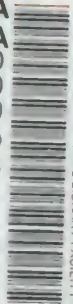


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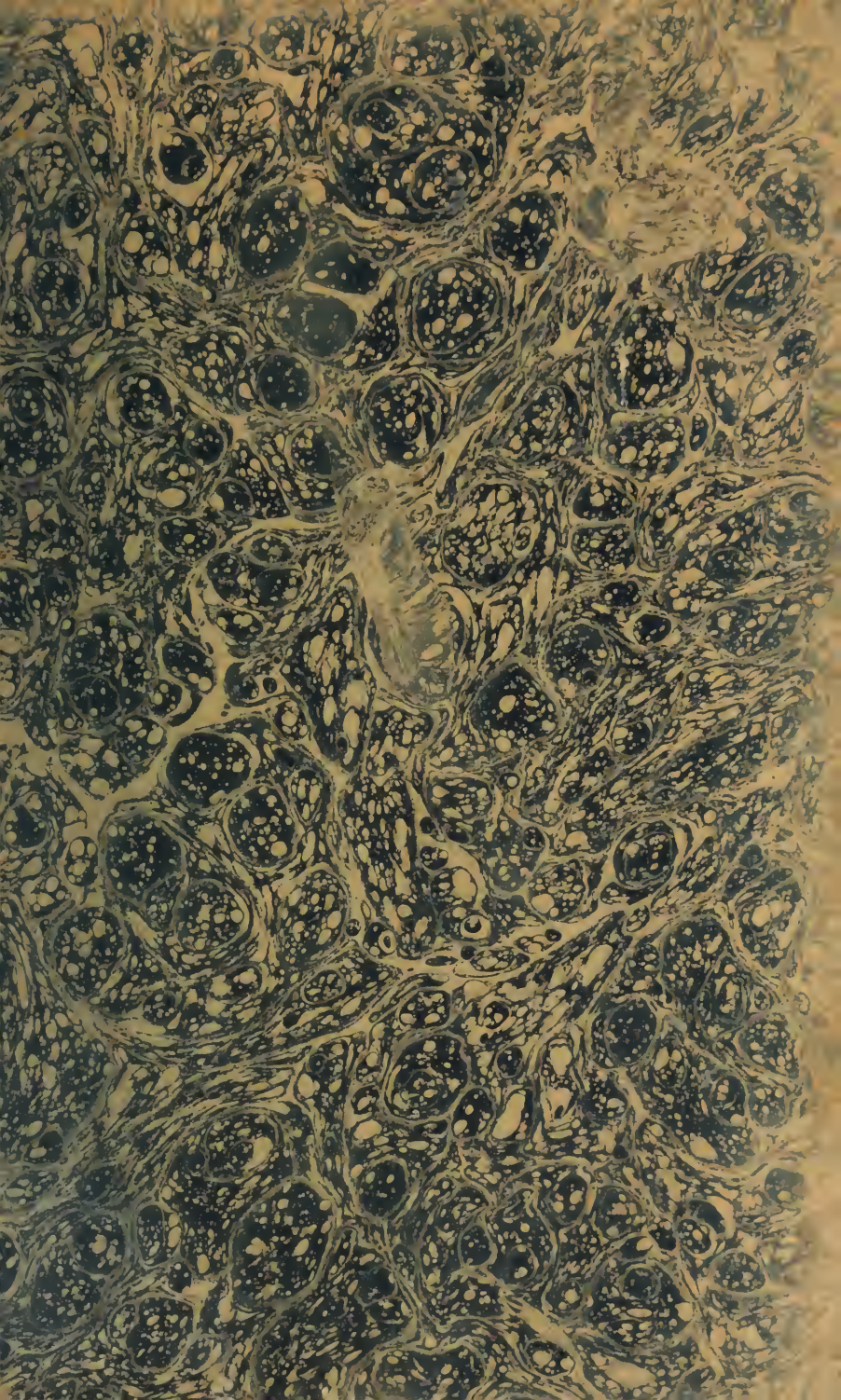


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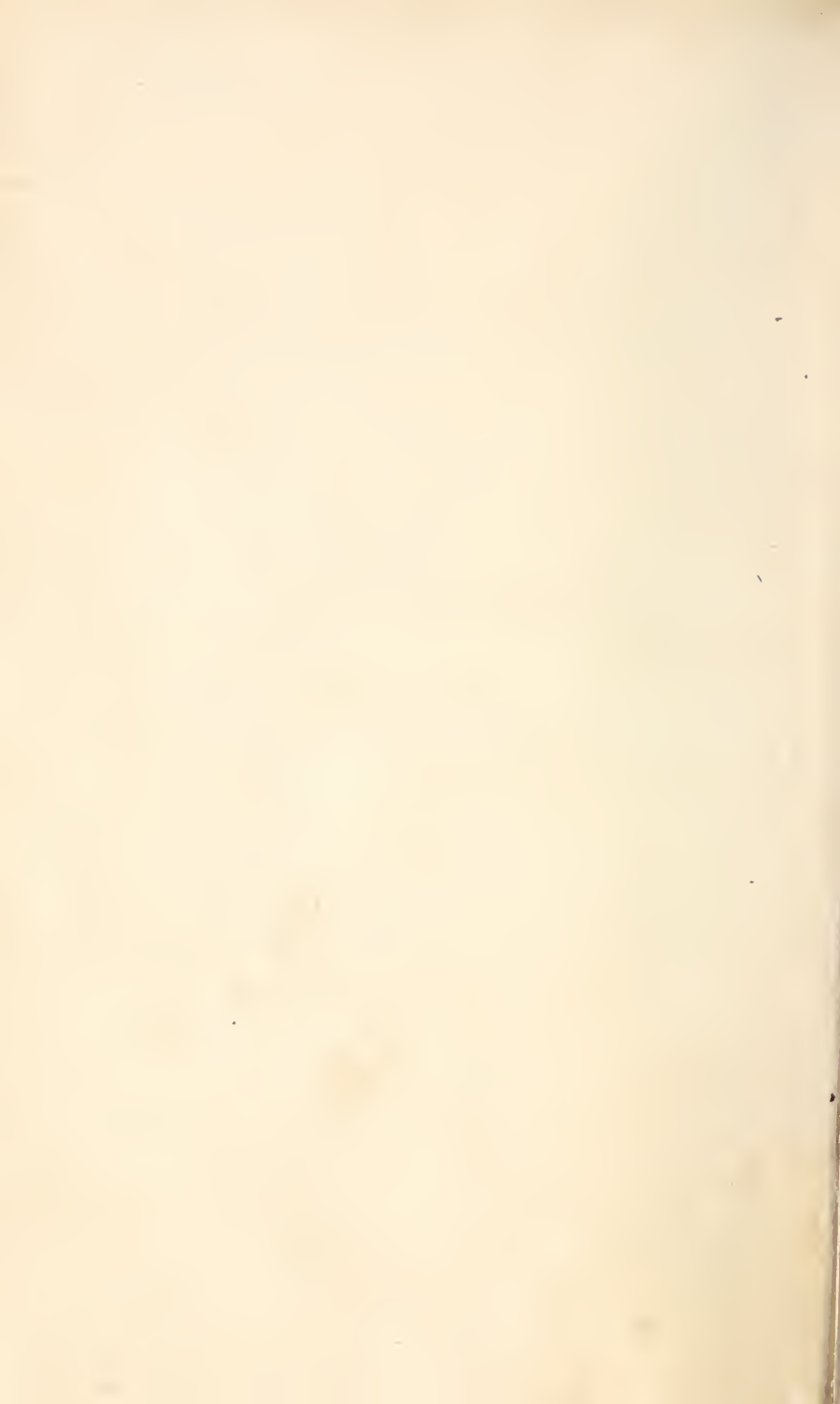
from

1897

- the New Light - Treasury

Vicar of Hallowell over
50 years

List of Students





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ELLANA:

A

Legend of the Thirteenth Century;

IN

FOUR CANTOS:

WITH NOTES.

BY MARY.

DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION,

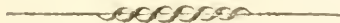
TO

THE HOUSE OF LEIX.



“ Thus while I trace the measure wild
“ Of tales that charm’d me when a child,
“ Rude tho’ they be, still with the chime
“ Return the thoughts of early time ;
“ And feelings rous’d in life’s first day,
“ Glow in the line and prompt the lay.”

SCOTT.



DUBLIN:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM HENRY PARRELL, COLLEGE-GREEN.

1813.

PR
5291
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DEDICATION.



IN those days to which memory ever reverts “with a smile or a tear,” as I listened to the Peasant’s oral tale of long departed Chieftains,—Fancy again embodied the Heroes of “other days,” the Maidens of long remembered beauty,—and the “Legend” of ELLAUNA was formed.

Circumstances have induced me to offer this complement of my Youth to the public eye; and under whose especial patronage could I so fitly place it, as with the lineal descendants of those, whose past achievements first suggested it—who, whilst they were unrivalled in the tented field, shewed their love of Learning and Religion by the many costly remains, which time hath spared to this date to prove it;—therefore to the “House of Leix” is Ellauna dedicated by their

Very humble Servant,

MARY.

Dublin, September 29th, 1815.



ELLAUNA.—*Canto First.*

THE SHRINE.

WHAT sees the musing rustic now,
Amid the wreck of time?—
She views Kildara's cloister'd dome,
And blessed Brigid's shrine.

Its guardian meek she can perceive,
Attentive lend her ear,—
Ellauna's tale of weal or woe,
So pitiful, to hear.



ELLAUNA.

Canto First.

THE SHRENE.

RESPECTED Abbess, woud'st thou know
The suffering of my days ;
Thy servant's hours of joy or woe
Obediently I trace.

Thou didst not rule *Coill-Dairagh's* fane,
When first my story mov'd ;⁽¹⁾
And requiems by thy virgin train
Were sung for him I lov'd.

But thou hast view'd the widow's tear,
Shed o'er the trophied tomb,
Which marks the murder'd Hero's bier
For ages yet to come.

And dost with pity's tend'rest tone,
Demand this tale of fate ;
Which, Lady, to your ear alone
I fully shall relate.

Not boastingly I speak my birth,
O'MORE, of gentlest blood,
My sire, yet lives in princely worth,
And lives surnamed the good.

Right valiant was the chief in arms,
Thus Birga's knights allow ;^(2 & 3)
To Kilda, rich in wealth and charms,
He pledg'd the nuptial vow ;

The pride of Byrne and Whelan's race,
Whose dwelling by the stream,
Rocks, woods, and hills, and valleys grace,
The poet's sweetest theme.

For there, in early Christian times,
Did pious Mogue dwell;
And there, beneath fair spreading limes,
The faithful built his cell.

A consecrated Chapel rose,
And nigh the Castle stands;
The Hermit still his name bestows
On the Lord Marcher's lands.⁽⁴⁾

May goodly trees for ever shade
And fence that holy place,
Nor sacrilegious axe invade
Where sleeps my mother's race.

But war hath sunk the Whelan state—
 Sir Daniel Byrne 's no more,⁽⁵⁾
 Yet Teighmogue's hospitable gate
 Shall distant heir restore.

Two daughters and a blooming boy
 The lovely Kilda bare ;
 The blessings of connubial joy
 Were Arth-Mac-Conmaol's share.⁽⁶⁾

Majestic BRAGELA first born,
 And next the blue-eyed CAHIR ;
 Our harper sang *my birth*, may-morn,
 And nam'd ELLAUNA fair.

But ah! there came a weeping hour
 Prophetic of my doom ;
 Dermody felt the drizzling show'r,
 And view'd the sudden gloom.

Doth storms, he cried, the May invade,
And dull the natal strain—
The Sun shall brighter rise, sweet maid,
And thou due honors gain.

BRAGELA's darkly rolling eye
Her inward thought express'd,
And well her high arch'd-brows imply
The pride which rules her breast:

And none her fancies might restrain,
For thus our father will'd,
That all shou'd please—and none shou'd pain
His best-beloved child.

Nor lover cou'd her youth delight,
Nor wou'd she deign to wed;
Tho' Baron bold and banner'd Knight
Her beauty captive led:

But her unbending haughty soul
 Preferr'd a single life,
 Unsubjected to such controul,
 As waits the happiest wife.

