

SHE WAS A POETESS:
THE WORLD OF MARY ANN ALLINGHAM 1820-1836

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Niamh McFadden Hamill

Drew University

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ABSTRACT

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Niamh McFadden Hamill

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The Gunnerus Library in Trondheim, Norway, holds a collection of papers which include nine booklets of poetry, stories, travel-writing and songs, written by Mary Ann Allingham (1803-1856), from Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland. Mary Ann Allingham was the aunt of acclaimed Irish poet, William Allingham (1826-1889). Her collected poems and stories are the subject of this dissertation.

Mary Ann Allingham's texts articulate the early adult life of an unmarried Protestant woman from a rural Ulster town. She is representative of several minorities at once. As a Donegal poetess of the early nineteenth century; she has few, if any contemporaries. She is neither part of the landowning wealthy of Ulster, nor its peasantry. At times, fervently Unionist, but often passionate about the Gaelic traditions of the area, she is an intriguing product of the milieu of nineteenth-century Ulster.

This dissertation investigates Mary Ann Allingham's texts with three objectives in mind. Firstly, to contextualize the texts with an exploration of the relevant political and literary history from the time of the Ulster Plantation to the 1830s. Secondly, to consider the literary influences and cultural negotiations that were a necessary part of her self-definition as a woman writer. Thirdly, to critique the travel narratives and poetry of Mary Ann Allingham, and evaluate her importance as a nineteenth-century poetess.

In Memoriam:
Eithne McFadden

For Tadhg and Hannah
With all my love

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CHAPTER ONE

INTRODUCTION

Will any one read my preface? (thought I to myself, as I sat down one evening with my Crow quill dipped in Indian ink in my fingers ready to begin an introductory page to my Friends . . . Will any one think it worthwhile to read a preface; not by an UNKNOWN AUTHOR (that would be, to be well known) but by an humble County Donegal Female. It was a stupefying thought, and the ink remained in the pen so long, that when my vanity decided that someone would read it: I was forced to clear the point of the congealed ink by my pen knife; and taking that as a lucky omen; here said I, "Female vanity, that sharp and never rusty knife, has cleared away those doubts and fears, Which ever buzz about poor authors ears.

—Mary Ann Allingham, Ballyshannon, 1833.¹

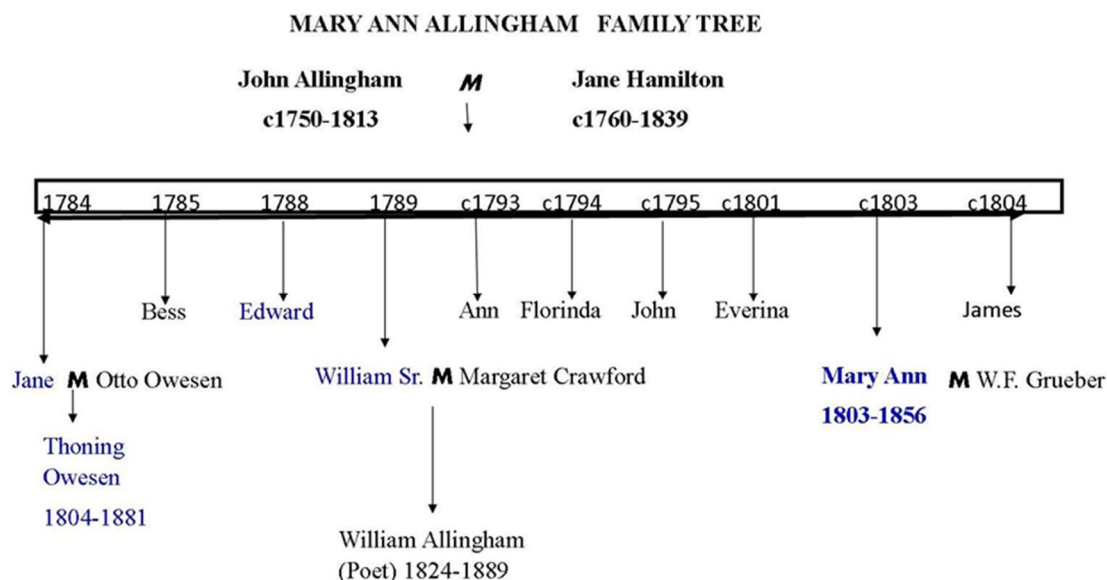
In January 2006, a music teacher named Eva Hov was browsing through old manuscripts at the Gunnerus Library in Trondheim, Norway, when she stumbled upon a catalogue entry named "handwritten Irish songs *circa* 1830." She discovered several booklets of poetry, prose and songs by an author named Mary Ann Allingham of Ballyshannon.² Curious to discover more about this writer, Hov emailed the Donegal Historical Society, and was told that Mary Ann was likely to be the aunt of acclaimed Irish poet, William Allingham Jr. (1824-1889).³ When Hov investigated further, she discovered a further cache of papers connected to the Allingham family of Ballyshannon and the Owesen family of Trondheim. Further searches yielded a diary written by William Allingham Sr., father of the poet William Allingham, and biographical

¹ Forward to Songbook V.

² Ballyshannon is a small coastal town located in the south of the county of Donegal, which is one of the nine counties of Ulster. Donegal is the largest county in Ulster, and lies to the far north-west of the province, bordered by the counties of Leitrim, Fermanagh, Tyrone and Derry.

³ For the purpose of clarity, William Allingham, Mary Ann Allingham's brother, is referred to as William Allingham Sr. throughout this text. With the exception of the conclusion, the poet William Allingham is referred to as William Allingham Jr. Any reference to 'Allingham' is solely to Mary Ann Allingham.

information on Thoning Owesen.⁴ Hov then went to the state archives in Trondheim and discovered further material connecting the Allinghams and Owesen families. Hov transcribed the documents, translating Danish sources into English. She most kindly made her transcripts and translations available to me for the purpose of this dissertation.



Mary Ann’s father, John Allingham (c.1750-1812) married Jane Hamilton (c.1760-1839) in December 1782. The Allinghams had a large family.⁵ Ten children survived into adulthood including Jane, the eldest, Bessie, Edward, William Sr. (father of the ‘Bard of Ballyshannon’) William Jr. Allingham, all of whom were older than Mary Ann.⁶ She was John and Jane’s youngest daughter, most likely born in 1803.⁷

⁴ *Legater og Stiftelser i Strinda* by Magnus Lie contains a chapter about Thoning Owesen.

⁵ William Allingham Jr. records in his diary that Jane Hamilton had “a family bible, with the births of her numerous sons and daughters-eighteen in all, I think, but many of these died in childhood” William Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary* (London: Macmillan and Co. Ltd, 1907), 11.

⁶ The title of ‘Bard of Ballyshannon’ was coined by W.B. Yeats to describe William Allingham. Grace Donovan, *Ballyshannon, the Rare Old Times* (Ballyshannon: Donegal Democrat Ltd., 1987), 42.

⁷ The family history has been put together from information recovered from the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland (PRONI), *The Ballyshannon Herald*, the Kibarron Church of Ireland parish register, the

The connection between the Allingham and the Oweson family of Norway began around 1800, as a result of the commerce between the ports of Ballyshannon and Trondheim.⁸ Otto Oweson was a shipping partner of Mary Ann's father, and Otto's regular travel to Ballyshannon resulted in his marrying John's eldest daughter, Jane, in 1803. That same year, Jane's younger sister, Mary Ann Allingham was born.⁹ Otto and Jane moved back to Trondheim in 1804, after the birth of their son, Thoning. Two of Mary Ann's older brothers, Edward, and William Sr. also travelled to Trondheim to learn the business of merchant shipping, and improve their language skills.¹⁰

Tragically, Jane Allingham died just four years into the marriage, and her young son Thoning returned to her parents' house in Ballyshannon. As a result of the Napoleonic Wars, the shipping traffic between Ireland and Norway was severely curtailed, and Thoning remained in Ballyshannon under the guardianship of his grandfather, John Allingham. Otto Oweson died in Norway in 1812, leaving his orphaned son in Ballyshannon.¹¹ John Allingham died around the same time, and Thoning became the guardian of his uncle Edward. He was raised with his younger aunts and uncles including Mary Ann, who was only older than Thoning by a year.

Thoning was sent to school at Foyle College in Derry and did not return to Trondheim until the 1820s, where he assumed control of his family estate.¹² A disagreement over his Edward's stewardship of his inheritance meant that Thoning

family bible of William Allingham Sr., The Diary of William Allingham Jr. and from Eva Hov's own research notes.

⁸ Magnus Lie, *Legater og Stiftelser i Strinda* (1929). The title of the book translates as 'Charitable Legations and Foundations in the area of Strinda'. Translated to English by Eva Hov 2007.

⁹ There are two possible dates of birth for Mary Ann, but only the later date (1803) makes sense. The tradition of naming children after dead siblings may explain some discrepancies in family records.

¹⁰ William Snr Allingham, "Volume 5 Also Containing My Own Private Journal, During My Residence Here," (Gunnerus Library, Trondheim, 1807). See Appendix H.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² *Legater og Stiftelser i Strinda*.

probably never returned to Ballyshannon, but his correspondences with Edward, and the discovery of Mary Ann's texts in Norway, indicate that Thoning remained in contact with Mary Ann from the 1820s until at least sometime in the 1840s.¹³

Mary Ann's manuscripts include three hand-stitched volumes containing poetry, travelogues and stories, and six notebooks of songs with sheet music. There are two main booklets of verse, titled *Poems, Legends and Stories Volume IV* and *Poems, Legends and Stories Volume V*. These booklets contain over sixty poems. Some of the poems are long narrative stories in verse form, and some are embedded in travelogues and stories, with dates given from 1825 to 1832.¹⁴ A third small booklet, *A Day at Doe*, and a sheet of paper with the poem 'Lines to Carolan' written sometime in the 1840s, was also recovered.¹⁵ The three booklets, and some published texts that were discovered during my research, are the primary sources for this dissertation.¹⁶

Methodology

The poems and stories of Mary Ann Allingham are read as cultural texts that inform us about social and historical conditions during the 1820s and 1830s. The period

¹³ The selected letters of Appendix J are from selected transcriptions from a book also containing some letters, found in Statsarkivet (the State Archives) in Trondheim, catalogued *Skifteakt O F Owesen 3E0039*. Transcribed by Eva Hov, they contain details of efforts by the trustees of Otto Owesen's estate to recover Thoning's inheritance from his legal guardian, Edward Allingham. It appears that these efforts were unsuccessful. The book also contained some letters between Edward Allingham and Thoning Oweson. Edward refers to correspondence between Thoning and Mary Ann in his letters. In a letter dated June 25 1823, he writes "Mary Ann too will probably go wild with joy if this project [joint business in Ireland] is carried, as she is now with rage at you for never writing to her." In November 1826 he notes that he and Mary Ann both received letters from Thoning. In the Gunnerus Library (*Privatarkiv 21: m*) there are also letters to Thoning Owesen from Edward's daughter, Florinda Scott, written at the time of Edward's death. They reveal further about the relationship between uncle and nephew. A selection of relevant correspondence is included in appendix J.

¹⁴ See Appendices A and B.

¹⁵ See Appendices E and F.

¹⁶ Further research recovered three travel articles and some published poetry by Allingham that are not part of the Norway manuscripts.

of history in which her texts were produced is one of dramatic political and cultural change. Ireland, “an irredeemably strange country, both familiar and alien, both known and unknown,” becomes, through a confluence of political and cultural events, a site of recovery of lost traditions and a site of repositioning of Irish identities.¹⁷ The Irish nationalist, the Irish unionist, the Irish Protestant, the Irish patriot, the Irish woman, and the Irish writer; these are all categories that are redefined, albeit temporarily and insecurely, during the pre-Famine years of the nineteenth century.¹⁸

In turn, an analysis of Allingham’s texts in relation to the culture and discourse of the period will contribute greatly to the interpretation of her work and capacitate a fairer judgement on the achievement of the writer. Literary works are situated in specific historical and biographical contexts, and although poetry, particularly Romantic poetry, aims to be transcendent of its genesis, Allingham’s work is so specific to Ballyshannon and to Ireland that a formalist approach would be redundant.¹⁹

Judith Newton writes that “gender as an organizing category in ‘history’ informs what counts as ‘history’ in the first place, and informs the choice of historically significant discourse, social relations and ‘the event.’”²⁰ This is certainly true in terms of literary history, where the critique of women’s poetry has something of the Johnsonian attitude about it—recognition, but with tacit implication that it is not well done.²¹

¹⁷ Regan, xvii

¹⁸ Andrew Carpenter, "Changing Views of Irish Musical and Literary Culture in Eighteenth Century Anglo-Irish Literature," in *Irish Literature and Culture*, ed. Michael Kenneally (Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe, 1995), 11.

¹⁹ Maria Irene Ramalho de Sousa Santos, *Atlantic Poets : Fernando Pessoa's Turn in Anglo-American Modernism* (Lebanon, NH: Dartmouth College, 2003), 23.

²⁰ Judith Newton, "History as Usual?: Feminism and The "New Historicism,"" *Cultural Critique*, no. 9 (1988): 108.

²¹ “Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.” Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) quoted in *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, July 30, 1763, Oxford University Press (1980).

Primarily, Allingham is of interest because she is a nineteenth century *woman* writer, and because she defined herself as a woman writer. Therefore, a feminist reading of her texts is most appropriate. Allingham does not simply provide us with cultural information through private letters or diaries; she does so by way of public authorship. Nineteenth-century women writers cannot be read as we read nineteenth century male writers; there is, as Elaine Showalter explains, a different historical and thematic coherence that has been obscured by a patriarchal culture.²² Everything revealed by the texts of Mary Ann Allingham, in both content and style, comes from a perspective that is almost non-existent in Irish literature; that of the middle-class Ulster Protestant woman of the nineteenth century. It is t important to consider *how* to read her, so we can hear what she can tell us about the history and culture of the time.

Review of Research

Primary Sources

Mary Ann Allingham's booklets of poems and stories from the Trondheim collection have not been published as collections, nor, to my knowledge, have they been critiqued by anyone. The volumes have been transcribed by Eva Hov, and much of the early research into the background of the Allingham and Owesen families was begun by Hov. Eva has been interviewed by me several times, and we retraced the steps of the Derry, Doe Castle and Causeway trips together.

²² Elaine Showalter, *The New Feminist Criticism : Essays on Women, Literature, and Theory* (New York: Pantheon, 1985), 6.

The National Library in Dublin holds a printed volume of *The Dublin Family Magazine* (1829), which includes ‘An Excursion to Donegal’ and ‘A Connaught Ramble,’ and microfilm of *The Ballyshannon Herald* which includes some published poems. Material published in *The National Magazine* and *The Dublin Penny Journal* was recovered via JSTOR.

Other sources of information concerned with the Allingham family include William Allingham Sr.’s diary (Gunnerus Library), correspondence of Edward Allingham, Thoning Owesen, and the trustees of the estate of Otto Owesen (The State Archives, Norway), William Allingham Jr.’s *William Allingham: A Diary* (published in 1907). Eva Hov has translated and supplied parts of Magnus Lie’s *Legater og Stiftelser i Strinda* and parts of William Allingham Sr.’s diary which were written in Danish.²³ She has also translated ‘Fortegnelse over afdøde Grosserer O. F. Owesen's efterladte Bøger’ (Trondheim 1812), a catalogue of Otto Owesen's books, from the National Library in Oslo. Supplementary information has been accessed from the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland, Church of Ireland records at Conwall Church, Letterkenny, and the family bible of William Allingham Sr.

Ballyshannon & Donegal History

Hugh Allingham’s *Ballyshannon, Its History and Antiquities with Some Account of the Surrounding Neighbourhood* (1937) is an essential source of the history of Ballyshannon. Hugh, son of Mary Ann’s brother William from his second marriage, and

²³From the 16th to the 19th centuries, Danish was the standard written language of Norway. Karen Oslund, “Reading Backwards” in *The Study of Language and the Politics of Community in Global Context*, Eds. David L. Hoyt, Karen Oslund (Plymouth: Lexington Books, 2006), 123.

half-brother of poet William, was a member of the Royal Irish Academy, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland.²⁴ Hugh Allingham's history, first published in 1879, "competently set forth the main events of the story of Ballyshannon."²⁵ This was later supplemented by Canon Maguire's *Ballyshannon, Past and Present* (1900). Grace Donovan's *Ballyshannon: The Rare Old Times* includes excerpts from Hugh Allingham and Canon Maguire, a series of articles by Fr. Terence O'Donnell printed in *The Donegal Democrat* in 1968, and sources from the Irish Studies Library at Stonehill College M.A., including newspaper clippings and unpublished family notes contributed by friends in Ballyshannon.²⁶ The Donegal Historical Society's reprinted *Donegal Annual, Volume 1 (1947-1953)* (2011) contains a wealth of local history, and the National Library of Ireland holds copies of *The Donegal Journal* from 1951-1969, with many more relevant articles. Jim McLaughlin's *Donegal: The Making of a Northern County* (2007) is also a wonderful collection of texts on the history of Donegal. Anthony Begley is south Donegal's most eminent local historian, and his book, *Ballyshannon and surrounding areas: History, Heritage and Folklore* (2009) is a good companion to Hugh Allingham's earlier history.

Cultural History of the nineteenth century

Important original works include the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott, the poetry of Robert Burns and Lord Byron, Thomas Moore's *Irish Melodies*, Charlotte Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry* (1789), and Samuel Ferguson's *Dialogue between the Head and Heart of an Irish Protestant* (1833). Grace Toland at the Irish Traditional

²⁴ Donovan, 2.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, 79.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, 48.

Music Archive supplied texts and information on the sources of traditional Irish songs that reappeared as Anglo-Irish ballads. Mary Delargy at the Belfast Linen Hall Library provided information on the history of Ulster libraries and Ulster weaver poetry. Joep Leerssen's *Mere Irish and Fíor-Ghael: Studies in the Idea of Irish Nationality, its Development and Literary Expression Prior to the Nineteenth Century* (1986) is a comprehensive history of the evolution of the Anglo-Irish literary tradition. Andrew Carpenter's work on Irish poetry, especially his attention to female poets, and to popular culture, is extremely useful; several articles and his book *Verse in English from Eighteenth Century Ireland* (1998) are referenced. Matthew Campbell's *Irish Poetry under the Union, 1801-1924* (2013) and his essay "Poetry in English, 1830-1890: From Catholic Emancipation to the Fall of Parnell" (2003), and James Murphy's *Ireland: A social, cultural and literary history 1791-1891* (2003) are key secondary sources. Stephen Regan's *Irish Writing: An Anthology of Irish Literature in English 1789-1939* (2004) links the evolution of Gaelic poetry through the work of Thomas Moore and Charlotte Brooke to the poets and authors of the 1830s. The work of Maria Luddy, Mary O'Dowd, Margaret McCurtain and Geraldine Meaney has been most instrumental in recovering the social and cultural history of Irish women; much of their work is referenced.

Women's Nineteenth Century writing

Dorothy Wordsworth and Romanticism by Susan Levin provided an excellent model for a critique of early nineteenth century poetess, and *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing: Irish Women's Writing and Traditions*. Vol. 4-5 (2002) is the most

comprehensive collection of Irish women's writing of the period. Stephen C. Behrendt's *British Women Poets and the Romantic Writing Community* (2009), Patricia Michaelson's *Speaking Volumes: Women, Reading, and Speech in the Age of Austen* (2002) Margaret Homan's *Women Writers and Poetic Identity* (1980) and especially Gilbert and Gubar's *The Madwoman in the Attic: The Woman Writer and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination* (2000) have been key secondary sources for this dissertation.

Ulster Unionism and Ulster Protestant Culture in the Nineteenth Century.

Nicholas Canny's *Making Ireland British* (2001) is an excellent source of seventeenth and eighteenth century Irish cultural history, and Ollerenshaw and Kennedy's collected essays in *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society* (2013) provide a good overview of the social history of Ulster, notably Raymond Gillespie's "The early modern economy." The Journal "Ulster Folklife" (1955) published by the Committee on Ulster Folklife and Traditions, is a useful resource. Dr. Frank Ferguson is the leading authority on Ulster-Scots poetry, his *Ulster-Scots Writing: An Anthology* (2008) includes lesser known Ulster women poets such as Sarah Leech and Frances Browne, and he has written very informative chapters about the Ulster-Scots tradition. Pdraig O'Snodaigh's *Hidden Ulster: Protestants and the Irish Language* (1995) explores Protestant and Unionist attitudes towards the Irish language in the 18th and 19th century. Myrtle Hill's work on nineteenth century culture and religion has been invaluable, in her book (with David Hempton) *Evangelical Protestantism in Ulster Society 1740-1890* (1992), and her own essay "Culture and Religion 1815-1870 (2011).

Travel Writing

The National Library holds several books on travel around Ulster that were written in the early nineteenth century, including Thomas Reid's *Travels in Ireland in the Year 1822 Exhibiting Brief Sketches of the Moral, Physical, and Political State of the Country : With Reflections on the Best Means of Improving Its Condition* (1823), John B. Doyle's *Tours in Ulster: A Hand-Book to the Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Ireland* (1854) and Thomas Carlyle's *Reminiscences of My Irish Journey in 1849* (1882) William Hamilton's *Letters Concerning the Northern Coast of the County of Antrim Containing Such Circumstances as Appear Worthy of Notice Respecting the Antiquities, Manners and Customs of That Country. ... In Two Parts* (1790) ,William Hamilton Drummond's *The Giant's Causeway* (1811) and G.N.Wright's *A Guide to the Giants Causeway, and the North-East Coast of the County of Antrim* (1823) are important early travel accounts of the Causeway Coast.

Leerssen's *Remembrance and Imagination: Patterns in the Historical and Literary Representation of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century* (1997) and W. H. A. William's *Tourism, Landscape, and the Irish Character: British Travel Writers in Pre-Famine Ireland* (2008) connect antiquarianism with nineteenth century literature and travel writing. Local Sligo historian and author Joe McGowan supplied much information on Inishmurray Island through email correspondence and interview. Good sources on women's travel writing included Elizabeth A. Bohls, *Women Travel Writers and the Language of Aesthetics, 1716-1818* (1995), Shirley Foster and Sara Mills' *Anthology of Women's Travel Writing*, and Bohls and Ian Duncan's *Travel Writing, 1700-1830 An Anthology* (2008).

The Dissertation

In his diary, published in 1907, Mary Ann's nephew, acclaimed Ballyshannon poet William Allingham Jr. (1824-1889), recorded the following:

Aunt Maryanne, the youngest, or youngest but one, of my Grandmother's large family was, both in person and temper, short and brisk with *nez retroussé* and lively gray eyes. She was quick and excitable, spoke fast and a troublesome child would pretty soon feel her hands as well as her tongue. She was a Poetess and wrote much on local and family subjects, but her simple ambition never even dreamed of actual print, and contented itself with sheets of note-paper, and little stitched books, neatly written out in something like printing letters, and given away to her friends. I have in my desk a ballad of hers on my father's approaching wedding.²⁷

William Allingham Jr. was either mistaken, or deliberately misleading. Her work *had* been published, and she certainly was not a woman of "simple ambition." On the contrary, Mary Ann Allingham was an ardent-hearted and enthusiastic scribe, who spent years recording the details of her life, the lives of her friends and the events of her time. She actively solicited publication; she assisted other writers with their assignments, and went far beyond local and family subjects in her writing.²⁸

It is the contention of this dissertation that Donegal writer Mary Ann Allingham (1803-1856) is a writer of interest, and that her texts offer a rare insight to the complex interplay between gender, religion and culture in early nineteenth century Ulster. As a single woman living in a small Ulster town, she is a new voice in the slight canon of Irish women's literature of the early nineteenth century. She is an unusual nineteenth century writer, in that she had neither the resources of the landed gentry, nor the security of a wealthy husband or benefactor. She did not have the camaraderie of fellow writers or salons where female penmanship was encouraged. Even if she is part of a greater cultural

²⁷ Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*, 26.

²⁸ See chapters 4 and 5.

synthesis of Gaelic and British traditions, there is a surprising authority in her work, which reflects the imbrication of the Gaelic and Planter traditions in Donegal.

It is important to recover Allingham for several reasons. From a historian's viewpoint, much is revealed in her texts about the early nineteenth century, from political ideas and events to cultural ideas and pursuits, customs, traditions and superstitions of the time. Allingham's texts include poems, travel writing, and story-telling, and her subjects range from the deeply personal to global political events. Her tone can vary from one of strident authority to desperate insecurity, demonstrating clearly where women of the period had agency, and where they had not.

Her work also proves that writing can come as naturally from unschooled sources as from dreaming spires, and may be as worthy.²⁹ Women like her, who read to the family and wrote poems to their friends and, in the wee silent hours, sat in their garret bedroom and grappled with meter and form, are part of a literary history that is too easily patronized, dismissed or forgotten. Mary Ann almost certainly had an influence on her nephew, the poet William Allingham, who became known as the *Bard of Ballyshannon*. Many of the attributes for which William Allingham is praised can be located in Mary Ann's work.

In the following chapter, I begin my analysis by tracking the political history of Ireland, and in particular, of County Donegal, from the Ulster Plantation of the seventeenth century to the granting of Catholic Emancipation in 1829. This is to contextualize Mary Ann's Ascendancy inheritance into the social and political landscape of the time. Allingham's ancestors probably came to Donegal during the Ulster

²⁹ The poet Matthew Arnold called Oxford the 'City of Dreaming Spires' in his poem 'Thyrsis' written in December 1865.

Plantation, as did the communities of mostly Scottish planters who would dramatically influence the religious and political landscape of Ulster, of Donegal, and of Ballyshannon. It is important to understand the precarious condition of Anglicanism in Ulster, and the ways in which the authority of a minority was protected by the establishment and challenged from without. It is also necessary to trace the developing identities within Ulster; Presbyterian, Anglican and Catholic, and the rise of the United Irishmen and the Orange Lodges. While sectarian tension was widespread in Ulster, the garrison town of Ballyshannon was somewhat insulated from violence, and its status as a busy market town meant that it functioned as a hub of interaction for the communities of south Donegal. Poet William Allingham Jr. describes the atmosphere of Ballyshannon as very different from other Ulster towns; the Ballyshannon man is “as unlike the Eniskillener as possible.”³⁰ However, in the 1820s, the consequences of the Act of Union, the cessation of the Napoleonic Wars, a dramatic escalation of sectarian violence, the political mobilization of Catholics under Daniel O’Connell, reform and temperance campaigns and growing unrest in Europe, create an unstable and unpredictable backdrop to Mary Ann Allingham’s locale.³¹

Chapter three explores the major cultural changes that were instigated by the Ulster Plantation and its consequences, and the catastrophic impact of colonialism upon the Gaelic tradition. By the eighteenth century, many Irish Protestants began to re-

³⁰ During 1886 and 1887, Poet William Allingham published a series of articles called ‘Rambles’ in *Fraser’s Magazine* (under the pseudonym of ‘Patricius Walker’), most probably written during his time as a customs official, from 1863-1870. In the ‘Ballyshannon’ ramble, William Allingham notes a marked difference between the strident Protestantism of the town of Enniskillen, and the ‘quick, shifty, pleasant, talkative, inaccurate, unstable’ majority of poor Catholics in Ballyshannon. Patricius [William Allingham] Walker, “Rambles,” *Fraser’s Magazine* LXXV111, no. August (1868).

³¹ See S.J. Connolly, “Mass Politics and Sectarian Conflict 1823-30,” in *Ireland under the Union 1801-70*, ed. W.E. Vaughan, A New History of Ireland (1989), 106., and Oliver MacDonagh, “The Age of O’Connell 1830-45,” in *Ireland under the Union 1801-70*, ed. W.E. Vaughan, A New History of Ireland (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1989), 223.

evaluate their political relationship to the English administration, as the concept of patriotism evolved from a sense of civic duty to a more revolutionary ideology.³² Political repositioning brought about a fresh attitude to Irish antiquity. Protestant enthusiasm for the conversion of Irish-speaking Catholics halted the complete annihilation of the Gaelic language, and Protestants who found the language too challenging, enjoyed a new hybrid form of literature which fused elements of the Gaelic and the English together in song, verse and story.³³ After the failed United Irish rising of 1798, and the 1800 Act of Union, the literary landscape changes again, as nationalist and loyalist movements appropriated cultural talismans and shibboleths for political currency.

The employment of Irish literary culture as a vehicle for politics has dictated the modern consensus on what is considered ‘good’ in nineteenth century literature. I argue that a literary canon, the genesis of which is a patriarchal British system, has obfuscated or neglected other genres of Irish literatures, including Ulster-Scots and Scots-Irish culture and in particular, women’s writing. The study of Mary Ann Allingham’s writing will look at an alternative negotiation of the political impact on literature.

In chapter four, I focus on Mary Ann Allingham as a woman writer, with an examination of three aspects of her literary voice. Firstly, I will explore the cultural and

³² Joep Leerssen, *Mere Irish and Fíor-Ghael: Studies in the Idea of Irish Nationality, Its Development and Literary Expression Prior to the Nineteenth Century* (Indiana, U.S and Cork, Ireland: University of Notre Dame, in association with Field Day Cork University Press, 1997), 348.

³³ Donegal had unusually high levels of Irish-speaking persons compared to other counties. The figures of the 1851 census show a drop in the number of Irish speakers (only 23% of the total Irish population). However, in Donegal, census figures show 73,258 Irish-speakers in Donegal out of a population of 136,476. Irish speakers recorded for Ulster in total, that is, approximately 54% of Irish speakers in Ulster. The census figures for the county 1911 indicate a decline of the Irish language, but Donegal still had the highest number of Irish-speakers in Ulster (59,313 out of a total population of 96,440 Irish-speakers in Ulster). Amador-Mareno, “Writing from the margins: Donegal English invented/imagined”, <https://www.abdn.ac.uk/pfrlsu/documents/Amador%20Moreno.%20Writing%20from%20the%20margins.pdf>

social conditions that prevailed for women of the period, and examine how she developed as a writer. Secondly, I discuss the literary influences that are dominant in Ulster during the early nineteenth century, and the accessibility and reception of these texts and materials. This will include Scots literature, Ulster-Scots writing, the influence of the Gaelic Language and the popular or street culture of the period. Thirdly, I consider the challenge of evaluating a nineteenth century woman writer who sought a literary expression in a theater of instability and insecurity, and crucially, where the literary voice was distinctly male.

In chapter five I take a close look at Allingham's travel writing narratives. Her excursions to popular tourist destinations are excellent sources of information, not least for the wealth of topographical, historical and cultural detail, but also as an interesting literary and anthropological comparison to the accounts of other travel writers of the time. Allingham's excursions are not exotic, but her method of repopulating landscapes through dramatic digressions is a different and new departure in the travel writing of the period. She carefully records the local folklore, and gives detailed description of what she sees, but she also applies her imagination, taking the reader back in time to participate in the tragedies and triumph of past times. Interestingly, she celebrates the heroes and heroines of both the Gaelic and the Protestant traditions. Many of the features of her travel writing manifest the difficulties of narrating as a woman writer, and this chapter considers the strategies she employs to appropriate an authoritative voice.

In chapter six, I discuss Allingham's poetry. Almost all of her poems involve landscapes, nature and the changing moods of the rivers and the ocean. She is a poet of the outdoors, and the weather and the landscapes of Donegal are used to reflect her own

position of instability and insecurity. I divide her poetry into three main sections; firstly her personal poems, in which she deal with her relationships, growing older, and the prospects that lie ahead. The voice of her private self is very different from the voice of her political poems, which I consider in the second section. Her political poetry reveals a woman highly sensitive to the volatility of Europe in the 1830s. She also authors poetry of entertainment; amusing stories and verses that are often poems of morality. The apparent simplicity of these verses masks a desire for agency that is largely unavailable to women of the early nineteenth century.

There is an extraordinary variety in the form and style of her poetry. Her epigraphs and quotations reveal a most comfortable affinity with the popular writers of the time, especially Byron, Burns and Moore. She experiments with different verse-forms and rhythms, including Elizabethan, Augustan and Scottish models. The influence of popular broad-sheet culture and Gaelic language is also evident in her work.

The poems also facilitate ways of interpreting the nineteenth-century poetess, and comparing her with other women poets of the time. Allingham is very present in her own poems, often appropriating the male voice and refocusing the male gaze upon more practical aspects of the aesthetic and the picturesque. At times, she displays the authority available to her as part of the Protestant community, and at times she reveals the fragility and vulnerability of the position of intellectual women during this period.

In the conclusion, I consider how we might evaluate Allingham's work. The inherent differences between the male and female nineteenth-century poet render redundant any attempt to compare Mary Ann Allingham's writing with that of her well-known nephew William, nevertheless, William Allingham's forte as a poet is considered

to be his aesthetic expression of the rural Irish experience, his eclecticism and the provincial flavor of his work. Therefore it is worth considering how Mary Ann Allingham might have influenced the work for which her nephew gets much credit.

This, in turn, invites a study of the role of women's nineteenth century writing as a hidden entity. The achievement of collecting folklore, invigorating Ulster landscapes with historical characters and ancient mythologies, merging popular culture with antiquarianism and intellectual argument, integrating the cultural influences of the Scottish, Gaelic and Anglo-Irish traditions in literature, and finding a method of self-definition in the process is one that a cultural scholar of the period cannot dismiss. Mary Ann's negotiation of her role as a woman writer provides us with a liminal voice at a crucial time in Irish history. She *was* a poetess; and to borrow from Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin, "her name lay under the surface."³⁴ The excellent work of Eva Hov recovered Mary Ann Allingham from obscurity, and in the next few chapters I offer my analysis of this most interesting nineteenth century writer.

³⁴Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin, 'J'ai mal à nos dents' in Patricia Boyle Haberstroh, *Women Creating Women: Contemporary Irish Women Poets* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1996), 17.

CHAPTER TWO

ALTERNATIVE ULSTER: FROM PLANTATION TO EMANCIPATION

Not men and women in an Irish street
But Catholics and Protestants you meet
—William Allingham¹

The Ascendancy mind is not the same thing as the English mind
— *The Hidden Ireland*²

History has many cunning passages, contrived corridors
And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,
Guides us by vanities
—T.S Eliot³

Mary Ann Allingham was born *circa* 1803 in Ballyshannon in the south of County Donegal. The Allinghams were an Anglican family, most likely descendants of Sir Hugh Allingham, who is named as one of the twelve Burgesses of Ballyshannon, appointed by royal charter in 1613 to oversee “the good guidance and safe government of its inhabitants.”⁴ Extensive genealogical research confirms that there were Allinghams in Ballyshannon from the time of the Ulster Plantation through to the nineteenth century.⁵ Mary Ann’s grandfather was Edward Allingham (c.1690-1765) of Portnason, Ballyshannon, an estate originally named Port Nassau in honor of King William of

¹ Alan Warner, *William Allingham : An Introduction* (Dublin: Dolmen Press, 1971), 63.

² Daniel Corkery, *The Hidden Ireland* (Dublin: Gill and Macmillan, 1979), 9.

³ 'Gerontion' T.S. Eliot, *Poetry, Plays and Prose* (New Delhi: Atlantic publishers and distributors Ltd., 1995), 78.

⁴ Hugh Allingham, *Ballyshannon, Its History and Antiquities with Some Account of the the Surrounding Neighbourhood* (Ballyshannon: Donegal Democrat Ltd, 1937), 42.

⁵ As researched and recorded by Mae Wallace PRONI, *Genealogical Notes Relating to the Allingham Family Who Originated in Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal*. Vol. D3000/52/1. , Eileen M. Wallace <http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/r/o/b/Eileen-M-Robinson/WEBSITE-0001/UHP-0108.html>, Ralph Dean Clarke “Allinghams of Ballyshannon” <http://ralphinla.rootsweb.ancestry.com/alingire.htm>, The Kilbarron Vestry books and Church Warden documents list Allingham men resident in the parish from 1716 through to 1758, PRONI document D3000/52/1, 2.

Orange.⁶ Her father, John Allingham, was born around 1745 in Ballyshannon and in 1782 he married Jane Hamilton, a relative of Dr. William Hamilton (1755 - 1797), a church rector from Derry, murdered by Ribbonmen in 1797.⁷ The Hamilton family were most likely of Scottish descent, having arrived in Ireland around the time of the Siege of Derry.⁸ Mary Ann's father, John Allingham was appointed secretary of the Loyal Ballyshannon Volunteers in 1797.⁹ In 1824, *Pigot's Directory* lists Edward Allingham, Mary Ann's eldest brother, as a member of the gentry with an address in Bundoran, a small seaside resort close to Ballyshannon. William Allingham, her next-eldest brother is listed as both a Ballyshannon wine merchant and tanner. Edward, a Justice of the Peace, and William were active members of the Ballyshannon Anglican elite that made decisions and resolutions about the inhabitants and the business of the town.¹⁰ Mary Ann lived at home with her mother and sisters until she married in 1833.

⁶ King William descended from the princes of Orange-Nassau, inheritors of Dutch and German territories in the sixteenth century. Hugh Chisholm and J. L. Garvin, *The Encyclopaedia Britannica: A Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature & General Information* (London; New York: Encyclopaedia Britannica Company, Ltd. Encyclopaedia Britannica, inc., 1962), 251.

⁷ 'Ribbonmen', also known as 'Defenders' were members of a Catholic secret society who clashed with loyalist Orange secret society in Ulster during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The murder of Dr. Hamilton is included in Allingham's 'A Day at the Causeway' narrative and is covered in more detail in chapter five.

⁸ Mary Ann Allingham claims to be related to Rev. William Hamilton in "A Day at the Causeway", (see chapter five.) In a memoir prefacing the 1822 edition of Rev. William Hamilton's *Letters Concerning the Northern Coast of the County of Antrim Containing Such Circumstances as Appear Worthy of Notice Respecting the Antiquities, Manners and Customs of That Country*, the publishers claim that Rev. William's grandfather John Hamilton "appears to have been a soldier of fortune, who having, most probably in his military capacity, arrived in Ireland from Scotland, held an honorable station among the celebrated defenders of London-derry [*sic*], when besieged by the forces of the infatuated James." <https://openlibrary.org/books/OL23312117M> x.

⁹ Allingham Notes PRONI. 3.

¹⁰ "Pigot's Directory 1824," in *Donegal Annual*, ed. Séan Beattie, Eamonn MacIntyre, and Áine Ní Dhuibhne (Donegal: County Donegal Historical Society, 2011), 369-371. "Ballyshannon Petty Sessions Report Extracted from the Dublin Monitor Newspaper," in *Pamphlets on the British Fishing Industry*, ed. James Thompson (London: Bell and Bradfute, 1840), 168. William Allingham Esq. and Edward Allingham Esq. are both listed in Ambrose Leet, *Directory to the Market Towns, Villages and Gentlemen's Seats* (Dublin: Brett Smith, 1814), 321,390. William was a founding member of the Tyrhugh Society, The Ballyshannon Mendicity Institution, and a witness to the Government Report into Donegal Poverty. Edward Allingham was a Justice of the Peace and a Jurist, see W. McLaughlin, *Report of the Lough Foyle Fishery Cause* 1857. 183. He was also treasurer and secretary of the Bundoran Auxiliary of the Juvenile

Mary Ann was part of this small, but influential Protestant community which had established itself in the plantation town of Ballyshannon.¹¹ From the sixteenth century onwards, as result of plantation, Ulster was different from the other Irish provinces.¹² Discrepancies in the distribution of settlers in the sixteenth century further distinguished Donegal from other Ulster counties.¹³ Ballyshannon, being the largest town in otherwise an almost entirely rural county, also differed from other parts of Donegal.¹⁴ These differences are substantial, and are reflected in Allingham's manuscripts. In order to fully comprehend and contextualise the texts written by Allingham, we must explore how the mind-set of the Ballyshannon Protestant community would have evolved over the period from the Ulster Plantation in the early 1600s to the 1830s.

The name 'Ulster' comes from the Gaelic name Cúige Uladh. Cúige, means 'fifth', and refers to the fluid division of Ireland, in ancient times, into five regions or territories.¹⁵ Uladh means place of the Ulaidh, a tribal name of those occupying the northern kingdoms in the pre-Christian period.¹⁶ Ulster's boundaries expanded and contracted through the centuries, but by the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, it was understood

Association for promoting the education of the deaf and dumb poor of Ireland *The Eleventh Annual Report of the Juvenile Association for Promoting the Education of the Deaf and Dumb Poor of Ireland* (1835), 35, 44.

¹¹ The Ulster Plantation is the name commonly used for the early 1600 project by the English Establishment to resettle loyal Scottish and English settlers in Ulster. The aim was to import Protestant, British civilization and make Ireland a loyal part of the British realm. Plantation towns were an important element of this project.

¹² Thomas Bartlett, "Politics and Society 1600-1800," in *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society*, ed. Liam Kennedy and Philip Ollerenshaw (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), 27.

¹³ Myrtle Hill, "Culture and Religion 1815-1870," in *Ireland 1815-1870: Emancipation, Famine and Religion*, ed. Donnchadh Ó Corráin and Tomás O'Riordan (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2011), 43.

¹⁴ James McParlan, *Statistical Survey for the County of Donegal, with Observations on the Means of Improvement; Drawn up in the Year 1801, for the Consideration, and under the Direction of the Dublin Society* (Dublin: The Dublin Society, 1802), 64.

¹⁵ Seamus Heaney, *Finders Keepers: Selected Prose 1971-2001* (New York: Farrer, Strauss and Giroux, 2002), 65.

¹⁶ <http://www.bbc.co.uk/northernireland/irish/blas/education/beginnersblas/12ulster.shtml>

to be the most Gaelic of the remaining four provinces.¹⁷ The boundaries of the nine-county province of Ulster as it is known today were laid down in the early seventeenth century. James Killeen describes sixteenth century Ulster as ‘terra incognita’. Geographic remoteness, physical barriers and poor cartography aided the Gaelic lordships to maintain Ulster as a stronghold of resistance to the British crown for as long as was possible.¹⁸

The Plantation of Ulster 1603-1650

The flight of the Gaelic lords O’Donnell and O’Neill in 1607 made way for a transformation of Ulster, a metamorphosis described by Raymond Gillespie as “a sophisticated affair, involving not just a reassignment of lands, but also a restructuring of the social order.”¹⁹ The lands of the former Earls of Donegal and Tyrone were reallocated to English and Scottish undertakers in blocks of 1000-2000 acres.²⁰ In the east of Ulster, outside of the plantation territories, much larger tracts were allocated, creating social differences between the two regions of the province that would later prove significant.²¹ The plantation would link England and Scotland inextricably with Ulster and thus distinguish it from the other three Irish provinces.²² However, the differences within the province of the distribution of settlers would also set Donegal and the counties to the west as “a place apart.”²³

¹⁷Richard Killeen, "Rupture," in *A Brief History of Ireland* (Philadelphia P.A.: Running Press Book Publishers, 2012), 81.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 82.

¹⁹ Raymond Gillespie, "The Early Modern Economy 1600-1780," in *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society*, ed. Liam Kennedy and Philip Ollerenshaw (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), 13.

²⁰ *Ibid.*

²¹ *Ibid.*

²² *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society*, ed. Philip Ollerenshaw Liam Kennedy (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), 8.

²³ The title of a Dervla Murphy book, quoted by Liam Kennedy in *Ibid.*, 3.

The Ulster project was not entirely successful. Settlers were difficult to find, and difficult to hold to the agreed terms of plantation. Nicholas Canny explains that “incoming settlers had minds of their own and . . . could not be retained on poor quality land, or persuaded to remain in locations that were remote from port-towns or navigable rivers.”²⁴ Many did not stay, and many who did stay allowed the natives to remain as tenants.²⁵ Plans to replicate the plantation project in the other provinces were not realized.²⁶

In 1622, a report was commissioned to establish whether the plantation had achieved the aim of turning Ireland into an “efficient administration unit, at once solvent and secure.”²⁷ The commissioners were critical of the project. The aim of reforming the Irish in “religion and civility” had failed. Irish culture prevailed, and planters had neither physically nor socially succeeded in stamping out Gaelicism. This was epitomized by the encounter with a Mrs. Lynsey, who had acquired, in Ulster, the site of the stone inauguration chair of the Gaelic O’Neill lordship. Canny writes that her failure to build upon the ruin “served as a grim reminder that the planters had, as yet, erected nothing substantial on the foundations of what had been destroyed.”²⁸ Overall, the British authorities found the planters to be, as Raymond Gillespie suggests, ‘a disappointing lot.’²⁹ Gillespie outlines the weaknesses of the plantation.

Those who were prepared to become part of the long-term future of Ulster tended to fall into two groups- either those who had failed in England or Scotland and looked to Ulster to restore their fortunes, or those from England and Scotland who were deeply ambitious but whose resources did not allow them to realize those

²⁴ Nicholas Canny, *Making Ireland British : 1580-1650* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001), 201.

²⁵ Bartlett, 28. Canny, 210.

²⁶ Peter Gibbon, *The Origins of Ulster Unionism* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1975), 15.

²⁷ V.W. Treadwell, "The Plantation of Donegal- a Survey," in *The Donegal Journal*, ed. Seán Beattie, Eamonn MacIntyre, and Áine Ní Dhuibhne (Ballyshannon: The Donegal Historical Society, 2011), 511.

²⁸ Canny, 241-242.

²⁹ Gillespie, 15.

ambitions at home. These two groups combined into a social authority that lacked capital or the social authority to fulfill the role they had been intended to play.³⁰

Plantation in Donegal

The resistance of the lords of Tyrconnell, the O'Donnells, to British governance resulted in the inclusion of Donegal in the great plantation experiment of the early 1600s. The way in which the plantation of Donegal was executed as part of the Ulster plantation resulted in the creation of a territory that was both different from the other counties of colonial Ulster, and also distinguished it from the rest of colonized Ireland.³¹ While there were communities of planters in parts of Donegal, most chose to settle in the eastern part of Ulster where the land was more hospitable and they were closer to their home countries of England and Scotland. In Donegal, native Irish outnumbered planters by about three to one.³²

The arrival of mainly Scottish settlers into the county from the seventeenth century onwards contributed to what Jim McLaughlin describes as “a radical remapping of the economic, political and social geography of the county.”³³ The new neighbours introduced new religious practices, new techniques of farming and land-management, new entrepreneurial skills and new customs and traditions which “transformed Donegal from ‘a bastion of Gaeldom’ into an ethnically mixed enclave that was part of a much wider world.”³⁴

³⁰ Ibid., 14.

³¹ Jim McLaughlin, "Conclusion," in *Donegal: The Making of a Northern County*, ed. Jim McLaughlin (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2007), 361.

³² Gillespie, 15.

³³ Jim McLaughlin, "Introduction," in *Donegal: The Making of a Northern County*, ed. Jim McLaughlin (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2007), 2.

³⁴ Ibid.

However, the settler communities of poorer Protestants and Presbyterians that did come to Donegal created a different dynamic within the county from that of other Irish counties, where landed elites remained very separate from poorer natives. Donegal, like many other counties of Ireland, had a scattered and sparse network of wealthy landowners, but unlike many of the southern counties, there was also a growing population of poorer Presbyterian settlers who made their home on small holdings and farms in Donegal.³⁵ These Presbyterian communities included schools, churches, social customs and ethics that were different to Gaelic Donegal, but which contributed to diversity which Lecky refers to as ‘inner Donegal.’³⁶ Religious difference would ensure that there were distinctive Protestant and Catholic communities in the county, but as Canny explains, “where Protestants were thin on the ground they proved much more accommodating to their Catholic neighbours.”³⁷

Plantation in Ballyshannon

The town of Ballyshannon, County Donegal, means the ‘mouth of the ford of the slope’, and it is built on the estuary of the River Erne.³⁸ The Erne served as a natural border between the provinces of Connaught and Ulster, and therefore the crossing-point at the ford became a strategically important location.³⁹ Nineteenth-century historian Hugh Allingham wrote that the O’Donnell stronghold in Ballyshannon was “an important and

³⁵ Ibid., 3.

³⁶ Lecky calls the less visible Presbyterian culture ‘inner Donegal’ and the more visible, Gaelic speaking, Catholic culture ‘outer Donegal’ quoted in McLaughlin, “Conclusion,” 361.

³⁷ Canny, 446.

³⁸ There is debate about the exact meaning, but convincingly argued by T.S. O’Maile, “The Name Beal Atha Seanaigh,” in *The Donegal Journal*, ed. Seán Beattie, Eamonn MacIntyre, and Áine Ní Dhuibhne (Ballyshannon: The Donegal Historical Society, 2011), 499-501.

³⁹ Anthony Begley, *Ballyshannon and Surrounding Areas: History, Heritage and Folklore* (Ballyshannon: Carrickboy Publishing, 2009), 13.

valuable acquisition.”⁴⁰ “Besides its value as a seaport, possessed of a strong fortress, its relative position as a convenient gateway between Tirconnell and Connaught rendered its conquest of great moment, and no expense or gain were considered too great to accomplish so desirable an object.”⁴¹

Archeological remains of megalithic tombs, ring forts, promontory forts, souterrains and cashels in the Ballyshannon area indicate that it was an ancient settlement dating back to pre-Christian times.⁴² The island of Inis Saimer, at the Erne estuary, is mentioned in the *Leabhar Gabhála* and other seventeenth-century manuscripts.⁴³

In the early medieval period, Gaelic culture was sustained by not only the powerful O’Donnells, but the families of Macabhairds (the O’Donnell poets) and the O’Cléirighs (the O’Donnell historians) who composed and documented the history and poetry of the Gaelic chieftains.⁴⁴ The Gaelic history of the south Donegal area is a backdrop to many of the poems and stories of Mary Ann Allingham, and her visits to Donegal Abbey, Donegal Castle and Assaroe Abbey prompt her to resurrect mythical and historical figures, such as Fr. Binnes, and Red Hugh O’Donnell, from this tradition.⁴⁵

Ballyshannon was also an important center of commerce. The Irish chieftains living on the sea coast traded with French and Spanish merchants, who exchanged wine,

⁴⁰ Allingham, 22.

⁴¹ Ibid., 32.

⁴² Begley, 5.

⁴³ *The Book of Invasions (Leabhar Gabhála)* is a manuscript which tells the story of the arrival of settlers to Ireland, including Parthalon, Nemed, the Fir Bolg, the Tuatha Dé Danann and the Milesians. The story formed a standard element of the history of Ireland (seanchas) as recorded by medieval scholars. It was written in the Irish language, in 1631. See <https://www.ria.ie/library/special-collections/manuscripts/leabhar-gabhala.aspx> The scholars known to have drafted this version of the *Leabhar Gabhála* in 1631 are Mícheál Ó Cléirigh (of the O’Cléirigh’s of Ballyshannon), Fearfeasa Ó Maoil Chonaire, Cú Choigríche Ó Cléirigh, Cú Choigríche Ó Duibhgeannáin (compilers of the Annals of the Four Masters) together with Maguire’s own chronicler, Giolla Pátraic Ó Luinín. Ibid., 8.

⁴⁴ Ibid., 5.

⁴⁵ ‘No cow-no care’ IV22

salt, armaments and iron for fish, tallow and hides.⁴⁶ The Lords of Tyrconnell, the O'Donnells, were famed for their wealth.⁴⁷ Sir George Carew wrote that "O'Donnell is the best lorde of fishe in Ireland, and exchangeth fishe always with foreign merchants for wyne, but which his call in other countrys the king of fishe."⁴⁸ Lucrative salmon and herring fisheries that were developed in the sixteenth century were "reckoned to be among the largest of their kind in Europe."⁴⁹ The O'Donnells also secured a protection tax from Spanish fishermen for rights to fish herring and avail of onshore curing facilities.⁵⁰ Merchants from Bristol visited the Assaroe port at Ballyshannon each year, staying for two months to trade in goods and buy salmon.⁵¹

As a punishment for their resistance during the Nine Years' War, and as part of the Plantation project, the great Gaelic families of Donegal, including the O'Donnells and the O'Cléirigh's, had their lands confiscated and redistributed to various settlers and undertakers.⁵² In 1610 the Plantation Commission met in Donegal Town and published its list of divisions of the county. South-West Donegal was declared one unit and reserved for lowland Scottish settlers. But, as reported in Pynnar's survey of 1619, the expected numbers did not materialize.⁵³ Sir Henry Foliott, an English servitor, was granted most of the lands of Ballyshannon and surrounds. Foliott also purchased the Assaroe Abbey lands, and leased out further tracts that had been granted to Trinity

⁴⁶Darren Mac Eiteagáin, "The Renaissance and the Late Medieval Lordship of Tyrconnell, 1461-1555," in *Donegal: The Making of a Northern County*, ed. Jim McLaughlin (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2007), 103.

⁴⁷ Ibid; Jim McLaughlin, "Sharing the Landscape," in *Donegal: The Making of a Northern County*, ed. Jim McLaughlin (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2005), 84.

⁴⁸ Allingham, 29.

⁴⁹McLaughlin, "Sharing the Landscape," 84.

⁵⁰ Mac Eiteagáin, 103-104.

⁵¹ Ibid., 103.

⁵² The Nine Years War refers to the insurrection of the Gaelic Lords Hugh O'Donnell of Donegal and Hugh O'Neill of Tyrone who, between 1594 and 1603, challenged the authority, and the armies, of Elizabeth I.

⁵³ Vincent Tucker, "Social Change in Glencolumbcille in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century," in *Donegal: The Making of a Northern County*, ed. Jim McLaughlin (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2007), 177.

College.⁵⁴ The O'Donnell castle at Ballyshannon was garrisoned by English soldiers under the command of Foliott.⁵⁵ As a servitor, Foliott was expected to build stone houses, keep arms and defend Ballyshannon from invasion by the natives.⁵⁶

On March 23, 1613, Ballyshannon was designated as a corporate town, with twelve appointed burgesses to oversee the administration of English laws and customs. A court was to be held every Wednesday and the town provost and burgesses were given authority to legislate. One of the burgesses named in the charter was an English undertaker named Sir Hugh Allingham, most probably an ancestor of the later Ballyshannon Allinghams.⁵⁷

A 1622 a survey describes Ballyshannon as “A borough town with a portreeve, 12 burgesses, about 30 Irish houses and 2 stone houses inhabited with Englishmen — soldiers for the most part—and some few Irish.”⁵⁸ By 1695 the population of Ballyshannon was made up of 63 English and Scottish people and 71 Irish, making it the largest town in Donegal.⁵⁹ As is clear from this survey, the failure of the original plan to fully settle Donegal with overseas planters meant that natives remained as tenants.⁶⁰

The Ulster plantation introduced massive changes to the Ballyshannon area, with a military garrison and a barracks in the town which remained until the twentieth century. The town continued to grow as the garrison expanded and imports and exports flourished. The town became the most prosperous part of Donegal with a surge of growth in crafts

⁵⁴ Begley, 37.

⁵⁵ Allingham, 38.

⁵⁶ Ibid.

⁵⁷ Ibid., 42.

⁵⁸ Begley, 84.

⁵⁹ Ibid., 85.

⁶⁰ Ibid., 74.

and skills, fostered by the English customs which were applied by wealthy families like the Foliotts and later, the Conollys.⁶¹

The seventeenth century was a very unsettled and volatile time for the old Gaelic Catholic aristocracy, and the new Protestant settlers. In 1641, a failed attempt at rebellion led to the massacre of settlers in Ulster, and subsequently, a vicious campaign of vengeance by Oliver Cromwell in 1649.⁶² Hugh Allingham records that Ballyshannon “for a time was held against the republicans, and the way was kept open for the passage of royalist troops between it [Ballyshannon] and Connaught.”⁶³ The victory of the Protestant King William of Orange over the Catholic King James II at the battle of the Boyne in 1690 cemented Protestant rule in England and began a century in which a series of anti-Catholic laws had been systematically introduced for the purpose of removing any political or religious threat from ‘Popery’. These laws, which became known collectively as the Penal Laws, were far from a coherent set of laws with specific outcomes. S.J. Connolly describes the Penal Laws as “a rag bag of measures, enacted piecemeal . . . drawn up in response to immediate pressures and grievances and to the accompaniment of continual disagreement over both the principle and the detail of the measures taken.”⁶⁴

It is worth noting that what was called the Jacobite, or Williamite War in Ireland, especially the siege of Derry city in 1688 and the battle of the Boyne in 1690, would become very significant commemorative dates for Ulster loyalists and Orange lodges, but

⁶¹ Ibid., 5.

⁶² <http://bcw-project.org/church-and-state/confederate-ireland/the-irish-uprising>

⁶³ Allingham, 46.

⁶⁴ S.J. Connolly, *Religion, Law and Power: The Making of Protestant Ireland 1660-1760* (Great Clarendon Street: Oxford University Press, 1992), 263.

organized Orangeism itself had its origins in the agrarian unrest of the 1780s, and the rise of the Society of the United Irishmen.⁶⁵

In 1718, after the demise of the Foliott family, William ‘Speaker’ Conolly (1662-1725) purchased the Ballyshannon lands of the family.⁶⁶ Conolly, born in Ballyshannon of modest means, was apprenticed to the law in Dublin, and through good fortune and an opportune marriage became wealthy and influential.⁶⁷ In 1715, Conolly was unanimously elected Speaker of the House of Commons. According to the Conolly papers, there was much resentment towards a man of such “humble origin” achieving so much. In a letter to the British Secretary of State, written in February 1728, Hugh Boulter, Anglican Archbishop of Armagh, paid Conolly the grudging tribute: “He is a person of abilities and a fair character, but as determined a supporter of the Irish against the English interest here as anybody, though with more prudence than many others.”⁶⁸ Conolly appears to have been well-liked in Ballyshannon, and his local knowledge must have contributed to a more positive disposition towards the tenantry. It would certainly seem that there was, overall, a more benevolent attitude towards the Catholics in Ballyshannon than elsewhere in the other counties.⁶⁹

By the mid-eighteenth century Ulster’s demographic geography was established by settlement patterns of three religious denominations, Roman Catholic, Anglican and Presbyterian.⁷⁰ Figures from the 1831 census of Ireland reveal that 80 per cent of the country’s population was Catholic, 10.7 per cent was Anglican, and 8.1 per cent was

⁶⁵ Gibbon, 22-28.

⁶⁶ *The Conolly Papers*. Vol. D2094, D1062/1, D663, T2825, MIC435. 7.

⁶⁷ Begley, 97.

⁶⁸ *The Conolly Papers*. 8.

⁶⁹ William Allingham Jr. insists that Ballyshannon was ‘an island of Peace’ William Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary* (London: Macmillan and Co. Ltd, 1907), 20. See also n135.

⁷⁰ David Hempton and Myrtle Hill, *Evangelical Protestantism in Ulster Society 1740-1890* (London and New York: Routledge, 1992), 5.

Presbyterian. However, 96 per cent of all Presbyterians lived in Ulster. The only counties of Ulster that had a greater number of Catholics than Protestants or Presbyterians were Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan, all in the south and west of the province.⁷¹

While the Ulster Plantation was not entirely successful, there were significant changes in the structures of Ulster society, particularly in towns. The plantation replaced Gaelic lords with industrious and entrepreneurial patrons. Ballyshannon grew as the garrison expanded and imports and exports flourished. The River Erne, which ran through Ballyshannon, rose in County Cavan, a distance of 60 miles south-east, which allowed access to the town from the counties of Fermanagh and Leitrim.⁷²

Ballyshannon's market place was the trading point for the many rural cottage industries in south Ulster: weavers, bleachers, linen-makers, small farmers and other hard-working members of the planter communities bought and sold their wares at the markets.⁷³ Life in the Ulster towns was very different from life on the 'Big House' estate or in the rural villages.⁷⁴ The meticulous town planning, the appointment of burgesses and magistrates, and the development of industry and commerce changed social structures and community interaction in Ballyshannon.⁷⁵ This was, of course, the intention of the plantation scheme, which always intended the market towns to form a new type of society, "British in

⁷¹ Hill, 43.

⁷² Begley, 85.

⁷³ James Murphy, *Ireland: A Social, Cultural and Literary History, 1791-1891* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2003), 96.

⁷⁴ The 'Big House' became the term given for the family homes of Protestant landlords on large estates. These estates were often in remote areas, and the Protestant families would have had little contact with their Catholic neighbors, except as servants and tenants.

⁷⁵ McLaughlin, "Sharing the Landscape," 86.

outlook and legal in its articulation.”⁷⁶ As Donegal’s largest plantation town, Ballyshannon continued to grow and prosper throughout the 1700s.⁷⁷

Although Anglican Protestants were comparatively low in number in Ballyshannon, they had, since the plantation, dominated in the political and economic life of the town. The landed gentry in the regional areas were also Anglican, which enhanced political influence.⁷⁸ By the middle of the eighteenth century, a combination of Episcopalian authority, markets and courts had established in Ballyshannon a more “English” understanding of the system of property ownership and economic exchange.⁷⁹ In 1778, the London parliament passed an act allowing Catholics to take leases on land for 999 years providing an oath of allegiance was taken. Between 1779 and 1781, fifteen local men from the Ballyshannon area took the oath, and presumably leased local lands.⁸⁰ While Catholics did not yet match their Protestant counterparts in wealth or influence, there was certainly more opportunities for professional and social interaction between Catholics and Protestants in a way that was not happening on the landed estates or in the rural communities.⁸¹

There were a number of factors that contributed to the further growth of Ballyshannon. The presence of the military garrison stimulated local enterprise, in particular the wine trade. During the eighteenth century, large quantities of port, sherry

⁷⁶ Gillespie, 14.

⁷⁷ R.J. Morris, "Urban Ulster since 1600," in *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society*, ed. Liam Kennedy and Philip Ollerenshaw (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), 125.

⁷⁸ Terence O'Donnell, "Looking Backward- Articles Published in the Donegal Democrat February 23, March 1, March 8, March 15 1968," in *Ballyshannon: The Rare Old Times*, ed. Grace Donovan (Ballyshannon: Donegal Democrat, 1987), 71.

⁷⁹ Morris, 125.

⁸⁰ Begley, 101.

⁸¹ O'Donnell, 71-72.

and claret were imported directly by local merchants.⁸² The port of Ballyshannon became the main trading port of Donegal.⁸³ Ballyshannon was home to a robust linen market, where local weavers from the counties of Donegal and Fermanagh brought their webs to sell.⁸⁴

The majority of Ballyshannon Protestants were Anglican.⁸⁵ St. Anne's Church was built on Mullaghnashee, in the center of the town in the early seventeenth century, and rebuilt in 1735.⁸⁶ A small Presbyterian Church opened on College Lane in 1674, and in 1834 a new Presbyterian church opened on the Mall.⁸⁷ By 1793, the Penal Laws had been relaxed to permit the erection of St. Patrick's Catholic Church. Three years later, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Raphoe made Ballyshannon his residence.⁸⁸

In 1779, as a response to what Hugh Allingham describes as "a great feeling of insecurity in Ireland," the Ballyshannon Loyal Volunteers were formed.⁸⁹ The Ballyshannon branch was part of a larger force established by Irish Protestants from 1778 onwards, to defend Ireland from a possible French invasion while British armies fought the war in the American colonies.⁹⁰ By 1780, the Volunteers numbered almost 40,000, and the agenda had shifted from self-defense to a demand for Irish legislative independence.⁹¹ What began as an exercise in self-preservation developed into a bid by

⁸² Allingham, *Ballyshannon, Its History and Antiquities with Some Account of the the Surrounding Neighbourhood*, 62.

⁸³ Begley, 175.

⁸⁴ *Ibid.*, 191.

⁸⁵ Grace Donovan, *Ballyshannon, the Rare Old Times* (Ballyshannon: Donegal Democrat Ltd., 1987), 35.

⁸⁶ Begley, 129.

⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, 143.

⁸⁸ Donovan, 31-32.

⁸⁹ Allingham, *Ballyshannon, Its History and Antiquities with Some Account of the the Surrounding Neighbourhood*, 56.

⁹⁰ Gibbon, 35, see also Murphy, 157.

⁹¹ Mervyn Busted, "Ascendency Insecurities: An Eighteenth Century Improving Landlord," in *Irish Protestant Identities*, ed. Mervyn Busted, Frank Neal, and Jonathan Tonge (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2005), 35.

middle-class Protestants to flex their political muscle.⁹² Neil Jarman explains the peculiar affiliation of the Volunteers:

At this time it was still possible to be loyal to the ideals of the "Glorious Revolution" and consider oneself an Irishman. It was within this ideological framework that William III remained an important figure for the Volunteers. Flags and banners appear for the first time as devices for displaying more than a simple military identity.⁹³

The dark blue flag of the Loyal Ballyshannon Volunteers depicted Hibernia (Erin) with her arms resting on a harp and bordered by oak leaves and shamrocks.⁹⁴ It is interesting to compare the emblems and symbols of the Volunteers with the later symbolism of the Orange Order and the United Irishmen; the harp and shamrocks would become later become strongly associated with strident nationalism.

Agrarian resistance and sporadic clashes between poor Irish and the ruling classes were a constant in the eighteenth century, but the different demographics and economics in Ulster in the late 1700s brought about a sectarianism that was unique to the province.⁹⁵ In 1788 the Armagh gentry had recruited members of a secret society, the Protestant 'Peep O'Day Boys', into companies of the Irish Volunteers. This move alienated the county's Catholic population and strengthened the ranks of the Defenders, a reciprocal Catholic society.⁹⁶ A showdown at what became known as the battle of the Diamond

⁹² Neil Rothnie Jarman, "Parading Culture: Parades and Visual Displays in Northern Ireland" (University of London, 1995), 65.

⁹³ *Ibid.*, 73.

⁹⁴ Gerard Anthony Hayes-McCoy, *A History of Irish Flags from Earliest Times* (Dublin: Academy Press, 1979).

⁹⁵ Oliver MacDonagh, "The Age of O'Connell 1830-45," in *Ireland under the Union 1801-70*, ed. W.E. Vaughan, A New History of Ireland (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1989), 223. Hempton and Hill, 21.

⁹⁶ Bartlett, 41.

gave rise to the formation of the Orange Order, which further exacerbated Ulster sectarianism.⁹⁷

The formation of the Irish Volunteers in the 1780s had provided a model for the application of political pressure from outside of the establishment. In 1779, Thomas Conolly, a descendant of 'Speaker' Conolly, and commander of the Loyal Ballyshannon Volunteers, was aware of the potential danger of a militarized organization of citizens, and while he proposed a vote of thanks to the Volunteers in the Irish House of Commons, he was anxious that they be dissuaded from any sort of involvement in politics.⁹⁸ However, for many, the genie was out of the bottle, and in 1789 the Dublin Whig Club was founded, to agitate for the greater legislative independence that had failed to materialize.⁹⁹ Inspired by revolution in the United States and in France, by 1791 a new organization called the Society of United Irishmen was founded in Dublin and Belfast.¹⁰⁰

The Ulster branch of the Society of United Irishmen was made up of middle-class merchants, drapers and tanners. Described as 'little more than a Presbyterian committee,' pro-Catholic resolutions were passed so that the United Irishmen became a constitutional force, arguing for Parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation.¹⁰¹ In sectarian Ulster, this was a dramatic change of practice and demonstrated that many Protestants were willing to engage Catholic support for political reform.¹⁰² However, many Protestants

⁹⁷ Christine Kinealy, "Politics and Administration," in *Ireland 1815-1870: Emancipation, Famine and Religion*, ed. Donnchadh Ó Corráin and Tomás O'Riordan (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2011), 19.

⁹⁸ *The Conolly Papers*, 15.

⁹⁹ Murphy, 15.

¹⁰⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁰¹ Bartlett, 41; Murphy, 15.

¹⁰² Bartlett, 41.

were horrified by the prospect of Catholics with political agency, and in 1795 the Orange Order was founded, as a response to this alliance.¹⁰³

Although the Orange Order began as a lower-class organization, conservative Ulster elites and the British government, alarmed by the non-sectarian ethos of the Society of United Irishmen, quickly saw the benefits of a makeshift army.¹⁰⁴ Rather than repulse the overt violence threatened by the Orange Order, the authorities responded by admitting its members to the yeomanry.¹⁰⁵ In a letter to Dublin Castle in 1796, Dungannon man Thomas Knox appealed for tolerance of Orange violence. “[Orangemen] must not be ultimately discountenanced; on the contrary, we must in a certain degree uphold them, for with all their licentiousness, on them we must rely for the preservation of our lives or properties, should critical times occur.”¹⁰⁶ By 1798 the Orange Order was a powerful sectarian force, armed by the British government.¹⁰⁷ As the Orangemen were inextricably connected with magistrates, elites and government, Ribbonmen and other Catholic secret societies presented little in the way of serious opposition. For the next two hundred years, anti-Catholic societies in Ulster could count on the establishment granting them some degree of immunity from the law, and the Orange Order would become a reliable counter-revolutionary ally for various British administrations in dispute with Irish activists.¹⁰⁸

The 1790s were unsettling times for the Protestant gentry. The term ‘Protestant Ascendancy’, first used in the late 1780s, became what Thomas Bartlett calls “a rallying

¹⁰³ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁴ Sean Farrell, *Rituals and Riots: Sectarian Violence and Political Culture in Ulster, 1784-1886* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 2000), 37; Murphy, 17.

¹⁰⁵ Gibbon, 40.

¹⁰⁶ Farrell, 28.

¹⁰⁷ Kinealy, 22.

¹⁰⁸ Murphy, 17; Hereward Senior, *Orangeism in Ireland and Britain, 1795-1836*, Studies in Irish History, Second Series (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1966), 182.

cry” for the Protestant dominance in the running of the country.¹⁰⁹ In Ballyshannon, continued sectarian unrest in Donegal resulted in the fortification of the garrison and the construction of a new fort on the north side of the river, and a barracks to the south.

When the insurrection of United Irishmen finally took place in 1798, its Ulster activity took place mainly in the counties of Antrim and Down, and was easily subdued.¹¹⁰ There were no major incidents in the Ballyshannon area. Canon Edward Maguire speculates that Ballyshannon was spared violence in 1798 because the uprising was mostly led by Presbyterians, few of whom lived in the town.¹¹¹ It is striking, and perhaps a harbinger of the complexities to come, to note that both the Orange lodges and the Northern branches of the United Irishmen were composed mainly of Presbyterians. One of the most interesting aspects of Allingham’s self-definition of Irishness in the late 1820s and 1830s is her enthusiasm for elements drawing from both the loyalist and the nationalist tradition, suggesting a cross-pollination of cultures which were more compatible than the volatile political history might suggest.

Catholics in Donegal did not support the attempted revolution. Lord Castlereagh, who was stationed in the barracks at Ballyshannon during 1798, describes a ‘body of Roman Catholics, to the number of 1,000 men fit to bear arms, made a voluntary offer to act with me against the common enemy: an offer of the like kind not having been made at that time to any other officer in Ireland but myself.’¹¹² The relative security enjoyed by

¹⁰⁹ Murphy, 21.

¹¹⁰ Bartlett, 41.

¹¹¹ Donovan, 35.

¹¹² *Correspondence, Dispatches and Other Papers of Viscount Castlereagh*, vol. V (London: William Shoberl, 1851), 452.

Ballyshannon earned it a reputation as a safe place to reside, and during this period, people sought refuge there until safer times.¹¹³

The Nineteenth Century

The great landmarks of nineteenth century Irish history are the Act of Union between Ireland and Britain at the very beginning of the 1800s, and the catastrophe of a nationwide failure of the potato crop in the 1840s. It might be argued that from the failure of the 1798 revolution, the subsequent half-century that would follow was an inexorable slide towards disaster, with the collapse of a constitutional experiment followed by the collapse of an agrarian experiment.¹¹⁴ However, the early years of the nineteenth century were not entirely grim for the merchants of Ulster. The Napoleonic wars cut Britain off from mainland Europe, to the benefit of Irish trade. Irish grain exports increased nearly thirteen-fold between 1780 and 1815.¹¹⁵ In 1813 British markets reopened to continental suppliers and reversed this trend, but manufacturing industries such as brewing, distilling and milling continued to prosper. In 1821, despite the rural profile of Ireland, 40 per cent of all Irish workers were employed in manufacturing.¹¹⁶ Steam shipping improved trade in beer, spirits, meat and dairy.¹¹⁷

The population of Ireland had risen from about 2.5 million at the beginning of the eighteenth century to around 5 million people by 1800.¹¹⁸ Ulster was the most densely populated of the Irish provinces, with a population of 2 million people, almost equaling

¹¹³ Donovan, 35.

¹¹⁴ *Social Life in Ireland 1800-45* (Cork: Mercier Press, 1973), Introduction by R.B. McDowell 7.

¹¹⁵ Murphy, 95.

¹¹⁶ *Ibid.*, 96.

¹¹⁷ S.J. Connolly, "Society and Economy," in *Ireland 1815-1870: Emancipation, Famine and Religion*, ed. Donnchadh Ó Corráin and Tomás O'Riordan (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2011), 34.

¹¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 33.

the entire population of Scotland.¹¹⁹ The population expanded mainly in the north-east of the province, due to the economic growth of the region. In the seventeenth century, the population of Belfast was less than 20,000. By 1850 it had grown to around 100,000 people.¹²⁰ The early nineteenth century saw a rise in literacy, improved trade in some areas such as brewing and milling, and the development of new forms of political agitation. As S.J. Connolly observes, these developments contradict the perception of a society “locked into uniform poverty and economic stagnation.”¹²¹ It is interesting that Mary Ann Allingham reflects on her childhood years, from 1803-1822, as a period of great happiness. While she does not attribute any political reasons for this, it was the Napoleonic wars that kept Thoning in Ballyshannon, and the vigorous economy of the town and its relative orderliness must have contributed to a sense of contentment.

However, the dissolution of the Dublin parliament and the return of parliamentary decision-making to Westminster inexorably led to the exacerbation of the problems of poverty, sporadic famine and agrarian unrest. In the absence of a political commitment to deal with these issues, reform was targeted not at the injustices and discriminatory practices of tithe-collecting, but rather the poor themselves.¹²² There was, within Protestant evangelical circles, the belief that moral reform grounded in biblical Christianity would solve the problems of political and social instability.¹²³

¹¹⁹ W.H. Crawford, *The Impact of the Domestic Linen Industry in Ulster* (Belfast: Ulster Historical Foundation, 2005), 87.

¹²⁰ R.B. McDowell, "Dublin and Belfast: A Comparison," in *Social Life in Ireland 1800-45*, ed. R.B. McDowell (Cork: Mercier Press, 1973), 19.

¹²¹ Connolly, "Society and Economy," 36.

¹²² Jim McLaughlin, *Donegal: The Making of a Northern County* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2007), 136.

¹²³ Patrick Mitchel, "Evangelicals and Irish Identity in Independent Ireland," in *Irish Protestant Identities*, ed. Mervyn Busteed, Frank Neal, and Jonathan Tonge (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2005), 158.

Despite evidence of overwhelming poverty amongst the Catholic peasantry, early nineteenth century opinion did not desire a legal obligation from landlords to take steps to ease the burden on their tenants. Oliver MacDonagh explains the mindset:

The 'good landlord' would instinctively shoulder some responsibility for the well-being of the tenants, laborers and others in his territorial sphere. Deferring this responsibility in statute and rendering it enforceable at law were no more to be thought of than say competing business corporations to set up educational foundations would be today. In law, ownership was an absolute condition.¹²⁴

As the population continued to increase, and Protestants became increasingly outnumbered by Catholics, the settler elites of Donegal demanded institutions, such as prisons and workhouses, to 'reform' Donegal paupers.¹²⁵ Ulster Protestantism was energized by a campaign of evangelism, which included Gaelic speaking preachers, women preachers, fundraising and meetings.¹²⁶ John Wesley, founder of Methodism, visited Ballyshannon a number of times, and preached there in 1771.¹²⁷ Wesley did not get an enthusiastic welcome in 1771, noting in his journal that he was "acquainted with some of the chief persons in the town; but they were ashamed to own me."¹²⁸ However, by January 1800, Charles Graham and Gideon Ousley could speak of "vast congregations" gathered in Ballyshannon.¹²⁹ By 1822, 1,050 Methodists were estimated to live in the Ballyshannon area. In 1823, a preaching house opened in Ballyshannon and the following year the Presbyterian Wesleyan Conference met in the town. In 1826, the

¹²⁴ Oliver MacDonagh, *Ireland: The Union and Its Aftermath* (London: G. Allen & Unwin, 1977), 44.

¹²⁵ Jim McLaughlin, "'Progress' and 'Improvement' in Donegal in the Nineteenth Century," in *Donegal: The Making of a Northern County*, ed. Jim McLaughlin (Four Courts Press, 2005), 136.

¹²⁶ Hempton and Hill, 61; Mary O'Dowd, "Women in Ulster 1600-1800," in *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society*, ed. Liam Kennedy and Philip Ollerenshaw (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2013), 52.

¹²⁷ Allingham, *Ballyshannon, Its History and Antiquities with Some Account of the the Surrounding Neighbourhood*, 58.

¹²⁸ *Ibid.*

¹²⁹ Hempton and Hill, 34.

