, goes in search of him.

τρὶς μὲν Ὕλαν ἄϋσεν ὅσον βαθὺς ἤρυγε λαιμὸς,
τρὶς δ' ἄρ' ὁ παῖς ὑπάκουσεν· ἀραιὰ δ' ἵκετο φωνὴ
ἐξ ὕδατος· παρεὼν δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν εἴδετο πόῤῥω.

"Within the fount the nymphs perform'd their dance;
The sleepless nymphs, aye rev'renced by the swains."

* * * * * *

"The youth his spacious urn held o'er the fount,
Hastening to plunge it in, when all the nymphs
Caught on his arm, for love had clouded o'er
The tender minds of all, love for the charms
Of th' Argian boy, and Hylas headlong fell
Into the clear dark water."

* * * * * *

"The nymphs the weeping boy upon their laps
Holding, did sooth with gentle coaxing words."

* * * * * *

"Thrice he called Hylas, loud as his deep throat
Could shout, and thrice did Hylas hear him call:
A slender sound came from within the fount,
And though at hand, the voice seemed far remote."

In Virgil, Aristæus, after the loss of his bees, stood lamenting at the head of the Peneus, and is heard by his mother from her cavern beneath the stream, who directs Arethusa to bring him in:

"Duc, age, duc ad nos; fas illi limina Divûm
Tangere, ait; simul alta jubet discedere late
Flumina qua juvenis gressus inferret. At illum
Curvata in montis faciem circumstetit unda,
Accepitque sinu vasto, misitque sub amnem."

The water thus forming a vault, yields an opə passage, and Aristæus arrives at the subterranean region, wherein are the caverns and sources of all the rivers of the earth, and is received and entertained by his mother after the fashion of the heroic age:

"Manibus liquidos dant ordine fontes
Germanæ, tonsisque ferunt mantilia villis.

Pars epulis onerant mensas, et plena reponunt
Pocula; Panchæis adolescunt ignibus aræ."

On comparing these passages of the classics, it will appear that the idea the ancients had of the habitations of the gods and nymphs beneath the water was, that their caves were dry and impenetrable to the surrounding fluid, through which they could ascend and descend at pleasure. But the oriental conception of the rational inhabitants of the aqueous realms is very different, and of a more pleasing and philosophical cast, and it is curious to compare the account of the inhabitants of the sea given by Gulnare to the king of Persia, in the story of King Beder in the Arabian Nights, with the philosophical Mythus in the Phædon of Plato. According to the former, the people of the sea walk on the bottom of it with as much ease as men do upon land, and the water answers to them all the purposes that the air does to the inhabitants of the earth: they have a succession of day and night, and the moon, stars, and planets are visible to them. Their palaces and other buildings are formed of the most precious materials, far more splendid than any thing upon earth; and the sea-people have the power of transporting themselves with incredible velocity from place to place: in short, in every thing they have the advantage over the dwellers on earth. Now the sublime conception of Plato is, that what we call earth is not the true earth, but merely the bottom of one of the chasms of it; that the true earth is of prodigious extent, far excelling in every respect the spot on which we dwell, and which we dignify with the name of the earth; that the æther is its atmosphere,

and the air is to it what the water is to this; that we, as has been said, dwell at the bottom of one of its seas, and consequently see all the heavenly bodies and the colours and forms of natural ones dimly and indistinctly through a dense medium. The chief difference between the Grecian philosopher and the eastern story-teller is, that the former more justly gives the advantage to those who respire the purer and rarer element, and are nearer in situation to the celestial regions.

In the romances of the middle ages, we meet, as might be expected, splendid dwellings beneath the surface of lakes. Of the romance-writers' mode of managing them, the reader may form a tolerable conception from that part of Don Quixote where the gallant Hidalgo frames a tale of adventure in strict accordance with what he had read in his books of chivalry; or perhaps better from the following extracts from the Orlando Innamorato, which the reader must take in the original Italian, as those parts of that poem have not been versified by Mr. Rose: had that been the case, or had they occurred in the first eighteen cantos of the Furioso, it had been inexcusable not to quote from the most faithful, elegant, and spirited translation that the English language can boast of.

