



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Abraham Lincoln

THE
HISTORICAL SONGS
OF IRELAND:

ILLUSTRATED BY

THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE

1800-1801

JAMES II AND WILLIAM III.

REVISED,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

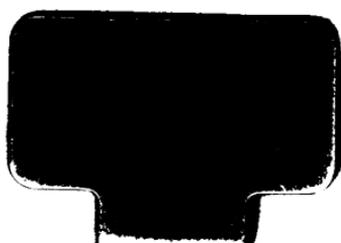
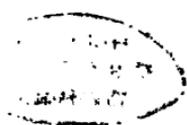
T. CROFTON CROKER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY S. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCLXXII.



33621

Vol 1

B 11.1

PER
1241

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
ENGLISH FACULTY
LIBRARY

ST. CROSS BUILDING, OXFORD

*This book is confined to
the Library*

Most facsimile and limited editions, dictionaries, and bibliographical catalogues, are treated as reference books for use in the Library only, but in exceptional cases some of them are occasionally lent to Readers with special needs.

Any Reader with particular reasons for wishing to borrow a book which is ordinarily confined to the Library is invited to consult the Librarian.



300029427R

THE
HISTORICAL SONGS
OF IRELAND:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE

BETWEEN

JAMES II AND WILLIAM III.

EDITED,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

T. CROFTON CROKER.

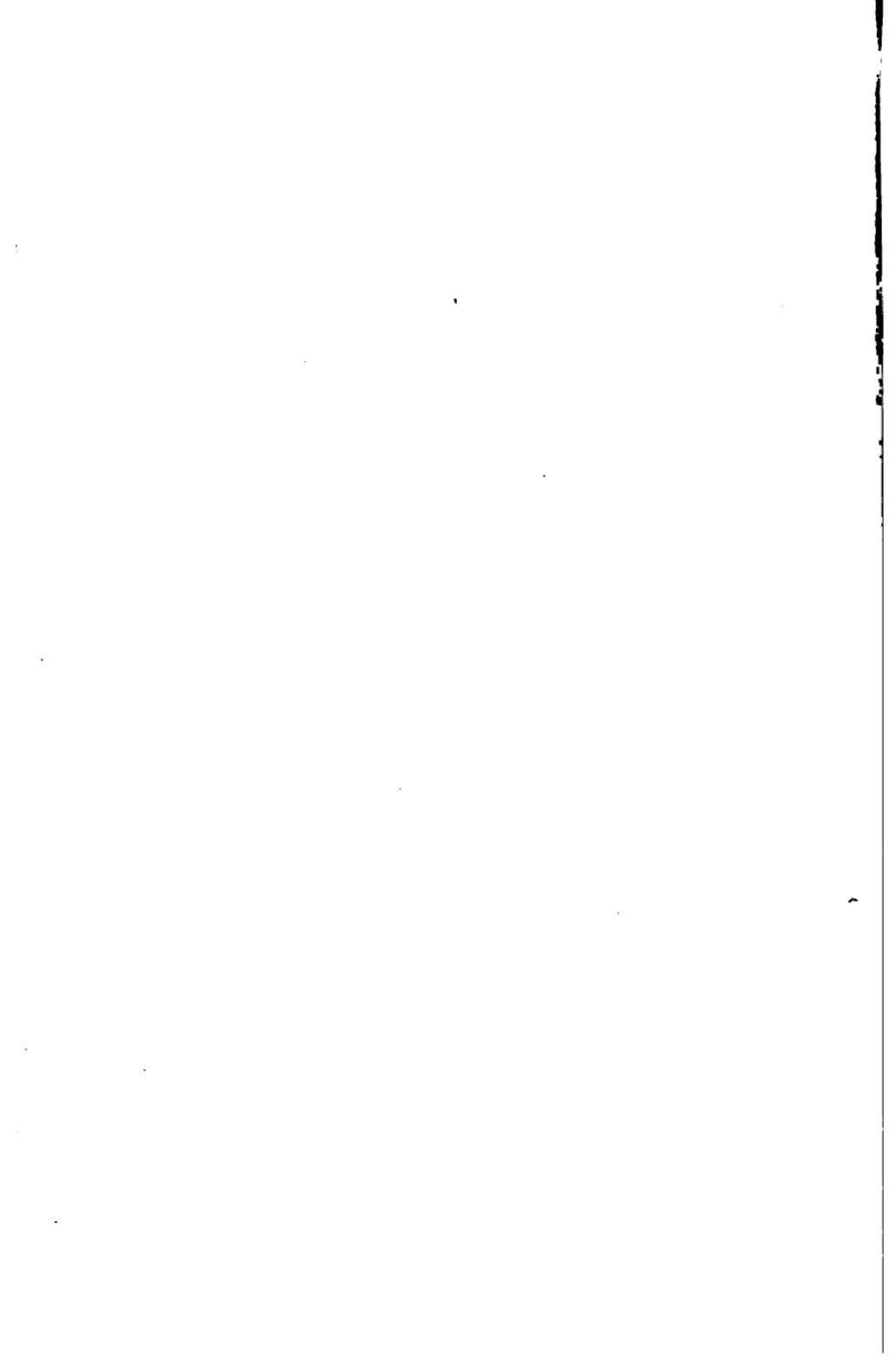


LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

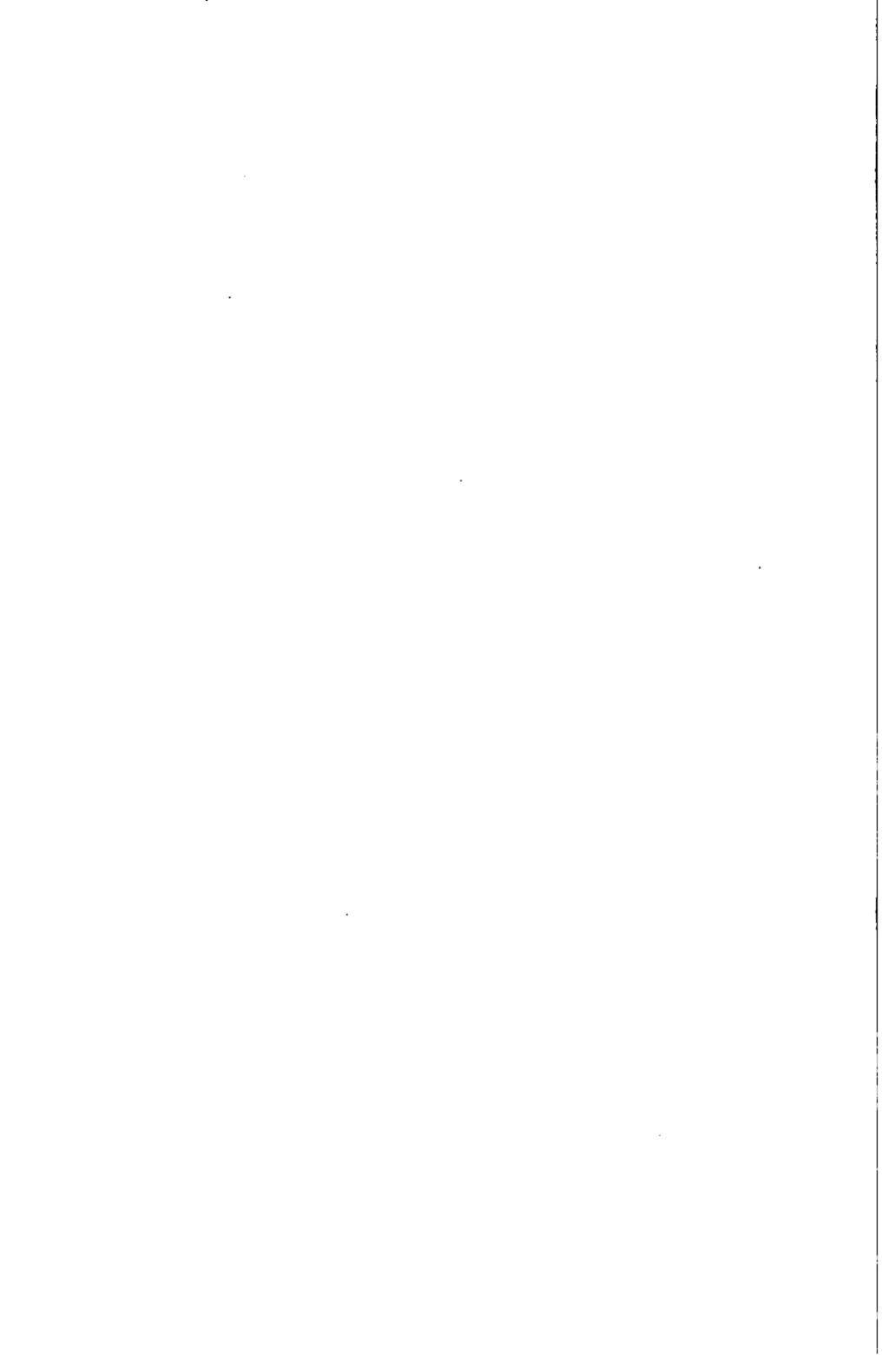
BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCXLI.



COUNCIL
OF
The Perry Society.

J. A. CAHUSAC, Esq. F.S.A.
WILLIAM CHAPPELL, Esq. F.S.A.
JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A.
T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. F.S.A. M.R.I.A.
REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.
RICHARD HALLIWELL, Esq. F.S.A.
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq. F.R.S. *Treasurer.*
WILLIAM JERDAN, Esq. F.S.A.
SAMUEL LOVER, Esq.
CHARLES MACKAY, Esq.
E. F. RIMBAULT, Esq. *Secretary.*
THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A. F.S.A.



ADVERTISEMENT.

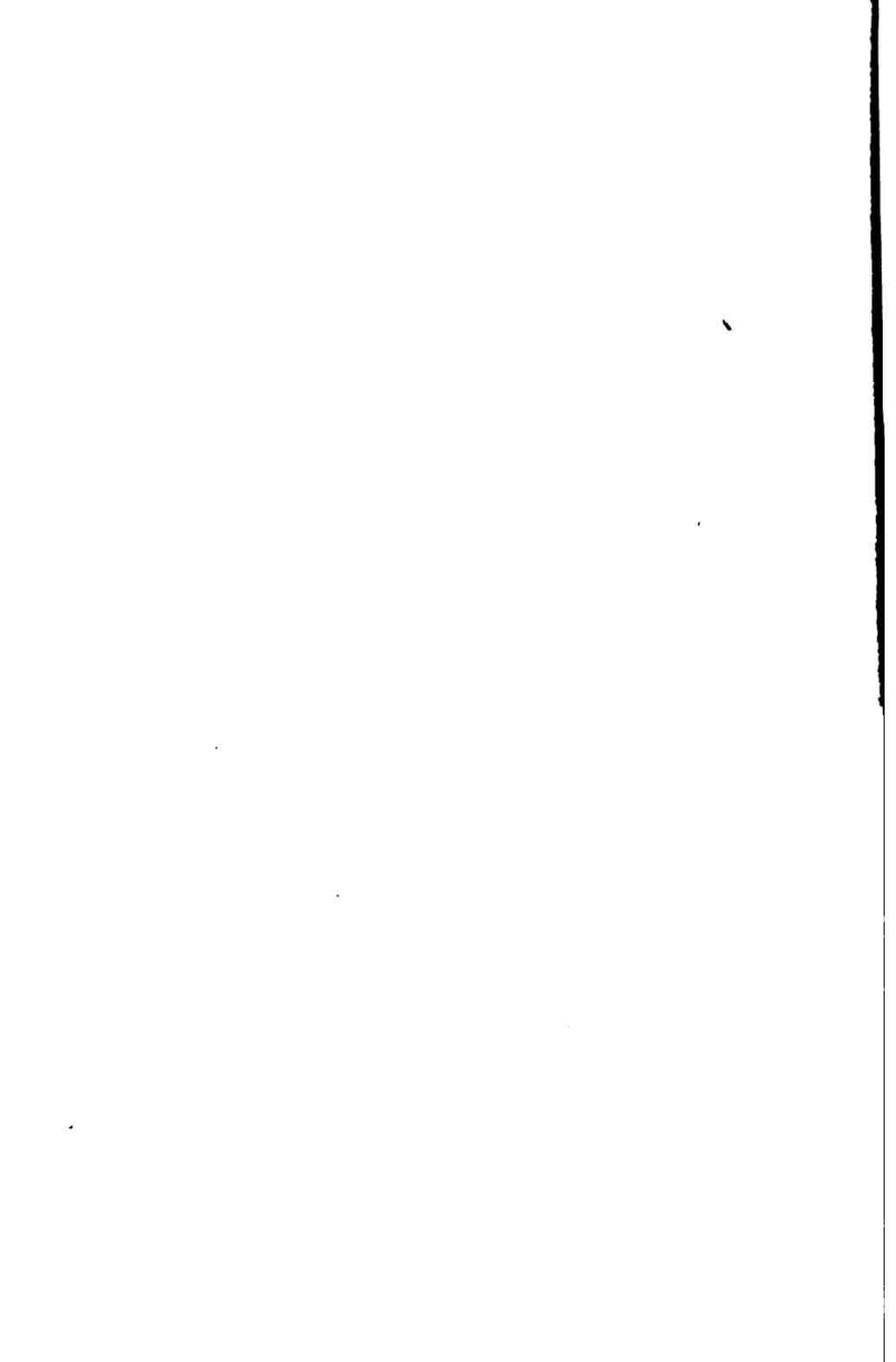
THERE is an old adage, that “the least said is the soonest mended;” to the profound wisdom of which the Editor subscribes.

Nevertheless, in editing the following songs, he has said a great deal more than is necessary, to recal to the reader’s mind the precise circumstances under which the songs, selected by him to illustrate an important page in the history of the British Isles, were written. He has been induced to pursue this course, and to deviate from the path which prudence dictated he should follow, by the strong light under which party feelings may regard even at the present moment some of the points touched upon in this Collection.

The endeavour honestly to perform his duty as Editor, without reference to party objects, has perhaps led him into the error of minute contemporary illustration; which, if it should be so considered after thus explaining his motive, he trusts will be indulgently viewed by the members of the Percy Society.

The Editor most gratefully acknowledges the assistance he has received from many kind friends, while passing this little publication through the press.

Rosamond’s Bower, Fulham,
26th January, 1841.



CONTENTS.

✓	LILLIBURLERO—				
	Introduction	-	-	-	1
	Ballad. Part I	-	-	-	6
	Ditto. Part II	-	-	-	9
	Notes	-	-	-	11
	THE READING SKIRMISH—				
	Introduction	-	-	-	14
	Ballad	-	-	-	15
	Notes	-	-	-	19
	KING JAMES'S WELCOME TO IRELAND—				
	Introduction	-	-	-	22
	Song	-	-	-	29
✓	UNDAUNTED LONDONDERY—				
	Introduction	-	-	-	30
	Ballad	-	-	-	46
	Notes	-	-	-	49
	THE PROTESTANT COMMANDER—				
	Introduction	-	-	-	51
	Ballad	-	-	-	53
✓	THE BOYNE WATER—				
	Introduction	-	-	-	56
	Ballad	-	-	-	60
	Notes	-	-	-	63
	THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SCHOMBERG—				
	Introduction	-	-	-	64
	Ballad	-	-	-	71

THE WOMAN WARRIOR—				
Introduction	-	-	-	74
Ballad	-	-	-	76
Note	-	-	-	79
THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND—				
Introduction	-	-	-	80
La Conquête d'Irlande	-	-	-	82
<i>Le Retour de Daphnis</i>	-	-	-	85
Notes	-	-	-	101
THE STOUT INNISEILLIN MAN—				
Introduction	-	-	-	109
Song	-	-	-	115
THE TREATY OF LIMERICK—				
Introduction	-	-	-	117
Epigram	-	-	-	120
IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING—				
Introduction	-	-	-	120
Song	-	-	-	121
THE JACKS PUT TO THEIR TRUMPS—				
Introduction	-	-	-	123
Ballad	-	-	-	135

HISTORICAL SONGS OF IRELAND.

LILLI BURLERO.

It is stated in the "Memoirs of Ireland, by the Author of the Secret History of Europe,"* that soon after the accession of James II, "the Irish lords animated their vassals to insult them [the Protestants], giving out that the Earl of Clarendon should not be long lord-lieutenant. They hired wretched scribblers to make barbarous songs in praise of Tyrconnel, whom they designed his successor, and prophetically decreed him the honour of destroying the English Church. These infamous ballads were bawled about the streets, and served to inflame their lewd mirth."

At this period, according to a letter which the Editor has seen, and which existed among that important historical collection, the Southwell MSS.,† "an Irish song was much sung by the lower orders of the people throughout the kingdom, in which there was a great repetition of the words *Lere, lere, burlere*; ‡ and it was

* London, 1716, p. 45.

† Now dispersed. Sold by auction at Messrs. Christie's, February 1834, by order of the executors of Lord De Clifford.

‡ "*Religion, religion, your religion.*"

soon after most effectively parodied against Tyrconnel and the tyrannical proceedings towards the poor Protestants in Ireland."

According to Bishop Percy, "*Lilli burlero*, and *Bullen a lah*, are said to have been words of distinction used among the Irish Papists, in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641." There can be no doubt that these words are an English imitation of the sound of an Irish phrase or sentence, but they are so disguised as to admit only of a conjectural translation. Mr. David Murphy, an ingenious Irish scholar, supposes the original words to have been equivalent to "A foreign soldier, strike him down."

The first part of the song of *Lilli burlero* is preserved by Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," where these remarks occur upon it: "The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution of 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer. 'A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, '*Lero, lero, lilliburlero*,' that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and county, were singing it perpetually; and, perhaps, never had so slight a thing so great an effect.'—*Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Times.*"

A note in Percy at the end of Lilli burlero, adds, "The foregoing song is attributed to Lord Wharton, in a small pamphlet, entitled, 'A true Relation of the several Facts and Circumstances of the intended Riot and Tumult on Queen Elizabeth's Birthday, &c. third edition. London, 1712, price 2*d.*, see page 5, viz.:'— 'A late viceroy [of Ireland] who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain Lilli burlero song, with which, if you may believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms.' "

With regard to the authorship of Lilli burlero, Mr. Markland has observed,* that, according to Lord Dartmouth, "there was a particular expression in it, which the King remembered he had made use of to the Earl of Dorset, from whence it was concluded that he was the author." "The ballad of Lilli burlero," remarked Beauclerk to Dr. Johnson, "was once in the mouths of all the people of this country, and is said to have had a great effect in bringing about the revolution. Yet I question," he continued, "whether any body can repeat it now; which shews how improbable it is that much poetry should be preserved by tradition." This, however, is not a fair deduction; for, a political squib, and especially one in a barbarous jargon, cannot be considered poetry; and, although in a moment of excitement few things are more captivating to the fancy

* Boswell's Johnson. Note in Murray's 10 vol. ed. vol. v. p. 291.

than the jingle of satirical rhymes which have a witty reference to temporary circumstances, yet few things sooner lose their popular relish.

A slight reference to the verses of this period, will shew how popular the ballad of Lilli burlero must have been.*

* In the Irish Hudibras, (London 1689, p. 151), we have—

“ *Lilli-bo-lero-lero* sing
Tyrconnel is no longer k—,” &c.

In an epistle to Mr. Dryden, (Poems on Affairs of State, 1716, vol. i. p. 143,)

“ Dryden, thy wit has catterwaul'd too long,
Now *lero lero* is the only song.”

The tenth verse of a ballad on the Inniskilling Regiment, in the same volume (p. 261) runs thus:—it may also be found in D'Urfey's “ Pills to purge Melancholy.”

“ He the nag of an Irish papist did buy,
So doubting his courage and his loyalty,
He taught him to eat with his oats gunpowdero,
And prance to the tune of *Lilli-burlero*.”

A ballad entitled “ Popery pickled; or, the Jesuit's Shoes made of running Leath,” has the following verse:

“ Would you see the priests recanting,
Now they fear the English law;
You shall hear them all a ranting
Lero, lero, bullen a la.”

“ On the Lord Lovelace's coming to Oxford from Gloucester Gaol in 1688.

“ At the foot of the colours blithe Craudon did go,
Who play'd a *new tune* you very well know;
His bagpipes squeak'd nothing but *lero, lero*,
Which nobody can deny.”

Sterne has materially contributed to extend the fame of Lilli burlero to our times, by making my Uncle Toby whistle the tune on many occasions. The present version of this celebrated song, is given from "The Muses' Farewell to Popery and Slavery ; or, a Collection of Miscellany Poems, Satyrs, Songs, &c. made by the most eminent wits of the nation, as the Shams, Intrigues, and Plots of Priests and Jesuits gave occasion." London, 1689. And the second part from the supplement to the same work. In the table of contents, the first part of Lilli burlero is emphatically called "The Irish Song."

Mr. Monck Mason, in his "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," states, that "Abel Roper, publisher of the 'Post-boy,' a person of infamous character, who was alternately Whig or Tory, as suited his purpose, is said to have been the original printer of the celebrated ballad of Lilly bullero."

The zealous Secretary of the Percy Society, Mr. Rimbault, has informed the Editor, that "The air of Lilli burlero is generally considered to be the composition of the celebrated Henry Purcell ; but that it could

A song in "the Muses' Farewell to Popery and Slavery," contains this verse :

" Life and fortune addresses
 Shall not wear out our presses,
 To flatter and sooth a just Nero ;
 But loud declarations
 To secure the three nations
 From the French, and from *Lilli burlero.*" &c.

See also note (B), p. 21.

not have been his composition is evident from the fact of its being contained in 'An Antidote against Melancholy,' printed in the year 1661, when Purcell was only three years old. The air is there given (with some trifling difference in the latter part) to the following words:

'There was an old man at Walton cross,
 Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss;
 He never was heard to sigh a hey ho,
 But he sent it out with a hey troy lo.
 He chear'd up his heart
 When his goods went to wrack,
 With a hem, hey hem
 And a cup of old sack
 Sing, hey troy-troy lo.'