Ballyshannon Methodist circuit had forty classes, ninety lodging places and three chapels in the Ballyshannon and its hinterland.¹³⁰

The Church of Ireland was the established church of a small minority.¹³¹ However, it was the Anglican clergy that wielded power in Ballyshannon. The administrations of churches, schools, roads, and the welfare of the poor all came under the remit of the Church of Ireland authorities. The close connections between the established church and the local landowners and gentry ensured that the town maintained its Protestant ethos, despite the majority of the population being Catholics in poor circumstances.¹³² As a woman, Mary Ann Allingham did not have the dominion of her brothers, but the elitism of the Anglican community in Ballyshannon certainly gave her a degree of authority and access unavailable to many of her neighbors.

While sectarian conflict continued to be a serious problem in parts of Ulster, there was also evidence of ecumenical goodwill.¹³³ In Ballyshannon, the vestry book of St. Anne's Anglican church records a resolution, on April 18th, 1809, "that the thanks of this meeting be given to their Roman Catholic brethren for their very liberal subscription of £25 for a bell of this parish, and that the second bell be rung on every Sunday morning at such an hour between nine eleven o'clock as shall suit the convenience of the Roman Catholics of this parish."¹³⁴ In 1835, when the Ballyshannon Catholic Church of St. Joseph's was opened, local historian Anthony Begley notes that "the Protestant community contributed towards the building and a number attended the opening

¹³⁰ Begley, 145.

¹³¹ Hempton and Hill, 5.

¹³² Hill, 45; O'Donnell, 71-72.

¹³³ James Loughlin, "Politics and Society 1800-1960," in *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society*, ed. Liam Kennedy and Philip Ollerenshaw (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), 229.

¹³⁴ Begley, 249.

ceremony.”¹³⁵ However, goodwill towards Catholics did not necessarily mean that local Protestant landowners trusted their neighbours, or wished their status to change. Sir James Caldwell, of Castle Caldwell in nearby Fermanagh was celebrated for his generosity to the local Catholic community, despite being “maliciously censured [for] the protection you constantly extend to the poor Roman Catholics.”¹³⁶ The same landlord described his Catholic neighbors as “bad subjects, though good men.” Caldwell determined that “a Papist, consistent with his principles and the duties and discipline of his religion, cannot, in Ireland, be a loyal subject.”¹³⁷

In Ballyshannon, efforts seem to have been made to improve general conditions for at least the farmers and small businesses of the town. In 1800, a group of Ballyshannon gentry met at Mrs. Pye’s Inn and founded the Tyrhugh Society, “for the encouragement of industry and farming among the inhabitants of the barony.”¹³⁸ In 1802, Ballyshannon was described as having “vastly improved in the last few years, and is acquiring some degree of importance in trade.”¹³⁹ In its fulfilment of the planned role of the Ulster town, Ballyshannon, through its busy port, markets and business became the focal point of the surrounding countryside and provided links with the wider world in terms of trade, law and politics.¹⁴⁰

¹³⁵ Ibid., 138.

¹³⁶ Busted, 36.

¹³⁷ Ibid.

¹³⁸ McParlan, 82.

¹³⁹ Ibid., 4.

¹⁴⁰ Begley, 85; Morris, 125.

Emancipation

By 1810, Ribbon societies, Catholic societies in the tradition of the Defenders, began operating in south and mid-Ulster, in conflict with their counterparts from the Orange lodges, “each distinguished by ribbons and other emblems.”¹⁴¹ Clashes continued through the 1820s.¹⁴² By the 1820s, new threats emerged to the Protestant supremacy in Ireland. The campaign of Daniel O’Connell for Catholic Emancipation created great hostility in Ulster and energized a new phase of Protestant mobilization against Catholics.¹⁴³ Most Protestants abhorred moves towards emancipation for Catholics. Donegal landlord Sir George Hill wrote a letter to Dublin Castle, sarcastically emphasizing O’Connell’s threat to Protestantism by denouncing “the Ribbon system, or as the new term is, the Catholic Association.”¹⁴⁴

Donegal historian, Fr. Terence O’ Donnell, explains the attitude of the Ballyshannon elites to the prospect of Catholic emancipation:

The influential Protestant minority of Ballyshannon were strongly conservative in their political views. They stood for the established order of things. They were heirs to a long tradition of dominance in all important spheres of public life. Moreover their Ballyshannon, with its harbour and shipping, its trade and commerce, its fine business houses and better class homes, with its social activities — in a word the Ballyshannon ruling class was largely the creation of their Protestant forbearers. It was but natural that they should be unwilling to surrender, or even share the privileges they had so long and exclusively enjoyed.¹⁴⁵

O’Donnell reports that a declaration of support of the Irish Ascendancy for ‘a final and conciliatory adjustment of the Catholic question’ was signed by only seven Ballyshannon

¹⁴¹ Hugh Dorian, *The Outer Edge of Ulster: A Memoir of Social Life In Nineteenth Century Donegal* (Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame, 2000), 9; Murphy, 34.

¹⁴² *Ireland 1815-1870: Emancipation, Famine and Religion* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2011), 231.

¹⁴³ Farrell, 65,66.

¹⁴⁴ quoted in *Ibid.*, 68.

¹⁴⁵ O’Donnell.Feb 23rd

Protestants.¹⁴⁶ O'Donnell speculates that there may have been other Protestants who were supportive, but reluctant to sign a public document. Most Ulster Protestants worked furiously to block the impending legislation.¹⁴⁷ However, one of the seven signatories of the declaration of support was William Allingham Sr., brother of Mary Ann.¹⁴⁸

The O'Connell campaign for emancipation powerfully demonstrated the difference between Ulster and the other provinces. While the counties of Louth and Meath had a significant Protestant population, Oliver MacDonagh observes that "their [Louth and Meath's] identity as part of the province of Leinster seems to have provided a sort of immunity to Orange opposition."¹⁴⁹ But in September 1828, when O'Connell's emissary, John Lawless, travelled towards County Monaghan (in south Ulster) to "reconcile parties, abolish secret societies and illegal oaths from the people, soothe and ally the irritation caused by illegal orgies of Orangemen," he was considered, even by Catholics, to be crossing enemy lines.¹⁵⁰ The town of Ballybay was approached, but Lawless, faced down by a few thousand Orangemen, withdrew.¹⁵¹ It is interesting that even then, terms such as 'intrusion', 'provocation' and 'border crossing' were in the Ulster vocabulary.¹⁵² O'Connell's mission to campaign for emancipation in Ulster failed, because 'it had been crafted by men who simply did not understand the sectarian realities of early nineteenth century Ulster.'¹⁵³

¹⁴⁶ Ibid.

¹⁴⁷ Farrell, 66.

¹⁴⁸ O'Donnell.

¹⁴⁹ Oliver MacDonagh, *States of Mind : A Study of Anglo-Irish Conflict, 1780-1980* (London; Boston: Allen & Unwin, 1983), 19.

¹⁵⁰ Daniel O'Connell in a letter to the secretary of the Catholic Association, in Richard Dunlop, *Daniel O'Connell* (New York: Fred DeFau and Company, 1900), 211. Thomas Wyse, quoted in MacDonagh, *States of Mind : A Study of Anglo-Irish Conflict, 1780-1980*, 19.

¹⁵¹ Dunlop, 211-212.

¹⁵² MacDonagh, *States of Mind : A Study of Anglo-Irish Conflict, 1780-1980*, 19.

¹⁵³ Farrell, 93.

The Allinghams of Ballyshannon were inheritors of the Protestant Ascendancy tradition, although by Mary Ann's time, her father and brothers were middle class businessmen rather than landed gentry. Mary Ann lived on The Mall, a busy street on the more salubrious north side of the river.¹⁵⁴ Allingham's family home, described in great detail by her nephew William, was, by Ascendancy standards, very modest, and Mary Ann's resources between the years of 1820 and 1833 were limited to a small inheritance from her father.¹⁵⁵

The main body of the poems and texts in Mary Ann Allingham's notebooks were composed from 1825-1831, and there are within many references to the political history of Ulster. Allingham discusses Protestant gentry and their treatment of their tenants, her Protestant, Presbyterian and Catholic neighbors, and the general business and clamor of the town. A concern about sectarianism is evident in her work, but her texts reflect the relative security of Ballyshannon during the most violent periods in Ulster.¹⁵⁶

It is unsurprising that the bureaucratic, legislative and military upheavals experienced in Ireland from the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries caused major cultural turbulence, which not only saw a change in the national language, but also created real difficulties with identity and authorial ownership of the literary imagination. The political

¹⁵⁴ John Reade, "Recollections of William Allingham the Poet," *The New Dominion Monthly* July, (1872): 2.

¹⁵⁵ John Allingham's Will, available at the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland (D4186/3).

¹⁵⁶ Although Ballyshannon itself was relatively calm, there were episodes of violence in the area. In a letter to Thoning, dated June 25 1823, Edward Allingham writes that "Mrs Williams cannot now sleep for the dreadful apprehensions of Rebellion; and indeed the extreme rage of the Party almost warrants the certainty of some great catastrophe." See Appendix J. In May 1832 sheep belonging to a local landowner were killed. There were elements of 'recreational violence' in the skirmishes of the Donegal countryside. In other parts of Donegal, there were acts of arson, assaults on bailiffs and the mutilation and slaughter of cattle. S.J. Connolly and Andrew Holmes note that clashes often occurred on the 'high days' of Protestant or Catholic traditions, "when bad whiskey and poorer poteen had more to do with their local broils than King Billy or the Pope." S.J. Connolly and Andrew R. Holmes, "Popular Culture 1600-1914," in *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society*, ed. Liam Kennedy and Philip Ollerenshaw (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), 111. O'Donnell, 68-69.

transformations of this period had profound impact on the literary culture of Ulster, and this too must be explored before approaching Mary Ann Allingham's texts. The next chapter examines the Irish literary culture between 1700 and 1850, and further contextualizes the way in which we can evaluate Mary Ann Allingham as a writer.

CHAPTER THREE WHAT IS MY NATION? LITERARY CULTURE 1700-1850

A stranger in the land that gave him birth.
The land a stranger to itself and him
—Samuel Ferguson¹

Gentlemen, you have a country
—Thomas Davis²

The British muse is not yet informed that she has an elder
sister in this isle; let us then introduce them to each other
—Charlotte Brooke³

Anglo-Irish Politics, Identity and Literature

In the history of Ireland, there has always been what Thomas Flanagan describes as “a strong connection between the political and literary event.”⁴ The role of the Gaelic *ollamh* (historian) and the *file* (poet) was, in pre-plantation times, one of great importance.⁵ Their duty was to record the histories, celebrate the triumphs and lament the losses of the great Gaelic families.⁶ The fall of O’Neill and O’ Donnell, or the ‘Flight of the Earls’, as it became known, was recognized by the poets as a major political change and a cultural catastrophe.⁷ It was perhaps inevitable that almost everything written and

¹ Lines from 'Mesegdra' in Samuel Ferguson, *Lays of the Red Branch* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1897), 196.

² *Ireland 1815-1870: Emancipation, Famine and Religion* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2011).

³ Charlotte Brooke, *Reliques of Irish Poetry (1789)* (Gainesville: Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints, 1970).

⁴ Thomas Flanagan, "Literature in English 1801-91," in *Ireland under the Union 1801-70*, ed. W.E. Vaughan, A New History of Ireland (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1989), 482.

⁵ Joep Leerssen, *Mere Irish and Fíor-Ghael: Studies in the Idea of Irish Nationality, Its Development and Literary Expression Prior to the Nineteenth Century* (Indiana, U.S and Cork, Ireland: University of Notre Dame, in association with Field Day Cork University Press, 1997), 171.

⁶ In Gaelic: Ollamh, pronounced 'ullav' a master poet, file, pronounced 'filla', poet. See also Patrick C. Power, *A Literary History of Ireland* (Cork: Mercier Press, 1969), 31.

⁷ Leerssen, 216.

sung in Gaelic after the beginning of the seventeenth century would reference the precarious political landscape, when those who were writing had the most to lose.⁸

These poets, musicians and scholars, understandably, did not embrace the ingression of a Spenserian project to ensure that “every Irish person should, in short time, learn quite to forget his Irish nation.”⁹ There was nothing subtle about the planned annihilation of Gaelic culture.¹⁰ In 1603, a proclamation issued by the Lord President of Munster demanded the extermination by martial law of “all manner of bards, harpers, etc.” followed by instructions by Queen Elizabeth “to hang the harpers wherever found.”¹¹ In English minds, the insurrection of 1641 proved that the Irish were a savage race in dire need of civilization, and that the social experiment of plantation was justified.¹² The Penal Laws of the 1690s further dismantled the social and cultural structures of Gaelic Ireland, and so ended the bardic tradition, described by Daniel Corkery as “the number of professors large, great their pride of place, ample their privileges, honorably esteemed their work, lavishly rewarded.”¹³

It is ironic, therefore, that elements of the Gaelic tradition would begin to be restored to literary credibility in the latter half of the eighteenth century by Protestant scholars and antiquarians, and that Protestant identity would affiliate itself with the very traditions that their ancestors had diligently tried to extinguish.¹⁴ By the end of the eighteenth century, Gaelic traditions once considered by the Anglo-Irish to be uncouth

⁸ Brian Coleborne, "Anglo-Irish Verse 1675-1825," in *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing*, ed. Seamus Deane, Andrew Carpenter, and Jonathan Williams (Derry: Field Day Publications, 1991), 395.

⁹ Nicholas Canny, *Making Ireland British: 1580-1650* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001), 577-578.

¹⁰ Leerssen, 254-255.

¹¹ Andrew Carpenter, "Changing Views of Irish Musical and Literary Culture in Eighteenth Century Anglo-Irish Literature," in *Irish Literature and Culture*, ed. Michael Kenneally (Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe, 1995), 10.

¹² Canny, 551.

¹³ Daniel Corkery, *The Hidden Ireland* (Dublin: Gill and Macmillan, 1979), 94.

¹⁴ Leerssen, 280-281.

and uncivilized were regarded by Protestant Irish elites as “a reflection of the sublime, the admired remains of a noble civilization.”¹⁵

Culturally, the repercussions of the limited success (or partial failure) of the Ulster plantation was that one regime did not completely replace the other, but instead, forced two different cultures to assimilate, and accommodate each other. This unstable process gave rise to mutable and multiple categories of Irishness.¹⁶ William Shakespeare perspicaciously flags this dilemma as early as 1599, with the character of the Irish Captain Macmorris of *Henry V*.¹⁷ Macmorris is loyal to the English crown, but self-consciously aware that his Irishness ‘others’ him from the captains of England, Scotland and Wales. His angry outburst, “Of my nation! What ish my nation? / Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave and a rascal / —what ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?” is a passionate acknowledgement of his frustrated identity.¹⁸ Even Macmorris’ name, a combination of

and Norman, is a harbinger of the quandaries of allegiance, affinity and equality among men and women born in Ireland.

By the early eighteenth century, the experience of many Anglo-Irish gentry and merchants in Ireland was that their political, economic and social needs were not being acknowledged or addressed to their satisfaction by the English establishment.¹⁹ In 1699, measures enacted to suppress the Irish wool industry occasioned the first political attack

¹⁵ Carpenter, 5.

¹⁶ Coleborne, 397. .

¹⁷ *Henry V* was written during the Campaign of the Earl of Essex to suppress the power of the Ulster Lords. See Christopher Highley, *Shakespeare, Spencer and the Crisis in Ireland* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997), 136.

¹⁸ William Shakespeare, *Henry V*, III.ii.121-123.

¹⁹ Carpenter, 8.

against English policy from a member of the Irish Parliament.²⁰ The dilemma for those of ‘English blood and Irish birth’ was that, on the one hand, they were the loyal subjects and protectors of the Protestant tradition in Ireland, but on the other hand, their interests as land-owners and businessmen were not always best served by the English parliament.²¹ Sir Walter Harris wrote that “it seems hard, that an English man . . . sent thither [*to Ireland*], should therefore lose a great part of the Privilege of an English man, and be treated as a Foreigner.”²² In his contribution to the *Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing*, Dr. Bryan Coleborne asserts that the question ‘what ish my nation’ absorbed “almost all the people of eighteenth-century Ireland.”²³

Irishness and its multiple definitions developed as a central literary theme. It is evident in the work of enduring writers such as Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) and Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74). It would remain a dominant theme for centuries. Three hundred and sixty-seven years after Shakespeare had Captain Macmorris asks the question, Irish poet Seamus Heaney found an answer in the words of Joyce’s Leopold Bloom, a Jewish Dubliner who converted to Protestantism and married a Roman Catholic:

And sensibly, though so much
later, the wandering Bloom
replied, “Ireland,” said Bloom,
“I was born here. Ireland”²⁴

John Gamble (*circa* 1770-1831), an Irish writer who traveled around the north of Ireland in the early nineteenth century wrote that “there are [in Ulster] not only three

²⁰ William Molyneux, a member for Trinity College published a pamphlet titled “The case for Ireland’s being bound by acts of parliament in England” which argued that Ireland was a separate kingdom from England and should have legislative independence. Leerssen, 265-296.

²¹ *Ibid.*, 296.

²² *Ibid.*, 298.

²³ Coleborne, 397.

²⁴ From ‘Traditions’, Seamus Heaney, *Wintering Out* (London: Faber, 1972).

classes, but it may likewise be said, three nations.²⁵ Samuel Ferguson observed that “a traveler venturing north will find Scotch language, Scotch looks; Scotch habits will strike him wherever he turns”²⁶ Ulster had become a theatre of cultural complexity.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, Irish Patriotism also developed as a political concept and a literary theme. Initially, patriotism was associated as a dutiful sense of civic responsibility, particularly towards economic matters, but the term took on a more radical meaning as the eighteenth century progressed.²⁷ An example of this development can be found in the work of Jonathan Swift. Swift disliked Ireland, and resented almost everything about Irishness, “that slavish hateful shore.”²⁸ However, mercantile impositions, such as William Wood’s patent of the half-penny incensed Swift, and his passionate *Drapier* letters, exhorted “tradesmen, shop keepers, farmers and common-people in general of Ireland” to reject Westminster measures which interfered with Irish commerce.²⁹ Swift disliked the epithet of patriot, but wrote that “perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live” were his reasons for railing against the establishment.³⁰

²⁵ John Gamble, *Society and Manners in Early Nineteenth Century Ireland* (Notre Dame: Field Day and Notre Dame University Press, 2011), 221.

²⁶ Samuel Ferguson, quoted in Eve Patten, "Samuel Ferguson: A Tourist in Antrim," in *A Poet's Place: Ulster Literature and Society*, ed. Gerald Dawe and John Wilson Foster (Belfast: Institute of Irish Studies, Queen's University, 1991), 103.

²⁷ Leerssen, 300.

²⁸ The degree to which Swift ‘hated’ Ireland is discussed in Robert Mahony, *Jonathan Swift : The Irish Identity* (New Haven [Conn.]: Yale University Press, 1995), 131-135. See also Gregory A. Schirmer, *Out of What Began: A History of Irish Poetry in English* (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1998), 17.

²⁹ ‘Wood’s half-penny’ was the result of a patent for minting Irish coins, secured by English ironmaster William Woods, by bribing the king’s mistress. The contract was denounced by the Irish Parliament and eventually the English Parliament had to revoke the decision. Paul Kléber Monod, "Imperial Island: A History of Britain and Its Empire, 1660-1837," (Chichester U.K: Wiley-Blackwell, 2009), 151.

Andrew Carpenter, "Jonathan Swift," in *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing*, ed. Seamus Deane, Andrew Carpenter, and Jonathan Williams (Derry: Field Day Publications, 1991), 327-328.

Jonathan Swift, *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift*, vol. VI (London: George Bell and Sons, 1903), 13.

³⁰ Leerssen, 301.

As the century progressed, the obligations of the Anglo-Irish to the English establishment were hotly debated, with much of the argument predicated on perceptions of Irish antiquity. The English Enlightenment attitude, as espoused by Hume and Whitaker, tended to view the Irish Gaels as a primitive race, “savages since the world began.”³¹ Others defended the reputation of the Gaelic traditions and put forward what would become associated with a ‘patriot’ viewpoint, a more illustrious version of Irish antiquity.³² Ultimately, as Joep Leerssen points out, both loyalists to the English Parliament, and those calling for autonomy, were relying on a “first-hand knowledge of the actual Gaelic tradition” to support their claims.³³ Although many of the claims of a noble Gaelic tradition were founded on specious ground, the alliance between patriotism and Gaelic antiquity was forged, from which emerged a new sense of nationality which continued to closely connect the literary culture with the political.³⁴

By 1782, Henry Grattan (1746-1820), a member of the Irish House of Commons, (who represented the opinions of the Volunteers, or Patriots, as they were now known), won significant concessions from the English Parliament, including the repeal of Poyning’s Law, which had made all legislation passed by the Irish Parliament subject to approval by Westminster. On that occasion, Grattan’s speech referenced Swift and Molyneux, and declared:

Ireland is now a nation! In that new character I hail her! And bowing to her august presence, I say *Esto perpetua!* She is no longer a wretched colony returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, and to her king for his oppression, nor is she now a squabbling, fretful secretary, perplexing her little wits, and fixing her

³¹ *Ibid.*, 394.

³² The champions of Irish antiquity range from the spurious work of James MacPherson (1736-1796) and Charles Vallancey (1731-1812) to Charlotte Brooke and George Petrie.

³³ Leerssen, 348.

³⁴ Mary Ann Allingham references the debate between Vallancey and others over Gaelic tradition and antiquity in ‘A Connaught Ramble’, published in *The Dublin Family Magazine* in 1829. See Chapter five *n.43*

furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disability and death, to transmit to posterity insignificance and war.³⁵

In political terms, Grattan had identified the nature and nationality of the Ascendancy. In cultural terms, the connection between the Anglo-Irish patriot and Ireland would be consolidated by a further recovery and romanticizing of the Gaelic past through antiquarianism, language, music and literature.

1750-1798 Cultural Repositioning

The *volte-face* in attitudes towards Irish culture was also part of a greater shift in eighteenth century thinking. Romantic ideas began permeate European thought, as poets and historians charted ideas and concepts with which they could counteract utilitarianism and promote individuality. Thomas Flanagan writes:

The Romantic historian . . . sought to find in the shape of a society, the actions and spirit of its people, rather than the sequence of its dynasties. The Romantic critic, in discussing the poetry of the Celtic races, sought to define the particular attributes of a literature by relating it to the presiding life and imaginative genius of its society.³⁶

A new curiosity in Irish culture penetrated the Anglo-Irish drawing rooms, as antiquarianism and linguistic studies became a fashionable pursuit of the educated gentleman. The foundation of the Royal Irish Academy in 1785 signaled the prelation of studies in ancient Ireland.³⁷ In 1786, Joseph Cooper Walker (1761-1810) published *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*. In 1789, Charlotte Brooke (1740-93) published *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, which was, according to Andrew Carpenter, the first book on

³⁵ *Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan* (London: Henry Colburn, 1839), 236.

³⁶ Flanagan, 484.

³⁷ Oliver MacDonagh, *States of Mind : A Study of Anglo-Irish Conflict, 1780-1980* (London; Boston: Allen & Unwin, 1983), 105.

Irish culture to command considerable Anglo-Irish support.³⁸ Brooke's ambition was to introduce Irish poetry to "our noble neighbor of Britain; were we better acquainted, we should be better friends."³⁹ Carpenter's conclusion is that the motivation of Charlotte Brooke and many other eighteenth century antiquarians "was at least partly a desire to prove that ancient Irish culture was not that of barbarians but that of a people superior in at least some ways to the people of England"⁴⁰ As Protestant writers mined the legendary world of Irish sagas, they excavated a civilization with heroes and heroines that could be adapted to reflect all the respectable traits of Irish Ascendancy.⁴¹

Leerssen points out that a European interest in linguistics also promoted the transition from the image of Gael-as-barbarian to Gael-as-ancient-noble, partly due to a continental curiosity about native learning, but in Ireland's case, also a consequence of Protestant ambition to proselytize effectively in the vernacular.⁴² The first Protestant missionaries in Ireland were Irish speaking.⁴³ Methodist theologian Adam Clarke (1762-1832) argued that "the Irish language is with the natives a *sacred* language . . . they allow themselves to *feel* from that tongue, what they do not consider themselves obliged to feel from another [*original emphasis*]."⁴⁴ By the end of the eighteenth century, preachers such as Gideon Ousley regarded the Irish language as an instrument of conversion.⁴⁵ From the mid-1820s, "copies of Irish Bibles, New Testaments and numerous tracts poured from the

³⁸ Carpenter, "Changing Views of Irish Musical and Literary Culture in Eighteenth Century Anglo-Irish Literature," 21.

³⁹ Brooke, Introduction.

⁴⁰ Carpenter, "Changing Views of Irish Musical and Literary Culture in Eighteenth Century Anglo-Irish Literature," 23.

⁴¹ MacDonagh, 107.

⁴² Leerssen, 282, 287.

⁴³ James Murphy, *Ireland: A Social, Cultural and Literary History, 1791-1891* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2003), 66.

⁴⁴ David Hempton and Myrtle Hill, *Evangelical Protestantism in Ulster Society 1740-1890* (London and New York: Routledge, 1992), 53.

⁴⁵ MacDonagh, 105.

printing presses.”⁴⁶ The Protestant desire for conversion, directed towards the poorer and less literate Catholic population, unwittingly prevented the complete demise of the Irish language, when even the most patriotic of Catholics would have waved it off.⁴⁷ The ‘Great Liberator’ himself, Daniel O’Connell, said of Gaelic:

Although [it] is connected with many recollections that twine round the hearts of Irishmen, yet the superior utility of the English tongue, as the medium of all communication, is so great that I can witness without a sigh, the gradual disuse of Irish.⁴⁸

Catholic resistance to the Irish language enhanced the sense of superior Protestant intellectualism and internationalism. Oliver MacDonagh writes that Protestants “could view themselves as superior to that mass, who were busily discarding their cultural heritage and adopting the speech, lifestyle and thought patterns of those to whom they remained politically opposed.”⁴⁹

There is evidence from the seventeenth century onwards, from all parts of Ireland, that Catholic and Protestant neighbors practiced bilingualism to varying degrees.⁵⁰ Nicholas Canny explains that some Protestant survivors of the 1641 rebellion competently gave evidence against their foes, based on conversations overheard in Gaelic.⁵¹ By the beginning of the nineteenth century, just over half of the population of Ireland used Gaelic as its first language.⁵² In 1810, Gamble describes an encounter with a Protestant acquaintance who owned a drapery shop in Drogheda, County Louth. He observed that “very few of these poor people could speak English; my friend’s pride

⁴⁶ Hempton and Hill, 53.

⁴⁷ Ibid. See also MacDonagh, 108.

⁴⁸ Murphy, 25.

⁴⁹ MacDonagh, 107.

⁵⁰ Canny, 452.

⁵¹ Ibid., 453.

⁵² Murphy, 29.

won't allow him to learn Irish. In this instance, as pride often does, he pays for its gratification—he is obliged to keep a shopman at a large salary, who acts as an interpreter.”⁵³

There was an inevitable exchange of culture across the different communities living closely together, especially in market towns.⁵⁴ Rising literacy levels, commercial transactions between tenants, merchants, agents and landlords, and persevering cultural customs, especially in music and poetry, all contributed to a social osmosis.⁵⁵ An absence of copyright laws in Ireland before the Act of Union meant that literary works were widely published and cheap to buy. As Carpenter puts it, “the [eighteenth century] literary and cultural environment was kind to those who wrote verse and wanted to see it in print—as indeed it was to those who wrote songs and wanted to hear them sung.”⁵⁶

Popular culture was, for the most part, an oral culture. But literature both in Irish and English was available. Broadsides had been available as early as 1701.⁵⁷ Ballad books and religious books were also available in both languages. Chapbooks of poems and songs were bought by chapmen, and sold on to ballad singers, who would sing them at fairs, on street corners, or wherever there was an audience.⁵⁸ Street peddlers sold cheaply printed books, of which romances and criminal biographies were the most popular genres.⁵⁹ Many of the broadsheets and chapbooks evidence macaronic texts with

⁵³ Gamble, 107.

⁵⁴ Andrew Carpenter, "Poetry in English, 1690-1800," in *The Cambridge History of Irish Literature*, ed. Margaret Kelleher and Philip O' Leary (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2006), 304.

⁵⁵ Graham Kirkham, "Literacy in North-West Ulster, 1680-1860," in *The Origins of Popular Literacy in Ireland: Language Change and Educational Development 1700-1920*, ed. Mary Daly and David Dickson (Dublin: Department of Modern History, Trinity College, Dublin, 1990), 75.

⁵⁶ Carpenter, "Poetry in English, 1690-1800," 314.

⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, 281.

⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, 305.

⁵⁹ Murphy, 30.

Irish and English interwoven, or texts written in Hiberno-English.⁶⁰ The street ballads are an important register of the degree of hybridization of Gaelic and English language and culture. Many of the ballads circulating in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were traditional Irish airs with English words, which often necessitated a manipulation of syntax, and occasionally retained some original Gaelic phrases or words.⁶¹ There were frequent references to place names, heroes and heroines of the Gaelic and contemporary past, and a mixture of styles that could range from military language to street slang.⁶²

The growing popularity of traditional Irish music in late eighteenth-century Anglo-Irish circles was another signal of changing attitudes towards Gaelic culture.⁶³ In July 1792, less than two hundred years since Queen Elizabeth had called for their extinction, Irish harpers were invited to gather by “Gentlemen of Belfast.”⁶⁴ “Strum, strum and be hanged” noted Theobald Wolfe Tone in his journal, but in fact, the music of harpist Turlough O’Carolan became a soundtrack to various political gatherings of the United Irishmen and women in the late eighteenth century.⁶⁵ Mary Ann Allingham pays tribute to O’Carolan in her poem ‘Carolan’: “Time honoured CAROLAN! / Sweet Child of Song, / Thy fame shall live tho’ / Ages roll along.” For many, Irish music was a more accessible route to Celticism than the Irish language, and was enthusiastically received in the Ascendancy drawing-rooms.⁶⁶

⁶⁰ Carpenter, "Poetry in English, 1690-1800," 304.

⁶¹ This is a feature of some of Mary Ann Allingham’s poems- see chapter six.

⁶² David Lloyd, *Anomalous States: Irish Writing and the Post-Colonial Movement* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1993), 94.

⁶³ Carpenter, "Changing Views of Irish Musical and Literary Culture in Eighteenth Century Anglo-Irish Literature," 11.

⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, 8.

⁶⁵ Quoted in Flanagan, 432. Luke Gibbons, "From Ossian to O’ Carolan," in *From Gaelic to Romantic: Ossianic Translations*, ed. Fiona J. Stafford and Howard Gaskil, 250.

⁶⁶ Seamus Deane, "Thomas Moore," in *The Field Day of Irish Writing*, ed. Seamus Deane, Andrew Carpenter, and Jonathan Williams (1991), 1053-1054.

By the end of the eighteenth century, the restoration of a modified version of Gaelic culture allowed members of the Protestant Irish to establish an identity which distinguished them from the Protestant English. Many public figures, including Grattan, Edmund Burke (1729-97), Theobald Wolfe Tone (1763-98) and Robert Emmet (1778-1803), were publishing verse.⁶⁷ Their intellectual superiority gave rise to the concept of Ascendancy; these educated Protestants would retain their dominant position in Irish society. What they lacked in majority would be made up in cultural authority.⁶⁸

Literature and Culture from 1795-1835

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, the patriotism borne of Grattan and the Volunteer movement, and the increasingly robust response from loyalists, saw the emergence of a body of verse and song that reflected the growing tensions and divergence of Protestant political opinion.⁶⁹ By the 1790s, the United Irishmen sang patriotic songs after their meetings, and published verses in the newspapers in Belfast and Dublin.⁷⁰ The first volume of their songbook *Paddy's Resource* appeared in Belfast in 1795, a second volume in Belfast in 1796. The texts were anonymous, but contributors are believed to have included poets Thomas Campbell, William Drennan and Edward Lysaght.⁷¹ The verses draw on the revolutionary experiences of France and America, the themes are freedom and liberty, and illustrations include St. Patrick, Granuaile,

⁶⁷ Carpenter, "Poetry in English, 1690-1800," 312.

⁶⁸ Murphy, 41.

⁶⁹ Carpenter, "Poetry in English, 1690-1800," 313.

⁷⁰ *The Northern Star* in Belfast and *The Press* in Dublin

⁷¹ Georges-Denis Zimmerman, *Songs of Irish Rebellion: Political Street Songs and Rebel Ballads 1780-1900* (Dublin: Allen Figgis, 1967), 38.

shamrocks and harps.⁷² By 1798, the loyalists published their first song books and began printing broadsides; their focus emphasized loyalty to king and country.⁷³ Interestingly, some of the symbols appropriated by the loyalists were also drawn from Gaelic culture.⁷⁴

The 1798 rebellion delivered a sharp shock to the antiquarians and historians.⁷⁵ During the eighteenth century, Protestants had the luxury of adopting suitable traits and myths from Gaelic Ireland without opposition from a powerless Catholic population, rendered impotent by the Penal Laws, poverty and privation. The 1798 rebellion undermined the whole notion of a benevolent Ascendancy in the midst of a benign Gaelic utopia, and the English response was the Act of Union which saw the dissolution of the Dublin Parliament. The Act of Union sabotaged the hopes of Grattan's party to legislate independently and in the interests of Irish Ascendancy. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Gaelic traditions that had been resurrected so enthusiastically were being appropriated by opposing factions in what would be a bitter period of sectarian conflict and the return of an identity crisis for Protestant Ireland.

The Act of Union between Britain and Ireland had consequences for the writers and readers of Ireland. Dublin, no longer home to a parliament, saw an exodus of politicians, civil servants, and crucially for writers, the book-purchasing readership.⁷⁶ Ireland became subject to English copyright laws, and the Dublin literary scene which

⁷² *Granuaile* is the sixteenth century pirate, Grace O'Malley, who becomes an Irish folk-heroine by the nineteenth century, and is the subject of a poem. 'Granna Uille' (V8) by Mary Ann Allingham. *Ibid.*, 39, 55.

⁷³ Carpenter, "Poetry in English, 1690-1800," 312.

⁷⁴ Ulster loyalists also use the harp (topped by a crown) and The Red Hand of Ulster, taken from the Fenian cycle of mythology, among their symbols. See Dominic Bryan, *Orange Parades: The Politics of Ritual, Tradition and Control* (Pluto Press; Sterling, 2000), 12.

⁷⁵ Leerssen, 373.

⁷⁶ Carpenter, "Poetry in English, 1690-1800," 314.

was thriving in the eighteenth century, practically disappeared.⁷⁷ Between 1800 and 1870, 13,000 books were published in Dublin, compared to 240,000 in London.⁷⁸ The number of books published in Dublin after the Act of Union was only twenty percent of what it had been in the eighteenth century.⁷⁹

The Irish writer was now addressing an English audience that was possibly ignorant of, or hostile to, the Irish character and Irish life. The combination of nineteenth century trends for romanticism and reform refracted representations of Ireland. Anglo-Irish writing became didactic in style, anthropological in purpose and focused on the peasantry rather than the middle class.⁸⁰ A form of resolution between the Ascendancy and the Gael was developed in the ‘national tale’, exemplified by the novels of Lady Morgan and Maria Edgeworth.⁸¹ What is interesting about these authors is that their patriotism is predicated on Ireland’s Celticism as historic and unrecoverable.⁸² One of the most influential proponents of Irish verse at this time was Thomas Moore (1779-1852), who published his collected *Irish Melodies* between 1808 and 1834. Moore’s compositions set mournful English lyrics to traditional Irish airs, lamenting the loss of Ireland’s glorious ancient past.⁸³ While Moore’s work was also comforting to its English audience, there were some provocative nods towards nationalism.⁸⁴ Denis-Georges Zimmerman writes that the “main contribution of educated writers to the development of patriotic literature in the first half of the nineteenth century is summarized in two of

⁷⁷ Ibid., 315.

⁷⁸ Murphy, 49.

⁷⁹ Andrew Carpenter, "Introduction," in *Verses in English from Eighteenth-Century Ireland*, ed. Andrew Carpenter (Cork: Cork University Press, 1998), 33.

⁸⁰ Murphy, 49.

⁸¹ Ibid., 50-54.

⁸² Flanagan, 488.

⁸³ Claire Connolly, "Irish Romanticism 1800-1830," in *The Cambridge History of Irish Literature*, ed. Margaret Kelleher and Philip O' Leary (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2006), 435.

⁸⁴ Murphy, 58.

Moore's *Melodies*, inviting Erin to 'remember the days of old' and 'remember the glories of great kings and heroes.'"⁸⁵

For Irish Protestants, the rise of the O'Connellite movement and the spectre of Catholic emancipation led to a resurgence of evangelicism and a revival of the intellectual project to ground the Protestant tradition in medieval Irish history. After Catholic emancipation in 1829, Protestants had to accept that their political hegemony was in decline. Cultural authority presented an alternative way of retaining a sense of superiority.⁸⁶ In October 1822, the Archbishop of Dublin William Magee called for a 'second reformation,' "to bring about the conversion of Ireland's Catholics."⁸⁷ There was little accretion of numbers, but Protestant evangelism, with its societies, fundraising activities, volunteerism, preaching and meetings, concentrated and galvanized Ulster Protestantism.⁸⁸

Magazines such as Caesar Otway's *Christian Examiner and Church Journal of Ireland* (1825) and George Petrie's *Dublin Penny Journal* (1832) became platforms for Protestant ideology. Petrie (1796-1866), a member of the Royal Irish Academy from 1829, was an antiquarian and collected many early Irish manuscripts which provided material for the intellectual revival in Protestant circles.⁸⁹ The *Dublin Penny Journal* published many articles on antiquarian art and picturesque sites of Gaelic interest, inspired by Petrie's curiosity in Gaelic traditions. In 1832 and 1836, Mary Ann

⁸⁵ Zimmerman, 81.

⁸⁶ Murphy, 78.

⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, 67.

⁸⁸ Hempton and Hill, 61.

MacDonagh, 108.⁸⁹

Allingham had poems published (using the initials ‘M.A.A.’) in the *Dublin Penny Journal*.⁹⁰

In 1833, The *Dublin University Magazine* was founded, giving voice to writers such as Samuel Ferguson (1810-1896) to articulate the dilemma of the Protestant minority, abandoned by their own government and distrustful of their Catholic counterparts.⁹¹ In 1834, Ferguson published a series of withering reviews of James Hardiman’s *Irish Minstrelsy* (1831), an anthology of over 100 Irish lyrics and folk songs. Ferguson accused Hardiman of erroneous translations, and criticized his Catholic nationalist interpretation of Irish culture.⁹² Ferguson’s vision was that the nobility and loyalty associated with ancient Ireland could be shaped by Protestant Ireland’s traditions of enlightenment, enquiry and representative government.”⁹³ He wrote:

What we have to do with, and that to which these observations properly point, is the recovery of the mislaid, but not lost, records of the acts, and opinions, and conditions of our ancestors – the bringing back to the light of intellectual day the already recorded facts by which the people of Ireland will be able to live back, in the land they live in, with as ample and as interesting a field of retrospective enjoyment as any of the natives around us.⁹⁴

Reviewing the canon of nineteenth century Irish literary history

To the scholar of nineteenth century culture, it appears that the literary history of the early nineteenth century is framed by two projects. The first is the Protestant manifesto to maintain its ascendancy by reconstructing a pedigree from the ancient past which can absorb the injustices of the recent past. This not only

⁹⁰ ‘The Haunted Skull: A Legend of Killarney’ *The Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol. 2, No. 57, (Aug. 3, 1833).

‘The Haunted Physicians’ *The Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol. 4, No. 202, (May 14, 1836)

⁹¹ Murphy, 80.

⁹² Ibid.

⁹³ Ibid.

⁹⁴ Samuel Ferguson, quoted in Flanagan, 500.

includes the more eristic work of writers like Ferguson, but also through the writings of Moore, Edgeworth and Morgan.⁹⁵ The second is the nationalist manifesto, which aims to reclaim the aboriginal right to culture of the tenantry, by reshaping the same pedigree with, arguably, more art and less matter.⁹⁶ Oliver MacDonagh writes:

Protestant commitment to Gaelicisation sprang from the desire to find a native identification. Although there was no necessary connection between Protestantism and . . . Gaelicisation there was certainly a natural affinity between the two throughout the nineteenth century and especially in its last three-quarters.⁹⁷

What is very interesting in MacDonagh's statement, and other concurring accounts of the trickling down of scholarly pursuits in antiquarianism and Celticism to the general Protestant communities, is the time-frame of this process. MacDonagh claims "It is not too much to hail [Samuel Ferguson] as the discoverer of the ancient Irish literature on which the later literary renaissance was to be based. Nor is it an exaggeration to speak of him as the inventor of a new sort of nationality."⁹⁸ Myrtle Hill identifies poet James Clarence Mangan (1803-1849) and scholar John O'Donovan (1806-1861) as

⁹⁵While Morgan, Moore and Edgeworth are often described as 'nationalist' writers, I would not consider them in the same vein as the United Irishmen. Morgan and Edgeworth stopped writing after emancipation, as O'Connellism undermined their vision of the 'national tale'. Claire Connolly writes that Moore is "remembered chiefly for the aestheticizing of despair . . . call[ing] up memories of Ireland's past only to banish all hope of future glory." Connolly, 435. Eagleton and Murphy all make the point that Maria Edgeworth and Lady Morgan ceased writing after the rise of O'Connell, "both [*Edgeworth and Morgan*] testify to a solution which can be secured by literary means only, and in both cases, as the Catholic masses begin their long march to independence, the voices which proffer these panaceas finally lapse into an indignant silence." Terry Eagleton, *Heathcliff and the Great Hunger* (London: Verso, 1995), 186. Murphy, 157. See also n72.

⁹⁶ Zimmerman compares nationalist and loyalist verses, noting that the nationalist genre "tend more frequently towards lyricism or sentimentality". He describes Orange writing as "more efficient . . . less likely to introduce irrelevant or obscure periods." Zimmerman, 304. See also Coleborne, 395.

⁹⁷ MacDonagh, 106.

⁹⁸ *Ibid.*, 109.

pioneers of this new intellectual culture [*emphasis added*].⁹⁹ Mary Ann Allingham was published in *The Ballyshannon Herald* and *The National Magazine* in 1831 and *The Dublin Penny Journal* in 1833 and 1836, around the same time as Mangan and Ferguson, and ten years before O'Donovan began publishing his *Annals of the Four Masters* (1846-1851).¹⁰⁰ Allingham clearly has an interest in antiquity and in a literary self-definition that roots itself in Gaelic tradition. Her work may not be the finest of the genre, but it certainly exists, and challenges this concept that the reimagining or appropriation of noble and ancient Irish qualities was instigated by eighteenth century scholars and driven solely by nineteenth-century intellectuals. This conviction will be addressed in more detail in the following chapters.

The focus of almost all contemporary critical literature on the culture of Ireland during the late eighteenth century and early nineteenth century is upon the contribution of Protestant elites.¹⁰¹ Yet, as Carpenter points out, the increasing popularity of Gaelic culture at all levels of Irish society insinuates that the cultural influences between Catholics and Protestants of eighteenth century and early nineteenth century were much more fluid than the “historians would have us believe.”¹⁰² MacDonagh also concedes that “there were always some people of this [intellectual Protestant] class, *as well as other classes*, who were simply curious about the past of their immediate regions, who simply

⁹⁹ Myrtle Hill, "Culture and Religion 1815-1870," in *Ireland 1815-1870: Emancipation, Famine and Religion*, ed. Donnchadh Ó Corráin and Tomás O'Riordan (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2011), 52.

¹⁰⁰ Allingham's *The Ocean* was published in *The Ballyshannon Herald* on July 6, 1831; *A walk through Derry* was published on July 29th of the same year. *The Banqueting Hall, Dunluce, The Burial of 1830, Love's Labour* and *The Haunted Physicians* were published in *The National Magazine* in 1831. *The Haunted Skull* and *The Haunted Physicians* were published in *The Dublin Penny Journal* in 1833 and 1836 respectively.

¹⁰¹ Ciaran O'Neill, "Introduction," in *Irish Elites in the Nineteenth Century*, ed. Ciaran O'Neill (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2013), 26-27.

¹⁰² Carpenter, "Changing Views of Irish Musical and Literary Culture in Eighteenth Century Anglo-Irish Literature," 11.

wished to learn what they could about the ancient topography, the origins of the place names, the significance of the raths and cromlechs and the old familial and economic patterns of the places where they live [*emphasis added*].”¹⁰³

Ciaran O’Neill observes that “it became somewhat fashionable to conceive of Irish history in an essentialist, almost racist formulation, where the populace (and its politics) might easily be split into Catholic-nationalist and Protestant-unionist monoliths.”¹⁰⁴ Linda M. Hagan also questions whether the project of building national identity in the ‘New Ireland’ of the 1920s displaced or distorted the history of those who did not quite ‘fit’ into the narrative.¹⁰⁵ In terms of the Ulster Protestant literary tradition, there is a concentration upon Ascendancy architects like Ferguson, and a neglect of many of the less-radical writers, including Scottish writers, the weaver poets, folk singers, women writers, preachers and pamphleteers.¹⁰⁶ This neglect will be addressed in the following chapter.

A further consequence of this myopic version of the country’s nineteenth century literary history is its remoteness. James Murphy proposes that nineteenth century Irish literature is inaccessible to a modern audience:

[T]he contemporary reader . . . cannot relate to a world where the central conflict, that between landlords and tenants, is almost purely an external one and best understood in terms of a particular set of historical circumstances. They were

¹⁰³ MacDonagh, 105.

¹⁰⁴ O’Neill, 27.

¹⁰⁵ Linda M. Hagan, "The Ulster-Scots and the 'Greening' of Ireland: A Precarious Belonging?," in *Affecting Irishness: Negotiating Cultural Identity within and Beyond the Nation*, ed. James P. Byrne, Padraig Kirwan, and Michael O’Sullivan, Reimagining Ireland (Oxford: Peter Lang, 2009), 72.

¹⁰⁶ As James Murphy points out, Samuel Ferguson is frequently claimed as a ‘nationalist’ writer, and grouped with writers such as Thomas Moore, Lady Morgan, Maria Edgeworth and James Clarence Mangan, -all who would have considerable differences and attitudes to Unionism, Emancipation and Nationalism. Murphy, 159. Anne K. Mellor writes that “The language of the common man and woman is found not in the poems of Wordsworth but in the tracts, ballads, broadsides, and penny –dreadfuls of the street, a vernacular discourse that literary critics . . . have until very recently ignored.” Anne K. Mellor, "Introduction," in *Romanticism and Feminism*, ed. Anne K. Mellor (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1988), 8.

sealed off from each other socially and neither had that sort of internal ideological or moral purchase on the other, the resolution of which might allow today's readers still to find an echo of their own struggles. The reader is thus not able to consume nineteenth-century Irish literature so that it confirms a belief in a universal human experience.¹⁰⁷

I would argue that if this is true, it is because of three reasons. Firstly, the insistence of critiquing Irish writers primarily in terms of their nationalist/loyalist relationship to Irishness. Secondly, the abysmal representation of women's literature from this period. Thirdly, what I would describe as an inferiority complex in the relationship between the Irish critic and English literature of the same period.¹⁰⁸ To argue, as Murphy does, that the modern reader can relate to a Jane Austen heroine or a Wordsworthian vista more easily than to the creative work of the Irish writer has less to do with the writing, and more to do with our own failure to read, teach and celebrate the work of Irish writers as they deserve.¹⁰⁹

Therefore, I would argue that what is perceived to be the vital literary history of nineteenth century Ireland has, in fact been a concord between literature and a patriarchal political agenda that raged on through the twentieth century. Eavan Boland writes:

Let us be rid at last of any longing for cultural unity, in a country whose most precious contribution may be precisely its insight into the anguish of disunity; let us be rid of any longing for imaginative collective dignity in a land whose final

¹⁰⁷ Murphy, 160.

¹⁰⁸ Much of the (Irish-authored) literary criticism I have read assumes that the novels of Jane Austen and the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats are the literary high-water mark to which all other literatures in English must aspire. To quote Anne K. Mellor, "the critical canonization of only six of the literally hundreds of male and female writers of the early nineteenth century reflects certain assumptions deeply imbedded in [*British*] political culture." A debate on post-colonialism in Irish Literature does not belong here, but constructing an Irish canon which attempts to emulate the British canon has (in my opinion) had the same marginalizing effect. See Anne K. Mellor, "Introduction," in *Romanticism and Feminism*, ed. Anne K. Mellor (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 198), 8. See also Stuart Curran, "Women Readers, Woman Writers," in *The Cambridge Companion to British Romanticism*, ed. Stuart Curran (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993), 194.

¹⁰⁹ Murphy, 160.

and only dignity is individuality. For there is, and at last I recognize it, no unity whatsoever in this culture of ours.¹¹⁰

Nineteenth century literature contains within it much more diversity and difference than is currently acknowledged. The Ulster-Scots tradition has been mostly ignored, and women poets are practically non-existent. We have little information about how Irish women writers were influenced by the cultural changes documented above, and how they responded to a culture so “overtly and covertly patriarchal.”¹¹¹

The next chapter introduces the texts of Mary Ann Allingham, a poet and writer of interest not only because she is female, or Protestant, or from Ulster; but because her writings reveal her negotiation of a much broader culture than that which is implied from the current literary historiography.

¹¹⁰ Eavan Boland and Jody Allen Randolph, *Eavan Boland : A Critical Companion : Poetry, Prose, Interviews, Reviews, and Criticism* (New York: W.W. Norton, 2008), 88.

¹¹¹ Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar, *The Madwoman in the Attic : The Woman Writer and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2000), 46.

CHAPTER FOUR NO GATE, NO LOCK, NO BOLT THE MAKING OF A WRITER

Lock up your libraries if you like; but there is no gate, no lock,
no bolt that you can set upon the freedom of my mind.

—*A Room of One's Own*¹

I love my native land, no doubt
Attached to her thro' thick and thin;
Yet tho' I'm Irish all without
I'm every item Scotch within

—Samuel Thompson²

It may be shocking to some that the Irish woman reading finds in
[Irish Literature] only a profound silence, her own silence.

— Naomi Doak³

Famously, George Russell announced that "[U]nionism in Ireland has produced no literature."⁴ Margaret McCurtain and Mary O'Dowd describe Irish women's history as "largely a story of neglect."⁵ Therefore, the claim that Ulster Protestant woman writers have "a special and complicated claim of their own to be the lost voices of hidden

¹ Virginia Woolf, *Selected Works of Virginia Woolf: Jacob's Room, Mrs. Dalloway, to the Lighthouse, Orlando, a Room of One's Own, the Waves, Three Guineas, & between the Acts* (Hertfordshire: Wordsworth Editions Ltd., 2007), 610.

² 'To Captain McDougall' by Samuel Thompson, quoted in Linda M. Hagan, "The Ulster-Scots and the 'Greening' of Ireland: A Precarious Belonging?," in *Affecting Irishness: Negotiating Cultural Identity within and Beyond the Nation*, ed. James P. Byrne, Padraig Kirwan, and Michael O'Sullivan, (Oxford: Peter Lang, 2009), 73.

³ Naomi Doak, "Assessing an Absence: Ulster Protestant Woman Authors 1900-1960," in *Irish Protestant Identities*, ed. Mervyn Busted, Frank Neal, and Jonathan Tonge (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2005), 126. See also Margaret McCurtain and Mary O'Dowd, "Introduction," in *Women in Early Modern Ireland*, ed. Margaret MacCurtain and Mary O'Dowd (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1991).

⁴ George Russell, "A Typed Transcript of a Letter from George Russell Sent from the 'Irish Homestead', 84 Merrion Square, Dublin to Kathleen Kyle, Replying to a Letter from Her Quering His Attitude to Ulster Unionism., 1913-1914."

⁵ McCurtain and O'Dowd, 1.

Ireland,” rings true.⁶ Allingham’s is one of the most marginal of voices in nineteenth century Irish literature, and merits attention as a new presence in a slim archive.

The Allingham Texts

The manuscripts which provide the main primary sources of this dissertation include two volumes from the Gunnerus Library in Trondheim, Norway, entitled *Poems, Stories, Legends Part IV*, and *Poems, Stories, Legends Part V*.⁷ Some of the texts are dated, and were written between 1825 and 1832. Several of the poems were published in Irish magazines and newspapers between 1829 and 1836, and some poems and narratives which are not in the Trondheim documents have also been discovered in Irish newspapers and periodicals.⁸ The Trondheim archive also includes a poem about the Irish musician Turlough O’Carolan, written in 1845, and a description of a day-trip to Doe Castle, written in the 1840s. It has been challenging to find Allingham’s published poems and narratives in Irish publications, because they are either unsigned, or initialed ‘M.A.A.’

Poems, Stories, Legends Part IV has, on its front page, an index of 32 works, including a lengthy travel narrative about a day-trip to the Giant’s Causeway. Published works in this collection include ‘The Ocean’ (*Ballyshannon Herald*, July 15 1831), ‘The Burial of 1830’ (*The National Magazine*, 1831), ‘Love’s Labour Lost ‘and ‘The Banqueting Hall’, (taken from *A Day at the Causeway*, and published in *The National*

⁶ Doak, 135.

⁷ Mary Ann Allingham’s texts have been digitized and are available at Arkivportalen, a joint web site for 59 Norwegian institutions. Go to http://www.arkivportalen.no/side/arkiv/detaljer?arkivId=no-NTNU_arkiv000000032344 The website is in Norwegian (only), ‘Sangbok’ are her song books, ‘bøker’ are the books, ‘dikt’ and ‘poesi’ are poetry/poems.

⁸ ‘A Connaught Ramble’ and ‘An Excursion to Donegal’ are published in *Dublin Family Magazine*, 1829. ‘A Walk in Derry’ was published in *The Ballyshannon Herald* in 1831. A poem titled ‘The Days that are Gone’ is published in *The Ballyshannon Herald* in 1831. These texts are not included in the original manuscripts found in Norway.

Magazine, 1831), and ‘The Possessed Skull’ (published as ‘The Haunted Skull: A legend of Killarney’ in *The Dublin Penny Journal* in August 1833).

Poems, Stories, Legends Part V has twenty-seven works indexed, of which ‘The Haunted Physicians’ was published in *The National Magazine* in 1831, and again in *The Dublin Penny Journal* in May 1836. Allingham also had two travel articles published in *The Dublin Family Magazine*, ‘A Connaught Ramble’ (July 1829) and ‘An Excursion to Donegal’ (September 1829). In 1831, several articles were published in *The Ballyshannon Herald*; including poems ‘The Days That Are Gone’ and ‘The Ocean,’ and her travel narrative “A Walk through Derry.” I have not found any original works of Mary Ann Allingham published after 1836, but two later texts from Trondheim are dated 1845 and 184?, and are signed by ‘M.A.G’.⁹

To date, I have only found two references to Mary Ann Allingham *as a writer*. Her nephew, the poet William Allingham Jr., acknowledges her as a poetess, but with limited ambitions.¹⁰ Philip Dixon Hardy, bookseller, publisher and author, also refers to her, specifically, as a writer.¹¹ Hardy either met Allingham, or read Allingham’s travelogues in *The Dublin Family Magazine* in 1829 and he regurgitates sections of her texts in parts of his book, *The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North and North West of Ireland* (1830). For example, both of them describe an area of Donegal known as ‘The Pullins’; Allingham writes “the stream that runs through . . . is of a petrifying nature; and many bits of moss and wood may be found, either entirely turned

⁹ Mary Ann married W.F. Grueber in 1833, and from then, used the initials of her married name to sign her work.

¹⁰ William Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary* (London: Macmillan and Co. Ltd, 1907), 26.

¹¹ Francesca Benatti’s biographical entry on Philip Dixon Hardy describes him as “an innovator and keen business man”, see Laurel Brake, Marysa Demoor, and Library British, *Dictionary of Nineteenth-Century Journalism* (Gent : London: Academia Press ; British Library, 2009), 269.

to stone, or undergoing the change.”¹² Hardy writes “in many places, tufts of moss and bits of wood may be found, either entirely turned to stone, or undergoing the change.”¹³ His descriptions of the Donegal and Sligo areas are almost identical to Allingham’s. He also reprints (and credits to her), a poem that was published in *The Dublin Family Magazine* in 1829.¹⁴ In a footnote, Hardy thanks “M.A.A, a writer in *The Dublin Family Magazine*, to whom we are indebted for several judicious remarks relative to the Abbey and Hazelwood.”¹⁵ Hardy would go on to become editor of *The Dublin Penny Journal* in 1833, taking over from George Petrie and Caesar Otway.¹⁶ Hardy published two more of Allingham’s poems in *The Dublin Penny Journal* in 1833 and 1836, by which time the circulation of the magazine was booming and a third of the circulation figure of 12,000 were English readers.¹⁷

Elizabeth Tilley describes Hardy as a pioneer of “scissors and paste journalism” who was more interested in expanding the readership than the “lively and agreeable writing” championed by Caesar Otway.¹⁸ Hardy became embroiled in a row with Samuel Ferguson over the literary pedigree of *The Dublin Penny Journal* after Petrie was replaced.¹⁹ Hardy certainly played a crucial part in the development of cheaper

¹² Mary Ann Allingham, "An Excursion to Donegal," *The Dublin Family Magazine* September 1829, 424.

¹³ Philip Dixon Hardy, *The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North and North West of Ireland: Including a Particular Description of Belfast, the Giant's Causeway, and Every Object of Picturesque Interest in the District Referred To* (Dublin: Curry, 1830), 371.

¹⁴ Hardy credits the poem to Allingham, which is only slightly changed (the order of the last two lines reversed) from her verses on Sligo in 'A Connaught Ramble', published in *The Dublin Family Magazine*, July 1829.

¹⁵ Hardy, 380.

¹⁶ Elizabeth Tilley, "Periodicals," in *The Irish Book in English 1800-1891*, ed. James H. Murphy (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011), 153.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁸ Eugenia M. Palmegiano, *Perceptions of the Press in Nineteenth-Century British Periodicals a Bibliography* (London: Anthem Press, 2012), 178; Tilley, 153.

¹⁹ Palmegiano, 178.

magazines, preferring an eclectic and popular mix of content to the more politically-focused (and more expensive) *Dublin University Magazine*.²⁰

One could speculate that Ferguson's low opinion of Hardy as an editor may possibly be the reason that poet William Allingham Jr., a great admirer of Ferguson, did not acknowledge his aunt's association with Hardy.²¹ In any case, in the late 1820s and early 1830s, Petrie, Otway and Hardy were responsible for a move away from polemicist and sectarian journalism towards that of a more inclusive and culturally focused kind. In 1830, *The Dublin Literary Gazette* became *The Irish National Magazine*, whose editor, Charles Lever, promised to give "special attention to works of a clear national character."²² However, Lever was forced to resign and Hardy became editor from 1831.²³ Allingham's work appears in *The National Magazine* during Hardy's stewardship.²⁴

Being a writer

The two articles published in *The Dublin Family Magazine* in 1829 make it clear that Mary Ann Allingham actively sought publication and thought of herself as a writer. In September 1829, the following address to the magazine's editor is published as part of 'An Excursion to Donegal':

²⁰ See Francesca Benatti, "Irish Patriots and Scottish Adventurers: The "Irish Penny Journal", 1840-1841," *The Canadian Journal of Irish Studies* 35, no. 2 (2009). Benatti illustrates the political and economic difficulties of printing a successful cheap Irish magazine for the Irish reader in the 1830s and early 1840s, while paying 'reputable' writers and covering publication costs.

²¹ Hardy also refers specifically to other places identified by Mary Ann Allingham in her Donegal and Sligo excursions. In the same 1830 book, he mentions, among other less obvious attractions, the unusual Shell House at Murvagh, Co. Donegal (p.370).

²² Quoted in Helen Mulvey, *Thomas Davis and Ireland: A Biographical Study* (Washington, D.C.: Catholic University of America Press, 2003), 67.

²³ Lever published an article sympathetic to the controversial poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, and so angered subscribers that he was forced to resign. Barbara Hayley, "A Reading, Thinking Nation: Periodicals as the Voice of Nineteenth Century Ireland," in *Three Hundred Years of Irish Periodicals*, ed. Barbara Hayley, Enda McKay, and Journals Association of Irish Learned (Dublin; Mullingar, Co. Westmeath: Association of Irish Learned Journals; Lilliput Press, 1987), 34.

²⁴ Allingham appears in Volume 2, Numbers 2, 3 and 4, 1831.

After several vain attempts at gaining your favours, I determined on making a last effort, and was encouraged to persevere, like the knight in the Fairy Queen, by the motto “Be bold, be bold: and everywhere be bold”: and though the rejection of several of my pieces of poetry damped my courage, like the words over the enchanted door, “be not too bold,” yet on I went, and at length had the pleasure of succeeding in my adventure by finding “A Connaught Ramble” occupying several pages in your July Magazine.²⁵

It is impossible to ignore the ambition expressed here, and Allingham’s perseverance is admirable. Her solidarity with Spenser’s knight is one of many instances where Allingham uses characters from well-known literary works to frame her own zeal for literary recognition.²⁶

Throughout her texts, Allingham continuously references other writers and their work, but her choice of Spenser in this opening salvo is particularly interesting. Spenser’s definition that “a Historiographer discourseth of affairs orderly as they were done...but a Poet trusteth into the midst...and maketh a pleasing Analysis of all” could be said to be Allingham’s guiding principal.²⁷ Her much-emphasized purpose is to entertain her reader, and while she apologizes regularly for her limited talents, she quickly moves to a spirited defense of her own ambition. In ‘Dedication to my friends’, a preface to songbook three, Allingham imagines her friends comparing her work to the literary giants of the time:

Think'st thou thy songs could merit praise,
So poor in Spirit wit and love;
They cannot soar like MOORE'S sweet lays,
All other melodists above.

They whisper not affections note,
Like BURNS fair nature’s child;
Whose songs on Summer breezes Float,
Or strew the winters tempest wild.

²⁵ Allingham, “An Excursion to Donegal,” 420.

²⁶ Byron’s *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage* is her start and end point for her ‘Day at the Causeway’ narrative.

²⁷ Joanne Craig, “The Image of Mortality: Myth and History in the Faerie Queene,” *ELH* 39, no. 4 (1972): 523.

They want the fun of RAMSAYS verse,
 They want Old CAROLANS soft tone;
 And BYRONS hand so great so scarce,
 And SCOTT who yields the wreath to none.

She then follows up her ‘Who’s who’ of writers with a sturdy defence:

All this is true, but would you scorn,
 The Daisy for its low degree;
 Because perchance it was not born,
 Like the sweet Rose upon the tree.

Or would you mock the twinkling star,
 That shines unheeded in the Sky;
 Because the Moon is brighter far,
 And warmer beams the Grand Suns eye.

And yet the Daisy Fair might bloom,
 Where lovelier Flowers would fade away;
 And the pale star at midnights gloom,
 Might guide the feet that wandering stray.²⁸

Allingham’s focus on Scottish poets is consistent. Dr. Frank Ferguson confirms that Scottish poets and novelists were in vogue in nineteenth century Ulster. Not only did Ulster libraries in Derry and Belfast stock works by Scottish writers, but popular Scottish literary periodicals such as *Blackwood’s Magazine*, *Tait’s Edinburgh Magazine* and *The Glasgow Herald* were also available.²⁹

Although Allingham concedes that she is “unknown within Fame’s crowded hall”, she *thinks* of herself as a writer. In her poem ‘Farewell to my Garret’ she points out that “[F]ull many a Fool dwelleth in splendid pile / And in a Garret many a bard of

²⁸ Mary Ann Allingham, "Songbook No.3," (Gunnerus Library, Trondheim), Dedication.

²⁹ Frank Ferguson, "Ulster-Scots Literature," in *The Irish Book in English*, ed. James H. Murphy (Oxford: Oxford University press, 2011), 426. Thomas Aiskew Larcom, *Ordnance Survey of the County of Londonderry. Colonel Colby ... Superintendent. (Memoir of the City and North Western Liberties of Londonderry. Parish of Templemore)* (Dublin: 1837), 152.

fame.”³⁰ In the same poem, she writes that the gift of poetry that “full many a fairer chamber she found / Dressed out and stuccoed with the nicest art / but never, never could she meet a mind/devoted more to her than is my heart.”³¹ In ‘Darterry Mountain’, Allingham substitutes Helicon and Parnassus for her own local sources of poetry:

But an unletter’d Bard like me, must make
Lough Melvin serve as my poetic fountain
And for Parnassus, be content to take
The highest peak of Darterry’s wild mountain.³²

Although Allingham appears self-conscious about her rural location and her technical shortcomings, there is an insistent sense of self-belief as a writer, and a purposeful insertion of her literary self within a community of familiar artists, who share the impulse to express their ideas and imagination in literary forms.

Becoming a writer

Mary Ann’s younger brother and her cousin Thoning were formally educated at Foyle College in Derry, but there is no evidence that Mary Ann herself received any kind of structured education.³³ However, it is clear from the literary references in her work that she is exceptionally well-read, from the classics to contemporary journals.³⁴ Her attempts

³⁰ V23

³¹ ‘Farewell to my Garret’ V23.

³² ‘Darterry Mountains’ V27.

³³ According to the Foyle College Register, James Allingham, Mary Ann’s younger brother, joined the school in August 1814 and left in December 1815, while Thoning was already studying there before August 1814 and stayed on until Dec. 1819. (The register is in the archives of Foyle College, Derry.) See also Eva Hov, “Norwegian Students at Foyle,” in *A View the Foyle Commanding: A Portrait of Foyle College*, ed. Sean McMahon (London: Third Millennium, 2013), 47-48.

³⁴ Many of her poems have epigraphs of poetry by writers including William Shakespeare, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, James Orr, and in her narratives she frequently quotes from literature; for example, in her narrative ‘A Day at the Causeway’ she quotes from Byron’s ‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ and ‘The Prayer of Nature (1806), Isaac Bickerstaff’s play *Lionel and Clarissa* (1791), Thomas Moore’s *Bluestocking* (1811), and James Orr’s ‘Love and Poverty’ (1804).

at writing music also indicate that she was self-taught.³⁵ She read to her sisters and her mother in the evenings, and was known to her family as a poetess.³⁶ She wrote from a small attic room in the house, and composed poems and stories for her friends, and for the “edification and amusement” of her nieces and nephews.³⁷

Allingham lived with her mother and two sisters, Bessy, who was eighteen years older, and Everina, about two years senior to Mary Ann. Bessy is described in William Allingham Jr.’s diary as “the Maiden Aunt of the family . . . charitable and helpful from an unwavering sense of duty and inflexibly ‘low church’ in her religion and practices.”³⁸ Bessy was active in charitable works for the poor of Ballyshannon.³⁹ Everina is described as “straight, slender and low-voiced . . . she had by nature a pictorial gift and painted in watercolors; flowers, landscapes, portraits of friends and neighbours, as well as one might be expected to do who had no training and never saw any examples of good work.”⁴⁰

Other than the care of her mother, and the entertainment of the younger members of her family, Mary Ann’s leisure time appears to have been reading, writing, and taking walks to scenic spots and historic sites.⁴¹ She describes herself as having “many idle hours at her disposal”, and “idle hours of pleasure” spent writing in her room.⁴² She was an avid reader of travel literature, and used books such as Clarke’s *Travels in Russia*,

³⁵ She writes in the preface of Song Book 1 “I cannot vouch for the correctness of the music, as it is set in these pages; understanding very little of that elegant art, not being even a common place performer on the piano; or on any other instrument.”

³⁶ Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*, 26.

³⁷ V13.

³⁸ Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*, 26.

³⁹ Bessy was the secretary of the Destitute Sick Society, probably in 1835 and definitely in 1846, when she (on her own initiative) wrote to the Relief Commission in Dublin to ask for support. *Ballyshannon Herald*, Jan 9, 1835; National Archives of Ireland, reference no. RLFC-3-2-7-52.

⁴⁰ Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*, 26.

⁴¹ IV1, 1V 10, V27.

⁴² Mary Ann Allingham, "Songbook No.5," Preface. V23.

Tartary and Turkey (1828) and Richard Chandler's *Travels in Asia Minor* (1775) as sources for exotic narratives.⁴³ William Allingham Jr. describes her as "a voracious novel reader" and recalls many evenings when she read aloud to her mother, sisters and assembled family. He remembers that the novels and poetry of Sir Walter Scott were much enjoyed, as were many other "minor story-tellers."⁴⁴ The books that her young nephew William Allingham remembers from her home were John Galt's *Laurie Todd* (1832), Horace Smith's *Brambletye House* (1829), Walter Scott's *Waverley* (1814), *Guy Mannering* (1815), *The Antiquary* (1816), *Ivanhoe* (1819), *Kenilworth* (1821), *The Talisman* (1825), *The Fortunes of Nigel* (1822), *Quentin Durward* (1823), *The Fair Maid of Perth* (1828), *The Pirate* (1822), and *The Monastery* (1822). He also says that Scott's poetry, particularly *Marmion* (1808) and *The Lady of the Lake* (1810) were also home favorites.⁴⁵

It appears that Mary Ann's scholarly mind was informed mostly from reading. This was not unusual. At that time, printed literature was the primary source through which women encountered ideas of enlightenment and change.⁴⁶ It is likely, given her older sister's devotion to 'low church' Protestantism, and on the evidence of her knowledgeable references to the Bible, that Mary Ann would have attended Sunday school.⁴⁷ Sunday schools were often attached to Protestant churches, and 104 pupils

⁴³ V13, V7.

⁴⁴ Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*, 27.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, 27-28.

⁴⁶ Geraldine Meaney, Mary O'Dowd, and Bernadette Whelan, *Reading the Irish Woman: Studies in Cultural Encounter and Exchange 1714-1960* (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 2013), 2.

⁴⁷ In 'An Excursion to Donegal', Allingham writes a remarkable, and uncharacteristic paragraph of evangelical preaching, in which she quotes verses from Matthew, James, Proverbs and Job, promising God's wrath upon wealthy landlords who oppress their tenants. There are many other, less didactic references to scripture throughout her texts. See Allingham, 'An Excursion to Donegal,' 422.

attended the Hibernian Sunday School when it reopened in Ballyshannon in 1817.⁴⁸ For many Protestant women, years of Bible study, devotional reading and attendance at Sunday school furnished the raw materials that could be used in creative writing.⁴⁹ Protestantism encouraged women to learn how to read and as early as the 1790s, Protestant women were using their skills to read much more than religious texts.”⁵⁰ Allingham’s unpublished texts are well written, with an impressive command of spelling, grammar and vocabulary.

Mary Ann also would also have had access to newspapers and periodicals. The Ulster Protestant ascendancy enjoyed their newspapers.⁵¹ By 1794, *The Belfast Newsletter* had a weekly circulation of around 3000 copies, and a few years later, Belfast’s *Northern Star* claimed a circulation of 4000 copies. *The Londonderry Journal* began publishing in 1772, and in 1824 became *The Londonderry Journal and Donegal and Tyrone Advertiser*. By 1834 it had a circulation of 31,375 copies per year. *The Londonderry Sentinel and North West Advertiser* began printing in 1829.⁵² These newspapers were often shared and circulated, and it is very likely that many more than the purchaser would share the one copy.⁵³

The Ordinance Survey of Londonderry (1837) records no less than thirty-two periodicals which were available in the city, including *The Dublin University Magazine*,

⁴⁸ Myrtle Hill, "Culture and Religion 1815-1870," in *Ireland 1815-1870: Emancipation, Famine and Religion*, ed. Donnchadh Ó Corráin and Tomás O’Riordan (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2011), 50. *The Report of the Hibernian Sunday School 1817-1837* (Dublin: M. Goodwin, 1918), 56.

⁴⁹ Janice Holmes, "The Century of Religious Zeal, 1800-1874," in *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing: Irish Women's Writing and Traditions* ed. Angela Bourke et al (New York: New York University Press, 2002), 540.

⁵⁰ Mary O’ Dowd, "Women in Ulster 1600-1800," in *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society*, ed. Liam Kennedy (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2013), 51-53.

⁵¹ Toby Barnard, "Print Culture, 1700-1800," in *The Irish Book in English 1550-1800*, ed. Raymond Gillespie and Andrew Hadfield (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006), 51.

⁵² *Ordinance Survey of Londonderry* (Dublin: 1837), 152.

⁵³ Barnard, 52.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, and *The Dublin Christian Examiner*.⁵⁴ Allingham also tells us in her 'A Walk through Derry' narrative (written *circa* 1828), that the news room in the Derry public library was open to non-subscribers, and there were book-lending facilities available for those who lived outside the city.⁵⁵

Many books published in Ireland advised on the education and formation of young ladies.⁵⁶ Although the advice was not necessarily liberating, the encouragement of young women's literacy skills and independent thought did introduce new ideas about the female role in society.⁵⁷ Reading aloud was encouraged, and etiquette guidelines were published to help readers to "distinguish themselves in company."⁵⁸

The diary of William Allingham Sr., Mary Ann's brother, written in 1807 in Norway, reveals his enthusiastic appetite for books on ancient customs and traditions, folk culture and languages.⁵⁹ William Sr. was also interested in contemporary writing. He notes that he has read Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* (1793) in English, and hopes to get the Danish version for comparison.⁶⁰ A copy of this same text is listed in William's brother-in-law, Otto Oweson's book collection of 1812.⁶¹ Oweson (who married Mary Ann's sister Jane, and was Thoning's father), had also an

⁵⁴ By far the most popular periodicals, according to the Ordinance Survey records, were the *Orthodox Presbyterian* and the *Christian Freeman*, which had 500 and 300 copies respectively, circulated through Derry City in 1834. By comparison, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* and *Dublin University Magazine* had 24 and 18 copies circulated. *Ordinance Survey of Londonderry*, 152-153.

⁵⁵ There were also commercial circulating libraries in Belfast, Newry and Strabane. See Toby Barnard, "Libraries and Collectors," in *The Irish Book in English 1550-1800*, ed. Raymond Gillespie and Andrew Hadfield (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006), 56.

⁵⁶ Meaney, O'Dowd, and Whelan, 36.

⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, 3.

⁵⁸ Máire Kennedy, "Reading Print, 1700-1800," in *The Irish Book in English, 1550-1800*, ed. Raymond Gillespie and Andrew Hadfield (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006), 156.

⁵⁹ William Allingham Sr., "Diary of William Allingham Sr., Translated and Edited by Eva Hov," (Gunnerus Library, Trondheim, 1807). Excerpts of the Diary, originally written in Danish and English and translated by Eva Hov are included in the appendices of this dissertation.

⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, March 3, 1807.

⁶¹ "Otto Oweson Book Catalog," Oslo National Library; Entry of March 1 1807 See Appendix K. William Allingham Sr., "Diary of William Allingham Sr. Translated and Edited by Eva Hov." See Appendix H.

impressive collection of books, which included Thomas Paine's *The Rights of Man* (1791), and *The Confessions of Rousseau* (1783). His catalogue includes books of Irish folk-music, a history of the United Irishmen, debates from the Irish and British Houses of Commons, and various histories and travel books.⁶² William Sr.'s diary also informs us that he read a lot of periodicals while in Trondheim, so it is likely that he continued the habit when he returned to Ballyshannon.⁶³ It seems likely, from the book collections of her older family members, that Mary Ann would have had access to contemporary literary works and journals.⁶⁴

William Allingham Jr. writes that Mary Ann was the family reader. Patricia Michaelson notes that where company was mixed, reading aloud was almost always done by a man, but there were no adult males living in Mary Ann's family home in the 1820s, so she became the reader.⁶⁵ Allingham's audience appears to have been her mother, sister and assorted younger family members.⁶⁶ Reading aloud was a popular evening pastime, and a productive one. Family members became engaged in shared literary discussion, and had an opportunity for discussing the social and moral aspects of various situations.⁶⁷

William Allingham Jr. remembers that when his aunt read:

At any thrilling crisis, ejaculations of interest or excitement were heard, and the end of a chapter often gave rise to comments, always on the incidents and characters just as though they were real, never on the literary merits of the work

⁶² "Fortegnelse over afdøde Grosserer O. F. Owesens efterladte Bøger, Landkarter og Musikalier." (Stephanson, Trondhiem, 1812) *Printed auction catalogue of the late Owesen's books, maps and sheet music; in the National Library, Oslo*. See Appendix K.

⁶³ William Allingham Sr., "Diary of William Allingham Sr. Translated and Edited by Eva Hov." See Appendix H, 2, 12,26,27,38.

⁶⁴ "Fortegnelse over afdøde Grosserer O. F. Owesens efterladte Bøger, Landkarter og Musikalier." (Stephanson, Trondhiem, 1812) *Printed auction catalogue of the late Owesen's books, maps and sheet music; in the National Library, Oslo*. See Appendix K. William Allingham Sr., "Diary of William Allingham Sr. Translated and Edited by Eva Hov." See Appendix H.