CAHIR seem'd born to rule and please,
 And tho' but yet nineteen,
 By *all* the martial sept of Leix⁽⁷⁾
 Was held in high esteem ;

For lately on the eastern shore,
 Mac-Murrough led the van ;⁽⁸⁾
 His *well-tim'd* arrow drank the gore
 Of SWART, the royal Dane.⁽⁹⁾

At *Rheban's* strongly scited fort,
 We at this time sojourn'd ;
 For unaware, by night, fierce Swart
 Our *Donamaise* had burn'd,⁽¹⁰⁾

As Lord St. Michael helps the foe,
O'MORE on Rheban seiz'd—
The Boisselles' lofty turrets too,⁽¹²⁾
Th' angry Chieftain raz'd.

Nigh was our kinsman, Girald's court,
Ath-le-gar; with its tow'r,⁽¹³⁾
Which OROTHEA MORE had brought
To Offaley in dow'r.—

Peace came—yet Conar's kindred race
With Arty disagree;⁽¹⁴⁾
A barren pasture's bound, to trace
Sole cause for enmity.

Th' hostile bands march tow'rd the heath,
Which now opposing lay,⁽¹⁵⁾
And rest that night their shields beneath
Awaiting dawn of day.

GLAN-MILERE spake the words of peace,
And with returning day,
The herald bards bade discord cease
And part th' expected fray;

Full pleasant was O'DEMPSEY's wife,
Which such success attends: (16)
"For ah! 'tis hard to reconcile
"The foes, that *once* were *friends*."

And graceful stood each Chieftain's heir,
As lovely in their youth,
They interchange the mutual spear,
As guages of their truth,

Two days, camp'd on the heath, they feast,
The golden goblets foam—
The third, the cup of concord taste,
And part well pleased for home. (17)

Man, vain man! thus rules with pow'r,
 And proudly bears his state;
 Beyond his glance, the heavy hour
 Which brings reversing fate.—

Cahir, deeply skill'd in Grecian lore,
 Wou'd taste it at its source;
 And hence a *red-cross* galley bore
 Him, on his destin'd course.⁽¹⁸⁾

At *Moy's* rich altar by the ford,
 The priest preferr'd a pray'r;
 That angel ministers might guard
 The well beloved Cahir.

Thrice blessed Moy! thy fanes no more,
 That like the *Templars* fell;⁽¹⁹⁾
 A sinful *Moy* shall yet restore
 Thy walls, old rhymers tell.

In Sicily the youth arrives,
And thence to Athens sped ;
But, whether that he yet survives
Or numbers with the dead

No tidings e'er hath reach'd our ears,
Tho' twenty years be past
Since Arty-More, with parting tears
His worthy heir embrac'd.

Too silently did Kilda mourn
The absence of her son,
And hence o'erpast the mortal bourne
Ere ninety days had run.

I scarcely had three lustrums gain'd
When my lov'd mother died ;⁽²⁰⁾
And sure I cause had to be pain'd,
Of all her sex the pride.

She died in hope's beatic state;
But had she liv'd to know
Her darling Cahir's uncertain fate,
How great had been her woe.

SAINT FRANCIS, was our house's guide,
My grateful ancestry
An Abbey, for his Monks supplied
In lovely Strad-Balie.⁽²¹⁾

But Brigid was my Mother's aid,
And her last dying pray'r,
Unto the heav'nly visioned maid
Bequeath'd her soul—and Cahir.

Next Month at the seraphic shrine,
The zealous Chief with haste
Attends the rosary divine,⁽²²⁾
Which honoreth her feast.⁽²³⁾

Barefoot—O'MORE, in *sackcloth* clad,
 Presents in humble guise,⁽²⁴⁾
 Such off'ring as his *faith* display'd,
 And holy *Hope* implies.

A *Silver Censor* wrought with gold,
 By *Cross of Rubies* crown'd;⁽²⁵⁾
 Whilst *Em'rald Shamrocks* fitly fold⁽²⁶⁾
 Their *mystic foliage* round.⁽²⁷⁾

For *KILDA's soul*, he first implor'd
 Remission and relief
 From penal fire: and deplor'd
 Each sinner's mortal grief.

The *mitred Abbot*, blest my sire,
 And promis'd in *three days*,
 That *Kilda* freed from "*penal fire*"
 Should walk the fields of ease.

For Cahir he next address'd the saint,
And crav'd her patronage ;
His daughters share with suited tram
This pious pilgrimage.

Then, for our living and our dead,
Twelve Nuns chaunt Litanies ;
“ *Depart in peace,*” blest Walter said,⁽²⁸⁾
“ Whilst pray'rs, with incense rise.”

End of Canto the First.

ELLAUNA.—*Canto Second*

THE MARRIAGE.

WE Sing of Wedlock's blisful bonds,
The pure delights of Love ;
We wish each Warrior's chosen fair,
As kind and true to prove.

To gallant Knight, and Lady bright,
We give the festal cheer ;
Far hence, the deep ill-omen'd sigh,
And hasty gushing tear.



ELLAUNA.

Canto Second.

THE MARRIAGE.

HERE EUSTACE first beheld, and soon
With supplicating air
Entreats my sire, as heav'n's own boon
To grant " ELLAUNA fair."

None look'd on Eustace' lofty mein;
The EUSTACE' sparkling eye,⁽²⁹⁾
But found respect, or gave esteem;
Could heart his suit deny?

And Ellauna was all his pride—
Too mighty bliss to last—
Ah! little reck'd his happy bride,
What hand her joy should blast.

Our garden was as Eden fair,
Hard by the river side—
My native lovely BIRGA there
Rolls swift its silver tide.

Amid this garden's wild'red ways
Sir Eustace built a tow'r,
A refuge from the summer rays,
And call'd "*my Lady's bow'r.*"

And from our nigh and splendid home
We hither oft retir'd,
To pass the sultry hours of noon,
Or night's pale lamp admir'd.⁽³⁰⁾

Two years—two peaceful years had flown,
 “ On downy wings away ;”
 Our little boy just walk’d alone
On his, and my birth-day.

Many a stately knight and dame
 Were summon’d to the hall,
 And many true retainers came
 To keep our Festival.

To *ardent* Philip, and *just* James,
 We first in Chapel paid⁽³¹⁾
 Such *honour* as the Martyr claims
 Who “ *faith’s*” *strait paths* essay’d.

Then hied we with our chosen mates,
 Unto my Lady’s bow’r ;
 For there my loving Lord entreats
 To spend the banquet hour.

The mimic arras dress'd the scene
 With ev'ry gaudy flow'r,
 The couches velvet, fairy green,
 With roses broid'red o'er.

My robe the tint of am'ranth true,⁽³²⁾
 With *glowing Zapphires* brac'd;⁽³³⁾
 A splendid Carknets varied hue
 My auburn tresses grac'd.⁽³⁴⁾

Excuse those tears—alas! the hour,
 Which turn'd those ringlets grey;
 Such force had grief and terror o'er
 This tenement of clay.⁽³⁵⁾

The gems were pluck'd from *Selim's* crest;
 At Siege of Cesarea:
 Benignant William's crozier bless'd⁽³⁶⁾
 The future Knight of *Lea*.

And such, my Lord's fond gifts that morn,
In honour of *my* day;
So will'd his favours t' adorn.
The Matron of the May.

To give to pleasure higher zest,
My sister came at noon;
The *first* time e're the lovely guest
Had favor'd so our dome.

How all admir'd the black ey'd maid,
Her seeming like a queen;
A length'd garb of gold brocade
Adds graces to her mien,

A Persian 'tire of di'monds rare,⁽³⁷⁾
Her jetty locks surround;
Her arms bared, as lillies fair,
By equal bracelets bound.

Of brilliants round her iv'ry neck,
 A matchless chain she wears,
 And brilliant were the loops which deck
 The pendants at her ears.

My father on affairs of state,
 Had gone to Tarah hill;
His arm a shield in battles' heat,
His voice the Senate's will.

And his hereditary care,⁽³⁸⁾
 As treasurer to bring
 The tribute of LAGENIA fair,⁽³⁹⁾
 To *Ere's acknowledged* king.⁽⁴⁰⁾

The bard sang Love and Hymen crown'd,
 But rising as he paus'd,
 His harp sent forth the saddest sound
 That ever terror caus'd.⁽⁴¹⁾

Cried witty NEAL, "I marr'd a strain,
"I touch'd the chords unskill'd;
"Good Carril, take your seat again,
"And soothe this pretty child."

So soft a prelude Carril sung,
As nigh excited tears;
So bold an air the finale rung,
As quite dispell'd our fears.

Our humbler friends, with revels light
Sport o'er the tented lawn;
The bonfire's blaze outlasts the night,
And mocks the blushing dawn.

And now the guests in Lady's bow'r,
Perceive the rising sun;
His beams steal on the genial hour,
And warn them to be gone.

Their kind adieus to favor'd hosts,
Our courtesies engage ;
Unheeded Bragela arose
And softly spoke her page.

Unmark'd she left the festal rooms,
'Till looking to the gate,
Surpriz'd we see her ready grooms ;
Her maids and *warders* wait.

Ere words our wonder could express,
Bragela re-appears ;
Nor longer could our speech repress,—
A travelling hood she wears.

We cry, O dearest sister stay,
Thou canst not leave us so ;
My bright and charming Lady, nay,
I vow, thou *shalt not* go.

Our hands, which hers had gently seiz'd,
She *rashly* flung away :
Replied, and wildly on us gaz'd,
“ The bound must needs obey.”

Equerry 'gainst the portal leans,
Where pranc'd her milk-white steed ;
She flew and grasp'd the silver'd reins,
And urg'd his utmost speed.

Astonished, motionless we stood
At this uncommon scene ;
No cause assign'd for such a mood,
So swift her act had been.

My true love said, “ grieve not for her,
“ Nor heed her discontent ;
“ Thou know'st her fashion—apt to err,
“ And quickly to repent.”

“Most likely an offence she deems

“Our vassals’ noisy mirth;

“For recollect how she esteems

“The dignity of birth.”

“Lord AYLMER’S heart her image wears,

“*Methinks* he told his flame; (42)

“And no good will I fear she bears

“Unto the *Saxon* name.”

“*Remembr’st* thou that Bragela,

“On NIGRA’S bosom swoon’d,

“E’en at the altar; that bless’d day

“On which our hands were join’d.”

“Nor all our fond remonstrance, love,

“Until the yesterday;

“Could e’er the wayward maiden move,

“To visit Woody Lea.” (43)

“ On her caprice we’ll not debate ;
“ Your frame all languid shews :
“ Come, let us to the Castle straight,
“ And seek a short repose.”

Onward, we to our chamber past,
But much my mind did muse
On this strange parting—’twas the last
Which nature sadly rues.

Kind Lady, much I fear my tale
All patience will exceed ;
Your wishes o’er my doubts prevail,
And tempt me to proceed.

Then let me hasten o’er the night
Of sorrow and of blood ;
Tho’ yet I shudder to recite
Its sad vicissitude.

The second, since BRAGELA's flight,
Comes sad and low'ring on;
And dusky clouds obscure from sight,
The setting of the sun.

Yet most oppressive was the heat,
For not a zephyr sigh'd:
Tho' e'en to win a cooler seat
The battlements we try'd.

Descending thence we gaily haste
Unto the fav'red "*bow'r*;"
This sullen twilight hour to waste,
And scent the dew-bath'd flow'r.

A wounded raven cross'd our path;
"Poor bird!" the Knight exclaim'd;
Low thunder muttered heav'n's wrath,
A flying owlet scream'd.

Our babe I carried in my arms;
Time sweetly stole away:
He slept; and gazing on his charms,
Two lengthened hours delay.

“He’s stole Ellauna’s rosy cheek,”
My gallant husband cried;
“The dimpled mouth, and look so meek
“Of my beloved bride.”

“Yours,” I replied, “his open brow,
“Presaging victory!
“And O, Sir Knight you must allow,
“He boasts your speaking eye.”