"The air of Lilli burlero," adds Mr. Rimbault, "first appeared with Purcell's name to it, in 'Musick's Handmaid, New Lessons and Instructions for the Virginals, 1678,' where it is called Lilli burlero, or Old woman, whither so high; but Purcell's name attached to it merely signifies that he *arranged* it."

LILLI BURLERO.

Ho! brother Teague, dost hear de decree,
 Lilli burlero bullen a la;
 Dat we shall have a new debittie, [*deputy*]
 Lilli burlero bullen a la.
 Lero, lero, lero, lero, Lilli burlero bullen a la.
 Lero, lero, lero, lero, Lilli burlero bullen a la.

Ho ! by my shoul¹ it is a T——t, [*Talbot*]

Lilli, &c.

And he will cut all the English² t—t, [*throat*]

Lilli, &c. &c.

Though by my shoul de English do prat,

Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare side, and Chreist knows what,

Lilli, &c. &c.

But if dispense do come from de pope,

Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Magno Carto and demselves³ in a rope,

Lilli, &c. &c.

And⁴ the good T——t [*Talbot*] is made a lord,

Lilli, &c.

And he with brave lads is coming aboard,⁵

Lilli, &c. &c.

Who all in France have taken a swear,

Lilli, &c.

Dat dey will have no Protestant h—r, [*heir*]

Lilli, &c. &c.

O !⁶ but why does he⁷ stay behind ?

Lilli, &c.

¹ Ho ! by Sheint Tyburn.—*Percy*.

² Englishmen's.—*Percy*. ³ Dem.—*Percy*. ⁴ For.—*Percy*.

⁵ And he, brave lads, is coming aboard.—*Percy*.

⁶ Ara.—*Percy*.

⁷ King James.

Ho by my shoul 'tis a Protestant wind,¹
Lilli, &c. &c.

Now T———l [*Tyrconnel*] is come ashore,²
Lilli, &c.

And we shall have commissions gillore,³
Lilli, &c. &c.

And he dat will not go to m—ss⁴ [*mass*]
Lilli, &c.

Shall⁵ turn out and look like an ass,
Lilli, &c. &c.

Now, now de heretics all go down,
Lilli, &c.

By Chreist and St. Patrick de nation's our own,⁶
Lilli, &c. &c.

There was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c.

That Ireland should be rul'd by an ass and a dog:⁷
Lilli, &c. &c.

And now this prophecy is come to pass,⁸
Lilli, &c.

¹ See note (A).

² But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore.—*Percy*.

³ Plenty—in abundance. ⁴ Go to de Mass.—*Percy*.

⁵ Shall be.—*Percy*. ⁶ See note (B).

⁷ "Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog."—*Percy*.

⁸ "The prophecy's true, and now come to pass."—*Poems on Affairs of State*.

For T—but's [*Talbot's*] the dog, and Tyr—nel's
 [*Tyrconnel's*] the ass,¹
 Lilli, &c. &c.

THE SECOND PART OF LILLI BURLERO
 BULLEN A LA.

By Creist my dear Morish vat makes de sho' shad?
 Lilli, &c.

The heritticks jear us and mauke me mad,
 Lilli, &c. &c.

Plague take me, dear Tague, but I am in a rage,
 Lilli, &c.

Poo' what impidence is in dish age?
 Lilli, &c. &c.

Vat if Dush [*Dutch*] shou'd comie as dey hope,
 Lilli, &c.

To up hang us for all de dispence of de pope,
 Lilli, &c. &c.

Day shay dat T———I's [*Tyrconnel*] a friend to
 de mash,
 Lilli, &c.

For which he's a traitor, a goose, and an ass,
 Lilli, &c. &c.

¹ See note (C).

Ara' plague tauke me now I make a swar,
Lilli, &c.

I to Shent Tyburn will make a great prayer,
Lilli, &c. &c.

O' I will pray to Shaint Patrick's frock,
Lilli, &c.

Or to Loretto's sacred smock,
Lilli, &c. &c.

Now a plague tauke me what dost dow tink,
Lilli, &c.

De English confusion to popery drink ;
Lilli, &c. &c.

And by my shoul the mash house pull down,
Lilli, &c.

While they were swearing the mayor of de town,
Lilli, &c. &c.

O' fait and be I'll mauke de decree,
Lilli, &c.

And swar by the Chancellor's modesty,¹
Lilli, &c. &c.

Dat I no longer in English will stay,
Lilli, &c.

For be goad dey will hang us out of de way,
Lilli, &c. &c.

¹ See note (D).

NOTES.

(A) When it was known that the Prince of Orange was about leaving Holland for the invasion of England, such was the excitement of public feeling, that the slightest change in the wind was regarded with intense anxiety. If it blew fairly for England, it was spoken of as the Protestant, and when in an adverse direction, as the Catholic wind. The apartments of James II were opposite to the banquetting-house at Whitehall. On the roof of this building he caused a lofty vane to be erected, which he is said to have regarded daily with extreme interest. This curious relic is supposed to be the vane at present existing.

(B) "What follows," observes Bishop Percy, "is not in some copies." Both the first and second parts of Lilli burlero may be found in "A Collection of Poems on Affairs of State," vol. iii. p. 231 (1704), but without these verses. At p. 256, however, they are given as an epigram, and entitled "An Irish Prophecy."

(C) "For Talbot's de dog, and James is de ass." —Percy. The last line of the "Irish Prophecy" above mentioned, agrees with the text, and not with Bishop Percy's version, which at first seems the better reading of the two. But the line appears intended to satirise the heads of Church and State. Peter Talbot, the brother of Tyrconnel, had been the titular, or Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and many anecdotes are current as to the keenness with which he watched the property that had belonged to his church. The one most

commonly told is, that "landing at a place called the Skerries, within twelve miles of Dublin, the archbishop was very hospitably entertained by one Captain Coddington, at whose house he lodged all night. The next morning he (the archbishop) took him aside, and after the most affectionate expressions of kindness, asked him, 'what title he had to that estate?' for that he observed he had expended considerably upon its improvements. Coddington answered, 'Twas an old estate belonging to the Earl of Thomond.' Talbot replied, 'That's nothing, it belonged to the church, and would be taken away.' He then advised him to lay out no more upon it, but to get what he could and desert it." Harris (Ware's "Writers," p. 192) says that Peter Talbot, who had been educated as a Jesuit, "was always forming designs, and contriving schemes for advancing" the interests of the Roman Catholic church, which, to use the words of an old author, "he guarded with the fidelity that became the doggedness of his name."

Upon being appointed by the pope Archbishop of Dublin, as a reward, it is supposed, for the part he had played in England during Cromwell's government, Talbot directly embroiled himself with Plunket, the titular Primate of Ireland, who told him "that he had the reputation of meddling too much in affairs of state." Mr. D'Alton, in his "Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin" (1838), labours hard to shew that Talbot was an amiable and persecuted man; and expresses a hope that justice will be done to his character, notwithstanding "the prejudices of his contemporaries have sought to vilify his memory; and even Mr. Moore has reflected their opinions when he styles him 'the clever and turbulent Peter Talbot.'" This prelate died a prisoner in the Castle of Dublin, in 1680; a picture of him is preserved at Malahide Castle.

(D) The notorious Judge Jeffreys was made Lord Chancellor by James II, 28th September 1685, and created Baron Wem. His cruelty is said to have been only exceeded by his insatiable avarice, and the open and unblushing manner in which he received bribes. "He was not more hasty to hang up those that had no money than he was zealous to procure indemnity to those that were rich. Pardons now were just as they were at Rome, not according to the offence, but the ability of the person, from ten pounds to 14,000 guineas, which last sum this judge of iniquity did not scruple to take from Mr. Sp—s, and with which he bought an estate that may be justly called 'the Field of Blood.'" Upon this passage, which is from a contemporary tract, the Editor's friend Mr. Bruce observes:—"I fancy there is a little mistake in the name of the person who paid Jeffreys the 14,000 guineas. You have it "Mr. Sp—s." The immensity of the amount seems to fix it as having been the sum paid by "Mrs. P—x" [Mrs Pridaux] for the release of her husband, which was agreed to be £15,000; but a sum was abated by way of discount for prompt payment, and the sum actually paid was thus reduced to about 14,000 guineas. One can scarcely think there could have been two such transactions. With the money thus obtained Jeffreys bought the manor of Boughton in Leicestershire, and after the establishment of William III, an endeavour was made to charge that estate with the sum paid to Jeffreys on account of Mr. Pridaux, but it failed."—*Woolrych's Life of Jeffreys*, p. 238. Jeffreys, as is well-known, having been taken in Wapping disguised as a sailor, died soon after in the Tower. A contemporary rhymist recommends that—

—"On his grave

This should be wrote :—*I was both fool and knave ;
To law and drink a scandal and a slave."*

THE READING SKIRMISH.

“IN 1688, a skirmish happened at Reading (Berkshire), in which fell the only officer of the Prince of Orange’s army, who lost his life in the expedition which effected the happy revolution of that year. King James’s army, consisting of some Irish and Scotch regiments, had been quartered at Reading, and had quitted it on hearing that the Prince of Orange was advancing with the main body of his army. The inhabitants, immediately on their departure, invited the Prince to take possession of the town, and secure them from the Irish, of which nation the King’s army was then chiefly composed, and of whom they, in common with the rest of the kingdom, seemed to have entertained a great dread. The King’s army having received intelligence that it was only a detachment from the Prince of Orange, that had advanced to Newbury, returned to Reading, and posted some Irish dragoons to defend the bridge; the Scotch were drawn up in the market-place, when the Prince of Orange’s troops entered the town; a slight skirmish ensued, and a few lives were lost, but the King’s troops soon fled with precipitation, and left the town in possession of their opponents.* This affair became the subject of a ballad,

* Kennet’s History.

called the 'Reading Skirmish; or the bloody Irish routed by the victorious Dutch.' The anniversary of the Reading fight is still commemorated by bell-ringing in the three parishes."—*Lysons' Magna Britannia*.

This song is given from a collection of printed ballads, &c. in the British Museum, two vols. folio. The original is in black letter, except the title and the last line of each verse, and is embellished with a wood-cut representing two knights in armour tilting.

"By Chreest and St. Patrick we all go down," resembles so closely the tenth verse of the first part of *Lilli burlero*, (see p. 8) that there can be little doubt this burden was derived from it; and there are reasons for believing that this verse was the conclusion of the original song. See Note (B) p. 11.

THE READING SKIRMISH;

OR, THE BLOODY IRISH ROUTED BY THE VICTORIOUS DUTCH.

"Five hundred papishes came there,
To make a final end
Of all the town in time of prayer,
But God did them defend."

To the tune of *Lilli burlero*. Licensed according to order.
Printed for J. D. in the year 1688.

WE came into brave Reading by night,
Five hundred horsemen, proper and tall;
Yet not resolved fairly to fight,
But for to cut the throats of them all.

Most of us was Irish Papists,
 Who vowed to kill, then plunder the town ;
 We this never doubted, but soon we were routed,
 By Chreest and St. Patrick, we all go down.

In Reading town we ne'er went to bed,
 Every soul there mounted his horse,
 Hoping next day to fill them with dread ;
 Yet I swear by St. Patrick's cross,
 We most shamefully was routed.
 Fortune was pleased to give us a frown,
 And blasted our glory : I'll tell you the story.
 By Chreest and St. Patrick, we all go down.

We thought to slay them all in their sleep,
 But by my shoul, were never the near ;
 The hereticks their guard did so keep,
 Which put us in a trembling fear.
 We concluded something further,
 To seize the churches all in the town,
 With killing and slaying, while they were a praying.
 But we were routed, and soon run down.

Nay, before noon, we vowed to despatch
 Every man, nay, woman and child ;
 This in our hearts we freely did hatch,
 Vowing to make a prey of the spoil :
 But we straightways was prevented,
 When we did hope for fame and renown.
 In less than an hour we forced [are] to scour.
 By Chreest and St. Patrick, we are run down.

We were resolved Reading to clear,
Having in hand the flourishing sword ;
The bloody scene was soon to appear,
For we did then but wait for the word :
While the ministers were preaching,
We were resolved to have at their gown ;
But straight was surrounded, and clearly confounded.
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we all go down.

Just as we all were fit to fall on,
In came the Dutch with fury and speed ;
And amongst them there was not a man,
But what was rarely mounted indeed ;
And rid up as fierce as tygers,
Knitting their brows, they on us did frown,
Not one of them idle, their teeth held their bridle.
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we were run down.

They never stood to use many words,
But in all haste up to us they flocked ;
In their right hands their flourishing swords,
And in their left carbines ready cock'd :
We were forced to fly before them
Thorow the lanes and streets of the town ;
While they pursued after, and threaten'd a slaughter.
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we were run down.

Thus being fairly put to the rout,
Hunted and drove before 'um like dogs ;

Our captain bid us then face about,
 But we wisht for our Irish bogs ;
 Having no great mind for fighting,
 The Dutch did drive us thorow the town ;
 Our foreheads we crossed, yet still was unhorsed.
 By Chreest and St. Patrick, we're all run down.

We threw away our swords and carbines,
 Pistols and cloaks lay strow'd on the lands ;
 Cutting off boots for running, uds-doyms,
 One pair of heels was worth two pair of hands.¹
 Then we called on sweet St. Coleman,²
 Hoping he might our victory crown ;
 But Dutchmen pursuing poor Teagues to our ruin.
 By Chreest and St. Patrick, we're all run down.

Never was Teagues in so much distress,
 As the whole world may well understand ;
 When we came here, we thought to possess
 Worthy estates of houses and land :
 But we find 'tis all a story,
 Fortune is pleased on us to frown :
 Instead of our riches, we stink in our breeches.
 By Chreest and St. Patrick, we're all run down.

They call a thing a three-legged mare,
 Where they will fit each neck with a nooze ;
 Then with our beads to say our last prayer,
 After all this to die in our shoes.

¹ See note (A).

² See note (B).

Thence we pack to purgatory ;
For us let all the Jesuits pray.
Farewell, Father Peters,¹ here's some of your creatures
Would have you to follow the selfsame way.

NOTES.

(A) The Irish troops, on which James depended at this critical period, were ill disciplined, and generally, upon the slightest cause, ran away panic-struck. In the instance mentioned in the song, we are told, that " Upon the approach of a small party of his highness' [the Prince of Orange's] cavalry, the Irish made a discharge and abandoned their post; the Scotch, who had no inclination to fight, followed their example, and fled in disorder, till they were rallied by the Earl of Faversham, who was coming up to support them. Of the Irish not many were killed, and as few taken. However, the court [James's party] complained that the [Reading] town's-people shot at them behind, from their windows, while the prince's horse charged them before; but they justify themselves by saying, that the fear the Irish were in made them fancy they were attacked on every side, which, at this juncture, the court thought fit to believe. Maidenhead bridge was also fortified, and its defence committed to the Irish; but some of the townsmen beating a Dutch march in the night, in order to alarm them, this stratagem took so well, that the Irish aban-

¹ See note (C).

doned their post in confusion, leaving their great guns behind them."

(B) Edward Coleman, hanged at Tyburn in 1678, for his participation in the Popish Plot.

"Now, painter, draw me hell in all its heat,
Let sulphurous flames and dismal darkness meet,
And in the hottest place, as best befits,
Draw Stayley, Coleman, and the Jesuits."

The Second Advice to a Painter. Broadside.

Upon this broadside Mr. Bruce has favoured the Editor with the following observations :

"Stayley was the first victim sacrificed upon the testimony of the respectable contrivers of the Popish plot. He was a goldsmith or banker in Covent Garden, and it was sworn that he was overheard to say, in a cook's shop, that the king was a great rogue, and that his was the hand that would kill him, if nobody else's would. All that seems to have been true was that he was in the cook's shop and spoke in French. The words were uttered on the 14th November, 1678 ; he was arraigned on the 20th of the same month ; tried on the 21st ; executed on the 26th. His relations petitioned the king that his body might not be set up on the gates of the city, and Charles "out of his princely clemency and compassion," granted an order for the sheriff to deliver the "quarters" to his friends. This was done, but, they being injudicious enough to say masses over the mangled remains, and bury them pompously in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the king revoked his order ; the body was disinterred ; and the head and quarters made to adorn the city in the usual manner. The authorities for these facts are Burnet's Own Times, ii. 160, Edit. 1823 ; and the State Trials, vi. 1502. Stayley was probably a partner with his father in the banking-house, which was lately Wrights'.

“ There is a reference to ‘ Sweet Saint Coleman,’ in a libel published in 1689, entitled ‘ The Chancellor’s Examination and Preparation for a Trial,’ of which Woolrych has given a copy. It purports to contain a will made by Jeffreys, in which he gives a thousand pounds, for the erection ‘ of a shrine and chapel to St. Coleman, for the particular devotion of a late very great English zealot: for whose glory,’ he continues, ‘ I further order my executors to bear half charges in inserting and registering the sacred papers and memoirs of the said saint in those divine legends ‘ The Lives of the Saints,’ by the hands of the reverend and no less industrious successor, Father Peters.’ In the same paper there is also the following passage:—‘ I desire that my funeral anthems be all set to the tune of ‘ Old Lilliburlero,’ that never-to-be-forgotten Irish Shibboleth, in commemoration not only of 200,000 heretics that formerly danced off to the said musical notes, but also of the second part of the same tune, lately designing, setting, and composing by a great master of mine and myself.’ ”

(C) The skirmish at Reading took place on the 9th December, 1688. On the 6th of December, “ the popish party had become so contemptible in London, that there was a hue and cry after Father Petre publicly cried and sold in the streets.”

This song, from the statement that the Irish intended to “ cut the throats of them all,” and had “ vowed to kill and then plunder the town,” was no doubt written immediately after the 13th December, on which day “ some country fellows arriving towards midnight at Westminster, caused a sudden uproar by reporting that the Irish, in a desperate rage, were approaching London, firing the houses, and putting man, woman, and child, to the sword. This false report gathered as it went along, so that in a few moments, not only the

trained bands and disciplined troops appeared in arms, but every body leaving their beds, placed lights in the windows, betook themselves, with half their clothes on, the most fearful to flight, the most resolute to their weapons. And what is most strange, this alarm spread itself the same night over the whole kingdom, and all that were able to carry arms vowed the defence of their lives, laws, religion, and liberties, and stood resolved to destroy all the Irish and papists in England, in case any injury were offered them. Some said that this general flight was occasioned by seven or eight Irish soldiers, who, having no money, resolved to keep themselves from starving, by forcibly entering into a country house. Whilst they were cuffing with those who would have thrust them out, a paltry cottage happened to catch fire, whereupon all the neighbouring towns and villages rang their alarm bells, which were echoed throughout all England.

“Some politicians assigned another cause (*which was most probable*) of this universal terror, and said it was industriously propagated by the directions of the Duke of Schomberg, both to feel the pulse of the nation, and to inspire them with resentment against the popish party, by letting them see to what dangers they were reduced by the bringing of Irish troops into the kingdom.”—*Bowyer's History of William III.* Vol. i. 372 and 387. (1703.)

KING JAMES'S WELCOME TO IRELAND.

JAMES II landed at Kinsale on Tuesday, 12th March, 1688-9, where he was received by the Earl of Clancarty, and where, “for the want of bells,” we are told, “the king was welcomed with the shouts and accla-

mations of the people, bonfires, &c." Mr. Walker states that a national dance, called the *Rinka fada*, which he has minutely described in the "Memoirs of the Irish Bards," was danced on this occasion before James, "the figure and execution of which delighted him exceedingly."

On the following day, James proceeded to Cork, and awaited in that city the arrival of his lord-deputy, Tyrconnel. Here the king publicly heard mass on Sunday, the 17th March, (St. Patrick's day) at the new chapel of the north abbey, to which he went in procession through the main street of the city, supported by two Franciscan friars, and attended by several other friars in their habits. Many traditionary anecdotes are remembered of James's sojourn in Cork, which tend to shew, that mercy, although the royal prerogative, was one sparingly exercised by that king. His sanction of the execution of Mr. Brown, a magistrate and a Protestant gentleman of consideration in the county, was, under the circumstances, a cruel and impolitic act; and the shooting on the spot, without trial, a recruit whose musket had accidentally gone off, was an unnecessary display of despotism.

On Wednesday, the 20th March, James rode to Lismore Castle, where he is said to have started back with surprise at beholding the height of the window from which he looked upon the Blackwater. That night he slept at Clonmel. On Thursday he rested in the Castle of Kilkenny; and on Friday night, after being at Carlow, "slabbered with the kisses of the

rude country Irish gentlewomen, so that he was forced to beg to have them kept from him," the king slept at Sir Maurice Eustace's, near Kilcullen Bridge, distant seventeen miles from Dublin.

The journey was chiefly performed by James on horseback, and he always made a point of riding through the towns and villages. During this royal progress, the roads were thronged with the peasantry, to be recognised in Irish history under the name of Rapparees,* or the more antiquated name of Tories, who

* The word Rapparee is explained by O'Reilly, as "a litigious, bullying fellow."

"Not only the men," says M'Kenzie, in his 'Narrative of the Siege of Londonderry' (1690), "but the women and boys too, began to furnish themselves with skeans and half pikes; it being the great business of the Irish smiths in the country to make this sort of arms for them. These were afterwards called Rapparees, a sort of Irish vultures that follow their armies to prey on their spoil." Dean Story observes of the Rapparees, that they were "very prejudicial to our [William's] army, as well by killing our men privately, as stealing our horses and intercepting our provisions. But after all," he adds, "lest the next age may not be of the same humour with this, and the name of Rapparee may possibly be thought a finer thing than it really is, I do assure you that, in my style, they can never be reputed other than tories, robbers, and bogtrotters."