⁶⁵ Patricia Howell Michaelson, *Speaking Volumes: Women, Reading, and Speech in the Age of Austen* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 2002), 156.

⁶⁶ Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*, 27.

⁶⁷ Michaelson, 142.

or abilities of the author. Criticism of the latter kind was all but unknown in our circle, and surely its estate was the more gracious.⁶⁸

Mary Ann Allingham's texts show that she was most capable of literary criticism, so, if what William Jr. says is accurate, than it is likely that Mary Ann indulged her listeners while keeping her more critical thoughts to herself. Being the family reader gave Mary Ann a certain amount of agency. She was in a position of power, holding the floor, and controlling the pace of the events.⁶⁹ As the reader, rather than the listener, Mary Ann was closer to the text.⁷⁰ William Jr. recalls reading one of her books in advance, and then being firmly ejected by his aunt, for plot-spoiling. "I was unable to resist the temptation to give a hint of what was coming, whereupon Aunt Maryanne [*sic*], starting up from her chair, clutched me firmly with both hands and bundled me out of the room—a very justifiable assault."⁷¹ Mary Ann Allingham took control of the text, and the listeners.⁷²

Outside of the home, Irish women were also more likely to be engaged in political and social thinking than their British counterparts.⁷³ In the late eighteenth century, Protestant women had begun to open the public sphere for women through philanthropic endeavors.⁷⁴ Irish women began to express opinion on political matters in public, and

⁶⁸ Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*, 27.

⁶⁹ Michaelson, 156.

⁷⁰ *Ibid.*

⁷¹ Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*.

⁷² See Michaelson, 173-174.

⁷³ Christine Kinealy, *Charity and the Great Hunger in Ireland: The Kindness of Strangers* (2013), 143-144.

⁷⁴ Mary O'Dowd, "Women in Ulster 1600-1800," in *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society*, ed. Liam Kennedy and Philip Ollerenshaw (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2013), 53. See also Meaney, O'Dowd, and Whelan, 3.

many women's letters of the time identify with the issues of emancipation, the abolition of slavery, and repeal.⁷⁵

In the 1820s, there was a dramatic rise in the number of women who participated publicly at events, such as the O'Connell campaign for Catholic emancipation, which involved hundreds of thousands of women.⁷⁶ Thomas Wyse declared that "the Nation has become a nation of politicians; not a single chapel which had not its lecturer, not a single lecturer who had not thousands for his audience."⁷⁷ Women were part of the political audiences of this period, and this mobilization and politicization of thousands of Irish women was unprecedented anywhere else in nineteenth century Europe.⁷⁸ Ulster Women attended parades and marches, and conversations about politics and party sectarianism were clearly part of Mary Ann's daily life. There are many references to the sectarian or 'party' tensions of the period in her texts. In 1829, Allingham personifies the bad frost of that winter and imagines a visit from "Father Frost" to Ulster:⁷⁹

One point I've yet to try- The North
Perhaps there I'll meet something worth
Some fun and frolic, laugh and joke
Not clad in Party's colored cloak
For folk are now so given to hating
They'd melt the ice, if they went skating.

⁷⁵ Mary O'Dowd, "O'Connell and the Lady Patriots: Women and O'Connellite Politics 1824-1845," in *Politics and Political Culture in Britain and Ireland, 1750-1850*, ed. Allan Blackstock and Eoin Magennis (Belfast: Ulster Historical Foundation, 2007), 294.

⁷⁶ Ibid.

⁷⁷ Thomas Wyse, *Historical Sketch of the Late Catholic Association of Ireland*, vol. 11 (London: Henry Colburn, 1829), 340.

⁷⁸ Although women were not admitted as members of the Catholic Association, there were no gender restrictions on the collection of the Association's Catholic Rent. The Association also encouraged women to form female committees to support a 'Ladies' Catholic Rent'. Meaney, O'Dowd, and Whelan, 82; O'Dowd, "O'Connell and the Lady Patriots: Women and O'Connellite Politics 1824-1845," 298.

⁷⁹ See also D.Fauvell and I.Simpson "The History of British Winters"-
<http://www.netweather.tv/index.cgi?action=winter-history:sess=>

The influence of Ulster popular culture

It is likely that the literary and social interests of her older family members would have informed Mary Ann's reading and thinking. She would have also been influenced by the popular literature and culture of the period. As Michael Schmidt says "[E]very poet has a hand in another poet's pocket, lifting out small change and sometimes a folded bill," and Allingham's influences come very much from within the contemporary culture of Ulster.⁸⁰

During Allingham's time, a peculiar hybrid of Romantic literary culture, outlined in the last chapter, was ushered in. This Anglo-Irish literature negotiated two languages and several unstable identities. Andrew Carpenter suggests that it was too difficult for almost all English-speaking gentry to appropriate the Gaelic tongue, but it was possible to harness the *idea* of Gaelic in synthetic texts that appropriated from two traditions. Irish music was very appropriable. The synthesis of English words and Irish music in works like Thomas Moore's *Irish Melodies* fed the appetites of many writers like Allingham, who sought the sublime in an Irish context.⁸¹ Moore is probably the most referenced author in Allingham's texts, and his aestheticizing of a traditional oppression provides Allingham with a model for a benign nationalism that could sit comfortably with her Protestant roots.⁸²

However, concomitant with this synthesis of traditions is instability. Allingham's poems and songs also reflect a broad spectrum of influences, and many of the contradictions of the period. There were ballads, rhymes, stories and songs emerging

⁸⁰ Michael Schmidt, *Lives of the Poets* (London: Phoenix, 1999), 12.

⁸¹ Matthew Campbell, *Irish Poetry under the Union, 1801-1924* (2013), 4.

⁸² Claire Connolly, "Irish Romanticism 1800-1830," in *The Cambridge History of Irish Literature*, ed. Margaret Kelleher and Philip O' Leary (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2006), 435-436.

from the streets corners, weavers' workshops, workman's clubs and meeting houses, in Irish and English, in differing dialects, and with different expressions of identify and affiliation.⁸³

Allingham was closer to these macaronic musicians and the street sounds of an imbricated population than most of the Dublin and London writers, and this contributes to an authenticity in her writing. As the next chapter illustrates, many writers and antiquarians travelled to Ulster as tourists, in search of the sublime. The whole area of western Ulster was steeped in Gaelic and Ulster-Scots culture, but few commentators who passed through had enough time to absorb these influences.⁸⁴ Allingham was *living in* a historical heartland, and her texts reflect the diversity and richness of the local community.

Linguistically, Ulster was a very different place from other parts of Ireland. In the barony of Tyrhugh, which stretched inland from Ballyshannon, the proportion of Irish speaking among those born between 1771 and 1811 was between 80 and 89 per cent. It is often assumed that Irish language is not part of the heritage of the Irish Protestant community, but as Pádraig Ó Snodaigh observes, "it is a mistake to think that there was a linguistic divide between the communities"⁸⁵ Mary Ann obviously heard Irish spoken and sung locally, and she includes phonetic Irish in her texts.⁸⁶ A remarkable example of this is included in her 1829 article, 'A Connaught Ramble'. She finishes the short poem with the line "So *Gaudation Thantation* noc honan shin doe" [*emphasis original*]. She

⁸³ Pádraig Ó Snodaigh, *Hidden Ulster: Protestants and the Irish Language* (Belfast: Lagan Press, 1995), 18,59.

⁸⁴ Pre-famine levels of Irish language speaking in South Donegal were probably between 11 and 20% - see Róise Ní Bhaoill, "The Irish Language and Population Change," in *An Historical, Environmental and Cultural Atlas of County Donegal*, ed. Jim McLaughlin and Sean Beattie (Cork: Cork University Press, 2013).

⁸⁵ Ó Snodaigh, 59.

⁸⁶ IV22, V8.

translates this line herself in a footnote, explaining that it means “what is it to any one whether or no; or, in other words, concern not yourself in others’ affairs.” The correct Irish title of this song is *Caidé sin don té sin nach mbaineann sin dó*, and her use of this song, and the way she writes the line, demonstrate that while it was most unlikely that she could speak Irish, she was familiar with the meaning and the sounds of popular Irish expressions.⁸⁷

Ulster Irish was also strongly influenced by Scottish Gaelic.⁸⁸ By the 1840s, levels of Irish language-speaking in south Donegal were probably between 11 and 20 per cent.⁸⁹ The sharp decline in the Irish language in South Donegal was due to the access and influence of developed English speaking areas in Ballyshannon town and the Laggan district to the east of the county.⁹⁰ But many of the English speakers of these areas spoke a dialect of Ulster Scots, which, explains Terence Brown, “had been indigenous in Ulster before Burns had made it a fashionable literary vehicle.”⁹¹ Seamus Heaney said Scottish influence was pervasive in Ulster from ‘somewhere north of a line between Berwick and Bundoran.’⁹² John Robb writes that “what stands out for me in all of this is the uniqueness of Ulster—its three historical territories, Donegal, central Ulster, and east of the Bann, evolving out of an ancient history which gives to us a distinctiveness in our

⁸⁷ Grace Toland, librarian from the Irish Traditional Music Archive in Merrion Square, Dublin, confirmed that this song was known in the nineteenth century, but she writes “the air was collected and transcribed by Edward [Bunting](#) from the 18th century harper [Denis Hempson](#) but this did not appear in print until 1840. She writes “we can therefore imply that the air was known in the 19th century but how Mary Ann Allingham became aware of it would be really interesting to know.” (Email correspondence, Feb 4 2015.)

⁸⁸ Ivan Herbison, “Language, Literature and Cultural Identity: An Ulster Scots Perspective,” in *Styles of Belonging: The Cultural Identities of Ulster*, ed. Jean Lundy and Aodán Mac Póilin (Belfast: Lagan Press, 1992), 55.

⁸⁹ Ní Bhaoill, 428.

⁹⁰ Graeme Kirkham, “Literacy in North-West Ulster, 1680-1860,” in *The Origins of Popular Literacy in Ireland: Language Change and Educational Development 1700-1920*, ed. Mary Daly and David Dickson (Dublin: Department of Modern History, Trinity College, Dublin, 1990), 92, n29.

⁹¹ Terence Brown, *Northern Voices: Poets from Ulster* (Totowa, NJ: Rowman and Littlefield, 1975), 9.

⁹² Seamus Heaney, “Burns Art Speech,” in *Robert Burns and Cultural Authority*, ed. Robert Crawford (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1997).

relationship with the rest of Ireland, a distinctiveness which has, in its evolution, entailed a very special relationship with the affairs of Scotland.”⁹³

The first anthology of Ulster-Scots writing appeared in 1753.⁹⁴ From 1750 to 1850, between sixty and seventy volumes of Ulster-Scots poetry were printed.⁹⁵ The poets were mostly weavers, small farmers who worked the land in summer and spent their winters weaving and writing. They published small volumes of their verse by subscription.⁹⁶ The work of the rhyming weavers has an important cultural context, which challenges that of Anglo-Irish literature, because it uses a Scottish, not English, model for writing.”⁹⁷

Robert Burns, much referenced in Mary Ann’s texts, has had a major influence on Ulster writing, from the Ulster-Scots weaver poets of the late eighteenth century, to contemporary poets and authors. Benedict Kiely (1919 –2007) wrote:

Burns became a popular folk-author in Ulster, Catholic and Protestant, as he never was or could have been in any other part of Ireland. He still remained so in my boyhood, and I recall the local ragged rhymester saying to me, with a seriousness at which it was not possible to laugh, that ‘Burns was the best of us’. No other single poet that I can think of did as much for any other part of Ireland.⁹⁸

In 1983, when Seamus Heaney protested at being named a ‘British’ poet, the verse-form he chose for his riposte was the Burns stanza, significantly acknowledging the Ulster-Scots tradition while rejecting the British affiliation.⁹⁹

⁹³ John Robb, "A Divided Community: The Effect of Cultural Divisions," in *Styles of Belonging: The Cultural Identities of Ulster*, ed. Jean Lundy and Aodán Mac Póilin (Belfast: Lagan Press), 74.

⁹⁴ Brown, 8.

⁹⁵ Herbison, 57.

⁹⁶ Brown, 9; Herbison, 57.

⁹⁷ Herbison, 62.

⁹⁸ Benedict Kiely quoted in Liam McIlvanney, "The Language, Literature and Politics of Ulster-Scots," in *Ireland and Scotland: Culture and Society, 1700-2000*, ed. Liam McIlvanney and Ray Ryan (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2005), 224-225.

⁹⁹ Seamus Heaney, *An Open Letter* (Derry: Field Day Theatre Company, 1983).

Ulster towns produced poets who “acted as entertainers and spokesmen, writing in the vernacular tradition of Scotland’s Robert Burns, Robert Fergusson and Allan Ramsay.”¹⁰⁰ The nineteenth century influence of Scottish writing resulted in a diverse proliferation of texts, especially in Donegal, Derry, Antrim and Down, the counties which had experienced the greatest cultural impact of Scottish planter settlement. Frank Ferguson observes that “the rich, diverse character of Ulster-Scots literature whether expressed in the vernacular or the standard register, is strongly apparent in the works of Donegal writers.”¹⁰¹

It is clear from her texts that Allingham was familiar with Scottish writers such as Burns, Scott, Campbell and Byron. But she also demonstrates her familiarity with Ulster-Scots poetry. She includes lines by weaver-poet and United Irishman James Orr, the ‘Bard of Ballycarry’ in her ‘Day at the Causeway’ texts.¹⁰² He wrote in both Augustan English, and Ulster-Scots dialect.¹⁰³

Allingham’s writing is not only influenced by Scottish writers such as Sir Walter Scott, Ramsey, Byron, Burns and Campbell, but also by the paradoxical cultural condition of Scots-Ulster. As noted in the last chapter, Presbyterians populated the majority of members of the patriot United Irish clubs and the loyalist Orange lodges. Likewise, Ulster-Scots literature covered the spectrum from rampant nationalism to strident loyalism, apparently without disrupting the sense of belonging to a particular

¹⁰⁰ Carol Baraniuk, "The Leid, the Pratoe and the Buik: Markers in the Works of James Orr," in *Affecting Irishness: Negotiating Cultural Identity within and Beyond the Nation*, ed. James P. Byrne, Padraig Kirwan, and Michael O'Sullivan, Reimagining Ireland (Oxford: Peter Lang, 2009), 104.

¹⁰¹ Frank Ferguson, "Donegal's Presbyterians: The Ulster-Scots Connection," in *A Historical, Environmental and Cultural Atlas of County Donegal*, ed. Jim McLaughlin and Sean Beattie (Cork: Cork University Press, 2013), 181. See also Ferguson, "Ulster-Scots Literature."

¹⁰² Ivan Herbison, "A Sense of Place: Landscape and Locality in the Work of the Rhyming Weavers," in *The Poet's Place: Ulster Literature and Society*, ed. Gerald Dawe and John Wilson Foster (Belfast: The Institute of Irish Studies, Queen's University, 1991), 66.

¹⁰³ Baraniuk, 107; Brown, 11.

community. Liam McIlvaney writes, “perplexingly for modern nationalists and unionists, [there are] a whole covey of Presbyterian planter poets voicing sentiments of radical Irish nationalism in verses that mingle pungent vernacular Scots and polite neoclassical English.”¹⁰⁴ Linda Hagan notes that the Ulster-Scottish poets were perhaps more successful at finding a way to express their awareness and acceptance of dual allegiances and complicated identities.¹⁰⁵

Allingham has no difficulty referencing a fervently nationalist Ulster poet like James Orr on her trip to Coleraine, or identifying herself as ‘Ballyshannon’s daughter.’¹⁰⁶ At the same time, she happily associates herself with the loyalist traditions of Ulster. In her 1831 article “A Walk Through Derry”, she swaps the catch-phrase of the United Irishmen, *Erin Go Bragh*, for the loyalist *No Surrender*.¹⁰⁷ The compatibility of these shibboleths in Allingham’s writing reflects the curious condition of identity and liminality in Ulster at the time.

At night down from the gallows
The people Lundy drag,
And with a joyful malice,
They burn him every rag.
And shall not I, too, render
My humble aid, and cry,
The motto NO SURRENDER –

¹⁰⁴ McIlvaney, 215.

¹⁰⁵ Hagan, 73.

¹⁰⁶ ‘The Salmon’, IV6,

¹⁰⁷ ‘Erin Go Bragh’ was the phrase associated with the United Irishmen, and ‘No Surrender’ was the phrase associated with Protestant loyalists. Orangeman William Blacker wrote a popular song named ‘No Surrender’ in 1817, and Allingham’s ‘No Surrender’ poem is clearly based on similar sentiments. See H. Halliday Sparling, *Irish Minstrelsy: Being a Selection of Irish Songs, Lyrics, and Ballads* (London: W. Scott, 1888), 451. Evangelist writer Charlotte Tonna would become well known for her Derry Poem ‘No Surrender’, written in the late 1830s. See *British Women Poets of the Romantic Era: An Anthology* (Baltimore: John Hopkins University Press, 1997), 783. Allingham uses the phrase ‘Erin Go Bragh’ phrase in her poem ‘The Glorious Days of George IV’, IV9. Allingham also references Thomas Campbell, a Scottish poet (1777-1844), who claimed to be the author of ‘Exile of Erin’, in which the phrase “Erin Go Bragh” was written down. Hercules Ellis, *Memoranda of Irish Matters* (Dublin: Samuel J. Machen, 1844), 82-83.

No surrender till we die!¹⁰⁸

The literary connections between Ulster and Scotland are still much undervalued, and even in the nineteenth century, Ulster-Scottish culture was not taken seriously outside of the province. In a preface to his *Traits of the Irish Peasantry* (1830), William Carleton wrote “In the language and expressions of the northern peasantry, [the author] has studiously avoided that intolerable Scoto-Hibernic jargon which pierces the ear so unmercifully, but he has preserved everything Irish . . . so that the book, wherever it may go, will exhibit a truly Hibernian spirit.”¹⁰⁹ In more modern studies of Irish literature, the Ulster-Scots tradition has been largely ignored, or as Ivan Herbison describes, treated as “a pseudo-literary or sub-literary dialect, the object of satire and ridicule.”¹¹⁰ As outlined in chapter two, the positioning of Irish literary works into nationalist and loyalist categories meant that the radical voices of either tradition were perpetuated and became, primarily, eloquent expressions of political demands.¹¹¹ If Ulster-Scots writing documents, as Terence Brown suggests, the movement of “one section of the colony . . . to a more inclusive, self-confident and cultivated form of life,” it is an accommodation that has not, until very recently, been part of the literary history of Ireland.¹¹² It is no coincidence that the last ten years has seen a sudden revival of interest in Ulster-Scots writing, and some, if not all of Mary Ann Allingham’s poems belong within this genre of local poets, for whom a sense of place was located firmly in Ulster.

¹⁰⁸ Mary Ann Allingham, "A Walk through Derry," *The Ballyshannon Herald* July 29 1831.

¹⁰⁹ William Carleton, in a preface to *Traits of the Irish Peasantry*, quoted in Herbison, "Language, Literature and Cultural Identity: An Ulster Scots Perspective," 54.

¹¹⁰ *Ibid.*, 62.

¹¹¹ Edna Longley, "Writing, Revisionism and Grass-Seed: Literary Mythologies in Ireland," in *Styles of Belonging: The Cultural Identities of Ulster*, ed. Jean Lundy and Aodán Mac Póilin (Belfast: Lagan Press, 1992), 15.

¹¹² Brown, 9.

Becoming a woman writer

What could my father do? He was almost at his wit's end;—talked it over with her in all moods;—placed his argument in all lights;—argued the matter with her like a Christian, — like a heathen,—like a husband,—like a father, —like a patriot—like a man: —My mother answered everything only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her; — for as she could not assume and fight it out behind such a variety of characters, —‘twas no fair match; — ‘twas seven to one. What could my mother do?

—*Tristram Shandy*

It is difficult for a woman to define her feelings in language which is chiefly made by men to express theirs.

— Bathsheba, *Far from the Madding Crowd*

Although exposed to Gaelic and Ulster-Scots culture, the majority of Allingham's poems are written in Standard English. She is attempting to write a regional poetry in Wordsworth's language of men.¹¹³ As a woman writer of Protestant background, Allingham's access to literature supplied two models. There were the regional non-standard 'peasant' poems of Orr, Burns and Ramsey, and there was the critically acclaimed literature of Elizabethan, Augustan and Romantic writers, in particular, the Shakespeare, Spenser, Thomas Moore, Walter Scott and Lord Byron. In 1844, Elizabeth Barrett Browning highlighted the absence of influential females in the nineteenth century literary tradition. "Where are the poetesses?" she wrote, "I look for grandmothers and I find none."¹¹⁴

Mary Ann's authority as the family reader was not as easily translated to family writer. Most women who wished to write in the nineteenth century were expected to

¹¹³Pittock reads William Wordsworth's decision to write regional poetry in a non-regional register as a significant element in the categorization of writers such as Burns and Fergusson as 'peasant poets' by virtue of the language they use as much as by background. He argues that this non-regional expression of men became the standard for Romantic Poetry. Murray Pittock, *Scottish and Irish Romanticism* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008), 11.

¹¹⁴ Sandra M. Gubar Susan Gilbert, *The Madwoman in the Attic : The Woman Writer and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination* (New Haven; Yale University Press, 2000), 540.

author religious or prescriptive literature.”¹¹⁵ As Elaine Showalter has said, for women in evangelical environments, “all imaginative literature was suspect.”¹¹⁶ The social pressures on women of the time discouraged non-conformity. Margaret Homans writes that it was considered scandalous in the early nineteenth century for a woman to write publicly, and that if she did, she was judged “not as a writer but as a woman.”¹¹⁷

Allingham’s Ulster was a most patriarchal society.¹¹⁸ The world of antiquarianism and culture, in which she was so interested, was dominated by Anglican clergymen, who did not yield room for female scholarship.¹¹⁹ Allingham’s family was not landed gentry, and, as is clear from poems like ‘The Fee’, Mary Ann Allingham did not have the kind of wealth associated with the few female writers of the time.¹²⁰ She married in 1833, but most of the texts written and researched for this dissertation predate her marriage.

Economic opportunities for women of the time were limited and usually confined to domestic pursuits.¹²¹ Oliver MacDonagh observes that the few women who did manage to be heard in the male-defined landscapes of literature and politics were usually dependent on a husband or father whose own position gave them authority, respectability and access to power.¹²² The most visible Irish women writers from the early nineteenth

¹¹⁵ Doak, 130.

¹¹⁶ Quoted in Ibid.

¹¹⁷ Margaret Homans, *Women Writers and Poetic Identity* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1980), 5.

¹¹⁸ O’Dowd, “Women in Ulster 1600-1800,” 47.

¹¹⁹ Women were not admitted as full members to the Royal Irish Academy until the twentieth century. Famously, Charlotte Brooke, author of *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, applied for the post of housekeeper to the Academy in 1787, but was not successful. The Academy admitted four honorary female members before 1845, only one of whom was Irish, Maria Edgeworth in 1842. See Oliver MacDonagh, *States of Mind: A Study of Anglo-Irish Conflict, 1780-1980* (London; Boston: Allen & Unwin, 1983), 108; Meaney, O’Dowd, and Whelan, Chapter 2.

¹²⁰ IV8.

¹²¹ McCurtain and O’Dowd, 10.

¹²² Diane Urquhart, “Peeresses, Patronage and Power: The Politics of Ladies Frances Anne, Theresa and Edith Londonderry, 1800-1959,” in *Irish Women’s History*, ed. Alan Hayes and Diane Urquhart (Dublin:Portland: Irish Academic Press, 2004), 43.

century were Maria Edgeworth and Sydney Owenson, Lady Morgan, both of whom were supported in their literary endeavors by benevolent male family members.¹²³

On the other hand, perhaps the absence of a significant male in her family arrangement worked to Mary Ann's advantage. Marlon B. Ross suggests that two other female writers of the period, Mary Shelley and Dorothy Wordsworth, were aware that the men in their lives "needed a loving other" and subjugated their own poetic instincts.¹²⁴ Mary Ann, single until 1833, seems to have been unencumbered by any pressure to play down her desire to be a writer. She also exhibits, on various occasions, a disappointment that the other women in her social circle are abandoning her, and these personal poems, examined in the next chapter, suggest an astute sense of their circumscription.¹²⁵

There were good reasons to be wary of exposure through writing. Poetess Mary Tighe (1773-1810), turned down the opportunity to have her poems published, saying "I have not the nerves for it, let my stock of self-conceit be as great as it may."¹²⁶ Anna Laetitia Barbauld published *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*, about Britain's role in the Napoleonic wars, and suffered reviews which ranged from cautious to patronizing and abusive.¹²⁷ Barbauld was shocked by the reaction and published nothing further during

¹²³ Meaney, O'Dowd, and Whelan, 73-74.

¹²⁴ Marlon B. Ross, "Romantic Quest and Conquest," in *Romanticism and Feminism*, ed. Anne K. Mellor (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1988), 30.

¹²⁵ In the *Londonderry Sentinel and North-West Advertiser* of 1833, women were advised to "never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband." Women were also advised that "a wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it." See *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing: Irish Women's Writing and Traditions.*, vol. 4-5 (New York: New York University Press, 2002), 847.

¹²⁶ Harriet Kramer Linkin, "Mary Tighe: A Portrait of the Artist for the Twenty-First Century," in *Back to the Present, Forward to the Past: Irish Writing and History since 1798*, ed. Patricia A. Lynch, Joachim Fischer, and Brian Coates (West Sussex, U.K.: Blackwell Publishing Ltd., 2006), 294.

¹²⁷ William McCarthy and Elizabeth Kraft, "Introduction to *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*" in *Anna Letitia Barbauld: Selected Poetry and Prose* (Peterborough, Ontario: Broadview Press Ltd, 2002), 160.

her lifetime.¹²⁸ In 1833, William Maginn concluded a profile of poetess Letitia Elizabeth Landon (L.E.L) in *Fraser's Magazine* with the question "but why is she *Miss Landon*? 'A fault like this should be corrected.'" ¹²⁹ An 1835 review of Lady Morgan's work in *The American Quarterly Review* read as follows:

Female writers are supposed to have a claim on the peculiar indulgence of critics. . . . But if ever a lady has placed herself beyond the reach of this indulgence, it is undoubtedly Lady Morgan. Her subjects, style, and tone, are masculine. She enters the arena properly reserved for the contests of men, and challenges the opposition of the most active combatants. She abandons, to a very great extent, that delicate reserve which belongs to other writers of her sex, and scarcely ever presents herself in a character which can properly be denominated female.¹³⁰

The difficulties facing women writers included dealing with a male hegemony in the soliciting, publishing, and reviewing of texts. Although the nineteenth century saw the novel open up as a women's genre, this did not necessarily make things any easier for the female writer. First of all, the novel was a vehicle of patriarchal ideology that overwhelmingly represented the woman's place as firmly within the private sphere of the home."¹³¹ Secondly, women were excluded from the "masculine tradition" of poetry, as objects, rather than creative or active subjects.¹³² Stuart Curran explains that poetry had been "sealed off as a male, upper-class fiefdom, requiring for its license not simply birth and breeding, but a common education and exclusive standards of shared taste."¹³³

¹²⁸ William McCarthy, *Anna Letitia Barbauld: Voice of the Enlightenment* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2008), 477-479.

¹²⁹ Susan Brown, "The Victorian Poetess," in *The Cambridge Companion to Victorian Poetry*, ed. Joseph Bristow (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), 187.

¹³⁰ Susan B. Egenolf, "The Role of the Political Woman in the Writings of Lady Morgan (Sydney Owenson)," in *A Companion to Irish Literature*, ed. Patricia A. Lynch, Joachim Fischer, and Brian Coates (West Sussex, U.K.: Blackwell Publishing Ltd., 2006), 326.

¹³¹ Amanda Vickery, *The Gentleman's Daughter: Women's Lives in Georgian England* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1988), 3.

¹³² Alan Richardson, "Romanticism and the Colonisation of the Female," in *Romanticism and Feminism*, ed. Anne K. Mellor (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1988), 13.

¹³³ Stuart Curran, "Women Readers, Woman Writers," in *The Cambridge Companion to British Romanticism*, ed. Stuart Curran (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993), 182.

Despite these difficulties, Anne Colman has established that there are over four hundred Irish women born in the nineteenth century that became published poets. The output ranges from single poems to the prolific.¹³⁴ However, most of their work was printed in the last quarter of the century.¹³⁵ It is clear from Colman's dictionary of female poets that very few women published poetry in the early 1800s, and when they did, they often published privately, and used pseudonyms.¹³⁶

Reading the woman writer

It is necessary to consider how the consciousness of being a woman, in the early nineteenth century, affected the poetic imagination. Mary Ann was writing during a literary period generally known as the 'Romantic period', but as Marlon Ross points out, "Romanticism is not simply a historical period that includes any writer publishing work between two arbitrary dates; it is—or it has become— a complex of values and beliefs, a set of structural, thematic and generic tendencies, an approach to the world with its own assumptions and aims, an ideology, however contentious and diverse its proponents."¹³⁷ Romantic poets wrote from a position and a perspective that was impossible for a woman living during the time to take. The major literary tradition of Allingham's time identifies the voice of poet as masculine, and the literary imagination as masculine property.

¹³⁴ Anne Ulry Colman, *Dictionary of Nineteenth-Century Irish Women Poets* (Galway: Kenny's Bookshop and Art Gallery, 1996), 16.

¹³⁵ *Ibid.*, 17.

¹³⁶ While Colman aims to prove that women were busy writing verses in the 1800s, her dictionary actually emphasizes the dearth of published women poets at the beginning of the century. Nevertheless, as most of the women of considerable output have, either way, been forgotten, her point, that there were many more poets than we think, is still valid. *Ibid.*

¹³⁷ Ross, 29.

Women writers of the Romantic era have responded in ways that are, necessarily, different.¹³⁸

Unfortunately, the same literary atmosphere that made it difficult for women to succeed as poets still prevails. In James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), Joyce dramatizes the loss of the Irish language through the frustration of Stephen Daedalus:

The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine. How different are the words *home, Christ, ale, master*, on his lips and on mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language.¹³⁹

Much has been written about the dilemma of the [male] Irish writer forced to communicate in a colonially imposed language, but far less about the virtual impossibility of Irish women working within a language saturated with male bias.¹⁴⁰

There existed, and still exists, a critical blindness to the fact that the nineteenth century poetess was working within an essentially hostile medium.¹⁴¹ The writing is different, and as Susan Levin says, “until recently, not what we were accustomed to reading.”¹⁴²

In her study of Dorothy Wordsworth as a Romantic poet, Levin directs us as to how the female nineteenth century poet might be read. The traditional paradigms are “derived from men who write” and girded with “the great Western myths of masculine

¹³⁸ Homans, 3.

¹³⁹ James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (New York: Viking Press, 1964), 189.

¹⁴⁰ For example, Declan Kiberd devotes three pages of *Inventing Ireland* to explore Joyce's difficulties with English and Irish language writing. Declan Kiberd, *Inventing Ireland* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1996), 331-333.

¹⁴¹ Homans, 7.

¹⁴² Susan M. Levin, *Dorothy Wordsworth and Romanticism* (Jefferson, North Carolina, and London: McFarland and Company, Inc., 2009), 4.

power, of authority and fulfilment.”¹⁴³ These paradigms obscure the literary values that are particular to women’s writing. Levin carefully steers us towards a criteria that is much more valuable, and a critical approach that I prefer. In the next two chapters, I will examine the Allingham texts in detail, not as a traditional critique of literary achievement, but as a study of the processes and practices that gave her a sense of literary identity. My aim is (to borrow from Levin), to identify and acknowledge in Mary Ann Allingham, “a certain rage at the limitation imposed on the life of the woman artist, as well as recognition of the glory of that life.”¹⁴⁴

¹⁴³ Levin, 4.

¹⁴⁴ Ibid., 5.

CHAPTER FIVE WHAT IS WRIT IS WRIT THE TRAVEL NARRATIVES

A lady explorer? A traveler in skirts?
The notion's just a trifle too seraphic
Let them stay and mind the babies, or hem our ragged shirts
But they mustn't, can't, and shan't be geographic.
—From *Punch*.¹

What are men to rocks and mountains? Oh! What hours of transport we
will spend! And when we do return, it shall not be like other travellers,
without being able to give one accurate idea of anything. We will know
where we have been. We will recollect what we have seen
—Elizabeth Bennett, *Pride and Prejudice*²

Ambivalence need imply neither vagueness nor deficiency, it can speak
both richly and precisely, once we have re-learned to read
—Elizabeth Bohls.³

Allingham's texts might be said to belong primarily to two literary genres, that of travel narrative, and poetry. However, it is more accurate to say that she has produced texts which share a central theme of a desire to locate herself more securely in a literary and physical landscape that is barely accessible. There is a constant tension between her impulse to investigate and learn and share her experience of her world, and an understanding that she is to be betrayed by time and circumstances, irrespective of all her discoveries. Consciously or subconsciously, Allingham is consistently wandering through cultural spaces, trying to grasp a foothold. The travel narratives are a literal expression of this limited mobility, the poems and verses are the metaphorical version. There is much overlap and intertwining, but the negotiation is consistent and urgent. For the purposes of

¹ This verse was dedicated to The Royal Geographical Society. Reproduced in Monica Anderson, *Women and the Politics of Travel, 1870-1914* (Madison, NJ: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 2006), 20.

² Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice a Novel* (London: R. Bentley, 1853), 135-136.

³ Elizabeth A. Bohls, *Women Travel Writers and the Language of Aesthetics, 1716-1818* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), 21.

this dissertation, the next two chapters deal with the Allingham texts in two categories; this chapter covers her travel narratives, and the next chapter, a selection of her poetry.

Travel writing and poetry were probably the two most masculine provinces of nineteenth century literature.⁴ Both genres of the period employed a discourse of aesthetics that dealt with sublimity and the pleasure derived from particular surfaces and spectacles. The most familiar (or “valued”) expressions of this discourse are male-authored texts, composed from a position of power, or potential power. Elizabeth Bohls defines the implied subject of mainstream aesthetic discourse as “a gentleman: a privileged man, educated and leisured, an actual or potential property owner.”⁵

Nineteenth century women writers who took on the discourse of aesthetics in travel narratives had to devise strategies of expression. In the case of a Protestant women writer such as Mary Ann, she was entitled by class, but limited by gender, to the authority of the aesthetic subject. Her texts reflect these contradictions and restrictions.

There are five narrative texts that feature a physical relocation to a place other than Ballyshannon, “A Connaught Ramble” (1829), “An Excursion to Donegal” (1829), ‘A Day at the Causeway (1830), “A Walk Through Derry” (1831) and ‘A Day at Doe’ (184?). Three of these texts, the Sligo and Donegal excursions and the Derry walk, were published in full, as were extracts from the Giant’s Causeway narrative.⁶ The Giant’s Causeway trip was the most exotic of the destination, one hundred miles, from home.

Only the Connacht ramble takes Mary Ann out of the province of Ulster, and even so, she

⁴Ibid., 3.

⁵ Ibid., 18.

⁶ “A Connaught Ramble” and “An Excursion to Donegal” are published in *The Dublin Family Magazine*, 1829. The poems ‘The Banqueting Hall’ and ‘Dunluce Castle’ and ‘Love’s Labour Lost’, from the ‘Causeway’ narrative are published in *The National Magazine* in 1831. ‘A Walk in Derry’ was published in *The Ballyshannon Herald* in 1831. ‘A Day at Doe’ was written much later, in the 1840s, and has not been found in published form.

only travels as far as Sligo, a distance of approximately thirty miles south of Ballyshannon.⁷ By comparison with the ‘Grand Tour’ being embarked upon by others, Allingham did not go very far.⁸ This is not surprising, considering her lack of resources and her status as a single woman.⁹ Mary Ann’s nephew William Allingham Jr. recalls the infrequency of long-distance journeys from Donegal during this period:

Travelling at the time I am speaking of [1830] was a rare adventure to poor and even to middle-class people. The journey to Dublin was long and costly, and England a strange country which few even dreamt of seeing, except two or three shopkeepers who went once a year to Manchester and Leeds to buy goods, and the ‘harvest-men’ who brought back home their wages, against the winter, and whom like their neighbours invariably thought and spoke of ‘the English’ as of a foreign people.¹⁰

From the late eighteenth century onwards, the landscape and scenery of Ulster, were popular with British travel writers. The Giant’s Causeway, in County Antrim, is an extraordinary geological area of 40,000 interlocking columns of basalt along the northern coast. The entire coastline from Antrim to Donegal is remarkable for dramatic scenery. There were more than twenty books about travel through Donegal written between 1727 and 1854.¹¹ In 1752, Richard Pococke’s *Tour of Ireland* took him to the Giant’s Causeway, Dunluce Castle, and to Donegal.¹² Pococke’s account documents

⁷ Mary Ann’s spelling of ‘Connaught’ is a British spelling which is no longer used for the name of the province. ‘Connacht’ is now considered the correct spelling.

⁸ The Grand Tour was a circuit of Europe, popular in the nineteenth century among wealthy young men, for the purposes of cultural education. See Ahana Chakraborty and B. K. Chakravarti, *Global Tourism* (New Delhi: A.P.H. Pub. Corp., 2007), 39-40. See also Tim Youngs, *The Cambridge Introduction to Travel Writing* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2013), 45.

⁹ In several texts, Allingham emphasizes how dependent she is on the generosity of others. An unnamed friend pays her bills for her stay in Coleraine for her Causeway visit, and her Doe Castle visit is thanks to her landlord, who offers her a seat in their car.

¹⁰ William Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary* (London: Macmillan and Co. Ltd, 1907), 16.

¹¹ J.C.T MacDonagh and Edward MacIntyre, "Bibliography of Donegal," in *The Donegal Annual*, ed. Seán Beattie, Eamonn MacIntyre, and Áine Ní Dhuibhne (Ballyshannon: The Donegal Historical Society, 2011), 68-70.

¹² Richard Pococke and George Thomas Stokes, *Pococke's Tour in Ireland in 1752* (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, 1891), 35, 60-61, 71.

much of the geology and topography of the area, and some historical information. In 1776, Richard Twiss published *A Tour in Ireland in 1775*, with a drawing of the salmon leap of Ballyshannon on the frontispiece.¹³ Twiss “travelled to Ireland with a hatful of stereotypes and impressions”, and concluded that “the Giant’s Causeway was not worth the long journey necessary to visit it, the Irish were a people of little learning, and everything worth seeing [in Ireland] could be seen in a month.”¹⁴ He liked Ballyshannon, “so pleased with its beautiful situation that [he] stayed there for four days.”¹⁵ But overall, he wrote a highly negative account of Ireland, and incurred the wrath of many.¹⁶ Several subsequent travellers disputed his accounts, and he is described by a 1782 tourist as “a despicable writer.” Another visitor wrote that ““None here [in Ireland] thank him for his remarks and few approve of his book.”¹⁷

In 1824, Dennis Sullivan published *A Picturesque tour of Ireland*. Unusually, he included in his introduction, a brief observation of local poverty:

The habitations of the lower order in Ireland are, in general, extremely wretched miserable hovels, that can scarcely bear a description. A bare recital of the state of this class of the community has been considered as an unmerited satire on the country, and those who have endeavored to call the attention of the public to the amelioration of their situation, have been stigmatized as incendiaries.¹⁸

¹³ Richard Twiss, *A Tour in Ireland in 1775 : With a View of the Salmon-Leap at Ballyshannon* (Dublin: Printed for Messrs. Sheppard, Corcoran, Cross, Potts [et al.], 1777).

¹⁴ Cal Hyland and James Kelly, "Richard Twiss's "A Tour of Ireland in 1775 (London, 1776)": The Missing Pages and Some Other Notes," *Eighteenth-Century Ireland / Iris an dá chultúr* 13, (1998): 54-55.

¹⁵ Twiss, 90.

¹⁶ Hyland and Kelly: 56. Such was the Irish reaction to Twiss’s *Tour in Ireland* that one enterprising Dublin chamber-pot manufacturer had Twiss’s portrait painted on the bottom of his products. The following rhyme accompanied the portrait:

“Here you may behold a liar / Well deserving of hell-fire/
Everyone who likes may p___ / Upon the learned Doctor Twiss.”

Quoted in *Verse in English from Eighteenth-Century Ireland* (Cork: Cork University Press, 1998), 375.

¹⁷ Mark Elstob, *A Trip to Kilkenny : From Durham. By Way of Whitehaven and Dublin, in the Year Mdcclxxvi. ... In a Series of Letters to a Friend* (Dublin: Printed by J. Hillary, for the Company of Booksellers, 1779), 116.

¹⁸ Dennis Sullivan, *A Picturesque Tour through Ireland* (London: T. McLean, 1824), 1.

Sullivan declares that the horrendous poverty is far worse than anything he has seen in England or Wales, but insouciantly expresses confidence that the landlords will, through their innate benevolence, rectify all ills.¹⁹ He then proceeds to nominate various scenic areas of Ireland, with illustrations of dramatic pastoral scenes, mercifully unpopulated by any of the wretches mentioned in his introduction.²⁰

There are two themes permeating most travel accounts of Ulster during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The first is the emphasis on remote areas of scenic beauty.²¹ The picturesque was the style most popular in description and illustration of a plethora of guide-books on Ireland in the 1820s and 1830s. Painter and antiquarian George Petrie, was contracted by several publishers to produce “such scenes as unite picturesque beauty with interesting locality.”²² The second is an uncompassionate and disengaged attitude to the predicament of the native people. In 1822, traveler Thomas Reid, “knowing how much these poor people are gratified by a stranger’s eating or drinking with them . . . took a potato.”²³ Reid described the natives as “miserable in the extreme: they were dirty, superstitious and it was evident they existed on scanty and bad food.”²⁴ Another description reported that “[I]llicit intercourse is more prevalent among the uneducated order of females in the north, than in Roman Catholic women of the same rank in any other part of the kingdom. Here, [in Donegal], they are not obliged to go to confession which, in some other places is a powerful restraint on immorality, and they

¹⁹ Ibid., Introduction.

²⁰ Ibid.

²¹ James Murphy, *Ireland: A Social, Cultural and Literary History, 1791-1891* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2003), 49.

²² Eve Patten, "Samuel Ferguson: A Tourist in Antrim," in *A Poet's Place: Ulster Literature and Society*, ed. Gerald Dawe and John Wilson Foster (Belfast: Institute of Irish Studies, Queen's University, 1991), 99.

²³ Thomas Reid, *Travels in Ireland in the Year 1822 Exhibiting Brief Sketches of the Moral, Physical, and Political State of the Country : With Reflections on the Best Means of Improving Its Condition* (London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1823), 204.

²⁴ Ibid., 215.

have no religious scruple against consigning to the Foundling hospital the fruits of their amours.”²⁵

However, no written account of a landscape has a neutral point of view. “Traveler’s accounts of the landscape . . . do not simply describe it, they construct it too.”²⁶ Jim McLaughlin suggests that nineteenth century travel accounts of Donegal “tell us more about the authors’ views on social progress and agricultural improvement, than about the life, work and aspirations in the local communities. They particularly reflect the new notions concerning ‘progress’ and ‘improvement’; which were increasingly prevalent in the early part of the nineteenth century.”²⁷ Despite the topographical and scientific descriptions of various scenic locations, these tourist-travel writers knew very little about the cultural environment in which they traveled. This was expressed succinctly by Samuel Ferguson in 1834:

[The Protestants of Ireland] are wealthy and intelligent, beyond most classes of their numbers, in the world, but their wealth has hitherto been insecure because their intelligence has not embraced a thorough knowledge of the genius and disposition of their Catholic fellow-citizens. The genius of a people at large is not to be learned by the notes of Sunday tourists. The history of centuries must be gathered, published, studied and digested.²⁸

Mary Ann’s excursions are not geographically exotic. The space in which she travels is time; she explores each location in terms of its antiquity and history. She imagines the characters that lived in these historic places, and illuminates their passions and fears. She pays close attention to the way in which physical structures were erected and subsequently ruined, or aged. She investigates local myth and folklore, collects and

²⁵ Edward Wakefield, "A Statistical Description of Donegal in the Nineteenth Century," in *Donegal: The Making of a Northern County*, ed. Jim McLaughlin (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2007), 170.

²⁶ Youngs, 44.

²⁷ Jim McLaughlin, *Donegal: The Making of a Northern County* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2007), 141.

²⁸ Samuel Ferguson, "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy No.1," *Dublin University Magazine* 1834, 457.

retells the stories for her readers, in prose and in verse. Although she is not always accurate in her translations (which reminds us of her liminal position in these cultural spaces), her accounts, for the most part, lack the condescension and imperialism of other travel narratives from the same period.

Two local excursions 1829

Her two travel reports on her excursions to Connacht and to Donegal, published in 1829, are entertaining and informative accounts of the localities north and south of her own home town. Mary Ann begins her Connacht ramble by diminishing her own aptitude in comparison to well-known authors such as Caesar Otway, and then reveals an expertise of the physical and cultural landscape. Carl Thompson calls this the ‘double-voiced’ aspect often found in women’s travel writing; “on the one hand, the writer protests her ignorance of a given topic, on the other, she reveals that she does indeed have a highly sophisticated grasp of that topic, and provides useful information and insights in relation to it.”²⁹

“An Excursion to Donegal” takes Allingham south of Ballyshannon, to the neighboring village of Bundoran, populated by wealthier landlords and affluent tourists. In a short verse composed about Bundoran, Allingham inserts a line from the Irish song *Caidé sin don té sin nach mbaineann sin dó*, referred to in the previous chapter. This expression, which translates as an invitation to ‘mind your own business’, reflected the more bohemian attitudes of the tourist resorts, compared to the established towns. Allingham describes Bundoran’s ‘Fairy Bridges’, magnificent caverns “where the rocks

²⁹ Carl Thompson, *Travel Writing* (New York: Routledge, 2011), 188.

form a beautiful arch, through which the sea rushes with great fury.”³⁰ She also writes about ‘The Fairy’s Gun—a hole about 20 or 30 feet from the sea, which, in stormy weather, emits a kind of vapour or smoke.’ The Fairy Bridges remain a popular tourist attraction in Bundoran, but neither I, nor local historians know of a description of these natural phenomena that pre-dates Allingham’s.³¹

Further down the coastline, Allingham tells a fascinating anecdote of an apparent drowning near Tynte Lodge, in Tullaghan, County Leitrim. In her account, locals spotted what they believed to be a body, floating in the water. According to Allingham, the ‘body’ turned out to be a figurehead of Scottish poet Robert Burns, which had become detached from the eponymous ship.³² This peculiar incident prompts Allingham to compose a poem about the vicissitudes of “heroes and poets, many of whom suffered in life coldness, poverty and neglect, (poor Burns himself being a memorable instance,) and who, after their deaths, had storied urns and animated busts erected to their honor.”³³

The poem which Allingham composes is not only written in a Burns-style Scots dialect, but she also attempts to replicate the ‘habbie stanza’ form for which Burns was renowned. Her language evidences familiarity with the Scots dialect:

Ye poets sweet, wha, when ye lived, got nae thing
Frae the rich folks, but saft words, as a plaything
But naught to eat;

³⁰ Mary Ann Allingham, "A Connaught Ramble," *The Dublin Family Magazine* July 1829, 261.

³¹ *Ibid.*, 262.

³² As far-fetched as this story sounds, there was indeed a ship named *The Robert Burns* that travelled between Derry and New York in 1820, captained by H. Caffin. An advertisement for the ship is held at the Linen hall Library in Belfast. <http://www.dippam.ac.uk/ied/records/43380>. See also Thomas Hamilton Murray, "Commerce between Ireland and Rhode Island," *The Journal of the American-Irish Historical Society*, 6, (1898): 32. There is also, in the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, UK, the head of a ship’s figurehead, believed, by the collector, Sydney Cumbers (1875-1959) to be that of Robert Burns. <http://www.rmg.co.uk/cuttysark/history-and-collections/collections/robert-burns>. In an email conversation, the curator of antiquities at the museum, Barbara Tomlinson, confirmed that the figurehead was collected by Cumbers, but could not confirm any link between the figurehead and the ship Robert Burns.

³³ Allingham, ‘A Connaught Ramble,’ 263.

What gude was it to you, that when ye died,
 They rais'd up over you huge heaps of pride,
 Or maybe, put your banes close to some here's side,
 For honour great,
 But little thought had they for wife or bairns small,
 Wha, when they lost you, lost their little all—
 And sair did greet.
 And now your works and faces grace a stall,
 Or—splendid lot! —adorn a kitchen wall:
 Alas! Alas! Poor poets, what a fall—
 How hard your fate.³⁴

Allingham was obviously familiar with Burns' poetry, and would also have been familiar with the local Ulster-Scots dialect, but her attempt at writing in this genre is quite unusual for writers who were not of Scots extraction. In these short few paragraphs, she has included Gaelic and Ulster Scots in her text. Even if experimental, this shows her curiosity and interest in the cultural diversity of her literary environment.

Proceeding further south along the coast of County Sligo, Allingham observes the island of Inismurray, about four miles offshore. This prompts her to move swiftly from a sentimental lament for maltreated poets to a diatribe on the folly of pagan ritual.

Allingham has been told “by persons who have been on the island, in an old ruin there is really a frightful figure of wood, which is worshipped as a God.” This adulation of false Gods upsets Allingham, who wonders “when will some attempt be made to turn them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, into the marvelous light of Christ!”³⁵

Interestingly, she hopes that Catholic Emancipation, (rather than Protestant conversion) will bring enlightenment to the people of Inishmurray. This would suggest that she was somewhat more ecumenical in her outlook than many of her contemporaries.

³⁴ Ibid.

³⁵ Ibid., 264.

Off this coast is an Isle, Inismurray by name,
 Where the fam'd March of Intellect never yet came;³⁶
 But it is to be hoped now, that Emancipation
 Will billet her here, on her route through the nation;
 For Oh! What a shame, at this civilized day,
 To think that an Irishman falls down to pray
 To an Image—an Idol! —Oh soon may thy smile
 True Religion, enlighten this dark heathen Isle.³⁷

Joe McGowan, author of *Inismurray: Island Voices* (2004) confirms that the false God of Allingham's account was likely to have been a wooden carving of St. Molaise.³⁸ According to McGowan, there were frequent attempts to damage the statue by Protestants similarly offended by the perceived idolatry.³⁹ In 1877, Sir John Lubbock published an argument in favor of the protection and preservation of ancient monuments and artifacts of ancient Gaelic Culture. In his paper he cites the theft of the carving of Molaise circa 1837, by a Protestant evangelist "who took it out to sea and threw it overboard" as an example of the threat to unprotected monuments and relics.⁴⁰ Allingham's account pre-dates this theft, and her abhorrence of what she considers to be a pagan ritual explains why the carving might have been the target of such vandalism.⁴¹

³⁶ The phrase "March of Intellect" is described by M. Dorothy George, curator at The British Museum as "dominating the second quarter of the century. . . The O.E.D. gives 1827 (*The Gentlemen's Magazine*) as the first instance, but the phrase seems to be earlier: Keats was surely quoting when he wrote (3 May 1818) 'It proves there is really a grand march of intellect.'"

http://www.britishmuseum.org/research/collection_online/collection_object_details.aspx?objectId=1665421&partId=1

³⁷ Allingham, "A Connaught Ramble," 264.

³⁸ Saint Molaise (died c 639), was an early Irish saint who founded a monastery on Inismurray in the 6th century.

³⁹ Interview with Joe McGowan, January 30, 2015.

⁴⁰ John Lubbock, *Addresses, Political and Educational* (London: Macmillan and Co., 1879), 162.

⁴¹ Fortunately, the wooden carving of St. Molaise drifted back to Inismurray Island and was rescued by the islanders. It is now at Collins Barracks, in Ireland's National Museum Collection. Joe McGowan, *Inismurray: Island Voices* (Sligo: Aeolus, 2004), 117. W.F. Wakeman's 1893 study contains in it a letter from antiquarian John O'Donovan, who visited the island in 1836. O'Donovan's letter "attacks certain religious writers who, he says, misrepresented the nature of the veneration offered by the Islanders to this image." W. F. Wakeman and James Mills, *A Survey of the Antiquarian Remains on the Island of Inismurray* (London: Williams & Norgate, 1893), vii-viii.

Allingham's next stop is Drumcliffe, to the ruins of a sixth-century monastic settlement, still boasting two 'high crosses' and the ruin of a round tower.⁴² Allingham's poem about Drumcliffe references a contemporary debate among antiquarians regarding the original purpose of the round towers:⁴³

Neat little Church of Drumcliffe, and around
Some curious remains of old times may be found;
Two crosses of Stone, and that puzzle—that doubt,
Which has never been solved, whose use can't be found out—
A Round Tower which has bothered (to use a nice phrase)
The sage antiquarian for many long days.
"Twas a place of confinement" says one, "twas a gaol"
"No indeed," says another, "that's not a true tale",
"It was built when the sun was the God of our sires,
The tower was the temple—the sacrifice fires."
"You mistake", says a third, "'twas a beacon tower raised,
When war thro' our country all furiously blazed."⁴⁴

Allingham demonstrates her understanding of the ongoing scholarly debate about different ways of viewing the Irish cultural tradition. W.H.A. Williams explains that the icons and ruin of Ireland's Gaelic past often frustrated Anglo-Irish travel writers, who desperately sought a "line of continuity they could claim as their own

⁴² Drumcliffe is now famously the resting place of Irish poet W.B. Yeats, equally taken by the charms of the location at a later date. A high cross is a large free-standing stone sculpture, usually with carvings or markings. Round towers were tall stone towers built at monastic sites around Ireland. The precise purpose of the round tower was the subject of controversy at the time, as part of the larger debate on the values of Irish antiquity and culture referred to in chapter three.

⁴³ For a detailed explanation of the controversy over the round towers, see Joseph Leerssen, *Remembrance and Imagination: Patterns in the Historical and Literary Representation of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century* (Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame Press in association with Field Day, 1997), 108-125.

⁴⁴ Allingham is referring, respectively, to the theories of antiquarian Charles Vallancey, (1721-1812) who speculated that the towers were "fire temples", and Peter Walsh, Professor of Divinity at Louvain, (c1620-1687) who considered them to be Danish watch-towers. See John Healy, "The Round Towers of Ireland," in *Irish Essays: Literary and Historical* (Dublin: Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 1908). In 1833, (four years after Allingham's article was published), The Royal Irish Academy awarded a gold medal to George Petrie for his essay on the topic. See George Petrie, *The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, Anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion; Comprising an Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland, Which Obtained the Gold Medal and Prize of the Royal Irish Academy* (Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1845), Preface.

history.”⁴⁵ For some writers, this meant emphasizing the backwardness of the peasantry and the connection between historical sites and Anglo-Norman and Elizabethan victories over the savage Irish natives.⁴⁶ For others, a focus on the geographical and topographical features safely sidestepped any details that might offend “the pride of the native or the feelings of an Englishman.”⁴⁷ Allingham’s verdict on the controversy is interesting. She is skeptical of the scholarship, and finds local lore as reliable (or unreliable). I think the “knowing wink” of the driver is a suggestion that best interpreters of local culture are the local people themselves:

But, in my opinion, the antiquaries know just as much, and no more, of the use of those buildings, than a chaise driver of this county, who, on be asked by some travellers if he knew what that old round tower had been used for, replied, with a knowing wink, “Is it that ould incient [*sic*] tower? —musha, it was there as long as I mind anything, and that’s all I know about it at all, at all.”⁴⁸

Allingham’s “An Excursion to Donegal”, published two months after the Connaught expedition, has a similar, intimate tone. Again, prompted by the well-kept lands at Murvagh, she launches into a brief but vehement evangelistic tirade against unchristian behavior, this time against unscrupulous landlords.⁴⁹ Her visit to the O’Donnell castle at Donegal Town gives rise to a nostalgic verse about what life was like, when “beam’d the eye with rapture bright / While harps and bagpipes sound.”⁵⁰

⁴⁵ W. H. A. Williams, *Tourism, Landscape, and the Irish Character British Travel Writers in Pre-Famine Ireland* (Madison ;University of Wisconsin Press, 2008), 37-38.

⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, 37.

⁴⁷ Thomas Crofton Croker, *Researches in the South of Ireland; Illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, and the Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry* (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1969), 261.

⁴⁸ Allingham, ‘A Connaught Ramble,’ 264-265.

⁴⁹ Mary Ann Allingham, ‘An Excursion to Donegal,’ *The Dublin Family Magazine* September 1829, 422.

⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, 424.

Allingham's treatment of Red Hugh O'Donnell is similar to her treatment of Robert Burns; she laments the loss of their "once proud fame."⁵¹

There are a number of observations to be made regarding her two published 1829 articles. The first is her achievement as collector of folklore. She is interested in the customs and habits of the people.⁵² She also places an equal, if not greater faith in local knowledge than in intellectual scholarship. She does not, as many travel writers of the time do, aestheticize the landscape in language that empties it of its people.⁵³ She interrupts her picturesque descriptions of the landscape to reflect on the plight of those who inhabit it, an uncommon trait of traditional aesthetic discourse.⁵⁴ In "An Excursion to Donegal", the outburst is prompted by the ill-treatment of absentee landlords, who have "drained the wealth from their suffering tenants and fellow-creatures." The aesthetic tone of the narrative is starkly disrupted by this interjection of a social agenda.

Secondly, both of these published articles contain abrupt digressions of religious moralizing. Yet, in her unpublished manuscripts, such excurses are absent. This might suggest that in order to be published, Allingham felt it necessary to justify her literary efforts in terms of evangelism.⁵⁵ It might also reflect her frustration at a lack of power to

⁵¹ Allingham also celebrates the O'Donnell dynasty in her poem 'No Cow, No Care.' IV22. It is interesting that she can champion both the Gaelic Lordships of Donegal and the Protestant victories in Derry in 1698 (see "A Walk Through Derry.")

⁵² Allingham attributes a delay in recovering the 'drowning' person from the sea at Tullaghan to a local superstition that "*Bíonn a cuid féin ag an bhfarraige*", a belief that "the sea will have her own" (Joe McGowan.)

⁵³ Shirley Foster and Sara Mills, "Women and Space," in *An Anthology of Women's Travel Writing*, ed. Shirley Foster and Sara Mills (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2002), 91.

⁵⁴ Bohls, 95.

⁵⁵ Janice Holmes writes that nineteenth century women often used their religious knowledge to "push the boundaries of biblical prohibition, social expectation, church regulation and personal inhibition." Janice Holmes, "The Century of Religious Zeal, 1800-1874," in *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing: Irish Women's Writing and Traditions* ed. Angela Bourke et al (New York: New York University Press, 2002), 541.

“fix” the problems that she observes. Sullivan’s description of the irresponsible Irish landlord, “to whom Providence has given a large portion of the country, like a faithless shepherd, desert their post, and consign their tenantry over to the griping hand of a middle man” is similar to Allingham’s. Sullivan has faith that “the country gentlemen of Ireland” will remedy the situation.⁵⁶ Allingham has less faith in the altruism of the landlords, and as a woman, she has no access to, nor influence upon these gentlemen. Having no political sway, all Allingham can do is threaten the wrath of God.

A third observation is the remarkable scope of architectural, topographic and botanical information. Her attention to detail is impressive. These two paragraphs below describe the Shell House in Donegal, and the Abbey at Sligo:

The floor is covered with a carpet of oyster shells, the white side uppermost, and each shell being fastened by a black nail in the center. In the middle of the room stands a round table, made of the small yellow shells, called by the children here singing shells; and on it is a stand, inlaid in the same way, for leaving a book on. The walls of the room are most tastefully adorned with scollop, muscle [*sic*], razor-fish, oyster and singing shells, with various kinds of winkles, and here and there pieces of looking-glass, which multiply the scene, so that wherever you turn, you imagine you see a whole suit of apartments opening off each other.⁵⁷

The steeple, or dome, is still entire, supported on a carved arch or cupola, the inside of which is carved; adjoining this are three sides of a square of beautifully carved little arches, of about four feet in height, which seem to have been anciently separated from each other, probably forming cells for confession and penance— almost all the little pillars are differently ornamented, and one in particular differs from the rest, having a human head cut on the inside of the arch. There are several vaults throughout the ruins, containing the remains of skulls, bones and coffins.⁵⁸

⁵⁶ Sullivan, Introduction.

⁵⁷ Allingham, "An Excursion to Donegal."

⁵⁸ Allingham, "A Connaught Ramble."

A Day at the Causeway 1830

Mary Ann's next (unpublished) travelogue is found in *Part IV Legends-Stories-Poems*. "A Day at the Causeway" opens the volume, and covers forty-four handwritten pages, and includes seven titled poems, two of which were published, and several snippets of verse embedded in the long narrative.⁵⁹ It is a remarkable piece of work, serving both as a valuable source of cultural information about many aspects of the Giant's Causeway experience, and as a text which demonstrates Mary Ann's literary versatility and style. Once again, this narrative exhibits a negotiation of cultural space and accessibility that informs us about the challenge of being a nineteenth-century woman writer.

Allingham opens the narrative with a rhymed devotion to her friends. This is a regular feature of Allingham's manuscripts. There are inscriptions to friends in five of the song books and several of the poems. While this might suggest that Allingham's intention was primarily to write for her friends, Carl Thompson points out that the common practice of women writers dedicating their efforts to friends and family was "highly disingenuous." Thompson argues that the pretense of writing for close friends was necessary to "forestall the criticisms liable to be levelled at women who trespassed too conspicuously on a supposedly masculine domain"⁶⁰ As we know from her address to the editor of *The Dublin Family Magazine* in 1829, Allingham wanted to be published, so the protestations of literary incompetency, and the adoption of these epistolary forms in

⁵⁹ 'Love's Labour Lost' and 'The Banqueting Hall' are published in *The National Magazine*, 1831, Vol 2 No 4. 468

⁶⁰ Thompson uses Harriet Beecher Stowe's work to illustrate the argument; Stowe prefaced her *Sunny Memories in Foreign Lands* by saying her letters were written for her friends, yet they were clearly intended for publication. Thompson, 180.

manuscript are strategies to reconcile her ambition with the prohibitive conditions for the female writer during this period.

In almost direct contradiction to these appeasements, Allingham chooses none other than Lord Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812-18) to preface and conclude her excursion. Stephen Gurney describes this poem as "dominated by one big theme: the disparity between human wishes and mortal limits."⁶¹ Thompson describes *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* as "a handbook for travellers anxious to feel they were not merely tourists, teaching them how to respond to even the most hackneyed tourist destination with a poet's heightened sensibility."⁶² Ian Littlewood, author of *Sultry Climates: Travel Writing and Sex* (2002), writes that "the Byronic traveler carries deep within him a fantasy of escape from all that defines their ordinariness."⁶³ By opening and closing with Byron, Allingham is inserting herself into Romantic territory, identifying herself with the wanderer, and similarly, constructing a politically representative, or fictionalized version of herself.⁶⁴

The Giant's Causeway was a major attraction for those touring Ireland, perhaps the equivalent of a Venice or Rome on the Grand Tour.⁶⁵ A number of literary and travel

⁶¹ Stephen Gurney, *Romantic Poets of the Nineteenth Century* (New York: Twayne Publishing, 1993), 76.

⁶² Thompson, 50.

⁶³ Ian Littlewood, *Sultry Climates : Travel & Sex* (Cambridge, MA: Da Capo Press, 2002), 119.

⁶⁴ Jeffery W. Vail, *The Literary Relationship of Lord Byron and Thomas Moore* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2001), 172.

⁶⁵ Between 1798 and 1830, great interest developed in the chorography of the Antrim Coast. In the 17th century, there was a demand for topographical illustration from the mercantile classes, who were interested in geographical, economic and scientific information which could be used for future economic development. The Giant's Causeway is not marked on any of the early maps of Ireland and does not feature in Petty's survey. The first mention of it in print is a letter from Sir Richard Bulkeley, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, to Sir Martin Lister, President of the Royal Society in London, dated 24 April 1693 and published in the royal Society's *Philosophical Transactions* of the year. Bulkeley had not visited the site and relied on a description supplied to him by an unnamed Cambridge graduate who had visited the Giant's Causeway with the Bishop of Derry during the previous summer. The following year, 1694, Bishop Samuel Foley of Down and Connor published his own account in the *Philosophical Transactions*. See Martyn

guides had been written about the Giant's Causeway in the previous fifty years, notably, by the Rev. Dr. William Hamilton, a relative of Allingham's, who published his detailed study of the area in 1790.⁶⁶ William Drummond's 1811 *The Giant's Causeway: A Poem* was published as a book, "interspersing a hundred pages of poem in heroic couplets and a hundred pages of prefatory matter with numerous pull-out maps and elaborate engravings of the north Antrim coast."⁶⁷ In 1823, G. N. Wright published *A Guide to the North Antrim Coast*, reprinted in 1834 with illustrations by George Petrie. Allingham's attempt to take on a literary travelogue of this particular site was a deliberate incursion into a space already well mapped out by her predecessors, and yet, she succeeds in writing a very different account. Hamilton's 1790 letters are scientific in content and charmless in tone. Drummond is more concerned with demonstrating the glorious achievement of Empire.⁶⁸

Boyne foams with blood
 A coward monarch flies
 War sheaths his gory blade
 Rebellion dies
 NO more fell faction hurls her flaming brand
 But smiling concord waves her olive wand
 From east to west see equal rights prevail
 And Erin's seas are now Britannia's pale
 One king, one scepter, ruled the sister isles

Anglesea, "The Iconography of the Antrim Coast," in *The Poet's Place*, ed. Gerald Dawe and John Wilson Foster (Belfast: Institute of Irish Studies, Queen's University, 1991), 39, 32-34.

⁶⁶ William Hamilton, *Letters Concerning the Northern Coast of the County of Antrim Containing Such Circumstances as Appear Worthy of Notice Respecting the Antiquities, Manners and Customs of That Country. ... In Two Parts. By the Rev. William Hamilton* (1790).

⁶⁷ Matthew Campbell, "Poetry in English, 1830-1890: From Catholic Emancipation to the Fall of Parnell," in *The Cambridge Companion to Contemporary Irish Poetry*, ed. Matthew Campbell (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), 512. Frank Ferguson describes Drummond as "a literary-antiquarian cataloger of the matter of the North of Ireland for scientific, literary and spiritual celebration", who composes "a compendium of scientific exposition, travel guide, mythic romance and homily that acts as a declaration of the peaceful and patriotic intentions of Ireland towards the world." Frank Ferguson, "The Third Character: The Articulation of Scottish Identities in Two Irish Writers," in *Across the Water: Ireland and Scotland in the Nineteenth Century*, ed. Frank Ferguson and James McConnell (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2010), 70.

⁶⁸ Terence Brown, *Northern Voices: Poets from Ulster* (Totowa, NJ: Rowman and Littlefield, 1975), 23.

In Union's flowery wreaths blithe Erin smiles."⁶⁹

Having signaled the intention of taking a Byronic adventure, Allingham inserts a dedication to her friends. The dedication, with the now familiar self-denigration, "poor is my skill, and my pen all too mean," also tells the reader that the focus of her attention is not specifically the landscape, but rather her emotional response to the landscape:

For me, I was struck with such feelings of awe,
As I gazed on each headland sublime
That I spoke not a word, scarce my breath could I draw
But in rapture stand still for a time

Then how shall I even attempt to describe
The columns, the rocks and the caves
One thought gives me courage; my friends will not gibe
So I launch forth my bark on the waves.

Her intention here is to find a vocabulary to express the sublime moment.⁷⁰ The challenge is not only to find a language for a feminine response to the sublime, but how to work it into a discourse that has a male voice as the locus of authority. Foster and Mills suggest that the landscape that the female writer will map out in her writing will reflect her socio-economic position and her relation to authority and knowledge, which explains the somewhat fractured and disrupted elements of this particular text.⁷¹

Allingham's account of her day at the Giant's Causeway begins with breakfast in Miss Henry's Hotel, Coleraine, on April 4th, 1830. She does not say who her

⁶⁹ William Hamilton Drummond, *The Giant's Causeway* (Belfast: J. Smith, 1811), 26. Ulster poet William Drennan panned Drummond's poem in the *Belfast Monthly Magazine*, partly because of its style, but also because the author failed to support Emancipation. "Avaunt his verses be they e'er so fine/who for the Catholics – REFUSED TO SIGN." Patricia Craig, "Assertors and Protestors: John Hewitt as Literary Historian," in *The Poet's Place: Ulster Literature and Society*, ed. Gerald Dawe and John Wilson Foster (Belfast: Institute of Irish Studies, Queen's University, 1991), 229.

⁷⁰ Shirley Foster and Sara Mills, "Women and Knowledge," in *An Anthology of Women's Travel Writings*, ed. Shirley Foster and Sara Mills (Manchester; New York; New York: Manchester University Press, Palgrave, 2002), 95.

⁷¹ Foster and Mills, "Women and Space," 198.

companions are, but tells us that a “kind friend” has taken care of her bill.⁷² Her journey to the Causeway coast is prefaced by a transformation typical of Allingham’s style; she begins with the physical details, and then attempts to explain her reception of the vista, typically through poetry or song:

The Banks of the Bann are generally occupied by bleach greens, which give a country a cheerful and improved appearance, and as I looked round on the cultivated fields and planted domains through which the Bann runs; and thought of the wild beauty of my native Erne’s sweet banks and sunny tide – I could not help exclaiming, in the words of a song not written by Moore’s polished hand, but certainly the overflowings of as warm a heart:

The Savage loves his native shore
 Tho’ rude the soil, tho’ chill the air
 Then well may Erin’s sons adore
 Their Isle which nature formed so fair
 What floods reflect a shore so sweet
 As Erne fair or pastoral Bann?
 Or who, a friend, or foe can meet
 As generous as an Irishman.

In a further example of her eclectic literary choices, Allingham quotes Ulster-Scots poet (and United Irishman) James Orr. Fittingly, she uses an Ulster-Scots poet renowned for his sense of community to celebrate the scene.⁷³ Curiously, Allingham alters the sixth line, inserting the words ‘Erne River’ in place of the original ‘Shannon River’, (Ireland’s longest river.)⁷⁴ This is an interesting substitution, claiming not only a more eminent position for her locality, but a more authoritative position for herself.

⁷² See n9

⁷³ Ivan Herbison writes: “For Orr, as for so many of the rhyming weavers, the passion for education, knowledge and self-improvement was inseparable from a wider desire for the improvement of the community, and a commitment to social and political reform. . . . he recreates the close relationship between poet and community. More problematic identities are resolved by becoming the Bard of his ‘ain native toun” Ivan Herbison, “A Sense of Place: Landscape and Locality in the Work of the Rhyming Weavers,” in *The Poet's Place: Ulster Literature and Society*, ed. Gerald Dawe and John Wilson Foster (Belfast: The Institute of Irish Studies, Queen's University, 1991), 73.

⁷⁴ See Samuel Lover, *The Lyrics of Ireland* (London: Houlston and Wright, 1858), 202.

Before reaching the Giant's Causeway, Allingham visits the ruins of Dunluce Castle. These ruins are also described by Drummond, who notes the legend of the Banshee, associated with the castle. Drummond writes:

A room in the castle is said to be the favorite of Mav Roe, probably a Bansheigh [*sic*], or some other fictitious personage who sweeps it every night. But the sweeping winds that issue through it, will account for the cleanness of the room, without the need for supernatural agency.⁷⁵

Allingham's account of the Banshee's room is as follows:

You must know a Banshee's room was to me a matter of no small importance;
and I ran quickly, and I must say, rashly, over the parapet . . . and arrived safely at
the Banshee's room, so called because the floor used to have the appearance of
being always cleanly swept . . . but my curiosity was not to be gratified, even by
this slight murk of Bansheeism, for

Alas! No clean swept floor was there
No sign of Mav Roe's tidy care
'Twas as dirty as a cabin's floor
Which show'd the Banshee's day was oe'r

The difference in the two conclusions is notable. Drummond dismisses the superstitious aspect of the tale; Allingham allows it to survive historically.

Another of the legends of Dunluce is of a horrific disaster which saw the servants of the castle swept into the sea when the kitchen collapsed in 1639. Historical versions of this catastrophe differ; but Allingham's response to the story is to compose verses illustrating the people of the castle enjoying an evening's entertainment. In colorful and vibrant scenes, she resurrects the atmosphere of a festive evening, including a song-within-a-song by a local harper.

⁷⁵ Drummond, 136.

The reader becomes directly engaged with the unfolding drama, as the narration moves from the historian to the participants themselves.⁷⁶

But hark! To that should, to that agonized scream
Is it real, or but the wild sounds of a dream
Is' it the cry of a Sea-fowl upon the rude wave
Is it the sight of the story howling through the dark cave?

Ah! No – tis the wild voice of horror and fright
That bursts on the ears of the reveler at night
That calls them from looking on faces most far
To gaze upon features, all withered in despair
From listening to music and love's tender tone
To hear the loud shriek and the long deep death groan⁷⁷

Allingham's narrative is embellished by information supplied by her tour guide.

The guides were a noted feature of the Giant's Causeway, and some of the novelties of the guided tour, such as discharging a firearm in the Port Coon Cave to demonstrate the echo, were standard ingredients of the tour.⁷⁸ Obviously some of the legends and folklore were supplied by the guides, as similar accounts appear in the different narratives.⁷⁹

⁷⁶ Allingham uses this technique in her longer themed pieces. She does this in 'The Rash Vow' IV25, a Norwegian folk-tale about two brothers; the character of Asmund sings a Norse National Song (composed by Allingham), the Norwegian soldiers in the story sing a funeral dirge, the priests sing a death song.

⁷⁷ This section of the Giant's Causeway narrative, including the two songs, was published as 'The Banqueting Hall' in *The National Magazine*, 1831.

⁷⁸ The presence of enthusiastic tour guides is noted by Drummond. He writes in his notes "when a stranger arrives at the Giant's Causeway he is immediately surrounded by a host of guides offering their services. To repel the oppressive attentions of these courteous sans culottes is by no means an easy task, for when brushed off they return like horse flies to the attack. The best mode for a stranger is to attach himself to one, who for a moderate fee, will show and describe every curious thing." Drummond, 151-152. Wright also mentions the use of a firearm to emphasize the echo of Port Coon. G. N. Wright, *A Guide to the Giants Causeway, and the North-East Coast of the County of Antrim : Illustrated by Engravings, after the Designs of George Petrie, Esq. And a Map* (London: William Curry Jnr and Company, 1834), 89.

⁷⁹ Later in the nineteenth century, tour guides had been joined by other hawkers and sellers, particularly women and children. See Edwin Waugh, *Waugh's Complete Works. 6. 6* ((Manchester, London) [Vol. 11.]: Liverpool, Oldham: (Heywood) [Vol. 11]: Walmsley, Clegg, 1882), 87.

There are other differences between Allingham's Giant's Causeway narrative and other contemporary travel accounts. Her treatment of the legend of Finn McCool differs from Drummond's, championing the Irish hero over other invaders.⁸⁰ She writes:

Though love had made a deep incision
 Yet Finn McCool was true Milesian
 And deem'd each chief of Scottish clan
 Inferior to any Irishman

Another difference is her sense of humor and practicality. Although she consistently documents the rise and fall of various characters, from Finn McCool to the unfortunate paramour of the 'Lovers Leap'; she frequently inserts wry, comical observations that rescue her allegorical tales from pure sentimentality. She opens her Finn McCool story as follows:

In days of old, as legends sing
 When famous Finn McCool was king
 He fell in love, (as who has not,
 Onetime or other?) with a Scot.

In her hands, the old myth becomes a moral tale. She explains that a possessive grandmother prevents Finn from building a thoroughfare to his Scottish girlfriend, but justice prevails. Magically, grandmother is literally petrified, and becomes 'Big Stocan's crag', doomed to watch eternally over the Causeway. Allingham, as she does in "A Connaught Ramble", advises her readers to mind their own business about affairs that do not concern them.

So busy bodies all beware
 Nor mind your neighbor's love affair
 For surely it concerns you not
 Whether he woo Turk or Scot
 You'll find it quite enough of labor
 To mind yourself-nor heed your neighbor

⁸⁰ Ferguson notes how Drummond uses Gothic heroes of past to "quell the advance of Finn Mc Cumhaill" Ferguson, "The Third Character: The Articulation of Scottish Identities in Two Irish Writers," 71-72.