Thus, with his arm around my waist
The moments we employ;
He stoop’d—he bless’d—and he embrac’d
The dear unconscious boy.

His mantle of *Aurora bright*,⁽⁴⁴⁾
He listless had untied ;
His sword—the warrior's delight,
Had fallen by his side.⁽⁴⁵⁾

A darker shadow cast the door :
He started from his seat ;
And instantly—Almighty pow'r !
Lay gasping at my feet !

He spoke, I knelt his words to hear,
But Oh, they were his last !
His dying accents reach'd my ear
Like winter's chilling blast.

His noble spirit burst its chains,
And wing'd its flight away
From earthly woe, and earthly pains,
To realms of endless day.

End of Canto the Second.

ELLAUNA.—*Canto Third.*

THE WIDOWHOOD.

O'ER the bier of the stately,
The ardent and brave,
Wails the harper, who lately
Blithe melodies gave—

“ Lo! his Knighthood evinces
“ Each banner that flies;
“ Fairest daughter of princes
“ How woful thy sighs.”

“ Surely branches of glory
“ Such stem shall send forth;
“ And time's future story
“ Emblazon their worth.”

“ The spoils of dark Selim see
“ Grace Eustace ever!
“ Shall the stone of his fame be
“ Forgotten?——Never!”

ELLAUNA.

Canto Third.

THE WIDOWHOOD.

LADY, you sigh; but when you know,
What yet remains behind,
You well will guess what weight of woe
Lies heavy on my mind.

The dawning of the day had broke
Upon our sadden'd plain,
When thrilling screams of horror 'woke
Me, to a sense of pain,

From my deadly swoon I gazed,
 And feebly lean'd to hear;
 My baby, weeping, sore amaz'd,—
 Struck on *the mother's* ear.

My love's gash'd bosom next I meet
 His hand in mine was clasp'd;
 And BRANNO *howling* at his feet,
 I saw—and I relaps'd.—

Sorrow streamed from every eye,
Terror blanched each cheek;
 Whilst not a trace remain'd whereby
 The murderer to seek.

Four weeks my reason weakly reigns
 Quell'd by the sad event:
 My father plac'd the dear remains
 Beneath *this monument.*(46)

But, ah! his "*bloodgouts*" yet distain
Unto this present hour;
Nor mortal art can wash them clean,
From off the fatal floor.⁽⁴⁷⁾

Old Colinan the *Augustine Frere*,
My friend and chaplain dear,
By words of "*faith*," by *fast*, and *pray'r*,
Allay'd my mental fear.

But, never have I left the bow'r
Since that disastrous night,
I count the changing seasons o'er,
Where last he bless'd my sight.

Nor Knight, nor Lady entertain'd;
Nor view'd my father's house—
His visits only are maintain'd;
None else my heart allows

Save, that perennially I come
 The sacred lamp to trim ;⁽²⁸⁾
 To watch a night the Eustace tomb ;
 And tell my beads for him .

You saw the mourner from *the grate*,
 And hasten'd to relieve ;
 And *here* since *matin* hour hath sat
 And listen'd to my grief.

And oft your interposing words
 To Paradise led on ;
 And now, an earthly joy affords,
 Enquiring for my son.

He grew beneath kind Colman's care,
 So learned, just, and wise,
 That from *Ardmachias'* College rare,
 He bore the golden prize.

At seventeen, he vow'd a vow,
Beyond me to controul,
His Unclè's doubtful fate to know,
The purport of his soul.

“ Shall I,” cried he, “ be Arty's heir ;
“ Perchance O'MORE a slave !
“ Perish the villain thought, 'twou'd bear
“ Fitz-Eustace to the grave.”⁽⁴⁹⁾

“ Three years, I've sworn by Holy-Rood,
“ In quest of him to roam ;
“ The watchful providence of God
“ Will lead me safely home.”

“ Reverend Colman, dry that tear,
“ And at your natal place,
“ Unto the Saint, whose name you bear,
“ A stately Church I'll raise.”

" Doubtless mother, I'll return,
 " And I'll return well sped;
 " For never had he cause to mourn,
 " Whom truth and justice led."

I press'd the mind-ennobled boy
 More closely to my breast;
 I wept, yet felt a mother's joy
 At honor's *high* behest.

And hope as if from heav'n obtain'd,
 Hath o'er my mind prevail'd;
 Tho' eighteen moons have slowly wan'd,
 Since gallant Rowland sail'd.

And cheeringly it bids me trust
 A prosperous event,
 For he who rules with judgment just
 In mercy will relent.——

Now fitly Lady do you ask,

“Remains the *Kerne* unknown?”

The question meet; how sad the task,

The hapless truth to own.

But vainly since that scene of woe,

My sire, with *all his* pow'r,

Hath sought the arm that struck the blow

And marr'd my summer bow'r.

And oft my son with pious care,

Invok'd the pow'r divine

To listen to an Orphan's pray'r,

And yield *his* foe and mine.

Yet saintly Abbess, thou *shall* hear,

Confided to your breast,

That, which unto a mortal ear,

Hath never been express'd.

My sister's chiefest fav' red maid
 Was NIGRA, once a slave
 Whom FLORENCE MORE, the late crusade
 Baptiz'd, in Jordan's wave :

When wounded by a pagan snare,
 A tedious death in store ;⁽⁵⁰⁾
 Unto our Isle, with christian care,
 His proselyte he bore.—

And sure if Dæmons *e'er can* boast
 A power o'er our days,
 'Twas then, the *wily Arab* cross'd
 The stately porch of Leix.⁽⁵¹⁾

She was a fiercely temper'd wretch ;
 Tho' strange it be to tell,
 Her influence o'er Bragela such,
 She rul'd her at her will.

Forgive *your* servant's ling'ring tale,
Unwilling to disclose
Another name—which must reveal
The author of her woes.

In my third month of widowhood,
When calm to fate resign'd,
My nurse's son before me stood—
An humble, prudent hind :

The subject matter of his words
Dear Lady, I repeat :
He liv'd as keeper of the herds
At Rhebans southern gate.

A covered path; an Iron-door,
My father's secret way ;
From vulgar gaze high trees secure,
Alone he kept the key.

From the exterior court this led
 Unto the Commons-road ;
 And in this court the “ *Barbar*” steed
 Was gen’rally bestow’d.

The time was more than ev’ning grey
 A female voice he heard ;
 And Nigra with pale Bragela
 As presently appear’d.

“ Fear not my arm,” the vile one said,
 “ This Skein is sure and bright ;
 “ And he that scorn’d the *fairest* maid,
 “ Sees not again the light.”

“ The *Red Roan*, swifter than the wind,
 “ Flies with my guiding hand ;⁽⁵²⁾
 “ And such disguise have I design’d
 “ As policy hath plann’d.”

“ With wine I have so drugg’d his groom,

“ With pledges to your health,

“ That he’ll ne’er miss the trusty Roan

“ ’Till I return the stealth.”

“ Thro’ woods and thro’ the night I go,

“ None ever will mistrust,

“ The arm which aim’d the steady blow,

“ Like your resentment just.”

“ With the morning comes your sire,

“ My great revenge to mar,

“ The secret key wou’d then require,

“ Committed to your care.”

“ THE EUSTACE, in his bow’ry lea,

“ Shall lie full cold e’er then ;

“ No more, my child, to injure thee,

“ Or such perfection pain.”

“ Cease Birga’s Lilly, weep not so ;
 “ Quick ! thro’ the *Iron Door*,——
 “ The fittest tidings of your foe
 “ Come with the midnight hour !”

This cruel plot o’erheard indeed
 By ANSEY’S faithful son,
 He swiftly, but with bootless speed,
 To shew our danger run :

The way was long—by night o’ertae’n—^(53)
 Led by an errant blaze,
 Arising from the woody fen,^(54)
 O’er which he pathless strays.

He reach’d not then our castle walls,
 Until the morning light
 Dispell’d what yet *poor* Conall calls,
 A dæmon, or a sprite.

'Twas my impatient follower's claim
Arous'd our sleeping trains :
He urg'd last ev'ning's boding dream,
But farther proof refrains.

By "*Bernan Eran*" Donel sware,
O'er ten the bridge was drawn,
The bowman set, and Eustace there
Stood, pointing to the lawn.

His wraith surely Donel kenn'd,
For all about that hour,⁽⁵⁵⁾
The master kind—the gen'rous friend
Lay welt'ring in his gore.

My Daltu heard the *Banshie* cry⁽⁵⁶⁾
Just at the witching time;
Yet deem'd it but a lullaby⁽⁵⁷⁾
And Rowland's fretful chime.

My women in the gall'ry sate,
 O'erwearied fell asleep ;
 When Conall knocking at the gate,
 Awaken'd them to weep.—

The anti-room lay open still,
 And cold, alas ! the bed ;
 Uncertain fears their bosoms fill,
All to the garden sped :

The mystery which met their eyes,
The hind cou'd well explain ;
 But wisely o'er his secret sighs,
 'Till I cou'd share his pain.

I bound him quick by *Brigid's shrine*,⁽⁵⁸⁾
 By wond'rous *Columbkille*,⁽⁵⁹⁾
 By *Patrick's staff*, that gift divine,
 To guard our secret still.⁽⁶⁰⁾

'Twou'd quite have rent my father's heart,
Sore grieving for his son,
The direst tidings to impart
By parent ever known.

But longer I cou'd not conceal
My guilt, (if guilt,) from thee ;
But holy dame ! your lower'd veil
Reproaches tacitly.————

Her tearful eyes Ellauna rais'd,
Two knights the aisle approach'd ;
The gems which on their vesture blaz'd,
Their dignities avouch'd.

To the *high* Altar on they pass'd,
Thrice humbly kiss'd the ground ;
And thrice heav'n's type of love embrac'd
With reverence profound.

Then rising, turn'd to *Brigid's shrine,*
 When swift as parting light,
 The glad Ellauna's arms entwine
 The younger, graceful knight.

I cannot paint the mother's tear,
 How pensively she smil'd;
 Whilst leaning on *the father's bier*
 She bless'd *their only child.*

She felt her brother's warm embrace,
 Yet look'd with doubtful eyes:
 Stood *you* in a *spectator's place,*
 You needs wou'd sympathize.

But language nature oft denies
 To scenes *resembling* this;
 Alike to *Fate's* extremities,
 Or overwhelming bliss.—
End of Canto the Third.

ELLAUNA.—*Canto Fourth.*

THE CONFESSION.

DOST thou hear *St. Francis*' bell,
Merry, merrily ringing :
Or hears't thou the organ swell
And *Brida*'s vestals singing.—

Look'st thou on *Lagenia*'s smile,
Her MÖRF's return proclaiming ;
Or views't thou *Saint Mary*'s aisle,
With sacred torches beaming.

Salem's knights, a goodly train,
With solemn pomp advancing ;
Or each maid, and ev'ry swain
On *Leix*' fair meadows dancing.

Regard'st thou yon hallow'd gift,
The grateful chieftain proving ;
Listen'st thou to contrite shrift,
Heavenly pity moving.

But if the name
Of *Erin*'s fame,
Did never yet entrance thee,
Thou'rt like to blame
The rural dame,
Who gave the reins to fancy.

ELLAUNA.



Canto Fourth.

THE CONFESSION.

SLIGHT circumstances either gave
Of their adventures past ;
But thus 'tis ever with *the brave*,
Of self to speak in haste.

Young Rowland sought Messina's port,
Mac Arty, sail'd from thence ;
One month, where strangers much resort,
His partial residence.

Prepar'd next tide to quit the bay,
And viewing carelessly
A brig new anchor'd at the quay,
A Dervise caught his eye.

A something more than *he* cou'd name,
Attracted still his gaze;
The Dervise with no better claim,
As curiously surveys.

Such looks must needs to converse lead;
Heav'n's favor on him shone,
Who thus in safety, and with speed,
Had brought his Uncle home.—

Cahir said, "I've little to discuss;
"At Athens I delay'd,—
"One evening at Areopagus
"Too late I rashly stay'd."

“ Four Tunis pirates pinion'd me,
“ And to their vessel bore ;
“ As suddenly put out to sea,
“ And reach'd their native shore.”