O'Halloran, who would excite our sympathy on behalf of "those unhappy freebooters, called Rapparees," states that "they were too numerous to be employed in the [Irish] army, and their miseries often obliged them to prey alike upon friend and foe; at length some of the most daring of them formed themselves into *independent companies*, whose subsistence chiefly arose from depredations committed on the enemy."

were armed with half pikes, skeins, or daggers, and affected a military appearance.

About noon, on Saturday, the 24th March, James entered Dublin. The way on both sides, from the St. James's Gate to the Castle, was lined with soldiers, and strewed with fresh gravel. At the entrance of the liberty of the city, a stage had been erected covered with tapestry, on which were placed two harpers; "and below," says a contemporary writer,* "a great number of friars, with a large cross, singing; and about forty oyster wenches, poultry and herb women, in white," who danced along by the side of the king to the castle, "here and there strewing flowers. Some hung out of their balconies, tapestry and cloth of arras; and others imitating them, sewed together the coverings of Turkey work chairs, and bundle cloth blankets, and hung them out likewise on each side of the street."

"About a mile from Dublin, he [the king] called for a fresh pad-nag, which, turning about to be brought him, got loose, and forced him to stay, which did, in some measure, vex him, so that he said to Tyrconnel, 'I think you are all boder'd.'"

After the siege of Limerick, a reward of forty shillings was offered for the head of every Rapparee who did not submit himself. Upon which it has been asked, how a magistrate was to distinguish the head of a Rapparee from any other head? A smart passage on this subject occurs in O'Driscol's "History of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 356.

* "Ireland's Lamentation," &c. written by an English Protestant that lately narrowly escaped with his life from thence. London, printed by J. D. 1689.

At the proper point, James was met by "the lord mayor, aldermen, common-council, master, wardens, and brethren of the several companies, in their formalities, the king and herald at arms, pursevants, and servants of the household, and there received the sword of state (which he gave to Tyrconnel, who carried it before him through the city), and the sword and keys of the city, and there had a speech made to welcome him to that loyal city and people, by Counsellor Dillon, who, that morning, was sworn recorder in the room of Counsellor Barnwell.

"From thence he set forward toward the castle, preceded by five or six coaches with six horses each, two callashes, four or five carts, and one close waggon, attended by five or six French troopers; next them followed about two hundred of the stragglers of the city that went out to meet him; and after them, Major Barker, of the royal regiment, bareheaded, giving orders to the soldiers to keep the middle of the street clear, and stand with their muskets shouldered; then twenty-nine horsemen, bareheaded, shouting before Mr. Fitzjames, who was alone in one of Tyrconnel's coaches with six horses. Close after him followed three officers of the guard on horseback, attended by three led horses; after them, fifteen or sixteen officers of the army, closely followed by the five trumpets and kettle-drums of state in their liveries. After them, about twenty of the gentlemen at large on horseback; then the messengers and pursevants, servants of the household; next them, the herald and king-at-arms; close after them, Tyrconnel, carrying the sword of state im-

mediately before King James, who rid on a pad-nag in a plain cinnamon-coloured cloth suit, and black slouching hat, and a George hung over his shoulder with a blue ribbon. He was attended by the Duke of Berwick, Lord Granard, and some maids running by him on his left hand; the Lords Powis and Melfort on his right, with their hats on. Close after him followed a troop of dragoons, several gentlemen and officers, two troops of horse, and many attendants. After them, six lords' coaches with six horses each; then Judge Keating in scarlet, and next after his, three other gentlemen's coaches empty, with six horses each; then three coaches with two horses each; and then, last of all, the confused rabble on foot."

As King James was "riding along in this order," continues the minute narrator of his entry into Dublin, "one Flemming, a pretended mad Scotsman, in Skinner Row, the middle of the city, suddenly rushed through the crowd, flung his hat over the king's head, crying in French, with a loud voice, 'Let the king live for ever,' caught suddenly (madman-like) fast hold of the king's hand and kist it, and so ran capering after his hat.

"As James marched thus along, the pipers of the several companies played the tune of 'The king enjoys his own again;' and the people shouting and crying, 'God save the king.' And if any Protestants were observed not to shew their zeal that way, they were immediately reviled and abused by the rude papists. And [James] being come thus to the castle, [he] alighted from his horse, and was met at the gate by the host, overshadowed with a canopy bore up by four popish

bishops, and accompanied with a numerous train of friars singing, and others of that clergy. And among the rest, the titular primate with a triple crown upon his head, representing the pope, who this unfortunate and bigotted prince no sooner saw, but he forthwith went down upon his knees to pray to the image, and for a blessing from this Irish pope. And from thence [James was] conducted into the chapel there (made by Tyrconnel of Henry Comwell's riding-house), where *Te Deum* was sung for his happy arrival. Thence he retired into an apartment prepared in a new house built before in the castle by Tyrconnel, and there dined and refreshed himself."

The following song, which is given from the recitation of an old lady, was probably that sung by the pretty "oyster wenches, poultry and herb women in white," who strewed flowers beside the king. There is some slight resemblance between the first verse, and one of a Jacobite song, called "King William's March," a satire on William's departure to join his army in Ireland previous to the battle of the Boyne, the burden of which song is, "O Willie, Willie wan beard."

"Play, piper—play, piper,
 Play a bonny spring,
 For there's an auld harper
 Harping to the king.
 Wi' his sword by his side,
 An' his sign by his reade,
 An' his crown on his head
 Like a true king."

KING JAMES'S WELCOME TO IRELAND.

Play, piper—play, piper,
Come, lasses, dance and sing,
And old harpers strike up
To harp for the king.
He is come—he is come,
Let us make Ireland ring
With a loud shout of welcome,
May God save the king.

Bring ye flowers—bring ye flowers,
The fresh flowers of spring,
To strew in the pathway
Of James our true king.
And better than flowers,
May our good wishes bring
A long life of glory
To James our true king.

Huzza, then—huzza, then,
The news on the wing,
Triumphant he comes
Amid shouts for the king.
All blessings attend him,
May every good thing
Be showered on the brave head
Of James, our true king.

UNDAUNTED LONDONDERRY.

“The defence of Derry,” says O’Driscoll,* “has been much celebrated; but never beyond, hardly ever as much, as it merited. Few sieges have had more effect upon the fate of nations; none ever displayed more heroic devotion and endurance on the part of the besieged.”

The story of the siege of Derry, is a long and a melancholy one. Tyrconnel having withdrawn the garrison in order to enable him to send Irish troops to England to support the cause of James, soon perceived his error, and he endeavoured to remedy it by ordering Lord Antrim’s regiment, which consisted wholly of Roman Catholics, to regarrison the town. On the 7th December, 1688, the advanced party of this regiment appeared within a short distance of the gate, when about a dozen young men, whose names are fondly remembered in local history as “the ‘prentice boys,” closed the gate and drew up the bridge, and, seizing upon the keys of the town, they secured the other three gates, and refused to admit King James’s soldiers. Their conduct being approved of by a large and influential body of the inhabitants, guards were posted, the magazine and all the arms that could be collected taken possession of, and an agent was despatched to London

* History of Ireland, vol. ii. p. 14; 1827.

with an urgent application for support. "On this sudden, and apparently unimportant movement," it is justly remarked by Dr. Reid,* "the fate of the three kingdoms ultimately depended."

The result of these violent proceedings was, that Lord Antrim's "red shanks" retired; and a negociation followed, by which a free and general pardon for all that had passed was granted, and a small body of Protestant soldiers only were to be admitted into Derry, commanded by Lord Mountjoy, who was known to be attached to the Protestant cause. On Lord Mountjoy being recalled, he was succeeded by Colonel Lundy, a professed friend of the Protestants; but, as subsequently appeared, a decided partisan to James, owing, it is asserted, to his being under several obligations to the Duke of Berwick.†

Derry had become the principal refuge of the Protestants of the north of Ireland, who chose rather the hazard of standing on their defence, than of submitting to the persecution they were likely to suffer under Tyrconnel's government. But Lundy's reputation as an officer of honour, courage, and skill, stood so high, that the Ulster Protestants, who had entered into an armed association for the protection of their lives, liberty, and property, determined, although he had been appointed by Tyrconnel, to put themselves under his command.

* History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, vol. ii. p. 440. London, 1837.

† Life of the Duke of Berwick, p. 36. London, 1738.

While these occurrences took place, James arrived in Ireland, and, on the 8th of April, left Dublin at the head of an army of 12,000 men, with a considerable train of artillery, intending to reduce the refractory north to submission, and then to proceed to Scotland. In ten days after the king left Dublin, he appeared before Londonderry, which place he expected would immediately be surrendered to him ; but, to his astonishment, the reply to the royal summons was a heavy discharge of cannon from the walls.

Although two regiments had arrived from England to aid in the defence of Derry, Lundy stated "that they had provisions but for a very few days, a week or ten days at most, and that the people who were in the city were but a rabble," therefore, that the place was not tenable, and he advised the newly-arrived troops to return, which they did. Upon the determination of the council of war being promulgated, that Derry was to be given up to King James, the cries of "treachery" and "no surrender" resounded through the city, and at this critical moment Captain Adam Murray, the commander of a volunteer corps, arrived in the town. He remonstrated with Lundy, and encouraged the inhabitants to defend the place, upon which they rushed to the walls, and fired upon James and his advancing army. The men of Derry now prepared for an obstinate defence. "Their choice of governors was as extraordinary as the whole proceeding had been strange." Major Baker, a military officer, and the Rev. George Walker, a Protestant clergyman, were

elected to the government of the besieged town, and the treacherous Lundy escaped in disguise, "with a load of match on his back."

It has been as eloquently as truly observed, that, "in mockery of all human wisdom, it was the very folly of the mob that saved the town; it was the madness of a crowd of fools that snatched this important fortress from the grasp of James, and contributed materially to the successful issue of the war. The defence of Derry was accomplished at an expense, no doubt, of enormous and incalculable suffering. Most of the population perished miserably, and only a wasted and ruined remnant of the people survived to enjoy their melancholy triumph."

Nothing could exceed the excitement of the besieged, and nothing but that excitement could have enabled them to sustain a siege of one hundred and five days.

"The Protestant clergy of all denominations," says O'Driscoll, "shared the labours of the siege in their turns; and when the day's work was over, and their military tasks were at an end, they took their places in the churches and conventicles.* There the people crowded to their devotions,—weary, indeed with the toils and labours of the day, and fainting, perhaps, for want of sufficient food, but still with the high excitement which the perils and the importance of the occa-

* There were eighteen clergymen in the town of the communion of the church, and seven non-conforming ministers.—*Walker.*

sion created ; and when the preacher poured forth his labouring heart at the feet of the great disposer of events, the God of armies, and the ruler of the destiny of nations, the people joined in the prayer with a solemn energy of devotion which those only know who have been in 'peril of their lives,' and in 'the toil of their enemies.' The awful circumstances in which the city was placed, were inspiration to the preacher, and fervent and undoubting faith to the congregation. The 'man of God' had no need of the ornaments of speech, while the thunder of the enemies' cannon roared round the walls ; and the doubts of the sceptic, and the jests of the scoffer fled before the face of famine, and the rebuke of unrelenting misery.

"Thirty thousand fugitives, including aged men, boys, women, and children from the neighbouring districts, exclusive of the garrison, were shut up within the walls of Derry.* Those could render no assistance in the defence. The besiegers were estimated at twenty thousand. When the rulers of this little republic looked around them upon the multitude that were to be fed, and abroad upon the host that encompassed them, even their utmost enthusiasm could hardly sustain their confidence, or their most exalted piety preserve them from despair."

"It did beget," says Walker, "some disorder among us, and confusion, when we looked about us, and saw

* Of these 10,000 left upon protections from the enemy, and 7,000 died.—*Walker*.

what we were doing; our enemies all about us, and our friends running away from us. A garrison we had, composed of a number of poor people frightened from their own homes, who seemed more fit to hide themselves than to face an enemy. When we considered that we had no persons of any experience in war among us, and those very persons that were sent to assist us had so little confidence in the place, that they no sooner saw it than they thought fit to leave it; that we had but few horse to sally out with, and no forage; no engineers to instruct us in our works; no fire-works, not so much as a hand-granado to annoy the enemy; not a gun well mounted in the whole town; that we had so many mouths to feed, and not above ten days' provisions for them in the opinion of our former governors; that every day several left us, and gave constant intelligence to the enemy; that they had so many opportunities to divide us, and so often endeavoured it, and to betray the governors; that they were so numerous, so powerful and well-appointed an army, that, in all human probability, we could not think ourselves in less danger than the Israelites at the Red Sea. When we considered all this, it was obvious enough what a dangerous undertaking we had ventured upon. But the resolution and courage of our people, and the necessity we were under, and the great confidence and dependence amongst us on God Almighty, that he would take care of us and preserve us, made us overlook all those difficulties."

"This quotation, from the diary of this singular man," observes O'Driscoll, "is admirably descriptive of the

situation and condition of the besieged. Their defence was conducted in a most unmilitary and irregular manner, but it was effectual. Those who chose sallied against the enemy, in what order, and with what accompaniment they pleased, and their sallies were frequent. The town was almost in ruins; the gates were often open; and the besieged would scornfully invite the attack of their enemy, and ask why he lost his powder upon the walls when the gates were open to him?

“The high-wrought enthusiasm of the besieged seems to have deterred the Irish commanders from the attack, and they resolved to wait the slow but certain progress of famine.”

Having vainly essayed to take “Undaunted Londonderry,” which, to use the expression of Story, “was the greatest thorn in their sides,” James returned to Dublin, and committed the conduct of the siege to General de Rosen, a foreign officer of some reputation. “Every day increased the sufferings of the unhappy garrison. Disease followed upon the rear of famine. Exhausted with incessant labour, perishing of hunger, sick from unwholesome and unnatural food, hope forsook them, and they surrendered themselves to despair, but not to the enemy. They could not yet resolve to submit.

“While in this state of sullen stupor, they were suddenly roused by the appearance of ships in the lake bearing British ensigns. It was a fleet of thirty sail, bringing troops, arms, ammunition, and provisions for the relief of the garrison. The joy and exultation of

the perishing people of Derry knew no bounds. It was to them a resurrection from death to life ; from bondage to liberty. They gazed with ecstasy upon the ships as they continued their steady course upon the beautiful waters of Lough Foyle ; every heart beat high, as ship after ship bore up and displayed her white canvass to the anxious crowd close wedged upon the ramparts. Every voice whispered fervent murmurs of thanksgiving to the God of the land and of the ocean, who never deserts his faithful people in their extremity, or consigns those who trust in him to the hands of his enemies.

“ On a sudden, the ships were observed to haul to windward, to the amazement of the garrison, and the surprise of the army outside the walls. What could be the meaning of this manœuvre ? It was soon explained ; the ships were standing out to sea. Signal followed rapidly after signal from the dismayed inhabitants of Derry, and Kirk made no signal in return.

“ Meantime the Irish take their measures. Batteries are planted along the shore, strong battalions are marched to the water's edge, and line the borders of the lake where they approach the city. A boom of great strength, formed of timber, strong cables, and vast iron chains, is stretched across a narrow part of the lake, and made firm upon either shore. While all this is transacting, the fleet was rapidly passing out of sight.

“ Faith and patience are the great foundations of the Christian religion ; and, though all are called upon to

practise them, there have been few instances, perhaps, of a severer trial than this was to the forlorn citizens of Derry. When the hand is stretched out to save and instantly withdrawn ; when the time is come, and to-morrow will be too late, can the victim be accused if he dies with murmurs upon his lip ?

“ Baker, the governor, was dead ; and famine was now rapidly thinning the ranks of the heroic garrison more effectually than the sword of the enemy. Their food was dead horses, dogs, cats, rats, and all loathsome vermin. The extremity and horror of the famine had nearly dissolved all discipline and authority. Murmurs for a capitulation began to be heard among the dying and ghastly crowd, and were only suppressed by the fury of those who had become almost insane by their sufferings. They threatened death to any who should propose or mention a surrender, while they were themselves expiring and without hope. Their detestation of Popery seemed to derive strength from the decay of nature.

“ They heard in a short time from Kirk ; he had sailed round to Lough Swilly. He still talked of relieving them, but he spoke doubtfully. He assured them that everything went on well in England and Scotland for the Protestant cause, and advised them to hold out bravely, and be careful of their provisions. It was uncertain whether Kirk’s communications were not a cruel mockery.”

Marshal de Rosen, annoyed at the obstinacy with which Londonderry resisted, had recourse to a cruel and

unsoldierlike mode of attack—appealing to the hearts of the besieged, instead of storming their batteries. He sent out parties to collect all the miserable Protestants they could find about the country, without regard to age or sex, and these were driven, by Rosen's orders, under the walls of the town to perish, unless saved by its capitulation. The besieged in return brought forth their prisoners; and, having erected a gallows upon the rampart, threatened to hang them immediately, unless the unfortunate creatures who had been driven under the walls were allowed to depart. This had the desired effect, but many had already died from the hardships to which they were exposed; and some, as they expired, with their last breath, entreated the famishing garison to persevere in the defence of the place.

“The tumult of the retreating multitude had hardly ceased outside the walls, when three ships were discovered, in the lake, with all sails set, and steering for the town. These were two store-sloops, laden with provisions, and the Dartmouth frigate, part of Kirk's squadron. Kirk had learned that his conduct at Derry had been heard with anger and astonishment in England, and he hastened to avert the storm which he saw was likely to overtake him. His dastardly or treacherous conduct had lengthened the sufferings of Derry from the middle of June to the end of July.

“The ships approached in view of the besiegers and the besieged; but of the latter, more than half the eyes

were closed in death that had witnessed the former ineffectual attempt at relief. The Irish army had taken their posts along the shore; the batteries that commanded the harbour were manned; the boom was made tight, and all was in readiness. As the vessels came within the range of shot, a heavy fire of cannon and musketry was opened upon them from the Irish lines along the shore. They returned the fire with spirit, and continued to advance. At length the headmost store-ship approached the boom, and struck it; the boom was broke, but the vessel went ashore with the violence of the rebound. The besieging army shouted, and prepared to board her; but the vessel fired all her guns, and, extricated by the shock, she floated and passed rapidly unto the city followed by her companions.

“The garrison of Derry had consisted of about eight thousand men; it was now reduced to less than four. The Irish army broke up suddenly and retired; — their loss is said to have exceeded that of the garrison.”

Walker, the gallant defender of Londonderry, proceeded to London with an address to King William and his queen, and was received by their majesties in the most gracious manner. Thanks were voted to him by the House of Commons, and delivered in form by the Speaker; he was entertained by the city, and cheered wherever he was recognised by the populace, as the champion of the Protestant faith; the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by the

University of Oxford; the king presented him with £5,000; and, by his majesty's command, Sir Godfrey Kneller painted Walker's picture, which was immediately engraved. In this picture he is represented "with a Bible, open at the 20th chapter of Exodus, in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. His garment of a purple colour, and a large old-fashioned band, form a strong contrast to the military sash appearing in crimson folds about his waist," in which a pistol is lodged.

While in London, Walker published his "Diary of the Siege of Londonderry," which was followed by no less than nine publications on the same subject. In the address prefixed to his "Diary," he apologizes as a churchman, for having acted in that service a part which might, with more propriety, have been done by other hands. It is impossible that Walker could have been made Bishop of Derry, as stated by O'Driscol, for that see was not vacant until the day previous to the Battle of the Boyne, where Walker was mortally wounded, and where he was engaged as chaplain to the army.

O'Driscol, whose animated account of the "Siege of Derry" has been so largely quoted from, therefore very unfairly says, "*This man* was unnecessarily present at the Boyne. Walker's exploits at Derry," he adds, "might have had an excuse in the peculiarity of his situation; but neither his exhibitions in London, nor his presence at the Boyne, can be justified." Now, the fact is, Walker was a hero in Derry, the advocate of his brave fellow-sufferers in London, and, in the course

of his duty as a Protestant clergyman, was slain at the Boyne.*

* Mr. Bruce, in a note to the Editor, remarks upon this passage:—"You are probably aware that there is a letter of Tillotson's, in which he says 'the king . . . hath made him [Walker] Bishop of Londonderry.' You say the see was not vacant until the day before the Battle of the Boyne: i.e. the 30th June. Now I find in Wood's 'Athenæ' (iv. 288), that Bishop Hopkins died on the 19th June, 1690, and was buried on the 24th, in St. Mary Aldermanbury. It is possible, if Wood's date be right, that Walker may have been appointed, although Wood himself, in another place (iv. 877), merely says that he 'was designed to succeed' Bishop Hopkins; which is probably all that is true, and that the design may have existed long before Hopkins's death. After all, the question is, not whether he was Bishop of Derry, but whether he was chaplain to the army. If he were, he was in his place at the Boyne, whether bishop or not. And upon that point Wood aids you; for, immediately after stating that on his way back into Ireland he had the degree of D.D. conferred upon him at Oxford, he goes on: 'thence he went into Ireland, where having a command conferred upon him in the army (iv. 409) he 'received his death's wound,' and so on in Wood's usual ballad style. One can scarcely conceive any other 'command' than a chaplaincy conferred upon a new-made D.D. It is very strange that Burnet does not mention even the name of Walker.

"It seems from an extract from Anchitell Gray's Debates, in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1745, p. 192, that the House of Commons recommended the king to grant 'the widows and orphans of Londonderry' £10,000, and that they communicated their determination upon that head to Dr. Walker at the same time that they returned him thanks for his defence. Walker was apparently the bearer of the petition of 'the widows and orphans;' of itself a sufficient cause for his coming to London. He returned the house thanks on their behalf as well as his own."