In l. 2, c. 8, of that most romantic of all poems, Orlando, travelling in company with the enchantress Falerina, after he had destroyed her magic garden, comes to a lake, near which, in a meadow, stood a gigantic Saracen. Orlando, in compliance with the advice of his companion, was about to avoid the lake, till, seeing the arms of his cousin Rinaldo suspended

as a trophy in the meadow, and thinking that Rinaldo had been slain, he, though he had been latterly on bad terms with him, determines to avenge his death. Accordingly, in spite of the entreaties of Falerina, he defies the Saracen. After a long and fierce combat, the latter, finding he could not vanquish the brave Paladin, caught him up in his arms and jumped into the water with him.

" Cadon egli ed il gigante dalla cima
Del lago, e l' un con l' altro al fondo viene
Di quel lago crudel.

" Sen' andavano per luoghi oscuri e bui,
E già erano andati quasi un miglio.
Essendo presso al fondo, dopo lui
Vide il ciel chiaro Orlando alzando il ciglio,
E l' aria tutta assarenarsi intorno,
E trova un altro Sole, un altro giorno.

" Come se nato fosse un altro mondo,
All' asciutto trovarsi in mezzo a un prato,
E sopra se videan del lago il fondo,
Ch' era dal nostro Sole alluminato,
E fea parer il luogo più giocondo,
Il qual era poi tutto circondato
D' una bella grotta cristallina,
Anzi pareva pure adamantina.

" Era la bella grotta appiè d' un monte,
Tre miglia circondava il vivo ghiaccio."

The other passage is in the last canto of the same

book. The same Orlando is led by the magic of Atlantes into a laurel grove, and comes to a fountain:

"Il fiume di Riso
Ch' era l' Inferno e pare il Paradiso."

The poet thus relates the adventure:

"Entrato (nel bosco) scavalcò di Brigliadoro,
Desideroso la sete saziare,
Poichè legato l'ebbe ad un alloro
Chinossi in su la ripa all' onde chiare.
Dentro a quell' acqua vide un bel lavoro,
Che tutto attento lo trasse a guardare.
Là dentro di cristallo era una stanza
Piena di donne, e chi suona e chi danza.

"Danzavan quelle belle donne intorno,
Cantando insieme con voci amorosi
Nel bel palagio di cristallo adorno,
Smaltato d' oro e pietre preziose.
Già si chinava all' occidente il giorno,
Il Conte Orlando al tutto si dispose
Vedere il fin di questa maraviglia,
Nè più vi pensa, nè più si consiglia.

"Dentro a quell' acque, siccome era armato,
Gittossi e presto andò nel basso fondo
Il fondo era un aperto e verde prato,
Il più fiorito mai non fu nel mondo.
Verso il palagio il Conte s' è avviato,
Ed era nel suo euor tanto giocondo
Che per letizia si ricorda poco
Perchè quivi sia giunto e di che loco.

"Vedesi avanti una porta patente,
Che d' oro è fabbricata e di zaffiro;
Come il Conte fu dentro incontanente
Fur le donne a danzarli intorno a giro."

The circumstance of losing a ring in a lake, is a common preface to Irish tales of enchantment;—see, for instance, The Chase, in Miss Brooke's Relics of Irish Poetry, p. 100.

THE LEGEND OF O'DONOGHUE.

In an age so distant that the precise period is unknown, a chieftain named O'Donoghue ruled over the country which surrounds the romantic Lough Lean, now called the lake of Killarney. Wisdom, beneficence, and justice distinguished his reign, and the prosperity and happiness of his subjects were their natural results. He is said to have been as renowned for his warlike exploits as for his pacific virtues; and as a proof that his domestic administration was not the less rigorous because it was mild, a rocky island is pointed out to strangers, called "O'Donoghue's Prison," in which this prince once confined his own son for some act of disorder and disobedience.

His end—for it cannot correctly be called his death—was singular and mysterious. At one of those splendid feasts for which his court was celebrated, surrounded by the most distinguished of his subjects, he was engaged in a prophetic relation of the events which were to happen in ages yet to come. His auditors listened, now

wrapt in wonder, now fired with indignation, burning with shame, or melted into sorrow, as he faithfully detailed the heroism, the injuries, the crimes, and the miseries of their descendants. In the midst of his predictions he rose slowly from his seat, advanced with a solemn, measured, and majestic tread to the shore of the lake, and walked forward composedly upon its unyielding surface. When he had nearly reached the centre, he paused for a moment, then turning slowly round, looked towards his friends, and waving his arms to them with the cheerful air of one taking a short farewell, disappeared from their view.