Lest haply, after all your cost
 You feel that your LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Allingham's practicality is evident through the narrative. Her thriftiness takes her on a route which is not as scenic as the Derry route, but "then you have not the pain of putting your hand in your Pocket every time you pass and repass the Toll house."⁸¹ When the guides cannot tell her why a particular spot is named 'Lover's Leap', she quotes Shakespeare; "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."⁸² With shrewd logic, Allingham writes "I really cannot, even for your amusement, imagine a Man so unfashionably fond as to take a running leap down so frightful a precipice and all for LOVE! No— No—, Skin for Skin, yes, all that a Man hath will he give for his life."⁸³

Allingham's tour of the Causeway continues, interspersed by more verses about events associated with the territory, including Port Na Spania', a lyric based on the sinking of a Spanish Armada ship off the coast, and the story of antiquarian and Causeway scholar Rev. Dr. Hamilton, a relative of Allinghams. The guide accompanying Allingham invited her to sit in "Hamilton's chair", a rock on the Pleaskin headland where the Rev. William Hamilton used to sit while studying the Causeway coast. Hamilton, a minister and a magistrate, was a founding member of the Royal Irish Academy and had published his own account of the geology of the Antrim coast as a series of letters to the Earl of Charlemont during 1784, which were subsequently published as a book in 1790.

⁸¹The bridge over the River Foyle in Derry charged so high a toll that only the very wealthy could afford to use it. Robert Gavin, "Social and Economic Links between Derry and Donegal in the Eighteenth and Early Nineteenth Centuries," in *An Historical, Environmental and Cultural Atlas of County Donegal*, ed. Jim McLaughlin and Sean Beattie (Cork: Cork University Press, 2013), 191.

⁸² *As You Like It*, IV:i

⁸³ Lover's Leap section, "A Day at the Causeway."

Hamilton, a local magistrate, was assassinated by a gang of Ribbonmen on March 2, 1797 at Sharon House in Donegal.⁸⁴ It was a particularly savage murder. Charles Maturin's novel *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820) was based on Hamilton's murder, and the term "Hamilton's fate" became a euphemism for a violent death in loyalist and nationalist circles in Donegal during the sectarian clashes of the early nineteenth century.⁸⁵

Allingham's account of the Hamilton murder, prompted by her visit, is more concerned with two women; the sacrifice of Mrs. Waller and the treason of a female servant. Mrs. Waller, landlady and wife of the elderly and incapacitated landlord, John Waller, attempted to shield her husband's body with her own, and was fatally injured.

Oh! WOMAN'S LOVE! Surpassing all
That heart of man could every fee
Poets may sing the heroes fall
And glory laud the patriot's zeal
But who, of WOMAN'S LOVE shall tell
Of all that it can dare or do,
It flows with soft and gentle swell,
But deeply, ceaselessly and true.

According to the story, Hamilton clings to the staircase, but one of Waller's servants burns his hands with a candle and he is thrown to the mob. "My pen refuses to record that hardhearted woman's name. A murderess she was, in act and part; and at the great day of reckoning that blood will be required at her hand."

⁸⁴ Allingham's record of the murder of Dr. Hamilton was of great interest to the members of the Newtown Cunningham historical society, visited by Eva Hov and me in August 2014. There are varying accounts of the murder of Hamilton, most of which are unsympathetic to Hamilton. See *The Gentleman's Magazine: and Historical Chronicle For the Year MDCCXCVII* Vol. LXVII. (London 1797) Part 1, 180. J. B. Doyle recalls Hamilton's being "assassinated . . . by armed banditti" John Borbridge Doyle, *Tours in Ulster: A Hand-Book to the Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Ireland* (Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1854), 286. For a detailed account of the murder of Dr. William Hamilton, see Gamble, 367-369. Gamble claims to have met a servant who was in Sharon House the night of Dr. Hamilton's murder, March 2 1797.

⁸⁵ *Field Day Review 2013: Volume 9* (Dublin: Field Day Publications, 2013), 181-183.

Allingham concludes the account of her Causeway narrative by reflecting on the timelessness of nature and the fickleness of human experience:

The remembrance of a day spent with friends, however pleasant it was in passing, is mostly, after the laps of years, embittered by mournful thought that someone whose smiles brightened the social circle, and whose voice spoke gladness to the heart is now laid in the dark and silent grave, or, perhaps, the wide flowing ocean separates you, or bitterer than all, the once loved fiend, may be estranged from you, and turn with a cold careless step from all that concerns your weal or woe. Not so does Nature change! Return again to the well-remembered scene after many a year of absence the river flows on as quickly as of old, the meadow is as green, the tree is as leafy, the ocean as mighty, the mountain as lofty, the cliff as grand, as in the days that are gone.

Allingham closes the narrative with Byron's verse from Canto IV, *Childe Harold's*

Pilgrimage:

My task is done — my song hath ceased — my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp — and what is writ, is writ —
Would it were worthier!

Bruce Redford says [of Byron's *Childe Harold* Canto IV] that "topography is always turning into autobiography."⁸⁶ Allingham, like Byron, is using the physical landscape to contemplate the landscape of memory. If, as Ian Littlewood suggests, Byron "turned travel into an act of defiance, Allingham, in a similarly subversive way, turns her day trip to the Giant's Causeway into an adventure that approaches the area with an alternative perspective, and in doing so, reveals an alternative history."⁸⁷

⁸⁶ Redford, quoted in Youngs, 47.

⁸⁷ Littlewood, 111.

A Walk Through Derry 1831

Allingham's "A Walk Through Derry" was published in *The Ballyshannon Herald* on July 29th, 1831. It is a short, factual account of the city of Derry, written *circa* 1828, with references to the modern facilities, including a piped water system, a "brilliant and beautiful" gaslight revolution and good street surfacing.⁸⁸ She notes the services of the Shipquay Street library.⁸⁹ Allingham endorses the good work of Derry's charitable institutions, notably the Ladies' Penny Society and the Mendicity Society, which "not only frees the inhabitants [of Derry] from the loathsome system of street begging, but improves the conduct of those children of sorrow, by the judicious manner in which their rations are given or withheld, according to their own good or bad behavior."⁹⁰

Allingham's only creative digression in this piece is inspired by the newly constructed monument to George Walker, governor of Derry during the siege of 1688. Allingham is told by a workman that she is the first female to climb the 105 steps to the top of the monument. This prompts her to "not descend from it without a few verses for perhaps my muse will not again be ambitious of attaining so lofty a station, for 'Ah! Who can tell how hard it is to climb!'" The line she quotes was written by Scottish poet, James Beattie (1735-1803) and is taken from the poem 'The Minstrel'. 'The Minstrel' is about the development of the artist in a small community, and the climb referred to is the "the

⁸⁸ Allingham tells us that Warner's pillar was not completely finished. It was constructed from 1826-1828.

⁸⁹ The Public Library in Derry (on Shipquay Street) was opened in 1825. In 1835, the library contained the following number of volumes: Biography 769, Voyages and Travels 554, Novels and Romances 237, Poetry and Plays 198, Theology 79 and Miscellaneous Works 590. See Thomas Aiskew Larcom, *Ordnance Survey of the County of Londonderry. Colonel Colby ... Superintendent. (Memoir of the City and North Western Liberties of Londonderry. Parish of Templemore)* (Dublin: 1837), 164.

⁹⁰ For a more detailed account of the policies of the Derry Mendicity Society, and their anti-begging policies, see John Hume, *Derry Beyond the Walls : Social and Economic Aspects of the Growth of Derry 1825 - 1850* (Belfast: Ulster Historical Foundation, 2002), 71-73.

steep to Fame.”⁹¹ Allingham realizes that her literary ambitions are severely limited, and that she must take whatever opportunities present themselves.

She composes a song based on the Siege of Derry in 1688. Her lyrics are very similar to William Blacker’s popular loyalist ballad *No Surrender* (1817) and feature typical symbols of Orange balladry.⁹² It is interesting that in “An Excursion to Donegal”, Allingham has no difficulty celebrating the heroics of the O’Donnell clan, who challenged the authority of the English, and whose demise eventually resulted in the Ulster Plantation, and at the same time, she can also celebrate her loyalist affiliations as an Ulster Protestant. Allingham clearly sees herself as an heiress of both traditions.

As with the Donegal and Connacht rambles, the published ‘voice’ of Allingham seems to be more robust in terms of religious and political opinion. Her unpublished texts lack the didacticism and evangelism of published articles, and raise the possibility that her texts were edited for reader appeal.

A visit to Doe 184?

Almost all of the texts written by Allingham pre-date 1840, but there is a manuscript written sometime in the 1840s, detailing a visit to Doe Castle, in north-west Donegal.⁹³ Written after Allingham’s marriage to Dr. W.F. Grueber in 1833, (and signed M.A.G), it proves that despite the dearth of texts and published material, Mary Ann was still writing over a decade after her work was first published.

⁹¹ The full quotation from Beattie’s poem is “Ah! Who can tell how hard it is to climb/The steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar!” and consists of 62 Spenserian stanzas describing the education of a village poet. For a comprehensive analysis of the poem, and Beattie’s influence on subsequent treatments of the provincial poet, see David Hill Radcliffe, “Completing James Beattie’s “The Minstrel”,” *Studies in Philology* 100, no. 4 (2003).

⁹² Georges-Denis Zimmerman, *Songs of Irish Rebellion: Political Street Songs and Rebel Ballads 1780-1900* (Dublin: Allen Figgis, 1967), 300.

⁹³ The text is dated, 184? The last digit of the date is indecipherable.

A fascinating part of this text is her unexpected visit to a local community of Protestant farmers. She explains that she has been “let a little behind the scenes” to visit a ‘sonsy farm’ with local neighbours and she describes the welcome she receives from the locals as very enjoyable.⁹⁴ She describes the group of ten or so “hard working but well-to-do farmers” as “not all ‘True Blue’ . . . utter haters of Repeal and no followers of Fr. Mathew either’.⁹⁵ She is offered wine and punch, but insists that there was “no intoxication or excess, no impropriety of language or behavior to shock the most fastidious; not even a single oath to offend the majesty of heaven.” She seems keen to dispel any of the stereotypes associated with her working-class Protestant neighbours.⁹⁶ Allingham explains that the conversation opened with the weather, and its impact on the flax crop, and then moved to “the all engrossing subject of politics; but as all were on one side, this fruitful weed of dissention soon withered into nothing.” Allingham concludes her introduction with a comment on the drinking habits of “the humbler classes”:

Will anyone censure their taking a glass of spirits together at such a meeting? Not me, for one, we never think it strange in our own dwellings to offer a glass of wine to a guest from a distance; and shall we presume to condemn the humbler classes, who give this a welcome to their friends when they gladden their hard working lives with a holiday; no doubt woe shall be to them, who drink in excess; but TEMPERANCE, not ABSTINENCE “is the virtue to be prized and praised.”⁹⁷

⁹⁴ The word ‘sonsy’ is derived from Scots-Gaelic, and means ‘healthy or robust’. (OED).

⁹⁵ ‘True Blue’ was a phrase associated with a level of loyalism which refused associations with Protestant reformers or Catholics. Sean Farrell, *Rituals and Riots: Sectarian Violence and Political Culture in Ulster, 1784-1886* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 2000), 28-29. Repeal refers to the campaign to repeal the 1800 Act of Union between Ireland and Britain. Fr. Theobald Mathew was a Catholic priest who led a temperance campaign in Ireland in the 1840s. John F. Quinn, *Father Mathew's Crusade: Temperance in Nineteenth-Century Ireland and Irish America* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2002), 35-38.

⁹⁶ There was evidence of rising consumption of alcohol, particularly in the North West of Ireland in the early nineteenth century. This was not confined to Catholic communities; it was not unusual in some areas of Ulster to have an interval in the meeting house service for the consumption of alcohol. S.J. Connolly and Andrew R. Holmes, “Popular Culture 1600-1914,” in *Ulster since 1600: Politics, Economy and Society*, ed. Liam Kennedy and Philip Ollerenshaw (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), 110-111.

⁹⁷ This quote comes from Aristotle: see Aristotle, W. D. Ross, and Justin Kaplan, *The Pocket Aristotle* (New York: Washington Square Press, 1958), 178.

Doe Castle, at Sheephaven Bay, in north-west Donegal, once belonged to Gaelic Mac Sweeney clan, but transferred to the Hart family in the seventeenth century.⁹⁸ She writes that she always wished to visit the castle, and digresses to write nostalgic verses about her past ambitions:

In the romantic days of youth
 Ere care and age with venom'd tooth
 Took from the buoyant heart the glow
 That warm'd it twenty years ago . . .
 In those gay, thoughtless, joyous times,
 When others longed for foreign climes
 For the light, cloudless, sunny sky,
 Of merry France or Italy;
 I never wished to roam,
 From Erin's Isle, my native home;
 But to wander far and wide,
 By lonely lake or mountainside;
 Or on wild cliffs by ocean's shore
 Where the white waves with deafening roar,
 Come dashing up in pride and power:
 Or, by some hoary ancient tower
 Sit musing on the days gone by
 When mirth's gay voice and war's fierce cry
 Sounded throughout the chieftain's halls
 And echoed mid it's mossy walls

She composes two stories based on her understanding of the traditions of Doe Castle. Her first tale is based on the tale of a king, who has a strange deformity: he is born with the ears of a donkey. He hides “asses ears” under his long hair, but after his annual haircut, puts his barber to death, so his secret is not revealed. This story is commonly associated with Labraid Loingsech, and is recorded by Geoffrey Keating in

⁹⁸ Henry Travers Hart, *The Family History of Hart of Donegal* (London: Hughes and Company, 1907), 95-97.

Foras Feasa ar Éirinn (circa 1630).⁹⁹ This is a ubiquitous folk tale, associated with King Midas, (as told by the Wife of Bath in Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*,) and with other lore from Cornwall and Wales.¹⁰⁰

Her second tale about a brutish Irish chieftain is based on the history of the Mac Sweeny clan.¹⁰¹ She uses the anglicized form of the name, ‘Mac Swine’, and their family coat of arms to engage in some amusing wordplay.¹⁰² The chieftain is a ‘son of a boar’, ‘a wild beast’, and the unfortunate woman to be wed thinks “how shocking it is to be teased by a BORE.” The story also involves the woman’s rescue by a lover who dresses himself in a sheep’s hide. This story, which is a version of Aesop’s “sheep in wolf’s clothes” fable, is a similar mixture of fairy-tale and local folklore.¹⁰³

Allingham concludes her day at Doe Castle with a description of an ancient stone bearing the MacSuibhne coat of arms. She regrets that she did not record the name of the woman inscribed on another ancient stone, or that she failed to find “a shred of a legend” explaining the name of nearby Bishop’s Island.

In all of her travel narratives, Allingham combines the typical informative discourse of travel writing with detours of fantasy and imagination. The insertion of

⁹⁹ Despite Mary Ann’s connection between a chimney piece with a carving of the King, and the legend of the King with the asses’ ears, I cannot find any link between the story and Doe, or Donegal. However, there is a reference to an “oral version from County Donegal” in Benjamin T. Hudson and Vickie L. Ziegler, *Crossed Paths : Methodological Approaches to the Celtic Aspect of the European Middle Ages* (Lanham: University Press of America, 1991), 90. There are some references which connect DORE Castle in Cornwall to the reign of the Welsh Mark or March, who is associated with the same story; see Neil Fairbairn and Michael Cyprien, *A Traveller’s Guide to the Kingdoms of Arthur* (Harrisburg: Historical Times, 1983), 42-43, 71.

¹⁰⁰ Fragment 111, lines 857–1264; Dáithí Ó hÓgáin, *Folklore : An Encyclopedia of Beliefs, Customs, Tales, Music, and Art* (Santa Barbara: ABC-CLIO, 2011), 246.

¹⁰¹ For some background on the Mac Suibhnes of Doe Castle, see Charles Patrick Meehan and Hugh O’Donnell, *A Lecture on the Life and Times of Hugh Roe O’donnell, Etc* (A.M. Sullivan: Dublin, 1869), 552-553.

¹⁰² The Mac Sweeney/MacSwine/MacSwyne coat of arms bears three boars.

¹⁰³ Aesop, Thomas James, and John Tenniel, *Aesop’s Fables; a New Version Chiefly from Original Sources* (New York: R.B. Collins, 1848), 206-207.

songs and verses are an alternative way of populating the landscape and permit her to sidestep more conventional methods of travel writing. The tone of the discourse can, at times, reflect her entitlement as a member of the Anglican ascendancy, but almost simultaneously, her exclusion from the privileges of male authority.

Her travel writings are imaginative and nostalgic, and offer an alternative to a more typical colonial speculation of the usefulness of landscapes.¹⁰⁴ Local lore, creative thinking, dramatic episodes, and the mix of prose and verse create an element of inconsistency and disruption, but as Elizabeth Bohls suggests, inconsistency and disunity in women's travel writing should not be dismissed as "aesthetic flaws, evidence of poor skill or limited vision", but as valuable negotiations of the cultural conflict of the time.¹⁰⁵

Allingham's texts are useful to local historians, providing early nineteenth century accounts of local folklore and customs, and contemporary accounts of her environs. She also demonstrates that the pursuit of grounding identity in Gaelic culture was not simply an academic exercise. There is proof of an imbrication of traditional Irish and Ulster loyalist traditions in her self-definition. She also is interested in the involvement of women in her histories: in the history of the Mav Roe at Dunluce, and Mrs. Waller and the treacherous servant in Dr. Hamilton's tale. Her vocabulary and knowledge of a range of topics is impressive, and while we hardly need convincing nowadays that women were capable of logic and scholarship, her texts provide the

¹⁰⁴ Eve Patten considers the way in which Samuel Ferguson (in 1835) compounds antiquarianism, art and landscapes into a pattern where the "viewing protagonist finds a 'station' from which the surrounding area may be surveyed, described, and then appropriated." He incorporates the tourist idiom and a topographical description, but also echoes the cartographical projects which were active in Ulster at the time. Patten speculates as to what exactly Ferguson wanted his Dublin readership to think, and concludes that it was an exploitation of a picturesque but ruined landscape in order to set up Dublin as a credible capital city of sophistication, and a social stability that was the result of the Act of Union. Patten, 102.

¹⁰⁵ Bohls, 21.

material to explore how women expressed themselves in an age where female intellectualism was considered an oxymoron.

CHAPTER SIX ROAMING AROUND THE GILT CAGE THE POETRY

Taught from infancy that beauty is woman's sceptre, the mind shapes itself to the
body, and roaming round its gilt cage, only seeks to adorn its prison
—Mary Wollstonecraft¹

I am where history breaks and divides
—Mary O'Malley²

How rose the lonely one? — She rose
Like a prophetess from dark repose.
— Felicia Hemans³

The Nineteenth Century Poetess

The Victorian poetess is a deeply contested marker of the vexed relationship between highly naturalized constructions of femininity, new modes of production and changing patterns of cultural consumption. In the distant day, we can now see more clearly the local strategies that nineteenth-century women employed to negotiate- and on occasion shift- the discursive and material practices that would otherwise make a mortified body of a 'breathing poetess'.⁴

Elizabeth Bohls explains that to "analyz[e] language as discourse entails understanding it as socially and historically located, taking shape and circulating within specific institutions, practices, and genres of writing. Discourse is spoken or written from particular social positions and it marks out a position for the speaker."⁵ Allingham's gender, as poetess rather than poet, is the essential starting point of an analysis of her

¹ Mary Wollstonecraft, *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* (New York and London: W.W.Norton and Co., 1988), 44.

² 'Weakness' by Mary O'Malley in Patricia Boyle Haberstroh, *My Self, My Muse : Irish Women Poets Reflect on Life and Art* (Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 2001), 33.

³ 'The Indian City' Felicia Dorothea Brown Hemans, *The Poems of Felicia Hemans* (Edinburgh and London: Blackwordd and Sons, 1872), 398.

⁴ Susan Brown, "The Victorian Poetess," in *The Cambridge Companion to Victorian Poetry*, ed. Joseph Bristow (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), 199-200.

⁵ Elizabeth A. Bohls, *Women Travel Writers and the Language of Aesthetics, 1716-1818* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), 5.

poetry.⁶ Other factors, such as her Ascendancy inheritance, the social milieu of the Ulster market town, the literary tradition, and her unusual degree of domestic authority are also important influences, and differentiate her poetry from other poets of the period.

Of all of the genres of early nineteenth-century writing, poetry was the most challenging for the woman writer. Susan Gilbert suggests that women preferred novel-writing over poetry because they felt more comfortable working as an inoffensive third person than as an assertive and potentially troublesome first person.⁷ Intellectual women who wrote were not generally supported by their male counterparts.⁸ Women were granted primacy in “the culture of the heart”, said Mary Wollstonecraft, only to have their “scanty portion of rationality . . . begrudged or withheld.”⁹ Burke theorized that “desire belongs to men, not women.”¹⁰ William Hazlitt dismissed learned women writers by saying “I don’t give a fig for any woman who knows even what an author means.”¹¹ The unlearned woman writer was also despised. Women who presented alternative traditions such as their experiences in the domestic spheres fared no better.¹²

⁶ As Margaret Homans observes, poetry should ideally be unconditioned by gender, but the literary tradition inherited by female poets was so inherently masculine that gender is inevitably a consideration for the critic. Margaret Homans, *Women Writers and Poetic Identity* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1980), 9. In the introduction to the Penguin book of Women Poets, the editors point out that the title of ‘poet’ “has always had an implicit masculine gender, while the feminine form ‘poetess’ rapidly acquired connotations of sentimentality and dilettantism.” Carol Cosman, Joan Keefe, and Kathleen Weaver, *The Penguin Book of Women Poets* (New York: Viking Press, 1979), 30.

⁷ Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar, *The Madwoman in the Attic : The Woman Writer and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2000), 547.

⁸ *Ibid.*, 543; Virginia Jackson, “The Poet as Poetess,” in *The Cambridge Companion to Nineteenth Century American Poetry* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011), 55. Elizabeth A. Fay, *A Feminist Introduction to Romanticism* (Malden, Mass.: Blackwell Publishers, 1998), 14.

⁹ Alan Richardson, “Romanticism and the Colonisation of the Female,” in *Romanticism and Feminism*, ed. Anne K. Mellor (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1988), 14.

¹⁰ Quoted in Isobel Armstrong, “The Gush of the Feminine,” in *Romantic Women Writers- Voices and Countervoices*, ed. Paula R. Feldman and Theresa M. Kelly (Hanover and London: University Press of New England, 1995), 18.

¹¹ Sonia Hofkosh, *Sexual Politics and the Romantic Author* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), 13.

¹² Gilbert and Gubar, 547.

A further difficulty was the subjectivity of women in poetry. As the nineteenth century began, Wordsworth and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads* (1800) defined poetry as the language of "a man speaking to men."¹³ Susan Brown elaborates. "[W]omen are poetry. They live and inspire it but they do not write it, while other people—namely, men have the privilege to do so."¹⁴

Women poets sought strategies to find a voice within this complex and constrained environment. One was to focus on their skills of observation, which according to Virginia Woolf, was the only literary training that women had.¹⁵ Another was to appropriate the male voice, and in doing so, exert a self-assertiveness that disrupts the "normal" gender order.¹⁶ Both of these conventions are apparent in Allingham's poetry.

Many significant woman poets of the nineteenth century led secluded lives. Emily Bronte, Emily Dickenson, Christina Rossetti and Elizabeth Barrett Browning withdrew themselves from 'normal' social interactions.¹⁷ Homans writes that Dorothy Wordsworth "most closely approximated one of the expected patterns for women of her day", but Levin's analysis of Wordsworth reveals a deeply insecure individual who subordinated her own self in the extraordinary relationship with her brother and his family.¹⁸ By contrast, Allingham appears to have had a more orthodox social life, interacting

¹³ William Wordsworth et al., *Lyrical Ballads: The Text of the 1798 Edition with the Additional 1800 Poems and the Prefaces* (London: Routledge, 1988), 255.

¹⁴ Brown, 181.

¹⁵ Virginia Woolf, *Selected Works of Virginia Woolf: Jacob's Room, Mrs. Dalloway, to the Lighthouse, Orlando, a Room of One's Own, the Waves, Three Guineas, & between the Acts* (Ware, Hertfordshire: Wordsworth Editions Ltd., 2007), 604.

¹⁶ Marcia Farr, *Rancheros in Chicagocacán: Language and Identity in a Transnational Community* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 2010), 265.

¹⁷ Homans, 5.

¹⁸ Susan M. Levin, *Dorothy Wordsworth and Romanticism* (Jefferson, North Carolina, and London: McFarland and Company, Inc., 2009), 8.

frequently and pleasantly with friends and family, and participating in the usual rituals of nineteenth-century life.¹⁹

A feature of women's poetry, notable in the work of Dorothy Wordsworth, was the omission of "a central or prominent self" from texts.²⁰ Mary Ann Allingham does not absent herself from her poetry; in fact, her concerns are frequently emphasized over those of others.²¹ Unlike many nineteenth century women writers, Allingham makes *herself* the subject of many poems. Allingham is not an introvert, and frequently counterpoints self-deprecation with surprisingly assertive alliances with great writers of the time.²² For example, in the dedication to songbook IV, she explains to her readers that because of Byron's death, "every muse [including her own] had fled/to sing a requiem oe'r the dead." She begs her muse to return from "Greece's classic shore/ Tread thy wild native land once more."²³ Despite occasional expressions of inadequacy, there is, in her work, a claim to the same poetic vocation that inspired the 'greats' of the period. This confidence, fragile as it was, is impressive for the period.

Her texts were not meant to be private- she courted not just readership, but publication. To borrow from Levin, Allingham not only was a woman "passionately concerned with putting words together", but equally ardent that her words would be read.²⁴ Perhaps her authority in her domestic situation, combined with her sense of Anglican superiority, and the absence of a father, or spouse (until 1833), allowed her a

¹⁹In her texts, she mentions various family gatherings and meetings. Her poems include recollections of Ice Skating with friends ('Father Frost's Tour IV), Family meetings ('Memoirs of Norway, VI3), and many interactions with friends and neighbors ('To Margaret IV 14), ('Auld lang syne' V5), ('To Eliza Kincaid' IV4).

²⁰ Homans, 71-73.

²¹ Margaret Crawford's wedding, for example, 'Verses to Margaret Crawford IV3).

²²See Homans, 73.

²³ Mary Ann Allingham, "Songbook No.4," (Gunnerus Library Trondheim), Dedication.

²⁴ Levin, 9.

kind of freedom that was unavailable to other women. In any case, there is an undeniable sense of conviction, of needing to express her world in words and verse.

In terms of style and technical accomplishment, Allingham draws from eighteenth-century Classicism, nineteenth century Romanticism, Gaelic traditions and contemporary folk culture. She is not afraid of tackling difficult forms of rhyme, notably the unusual ‘rhyme-royal’ form, once described by poet W.H. Auden as “difficult enough to play.”²⁵ In longer narrative passages, different speakers are given different meters: she uses the ballad forms for her ordinary folk and heroic couplets for the heroes. Many of the poems, particularly the legend-poems are versification, rather than poetry. Frequently, her efforts to rhyme cause the language to seem forced rather than fluid. There appears, particularly in the earlier poetry, to be awkward diction and metrical errors, however, it must be remembered that the poems from the notebooks were hand-written, probably re-written several times. The few poems that were published have clearly been edited, and are all the better for this.²⁶ Also, Allingham was highly influenced by broadsheet ballads and song-rhythms. As Zimmerman observes, apparent metrical disorders are often rectified when folk-song poetry is sung; I think Allingham frequently wrote with song-meters in mind.²⁷

The ‘Rash Vow’ is a narrative written over five long poems, which is based on the story of Norwegian warriors Asmund and Assueit, taken directly from a story in Sir

²⁵ *Letter to Lord Byron*, (1937), ii, 52

²⁶ The booklets are hand-written, and when one compares the hand-written texts to published texts, it is obvious that Allingham occasionally leaves out a line, or a word here and there. The two books were sent to Thoning, but it seems likely that she copied her poems into similar books for her other friends.

²⁷ Georges-Denis Zimmerman, *Songs of Irish Rebellion: Political Street Songs and Rebel Ballads 1780-1900* (Dublin: Allen Figgis, 1967), 108.

Walter Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* (1831).²⁸ Allingham supplies footnotes explaining her various additional references on Norwegian geography and folklore.²⁹ The chronicle of Asmund's adventures in the crypt lacks dramatic tension and it is a ponderous effort, but as a study of form, it demonstrates Allingham's efforts to experiment with different rhyming schemes and narrative voices.

The main narrative of 'The Rash Vow' is written in rhyme royal, but embedded in this verse narrative are four other poems. 'A Norse National Song' is written in tetrameter, but with an unusual octet of two quatrains in redondilla form, alternating in *abba abab* scheme. There is a ballad titled 'The Home of our Youth', then a 'Funeral Dirge' written in rhymed tetrameter couplets, followed by 'Death Song' written in an unusual rhyming scheme with tail rhyme, very similar to the Gaelic 'ochtfochloch' form.³⁰ 'Spectres Story' returns to rhyming couplets in tetrameter, and the poem concludes with a stanza in rhyme royal. Even if imitative rather than original, her

²⁸ Walter Scott, *Demonology and Witchcraft; Letters Addressed to J.G. Lockhart, Esq* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1836), 96-99.

²⁹ Presumably, Allingham's brothers and Norwegian relatives supplied information and probably books about Norwegian geography and topography. It is likely that some of the information in the poem 'The Rash Vow' came directly from Thoning – the initials 'T.O.' after the notes to verses X to XX look like Allingham was directly attributing information to Thoning. In 1826, Edward Allingham refers to a tour of Norway taken by that Thoning Owen; "The descriptions you give of the sublime scenery of Norway makes me ashamed and fills me with regret that I never embraced the opportunities I had of seeing and enjoying the same." See Appendix J, 4.

³⁰ Irish metres are known as *amhrán* or song metres, and one of them in particular, the *ochtfochlach*, is found in a number of anonymous songs in eighteenth-century English poems. See Andrew Carpenter, *Verse in English from Eighteenth-Century Ireland* (Cork: Cork University Press, 1998), 498-506. The basic unit of the *ochtfochlach* is the couplet. Within couplets, the last stressed syllable of the first line rhymes assonantly with the last stressed syllable of the second line. In addition, there is, within each line, an additional (and different assonantal rhyming pattern which is repeated three times. According to Andrew Carpenter, there are examples of this meter in the work of nearly every major poet writing in Irish between 1650 and 1800 and in folksongs of the period. Andrew Carpenter, "Introduction," in *Verse in English from Eighteenth-Century Ireland*, ed. Andrew Carpenter (Cork: Cork University Press, 1998), 15. Zimmerman suggests that *ochtfochlach* might have entered Anglo-Irish literature via English 'tail rhyme', but scholar Julie Henigan insists that the form was used so frequently in hedge schoolmaster songs that she believes it to be an imitative form of Gaelic poetry. See Julie Henigan, "For Want of Education: The Origin of the Hedge Schoolmaster Songs," *Ulster Folklife* 40, (1994).

adventurous experimentation of form is impressive for an unschooled woman writer of the period.

The Poems

Allingham's two Norwegian booklets contain over fifty poems, excluding the longer narratives. These poems could be divided into the following categories; personal poems that deal with her relationships to her friends and family, political poems that comment on contemporary events, domestic poems, and novelty poetry, such as riddles and stories. In almost all of the poems, nature and the landscape of Ulster are significant presences.³¹

Nature is a force in Allingham's poetry; she uses it to illustrate the passing of time and the transience of human experiences. She rarely locates her poems indoors; social interaction and the contemplation of relationships consistently takes place in a setting filled with the dynamic energy of the ocean, the river or the weather.³² The coastal landscapes and volatile weather of Donegal are almost always present to some degree. Her own domestic and artistic concerns are frequently verbalized in terms of chaotic movement, and an absence of control. In 'Catsby Cave', she revisits a historical ruin after five year's absence;³³

³¹ George Watson suggests that the relationship between Ulster writing and its strong relationship with landscape and place is connected to the role of landscape as "a refuge from the hot pressures of a divided polity." George Watson, "Landscape in Ulster Poetry," in *The Poet's Place: Ulster Literature and Society*, ed. Gerald Dawe and John Wilson Foster (Belfast: Institute of Irish Studies, Queen's University, 1991), 1.

³² Stuart Curran draws attention to the association of the term 'poetess' with indoor space and domestic preoccupation. British poet Alfred Lord Tennyson was criticised for his 'feminine' tendencies; – "Tennyson, we cannot live in art." Curran explains that "he was, in essence, demanding that his friend forsake the female space of enclosure, fantasy and long-past ages for a contemporary and necessarily masculine outdoors." Stuart Curran, "Women Readers, Woman Writers," in *The Cambridge Companion to British Romanticism*, ed. Stuart Curran (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993), 182.

³³ Catsby Cave is by the ruins of Assaroe Abbey, and was the location of a Mass Rock during Penal Times.

The summer sun was shining
 When I last sat in this cave
 The summer flowers were twining
 The birds sweet music gave

Now the torrent wildly flowing
 Is the music meets my ear
 And instead of flowers glowing
 But wither'd leaves are here³⁴

In 'Lines written on the Sea Shore', she writes "[L]ife's to us a springing tide/Fraught with Joy and Hope and Love/. . . But soon on Disappointment's shore/by tempests we are driven."³⁵ In 'Ballyshannon Churchyard' "threatening storms descend", in 'The Ocean', "the soft rippling water comes stealing/ and the dash of the waves is the voice of past years."³⁶

In 'Father Frost's Tour', a frozen lake in Ballyshannon becomes, very briefly, a theatre of enjoyment, suspending concerns about party politics and sectarian violence, but the fun does not last. As the lake thaws, the surface becomes treacherous, and one of Allingham's friends has a nasty accident; "oh! Why did Mary slip/to kiss the cold lake with her lip."³⁷

Another consistent feature is her use of boats and sea-journeys as metaphors. In her Causeway narrative, she invites her readers to "let [their] smiles be [her] compass" as she launches forth her "bark on the waves."³⁸ In 'The Salmon', she personifies an imaginary journey of two salmon from the River Erne to the River Foyle to remind her sister of their bond;

³⁴ Catsby Cave IV10

³⁵ Written on the Sea Shore IV11.

³⁶ Ballyshannon Churchyard IV12, The Ocean IV15.

³⁷ Father Frost's Tour, IV2

³⁸ The Giant's Causeway, IV1.

I too- by desire of one of Ballyshannon's daughters
 Have left my bright home near the great waterfall
 No more shall I leap up its clear gushing waters
 But haste on my mission to Derry's famed wall."³⁹

In 'To Margaret', Allingham describes their friendship "launched on the current of life's stream", and continues with the ship metaphor throughout the poem;⁴⁰

But then one ship got under way
 And spread her sails and left the bay
 Another consort too, she took
 The haven of her youth forsook
 And with a blessing on her course
 She changed, for better or for worse
 The name she bore in early life
 And launched on wedlock's sea- the wife⁴¹

Allingham's imagery of spatial fluidity in her surrounds is a technique common to women's writing, and is considered by feminist critics as a structuring principal of women's texts.⁴² Oceanic landscapes suggest the "possibilities of self that lie beyond society, outside patriarchy, and within the future."⁴³ In Allingham's texts, her landscapes are tumultuous but accessible, and there are few images of domestic confinement that were so typical of nineteenth century women's texts.⁴⁴ Her landscapes are constantly shifting and changing, and imply that while she was not as confined to the domestic as her peers, she was very conscious of the limitations and the instability of her freedom.

A constant reoccurring theme in her poetry is the loss of friendship. Mary Ann's closest friends during the 1820s were her nephew, Thoning, and the three Crawford

³⁹ The Salmon IV6

⁴⁰ This metaphor is also used in 'Time Flies' IV27, 'The Absent' V9, 'Dead is Dead' V12, 'To Thoning' V14, and 'The Parting Hour' V16.

⁴¹ To Margaret, VII4

⁴² Gilbert and Gubar, 87.

⁴³ Avril Horner and Sue Zlosnik, *Landscapes of Desire : Metaphors in Modern Women's Fiction* (London; New York; Toronto: Harvester, Wheatsheaf, 1990), 205, 7.

⁴⁴ Kerstin W. Shands, *Embracing Space : Spatial Metaphors in Feminist Discourse* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1999), 73.

sisters, Margaret, Mary and Bessy. She was also friendly with Eliza Kincaid and the “Misses Folingsby”, Margaret and Eliza.⁴⁵ The small social circle of friends is the subject of much of her poetry, and many of the poems are dedicated to Thoning, and to the Crawford sisters.

In 1813, when she was just ten years old, Mary Ann’s father, John, died.⁴⁶ In 1822, Thoning left Ballyshannon to claim his inheritance in Norway, and did not return.⁴⁷ In 1824, her friend Mary Crawford married in 1824 and had moved to Cork by 1830. In 1829 Margaret Crawford and Eliza Kincaid married and left Ballyshannon and in 1830 Bessy Crawford, “the last of four friends” also left the town.⁴⁸ Mary Folingsby married in 1830 and moved away in 1832 and in 1831 Mary Ann’s sister, Everina, died.⁴⁹ These defections and bereavements had a profound effect on Allingham, and a theme of abandonment and loneliness permeates almost all of her poems in some form.⁵⁰

In the poem ‘Dead is Dead- and Gone is Gone’, written circa 1832, Allingham catalogues the losses to her, not just through bereavement and absence, but also through family disputes:⁵¹

⁴⁵ IV4, IV2.

⁴⁶ His will is held at PRONI D4186/3.

⁴⁷ Magnus Lie, "Thoning Oweson (Translated by Eva Hov)," in *Legater og Stiftelser i Strinda* (Trondheim: 1929).

⁴⁸ IV3, IV19. See <http://www.h-f-h.org.uk/gallery/crawfords.pdf> 45.

⁴⁹ William Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary* (London: Macmillan and Co. Ltd, 1907), 26.

⁵⁰ In 1850, Christina Rossetti wrote *Maude*, a semi-autobiographical prose narrative which deals with the incompatibility of ladylike behavior and poetic achievement. Maude’s “unpoetic” friends, Agnes, Mary and Magdalen go their separate ways: Mary gets married, Magdalen becomes a nun, and Agnes settles for spinsterhood. Gilbert and Gubar suggest that Maude’s friends are alternative selves, representing the options available for Maud. I think it is possible that Allingham’s deep sense of abandonment stems from a similar crisis; Thoning, as a male, is free to go wherever he wants. Her other friends Margaret and Bessy Crawford choose marriage and motherhood (IV3, IV19), and Mary Britton leaves Ballyshannon in 1832 (V4).

⁵¹ In the correspondence between Thoning and Mary Ann’s brother Edward (Thoning’s guardian), it is evident that Thoning is very unhappy with his uncle’s administration of his estate. In a letter to Edward in 1826, Thoning says he will not return to Ireland until the dispute is settled. He never did return. In 1866, Edward’s daughter wrote a letter to Thoning with news of her father’s death. She acknowledges that there had been a breakdown in their relationship. See Edward Allingham and Thoning Owesen. Correspondence

BROTHERS? They are all estranged
 Business reigns in Feelings' stead-
 SISTERS? - even they have changed
 Gone is gone- and dead is dead.

The most explicit articulation of this theme is a poem titled 'I'm Lonely! I'm Lonely'.

Allingham introduces the poem as follows:

These lines were written on the removal of the last of Four Friends; the companions of my childhood: now all scattered away like thistle down, leaving the stem, still in the ground, lonely and desolate looking.

Each verse opens with the title phrase, so explicit in its forlornness, that it is uncomfortable to read.

I'm lonely! – I'm lonely!
 No Friends of Youth are near
 The music of their voices
 Comes not now upon mine ear
 'Tis but the falling water,
 And the sighing wind I hear.

I'm lonely – I'm lonely
 No friendly hands I press:
 The kind touch of their fingers
 Returns not my caress:
 The cold, the careless and the gay
 Sooth not my loneliness.

I'm lonely – I'm lonely!
 For, one by one, are Gone,
 And all the hopes, the joys, the smiles,
 That once so brightly shone,
 Have pass'd away:
 And I am left alone to wander on.

'Verses to Margaret Crawford' is dated August 25th 1829, and the poem is dedicated to Mary Ann's best friend, Margaret Crawford, on the eve of her wedding.

between the Probate Commission of the Estate of Otto Owesen, "Skifteakt O F Owesen 3e0039," ed. Transcribed /translated by Eva Hov (Statsarkivet, Trondheim: 1812-1827). Appendix J.

There is a companion poem dedicated to her fellow bridesmaid, Eliza Kincaid. Both these poems are remarkable in that the focus is not the bride's happiness, or the prospect of a celebration, but the impact that this marriage has on Mary Ann herself.

The first poem is sent to Margaret Crawford accompanied by a woven chain of Allingham's own hair. In the poem, Allingham asks her friend to wear this gift on her wedding day.⁵² Galia Ofek suggests that the holders or wearers of such hair tokens could make believe that they possessed their loved ones.⁵³ There is a palpable sense of despondency in this poem, and the hair bracelet reveals vulnerability and a neediness that is "unsatisfactory to the modern reader."⁵⁴

Wilt thou be still, amidst the cares of life
The tender Friend thou wert in days gone by?
Or, wilt thou, in the duties of a Wife
Forget each lesser friend – each weaker tie?

In the second poem, Allingham admits that the impending marriage of her friend has brought on an unshakeable mood of depression:

I sat me down to write a lay
Befitting Margaret's bridal day
For, when my fingers touch'd the pen
I hoped to be "myself again";
For sure, thought I, "some merry elf
Will then return me to myself . . .
But t'would not do- my voice grew hoarse
And I was forced to quit of course

⁵² This type of personal jewelry, common in the nineteenth century, usually associated with very intimate relationships, often associated with the deceased, or with a lover. William Allingham Sr. writes in his diary that he will have his deceased sister Jane's hair plaited into a watch-chain as a remembrance. Entry April 9, 1807. Galia Ofek writes explains that "Hair jewelry was a fetish object, "merging and fus[ing] together antithetical poles: human beings and objects, possessors and possessed, spirit and matter, mass industry and the most sacred personal emotions" Galia Ofek, *Representations of Hair in Victorian Literature and Culture* (Farnham, England; Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2009), 45.

⁵³ *Ibid.*, 51.

⁵⁴ Susan Levin uses this phrase to describe the reader's response to Dorothy Wordsworth's recovery of her brother's half-eaten apple. Wordsworth writes in her Grasmere journals "Oh the Darling! Here is one of his bitten apples! I can hardly find in my heart to throw it into the fire." Levin, 13.

I tried a merry Irish air
 “Sure won’t you hear, what fun and fare
 We had at Margaret’s wedding”- but
 Here my poor song again was cut
 I tried another cheerful tune
 I think it was the Honey Mood
 But t’would not do- my honey all
 Was turned by sorrow into gall
 With lively airs I tried to urge
 My muse in vain-a plaintive dirge
 She much preferred- and this her lay
 “Oh mind us still, tho far away.”

Several other poems in both booklets lament the loss of her friends to marriage or travel.⁵⁵ Allingham seems at the very least, ambivalent about marriage as a prescription for future happiness. Elizabeth Bohls points out the contradiction inherent in the two most accessible texts to women- the novel, and the conduct books. Allingham appears to disbelieve that marriage will deliver the promises of romantic fiction. She seems more convinced that marriage generates “a decline to a static, powerless female maturity, as conduct books warned.”⁵⁶ In ‘Castles in the Air’ Allingham writes

In Childhood and Youth all our prospects seem fair
 We hope and intend to pursue some good plan
 But our schemes are all broken as castles in air,
 Such must be the case,
 While the Architect's Man:

Yet, when one fabric crumbles, and all’s into Dust,
 We roar up another with care and with pain,
 Tho' often deceiv'd we're still willing to trust,
 And still hope for joys
 – Tho' we know they are vain,

⁵⁵ ‘Catsby Cave’, IV10, ‘Ballyshannon Churchyard’, IV11, ‘To Margaret’, IV13, ‘To Bessy’, IV19, ‘I’m Lonely, I’m Lonely’, IV24, ‘To the Evening Star’, IV 29, ‘Castles in the Air’, IV30, ‘Friendship’, IV31, ‘Auld Lang Syne’, V5. ‘The Absent’, V9, ‘Dead is Dead’, V12, ‘To Thoning’, V14, ‘To Memory’, V15, ‘The Parting Hour’, V16, ‘Written in Low Spirits’, V19, ‘To a Profile’, V21.

⁵⁶ Bohls, 21.

Allingham's fear of being forgotten is most explicitly expressed in the poem 'My Epitaph';

When e'er this heart hath ceas'd to beat
 And when Life's voice is ran
 I ask no other Epitaph
 Than "Poor Mary Ann!"

No high flown compliments I crave,
 No false and flattering wreath
 As if to mock the silent grave
 And her who sleeps beneath.

But, ah! I ask each much loved friend
 When e'er they pass the spot,
 Softly to say "Poor Mary Ann"
 Thou art not yet forgot

For oft I think (and do not smile)
 And call my thoughts not vain
 The parting hour it would beguile
 And soothe the farewell pain

Yes, oft I think my Spirit may
 Revisit this dear place
 And hover round each well-known spot
 And gaze on each loved face.

And hear the voice of each dear one
 In accents kind repeat;
 "Poor Mary Ann" ere passing on.
 Ah! Yes, that thought is sweet.

Then, then whene'er my life is done
 (And Life is but a span)
 May no inscription grace my stone
 But Poor Mary Ann.

Interestingly, in her non-confessional stories, Allingham pronounces a much more rational attitude to love and friendship. In her *Day at the Causeway* and *The Rash Vow* narratives, Allingham is intolerant of foolish or spontaneous gestures in the name of affection.

Friendship should have bounds of limitation
Even love should go no further than the grave.⁵⁷

Political Poems

One of the most impressive features of Allingham's writing is her ability to cast off the brittle and sensitive self of her personal poems and to appropriate an antithetic voice; one of strident authority and, frequently, a sense of humour and irony, absent from those just considered. As Allingham strays into the domain of traditional male concerns, she appropriates the male voice and seizes a narrative jurisdiction not normally associated with nineteenth century women.⁵⁸ This intervention and revision of the dominant nineteenth century discourse is another strategy by which women writers can participate in the literature.⁵⁹ As Annette Federico observes, the narrative voice of the writer responds to the cultural needs of society, and in the 1830s, the masculine voice is considered more representative, rational and objective.⁶⁰ Allingham appropriates this voice to a certain extent in the travel narratives, adopting the scientific tone typical of antiquarian investigation, but then frequently disrupting the male authoritative voice with digressions of dramatic reconstruction. Her single-themed poems that are not part of larger narratives are more tightly formed and self-contained, and demonstrate a competent reworking of cultural prerogatives reserved for men.

In 1830, Allingham wrote two political poems, the first dealing with the death of George IV, and the second, an overview of global events during 1830. They are two

⁵⁷ 'The Rash Vow' IV21, viii.

⁵⁸ There are few comparisons of political writing like this by early nineteenth century women. Helen Maria Williams (c1761-1827) writes about the French Revolution in *A narrative of the Events Which have Taken Place in France* (1815). See *Nineteenth Century Women Poets* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1998), 74.

⁵⁹ Mae Henderson, *Speaking in Tongues and Dancing Diaspora : Black Women Writing and Performing* (2014), 74.

⁶⁰ Annette R. Federico, "The Other Case: Gender and Narration in Charlotte Bronte's *the Professor*," in *The Brontës*, ed. Patricia Ingham (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008), 185.

extraordinary poems, demonstrating not only an understanding of the British and imperial political landscape, but an impressive critical stance which identifies the hypocrisies and contradictions of patriarchal systems that prioritise power and status over social concerns. These poems convey a sense of rural millenarianism created by Protestant evangelicism, sectarian tension, sporadic famines, an unstable economy and political unrest in Britain and Europe.⁶¹ Her appropriation of the male voice is not simply the woman writer using her imagination to find a pseudo-male voice; it is a strategy to challenge the androcentric structure of things.⁶²

The first poem, titled 'The Glorious Days of George IV' contains eleven stanzas which consider the achievements of the British King during his regency and reign from 1811-1830.⁶³ The poem is a satire, reflecting the public perception of George IV as a self-indulgent dandy, who failed in his political, social and marital responsibilities.⁶⁴

Allingham covers the global conflicts of the period, including Napoleon's defeat, and the Russo-Turkish war of 1828. She considers the advances made in infrastructure and transport, the construction of the Thames Tunnel and the Menai Straits Bridge, and the opening of prisons "so beautiful and fitted up so well/that some committed robbery that in them they might dwell."

In verses V-VII she considers the influence of the King on fashion and leisure, noting the preference for bright colours and music and dancing. In verses VIII-X,

⁶¹ There were many instances of food shortages before the period now known as the Great Famine. For an in-depth breakdown of localised food shortages and the responses of the authorities up until the 1840s, see Christine Kinealy, *A Death-Dealing Famine the Great Hunger in Ireland* (Chicago: Pluto Press, 1997), 43-35.

⁶² Ibid.

⁶³ IV9

⁶⁴ Three weeks after the death of George IV, *The Times* wrote "there was never an individual less regretted by his fellow creatures than this deceased king . . . an inveterate voluptuary." See E. A. Smith, *George IV* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1999), 272-274.

Allingham raises Irish concerns; the plethora of beggars, the sectarianism and the newly passed Emancipation bill. The song concludes in verse X1 with a repeat of the first verse and chorus.

The tone is mocking, and the style, with the repetition of ‘sir’ in each couplet, and a chorus, is typical of an eighteenth century broadsheet ballad, or drinking song.⁶⁵ Dr. Vic Gammon explained that “the reiteration of the ‘sir’ is a constant invoking of the audience and the interaction involved in the act of ballad singing.”⁶⁶ Allingham creates the sense that the [male] narrator is addressing a group of men who share in the singer’s disparaging perspective of the King’s legacy. In the seventh verse, the narrator pokes fun at the apparent femininity of the times, where “Piano, fiddle and French horn/were all preferred by far, sir/ to wrestling and fencing/ or pitching at the bar, sir.”⁶⁷ There is also a suggestion that the men would rather dance than fight.⁶⁸

There is a lively wit at play in the stanzas. Allingham writes that the “Lion of England/by age grew more stout, sir”, which appears to refer to the strengthening of the British forces, but could easily refer to the corpulent figure of the king himself.⁶⁹ She describes the women dressed as gay balloons, ‘just ready for ascending’. This barely veiled jibe at the frivolity of Ascendency women suggests Allingham’s own discomfort

⁶⁵ For some advice on folk/broadsheet/ drinking songs, I emailed Dr. Mark Hailwood, at St. Hilda’s College at the University of Oxford, and author of *Alehouses and Good Fellowship in Early Modern England* (Boydell and Brewer, 2014). Dr. Hailwood wrote “It was also common for elite men to pen verses such as these whilst drinking wine in urban taverns: so your drinking song here would seem to me to be fairly classic example of a traditional genre.” I also emailed Dr. Vic Gammon, senior lecturer in Folk and Traditional Music in the International Centre for Music Studies, Newcastle University,(now retired), and author of *Desire, Drink and Death in English Folk and Vernacular Song, 1600–1900*(Ashgate, 2008). He confirmed that the repetition of the word ‘sir’ is common in popular ballads.

⁶⁶ Email correspondence with Dr. Vic Gammon, see n46.

⁶⁷ Pitching the bar was a game of strength, a log-throwing, or pole-throwing, competition similar to the Highland Scots’ tossing the caber.

⁶⁸ Federico observes that while male writers are often praised for their insight into ‘feminine psychology’, we rarely expect women writers to represent masculinity from a male point of view. Federico, 184.

⁶⁹ Smith, 17.

with the limitations of her social circle.⁷⁰ In verse VII, she impugns the masculinity of the era with her use of the word ‘kill’ in the context of idleness; rather than engage in military action, the men “figure off in a Quadrille.”⁷¹

She also, typically, embeds subtle literary references. In verse II, her reference to the cut talons of the Eagle of France comes from Byron’s *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, a poem she also references in her *Causeway* narrative.⁷² In verse VIII, she expresses a fear that “[B]eggars were so numerous/ We feared they up would eat us, Sir”, a twist on Jonathan Swift’s satire in *A Modest Proposal* (1729). The phrase “boorish Russ” is used by poet John Edmund Reade in a footnote to a poem on Napoleon Bonaparte, published in 1829.⁷³

As Allingham satirizes George IV’s ‘progressive’ reign, she draws attention to social issues such as poverty, the overcrowding of prisons, alcoholism and political violence. The flippant glossing-over of these concerns by the balladeer-narrator only serves to draw attention to them. To write, in 1830, that “mail coaches were as plenty/ as children and potatoes” reminds the reader of how the modernization of transport services did little to address the problems of a hungry tenantry. The pun on the word

⁷⁰ The phrase ‘Ascendancy’ in the Protestant context was introduced in the late 1700s. It became popularized outside Ireland of by Edmund Burke in 1792, when he wrote “A word has been lately struck in the mint of the castle of Dublin; thence it was conveyed to the Tholsel, or city-hall, where, having passed the touch of the corporation, so respectably stamped and vouched, it soon became current in parliament, and was carried back by the Speaker of the House of Commons in great pomp as an offering of homage from whence it came. The word is Ascendancy. See W.J. McCormack, *The Dublin Paper War of 1786–1788: A Bibliographical and Critical Inquiry Including an Account of the Origins of Protestant Ascendancy and Its ‘Baptism’ in 1792* (Irish Academic Press: 1993), 162, 175.

⁷¹ The Quadrille is a square dance for couples, introduced from France into London Society around 1815. Rodreguez King-Dorset, *Black Dance in London, 1730-1850 : Innovation, Tradition and Resistance* (Jefferson, North Carolina; London: McFarland & Company, Inc., Publishers, 2008), 68.

⁷² “In pride of place here last the eagle flew/ then tore with bloody talon the rent plain”, Canto III, XVIII.

⁷³ John Edmund Reade, *Cain the Wanderer, a Vision of Heaven, Darkness, and Other Poems* (Ballinlough: Belser Wissenschaftlicher Dienst, 2009), 292.

‘Emancipation’ is also a witty observation that the 1829 Act itself did not solve the problems of partisan politics, particularly in Ulster.

The second poem, ‘The Burial of 1830’ is review of the year, written by Allingham in Ballyshannon on New Year’s Eve of 1831.⁷⁴

The epigraph is from a poem titled *The Burial of John Moore*, by Ulster poet, Charles Wolfe (1791–1823), a young clergyman from Armagh. He wrote it in 1814, when he was 22 years old. Wolfe’s poem was published in *The Newry Telegraph* in 1817. Lord Byron discovered it five years after that, and expressed his admiration for the poem, but did not know who had written it.⁷⁵ Wolfe was not conclusively identified as the author until after his death from TB in 1823, at age 31.⁷⁶ Wolfe’s poem is based on Sir John Moore; a British Officer wounded in the Napoleonic wars. He had requested to be buried in uniform and buried where he fell. Wolfe read a newspaper account of Moore’s death in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* and wrote the poem, which was described as “a powerful example of individual and lonely magnificence.”⁷⁷

By using this epigraph, and personifying 1830, Allingham sets up a tone of mock-reverence, with a refrain in each verse calling the mourners to “follow the bier” and bear the body home. Here, she appropriates the voice of a clergyman or priest, gathering the people to pay their respect. By taking on this voice, Allingham accesses the power to

⁷⁴ IV13

⁷⁵ In Thomas Medwin’s *Conversations of Lord Byron* the poet (Byron) reads aloud an eight-verse anonymous poem that “I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth” David Hill Radcliffe, “Byron, Medwin, and Charles Wolfe’s “the Burial of Sir John Moore.”” <http://lordbyron.cath.lib.vt.edu/archives.php?choose=ChWolfe.112>.

⁷⁶ Byron probably encountered Wolfe in Blackwood’s Magazine. Wolfe was eventually identified as a talented writer who had abandoned literary ambitions “to preach the gospels in an obscure Irish parish where he had died young of unrequited love, depression, and tuberculosis.” His work was published posthumously in 1825 and reprinted multiple times over the course of the nineteenth century. Ibid.

⁷⁷ J. R. Watson, *English Poetry of the Romantic Period, 1789-1830* (London; New York: Longman, 1985), 302-303.

“experience and narrate the sacred”, while the satire implies her ambivalence about the capability to do so.⁷⁸

Allingham reflects on major global events which took place, including the death of George IV, the exile of Charles X, the unjust treatment of the Queen of Portugal who was prevented from her rightful inheritance, and the vicissitudes of various high-profile aristocrats, lawyers and statesmen. She adds explanatory footnotes to her pages (italicized below), which suggests that she could not be as sure that her readers would be as au fait with political events as she was.⁷⁹ These notes leave no doubt that Allingham was a very informed witness of European current affairs.

Even more impressive than her narration of contemporary history is her instinct that radical changes are afoot. Under the surface of her faux-eulogy of 1830 is a palpable sense of threat and fear. The playful dismissal of revolutions, excommunications and murders as trivial and coincidental has the effect of reinforcing a mood of crisis and instability. “Revolutions of late, are such everyday things”, she writes.

In each verse, she calls a different group of people to attention: politicians, Scotch, Irish, Welsh and English, proud tyrants, kings and queens, royal heads, and Highlanders are all invited to be chief mourners of 1830, in other words, she is saying that that the events of the year have impacted on more than the elites; there are implications for all.

⁷⁸ Diana Greene, *Reinventing Romantic Poetry : Russian Women Poets of the Mid-Nineteenth Century* (Madison, Wis.: University of Wisconsin Press, 2004), 49.

⁷⁹ Jeanne Moskal notes that Lady Morgan uses footnotes and marginalia in her texts “to construct an appearance of masculine authority, authenticity, and scholarship.” Jeanne Moskal, "Gender, Nationality, and Textual Authority in Lady Morgan's Travel Books," in *Romantic Women Writers: Voices and Countervoices*, ed. Paula R. Feldman and Theresa M. Kelly (Hanover and London: University Press of New England, 1995), 171.

Her references to the aristocrats of Europe exhibit, through their over-familiarity, an absence of respect for title or power. She refers to the exiled French king as ‘Charley’, and tells us that “Kings are but mortals, poor creatures of clay.” British Member of Parliament William Huskisson, British Prime Ministers Sir Robert Peel and Charles Grey are referred to by their last name only, the Duke of Wellington as ‘Duke’, the Duke of Orleans as ‘Orleans Duke’. The discourteous but entertaining language sounds like street language, the common man’s iconoclasm.

Allingham’s skill with wordplay impresses. Her punning on the word ‘juke’ for ‘duke’ and the lines ‘The Peel too; spared off ,and if you ask the reason/ You are told that the White-headed Boy is now Grey’ is a witty synopsis of the fall of the Wellington Government (in which Peel was Home Secretary) and the new administration of Charles, Earl Grey, in November 1830.

Pamela Pilbeam explains the particular significance of 1830 in nineteenth century history; “an extraordinary year of revolutionary turbulence kick started into revolt by the impact on major cities and rural areas of an economic crisis.” As Pilbeam notes, and it is clear from Allingham’s poem, this is the last year of revolution in which socialist ideas would not play a significant part.⁸⁰ Allingham’s jolly funeral dirge sounds an ominous death-knell for the political systems that have dominated the previous century. In a note after the final verse of the poem Allingham paraphrases Hamlet, hoping that “we may never look upon its like again.” Hamlet, of course, had barely spoken these lines in the play when the hideous conspiracy behind the corrupt regime of Denmark was revealed; while it may be a stretch to suggest that Allingham was as prophetic as the Prince, her

⁸⁰ Pamela M. Pilbeam, *Themes in Modern European History, 1780-1830* (London; New York: Routledge, 1994), 9-10.

reference to this particular play does indicate concerns about global political stability. It may be argued that the sectarian volatility of 1830s Ireland and the precarious condition of Irish Protestantism after Emancipation sharpened her interest in revolutionary events elsewhere.

The form of both these poems, the first with its refrain, and the second with its call to ‘Come— come— and bear to his long home’ also indicates the influence of popular street ballads of the period. George-Denis Zimmerman identifies the refrain and the call as typical features of the genre.⁸¹ It is also interesting that when Allingham takes to political satire, it is targeted at London, not Dublin or Ulster.

It is difficult to say exactly how Allingham gained her political knowledge. Her family’s shipping interests were affected by the Napoleonic wars, and the marriage of Jane Allingham and Otto Oweson provided her older brothers an opportunity to travel abroad when they were young.⁸² We know that her brother William Sr. and her brother-in-law Otto had eclectic reading tastes and wide-ranging interests, and that her brothers Edward and William were engaged with various social and political initiatives in Ballyshannon.⁸³ Mary Ann mentions a nurse who read stories to her when she was a child, and the biblical references in the texts suggest she might have attended Sunday

⁸¹ Zimmerman, 98,102.

⁸² See William Allingham Sr.’s diary 1807, Appendix H.

⁸³ See Appendix H and K for William Allingham Sr.’s Diary and Otto Owesen’s reading lists. William Allingham Esq. and Edward Allingham Esq. are both listed in Ambrose Leet, *Directory to the Market Towns, Villages and Gentlemen's Seats* (Dublin: Brett Smith, 1814), 321,390. William was a founding member of the Tyrhugh Society, The Ballyshannon Mendicity Institution, and the Cholera Relief Fund of Ballyshannon. Edward Allingham was a Justice of the Peace and a Jurist, see W. McLaughlin, *Report of the Lough Foyle Fishery Cause* 1857. 183. He was also treasurer and secretary of the Bundoran Auxiliary of the Juvenile Association for promoting the education of the deaf and dumb poor of Ireland *The Eleventh Annual Report of the Juvenile Association for Promoting the Education of the Deaf and Dumb Poor of Ireland* (1835), 35, 44. *The Ballyshannon Herald* of June 6 1831 notes the attendance of Edward and William Allingham Sr. at a political meeting. *The Ballyshannon Herald* of August 10 1832 published a letter from William Allingham Sr. asking for support for the Ballyshannon Mendicity Institution. On September 7th, 1832, *The Ballyshannon Herald* mentions the Cholera Relief Fund, and Secretary/Treasurer is William Allingham Sr.. Both William and Edward are listed as contributors to the fund.

school.⁸⁴ But there are no references to teachers or governesses or mentors. Allingham's information seems to be acquired by reading.

Among the sources she references are Scott's *Letters on Witchcraft and Demonology* (1830), Clarke's *Travels in Russia, Tartary, and Turkey* (1828), Richard Chandler's *Travels in Asia Minor* (1775), Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and *As You Like It*, Bickerstaff's play *Lionel and Clarissa* (1788), Thomas Moore's play *The Bluestocking* (1811). She quotes from the work of Shakespeare, Thomas Moore, Robert Burns, Thomas Campbell, Oliver Goldsmith, James Orr, Charles Wolfe, Thomas Grey and Lord Byron. As she corresponded with the editor of *The Dublin Family Magazine*, and was published in *The Ballyshannon Herald*, *The National Magazine* and *The Dublin Penny Journal*, and she mentions the work of other writers such as Caesar Ottway, it would seem likely that she read these magazines.⁸⁵ As her nephew William Jr. said, she was a "voracious reader."⁸⁶ My conclusion is that she was a smart, curious woman with an unusual amount of domestic authority, and access to many books, magazines and journals. The men in her life were well-traveled, well-read older brothers who had already set a tone of a certain political liberalism, and who would not have discouraged her literary interests.

Domestic poems

Allingham's poems reveal some of the more domestic and practical concerns of her life as a single woman. While she rejects the hegemonic inscription of the women in the domestic interior, there are anxieties about practical concerns. Money appears

⁸⁴ In 'The Rash Vow' IV25
Ballyshannon Herald, January 6th 1832.

⁸⁶ Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*, 27.

scarce; in her poem titled ‘The Fee’, she suffers from severe toothache, but is denied assistance from ‘Two doctors friendly’.⁸⁷

Offended then, I turned away
In silence to endure;
That ceaseless gnawing night and day
Which none would pitying cure

Finally, a neighbour, Dr. William Crawford comes to her aid, and is paid for his services by a home-made purse which Allingham knits for him.⁸⁸ Allingham hopes that her humble gift might, “(As ancient fables say), /Have evermore a bit of Gold/To keep, and give away.” Allingham demonstrates not just her resourcefulness, but her ability to use her writing to transform the modest gift into ‘Fortune’s purse.’ She also compares the forced removal of a tooth to her separation from her friends;

Tis hard to drag a poor old Tooth,
Worn out with age and toil;
From the companions of its youth
And from its native soil.

In ‘The Ladies’ Petition’, Allingham addresses another local issue- the dirt of her local streets. Contemporary accounts of Ballyshannon support her plea. In 1832, a letter to the *Ballyshannon Herald*;

call[s] the attention of the Officers of Health, to the nuisances thrown into the streets by some of inhabitants of the Diamond, to great annoyance of the public. It is a very short distance from their houses to the bridge, and the inhabitants of that part of the town should direct their servants to throw such filth over the bridge, instead of leaving it in the center of the street.⁸⁹

Terence O’Donnell also writes about the abysmal condition of the town;

In 1831 the population of [Ballyshannon] was 3,775 and of that total, 2,385 lived on the Kilbarron side [north of the river] and 1390 in the Purt [on the south side].

⁸⁷ IV8

⁸⁸ Crawford was probably an older brother of the Crawford sisters. See <http://www.h-f-h.org.uk/gallery/crawfords.pdf> 42.

⁸⁹ Letters to the Editor, *The Ballyshannon Herald*, January 6 1832.

Ballyshannon was far from being a clean, well-kept town. Visitors, even townspeople, complained frequently of the 'shameful state of the streets. 'Although I am a stranger' writes one in August 1837, 'I beg leave most earnestly to call your attention to the disgraceful dirty state of your town. Broken up pavements and watercourses, shores out of order, and lodgments of filth and excrement everywhere disfigure the streets; even the bridge of your noble river, which divides the upper and lower towns, and which is usually a structure of comfort and ornament, is a causeway of disgusting and dangerous approach- the pathway being unsafe for women and children, and in the recesses, made use of to indecent exposure and filthy abomination."⁹⁰

Allingham's poem is a light-hearted meditation on the difficulties posed by such conditions;

The day may smile most brightly;
 To tempt us forth to walk
 In vain we look for pleasant paths
 Thro' mire alone we stalk;
 In rain our Beaus may talk to us
 We can't to them give ear
 As we try with a sigh
 Thro' the wet and dirt to steer.

Allingham employs a very interesting deconstruction of the picturesque to the practical. Women cannot enjoy the scenic pleasures of the locality;

In vain, in light and splendour
 The glorious Sun goes down
 We cannot be beholding him
 And be holding to our Gown
 In vain do gold and crimson clouds
 Adorn the western sky
 For the spots and black dots
 On our dress is all we spy

Even the sparkling beauty of the waterfall cannot distract the women, who only contemplate "the frothy foam we'd see/like soap suds, where our duds, after promenade must be." Allingham asks the gentlemen of Ballyshannon to help the women of the town

⁹⁰ Terence O'Donnell, "Looking Backward- Articles Published in the Donegal Democrat February 23, March 1, March 8, March 15 1968," in *Ballyshannon: The Rare Old Times*, ed. Grace Donovan (Ballyshannon: Donegal Democrat, 1987), 81.

by gravelling the pathways and offering access to their “carts and horses, your money and goodwill.” But I suggest that Allingham’s petition is not simply for a cleaner sidewalk. She offers, in her cleverly punned ‘tail of woe’, a contradictory version of Burke’s beautiful creatures, “the deceitful maze, through which the unsteady eye slides giddily, without knowing where to fix or whither it is carried.”⁹¹ As their beaus, comfortably shod and protected from the mire, gaze on, the women are preoccupied with navigating filth. While Allingham might prefer having her “soul sent abroad” by the sound of the falls, her mind instead equates the sounds of the churning cataract to the labor of the wash tub.⁹² As Susan Levin notes, ‘in word and deed, men are spinning off in all directions, not fully taking into account the structures offered by a more pragmatic domestic imagination.’⁹³ The cultural message embedded in this poem is that women cannot truly access the sublime in the same way than men do; and her plea to the gentlemen to “grudge not your assistance” recognizes the impossibility of change without the support of her male contemporaries.

Allingham’s discomfort with the restrictions of her gender are further exhibited in her poem ‘I’d be a soldier’, a parody of the popular Thomas Haynes Bayly song ‘I’d be a butterfly’. The first verse of Bayly’s poem is as follows;

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet;

⁹¹ Edmund Burke, *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2015), 93. Patrick H. Vincent refers to two books, in the same series, one all-male anthology of poets titled *Specimens of English Verse* (1819) and a second, titled *Specimens of British Poetesses* (1825) to illustrate how critics and readers saw the poetess as “embodied in her work.” Patrick H. Vincent, *The Romantic Poetess: European Culture, Politics, and Gender, 1820-1840* (Durham: University of New Hampshire, 2004), xvii.

⁹² In *Dejection: an Ode*, Samuel Taylor Coleridge writes “those sounds [of weather] which oft have raised me, whilst they awed and sent my soul abroad.” Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *The Complete Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (London: Penguin, 2004), 307.

⁹³ Levin, 151.

Roving for ever from flower to flower,
 And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet!
 I'd never languish for wealth, or for power,
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet,
 I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.⁹⁴

Alan Richardson notes the employment of mothers and sisters by male poets to locate a source of their empathy, describing the technique as “a metaphoric heart transplant.”⁹⁵ In “I'd be a soldier”; Allingham reverses this technique, replacing Bayly's delicate imagery of floral sweetness and serenity for the cacophony and excitement of battle;⁹⁶

I'd be a SOLDIER marching to battle
 Where trumpets and kettledrums and clarinets play
 Where charges do prance and cannons do rattle
 And Glory and Honour look down on the fray;
 I'd never languish for Belles and their prattle
 I'd never sigh for the Ball-room so gay:
 But I'd be a Soldier marching to Battle,
 Where courage and constancy carry the day

In each of the stanzas, Allingham substitutes imagery traditionally associated with femininity with noisy scenes of gallant deeds of bravery. Her wish, should she ‘pilfer the wand of a fairy’, would be to dress in a soldier's uniform, and cast all her cares away.

Allingham's desire for escapism is not unprecedented. Elizabeth Ham (1783-1820) and Dorothea Herbert (1767-1829) offer a record of middle-class rural Protestant

⁹⁴ T.H. Bayly, *Psychae; or, Songs on Butterflies &C.* (Malton, 1828), 2.

⁹⁵ Richardson, 16.

⁹⁶ Bayly was so irritated with the innumerable parodies of 'I'd Be a Butterfly' (such as 'I'd Be a Nightingale' and 'I'd Be a Rifleman') he retorted with his own parody, beginning:

“I'd be a Parody, made by a ninny,

On some little song with a popular tune,

Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea,

And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.” See Derek B. Scott, “The Respectable Entertainer,” *Literature, History and Culture in the age of Queen Victoria* (2012).

<http://www.victorianweb.org/mt/dbscott/1d.html>.

life in their diaries. Both diarists emphasize how boring rural life often seemed to women, and mention cross-dressing as one form of release.⁹⁷ Furthermore, Julie Kipp identifies a trend in the literary treatment of 1798 to include ‘manly women’ in the celebration of heroes and heroines from the revolutionary past. The popular nineteenth-century ballad ‘The Boys from Wexford’ celebrates the courage and leadership of a woman who bursts in upon a group of United Irishmen and invites them to ‘fly from home with me’, claiming that she plans to “dress myself in man’s attire/ and fight for liberty.” Kipp observes that these cross-dressing, militant heroines would become part of the symbolism of the National Theatre of Lady Gregory during the Celtic Revival.”⁹⁸ One of the iconic images of the 1916 Rising is that of Countess Markievicz in the uniform of the Irish Citizen Army, and one of the regrettable features of Ireland’s contemporary history is the failure of the modern Republic to release women from their roles as symbolic icons to active and equal shareholders. Allingham’s desire to flex her muscle and participate rather than observe is an articulation of the condition of many Irish women of her own, and of subsequent generations.⁹⁹

Stories and Legends in verse

Many of Allingham’s poems are based on old legends or stories, celebrating heroic values of courage and passion. Irish pirate queen Grace O’Malley is the subject of

⁹⁷ *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing: Irish Women's Writing and Traditions.*, vol. 4-5 (New York: New York University Press, 2002), 833.

⁹⁸ Julie Kipp, "Irish and Scottish Romanticism," in *Ireland and Scotland: Culture and Society, 1700-2000*, ed. Liam Mellvany and Ray Ryan (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2005), 118.

⁹⁹ Julie Kipp writes “The governing assumption in [romantic women’s poetry] is that all citizens, women as well as men- need to play an active role in the fight for political independence, and that relegating women to the status of symbolic national icons, limiting their influence to the production of make children, or sidelining them as purely inspirational cheerleaders severely limits the practical resources necessary for the achievement of real liberty.” *Ibid.*, 119.

her poem ‘Granna Uille’, which celebrates Grace O’Malley’s fearlessness and skill as she navigates the “rocks and shoals and adverse breeze.”¹⁰⁰ ‘Granna’ rejects the “heartless pageantry” and “pompous feasts” of Queen Elizabeth’s court for the “cliffs of Erin’s loved and lovely shore.” Allingham shares the popular (though unlikely) anecdote about O’Malley shocking the Elizabethans by using a handkerchief only once before throwing it in the fire. She also recalls how O’Malley supposedly kidnapped the heir to the Lord of Howth, who refused her a seat at his table. According to Allingham’s poem, she returned the child on condition that Lord Howth would never refuse anyone a meal.

Most of Allingham’s legend-poems are written in rhyming couplets, and their primary functions are as vehicles for story-telling. We know that she wrote “for the edification and amusement of [her] numerous nephews and nieces.”¹⁰¹ She drew from a variety of sources, including popular ballads of the time, travel books, her literary heroes, especially Byron and Scott, and Norwegian folklore.¹⁰² Her long verse poems ‘The Suicide’ (V2), and the ‘No cow-No care’ (IV22) are based on local Donegal folklore, but

¹⁰⁰ Grainne/ Granna/ Grace O’Malley was a celebrated female pirate whose exploits of plunder and pillage during the 1580s and 1590s became legendary. See J.C. Appelby, “Women and Piracy in Ireland: From Gráinne O’ Malley to Anne Bonney,” in *Women in Early Modern Ireland*, ed. Margaret MacCurtain and Mary O’ Dowd (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1991), 55.

¹⁰¹ She writes this in her introduction to the poem ‘The Cat and the Lobster, or Greediness Rewarded.’

¹⁰² Songs and stories about Grace O’Malley became popular from the middle of the eighteenth century onwards; John Gamble mentions her in 1810 and an account of the Howth story was published in the *Dublin Penny Journal* in 1835. See John Gamble, *Society and Manners in Early Nineteenth Century Ireland* (Notre Dame: Field Day and Notre Dame University Press, 2011), 201, and “Howth Castle, County of Dublin,” *The Dublin Penny Journal* 3, no. 152 (1835). Zimmerman writes that she was described in 1576 as “famous for her stoutness of courage and person and for sundry exploits done by her by sea” and in 1593 as “the nurse of all rebellions in the province for the last forty years.” Interestingly, he notes that as the nineteenth century advanced, O’Malley began to appear more often as a “lamenting matron or comely maid.” Zimmerman, 55. Allingham’s story-poem ‘The Bishop of Damala’ is drawn from Chandler- see Richard Chandler, *Travels in Asia Minor* (Dublin: R. Marchbank, 1775), 278.

their prolixity detracts from the storytelling. 'The Possessed Skull' (V20) is based on a story which appears in a magazine in 1829.¹⁰³

The story-poems are poor quality in a literary sense, but they are of interest as records of folklore, and also as dramas that become moral tales. Although secular rather than evangelistic, Allingham's legend-verses reflect the responsibility of nineteenth century women writers who understood that children required moral and practical instruction through literature.¹⁰⁴ It is also fascinating to note that the shortcoming most warned against in the poems is greed. In "The Bishop of Damala", the avaricious prelate ends up in the hands of pirates, and the narrator warns;

Oh! Then Epicure and Glutton,
Of whatever rank or age
Cut with thankful heart your mutton
Your just hunger to assuage

In 'The Cat and the Lobster' (subtitled 'Greediness rewarded'), her curious pet cat, named 'Norway', has painful encounter with a lobster, and the poet warns;¹⁰⁵

But Greediness does in the end
Some punishment still meet;
Then Children my advice attend
And care not what you eat

¹⁰³ T.Crofton Croker, "Tim Marks and the Walking Skull" in *The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction*, Vol. 13, Issue 352, January 17, 1829.

¹⁰⁴ Lynne Vallone, "Writing for Children," in *Women and Literature in Britain 1800-1900*, ed. Joanne Shattock (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001), 275-277.

¹⁰⁵ Allingham's pet cat was rescued from a Norwegian ship, hence the name 'Norway'. Allingham's 'memoirs' (V13) of the cat reveal some of the privileges of the Allingham household, where evidently there was no shortage of "Flesh, Fish and Fowl." This rather spoiled pet preferred water to milk, and had a glass left on the sideboard each day "to prevent her throwing down the jugs placed on it, in search of her favorite beverage." The cat met an unfortunate end when she became old, and Allingham tells us that "five members of the family in congress" decided to have her drowned. Allingham writes that she is from then on tormented by dreams of the waterfall, where she sees not the salmon or water-fowl, but "my ill-requited, murdered cat." She concludes the 'memoir' by telling the reader that she still has the tanned hide of the cat in her possession.