“ For eighteen years need I relate
“ The suff'rings I endur'd ;
“ An action, trifling now to state,
“ My liberty procur'd.”

“ The meeting with my youthful friend,
“ For aye my bosom warms ;
“ His gen'rous thoughts my thanks transcend,
“ And past expression charms.”

“ The gifts of heaven on his head,
“ Increase and multiply ;
“ So yesterday my father laid
“ His blessing equally.”

“ To-day I came in duty bound,
“ My homage here to pay ;
“ And thus my dear Ellauna found
“ A pilot to her lea.”

“ Bragela bears a downcast eye——”
Cahir farther wou'd have spoke,
But like to life's last parting sigh
Upon the audience broke :

A female form sigh'd thus profound,
Her gown of sable baize,
A linen coif her temples bound,
And half conceal'd her face.—

“ As by the hand of justice led
“ To fill my cup of woe,
“ Those whom I've injur'd most,” she said,
“ Shall learn their latent foe.”

“ *Your habit, Lady, and your mien,*
“ *Proclaim your sov’ reign care ;*
“ *My confession wilt thou deign*
“ *In charity to hear.”*

“ *Behold the daughter of O’MORE,*
“ *Thus lowly bends to thee ;*
“ *Her trespasses to number o’er,*
“ *And crave your clemency.”*

“ *Chaste maiden, how shall I begin,—*
“ *And I have much to say ;*
“ *Thou knowest nought of guilt like mine*
“ *To lead the heart astray.”*

“ *Whilst with pure celestial flame,*
“ *Thy sacred bosom glows ;*
“ *Thy maker’s praises all the theme*
“ *Thy seraph thought allows.”*

“ The deadly sin of *pride’s excess*,
 “ Hath never discompos’d :
 “ Thou’rt fair, but all thy happiness
 “ Lay not in beauty’s boast.”

“ Full many suitors sought my hand,
 “ But still they were denied ;
 “ Nor wealth, nor pow’r, nor high command
 “ Cou’d satisfy my pride.”

“ But ah! the *scorner’s* fate to prove
 “ E’en to its utmost care ;
 “ “ *Too soon* alas! I learn’d to love,—
 “ “ ‘To love and to despair.’ ”

“ The knight my sister’s charms preferr’d ;
 “ Her youthful heart his own ;
 “ Their wishes met my sire’s accord,
 “ And Hymen made them one.”

“ Long I mourned ; at length confide

“ Me to a captive wench,

“ To evil-passions all allied ;

“ She urg’d a prompt revenge.”

“ Say will it thy belief obtain ?

“ Can it be understood ?

“ I shar’d with her the *sin of Cain*,

“ And shed a brother’s blood !”

“ Repentance truly came *that night*,—

“ Alas ! the bloody skein,

“ That marshals aye to mental sight

“ Triumphant Satan’s reign !”

“ And quite estrang’d my bosom’s peace

“ Since thou’st tasted time ;

“ A daughter of the *House of Leir*

“ Descended to a criminal.”

“ Tho’ yearly penance I perform
 “ Around the Baptist’s fount,⁽⁶¹⁾
 “ *All* for the soul *I sent* forlorn,
 “ *Unshriv’d*, to its accompt.”

“ One pang ’till now my heart was spar’d,
 “ By yonder mourner’s vow ;
 “ But oh! when e’er *that* youth appear’d,
 “ I felt——God knoweth how !”

“ Th’ *ill-starr’d* Nigra quickly fell,
 “ Self-smitten in despair ;
 “ Her conscience pictur’d forth an hell,
 “ Beyond her strength to bear.”

“ Obedience to my father’s will,
 “ Who mourn’d an absent son,
 “ Bound me unto his presence, ’till
 “ Kind heaven led *him* home.”

“ O! little thought that brother dear,
 “ From *yesterday's* embrace,
 “ *To-day* to see me suppliant here,
 “ His *princely line's* disgrace.”——

“ *Our Chieftain* thinks with off'ring meet
 “ I come, *his* grateful vow,
 “ Which personal diseased feet
 “ Forbid him to bestow.”

“ Untouch'd by my polluted hands,
 “ (I durst not e'en behold,)
 “ Bless'd by *the Pope*, this box contains
 “ A chalice beaten gold.

“ Cahir-Mac-More, be it your trust
 “ His sorrows to assuage,
 “ When he shall learn his former boast
 “ Dishonor'd so his age.”

“ For *here* I saw the comely knight,
“ And *here* he lieth low ;
“ *Here* I renounce the world’s delight
“ For Brigid’s strictest vow :”

“ And *here* before her holy shrine
“ I sever thus my hair ;⁽⁶²⁾
“ To deprecate the wrath divine
“ I give those jewels rare.”

“ These keys will yield my robes full store,
“ Their splendor once my pride ;
“ And I endow with *all* my *dow’r*,
“ The *convent real* beside.”

“ Then may a sinner urge a boon,
“ From thee, sweet sanctity !
“ And gain the veil to-morrow noon,
“ And holy sanctuary.”

“ *If so,*” the gracious Abbess said,
“ Shou’d be the Bishop’s will,
“ *It shall be mine,* unhappy maid!
“ *Thy wishes to fulfill.*”

She mov’d, “ Ellauna now I kneel
“ Thy pardon to receive ;
“ As proof of heav’n’s absolving seal,
“ Pronounce, I DO FORGIVE.”

And who a pardon might deny
To penitent *so true,*
Or chase the tear from pity’s eye
Which witness’d *their* adieu!

Hosanna! loud the organ rais’d,
The vesper rites begun ;
Into the choir Bragela pass’d,
With the superior Nun.

The vigil watch'd—the morning came ;
 The solemn act is o'er :
 And *Misericordia* was the name
 Henceforth Bragela bore.——

The page and warden of “*the bow'r*”
 Expect the mourner home,
 And keep their guard that *mid-day hour*,
 Within the *fatal* room.

A brightness, *brighter* than *the Sun*,
 Swept swiftly o'er the floor ;
 When lo ! the “*bloodgouts*” quite were gone,
 And were beheld no more !

Just as the noble Bragela
 Breath'd forth her holy vows,
 The *traits* of guilt were cleans'd away
 By her celestial spouse.

The Conclusion.



One year, *heart-strucken*, Arty bore
His aggravated grief ;
The *next*, the weary strife was o'er ;
In death he found relief.

And *she*, whom blind indulgence led
To such a fearful close,
The self-same hour her spirit fled
Where *penitents repose*.

Cahir wed with RHODA CONAR, bland,
A daughter of his friend's ;
And still to bless *their native land*
Their *endless* line distends. (63)

MARIAN, with the golden hair,
 The grace of ULLIN'S halls,
Red-handed witty NIAL'S heir,
 His bride Lord Eustace calls.

Entomb'd beneath New-Abbey spire,
 Which rose as Rowland vow'd,⁽⁶¹⁾
 Their effigies for them require
 Your orison to God!

Remov'd to silver Slaney's banks,
 Strong tow'rs *Great* EUSTACE rear'd,⁽⁶⁵⁾
 And high amidst baronial ranks
 His blazon'd shield appear'd.

But valor's worth and valor's deeds,
 A varying title bears;
 And such the fortune which succeeds
 To noble Rosval's heirs.⁽⁶⁶⁾

Ellauna, saw an hundred years
The *glories* of *her house* ;
Her grandson's children bore her hearse,
And laid her by her spouse.

At village hearths such themes prevail
As "*olden time*" affords ;
And such the *legendary* tale
A simple dame records.

End of Canto the Fourth.

NOTES.



NOTES TO CANTO THE FIRST.

NOTE I.

*Thou didst not rule Coill-Dairagh's fanc,
When first my story mov'd,*

Coill-Dairagh,—(Kildare) from *Coill*, a wood, and *Dair*, an oak. This once famed residence of the Druids gives name to the town, bishopric, and fertile County of Kildare, in the province of Leinster; in this town was formerly a famous Nunnery, founded by Saint Brigida, A. D. 484; nearly at the same time *Conleth* formed a society of Monks, under the Augustine rule: both Nuns and Friars were placed by St. Patrick under the guidance of the holy Brigid, for thus *her legend* asserts—the Abbot to be appointed by her suffrage, which right descended to her successors;—from the great donations of land and money bestowed on this young princess, and for the better government of the many churches which the newly converted Irish had built in her neighbourhood, she created the Bishopric of Kildare, and appointed *Conleth* the first *Bishop—Elder—Comor-*

ban, or *mitred Abbot*, as this dignity was at that time indifferently called. A successor of Conleth's, was *Naithfraich*, formerly servant to this saintly maiden, but raised by his sanctity to this high office.

Those convents which were only separated by the Cathedral have been long in ruins; except the choir which is kept in repair for divine service according to the ritual of the Church of England; and the bishopric also maintains its place. Again, the annals of the four masters assert, that the Convent owed its foundation to *Brigitta*, born at Nerica in Sweden, and she and her Nuns unheard of before the year 1360. In the churchyard is a fine old tower.

NOTE 2 and 3.

Thus Birga's knights allow,

Birga's knights,—The *Birga* or *Barrow*, or the *Great River*, rises in the *Slicve-bloom* mountains in Queen's County, and flowing with silently encreasing waters through the greater part of the province of Leinster, bearing on her silver waves many a stately boat of costly freightage, forms a junction with its *sister* streams the *Suir* and the *Nore*, near the bay of Waterford, in the province of Munster, and thus the fair re-union gains the ocean: these three lovely Rivers are particularly remarkable, springing from the same source, im-

mediately and widely separating, and thus meeting again ere they finally disappear. The Barrow is also called *Birga—Emhin—Abhan* or *Evan*, from the latter a beautiful Abbey, five miles from Kildare, takes its name, being called *Monaster-Abhan* or *Monaster-Evan*, signifying the monastery on the River; it was founded by *Dermid O'Dempsey* of *Hy-jallia*, and dedicated to St. Mary, A. D. 1185. This building was also imputed to a society of Monks from Munster, hence the name *Evan* or *South-man*;—we read that before *Dermid's* time it was called *De-Rosca-Balle*, or the town on the wet meadow. In the troubled times in the year 1641, *Adam Loftus*, Viscount Ely, held the high court of Chancery in the great hall of the monastery, which remains to *this very day*, lined with Irish Oak, and forming a part of that noble mansion now called *Moore Abbey*, in the County Kildare. Queen Elizabeth granted this Abbey with the other possessions of those Cistersians to one of her captains, Lord Moore, now Marquis of Drogheda.

Knights,—*Curadhs* or *Curats*; Knights were also called *Finne*, a word implying commander of the provincial militia of Ireland; a body of warriors *far famed*, centuries before the christian æra: these legions were called *Cathas*, each Cath contained 3,000 men, officers included; each province (or Kingdom) maintained, or when occasion pressed, could furnish seven legions or

21,000 men, capable of bearing arms, beside each chieftain's peculiar Cath. None were admitted into the *selected* provincial Cath, but men of large stature, without the least deformity in their limbs; they should be scholars—informed in poetry and history—perfect in the use of the sword, the javelin, and the sling—and so active that each soldier should clear at once a wall as high as himself, or run under the branch of a tree as low as his knee: it was such men as those that *Finn-Mac-Corhall* (Fingal, the hero of Ossian) led to battle; it was with such allies that the *Pictish* monarch repulsed the *Roman* legions; and with the aid of many of the *lineal* descendants of those long departed worthies, WELLINGTON CONQUERED!

Of their *Finnes* or *Curadhs*, Knight commanders, we shall now speak:—*Lughda-Laim-Dearg*, or Luda of the red hand, (from *laim* hand, and *dearg* red) a prince of the line of *Heber* or *Nial*, to whom this appellation was given, from the many bloody and successful battles which he had ou to secure to himself the throne, a circumstance which from the nature of the government too often stained the royal annals of Ireland. This Luda, in memorial of his victories, instituted the *Curad-na-ruiad*, or the champions of the Red Branch, or more properly the *Red Hand*: those heroes of Ulster were in their day accounted the most powerful and valiant warriors of the western world; the *Fileas* or

Bards celebrate those Knights, so early as the year 3015; the “*bloody hand*” is yet the armorial bearing of the posterity of Luda. His lineal heir is the present Earl O’Neill, Shanes Castle, County Antrim.