Dr. Reid, in his "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland," says,* "It is painful to be obliged to add, that the gallant defenders of Derry and Enniskillen were treated very ungratefully by the state. Instead of being in any wise rewarded, they did not even receive the amount of pay which was acknowledged by parliament to be justly due to them." Dr. Reid then enters into various particulars on this subject, the result of which is, that after two-and-thirty years of tedious and fruitless negotiations, 74,757*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* arrears were due to the eight regiments that formed the garrison of Derry, "not a farthing of which appears to have been ever paid." Upon this statement, however, it may be questioned whether the Derry and Enniskillen troops were not in the same position as the thirteen Dutch and three French regiments, who served with them in Ireland, regarding their claims for arrears of pay, and whose cases were printed in 1709, with "the case of several of the inhabitants of Ireland, that subsisted the army there for the year 1690 and 1691 pursuant to the directions of the government;" and to whom and not to the troops, this arrear of their pay appears to have been due.

In the "Memoir of the Ordnance Survey of Londonderry,"† it is stated that, "after a lapse of more than two centuries, the fortifications of Derry remain nearly unchanged in their original form and character; the external ditch, indeed, is no longer visible, being

* Vol. ii. note, p. 473. † Vol. i. p. 100. Dublin, 1837.

mostly occupied by the rears of houses. Between 1806 and 1808, the walls were repaired at a cost of 1,119*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* In 1824, the north-west bastion was demolished to make room for the erection of a market; and, in 1826, the central western bastion was modified for the reception of Walker's Testimonial — an ornamental memorial, both just and appropriate.

“Of the guns which performed such valuable services in by-gone time, a few are preserved as memorials in their original localities, the bastions; but the greater number have been converted to the quiet purposes of peace, serving as posts for fastening cables, protecting the corners of streets, &c. There are six at the south-west bastion, two of which are inscribed ‘VINTNERS, LONDON. 1648.’ ‘MERCERS, LONDON. 1642.’ Of the others, one bears the arms of Elizabeth—a rose surmounted by a crown, with the letters ‘E. R.’ at each side; and below, the date 1590. Another, the arms of the Irish Society; and a third, a less decipherable device. Of these three, the first was one of the few pieces of ordnance possessed by the city on the outbreak of the rebellion of 1641. There are four at Walker's Testimonial, two of which are inscribed ‘MERCHANT TAYLORS, LONDON. 1642.’ ‘GROCERS, LONDON. 1642.’ Mounted on a carriage, in the court-house-yard, and in good condition, stands ‘*Roaring Meg*,’ so called from the loudness of her roaring during the siege. This cannon is four feet six inches round at the thickest part, and eleven feet long, and is thus inscribed, ‘FISHMONGERS, LONDON. 1642.’ The total

number of cannon remaining in the city and suburbs is nearly fifty."

The song upon the gallant defence of Londonderry is here given from a black letter copy in the British Museum, preserved in a collection of ballads, &c. 2 vols. folio. The title runs thus: "Undaunted Londonderry; or, the Victorious Protestants' constant success against the proud French and Irish Forces. To the tune of 'Lilli Borlero.' Licensed according to Order." It is embellished with a rude woodcut, representing a city in flames, and bearing the word "LONDONDERRY." "Printed for J. Deacon, in Guiltspur Street."

This song is quite unworthy of the achievement that it was intended to celebrate. Among the poems* of the Rev. John Graham, the historian and bard of Derry, may be found several clever lyrics referring to the memorable siege of "the maiden city;" one in particular, entitled "The Catalogue" (p. 97), which consists of no less than thirty-six verses, combines all the vigorous simplicity of the old ballad, with an extraordinary mass of minute historical particulars. Although not included in Mr. Graham's volume of poems, the editor believes that he does not incorrectly attribute the authorship of the following spirited verses to that gentleman.

"Derriana! lovely dame,
By many suitors courted;
Thy beauty rare and deeds of fame,
Have been but ill reported.

* Belfast, 1829.

UNDAUNTED LONDONDERRY.

- “ Seated in dignity serene
Beside a crystal fountain,
In radiant comeliness thou’rt seen
O’ershadowed by a mountain.
- “ Round thee are groves and villas bright,
And temples of devotion ;
Fair fields for plenty and delight,
And inlets of the ocean.
- “ What was proud Troy compared to thee,
Though Hector did command her ?
How great thy Foyle would seem to be
Near Homer’s old Scamander !
- “ Like thee, two sieges sharp she stood,
By timid friends forsaken ;
But, unlike thee, twice drenched in blood,
She fainted and was taken.
- “ What was her cause compared to thine ?
A harlot she protected ;
But thou for LIBERTY divine
All compromise rejected.
- “ But Troy a bard of brilliant mind
Found out to sing her glory,
While thou canst only dunces find
To mar thy greater story.”

UNDAUNTED LONDONDERRY.

Protestant boys, both valliant and stout,
Fear not the strength and power of Rome,
Thousands of them are put to the rout,
Brave Londonderry tells ’um their doom ;

For their cannons roar like thunder,
 Being resolved the town to maintain ;
 For William and Mary, still brave Londonderry,
 Will give the proud French and Tories their bane.

Time after time, with powder and balls,
 Protestant souls they did 'um salute ;
 That before Londonderry's stout walls,
 Many are slain and taken to boot ;
 Nay, their noble Duke of Berwick,
 Many reports, is happily tane,*
 Where still they confine him, and will not resign him,
 Till they have given the Tories their bane.

Into the town their bombs they did throw,†
 Being resolved to fire the same,
 Hoping thereby to lay it all low,
 Could they but raise it into a flame ;
 But the polititious Walker,‡
 By an intreague did quail them again,
 And blasted the glory of French, Teague, and Tory,
 By policy, boys, he gave them their bane.

Thundering stones they laid on the wall
 Ready against the enemy came,§
 With which they vow'd the Tories to mawl
 When'er they dare approach but the same.

* See note (A).

† See note (B).

‡ See note (C).

§ See note (D).

And another sweet invention,
The which in brief I reckon to name ;
A sharp bloody slaughter, did soon follow after,
Among the proud French, and gave 'em their bane.

Stubble and straw in parcels they laid,
The which they straightways kindled with speed ;
By this intreague the French was betrayed,
Thinking the town was fired indeed.*
Then they placed their scaling ladders,
And o'er the walls did scour amain ;
Yet strait, to their wonder, they were cut in sunder,
Thus Frenchmen and Tories met with their bane.

Suddenly, then, they opened their gate,
Sallying forth with vigour and might ;
And, as the truth I here may relate,
Protestant boys did valliantly fight,
Taking many chief commanders,†
While the sharp fray they thus did maintain
With vigorous courses, they routed their forces,
And many poor Teagues did meet with their bane.

While with their blood the cause they have sealed,
Heaven upon their actions did frown,
Protestants took the spoil of the field,
Cannons full five they brought to the town.

* See note (E).

† See note (F).

With a lusty, large, great mortar
Thus they returned with honour and gain,
While Papists did scour from Protestant power,
As fearing they all should suffer their bane.

In a short time we hope to arrive
With a vast army to Ireland,
And the affairs so well we'll contrive,
That they shall ne'er have power to stand
'Gainst King William and Queen Mary,
Who in the throne does flourish and reign ;
We'll down with the faction that make the distraction,
And give the proud French and Tories their bane.

NOTES.

(A) In a sally, which was made by the garrison of Londonderry towards the end of April, "the Duke of Berwick received a slight wound in his back." This was probably the origin of the report mentioned in the song, and fixes the precise date of its composition to have been May 1689, as no allusion to any subsequent occurrence is made.

(B) A list of the number of bombs thrown into Londonderry daily during the siege, may be found in Walker's "Diary." The total number was 587, besides cannon-balls of twenty pounds' weight.

(C) "Violent disagreements arose as to the most acceptable modes of addressing the Supreme Being. Some of the clergy denounced those as unworthy to assist in the defence of the town who refused to take the *solemn covenant*; but the good sense of Walker and others appeased the tumult as often as it broke forth, and no serious consequences followed."—*O'Driscol's Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 16.

(D) The labour was probably performed by the women. In Mackenzie's Narrative of the Siege (London, 1690), under date of the 4th of June, it is stated, that "our women, also, did good service, carrying ammunition, match, bread, and drink to our men, and assisted to very good purpose at the Bogg side, in beating off the granadiers with stones, who came so near to our lines."

(E) This seems to refer to the burning of some houses outside the walls soon after the commencement of the siege. "The first thing they [the governors] went upon, was the burning of all the houses clear round the town without the walls, and levelling their rubbish and ditches, so that the enemy might not skulk in them and gall the men on the walls."—*A true and impartial Account of the most material passages in Ireland, since December 1688*, p. 27. London, 1689.

(F) No doubt an allusion to the sally made by the besieged on the 6th of May, when, according to Mackenzie, "the men were impatient, and ran out of their own accord." Lord Neterville, Sir Gerald Aylmur, and Lieut.-Col. Talbot (called Wicked Will), and who afterwards died of his wounds, were taken prisoners in this affair.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

Mr. Bruce views the action of this ballad in somewhat a different light from the Editor. He says:—"Are you satisfied that the lines to which your notes C, E, and F refer, relate to separate transactions, which, if I apply the notes correctly you seem to consider them to do? The song reads to me as if the whole of its action related to one incident in the siege—The French threw their bombs, hoping to set the town on fire. Walker defeated them by a stratagem. Stones had been previously piled on the walls,—he collected stubble and set it on fire. The French thought they had succeeded, and mounted the walls, where Walker's troops were ready stationed to use their piles of stones and cut the assailants 'in sunder.' No sooner had they thus repelled them, than out they sallied 'with vigour and might,' and took the 'many chief commanders.' I think it is all one. If not, I do not understand the praise of Walker's intrigue."

THE PROTESTANT COMMANDER.

ON the 20th of March, 1690, in compliance with a royal summons, a new parliament met at Westminster. On the following day, King William addressed himself to both houses, stating that he was resolved to leave nothing unattempted on his part which might contribute to the prosperity of the nation; and finding his presence in Ireland would be absolutely necessary for the more

speedy reducing of that kingdom, he continued his resolution of going thither as soon as might be, and he had now called them together for their assistance, to enable him to prosecute the war with speed and vigour. The king concluded a long speech by observing, that the season of the year and his journey into Ireland, would admit but of a very short session, so that he recommended to them the making such despatch, that they might not be engaged in debates when their enemies were in the field.

“All the people,” says Dean Story, “were now big with hopes of his Majesty’s coming for Ireland, who left Kensington the 4th of June, 1690, took shipping at Hylake on the 12th, and on the 14th, being Saturday, he landed, about four in the afternoon, at Carigfergus ;* from whence, being upon the road to Belfast, he was met by the general, Major-General Kirk, and a great many more officers of the army, that were expecting his Majesty’s landing. And that evening landed his highness Prince George, the Duke of Ormond, Earl of Oxford, Earl of Portland, Earl of Scarborough, Earl of Manchester, my Lord Overkirk, my Lord Sidney, with a great many other persons of quality, some of them officers in the army, and others volunteers.”

The following song is entitled, “The Protestant Commander, or a Dialogue between him and his loving

* “A large stone at the point of the quay is still called ‘King William’s stone,’ from his having set his foot on it when landing.”—*McSkimin’s History of Carrickfergus.*

Lady, at his departure hence with his Majesty King William, for the expedition in Ireland. To the tune of 'Let Cæsar live long.' Licensed according to order." It is copied from a collection of ballads and broadsides, in two vols. folio, in the British Museum, and is in black letter, except the two last lines or chorus of each verse, which are in Roman letter, with the exception of the words "King William." This song is "printed for P. Brooksby. J. Deacon." The rest of the imprint is cut off, but it probably was "J. Blare and J. Black," as these persons appear to have been the principal ballad publishers in London during the Revolution of 1688.

THE PROTESTANT COMMANDER.

FAREWELL, my sweet lady, my love, and delight,
 Under great King William in person I'll fight ;
 Wherefore for awhile I must leave thee behind,
 Yet let not my absence, love, trouble thy mind :
 In Dublin city our king we'll proclaim,
 And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

An army we have of true Protestant boys,
 Who fears not the French nor the Irish, dear joys ;
 We'll freely salute them with powder and ball,
 Till we have utterly routed them all ;
 The sword of King William his name shall proclaim,
 And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

Love, let me go with thee, the lady reply'd,
I freely can venture to die by thy side ;
A heart of true courage I bear in my breast,
Therefore for King William I vow and protest,
A sword I will flourish his name to proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

I'll strip off these jewels and rings which I wear,
And other apparel in brief I'll prepare ;
In bright shining armour I then will appear,
And march in the field by the side of my dear ;
The conquering sword shall King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

My jewel, if thou hast a mind to go o'er
Along with thy love to the Irish shore ;
I freely will give my consent to this thing,
Yet not like a souldier to fight for the king :
His army is able his name to proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

The court is more fit than the camp for my dear,
Where beautiful ladies in glory appear ;
While soldiers of fortune must fight in the field,
Until they have made the proud enemy yield.
The conquering sword shall King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

My dearest, said she, I'll to Ireland go,
I value not courts, neither fear I the foe ;

Thy presence will yield me both joy and delight ;
I'll wait in thy tent till, returning from fight,
The conquering sword does King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

If thou shouldst be wounded, my dear, in the field,
Then shall I be ready some succour to yield.
'Tis true, my sweet lady, he straitways reply'd,
Thy earnest desire shall not be deny'd ;
Our conquering sword shall King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

The French and the Tories King William will rout,
From city to castle he'll course them about ;
We'll make the poor Teagues to quite change their tone,
From Lilli burlero to Ah ! hone, ah ! hone.
With conquering sword we'll King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

The Frenchmen the height of our fury shall feel,
We'll chase them with swords of true-tempered steel ;
They, food for the ravens and crows shall be made,
To* teach them hereafter that land to invade.
Then through the whole nation our king we'll proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

* "And" in the printed copy, probably a printer's error.
"To" is substituted as the more obvious reading.

THE BOYNE WATER.

THE Battle of the Boyne, although in its result among the most important in English history, was, as a battle, neither remarkable for the length of time it occupied, the severity of the conflict, the number of killed, nor the skill displayed on either side.

A veteran, who was himself engaged in this battle, has left us the following description of it,* which will serve to correct the inflated accounts given by various historians. "On the 29th of June we advanced to Atherdee [Ardee], and on the 30th marched up to the enemy and encamped within cannon-shot of them. They were drawn up in good order, and to great advantage, on the other side of the Boyne, and seemed resolved to dispute the passage of the river with us. There was a rising ground on our side, which overlooked their whole situation; to this place they concluded the King [William] would come to make his observations. Whereupon they planted four field-

* "Memoirs of the most remarkable military transactions, from the year 1683 to 1718, containing a more particular account than any yet published, of the several battles, sieges, &c. in Ireland and Flanders, during the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, by Captain Robert Parker, late of the Royal Regiment of Foot in Ireland, who was an eye-witness to most of them. Published by his son. Second Edition." London, 1753.

pieces in a place proper for their purpose, under covert of some bushes, which prevented them from being discovered. The king came this evening to the very spot they expected, and had not been long there when they fired their four field-pieces at him. One of the balls grazed on his shoulder, tore his clothes, and raised a contusion in his skin; but he soon had it dressed, and shewed himself to the army. However, the enemy observing some confusion in those about the king, concluded he was killed; and this news soon flew to Dublin, and from thence to Paris, where they had public rejoicings for it.

“ Upon the king's taking a view of the enemy [James's army], he observed they were strongly posted, and drawn up to great advantage; and saw plainly it would be a difficult matter to force them from their ground, unless some measures were taken before the battle began, which might oblige them to break the order they were drawn up in. Upon this a council of war was held, in which it was resolved that Lieut-General Douglas should march by break of day, with about 8,000 men, to the ford of Slane, two miles up the river, in order to pass there, and fall on the left flank of the enemy, while the king, with the main of the army, charged them in front.

“ Early next morning, being the first of July, both armies were drawn up in order of battle, and General Douglas marched off with his detachment. The enemy perceiving this, ordered off the greatest part of their left wing to oppose Douglas; and they were put into

no small confusion, in drawing troops from other parts in order to make good their left, which they had weakened. This answered the king's expectation, who, perceiving the disorder they were in, ordered the army to pass the river.* The front line was over before the enemy had recovered their disorder, and the king soon passed over and put himself at the head of them. The enemy, being now prepared, charged our first line, and broke through some of them. And some of ours, in their turn, obliged some of theirs to scamper. By this time, our whole army having passed the river, we charged each other alternately with various success. But the engagement did not last long, for they soon took to their heels, even before Douglas could come up to engage those that were sent against him, notwithstanding he had passed the ford before the king began the battle.

"I have met," adds Captain Parker, "with several accounts of this battle; some of them very particular in reciting all the charges and repulses that had been made on both sides, as if it had lasted the greatest part of the day, and the field had been covered with slain. But, after all, the enemy made but a poor fight of it, as may appear by the loss on both sides. The enemy had not quite 800 killed, and about as many taken; and we not above 500 killed, and as many wounded."

This total of thirteen hundred killed, where sixty

* According to Story, "it was about a quarter past ten when our [William's] Foot first entered the river."

thousand men were in the field to contest the crown of England, headed by the claimants in person, gives the Battle of the Boyne the character rather of a mere skirmish to pass a difficult ford of a river than of an important victory. In fact, it was James's panic that made the Battle of the Boyne memorable.

"And a mighty creditable thing it was, surely, to that same King William, as you call him, and something to boast of," observed an Irishman, commenting upon this victory, "a mighty creditable thing, indeed, to turn out against a man's father-in-law, and to beat him."

It is noticed by Mr. Lockhart, in his life of Sir Walter Scott, that an old officer of dragoons, hearing of the arrival of "the great unknown" at Drogheda (July 1825), sent in his card, with the polite offer to attend him over the field of the Battle of the Boyne, about two miles off, which, of course, was accepted. "Sir Walter," adds Mr. Lockhart, "rejoicing the veteran's heart by his vigorous recitation of the famous ballad (*The crossing of the water*) as we proceeded to the ground, and the eager and intelligent curiosity with which he received his explanations of it."

This song has been called "the Great Orange Song of Ireland." The present version is given from a MS. copy, in the Editor's possession, which corrects the reading of a line in the seventh verse, invariably printed—

"And *tried* at Milmount after.

THE BOYNE WATER.

JULY the first, in Oldbridge town,*
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire ;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vow'd revenge
Upon King William's forces ;
And often did cry vehemently,
That they would stop their courses :
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm :
They thought his majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
His king would often caution
To shun the spot, where bullets hot
Retain'd their rapid motion.
But William said,—He don't deserve
The name of Faith's defender,
That would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender.

* See note (A).

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended ;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended.
The horse was the first that marched o'er,
'The foot soon followed a'ter,
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more
By venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William thus accosted
His warlike men, for to march on,
And he would be the foremost.
" Brave boys," he said, " be not dismayed
For the losing of one commander ;
For God will be our king this day,
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle ;
Our cannon, to our foes' great cost,
Like thundering claps did rattle.
In majestic mien our prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed a'ter :
With blows and shouts put our foes to the route,
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reasons to be thankful
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful :

First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tied at Milmount a'ter,*
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The cunning French, near to Duleek,†
Had taken up their quarters;
And fenced themselves on every side,
Still waiting for new orders.
But in the dead time of the night,
They set the field on fire;
And, long before the morning light,
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed—
"I'm glad," said he, "that none of ye
Seemed to be faint-hearted.
So sheath your swords, and rest awhile;
In time we'll follow a'ter."
These words he uttered with a smile,
The day he crossed the water.

Come, let us all, with heart and voice,
Applaud our lives' defender,
Who, at the Boyne, his valour shewed,
And made his foes surrender.

* See note (B).

† See note (C).

To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and ever a'ter ;
And bless the "glorious memory"*
Of King William that crossed the Boyne water.

NOTES.

(A) The Dutch guards first entered the river Boyne at a ford opposite to the little village of Oldbridge.

(B) "After the battle of the Boyne, the popish garrison of Drogheda took the protestants out of prison, into which they had thrown them, and carried them to the Mount; where they expected the cannon would play, if King William's forces besieged the town. *They tied them together*, and set them to receive the shot; but their hearts failed them who were to defend the place, and so it pleased God to preserve the poor protestants."—*Memoirs of Ireland, by the Author of the Secret History of Europe.* (1716) p. 221.

(C) "When, in the course of the day, the battle approached James's position on the hill of Donore, the warlike prince retired to a more secure distance at Duleek, where he soon put himself at the head of his French allies, and led the retreat; the king and the French coming off without a scar."—*O'Driscoll's History of Ireland*, ii. 116.

(D) Many curious anecdotes might be told about "the glorious memory." It was the fashion among the whigs of

* See note (D).

William and Anne's time, as it was among the tories of our day, to drink "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory" of King William III; which is supposed to have induced Dr. Peter Brown, Bishop of Cork, to publish, in 1715, a little volume which was much spoken of, intitled "Of Drinking in Remembrance of the Dead;" and in the following year "A Discourse on Drinking Healths." His notion was, that drinking to the dead is tantamount to praying for them, and not, as is truly the case, in approbation of certain conduct or principles. Neither whigs nor tories have been less copious of their libations in consequence; and the only effect Dr. Brown's books appear to have had, was the production of an addenda to the obnoxious toast, "and a fig for the Bishop of Cork."

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SCHOMBERG.