In 'A Curious Mouse', the unfortunate rodent caught among the potato cakes is fatally punished for his gluttony.

There is a suggestion that the curious mouse is a victim of injustice; and a hint that the injustice may be based on 'Irish taste';

At length the servants' courage took
When they saw it sitting still
And acting Judge and Jury
The curious mouse they kill

They agreed it must be thieving
As they caught it near the food
And passed their verdict Guilty
By saying it was not Good.

Thus was this poor Mouse murdered
And laid among the dead
Because it had an Irish taste
And loved potato bread.

In the poem 'The Suicide', Allingham seems very sensitive to the plight of a lonely old man, who, when he can no longer "reach the church or linger on the shore", commits suicide. She instructs her reader to 'ponder o'er the Suicide's low grave' if they are tempted towards self-pity.

Although these verses appear uncomplicated, Allingham's choice of animals or exotic characters from the past as subjects of her morality poems is revealing. While she expresses her disdain for slavery, injustice, sectarian violence and greed, she does so indirectly or obliquely.¹⁰⁶ There are several accounts of abysmal poverty in Ballyshannon

¹⁰⁶ In 'The Suicide' (V2) she notes the practice of slavery in Africa, and, paraphrasing Scottish poet Thomas Campbell, asks "Tyranny and Guile, when will your race be ran/ and Man the Brother live the friend of Man!" 'Father Frost's Tour' (IV2) is the only poem in which she refers to sectarian troubles in Ulster.

and Donegal during the 1820s, but it is rarely referenced in her texts.¹⁰⁷ When she does refer to the poor, it is in the context of a reprimand for absentee landlords who have failed in their Christian duties.¹⁰⁸

It was typical of many Anglo-Irish writers of the time to wax lyrical about the spectacular beauty of the area without mentioning, or perhaps not *seeing* the wretchedness of its inhabitants, but considering Allingham's empathetic sensibilities, it is curious that Mary Ann does not address this in her poetry.¹⁰⁹ William Allingham Jr. notes in his diary that his Aunt Bessy, Mary Ann's sister, visited the poor on the south side of the river, so Mary Ann would have been well aware of the appalling conditions so close to home.¹¹⁰ Her lapse may be symptomatic of a middle-class Protestant mindset which struggled with the causality of poverty, but I think that Allingham is an observer, not an activist.¹¹¹ She has neither the evangelistic zeal of her 'low-church' sister, nor the freedom, or encouragement to be a revolutionary. It would appear from her poetry that the literary tradition she inherited was all-male and relatively conservative. The poems contain flashes and glimpses of radicalism, but they are camouflaged in inoffensive tales of mythical characters and unfortunate animals.

There are two other poems in the Norwegian booklets that deserve attention. The first is 'The Haunted Physicians', which is the opening poem of book V, and was also

¹⁰⁷ John Reade, "Recollections of William Allingham the Poet," *The New Dominion Monthly* July, (1872): 2, Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*, 20.

¹⁰⁸ Mary Ann Allingham, "An Excursion to Donegal," *The Dublin Family Magazine* September 1829, 422.

¹⁰⁹ See accounts of the area by Richard Pococke and George Thomas Stokes, *Pococke's Tour in Ireland in 1752* (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, 1891), 71., John Borbridge Doyle, *Tours in Ulster: A Hand-Book to the Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Ireland* (Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1854), 356.

¹¹⁰ Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary*, 20.

¹¹¹ Brian Jenkins identifies several reasons for a Protestant hostility to the peasantry in the 1830s primarily that the terrors of the French Revolution and subsequent uprisings in Ireland in 1798 and 1803 left Protestant communities in a state of deep anxiety. There was also a sense that poor people were in some way complicit in their own condition, and the Malthusian argument that misery and vice would be the outcome of efforts to alleviate severe poverty. See Brian Jenkins, *Era of Emancipation British Government of Ireland, 1812-1830* (Kingston, Ontario: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1988), 40-42.

published *The National Magazine* in 1831, and *The Dublin Penny Journal* in 1836. The earliest source of this story is in *The Monthly Magazine or British Register*, (1811). It reappears twice in 1824, in a book called *Points of Humour* illustrated by George Cruikshank, and a journal titled *The Literary Magnet of the Belles Lettres, Science and the Fine Arts*, published in London.¹¹² The 1824 version appears thus;

A lover, whose mistress was dangerously ill, sought everywhere for a skillful physician in whom he could place confidence, and to whose care he might confide a life so dear to him. In the course of his search he met with a talisman, by the aid of which spirits might be rendered visible. The young man exchanged, for this talisman, half his possessions, and having secured his treasure, ran with it to the house of a famous physician. Flocking round the door he beheld a crowd of shades, the ghosts of those persons whom this physician had killed. Some old, some young; some the skeletons of fat old men; some gigantic frames of gaunt fellows; some little puling infants and squalling women; all joined in menaces and threats against the house of the physician—the den of their destroyer—who however peacefully marched through them with his cane to his chin, and a grave and solemn air. The same vision presented itself, more or less, at the house of every physician of eminence. One at length was pointed out to him in a distant quarter of the city, at whose door he only perceived two little ghosts. "Behold," exclaimed he, with a joyful cry, "the good physician of whom I have been so long in search!" The doctor, astonished, asked him how he had been able to discover this. "Pardon me," said the afflicted lover complacently, "your ability and your reputation are well known to me." "My reputation!" said the physician, "why I have been in Paris but eight days, and in that time I have had but two patients." "Good God!" involuntarily exclaimed the young man, "and there they are!"

Allingham's version is written in the form of 'rhyme royal', introduced by Chaucer in *Troilus and Criseyde* (c 1385), used by Shakespeare in *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), and in the nineteenth century, in a rare example, by William Morris in *The Earthly Paradise* (1868–70). W.B. Yeats employs this form in *A Bronze Head* (1937/38). It is a demanding form of rhyming, using the form *ababbcc* in iambic pentameter with an

¹¹² George Cruikshank, *Points of Humour* (London: C. Baldwin, 1823), 7; Tobias Merton, "The Haunted Physicians," *The Literary Magnet of the Belles Lettres, Science and the Fine Arts* 1, (1824).

extra foot in the seventh line of each verse. I think Allingham is successful in her control of the rhythm, while maintaining the tension and crisis-point of the story.

A Lover once (when love was more in fashion
Than it is now in these degenerate days),
When sickness, on the object of his passion,
Had laid a heavy hand, sought out all ways,
From her sick couch his mistress dear to raise.
At length he came unto this wise decision,
To trust her valued life unto the best physician.

But where could he be found? whilst thus he pondered,
An ancient man drew near, and him addressed;
"Thro' many a wild and wondrous land I've wandered,
But now I seek my home to be at rest.
Here is a talisman, which when possess'd,
Gives one the power to see each airy spirit;
It shall be yours, if I may half your goods inherit."

No sooner said than done; the bargain over,
The old man took his goods, and bade adieu;
And to the first physician's house the lover
With his prized talisman all quickly flew;
But what a horrid sight there met his view:
Flocking around the door, he saw the spirits
Whose bodies had been killed by this physician's merits.

Old rev'rend men, with hair and beard all hoary,
Shaking their heads with anger and with age;
Young, dauntless youths, who might have lived with glory,
Had they escaped the first physician's rage;
Fair lovely girls were there too 'gainst the sage,
Mothers, and grandmothers, and infants crying,
'Gainst him who lived by other people's dying.

Awhile our lover stood, amazed, astounded,
Unable to proceed, yet loth to stay;
When lo! Forth came the doctor, unconfounded,
And thro' the ghostly patients made his way,
Calm and unmoved, at all their sad array.
Our lover wondered more, but on he hasted,
For time was precious, and could not be wasted.

But at each eminent physician's house, he

Saw spirits muster, either less or more;
 So that quite frightened, his intended spouse he
 Would not deliver to their clutches o'er;
 With grief and anguish his sad heart was sore.
 He wandered quite bewildered through the city,
 Peering at every doctor's house in hopes of pity.

At last, oh, ecstasy! Oh, blissful vision!
 He saw a door where but two small ghosts stood;
 "Behold!" he cried with joy, the great physician,
 Whom long I sought for, but I never could
 Succeed till now in making my search good.
 The doctor, quite surprised, said, "Pray don't scout, Sir.
 But tell me how you e'er contrived to make me out, Sir."

"Oh, learned Sir, your skill and reputation,"
 Replied the lover, "are to me well known."
 "My skill!" the doctor said, "I've held this station,
 But one short week; and candidly I own,
 I've had but two small patients"- with a groan
 The lover heard him thus his fond hopes mar,
 And in despair exclaimed, "But two! And there they are!"

Her poem 'To Miss Barrett' is also noteworthy for a more successful employment of the Spenserian stanza.¹¹³ The identity of the 'Miss Barrett' of the poem is not established, but Allingham is clearly enraptured by this woman, and the 'star struck' tone of the poem, combined with some of the physical details of the subject lead me to speculate that the lady in question may be the poet, Elizabeth Barrett.¹¹⁴

To Miss Barrett

¹¹³ The Spenserian stanza is a fixed verse form invented by Edmund Spenser for his epic poem 'The Faerie Queene.' Each stanza contains nine lines in total: eight lines in iambic pentameter followed by a single 'alexandrine' line in iambic hexameter. The rhyme scheme of these lines is *ababbcbcc*.

¹¹⁴ Although Barrett was publishing poetry in the 1820s, she did so (mostly) anonymously, and did not receive widespread critical attention until the late 1830s; therefore it is difficult to know if Allingham would have known of her. However, Allingham's unbridled admiration, and her references to Miss Barrett's dark hair and long eyelashes, which were noted by others, convinces me that her Miss Barrett could well be the poet. See Jill Marie Trefz, "The Figure of the Poetess in British Sentimental Literature, 1820-1860" (2008), 228, and Elizabeth Lee, "Introduction," in *Selected Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (Boston: Ginn and Company, 1904), xii. Barrett also ranked Byron, Moore and Scott as the three greatest poets, a statement with which Allingham would have concurred. See Jeffery Vail, "Thomas Moore: After the Battle," in *Back to the Present, Forward to the Past: Irish Writing and History since 1798*, ed. Patricia A. Lynch and Joachim Fischer (West Sussex, U.K.: Blackwell Publishing Ltd., 2006), 311.

Man says in female bosoms envy dwells
 Whene'er they see a face than theirs more bright,
 But I affirm it is not truth he tells
 For different thoughts than those of envious spite
 Reign in my bosom when upon my sight
 The beauteous BARRETT Shines: no feelings jar,
 But all is admiration and delight,
 And banish'd Envy flies from me afar
 Whene'er I look on Thee,
 Bright, lovely Northern Star.

My homely eyes of grey, delight to gaze
 Upon those full, dark, brilliant eyes of thine,
 And watch the bright and sparkling beams that blaze
 Beneath thy silken eye lash, long and fine.
 Gleaming like prisoned birds whose feathers shine
 More beautiful from out their wiry bar:
 Or like the diamond in a sable shrine.
 And, oh! Believe me Envy flies afar,
 Whilst gazing on thine eyes,
 Bright, lovely Northern Star.

My lips delighted love the praise to speak
 Of thy sweet lips, and teeth of purest white
 Thy fine shaped nose, thy soft and downy cheek,
 Where the two differing roses calmly blow;
 The red just tinging the whites pure glow.
 Thy glossy hair, like polish'd jetty spar
 In shining ringlets o'er thy forehead flow
 And doubt not. Envy flies from me far
 Whene'er I look on thee,
 Bright lovely Northern Star.

Tho' low my stature, still I love to gaze
 Upon thy form of elegance and graze
 Oh! Matchless Beauty, far above the praise,
 Of my poor Pen, which humbly darest to trace
 These few descriptive lines, whilst thy sweet face
 Shines on my mem'ry with power singular
 Gazing on thee rapture alone finds place,
 And banish'd Envy flies from me afar,
 Whene'er I look on thee,
 Bright, lovely, Northern Star.

This poem is an extraordinary expression of female admiration for a woman. Allingham denies the male theory of female jealousy, and although the poem focuses on the physical attributed of the subject, particularly her eyes and her lips, I do not read it as erotic, but rather an unashamed appreciation of the aesthetic. If, as many critics suggest, the subjectivity of women was an obstacle to women's writing, Allingham demonstrates that it was possible to direct traditional form and style towards a female gaze.¹¹⁵

Some of Allingham's poetry is clumsy and derivative, some of it is varied and contradictory, but as Elizabeth Bohls points out, "sustaining and expressing contradictions in writing was a strategy for female psychic survival."¹¹⁶ The poems are not a literary treasure-trove, but they are a find for the cultural historian, and for the scholar of nineteenth century women's writing.

The poems are her pitch for a rooted place from which to write, but her literary peripateticism emphasizes her instability. Her plaintive pleas not to be forgotten are more than the loneliness of a Ballyshannon spinster; they reflect a desperate desire to find an alternative to the surrendering of her writer-self.¹¹⁷ Her nostalgia is also a metaphor for the condition of Irish identity; Ulster, always the fault-line of the British-Irish relationship, is, like Allingham's childhood, a landscape of remnants and flashes of a past that cannot be recaptured. She, (as many future Irish poets will do), ignores the ugly

¹¹⁵ If there is a male love-interest in Allingham's poetry of that period, it is most likely her childhood companion Thoning. The absence of references to other beaux during the 1820s and early 1830s, and her faithful correspondence to Thoning suggests a devoted attachment. In a letter to Thoning in 1823, Mary Ann's brother, Edward Allingham wrote "Mary Ann too will probably go wild with joy if this project [to jointly purchase a large estate in Donegal], is carried, as she is now with rage at you for never writing to her." See *Correspondence between the Probate Commission of the Estate of Otto Owesen*. Appendix J, 3.

¹¹⁶ Bohls, 21.

¹¹⁷ Patricia Howell Michaelson, *Speaking Volumes: Women, Reading, and Speech in the Age of Austen* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 2002), 29.

present and takes solace in the things that have remained constant; the flowing River Erne, the sunsets, and the ebb and flow of the ocean.

CONCLUSION ANXIETIES AND INFLUENCES

I'm nobody! Who are you?
—Emily Dickinson¹

The poet nerves the arm to do great things,
Inspires great thoughts, flings o'er the tears of life
The rainbow's arch, to save us from despair;
Quickens the stagnant energies to act,
Bears the advancing banner of the age,
Full in the van of all humanity;
And with a strength, God-given, rolls the stone
As angels may, from off the Sepulchre
Where souls lie bound, bidding them rise and live.
—Speranza, Lady Wilde²

I formed the modest ambition of doing for Sligo what
William Allingham had done for Ballyshannon
—W.B Yeats³

In 1967, Ulster poet John Hewitt wrote an introduction for *The Poems of William Allingham*, published for the Irish Arts Council. Hewitt's encomium bewails the poor reputation of William Allingham, and blames "our laziness and lack of curiosity" for his slight representation in the canon of English literature.⁴

Hewitt makes a case for the originality of the work of William Allingham, focusing particularly on his use of the repeated line or refrain in his poems, his experimentation with Irish folksongs, his cultivation of an Irish folk audience "such as few poets can boast of" and his pioneering "of a mode and a technique which has had its lasting triumphs at the hands of Yeats, Colum and Joseph Campbell." William

¹ 'I'm Nobody! Who are you?' Emily Dickinson, *The Collected Poems of Emily Dickinson* (New York: Barnes & Noble Books, 1993), 17.

² 'Remonstrance', Jane Francesca Wilde, *Poems by Speranza* (Glasgow and London: Cameron and Ferguson, 1871), 53.

³ L. S. Loomer and John Reade, *Allinghams* (Wolfville, N.S.: L.S. Loomer, 1998), 42.

⁴ John Hewitt, "Introduction," in *The Best of William Allingham*, ed. Celine McGlynn (Dublin: Dolmen Press, 2003), i.

Allingham's poetry, says Hewitt, lacks the "grave authority" of Samuel Ferguson and the "bold color and rhythmic vitality" of James Clarence Mangan, but Hewitt judges him to be "technically the most accomplished and emotionally the most sensitive of the three leading poets of the last century."⁵

Seamus Deane writes that "Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal did not provide [William Allingham] with many opportunities to nourish his gifts. [William] Allingham's reputation, until recently, has tended to categorize him as a regional poet whose lyrics about Ballyshannon and fairies sufficiently attested to his essential quality. This is unjust. His achievement and importance are greater than has been generally recognized."⁶ Ford Madox Brown regarded William Allingham as 'a genuine Irish patriot, also, not of the incendiary kind wishing to consume all England, and Ireland too, in one general conflagration of revenge.'⁷

When William Allingham published an anthology of poetry, *Nightingale Valley* (1859), he was praised for his eclecticism. He included dialect poets, women poets, Irish poets and Scottish poets. He wrote that it was aimed at 'the most unsectarian worshipper of Song.'⁸ Fiona Stafford describes William Allingham as "unsectarian and unhistorical. . . hence his choice of Thomas Davis's 'O'Brien of Arra' with its celebration of the Irishman's fight against the English of the Pale, and its refrain 'Cead Mile Falta.'⁹

⁵ Ibid., vi.

⁶ Seamus Deane, "Poetry and Song 1800-1900," in *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing* (Derry: Field Day Productions, 1991), 7.

⁷ Terence Brown, *Northern Voices: Poets from Ulster* (Totowa, NJ: Rowman and Littlefield, 1975), 47.

⁸ Fiona Stafford, "Collection and Selection: Poetry and Art for the Nation," in *Ireland and Scotland: Culture and Society, 1700-2000*, ed. Liam McIlvanney and Ray Ryan (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2005), 101. See also Matthew Campbell, "Poetry in English, 1830-1890: From Catholic Emancipation to the Fall of Parnell," in *The Cambridge Companion to Contemporary Irish Poetry*, ed. Matthew Campbell (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), 532.

⁹ Mary Ann Allingham includes the Gaelic expression 'Céad míle fáilte' (a hundred thousand welcomes) several times in her texts.

Stafford concludes that the inclusion of Thomas Davis and Samuel Ferguson in William Allingham's anthology "also served to remind some readers that the Spirit of the Nation was by no means an exclusively English matter and that perhaps different national spirits might have the capacity to delight readers, without having to coalesce into the same song."¹⁰

In 1864 William Allingham published *The Ballad Book* (1864) for the English market, which, notes Matthew Campbell, "differs from similar anthologies . . . in that it includes many Scottish and English as well as Irish ballads, seeking the common British ground across this shared genre that might be expected from someone of [William] Allingham's liberal unionist persuasion."¹¹ Between 1867 and 1868, less than forty years since his aunt published "A Connaught Ramble" in *The Dublin Family Magazine*, William Allingham published a series of articles entitled 'Rambles' under the pseudonym of Patricius Walker, in *Fraser's Magazine*.¹² In August 1868, his 'ramble' took him from the source of the River Erne to its estuary at Ballyshannon. He interrupts his narrative with lyrics from local ballads, and with his own poems. His precise descriptions of the locality are supplemented with histories of Gaelic tribes and local folklore. Alan Warner writes that William Allingham "succeeds in conveying to us the feel of the places he visits; he gives us not only accurate description of landscape and buildings, but his own reactions to scene and event, and the personal reflections that arise on his rambles."¹³

Unlike Philip Dixon Hardy's texts, William Allingham's 'rambles' do not borrow from Mary Ann's excursions, and it is true to say that Irish travel-writing genre featured

¹⁰ Stafford, 101.

¹¹ Campbell, 532.

¹² Patricius [William Allingham] Walker, "Rambles," *Fraser's Magazine* LXXV111, no. July-December (1868).

¹³ Alan Warner, *William Allingham : An Introduction* (Dublin: Dolmen Press, 1971), 74-75.

many articles blending history, geography and folklore, but I think that if any two writers from the same area wrote and published such similar articles within such a short period, comparisons would be made.

Marlon B. Ross interprets Harold Bloom's theory of literary influence as "tug-of-war between poets and their literary fathers, and only the strong man wins."¹⁴ While a comparison between William Allingham's writing and that of his aunt Mary Ann cannot, for the reasons outlined in the last three chapters, be a valid method of evaluation, it seems reasonable to assume that William Allingham would have been influenced to some degree by the family poetess. The qualities for which William Allingham is praised; eclecticism, folk poetry, evocative and affectionate descriptions of south Donegal, an anti-sectarian attitude, a fondness for ballad and broadsheet music, are all evident in the efforts of Mary Ann Allingham to define herself as a writer. While she could not be a literary father, there are good reasons to explore possibilities of Allingham as literary mother; but this is a fraught area of literary criticism, with an unsurprising paucity of scholarship. Within this exiguous body of research, however, Marlon B. Ross's *The Contours of Masculine Desire: Romanticism and the Rise of Women's Poetry* (1989) stands out. Ross demonstrates that while Mary Tighe certainly influenced the compositions of John Keats, "the cultural rituals of gendered maturation" operate in such a way that Keats moves to an acknowledged poetic maturity that is impossible for Tighe to reach.¹⁵ Male readers, he argues, will either reduce female poets to the role of sentimental amateurs, or ignore them altogether.¹⁶

¹⁴ Marlon B. Ross, "Romantic Quest and Conquest," in *Romanticism and Feminism*, ed. Anne K. Mellor (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1988), 27.

¹⁵ Marlon B. Ross, *The Contours of Masculine Desire: Romanticism and the Rise of Women's Poetry*, 169.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, 242.

We see evidence of this in the relationship between Mary Ann Allingham and male writers with whom she connected. Although Philip Dixon Hardy borrows almost all of Allingham's *An Excursion to Donegal* for his book *The Northern Tourist*, he merely credits her in a footnote for some "judicious remarks."¹⁷

William Allingham acknowledges that his aunt "was a poetess", and that he has a poem of hers in his desk. But to her he attributes "a simple ambition that never dreamed of print."¹⁸ Whether he knew of her efforts and was embarrassed by them, or he was ignorant of her published work, it is highly unlikely that he would acknowledge her influence in any case.¹⁹

William Allingham Jr. had the benefit of a formal education. He had access to the literary and cultural milieu of London. As Terence Brown observes, "In Ireland [William Allingham] was simply an insignificant public official with curious tastes: in England his literary talents could provide him with opportunities to meet and become intimate with many of the important figures of Victorian literary and intellectual culture."²⁰

Mary Ann Allingham wrote without the benefit of a female literary tradition. The only "grandmothers" were legendary figures like Grace O'Malley or Walter Scott's heroines.²¹ Her search for female models to legitimize "her own rebellious endeavors" was fruitless; there were few, if any, literary precursors and her bitter disappointment in

¹⁷ Philip Dixon Hardy, *The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North and North West of Ireland: Including a Particular Description of Belfast, the Giant's Causeway, and Every Object of Picturesque Interest in the District Referred To* (Dublin: Curry, 1830), 370-379.

¹⁸ William Allingham, *William Allingham: A Diary* (London: Macmillan and Co. Ltd, 1908), 26-27.

¹⁹ Gilbert and Gubar argue "that writers assimilate and then consciously or unconsciously affirm or deny their predecessors is . . . a central fact of literary history." Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar, *The Madwoman in the Attic: The Woman Writer and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2000), 46.

²⁰ Brown, 42.

²¹ Karen O'Brien writes that the work of Walter Scott, among others, nurtured an idea of womanly affinity with tradition and cultural heritage. Karen O'Brien, *Women and Enlightenment in Eighteenth-Century Britain* (Cambridge, UK; New York: Cambridge University Press, 2009), 203.

the failure of her contemporaries to test the boundaries of social behavior is evident throughout her work.²² Gilbert and Gubar describe the plight of the nineteenth-century female writer as follows:

Thus the loneliness of the female artist, her feelings of alienation from male predecessors, coupled with her need for sisterly precursors and successors, her urgent sense of her need for a female audience together with her fear of the antagonism of male readers, her culturally conditioned timidity about self-dramatization, her dread of the patriarchal authority of art, her anxiety about the impropriety of female invention- all these phenomena of female 'inferiorization' mark the woman writer's struggle for artistic self-definition and differentiate her efforts at self-creation from that of her male counterpart.²³

Some of this is a valid description of Mary Ann Allingham's condition, but some of it is not. She never seems timid about her vocation; she addresses publishers, correspondents and friends as a woman writer, and with a degree of confidence that is, at the very least, an impressive attempt to confront whatever anxieties lurked under the surface. Allingham's texts verify many feminist assumptions of the nineteenth century poetess, but some of her work challenges these concepts. This in itself is a good reason for reading her.

In her travel narratives, she refocuses the gaze of her literary predecessors by replacing the language of utility with imaginative and dramatic reconstructions. She recognizes that the Irish architectural ruin is the absorption of history into nature, and she recovers history for the reader by repopulating the deserted castles, caves and coves with heroes and heroines from the Irish past.²⁴ In doing so, she pushes beyond a discourse of imperialistic calculation to a more romantic contemplation of "the days that are gone."²⁵

²² See Gilbert and Gubar, 48-50.

²³ *Ibid.*, 50.

²⁴ Hugh O' Donnell IV22, Grace O' Malley (Granna Uille) V8, Fin Mc Cool IV1.

²⁵ Mary Ann Allingham, 'The Days that are gone' published in *The Ballyshannon Herald*, 1831.

Her poetry is uneven in quality and often frustratingly forced. This may not be simply because of a lack of natural talent. Terence Brown describes much of late eighteenth-century Ulster writing as “frozen in statuesque Augustan impotence”²⁶ Some of the awkward phrasing may be due to the influence of folksongs and balladry.²⁷ In any case, ascribing a literary value to the texts is at least a complicated task. As Susan Brown explains,

First, individual figures must be reassessed in relation to the conditions under which they wrote and were read. Second, the traditional standards by which we evaluate poetry- many of them the legacy of Modernism and its critical progeny the New Criticism- appear woefully inadequate for the study of nineteenth century women writers. Despite the energetic scholarly activity of late, our grasp of their poetry is yet at an early stage.²⁸

The inconsistency and disunity of Allingham’s poetry may, as Elizabeth Bohls suggests, may be “part of the negotiation of cultural conflict.”²⁹ I would argue that her commitment to using language to express and define herself and her world gives her credibility, and that there are images, sentences and stanzas that succeed in their literary ambition. L.S. Loomer believed that the poet, William Allingham “needed a good editor.”³⁰ So too did Mary Ann.

The texts of Mary Ann Allingham are also important for the insight they provides into social and historical conditions of the early nineteenth century. Her texts contradict a

²⁶ Terence Brown quoted in Frank Ferguson, "The Third Character: The Articulation of Scottish Identities in Two Irish Writers," in *Across the Water: Ireland and Scotland in the Nineteenth Century*, ed. Frank Ferguson and James McConnell (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2010), 65.

²⁷ Andrew Carpenter notes that pamphlets and broad sheets of the 1700s also often used the Irish ‘amhrán’ or song meter “which meant that they would sometimes choose a word more for its sound or metrical value than for its meaning.” Andrew Carpenter, "Poetry in English, 1690-1800," in *The Cambridge History of Irish Literature*, ed. Margaret Kelleher and Philip O’ Leary (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2006), 305.

²⁸ Susan Brown, "The Victorian Poetess," in *The Cambridge Companion to Victorian Poetry*, ed. Joseph Bristow (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), 199.

²⁹ Elizabeth A. Bohls, *Women Travel Writers and the Language of Aesthetics, 1716-1818* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), 21.

³⁰ Loomer and Reade, 9.

current polemical cultural interpretation of the Protestant-Catholic relationship in Ulster. She demonstrates that antiquarianism was not only the pursuit of the intellectual. She presents, in her epigraphs and footnotes, proof that writing was not a solitary project, and that she identified with other poets, “with a tradition or knowable community.”³¹ And if, as French critic Léon Séché suggests, the epigraph is “like a divining rod which points back to sources”, then Allingham, more often than not, takes us to Scotland, and evidences the strong, but barely acknowledged influence of Anglo-Scots in Ulster writing.³²

There are many stories and anecdotes of interest to the local historian. She records details of ships departing Ballyshannon harbor, inscriptions on gravestones, and descriptions of buildings, gardens and estates.³³ She documents places long since abandoned, such as the museum at Castle Caldwell that housed the skull of Irish Harper Turlough O’Carolan.³⁴ Her travels around Donegal, Sligo and Derry are useful as either proof, or contradiction, of domestic folklore, superstition, myth and legend.

The link between the literary and the political still perseveres in Irish culture. The rich and diverse culture of the people of Ulster has, until now, been obscured by

³¹ Patrick H. Vincent, *The Romantic Poetess: European Culture, Politics, and Gender, 1820-1840* (Lebanon: University of New Hampshire, 2004), 191.

³² Ibid.

³³ In the poem ‘The Parting Hour’ V16, Allingham writes about the departure of *The Mayflower*, an emigrant ship that left for Canada.

³⁴ Allingham’s Norwegian cache includes a poem ‘On seeing in the Museum at Castle Caldwell the skull of the celebrated Old blind Harper and poet Carolan.’ In a footnote, she writes “A deep black mark over one of the brows was said to be worn by his finger, pressed on that spot, while composing his beautiful songs.” Historian (1858-1928) William Henry Grattan Flood explains his understanding of the acquisition: “Hardiman tells us that in 1750, on opening Carolan’s grave to receive the remains of a Catholic clergyman, “whose dying request was to be interred with the bard,” the Hon. Thomas Dillon, brother of the Earl of Roscommon, “caused the skull to be perforated a little in the forehead, and a small piece of ribbon to be inserted, in order to distinguish it from other similar disinterred remnants of mortality.” The skull was then placed in a niche over the grave, where it remained till 1796. . . It was George Nugent Reynolds, the song writer, who presented the skull to Sir John Caldwell for his museum and it remained at Castle Caldwell from 1796 till 1852, when it was exhibited in the Belfast Museum.”³⁴ See William Henry Grattan Flood, *A History of Irish Music* (Belfast: Browne and Nolan Ltd., 1913), 237-238.

patriarchy, partisanship and polemics. However, there is now the promise of a more optimistic future for the communities of the province, and as Seamus Heaney once wrote, a chance that “hope and history rhyme.”³⁵ Part of the process of finding a new compatibility between hope and history is the recovery of the alternative, the marginal and the silent voices from the past, and the reconstruction of a more complete representation of our traditions. The texts of Mary Ann Allingham add an interesting and articulate voice to our Ulster history, proving that the world was, as Louis MacNeice suggested, “more of it than we think / incorrigibly plural.”³⁶

³⁵ Seamus Heaney and Sophocles, *The Cure at Troy : A Version of Sophocles' Philoctetes* (London: Faber in association with Field Day, 1990), 77.

³⁶ 'Snow', *Selected Poems of Louis Macneice* (Winston-Salem: Wake Forest University Press, 1990).

**APPENDIX A:
POEMS, LEGENDS AND STORIES IV
MARY ANN ALLINGHAM**

Part IV LEGENDS – STORIES – POEMS
by M A A of Ballyshannon
containing

- 1 A Day at the Causeway
- 2 Father Frosts Tour
- 3 Verses to Margaret Crawford
- 4 To Eliza Kincaid
- 5 A Riddle
- 6 The Salmon
- 7 A Riddle
- 8 The Fee
- 9 Glorious Days of George IV
- 10 Lines written in Catsby Cave
- 11 on the Sea shore
- 12 Written in the Church Yard
- 13 Burial of 1830
- 14 To Margaret
- 15 The Ocean
- 16 The Ladies Petition
- 17 The Five Toasts
- 18 Written on the Mall
- 19 To Bessy
- 20 The Possessed Skull
- 21 My Native Home
- 22 No Cow no Care
- 23 Emblems
- 24 I'm lonely! I'm lonely!
- 25 The Rash Vow
- 26 I'd be a Soldier
- 27 Time flies
- 28 The first of my Flock
- 29 To the Evening Star
- 30 Castles in the Air
- 31 Friendships
- 32 Riddle

A Day at the Giants Causeway [1]
by M. A. A.

Not vainly did the early Persians make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth o'er gazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwalled Temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
Unreared of human hands. Come and compare
Columns and Idol dwellings, Goth and Greek,
With Natures realms of worship, earth and air,
[? F]or fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy Prayer.

Shall Man confine his Makers sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone
Thy Temple is the fare of day;
Earth, Ocean, Heaven, thy boundless Throne.
BYRON.

DEDICATION To my Friends

I have been at the Causeway, dear friends,
and have seen
Many wonders on that mighty coast;
But poor is my skill, and my pen all to mean,
Vain Mortals! go there – and then boast!

Go there, and then boast of your might,
and your art,
Go there – and tho' proud and obdurate of heart
You will own there's One mightier still.

For me, I was struck with such feelings of awe,
As I gazed on each Headland sublime;
That I spoke not a word, scarce my breath
could I draw,
But in rapture stand still for a time.

Then how shall I even attempt to describe;
The columns, the rocks, and the caves,
One thought gives me courage –
my friends will not gibe
So I launch forth my Bark on the waves

And, oh! As I enter each beautiful Port
And steer round each Pillared Headland;
Let your smiles be my compass
such guiding I court
And stretch form a kind helping hand.

Coleraine

A DAY at the CAUSEWAY, must begin like all other days with Breakfast; for, as we are told that “not even LOVE, can live on flowers”, so we may rest assured that a Tourist requires Substantial as well as Intellectual Food; and therefore I would hint to my friends in general, and in the Public in particular, that the best breakfast I ever partook of was in Miss Henrys Hotel, Coleraine, on the 4th April, 1830, on my way to the causeway:

“But pray what might the Bill amount to?” says Madam Prudence; The Bill! “oh! Horrid suggestion! don’t answer the question”, replies the Tourist of taste so as the song says,

Poor Prudence may go,
A preaching, and teaching, to Jericho;
and the Traveller proceeds on his way, thoughtless of Bills, if like me, he has some kind friend to pay them before leaving the Hotel.

COLERAINE is a neat, clean little Town, situate on the “Humming Ban”, over which is a wooden Bridge, similar to that over the Foyle in Derry; not kept it is true, in such good order, but then you have not the pain of putting your hand in your Pocket every time you pass and repass, the Toll house.

The Public Buildings in Coleraine, are, a Market house – two churches – a poor house – and a school belonging to the London Society, also two Meeting houses; and a Methodist and Catholic Chapel; it can also boast of having the best School for Education of Young Ladies, in the North if not in Ireland.

About a mile from Town is a very pretty steep hill called Mount Sandys, the sides of which are planted tastefully; - on the top is an old Fort or Rath; and at the foot runs the pastoral Ban, which at this place comes foaming down a ledge (or, more properly speaking ledges) of rock, called the Cuts; where is the Salmon fishery. Opposite Mount Sandys is the very beautiful Domain of Summer Seat, where is an extensive Rookery, the trees appearing really loaded with Nests hanging in tiers over each other.

The Banks of the Ban are generally occupied by Bleach greens, which give a country a cheerful and improved appearance and as I looked round on the cultivated fields and planted domains through which the Ban runs; and thought of the wild beauty of my native Ernes sweet banks and sunny tide – I could not help exclaiming in the words of a Song not written to be sung by Moore’s polished hand; but certainly the overflowings of as warm a heart

“The Savage loves his native shore
Tho’ rude the soil, tho’ chill the air.
Then well may Erin’s sons adore
Their Isle which nature formed so fair
What floods reflect a shore so sweet,
As Erne fair or pastoral Ban;
Or who, a friend, or foe can meet
As generous as an Irishman.”

Dunluce

Dunluce Castle is about seven miles from the town of Coleraine; and is as well worthy of a visit, as any other curiosity on the most curious coast of Antrim.

It stands upon a lofty Rock
That juts into the mighty wave;
Which dashes in with angry shock,
Beneath the hold into a cave.

It is a stern and stately place,
Tho’ black its walls, and lone,
and drear;
But in its Ruins you can trace
That Pride and Power did once
reign there

Yes! once those silent walls did ring
With shouts of revelry and glee;
Where now the Raven flaps its wing
And murmurs hollowly the sea:

I stood upon the narrow pass
The entrance to this lonely hold
And thought, how many a heart, alas!
Lies silent now beneath the mould.

Since first this Bridge was trodden on
Since first this castle tower’d on high
Where is the Chieftains pride? ’Tis Gone!
I hear the sullen wave reply.

I climbed the Turrets ruined Wall,
No Banner floated there in state;
I came into the Banquet Hall,
’Twas lonely, sad, and desolate!

I gazed from out the window, then
A glorious view burst on my eye.
Where’s now the boasted power of Men?
Crumbling away! the Rocks reply.

But I believe I must now descend from my Poetic steed, at least for a little while; and proceed, as the vulgar saying is on Shanks mare, though the ruins of Dunluce, and into the cave which runs under the rock on which the castle stands.

The only entrance to the Ruin is by a parapet wall (?) of about 14 inches broad; that stretches across a deep gulf or chasm, separating the rock from the main land; it is generally looked on as a dangerous pass, but did not seem so to me at least from above, but I must confess, that from beneath it has an awful enough appearance, suspended in the air, and I think a crack is discernable in it; and no timid person I am sure, after seeing it from below would venture over it.

But, had it been twice as narrow, I would have passed it when I heard the Guide talk of the Banshees room: for you must know a Banshees room, was to me a matter of no small importance; and I run quickly, and I must say, rashly, over the Parapet, little considering that one false step would have consigned my Body to the Dust; and sent my Spirit before GOD who gave it: but, behold me safely over the dangerous pass and arrived at the Banshees room, so called because the floor used to have the appearance of being always cleanly swept, which was said to be done by the Maw Roe the spirit of the castle but my curiosity was not to be gratified, even by this slight murk of Bansheeism, for,

Alas! no clean swept floor was there
 No sign of Maw Roe's tidy care.
 'T was dirty as a cabins floor
 Which showed the Banshees day was over,
 And that her race had passed away
 Before the Truths bright kindling ray.

The only remarkable thing I saw in the room was the vaulted roof, which was formed of Basket-work with lime put over it; and in some places where this had fallen off, the twigs appear quite firm.

From one of the windows looking towards Port Rush is a most magnificent view of the WHITE ROCKS so called from their chalky appearance, they run boldly out over the sea, and form a continuator of beautiful Arches, covered with spurs, and petrifications.

There heaps of rock in wild disorder thrown
 Rise high and bare or lie with shells overgrown
 Within the bank Times ceaseless hand has wrought
 Caves where Sea gods might place
their coral throne
 Gloomy and high arise each unknown vault
 Unseen, unsearched their wonders save
in wondering thought

After recrossing the Parapet we went through some uninteresting ruins on the Main-land, erected in consequence of the falling in of a room, by which many of the domestics lost their lives, having been precipitated into

the sea; which so alarmed the females of the family that they retreated to the Mainland.

This melancholy accident is said to have occurred at the celebration of a great Feast; and the room is still shown in which the servants were at meat, when part of the flooring and wall gave way; and the ocean is seen through the breach, unchanging and unchanged, as when it opened its pitiless bosom to receive its victims.

I have made an attempt to versify this story, and hope you will be pleased with the Legend of

The Banqueting Hall

The Halls of Dunluce are all joyous to night
 The feast is prepared, and the lamps burning bright
 The flag of the Chieftain floats proudly around
 The sweet swelling notes of the wild harp resound.

The Barons are met in their courtly array;
 The Ladies are smiling all brightly and gay
 The Sea roars below and the wind howls above
 But within all is music, and laughter, and love.

Oh! let it roll on – and let deep to deep call,
 Nor check the gay mirth of the Banqueting Hall;
 The Harper being cheered by full many a smile
 Told how the Young Chief went to Raherry Isle'

To woo the fair Maiden of Ushet, and grace
 The Halls of Dunluce with her beautiful face
 And his harp and his voice blended sweetly, as thus
 He sung the Boat Song of the Lord of Dunluce.

Boat Song

Oh! haste my little Bark, haste o'er
 The gentle waters blue
 And hear me unto Raherry shore
 And Island Maiden true
 Tho' quick before the breeze you glide,
 With streamer floating high,
 My fond impatient heart doth chide
 Each moment with a sigh:
 Then haste, oh, haste, my little Bark
 O'er waves why longer roam,
 Let's reach that calm that peaceful ark
 My Island maiden's home.

Oh! haste my little Bark along
 The calm unruffled sea
 And let a Lovers tender Song
 Add speedy ours to thee.
 Glide swiftly to the quiet cove
 Near to the yellow sand

That I may meet my Island Love
 Who waits me on the strand!
 That I may hear her sweet voice say
 "My love, my love is come!"
 Oh! haste to *Ushet point away,
 My Island Maiden's Home.

* Ushet point on Raherry Island
(today called Rathlin Island?)

But, hark! to that shout, to that agonized scream
 Is it real, or but the wild sounds of a dream
 Is't the cry of a Sea-fowl upon the rude wave
 Is't the sight of the storm, howling thro' the dark cave.

Ah! no - 'tis the wild voice of horror and fright,
 That bursts on the ears of the Reveller at night
 That calls them from looking on faces most fair
 To gaze upon features, all writhed in despair
 From listening to music and loves tender tone
 To hear the loud shriek – and the long
 deep death groan

The room where the servants set down to their food
 Was built on a rock which hung over the flood
 And all on a sudden the floor opened wide
 And whelmed the poor Menials beneath the cold tide

Alas! such a change – from their mirth and their glee
 To struggle and sink in the cold foamy sea.
 Ah! such were the sights and the sounds that did call
 The Revellers once from the Banqueting Hall.

The Cave below the Castle is 56 feet high but has not
 anything remarkable in it, but a disagreeable entrance,
 owing to the crumbling Stuff that has fallen from the roof.

The descent to the shore is very rugged, and yet, Man has
 made it the way to a Pound for Cattle! A strange place
 surely, to confine poor animals in: on one side rises up the
 Rock with its crown of Ruins; on the other a ridge of
 desolate black crags – in front rolls the mighty ocean –
 and in the centre is a steep conical rock called the
 Sugarloaf. If some Magicians rod could turn it into a Hay-
 stack it would be a most appropriate ornament to a Pound.

There are said to be Twenty five caves from Dunluce to
 Port Rush Strand; but it is not safe to go through them
 except by boat or at a very low water.

Such are all the particulars I could collect during a short
 visit to Dunluce.

Port Coon Cave

This is the first object of curiosity that presents itself, after
 leaving Dunluce: Coon is a most magnificent Cave,
 upwards 60 feet in height, and 160 in length: the Stones
 which compose the roof and sides are called Onion Stones,
 because each strata peels separately in layers, like the skin
 of an onion, leaving beneath a hard round ball.

This Cave is rather difficult of access, as you are obliged
 to scramble round sharp Points covered with slippy sea
 weed, while the waves dash up round your feet: You first
 enter a small cave, or lobby, as I may call it; and then
 through a low dark cavity leap down
 a few feet, into the grand Saloon, the bottom of which
 is covered with large round stones among which the waves
 keep a continual clattering noise. When you proceed up
 the Cave for some sixty or seventy feet; the view of the
 ocean through the immense arch is very fine: the deep blue
 of the Sea contrasting beautifully with the black rugged
 rocks, which form as it were, a rude frame to set off to
 more advantage the fine coloring of the Sea-view.

The discharge of firearms produces a most stunning noise,
 reverberating through the cliffs for many minutes like the
 voice of thunder. In the centre of
 Port Coon Bay, stands a sharp pointed Rock called Sea-
 gulls Isle from those birds building there: the Guide told
 us an anecdote of two young Englishmen who swam to
 one of those Isles, carrying with them their Garters to tie
 the birds they intended to take
 from the Nests: and they each succeeded in catching
 a pair of fine strong gulls; and fastening them carefully
 and firmly round their bodies. they launched again in the
 water on their return to shore but the
 birds not relishing such a mode of conveyance,
 commenced a sharp attack on the delicate skin of the
 Invaders with their beaks and claws: so that one of them
 was glad to break the chain and let his captive tormentors
 free; but the other bore his in triumph to shore – but short
 was his triumph o'er the feeble
 fowl, for his face, arms and body were bleeding and sore
 from this marine encounter.

Not far from Coon Cave is another called Duns Kerry but it
 can only be approached by water.

There are three or four of those isolated crags called
 Seagulls Isles in different Bays along the coast from their
 black appearance they seem to me to have been separated
 from the cliffs around by the action of fire but so an
 unlearned a person should not hazard an opinion on a
 subject that the Learned of the Land are divided on

The Causeway

Having left our car at a house said to be the most northerly in Ireland; we found ourselves after a short walk in view of the CAUSEWAY! My first feelings were those of disappointment, when the Guide pointed to what resembled a low quay, stretching out into the sea, said "There is the causeway", but when I descended, I became mute with wonder, as I saw stone after stone fitting into each other, and forming a fine pavement at top whilst they descended in regular Pillars to an unknown depth; in two places the stones appear in a different position from those on the Causeway, being placed in the sides of a little eminence in a slanting direction.

Before going on the Causeway, we passed two wild peaked rocks, called Big and Little Stucan; on one of them is a most admirable figure of an Old Woman, as if in the act of toiling up the steep ascent, her head being much bent forward, with a handkerchief pinned over it: this is called the Giants Grandmother.

There are three Causeways, each separated from the other by a number of large rough stones, called Windykes: but you must not expect me to turn Geologist on your hands; and puzzle on my own heads and yours with hard sounding words, and long disquisitions on the different names and properties of Stones: at least I should show myself as ignorant as the Guide who said, the Ladies called the Causeway concave and the Gentlemen convex:

I will not attempt to mount a Professors chair, to give Lectures on Geology, but will seat myself in the Ladies chair, which stands on a high point called the Honey comb, from the shape of the Stones being like the cells of Bee: this chair is formed of 8 Octagonal stones, which make a complete arm chair, and from thence may be seen, the "Giants Patch work Quilt" with which perhaps he covered himself when, "on the cold flinty rock he laid down his head." –

his Loom, which has not the least resemblance to our looms, being a collection of Pillars standing in a row. One of them consisted of 38 joints above ground perchance it was on some such loom as this, that the Fatal Sisters were wont in days of yore "to weave the warp and weave the woof." – his Organ, a number of Pillars fixed in a high bank, exactly like the front of a great cathedral Organ:

I also saw the Giants well, which springs up among the closest jointed stones, and an old woman is sitting by its vending waters to the Unmarried Travelers, who are sure, by her account, to attain that honoured state of wedlock, twelve months after drinking its salubrious spring:

I saw besides the Giants 5 Jack stones; for here all is Giants property and his chain and several other articles too numerous to mention: "But who? you will ask, is the Giant of whom one hears so much. All I can tell you in reply, is, that he was "King of Ireland, when Ireland had real kings of its own - and the Causeway was a work of LOVE! Ye modern Lovers, hide your diminished Heads! and ye Ladies sigh over the unfortunate fate of Fin Mac Cool, for "alas! the course of true love never did run smooth."

LOVE'S Labour LOST

In days of old, as legend sing,
When famous Fin Mac Cool was king,
He fell in love, (as who has not
One time or other?) with a Scot,
A maiden fair, as fair might be –
Why roll between, oh, cruel Sea!
To separate the hearts that would
Have beat together – if they could?

And often Fin Mac Cool would go
Across the sea – blow high, blow low;
And many a pleasant sail he had
In summer – but when winter sad
Set in, with storms and tempests, he
Could tempt no more the raging sea;
And often in his lonely home,
The thoughts of his loved maid would come
Across his solitary hour,
With sadly soft persuasive power,
And he almost bewailed the lot
That made him Irish, and not Scot.

But such a wish not long could rest
In any patriotic breast:
Though love had made a deep incision,
Yet Fin Mac Cool was true Milesian,
And deem'd each Chief of Scottish clan
Inferior to any Irishman.

Yet then again his thoughts would rove
Back to the Maiden of his love,
And he would sigh to think that She,
Perhaps sat by the billowy sea,
Straining her eyes, but all in vain
To see her love come o'er the main
And then he'd blame the Fate's decree
That placed between their home the Sea.

"I wish", he cried in wild emotion,
"There was a way across the ocean,
That we, despite of winds and weather,
Might sit and chat an hour together."
And, as he spoke, he left his home

Along the rocky shore to roam;
 And as he gazed on Scotia's land
 Cliff after cliff with heedless hand
 He threw into the sea, as Boys
 Throw stones for sake of splash and noise.

And as he watched the eddying motion
 Caused by the rocks, the sudden notion
 Came o'er his warm and ardent brain,
 To build a CAUSEWAY o'er the Main.

Next morning with the dawn of day,
 He hastened to commence his WAY;
 And rapidly the work proceeded
 Labour and time alike unheeded;
 Mole after mole stretched o'er the wave –
 Each tier a nearer prospect gave,
 Of Scotland's coast. But WOMANS skill
 Began to work the Giant ill:
 His Grandma an old envious crone
 Saw his success with many a groan.

For she, upon the Scottish maid
 Looked with an evil eye, afraid
 That she would by some charm or vile
 Tempt him to leave green Erin's Isle,
 Forsake his friends, his home, his throne,
 And make the Scottish land his own.

With necromantic art she tried,
 And raised the Spirit of the Tide,
 Who sternly vowed that he would not
 Allow the foot of any Scot
 To make a causeway of his breast,
 Or Giant keep him from his rest,
 By breaking stones like any cotter,
 Thus keeping ocean in hot water,
 No more he'd wink at what was doing –
 He'd countenance no such wild wooing;
 For very much it hurt his pride,
 That Fin Mac Cool should seek a Bride
 In other lands: 't would cast a shade,
 For ever o'er each Irish Maid:
 Strangers would say, "Why did he roam,
 If beauty could he find at home?"

Thus, lashed to foam, wild Ocean raged,
 Not could his fury be assuaged;
 So war commenced. The Giant still
 Wrought on by day – but all his skill
 Was spent in vain, for every night
 His work was spoiled by Oceans spite;
 And Fin Mac Cool, worn out and cross'd,
 Died, when he found LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

The Legend adds: the false old Hag
 Whilst scrambling up Big Stooacan's crag,
 Was turned to stone; and to this day
 Is seen, o'erlooking the cause-way.

So busy Bodies all beware
 Nor mind your Neighbour's love affair;
 For surely it concerns you not
 Whether he woo a Turk or Scot.
 You'll find it quite enough of labour
 To mind yourself – nor heed your Neighbour
 Lest haply, after all your cost
 You feel that your LOVES LABOUR'S LOST ---
The Headlands

A very steep and toilsome ascent up a precipice,
 called the Airs snout, or Shepherds path, leads to
 the top of the Headlands from the shore. This path
 is like a spiral staircase with lobbies at every turn to rest
 on; but after winding round and round, till your head is
 dizzy and your knees weak; you have then to exert your
 utmost strength to conquer the last step, which is here the
 most difficult, contrary to the old saying that the first step
 is the greatest difficulty.

The Sward on the top of the cliffs is a kind of short grass
 or heather; and very slippery; which, only for
 the rare beauty of the scenery around would make
 the walk very tiresome.

You cannot expect me to be able to name every Port and
 Peak on the coast, in regular succession, for in writing
 down the different names told you by the Guide your
 memory must often fail, in fixing the
 right situation; so that I think it better, though I could
 string a parcel of names together, such as Port Naffer, Port
 na Bo & c. & c. & c. to proceed at once to Port
 na Spania where is that most wonderful group of columns
 called the Giants chimneys, one of which is 66 feet high,
 standing up in lofty grandeur;

formerly there was a row of such pillars extending
 to the sea; but the most of them were thrown down
 by one of the Ships of the Spanish Armada; who mistaking
 the lofty pillars for the battlements of Dunluce,
 commenced a heavy cannonading of them; and after the
 supposed conquest of the Castle, the vessel coming too
 near shore struck on a rock, and
 all her crew perished. From the circumstance the
 Port received its name; and as I cannot use a Pencil
 in sketching its scenery, I may as well try what my
 Pen can do in relation to its history.

**PORT NA SPANIA
or the
Fatal Mistake**

In Good Queen Bess's Golden days
That stout and glorious Queen;
The King of Spain, as History says,
Her spirit thought to tame:

A fleet of Ships he sent, to bring
To England his bravadoe!
And named them – oh, the boastful King -
The INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

But earthly being has no command
Over the rolling deep;
Nor can a Mortal Monarchs hand
The winged tempest keep:

The fleet was broken and dispers'd
Invincible no more
The Winds, the Kings command revers'd,
And all his boasts were o'er.

One lofty ship came sailing by,
With canvass all unfurl'd;
Breathing out vengeance loud and high
'Gainst England and the world

“Behold yon strong built fortress!” cried
The Captain to his crew
“We'll greet it with a warm Broad-side”
The bomb shells quickly flew:

Too true the aim: the turrets fell!
Crushed by the Spanish ball!
But hush! proud Don! nor boasting tell
How that bold Fort did fall.

“Dunluce is won!” the Captain cried
“The Victory is ours!
Steer in the vessel with the tide
Beneath its conquered Towers.”

Too willingly the crew obey
And rush to certain death;
They knew not of the rocks that lay
Concealed the waves beneath

Till helpless – hopeless – on the rock
The gallant ship was left;
The tempests rage – the billows shock –
Her planks asunder reft.

The Captain strained his glazing eyes,

Upon the Fort to gaze;
“We die as Victors die!” – he cries
“We did yon castle raze!”

“Alas! my Captain!” cried his Mate
“These are no castle Towers;
We die the deaths of fools! – sad fate –
No victory is ours.

That is no stately Barons hold
No soldiers guard its walls;
’Tis but the haunt of eagles bold
The wild birds native Halls.”

“And is it so?” the captain cried
“And have we died in vain?
How fallen is our boast – our pride;
Roll on thou mighty Main!

’Tis better far thy waves should hide
Our stained and blighted name;
Than hear our haughty foes deride,
And glory in our Shame!”

Thus was the Spanish vessel lost
Sunk from her high estate;
And Port Na Spania on the Coast
Commemorate her fate.

In the bank over this Port is the Spanish Organ, the Pillars
of which are more perfect and also larger than those in the
Giants.

Near this is the LOVERS LEAP, to which I am sure some
fine story belongs, an extreme love affair no doubt but

Some other Bard who holds life cheap
Must Sing the praise, oh! Lovers leap!

For I could not learn from our Guide, the slightest
hint why it was so named; and after personating Jack the
Giant Killer, by putting to death poor Fin Mac Cool; I can
stretch my fancy no further, for, in these days as well as in
Shakespeare's “Men have died and Worms have eaten
them, but, not for LOVE!” so I really cannot even for your
amusement imagine a
Man so unfashionably fond as to take a running
leap down so frightful a Precipice: and all for LOVE! No
– no – Skin for Skin, yes, all that a Man hath will he give
for his Life.

Not far from this is the highest pillar on the coast, being
according to our Guide 440 feet in height; it
is not basalt, but, like the Columns on Eair Head, without
joints. Running out into the water is a ridge

of most whimsically shaped rocks, called the King and his Nobles, under which is an Arch; and nearer Pleskin is a rock called the Lions head a very good likeness.

I now come to the last, and most beautiful Point of my Days excursion; majestic Pleskin!
The Guide said "would you like to sit in DOCTOR HAMILTON'S chair, where he sat taking his notes and preparing his model of the Causeway?" You may be sure I followed him with great alacrity; and stretched myself on a grassy mound, that had once been occupied by my talented, though ill-fated Relative; and as I looked around on the beautiful scenery which presented itself on every side: and saw cliff rise over cliff with splendid colonnades ornamenting their fronts and sides; I thought with what delight his eye must have gazed around on the wild majesty of Nature; as he "looked from Nature up to Natures GOD" exclaiming
O Lord how wonderful are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all.

And then memory turned with a shudder to contemplate the cruel manner in which the light of those eyes has been extinguished by the hands of fierce and bloody Men. And Why? Because he had made himself obnoxious to them by his activity as a Magistrate in those perilous times
"When Murder bared her Arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of his iron car.
When peace and Merry banished from the plain Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again"

The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Author of Letters from the Coast of Antrim, was murdered on the 2nd March 1797, at Sharon in the county Donegal at the Glebe house of Rev. Dr Waller Rector of the Parish of Manor Cunningham; an old infirm Man not able to leave his chair without assistance.

Dr. Hamilton was on his way from Derry to the Parish in Fannet, but was obliged to stop with his friend, as a violent storm prevented the crossing of boats at Fort Stewart Ferry; an arm of Lough Swilly about a mile and a half across: the people in the neighbourhood knowing this circumstance; surrounded the house and so little aware were the victims of their hostile intentions, that they found them sitting after dinner, round the fire, with the window shutters open:

alas! the social circle was soon broken up, by the firing of a gun through the window; and a demand for Hamilton's life: Mrs. Waller threw herself before her Husband, and was shot dead by the merciless assassins: the courage and devoid love of this Lady, formed a bright contrast to the behaviour of another female, on a visit at the house who actually held a lighted candle to the fingers of Dr Hamilton, till he was obliged to let go his

hold of the banisters, which in his extreme agony he had grasped; as the servants with this Woman at their head, tore him from his place of concealment, to cast him forth to his Murderers; and after this diabolical deed, they succeeded in their horrid purpose: he was thrown out of the house - and fell- covered with many wounds.

My pen refuses to record that hard heartened Woman's name - a Murderess she was, in act and part; and at the great day of reckoning that blood will be required at her hand.

Death of Doctor Hamilton

A Traveller on his journey past
From out the ancient Walls of Derry;
But night fell dark - and loud the blast
Came raging over Fort Stewart Ferry:

"Oh! Boat men, haste and speed me over,
Tonight I yet may reach my dwellings
There's light enough to see the shore
I've crossed when waves were wilder swelling."
"No, Master, no -" the Boat men cried,
"We will not tempt this night the Ferry
The wind is blowing 'gainst the Tide,
We would not cross for all fair Derry."

In vain he tried to urge them o'er,
They would not leave the fatal shore
But promised with the dawn of light
To waft him o'er. Alas! that night
No dawning knew - the sun never shone,
Again for thee - Poor HAMILTON! -

He left the shore, and bent his way
To Sharon, with a friend to stay
A ready welcome there he found,
In social talk the hours went round;
When suddenly a shout they hear
With words that chill their hearts with fear
And round the house came armed bands
And issued forth their wild commands.

"Give Hamilton to us, and we
Will leave you all unhurt and free!
The Magistrate give to our power
Or die - with him this very hour!"

Finding their wishes not obey'd,
The Murderers no more delay'd
But fell into the room - and, oh!
What tongue can tell the Tale of woe,
The dreadful Tragedy that then
Was acted by blood thirsty Men.

WALLER, a grey haired Clergyman
 Confined by sickness to his seat;
 Sat helpless there; whilst redly ran
 His WIFE'S Heart's blood around his feet.

Oh! WOMANS LOVE! surpassing all
 That heart of Man could ever feel!
 Poets may sing the Heroes fall
 And Glory laud the Patriots zeal;
 But who, of WOMANS LOVE, shall tell,
 Of all that it can dare and do;
 It flows with soft and gentle swell,
 But deeply, ceaselessly and true.
 'Tis like the dew that falls so bright
 To cheer the lonely hours of Night.

Careless of life the Lady threw
 Herself before her Husbands seat;
 Her breast received the Balls that flew
 She saved him – and such Death was sweet.

But where is Hamilton? Oh! see
 Him clinging with tenacious hands
 Unto the banister; while she
 That fiend like female near him stand

With lighted candle in her grasp
 Burning his fingers, till their clasp
 Is loosened – and the victim then,
 Is thrown unto the savage Men.
 And with loud shouts that mocked his groan
 They killed the gifted HAMILTON.

The front of Pleskin is most grand, and different from the other Headlands, having two rows of Pillars over each other; like great Galleries supported on columns, from 50 to 60 feet high, the upper gallery resting on a base of black stone; the lower on a layer of red ochre: "making in all", says Dr Hamilton, "a mass of nearly 400 feet in height, which in beauty and variety of its colouring, in elegance and novelty of arrangement, and in the extraordinary magnitude of its objects, cannot readily be rivalled by any thing of the kind at present known."

From Pleskin is seen the great Point of Eair Head, exalting itself above the waters; also Carrick – a rede – and dimly in the distance the coast of Scotland; besides all the other Headlands, as far as the castle of Dunluce and the White Rocks of Port Rush: and you may be sure it was with slow unwilling steps I turned my back on so fair a prospect, to retrace my way through dreary uninteresting fields, by what the guide called a Short cut, to the car which was to convey me away from that wondrous scene of beauty and grandeur.

And here must end this stretch of a Day at the Causeway – as pleasant a day as I ever spent! Quickly its hours rolled away but its remembrance shall not be so evanescent.

Who has not felt, even when surrounded by the cares and anxieties of after life; a soothing pleasure, in the memory of some delightful day, passed when time was young, amidst the beauties of Nature. Whether it may have been in the lovely smiling valley; peaceful and bright as the hopes of youth – or, on the wild rugged Mountain – or by the lonely Ocean, and stupendous cliffs raised as a barrier by that Almighty power which saith to the Sea. So far shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid.

The remembrance of a day spent with friends, however pleasant it was in passing, is mostly, after the laps of yeas, embittered by mournful thought that someone whose smiles brightened the social circle, and whose voice spoke gladness to the heart; is now laid in the dark and silent grave – or, perhaps, the wide flowing ocean separates you – or, bitterer than all, the once loved friend, may be estranged from you, and turn with a cold careless step from all that concerns your weal or Woe.

Not so does Nature change! - Return again to the well remembered scene after many e year of absence: the river flows on as quickly as of old – the meadow is as green – the tree as leafy – the ocean as mighty – the mountain as lofty – the cliff as grand, as in the Days that are Gone – Whilst, Alas! alas!

Smiles so tender once and true,
 And words that fell like balmy dew
 Shall never come to bless
 Again this life's dark Wilderness.

But I must bring my Day to a close, lest you should think it a very tedious one, while I was delating on its enjoyments. Yet I trust my Friends will find some little amusement in the pages that have been carefully penned for their perusal: and now

"My Task is done – my Song hath ceased – my Theme Has died into an echo – it is fit The spell should break of this protracted dream The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit My midnight lamp, and what is writ, is writ – Would it were worthier – "

OLD FATHER FROSTS TOUR [2]
Of the Irish Lakes

Dedicated to my Friends Bessy and John Crawford,
 The Misses Folingsby and Captain Lewis
 – January 1829

Father Frosts Tour

In January Twenty nine
 Old Father Frost, once on a time
 Resolved that he a Tour should make
 And visit every Irish Lake;
 “And rhyme it here, and Prose it there
 And Picturesque it everywhere.”
 Thus following Syntaxes plan,
 That worthy entertaining Man.

So on he slipped, south, east, and West,
 But what he met with, he knows best,
 And what he saw I cannot tell.
 I’m sure some falls to him befell:
 For, mention but a Southern Lake,
 His hoary locks he’d coolly shake;
 Talk of the Beauty of Killarney,
 He’d say such praise was only Blarney:

Some handsome Sheet of water mention,
 In Leinster worthy of attention;
 And with a shudder and a shake
 He’d say with voice would make you quake
 “That handsome sheet you think so sweet,
 Ned almost proved my Winding Sheet.”

In short, Old Frost was so much vexed,
 So wet, and dirty, and perplexed;
 That he almost a vow did make,
 That ne’er again on Irish Lake,
 Would he, for sport or pastime roam
 But keep about the Poles at home.

“For I was ne’er before so toss’d
 Teased and tormented!” quoth Old Frost
 “If ’stead of freezing I could burn
 South, East, and West, my Tour should mourn!
 Ah! where shall I, for pleasure turn?”

One point I’ve yet to try – the North!
 Perhaps I’ll there meet something Worth
 Some fun and frolic, laugh and joke,
 Not clad in Party’s coloured Cloak;
 For folk are now so given to Hating
 They’d melt the Ice, if they went Skating

Hence Men and Women, Girls and Boys
 Forsake Old Frost, and all his joys
 I wish I could PARTY take,

I’d carry him to some deep lake
 Or the wild Ocean would be better
 And there the Wretch I’d strongly fetter,
 So Irish hearts again might beat
 In unison and concord sweet,
 And Green and Orange come to take
 Their pastime on a frozen Lake.”

Thus communed Frost, as he set forth
 On his excursion to the North,
 But long he wandered, nor could he
 On Northern lakes more pleasure see
 Than elsewhere – all around was bare
 Lonely – deserted – silent – drear! –

At length one morn he sat him down,
 Remote, he thought, from any Town;
 And worn with toil, and grief, and sleep,
 He sank into a slumber deep:
 Close to a Lake he laid his head,
 A little Hay stack formed his bed,
 The brown soft reed flowers pillows made,
 And snugly there Old Frost was laid
 And soon in dreams and vision pure
 Forgot his de...[/?]/e and Irish Tour

He dreamt in Norway’s land he stood,
 On one hand was a Pine tree wood,
 Upon the other, beautiful sight!
 He saw a broad lake smooth and bright
 Along whose bank, in sledges seated,
 The Ladies drove: whilst gaily skated,
 The Gentlemen, with art and skill,
 In waltz – and Poltz – and lighter Quadrille

And one of them soon took his eye,
 Now here, now there, he seemed to fly,
 Careering o’er the lovely lake,
 Rapid as wild duck or Shell-drake;
 He watched him gaily flitting by
 Then to his wonder heard him sigh
 “I never yet”, he said, “skate here,
 But memory turns to Erin dear;
 To Ballyshannon, where lang syne,
 For frosty days like this we’d pine;
 O! friends of Youth! from whom I roam
 Will **Thoning’s** steps e’er turn towards Home?
 Will I again my pastime take
 With Childhood friends by *Brackin's lake?”

*Behind Ballyshannon, Mr Brandon’s.

At this old Frost got wide awake,
 For such a wish quite made him pant
 When ’stead of Thoning came his AUNT,
 And a gaily party down the Field;

His frozen heart began to yield,
He thought the North was not so bad,
When on the Lake with spirits glad,
The Gentlemen and Ladies bounded
And run along it and around it;

Then cheerful smiles lit old Frost's face
"Ballyshannon is a worthy place!"
He cried, "and here I'll surely stay,
And spend at least one pleasant day
It glads my heart to see this sight,
How smooth the ice – the Sun how bright
The Gentlemen, polite and kind,
The Ladies sportive as the wind

How fleetly o'er the ice slides **John!**
How smoothly **Mary Ann** slides on -!
How timidly does **Bessy** walk;
How gaily does **Eliza** talk –
How bravely does **the captain** slide
His **little Nephew** by his side –
How **Mary** slips – and in her fear
Catches at **Margaret** standing near

And down together in a trice
They fall unhurt upon the ice
What merriment and glee is there
As all surround the fallen Pair
And raising them with friendly hands
All haste to where a Hay stack stands

And there they sit, to rest and chat
And talk of this thing, and of that
No Party spirit rankles here
All's friendship and good will sincere
This makes amend for the care
And crosses that I met elsewhere.

Again the Ladies bound along,
Hear how they warble forth in song
Long may their hearts in delight sing
Like larks and linnets in the spring.
Mark how the Gentlemen are near
Whenever Ladies danger fear,
Forever may their Irish hearts
Delight to take the ladies part

I'll roam no more! here will I rest
And sink into this glad lakes breast
Yes! here old Frost will live and die
Here melt away in ecstasy."

Alas! why did the Ladies take
Another walk upon the Lake?
Why did they leave the friendly stack
Again to tread the slippery track?

And why? oh! why, did Mary Slip?
To kiss the cold lake with her lip?
And why? oh cruel Lake repay
The Lady's favours such a way?
[Cold] Hearted Ice! could nothing move
Could neither Pity kind nor Love
(Pity that is to Love akin)
Prevent thee breaking Mary's chin?

Could naught but blood thee suffiate?
Would not a fall – or loss of skate
Be recompense enough for taking
On thy cold breast a mornings skating

At this sad sight Old Father Frost
In sorrow and amaze stood lost,
And hollow sighs came from his breast
To show how much he was distressed.

"Oh! cruel Ice!" he cried, "What e'er
Could tempt thee thus to hurt the fair
It was not thus Old Frost would act!"
At this his very heart strings crack'd,
And melted by the sight he saw
His TOUR was ended in a THAW –

Our day's amusement was sadly spoiled by a severe fall
received by Mary Folingsby by which she cut
her chin very much, and we all immediately set out for
home, but scarcely had we left the lake when a
sudden Thaw set in and quarter of an hour
afterwards Lough Brackin would not have borne
a dog on its surface.

Verse

[3]

Sent with a chain of my own Hair, to my dear friend
Margaret Crawford, the evening before her Marriage
August 25 1829

Beloved Margaret! Friend – Companion dear
I fain would send thee a gay wedding Rhyme;
But see – where tender Memory hovers near
Retracing the Past days of Auld Lang Syne

See in her hand the History of my years
Each leaf contains the record of a day.
What Name is that which there so oft appears
Now link'd with mournful thoughts and
now with gay
'Tis thine! whoever in past childhoods hour
Were Partner of its pleasures and its pains;
Oh! wonder not, that from mine eyes Shower
Of tears should fall to dim my cheerful strains:

For thou, and I, must Part – No more shall we
 Walk hand in hand o'er many a long loved place
 But, oh! may Blessings ever fall on thee
 On thee, and on thy Partner, Peace and Grace.

Tomorrow I shall call thee by a name
 Long known, and long beloved – for the last time
 Oh! will thy heart be still to me the same
 And wilt thou still remember Auld Lang Syne?

Wilt thou be still, amidst the cares of life
 The tender Friend thou wert in days gone by?
 Or, wilt thou, in the duties of a Wife
 Forget each lesser friend – each weaker tie?

No – fond affection whispers to my heart
 Not thus shall Margaret treat her early friend,
 Thou' now ordained by Providence to part.
 Fond recollections still shall her attend.

And oft when absent Letters kind shall cheer
 With words of friendship and lines of love;
 And hope of joyful Meetings shall be near
 That during Absence, oh! how soothing prove –

But shall we meet? oh! yes, again we'll meet,
 Hand shall join hand; and smile reply to smile
 Thus whispers Hope – with answer ever so sweet
 Hope, always anxious sorrow to beguile.

But fare thee well – the little CHAINE I send
 Oh! wilt thou on thy wedding morning wear
 In memory of Mary Ann – thy friend –
 'Tis made (for this thou'lt prize it) of her Hair.

Oh! fare thee well! I cannot write thee more
 For fond Affection doth my bosom sway
 As memory recalls and traces o'er
 Life's vanished scenes with thee and friends away.

It ill becomes me on thy bridal eve
 Upon the Past thus sorrowing to dwell
 So praying for thy joy I take my leave
 Beloved MARGARET CRAWFORD fare well.

To Eliza **Kincaid** [4]

Who said I should dedicate some lines to her
 my Sister Bride maid, on Margaret's wedding day.

Sister Handmaid unto thee
 These verses dedicated be
 Oh! that I could compose a lay
 More cheerful for this Bridal day

Verses

I sat me down to write a lay
 Befitting Margaret's Bridal day
 For, when my fingers touch'd the pen
 I hoped to be "myself again";
 For sure, thought I, "Some merry elf"
 Will then return me to myself,
 And I again that * song will sing
 Which made of old the Cottage ring

Haste let us all to the Bridal,
 For there is to be lirting there:
 For Jam's to be married to Maggie
 The lass with the dark shining hair. "

But 'twould not do – my voice grew hoarse
 And I was forced to quit of course
 I tried a merry Irish air
 Sure won't you hear, what fun and fare
 We had at Marg'rets wedding – but
 Here my poor Song again was cut.

I tried another cheerful tune,
 I think it was the Honey Moon
 But 'twould not do – my Honey all
 Was turned by sorrow into Gall
 With lively airs I tried to urge
 My Muse in vain – a plaintive Dirge
 She much preferred – and this her lay
 Oh mind us still tho' far away!

* alluding to a song composed on the marriage of
 William Allingham & Margaret Crawford!

A Song to be sung after Supper
 Scotch Air. Good Night and Joy be with us all

"Adieu! a heart warm fond adieu"
 Companion of my Youth to thee
 May blessings ever smile round you
 And peace within your dwelling be:

Tho' now to other plains you roam
 Perchance 'midst brighter scenes to stray;
 Yet ne'er forget your native home
 And early friends tho' far away.

How oft around this Board we've met
 With other friends beloved and dear
 Oh! never can my heart forget,
 The happy happy hours spent here.

How oft around this board we've sat

And cheer'd with reading winters day
 And wiled the night with pleasant chat
 Oh! think of this when far away!

But, Oh! fare well! I wish you joy
 Although my verses may seem sad;
 But, Parting is a sore alloy
 Then, how, I ask could I be glad ?

Oh! fare thee well! an hour may come
 When I can sing another lay
 Fare well, but 'midst new friends and home
 Still think of us, tho' far away.

A Riddle [5]

My first I know you all will do
 Whilst snugly round the fire you sit;
 You'll surely do my second too,
 Soon as my meaning you can hit.
 My Tout is what belongs to YOU
 Your Bonnet, Hat, Gown, Coat or Shoe.

(Chat –tel)

The Salmon [6]

Sent to ANN WATT and DOCTOR ROGAN

From dear Ballyshannon – and Erne's bright river,
 Two beautiful Salmon together set forth;
 Kind greetings to two honoured friends to deliver,
 Who live in fair DERRY, the pride of the North.

What! tho' they no more in the bright wave
are shining,
 Or leap up the cataract sparkling like gold;
 Far sweeter the pleasure to have people dining
 With gout upon them, than to swim in the cold:

As they came from a place fond of laughing
and speaking
 They could not keep silence, as they went along;
 So they questioned each others 'bout whom
they were seeking
 And thus they discours'd, at least so says my Song.

“Pray tell me, fair Salmon, to whom are you going?
 Or why were you taken from Ernes loved stream?
 Whose murmuring waters all joyously flowing
 Sparkle on to Ocean, like Hope's fairy dream?”

“For me – I have left my bright home in the river,
 And gladly will bear all this travel and toil;
 From Sister to Sister kind words to deliver,
 From the banks of the Erne, to the banks

of the Foyle.”

“I too – by desire of one of Ballyshannon's Daughters
 Have left my bright home near the great Waterfall.
 No more shall I leap up its clear gushing waters
 But haste on my mission to Derry's famed Wall.

To a kind, skilful DOCTOR, I go, to deliver
Warm thanks from a Patient who's much
in his debt,
 And who grateful, remembers his kindness – for never
 Can an Irish heart, favours disown or Forget.”

Thus the Salmon, discours'd on their way,
saith the fable,
 May we hope a warm welcome from
each friend they got
 And may we request that when seated at Table
 The Banks of the Erne would not be forgot.

Riddle [7]

My first no Man can be – my second no Woman can be.
 My tout all Men can be – and all Women
 hope to see.

(Bride-groom)

The Fee [8]

To Doctor William Crawford on his drawing a Tooth

Dear Doctor, and my most kind Friend,
 Instead of other FEE
 Accept this little PURSE I send
 Knit specially for thee.

For thee – who came with friendly heart
 To break old Tooth aches chain;
 And by thy skill, and strength, and art
 Thus rescue me from pain.

Well may I say from pain! for Sure
 All, all, will own this truth:
 'Tis hard the Toothache to endure,
 And hard to lose a Tooth.

'Tis hard no doubt a Tooth to lose,
 It may spoil voice or face;
 But, powerful Money, if you choose
 Can soon this loss replace.

'Tis hard to drag a poor old Tooth,
 Worn out with age and toil;
 From the companions of its Youth,
 And from its native Soil:

Hard is the case – I almost weep
 Poor Tooth, at thy sad plight;

Did not my Memory record keep
Of many a waking night,

When hearing nought but winters wind
And feeling nought but pain;
I turned from side to side, to find
Rest – but it was in vain.

Had even kind Pity then been near
To soothe my pain and grief;
But Tooth ache never draws a tear,
And all refused relief.

Two Doctors friendly aid I ask'd
But ask'd, Alas! in vain;
Said they "Twill but a short time last
What signifies the Pain."

Offended then, I turned away
In silence to endure;
That ceaseless gnawing night and day
Which none would pitying cure:

Till Thou, whom I had proved before,
To be a Friend in need;
Came to my rescue – and once more,
From Tooth and tooth ache freed.

Oh! then my little Purse receive,
All humble though it be;
It is an Offering believe
From Gratitude to thee.

May it, like Fortunes Purse, of old,
(As ancient fables say)
Have evermore a bit of Gold,
To keep, and give away;

And may you meet with Patients, who
Have Wealth at will, and can
Fill up the Purse was knit for you
By your friend Mary *Ann*.

The Glorious Days of George IV [9]

I

No more shall I sing of the days of Queen Bess,
George the Forth is my theme, and his praise
I'll express,
For who ever sat on the throne with more glory
Let his name be remember'd then in song
and in Story

Chorus

Oh! the glorious days of George the Forth
Merry be the memory, of George the Forth

II

When we laugh'd at the Flights
Of the Eagle of France, Sir
For its talons were cut
And it dare not advance, Sir
But the Lion of old England
By Age grew more stout, Sir
And the Wooden Walls were able still
To keep all foes without, Sir.