The *Leinster* Knights are of a later date—to another of the *Hebercan* princes the *Curads-na-muinice*, or the Knights of the golden collar, owe their origin: they wore a golden chain, their corslets were of gold, a crescent of pure ductile gold ornamented their helmets in front, and their sword-hilts were of the same precious metal. Such are the Bardic representations of the Knights of Leinster; and indeed the many golden crowns, rich swords, silver shields, &c. &c. found in many parts of the Kingdom yield evident proofs of Erin’s former splendor—the book of Munster says that the prince who installed those Knights was henceforth called *Muin-neamh*, from *Muinice*, which signifies a collar of gold. We do not hear of any regular cavalry in Ireland, ’till about 150 years before the time of Conary the Great, during whose reign of thirty years, CHRIST WAS BORN; at which time the Island enjoyed a profound and long-unknown period of peace.

NOTE 1.

On the Lord Marcher’s lands,

Marcher or *Marchall* He.—a name of office, importing

commander of the warriors of a district, now generally used as a title of honor, and called *Marquis*.

NOTE 5.

The pride of Byrne and Whelan's race,

Byrne and Whelan,—the descendant of Sir Matthew, or Sir Audeon (Owen) Whelan, is respectably settled in the Co. Carlow, in the person of Pilsworth Whelan of *Rath*. Sir Matthew or Sir Walter Whelan lived in Teighmogue, at the period of the battle of Worcester; and to some of the Cavaliers who fled to Ireland, wounded, dispirited, and deprived of fortune in the Royal cause, their castle afforded a safe asylum. The estate passed shortly after, I think by purchase, to their kinsman Byrne: about the middle of the 18th Century, Sir Daniel and Lady Byrne went to reside in England, on the death of their only son Charles, who lies buried beneath a white marble stone in the chancel of Teighmogue Church, aged 9 years, the date (as I remember) 1742. This fair manor is now possessed by the Marquis Lansdowne.

Teigh, (pronounced *Tee*) an house, *Mogue* an appellation from the hermit,—hence *Teighmogue*, or the *House of Mogue*, which is one mile from the village of Stradbally in Queen's County, and three from *Teighmahoo* or *Timahoe*, where is a small town, and the ruins

of a Castle and Church, with a monastery also imputed to Saint Mogue, and which gives name to the *Lordship of Timthoe*: a few paces from these ruins stands a stately old round tower.—The Earl Castlehaven in his memoir, notes a great battle fought at *Timachoo*, the 5th October, 1642, —at which time his Lordship commanded the cavalry of the “*Kilkenny Confederates*” under General Preston; his opponent that day was Colonel Monk, afterwards Duke of *Albemarle*, commander of the Parliament forces, and then returning from succouring the besiegers of Ballynakill Castle distant four miles: the Earl was victorious, and the Parliamentarians were defeated with great slaughter.

This *Lordship of Timahoe*, with the annexed barony of Stradbally, are the possessions of Thomas Cosby, Esq. whose magnificent mansion “*The Hall*,” forms part of of the scenery surrounding “*lovely Stradbally*,” so celebrate for “healthy air—green groves—and pretty maids.”

NOTE 6.

Were Arth-Mac-Connaol's share,

Arth-Mac-Connaol,—Arthur, son of the Prince of Chiefs.

NOTE 7.

By all the martial Sept of Leix,

Sept of Leix,—about A. M. 2516; the Caths of the

King of Munster, made an irruption into the dominions of *Arthy-Chucorb*, King of Leinster, and sorely distressed him. *Laviscach* or *Loiscach Ceand Mar.* (*Lois O'MORE*) of the race of Ir, kinsman and Generalissimo to the King, brought up his own Cath, (for he was *Finne* or Knight-commander of a Legion) in such good time as totally to change the fortune of the day;—this battle began at *Ath-le-jar—Ath-re-dan—*or *Ath-le-gar*, (*Athy*) crossing the Barrow, the Mamonians, or men of Munster gave way, pursued by the victors as far as *Aims-righ*, (*Ossory*) where the *Southmen*, weary and discomfited, fled in every direction: *Arthy-Chuchorb* generously rewarded *Lois*, by bestowing on him, in addition to his other possessions, the Principality through which he had driven the enemy, to be from *him* for ever denominated *Leix*, (the present Queen's County) he and his successors were by patent declared hereditary treasurers of *Lagenia*, (*Leinster*) they were to be of the Privy Council—and to have the fourth seat next the King—Seven of this line were always to be of the King's body guards—the Prince of *Leix* was also to support 150 select men, who were to have the honor of leading on every attack, and of forming the reere in every retreat. *O'MORE* was also lord of several fortified holds, in the present Counties of *Kildare*, *Wexford*, and *Carlow*; many Knights held their Castles *en scot* from the cheif of *Leix*. I could not pursue the sports

of my childhood, or wander over the vale of my nativity, but the ready peasant could inform me where O'MORE had pierced the hostile ranks, or point to where his slaughtered foemen lay. *The race* are still highly respectable, having good possessions in Queen's County, far short indeed of their former splendor, but in the very midst of their ancient territories—what a lesson did I thus early learn on “the mutability of human life?”

The representation of the “*House of Leix*” exists in the persons of Arthur Moore of Lamberton, and Henry Moore of Cremorgan, in the Queen's County, Esqs.—Whilst these sheets were in the press—October, 1815—we are concerned to narrate of Cremorgan:

That Henry, son of *Ir*, lies in the narrow house;
 And this rude rosary the minstrel o'er him throws,
 A gift from Leix.

I.

How stately was his port,
 Form'd for noble daring;
 And none in regal court
 E'er excel'd his bearing.
 His eyes—his eyes of blue,
 Were like the morning gleaming
 On flowrets wet with dew,
 Crystal lustre streaming:
 Extinct their rays!

II.

His gently temper'd mind
 Like south'rn breezes blowing,
 Benevolent and kind,

Delighted in well-doing,
And bless'd his day.

His *heart* was *valor's* own.

His *monarch's* was his brand;

And dear his native land

To Erin's loyal son,

As prov'd in battle fray.*

* *Vide memoirs,* }
1798. }

III.

We'll sit where Rod'rick's line

Sleeps 'neath the dark grey stone,

And tales of "*olden time*,"

And glorious deeds relate:

Whilst to the Ceann's loud lament

The low strung harps reply,

And choral voices yield assent

With plaintive melody,

For him that's gone!

But in circle never ending

Shall stand his "*house of fame*,"

And *bays* and *laurels* blending,

Shall grace young *Lois's* name,

And crown his manly state.

NOTE 8.

Mac-Murrough led the van,

Mac-Murrough—or Mac-Murchad, King of Leinster; their peculiar royal domain was named *Hy-kinsela*, their chief town Carman, (now Wexford) with numerous other fortifications to protect their boundaries from their neighbour Kings. At *Cather-lough*, (Carlow) a noble castle reared its massive walls, the stately guardian of the Barrow, here a considerable river,—this Castle was uninjured by time, save that it was unroofed and

dismantled by Cromwell's troops;—a perfect flight of stone steps led to the lofty battlements, I have walked them nearly round, and if memory does not err, I understood that they were nine feet thick,—I know that a large Wolf Dog and a great Russian Pointer that accompanied us had full room to gambol about.

January 1814, a Gentleman on whose ground the Castle stood, intending to repair and reside therein—the unskillful workmen in clearing away the rubbish undermined the foundation, and in an instant this *time-honored* monument of glory fell! as if in scorn of other weapon than the warrior's brand—of other inmate than its princely founder.

The descendant of the Kings of Leinster is Walter Cavcagh of *Burris Castle*, in the County Carlow, Esq.

NOTE 9.

His well-tim'd arrow drank the gore
Of SWART the royal Dane,

A well-timed arrow should reach its mark in a *'second* of time—a bow's weight was from fifty to an hundred pounds; an *arrow's flight* from 333 to 556 yards. The Irish Youth studied Archery from 7 to 21 years of age.

NOTE 10.

*At Rheban's strongly scited fort,
We at this time sojourn'd,*

Rheban,—a beautifully situated ruin on the banks of the Barrow, about two miles from Athy and County Kildare, once a fortified City, but so long destroyed that tradition scarce can trace it—however the Castle was held *en fief* from O'MORE by the Lord St. Michael, a contemporary and friend of *Strongbow's*; but reassumed by the Prince on the supposition that the Baron had assisted the Ostemen of Dublin in an irruption into Leix, the next townland which had formerly a Castle, adjoining to this *Lordship* of *Rheban*, was also held by this Saxon, and still retains the name of Castle Michael.

NOTE 11.

Our Donamaise had burn'd,

Donamaise,—this grand memorial of ancient power stands on a rock, two miles north of Maryborough, the chief town of the Queen's County;—there are many traditions relative to the time of its building, or of its destruction—it is generally imputed to *Lois*, the friend of *Arthy-Chucorb*, who called it after himself, [*Duin-ui-Loise*, or the fortress of *Lois*, but now-a-days always called *Donamaise*.

Laviscagh—Loiseah—or *Lois* appears to have been a favorite family name from the days of the celebrated *Finne, Laineach Lois*—i. e. *Lois*, Knight-commander of the Leinster militia.

NOTE 12.

The Boisselles lofty turrets too,

Boisselles,—their Castle Kilberry, a little below Rheban, on the opposite shore of the Barrow; here dwelt a Norman Knight,—the name is lost—the place a shapeless ruin.

NOTE 13.

Ath-le-gar with its tower,

Ath-le-gar, Ath-le-jar, or Ath-re-dan, (Athy) or the town on the Great River; once a fortified and still a good town, on the banks of the Barrow, County Kildare: this town with the manor and adjoining Castle of Woodstock, Dorothea More, daughter to O'MORE, brought in dowry to *Girald*, 7th Baron Offaley; as now enjoyed by his heir Augustus Frederick Duke of Leinster; the Black Castle, now the County goal, was the defence of the bridge—here are the remains of two or three religious houses which O'MORE either built or liberally endowed. Few strangers who visit Athy, but are made acquainted with the following circumstance—The castle of Woodstock accidentally took fire—the

son of Orothea for a moment was forgotten, the terrified domestics recollecting him, flew to the grand staircase, and beheld the Nurse perish in attempting to descend; *all* concluded that the infant had shared her fate—on regaining the court they heard a strange noise, and looking upward to an angle of the tower which had escaped the flames, they saw a large favorite Baboon, with the heir of Offaley in her arms, and clanking her chain for aid; a ladder was placed, and Fitz-Gerald was safely restored to his despairing parents: the chief of Offaley in remembrance of the signal deliverance of his heir, had enwoven on his banners a Baboon, chained proper, which continues to this day the armorial distinction of that illustrious house—Woodstock survives the shock of time, and is inhabited by a Gentleman's family.

NOTE 14.

*Peace came, yet Conar's kindred race
With Arty disagree,*

O'Connor Falgia, a chieftain of Ossory, akin to O'MORE; their territories joined, and their boundaries were often disputed: O'Connor hath still an hereditary property in Ossory. Note—both upper and lower Ossory are now included in the Queen's County, and upper Ossory still gives an inheritance and Earldom to its ancient chieftain, *Mac-Ghiolla-Phadrig*, (Mac-Gilpatrick) now Fitzpatrick, Earl of Upper Ossory.

NOTE 15.

*The hostile bands march tow'rd the heath
Which now opposing lay,*

The Heath, or Rathven, (the fern wild, or wold) a large Common at the foot of the rock of Donamaise, once part of the domain of that grand fortification.

NOTE 16.

*Full-pleasant was O'Dempsey's wife,
Which such success attends,*

O'Dempsey,—Lord Glan-Milere, a mighty chieftain of Ossory, possessed of numerous Castles in the King's and Queen's County,—at Ballybrittas in the latter County are good remains of one. The family yet dwell in Ossory.

NOTE 17.