"THE renowned Duke of Schomberg or Schonberg," says a contemporary writer, "was a person of firm and composed courage, and one of the best generals that France ever bred. To the laurels he gathered in Catalonia and in Flanders, he added the glory of having fixed the present King of Portugal* on his throne, and of having been instrumental to the settlement of King William. He had a great experience of the world,

* Pedro II.

knew men and things better than any man of his profession ever did, and was as great in council as at the head of an army. In his declining years, his memory very much failed, but his judgment remained true and clear to the last. He appeared courteous and affable to everybody, and yet he had an air of grandeur that commanded respect from all. He was of a middle stature, fair complexioned, a very sound hardy man of his age, and sat a horse incomparably well. As he loved always to be neat in his cloaths, so he was ever pleasant in his conversation, of which this repartee is a pregnant instance. Sometime before he went for Ireland, he was walking in St. James's Park, amidst crowds of the young and gay, and being asked, what a man of his age had to do with such company?—his answer was, that a good General makes his retreat as late as he can.—He was eighty-two years of age when he was killed.”

Notwithstanding the great age of the Duke of Schomberg, William determined to entrust to him the command of an expedition into Ireland, on the result of which depended the crown of England. “It is a proof of the deep importance which the British parliament attached to this expedition, that the House of Commons sent for Schomberg, on his appointment, and the Speaker having ordered a chair for the veteran, made him a complimentary speech; after which the House voted him a sum of £100,000, a vast sum of money at that period. In addition to this munificent grant, the

General was created a Duke by the King, and presented with the Order of the Garter.”*

Schomberg landed at Carrickfergus, on the 13th of August, 1689, with about ten thousand men. His campaign, although unmarked by any brilliant achievement, was severe and distressing in no ordinary degree; and all his judgment and coolness (no doubt, the qualities for which he had been selected by William) were required to preserve himself and his master from defeat.

Before the Battle of the Boyne, in which Schomberg fell, he is said to have remonstrated with William against attacking the enemy in so strong a position as that occupied by James's army. The Prince of Orange (for, until after that battle, William, although proclaimed in England and acknowledged by several foreign powers, can scarcely be called king) determined otherwise; and it has been well remarked, that “he reasoned as a king, Schomberg argued as a general; and though they differed, they were both right.” The Duke, it is stated, retired from the council of war to his tent, dissatisfied that certain movements, which he had suggested, were not adopted, and when the order of battle was brought to him, he took it with discontent and indifference, observing, “It was the first that ever was sent him.”

* O'Driscoll's History of Ireland, ii. p. 51. It should be observed, that of this sum of £100,000, the duke received but a small part; his son had £5,000 per annum paid him by King William in lieu of the remainder.

Schomberg received his death-wound while leading some French cavalry and infantry, whom he had rallied a second time, across the Boyne. "Allons, Messieurs, voilà vos persécuteurs !" exclaimed the Duke ; and he had scarcely uttered these words, when two sabre cuts on the head, but not mortal wounds, were given to him by some of James' guards, who were retreating full speed to the main body.

"In this hurry," to use the words of Captain Parker, "he was killed, some said by his own men, as they fired on the enemy, and some said, otherwise; but that which passed current in the army that day, and indeed seems most probable, was, that he was shot by a trooper that had deserted from his own regiment about a year before, and was then in King James's guards." The skull, which is shewn in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, as that of the gallant Schomberg, appears to have been penetrated by a ball in the forehead.

"The remains of this great General," says Mr. William Monck Mason,* "were removed to this cathedral immediately after the Battle of Boyne, where they lay until the 10th of July, and were then deposited under the altar; the interment of Duke Schomberg is noted with a pencil in the register; the entry is almost illegible, insomuch that it has been often sought for in vain. Although he well merited from the gratitude of a country in whose cause he fell, and the favour of a

* "History of St. Patrick's," Appendix I, note (A).

prince whom he faithfully served, such a testimonial, no memorial of the place of his interment was erected until the year 1731.

“Dean Swift, besides his anxiety to embellish this his cathedral, was actuated by a just indignation towards the relations of this great man, who, though they derived all their wealth and honours from him, neglected to pay the smallest tribute of respect to his remains; he therefore caused this stone [a slab of black marble fixed in the wall near the monument of Archbishop Jones] to be erected, and himself dictated the inscription, which is as follows :

“Hic infra situm est corpus Frederici Ducis de Schonberg ad Bubindam, occisi A.D. 1690.

“Decanus et capitulum maximopere etiam atque etiam petierunt, ut hæredes Ducis monumentum in memoriam parentis erigendum curarent.

“Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos, diu ac sæpe orando nil profecere; hunc demum lapidem stauerunt; saltem ut scias hospes ubinam terrarum SCHONBERGENSES cineres delitescunt.*

* In a letter to the Countess of Suffolk respecting this monument, Dean Swift says :—“And I will confess it was upon their [the Chapter's] advice that I omitted the only two passages which had much bitterness in them; and which a bishop here, one after your own heart, blamed me very much for leaving out: declaring the treatment given us by the Schomberg family deserved a great deal worse. Indeed, madam, I shall not attempt to convince England of anything that relates to this kingdom.”

“One of the passages to which he alludes in this letter Dr.

“ Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos. A.D. 1731.

“ Dean Swift, before he caused this stone to be erected, made repeated applications to the descendants of this nobleman, and endeavoured to interest them so far as to contribute somewhat toward erecting a monument to his memory; on the 10th May, 1728, he wrote a letter to Lord Carteret, from which I extract the following passage :

“ ‘The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderness is my old acquaintance; and I writ her about a small sum to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself; and also, there was a letter from the Dean and Chapter, to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems Mildmay, now Lord Fitzwalter, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell Lord Fitzwalter, that if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old duke, I and the Chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds; whereon it shall be expressed, that the posterity of the duke, naming particularly Lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have

Delany informs us was as follows:—instead of ‘Saltem ut scias hospes,’ &c. it stood thus: ‘Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellula, tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt.’ ”

done it of ourselves. And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and, rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my register office to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your Excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, Lord Fitzwalter; and I expect likewise that he will let Sir Conyers D'Arcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although to do him justice, he averred, 'that Mildmay was so avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to save charges.'"—*Swift's Works*, vol. xvii. p. 219. Scott's Edition.

Swift's letter repeating his application to the Countess of Holderness on this subject, dated the 22nd May, 1729, is entered on the book of Chapter-minutes, and is printed by Mr. Mason in his history of St. Patrick's.

"When this inscription was first set up, Swift was informed that it had given great offence," and he wrote to his friend Pope on the occasion (29th July, 1731). See *Scott's Edition of Swift*, vol. xvii. p. 412. In the same volume, p. 416, and p. 449, may be found two letters from Swift, dated 24th July, and 26th October, 1731, to the Countess of Suffolk, referring to this monument, the latter of which contains this passage:—"Why should the Schomberg family be so uneasy at a thing they were so long warned of, and were told they might prevent for fifty pounds?"

The following Lament is given from a black-letter copy in a Collection of Ballads, &c. 2 vols. folio, in the

British Museum. It is entitled, "The Valiant Souldier's Misfortune, or His Grace the Duke of Schomberg's last farewell. To the tune of 'The Souldier's Departure.' Licensed according to Order, and printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Black." Two rude wood-cuts embellish this ballad; one of which represents a battle, and bears, in a conspicuous part, the initials I. D. The other cut is a monumental effigy.

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SCHOMBERG.

LET all noble stout commanders,
 Likewise souldiers, foot and horse,
 Both in England, Holland, Flanders,
 Now lament this heavy loss,
 Of a right renowned leader,
 Who did many fights maintain,
 The Duke Schomberg, gentle reader,
 He in Ireland was slain.

With a right heroick spirit
 He was evermore endu'd,
 Fame and glory did he merit
 As his foes he still subdu'd.
 Where the guns did roar like thunder,
 Bloody fights he did maintain,
 Filling all the world with wonder,
 But great Schomberg now is slain.

At the head of warlike forces,
 Did he place his chief delight,
 Taking such effectual courses
 That his foes he put to flight;
 Where the warlike drums did rattle,
 Bloody fights he did maintain
 Never did he lose a battle,
 Yet great Schomberg now is slain.

Though great councils did assemble,
 To oppose him in the field ;
 Yet he made them quake and tremble,
 And as soon submit and yield.
 Nay, his very name they dreaded,
 Causing them to flye amain,
 Many armies hath he headed,
 Yet at last he now is slain.

Righteous causes he defended,
 And would wronged monarchs right ;
 So that blessings still attended
 Him in shining armour bright :
 By the sword he purchased glory,
 Which the world can never stain,
 Though he, by a rebel Tory,
 Was in sharp battle slain.

He in warlike flaming fire,
 Salamander-like did live ;
 Nothing did he more desire
 Than a fatal stroke to give,

To a rude rebellious faction,
 Who in villanies did reign ;
 But in the late Irish action,
 Noble Schomberg he was slain.

Pale-faced Death has now confin'd him
 In a narrow silent tomb ;
 Yet a name he left behind *him*,*
 Sweeter than a rich perfume.
 Let his actions be recorded
 In the lasting rolls of fame,
 In another world rewarded,
 Noble Schomberg, who was slain.

Though his death may be lamented,
 France shall have no cause to boast,
 Their designs will be prevented
 By our warlike armed host ;
 Who, with courage, will pursue them,
 Britain's freedom to maintain,
 And has valiant courage shew'd 'em,
 Though great Schomberg he is slain.

Towns and castles do's surrender
 To our right renowned King,
 The true Christian Faith's defender
 Through the land his fame do's ring :
 Nay, his very foes adore him,
 Wishing that he long may reign ;
 Boys, he conquers all before him,
 Though great Schomberg he is slain.

* In the original erroneously printed "*himer*."

THE WOMAN WARRIOR,

"WHO," says the introduction prefixed to this song, in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy,"* "lived in Cow Cross, near West Smithfield; who, changing her apparel, entered herself on board in quality of a soldier, and sailed to Ireland, where she valiantly behaved herself, particularly at the siege of Cork, where she lost her toes, and received a mortal wound in her body, of which she died in her return to London."

Whether the foundation of this song be true, or a mere poetical invention, the Editor is unable to determine. Many instances, however, are on record of the gallantry of "Warrior Women," especially during revolutionary times. The lamentation for the heroine of Cow Cross, the Mary Ambree of her age, appears to have been one of the many indirect efforts made to bring into popular notice the military skill of the famous Duke, then the Earl of Marlborough. William III had returned to England, after an unsuccessful effort to reduce Limerick; and Marlborough, anxious to distinguish himself, was, it is believed, appointed to the command of an expedition for Ireland, by the influence of the Princess Anne's party, who urged the necessity of securing Cork and Kinsale, which were open to receive troops or supplies from France for the

* Vol. v. p. 8. 1719.

support of the cause of James, William, although he could not well refuse his sanction to the proposed expedition, is said to have viewed it with a jealous eye, and to have caused what is asserted to be the unnecessary co-operation of the Duke of Wirtemberg at the head of a body of foreign troops, which led to a dispute between Marlborough and Wirtemberg, as to the command, and ended in an adjustment that they should command alternate days.

Dryden, in his prologue to "The Mistakes," a play written by Joseph Harris, comedian, says :

" Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days, and that's as long as Cork."

And as Marlborough commanded on the first and third days of the siege : viz. the 27th and 29th September, 1690, he obtained the credit of taking Cork. As a military exploit it was one of no great difficulty ; but in a political point of view it was important, and the achievement was proportionably magnified for party purposes. Marlborough's success at Cork may be considered as the foundation of his future fame and fortune. " The Earl arrived at Kensington on the 28th October," says a contemporary writer, " where he received that favourable welcome from their majesties which his great services deserved. How his lordship came a year after to lay down his employments is still a secret."

Immediately after the taking of Cork, Kinsale sur-

rendered; and the adherents of James truly sung, in rhymes still current in Ireland :

“ We have no fortresses that we can call our own,
But Limerick stout, Galway, and brave Athlone.”

THE WOMAN WARRIOR.

LET the females attend
To the lines which are penn'd,
For here I shall give a relation
Of a young marry'd wife
Who did venture her life ;
For a soldier, a soldier she went from the nation.

She her husband did leave,
And did likewise receive
Her arms, and on board she did enter ;
And right valiantly went
With a resolution bent
To the ocean, the ocean, her life there to venture.

Yet of all the ship's crew,
Not a seaman that knew
They then had a woman so near 'em ;
On the ocean so deep
She her counsel did keep,
Ay, and therefore, and therefore she never did
fear 'em.

She was valiant and bold,
And would not be control'd
 By any that dare to offend her ;
If a quarrel arose,
She would give him dry blows,
 And the captain, the captain did highly commend
 her.

For he took her to be
Then of no mean degree,
 A gentleman's son, or a squire ;
With a hand white and fair,
There was none could compare,
 Which the captain, the captain did often admire.

On the Irish shore,
Where the cannons did roar,
 With many stout lads she was landed ;
There her life to expose,
She lost two of her toes,
 And in battle, in battle was daily commended.

Under Grafton* she fought,
Like a brave hero stout,
 And made the proud Tories retire ;
She in field did appear
With a heart void of fear,
 And she bravely, she bravely did charge and
 give fire.

* See note (A).

While the battering balls,
Did assault the strong walls
Of Cork, and sweet trumpets sounded ;
She did bravely advance
Where by unhappy chance
This young female, young female, alas ! was
wounded.

At the end of the fray
Still she languishing lay,
Then over the ocean they brought her,
To her own native shore :
Now they ne'er knew before
That a woman, a woman had been in that slaughter.

What she long had conceal'd
Now at length she reveal'd,
That she was a woman that ventur'd ;
Then to London with care
She did straightways repair,
But she dy'd, oh she dy'd e'er the city she enter'd.

When her parents beheld,
They with sorrow was fill'd,
For why, they did dearly adore her ;
In her grave now she lies,
'Tis not watery eyes,
No, nor sighing, nor sighing that e'er can re-
store her.

NOTE.

(A) The Duke of Grafton (son of Charles II) served as a volunteer at the siege of Cork, and received a mortal wound in his shoulder, while leading some grenadiers to the assault. The place where he fell, which then was a marsh, has since been built upon, and the street named "Grafton's Alley," from this event. The Duke died at Cork on the 9th October. ("London Gazette," 2,604.) "His bowels," says Fitzgerald, in his rude local chronicle, "The Cork Remembrancer," 'were buried at Spring Garden, and his body carried to England." The following jocular and equivocal epitaph on the Duke of Grafton's death, does full justice to his bravery :

"Beneath this place
Is stowed his Grace
The Duke of Grafton ;
As sharp a blade
As e'er was made.
Or e'er had haft on ;
Who ne'er turn'd tail,
Though shot like hail
Flew 'bout his ears,
Through pikes and spears
So thick they hid the sun,
He valued not the balls of gun,
He ne'er would dread
Shot made of lead,
Or cannon-ball,
Nothing at all.
Yet a bullet of *Cork*
Soon did his work ;
Unhappy pellet,
With grief I tell it,
It has undone
Great Cæsar's son,
A statesman spoiled,
A soldier foiled,
God rot him
Who shot him,
A son of a whore,
I say no more."

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

WHEN the Editor placed before the Council of the Percy Society, the extremely rare, if not unique, pamphlet, in which the following curious contemporary song, on the return of William III from Ireland, occurs, the wish of the Council appeared to be, that, instead of inserting merely the song in the present collection, the pamphlet should be reprinted entire.

This pamphlet is a small quarto, consisting of eighteen pages, and entitled "La Conquête d'Irlande; Dialogue en Vers." The imprint: "A Londres, chez R. Baldwin, dans Warwick Lane, à l'Enseigne des Armes d'Oxford. 1691." It was formerly, as appears from the stamp, "BIBLIOTHECA HEBERIANA," in the possession of the late Mr. Heber. The character of this production resembles the masque of Charles the First's time, and that it was written by a French refugee is certain, from the national feeling evident in many passages. Neither can it escape the reader how politely the exiled king is treated in a party song; there is nothing of asperity—no abuse whatever; he is merely "the unfortunate Mœris." If it had been the production of an English pen, James's "papistrie" would scarcely have been passed without notice.

With respect to the reception given by King William to the French Protestants, it has been observed* that

* The History of King William III. (1702) vol. ii. p. 78.

“ it became a prince who owed his greatness to his being the support of the Protestant interest to cast an eye of compassion upon those who had abandoned their possessions and various callings in France upon the score of religion ; wherefore his Majesty issued out a proclamation, [25th April, 1689] whereby he declared, ‘ That finding in his subjects a true and just sense of their deliverance from the persecution lately threatening them for their religion, and of the miseries and oppressions the French Protestants lay under, such of them as should seek their refuge in, and transport themselves into, this kingdom of England, should not only have his royal protection, but he would so aid and assist them in their several trades and ways of livelihood, as that their being in this realm might be comfortable and easie to them.

“ Some people, altogether void of charity, repined at this invitation given to foreigners to settle here ; but the generality highly applauded his Majesty for it, not only out of a Christian tenderness for their persecuted brethren, but also out of their love for the welfare of England ; wisely considering that the kind entertainment Queen Elizabeth gave to the Walloons, whom the Inquisition drove out of the Low Countries, had vastly improved the woollen and silken manufactures of this nation ; and that the Dutch daily increased in riches and strength, by the favour they showed to the French refugees, amongst whom were many wealthy merchants, or brave and experienced officers and soldiers, who would cheerfully venture their lives in the defence of

the Protestant religion, and of those States that afforded them protection.”

The Editor has preferred faithfully retaining the spelling of the original tract, to making any, even a literal alteration.

LA CONQUÊTE D'IRLANDE.

INTERLOCUTEURS :

ARISTE	<i>Anglois.</i>
LYCIDAS	<i>Irlandois Refugié.</i>
HYPOMÈNE	<i>François Refugié.</i>
ALEXIS	<i>Hollandois.</i>
THÉOPHANE	<i>Anglois.</i>

ARISTE.

QUEL sujet, Lycidas, si matin vous amaine ?

LYCIDAS.

Cork, Ariste, est rendu, la nouvelle est certaine,
 Le brave Malborough signalant sa valeur,*
 A montré ce que peut la conduite et le cœur.
 Les Irlandois vaincus et prisonniers de guerre,

* See introductory remarks to the preceding song, p. 74.

Le François pred * courage, et ne voit rien sur terre,
 Qui puisse l'empêcher de tomber dans les fers ;
 La fuite est son refuge, il repasse les mers.
 Kingsale à nos soldats ouvre aussi-tôt les portes,
 Le Vieux Fort emporté par nos braves cohortes ;
 Le Nouveau quelque jours vainement se défend,
 Nos valûreux guerriers le pressent, il se rend.†
 Mais, ô chère conquête ! ô cruel sort des armes !
 Grafton y meurt ;‡ Bellone en a versé des larmes,
 Mars répand à sa mort du sang au lieu de pleurs,
 Et l'île par des cris témoigne ses douleurs.§
 Manes appeisez-vous, l'Hybernois prend la fuite,
 Et le Printemps prochain voit l'Irlande réduite.
 L'Automne le verroit, si le faux point d'honneur||
 N'eût pas devant Limrick retardé ce bonheur.
 Tandis que les premiers trop avides de gloire,
 Disputent aux seconds l'honneur de la victoire,
 Le canon ennemi tonne de toutes parts,
 Et les chasse tous deux de dessus les remparts.

ARISTE.

J'ay sù ce coup fatal, mais puis qu'en recompense,
 On voit tout Albion en bonne intelligence,
 Le Parlement conforme aux volonteZ du Roy,
 Un rebelle vaincu nous ferat-il la loy ?

LYCIDAS.

Non. Je crains seulement la France martiale. . .

* No doubt a misprint for *perd.*

† See p. 79.

‡ See note (A).

§ See note (B).

|| See p. 75.

ARISTE.

Il est vray, sa valeur que nulle autre n'égale,
 Son pouvoir qu'aucun coup ne paroît ébranler,
 Son Prince qui jamais ne semble chanceler,
 Son peuple trop zélé, ses conseillers trop sages,
 Et ses succès passez sont de tristes presages.
 La dernière campagne, on a vû les Germains
 Assez unis entr'eux n'en venir point aux mains,
 Le Batave battu, le Savoyard en fuite,
 Opprimez par le nombre, ou faute de conduite,
 Ou le François montrant trop d'adresse et de cœur.
 Mais qu'il est beau de vaincre un Roy toujours vain-
 queur!

Que son nom soit illustre et son pouvoir terrible,
 Louis est vaincu, mais non pas invincible ;
 Plus l'adversaire est noble et le combat douteux,
 Plus la victoire est belle et le sort glorieux.
 Quel ennemi craint-on, si le bras de *Guillaume*
 A fait voir si souvent qu'il vaut seul un royaume ?
 Suivons-le, et que les soins de nos cœurs soient banis.
 A propos : et vos vers, le Retour de *Daphnis*,*
 Ne peut-on point les voir ?

LYCIDAS.

Quoy, devant Hypomène
 Lire des vers François ?

HYPOMÈNE.

Ma presence vous gêne ;
 Je m'en vay.

* William III.

LYCIDAS.

Vous pouvez m'entendre sans danger,
Pourvû que vous pensiez que je suis étranger,
Et qu'il faut me passer quelque faute grossière.

HYPOMÈNE.

A d'autres. Vous rimez aussi bien que Molière.

LE RETOUR DE DAPHNIS.

STANCES.

LYCIDAS *lit.*

I.

Bergers, chantons en ce beau jour
Le Libérateur de retour ;
Le ciel nous a rendu cette tête si chère ;
Oublions nos ennuis, oublions nos frayeurs,
Et si quelque souci ronge encore nos cœurs,
Que ce soit le soin de luy plaire.

II.

Loüons le Souverain des Cieux,
Qui sur ce héros tient les yeux,
Qui par tout l'accompagne, et par tout le couronne ;
La foudre a respecté les lauriers de Daphnis,
Et quand sous ces rameaux nous nous tiendrons unis,
Qu'aucun danger ne nous étonne.

III.

Son grand cœur le porte aux hazards,
 Il veut surpasser les Cezars ;
 Il vient, il voit, il vainc, il conquiert l'Hybernie ;
 Des passages forcez qu'on ne nous parle plus,
 De l'Hydaspe, du Rhin, des Alpes, du Taurus,
 La Boyne a leur gloire ternie.