III

As for the Boorish Russ
He gave us but little Work, Sir
Leave the Turk to beat at him
And him to beat the Turk, Sir
And should they dare to threaten,
We'll make them a lesson learn, Sir
By sending as their School master
Our Wellington of Erin, Sir.

IV

When our Streets were Mc Adamised
Our Houses were Tan stated, Sir
Our windows were glazed
Doors barred and metal plated, Sir
And our Prisons were so beautiful
And fitted up so well,
That some committed Robbery
That in them they might dwell.

V

When our Ladies wore large Hats,
Of silk or leghorn yellow, Sir
To serve for "Bonnet Parasol"
Or tasty Umbrella, Sir
With Gowns so short, all plaited round
And sleeves so wide extending
That they looked like many gay Balloons
Just ready for ascending.

VI

When with lit Cigar to make folks stare,

Our Beans loung'd thro' the street, Sir
With Shoes, that scarce could boast a [?]
Just sticking to their feet, Sir:
With many coloured Waistcoats too
And, oh! most curious sight, Sir,
A coloured Shirt, of Pink or Blue
Had superseded white, Sir.

VII

When Piano, fiddle and French horn
Were all preferred by far Sir;
To wrestling and fencing
Or pitching of the Bar, Sir
And lacking these amusements, then
The idle hours to kill,
The Gentlemen and Ladies
Figure off in a Quadrille.

VIII

Mail coaches were as plenty
As Children, and Potatoes:
And Beggars were so numerous
We feared they up would eat us, Sir
Steam packets were so common grown
That then we had Steam coaches
And soon we may expect to see
Balloons drawn by Cock roaches.

IX

When beneath the River Thames
One might drive a coach and six, Sir,
And across the Menai straits
We an iron chain Bridge fix, Sir.
When in Erin, Poteen's growing scarce
And wines do so abound, Sir
That soon we hope each man may dig
His coals on his own ground, Sir

X

When Ribbon men – and Orange men
No more shall vex the Nation Sir
Far from PARTY'S chains I trust we have
Received **Emancipation**, Sir
Let every creed, from rancour freed
With cheerful voices sing:
The glorious deeds done in our land
When George the fourth was King.

XI

Then no more shall I sing
Of Queen Bess's golden days, Sir
For the days of George the Fourth
Are more worthy far of praise:
Here's success to merry England
May she still bear command; Sir
And here's Erin Go Bragh

Our belov'd native land, Sir
 And here's the glorious days of George the Fourth
 And merry be the memory of George the Fourth.

Lines [10]

Written in Catsby cave December 21st

Five years have fleded o'er me
 Since last I entered here
 Since last I saw before me
 Thy cave O! Catsby dear

And o'er my bosom stealing
 As I seat me on this stone;
 There comes a saddened feeling,
 With the thoughts of days now flown.

Yet I would not their returning
 If a wish would bring them back;
 But it sets the heart a mourning
 To look along life's track:

And see so many hours
 Have wasted been in vain;
 How many of Life's flowers
 Lie withered on the plain.

The Summer Sun was shining
 When I last sat in this cave
 The summer flowers were twining
 The birds sweet music gave.

Now the torrent wildly flowing
 Is the music meets my ear,
 And instead of flowers glowing
 But wither'd leaves are here.

Yet, see! over yon rock streaming
 In wreaths all brightly green;
 (Like Hope, o'er this Life beaming)
 The Ivy plant is seen.

Tho all beneath is shaded
 By winters hand unkind
 Green Ivy keep unfaded
 Like Hope within the mind.

Written on the Sea Shore [11]

White wave as you roll along
 Join your sadly plaintive roar;
 As an echo to my song
 That tells of pleasures o'er

Bright and sparkling life appears
 To a youthful thoughtless breast;
 Sunny smiles our morning cheers
 And in its beams we calmly rest.

And, White Wave, like thee we glide,
 Gathering pleasures as we move;
 Life's to us a springing tide
 Fraught with hope and joy and love.

But soon on Disappointments shore
 By tempests we are driven
 And all our airy dreams are o'er
 And our light Bark, is riven.

Lines [12]

Written in Ballyshannon churchyard

Oh! when around the Pasts cold Tomb
 With heavy heart we bend;
 When Future Life seems full of gloom
 And threatening storms descend;

Then Memory! like a Spirit stands
 On the sepulchral stone
 And points with clasped and trembling hands
 To happy moments flown.

The Burial of 1830 [13]

"He lay like a Warrior taking his rest
 With his martial cloak around him"
 WOLFE

Come haste to the Burial, ye friends,
 and ye neighbours,
 Eighteen Hundred and Thirty has pass'd
 from the Earth;
 And full time it is he should rest from his Labours,
 He has had a most bustling time since his birth;
 Let Earths Nations all, attend to my call,
 And join the procession and follow the Bier;
 Come – come - and bear to his long home
 1830 the dead and gone Year.

And no as we stand round the Grave of the Past Year,
 Let us talk o'er each wonderful work, deed and act,
 And oh! may we ne'er see a time like the Last year.

So full of extraordinary matters of Fact.
Politicians all, attend to my call,
And act as Chief Mourners, and follow the Bier;
Come – come - and bear to his long home
1830 the dead and gone Year.

Eighteen hundred and Thirty one lesson has left us
That Kings are but Mortals, poor Creatures of clay,
* Of one Kingly bosom, in June he bereft us,
But gave us another our Island to sway;
Scotch, Irish, and all, attend to my call,
Ye Welch and ye English, oh! Follow the Bier,
Come – come - and bear to his long home
1830 the dead and gone Year.

+ In France, he cast down from the throne,
the Tenth Charley,
And so gave the BOURBONS, a well
deserved wrench;
And Orleans Duke, he raised after a parley,
Not to be France's King – but the
King of the French
Ye proud Tyrants all, attend to my call,
Come join the procession and follow the Bier,
Come – come - and bear to his long home
1830 the dead and gone Year.

* George IV died 26th June 1830, and his brother William
Duke of Clarence ascended the Throne.

+ In July, after a short, but stirring Revolution, Charles X
was deposed; and fled into England: the Duke of Orleans
was placed on the unstable Throne under the title of “The
King of the French.”

*The Young Queen of Portugal was not permitted
To sit on the Throne where her fore-fathers sat;
+ Greece and = Belgium are begging for kings
'tis admitted,

And 'tis hoped that the Poles will soon
thrash the Russ Rat.
Yet Kings and Queens all, attend to my call
Come, join the Procession, and follow the Bier:
Come – come - and bear to his long home
1830 the dead and gone Year

In short Crowned heads have been all so confounded
Revolutions of late, are such everyday things;
That we now never feel at the changes astounded,
But wonder that any consent to be kings.
Ye Royal Heads all, attend to my call,
Now as Chief Mourners and follow the Bier
Come – come - and bear to his long home
1830 the dead and gone Year

The Ministers too, by this Year were perplexed

At length the great Soldier the Cabinet fled:
Ah! ꝛ Huskisson! Happy art thou – no more vexed,
By dissensions – you rest with
the much honoured dead:
Highland Low, Great and small, attend my call
Oh! join the procession and follow the Bier
Come – come - and bear to his long home
1830 the dead and gone Year.

* Donna Maria De Gloria the rightful heir to the throne of
Portugal was not permitted to enter her kingdom which
was usurped by her Uncle Don Miguel.

+ The Throne of Greece was offered to Prince Leopold.

= The independence of Belgium has been recognised by
several of the continental Powers.

ꝛ The Right Honourable William Huskisson was killed at
the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Rail-road, by
one of the steam carriages crushing his limbs.

It well may be said 'twas a changeable Season
*One jukes into office - and one Dukes away:
The Peel too; is pared off, and if you ask the reason,
You are told, that the White-headed Boy
now is Grey
Ty OUTS and IN'S all attend to my call
Oh join the Procession and follow the Bier
Come – come - and bear to his long home
1830 the dead and gone Year

It is an ill wind which does every one pull back,
So the old Proverb says – so the LAWYER may say
§ As he jumps from the BAR and lights
down on the WOOL Sack,
And may the new Broom sweep Laws
cobwebs away.
Ye Ambitious all, attend to my call.
Come act as Chief Mourners and follow the Bier:
Come – come - and bear to his long home
1830 the dead and gone Year.

& The Ex Gaulish Statesmen were tried
and found guilty,
Condemned by their Peers to a Prison for life;
Fifty thousand brave Russ waved their swords
by the hilt high
And joined with the Poles in fair Liberty's strife.
Oh! join the procession and follow the Bier;
Come – come - and bear to his long home
1830 the dead and gone Year.

* In November the Duke of Wellington tendered his
resignation of the Premiership to his Majesty, who was
graciously pleased to accept; and Earl Grey was placed at

the Head of Affairs; The Duke Northumberland was recalled from the Vice-Royalty of Ireland and was replaced by the Marquis Anglesey – so it may truly be said one jukes in as the other Dukes out.

+ Sir Robert Peel's resignation was also accepted by his Majesty.

§ 1830 has been a lucky year to more lawyers than one. McBrougham was made Lord high chancellor by Patent [?]; under the titles lord Brougham and Vaux. Lord Plunket was made Chancellor of Ireland, in the room of Sir A. Hart. Chief Baron O'Grady raised to the Peerage and Mr John Doherty was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

The last accounts from the North of Europe state that a Russian General & 5000 Soldiers had joined the Poles against the Czar; and it is thought that much injured Nation will soon take her place again among the Kingdoms of the Earth.

But me thinks we have had quite enough now of Politics,

So in a few moments I'll finish the theme;

*Three Princes died, three were deposed by Fates hollow tricks,

And now sing in exile, "'tis all but a Dream,"

Revolutionists all, attend to my call

Oh! Act as chief Mourners and follow the Bier

Come – come - and bear to his long home

1830 the dead and gone Year

* Died the kings of England and Naples and the Pope of Rome.

+ Deposed the king of France – Prince of Saxony and Duke of Brunswick

In short 1830 has been a most extraordinary Year, not only in its Political changes; but in the severity of its Seasons; the winds and the waters seeming determined to keep pace with the furious passions and tempers which swayed Men's bosoms during the past twelve months and we may well hope that "take it all in all" we may never look upon its like again.

Ballyshannon December 31 1830

To Margaret [14]
On nursing her child for the first time

DEAR FRIEND! It glads my heart to see
Thy smiling child upon my knee;
To feel her little hand so fair,
Playfully grasping at my hair.
To look upon her brightning eye

And hear her keen laugh so merrily:
Oh yes! - oh yes! I joy to see
Thy smiling child upon my knee.

And yet, amidst my Joy, a sigh
Is breathed for happy day gone by
As busy Mem'ry from her store,
Beckons the golden moments o'er;
The cheerful hours of Youth's gay pride,
When we together side by side
Launched on the current of life's stream,
And glided on in Friendships beam;

Long time like consort ships we sailed
And many a pleasant Port we hail'd.
And many a gladsome hour we pass'd,
And many a year our anchors cast,
Together on the Ernes shore,
Unscathed by oceans angry roar;

But then one Ship got under way
And spread her Sails and left the Bay
Another consort too, she took,
The Haven of her Youth forsook,
And with a blessing on her course
She changed, for better, or for worse,
The Name she bore in early life,
And launched on Wedlock's sea – the Wife.

But now, that Name's sunk in another
The sweet and tender one of Mother;
Yet, Friend of Youth, tho' changed in name,
I find, in heart thou'rt still the same,
As tender, and as true, as in
Our childhood's joyous thoughtless spring;
Though many a new bright chain of love,
Is round thee twin'd, thou dost not move
The OLD one from its place - nor cast
Away the Mem'ry of the past.

Oh! then, believe I joy to see,
Thy smiling child upon my knee;
And breathe a wish that she may prove
Worthy a Mother's tender love.
Oh! Thou that listeneth to Prayer,
That maketh Little ones thy care;
Bless this dear child, and on her head
May they best Gifts thro' Life be shed. –

May 1831

- The Ocean -

[15]

'Tis pleasant to stray by the verge of the Ocean,
And mark the white billows come sweeping along
How mighty their force – an how graceful
their motion,
How solemn – how soothing – how sweet
their wild song.

Ah! who, by the brink of the Ocean could wander,
And breathe not a sigh for some past pleasant day:
O'er which, as a treasure, Remembrance doth ponder,
Tho' alas! it hath vanished for ever away.

The Ocean! the Ocean! it voices each feeling
In calm or in tempest, in smiles or in tears;
Like enjoyment the soft rippling water comes stealing,
And the dash of the waves is the voice
of Past Years.

The Ocean! the Ocean! what joy to be near it,
Alone, or with Friends o'er its rude cliffs to rove;
The Ocean! the Ocean! what pleasant to hear it,
'Tis the Anthem of Nature 'tis Music I Love,

The Ocean! the Ocean! when morn is first shining,
How glorious it looks how refulgently bright:
The Ocean! the Ocean! when day is declining
How lovely it seems in its girdle of light.

The Ocean! the Ocean! how vast, how stupendous
It spreads its broad billow above and below;
But the LORD of the Ocean how much more tremendous,
Whose word makes the proud Sea to ebb
and to flow.

1831

The Ladies Petition

[16]

Requesting the Gentlemen to Mend their Ways

Ye Ballyshannon Gentlemen!
Who walk about in Boots;
You little think how ill the wet
And dirt, a Lady suits
Mark well our Tails of Woe! and sure
They will your hearts appeal
As we sweep – ankle deep
Thro' the Mud upon our Mall.

The day may smile most brightly;
To tempt us forth to walk
In vain we look for pleasant paths
Thro' mire alone we stalk;
In rain our Beaus may talk to us
We can't to them give ear

As we try with a sigh
Thro' the wet and dirt to steer.

In vain, in light and splendour
The glorious Sun goes down.
We cannot be beholding him
And be holding to our Gown
In vain do gold and crimson clouds
Adorn the western sky
For the spots and black dots
On our dress is all we spy.

In vain the roaring waters
Rush sparkling down the Fall
We cannot look upon the stream
Sad thoughts it would recall:
We would think upon the wash Tub
When the frothy foam we'd see;
Like Soap suds, where our duds,
After Promenade must be.

Then grudge not your assistance
But kindly take in hand,
To strew out path with Gravel
Brought from the pebbly strand;
Oh! let your carts and horses
Your Money and good will
Be at hand, at command
For to serve the Ladies still.

Then ye Ballyshannon Gentlemen
Unto our walks attend;
And, Oh! in pity aid us
Our evil ways to mend
So for your well fare ever
We in duty bound shall pray
That your feet, still may meet
All thro' life a smooth path way.

Der fem Skooler.

[17]

The Five Toasts
A Norwegian drinking Song

As by Five Senses we are directed
In all the business and joys of life;
So let Five toasts be now selected
Five Glasses quaff'd without care or strife.

First fill your Glass, and pledge sincerely
To Her, who's all the world to you;
To her you love, and who loves you dearly
Who 'midst life's sorrows will still be true.

Next to the Friend, who has proved unshrinking
In hours of trial, when fortune frown'd;

Who 'midst the cold proud and unthinking
With ready hand and warm heart was found.

Third to your Country! the Home of Childhood,
Pledge round the Goblet with right good will.
To foamy river – and lofty wild wood.
To busy city, lone glen and hill.

Next to the gen'rous and open hearted
Whose liberal hand relieves distress;
Who feels for those by affliction smarted,
Whose name the Poor delight to bless.

Now give my Fifth Toast a welcome greeting
Fill high each Glass till it Sparkles bright;
Here's to the Host of this Merry Meeting
To him and his a kind Good Night.

Verses - [18]

Composed during a walk on the Mall.

'Tis pleasant by the Ernes stream,
In twilights gentle hour;
To wonder on and fondly dream,
Of the Absent ones whose faces seem,
Around you then to smile and beam
By Mem'rys magic power.

'Tis sweet to see the full moon glide
Of a calm and cloudless even
O'er the azure sky in beauty's pride
With the pale stars twinkling by her side,
Illumining the rippling tide,
With the soft pure light of Heaven.

And sweet, and pleasant 'tis to stray
At the peaceful holy hour
And dream of those far, far away,
Whose kindness cheered life's fitful day
Like the Suns bright beam; or Moons pale ray
Refreshing the drooping flower.

- To Bessy -

[19]

On our being a year without Meeting

My Bessy dear! my Bessy dear!
Twelve long months have pass'd
Since your kind voice upon my ear
Its friendly accents cast.
I little thought when last your hand
I clasped in friendship sweet,
That you would tread another land
Ere we again should meet.

I little thought the circling year
With all its varied charms;
Would pass – ere I again my dear
Should press you in my arms.

It was the **first** Year e'er went by
Without a glimpse of you;
Since first you oped your wandring eye
This curious world to view.
It was the **First** oh! may it prove
My Bessy dear the last.
And may we meet in Peace and love
To talk about the Past.
My Bessy dear! my Bessy dear!
Oh! let Remembrance come;
(Wherever you may wander) here
To Me and childhood's Home.

1831

The Possessed Skull [20]
A Legend of Killarney!

By M. A. A. of Ballyshannon

"I can a Tale unfold,
Angels and Ministers of Grace, defend us!"
HAMLET

The Possessed Skull

I

A Peasant once, upon a Market day,
Set off to go to Market at Killarney.
He might, or he might not, I cannot say,
Have been a brother of the famed Kate Kearney*
Whose smiles and looks were spells
all art and blarney
And you were forced so says the Song, to Fly
"And shun the Fatal glance of her bewitching eye.

II

This same Kate Kearney, between you and I
Was, I much fear, no better than she should be
let others sing her praises, I deny
That she both "Simple" and "Mischievous" could be
Pray how could "Fatal glances" ever good be!
To keep herself from Murder she must either
Put out her eyes or wear a False face – neither.

III

Of which I'm sure she'd do; at least I know
I would not do it, to save Whig or Tory;
But what is this to you or I? and so
I'll leave Kate Kearney, and to keep my Story,

I mean the Peasant that I placed before you
Setting out to market one fine Summers day
To sell his pig or Ass; and buy some Tay

* See the Song of Kate Kearney, and the meaning of the words "Simple, and Mischievous, and Fatal in Johnsons Dictionary. [*Plain, artless, unskilled; harmful, hurtful, destructive, noxious, injurious, wicked; deadly, mortal, destructive.*]

IV

Sugar, Tobacco, Meat, and I don't know
What else, to treat his Rev'rence at a
Wake or christening
He had to pass the ruined Aghadoe
Where bones and skulls around lay
white and glistening:
It was a sight that set his hair a bristling;
His teeth to chatter and his flesh to creep
For legends say, that in the night when sleep

V

Has seal'd or should seal, decent people's eyes,
In ruined Aghadoe, full many a spirit
From the old tombs and sepulchres arise
And hasten to the bleaching bones to ferret
From out the heap the limbs they did inherit
Some six or seven hundred years ago
When in monastic pride stood stately Aghadoe.

VI

And here I beg the Reader will behold
In fancy, each sweet Lake, wild Natures fountain;
And every Glen of which he should be told,
And every wild peak'd hill, and rugged mountain.
And every Isle, too numerous for counting
Gleaming from out the crystal waters pure,
With "Innisfallen sweet" so called by Tommy Moore

VII

In one of his delightful Songs of Erin
Which least you should not know,
I hear [?!] will mention;
But No! - you are not worthy it to learn
If it has not already won attention;
But here, I'll leave the matter in suspension,
For it is not in humble rhymes like mine
Oh! Moore! that one should read
a lovely strain of thine.

VIII

But to come back to ruined Aghadoe,
And peasant going to market in the morning;
But stop! - I quite forgot to let you know
The Ruin stands, the wild hills top adorning
As if to give to all that pass a warning

That, tho' they may Ambitions high hill climb,
They must their honours bow to lordly Time.

IX

The Hill of Aghadoe is very steep
And it requires a long time in ascending;
And I was forced, kind Reader, back to keep,
Yon, the poor Peasants ease, alone attending;
But see him now the other side descending;
And you may follow him quite at your ease
or go no further now - just as you please.

X

I do not fancy into your hands my Tale,
You may, or you may not, let go the hold;
But I'll proceed, altho' your courage fail,
Like Hamlets Ghost I can a Tale unfold;
Perhaps it will not make your blood run cold,
In reading: but, if you had seen the sight
The peasant saw: I'm sure your heart would throb with
fright.

XI

Just as the Peasant turned his back upon
The ruins of old Aghadoe, so stately;
He saw what made his blood all coldly run,
And frighten'd him, I warrant you completely,
Indeed I do not wonder at it greatly;
For, who could see a HUMAN SKULL in motion
Without a BODY, nor feel some emotion

XII

Of fright and terror. I for one must own,
Atho' I am courageous as my Neighbours;
That such a sight would make me start and groan
More than a band of Turks with crooked sabres,
Or wild Cossacks impatient for Wars Labour.
Again I say, it was a sight of dread
To see roll on the path now here, now there,
a HEAD!

XIII

It stopped a moment, then again began
In fitful race from one side to another
At length it rested - and the frightened Man
Whose senses down right agony did bother,
Having recovered something from his pother,
Begun courageously to think he'd pass
The now reposing Skull: but, oh! Alas!!!

XIV

Scarce had the thought gone thro' his brain, when lo!
The Skull again commenced its marching motion
The peasant turned and fled past Aghadoe!
Nor ponce thought of the market I've a notion!
He feared the Bones would all be in commotion,

No Cow – no Care – A Legend of Donegal [22]

Inscribed to Miss Thompson
BY M. A. A: of Ballyshannon 1831

Watching for riches consumeth the flesh,
and the care there of driveth away sleep.
Apocrypha.

Better a dinner of herbs where love is,
than a stalled ox and hatred there with.
Proverbs XV17.

No Cow – no Care

'Twas in the true Milesian day,
When O's and Macs did Erin sway;
That the fair county of Tir Connell
Was governed by the great O'Donnell,
Whose proud and stately Castle rose,
Where the Eske River softly flows:

I said it was a stately place,
The truth of this you yet may trace,
In the lone Ruins dark and tall,
Seen in the town of Donegal.

Not far from the O'Donnells home
An Abbey raised its sacred dome;
Upon a point of land it stood,
Beside it rolled th'Atlantic flood
And many a little cell as there
In which were offered many a Prayer.

Among the Abbeys holy Brothers,
Was one distinguished from the others,
By a concentrated mind, which ne'er
Could be disturbed by any care;
When was and rapine raged around,
Still Father Stephen calm was found.

His placid, contemplative mood,
His learning vart, his actions good,
His love of virtue – hate of crimes,
His Fastings even in Feasting times
But, above all, the little pleasure
He took in wordly goods or treasure
Made him from all the People win his
Distinguished name of Father BINNES:*

In short he so contrived to keep,
His mind unruffled, that sweet Sleep
From his soft pillow never flew,
But fell upon his eyes like dew;

No angry cares disturbed his breast
Waking and sleeping he had rest.

* Binnes in Irish means Peace or Harmony.

The head of the O'Donnell clan,
Was quite a different sort of Man;
He was a wild unthinking Blade,
Cared little what he did or said;
A blustering, boisterous jovial fellow
Who often with the Monks got mellow;
For he kept open house, and all
Were welcomed to his well filled Hall;

And honoured were the Monks and Abbot,
Above the rest; for, from old habit,
The Chief could think no feast was good
Unless the clergy graced the food:
And thus he proved his Faiths reality,
By his unbounded Hospitality;

But very much it vexed his heart,
That Father Stephen never took part,
In his good cheer; and of the tried,
To turn his Life's calm cou[?]/e aside,
But still the gentle stream flowed past
Unruffled by the angry blast.

In vain he sought by flattering phrase,
By open and by secret praise,
By mocking, sneering, scolding, joking
To rouse his feelings; 'twas provoking,
That Stephen Binnes placid joys
Could not be broken by the noise,
Of all the gallants of Tír Connell,
Tho' headed by the great O'Donnell;

At last the Chieftain swore an oath,
(Which I to mention would be loath ;)
That he would rest not, night or day,
Until he had contrived some way
This calm contented mood to break,
And keep the Monk one night awake.

One plan he tried, and then another
But none could move the gentle Brother
And furiously the Chieftain raged
His anger could not be assuaged
'Til forth he walked new schemes to plan
Against the unoffending Man;
Before his Castle gate he paced
With lowering brow and step of haste:
All his attendants one by one
Drew off and left him quite alone.

Long time he mused; when, lo! a flock,

Of bellowing Cattle, crossed his walk;
 Now running here, now frisking there,
 Now roaring like a baited Bear;
 So that the Chief, their pranks to shun,
 Was forced into his Hall to run,
 Exclaiming! Noisy Brutes, your din is
 Enough to vex even Father Binnes!”

He said no more, but all that night,
 He seemed to chuckle with delight,
 He rubbed his hands, and laughed with glee
 In short was merry as might be.

Next morning, early in the Day
 He to the Abbey bent his way
 To Stephens cell he straight repairs
 And found him busy at his Prayers.

“Hail! holy Father!” he began,
 “I know you think me a rude Man
 Caring for no one but myself
 and grasping eagerly at Pelf,
 Both from the Rich man and the Poor,
 But your example wrought a cure;
 I honour you as doth each Peasant
 And here I come to give a Present
 A present worthy of the Giver,
 Though not half worthy of the Receiver.

A present, fitting the O’Donnell
 As Chieftain of the fair Tír Connell:
 No paltry gift – No Baby’s rattle -
 But, TWENTY HEADS OF HORNED CATTLE.”

“What, Twenty head?” the Father cried
 “Yes, Twenty Head!” the Chief replied.
 “Next day you’ll get them as your due,
 And much good may they do to you.”

The parted then, pleased with each other;
 Long in his cell the joyful Brother
 Sat musing on his sudden wealth:
 He tried an Ave, but by stealth,
 The Twenty Bullocks every came
 Between him and his prayers: “Oh! shame!”
 He cried aloud; “I’ll try to read!”

Alas! the Bullocks seemed to feed
 Upon his Breviary leaves
 And every FAST, commenced with BEEVES.

He closed the book with trepidation,
 And ‘mong the Monks he took his station,
 In the Refectory, which gave
 Surprize to all: each face looked grave:
 For something strange must be the matter,

When Binnes joined them at their platter;
 And scarcely could they eat, for fear,
 That he had overlooked their cheer;
 And now and then they stole a look,
 As cautiously a bit they took;
 And tho’ they’re nearly choked, they dread,
 To lift the goblet to their head;
 ‘Till Stephen filled a flagon ample:
 And drank their healths; then his example
 Was followed: for it sure no Sin is,
 To drink with Holy Father Binnes;

Thus thought each Monk – and long they sat
 That morn at Breakfast: pleasant chat,
 And jokes and laughter echoed round,
 Nor once had father Stephen frowned,
 Upon the fun or generous diet,
 But took a part in all the riot,
 And still at every pause he’d prattle,
 About his Twenty Head of Cattle!

Thus passed the day, till dark brow’d night
 Put all the Revellers to flight.
 But, ah! that woeful night! sweet Sleep,
 Came not poor Stephens eyes to steep;
 In vain he stretched him on his Bed
 Tossed up the pillow ‘neath his head;
 And lucked the clothes all snugly round,
 Determining to sleep most sound;
 And shut his eyes, and muttered o’er,
 Paters and Aves half a score,
 But every art was tried in vain,
 The Twenty Bullocks in his brain
 Run restive still, and kept him thinking,
 About their eating and their drinking;
 In what green meadow would they graze?
 Where was he straw enough to raise?
 Who’d give him ground to build their stalls?
 And Gold to answer all these calls?

Teased and bewildered thus he lay,
 Wishing and watching for the day,
 And with the first faint gleam of light
 He left his cell, and with delight,
 Felt that his fevered brow grew calm
 Beneath the mornings breath of balm.

Oh! many a time at that sweet hour
 Had he gone forth to praise the Pow’r
 That wondrous Power whose loved might
 Formed by a word the cheering light.
 Even now – tho’ sunk in grief and shame,
 From Natures smile, sweet solace came
 The glorious vising Sun recalled
 His wondering thoughts; he Sunk appalled
 Upon the ground; and long time there

Remained in silent, humble Prayer.

When rising, with a peaceful breast,
But haggard brow, he forward prest
To the O'Donnell's castle gate,
Where his arrival did create
No little stir, for great and small
Rushed out with welcomes to the Hall
And he as carried in and seated,
Upon the Chiefs right hand; and greeted,
With kind Ceard mille Failta's hearty,
By the O'Donnell and his party.

But Father Binnes standing up,
Refused to touch the bread or cup,
Until he should his business mention,
To which he begged the Chiefs attention.

"I was a Man of peace and quiet
And shunned both wealth and scenes of riot
As all here know. This was not sin! -
Yet oft vain glorious Pride crept in
And whispered that I was too pure,
My fellow Sinners to endure;
But still I struggled with the thought,
And deem'd I had the Victory got;
Then calm and pleasant was my life,
Unbroken by the world's strife,
'Till you, Alas! in evil hour,
Placed me beneath the Tempters power.
I never lay one night awake
Until your Present come to break
My sober thoughts and plunge me in
Dark Avarices Gulf of Sin;
Take back your Bollocks then, for Wealth's a snare
I've proved the Proverbs truth
NO COW, - NO CARE."

And now as to my Story, I write Finis -
I bid you all remember, Father Binnis;
Of Coveting much wealth take heed I pray,
For Riches make them wings, and fly away;
Be neither Wealth, nor Poverty your Share,
Remember 'tis a truth - NO COW - NO CARE.

- Emblems -

[23]

*What is LOVE? A passion flower,
That blooms and withers in a day!
What is HOPE? A sunny hour,
That shines and vanishes away!
What's MEMORY? A Forest wide,
Thro' which our thoughts and feelings stray!
What is LIFE? A springing Tide*

That flows, then quickly ebbs away!

*Love, Hope, and Memory, and Life
Oh! shortly will you all decay.
Your joys, your pains, your peace, your strife,
Will like a shadow pass away.*

- I'm Lonely! I'm Lonely! - [24]

*These lines were written on the removal of the last of Four
Friends; the companions of my childhood:
now all scattered away like thistle down, leaving the stem,
still in the ground, lonely and desolate looking.*

*I'm lonely! - I'm lonely!
No Friends of Youth are near
The music of their voices
Comes not now upon mine ear
'Tis but the falling water, and the sighing wind I hear.*

*I'm lonely - I'm lonely
No friendly hands I press:
The kind touch of their fingers
Returns not my caress:
The cold, the careless and the gay
sooth not my loneliness.*

*I'm lonely - I'm Lonely!
For, one by one, are Gone,
And all the hopes, the joys, the smiles,
That once so brightly shone,
Have pass'd away: and I am left alone to wander on.*

Asmund and Assueit [25]

OR THE RASH VOW, A Norwegian legend

Taken from SIR WALTER SCOTT'S
Essays on Demonology 1831

"Now pile your dust upon the Quick and Dead
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'er old Pelion, or the skyish head
blue Olympus. "

"Death is a frightful thing.
'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
can lay on nature is a Paradise
To what we fear in Death. "
SHAKESPEAR

The Rash Vow

I

Once on time, I'll thus begin my story,
 As Nurses did of old: and still do so:
 When on a winters night enthroned in glory
 In high backed chair; they sit before the glow
 Of Turf and Rag-wood: whilst around a row
 Of eager Listeners with wide staring eyes
 And open mouths, are placed: devouring
 wandering Lies.

II

Oh! Days that now are gone, I well remember,
 The mingled feelings of delight and fear
 With which, in the long nights of dark December
 The Playmates of my Youth, and I, drew near,
 To our old Nurse, of Story Tellers peer:
 And first of Players at the merry Game,
 Of Blind man's buff: right well we loved the Game.

III

Her hi/g/h cauled cap, me thinks I now behold it.
 With its white borders pinned beneath her chin;
 Her shining grey hair off her forehead folded
 In a hightete: her nose so long and thin,
 Squeezed by her Spectacles more closely in,
 But, she is gone! and all our childish glee,
 Lies in the Grave, Oh! MOLLY dear, with thee.

IV

And where are all the visions of my childhood?
 And my loved Playmates, whither are they gone?
 This Life is like a vast and devious wild wood,
 Where each selects a path and wonders on:
 And little time have they, to think upon.
 Those who began the Pilgrimage together
 Whether their path was smooth, and fair their weather.

V

Yet, yet, amidst Life's busiest, bustling hour,
 A tender recollection of the past;
 Will sometimes steal across the heart with power
 Like to the Simooms burning, sweeping blast
 Low to the ground ourselves we quickly cast
 Wealth – Fame – Ambition – vanish from our mind
 As Mem'ry sweeps along, like that resistless wind.

VI

But truce a while to such sad retrospections,
 I wander why they come across me now?
 Ah! this is NEW YEARS DAY! Old Recollections
 Crowd on my heart, and darken on my brow.
 Time! Time! the gayest hearts, to thee must bow!
 But truce, I say again, to thoughts like these,

And let us have the Story if you please.

VII

Well – once on a Time (so says an ancient Story),
 Two princes lived Norway's snowy land,
 Brothers in Arms: on many a field of Glory,
 They fought & conquer'd side by side: the hand
 Of each, was ever armed, at the command
 Of his loved Comrade; to defend his rights.
 Thus lived in friendships bands these
 youthful gallant knights.

VIII

Their love, as very worthy admiration,
 And they were honour'd by the Soldiers brave;
 But Friendship should have bounds of limitation
 Even LOVE, should go no further than the Grave.
 Some might, perchance, a valued life to save,
 Resign their own: but, for to make a vow.
 Like that, these Heroes made, was foolish
 you'll allow.

IX

By a most solemn oath, they bound each other
 That Death should not their friendship disunite
 But when one ceased to live, his friend and Brother
 Should take his last look of the suns fair light
 And bid his friends and home a long good night
 And in one Sepulchre the Dead and Living,
 Were to be laid, of Love this last proof giving.

X

O'er many a well fought Field, these Heroes bounded,
 And many a victory these troops did gain;
 When Assueit and Asmund's names resounded,
 The Swedish spirit sank – and quailed the Dane,
 'Twas now the eve of Battle! on a plain,
 Surrounded by high mountains lay the Norse
 Ready to battle with the Swedish force.

XI

The Feast as spread – high was each Warriors spirit,
 The bowl was filled – the Song and
 toast went round
 Their Country's praises, and her children's merit,
 Were still their theme: and all their
 bosoms bo[und?]
 Responsive as the manly thrilling sound
 Of Asmund's voice through the wild valley rung
 As thus old Norway's praise, her Hero sung:

A Norse National Song

XII

“How glorious is our Native clime,
 Old sea-girt Norway! Happy land!
 Look where those mighty Mountains stand
 That boldly mock the tooth of Time.
 They tell of Ages, past and gone
 When storms they braved, as they do now,
 Like warriors with their armours on
 A silver helm above each brow.

XIII

On *Aukathors delighted eyes
 When Norway's mountains first arose
 To fix his Throne on them he chose,
 Where their tall summits van at the skies
 When through the clouds with thundering din
 He drove his car of triumph forth
 The mountains rung his praise again
 Then there were Heroes in the North!

* Aukathor the God of Thunder

XIV

Then did the bold Norwegians crest
 In battle bold the foremost place;
 Death seem'd a maid, in whose embrace
 He long had hoped to be at rest.
 An Angel sent, his soul of flame,
 To bear aloft to *Odin's Hall
 When scarce to sigh his country's name
 A fleeting breath he could recall.

* Odin's Hall the Northern Poets Elysian T.O.

XV

I love of olden times each tale,
 And often dream of Heroes slain
 When wakes the *Lure its plaintive strain
 Through birchen wood and hollow dale,
 When tumbling down the rugged rock
 I hear the foaming cataract roar
 Then, Fancy paints the Battle shock
 Or list the lay from Bard of yore.

XVI

And in the daring Mountaineer
 His true descent I plainly trace,
 From ancient Heroes, a bold race
 Whose brave hearts never knew a Fear
 The Maidens eye of heavenly blue
 Like +Siofnas innocently glows
 Whilst on her blushing cheek I view
 Fair #Yduns never fading rose.

XVII

How glorious then our Native clime
 Old sea-girt Norway! Happy land!
 Long may her rocks and mountains stand
 To boldly mock the tooth of Time.
 Tho' storms may rend this globe, the hill
 Thy mighty mountain shall be seen
 To rise above the wreck – and still
 Point out the place where thou hast been.

XVIII

Loud plaudits rang around when Asmund ended
 The Soldiers grasped their arms and bending low
 Swore their loved country should be still defended
 Whilst life remained, against each haughty foe.
 No Swede or Danish foot should stain her snow
 Then Assueit took up the song for he
 Was next to Asmund held, in Minstrely.

* The Lure is a long instrument, in form much resembling
 a clarionette, but without stops, capable however of
 producing a great variety of tones.

+ Siofna, the Goddess of First Love

Ydun (pronounced Yonon) is the same as the Hebe of
 the Greek, and Juventas of the Romans.

T. O.

XIX

The Home of our Youth

Here's the land of high Mountains
 Topped ever with snow;
 Down whose rude craggy sides
 Forming cataracts flow;
 At whose foot smiling Vales
 And fair fields the eye please
 While the summer wind sighs
 Through the weeping Birch Trees

Here's to Norway's dear land
 'Tis the home of our Youth;
 'Tis the birth Place of Valour
 Of love and truth:
 And oh! may we never
 As we roam through this earth,
 Forget the loved country
 That gave us our Birth.

XX

Here's the Land that fair Liberty
 Claims as her own
 Where on *Gousta's high Mount
 She has set up her Throne

Where the Luren breathes softly
 Through Pine-forests tall;
 Like a symphony sweet
 To the hoarse Waterfall:

Here's to Norway's dear land;
 'Tis our own native Home!
 Our boast and our glory
 Wherever we roam
 'Tis the birth place of valour,
 Of love and truth;
 'Tis the home of our hearts
 'Tis the home of our Youth.

* "Gousta is one of the highest mountains in Norway, situated in the district called Vestfjord dalen, which is a long narrow valley enclosed by mountains, down whose sides innumerable torrents rush.

Maan Elven, or Moon River, dashes and foams through the Valley, as white as the snow on the mountain tops: along this river the road winds, sometimes level with the stream, sometimes hundreds of feet over it.

On this river is the famous cataract Rukan foss or the Fall of Smoke; which name it has received from a column of spray that rises into the air to an immense height. The Fall is 600 feet in height." T.O.

XXI

The Feast is o'er -! Ah! gallant Warriors never,
 Around the Table shall you meet again;
 The morrows sun shall set on some for ever,
 Sleeping in glory on the Battle plain;
 But such a theme as this suits not my strain
 Reader, you must suppose the Swedish Legions
 Dispersed and routed by the brave Norwegians.

XXII

But, ah! altho' it as a glorious Battle!
 And glorious Victory was on their side:
 Alas! to our two Heroes it was fatal,
 For Assueit was crushed by Wars fierce tide.
 Oh! VICTORY! how dear bought is thy pride!
 'Tis but a Mockery when the Laurel wreath
 Is bound around the brows that sleep in Death.

XXIII

Poor hapless Asmund! what was no thy feeling
 Thy loved Companion torn from thy side!
 His Grave and thine preparing? - softly stealing,
 Came no religious thoughts to make thee slight
 Thy sinful compact? No - the guiding Light
 Of Christianity had not shone forth,

As yet upon the Heroes of the North.

XXIV

The highest hill by which the vale was bounded,
 Was hollowed forth to be the young knights Tomb;
 What mean those crowds by which it is surrounded?
 Why is each Soldiers brow oppressed by gloom?
 They come - they come - this is the day of doom:
 The Dead and Living come - hark to the Song,
 The Priests of Thor chant as they march along.

Funeral Dirge

XXV

SPIRITS of the gallant Brave,
 Hover o'er this glorious Grave;
 Leave awhile your Bowers of rest,
 Come, and be the Warriors Guest;
 Come, from ODINS hall of light,
 Where the day is ever bright;
 Come from Siofna's circling arms,
 Come from Yduns witching charms;
 Spirits of the Mighty brave,
 Come unto the Heroes Grave!

XXVI

SPIRITS of the glorious Dead,
 Come, for you the Banquets spread,
 Leave the domes of Aukathor,
 Blood of Swedish captives here
 Flows around the Conquerors Bier;
 Sweeter, richer far than all
 The sparkling mead in Odin's Hall;
 Spirits of the Mighty Brave
 Come unto the Heroes Grave!

XXVII

SPIRITS of the Mighty Men,
 Come unto this earth again -
 Come unto Norway's much lov'd land
 On her snow topped Mountains stand;
 Come and see the Warrior knight
 With his dead friend keeping plight;
 Come and see the Son of Song,
 The Living Dead - the Dying Strong -
 Spirits of the Mighty Brave
 Come unto the Heroes grave.

XXVIII

They ceased their chant - and silence reigned around
 The Corpse of Assueit sank from their sight,
 The Soldiers looked as if wild spell bound them,
 When they behold his faithful brother knight
 Their leader brave o'er many a field of Fight,
 Enclosed alive - (oh! fearful, horrid doom!)

In the dark precincts of the cold drear Tomb.

XXIX

Their minds by fear and sorrow were amazed,
 And heavy groans at length bespoke their grief
 Into the deep Abyss they wildly gazed,
 To take a last look of their princely Chief:
 And floods of tears gave their full hearts relief.
 The Priests again took up the Chant, and said
 "Let the Mound rise above the Honoured Dead."

XXX
Death Song

" Soldiers of the Chiefs, who sleep,
 In yon cavern dark and deep,
 Wherefore do you mourn and weep,
 O'er the Mighty Brave?
 Pile the rocks and stones on high,
 Raise its broad breast to the sky,
 Here, Two Brother Warriors lie,
 This is Friendships grave.

XXXI

Winter shed your snowflakes here
 lightly on the Soldiers Bier -
 Spring, let smiling flowers appear,
 Over Friendships grave:
 Summer, let your fruits abound
 near this consecrated ground
 Autumn, be thy wine cup crowned
 To the Mighty brave.

XXXII

Assueit and Asmund rest
 In the region of the Blest;
 Dear to every Norseman's breast
 Be the Mighty Brave:
 Sleep ye Warrior Chieftains sleep,
 In your caverns dark and deep,
 Soldiers, cease to mourn and weep
 Over FRIENDSHIPS GRAVE.

XXXIII

Years rolled away -! A Century passed over,
 The Swedes again invaded Norway's land;
 And near the grave of Friendship a brave Rover
 Encamped a Season with his gallant band.
 The Tale was told the Swede he gave command
 That the Sepulchral vault should be laid bar
 That he might gain the Swords of proof laid there.

XXXIV

His Soldiers went to work and by their labour,
 Opened the entrance of the gloomy cave

But each with fear and dread looked at his neighbour,
 When; stead of all being silent in the Grave
 They heard hoarse cries, and clash
 of Swords - tho' Brave
 They shrank with terror from the awful Tomb
 And none seemed willing to invade its gloom.

XXXV

At length a dauntless Warrior consented
 That they should lower him by cords below;
 But scarcely was he down till he repented
 His hardihood; for someone with a blow,
 Threw him from out the cord, and aye or no;
 Took in the noose his place – and forth to sight
 Rushed with his bloody sword,
 Asmund, the buried knight.

XXXVI

By time and care, he was wasted was and worn,
 So sad a Spectre never saw the day;
 His Armour from his body was half torn,
 The left side of his face was scratch'd away
 As by the talons of some Beast or Prey.
 Waving his sword, and bursting into Song,
 he thus addressed the horror stricken throng:

XXXVII

Spectres Story

SWEDISH Rover hither come
 To invade my Native Home
 Often did your brave troops fly
 From my face – Prince Asmund, I.
 But my thanks are due to thee,
 For at last I am set free,
 By thy valour Soldier brave
 From yon foul and loathsome grave.

XXXVIII

Listen to my wondrous Story,
 Look upon my Spectre gory:
 And from me a warning take,
 Foolish Contracts never make.
 Assueit and I were Brothers,
 Noted by our love, from others;
 And when fell my comrade brave,
 Living, I partook his grave.

XXXIX

I forsook the Suns fair light,
 For the sake of Friendships plight;
 Heard the Mound raised o'er my head,
 Sitting by the silent Dead -
 Saw the last glimpse of the day,
 Pass like a pale Star away:
 Felt the fresh airs last sweet breath

And clasped my brother's hand in death.

XL

Soldiers, think upon my doom!
Living in the noisome Tomb,
Buried in Youths best bright day,
There to waste and pine away,
Never more to hear my Name,
Echoed o'er the field of Fame,
Never seen my Fellow men
Never hear their voice again.

XLI

But short time I had for thought,
In the dark and dreary vault,
For some foul and fearful sprite,
Had possessed my Brother knight,
Fiercely from his funeral bed,
Sprang the Body of the Dead,
Seized the victim steeds that were,
Laid within our Sepulchre.

XLII

And devoured them one by one
And when this foul feast was done,
(Not being satisfied with food
Ah! what base ingratitude)
Furiously on me he ran,
Then a mortal fight began
Between me, and the foul Guest,
That my Assueit possess't.

XLIII

For a Century we fought
Horrid cries rang through the vault
often I the Victory won,
Often deemed my toils were done -
But when rested from the strife,
Then the fiend sprang into life;
Worn and wasted as you see
Such a Life was Misery.

XLIV

But at length a stake I drove
Through his heart! - he ceas'd to move -
On the ground the Body lay,
The foul Demon fled away:
Suddenly a beam of light,
Stole across the brow of night;
And I came to warn you now,
Ne'er to make a FOOLISH VOW."

XLV

The Phantom Spirit ceased his wondrous Story -
Asmund, the mangled Conqueror fell dead;
The Swedes replaced him in the Tomb with glory

And raised again the Mound above his head:
Assueit's corpse they burned – his ashes spread
To the four winds of Heaven – And Asmund brave,
Was left alone at last in FRIENDSHIPS GRAVE.

I'd be a Soldier

[26]

- Parody on I'd be a Butterfly

I'd be a SOLDIER marching to Battle,
Where trumpets, and kettle drums
& clarionettes play
Where charges do prance and cannons do rattle,
And Glory and Honour look down on the fray:
I'd never languish for Belles and their prattle,
I'd never sigh for the Ball-room so gay:
But I'd be a Soldier marching to Battle,
Where courage and constancy carry the day.

Oh! could I pilfer the Wand of a Fairy,
I'd have a pair of those Epauettes bright,
A hat with its feathers all sportive and airy
Waving about in the breezes so light.
Those who have business to mind must be wary,
And look to the main-chance by day and by night.
But I'd be a Soldier gay, gallant, and airy
With fine waving feathers, and Epauettes bright.

What tho' they tell us the gallant Soldiers,
Will pass from the mem'ry when danger is past.
Ah! sure the bosom than ice must be colder
So soon forget the gay trumpets glad blast.
Cowards may faint – but the brave man grows bolder
The cares of life's journey behind him are cast;
Then I'd be a Soldier, a gay gallant Soldier,
Marching along to the glad trumpets blast.

- Time flies -

[27]

Time flies – Oh! how fleetly,
Like a rapid rivers stream;
Hopes rise – and sparkle sweetly
O'er Life's tide with cheering beam.

Time flies – yet on we wander,
Thoughtless, now here – now there -
Hope dies - we pause, and ponder
On the wrecks of Scenes, once Fair. -

The First of my Flock [28]

“My Ewie wi the crooked horn
Weel deserved buith grass and corn,

Sic a Ewie ne'er was born
Near at hand, or far away.” Old Song

I cannot kill my poor old Sheep
That seventeen years with me has been;
No – round my house it still shall creep,
And crop the Daisies on the Green.

I could not let the cruel knife,
Take its poor harmless breath away;
Ah! it reminds me of Part life
Of many a bright and stormy day:

For in the lapse of seventeen years
We witness alterations strange
Bright fleeting smiles and bitter tears
And many a sad and pleasant change

Poor harmless Creature when I gaze
Upon your meek and gentle eye,
I needs must think on other days
When to my dwelling you drew nigh

No flocks or herds I then possessed -
No kind milk cow – or fleecy Ewe -
But in my house I scarce found rest
When to its doors you wondering drew.

And hardly had you entered there
And found a refuge there
When to reward me for my care
You gave a Black and milk white lamb.

And since, for many a long, long year
You gave a lamb my flock to increase,
And while there is a daisy here,
My Ewe shall eat and rest in peace.

Now in the evening of our days
How could I give the harsh command
And bid th'unpitying Butcher raise,
Against thy simple life, his hand.

Ah! no – Ah! no – my poor old Sheep,
Thy closing days shall be serene;
And round my windows thou shalt creep
As long as Daisies deck the Green

And when at length thy life shall end,

I'll lay thee in some shady spot,
Where waving trees shall o'er thee bend
And blossom kind Forget me not.

There fragrant Primroses shall bloom
And Hair-bells hang their blossoms blue,
And violets o'er thy grass grown Tomb,
Shall deck the place, my gentle Ewe.

To the Evening Star [29]

Bright Evening Star I love to gaze,
Upon the pure mild twinkling rays,
And think that I some Time may be,
In Heaven, Oh! lovely Star with thee.

Bright Evening Star, no cloud is near,
No rival gem doth yet appear,
Throughout the Heavens thou art alone,
A solitary lovely one.

Bright Evening Star, at this lone hour
Propitious mem'ry breaths with power,
And all the cherished friends of Youth
Come round me now with love and truth.

Once more with them I wander here -
Once more each loved voice meets mine ear:
Once more each well known face I see
Lit up bright Evening Star by thee.

Bright Evening Star I'm left alone
Each loved one from my side is gone;
But to stray here is sweet to me,
And breathe my Sighs, fair Star to thee.

One last, fond look thou Star of light,
Ere thou art veiled in gloomy night;
The clouds are gathering o'er the Sea,
Far well bright Evening Star to thee.

– Novem. 1829 –

Castles in the Air

[30]

In Childhood and Youth all our prospects seem fair
 We hope and intend, to pursue some good plan
 But our schemes are all broken as castles in air,
 Such must be the case while the Architect's Man:

Yet, when one fabric crumbles, and all's into Dust,
 We roar up another with care and with pain,
 Tho' often deceiv'd we're still willing to trust,
 And still Hope for Joys
 tho' we know they are vain.

Friendship

[31]

Oh! 'tis not when the heart is lightest,
 When all around is gay;
 That Friendship's lovely lamp shines brightest
 With soft and soothing ray.

Oh! 'tis not in our hours of pleasure,
 When smiling crowds surround;
 That Friendship ope's her richest treasure,
 To gild Life's hollow ground.

Oh! 'tis not in Health's joyous hour,
 When every Season charms,
 That Friendship's softly cheering power
 Enfolds us in her arms.

But 'tis in Sorrows hour of sadness,
 In sicknesses deep gloom,
 That Friendships smile is hailed with gladness
 Like Springs delicious bloom.

That Friendship's voice comes softly stealing
 Like music on the ear,
 Her gentle hand with tender feeling
 Wipes every starting tear.

'Tis then that true Affection beameth,
 All warmly, purely bright;
 Like the soft mellow light that gleameth,
 O'er the pale brow of night.

A Riddle

[32]

My first is an Article -A – An, or The,
 But which I will leave it to you to find out:
 My second is caught in the wide path-less sea -
 And make a good dish when well dried,
without doubt.
 My third is considered of Pigs the best part
 And the whole forms a Name that I love in my heart.

[A – ling – ham]

**APPENDIX B:
POEMS, LEGENDS AND STORIES V
MARY ANN ALLINGHAM**

Part V LEGENDS – STORIES – POEMS
 by M A A of Ballyshannon
 containing

1. The Haunted Physicians
2. The Suicide
3. An Epitaph
4. To Mary Britton
5. Auld lang Syne
6. A Riddle
7. The Bishop of Damala
8. Granna Ville
9. The Absent
10. To Bessy Crawford
11. Lines to a Tooth
12. Dead is Dead
13. Memoirs of Norway
14. To Thoning
15. To Memory
16. The Parting Hour
17. Welcome Home
18. The Curious Mouse
19. Written in low Spirits
20. The Complaint
21. To a Profile
22. To Miss Barrett
23. Farewell to my Garrett
24. Riddle
25. A Song
26. A Riddle
27. Darterry Mountains

The Haunted Physicians [1]

versified from the French by **M. A. A.**

“ Come, come, till I set you up a Glass
 Where you may see the inmost part of you!
 Whereon do you look?
 On him! on him! Look you how pale he glares!
 His form and cause conjoined, preaching to Stones
 Would make them capable “

Hamlet.

- The Haunted Physicians -

I

A LOVER once, (when Love was more in fashion
 Than it is no, in these degenerate days,)
 When Sickness on the object of his passion,
 Had laid a heavy hand; sought out all ways,
 From her sick couch, his Mistress dear to raise;
 At last he came unto this wise decision,
 To trust her valued life unto the best Physician!

II

But where could he be found?
 whilst thus he pondered
 An ancient Man drew nigh, and him addressed:
 “Thro' many a wild and wondrous land I've
 wandered,
 But now I seek my home to be at rest;
 Here is a Talisman, which, when possessed,
 Gives one the power to see each airy Spirit;
 it shall be yours if I may half your goods inherit! “

III

No sooner said than done. The bargain over
 The old Man took his goods and bade adieu
 While to the first Physicians house, the Lover
 With his prized Talisman, all quickly flew;
 But what a horrid sight there met his view
 Flocking around the door he saw the Spirits
 Whose Bodies had been killed by this
 great Doctors merits.

IV

Old reverend Men with hair and beard all hoary;
 Shaking their heads with anger and with age;
 Young dauntless Youths, who might have lived
 with Glory,
 Had they escaped the first Physicians rage -
 Fair lovely Girls were there too 'gainst the Sage -
 Mothers, and Grandmothers, and infants crying
 'Gainst him who lived by other peoples dying.

V

A while our lover stood, amazed, astounded,
 Unable to proceed, yet loath to stay;
 When lo! forth came the doctor, unconfounded,
 And thro' the Ghostly patients made his way,
 Clam and unmoved, at all their sad array.
 Our lover wonder'd more, but on he hasted,
 For time was precious and could not be wasted

VI

But at each eminent Physicians house, he
 Saw Spirits muster, either less or more:
 So that quite frighten'd his intended Spouse he,
 Would not deliver to their clutches o'er
 With grief and anguish sad heart was sore.
 He wondered quite bewildered through the city
 Peering at every Doctors house in hopes of pity

VII

At last, oh! ecstasy! oh, blissful vision
 He saw a door where but two small Ghosts stood
 "Behold!" he cried with joy, "the great Physician
 Whom long I sought for, but never could
 Succeed till now in making my search good."
 The doctor quite surprized said,
 "Pray don't scout, Sir,
 But tell me how you e'er contrived to
 make me out, Sir."

VIII

"Oh, learned Sir, your skill and reputation,"
 Replied the lover "are to me Well known."
 "My skill!" the Doctor said, "I've held this station
 But one short week, and candidly I own
 I've had but Two small Patients. with a groan
 The lover heard him thus his fond hopes mar
 And in despair exclaim'd "But Two!
 and there they are!"

- 1830 -

The Suicide - Fact - [2]

Unto our an ancient Man once came
 Unknown at first his character, and name
 No tie of kindred bound him to this place
 But he, it seems, had led a wandering race
 A restless disposition still he had,
 Many affirm'd that he was very bad,
 While some few charitable folks declared
 that he was mad.
 But, which was right 'tis not for me to say
 All will be open known, at the great Judgement
 day.
 This ancient man whose melancholy fate
 Instead of other tale I now relate,
 Declared at where he lodg'd his name was Tait

'Bout eighty five or six he seem'd to be,
 Well clothed, well fed, and wealthy too as he,
 Constant at church he never miss'd a day,
 Oh! let us hope his heart had learnt to pray,
 And that the deed he did, was by a mind a stray.
 In Ireland he was born, but when, or where,
 It matters not, nor can I declare,
 In early youth he left his native home,
 O'er foreign lands and pathless seas to roam;
 In search of wealth his native land he left
 And back he returned with gold, but of
 sweet Peace bereft.
 He sailed unto the land whose head is crown'd
 With precious gold, whose brow fair jewels bound
 But round whose foot the noxious serpent wreathes
 And animals ferocious growl a thousand deaths:
 To Africa's sad shore, where Men are caught,
 And, oh! most terrible! - are sold and bought,
 Yes, for a paltry piece of gold are torn
 From all thy lov'd and doom'd as slaves to mourn
 Oh, "Tyranny and Guile when will your race be
 ran,
 And Man the Brother live the friend of Man!"
 Unto the Eastern Indies clime he went
 Where prostrate millions before Idols bent,
 Adoring horrid shapes of wood and stone
 And calling those their Gods whom Gods were
 none,
 Then to Jamaica's burning isle he sail'd
 Where Blacks, before their White oppressors
 quail'd
 Where 'twixt the different he's, oh! sad to tell,
 Man placed a gulf like that 'teen heaven and hell.
 But to return; the Man came back once more,
 To England's generous and liberal shore
 Settled in that Rooks nest of pride and shame
 London that Capital of wealth and fame
 His business prosper'd well - and now his life
 Seem'd happy: he possess'd a Wife
 And children also, and for many years
 He lived quite free from either grief or fears,
 But as his years increased, his heart seem'd
 changed
 And from his business, children, Wife, estranged,
 He wonder'd thro' the streets from place to place,
 Still seeking Peace, but failing in the chase.
 He seem'd to have a conscience ill at rest
 But kept the Secret lock'd within his breast:
 In vain his Wife by fond attentions tried
 To soothe his sorrows, but he spurned aside
 Her tender care, and she of sorrow died.
 Ah! who can say what mournful feelings swell
 A Woman's heart, when he she loves so well
 Breaks with a cruel hand the Ring of life,
 That bound her to his heart, a wedded wife
 And leaves her cold and joyless to the Worlds strife

The silver cord is loosen'd – and Joy hath fled
 away
 The golden bowl is broken and
 Death hath gain'd his [*Prey?*]
 His Daughters married, and his house then seem'd
 A dreary den, where dim eye'd sorrow gleam'd,
 From whence light hearted mirth for ever fled,
 A sad Sepulchre of the living dead.
 He for a Season walk'd his gloomy round
 From room to room, but rest could not be found,
 For it had flown – alas! - ne'er to return
 And Hope had ceas'd her perfum'd lamp to burn
 And gloomy darkness settled o'er his heart
 Yet still he wander'd on, nor told his burning smart.
 At length he thought - "I'll seek my native ground,
 And there perhaps some comfort may be found,
 And there at least I'll find a Grave to rest,
 My sad, forsaken, careworn, troubled breast. "
 'Twas done – he left with stores of gold that shone,
 Which he had sought for seventy years before
 But where were now its charms, alas!
 they long were o'er,
 What rapture fills the heart when first the eye,
 Its native hills and mountains can descry,
 After long absence to behold once more,
 The lovely valleys we have wandered o'er
 To feel our native air around us blow
 Oh! these are charms to soothe the keenest woe:
 So felt the aged Man tho' lost to joy below.
 A while his bosom throb'd with thoughts, that long
 Were banish'd from his heart by guilt and wrong;
 And peace returned a moment to his soul,
 As Erin's verdant isle upon him stole;
 Whilst light the vessel cut her arrowy way,
 Through Dublin's beautiful majestic Bay,
 Then gilded by the beams of the uprising day.
 Howth's hoary head where clouds still lov'd to rest
 As loath to leave that venerable nest
 By sun-beams pierc'd, with golden net seem'd
 veil'd
 The face light cover'd but the breast revealed.
 And Ireland's Eye, on one side, shone with light
 Proud to belong to lands so fair and bright.
 Bray stretching forth upon the swelling wave
 Look'd like some dauntless Warrior, calmly brave
 Lifting his head above the idle roar
 Which hostile winds and waters round him pour
 With heavens own azure hue already cover'd o'er.
 Wicklow's sweet scenes too great the raptur'd eye
 Woods, valleys, hills, and peaked mountains high,
 And, melting into distance, towers and spires arise
 Marking where Dublin's beauteous City lies
 As fair as any else beneath the arched skies.
 Not long the lonely Wanderer tarried there
 'Midst crowded streets he felt more void & drear
 No pleasure can amuse – no art can please

The heart that with itself is ill at ease:
 He sought the solitary mountain bare
 Here Mortals shall not see – but GOD was there;
 Amidst the rocks he saw his awful frown,
 He saw – and trembling sought again the Town,
 Tried in the Crowd to mingle and be gay,
 But 'twould not do – again he turned away.
 And in the peaceful valley thought to gain,
 A refuge from himself – but all in vain.
 The murmuring river, as it sighed along -
 The warbling bird that hymned its grateful Song -
 The children's prattling lisp the Cattles cheerful
 low -
 All fell like Discard on this Man of Woe.
 Within the forest wild he thought to shroud
 But there a mighty voice was heard aloud
 Each leafy tree that whispered in the gale,
 Each bough that creak'd against him seem'd to rail
 All nature seem'd in league his heart to bend
 To him from whom all Nature did descend,
 But 'twas in vain; his stubborn heart rebell'd,
 And Sin and Sorrow still, in gloomy bondage held.
 After a long wandering thro' his native Isle,
 He hither came, where Ernes bright waters smile
 Bound Ballyshannon's hospitable town.
 Beloved Home, oh! 'ne'er may Discords Frown
 The bond of unanimity unbind,
 Which here among thy children
 Kindness hath entwin'd
 And long may hospitality with smiling *fa[ce]*
 Welcome a Stranger with a native grace
 To all the many comforts which surround the place.
 The Solitary man all summer's day,
 Along the water's edge still loved to stray
 And watch the Salmon leave their native deep,
 With bended tails to take their wondrous leap,
 Up the high ledge where sparkling waters rush
 O'er fume stain'd racks that tinge the foamy gush,
 With yellow, brown, and white of purest dye,
 In which the shining Salmon seem to fly
 To the astonishment of many a
 pleased and gazing eye
 Or else he'd sit and mark the nets when thrown,
 And anxious count the fish as if they were his own:
 Or when the evening calm and brightly shone,
 He'd take his seat upon some moss grown stone,
 And gaze upon the sun-lit lustrous Bay
 Where many small boats plied their shining way
 Crowning his view the sparkling Sand hills rais'd
 Their yellow tops and in the sun shine blaz'd
 And often from the boats sweet music stole
 "Like memory of past joys upon the Soul
 And then his bosom felt a short relief
 From, Sins sad weight, and sorrows silent grief
 Oh! Music, who could hearty strains, nor find
 A sort of thrilling rapture steal across the mind

Speaking of Home, of Love,
of Friendships fondly twin'd.
Thus summer pass'd away, and winter sear
Fell on the ancient man with hand severe,
Disease crept o'er his frame, and he no more
Could reach the church or linger on the shore
But in his little room unknowing and unknown
He heard the bitter sigh the heart felt moan
Oh! could we hope that tho' he lent no ear
To earthly comforter, that one was near
To succour and to save. In this lone state
Some months he linger'd: miserable fate
Was his: in a strange place,
With children living, and yet not one face;
Of friend or kindred near, to stop his awful race.
Would that I here could pause nor further tell
How this unhappy aged wanderer fell,
But Truth forbids, and draws the Veil away
Which Pity fain would wrap around the Suicides
clay.
It was the Sabbath; and he begged that day,
The congregation of the Church would pray
For him, as for a Man sick unto death
Who held from GOD frail tenure of his breath
'Twas done as he desir'd, their prayers were given,
For his recovery to the King of heaven.
But, oh! how inconceivable Man's heart
Where unrul'd passions sway with powerful art,
That very night he rais'd his sinful hand
And spoil'd the Temple built by GODS command
Gave up his Body full of guilt and shame
Unto the dust from whence its atoms came
Closed his long life by this dread deed of Sin
And hardly found a Grave to shroud him in.
I now will close this melancholly Tale
And for its humble style your pardon crave
But oh! should thoughts of Guilt your heart assail
Go – ponder o'er the **Suicides** low Grave.

June 18 – 1825 Ballyshannon

My Epitaph - [3]

When e'er this heart hath ceas'd to beat
And when Life's voice is ran
I ask no other Epitaph
Than "Poor Mary Ann!"

No high flown compliments I crave,
No false and flattering wreath
As if to mock the silent grave
And her who sleeps beneath.

But, ah! I ask each much loved friend
When e'er they pass the spot,
Softly to say "Poor Mary Ann"
Thou art not yet forgot

For oft I think (and do not smile)
And call my thoughts not vain
The parting hour it would beguile
And soothe the farewell pain

Yes, oft I think my Spirit may
Revisit this dear place
And hover round each well-known spot
And gaze on each loved face.

And hear the voice of each dear one
In accents kind repeat;
"Poor Mary Ann" ere passing on.
Ah! yes, that thought is sweet.

Then, then whene'er my life is done
(And Life is but a span)
May no inscription grace my stone
But Poor Mary Ann. -

To Mary Britton [4]

On hearing she was likely to leave Ballyshannon

Must you too go – oh! Mary dear,
And break our social little set?
Stay with us, stay, we love you here,
Why fill our bosoms with regret.

Stay with us, stay! our hearts are true
Fonder elsewhere you will not meet,
Stay with us stay – ne'er bid adieu
To social friends and home so sweet

Another friend – another friend
Yes, one by one away they've pass'd
Now here, now there, their course they bend
I fear I'll be alone last.

Alone! - ah! solemn word to hear
It thrills my heart with doubt and dread
It speaks of those who once were near
Friends absent now or cold – or dead.

Alone! - I look around to see -
The Play mates of my childish hours
But they are gone – are lost to me
They've vanished like the last years
flowers.

Alone! - the friends of riper Years
 They too pass on and leave my heart
 A shrine which Mem'ry bathes with tears
 From whence Remembrance cannot part.

Another friend – another friend
 Ah! when will parting hours be o'er,
 When will we reach that blessed end
 Where friends shall meet to part no more.

Then stay with us, Oh! Mary dear
 Our hearts are warm, and fond and true
 Stay with us, stay – we love you here,
 Then grieve us not with sad adieu.

Ballyshannon February 9th 1832
Auld lang Syne [5]

To Mrs. Folingsby on her giving me a very
 beautiful little Music Book to contain my Favourite
 Songs

Thanks for thy little Book, friend
 That gift of love to me;
 When on its leaves I look friend
 Be sure I'll think of thee.
 You bid me on its pages trace
 Each favourite Song of mine
 Ah, yes – for Songs recall each face
 We loved in Auld lang Syne

You know I value much friend,
 Sweet Music's thrilling art:
 Ah! naught like it can touch, friend,
 The feelings of the heart.
 Each note we hear in joys bright hour,
 like Spring Showers in Sunshine.
 Wakes into life some lovely flower
 some thought of Auld lang Syne.

And when Afflictions press, friend
 And language soothes in vain
 Some thought of Happiness, friend
 May start at Music's strain.
 And care, and grief then vex no more.
 And Hope shines forth divine,
 And Life puts on the smiles it wore
 In happy Auld lang Syne.

Should e'er my footsteps rove, friend
 From my dear native Home,
 When far from those I love, friend

How sweet would Music come
 O'er Mem'ry's wide and silvery sea
 At busy days decline;
 Then every Song would speak to me
 Of pleasant "Auld lang Syne"

Is there, through Earth's wide bound friend
 A cold, unfeeling heart;
 Who loves not Music's sound friend?
 Who scorns her melting art?
 I would not be that icy thing
 For India's richest mine:
 No - I would rather speak and Sing
 Of cheerful Auld lang Syne.

Oh! oft do I rejoice, friend
 In Memory's magic power;
 By which I hear each voice, friend,
 That charmed some by gone hour.
 Then thanks for thy dear Music Book
 Its every leaf shall shine,
 With some remember'd smile and look
 Of happy Auld lang Syne.

- 1831 -

A Riddle [6]

My first is wished for, when rude tempest roar
 And comes to cheer the weary sailor's
 breast
 My seconds soothing voice is heard to pour
 Its solemn pleasing strains on Sabbaths
 rest,
 The form a Poets name whose tender lays,
 Have won and well deserved a wreath of Bays.

[Cam – bel.]

The Bishop of Damala [7]

or The Epicure served

Sons of pride, of Wealth and glory
 Boast not of your high estate,
 Listen to the little Story
 I am going to relate.

Epicures! whose earnest wishes
 Day by day are all the same;
 Longing still for loaves and fishes

let this tale attention claim

Is it not a shame that creatures
 With a reasoning Soul indeed
 Should, like Swine of brutish natures
 Think of nothing but their Food. [*Feed?*]

Is it not a wonder, seeing
 The Creators power and might
 We should from his Worship fleeing
 Make a God of Appetite.

Foolish Men! is not the kernel
 Far more precious than the Shell
 Remember then the Soul's eternal
 It in joy or grief must dwell;

But all worthless when the Spirit
 Leaves the Body in its cell;
 Why then treat with so much merit,
 The poor useless husk or Shell.

But I now will place before ye,
 One who fell from Honour great
 From a Bishops rank and glory
 To a slaves poor wretched state.

In the ancient Epidaurus
 Situated in classic Greece;
 Lived a Bishop once, who for his
 Love of eating, lost his peace.

Being presented with some fishes
 Quite offended at their size,
 For gluttonous and great his wishes
 They look'd little in his eyes

He resolved to go next morning
 The poor Fishermen to watch:
 Oh! ye Gluttons, pray take warning
 Proverb says "Have watch harm catch."

In the Boat h long sat bending
 O'er the Fish with longing eyes:
 Nor mark'd a Corsairs boat attending
 To make him and his crew their prize:

He only saw one fish, exceeding
 In its size the other Fish;
 He only thought what rich, sweet feeding
 It would be when on his dish.

But, like wintry tempest blasting
 Buds that a rich promise gave;
 So the Corsairs chains came – casting
 Bishops hopes beneath the wave.

Now no more behold him seated
 In the Boat quite at his ease.
 All his visions fair have fled
 He's a captive on the Seas.

And when on the Shore he's landed
 Crowds before him bow no more;
 See, with chains his hands are banded,
 Bishop, all your pomp is o'er!

'Reft of his wealth and bravery
 See the haughty Prelate weep,
 He must now grind wheat in slavery
 And rock an Arab child to sleep.

Bishop of Damala! pity
 'Tis, to see you treated so!
 Harken to his mournful ditty
 Of his folly and his woe.

"I was once a Bishop! Stranger!
 But devoid of common Sense;
 I for Fish put lie in danger
 Slavery was my recompense.

Not content with little Fishes
 I left my palace for the Waves,
 But gained instead of Savoury dishes
 The bitter food of burdened Slaves.

Now all hopeless! I must never
 See Damala! my employ
 Is to turn the Mill – and ever
 Lull to sleep the Arab Boy."

Oh! then Epicure, and Glutton,
 Of what ever rank or age;
 Cut with thankful heart your Mutton
 Your just hunger to assuage.

But never strive the luscious palate
 And pamper'd Appetite to please;
 Lest like Damala's greedy Prelate
 You lose Fish, Fortune, Health, and Ease.

This Story is taken from an anecdote in Dr.
 Chandlers Travels: he says "when the People of
 Damala
 (a Bishopric of Epidaurus in the Morea) would
 describe a person who suffers from his own
 indiscretion they call him "Bishop of Damala."
 alas! how many Bishops of Damala do we see
 round us in all ranks and degrees

[Chandler, Richard: *Travels in Greece (1776)*]

Granna Uille – A legend of Howth

[8]

By M. A. A. of Ballyshannon

“Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me
Directly in my face – my WOMANS face -
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear, but from my danger
To lay hold on your mercies “

Bonduca

“The Wandering Pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat,
’Twas built with Turrets on a rising ground.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain.”

Parnel

Granna Uille [9]

Who has not heard of famous Granna Uille
The Connaught Pirate: who unfurl’d her sail
And made her vessel bound along the seas
Fearless of rocks and shoals and adverse breeze!
Who has not heard how she in England’s court
By uncouth manners, made for Nobles sport!
And how her fingers were as kerchief used,
At which the good Queen Bess was much amused,
And how the Queen a handkerchief bestow
And Granna condescended to wipe her nose,
Then threw the fine silk present in the fire:
Thud did she act, till Queen and Nobles tire
Of keeping her in handkerchiefs; and so
She’s left to use her hands as she was wont to do.
But soon she tired of England’s Court and Queen,
And left the gay and brilliant festive scene.
Climb’d her tall vessels side; and hail’d once more
The cliffs of Erin’s loved and lovely shore
“Welcome!” she cried; “my own! my native Home
Ah! never will I again to England roam
The heartless pageantry of courts can ne’er
With kind Céad maille Failta, e’er compare
There’s nothing there but pompous feasts & show
Here hospitable mirth; and doors that never close.
Away, away cold land! bound swift my keel
And touch the shore where Strangers
share each meal.”
Thus Granna spoke – and shortly, nothing loath,
Sprang from the deck upon the rocks of HOWTH.
Alas! even Patriotic Boasters feel,
Sometimes a cruel curb to check their zeal;

Their Amor Patria, by adverse gates
Is often Wreck’d, as now was Granna Uille’s:
And if a Fall to pride of country’s due:
Oh! pride of SELF! what should be tide to you!
Embosomed in a dark and ancient wood
Upon a hills steep side Howth Castle stood
In front a park well stock’d with playful deer
And in the near up rose high cliffs all wild and drear
Granna proceeded to the castle straight -
What mean those close shut doors?
that barre’d up Gate?
Has black Misfortune enter’d lately here?
Has Death withdrawn a valued friend and drear?
Thus Granna ask’d when to her summons came,
A Page who quailed before the angry dame.
“No, Lady, No! the trembling Menial said,
Before the Lord of Howth, is dinner laid,
And ’tis his custom ever at this Meal
To keep his doors all closed.” Upon her heel
With scorn and anger Granna turn’d: then strode,
Back to the Shore from this unkind abode,
“The poor, mean hearted wretch!” thus muttered she
At every step: “Ah! do I live to see
An Irish Nobleman shut up his gate
At dinner hour! I’ll be revenged - and late
And long he’ll mourn: (but it will not avail!)
That e’er his house was shut ’gainst Granna Uille.”
Whilst thus her bosom boil’d like whirlpool wild,
Amidst the rocks she spied a lovely child,
Dark were his eyes and full of sparkling light,
Black were his locks that curl’d o’er forehead
white.
Red were his cheeks, brightening with youthful
glow
Gay was his step, as yet he knew not woe.
Beside him on a rock a woman sat
Watching his harmless sports. “Whose Son’s that?”
Stern Granna said. “The Lord of Howth’s lov’d
Heir”
The Nurse replied. As Tigress from her lair
Springs on a lamb, so sprang she on the Boy
And clutched him in her arms and cried with joy;
“Go Woman tell your Lord at every Meal
To recollect his Son, and Granna Uille
Who could not bear to see a child so fine
Shut out of doors while selfish Churls dine.
With care will Granna rear the noble Boy
To take in Hospitality a joy
Ne’er shall he know from what descent he came
Nor blush at Howth’s inhospitable name
Go Woman! let the Lord of Howth grow pale
For his loved heir is gone with Granna Uille.”
Thus saying to her ship she went and gay
The gallant vessel scudded o’er the Bay

Bearing the pirate and her prize away.
 But 'tis not my intention to prolong,
 To tedious length my story: 'twould be wrong
 To trifle with your patience reader dear,
 Whoever you may be that readeth here,
 Suffice it then to say the Lord of Howth,
 Promised to Granna with a solemn oath,
 That at his Meals hence forth for ever more,
 The Stranger still should find, a seat and open door
 This point being gain'd their tears and prayers
 prevail
 And the Lost Heir returned, to Howth
with Granna
 Uille.

- This famous Pirate lived in Queen Elizabeth's
 days and was presented at court: her real name was
 Dolly O'Malley; but she received the nick name of
 Granna Uille, which signified Ugly Elbow: the
 words are to be pronounced as it written Grannia
 Wail.

The Absent [9]

- composed during a walk on the Mall

'Tis pleasant by the Ernes stream
 In twilights gentle hour.
 To wander on, and fondly dream
 Of the Absent Ones whose faces seem
 Around you then to smile and beam
 By Memory's magic power.

'Tis sweet to see the full moon glide,
 Of a calm and cloudless even,
 O'er the azure sky in beauty's pride,
 With the pale stars twinkling by her side
 Illumining the rippling tide
 With the soft pure light of Heaven

And sweet and pleasant 'tis to stray,
 At that peaceful, holy, hour,
 With those you've known for many a day
 Whose smiles of love have cheer'd life's way
 Like sunbeams bright – or moons pale ray
 Refreshing the little flower.

But 'tis not alone by Erne bright
 That I think on my friends as I wander
 But when I look on a clear soft night
 When moon and stars shed their placid light
 Then Memory with calm delight
 On the Absent loves to ponder.

May 27 1832

To Bessy Crawford [10]

- On our Meeting after an absence of Two Years

And do I once more hold thee fast,
 To this fond heart of mine?
 And do you love as in times past
 In happy Auld lang Syne.