*The third, the cup of concord taste,
And part well-pleas'd for home,*

*The cup of concord,—to this day the parting cup is held in esteem by the Irish, who call it the *Duach-duruss*, or drink at the door, (from *dur* a drink, and *duruss* the house-door) and considered as a pledge of faith and good fellowship.*

NOTE 18.

*And hence a red-cross galley bore
Him, on his destin'd course,*

Red Cross—To the *Knights Templars*, O'MORE granted a vicarial residence in the Queens County, with the parochial Church, and two thirds of the tythes of *Moy-an-augh* (or Saint Mary's by the ford) from *Moy Mary*, and *An-naugh* by the ford or waters. The habit of the *Knights Templars* according to their rule, was of plain white cloth, with a red cross of eight points worn over the heart, and by their professions, their diet should have equalled the simplicity of their habits—they transgressed both vows; the splendor of their dress and the luxuriousness of their tables in a short time became proverbial. Pope Clement 5th, on 22d May, 1310, suppressed this order, and for the good of their souls and the expiation of their sins, (so says the Bull of their condemnation) gave over to the secular arm, and of course committed to the flames, more than 200 of those unfortunate gentlemen, fifty-six with the Grand Master expired under unheard of tortures, on scaffolds erected under the salon windows during the dinner hour of *Clement*, at table with whom sat Roger, King of Sicily, their chief accuser, and the Cardinal Councillors. The Pope seized on their temporalities, as the property of the Church,

which he bestowed chiefly on the Knights of St. John, now Knights of Malta,—but much was resumed by the King of Sicily, as having been his own or his ancestor's gifts—To return to their Irish possessions; the demesne of the *Knight Vicar* retains its local appellation, being called to this hour *Vicarstown*, now part of the estate of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, and divided into three large farms, whereof P. Moore, Esq. rents one share—*his* ancestors deemed the whole a trifling religious donation to the Templars—but such are the changes of mortality! two thirds of the tythes of St. Mary, (or *Moy-an-naugh*,) together with the commandery of Kilmainhain, (now the Royal Hospital, Dublin) of which the Phoenix-Park was the Demesne, passed from the Templars to the Knights of Malta, and were at the Reformation bestowed by Elizabeth on the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, who enjoy them to this day: the other third of the tythes of St. Mary belonged to the Franciscans of Stradbally. Vicarstown is in the Queen's County, 36 miles from Dublin, watered by the Barrow, and divided by the Grand Canal; it is a Boat-station and midway between Monastereven and Athy.

NOTE 19.

*Thrice blessed Moy ! thy fanes no more,
That, like the Templars fell,*

Thrice blessed,—Hail thou that art highly favored,—

the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women,— these words were part of the text to a sermon, delivered in Christ-church Cathedral, Dublin, by the domestic Chaplain of the Lord Bishop of Kildare, on the Holy Festival of the Annunciation, 1814. He called *meditation* on the subject of that day's solemnity, "*the sinner's consolation*;" to commit it to memory I made a partial and humble imitation of his "persuasive reasoning."

Honor to the Godhead ever,
Hail! the message full of peace;
Abra'm's daughter, child of favor,
Medium of the promis'd grace.

Earth-born—*ever Virgin*—Mother
Of the mighty paschal Lamb;
Awful mystery! Man is brother
Even to the Great I AM!

Not humanity can utter,
Thought obtain, or speech define;
Jesus taking mortal nature
Into union with *Divine*!

Blessed was the womb which bare him,
Sanctified the nurt'ring breast;
"Yea *more* blessed those who hear him;"
So *Emanuel* hath express'd.

By faith were Adam's race restor'd then,
"Heirs of God—*joint heirs with Christ*;"
All hail to th' Incarnate word then,
"Once offer'd—*Sacrifice—and Priest*."

Dearest brethren, thus believing,
Great shou'd be our purity;
■ all holy council living,
Knit in bonds of unity.

Rememb'ring Cherubim hath giv'n
 Anthem, for the GODMAN'S birth;
 "Glory in the highest Heaven,
 "Love to Man, and Joy to Earth!—AMEN.

The recital of *Gabriel's* message involuntarily led to this digression, which I trust my reader for *the mission's* sake will pardon.

Whilst I hope the *old rhymers's* prophecy may yet be fulfilled, and St. Mary's fane upraised with a *verier* splendor than ever the Templars' altar boasted—and under the guidance of a faithful shepherd careful to carry the lambs in his bosom; and zealous to reclaim, and bind up the wanderer's wounds:

Where oft in the fervor of youthful devotion,
 I've pray'd, and my altar the peasant's rude tomb;
 Or grave, where the fast fading emblems of beauty
 Recorded the maiden, who died in her bloom—
 As lately I pass'd by thy mouldering ruins,
 I paused, whilst I utter'd my orisons o'er,
 With the sigh and the tear that solicited mercy,
 Came the thought I might visit St. Mary's no more;
 If so, then farewell dearest scenes of my childhood,
 Farewell to my birth-place! adieu to the dead!
 Wou'd these sighs were a requiem might waft them to heav'n,
 And these tears blot from mem'ry the years that are fled.

NOTE 20.

*I scarcely had three lustrums gain'd
 When my lov'd mother died,*

Three lustrums,—at fifteen years old I began this legend, from the impression left on my mind by a nur-

sery ballad, and the village tales of “*olden time* :” these *four* lines stand exactly as they were written, at the moment I was severely corrected for idly scribbling when I should have been more usefully employed ;— chance threw it a few months past in my way, to divert the loneliness of a sick chamber I finished it—if it fulfils the purpose for which I presume to offer it to the public, God’s name be praised and his servant grateful.

NOTE 21.

*Saint Francis was our house’s guide,
My grateful ancestry
An abbey for his monks supplied,
In lovely Strad-Baliz.*

Saint Francis,—the remains of the belfry of this Abbey are still to be seen—report says that beneath it are vaults, and subterranean passages under the bed of the River *Ccallach* or *Kelley*, quite to *Knock-ne-brahir*, (the hill of the brotherhood) about a quarter of a mile distant—a handsome dwelling-house is built on the scite of the Abbey, to which some rooms of the ancient building are attached. Besides the Abbey there was another religious foundation of which I find no mention made in Archdall’s *Monasticum*—when the present parochial church was rebuilt about 40 years ago, a fine old arched gateway was taken down, which enclosed the graveyard on that side—the gentleman from whom I had the

relation remembered it in perfect repair, and the sexton used to dwell there, perhaps it was heretofore the abode of the hermits of St. Patrick, however the Architect *shew'd his taste* by destroying it, and substituting a *light* six foot wall, and a plain gate in its place——

Yet, at that gateway must I stop
 To cast a glance on yonder stone,
 The silver tear beads there to drop,
 In duty to the "*dead and gone.*"
 To say what bade me ne'er despair,
 When varied evils oft oppress'd——
 Reflecting that with ardent pray'r,
 Each dying parent, Mary bless'd.

A little further, and on an eminence commanding a full view of the surrounding scenery, are the remains of a church, or with more likelihood from the appearance, a convent: there is yet one small quadrangular tower, tolerably perfect, beneath which tradition says are passages leading to the town, or to where St. Patrick's of the well once stood—this is a favorite burial place—and the late Cosby Lord Sydney, Baron of Stradbally, covered in a part similar with the old building, where his ashes repose:

Thus *Oakfell* rises with its dome
 To canopy the dead:
 Beneath whose danky walls a friend,
 From infancy is *lay'd*.
 All *griv'd* within the lonely vault,
 The gentle dame to *lay*,
 Whose *mem'ry* claims from *mine* the sigh,
 On each *Saint Simon's* day.*

* *The widow of the late Col. C——, died Sunday, October 28, 1810.*

She heard my voice lifes ebbing hour,
 And two days silence broke ;
 When "Mary" was the latest word,
 The "parting lady spoke."

A few paces from the vault rises a simple tomb, inscribed by the unanimous wish of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. with the most honourable and happily just of all Epitaphs;—

*"Here lies the noblest work of God,
 "An honest man,
 "Thomas Gray,
 "Who died, January 1813,
 "Aged 72."*

That this was a place of great note in the days that are past, we may judge from its name, *Strad* (streets) and *Bally*, town, (or the town of streets) and where a poor smithy now stands is still called "the palace;" it is distant from Dublin 40 miles.

Patrick's well rises near, and gives name to the Church and Parish, but no longer famed for miracles, or pilgrim troops.—On another old religious scite an handsome Roman Catholic Church is erected dedicated to St. James.

NOTE 22.

Attends the rosaries divine,

Rosaries,—or songs of praise; were hymns composed to the glory of God, and to the honor of the departed;

sang in the primitive days, at the tombs of the Saints or Martyrs, by their surviving friends, on the anniversary of their death; as a tender token of regard to their memories; and as an excitement to the newly-baptized, to persevere in "*the faith*."

NOTE 23.

Which honoreth her feast.

Feast of St. Brigid—observed the first day of February, when the good housewives of Ireland send to their neighbours whom they wish to compliment, a *Barrheen-Brache*, (a large new-made sweet cake) which is delivered by a *Bride-oge*, a figure dressed up in the "*Maid-marion*" stile.

NOTE 24.

*Barefoot, O'MORE, in sackcloth clad,
Presents in humble guise,*

Barefoot—The usual dress of pilgrims in those days. About 300 years after the death of *St. Brida*, a magnificent shrine was erected to her honor in the Cathedral of Kildare; and, as her legend says, endowed with wonder-working powers. The pilgrims were so numerous, as I have been told, that the town could not contain them; and little cells were built against the Convent walls for their accommodation. But, if this similitude of the

was, as it is said, the gift of the Abbot *Finan Mac-Tiarcan O'Gorman*, he did not fill the See of Kildare till about the year of grace, 1151.

NOTE 25.

By Cross of Rubies crown'd.

Rubies or *Carbuncles*—the brightness which they emit in the darkest night, is not an inapt emblem of “*faith*.”

NOTE 26.

Whilst emerald Shamrocks fitly fold,

Emeralds,—their green colour expresses Hope.

NOTE 27.

Their mystic foliage round,

Mystic foliage,—the venerable Patrick preaching on the *Catholic Faith*, (the worship of the Trinity in unity) to give his auditors a lively representation of the truth of this *Great Mystery* of our salvation, plucked a sprig of trefoil from the grassy hillock, on which he stood, discoursing to the people; and from the *triune indivisible leaf*, gave as simple and at the same time as just an exemplification of the point which he wished to inculcate as can be well conceived.

The rector of St. George's Church, Dublin, that son of *Beauvilliers*, preaching on the Epiphany, 1815, places

those who deny the *manifestation* of the *Godhead*, (such as the disciples of the woful apostate Cerinthus,) in the same condemnation at the *Judgment Day* with *Iscariot*, and those Jews who cried out “*Away with this Man!*” *his* painting of their suffering, is too horrible for me to follow.

The *truly* reverend Dean of Ardagh, with uplifted hands, and eyes beaming with piety, as lately from the pulpit displaying the rapture of the Saints when to their beatified vision the glory of the “*Trinity*” should stand revealed, enquired—“*Who amongst ye my hearers, by the denial of this salutary doctrine will voluntarily shut yourselves out from the glorious company of the Apostles—the goodly fellowship of the Prophets—the noble army of Martyrs—the society of the Church—triumphant, the Hierarchy of Angels, and all the immortal pleasures of the Heavenly Court?—and, O dreadful reverse! prefer the bonds of the sons of Lucifer by doubting of that mystery which it was never intended mortality should elucidate?*”

Annually on the 17th day of March, we wear a Shamrock (the trefoil sprig) in honor of the celestial birth-day of our titular saint: many I fear among us but little reflecting on the origin of the practice.

'NOTE 28.

“Depart in peace,” blest Walter said,

Walter,—we find a *Walter De Veele*,—his appointment to the see of Kildare confirmed by King' Edward III. of England, in the latter end of the 13th Century.

End of Notes to Canto the First.

NOTES TO CANTO THE SECOND.

NOTE 29,

The Eustace sparkling eye,

The Eustace,—the article “the” was prefixed to the patronymic of the Saxon, to designate the Baronial title.

NOTE 30.