IV.

Où sont ces guerriers indomptez,
 Dans un coin de leur camp plantez,
 Ou du sommet d'un mont regardant si l'on donne ;
 Qu'ils ne s'excusent plus sur le sort des combats,
 C'est d'eux que vient le mal ; que peuvent des soldats
 Lors que le chef les abandonne ?*

V.

C'est à nôtre chef glorieux,
 Qu'est dû le succès de nos vœux :
 C'est de son sang versé que l'on tient la victoire ; †
 Playe heureuse qui fait le salut du Païs,
 Anime nos guerriers, abat nos ennemis,
 Et comble le blessé de gloire !

VI.

Qui peut égaler sa valeur ?
 Rien que luy seul dans le malheur,
 C'est alors que l'on voit triompher sa sagesse ;
 C'est dans l'adversité qu'éclate sa vertu,
 Et jamais sous ce poids son courage abatu,
 Ne marqua la moindre foiblesse.

* See p. 63, and note (G).

† See note (C).

VII.

Soit imprudence, ou lâcheté,
 Ascendant, ou fatalité,
 Les maîtres de la mer, batus sur leur rivage;
 Succombent sous l'effort du superbe Gaulois;*
 Et le Batave aux mains deserté de l'Anglois,
 Luy laisse l'océan en gage.

VIII.

Un ange vient dans le moment,
 Rapporter ce coup assommant
 Au valétreux Daphnis, qui rangeoit son armée,
 Prêt à passer le fleuve, et livrer le combat.
 Croit-on sous ce revers que son ame s'abat ?
 Elle n'est pas même allarmée.†

IX.

Nul trait ne trahit sa douleur;
 " Courage ! " dit-il ; " le malheur
 Poursuit nos ennemis, et sur mer et sur terre ;
 Passons, amis, passons, l'Hybernois est à nous ;
 Ces lâches pourroient-ils resister à vos coups,
 Et savent-ils l'art de la guerre ? "

X.

Ainsi qu'un rapide torrent,
 Dont la pluye enfle le courant,
 Inonde, entraine, abat, et semble toujours craître,
 Ainsi l'on voit nager nos valétreux guerriers,
 Terrasser, foudroyer, et courir aux lauriers,
 Sur les traces de leur grand maître.

* See note (D).

† See note (E).

XI.

Qui pourroit ne pas avancer,
 En voyant ce heros percer
 Les épais bataillons des forces d'Hybernie ;
 En le voyant suivi du PRINCE¹ et de Schomberg,²
 De Solmes,³ de Douglas,⁴ Cutts,⁵ Lumley,⁶ Wirtemberg,⁷
 Renversant la troupe ennemie.

XII.

Par tout l'Hybernois chancelant
 Fuit devant Ormond⁸ et Portland ;⁹
 Overkerk¹⁰ y fait voir la valeur qui l'anime ;
 Oxford,¹¹ Ginkle,¹² Sidney,¹³ Montpouillan,¹⁴ Scravemor,¹⁵
 Harmstad,¹⁶ et cent guerriers s'y signalent encor,
 Que l'on ne peut nommer en rime.

¹ Prince George of Denmark, see p. 52.

² Count Schomberg, General of the Horse.

³ Henry, Count de Solmes, or Zolmes, General of the Foot ; made Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, on King William's return to England.

⁴ Lieutenant-General Douglas.

⁵ John, Lord Cutts ; see note (F).

⁶ Richard, Viscount Lumley, created Earl of Scarborough.

⁷ The Duke of Wirtemberg, General of the Danes ; see p. 75.

⁸ The Duke of Ormond ; see p. 52.

⁹ Earl of Portland, Maistre-Général des Camp ; see p. 52.

¹⁰ Lord Overkirk, Maistre-Général des Camp ; see p. 52.

¹¹ The Earl of Oxford ; see p. 52.

¹² Baron de Ginckel, Lieutenant-General ; made Commander-in-Chief of the army on Count Solmes leaving for England in September 1690. The Victor of Aughrim, and the negotiator of the memorable "Articles of Limerick." Created Earl of Athlone.

¹³ Henry, Viscount S'dney, Major-General of Foot ; see

XIII.

Cependant le triste Mœris*
 Pousse au ciel d'inutiles cris,
 Lors qu'il voit fuir ses gens du haut d'une colline ;
 Et ne pouvant forcer l'implacable destin,
 Il cède et se retire en hâte vers Dublin,†
 Cachant le chagrin qui le mine.

XIV.

C'est trop long-temps braver le sort,
 Ne pouvant rencontrer la mort,
 "Fuyons, amis," dit-il, "et retournons en France ;
 Daphnis est invincible, on a beau résister ;
 Pour plaire au grand Louis, j'ay voulu tout tenter,
 Mais à quoy nous sert la défense ?"

XV.

Laissons ce Prince infortuné
 Recourir à son Dieu-donné,‡
 Revenons à Daphnis, que la gloire environne ;
 Son parti dans Dublin se trouve le plus fort,
 Drogheda se soumet,§ on luy rend Waterford,||
 L'ennemi les champs abandonne.

p. 52. Appointed one of the Lord Justices of Ireland, and afterwards Secretary of State ; created in 1694 Earl of Rumney.

¹⁴ The Marquis of Montpouillan, the senior commander of one of the thirteen Dutch regiments which went into Ireland with William.

¹⁵ Or Scravenmore, Major-General of Horse.

¹⁶ The Prince of Hesse Darmstadt.

* James II.

† See note (G).

‡ Does this allude to the Pretender,—the warming-pan gentleman ? or does it refer to James's Popish propensities ?

§ See note (H).

|| See note (I).

XVI.

Venez, vaincus,—venez, vainqueurs ;
 Jouïſſez en paix des douceurs
 D'un empire où le ciel a fait tant de merveilles ;
 Soûmettez à ses loix jusques à vos desirs,
 Et si jamais en haut vous poussez des ōûpirs,
 Demandez des graces pareilles.

XVII.

Priez qu'il prolonge les jours
 D'un roy nôtre unique recours,
 Qui nous défend luy seul contre deux puissant Princes ;
 Qui pour nôtre repos affronte le danger,
 Arme, unit nos voisins afin de nous vanger,
 Et gagne en un mois des provinces.

XVIII.

Et de la tête et de la main,
 Par tout il paroît plus qu'humain,
 Passant les demi-dieux dont nous parle la fable ;
 Général, capitaine, et soldat à la fois,
 Un Nestor en conseil, un Achile en exploits,
 Ah ! que n'est-il invulnérable !

XIX.

Le ciel est fécond en bien-faits,
 Nous en ressentons les effets,
 Mais peut-on espérer miracle sur miracle ?
 Est-ce que les boulets connoissent les héros ?
 Si quelqu'un de leurs coups tranchoit des jours si beaux,
 Bon Dieu, quel terrible spectacle !

XX.

On verroit l'insolent Gaulois,
Sur nos côtes donner les loix,
Tenter encor un coup d'y faire un descente ;
On verroit le saint nom de la Religion,
Servant de couverture à chaque faction,
Armer la discorde naissante.

XXI.

On verroit de fleuves de sang
Du plus haut et du plus bas rang
La Tamise grossie, et la terre couverte.
Daphnis, quand ta valeur t'engage à conquérir,
Pense qu'un coup fatal t'y peut faire perir,
Et que rien n'égale ta perte.

XXII.

Pasteurs, dont les sacrez accens
Sur ce Prince sont si puissans,
De cueillir des lauriers faites luy perdre envie ;
Chantez que son courage a passé nos souhaits,
Qu'il ne doit plus songer qu'à rétablir la paix,
Assurant nos jours par sa vie.

XXIII.

Compagnons, illustres rivaux,
De sa gloire et de ses travaux,
Gardez de réveiller son ardeur martiale ;
Pensez que le peril est aussi fait pour vous,
Et qu'à suivre un héros au plus épais des coups,
Le danger vôtre honneur égale.

XXIV.

Innocente troupe d'agneaux,
 Remplissez de cris ces côtaux,
 Et qu'à vos bêlemens son grand cœur s'amolisse ;
 Nymphes, pour l'enchaîner employez vos attraits,
 Amour, pour le blesser décoche tous tes traits,
 Et l'on rira de ta malice.

XXV.

Nymphes, je crains pour vos appas,
 Daphnis est né pour les combats,
 Sensible au seul plaisir d'achever sa victoire ;
 Le printemps cessera d'embelir nos guerets,
 Les oiseaux de chanter dans le fonds des forêts,
 Plûtôt que luy d'aimer la gloire.

HYPOMÈNE.

Ouy, cruel Lycidas, j'espere que vos vœux
 Du ciel et de Daphnis censez pernicieux,
 A quoy que vôtre zele indiscret vous engage,
 Seront placez au rang des serments d'un volage.
 Voulez-vous par vos cris arrêter un héros,
 De qui l'Europe en trouble attend seul le repos ;
 Du reproche honteux d'une conduite mole
 Ternir un nom chanté de l'un à l'autre pole,
 Et retenir le bras qui veut nous secourir,
 De crainte des hazards qu'on court à conquérir.
 Ne craignez rien, le Ciel, son ange tutélaire,
 Le rendra possesseur de prince titulaire ;
 Je vois encor un coup couronner ce grand roy,
 N'enviez point aux Francs de vivre sous sa loy.

LYCIDAS.

Parlons p'us franchement, avouéz le, Hypomène,
L'intérêt d'Albion n'est pas ce qui vous meine ;
Un motif plus puissant anime vos raisons ;
On vous retient des prez, des champs, et des maisons,
Des enfans bien nourris, une femme fort sage,
Les bourreaux ont sur vous lassé toute leur rage ;
C'est un mal sans remède. On a vû de tous tems
Les petits exposez à la fureur des grands,
Et quand de se vanger ils ont eu la manie,
Ajouter à leurs maux nouvelle ignominie.
Croyez-moy, soyez calme, et benissez le sort,
Par un naufrage heureux vous vous trouvez au port.
Chez tous les Protestans, les peuples, et les princes
Vous ont ouvert les bras, leur bourse, et leurs provinces,
Eu plus d'égards pour vous que pour ceux du païs,
Qu'esperez-vous de tel parmi nos ennemis ?
Vous voulez, dites-vous, aller joindre vos frères,
Les aider à sortir de leurs longues misères.
Puisse le juste Ciel accomplir vos souhaits,
Et que suivant chez vous la Victoire ou la Paix,
Vous goûtiez les plaisirs d'une innocente vie.
Puissent les traits malins d'une jalouse envie
N'irriter plus l'esprit du monarque Gaulois,
Et ne plus renverser le boulevard des loix.
Qu'il n'arrive jamais de rupture nouvelle,
Capable à vous forcer d'être ingrat ou rebelle,
De trahir vôtre prince ou vôtre défenseur.

HYPOMÈNE.

Vos vœux en apparence ont beaucoup de douceur,

Mais ils cachent au fond je ne say quoy qui pique.
 Voulez-vous nous charger de la haïne publique ;
 Qu'odieux aux Bretons, et suspects aux François,
 Nous errions vagabonds par les monts et les bois ;
 Toujours battus des flots, des vents, de la tempête,
 Sans trouver nulle part où reposer la tête ?

ARISTE.

Non, Hypomène, non, connoissez Lycidas,
 Vous nuire ce seroit avoir le cœur trop bas,
 Il vous aime, et voudroit vous voir l'esprit tranquille,
 Et n'abandonner pas aisément vôtre azyle.

HYPOMÈNE.

Nous suivrons vos avis, la prudence du roy
 Nous servira de guide, et ses ordres de loy.
 Si sa protection merite nos services,
 Son exemple et son bras sont des heureux auspices,
 Sous qui le fier Gaulois peut craindre des banis.

ALEXIS.

Je vous laisse en repos disposer de Daphnis,
 L'arrêter dans vôtre isle, ou l'amener en France :
 D'autres raisons chez luy font pancher la balance.
 Son grand cœur renfermant les secrets de l'état,
 Vouloir le découvrir c'est faire un attentat.
 Mais si j'ose mêler mes pensées aux autres,
 De plus forts interêts l'emportent sur les vôtres.
 Chez les gens vertueux, les amis anciens
 Sont toujours preferez à de nouveaux liens.
 Ce sacré rejetton de tant d'illustres princes,
 A vû le jour naissant dans nos riches provinces,
 Qui trois lustres et plus sous sa direction,

Ont témoigné pour luy leur tendre affection.
 C'est pour vôtre salut, ou de toute la terre,
 Qu'un puissant roy nous fait une mortelle guerre,
 Et de vôtre bonheur ce monarque jaloux,
 Nous fit pour l'empêcher sentir ses premiers coups.
 L'officieux Germain veut en vain nous défendre,
 Sans le bras de Daphnis que pouvons-nous attendre ?
 Prêtez-nous son secours, rendez-le à son païs,
 C'est le seul Mars qu'on peut opposer à Louïs.

ARISTE.

Ouy, nous vous le rendrons, mais avec cette clause,
 Qu'en maître souverain de vos cœurs il dispose,
 Et que vous n'alliez pas par de faux contre-temps,
 Mettre obstacle aux succès dont vous serez contens.
 Qu'ôtant de vos esprits une crainte importune,
 Vous luy laissiez le soin de la cause commune ;
 Qu'une trop naturelle, ou maligne lenteur,
 Fasse place aux efforts d'une sincère ardeur ;
 Que vous fermiez l'oreille aux vaines conjectures
 D'un ennemi qui tâche à rompre nos mesures,
 Et vous faire abuser de vôtre liberté,
 Par un jaloux caprice ou par témérité,
 Pour causer nôtre deuil, ne faites pas sa joie,
 Et ne nous livrez pas à ses fureurs en proie.

ALEXIS.

Accusez de caprice et de soubçon jaloux,
 Nous pourrions le souffrir d'un autre que de vous.
 Chez qui regnent le plus les plaintes, les murmures,
 Les libelles malins, les fausses conjectures ?
 Voit-on chez les Batave, écrivain ou rimeur

S'en prendre insolemment aux droits du gouverneur ?
 A-on [*A-t-on*] ouï parler chez nous de Jacobites,
 Ou de Louisiens ? en connoissez-vous ? dites.

HYPOMÈNE.

Eh, de grâce ! Bergers, ne passez pas plus loin,
 Si de vous chagriner vous prenez tant de soin,
 Croyez-vous que toujours un fidèle Hypomène
 De vous racommoder se donnera la peine ?
 Manquons nous d'ennemis, déclarez ou couverts,
 Qui nous font quereller pour nous mettre des fers ?

THÉOPHANE.

Embrassez-vous, bergers, et sortez de vos doutes,
 Vous courez à Daphnis par différentes routes,
 Unissez vos efforts contre nos ennemis,
 Assurez du succès que le ciel a promis.

ARISTE.

Promis ! Expliquez-vous, comment donc, Théopane ?
 Dites, ne craignez point ici d'esprit profane.

ALEXIS.

Est-ce un prophète ? A-t-il eu quelque vision ?

THÉOPHANE.

Ce siècle est-il un temps à révélation ?

LYCIDAS.

Qui vous fait donc parler ainsi ?

THÉOPHANE.

Ce n'est qu'un songe.

HYPOMÈNE.

Écoutons.

THÉOPHANE.

Accablé du chagrin qui me ronge,

Depuis que pour ranger l'Hybernois sous la loy,
Nous voyons tous les jours s'exposer un grand roy ;
Dans un lieu solitaire où souvent je m'égare,
Je rêve au bonheur que son retour prépare.
La fraîcheur de l'ombrage et l'ardeur du soleil,
La lassitude enfin m'invitoient au sommeil.
Je m'étends sous un arbre, où tôt après Morphée
Eut enchanté mes sens, et ma peine étouffée.
Dans ce profond sommeil, tout à coup d'un haut ton,
Une celeste voix m'appelle par mon nom.
Je m'éveille en sursaut, au moins il me le semble,
Un éclat de splendeur m'environne, je tremble,
Je pâlis, je frémis, je ne sais où je suis,
Je fais de vains efforts pour parler, je ne puis.
Ne crains point, dit la voix, Ecoute, Théoplane,
Ce que n'ouït jamais une oreille prophane.
Avant que Cynthie ait fourni trois cours entiers,
Ton Daphnis reviendra couronné de lauriers.
Avant que Phebus ait parcouru l'Ecliptique,
Ce heros finira la misère publique.
Ses deux fiers ennemis égaux en leur malheur,
Tous deux craints par leur haine, et l'un par sa valeur,
Ne pouvant soutenir l'effort de sa puissance :
Ou ploiront sous son joug, ou fuiront sa présence.
Au devant du vainqueur tout le peuple sortant,
Témoigne par ses cris combien il est content ;
Les cloches, les buchers marquent leur allegresse ;
Les harangues, les vers expriment leur tendresse ;
Mais cependant Daphnis, qui veille pour l'état,
S'applique à prévenir un nouvel attentat,

Jette les fondemens d'une paix immobile,
Qui rende le pays florissant et tranquile,
Qui remette le calme au milieu d'Albion ;
Et luy fasse oublier le nom de faction.
Tandis que l'Aquilon fait regner la froidure,
Et que d'épais frimats il couvre la nature,
Son esprit penetrant perce dans l'avenir,
Et contre ses projets rien ne sauroit tenir.
A quelle des vertus donner la preference ?
Sera-ce à sa valeur ? sera-ce à sa prudence ?
Ses desseins sont bâtis qu'ils ne sauroient tomber,
Et son bras si puissant qu'il ne peut succomber.
Mais le printemps revient, et déjà le Zephire,
Semble éveiller Daphnis, et sans cesse luy dire,
Qu'il faut passer la mer et voler au secours
D'une troupe d'amis qui l'attend tous les jours :
Que combattre sans luy c'est tenter l'impossible,
Qu'à tout autre qu'à luy la France est invincible,
Et qu'à toute l'Europe elle mettra des fers,
Si son bras ne luy fait sentir un dur revers.
Neptune l'a déjà porté chez les Bataves,
Je le vois entouré d'une troupe de braves,
Qui s'animent l'un l'autre à répandre leur sang,
Et veulent au combat chacun le premier rang.
Le Breton et le Belge oubliant leurs querelles,
Montrent à le servir des ardeurs mutuelles ;
L'Espagnol a repris son antique valeur ;
En suivant ce heros qui peut manquer de cœur ?
Pour l'interêt commun de la cause publique,
On voit se réunir tout le corps Germanique,

Et du brave Lorrain s'ils regrettent le sort,
Ils trouvent plus ici que n'a ravi la mort.
La Boyne et le Shannon ne sont pas de sa gloire
D'assez dignes témoins. Et le Rhin, et la Loire,
Et le Danube, et l'Arne, et le Tybre fameux,
Raconteront un jour ses exploits merveilleux.
Ses grandes actions rempliront les histoires,
Et ses combats seront contez par ses victoires.
Mais que vois-je ! l'Envie au parler décevant,
Monstre qui meurt sans cesse, et sans cesse est vivant,
Qui du bien des humains fait sa plus grande peine,
Et ne prend du plaisir que dans ce qui les gêne,
Le sujet de l'horreur de la Terre et des Cieux,
Veut rendre de Daphnis les desseins odieux,
Impute sa valeur à son heureuse étoile,
Et de la piété prenant le sacré voile,
Inspire aux faux zelez qu'ils doivent craindre un bras,
Qui des Saints fainéans menace le trépas,
Qui met dans Albion l'Eglise sur le trône,
Et tâche d'abolir le nom de Babylone.
Puis tournant ses regards vers les ambitieux,
La grandeur du heros qu'elle expose à leurs yeux,
Son nom écrit au front du Temple de Mémoire,
Les grandes actions qui ternissent leur gloire,
Et l'amour qu'ont pour lui ses fideles sujets,
Les porte à traverser ses illustres projets.
Enfin cette Megère anime un cœur timide,
En peignant de Daphnis le courage intrepide,
Et leur persuadant que ses vastes desseins
Vont à luy conquerir l'empire des humains ;

Que trop différer met la fortune en balance,
Et qu'il est encor temps de borner sa puissance.
L'Ignorance à ces mots leve ses étendarts,
La Discorde en fureur fremit de toutes parts,
L'alliance se romt. Un amas de perfides
Forment contre Daphnis des complots parricides ;
Les Protestans, liguez pour protéger Sion,
Jurent d'anéantir la superstition.
Ne crain point de Babel l'impuissant artifice,
De la religion sôutien seul l'édifice,
Daphnis, la verité s'est commise à tes soins,
Et son Père Eternel veille pour ses besoins.
Va, fais la triompher du couchant à l'aurore,
Heros cheri du Ciel ; que le Tybre l'adore,
Que la Seine qui l'aime, et ne l'embrasse pas,
Avec toutes ses eaux se jette entre tes bras :
Que l'aigle ravissante abhorre le carnage,
Du sang des meurtriers fais déborder le Tage,
Sois le Libérateur du Chrétien gémissant,
Et va planter la croix où regne le croisant.
A ces mots la voix cesse, et ma foible paupière
Eblouïe à l'instant d'un éclat de lumière,
Je ne say si pour lors je commence à veiller,
Ou si je n'avois fait encor que sommeiller.
Mais cette vision me chargeant la memoire,
Je vous cherchois, amis, pour en faire l'histoire.

FIN.

NOTES.

(A) Cork being reduced (see p. 75), was put under the government of Colonel Hales. "Brigadier Villiers was, the same day, detached with a party to possess himself of Kinsale, which not being tenable was deserted by the enemy. On the 2nd October, the Lord Marlborough came thither with the army; on the 3rd, Major-General Tettau and Colonel Fitz-Patrick, with about eight hundred men, got over in boats, unperceived, near Ringroan Castle, marched towards the Old Fort (called Castle ni Park), which they boldly assaulted and took by storm; whereupon the enemy retired into the Castle, but, at the same time, three barrels of their powder took fire at the gate, and blew it up, with about forty soldiers. At length the governor, Colonel Driscoll, and two hundred of the garrison, being killed, the rest surrendered upon quarter.