My Bessy dear, how many a change
 Hath pass'd since we two met;
 Aye! alterations sad and strange
 But hearts cannot forget

Hearts that have fondly beat for Years
 Not Absence self can chill,
 Joys brightest smiles – Hopes bitterest tears
 Leave them unalter'd still.

Why, why should coldness ever come,
 To darken Life's short day?
 Alas! earth's such a transient home
 So sad – so brief our stay.

We should not by a word unkind
 E'er sully Mem'ry's page:
 Enough of real Grievs we'll find
 From childhood's hour to Age.

But why speak I of words unkind,
 None from your lips e'er fell;
 Through life I've found (and still will find)
 You love me dearly – well -

My Bessy! as I hold you fast
 To this fond heart of mine;
 I feel you love, as in times past
 In happy Auld lang Syne.

August 1832 Ballyshannon- **Lines** - [11]

Addressed to a Tooth taken out from a Skull in the
 old Abbey of Boyle, and given to me by my friend
 Bessy Crawford a valuable gift to a Collector of
 Curiosities.

Poor Relic of departed Life!
 Memento of Past days!
 Oh! could you speak, you'd tell of strife,
 Of sorrow, grief, amaze!

Of childhood's bright and fleeing time
 When not a cloud was near;

Till Passions came with Manhood's prime
And mark'd each after year.

Alas! 'tis sad to look upon
A smiling little child;
And think, hen few brief years are gone
How chang'd by tempers wild

How love of Self our actions guide
With overwhelming sway;
How Fame, Ambition, Wealth, and Pride,
Our better thoughts betray.

Oh! could you speak, of hopes you'd tell

Peaceful, and happy – but a spell,
Too soon destroy the dream: -

Of warm affections, blighted, chill'd -
Of joys for ever flown -
Of Towers, which fancy scarce can build
Till they're in Ruins strewn.

Yes lone Memento of frail Life,
Poor Relic of past days:
Oh! could you speak you'd tell of strife
Of sorrow – Grief – amaze! -
1832

The old Man's Lament [12]

Dead is Dead – and Gone is Gone -

In some of the Old towns in Germany at the close
of the Year, the Watchmen in their nightly rounds
make use of the solemn words Dead is dead and
Gone is gone – to remind the inhabitants that
another year is past away as a Tale that is told.

All the friends of Youth have left me
One by one they've wandered on
Time, of every joy has left me
Dead is dead – and Gone is gone!

PARENTS? their fond hearts now moulder
In deaths sad and silent bed;
Since their tie the world seems colder
Gone is gone and dead is dead.

BROTHERS? they are all estranged
Business reigns in Feelings' stead -
SISTERS? they – even they are changed,
Gone is gone - and dead is dead -

Oh! too well do I remember

How Youths happy spring went on
But Life's now a long December
Dead is dead – and Gone is gone.

FRIENDS? Oh! they have all grown careless,
As Life's sea they've launch'd upon.
Hearts are cold – and eyes are tearless -
Dead is dead – and Gone is gone -

And, Alas! my Life's bright blossom,
Whose fond love still cheere'd me on:
SHE was torn from my bosom
Dead is dead – and Gone is Gone.

Another weary is dying
Many a year has bowed my head
Since I've heard with bitter sighing
Gone is Gone -! and Dead is Dead ...

Memoirs of Norway [13]

The Curious Cat

“Lament in Rhyme , lament in Prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose,
Our Bardies fate is near a close,
Past a remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Norway's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In Norway dead! “

BURNS

[*Poor Mailie's Elegy 1783*]

The Curious Cat

“Cats of each class, craft, calling, and degree
Mourn this calamitous cat-as-tro-phe!
The Premier Cat upon the Cat-a-logue
No more shall cater thro' the house for prog
But like like Alemenas, shall Grimalkins son
In bliss repose, - his mousing labours done,
Fate, envy, curs, time, tide, and traps, defy,
And cat-er-waul – to all eternity!”

This passage taken from a Monody on the Death of Dick an Academical Cat, by Mr. Huddesford, is a very appropriate motto to my Memoirs of Norway: this curious Cat became a Member of our family, about sixteen or seventeen years ago, exchanging the hardships of Sea-faring life, for ease and comfort as a Parlour boarder.

The Cat belonged to the Captain of a Norway trading vessel; and being a great pet, accident alone made it ours: one day the cabin boy of another vessel seeing this curious animal playing about the rigging, seized it, and having in the wantonness of cruelty cut its throat, almost across, threw it over board: but its owner seeing it struggle in the water, drew it out, and on accusing the mischievous Boy, he defended himself by saying, he took it for a wild outlandish cat, that it was no harm to kill:

the poor Cat was brought to our house to be nursed; and, when recovered the Captain thought it better for his favourite to remain in safe harbourage for the rest of its days, than to be exposed to the cares and the fears when the stormy tempests blow; and not without regret he made us a present of the Gray, Blue Cat as he called her.

And a beautiful animal Norway was in her Young days, ere Age turned her whiskers white, ruffled her fur, soured her temper, and stretches her lazily along the hearth-rug from morn till night. Her size very much exceeded that of the Cats of this country; the fur, soft as silk, and latterly of a dark slate colour, though in youth it was of a lighter and bluer shade.

her habits too were curious; as she preferred drinking water rather than milk, and must always have a glass left for her on the sideboard, to prevent her throwing down the jugs placed on it, in search of her favourite beverage:

of course she was fond of Flesh, Fish, and Fowl; and delighted much in a nosegay of early spring flowers, Primroses, Polyanthus and Periwinkles, forming a Dessert as much to her taste, as Grapes Peaches and Melons to ours:

but Lobster was the delight of her heart: and many a good plate and dish came to an untimely end by her penchant for the Savoury morsel left on the highest shelf in the Pantry; to use a figurative expression, she would have given her eyes for a

bit; and literally speaking was once near giving her claw up in a struggle for a tit bit, as the following Story designed for the edification and amusement of my numerous Nephews and Nieces can testify.

The Cat and the Lobster

OR

Greediness rewarded

A favourite Cat, and one in truth,
Deserving to be so;
Who had been brought in early Youth,
From Norway's land of Snow

By turns a Pet with all the house,
Well pamper'd you may guess;
Preferring for before a Mouse
A Lobsters tasty mess.

Her size was great – her eyes were wild
Her claws were sharp and strong
Yet she gentle to each Child,
Tho' fierce all beasts among.

Chinchilly colour'd was this Cat,
Her fur like eider down;
She was a terror to the Rat,
A wonder to the Town.

One morning as this Norway Cat
(As she was wont to do)
On a stool within the kitchen sat,
To keep the Meat in view,

Lest any favourite morsel should
Be stolen or given away,
She saw where on the floor, sweet food!
A fine large Lobster lay.

(A Lobster is a Shellfish, all
With hard crust covered o'er;
With two long feelers sharp and small
And claws that nip right sore)

Her eyes expanded at the sight,
She bounded from her seat;
Purring aloud in great delight
At this most wish'd for treat.

But, Greediness does in the end,
Some punishment still meet;
Then Children my advice attend,

And care not what you eat;
 Ask not for Sugar, Jam or Cake,
 But take what friends think best;
 For Greediness will surely make
 A Child, a peevish Pest.

But to my Tale. The Lobster saw
 The movements of the Cat;
 Now smelling it, then with her paw
 She'd give it a sly pat;

Then nearer and more near she'd draw
 Whilst quietly it lay;
 Till suddenly within its claw
 It made her foot its prey.

Oh! then to hear poor Norway's cries
 Was sad enough no doubt;
 Whilst round and round the room she flies
 But Lobster won't let out

Til tired at last of such a race
 It opened wide its claw;
 And frightened Norway left the place,
 With sore and aching Paw:

Oh! then of Greediness beware
 And think of Norway's Paw
 Lest you, in things that look most fair,
 Should feel a LOBSTERS claw.

When allowed to sit on the knee, a seat that
 Norway was very fond of; she used to get a part of
 the Dress into her mouth, and suck it as she slept:
 when young she was very active and playful,
 fetching like a Dog whatever you rolled along the
 floor for her amusement

at breakfast she used to feed herself out of an egg
 cup, into which small bits of broken bread were
 put, which she picked out very nicely on one of her
 long nails, and put into her mouth after the manner
 of a Monkey.

But, alas! for poor Norway

“Now the slow course of all impairing time
 Unstrings her nerves, and ends her feline prime
 Now her chill blood is curled in her veins
 And but the shadow of a Cat remains.”

In June 1829 she was seized with a Paralysis in her
 hind limbs, and shortly after became blind; and it

was a melancholy thing to see her when she
 wished to move, trying to support herself against
 the wall;
 and when unable, looking up piteously in your
 face, and crying feebly for you to lift her. It was at
 this time the following lines were addressed to
 Norway when blind and powerless

Oh! very much grieves my heart
 To see thee my poor Norway Cat;
 With feeble limbs, and blinded eyes, thou art
 Unable to catch a Mouse or Rat.

Oh much it grieves me – for perchance I may,
 Be feeble too, and blind some future day,
 A sudden stroke of sickness may be nigh
 To paralyze my limbs, and dim mine eye -
 So that I needs must sigh to look at thee
 And think that as thou art, I too may be.

Oh! when I think upon the pleasant days
 When thou wert young, and gain'd
 from all due praise,
 Thy soft and shining skin of slaty blue,
 Thy large bright eyes of ever changing hue,
 Thy antic gambols full of life and glee,
 Thy social temper from all malice free;

And now to see thee, feeble, old and weak.
 While tears from thy blind eyes run down thy
 cheek,
 Thy tottering limbs slip powerless on the floor,
 And all thy beauty, all thy joy is o'er.
 Alas! poor Norway! sad it is to see
 The grievous change old age hath wrought in thee.
 So that I needs must sigh to look at thee
 And think that as thou art, I too may be

Poor Norway continued in this miserable state till 4
 December 1829; when Five Members of the
 Family, in congress assembled, agreed that in
 compassion to her and themselves, she should be
 released from her sufferings; and accordingly a
 Man was employed to put her to death in the
 easiest manner: and here some may take up a
 Lament and say

Let ancient Poets sing the praise
 Of tender hearted Woman kind;
 But in these most degenerate days
 No tenderness in them I find

Oh! Woman where's the winning grace
 That once we hear adorned thy Sex.
 Alas! fine feelings fled your race
 You only seek our hearts to vex

The favourite CAT, that long did keep
 The house from Rat-intruders free;
 Is thrown into the flood so deep
 Oh! what a sad Cat-as-trophe –

Into the river it was thrown
 No tender tear for it was wept!
 Women! your hearts are like a stone,
 For down the cat-aract 'twas swept.

Me thinks upon the stream I trace
 A little while - thy painful course;
 Me thinks I see thy piteous face
 And hear thy voice with mewling hoarse.

“Oft in the stilly night” when all
 Are sweetly locked in balmy sleep;
 In dreams I wonder near the fall,
 To see the glittering salmon leap,

Alas! no Salmon meet my view,
 Not even a water fowl or Rat;
 Imagination paints but you,
 My ill requited, murdered Cat.

Oh! cruel were the hands that bound thee
 And let thee in the water fall!
 Oh! cruel was the stream that drown'd thee
 But crueller thy friends than all.

But fare thee well! peace to thy Manes.
 Thy death shall glad each mouse and rat.
 By time alone, my heart shall gain ease
 Oh! fare thee well, poor Norway Cat.

Others may say that this was Cruelty; but cruelty to
 Animals, consists rather in keeping them in
 torment, than in ridding them of a wearisome
 existence: for the Beasts that perish, have no
 immortal Soul that can Suffer by the dissolution of
 the Body, and therefore when they become
 obnoxious to the Human race, it is neither cruelty,
 or shame to put them to death, so it be not done in
 a lingering manner.

Thus fell Norway! and I may truly say we will
 never look upon her like again. I will conclude my
 Memoir of Norway, by a Threnody on her death,
 only stopping here to remark, that her Species is
 not common in Norway: and I have read in Dr.
 Clarks entertaining Travels, that Cats answering
 her description were brought from Persia and sold
 in the Russian markets as great Curiosities.

Threnody

Or Song of Lamentation on the Death of the
 Curious Cat.

* O'Hone a Rie! O'Hone a Rie!
 The pride of Feline race is o'er.
 So fine a CAT we ne'er shall see,
 Since gray blue Norway is no more!

Peep forth from out your holes, ye Mice
 And scamper through the house with glee!
 Walk out ye Rats – eat all that's nice,
 For dead is your arch Enemy!

Sing merrily ye little Wrens,
 Ye Wag-tails, and ye Sparrows bold;
 Ye Red breasts – Chickens – Cocks, and Hens,
 Rejoice your Eater now lies cold.

Be glad ye spotted Trout – and leap
 Ye Salmon blithely up the fall;
 Ye Turbot and ye Haddock keep
 A Jubilee, in Oceans hall.

Ye Mail clad Warriors of the Sea,
 Ye Crabs and Lobsters join the Song.
 Ye Shell cased Oysters form a glee,
 With Razor-fish and Cockles strong.

* O'Hone a Rie signifies alas! for the Prince or
 Chief. [*Scott: Glenfinlas or Lord Ronald's
 Coronach 1799*]

And is your race poor Norway, run,
 And will we never see you more,
 Ah! many a pleasant day of fun
 We've had in days that now are o'er.

When we were full of Youthful mirth
 And frolicked every hour away;
 You a gay kitten on the hearth,
 And we, as kittens wild and gay.

But Age will tame the merriest heart –
 And stamp grave looks on every brow;
 And Time the fondest friends will part
 As Death, poor Norway! parts us now.

O'Hone a Rie! O'Hone a Rie!
 The pride of Feline race is o'er
 So fine a Cat we never shall see,
 Since gray blue Norway is no more.

The skin of Norway is still in my possession
 measuring one yard in length without the Tail,

To Memory [15]

Oh! Mem'ry! o'er thy blotted page,
 What varied scenes we trace;
 Thought after thought in contest wage
 Like those that run a race:

Bright scenes of pleasure glide along
 Scenes that will charm no more,
 When love with sweetness purely shone.
 Sweetness, alas! all o'er.

Youths happy moments too are fled,
 Leaving a wreck behind;
 Cold as the stone rais'd o'er the dead
 By hand of friendship kind.

Yet who would seek their hearts to free
 From thy enchanting will:
 Oh! Life would have no charm for me,
 Without thy tender thrill.

When joys have pass'd like beams of light,
 Again ne'er to return;
 Say who would quench the thoughts that bright
 Upon the bosom burn.

Oh! Memory melancholy power,
 Still in my bosom reign;
 Thou soothest many a weary hour
 I would not break thy chain

Thy buds are twin'd with smiles and tears,
 With flowers both sad and gay,
 Smiles – for the bliss of happy years -
 Tears – that they're pass'd away.

The Parting Hour

[16]

On the 11 July 1827 the May-flower a passenger vessel for America (the first that left our harbour) fell down the Bay, to Coolnarget and took in the Emigrants: the evening was lovely; the scene beautiful – beautiful, yet sad: the parting of friends, who, perhaps will never meet again, is a melancholy sight; the bitter yet repressed sobs of one – the wild and loud screams of another fall on the heart with a sensation not to be described. When the last boat reached the Ship, some Musicians, who had gone as a Convoy to their friends so far, began to play the touching air of Auld lang Syne with an effect felt by every heart, and never to be forgotten by me: many a Passenger Ship I have seen since unfurl its sails for the new World; but none made such an impression on my heart as this first glimpse of a

The Parting Hour [17]

’Tis the twilights gentle Season,
Oh! how lovely all appears;
At this hour ’tis sweet to gaze on
Scenes which Memory endears.

Scenes of early joy and gladness,
Scenes of childhood’s blithsome day;
Crowd upon my mind with sadness
For those days have pass’d away.

All have pass’d away for ever,
As the dew of early morn;
But sweet recollections never
From my bosom can be torn.

Oh! how sweet is days declining
Oh! how lovely is this scene;
The Sun is set, but purely shining
Rises evenings star serene

O’er the Sky, the moon is sailing
With a deep and ruddy glow.
All is calm. – what means that wailing?
Why those heavy sobs of Woe?

O! ’tis come, the sad, sad, hour
Fathers, mothers, children part;
Grief rules now with bitter power,
O’er the vent and aching heart.

Every hill is covered over
With a Group of weeping friends.
Sister, brother, friend and Lover

Every tie sad sorrow rends.

Each one to the Vessel turning,
Seems in distance to retrace;
Those dear friends for whom they’re mourning,
Each beloved and well known face.

Mem’ry too, with painful pleasure
At that moment reckons o’er;
Every tender look, to treasure
In the heart as precious store.

Each kind word of Love, once spoken
Thro’ long years of grief and pain;
Now is thought of as a Token
Left by those who cross the Main.

Every fault is now forgotten,
Buried deep as in the grave;
Nothing now but love is thought on
Love for those who cross the wave.

Hush! ’tis Music! sweetly stealing
Oh! how thrilling is the strain.
Cold the heart – devoid of feeling
If not touched with love, and pain.

Hush! ’tis Music! softly playing
Auld lang Syne’s, heart stirring lay.
“Tho’ seas between us roar” ’tis saying
“Forget not auld lang Syne’s blithe day.”

“Forget not those who cross the Ocean

Those who shall ne’er with glad emotion
Behold their native Erin more.”

“Those who in foreign climes must wonder,
Thro’ forest and Savannas roam;
Those whose fond bosoms oft shall ponder
On absent friends and native home.”

“Fare well home – and friends of Childhood –
Erin green, fare well to thee
Come ye unknown fields and wild wood,
You must now our country be.”

Silent night is now descending,
We can see the ship no more;
Fare well may kind gales attending,
Waft you to your destined shore.

Oh! fare well – fare well for ever!
May you prosper on your way:
Oh! fare well – fare well - and never
Cease for Erin’s weal to pray.

Welcome Home - [17]

Welcome Home! – oh words of Gladness
 Ever pleasing to the heart;
 Tho' it also sounds with sadness,
 For from Some it bids you part.

None can always round them gather
 All the friends they value dear
 As you can't have summer weather
 Through the circles of the year.

Some must far away be dwelling
 Inmates of another home;
 Others fortunes frowns repelling
 Doom'd in foreign lands to roam.

But by memory's help we ever
 May be near to those we love;
 Fortune may our persons sever
 But our hearts she cannot move.

Welcome Home! cold and unfeeling
 Would the heart be who could hear;
 And not prize those words revealing
 Friendship and good will sincere.

Welcome Home! thus am I greeted,
 By each person that I meet
 Friends may we hear it repeated
 After death in accents sweet.

For 'tis said Angels in heaven
 Through its wide eternal dome;
 When a ransomed soul's forgiven
 Hail it with a Welcome Home!

The Curious Mouse [18]

A true Story

One lovely Summer morning
 Miss Bessy left her bed,
 And hastened to the store-room
 To get Potatoe-bread

To get Potatoe-bread, that she
 Might it for Breakfast toast:
 When her progress was arrested,
 By a Mouse or Mouses Ghost.

Up on the Cakes this Spectre,
 This curious Object sat;
 She stared at it then called to her
 The Servants and the Cat.

“Come Catherine, Mary, quickly,
 Haste, haste, or 'twill be gone!”
 They came – but still upon the cakes
 The little Mouse sat on.

With fear and with astonishment
 This curious sight they saw:
 The Mouse sat still, save now and then
 It shook its tiny paw.

It shook it at them threateningly
 As it sat upon the food
 While the Servants cried out fearfully
 This Mouse cannot be Good.

And it was strange sight surely
 As was e'er seen in a house
 On the cakes, as on a Monument
 Sat a little tiny Mouse,

Which never tried to run away
 Tho' foes around it saw
 But kept its place unshrinkingly,
 And shook its Hairy paw.

At length the Servants courage took
 When they saw it sitting still;
 And acting Judge and Jury
 The curious Mouse they kill.

They agreed it must be thieving,
 As they caught it near the food,
 And passed their verdict Guilty;
 By saying it was not Good.

Thus was this poor Mouse murdered
 And laid among the dead; Because it had an Irish
 taste
 And loved Potatoe bread.

Then all ye Mice take warning
 And ponder ere you take
 Your breakfast or your supper
 On a nice Potatoe Cake.

Stanzas written in low Spirits [19]

Why is it that we wish to live?
 Why cling with such a grasp to life?
 The fleeting joy the world doth give
 Is poor amends for all its strife.
 Is it because our friends are dear?
 Alas! so quickly they pass on;
 We scarce have time to greet them here,
 And love them fondly till they're gone.

Is it because our Home is kind?
 That tender voices echoe there?
 Alas! soon may the winter wind
 Sigh thro' its walls in accents drear.
 Then wherefore do we wish to live?
 Why cling with such a grasp to life;
 The fleeting joy this world doth give,
 Is poor amends for all its strife.

The Complaint — [20]

On the 16th November 1829, the last of
 Four Friends and companions of my childhood,
 left
 Ballyshannon. Margaret, Mary and Bessy
 Crawford and

Thoning

Owesen:
 who are now all scattered here and there
 like the down of the thistle which the wind
 wafts about, whilst the stem is left in its
 old place alone.

My heart! my heart thy pulse is Sad,
 No joyous beat hast thou;
 For they who made my bosom glad
 Are torn from me now

FOUR loved Companions once were mine
 Now all are gone away;
 And I am left alone to pine
 Like leaf on withered spray.

One dear one, to the South is gone –
 One dear one, to the North;
 One dear One to the West! – so lone,
 I'm left to mourn their worth.

And he, the Playmate of my Youth
 In Norway's snowy clime
 Forgets the friends he loved with truth
 In childhood's happy time.

No wonder then, oh! heart thou'rt sad,
 No joyous beat hast thou.

Since they who made my bosom glad,
 Are torn from me now.

To a Profile [21]

of my friend Bessy Crawford

PROFILE of a friend most dear
 My heart with joy receives thee;
 Like sweet Hope thou wilt be near
 To soothe when absence grieves me.

Profile, all my cherish'd Friends
 One by One still leave me;
 Time the fondest friendship rends
 But thou canst never grieve me.

Profile, she who gave me, thee,
 May from me be taken;
 But I'm sure, I ne'er shall be
 From her bosom shaken.

Absence often casts a chill
 Over LOVES warm feeling;
 But fond Friendship shines on still,
 O'er the bosom stealing.

Profile, when sad thoughts arise
 At the days declining;
 Of the dear and sever'd ties
 Round mem'rys fire-side shining

With thy Sister * shade and thee
 I would sit conversing;
 Of the PAST, our talk should be
 Each pleasant day rehearsing.

Friends removed from this cold earth,
 Shall come round us smiling;
 Silent voices sound with mirth
 Winter's gloom beguiling.

Friends, removed by Fates decree,
 To some distant dwelling,
 Shall return, across the sea,
 Their hearts with love still swelling.

Thus, oh! Profile thou shall bring
 Parted friends around me
 In my heart, sad joy shall spring
 As these shades surround me.

* A profile of her sister Margaret also in my
 possession.

Although I now have left my Chamber next the
Sky

Farewell dear room – from thee I now descend,
No more in thee shall I fond verses twine,
But thou shalt be as dear as some lov'd friend,
Who shared the joys and sorrows of lang Syne.
Oh! fare thee well – along – at last – Good bye,
To thee my lov'd Poetic chamber next the Sky.

Riddle [24]

A wild, bleak, dessert weary waste of ground
Where scarce a leaf or flower's to be found;
Forms a great Poets name, whose verses shine,
With all the fairest flowers
that fancy's hand can
twine.

[Moore]

Song - [25]

See the shades of evening falling
See it darkens o'er the lea;
Hark the Nightingale is calling
Haste my love, oh haste to me

Now the gentle night descending
Brings forth fragrance from each tree,
Whist the summer breeze attending
Whispers love, oh! haste to me.

Why, oh why art thou delaying
Can thy heart forgetful be;
No, ah! no, I hear thee saying
Dearest love I come to thee.

Riddle - [26]

My first is anger, rave and passion,
My second's the dry ground,
My tout's the country where compassion
With bravest, kindest hearts are found.

[Ire – land.]

Darterry Mountain [27]

A POEM - DEDICATED
To my Companions in toil

M. Crawford
and
E. Kincaid

September 16th 1828 Ballyshannon

“Even now where Alpine Solitudes ascend
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend
And placed on high above the Storms career
Look down ward – “ GOLDSMITH

Darterry Mountain

Let learn’d Poets love to sing the praise
Of fam’d Parnassus, that most classic mountain
And the Nine Muses their sweet voices raise
Applauding Helicons inspiring fountain

But an unletter’d Bard like me, must make
Lough Melvin serve as my poetic fountain
And for Parnassus, be content to take
The highest peak of Darterry’s wild mountain.

“Oh! who can tell how hard it is to climb“
(save those who’ve tried) its sides
so steep &
dear,
Ye unambitious Souls, now in a rhyme
You may ascend, nor feel fatigued or weary.

“Oh! who can tell how hard it is to climb“
I can – and I – I hear my comrades sighing
But who could paint the scenes vast and sublime,
Which from the top, beneath the eye is lying

Behind, innumerable mountains stand
Hill upon hill all rudely, proudly, towering.
Like Sentinels, o’er some enchanted land,
With aspect wild, and brow all darkly lowering

Oh, what an amphitheater of hills is seen,
North, south, east, west, some odd shap’d
mount

revealing
Benbulbin, Pullaphooka – Barnesmore – Glenfin –
And, resting upon Oceans breast,
the Head of Teeling –

Near to the Mountains foot on which we stood

Lough Melvin lies fam’d for its *Gillarnaghs
And near it Oakfield, bosomed in a wood
With Kinloch church – oh! beautiful the view is.

* Gillarnaghs are a kind of Trout having
gizzards like Foul.

Far to the east the winding Erne you trace
Along Fermanagh's fertile county smiling;
Sparkling and kissing many a lovely place,
Bright as the glance of Love,
life’s stream beguiling.

Thus on its way it hastens gladly down,
Till from a Lough it changes to a river,
And gains at last, dear Ballyshannon’s Town,
Where soon in oceans gulf ’tis lost forever.

Like to the busy course of life it seems
Like it we hasten grasping some new pleasure
Till lost are all our gay and golden dreams,
Forgotten in the Grave each once prize’d
Treasure.

Turn to the West – there stretches to the view
The most sublime of Natures works – the Ocean
Whether, as calmly, deeply, beautifully Blue
It slumbers in the sun-shine void of motion

Or, in the turmoil of the wintry blast
Wave upon wave on awful warfare waging;
With crests of whiten’d from behind them cast
Like warriors proud on fields of Battle raging.

But see, the Mist creeps o’er the scene below,
Now one, and then another grace concealing
So o’er the human frame, Old Age creeps slow
The joys and charms of Youth too surely stealing

But cease poor Verse: for vain is thy skill
And weak thy words – and meagre
all thy
rhyming.

Oh! leave the lofty theme to worthier Quill,
Lest Pride should get a fall,
fames slippery mountain
climbing.

On the back of the book:]

For Thoning Owesen

APPENDIX C:

A CONNAUGHT RAMBLE

MARY ANN ALLINGHAM

A Connaught Ramble. *The Dublin Family Magazine*, July 1829. Pp 261-269.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN FAMILY MAGAZINE

Mr. Editor,

Hoping you will be as patriotic as your elder and reverend brother, Mr. Examiner, in patronizing tourists through your native Isle, by giving their rambles a place in your magazine; although they be not written with the lively and graphic pen of a C.O., whose admirable sketches illuminate most pleasantly the grave looks of the Christian Examiner; as if to show the world that Religion and cheerfulness, like man and wife Should go hand-in-hand through the pages of life.

Do not then, Mr. Editor, expect such real Irish characters as his; such romantic tales of old times; such beautiful descriptions of scenery; and in short, such a humorous style as pervades his Sketches, from the time he mounts Muckruss (or the Pig's Back,) in the county of Donegal, 'till he dismounts at Cape Clear, in Cork. But if a Connaught Ramble can interest you, here is one at your service, though, I fear, it will not prove as pleasant in the reading as it did in the performing.

Mr. Editor, have you ever been where the Erne's bright waters smile around Ballyshannon?

Have you ever loved to stray?

Along the water's edge, on a summer's day,
To watch the salmon leave their native deep,
With bended tails, to take their wond'rous leap
Up the high ledge, where sparkling waters rush
O'er 'time-stained; rocks, that tinge the foamy gush—
With yellow brown, and white, of purest dye,
In which the shining salmon seem to fly?

If you have not, give me leave to tell you that you are no epicure, or you would follow the example of Sir Humphry Davy, who came here, for two seasons, to enjoy in perfection salmon both in and out of the water. But I forgot that I was to leave home on a ramble to Sligo. The road lies between the range of Dartry Mountains and the Atlantic Ocean, diverging now as if to visit some wild mountain peak, and then hastening back towards the ocean, as if fearful of losing sight of its broad bosom. Three miles from Ballyshannon is

Bundoran, a small bathing place where folks gather,
To enjoy in close lodgings the warm summer weather;
And think that a dip in the sea is more sweet
Than the comforts and pleasures that they, at home, meet.
But all have their hobbies—the high and the low;
So *Gaudation Thantation* noc honan shin doe. *¹

The shore here is very rocky and steep; and not far from the town is a curious place called the Fairy Bridge, where the rocks form a beautiful arch, through which the sea rushes with great fury: near it is the Fairy's

¹ The chorus of an old Irish song, meaning what is it to any one whether or no; or, in other words, concern not yourself in others' affairs. (*In Irish, this would be written Caidé sin don té sin nach mbaineann sin dó*)

Gun—a hole about 20 or 30 feet from the sea, which, in stormy weather, emits a kind of vapour or smoke, and sometimes water, accompanied by a hollow sighing sound; and stones placed on the mouth of the hole are forced a little way into the air. Some miles farther on is the Devil's Bridge, near which is a little village called

Tullaghan, where, in the old merry days,
 Were held Fairs full of frolics, fights, fun, folly, frays;
 On one side is Tynt Lodge, with its gate houses queer—
 On the other Dungarberry ruins appear.
 On the left hand the Mountains their proud foreheads rear—
 On the right lies the Ocean—deceitful, yet fair.

As Tynt Lodge is part of the jaw-bone of a whale, which had been driven on that coast many years ago, and about four years since, after a violent storm, some fishermen perceived a body floating on the waves; and, as the Irish are fond of the marvelous, they immediately reported that they had seen the body of a woman, who, no doubt had been murdered and cast into the sea—never considering that, more probably, it was the body of some sailor, lost during the storm,. As there is a superstition among the lower orders here, as well as in Scotland, that it is unlucky to take an unknown human body out of the water: this figure was left for a day or two moving up and down on the waves, to the terror and wonder of the people, till at last a young man, stimulated by the promise of reward from Captain Caldwell, of Tynt Lodge, ventured to lay hold on this terrible figure, and dragging it to shore, behold! It was no less a person than the Ayrshire Poet, Robert Burns—dressed in a blue coat and top boots, with a book in one hand; he had been the figure head of the Ship Robert Burns, displaced during the storm, and now set up in the Whale's jaw— a curious pedestal, certainly, for the Poet of green fields and murmuring streams!² The following verses are to be supposed as an address from him to heroes and poets, many of whom suffered in life coldness, poverty and neglect, (poor Burns himself being a memorable instance,) and who, after their deaths, had storied urns and animated busts erected to their honor.

Oh all ye great men, who have had fine figures
 Of stone or wood erected to your honor
 You may now hide your heads in deep dishonor
 For I have one that vastly yours out-beggars.
 Ye lords and heroes wha hae done great actions
 In quelling wars, and raising up new factions,
 Lament, lament:
 For your great faces hang at public houses,
 Where jolly, idle, worthless folk carouses,
 And all the market people weekly houses,
 To their content—
 But never think, alas! Poor silly boors,
 What honored faces hang outside the doors—
 Faded by sun and rain—by tempest rent,
 Ye poets sweet, wha, when ye lived, got nae thing
 Frae the rich folks, but saft words, as a plaything
 But naught to eat;
 What gude was it to you, that when ye died,
 They rais'd up over you huge heaps of pride,
 Or maybe, put your banes close to some here's side,
 For honour great,
 But little thought had they for wife or bairns small,

. Cumbers, known as Long John Silver after he took to wearing an eye patch to cover an eye lost in a childhood accident believed this figurehead to be Robert Burns. See <http://www.rmg.co.uk/cuttysark/history-and-collections/collections/robert-burns>

Wha, when they lost you, lost their little all—
 And sair did greet.
 And now your works and faces grace a stall,
 Or—splendid lot! —adorn a kitchen wall:
 Alas! Alas! Poor poets, what a fall—
 How hard your fate.
 But my neat figure shall all yours outlast;
 For when by angry winter's stormy blast,
 Into the bosom of the deep sea cast,
 Frae the ship's head;
 The friendly fares said I should roam no more,
 And landed me on Erin's kindly shore,
 To the great dread
 Of those who saw me floating near;
 'Till at the last, one without fear
 Took hold of me, and set me here,
 In the whale's jaw—
 Where I remain, frae year to year,
 Exposed to summer's heat, and winter's snaw.

Half way between Ballyshannon and Sligo is Mullochmore [*sic*], a point of land which runs a long way into the sea; great part of which is now covered with sand, though formerly occupied by houses and fields but the landed proprietors in the neighbourhood have lately adopted the plan of letting the Bent, a kind of coarse grass or rush, grow over the surface of the land, which, in some measure, checks the invasions of the enemy; but it is difficult to keep the people from pulling it as they make it into matting, hats, baskets, and even chairs.

Off this coast is an Isle, Inismurray by name,

Where the fam'd March of Intellect never yet came;³
 But it is to be hoped now, that Emancipation
 Will billet her here, on her route through the nation;
 For Oh! What a shame, at this civilized day,
 To think that an Irishman falls down to pray
 To an Image—an Idol! —Oh soon may thy smile
 True Religion, enlighten this dark heathen Isle.

I have been told, by persons who have been on the island, in an old ruin there is really a frightful figure of wood, which is worshipped as a God. Oh! When will some attempt be made to turn them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, into the marvelous light of Christ! The inhabitants subsist chiefly on provisions brought from the mainland in summer, (for in winter the boisterous sea prevents their leaving the island,) and which they purchase by the sale of kelp, which is made in great quantities there.

³ NH footnote- this from the British Museum on the phrase 'The March of Intellect' "is a phrase dominating the second quarter of the century¹, see Peacock, Crotchet Castle, 1831, *passim*. It was used incessantly in newspapers, speeches, and verses, either seriously (cf. Tennyson, Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, 1852) or contemptuously (cf. Westminster Rev., Apr. 1829, p. 358: "'The March of Intellect", a phrase which produces a great deal of laughter without mirth'). As the March of Mind it stands more seriously for the Rationalist view of Progress. . . . The O.E.D. gives 1827 (Gent. Mag.) as the first instance, but the phrase seems to be earlier: Keats was surely quoting when he wrote (3 May 1818) 'It proves there is really a grand march of intellect—'. Cf. S. Bailey's Essay on the Publication of Opinions, 1821: 'There is a silent march of thought which no power can arrest ...' http://www.britishmuseum.org/research/collection_online/collection_object_details.aspx?objectId=1665421&partId=1

As the road winds round the beautiful point of the mountain called Benbulbin, the eye is gratified by the sight of numerous white cottages, looking so neat and comfortable, that you cannot pass without giving a hearty commendation to the kind landlord, Sir Robert Gore.

At the foot of the mountain is a place called Glen Diff, where is a curious stream of water, called the Stream against the Mountain—the water being forced up the side of the mountain when the wind blows, in some particular direction.

A few miles from Sligo is the

Neat little Church of Drumcliffe, and around
 Some curious remains of old times may be found;
 Two crosses of Stone, and that puzzle—that doubt,
 Which has never been solved, whose use can't be found out—
 A Round Tower which has bothered (to use a nice phrase)
 The sage antiquarian for many long days.
 "Twas a place of confinement" says one, "twas a gaol"
 "No indeed," says another, "that's not a true tale",
 "It was built when the sun was the God of our sires,
 The tower was the temple—the sacrifice fires."
 "You mistake", says a third, "'twas a beacon tower raised,
 When war thro' our country all furiously blazed."⁴

But, in my opinion, the antiquaries know just as much, and no more, of the use of those buildings, than a chaise driver of this country, who, on being asked by some travellers if he knew what that old round tower had been used for, replied, with a knowing wink, "Is it that ould incient [*sic*] tower? —musha, it was there as long as I mind anything, and that's all I know about it at all, at all."

The only entrance to the building is about six or seven feet from the ground, and there is no window or loophole in it, but it looks as if part had fallen down. The country round Sligo is very beautiful and rich looking—highly cultivated fields and bright green pasturage—wild picturesque mountains and fine planting—mighty ocean and lonely lake—all that is wanting to form scenery over which the eye wanders with a delight which never palls. The town of Sligo is built in a low situation, and is not handsome, but is an improving and very busy place. It has two very handsome churches, St. John's and Calry new church, a fine Fever Hospital, built in a very airy situation on a hill a little out of the town, and beneath it are the Infirmary and the Dispensary. The old Abbey of Sligo is a picturesque ruin of very large circumference, and divided into several rooms; the first has a beautiful window of carved stone, under which is the altar, likewise cut of stone; there are two ancient monuments in this room, one bearing date, 1616, and the other belonging to one of the O'Conner [*Sic*] kings; it is in great preservation, about twelve feet from the ground, fixed into the wall—the figures and inscriptions are very legible—our Saviour is represented on the cross, at the top, and below him, in separate compartments, are figures of O'Conner and his wife, kneeling, and their hands lifted up in the attitude of supplication. The steeple, or dome, is still entire, supported on a carved arch or cupola, the inside of which is carved; adjoining this are three sides of a square of beautifully carved little arches, of about four feet in height, which seem to have been anciently separated from each other, probably forming cells for confession and penance—almost all the little pillars are differently ornamented, and one in particular differs from the rest, having a human head cut on the inside of the arch. There are several vaults throughout the ruins, containing the remains of skulls, bones and coffins. The Abbey and yard is still used as a burying-place, and if we may be allowed to judge from the number of

⁴ Allingham is referencing a very contemporary debate about the purpose of Ireland's Round Towers, including the theory of antiquarian Charles Vallency, (1721-1812) who speculated that the towers were "fire temples" and Walsh, Peter, D.D., Professor of Divinity at Louvain, (c1620-1687) who considered them to be Danish watch-towers. John Healy, "The Round Towers of Ireland," in *Irish Essays: Literary and Historical* (Dublin: Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 1908). In 1833, The Royal Irish Academy awarded a gold medal to George Petrie for his essay on the topic. George Petrie, *The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, Anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion; Comprising an Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland, Which Obtained the Gold Medal and Prize of the Royal Irish Academy* (Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1845), Preface.

modern tombs and inscriptions, setting forth that the deceased possessed all the known virtues, (which often during life were unknown, save by name), it seems the people of these days were more subject to death, or vainer than their forefathers, wishing to have their names recorded down to future days, Not so in ancient times, when none but kings, heroes, and those celebrate for piety or learning were honoured with cairns or carved monuments.

Hazlewood, the beautiful residence of Owen Winn, Esq. is situated about a mile from Sligo.

Oh! Would that I, in fitting phrase,
 Could sing, sweet Hazlewood, thy praise;
 Could paint thy gardens bright and fair,
 Thy green-house plants so sweet and rare,
 Japonicas, pink, crimson, yellow,
 Thy peach trees flowering without fellow;
 Thy shrubs all planted with such taste,
 You'd think 'twas nature's hand had placed
 Them there to grow in lovely state,
 Thy wild shaped rocks all desolate,
 With here and there a creeping flower,
 To garland o'er the stone-arched bower.
 Thy laurel avenues so green,
 Thy cottages all smiling seen
 Peeping from out their lovely screen
 Thy shell and moss house, and the cave,
 Close by the lone lake's dashing wave,
 Where all around so wildly sweet,
 It seems some fairy nymph's retreat.
 Oh! sweet 'twould be to linger here,
 'Till evening's paly stars appear,
 When twilight's shadowy mist comes stealing,
 The fair lake's beauteous face half veiling,
 And winding up the mountain's side
 Forming a wreath to crown their pride,
 Oh! sweet 'twould be at morning hour,
 To sit within the sparry bower,
 Whilst summer breezes sigh'd around,
 And dew drops glisten'd on the ground—
 To watch the cheering beams of light,
 Come glittering o'er the water bright,
 Whilst wild Flush rock, and Belvoire high,
 To gold and purple beauty vie,
 But morning bright and twilight gray,
 Are not for me—I must away,
 Nor longer linger in the cave
 To hear the music of the wave,
 Nor longer in the mountain gaze,
 Nor ramble through the wooded maze—
 Farewell, sweet Hazlewood, to thee,
 Thou're painted on my memory.

Hazlewood house is a large, very old-fashioned building, built with wings, the yard is very commodious, and fitted up with work-shops for the different mechanics useful about a large farm and domain, such as a smith, coach-maker, &c.&c. All the way through the domain is a grand view of wild mountains, with Lough Gill winding around their base in shining beauty, now lost in their wildness, and then seen again smiling as before, like the bright remembrance of happy days gleaming amidst the steep and dark passes of life. The lake is of great extent, and studded with small wooded islands, and here and there neat cottages are seen peeping from jessamines and roses; the planting is very tastefully done—sometimes large clumps

of trees, at other places vistas, through which the lake and mountains are seen, and then lost as you proceed in the gloom of foliage. The walks are kept in the nicest order, every loose stone and fallen leaf being picked up and carried away by little children in the morning; proceeding in though the domain, you come to Hollywell, a lovely rural place, where the road winds through a valley which has the lake on one side and pretty planted hills on the other, and on surmounting a hill and sudden turn of the road an enchanting scene of beauty presents itself, the lake spreading for miles before you, until lost among the mountains which surround it, covered half-way up, with natural wood, and then rising up barren and bleak, giving an air of wild grandeur to the view; on the top of a hill, which slopes gently down to the water is a beautiful cottage surrounded by trees, planted so as not to obscure the beauty of the lake, and ornamented in the front with creeping plants and geraniums; it was built for a school-house, which the children of the tenantry are educated free of expense, As you proceed, the road gets more and more beautiful—on the left lofty precipitous cliffs just over you, covered with trees, and on the right the lake lies, ruffled by the breeze into small rippling waves, which, by their gentle motion and murmur, seem to rejoice in a scene so fair, and the beautiful swan dipping her pure breast in the water, sails on rejoicingly over the waters of lovely Lough Gill.

A few miles from the town, in a direction different from Hazlewood, is a most curious place called Knocknarea, where there is a steep hill with a cairn of stones on the top, and from whence is an extensive view of the ocean and mountains of Terera. The glen or ravine is well worthy admiration; but

'Tis not in power of pen to trace
 The beauties of that curious place,
 'Twould take a painter's magic hand
 To image forth the wild, the grand.
 Painter and Poet should unite
 To draw the glen's wild scenery right;
 Oh, how must then my verses fail
 Describing this romantic vale.
 When entering on the glen, your gaze
 Thru' a long dim-lit vista strays,
 Which seems so gloomy, lonely, bold,
 Like entrance to some giant's hold;
 The frowning rocks, on either hand,
 A rugged barrier proudly stand,
 From whence the ivy streamers float,
 Like banners over some castle's moat,
 Whilst feathery ferns and velvet moss
 Seem the rocks surface to emboss;
 And many a spring flower fair and sweet,
 Lift their mild heads beneath the feet;
 While trees their branches wave aloft
 And dripping water murmurs soft'
 Such are the charms of Knocknarea—
 But faint is language to portray,
 The beauties of the lonely glen,
 The eagle's haunt, the fox's den.

But it is time, Mr. Editor, that I take my leave of Sligo, and its interesting neighbourhood, which I do with regret, and a wish that my pen

Could in soft flowing numbers each sweet scene portray,
 Fair Hazlewood's bright walks, and wild Knocknarea.

But the following farewell is all I can offer expressive of my admiration:—

I stood upon an ancient fort,

That overlook'd the town
 Thence upon the thronged resort
 Of busy man look'd down.

And as I gaz'd, I felt my heart
 With sadden'd feelings swell,
 As whispering to myself, "we part,"
 I breathed this last farewell:

Farewell to fair Sligo—farewell to the West—
 To the gay busy street—to the mountain's wild crest—
 To the wide mighty ocean—to the lovely Lough Gill—
 To thy glen, Knocknarea, and thy cairn crown'd hill.
 No more thro' the glen of romance shall I stray,
 Where the rocks frown in majesty o'er the path way—
 Where the green hanging ivy like tapestry streams,
 And the shadow of trees obscure the sunbeams,
 Oh! wild lovely glen, I may see thee no more,
 But fancy shall often thy mazes explore—
 And often shall mem'ry delightedly stray,
 To visit thy beautiful glen, Knocknarea.

Farewell beauteous Hazlewood, oh! now farewell,
 To thy bright blooming gardens—thy wild rocky dell—
 To thy fair smiling meadows, and mountains sublime—
 To thy rich blossom'd peach tree, and wild fragrant thyme.
 Farewell to the old ruin'd abbey, which stands
 A solemn memento of Time's heavy hands—
 A signal to show us whilst onward we stray,
 That pomp, pride and power, at last will decay.

M.A.A.

APPENDIX D:
AN EXCURSION TO DONEGAL
MARY ANN ALLINGHAM

An Excursion to Donegal

Dublin Family Magazine, September 1829.

After several vain attempts at gaining your favors, I determined on making a last effort, and was encouraged to persevere, like the knight in the Fairy Queen, by the motto “Be bold, be bold: and everywhere be bold: and though the rejection of several of my pieces of poetry damped my courage, like the words over the enchanted door, “be not too bold,” yet on I went, and at length had the pleasure of succeeding in my adventure by fining “a Connaught Ramble” occupying several pages in your July Magazine. And now, perhaps, you will be inclined to take a short northern excursion, as far as the little town of Donegal. I could bring you on through the wild gap of Barnesmore, where, on each side of you, towers up on high the wild, heathy mountain, down whose sides, in summer, trickle numerous little streams, which, being swelled by winter’s snow and rain, foam dashingly along in roaring torrents. I could extend my excursion as far as the beautiful shores of Lough Swilly, or the cultivated banks of Lough Foyle, and lead you round the walls of the loyal City of Derry, and mount you in the top of the Testimonial, erected to the memory of the reverend hero, George Walker. But be not afraid, Mr. Editor; I will not, I assure you, bring you at present further than the aforesaid little town of Donegal, where is a fine spa well, much resorted to in summer; and as it is necessary to take a great deal of exercise after drinking its waters, I will try and beguile the way with an account of what may be seen in an excursion to Donegal.

Seven miles from Ballyshannon is Murvagh, the glebe of the parish of Drumholm. The house is old-fashioned, but comfortable; it is situated at the sea-side; near it is a little river, in which very good salmon are caught; and at no great distance is a rabbit-warren, well stocked. Between the house and the sea is a steep-peaked hill, which forms the garden, and on the top is a very beautiful shell-house, erected by the wife of the late rector, the Rev. R. Ball. As you ascend the walk, it has a very pretty effect; the roof of the porch is hid by a deep scollop of shells, supported on pillars covered with the long polished shells of the razor-fish. When you pass through this porch or piazza, you enter a good sized room that you might easily fancy was the drawing-room of some mermaid of taste. The floor is covered with a carpet of oyster shells, the white side uppermost, each shell being fastened by a black nail in the centre. In the middle of the room stands a round table, made of the small yellow shells, called by the children here singing shells; and on it is a stand, inlaid in the same way, for leaving a book on. The walls of the room are most tastefully adorned with scollop, muscle [*sic*], razor-fish, oyster and singing shells, with various kinds of winkles, and here and there pieces of looking-glass, which multiply the scene, so that wherever you turn, you imagine you see a whole suit of apartments opening off each other. In some of the shells little verses are written. There is also a fire-place in the room, with a fender of shells, and several flowerpots of the same material, in which were monthly roses in full bloom. On the sea side is a glass door, which opens into a little wilderness of roses and flowering shrubs; and a fine view then presents itself —

Before you, stretching calm and wide
As if into the sky
Lies the Atlantic’s matchless tide,
Al still and beauteously;
And here and there a little boat

To glide along is seen,
 Some on the open ocean float
 Some 'mid the islands green.

Magnificent, and truly grand
 Is the prospect seen around;
 Mountains with cloud wreaths crown'd
 High woodlands boldly in the sea
 Raising their lofty front
 Bearing unmoved, majestically
 The wild wave's angry brunt

In another part of the garden is a grotto, the walls of which are covered with the cones of fir trees, but it is more curious than pretty. The gate-house is fitted up as a school, and is also decorated with shells. And here I would close my account of Murvagh, but raising my feeble voice in praise of those who take a pleasure in improving and beautifying the place from whence they derive emolument — unlike those ungrateful absentees, who spend in other countries the wealth which is drained from their suffering tenants and fellow-creatures. Oh! How will they answer at the great day of account, when the landlord and tenant shall stand before the Judge; when the book shall be opened, that book wherein all actions are recorded, which will be a swift witness against those that oppress the hireling his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, (Mat iii.5.) Go to, then, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you (James v, 1,) for he that oppreseth the poor to increase his riches, shall surely come to want. (Prov.xxii.15) Have you not withheld the poor from their desire? Have you not caused the eyes of the widow to fail? Did you not rob the poor because he was poor? Did you not oppress the afflicted? But the Lord will plead their case, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them. (Job, xxxi, 16 and Prov. xxii, 22, 23.)

Brown Hall, the property of the Rev. E. Hamilton, is also seven miles from Ballyshannon; it is called in Irish *The Pullins*, which means little holes, from the clefts or holes in the ground, into which a river, which runs through the demesne, often vanishes. But here I must call to my assistance some verses which I write a year or two again, in which will be found the best description I can give of Brown Hall or the Pullins rather.

Oh! For some high poetic skill
 To paint the Pullins right,
 The gently sloping planted hill
 The cheerful meadow bright
 The stream, that holds its curious course,
 Now shining, now unseen,
 Now through dark caverns echoing hoarse,
 Now murmuring all serene,
 But 'tis not in my fancy's power
 This wondrous stream to trace,
 Through gloomy cave, through woodbine bower,
 In all its mazy race

From out the wild and rugged rocks
 That frown above the stream,
 Braving the winter's angry shocks,
 Smiling in summer beam,
 The spreading elm and beech trees wave
 Their towering heads on high,
 Like virtue, from affliction's cave
 Ascending to the sky.
 The lightning blasted tree is drest
 With polished ivy wreathes,
 Like smiles to hide a care-worn breast
 That still in secret grieves
 The fern, with feathery leaves, is there
 The blue-bells deck the spot;
 And many a wild-flower blossoms fair
 With kind forget-me-not.

There are several curious caves through the demesne; one in particular, being large and roomy, is a favorite place for a picnic dinner; close to it are two wells of very fine water, which differ much from each other in appearance, the water of one being white, and pure as crystal, while the other is of a black, though not a muddy hue, nor is the white superior to the black in flavor. The two wells put me in mind of Cowper's beautiful lines in *The Negro's Complaint*

Fleecy locks and black complexion
 Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
 Skins may differ, but affection
 Dwells in white and black the same

The stream that runs through the Pullins is of a petrifying nature and many bits of moss and wood may be found, either entirely turned to stone, or undergoing the change.
 Three of four miles from Brown Hall is

. . . Donegal,
 A dull, yet pretty place,
 Where stands the ancient ruined hall
 Of the O'Donnell race
 But time's destroying hand rude falls
 Upon the castle old;
 And black and silent are its walls,
 Once graced by heroes bold,
 Oh! Who could climb its rude staircase
 Or from its window gaze,
 Or see its sculptured chimney-place,
 Where once bright fires did blaze,
 And think not of the busy feet
 That scaled the steps so high;

To look upon the prospect sweet
 Of ocean, mountain, sky.
 Nor think of winter's merry night,
 How laugh and song went round;
 How beam'd the eye with rapture bright,
 With harps and bagpipes sound.
 Now in the dust unknown they lie,
 Gone is their once proud fame,
 And wandering strangers, such as I,
 Sigh o'er O'Donnell's name.

The castle of Donegal is a very beautiful, and if I may say so, perfect ruin of large extent. Through a gloomy vault you ascend, by a dark and spiral flight of steps, to a large room, lighted by three or four Gothic windows, commanding a noble view of Donegal bay, and the Killybegs Mountains. In this room are two fire-places, one of which has a curious mantle-piece of stone, of great breadth and height, carved with the O'Donnell arms and various other figures. The castle has evidently been much higher than it is now, as there is a range of windows and fire places above this room; but the flooring is quite gone, and the roof also. Leaving the castle, which is built on the banks of a little river, you may, if you are not tired of ruins,

Turn your wandering feet along the shore,
 Unto the ancient abbey, all its ruins to explore;
 A row of little arches still remain, which once were cells,
 Where reverend monks were wont to dwell, as musty story tells

And here, Mr. Editor, early one morning in the August of 1827,

As into one of those low cells I curiously did look,
 I saw some creature all in black, almost with fear I shook,
 For fancy painted an old monk, dressed in his frock and cowl,
 And well I knew he'd look on me with many an angry scowl,
 For as I through the ruin walked, I made this exclamation,
 "Speed on, speed on, and prosper well, thou glorious reformation,
 Soon like this ruin'd abbey may we see dark popery stand,
 A marvel to the traveler's eye, a ruin in our land"
 Then wonder not, that after this, I almost feared to see
 Some ancient abbot leave his tomb, to come and frighten me
 But mustering up my courage, I then took another peep,
 When lo! 'Twas nothing more or less than an immense black sheep,

Donegal is a neat, little town, built in the form of a triangle; but when you have visited the castle, abbey and spa-well, you have nothing more to interest you, and for my part, I have always felt glad when the horses' heads were turned towards

My native home, close by the Erne's bright stream

Where having safely arrived, I will take my leave of you, Mr. Editor, and conclude my excursion to Donegal by wishing

That all who love Ireland dearly
May transported be with glee
And may all who hate or slight her yearly
Be transported o'er the sea.

M.A.A.

APPENDIX E:
A DAY AT DOE CASTLE
MARY ANN ALLINGHAM

1. A DAY AT DOE

Could the Old walls but speak
 They'd tell full many a Tale
 Would turn youths rosy cheek
 To Lily pale -

My dear friends

I may begin this letter in the words of the old Song "July the first of a morning clear" as on that day I set out on an expedition to Doe Castle – but as we took three hours to travel the seven miles I may in the interim begin the way which you may fancy yourself jolting over, by telling you that aforesaid Old Song the "Battle of the Boyne"; is still much respected in this primitive country; where is a great Protestant Population; if I may judge from the crowded and decent Congregation assembled every Sunday at church; and having been this day let a little behind the scenes into the opinions of Many of the hard working, but well to do farmers, I found not them all "True Blue", and no Chamelions of doubtful hue; utter haters of Repeal and no followers of Father Matthew either: for though I am beginning at the end of my day, I may here as well say my say on this subject before I enter on the Castle. Not being able to produce a more aristocratic vehicle, I gladly accepted the invitation of my landlord and his daughter to take a seat in their cart; and having resigned myself to their guidance for the day, I determined to be no restraint on them, but do as well as I could what would be agreeable; and accordingly after dining on Tea with the castle keeper; I then accompanied them into a gonsy farmes, where ten or a dozen soon assembled men and women, not counting Children; about half a bottle of whisky was produced with an apology for its not being a Gallon; the single wine glass was filled; the Host stood up – deliberately shook hands with all the Guests, wishing them health and happiness; and the blessing of GOD, - drank off the glass, and sat down: after this the chat went on for about ten minutes when the Glass was filled again, and to my great dismay; handed to me; I protested against this, and the Mistress of the house came to my relief, saying she had water on boiling to make Punch for the Ladies; so I got a Tea cup full of Punch – and shaking hands with the Host and Hostess, and their daughters, sat down; and thus the cup and glass circled from one to another every ten minutes, till all the company had pledged to each others welfare: but there was no intoxication or excess: no impropriety of language or behaviour to shock the most fastidious; not even a single oath to offend the Majesty of Heaven: of course our conversation began, as it generally does in all company, with remarks on the weather – then it branched off into surmises as to the state of crops, thanksgivings for the merciful supply of rain which had fallen in the nick of time to save the flax – then came a few remarks on the antiquities about Doe, which soon, some way or other merged into the all engrossing subject of Politics; but as all were on one side, this fruitful weed of dissension soon withered into nothing; and domestic affairs were introduced – condolences on deaths or sicknesses and congratulations on births and marriages: and thus ended our visit: the "Caed maille Failtah" was most warmly given, at our meeting; and their friendly "GOD speed" at parting, was responded to by us all with sincede wishes for their temporal and eternal wellbeing. Will anyone censure their taking a glass of Spirits together at such a meeting? Not me, for one – We never think it strange in our own dwellings to offer a glass of wine to a Guest from a distance; and shall we presume to condemn the humbler Classes, who give thus a welcome to their friends when they gladden their hard working lives with a Holiday: no doubt woe shall be to them, who drink in excess; but TEMPERANCE, not ABSTINENCE "is the virtue to be prized and praised."

And now for the DOE Castle, one of the most ancient fortresses in Donegal: it was built by a Chieftain MAC SWINE; one of three brothers who erected at the same time Castles for their abodes; the other Two, Mares, in Fanet, and Ramullin Castle, have long since been reduced

to mere venerable Ruins, but good care has preserved DOE; it being long the summer residence of the Hart family; and though it is

too much modernized for my taste, putting me in mind of a hale old man trying to hide his white hairs, which is the beauty of "Old men" under a fashionable wig, yet it is still an object of curiosity and interest well worth seeing; and for many years I had wished to visit it

In the romantic days of youth
Ere care and age with venum'd tooth
Took from the banyant heart the glow,
That warm'd it Twenty Years ago;
When limbs were active, hearts were gay
And life was like a summers day;

In those gay, thoughtless, joyous times,
When others longed for foreign climes
For the light, cloudless, sunny sky,
Of merry France or Italy;

I never wished to roam,
From Erins Isle, my native home;
But longed to wonder far and wide,
By lonely lake or mountain side;

Or on wild cliffs by Ocean's shore,
Where the white waves with deafning roar,
Come dashing up in pride and power:
Or, by some hoary ancient Tower
Sit musing on the days gone by
When mirths gay voice, and wars fierce cry,
Sounded throughout the Chieftains Halls
And echoed mid its massy Walls.
The Castle seems to me, as well as I could
judge, to have been, before the modern
building were added; a simple Round Tower; such as was common in ancient Irish
architecture; up the centre of which runs a
narrow steep winding stone stair case, with
here and there small round rooms entered off
the stairs, by a high step up, and another down, and lit by narrow slits by way of windows:
round the top of the Tower is a walk which commands an extensive view of mountains water and the domains of
ARDS:

when the tide is in the castle is nearly an Island, there was formerly a Drawbridge but this is now withdrawn and a firm pass erected under which is a gate leading to the cellar, much used in old times for smuggling as a boat at high waters could run up to the very door: the castle is surrounded by a high wall, with ramparts on which are placed cannon, as also in the court yard below, opposite the Gates, and at numerous embrasures in the walls: a Turret seems to have been added to the middle Tower in which is the magazine:

in many of the rooms are concealed Presses going in a great depth into the thick walls: in one room is a chimney piece, with the head of an Irish King, famous for cruelty, and having Ass's ears, carved on it: another small closet at the top of the Stairs is shown as the Bedroom of one of the Chieftains:

the following stories are composed from two very meagre scraps of Legendary lore picked up from the Lady who keeps the Castle and a school for the Children of the Tenantry: and as her Story like that of "The Red Stocking" famous in Nursery tales, was bottomless, with neither beginning or ending;

I was obliged to eke them out with several additions, particularly that of the taking of Doe Castle of which this is the Original – a neighbouring Lady, (name unknown,) was robbed by the Mac Swine: and one of her followers made his entree in a Sheep skin seized the Chieftain and hung him on his own Gallows after first kicking him down the stairs: and on this foundation I have raised the Story of “the Robber Chief”; which, perhaps, after all my trouble, may be thought anything but an improvement on the original like the modern additions to the Old Tower itself; as for the ASS eared Majesty, I had given him up as a lame concern, not having a foot to stand on for a commendement; and had actually finished my Day at Doe, when one wet day I overheard my servant telling the children the identical story I had wished to hear: though to say the truth there were still a good many Gaps to fill up before the Story could boast a Head and Tail – but such as it is it may amuse a few moments of leisure

HIS ASS EAREDMAJESTY

A Veritable Tale

OLD ERINS King,
 So legends sing,
 Was born as it appears,
 Through Natures freak,
 Or odd mistake,
 With huge long Asses Ears:
 And he, very naturally could not abide
 That all who behold him should joke and deride
 Some with smiles – some with sneers
 Some with laughters and jeers
 At the very unfortunate length of his ears
 But the laugh as it often does, ended in tears.
 The old monarch tried.
 His disgrace for to hide
 By letting his hair
 Grow so long, I declare
 He was more like a dandified monkey or Bear
 Than a humanized creature;
 For on every feature,
 Where hair could be nourish’d
 And cherish’d; it flourish’d
 From his head down his back
 It hung dangling, good lack!
 Like straws from an ill made
 untrimmed musty stack,
 Like a big bush of Whin
 Was the beard on his chin,
 While his martial Mustache
 Would cut a great dash
 On Twenty Cadets for the Sabre and Sash.
 And as for his whiskers they were Loping,
 Like a Hedgehog, sea Urchin, or
 quilled Porcupine,
 While his rough shaggy brows and
 his eye lashes were
 More like a Pigs bristles than fine human Hair;
 Thus far for its texture, and now for its hue.
 It was not a good black or a brown; but it grew,
 Neither flaxen or red, but a cross ’twixt the two.
 A most indescribably ugly, mean shade,
 As ever disgraced an unfortunate head

In short such a cruel old horrible thing
 Neither since or before ruled in Erin as King.

And once every year,
 He was trimmed, as I hear,
 Just as hedges are clipt with a huge pair of Shears
 But the savage old Rascal
 He still made the task fall
 On poor womankind spite their groans
 and their tears:
 For as Barbers were ever a talkative race.
 They were sure still to publish abroad
 his disgrace,
 And tell of the length and the breadth of his Ears
 So to make himself sure,
 He invented this cure,
 As soon as the lady had thinn’d his great crop
 Ere she went from his presence
 the Headsman must lop
 Off her head, with a pop,
 Lest her glib tongue should chatter
 Of this secret matter,
 And raise ’bout his Ears a loud hubbub and clatter.
 Once a year the poor Victim was chosen by lot,
 A pure youthful Maiden without blot or spot;
 And deep was the sorrow – and bitter the tears
 Caused by the old King for the sake of his Ears
 Gloom is in the city, for the fairest in the land
 Is doomed that day,
 To pass away,
 Beneath the Headsmans hand!
 Woe is in the Palace – for bitter are the tears
 Shed when the glomb
 Of the cold Tomb,
 Must shroud the young in years;
 And the good Princess Era, so gentle – so bright
 Was to lose her fair Head by the
 next mornings light
 For her Savage Old Uncle no Proxy would take,
 Though some would have laid down their lives
 for her sake,

Yes – so good – and so kind
 – and so lovely was she
 That many contended the victim to be:
 And where, let me ask could such
 true love be found
 As throbb'd in the hearts on Old Ireland's ground
 Such ardent devotion
 Full of tender emotion
 In vain you would search
 though you seek the world round
 But I fear now our hearts as the World
 has grown older
 Have become like the Seasons a little thing colder
 And that if our good Queen took a fancy to share
 Of our heads, with her hair very few would save,
 The head of a friend lay their own in the Grave.
 But I'm sure there are some
 Who would willingly come
 To the gloom,
 Of the Tomb,
 If their doom
 Would but prove
 A safe guard to some whom they tenderly love
 But as I said before the old Uncle would not
 Take any but her who had fallen by lot.
 By a lonely tree all woe begone
 Sat a mournful youth so pale and won,
 His face was shaded by his hands,
 As if his grief to cover;
 When suddenly a Harper stands,
 before the hopeless Lover.
 With magic finger
 He touched the strings,
 And the wild birds linger
 On outstretched wings
 To catch the Lay that the Minstrel sings.

SONG

I.
 Gloomy night away! away!
 Rise triumphant glorious Day
 Gild the mountains
 With thy light;
 Make the fountains
 Sparkle bright.
 Over darkness conquer or prove,
 Rise triumphant Day of LOVE.

II.
 Care is like Nights gloomy hour,
 Closing a peach bud and flower,
 As the blossom
 Smiles by day;
 So the bosom,

Neath HOPE'S ray,
 Hope shall nerve thy arm to prove
 Conqueror by the might of Love

III:
 Rise! The dawning Day is near
 Rouse thee shake off every fear,
 Round thee hover
 Spirits Blest,
 Rouse young Lover
 Nerve thy breast,
 Let the Tyrants bosom prove
 The depth and strength of mighty Love.

Then burst a loud hurt sheering strain
 And all was silence on the plain
 'Tis morn – the Palace is in motion
 But not with joyous feet;
 All hearts are sad - and with emotion
 Each does the other greet;

The fatal hour I come,
 And to the Tyrants room,
 The lovely Maid hath passed:
 Then too the Headsman stands,
 Bearing with trembling hands
 The polished axe – while fast
 Down from his aged eyes the tear drops fall
 With plashing noise upon the Hall
 Heard thro' the Silence deep that reigns o'er all.

Over the chair of State the Servants fling
 The flowing ermined Mantle; and the King,
 At length stalks in
 And takes his Seat;
 Then bids the lady sweet
 Her task begin
 And finish it complete.
 Her sad reluctant fingers scarce can ..eld
 The ponderous Shears;

At length the mattered locks begin to yield;
 And the long Ears
 Peep through,
 To view;
 Real Donkey Ears – and no mistake at all.
 Down from her trembling hands the scissors fall
 In frightened
 At such a sight
 And her loud shriek reechoed thro' the Hall
 And midst her tears
 And anxious fears
 She screamed “Alas! 'tis true! behold the ASSES
 EARS”
 The Savage curs'd her awkwardness and bade

The task go on
 When lo! a sword's bright blade,
 A moment shone,
 Before his eyes – then made
 His heart of stone
 To feel
 By dint of Steel
 As it had never done.

Right through his bosom went the Sword
 He groaned, then died without a word
 Joy is in the City and in the Palace peace
 The Tyrants sway
 Hath past away
 And care and sorrow cease:
 For life restored,
 To the young Lord,
 The princess gave her hand
 And long, to prove
 The might of Love

They reigned o'er Erins land
 And to commemorate the years
 Of Sorrow; past in gloom and tears,
 The Old Kings head and ASSES EARS.
 They carved in stone as still appears
 And may be seen, by all who go
 A pilgrimage to Castle Doe.

THE ROBBER CHIEF

A Legend of Doe

There lived long ago
 In the castle of DOE
 A Chieftain MAC SWINE,
 Which means I opine,
 Nothing else less or more
 Than the Son of a BOAR
 And rugged wild and fierce was he,
 As any Boar that wonders free
 Through the dark woods of Germany.

He was a reckless daring Chief,
 of cruel heart and giant frame;
 Had he lived now the plain Word Thief,
 Would have been tack'd 'tis my belief,
 In odium to his Name.
 Hated he was by high and low,
 And in his seagirt Castle DOE,
 Surrounded by his lawless Hearn
 Who only feared their Master stern,
 And only did his will because
 They darst not disobey his laws.

He lived unloved and feared by all
 Dreading in every one a Foe;
 You still may see within the wall
 Near to the top of Castle Doe,
 A narrow aperture where he
 Still made his bed
 To lay his head
 From fear of all surprises free:
 'Twas at the top of the winding Stair
 Up which at a time
 But one could climb

That the Chieftain fix'd his den like lair
 and bold indeed would be he that would dare
 Alone to meet the wild Boar there.
 'Twould be certain doom
 (So he thought I presume)
 For if in you would venture,
 The door of the room
 Must be closed when you enter,
 Ere another could creep,
 Up the Stair case so steep,
 And with such a wild Beast at the top, take my word
 The foot of the stair case should much
 be preferr' d

So the SON of a BOAR,
 and with very good reason;
 Thought he was secure
 From all sorts of treason
 So he fought and he plundered – and drank at his ease
 And retired to his Deb every night with the keys -

From the ramparts high,
 Of Castle Doe;
 You can descry,
 Where ARDS woods grow;
 A beautiful and rich domain,
 O' er which a lovely Maid did reign;
 Her happy peoples pride and joy:
 Alas! That aught could o' er destroy
 The peace that used to rest o' er all
 Beneath the sway of that Lady dear;
 But torn by force from her own fair Hall,
 She mounts a hopless captive thrall,
 In Does dark dungeon drear.

Oft had the Chieftain of Doe sought her hand
 Not for her love, but for sake of her land
 And as oft had the Lady rejected with pride
 The terrible suitor who claimed her as Bride -
 To he called Mrs SWINE she could not abide
 And she sighed
 As she cried
 How shocking it is to be teased by a Bore.
 To be candid she also had one reason more.

As Heiresses generally have – so had she,
 A Young lover, as fond as a Lover could be,
 And oft would they wonder as alone by the Sea.
 But once while the Lover
 Was absent – the Rover, Who still had a scout
 Ever on the look out
 One evening way laid,
 The unfortunate Maid,

And in spite of her tears and entreaties, the wild
 Hard hearted Barbarian, in Does dungeon dark
 Shut up the poor lady so meek and so mild
 Without even a rushlight to lend her its spark

She sighed to be free
 As the waves of the sea,
 Which dashed round the castle at every high tide
 But the Boar wont relent
 As she will not consent
 To become at the Altar his beautiful Bride.

So time wore away
 Thus for many a day,
 In moaning and sighing,
 And groaning and crying
 For she cant get out
 Nor her Lover get in
 Though he made a great rout
 His fair lady to win
 But the walls were so hard
 That all force was in vain
 And the gates so fast barr' d
 That none entrance could gain

Old proverb says, and its truth we all know
 True love will creep where it dare not to go:
 SWIN of a Sheep won the fortress of DOE.

Twice in the day did the Chieftain let down
 The great massive Drawbridge as grim as his frown;
 To let out his Sheep to their pasture at morning
 And to let them all in at the evenings returning
 And still at the Gate stood the Centinel Boar
 To see that no Stranger should darken his door,
 For he feared that the pover,
 Some way would discover,
 To bear off the Bride ere the Marriage was over.

It happened one day,
 That the Sheep chanc' d to stray,
 Much further than wont from the Castle away;
 And the Lover
 Who ever
 Was on the look out
 Fell in with the flock as they wandered about.

He sat on a rock,
 Gazing down at the flock,
 And a project came into his head;
 And soon with a bleat
 The great Ram, at his feet
 To the poor Shepherds horror lay dead.
 With anguish and fear
 He pluck' d out the Spear,
 and cried "I may here and my sorrow
 For the Ram was the best,
 That my Master possess' d
 And he' ll hang me up high on the morrow."

Then the youth with abound
 Leap' d down on the ground,
 And soon gained the Herd to his wishes
 So they skinned the Black Sheep
 And the youth in did creep
 While the flesh was all thrown to the fishes.
 Then they hurried on fast
 For they knew ' twas long past
 The hour that they should have been home
 And with fear they did quake
 And tremble and shake
 As near to the Drawbridge they came:
 To announce their return,
 The Shepherd his Horn,
 Was preparing as usual to blow
 When to add to their fright
 Doubly angry that night
 They behold the fierce Chieftain of DOE

For the Heiress but now,
 Had rejected his vow;
 And no Man a rejection can bear;
 it touches his pride
 Like a blow on the side
 Of the Face, or a twitch of the hair.

"What kept you so late?"
 Cried the Chief at the gate,
 Quoth the Herd "Your Black Ram is gone Mad,
 For such pranks has he play' d
 That I got afraid;
 To be safe in the walls I' m right glad;
 One time he would bound
 Ten feet off the ground,
 And then, on his hind legs would walk
 And then he would bellow
 Like some drunken fellow
 I am sure if he choose he could talk."

Loud laughed the wild Chieftain.
 At this his relief,
 And his laughter rose higher and higher;

When he saw the Black Tup
 On his hind feet stand up
 And chase to the huge kitchen fire
 The man who with cries
 And with blows vainly tries
 (As it seems) to beat out the big Sheep,

But his Master averred
 That to punish the Heard
 The Ram should that night with him sleep
 None dared to dispute
 So the frolicsome Brute
 Lay down as if tires of the riot;
 And the loud laugh and jest,
 At length sank to rest,
 And all in the Castle was quiet.

In the dead of the night
 By the glim' ring moon light
 The lover ascended the Stairs;
 But still played the sheep
 And on all fours did creep
 As he wondered about here and there.
 The Chieftain awoke from his heavy sleep
 And cried: "Who dares disturb my rest?"

The only reply was a bleat from the Sheep
 And he laughed as he said:
 "Thu art surely Posses' d
 I suppose that vile Herd
 Not minding my word,
 Has proved but an angry bed fellow,
 But I'll make him sup sorrow
 For this on the morrow
 Till for pardon he loudly doth bellow:

I'll hide the Ram here,
 In my own secret room;
 And when morning clear
 Has chased night's gloom,
 I'll order the Shepherd to kill the Black Sheep
 As my wedding feast, I intend then to keep.
 For I'll make the proud heiress of ARDS bestow,
 her hand on the Chieftain of Castle DOE,
 or else her hearts blood in a torrent shall flow."

So saying he coaxed up the stairs the old sheep
 No thing loath, you may think tho' the way was so
 steep

Close to the Castle is an old Burying ground, most shamefully grown over with nettles, and other weeds; it contains two ancient Stones one very curious, evidently the MAC SWINE Coat of Arms; a great Boar rampant – with four other figures of savage looking Beasts, rudely engraved on a long shaped coarse stone – which was built into a kind of case of lime and stone in the wall to preserve it – by the late captain Hart – it has no inscription: the other is a round stone, also set in a wall; with an inscription in old English which I am sorry to say I was so stupid as not to

But how get him in?
 Was the puzz'ling thing
 For if he entered first he must shut the door too
 And the Ram could not open it. What then must he
 do?

He would climb higher up.
 And then the Black Tup,
 In following him
 Might be gently pushed in;
 No sooner was it said, then done;
 Hurrah! Hurrah! the Castle's won!

Just as the chieftain open'd the door
 To enter after; from the floor
 Upon his feet, the Lover bounded,
 And seized the Boar
 Who, all astounded,
 Felt that his power was o'er:
 And that his sway
 Had passed away

As every Dog must have his day.
 His spirit quail'd,
 His courage fail'd,
 Like an infant in a Giants grasp
 or bird within the Serpents clasp;
 One shriek of despair,
 Rent the midnight air
 But one – it was his last!

For, headlong down the narrow Stair
 His writhing form was cast -
 He moves not – breathes not – life is past -
 The rigid limbs – the ashy cheek
 The glassy eye – all plainly speak,
 To the victorious Lovers heart,
 And tell him that his task is done,
 That he hath bravely played his part,
 And the fair prize is won.

So seizing the key,
 He hasted to free
 His Lady love from care and woe:
 And the morning light
 Rose fresh and bright
 On the happy couple in Castle DOE.

copy – its date was AD 1621 - erected to the memory of some Lady “for whose sake this Chapel was built.” not a single stone of which now remains on another-

Opposite the castle is a small island called Bishops Island from containing it is said the Grave of some Bishop – but I could not glean even a shred of a legend respecting the aforesaid Bishop - so must here close my pleasant DAY at DOE.

Rockhill M.A.G. July 184 (?)

APPENDIX F:
LINES TO CAROLAN

LINES

On seeing in the Museum at Castle Caldwell the skull
of the celebrated Old blind Harper and poet

CAROLAN

Embosomed in a wild outspreading wood,
Doth castle Caldwell stand;
Whilst upon either hand,
The Ernes bright flood,
Poured her fair sparkling streams,
Varied and smiling as gay childhoods dreams:

Oh! beautiful wild Lake!
'Tis sweet to gaze,
Upon the winding ways,
Thy water take:

Now here,
L[e]aving the mountains drear:
Now there,
Kissing the meadow fair : -

And then again thou'rt seen
Like threads of silvery sheen
Twisted round Islets green,
As if to draw from the cold worlds breast
Into fair Havens of eternal rest

Oh! beautiful wild Lake! The scene without,
Is passing fair no doubt;
But in yon ancient room,
A precious prize
A Relic from the Tomb,
A Treasure lies;
That few could look upon without emotion
That well may win a Poets warm devotion;
Pass on ye cold, ye gay,
Ye thoughtless or ye dull;
But there, ye feeling, stay
And gaze on CAROLANS SKULL!