Or night's pale lamp admir'd,

Night's pale lamp,—the Phœnicians early introduced the knowledge of Astronomy into Ireland, and it became a favorite study—our heathen progenitors worshipped the Moon, under the name of “*Samhain*,” her chief festival was observed on the last day of October. At *Tarah*, adjoining the royal palace, was a building called *Cluan-Feart*, or the place of retirement till death, (from *Cluan* retired, and *Feart* the grave) where a number of noble Virgins dedicated themselves to Celibacy, and to the service of “*Samhain*,” which consisted chiefly in

singing hymns to her honor, and keeping up the holy fire; on this grand night, all the Druids of Meath repaired to *Tarah*—the fires throughout *that* dominion were to be extinguished *that* evening, nor to be *re-lit* but from the sacred blaze, that the year might prove propitious and no loss happen by fire—and a heavy *fine* was exacted, if fire was found in any house that night;—the like ceremony was observed at the chief Druidic residence of the provincial Kingdoms—the Moon was supposed to govern the winter half-year, as the Sun did the summer—*Bel*, or the Sun, was the first honored of deities, and a great sacrifice was offered to him on *Bel-tine*, or the first of May, the cattle were driven between two fires, in order to preserve them from the murrain, &c. the vestals of *Clonfert* had also charge of the lamps, which were kept constantly burning to the honor of *Bel*. It is supposed that those time-defying towers, which seem almost peculiar to Ireland, were built long before christianity prevailed, for the express purpose of observatories, and Sir Eustace paid a compliment to the national taste of his lady by building one over her summer apartments.

NOTE 31.

*To ardent Philip, and just James,
We first in Chapel paid,*

St. Philip and St. James—Their feast is kept 1st of May.

NOTE 32.

My robe the tint of Am'ranth true,

The Amaranth never fades, and this little flower is presented as an emblem of constancy in love or friendship.

NOTE 33.

With glowing Sapphires brac'd ;

Sapphires—A sparkling gem of azure hue—The ancients allowed it to possess such an innate quality, that if touched by an unchaste hand it instantly faded; even an unholy thought dimmed its lustre.

NOTE 34.

A splendid Car-knets varied hue

My auburn tresses grac'd.

Car-knets—A wreath of flowers composed of gems and jewels; and worn on the *turbans* of the Saracen princes. After the Crusades the Jewellers formed such, and the European dames wore them as necklaces, or to ornament their hair.

NOTE 35.

Excuse those tears—alas! the hour,

Which turned these ringlets gray ;

*Such force had grief and terror o'er
This tenement of clay.*

Ringlets grey—the writer witnessed such an instantaneous change on a daughter beholding her father's death.

NOTE 36.

Benignant William's Crozier bless'd,

Benignant William, Archbishop of Tyrc—The *Turkish* and Christian writers agree in praising this worthy prelate; who, with only his Crozier in his hand might safely pass between the Saracen and Crusader's camps. Such is the respect paid to the priestly character, when properly maintained, even by infidelity itself. *Maimburgh*, who wrote the history of those spiritual Knight-errants, says, that had his advices been followed, the Christians would not have experienced those extremities which they felt. Yet, *doubtless* by the *gathering of the Gentiles*, and with *unbloody hands*, *Salem* shall again be built; her olive yards again shall yield increase; her *plenteous* garners shall be fully stored; and Jacob's sons partake of "*the blessing*."

NOTE 37.

A Persian tire of diamonds rare,

The Irish *Noblesse* in "*olden times*," were extravagant to excess—in their armlets, bracclets, necklaces, &c. where jewels could possibly be affixed they wore them.

NOTE 38.

And his hereditary care,

Excuse this anachronism—*Tarah* or *Temorah*, had been long before the Christian æra burned.—(Vide Note 40.)

NOTE 39.

*As treasurer to bring,
The tribute of Lagenia fair,*

Treasurer—In Note 7, we noticed the period in which this office became hereditary with O'MORE, but of most considerable import when the "*Borome Lagenia*," or *Leinster tribute* was imposed. Of the cause of this famous tax we have the following account: *Eochy*, king of Leinster, married *Grainè*, eldest daughter to *Tuathal*, monarch of Ireland; and carried her home into that kingdom; the following year he revisited *Tarah*, acquainting *Tuathal* with the death of his daughter, and soliciting that her sister *Phelima* might be given him to wife, as the only way to repair his loss, and preserve the alliance; his treaty was accepted, and *Eochy* (*Achaius*) took *Phelima* home to his palace—finding her sister alive, the treachery and surprize threw her into fits and she died in a few hours. When Queen *Grainè* witnessed the sufferings of the tender *Phelima*, and heard the

tale of her husband's baseness, grief and indignation overwhelmed her, and caused her death soon after. The Monarch informed of the death of his daughters, determined on revenge; assembling all his troops, and those of his allies, he marched into Leinster, resolved to destroy it by fire and sword. Eochy finding it would be impossible to withstand such a force, sent the "*heralds of peace*," but Tuathal would listen to no terms, but a "*Borome*," or tribute, to be paid every second year, of 3000 cows, 3000 hogs, 3000 sheep, 3000 copper cauldrons, 3000 ounces of silver, and 3000 mantles; the King of Leinster and his people were obliged to swear by the sun, moon, and stars; (then the most solemn oath) to pay the tribute, which was exacted for near 600 years, seldom without opposition and bloodshed; it was at length remitted by Leogary the Great, as it is said, by the request of St. Patrick.

NOTE 40.

To Eire's acknowleg'd King,

Eire,—Ireland, it may not be improper here to state was heretofore a Pentarchy constituted by the provincial Kingdoms of Ulster, Leinster, Munster & Connaught, the fifth part, the present County Meath, was the inheritance, and Tara (the Temora of Ossian) the chief city and imperial residence of the "*acknowledged King*

of Eire," to whom the other four Kings paid homage, and where the *Feis* or Parliament, according to the Bards, met triennially: this divided sway like that of the Saxon Heptarchy presents *our* annals an almost continued scene of internal warfare; Temora was burned long before the christian era, and the then ruling monarch, Conary the First, perished in the flames. The Hill of Tarah, with a few miserable huts in the County Meath, now marks the spot where——

“Erst the palace *glitter’d*, and the *Temple* blaz’d.”

NOTE 41.

*His harp sent forth the saddest strain
That ever terror caus’d,*

The harp, and harper were formerly looked on in a prophetic light; sounds issuing from the untouched chords were deemed ominous of evil, and hence Lord Nial hints to Carril, to change the subject of his song, from the Knight to his infant heir.

NOTE 42.

“*Lord Aylmer’s heart her image wears,
Methinks he told his flame,*”

Michael Lord Aylmer,—contemporary with the first Eustace, about the year 1212; his descendant I believe is Sir Fenton Aylmer, of Donadea Castle, in the County of Kildare.

NOTE 43.

*Cou'd e'er the wayward maiden move
To visit woody Lea,*

Lea,—the romantic ruins of this Castle, are one mile from Portarlington, (the little Athens of Ireland) in the Queen's County; the Barrow just there becomes navigable, being 8 or 10 miles from its source, but only for small boats till you reach Monastereven, which is 5 miles farther down the river,) this Castle belonged either to O'DEMPSEY or O'MORE, and was among the last which submitted to the Conquerors' arms.

There was an alliance between the Prince of Leix and Lord Eustace—though I by no means affirm the catastrophe of the Legend. But of the “*bowery*” woods which *once* surrounded *Lea*, a few trees near the ruins are all that remain—on the opposite shore, by the Church-yard stile, the *long-famed Ash of Lea* rears its majestic head,—as if Nature in sport had placed it there in contrast to the denuded Country round it—I have heard that a troop of horse found shelter beneath its branches—it is ten years since I viewed it, and certainly before, or since, I never saw so large a tree: about 100 years ago, hereabout was a continued wood, a great uncle of mine, as my father has told me, in his youth used to go from branch to branch of the trees from his home to Portarlington, a distance of seven miles—He died aged 90, A. D. 1771.

NOTE 14.

His mantle of Aurora bright,

Aurora, *Saffron*, or *Orange* colour was such a favourite with the Irish in days of yore, as to be esteemed national—their very shirts were of this tint,—though otherwise skilled in the Phœnician arts, of dying *purple*, *red*, and *green*. In the will of the Great *Cathair*, he leaves his friend *Mocorb*, 50 saffron coloured mantles, with gold pins for them,—to the Prince of Leix he left 100 cows, 100 shields, 100 spears, 100 swords, and 7 spotted ensigns—the wealth exhibited in this will appears in these in *our* days like unto a fairy tale.

The dress of *Gran-u-uile* or *Græce O'Mailey*, Queen of Hymailia, (County Mayo) at the time of her celebrated visit to *Queen Elizabeth*, about the year 1568, was a boddice and petticoat of Orange colour—her hair was gathered up, and fastened with a golden bodkin—her bosom bare—and a long purple mantle covered her body and head. Her shipping had been long formidable to Elizabeth, but were at length subdued—and during this visit peace was concluded—her chief port was *Carig-a-uile*, or the rock in the elbow, now the bay of Newport in the County Mayo; her Castle still remains called *Carig-a-Owly*. On her return from the English Court, she landed at *Ben-adir*, (Howth) and walked up

to the Castle—the gate was shut, as the family were at dinner—*Grace*, displeased at this inhospitable appearance, seized on the Earl's heir, who was nursing in the demesne; and instantly sailed—nor was the infant restored, until a ransom, large as would have entertained her, and her train, was paid to redeem him. This amazon of Hibernia was daughter to *Owen O'Mailey*, widow at this period of *O'Flagherty*; and remarried to *Sir Ricard Burke*, stiled *Mac-William-Eighter*, or *Oughter*, now Earls of Mayo: *O'Mailey* bears still a respected name in his native soil. From the period of the valorous *Grace's* visit, until very lately, the *gates* and doors of Howth Castle were always thrown open at dinner time.

NOTE 45.

*His sword—the warrior's delight,
Had fallen by his side,*

A sword to fall from the scabbard, without apparent cause, was supposed to predict that a secret foe was nigh. Since writing this note I have read the same observation, made by that sweet bard of Scotland, whose name I fear to name, least recollecting the *far-sounding pibroch* of the *enchanted* "Scott," the reader should throw away in disgust *my* feeble effort to strike from Erin's *Harp* one *love-lorn ditty*.

End of Notes to Canto the Second.

NOTES TO CANTO THE THIRD.

[NOTE 46.

Beneath this monument,

Monument,—in the ruins of the old cathedral of Kildare, is still to be seen the monument of a trophied Knight, without name or date.

NOTE 47.

*But ah ! his bloodgouts yet distain,
Unto this present hour,
Nor mortal art can wash them clean
From off the fatal floor.*

Bloodgouts,—remaining on the fatal spot, and incapable of being cleansed, until the apprehension and death of the assassin, or by some other atonement in the shape of restitution made to the family of the deceased, has been a long received tradition;—that *bloodgouts do remain*, I have witnessed—in my childhood a poor tra-

velling tinker was found dead, lying against the yard-gate of an uninhabited house, near my dwelling—his head had apparently been often knocked against the pier which streamed with his blood—the pier was washed but the stain remained; this I had a daily opportunity of viewing for years—I never heard that the murderer was discovered—those piers were removed four or five years ago. At E——e, in the King's County, a few years past, the master of the house, going up stairs, fell over and was killed on the spot, (at that time the ballustrade had not been put up,) the housekeeper asserted that he was intoxicated; but it was generally believed that she had thrown him over, as she was a furious tempered woman, and had been overheard by the other servants, speaking in an angry tone the moment before—none witnessed his death but herself;—*however it was impossible to wash the "bloodgouts" from the wall against which he had dashed in his descent: painting had in vain been used by the family who inhabited it in the Spring of 1803, whether since effected I cannot tell: this relation is well known to the inhabitants of Birr.*

NOTE 48.

The sacred lamp to trim,

The sacred lamp,—I was assured by an old woman, who was in the "order of Brigid," that the Saint left

a lamp which was to be kept perpetually burning by her Nuns and holy widows, who alone had charge of it, till she came again in glory to conduct her "order" to the general judgment: she allowed that she had never seen "*the lamp*," as it was kept by three Nuns, in a vault under the steeple of Kildare, to conceal it from "*some people*," and as the Nuns died they were replaced: I should never have heard another oral tale of wonder from *Margo*, had I dared to doubt of this.