The memory of the good O'Donoghue has been cherished by successive generations with affectionate reverence: and it is believed that at sunrise, on every May-day morning, the anniversary of his departure, he revisits his ancient domains: a favoured few only are in general permitted to see him, and this distinction is always an omen of good fortune to the beholders: when it is granted to many, it is a sure token of an abundant harvest,—a blessing, the want of which during this prince's reign was never felt by his people.

Some years have elapsed since the last appearance of O'Donoghue. The April of that year had been remarkably wild and stormy; but on May-

morning the fury of the elements had altogether subsided. The air was hushed and still; and the sky, which was reflected in the serene lake, resembled a beautiful but deceitful countenance, whose smiles, after the most tempestuous emotions, tempt the stranger to believe that it belongs to a soul which no passion has ever ruffled.

The first beams of the rising sun were just gilding the lofty summit of Glenaa, when the waters near the eastern shore of the lake became suddenly and violently agitated, though all the rest of its surface lay smooth and still as a tomb of polished marble, the next moment a foaming wave darted forward, and, like a proud high-crested war-horse, exulting in his strength, rushed across the lake towards Toomies mountain. Behind this wave appeared a stately warrior fully armed, mounted upon a milk-white steed; his snowy plume waved gracefully from a helmet of polished steel, and at his back fluttered a light blue scarf. The horse, apparently exulting in his noble burden, sprung after the wave along the water, which bore him up like firm earth, while showers of spray that glittered brightly in the morning sun were dashed up at every bound.

The warrior was O'Donoghue; he was followed by numberless youths and maidens, who moved

lightly and unconstrained over the watery plain, as the moonlight fairies glide through the fields of air; they were linked together by garlands of delicious spring flowers, and they timed their movements to strains of enchanting melody. When O'Donoghue had nearly reached the western side of the lake, he suddenly turned his steed, and directed his course along the wood-fringed shore of Glenaa, preceded by the huge wave that curled and foamed up as high as the horse's neck, whose fiery nostrils snorted above it. The long train of attendants followed with playful deviations the track of their leader, and moved on with unabated fleetness to their celestial music, till gradually, as they entered the narrow strait between Glenaa and Dinis, they became involved in the mists which still partially floated over the lakes, and faded from the view of the wondering beholders: but the sound of their music still fell upon the ear, and echo catching up the harmonious strains, fondly repeated and prolonged them in soft and softer tones, till the last faint repetition died away, and the hearers awoke as from a dream of bliss.

Every person who has visited Killarney must be familiar with the Legend of O'Donoghue and his white horse. It is related in Mr. Weld's account of these lakes, in Derrick's Letters, and in numerous poems of which Killarney is the subject Mr. Moore has made it the subject of a song in his Irish Melodies; and the pencil of Mr. Martin, distinguished by his unbounded imagination, has been employed to illustrate it. This elaborate drawing is in the possession of Mr. Power, the spirited publisher of Mr. Moore's work.

That particular mortals have been permitted, as a reward for their virtues, or condemned as a punishment for their crimes, to revisit, at certain seasons, their favourite haunts on earth, is a belief to be found in most countries. In Ireland, the princely O'Donoghue gallops his white charger over the waters of Killarney at early dawn on May morning: and on a certain night in August, one of the ancient Earls of Kildare, cased in armour, and mounted on a stately war-horse, reviews his shadowy troops on an extensive plain called the Curragh of Kildare, for

"————Quæ gratia curruum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."

In Hindoostan, the virtuous and beneficent giant Bali, whose pride when on earth brought down from heaven the mighty Vishnoo to quell it, is, as a reward for his virtues, permitted once in each year to revisit earth, to feast his soul on the praises which the grateful inhabitants of the land bestow on the memory of the

generous Bali. The legends of the Germanic nations are of a darker character, and in them we usually meet the dead who "revisit the glimpses of the moon" in the character of "wild huntsmen," sentenced, for their tyranny or disregard of the rights of property, to pursue the chase through the air and along the earth. The north of England peasant stops and listens with awe—

"For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's hounds,
Doomed, with their impious lord, the flying hart
To chase for ever on aërial grounds."