Aye, - look upon that grey and bony head,
So passionless – so cold – so dead!
The Master Spirits fled.
Yet still the Music of his mind doth last
And still his love inspiring strains
Are sung on Erins plains;
And still, ah! Still the tide of Song shall pour
Its waves of melody around her shore.

Oh! Blind old Bard! me thinks I see thee now
Thy fingers pressed upon the thoughtful brow
Ah! let me loo again on that *discoloured tint,
Music and Poetrys impassioned print.

* A deep black mark over one of the brows was said
to be worn by his finger, pressed on that spot, while
composing his beautiful songs -

His sightless eyeballs to the Heavens upturned,
As if he there found light
And inspiration bright,
Which to receive from Earth his free born
spirit spurn'd
Time honoured CAROLAN!
Sweet Child of Song,
Thy fame shall live thro' Ages roll along;

Then hasten on ye gay
Ye thoughtless, cold or dull;
But here ye Feeling stay,
And gaze on CAROLANS SKULL.

M.A.G -

May
Stonewold
1845

APPENDIX G:
A WALK THROUGH DERRY
MARY ANN ALLINGHAM

July 29th 1831

A WALK THROUGH DERRY.

“Summer's coming on, and we'll all be merry,
And we'll take a walk round the walls of Derry.”

So says Nursery Rhymes, and Fancy having agreed to the ramble, gets Memory to act as Cicerone. Beautifully situated on a sloping hill stands fair Derry: Foyle's proud waters cresting the city. Londonderry, as all the world knows, or should know, is surrounded by walls, which had the glory of keeping out a King in old times. In the centre of the city, called Diamond, stands Corporation Hall; and from this centre the four principal streets radiate: viz., Bishop-street, Ship-quay-street, Butcher's street, and Ferry-quay-street. These streets are very well flagged; and gas works have lately been erected by a company of gentlemen, for the purpose of lighting the city; and the share holders are likely to make by the speculation, as most of the shops and warehouses have already thrown by the dim light of candles, and adopted the brilliant and beautiful gas lights. The city is also remarkably well supplied with pipe-water of an excellent quality.

In Bishop-street is the Courthouse, a beautiful building with a colonnade in front, and on the top the King's arms, with figures of Justice and Mercy on either side. Opposite the Courthouse is the Lord Bishop's Palace, which is not a very tasty-looking edifice.

Bishop's-gate is worthy of remark; it is the most ancient-looking in the city, having a wide entrance, with a narrow wicket at each side, and at top it is ornamented with the head of William III, crowned with a wreath of laurel, and looking proudly down the street of the virgin city; while, on the other side, is the head of James II, with a rueful countenance, looking ominously towards the Jail, which stands in Bishop-street, without the walls.

The Jail is a very noble looking building: the front is built in the castellated style, and has been enlarged within these few years by towers and great gate-ways to match the ancient centre: in the rear is an immense sweep of fine buildings, too fine, by far, for the residence of guilt: and it may with truth be said and sung, that

Our prisons are so beautiful, and fitted up so well,
That some commit a robbery, that in them they may dwell.

Leaving the Jail, I will enter Bishop's-gate again, and ascend to the wall, by a flight of some seven or eight dirty steps; and after a short walk I come in sight of the Testimonial, “erected to the memory of the gallant defenders of Derry: and to commemorate the shutting of the gates of the city against king James and his army, in December, 1688, by the Apprentice Boys.” The Testimonial is a very pretty pillar, surmounted at top by a figure of the Rev. George Walker, Governor of the city, after Lundy's disgrace, and afterwards made its bishop by William III. The pillar is erected in a beautiful situation, and with good taste, commanding a fine view of Lough Foyle, and the shipping entering its harbour: and the figure is represented as if pointing to the vessels appearing in the distance with the welcome relief. A flight of very tiresome steps, winding inside the pillar, and lit by small slits scarcely visible outside, lead to a narrow platform on the cap, from whence is a magnificent view of the Magilligan and Innishowen mountains; nearer the eye lights on Culmore, with its row of neat white houses, and old ruined fort, resting, as it were, on the water; and nearer still lie the beautifully planted domains of Brookhall, Boomhall, and the Farm, with the very tasty little cottage of Foyle-vale; and adjoining the city, those extensive public edifices; the Free School, Lunatic Asylum, and Infirmary; and around you stretches the loyal city, the busy haunt of man, – whilst immediately beneath the Testimonial is the Grave-yard surrounding the neat little Chapel of Ease; but as I was the **first female** who had the honour of ascending the Testimonial, (so said the workman who showed it to me ere it was quite completed), I must not descend from it without a few verses for perhaps My Muse will not again be ambitious of attaining so lofty a station, for, “Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb!” I will choose, then, for my subject the 12th December, with its motto “NO SURRENDER”, and

I'll sing the TESTIMONIAL!

 Is't not a high theme, pray ?
 I'll sing the Ceremonial,
 Or the "Prentice Boys so gay; –
 What can be more aspiring,
 Or raise one up a peg,
 Than to hear that fine voiced siren.
 The far-famed *Roaring Meg?
 Oh! she is a sweet talker,
 She speaks of glorious days;
 Of our brave champion WALKER,
 Who earned deathless praise;
 Her voice bids us remember,
 When heard from Bishop's-gate,
 The Eighteenth of December,
 That saved the Church and State.
 She tells of General MURRY,
 How he repused the foe –
 How JAMES was in a hurry
 From Derry walls made go;
 She tells how traitor Lundy
 Was glad with life to flee,

How he slipt out one Monday,
 By Walker's care set free.
 Oh! that I could rehearse all
 That Roaring Meg could say –
 But humble is my verse all,
 To sing so fine a lay:
 The 'Prentice Boys are walking,
 The bands all sweetly play –
 The multitude are flocking
 Unto the wall so gay;
 Where stands the testimonial,
 Bold deeds to celebrate,
 And where with ceremonial
 Flies the flag of Eighty-Eight.
 At night down from the gallows
 The people Lundy drag,
 And with a joyful malice,
 They burn him every rag.
 And shall not I, too, render
 My humble aid, and cry,
 The motto NO SURRENDER –
 No surrender till we die!

I will now walk up Pump-street, which has of late been greatly improved, by the removal of a house that obstructed the view of the fine Cathedral: in my opinion this is the best view of the noble old pile that can be had; it forms a handsome and solemn finish to the street, and seems to stand as a warning to the busy and careless passengers, hurrying to and through, and scarcely deigning to spare time for a single glance at the sombre edifice, and the silent houses of the dead that lie so thick around it – "In the midst of life we are in death!" The Eastern window is surmounted at top by an ornamental stone cross, over which, on holidays, floats the ancient flag of 1688, a remnant of which is still left to speak of:

 "The swords of former times,
 " "And of the men who bore them,
 "When armed for RIGHT, they stood sublime,
 " "And tyrnnts crouched before them." [tyrnnts misprint for tyrants?]

A handsome spire has been erected, topped with a gilt cross, instead of one that was destroyed some years ago by lightning; and at the four corners of the building four pinnacles of ornamented stone work has been raise.
 – I will now enter its gates, for

The old cathedral gladly would I bring,
 Before your eyes in venerable array –
 Oh! 'tis a solemn and impressive thing,
 To tread those sacred courts, where busy day
 But dimly enters with a trembling ray,
 Through the arched windows, latticed closely o'er,
 Whilst ancient flags wave loose, by time and service tore.
 The lofty ceiling decked with knots and flowers –
 The high arched pillars that support the roof:
 The swelling organ – oh! it overpowers
 Even cold and thoughtless hearts with sweet reproof.

A row of galleries extend round the building, except on the eastern side, where is the communion table; the organ nearly occupies the entire western gallery; it is a handsome, and, I believe, a good instrument; but the singing is very inferior to that in the humble parish church of Ballyshannon. On either side of the communion table are the seats of the Lord Bishop and Dean; and opposite the pulpit is the Lord Mayor's throne. A neat Free Church had been built by

the late Bishop Knox, who was the munificent and liberal patron of all works that tended to the improvement of the city and people.

The library in Ship-quay-street is a very handsome building; the first floor is fitted up as a news-room, where strangers are admitted on having their names entered in a book by a subscriber; the second story, (consisting of two or three large rooms), contains a very good collection of books, which the subscribers have the liberty of bringing home; above the library is an observatory, commanding, even without the assistance of a telescope, a most delightful view of Lough Foyle and its beautiful banks.

There are very many charitable institutions in Derry, all well supported and conducted; but pre-eminent in usefulness is the Ladies' Penny Society, which supplies spinning to the industrious, food for the sick, and useful clothing, to be paid for by weekly instalments, to such as need it. The Mendicity Society, under the direction of a committee of gentlemen, and the active superintendance of a governor, is a most useful and admirable institution, for it not only frees the inhabitants from the miserable and loathsome system of street begging, but improves the conduct of those children of sorrow, by the judicious manner in which their rations are given or withheld, according to their own good or bad behaviour.

But I must finish my walk through Derry, lest it prove fatiguing to the reader, begging leave to assure him that a ramble round the walls, however tedious it may appear on paper, is not so in reality, even though he may have to toil up Constitution-brae with a brisk wind in his face.

Ballyshannon, 19th July.

M. A. A.

APPENDIX H:
THE DIARY OF WILLIAM ALLINGHAM Sr.
TRONDHEIM, NORWAY 1807
Selected extracts from the diary of William Allingham Sr.

Ongoing transcription of a manuscript from the Gunnerus Library, Trondheim q Ms 1023 by Eva Hov ©2014.
 Selections of transcribed material from Eva Hov's work by Niamh Hamill.
 Editing by Niamh Hamill.

Trondhiem den 1 Martius (eller Jordmaaned (*or month of earth*)): 1807

I really believe in the Old Proverb, (Orsprog) when it says: "Martch [*sic*] comes like a Lion, but goes out like a Lamb Mary Wollstonecraft's Right of Woman is now (1804) Translated into Danish by Doctor Jørgen Borch; under the Title of: Maria Wollstonecraft's "Quindekiønnetts Rettigheder", indbunden 2v. I believe it is much admired in Denmark; as I have also seen many Pieces of it Translated in Danish Periodical writing; which have been long printed; befor [*sic*] it was altogether Translated by J Borch; I would like to compare it in Danish and English!

The Copenhagen post came this evening; & happy was I to see by the Papers; that they have at last resolved in England to abolish entirely the inhumane Slave Trade. I hope this may not meet with any further Opposition? - more about the Slave Trade another time!

Levanger 5 Marty 1807 Thursday

At 4 ½ this evening there came an Express from Trondhiem with a letter to me from Mr O. I immediately knew the melancholy contents – my dearest Jane left this wretched miserable World yesterday morning the 4 Marty at 7 ½ o'clock, without a Groan – when I took leave of her on Monday last, & gave her a kiss I was almost afraid it would be the last; which is now alas to[o] certain; - she was too good to live!

Trondhiem 7 Marty 1807 Saturday

I have been very sick ever since I heard of my dearest Sisters Death – I did not move out of my room this day till Mr Aagaard came this evening and forced me to go up a little to him; he and his wife were pretty concerned for me, and they amused me as much as was in their Trondhiem 8 March Sunday 1807 Midfaste: (*middle of Lent*)

Trondhiem 9 Marty Monday 1807.

Jane! I went in to her at 6, o'clock this evening, she was sitting very melancholy in a Sofa, Jomfrue Røring was in the room, but as she cannot bear anything mournful or serious, she immediately left the Place

Mrs Johannsen gave me both her hands, & we burst out into a plentiful flood of Tears; she related to me minutely the particulars of the melancholy Event & at last she fell on my neck; kissed me & promised to be my sister; I done the same & vow'd to be her sincere brother - she has invited me to come every day to her, & I shall not require a second Invitation – it is the only comfort I have now remaining here, to converse with & be in the Company of the genirouse [*sic*] & affectionate Sarah!

Trondhiem 10 March Tuesday 1807.

Good God; it is impossible for anyone to imagine my feelings & affliction (except he has experienced it on a similar melancholy occassion [*sic*] when I proceeded to Church this morning following the Remains of poor Jane to her Grave – Mr. O, Mr. Johannsen & I were in the Carrage [*sic*] after the Hearse, and there were 18 or 20 Carages [*sic*] after us; we alighted at the Funeral Kirk, (*Our Lady's Church*) weher [*where?*] the Corps was boren [*"carried"* in Danish] through [*sic*] the the Church & layed in a Grave beside Magdalena Johannesen's – I thought I should sink into the Earth when I saw the Coffin sinking into the cruel Earth, & it was with the greatest difficulty I supported my self through the Church & into the Carrage again – where I gave vent to my feelings

Trondhiem den 15 Marty Sunday 1807 – 5 Søndag i Fasten (*5th Sunday of Lent*)

The moment I sit unoccupied, the melancholy circumstance of poor Jane's Death, occurs with fresh force to my imagination and depresses my Spirits to the utmost. I try to drive those sorrowfull [*sic*] thoughts away as well as I

can; but I am often not competent to the Task - I amused myself this morning by reading Vessels Digte (*poems by Vessel*) – his tragic Camik [*Comic*] opera of: “Kierlighed uden Strømper” (*Johan Herman Wessel's parody of the Italian opera “Love without stockings”*), is enough to make a dying man burst out into an extasy [*sic*] of Laughter!

Trondhiem den 15 March Søndag 1807.

Hornemanns, Laytens, 3 English Capt:s who have been wrecked, and Mr: Bopen from Riga, dined with us to day - Ebbe H. and I drove out to Grev Smythaus [*Schmettow*] Country Seat, Roatvold, after dinner - it was fine Sledføre (*good condition for driving a sledge*) and it was poor Jane's Sled which we drove in; she got it Lackered (*varnished*) in the beginning of this Winter, and anticipated a great deal of Pleasure in it but getting sick, she never drove out in it - Good God! was [*should be what?*] an unsteady foundation we build our most sanguin[e] hopes on - little did we then imagine that she would leave us the 4 of March - and that I should be at that Cursed Levanger Marked - only 2 days away when she died! I got poor Jane's Book this evening which she has written several Pieces in - I shall [*?p*]reserve it as a Treasure.

Trondhiem den 17 March 1807 Tuesday. ... St: Patricks-day.

Many a nogen [*noggin*] of w[h]iskey will be drunk in old Ireland this Morning - St. Patrick's day is not observed here - they don't know that such an Irish St: has existed!

I was out taking a Walk this fine Morning - as I was coming home I went in to see Mrs. J: I brought her in a Pocket-handkerchief of Magdalena Knudtzon's which Mrs. J: had made a present of to poor Jane - at the same time she gave he[her or the?] two new ones marked J:O: with her hair - she had made me a present of the former; and the latter which Jane was so fond of; and which were they [*sic*] last she made use of, Mrs. J: is marking over again, as the name had come out with washing - I shall [*?p*]reserve those three as a Treasure!

Trondhiem den 21 March Løverdag 1807: [*next page he writes Saterdag*]

The day and night is now exactly of the same length; the Air is tolerably Cold, & it has continued to Snow all day, almost! I have heard many people say; they never saw such good Sled- Føre at this season of the year, as there is at present!

The report of an english [*sic*]Vessell being in the Lieth last month was false: - but at 6,o,clock this evening, the first English Man, made his appearance round the Point, and at 1/2 past 6, he was at anchor in Ihlen (the Bay:) I went immediately on board, as I thought Edward and one of my Sisters might be with him, but I was soon undeceived; it was a Capt: John Hodge of and from Newcastle to Mr: Hans Windgaard Finne [*timber merchant Hans Wingaard Finne (1758 -1830), later on two of his sons would attend Foyle College in Derry at the same time as Thoning Owesen*] he told me he left N:Castle 2 March, and was of course 19 days on the passage in 1806 (last year) there did not arrive any English Vessels here til Sunday 30 March, when there came 3 - of course The first Vessell [*sic*]is 9 days earlyer [*sic*]here this year, then the foregoing!

I would be grieved of any of my sisters would come out at this melancholy period - (glad as I would be to see them in Norway while poore [*sic*]Jane lived;) I am very unhappy here since her death, and cannot live another winter in this place! She has never been one quarter of an hour [*sic*]from my imagination; since I heard of her death at Levanger! Oh how unlucky it was, that I should hardly be 45 heures [*sic*]out of Trondhiem till she was no more - I shall never forget her last Kiss, & then she said "God bless you dear W:m and take care of yourself." - I thought I saw the Pale hand of Death, on her countenance at that moment, and it was nearly a quarter of an hour, [*sic*]before I could find my self able to go out of the room - this was on Manday [*sic*]morning at 11,o,c. on Wednesday Morning at 1/2 past 7 - she was no more! only 44 1/2 short hours!

Trondhiem 24 March 1807 Tuesday: [*on next page: Tirsdag*]

I read a very entertaining Piece this morning in Euphrosyne 10 Hæfte for 1796, translated from the German: "Erindring af en Reise til Stockholm" Forfatteren er den berømte Hegewisch i Kiel. 1794! (“*Memories from a journey to Stockholm*” by the famous Hegewisch in Kiel) - it is only an extract from it that I have read in Høst's Tidskrift (*periodical*) and it is very amusing

Although[ugh] Coffee is so peremptorily forbidden in Sweden; it is drank there in as great quantitie *[sic]*(nearly) as in Denmark and Norway - the Swedes bring a great quantity from Norge - and it is often Confiscated! - in Sweden when you want a Cup of Coffee in a Publick *[sic]*house, you ask for Brown Tea - but if the Polletiemester *[sic]*has a good nose and can smell it in any house, they are immediately fined! I believe it is allowed in some shape to be drunk in Sweden at present! - at least I think that, the heroic Swedes that are besieged in Stralsund at present, ought not to be denied the use of Coffee! -

I wish from my heart (for the sake of the Country in general :) that there was some restraint or Duty on Coffee drinkers, in Norway! as there are many (old wives particularly and old Pebb[e]rmøer) Persons that drink themselves to the Brink of Poverty - Coffee is now 23 r. a vog - and they still continue to drink it 3 or 4 times a day

Trondhiem 25 March 1807. Onsdag: Maria Beb: *[next page says Wednesday [sic]]*

Yesterday Evening Anna Maria Thoning 18 years of age was married to Helmar Meincke 39 years - in Mad: Thoning's house - they then flitted to their own house - where Capt. Michaleson *[sic]*lived - and passed the night there! Poor Miss Thoning is no more - I pity her from my Soul I hope she may live happy; but there are a great many in Town who doubt it --? -----

Trondhiem 26 March Thirsday 1807: Skiertorsdag:

This morning the third English Vessell arrived! it is from Aberdeen a Capt. Croges to Windgaard!
I am afraid I shall never recover my Spirits again - they have been so depressed since poor Jane's Death! The following lines are appli[c]able to her untimely end _ :

But "sickness", like the canker-worm,
Consum'd the early prime;
The rose grew pale and left her cheek,
She di[e]d before her Time."

Trondhiem 27 March Good Friday 1807. Langfredag:

I with a great deal of Difficulty, at last this day wrote to my poor father -- I told him I expected to go home in July or beginning of August - all my happiness amongst the Norwegian Mountaint, *[sic]*is fled with poor Jane!

Trondhiem Easter Sunday 29 March 1807: Paaske Dag

Last Christmas was the dullest, and most unpleasant, ever I have spent - but - little did I then imagine that Easter would be much more so - Poor Jane's illness caused the first - and her -- Death the latter! --

I amused myself this morning by writing out some of the Music of Hermann von Unna, which I have got from Mrs. Johanssen - the Music of this Drama is by Abbe Vogler and the original Drama is supposed to be written by Gustavio III. King of Sweden - it is an admired Piece.

Trondhiem den 30 March Easter Manday 1807. 2 Paaskedag.

It is impossible for a feeling heart to read the following Lines if our immortal Bard, without admiration, and to acknowledge the truth and beauty of the Timely[?] contained in there:

" 'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year;
How dead the Vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold fond Man!
Se here they pictur'd life; pass some few years,
The flowing Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,

And shuts the scene. Ah! w[h]ither now are fled
 These dreams of greatness? these unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man.
 His guide to happiness on high. " _____ (1040)

(Thom[p]sons Winter)

Trondhiem den 31 March Tuesday 1807: Frederick 5.s Fødsel: (*Birthday of King Frederick 5th*)

This morning I sen[t] no less than 18 Books (of Mr. Hornemanns) to him, which I have had the lone of; and I have as many more yet that I have not yet read!

Yesterday morning the Snow-Plough went about - and ever since it has continued snowing; this fore-noon E: H: and I drove out in a Sledg to Lahammer, there is excellent Sledføre at present; much better than it was in the beginning of this month, last year - I think it will continue till May - last winter, I remember that on the 25 of April, Jacob Gram & I, drove up to Leer Foss on the Nid-Elv - this year I have not been on it at all : ____

Thronthiem 1 April Wedensday 1807. Hugo:

Though we have now got the first of April, we are very farr [*sic*]from the first of Summer - it still continuing to Snow, and the air is 5 degrees of Cold - the Days are very long now - I awake every morning at 5,o-clock and read till 7, in Bed, then I get up, an[d] either playin[g] the Fiddle, Bind in Books, or write music -- I have now bound in the "Norske Nationale Klædedragter" which I got from Mr. Aagaard, and I have also bound in 5 Music Books! It is also the Custom in Norway, as well as in England, to make April Fools - but have not made any - as I think there are too many Fools in each Country, to require a new supply!

Trondhiem 2 April Thirsday 1807. Theodosius:

This morning I was a long time with Mrs Johannsen; I returned her the musick [*sic*]to Herman von Unna, after writing some of it out " --
 I am convinced she loves me as a Brother - I have promised her faithfully to get poor Jane's lickness [*sic*]taken off, after the one we have at home; and send it to her, as soon as I go to Ireland! every time I shake hands with her at parting, she says - "Allingham when will you come again, and don't let it be long"!

Trondhiem Den 4 April Saterdag 1807: Ambrosius:

Yesterday I bought, "Samling af nyeste udvalgte Selskabs-Sange af forskillige [*sic*]Forfattere; Kiøb.n 1806 1r 8sk. -
 - Books are very dear in Denmark & Norway, much more so than they are in proportion in Ireland - I am convinced we pay 1/3 more here for Books, than is charged in the same proportion in Ireland! - If I was worth "Een Tønde Guld" (100,000 r) I would buy Books with the Interest of 25,000 r every year!

Trondheim 6 April Munday 1807. Septus:

We this morning got a letter from my father of 8 March - I am afraid Bess & Edward will be already on the way, when the melancholy news of poor Jane, arrives? - Glad & happy as I would be to see Bess or any of my family in their native country - it would grieve me as much on the other hand to see them in Norway under the present unfortunate circumstances! ---

Trondhiem den 7 April Tuesday 1807. Egesippus.

Trondhiem Wednesday the 8 April 1807. Janus:

The 4th English Vessell [*sic*]arrived this Morning at 10,o,c. Capt. Strand of the Alert [Albert?] of Peterhead - Mr. O, Mr. Dreyer & I went a'board and drank a glass of Grog there - he is to Mr. Ursin - Capt. Craiggie sail'd this morning, he is the first English Vessell [*sic*]that is expedited from Trondhiem this Season, Capt. Boggie went with him - he is to Belfast! -- Mr. Owesen went in to the country at 12,o,clock to day to Børsøren for 3 or 4 days - I am to keep house till he comes back again.

Trondhiem den 10 April Friday 1807:

I got an excellent Book from the Læseselskab this day, namely: Udsigt over det Britiske Folks Historie oversat paa Danske Efter J: W. von Archenholz, Kiøbn. 1793. (*Overview of the History of the British People by JWA, translated into Danish*)

If ever I do understand German so perfect - the first Book I should like to peruse would be Archenholz Minerva; it is a periodical or monthly writings & is in the most General repiute! [*repute?*]

Trondhiem Wednesday 15 April 1807. Christians Fødsel-Dag! [*The Birthday of prince Christian!*]

I read most of "Bruuns Smaating (Kiøbn. 1801) this day: amongst other pieces I met with: "Anine til Julius" ' a most beautiful poem, with stile of Yarice to Incle - my dearest Jane, was uncommonly fond of this piece; and had she not been so sick, at the time she read it, she intended to write it out in her Green Book! - on this account it & and the next: (Til Samma:) to it, are doubly dear to me, & I read them to day, with a melancholy pleasure! It is a letter to Julius from Anine - & the truth of the following lines (from the second epistle) struck me on first reading them:

"Lad Helgenmand end Dyd og Pligter svige,
 Man dysser slig en Skrøbelighed neer,
 Men falder den forledte, svage Pige
 Hun Stakkel, maa sig aldrig reise meer.
 Lad Cato selv fra Viisdoms Vei afvige,
 Kun Skumleren en saadan Irring seer;
 Men falder den foredte, svage Pige,
 Hun Stakkel, maa sig aldrig reise meer."

I would like to get this Book; but it is very seldom any good Books are to be had here for Sale - Hornemann has Bruuns (T: C) Smaa-Ting" 1801 - his Skriftemaalet 1798 og hans "Omvendelsen" 1799, in one volume. --

Trondhiem Sunday 19 April 1807. 3 Søndag efter Paaske (: Daniel:)

I am now quite tired of Norway - & have not spent one happy day since poor Jane's death - 'tis impossible for me to stay much longer here, and I am also convinced, I will not be content to stay long in Ballyshannon; the very thought, that I might be a Burthen to anybody, let alone to my Father & Mother; is enough to drive me to dispare [*sic*]or madness! God alone knows what will become of me hence forth! --

I have no prospects at home; and less here

Trondhiem Manday 20 April 1807: Sulpitius.

I was very much agitated this evening, by a letter from my dearest Mother (with a few lines from my Father & Edward) to poor Jane - she gave her good advice in it - but little did, or could, she imagine (the 19 March) that her dearest daughter was 15 days before gon [*sic*]into eternity

I could not read it without shedding Tears - I am also sorry to see from it that Poor Bess is coming out her[e] with Edward; in a few days after the letter, they were to Proceed from Derry with Capt. Biggs[?] - but I hope in a couple of months, that I shall have the pleasure, of Bringing her to our native Country! - as much as that kind letter of my dear Mother`s - would have rejoiced dear Jane & us all, if she had been alive; not less did it grieve me in the present Circumstances! ---

Trondhiem Tuesday 21 April 1807: Florentin:

At 7,o,c. this morning I walked out, and drank Tea with Dreyer & his wife - The air still continues piercing cold, and it could not be less than 7 degrees, before the Sun arose this morning!

I was glad to see by the News papers, that: on the 18 February, in the afternoon Aadmiral [*sic*]/Duckworth passed the Dardanelles - the Turks have Batteries on the asian & european sides & the pass is very narrow; but for all that, he passed with his fleet of 9 ships of the Line, (2 with 100 guns, 2 of 84, 4 of 74 & 1 of 50 - with 3 Frigats & c! -) and with very little loss; destroy'd a small Turkish squadron of Vessells, [*sic*]/& Anchared the 20 Feb: within a Cannonshot [*sic*] between the Serails & The Seven Towers in Constantinople!

I was very much surprised to see; that on the 25 March, there was an entire change of the English Ministry [*sic*]- the Duke of Porteland [*sic*]/is Prime Ministre [*sic*]/in place of Lord Grenville; and all the old ministry [*sic*]/have been obliged to resign, except the Lord chancellor, [*sic*]/Lord Erskine! It is imagined that the proposed Roman Catholic Miletary [*sic*]/Bill, was the cause of this change! - I hope it may be for the better! -

This forenoon I spent with my, now, Sixth Sister - she was very much affected on my informing her that there was a letter from my Mother to poor Jane; & that she mentioned her also very kindly in it! & on my telling her that my Father intended to write to her by Edward, she wished she could write English alone to answer it! --

After dinner to day, I visited Henrick H. he is ill with the Toothack [*sic*], and has been confined since Sunday, to his room! I got the 1. vol. of "Journal for Politick & c" for 1795 - there are 2 vols: for each year & each contains 6 months! -

Trondhiem Sunday 26 April 1807. 4 Søndag efter Paaske! ---

At 7,o,clock this morning I went down to the Pleasure Room - the Flag is again upon the Castle, & there are 3 Vessells [*sic*]/coming - Mr. O & I were here about 10 minutes - when Dreyer came in, & told us to come up to the house that Edward was come; --- I doubted him at first, but on entering the parlour I was agreeably surprised to see him -- & was very happy, they had got the melancholy account, before Bess & he set out from Derry, where they were waiting for a fair Wind! -- . He is only 7 days from Derry - and has just been 1 year from Trondhiem. Edward & I visited Old Aagaard & Hornemanns - and also the good little Mrs Jo: - .

Edward and I played several tunes this evening - he on the Flute & I on the Fiddle - & the[y] sound very well together - but much better if it was first & Second! -

Trondhiem Munday [*sic*]/27 April 1807 Charlotte:

I sat a couple of Houres [*sic*]/with Mrs. Jo - this morning - I brought her 6 letters - one from my Father, - Bess - & my aunt Watt - I read them all for her, and she shed' many Tears - & sayd [*sic*]/she was not worthy of such Gratitude - I gave her the 2 Rings - but such Trinkets does not at all please her, (she is no admirer of Stas :) but for Bess & my mother's sake received them with Gratitude! - She would rather have a small Lock of hair than 20 rings! - I have promised to get her poor Janes Portret [*sic*]/in Ireland after the one in my fathers; & Bess is to make her a simple coat & to use it one day, which she will all was [*always?*] preserve! She has made me promise to write to her often, & she will also write to my father & us - but I can translate it into english

I got a chain of her hair to give as a remembrance [*sic*]/to Bess - it was Janes before and she wore it round her arm eternally! -

Trondhiem Wednesday 29 April 1807: Peter Mart:

I was in with Mad: Johannsen this morning for ½ an hour [sic] - I made her a present of a music book of my own making - & which I am to write poor Jane's favourite (English Songs (with music) in - she thanked me a thousand times and promised to keep it as a remembrance from me!

The weather is very calm now (10,o,c. Morning) but there has been a good quantity of Rain - in some places the Grass is beginning to Spring - but the Snow is very thick on the Country yet! - the Mountains in [sic]the other side of the Lieth, are cloathed [sic]in Wintry roabs [sic]at the Summit - but near the Sea - they are always Blewish like [sic]from this side - as the Salt water, or sea air melts the snow, which is too near it! - . There passed 3 or 4 Rafts of Building Timber, up the River, while I was with Mrs. Jo. This morning . the sight was very beautiful! -

Trondhiem Saturday 2 May 1807: Athanasius: [?]

We had 2 or 3 showers of snow thi[s] morning - but the sun has now dissolved it all away, & I think Summer or rather Spring & Summer are commencing; It cannot be more beautifully described, than by the following lines of the immortal Barde [sic]Thomson:

“And see where surly Winter passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his raffian [sic]blasts;
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag's vale;
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, (15)
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
 As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
 And Winter oft at eve resumes the Greese [?]
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets (20)
 Deform the day delightless; [sic]so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time with bill nigulph [?]
 To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
 The Rovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste [?] (25 Spring [?])

Yesterday morning, it was just 2 long years, since I left my native Town - and took leave of my friends & relations - perhaps never to see them more!

APPENDIX J:

SELECTED ALLINGHAM/ OWESON CORRESPONDENCE 1812-1827

The following are selected transcriptions from a book also containing some letters, found in Statsarkivet in Trondheim catalogued *Skifteakt O F Owesen 3E0039*. Originally transcribed by Eva Hov.

Following are selected letters from Edward Allingham to his nephew, Thoning Oweson, and a response from Thoning.

There are also two letters from Florinda Scott, daughter of Edward Allingham to Thoning Oweson from the Gunnerus Library.

Transcriptions from a book also containing some letters, found in Statsarkivet in Trondheim catalogued *Skifteakt O F Owesen 3E0039*. The book itself contains ca. 250 pages including accounts and documentation of all actions taken by the Testament Executors appointed by of Otto Owesen from his death in 1812 until 1816

In between the pages of the book were also found 17 letters, some received by post while others were copies or drafts; all deriving from a correspondence with Edward Allingham in Ireland.

Transcription by Eva Hov.
Selections by Niamh Hamill.

Bundoran 25th June 1823

My dear Thoning

About three weeks ago I wrote to you last, but your welcome letter of 11th May received a few days since, deserves this speedy acknowledgement of its having come safe to hand. I wonder at the length of time my letters take of reaching you, but I suppose it is greatly owing to my not being in Dublin myself when they are a forwarding, and that John or James just gives them to whoever they hear of going to Norway, without charging them to loose no time in forwarding them. My last enclosing some documents for you to sign, I desired to be forwarded by post, and I hope ere this you have received them and forwarded them back to me. This I will desire John to forward by post also, if there is not a direct opportunity going out to Dronthon.

The trade this year with your part of Norway is trifling indeed, and I am glad to hear Ursin is diverting his attention to other branches of commerce, which even in their uncertainty gives an interest and a speculation that I sincerely trust may pay him & all concerned. The valross [walrus] is I believe the Narwahl or Sea-unicorn; having only one great tusk or horn of Ivory projecting from its fore-head; it is a species of Whale. Fejlberg I think admirably adapted for the pursuit. Remember me to him when you see him, & tell him to forgive, if he cannot forget, ell the troubles the disaster & differences I caused to him. All unpleasant trace of the disagreeable events is gone from me, and I w.d with pleasure meet Fejlberg again, and render him a kindness or a service. How does Ursin & his partners dispose of the produce of this Fangst or catching?

William is talking of freighting a vessel to go out for a cargo of plank soon, but poor Britton has little chance of having a vessel in time to undertake the voyage. His son who is well established in America has just been paying him a visit & had his wife with him. His daughter is fixed in the new world tho' not with a husband. I do not however mean to say that she is improperly settled. Andy Britton is also crossing the Atlantic, but I believe purposes returning this year again. Dr. Britton is loitering away his time in & about Ballyshannon as usual, talking often of going to see Brendan Delap who has established himself at Ray (?). If I mistake not Brendan will keep a comfortable house, as he likes good eating himself, and is a good judge of wine. William Delap has settled in Mrs Payne's house, although' he is owner of Carolina, or the Priests point.

And now that I am in that part of the country I must tell you that I have serious thoughts of offering a large sum of money for the Estate of Gartan, as there is every chance of its being sold cheap; and as it is very extensive, you might on coming over here again, wish to take a half in it. It is a most romantic property, with an extensive lake and beautifully wooded islands; it is mountainous and lonely, but with a tolerably good tenancy paying about £ 300 yearly. The Lease of it is to be sold, and is a good one, being under the See of Raphoe for 21 years, but you must know the nature of these bishops leases is, that they are renewed every year, and by that means have always the 21 years in reserve, should the bishop be changed either by promotion to some other See, or by death.

As it would certainly make me more anxious to purchase if you were inclined to try a country life in old Ireland, mention your ideas by return for post at large on this subject; It will not argue the speculation that it lies about 14 miles from Ramelton, and that James Watt is most anxious that I should become the owner or proprietor of it. Should the sale come on (as it is a Bankrupts property) before I hear from you it is my intention of bidding about £ 2000, which both James Watt & I calculate to be £ 1000 short of its actual value bad as the times undoubtedly are. Should the Bankrupts Trustees not close on my offer, the probability is that the Sale will be kept open another year.

The exchange is improving something with you which is a good sign, as it shows there is stability in the country and her resources, even without the Deal-trade. Was it not once so bad as 9 Spd: to the pound Stg: ? The Bank actie [?] money in, provided you are certain you can readily Sell out in case you wish to draw it off from Norway. I know securities of the kind have risen wonderfully in England & Ireland since their establishment. What was originally worth £ 100 in Bank of Ireland Stock is now worth & sells for, immediately on being offered in the money market, £ 280 Stg. -

So much for business; shall fill the remainder of this sheet with news of one kind or ... which will more amuse them the dry, tho' necessary matter of money concerns. Will you in the first place believe that Attorney Sam Crawford is just on the eve of marriage in Dublin to a Miss Duncan of Granby Row, Everything was settled before his family were made acquainted with it. The poor old doctor is declining rapidly, but keeping up his Spirits; all the rest as usual.

I entertained a party here yesterday & Robert amongst the number; I have not seen so little of the Methodist in him for a long time; he is reported busy wife-seeking. Mrs Williams cannot now Sleep for the dreadful apprehensions of Rebellion; and indeed the extreme rage of the Party almost warrants the certainty of some great catastrophe. Few weeks perhaps without affray between Orange-men & Ribbonites, and deaths now always take place.

William's life has taken a turn as opposite as his former state of bachelor was to his present, of married man. Politics are quashed, and running Canals now are nearly making him rem (?) Mad. He is one of a deputation sending by the gentlemen of this neighbourhood to Enniskillen on the 27th Inst., to attend & suggest to such designs as may there be brought forward by the great Proprietors of Fermanagh, Cavan, Tyrone, Donegal, &c: &c: &c: for a junction of Lough Erne with the Sea, and a widening or removing of the Bar at Ballyshannon.

Mary Ann too will probably go wild with joy if this project is carried, as she is now with rage at you for never writing to her. All your friends here are well at present, Maria quite restored. We are in hourly expectation of Aunt Watt and Barbara's arrival on a visit to us which will be great joy to us, as we owe her a great deal of gratitude. I know there was a kind of coolness between you & the Derry folk, you will be glad to hear that And William has formed a partnership with Mr Atchison Smiths eldest son in Brewery on a large Scale, by which they expect to enrich themselves. With this Summary of affairs I must conclude by desiring you to write often to me, & to believe me your most sincere & affectionately

Edward Allingham

Bundoran 2nd April 1824

My dear Thoning

It is about three months since I wrote to you and two since I had the same pleasure to Mr Ursin, and in that time I have not had a line from either, tho' daily expecting. The season since has been unusually favourable to the progress of communication between you & yet I hear of no arrivals with deals, or departures for them, tho' I am glad to be able to say that no new change is to take place for the present in the duties. At the beginning of this session of Parliament it was debated that a duty should be laid on all European timber imported in small scanthings, which would have completely knocked up the trade with Norway in that article, but this measure is happily laid aside, never I hope to be resumed, as it would most materially affect the value of property there.

In Mr Ursin's last letter the state of the Exec seemed to be improving; I will be glad to hear that this favourable state continues. He requested me to forward him a statem.t of my account against your lamented father and yourself, which I did up to the 30th January last, by which there is a balance due me by you of £ 204.1.5; but against this sum

there is a shipment of plank made by Ursin & which he has debited your acc.t, so that we may reckon the account altogether settled between us. The particulars of this account I shall give you whenever I have the happiness of welcoming you to your native shore again, which I trust may very soon be accomplished by your getting your property arranged satisfactory and durably now while you are on the spot. -

I have never since heard the fate of the documents which I forwarded to you for a Mr Parkinson of Dundalk they cost him a good deal of money & trouble, and will keep him out of the full use of some property until either they are found, or others made out. Mr Baily Wallace of Dublin an Attorney has a sum of money in his hands of yours has a sum of money in his hands of yours amounting to something about Seventy pounds, which he says is ready to pay you when you demand it. It will be well done of you to draw a bill on him for that sum, & send it to some friends in Dublin who will present it & get you the money. -

Almost every letter that I have written to you for the last twelve months had accounts of some new marriages to state; this shall not be barren, for besides the newest changes that way among your acquaintances, it shall convey you an account of some of the fruits. William has a son and heir not yet christened but which he threatens to call Hugh, after some one of our ancestors. Mrs Bolton produced also a son 7 hours after her sister Margrett had hers. Miss Fitzgibbon, who married Mr Tremble the Gauger & turned Protestant, had a son a few weeks ago, a prodigy I am told in size & beauty. Poor Mrs Surgeon Crawford was near sinking under a premature delivery, but is now in a fair state of recovery. John is bringing up his little fellow I am told in the Roman Catholic faith; he is thriving right well under the new creed.

On Monday last the fair Emma was led to the altar by Terry Conolly, & the bell of Kinlough church was kept jingling the whole day after. She was conveyed to the beans present solitary residence at Woodville. Jane Sproule gave up her name yesterday to Mr Sam.l Zoulham (?) of Strabane Att.ng and accompanied him home same day. -

Bess Thompson is to resign herself to John Wade sometime in the course of this month, & to settle in shop-keeping in Ballyshannon. Mary Crawford & Warren are at length to close their single career about Easter; after which they proceed to Cork, where he is to be employed as his father's curate. But I could go on to the end of my paper with these acc.ts and another sheet w:d hardly contain a bit of those who are about increasing the number of mankind. -

Poor old Dr Crawford is still alive & crawling about, but in wretched health & rapidly sinking to decay. Dr W:m has established himself in Newtown Limavady, where I am sure he will make out life well by either Marriage or medicine or ...(*hole in the paper*)... n C- has given up shop keeping, & taken to I kn..*(know not?)*..t. - In Ramelton great changes have taken place with our friends there since old Mr Watts's death, as James has fallen out entirely with the Sproules, & no chance of a recon...(*-cilia?*)..tion. He has got all his father's property, and as it has overwhelmed him with business, he has written to his brother Sam to Jamaica to come over to relieve him from some pert of his business. Sam is coming finally to settle in this country. An:w Watt has commenced Brewing on a large scale, & is making a fortune; but poor Ann is fallen into very bad health & Aunt Watt is far from well either. Brendan & his wife live still at Ray in great seclusion, as his property in West India is in great danger from political changes that have and are taking place there. William Delap still at Rathmullan, tho' expecting every day to be ordered to England or Scotland. -

Flora has been with us this last month, & still here. Poor Robert Delap continues in miserable bad health, & not likely to recover. In Ballyshannon all our family are in the precise old way, you would think they had never stirred since you saw them, even old Mrs Williams is unchanged. Madge is employed by Margrett to nurse her little boy and Jack McMulth has the management of my farming concern. -

Poor Molly & Owen are very unhappy however at the match Ned McKay made, as they cannot live together, & Ned I fear is turning out very bad, both felling into drink & other bad habits. -

I believe I mentioned to you in my last that William had become Ship owner again. He has a great deal of trouble with the original owners of the vessel, & all is not yet settled, so that I fear it will be late in the Summer before you see Captain Britton yet. Write to me immediately on receipt of this, and believe me my dear Thoning

Most affectionately yours

Edward Allingham

Fort William Nov: 1826

My dear Thoning

Last week Maryann and I received your letters dated towards the end of August and yesterday Mr Mulreany told me he had the package for Mr Cooper safe, which he would send to me first opportunity, and you may rest assured I shall have it forwarded immediately as directed. What a tedious voyage the unfortunate mariners of Mulreany's vessel must have had, for they arrived at Donegal only 8 or 10 days ago. You say you think I will hold you excused for your change of intention in not coming over to Ireland this year. Indeed I think the tour you have made would justify much greater sacrifices. The descriptions you give of the sublime scenery of Norway makes me ashamed and fills me with regret that I never embraced the opportunities I had of seeing and enjoying the same. The wild and stupendous mountains about Røken foss reminds me of the adventures of Humboldt in the Andes, but your description of the broad yet rapid Sarpen with the timber floating down on which children were seated in seeming safety, is unique in its kind, and highly picturesque & interesting. -

Mr Rhode whom you mention was the particular friend of your father & mother, and most intimate with me. It was he who purchased a beautiful dog at the price of 100 dollars for your mother. He knew the use of the long bow (I mean he could tell a story:) with any traveller I ever knew or read of, not excepting Bruce himself, or a still more recent English traveller (I forget his name:) who minutely describes his watching the crocodiles in the rivers of Africa & on their appearing above water his vaulting on their backs, clinging to them and allowing himself to be borne down into the deep with them. Adventures equally surprising with other animals he describes, and account for his skill in performing such feats, to his having been accustomed in his youth to follow the Fox hounds of some noble Lord in Engl.d. But the whole of these surprising adventures you will see in the Edinburgh Review of this year or the latter and of last. Among the numerous Visits you made, & the boundless hospitality you rec.d, you do not mention Mr Thomason, an English man who married in Drammen, and one for whom your father & mother entertained great regard. He rec.d great kindness from them many years ago in Dronthon, & was a delightful companion, and a prime favourite. But I suppose he is dead: (for it is not the choice spirits that death spares:) or haply he is returned to his native land. -

Ebbe Horneman too if I recollect right married & settled either in Dram or Moss; you do not mention him. Were you at Mr Colletts beautiful ville near Christiania?, in my time in reckoned the finest country place there. - But there is no end of Beauty & grandeur in scenery in such a country, and with more of cultivation and art. I know of nothing which could surpass Leerfossen. -

But my dear Thoning in the midst of all this hurry & change & delightful variety I am sorry to perceive that you are not very strong, and that more than once you were knocked up by fatigue and over exertion. I hope the uncommon heat of the season was the cause and that now it is gone, you feel yourself perfectly recovered & strong again.

I just felt as if I was in your situation the morning on which Broder set out for Røken. It must have been dreadful. The disappointment of not Meeting with the Bloomfields &c: &c: was nothing in comparison to it.

Your intention of remaining over winter and until next summer I think highly prudent, and if you can fully and entirely arrange with your friends in Dronthon, that after you are of age and have ascertained the whole amount of your property there, that you will visit Ireland, and in due time decide on whether you will remove your means from Norway or let it remain there to bear interest; or on the other hand, that you will turn all into Bills on London and lay it out in some purchase either in Engl.d or Ireland, and this without being obliged to go over to Norway again. With property as yours such an arrangement cannot be difficult, as there are many monied men in Dronthon who would give you the highest value for the capital you have in Obligationer (*bonds*), for the Sum you have in the Bank and for your Share in Røraas; but there is no time you would be so likely to get the full value for such as when you were present yourself, knowing the state of the country, & the value of property, Exchange, &c: &c: -

On these circumstances mainly depends the reasons for or against your selling out, & turning your money into British. If Norway now is considered in a prosperous state and her currency in good repute, sell out. Depend upon it you will by so doing strike the Iron while hot. If you leave the country without so doing, you never can know so well the value of property or the true rate of Exchange; at least without returning there again. -

A Measure is about being disenclosed in Parliam.t now which will materially effect property thro' out these kingdoms, and it is to be feared greatly for the worse, I mean landed property. The question is bthe Corn laws, and whether Corn is to be admitted from foreign countries on paying a duty, or if it is still to be prohibited until the price attains a certain pitch. - The general opinion is that the laws are all to be changed, and no doubt but the first effect of these changes will be, to lower the price of Lands. This will be the time to invest money in them, for like every thing else, a re-action will shortly after take place, and in all likelihood with the general improvem.t which will take place by the extension of the principles proportionate, or even a greater improvement; will take place in the value of Lands; which, say what they will, there is no other security in the world equal to landed security, nor no other property so valuable or available for all the purposes of life. - To hit the exact time when the landed panic were at its

height in Ireland or if you preferred it England, w:d be the great object, and no doubt by watching the progress of events this period c.d not be so difficult to ascertain. - But I am going tediously wide in these speculations and must leave the rest to time and I trust to your own particular observations next spring & summer, when you will come over and judge for yourself. As far as society is concerned you will see a doleful change in Ballyshannon; so much so that I seldom go in at all except on business on market days. Indeed so little do the ordinary civilities of intervisiting prevail now in this neighbourhood, that without one has resources within themselves they might as well be in a wilderness. In bad weather we are for weeks without seeing visitors, except occasionally one of the girls, and now & then Surgeon Crawford, who I am sorry to say is often required with Maria. -

I have been often on the point of leaving this for Ray or Ramelton, and still think I will get myself fixed somewhere in that neighbourhood, for altho' I have a fine house, garden & nice little demesne where I am, I feel the loss of familiar and constant society to give a variety & zest to life. Just at the present I am debarred the Pleasure by Florinda Watts illness, & poor Rob.t Delap is still hanging on the verge of life & death. Florinda's life which is most valuable is also very doubtful. She is at present in Derry under Dr: Rogans care, as she was so averse to Sea she w:d not cross over to Chettenham, where she was ordered last Autumn. J. Watt is pretty well at present but his wife very uncertain. Were it not that he, Florinda, Barbara & several other of our friends in the north occasionally visited us, we w:d be out of all society, for W:m is so taken up with his business, that he never takes time to visit his friends. -

We had all J. Watts establishm.t here for 10 days a short time ago, as both he & Florinda were ordered change of air. - There are not on the face of earth a worthier pair. - My little Florinda is the greatest favorite can be with them all. She is very pretty, but I suppose the cause of greatest interest with her friends is, that she has been preseeded (?) and I am sorry to say since followed by sundry mis-carriages of my poor Maria. She is just recovered from one occasioned by hearing of poor Rob:ts hopeless state of health, and of Florinda's precarious (?) situation. She is again recovered sufficiently to enable us to go and spend two or three months between Ramelton Ray & Derry. -

I:d fill another sheet lawfully with news of all y.r old acquaintances but two or three lines must do. Joe Thornley is quartered now in Killybegs (Simon of Athens banished.) Mr Zeely & Davis superammated (?), & the Custom house done away with. - Capt.n Rob.t Johnston (the fat) married to Miss Forbes & living of under the Dartry mountain. - Cap.n Reynolds married to Miss Tredennick and looking out for some place to live in this neighbourhood. W.m Tredennick his brother y.r old friend living next door to me (at Camlin) with his brother who is in a bad state of health, & no family. - The Surgeon has built a large house just out of the Port on this side to be near me, where he is going to live at May next. But I must have done. God bless you my dear Thoning. Y:rs most truly

Edw:d Allingham

Dronthon Den 2 1826

Dear Edward

You will by the time this reaches you already have received by post a letter signed by Mess:rs Johannsen & Ursin, and containing a form of Protest against an acc.t sent the latter in y.r dated Jan.y 31st 1824 which however they are more inclined to call a rough sketch than a regular Acc.t. My design in sending you another copy of the statement of my affairs is merely (?) to inform you that I am acquainted with that forwarded you in Mess:rs Johannsen & Ursin's letter and understand it perfectly whereby the Balance due me by you amounts to £ 2309-0-11.

The Articles are I should think unexceptional (?) Wolff & Dorvilles claim as by their Acc.t furnished 30 Sept.r 1814 am.ts to £ 1335-1-5 Br Sts or £ 1446-6-6-Irish. If there was Interest to be paid on the Am.t of this sum from the time the acc.t was furnished until the time it was settled you have Credit given you for same in the Interest Acc.t. I own it astonished me not a little to see the method of summering Accounts.

The plain statement of the case is this. After all my Fathers money affairs in England & Ireland were settled, there remained in your hands a dear sum of nearly 2 thousand pounds which you promised faithfully in numerous letters to secure and employ in the most advantageous manner for my benefit. The whole Question is now whether you have Kept or intend Keeping these Promises, but I must say I find some difficulty in reconciling your letters of 1813 & 15 with these of 1824 excepting the former may have escaped your Memory when you wrote the latter.

I shall quote your own words from both & then have it to yourself to decide. In your letters of 1813 they are as follows. « As soon as I ascertain the am:t of property in My hands belonging to the Estate of our departed Friend, I shall instantly open an Interest Acc.t for the benefit of his son to be applied to his use as you & his friends here may direct.» In the same letter «You may rest on the fullest confidence that whatever comes into My hands shall be placed in the greatest security & c. « and again «The acc.t Balance of Effects belonging to the Estate in my hands say £ 3500-15-1 1/2 is in Perfect security and bearing Interest 6 Pc: Per Annum from date of my acc.t as furnished 18th Ult.o which with my letter to you as Executor of same date I trust came safely to hand. «

And now a paragraph from y.r letter to Mr Ursin of 19th August 1824 «I was not a little surprised at that part of your – Mr Ursins – letter which charges me with Interest on a sum of £ 3400 as if it was Lodged in my hands for my use & benefit instead of being only a causal lodgment subject to be called for any moment & a great part of it actually paid to W: & Dorville as a balance due them by the late O F Owesen. « What you mean by this I am sure we are here at a loss to conceive. You say it was subject to be called for, & you know it was called for not once but repeatedly called for and allowed to remain in y.r hands only when you had bound yourself by your letters as above cited to secure it as profitably as possible for my future advantage. One Quotation more & I have done. In a letter of 28th Febr.y 1815 yo say «This – with Balance in y.r hands – Sum ready to lodge in the most secure & advantageous Manner for young Owesen», & further «It is particularly incumbent upon me as his natural Guardian & Protector to see the means vested in me by the Father & continued by a good Providence through Arduous & trying times, applied to the most important & lasting advantage for the proper Owner.» After all this I think you will excuse the wish, that the Property w. (?) to me by the death of my Father had been all placed in the Hands of my good friends in Dronthon. In that case I could have paid you charges for my Education and have had my Money at this day without having the pain of writing this unpleasant letter.

My own heart (?) acquits me of being the least avaricious for though I look (?) on a competency as absolutely necessary to happiness and tho' the loss of more than the fourth part of so small a fortune as mine could (?) be a thing quite indifferent to me yet had caused you the least inconvenience to payment of that sum w.ch I think you owe me, I should willingly have ...d one half or one third.

(The part above has many words crossed out or added later; it is partly difficult to read and seems to have taken a lot of thought to compose.)

I once more request that you will as soon as possible on the receipt of this letter, give me your answer by which this matter may one way or other be finally arranged, nor put it off on the score that this can better be on my arrival in Ireland, as I shall never (?) certainly visit I Ind: (?) as long as this property snag exert (?) the shadow of disagreement between us. Besides an acc.t can never be better or plainer stated than on paper.

(Again an open space, left for thought or to be filled in later? The last part, unsigned, is at the bottom of the page.)

...rised by my Natural Guardian & Protector and I thank God whenever I think of it that Hint (?) was not followed by my Kind Guardians in Dronthon, otherwise I should at this day no doubt have been eating my bread in the sweat of my brow.

Londonderry 15th February 1827

My dear Thoning

Least you should be induced by my silence that a bal(-ance?) of money remains in my hands belonging to you, I hasten to reply to your letter of 20th Decb:r last, by enclosing my acc:t of charges against, & claims on, your late fathers estate, now your own. I had intended deferring this until my return to Fort W:m where more leisure and a calmer frame of mind could have better enabled me to write.

From the mutual confidence that existed between your good father and me, and the continual (at least frequent) promises held out by him of providing suitably for me in return for many years of faithful services rendered him, it never once occurred to me to make a charge of Salary at the time I forwarded a return of the effects

belonging to him in this country, altho' at that period (about the beginning of the year 1815) ten of my important years of my life had paped away entirely in conducting his business without my having received one shilling on account of those services. - True, I had been allowed commission on the sales of a few cargoes of deals affected by me and at my own risk, (but as for salary or compensation for my entire time devoted to his affairs in this country, Engl:d, and Norway, where ever & whenever he pleased to order me, I never received a farthing.

For a considerable time after your fathers death I was looking anxiously for some communication from Norway relative to my expectations of compensation, & even after the correspondence respecting Wolffs & Dorvilles claim and its disbousement (?), I still hoped to find that a provision had been made to that effect. These hopes did not altogether leave me until after my visit with you to Norway in 1820. From that period, up to the receipt of your last letter I had allowed those hopes to repose on you for fulfilment, and I fondly cherished the strengthened claim which I thought I had on you; for from your earliest infancy I loved you more :| with the exception of those warmer passions which so generally pervade the human breast :| than any other being, and sought your good, your health, & happiness, by every means within my reach of thought or power. With this affection as strong and warm as ever at my heart, you will not wonder that my feelings have sustained a severe shock in the manner & substance of your letter; at a time too when I was confidently looking forward to a speedy consummation to my hopes in seeing you once more Safe & well in your native land.

My dear Thoning: I solemnly call on you to believe me while I declare in the face of the All Mighty!, and as I hope for his mercy and again to meet your beloved father and mother face to face, that I have never wronged you, and that I would rather injure myself, than inflict an injury upon you. -

But I have a wife and child, and am with very slight means in the midst of a cold and heartless world, & tho' I may have sufficient to keep them from actual want, yet am I unprovided for; for I have no certain occupation, nothing to look to. And from what cause think you does this unhappy state arise? from the cause of having passed my best years in minding the interests and affairs of your father and yourself + to my own establishm:t or aggrandisem.t. -

I do not throw out this to upbraid you, or cast a reflection on the memory of your father. I loved him in life, and shall ever revere his memory. A few words more & I have done for the present.

The charge w:ch you will see made for my Salary altho' amounting to so much, is barely half what Mercantile usage would allow in this country. - In thus furnishing you with my final claims, I do not demand or require the payment of the balance in my fav:r, but I call on you most earnestly to give the whole subject of my connection with your father and yourself your most earnest consideration and attention, and when finally fixed in your opinion, to write to me the result. That such may be favourable to the restoring of peace to my mind by the returning affections of my dear Thoning, is the Sincerest and deepest wish of the heart of one that shall ever call himself your most Affectionate friend ---

Edward Allingham

19th December 1866 Allingham Lodge Bundoran

My dear Thoning

I must once more write to you, to announce the death of my dear Father. He died on this day week, after being for more than five weeks in bed, in a helpless state of weakness. his disease vas Dr Shield said debetely (?) of the Heart. I was alone with him when his soul returned to his maker his end was peaceful, as he had lived so he died Since I remember he lived more for others, then himself he neglected his own affairs & for years he has been suffering from the effects. he for many years has been most selfdenying. the brightest spot in his life seems to have been the early years he spent in Norway vith his dearly loved sister Jane (your Mother) & and he always spoke vith the deepest affection of your Father.

For many years I have seen there vas a coolness between you & him, the cause of it I could never find out. for I saw it vas a painful subject, on vch he would not speak. he evidently loved you to the very last as if you were his only son. I remember Uncle Wm got a letter from you he listened to it & thought it the finest style of penmanship (?) he

ever read. to me it always appeared strange & cold that you should never mention the name that always was so sapped (???) up in you; he was deeply loved & respected by the poor although he had little to give he was so kind & gentle & even since his death I have had so many letters of condolence from even slight acquaintances

My beloved Father died on the 10th & was laid in my Mothers grave on the 13th. & Aunt Bess & Uncle Wm along side of them Jack McNutty (???) died only one week before my Father. Your nurse Madge living yet with one daughter, in great poverty Anne McCoy living with me she attended her dear old master faithfully to the last & her last interest in life is over.

F Scott

Part of another letter:.

... who only knew him slightly; that it seems to be most implacable(?) that one, to home he seemed devoted should so completely have forgotten him.

Whatever he had he has setteled on me, it was very little the lodge at Bundoran which you may remember & a place called Stonevold which he formed himself & which was his holy for many years (& and alas was oblig.. to J A(?) three years ago) in all vorth only £ 100 per annum

Uncle Wm had a goodeal more to have. his money was invested in Bank Shares His vill was a strange one Willy, John & Janes names vere not mentioned & any man might have been proud to have had four such children as he left by his first wife

They all through have increased(?) the respect of their Fathers name & are beloved by everyone here. The three younger children by his second wife are weak menteled (?) you are aware that derangement was to a great extent in their Mothers family, poor Edward whom his Father sent to Canada is quite incapable, he is now I hear in a printers office there.

Willy's means are very small & yet he moves in the first circle in London & he is beloved by all classes at home. I think he will never marry, having in early life formed an attachment to his cousin Florinda Watt John is in a more independent position being manager of the Pro Bank in Waterford he has three as fine boys as could be anywhere . Jane is very badly off & has seven children her husband is brother of the present Mrs Allingham & at least 20 years older than Jane & I really do not know what will become of her & her family for her husband has no means to leave them, & she got nothing from her Father & she was always a devoted wife & daughter

hoping you will excuse me for once more intruding a letter on you as I must always have an interest in you from knowing how my Father loved you and your country & it seemed to be his greatest pleasure talking of old times there & dear friends

I remain yours sincerely

Florinda Scott

Transcribed by Eva Hov 2009
Selected and edited by Niamh Hamill

APPENDIX K:
OTTO OWESSEN INVENTORY OF BOOKS

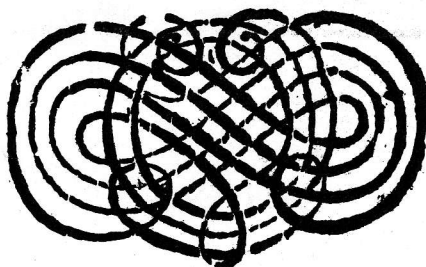
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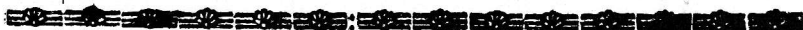
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over

afdøde Grosserer D. F. Dwesens
efterladte Bøger, Landførter
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587. 2 *No.*

86. The Gentleman's and Citizen's Almanack by Stewart, for 1801. Dublin.

87. The Gentleman's Guide in his Tour through France. Lond. 787.

88. London Directory. 797. *Green*

89. Manchester Directory 1800.

90. The experienced english Housekeeper. Lond. 798.

91. Hübners Staats-Zeitungs Lexicon. Leipzig. 713.

92. The American universal Geography, by Jedediah Morse. Boston 805. *Johansen*101. Francis Dobbs Universal History. Dubl. 787. 10 Vol. *Arnts*2. Introduction to the History of the Principal Kingdoms and States of Europe, by Puffendorf. *ibid.* 753. *Rogart*3. Historical Tracts, by John Davies. *ibid.* 787. *Kuhlenbagen*4. Digest Foreign Exchanges, by Thom. Bond. *ib.* 795.5. History of the late Revolution in Sweden, by Sheridan. *ibid.* 778. *rk*

6. Efterretning om Revolutionen i Frankrige, af Schult. Kbhavn 791.

7, 8. Fragmente aus Paris im 4ten Jahr der Französischen Republik, von Mejer. Hamb. 797. 2 Vol. *Johansen*

9. Francis Dobbs History and Prophecy of the great Predictions in the sacred Writings. Dubl. 800.

10. The same. *Schultz*

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111. Brisot, Deputy of Eure and Loire to his Constituents. *Wing card*
Dubl. 793.

12, 13. A Report of the Debate in the House of Commons of Ireland. *ibid.* 799. 2 Vol.

14. The Speech of William Pitt, in the House of Commons. *ibid.* 799.

15. Substance of the Speech of Lord Sheffield. *ibid.* 799. *80*

16. Observations on that part of the Spears Speech, wich Relate to Trade. *ibid.* 799.

17. A Letter Commercial and Political, addressed to William Pitt, by Jasper Wilson, Esqv. *ibid.* 793.

18. Narrative of the British Embassy to China in the Years 792, 93 and 94. *Dubl.* 796. *eye*

19. An Address to the People of Great Britain, by Waston. *ibid.* 798.

20. The Motives and Conseqences of the present War, by Josiah Dornford, Esqv. *Lond.* 793.

21. A Short Treatise on the Law of Bills of Exchange, Chash-Bills, and Promusory Notes, by John Bayley. *ibid.* 789.

22. An Enqviry in to the Depreciation of Irish Bank-Paper. *ibid.* 804.

23. The Catholic Qvestion between Lord Redesdal and the Earl of Fingal. *ibid.* 804.

24. A Cursorg View of Sir J. Mackintosh's Speech, as Counsel for Mr. Peltier. *ibid.* 804.

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125. Trial by Nisi Prius, in the Case wherein Mr. John Hevey was plaintiff, and Charles Henry Sirr, Exq. was defendant. Dublin 801.

26. Report of the Trial of Archibald Hamilton Rowan Esq. *Wingard* ibid. 794.

27. The genuine Trial of Thomas Paine for a libel. London 793.

28. Panopticon, by Bentham. Dublin 791. *Rogert*

29. Die rathonnirende Welt über den heutigen Staat Europas auch ausländische Conjecturer 700.

30. Society of united Irishmen of Dublin. ibid 794.

31. An Act for the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. ibid. 800.

32. An Act for Regulating and extending the Tobacco-Trade. ibid. 797.

33. Forordning om Tolden. Kbhavn 797.

34. Dresfunds Toldrulle. 795.

35. En Spillebog. London 786. *ego*

36. A Select Collection of Songs. Newcastle 806.

37. A Select Collection of original and modern Patriotic Songs for the use of the People of Ireland.

38. Selbstsangs. *Sollowser* 1795.

39. 40. Klausings Englisch-Deutsches Wörterbuch. Leipzig 788. 2 Bnd. *Pring*

41. Europas Französische Grammatik. Berlin 778.

42. The British Plutarch. Dublin 793. *Archts who?*

43. Campes Theophron. Braunsch. 790. *Bye 40 Pring*

44-46. Entdeckung von Amerika, von Campe. Hamburg 782. 3 Bnd. *Makholm*

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United Irish poetry & song appeared in their widely distributed newspapers, songbooks & broadsides. Involved in publication of 4 newspapers - in
Leaders closely Northern Star (Belfast) 1792-97

Wiki:

NS publish. 1792 - until suppression by the British army in 1797

Society of United Irishmen Oct. 1791 → Irish Newspaper. News, political analysis, in William Orr (executed 1797)

Paddy's Resource: Being a Select Collection of Original Patriotic Songs for the Use of the People of Ireland (1796) contained forty new songs, including three from the Northern Star.

(Arthur O'Connor (1763-1852) publ. New York for Am. market (desirous))

Library help:

Porter, James (1753-1798) printed 1795 Dublin (?)

Coll. of songs by JP original in the Northern Star

= ...patriotic songs, tracts & sentiments, compiled for the use.....

681. 2. 22

- 1 - - - 147. Krugers Naturlehre. Halle 759. *Winggaard*
- 1 - - - 148. The Ship-Master's Assistant. Lond. 792.
- 2 - - - 49. Norske Landvæsens Samlinger. Christ. 808-811.
1ste Bind, 1ste og 2det Hefte af 2det Bind.
- 1 - - - 50. Samme Bogs 1ste Bind.
- 1 - 3 - 16 51. Kort Anviisning til den raa Ulds Behandling,
af Rect. Christiania 808.
- 1 - 2 - - 52. Observations des effect attribües à la fumée du
Varech. 46 Expl.
- 1 - 2 - 8 { 53. Smith, om National- Velstands Natur og Aars-
sag. Kbhavn 779. 1ste Deel.
- 1 - 3 - - { 54. Fr. Sneedorffs Skrifter. ib. 795. 3die Bind.
- 1 - 3 - - 55. Birckner, om Trykkesfriheden. ibid. 767.
- 3 - 3 - - 56-58. Sammes samlede Skrifter. ibid. 798. 3
Bind. *Wibe*
- 10 - 1 - 16 59-67. Sneedorffs samtlige Skrifter. ibid. 775.
9 Bind.
- 1. 2 - - 68. Essay upon the Life, Writings and Character,
of Jonathan Swift. London 755. *egor*
- 1 - - - 69. The Observer. Dublin 785. *Winggaard*
- 1. 3. 12 70. The Works of Samuel Garth. ibid. 769. *Lodeman*
- 6 - - 8 71-72. Reins samlede Digte. Kbhavn 802. 2 Bind.
- 3 - 1 - - 73-74. Wilhelmine af Junger, over sat af Nyegaard,
ibid. 803. 2 Bind. *Winggaard*
- 4 - - 16 75-79. Clarissa Harlowes Historie, Kbhavn 783.
1, 2, 3, 4 og 8de Bind. *Wibe*
- 2 - 1 - - 80. Gonzalva of Cordova, or Grenada reconquered.
Dublin 790. 2 Bind.

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No.

4- 181-82. Emma, or the unfortunate Attachment. Dublin 1784. 2 Vol. *Müller vint*

10-3- 83-84. Leonora, by Miss Edgeworth. Lond. 806. 2 Vol. *Müller vint*

10-1- 85-87. The Young Father, by Williams. ib. 805. 3 Vol. *Müller aus Longo*

7-1-20 88-89. Edward, by the Author of Zeluco. Dublin 797. 2 Vol. *Wingard*

7-1- 90-91. Grasville Abbey. ibid. 798. 2 Vol. *Wing*

8. 2-23 92-93. The Adventures of Roderic Random by Smollet. ibid. 2 Vol. *St*

10- 94-95. Evelina, or a young Lady's Entrance in to the World. ibid. 793. 2 Vol. *Müller aus Longo*

7. 12 96. Harcourt, a Sentimental Novel, in a Series of Letters, by the Authoress of Evelina. ib. 780. *Madhu*

10-3. 23 97-99. Anecdotes of the Delborough Family, a Novel, by Ganning. ibid. 792. 3 Vol. *Wingard*

5- 200. The Young Philosopher, or the Naturel Son a Dramatic Novel. ibid. 782. *Müller vint*

5- 1. The Man of Feeling. Lond. 788. *Müller aus Longo*

6-1. 2. Letters of the late Ignatius Sancho, an African. Lond. 784. *St*

4. 23 3. Fashionable Life, or the History of Miss Lovisa Fermer, by a Lady. Dublin 781. *Müller vint*

5- 4. The Adventures of a Kupee. ibid. 782. *Wingard*

5-2. 5-6. Matilda and Elisabeth. ibid. 796. 2 Vol. *St*

17- 7-9. The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy. ibid. 3 Vol. *Stod*

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- No.
- 6-11. Monteith, a Novel founden on Scottish History, by Rice. Gainsborough 1805. 2 Vol. *rk*
12. A Collection of Nevells and Tales of the Fairies, writen by that celebrated Wit of France, the Countess D'anvis. Dubl. 739. 2det Bind.
13. Henry and Isabella *ibid.* 788. 2det Bind.
- 2.2. 14. The Sopha: a Tale translated from French of Cribillon. Lond. 783. 2det Bind. *Nilsen*
- 4-3.12 15. Hubert de Senrac. uden Titelblad.
- 16,17. The Scourge of Conscience. Lond. 801. 2 Vol. *Müller vind*
11. The Visions of Dom Francesco de Quevedo, by Roger L'Estrange. Glasgow 753.
- 1+1 4 19. Fatal Curiosity, by J. Bounden Lond. 805.
- 5-12 20. A Tale of a Tub. Dubl. 756. *Müller vind*
- 3-11 21. The female Werter. uden Titelblad; *54*
- 7-11 22. The sentimental and Masonic Magazine 793. *Müller aus 54*
- 23,24. View of Soceety and Manners in Italy, by J. Moore. Dubl. 792. 2 og 3die Vol. *90*
- 3-11 25. A Vindication of the Reghts of Woman, by Mary Wollstoncraft. *ibid.* 793. *Müller aus 5*
- 7-11 26. Luise, von Boss. Königsb. 795. *Müller vind*
- 15-11 27-28. Des Leben eines Lüdersichen, von Bresner. Leipzig 790, 792. 3 Bind. *90*
- 6-11 30. Erzählungen und Dialogen von Arctener. Leipzig 790. *rk*
- 6-3 1231. Erzählungen aus dem Menschenleben, dem Thierreich und der Ideenwelt, von Giske. Leipzig
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9-2-2

232/34. Gemälde aus dem häuslichen Leben und Erzählungen von Starke. Berlin 793-798. 3 Bind. *vk*

4-2-8

25. Die Familien-Begebenheiten der Lady A. Rutland. Eisenach 791. *vk*

9-2-2

36. Sophie, oder der Einsiedler am Genesey See, von Fischer. Leipz. 795. *Müller aus Königob*

9-2-12

37,38. Die Familie von Halden, von Lafontaine. Berlin 797. 2 Bind. *Mackholm*

10-1-8

39,40. Der unsichtbare Kundschafter, von Meißner. *ibid.* 791, 94. 2 Bind. *vk*

5-1-2

41. Die drey Charlotten, von J. E. Lode. Kopenh. und Leipz. 798. *Nie Hansen*

3-2-4

42. Batter Jacobs Launen, von Junger. Leipz. 787. *Ind. Ind.*

2-1-12

43. Späne aus der Werkstatt Meister Sachsens eines unmittelbaren Abkömmlings des berühmtesten Meistersänger Hans Sachs, von Becker. *ibid.* 793.

7-2-2

44. Hans Kieckindewelt's Reisen in alle vier Welttheile. Leipz. 796. *Mackholm*

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45. Die Reisen und Begebenheiten Robert Boyle. *ibid.* 744.

11-1-2

46,48. Frenck's merkwürdige Lebensgeschichte. Berlin 787. 3 Bind. *Brookhorst*

2-2-4

49. Belustigungen des Verstandes und des Witzes. Leipz. 742

50. Poesie und Prosa zum Nutzen und Vergnügen. Hamb. 756. 2ter Theil.

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991. 11 No.

- 8-1-1251. Russische Anekdoten, von de la Marche, Petersburg 764. *Eid*
- 1-1-52. Carl des Zwölften Leben, von Voltaire. defekt.
- 1-1-53. A genuine Narrative of the Life and Theatrical Transactions of Mr. John Henderson, commonly called the Bath Roscius. *Weygward* Dublin 785.
- 5-2-54. Aurora 1795, von Haugwitz. Berlin. *VR*
- 55. (a) Skuespiel for den danske Skueplads. Khabn 777. 3die Bind.
- 55. (b) Etise von Balberg, von, Island. Leipz. 792.
- 8-12-56. Die Erbschaft aus Ostindien, von Drexner. Leipz. 796.
- 57. Julius von Sagen. Zürich 796. *Eid*
- 58. Doretten von Bürde. Königsberg 795.
- 59. Der Himmel auf Erden, von Salzman. Schuep- fenthal 797. *N. Hansen*
- 60. Sebastian Kluge, von Salzman.
- 61. The Candour and good Nature of Englishmen exemplified, by Thomas O'brien Macmahon. Dublin 789. *Müller ans 2*
- 62. An Attempt to explain the Words Reason, Substance, Person, Creeds, Orthodoxy, Catholic Church, Subscription and Index Expurgatorius. Lond.
- 3-53. En tydtst Bibel. uden Tittelblad. *Tollonen*
- 64. En hollandsk Bibel. Dordrecht 777.
- 17-1-16 65. Det ny Testamente. Khabn 716. *Eid*

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266.

Bier Bücher von wahren Christenthums, durch Joh. Arnd. Lüneb. 651. *N. Hansen*

67.

The new Week's Preparation &c. Dubl. 801.

68-70.

to tydske Plalmebøger og en Bønnebog.

61.

Adam Struenseses Predigten. Flensb. 777.

72.

Blechs aandelige Taler. Kbhavn 767. 1 Bd.

73.

Andachtsübungen, von Zollikofer. Leipz. 789-

792. 3 Dele i et Bind. *Müller*

74-79.

The Works of Dr. John Tillotsen. Edin- burg 748. 2, 3, 6, 7, 8 og 10de Bind. *Sodeman*

80.

Lærebog i den evangeliske christelige Religion. Kbh. 808.

81.

Grierson and Tyndall's Catalogue of Sea Charts, Pilots, Neptunes, Maps, Navigation-Books &c.

82.

An Account of Patent and public Medicines, sold by N. Callwell. Dubl. 792.

83.

Archer's Catalogue of Books. ibid. 795.

84.

Report of a Committe by the River Boyne Com- pany, respecting the practicability of a Still- water Navigation from the City of Dublin to the Northen Province &c. 801. *Eid*

85.

Lars Forsæts Afsteeds Ord. 811. 12 Expl. *ego*

86.

Bechs Veiledning til at opdrage en sund Aftom. Trondh. 792 2 Expl. uindh. *Eid*

87.

29 Hefter af Walkers Hibernian Magazine.

88.

11 dito af The monthly Magazine. *N. Hansen*

89.

2 dito af The monthly Pantheon.

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21-1-15

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291. et Bunde Kiøbenhavnſke Aviser.

92. et dito Tyske

93. et dito Trondhjemſke

94. et dito Tiden.

95. et dito Budſtikken.

Musikalier.

7-9 96, 97. 2 Bind forſkiellige Moder. *Bing*

16- 98-303. 6 dito.

12- 4. 1 dito. *Tollowsen*15- 8 516. 2 dito. *vk*

Landforter.

20-1- 7, 8. Pontopidans ſydlige og nordlige Kort over Norge, ſamt Oplysning over det ſydlige Kort. 1797. *Eid*2-2- 9. Darrés over Hedemarken, Toten og Miosen. *Wingard*3-1-12 10. John H. Moore's Cart including the Navigation from Philadelphia to Cape Sable & the Bay of Fundi *Eid*1. 3 2 11. et Kort over Scandinavien. *Eid*1-1- 12. et dito over Chriſtians De. *Rogert*

5- 13. Proſpekt af Fiſkum Fos. 2 Expl.

2-2-6 14. Proſpekt af de norſke Troppers Divouacqvertug under Pr. Chriſtian Auguſt. *Eid*21-1- 15. 10 Carriaturer. *Eid*

2-16 16. Landins Forſkrifter.

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VITA

Full name: Niamh McFadden Hamill

Place and date of birth: Dublin, Ireland March 02, 1966

Parents Name: Eithne O'Carroll and Tadhg Mac Phaidin

Educational Institutions:

School	Place	Degree	Date
Secondary: Sancta Maria College	Dublin	Leaving Certificate	1983
Collegiate: St. Patrick's College NUI	Dublin	B.Ed. (Hons)	1987
Graduate: University College Dublin	Dublin	M.A. (Hons)	2010
Post Graduate: Drew University	New Jersey USA	Ph.D.	2015