Certainly adjoining the Convent walls *there is* a ruined building called "*the fire-house*," where we are told there was formerly a lamp kept perpetually burning, to the honor of "*the holiest Virgin of Erin*."

NOTE 49.

"—————'T wou'd bear,
" *Fitz-Eustace to the grave*,"

Fitz-Eustace—the son of Eustace, hence came the family names of Fitz-James, Fitz-Gerald, &c. the Irish or Scottish *Mac*, bears the same sense as the Saxon *Fitz*.

NOTE 51.

When wounded by a Pagan snare,
A tedious death in store;

Wounded—It is asserted that the Asiatics possess the fatal secret of conveying to their adversaries *poison*,

either by darts or otherwise, which will operate quick or slow, according to the wishes of those treacherous foes.

NOTE 51.

The stately porch of Leix,

Leix, the palace of O'MORE,—though occasionally he resided at his other Castles, the Fort of *Leix* was the last which after the most obstinate resistance yielded to the English forces, and was instantly levelled with the ground—so that not a vestige remains, save the historical memorial, and even that imperfect, some thinking it to have been *Donamaise*, others the Fort of *Maryborough*, certain it is that a neighbouring Nobleman is hereditary Constable of the now visionary Fortress of *Maryborough*, to which charge a handsome salary pertains; the town contains a squadron of horse, and is a Corporation under the governance of a Burgher-master and his deputy Bailies.—With the “*Fort of Leix*,” fell the power of O'MORE!

In the immediate domain of *Leix* stood a famous Abbey, but not a stone remains to mark the spot; tradition only gives a prophecy of the founders, “that *Abbey-Leix* should flourish ever.” In process of time this portion of *Leix* came into the possession of *Vesey*, Lord *De Vesey*; the present inheritor treads in the steps of his late father and admirable mother, good as she was beau-

tiful. How must the heart of this young nobleman expand when he stands at the “*porch of Leix*,” and beholds the varied beauties, which *his* genius planned, and *his* fortune executed—how would our lovely Erin flourish, if his contemporaries would “*go and do likewise*.” *Abbey-Leix* as now bounded is distant from Maryborough, 4 or 5 miles, and the only part of the principality, which is yet distinguished by the name of “*Leix*,” if we except the Castle, Cataract and Town of *Leixlip*, 7 miles from Dublin, which might perhaps have formerly belonged to Queen’s County, or at least to its chieftain, who doubtless had possessions near to *Laign-nas*, (now *Nuas* in County Kildare.)

NOTE 52.

*The red roan, swifter than the wind,
Flies with my guiding hand,*

Red-roan.—Being in Queen’s County this Summer, the following story of the swiftness and sagacity of a horse, was related to me by a person who lives on the spot where tradition records it to have occurred; I will give it in his own words:—“When the English were putting us down, Madam, *Antony More* had a great battle with them in the mountains: he lost it, and all his men were killed or taken,—having a very fine foreign horse, he fled for his life, till he came to the very brink of the mountain, when the poor gentleman

“ been faint and weary, he threw himself off and fell
 “ asleep—his horse stood by him—hearing the enemy
 “ coming, he pawed his master, but that not awakening
 “ him completely, he took him in his mouth by the back,
 “ (for *Antony* was lying on his face) and raising him a
 “ bit from the ground, let him fall...this quite roused
 “ him to a sense of his danger—he strove to mount,
 “ but faint with his wounds, found it difficult; the
 “ horse knelt down, and helped his master all he could;
 “ I told you, Madam, they were upon the very brink,
 “ and the English so near, that the horse to avoid them,
 “ made three leaps into the valley below! and carried
 “ Antony safely home;—and from that hour to this, a
 “ townland in the lordship of *Timahoe*, has been called
 “ *Augh-Antonah*, from *Augh*, an horse, pronounced *Aw*, and
 “ *Antonah*, Antony.”—The farmer also told me, “ that
 “ till within these 15 or 16 years, since the Insurrection,
 “ 1798, never a blade of grass was suffered to grow
 “ upon the *three* spots where *Augh* landed in his flight.”
 William added, “ that last March, 1815, some “*boys*”
 “ digging, discovered ruins of a Castle, and a great
 “ parcel gathered one moonlight night, and dug until
 “ they came to a room, but they got afraid and left it.”
 It would be curious to pursue this search, perhaps this
 was *Antonah's* Castle, to which *Augh* instinctively fled
 by such a desperate short cut.

NOTE 53.

*The way was long, by night o'erta'en,
Led by an errant blaze,*

Errant blaze,—what horrible tales we hear of the Will o' th' wisp!—the malignant spirit, we are given to understand is mighty fond of raising an *ignis fatuus* to further his evil designs.

NOTE 54.

Arising from the woody fen,

Rheban is distant from Lea, 18 or 20 miles, along the Barrow side; then full of woods and marshes.

NOTE 55.

His wraith surely Donel kenn'd,

The *wraith* or *faiich* or *angel*, who assumes the appearance of those who are about to put off mortality, is as fully believed in, now, as in those days when Rhoda looked out of the window and beheld St. Peter.

NOTE 46.

My Dalta heard, &c.

Dalta,—Foster father, it also signifies “the preceptor.”

NOTE 57.

—————*the Banshie cry,*
Just at the witching time,
Yet deem'd it but a lullaby,

Banshie,—the spirit of Death: she mourns in plaintive strains, either near the abode, or the burial ground of that family over whom she is destined to watch, whenever her prophetic ken foresees approaching fate—every Banshie hath a peculiar dress—some appear young, others old—for they are seen as well as heard—and few months pass in Ireland, even at this enlightened period, but we hear stories of the “*wailing Banshie*.”

NOTE 58.

I bound him quick by Brigid's shrine,

Brigid's shrine,—the sanctity of this oath among the peasantry is still in force, although the shrine hath long disappeared.

NOTE 59.

By wond'rous Columbkille,

Columbkille,—the miracles of this Saint fill volumes of *Legends*—it appears *true* that he was a very holy Man, and indefatigable in his mission.

NOTE 60.

By Patrick's staff, that gift divine,

Patrick's staff;—This *Crozier*, according to Jocelyn, was placed in the hand of Patrick, by “our Lord” himself, who condescended to revisit Earth, and in an island off the Mediterranean to bestow this precious gift—the annals call it the “*staff of Jesus*,” and that it still remains in the Cathedral of Armagh. Those three Saints were contemporaries, and were all interred under, or near the High Altar of the Cathedral of Downpatrick; *Columb's* body was translated to *Ily*, (or *Iona*,) the chief island of the Hebrides, famous for its monasteries, and being the burial-place of many Kings;—it is alledged that *Brigid* was removed to France;—but *Patrick* when he lay dying at the abbey of *Saul*, in Downshire, and when *Brigida* journeyed there to receive his last benediction and to present to him his *shroud*, which she had woven *herself*;—he then made her promise that a large stone, five feet long (for *Patrick* was low of stature) and three broad, might be placed over him in the grave, that so his remains should never leave Ireland.

Among the many histories of these Saints, which have been written, very few agree as to particulars.

End of Notes to Canto the Third.

NOTES TO CANTO THE FOURTH.

NOTE 61.

“ *Tho’ yearly penance I perform,*

“ *Around the Baptist’s fount,*

Baptist’s fount,—there are many holy wells in Ireland dedicated to *the Baptist*; midway between Rheban and Athy, and opposite the Castle of Bert, (the seat of Mr. De Burgh) is a pretty little island named *Teigh-Berara*, (from the ruins of an old Church dedicated to *St. Barbara*) here is a well sacred to *St. John*.—annually on Midsummer Day, (June 24th) the Barrow is gay with devotees rowing over to perform pilgrimage, on their bare knees round *the well*—either to benefit, according to *their hope*, the soul of their departed friends or relatives, or as a penance for their own sins, or to obtain some particular favor for their *souls’ or bodies’*

health;—their solemn devotions over, the feast and all the peasant's harmless holiday commences.

The spring is pure and sparkling, and possesses on *that day*, according to *received opinion* an healing quality—the woman who serves the water, (but only on this day) expects a trifle, and the Ferryman looks for a double fee.

NOTE 62.

“ *And here, to deprecate the wrath divine,
“ I sever thus my hair,*

Severing the hair,—this ceremony takes place at the altar, just before the novice pronounces “*the solemn vow* ;” Bragela, in the ardour and sincerity of repentance, performs *before her time* this act of humility—none of the conventual rules could have appeared severer or shewed more the religious obedience of the Irish Noblesse, than the total change of their robes; used to the most splendid decoration, even to profusion—what a transition was it to the habit of an *Augustine Nun* !

NOTE 63.

Their endless line distends,

Endless line,—“O,” the emblem of Eternity—still distending—as *such* it was the distinguishing titles of the

Hibernian Princes; so that when you addressed O'MORE, or any other of *Erin's chiefs*, it expressed the same as "*your highness*" doth in the language of the present day.

NOTE 64.

*Entomb'd beneath New-Abbey spires,
Which rose as Rowland vow'd,*

New-Abbey,—the ruins of this Abbey are one mile from Kilcullen in County Kildare; the founder and his wife were buried here, and on their tomb their effigies were placed side by side, dressed in the proper habit of their day, their hands upraised as in the act of prayer—the inscription requesting the *orison* of the passenger for the souls of *Rowland Eustace* and *Mary*, his wife:—this "*stone of his fame*" continued until the year 1784, when a Roman Catholic Church was erected beside the Abbey walls, and by some mischance this beautiful monument of ancient workmanship was destroyed.

NOTE 65.

Strong tow'rs Great Eustace rear'd,

Strong towers,—*Bally-more-Eustace*, or the town of the Great Eustace: of this magnificent City, as it was *once esteemed*, nothing *now* remains, but a poor village in the County of Dublin,

NOTE 66.

To noble Rosval's heirs,

Rosval, or *Bal-tin-glass*, or the plains of *Bel*, or *Baal*, as *Rosval* or *Baltinglass* implies,—now a pretty village in the County Wicklow, where formerly a grove or temple of *Baal* stood.

Eustace, Baron Baltinglass, (or *Rosval*) by an *envious* attainder, was deprived of his title; and his chief estates confiscated in the 17th Century.

End of Notes to Canto the Fourth.

Farewell Address.

Farewell, farewell, gentle reader,
Cheer the Minstrel's rude essay,
For the love of Erin speed her,
Chaunting thus an "olden lay."
Learned Critics, kindly turn ye,
Nor reprove my feeble song;
Rather aid a Palmer's journey,
On a road that's drear and long;
By vow to Sierr' Leoni bound'n,
Your benevolence to send;
Think on all the ills surrounding
Those who on that mission wend.

See the Pagan Altar blazing,
Idols gaining rites divine,
Hear the screams of babes unceasing,
Offer'd up at Moloch's shrine!
With the cross and cleansing water,
Rend this altar—quench this flame,
Save those babies from the slaughter,
And enhance the Christian name.
For such Converts, lest they weary
Thro' a life of woe and pain,
Grant an holy dole to Mary,
Such the cause which prompts her strain.

ERRATA.

CANTO FIRST:

- Page 8, line 16,—for surnamed *read* surnam'd.
— 13, line 4,—for raz'd *read* razed.

CANTO SECOND:

- Page 27, line 3,—for favours *read* favour,
— 27, line 11,—for length'd *read* lengthen'd.

CANTO THIRD:

- Page 51, line 1,—for follower's *read* foll'wer's.
-

NOTES TO CANTO FIRST:

- Page 76, line 9,—its place. a full stop omitted.
— 92, line 31,—for n *read* in.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND:

- Page 109,—for in these in our days *read* in these our days.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD:

- Page 114, line 14,—for contains *read* cantoons.
— 117, Bernan Evan,—Note omitted.

“Bernan Evan, a miraculous bell, belonging to the Monasterevan Abbey—and sworn by on solemn occasions.”

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