And the German *Bauer,* when benighted, often hears howlings and shoutings in the air:

"*Das ist des wilden Heeres Jagd*
Die bis zum jüngsten Tage währt
Und oft dem Wüstling noch bei Nacht
Zu Schreck und Graus vorüber fährt
Das könnte, müsst' er sonst nicht schweigen
Wohl manches Jägers Mund bezeugen."

It was a happy idea, and does credit to the imagination of the Irish peasantry, to assign May morn, that most delicious of all days, that season so universally consecrated to the festive adoration of fresh and youthful nature, as the period of the appearance of the "good O'Donoghue," whose presence is the harbinger of plenty: a sight like the Arabian "Gardens of Irem" vouchsafed to but a favoured few. The Legend may remind the reader of the following beautiful passage in "The Flower and the Leaf:"

" ——————————— Know
That what you saw was all a fairy show,
And all these airy shapes you now behold
Were human bodies once, and clothed with earthly mold:
Our souls, not yet prepared for upper light,
Till Doomsday wander in the shades of night;
This only holiday of all the year
We privileged, in sunshine, may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And, posting through the skies, pursue the moon."

It has been attempted, in the preceding notes, to point out the circumstances from which the belief of the existence of buildings and inhabitants beneath the surface of lakes may have originated; and it shall now be attempted to explain the appearance of the "departed" at certain seasons. The human imagination delights in bestowing the attributes of the animated portion of nature on mere matter, particularly when in motion: this was the source of ancient mythology, and of the splendid system of polytheism formed by the brilliant imagination of the Greeks. Thus Attraction and Repulsion became animated, and were Love and Strife; these latter were personified; behold Venus and Mars, whose offspring are Harmonia, and Eros or Cupid, who rules over gods and men. The savage or the unlettered hind stands on the shore of the sea, or the border of a lake, and beholds waves dashing, foaming and chasing each other, and his fancy recalls the

speed, the emulation, and the foam of a set of sprightly coursers, and he terms the waves "white horses;" by the Welsh, in whose mythology *Gwenidw* is a female who presides over the sea, the white breakers on the shore are called *Devaid Gwenidw*, or the sheep of Gwenidw. In the northern parts of Ireland, when the wind blows softly from the east, and the snow slowly descends in broad flakes, the children say the Scotchmen are plucking their geese; and towards the south of the island they assign this action to the Welsh of the opposite coast. By reflection on this resemblance between flakes of snow and feathers, Herodotus was enabled to give a solution of the wonderful story which circulated in Greece of a region far to the north where showers of feathers continually filled the sky. Optical illusions may also contribute to cheat the imagination; and the magic shows of the Mirage and of La Fata Morgana are well-known examples. In one of the Spanish histories of South America, we read that the inhabitants of a certain district long resisted the attempts of the missionaries to convert them, alleging as a proof of the truth of their own religion, that at certain seasons their gods used to appear to them, surrounded by troops of worshippers, on the opposite side of a lake, in a consecrated valley. An intelligent missionary examined the story accurately; he found that they had erected statues to their gods on the eastern side of the lake, and that in particular states of the atmosphere, and at a certain elevation of the sun, as in the parallel case of the "aërial Morgana," the figures of the idols and those of their worshippers were reflected on the dense vapour beyond the lake. He explained the phenomenon, re-

moved the idols, and his sagacity was rewarded by the speedy conversion of the entire district. If these two circumstances are combined with the *additive* power of the imagination, the phenomenon of O'Donoghue and his white horse will not be of difficult solution. The stories of "Wild huntsmen" probably originated in the distant baying of dogs, or other sounds heard by the "lated peasant," when passing in the night over the tracts where those mighty hunters had pursued the chase; and imagination quickly conjured up the rider and the steed, the hounds and the horns.

The Shefro, the Banshee, and the other creatures of imagination who bear them company, now take their farewell of the reader. As knowledge advances, they recede and vanish, as the mists of the valley melt into air beneath the beams of the morning sun.

When rational education shall be diffused among the misguided peasantry of Ireland, the belief in such supernatural beings must disappear in that country, as it has done in England, and these "shadowy tribes" will live only in books. The Compiler is therefore not without hope that this little Volume, which delivers the legends faithfully as they have been collected from the mouths of the peasantry, may be regarded with feelings of interest.

And now, gentle reader, permit the "tiny folk," at parting, to address thee in the words of their British kindred, after their revels through "the Midsummer Night's Dream:"

"If we shadows have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended),
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear:
And this weak and idle theme
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend."

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.