"Hereupon the New Fort (called Charles Fort) was summoned; but Sir Edward Scot, the governor, answered, that it would be time enough a month hence to talk of surrendering: whereupon the trenches were opened the 5th October; the batteries were managed by the Danes on the east, and by the English on the north. On the 15th a breach was made by the Danes, and the English being masters of the counterscarp, they sprung a mine with good success, when the governor capitulated, and surrendered upon honourable conditions: which would not have been granted, but that the weather was exceedingly bad, provisions scarce, and the army very sickly. Colonel O'Donovan delivered the keys of this fort into Lord Marlborough's hands, who having thus fortunately accomplished the design of his voyage, left his brother, Brigadier Churchill, governor of Charles Fort; and having disposed

his regiments into Cork, Kinsale, and Bandon, he returned with the fleet to Portsmouth.”—*Sir Richard Cox's Narration*, MS. quoted by Smith in his *History of Cork*.

(B) Although it is not probable that Ireland would respond by its cries to the feeling of the English upon the death of the Duke of Grafton, it is nevertheless probable that native professional keeners exerted their extraordinary powers upon that occasion. Stanihurst observes:—“They [the Irish] follow the dead corpse to the grave with howling and barbarous outcries, pitifull in aparance; whereof grew, as I suppose, the proverbe, ‘To weepe Irish.’”

(C) On the 30th June, King William encamped about a mile distant from the River Boyne, and at noon he rode in full view of the Irish army, which lay encamped on the other side.

“The enemy soon discovered it must be His Majesty who was so attended, which made them draw down two pieces of six-pound ball from the forts a little higher, and planted them opposite to the place where our horse were drawn up, they presently began to fire, and one of the balls passed so close to His Majesty that it took away a piece of his coat, waste coat, and shirt, raised the skin on the blade of his right shoulder and drew a little blood; but a plaister being put on, His Majesty continued on horseback without the least concern, till four in the afternoon, when he dined, and in the evening was on horseback again, though he had been up from one in the morning.”—*Villare Hibernicum, or a View of His Majesty's late Conquest in Ireland, by W. Griffyth, Esq.* 1690.

The Irish local tradition respecting this memorable shot is perhaps worth repeating. It is said that one of James's

officers observing William on the opposite bank of the river, directed two guns to be brought to a particular spot, where they would be concealed by some old thorns, under the direction of a gunner named Burke, who was reputed to be exceedingly skilful in his art. The officer rode off to James, who was not far distant, and solicited His Majesty to behold the shot, which he complied with, and came up to the guns just as Burke said :—" I have the Prince of Orange covered ;" James, instead of giving the word fire, exclaimed : " Would you make a widow of my daughter ?" But the gunner, who saw only the movement of his monarch's lips, mistook the import of his words, and applied his match to the touch-hole.

The news of William's death immediately spread through the Irish camp, and was speedily carried to Paris. Voltaire, in his "*Siècle de Louis XIV.*," says :—" Cette fausse nouvelle fut reçue à Paris avec une joie indécente et honteuse. Quelques magistrats subalternes encouragèrent les bourgeois et le peuple à faire des illuminations. On sonna les cloches ; on brula dans plusieurs quartiers des figures d'osier qui représentèrent le Prince d'Orange, comme on brule le pape dans Londres ; on tira le canon de la Bastille, non par ordre du roi, mais par le zèle inconsidéré d'un commandant."

(D) The 29th April, 1689, Admiral Herbert, being on the south coast of Ireland, by his scouts discovered the French fleet, and next day had intelligence that they were gone into Baltimore, being forty-four sail ; but, on pursuing them, the scouts had sight of them to the west of Cape Clear ; and, upon steering after them, found they were got into Bantry Bay. The admiral lay off the bay all night, and next morning stood in, where he found the enemy at anchor ; but soon got under sail, bearing down upon him, in a line composed of twenty-eight men of war and five fire ships. When they

came within musquet-shot of the *Defiance*, who led the van, the French admiral put out the signal of battle; which was begun by firing their great and small shot at the *Defiance*, and the rest as they came into line. The English made several boards to gain the wind, or, at least to engage them closer. Finding that way of working very disadvantageous, Admiral Herbert stood off to sea, as well to have got his ships into a line as to have gained the wind of the enemy; but found them so cautious in bearing down, that he could not get an opportunity to do it; so continued battering upon a stretch till five in the afternoon, when the French admiral stood into the bay. The admiral's ship and some others being disabled in their rigging, they could not follow them; but continued for some time after before the bay, and the admiral gave them a gun at parting. In this action Captain George Aylmer, of the *Portland*, with one lieutenant and ninety-four seamen were killed, and about two hundred and fifty wounded. On the 7th of May the admiral got into Plymouth with the fleet.—*Campbell's Naval History*, vol. iii. p. 9.

Although it appears to have been William's policy to consider this encounter in the light of a victory (see subsequent note), the dispassionate historian must regard the affair as a defeat. If any advantage was gained, that advantage was most unquestionably on the side of the French fleet.

(E) On the 15th May, 1689, a fortnight after the encounter of the French and English fleets off the south-west coast of Ireland, King William went to Portsmouth, "both to hasten the refitting of the fleet, and to distribute rewards to the officers and soldiers who had distinguished themselves in the late engagement. Admiral Herbert was declared, and soon after made Earl of Torrington; Captain John Ashby, com-

mander of the Defiance, and Captain Cloudesly Shovel, of the Edgar, received the honour of knighthood; and each seaman a gratuity of ten shillings, which amounted to the sum of £26,000. Besides this donative to the living, His Majesty's bounty extended to the relicts of those who had lost their lives in his and their country's service. Some report that when the king received the news of this sea-fight, he said: 'That 'twas necessary in the beginning of a war, but that it had been rash in the course of it.'—*Bowyer's History of William III*, vol. ii. p. 83.

(F) "Lord John Cutts, one of the most memorable men of his day, a soldier of great enterprise and bravery, was the son of Richard Cutts, Esq. of Matching in Essex. He entered early into the army, and served under the Duke of Monmouth abroad; was aid-du-camp to the Duke of Lorraine in Hungary, and signalized himself in an extraordinary manner at the taking of Breda by the Imperialists, in 1686. By what means he found leisure to court the muses does not appear; but in 1687, his 'Poetical Exercises,' written upon several occasions, dedicated to Her Royal Highness Mary, Princess of Orange, afterwards Queen Mary, were printed in 8vo. containing verses to that princess, to Waller, &c. among them one entitled 'La Muse Cavalier.'

"On the landing of the Prince of Orange, he had conferred on him the command of a regiment, and was created Baron of Gowran in Ireland, December 6, 1690. April 14, 1693, he was appointed governor of the Isle of Wight, and raised in rank to be a Major-General.

"In 1696, when the assassination plot was discovered, Lord Cutts was Captain of the King's Guards. In 1699, in some complimentary verses to King William on his conquests, Lord Cutts is thus introduced:

“The warlike Cutts the welcome tidings brings,
 The true best servant of the best of Kings;
 Cutts, whose known worth no herald need proclaim,
 His wounds and his own worth can speak his fame.”

“As Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, Steele was indebted to him, in 1701, for a military commission, and to him he dedicated his ‘Christian Hero.’ On the accession of Queen Anne, he was made a Lieutenant-General of the Forces in Holland; Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland under the Duke of Ormond, March 23, 1705; and, ‘to keep him out of the way of action,’ subsequently one of the Lords Justices, a circumstance which it is said broke his heart. He died at Lord Kerry’s house, in Dublin, January 26, 1707, and was buried in the Cathedral of Christ’s Church.”
 —*Abridged from Thorpe’s Catalogue of State Papers.*

(G) “The wreath of laurel which the unfortunate James won by sea he lost by land. Having been a spectator of the battle of the Boyne, he thought it most prudent while the fate of the day was yet undecided to seek for safety in flight. In a few hours he reached the Castle of Dublin, where he was met by Lady Tyrconnell, a woman of spirit. ‘Your countrymen (the Irish), Madam,’ said James, as he was ascending the stairs, ‘can run well.’—‘Not quite so well as your Majesty,’ retorted her ladyship, ‘for I see you have won the race.’ Having slept that night in Dublin, he rode the next day to Waterford, a distance of two hundred English miles, in the space of twenty-four hours. On his arrival in that city he went immediately on board a ship that lay ready for him in the harbour, in order to carry him to France. As he was passing along the quay a sudden gust of wind carried off his hat, and as it was night, General O’Ferrall, an old officer in the Austrian service, presented him with his own. James took

it without any ceremony, observing as he put it on his head, that if he had lost a crown by the Irish, he had gained a hat by them."

The following graphic extract from a contemporary journal, affords a complete vindication of Lady Tyrconnell's reply :

"July 1st. Early in the morning the Protestants were wakened by an alarm, and the news that there would be a battle. The gates of the city (*Dublin*) were kept strictly guarded, and the Protestants kept their houses. The issue they expected with the greatest apprehensions. Several reports were spread abroad every hour: one, that the French fleet were in the bay; another, that a French express was come from Waterford, with the news of taking the Isle of Wight, by the French, and of their being gone to Dover; then that the English right wing were quite routed; then that the Prince of Orange was taken prisoner. But at five that afternoon, some that had made their escape on tired horses, told the Protestants that the Irish were much worsted, and others, at six, that they were totally defeated. From hence, till one that night, all the entries of the town were filled with dusty, wounded, and tired soldiers and carriages perpetually coming in.

"After these, several of King James's horse-guards came in straggling, without pistols or swords, and could not tell what was become of himself.

"Near ten at night, he came in with about two hundred horse, all in disorder. The Protestants concluded now that it was a total rout, and that the English army were just ready to come into town, but were greatly surprised, when an hour or two after they heard the whole body of the Irish horse coming in, in very good order, with kettle-drums, hautboys, and trumpets; and early the next morning the French, and a great party of the Irish foot. These being a little rested,

marched out again (as they gave out) to meet the enemy, which were supposed to draw nigh.

“Wednesday, July 2d. About five this morning, King James, having sent for the Irish Lord Mayor and some principal persons to the castle, made a speech to them.”

This speech is well known, and has been admirably criticized by O'Driscoll. (*History of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 218.) Immediately after its delivery James left Dublin for Waterford.

(H). The morning after the Battle of the Boyne, “His Majesty sent Brigadier la Meillonère, with one thousand horse and dragoons, a party of foot and eight pieces of cannon, to summons Drogheda, wherein the Irish had a garrison of about 1300 men, commanded by my Lord Iveagh, who surrendered the town upon condition that his garrison should have leave to march out without their arms, and be conducted to Athlone; tho' their barbarity in tying the Protestants, in town, back to back, and placing them where they expected our guns to play (see p. 63) ought not to be forgot.”—*Story's wars of Ireland*, p. 26. (1693.)

(I). “Major General Kirk, with his own regiment and Col. Brewer's, as also a party of horse, marched (on the 20th July 1690) from Carrick towards Waterford, more forces designing to follow. The Major General sent a trumpet to summon the town, who, at first, refused to surrender, there being two regiments then in garrison; their refusal, however, was in such civil terms, that their inclinations were easily understood; for soon after, they sent out to know what terms they might have? which were the same with those of Drogheda. But not liking them, they proposed some of their own, which were, that they might enjoy their estates, the liberty of their religion, and a safe convoy to the next garrison, with their arms and

proper goods. Those would not be granted; then the heavy cannon were brought down that way, and some more forces ordered to march. But the Irish, understanding this, sent to ask liberty to march out with their arms, and to have a safe convoy, which was granted them. And accordingly on the 25th, they marched out, with their arms and baggage, being conducted to Mallow.

“The day after Waterford surrendered, (July 26) King William went to see it, and took care that no persons should be disturbed in their houses and goods.”—*Smith's Waterford*, p. 154.

THE STOUT INNISKILLIN MAN.

“Nor did Inniskillin, another town in the north of Ireland,” says the author of a History of King William III, “contribute less than Londonderry to the asserting the Protestant cause; for upon notice that the latter had deny'd entrance to the Lord Antrim's Regiment, they resolved not to admit any Irish garrison, and having raised a regiment of twelve companies, gave the command of it to Gustavus Hamilton, Esq. a person of conduct and resolution, whom they likewise chose their governor. The towns-men being thus in some posture of defence, proclaimed King William and Queen Mary, on the 11th March [1689]; but the Lord Galmoy de-

* London, 1702, vol. ii. p. 69.

claring for King James, some time after his Majesty's arrival at Dublin, summoned the Governor of Inniskillin to surrender that place to him, with a promise as from King James, to grant them better terms than they might ever expect from him afterwards. A council being called upon this summons, it was unanimously agreed to stand firm to their former resolutions of defending the Protestant religion, and maintaining King William's title.

“Whereupon, the Lord Galmoy landed all his forces towards Crom, a castle sixteen miles distant from Inniskillin, and possessed by the Protestants, which was besieged some time by part of his troops; but the Inniskilliners having thrown a relief of two hundred men into the castle, forced him to raise the siege and to retreat to Belturbat. On the 24th of April, a detachment of the garrison of Inniskillin, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Lloyd, made an excursion into the enemies' country, took and demolished the Castle at Aughor, and returned home with a considerable booty. Several other skirmishes and rencontres passed between the two parties, wherein the Inniskilliners signalized their valour, and always came off with advantage; but none of those actions was so remarkable as that which happened, as it were, by a particular appointment of Providence, on the same day Londonderry was relieved, wherein 2000 Inniskilliners fought and routed 6000 Irish at a place called Newtown-Butler, and took their commander, M'Carthy [More], with the loss only of twenty men killed, and fifty wounded.”

Upon more than one occasion Schomberg compli-

mented the bravery of the Inniskillin troops in the highest manner ; and the many gallant feats performed by them are to be found recorded in " A true Relation of the Actions of the Inniskillen Men," from their first taking up arms in December, 1688, by the Rev. Andrew Hamilton,* and " A farther impartial Account of the Inniskillen men," by Captain William Mac Car-mock.†

" These troops," says O'Driscoll,‡ speaking in what may be called the dashing historical style, " the fame of whose exploits had been spread abroad, excited much attention in the British camp. Their appearance was remarkable. They were a fine and hardy body of men ; but resembled more a horde of wild Arabs, or Italian banditti, than a body of European cavalry. They observed little order in their military movements ; and no uniformity of dress or accoutrement. Every soldier was armed and clad according to his own fancy, and each man was attended like the Asiatic military, by a servant mounted on an inferior horse and carrying his heavy arms and baggage.§

* London, 4to. p. 65. 1690.

† London, 4to. p. 68. 1691.

‡ " History of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 55.

§ The practice of horsemen requiring attendants, appears to have been carried to a serious extent in Ireland. Pierce Butler, Earl of Ormond and Ossory, being required in the time of a Geraldine rebellion to send to the Lord Deputy a body of sixty or eighty horsemen, objected to the expense it would be to the king ; begging his lordship to consider, that " every horssman must have 3 horsses and 3 kepers."—*MS. Letter in State Paper Office.*

“But they were distinguished by an astonishing rapidity of movement, and a boldness or rather fierceness, and contempt of all difficulty and danger, which made them almost invincible. They never calculated obstacles or counted numbers, but rushed to the attack with the ferocity and exultation of a tiger when bounding upon his prey. That the enemy was Popish was enough to excite horror and contempt. To hesitate in attacking such a foe was disgrace worse than death; and to slaughter them a more acceptable service to the Lord than a smoking holocaust offered by David himself.

“These strange troops were religious men or thought they were. Their memories were abundantly stored with scraps of the Old Testament, chiefly relating to the massacres and spoliations committed by the Jews. Upon these they formed themselves, and with these they justified their practices. They were robbers and murderers. They spared no man's life or property. When spoil was not otherwise to be had, they never hesitated to plunder their own party, whether Irish Protestants or British allies. They were a fearful scourge in the country, and aggravated dreadfully the calamities of the war; but they were scrupulous to have their proper establishment of Chaplains or gifted preachers of the word; and heard prayers or outpourings of the spirit regularly. The Derrymen were in all respects similar to the Inniskilliners.

“The Inniskilliners could not endure the restraints of discipline; and when placed under Schomberg's com-

mand, they said of themselves that 'they should never thrive so long as they were under his orders,' and they were right. They were a kind of Cossack cavalry, that were of no use unless left to themselves, and their irregularities connived at. Schomberg did not understand them; and General Ginckle, at a later period of the war, considered them a nuisance and hated them cordially."

Although there are some truths in this sketch of the Inniskilliners, it is evidently the preparatory candid statement of an ingenious lawyer, to support his assertions respecting their conduct at the Boyne where he would represent, if he could, these wild and fanatic troops as wanting in courage when headed by "their saviour," as William was irreverently styled by them.

It is said, by O'Driscol, that King William led on bravely to the attack, his horse regiments; "their charge was met by that of the Irish cavalry, and they had no sooner come in contact than the whole of this foreign cavalry went about and rode off the field. The Irish horse followed in pursuit, and the king stood alone upon the field of battle. At this moment," continues O'Driscol, "the Inniskilliners appeared coming up, and the King rode towards them and asked them what they would do for him? Woolsey told his men, it was the king, and asked if they would follow him? The men replied by a shout, and the King put himself at their head, and rode towards the Irish infantry; *but the northerns did not venture to charge, and on receiving*

a well-directed volley they went about, and left the King alone on the field as before."

Now contemporary writers, and eye-witnesses of the conduct of the Inniskilliners—those men of wild and fanatic bravery, who are represented as deserting their King upon the field of battle, in consequence of a well-directed volley,—assure us that they behaved most gallantly.

According to one authority,* "Duke Schomberg headed the Dutch fort-guards, and the King the Inniskillin horse, telling them, 'they should be his guards that day.'" Is it probable then, that these men,—men who had been, for the preceding eighteen months under constant fire, would desert, at this critical moment, the post of danger and of honour? Story's words are, "the Inniskilliners, and French, too, both horse and foot, did good service" [at the Boyne.]

A contemporary manuscript account of the battle, most probably gives the true explanation of the retreat of the Inniskilliners. After William's foreign cavalry had been forced back, "the King, with that coolness of thought which accompanies true courage, rode up to the Inniskillin horse, and asked, what they would do for him? Their officer told his men that it was King William who asked them that question. The brave

* "A true and perfect Journal of the Affairs of Ireland since His Majesty's Arrival in that Kingdom, by a Person of Quality." London 1690. See also "Villare Hibernicum, by W. Griffyth, Esq." London, 1690.

fellows then gave a loud cheer, and the King saying that they should be his guards, headed them. They advanced with the King, and received the enemy's fire; and as his Majesty wheeled to the left they followed. But when King William led up some Dutch troops, they perceived their error, and returned bravely to the charge."

The following song is given from a manuscript, in which it is stated to have been "sung at the play-houses." It is printed with some slight variations in D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy," vol. i. p. 203, where it is entitled, "Mac Ballor, a comical ditty, in imitation of the Irish stile," and where the music may be found.

THE STOUT INNISKILLIN MAN.

If a woeful sad ditty to know thou art willing, man,
 Open thy ears, joy, and then thou shalt see ;*
 To London, Mac Ballor,† a stout Inniskillin man,
 A seeking brown Kate, by my shoul am come eey ;
 My heart is sore wounded, sore wounded, sore,
A la boo, boo, boo, boo, hone, oh hone, hery Morah.

* A specimen of that figure of speech called a bull. To Irishmen speaking imperfectly the English language, may be ascribed the national reputation for blunders.

† Mac Ballor means literally son of a clown. "*Balach*, a clown, a sturdy fellow."—*O'Reilly*.

When the valiant King William cross'd over the Boyne,
joy,

And with broken pates made Jack Papishes flee ;
Of dragoons a brave troop made a gallop to join, joy,
And march with the foremost by Chreest did come eey ;
They were beaten sore, curst and swore, and did roar,
A la boo, boo, boo, &c.

When I went on a party, I sung and was merry too,
Though hunger gives small occasion to laugh ;
I without any grumblin' fought in Londonderry too,
Without one dram of Snush or Usquebaugh,
Where we fed on roots, stinking fruits, old jack boots,
A la boo, boo, boo, &c.

In a skirmish near Limerick, on the banks of the Shan-
non there,
Many stout Teagues were slain in time of rout ;
And at Aghrim I narrowly escaped the damned cannon
there,
Catching the balls by my shoul in my mout.
But though the guns spared my bones, love Gad zoons,
A la boo, boo, boo, &c.

The bully god, Mars, though a bug-bear they make him,
All arm'd like a gunsmith with bullets and fire,
I defy ; but the little whelp, Cupid, plague take him,
Makes me snort and grunt like a hog in the mire.
She has Irish eyes, Dutch size, an English prize,
A la boo, boo, boo, &c.

Heaven make me a cobbler, or make me a broom-man,
Or, cry puddings, what a plague call ye it i' th' streets,
So I may no more follow after a woman ;
De'il take me, 't has scared me quite out of my wits :
For when I get drunk, like a monk, I'm in a funk.
A la boo, boo, boo, &c.

THE TREATY OF LIMERICK.

“WHEN they came to capitulate,” says Burnet, “the Irish insisted on very high demands, which was set on by the French, who hoped they would be rejected ; but the king had given Ginckle secret instructions that he should grant all the demands they could make that would put an end to the war. So every thing was granted, to the great disappointment of the French, and the no small grief of some of the English, who hoped this war should have ended in the total ruin of the Irish interest.”

“No one was pleased ;” observes O'Driscoll. “The Anglo-Irish party inveighed bitterly against the treaty, as being unreasonably favourable to the Irish, whom it was their object to crush, not to treat with. The Irish were loud in their accusations of those who had made peace with an enemy, who they asserted had never yet kept faith with them ; and at a moment when a great French fleet was on the coast, and when, even without

their help, they were able and ready to fight the battle out to the last. The court of France cried out loudly against the treaty, as treasonable and disgraceful; having been made without necessity."

After some interesting remarks upon this famous treaty, O'Driscoll proceeds:—"The clergy of the violent party commenced preaching against the treaty, Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath, had the boldness to preach against it before the Lords Justices, at Christ Church, in Dublin, the Sunday after their return from Limerick. He reproached the justices bitterly for the treaty they had concluded, and argued that Protestants were not bound to keep faith with Papists.

"The king was alarmed at this spirit, and ordered Dopping to be removed from the council; and Dr. Moreton, bishop of Kildare, and other moderate divines, were instructed to preach the obligation of keeping faith with all men. But Dopping continued to be the popular man amongst his party."

The epigram, or "smart poem," on the treaty of Limerick, here given, is copied from a rare tract of twelve pages, entitled the "British Muse, or Tyranny Expos'd: a satyr, occasioned by all the fulsome and lying poems and elegies that have been written on the death of the late King James, to which is added a smart poem on the generous Articles of Limerick and Galway." [A MS. note adds, "supposed to have been written by Tutchin."]

"London, Printed for Eliz. Mallet, and Sold by the

Williamite Book-sellers of London and Dublin, who are the haters of Tyranny and Slavery."

This tract is without date, but appears from the address to the reader to have been published immediately after the death of James II (1700). "He [James] has now," says the writer, "paid his debt to nature. But his men of blood, who had not fully satisfied their sanguinary desires in the late reign, are building monuments of praise to his memory, which ought to be buried in eternal oblivion. These men are the occasion of this poem, and if they find it disagreeable they may thank themselves."

Tutchin—"Captain Tutchin," as he was nicknamed—the supposed author of this epigram, was the gentleman who, being sentenced by Jeffries to be whipt in several market-towns, for writing something or other in favour of Monmouth, petitioned the king that his sentence might be changed to hanging. He was a poor, miserable wretch, and died in great distress in some privileged place, in 1707; his death being said to have been hastened by a severe personal chastisement, inflicted upon him about a month before by some friends of King James.

"The following verses were made upon the surrender of Limerick, 1691. When the late King James's army (that fled there) obtained such large conditions."

THE TREATY OF LIMERICK.

HARD fate, that still attends our Irish war,
The conquerors lose, the conquered gainers are ;
Their pens the triumph of our swords defeat :
We fight like soldiers, but like fools we treat.
Sure Teague has charm'd us with some fatal spell ;
For lest the coward should no more rebel,
Lest he grow honest by becoming poor,
We pardon all his former bloody score,
And set him up again to murder more,
With a new fund of our own plunder'd store ;
But England doubtless in our loss will share ;
And, to reconquer, a new tax prepare.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

Is copied, with the following introductory observations, from a small volume, entitled "Jacobite Minstrelsy," published at Glasgow in 1829. There have been so many clever modern imitations in Scotland of Jacobite songs, that it is difficult to distinguish between what is genuine or not, and the Editor is therefore unwilling to risk an opinion in this matter ; he consequently gives this song and its history as he found them.

"Captain Ogilvie, of the house of Inverquharity, is believed to have been the author of this song. He

was with King James at the battle of the Boyne, and afterwards fell in an engagement on the Rhine. It is said also that he was one of the hundred gentlemen, all of good families, who volunteered to attend their royal master in his exile. James had afterwards the pain of seeing these devoted followers submit voluntarily to become private soldiers on his account in the French service, rather than return to their own country, with permission of the government, although it was optional to them to do so. They were formed into one company, and fought both in Spain and on the Rhine with heroic valour and reputation. At the peace of 1696 only sixteen of them remained alive. Of the whole number only four were Catholics; the rest were Protestants of the Episcopalian persuasion, and several of them had been bred as divines. What is perhaps still more curious, by far the greater portion of them were lowlanders."

 IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand !
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain ;
 My love an' native land, fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear ;
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right an' round about
 Upon the Irish shore,
 And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, " Adieu for evermore, my dear ;"
 With, " Adieu for evermore."

The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
 An' a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him ' that's far awa',
 The lee-lang night an' weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night an' weep.

THE JACKS PUT TO THEIR TRUMPS

Is reprinted from a rare 4to. pamphlet of twelve pages, so entitled :—“ A Tale of a King James’s Irish Shilling.

— Quis talia fando,
Myrmidenum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyssei
Temperet a lacrymis ?

VIRGIL, *Æneid.* II.

London, Printed and Sold by R. Burleigh, in Amen Corner. 1714. (Price 3*d.*)”

The title-page is embellished with a wood-cut, not badly executed, of the reverse and obverse of James the Second’s brass shilling, for August 1689.

“ When the late king was obliged by his necessity to make brass money current in Ireland, it was at first pretended to pass only in payments between man and man in their daily commerce and dealings, and in publick payment of duties to the Exchequer. But soon after, the Irish beginning to consider that they were generally indebted to the English, and that this might be a fit season, and a lucky opportunity to get their debts easily and cheaply discharged, a proclamation was published, enjoyning and requiring, that copper and brass money should pass as current money within the realm of Ireland, in the payment of bills, bonds, debts by record, mortgages, and all other payments whatsoever. By which knack many a poor Protestant was fob’d out of his right, and compell’d to take an heap

of trash for debt, (as he was for his wheat and other commodities) or be precluded from any further satisfaction.

“ And thus I have heard that Colonel Roger Moore was served, (but I do not aver it upon my certain knowledge) who having an incumbrance of £3,000 upon the Lord Dillon’s estate, who is married to the daughter of the Lord or Lady Tyrconnel; she sent for him, and told him, that having some money at her command, and being very desirous to take off the burthen from her daughter’s estate, she was content to pay him off in ready money, provided he would make some handsome abatement of the sum due. The gentleman being complaisant to the lady, and very willing to receive money in such a time of scarcity, freely consented to abate a thousand pounds, so the rest might be paid down at once. The lady seem’d very thankful, and appointed him to come next day, and to bring the deeds and obligations with him, and to receive his money. Accordingly he came, and having given a legal release, the lady opened a door, and shewed him a long table covered over with copper and brass, and tendered it for his payment; which whether he rejected it in passion, or hired a cart to carry it away I cannot tell; but this I can say, having an estate, which was mortgaged to the old proprietor before 1641, to which on payment of the mortgage money, he hoped to be restored by repealing the Acts of Settlement; he repaired to me, and desired me to appoint time and place for paying the mortgage money, of which I have taken time to

consider. One of the most eminent silver smiths in Dublin, having sold all his plate to a papist, who promised to pay him his price (agreed upon) in silver and gold; but no faith being to be kept with hereticks, the goldsmith was compelled to take brass and copper. But not to detain the reader with many more of these examples, I here present you with that savoury and fruitful proclamation, which is to make brass money pass in satisfaction of all debts.

“ BY THE KING, A PROCLAMATION.

“ JAMES R.

“ Whereas, we have by former Proclamations of the 18th and 27th days of June last, for the reasons therein set forth: ordained and declared, that a certain coyn made by our order of a certain metal, mixed with copper and brass, and marked and stamped as in the said Proclamations is expressed, in Sixpence, Twelvepence, and Half-crown pieces, should during our pleasure pass as current mony, among all our subjects within this realm, according to the rates and values in the said Proclamations mention'd; and in all payments to be paid either to us or from us, or to, or by any of our subjects within this kingdom; excepting mortgages, bills, bonds, or obligations, debts due by record, and mony heretofore left in trust or keeping with any person. And whereas it hath since been represented to us, that such restriction upon the said coyn is a great hindrance to trade and industry, and to the circulation of the said mony, in

regard men of trade and industry cannot have credit without passing bonds and judgments, which since they cannot satisfie by the said money, they are therefore the less industrious to acquire it by the sale of any of their goods or merchandizes, as are also the generality of all others; because when they have acquired any quantity thereof, they cannot thereby pay their debts, nor clear their estates from incumbrances; whereof we have thought fit by the advice of our privy council, further to declare and ordain, that the aforesaid money, made of mixture of copper and brass as aforesaid, shall hereafter during our pleasure pass as current money within this realm, not only in all payments, in the said former Proclamation mentioned; but also in all the said payments of bills, bonds, debts by record, mortgages, and all other payments whatsoever, in the said former Proclamations excepted; and whereas this is ordered at this time to supply the present scarcity of money, and remedy the great inconvenience which would otherwise ensue; we do therefore hereby promise and declare to all our loving subjects, that as soon as the said money shall be called in, and decried, we shall thereupon not only receive from all our loving subjects within this kingdom, such proportion thereof as shall be in any of their hands, at such time as it shall be so decried, according to the value for which it now passes, in satisfaction of any rents, customs, excise, debts or duties, which they shall owe to us; but also where no such debts or duties shall be due to us, we will make full satisfaction for

the same in gold or silver of the current coyn of this kingdom.

*“ Given at our Court at Dublin Castle, the 4th day of February, 1689.”**

“ About the 10th of March,” (1690-1) says Story, (p. 61) “ we had an account by some Protestants, that came out of Connaught, that the Irish a little after my Lord Tyrconnel’s landing, being out of humour with the brass money, little or nothing being to be had for it, they cry’d it down by Proclamation, the crown piece to three pence, the half-crown to three halfpence, the shilling to a penny, and the sixpence to an halfpenny. After which the soldiers lived upon free quarters. Provisions also being scarce, and no markets, for want of money, those parts begun to be under worse circumstances every day.”

In a curious contemporary manuscript, in the Editor’s library, written by Colonel Charles O’Kelly,† the following particulars respecting the brass currency introduced by James occur:—“ Another grievance was, that which was generally believed to be in a great measure the occasion of the Irish ruin, and of the disorders of their

* An Account of the Transactions of the late King James in Ireland. London, 1690.

† As the names of the parties and places mentioned appear masked in this manuscript,—for instance, Amasis, for James; Corydon, for Tyrconnel; Cyprus, for Ireland; Syria, for France; &c.—the disguise has been removed in the above extract, with the view of making it readily intelligible.

government. This was the abundance of copper money that was coined by the king's order, and which produced so many inconveniences in the country, that it merits a more particular relation, and deserves to be traced up to its source. When James arrived in Ireland, which was about the middle of March, in the second year of the war, he found the country very bare of gold and silver (the English, who had all the wealth of the kingdom in their hands, having transported their effects into England); and as he was not very fond of spending in haste the stock of money which Louis XIV freely granted for the support of the war in Ireland, lest it might oblige him to call for more; a thing he would gladly avoid, foreseeing, that by being too far engaged to any foreign prince in that manner, the reimbursement of such vast sums must exhaust his treasure when he came to the possession of his kingdoms, which he soon expected, by the voluntary submission of his deluded subjects; he was therefore advised by a Scotch counsellor, to make use of this copper coin to serve his present turn in Ireland; adding that this method would enable him to employ a good part of his gold to keep in heart his friends in Scotland and gain others in England, which he represented was of greater consequence than the affairs of Ireland, and that matters being once settled there, he might recall this coin again and recompense the losers. But though the French ambassador, Count d'Avaux, and the nobles of Ireland, assured James, that if he laid out the money he brought from France, it would by circulation come back again into

his treasury (the Parliament of the kingdom having already freely granted a subsidy of £200,000); nevertheless the Scottish advice prevailed. Accordingly a considerable part of the gold was sent into that country, and the remainder being reserved by James for a dead lift, the copper money was resolved upon, and the mint set to work in the August of the second year.

“On its first appearance abroad, the Protestants in Leinster shewed a reluctance to receive it; but they were soon forced into a compliance. Elsewhere it passed pretty well in the beginning; the people, who were hitherto scant of money, being glad to have any coin current among them, to advance trade, which was dead in the country. But when it came to be coined in such plenty, that the merchants, who could not use it in foreign countries, raised the price of their outlandish ware to an unreasonable rate, and that the country people, following the example, began to rise the prices of their commodities also, and in fine, that the French troops, who were paid in silver, seemed to reject it; then, and not before, it began to decline. But what undervalued it most, was the little esteem the great ones about court shewed for it: Tyrconnel's lady commonly giving double the quantity of brass for so much silver. This made the inferior sort to vilify the coin, which became so despicable, especially after the defeat of James on the river Boyne, that the commodity which might be purchased for one piece of silver would cost twenty in brass; and yet Tyrconnel, and those who governed under him, extorted from the

country people their goods at the king's rate, when paid in silver. But the oppression that the poor Irish merchants lay under in the cities of Limerick and Galway, from Tyrconnel's party, was most insufferable. A factor who had his goods ready to be shipped on board a vessel hired for that purpose, must have the affliction to behold his warehouse broke open, and all the intended freight, which he acquired with so great pains and expense, snatched from him in a moment; for which he had the value given him in copper according to the king's rate (or perhaps a ticket for it) which would not yield him the price of a shoebuckle in any foreign country. And though this plunder was daily committed, under pretence of supplying the king's stores, yet the misfortune was, that the nephews and nieces, the friends and favourites of Tyrconnel, got the greater part of the spoil. The town of Galway can bear witness that this was done commonly by his own orders, when he was there to take shipping for France. If an outlandish vessel came in by chance (for few would come designedly into a land where no other coin was used but copper) the whole cargo was immediately seized, and the owners must stay until their ship was loaded again with the country provisions or commodities, which were to be plundered from the natives. This unhappy management made all neighbouring nations shun that part of Ireland, which was reputed an infamous den of robbers and a receptacle of pyrates. It was the common opinion, that this pitiful project of the copper coin was purposely advised by some, who designed the total

ruin of Ireland ; for it might easily be foreseen, that it would quickly destroy all commerce, wherein chiefly consists the wealth of any country surrounded by the sea."

As money is said to be the sinews of war, O'Driscol's view of the policy of this question, on both sides, is perhaps worthy of consideration.

"The two kings who divided the British empire at this time, were both driven by their necessities to schemes of finance. William, having been reared in the counting-house of Holland, was the abler contriver. He laid the basis of the debt of England, by borrowing gold and pawning the revenue of the country to the lender. James did not understand the matter, or could get no one to lend upon his security ; and the alchemy of banking, or converting paper into gold, was not yet discovered. But his plan was not very different.

"James's plan was to convert copper, or other metal of small value, into gold and silver. He coined a large quantity of base metal, into pieces upon which he stamped a nominal value, and made them a *legal tender* for crowns, halfcrowns, and other silver and gold coin. By his proclamation, this new coinage was to be received in all dealings, except only in the payment of trust money, or money due on bills, bonds, or mortgages, and except for customs on imported commodities. These exceptions were soon removed,—all but the latter.

"James promised that this coin should, at the end of the war, be received in payment at the Exchequer, and exchanged for sterling money. A respectable historian

(Leland) says, that this plan of finance was against all 'law, reason, and humanity,' and that it has rendered the name of James 'horrible to Irish Protestants.' It was not against law, because a law was made for the purpose; and reason and humanity seem to have little to do with financial schemes. James's was as good as many of later date. His bank failed, undoubtedly; so have many other banks; but the Protestants did not suffer more by the failure than the people of other creeds. The Catholics were far the greatest holders of James's promissory copper tokens.

"James's plan was a copper bank, set up *instantly*, with an immediate bank restriction. There might have been, no doubt, an over-issue; but if the Protestants lost, they had least right of any to complain, for they did all they could to break the banker, and finally succeeded in driving him out of the kingdom, copper-notes and all. The Catholics lost by the coin very severely, and they lost their estates also. The Protestants, though they lost by this early experiment in banking, recovered the land, which was ample compensation.

"In all former Irish wars, the land was made to pay a great part, if not the whole, of the expense. Loans were raised in London for carrying on the war, the lender to be satisfied afterwards in Irish estates. This system could not now be acted upon. There were already two sets of claimants for the land: one claiming under William, and the other under James. There was no party that could be safely put out at this time.

Hence the necessity of the financial measures resorted to by the contending powers.

“James was totally ignorant how to support the credit of his coin. He had but one idea about any thing—force; and force, when applied to the currency, is sure to fail. His exceptions to the circulation of his coin, though a clumsy attempt at being honest, were very injurious to its credit. Probably, if he had got a few thousand pounds of sterling coin, and made his copper tokens *convertible*, he might have kept up their credit, as long, at least, as things went on well in the country; and it would have been time enough for the *restriction* after the battle of the Boyne.

“James, like greater financiers, soon found himself exceedingly embarrassed. His metal tokens came back rapidly to his exchequer, in the payment of all taxes and assessments. They were paid to him at their nominal value, but in the common transactions of business they fell almost to their intrinsic worth. He could fix a denomination upon his coin; but the seller of any article could fix a price upon his commodity, to meet the arbitrary denomination. If a piece of metal, worth one penny, be tendered for a shilling, the seller of a pennyworth of bread has only to ask a shilling for it, and the difficulty is got rid of. James was puzzled at this. He found it necessary, in order to keep his scheme of currency afloat, to take one step more, and fix a price upon commodities, as he had settled a value upon his coin.

“Having done this, his views suddenly enlarged. He found that money might be made of it; and he turned merchant himself. He bought large quantities of butter, corn, hides, wool, and other articles, at such prices as he thought proper to give, and he paid for all by a few pounds'-weight of tin or copper. It is easy to believe that he was no welcome customer: but he had persons employed to find out who had goods to sell; and none dared to refuse to deal with a customer who had forty-two regiments of foot and fourteen of cavalry. All those commodities he shipped to France, where they were sold for his own account. By this traffic, he realised large sums of money, at the expense of his subjects.”

There can be no question that the following ballad, upon internal evidence, may be as fairly attributed to Dean Swift, as many effusions which have appeared in several editions of his works; but when it is stated that the pamphlet from which it is copied, was found among a bundle of broadsides, most, if not all, of which, are well-known to be Swift's composition, and when it is remembered how many of the productions of Swift's muse, about the period when this “tale of King James' Shilling” was printed (1714), are unknown, and to which the Dean himself has made especial reference, it will be admitted that this ballad deserves more than ordinary consideration, especially if it be possible to trace in it the germs of feeling which afterwards displayed themselves so vigorously in the Drapier's opposition to Wood's coinage, and which have formed an immortal wreath for the brow of Swift.

THE JACKS PUT TO THEIR TRUMPS.

I.

How wondrous fickle is this world !
How Fortune's wheel turns round !
The spoke that is to-day at top,
To-morrow 's on the ground.

II.

When once in dust a monarch 's laid,
His honour soon is gone,
All in an instant tack about
And court the rising sun.

III.

True friendship with Astræa went,
And took to Heav'n her flight,
For she and loyalty long since
Were banish'd Ireland quite.

IV.

The name of Christians we assume,
But are than Pagans worse,
There's few amongst us who have more
Religion than a horse.

V.

Religion a chimæra proves,
Heaven has our pray'rs the least,
All our sincere devotion 's paid
Alone to interest.

VI.

While my dear master smiled on me,
Whose image still I bear,
I was a welcome guest to all,—
Was courted everywhere.

VII.

The gentleman, and tradesman, too,
My company approved ;
In city, and at Court I dwelt,
And was by all beloved.

VIII.

The miser hugg'd me in his arms,
And lock'd me in his chest,
And never once his visit fail'd
Before he went to rest.

IX.

The ladies did my shapes approve,
My features, too, admired ;
Where e'en my king could never go,
Securely I retired.

X.

Within their bosoms lay all day,
And revelled in their arms ;
I was myself all over love,
And they all over charms.

XI.

Thus for a time I liv'd secure,
And at my heart's content,
But soon I found a wondrous change
On Will's establishment.

XII.

Some few, indeed, my stamp did prize,
As high as e'er before ;
Yet as the Revolution grew,
I wasted more and more.

XIII.

Those few, at last, veer'd quite about,
And joyn'd in my disgrace,
They cry'd, my master's son, and I,
Came both of bastard race.

XIV.

That I had never seen the light,
If James had never run,
That I at Dublin was begot,
And was a cannon's son.

XV.

In such contempt, in short, I fell,
Which was a very hard thing,
They scurrilously us'd me there,
For nothing but a farthing.

XVI.

Mad, you may think, to be thus us'd,
Tho' miserably poor,
Thinking I couldn't well be worse,
To England I came o'er.

XVII.

But to my sorrow when I came,
Like-treatment there I found,
No Jacobite amongst 'em all
My former value own'd.

XVIII.

All Will's, and best of Anna's, reign,
No better was my state ;
But yet I cheer'd myself with hopes
I should be fortunate.

XIX.

My master's son, I thought, would come,
His father's cause t' advance;
I thought t' have shewn my face again,
And welcom'd him from France.

XX.

In greater lustre thought to shine,
Long hop'd to be prefer'd,
T' have laid the Father's image down,
For that of James the Third.

XXI.

But all my hopes abortive prov'd,
In need, he found no friend,
There wasn't one amongst 'em all,
Would sail against the wind.

XXII.

Misfortunes never come alone,
Just before Anna dy'd,
By Whigg and Tory, too, was I
Most basely mortify'd.

XXIII.

No piece that wore m' unhappy face
Amongst the rogues would pass,
For any more than what would prove
To be my weight in brass.

XXIV.

And now King George, and all his tribe,
Is settled in the nation,
I still a harder fate do dread,
A far-worse transmigration.

XXV.

Some founder soon will melt me down,
And sell my despised mettle
To some damn'd tinker, in the street,
To mend some whore's damn'd kettle.

XXVI.

Take warning, Brother Jacks, by me,
Before 'tis quite too late,
Think what will be your next remove,
If you should transmigrate.

XXVII.

If you at Tyburn chance to swing,
You're brought all to such passes;
That when you quit your present shapes,
You'll change, I fear, to asses.

FINIS.

