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Local Nick Names

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POEMS---By PaulGegan.

THE POET.

A fever files the poet's veins,
A flame within his bosom burns;
With ancient joys, immortal pains,
The ageless spirit laughs or turns;
No empty trick of sounding rhyme
Can sooth the soul that clear and strong
Has glimpses of the end of time,
And hears again creation's song.

By thoughtful length of days austere,
By inward paths the spirit knows:
He draws the primal impulse near
And finds his peace in sorrows's throes;
And though the note of anguish start
When most he'd frame a hopeful stave,
He best fulfils the hero's part,
Who faints, but struggles to be brave.

The lore of age, the pulse of youth,
He knows, and measures while he sings;
He is the trumpet-voice of truth,
And bares the inner heart of things.
Nor man nor solicitude alone
Nor wine, nor love, his soul inspire,
But child and beast and flower and stone,
Are pregnant with ecstatic fire.

He sings of immemorial hopes,
Of battles bravely lost and won,
And fearlessly he dares and copes
With thoughts that lesser natures shun.
And points for man a conscious way,
Through blind despair and lesson hard,
To where the sons of morning play—
Go hail him, prophet, teacher, bard!

NATURE AND MAN.

All of Nature and her wonders,
Pomp of earth and air and sea,
And the glorious wealth she squanders
Came of old from me.

I—the mountains and the rivers,
And the sun's surpassing glow,
All the woodland's leafy quivers—
Made them long ago.

I, eternal, I, undying,
Bade the stars and planets shine—
World on world through space outlying—
With a song divine.

And the day and night divided,
Set and ruled the seasons four,
And the teeming waters guided
Round the fertile shore.

Made the waters of the ocean,
And the clouds that sail aloft;
Gave the winds their mighty motion
And their murmur soft.

We, my brothers, built the heaven—
You and I, the One and All—
Forged the deadly lightning-levin,
And the thunder-call.

Earth and sea can but restore us
What we gave them ages gone;
Earth and sea and sky adore us—
We, the All, the One.

CHARMING SISTER CELTS.

I passed on my copy to a charming sister-Celt
from Wales, who is greatly interested in "A. I. R."
F. W.

I am very much disappointed with "A. I. R." and
with Standish O'Grady.
P. L.

Many thanks for back copies of Review. I am
reading them with great interest, and am recom-
mending others to do likewise.
C.

As already explained, I must give up sending
complete sets of back numbers.—Ed.

LOCAL NICK NAMES.

SIR,

Herewith are a few items supplementary to Mr. W. Douglas's interesting paper on Irish topographical nick-names in your issue of August 11th:—"Short Grass" is the "at home" for the County Kildare, and "Union Park" for that of Carlow—according to "Here-and-there Memories" by H. R. N. (Captain Dunne). "Beef to the heels, like a Mullingar Heifer," is a Munster variant of the phrase given by Mr. Douglas. More of a puzzle is the comparison "As Irish as the Pigs of Drogheda." "Ballyhack—Dirty Butter," is an appellation probably no longer attached to that pretty little village on Waterford Harbour. "All o' one side like the town of Fermoy," was, and probably still is, a familiar saying amongst the County Cork folk. "Cork's own town, and the Devil's own people," is a less flattering version of "God's own people," as applied to the inhabitants of the City by the Lee, of which the "Beautiful City" is a little older than "Rebel Cork." "Kerry, Godhelp us," is often quoted as the natives' apology for having been born in what is still spoken of as "the Kingdom of Kerry." "Dublin Jackeens" is the southern Irish nickname for the people of the Irish Metropolis. "White Galway Blazers" is a recent affix due, I believe, to one of Lever's Novels. The rustic visitors to the seaside at Youghal, County Cork, are there known as "Oolishers" a term of whose origin I am ignorant; whilst "Kinsale rowdies" is derived from the number of "rowdies"—a kind of skate, or ray (fish), common on the South Coast, and not necessarily identical with bad behaviour. It is a far cry to Newfoundland, yet from the history of this oldest of England's colonies, as told by Judge Browne, we can glean some information on Irish local-nick-names. Newfoundland had almost from the first a considerable Irish population, whose quarrelsome disposition was evidently not quelled by the fogs of their American island home. "Yellow Bellow Corner" on the east side of Beck's Cove, commemorates the spot," writes Judge Dowse, "where the wounded in the Irish faction fights, which went on there for years, used to be washed in the little brook flowing to Beck's Cove." The Tipperary "Clear-airs," the Waterford "Whey-bellies," and the Cork "Dad-yeens" were arrayed against the "Yellow Belly" faction, the "Doones," or Kilkenny Boys, and the Wexford "Yellow Bellies," who fought with one another "out of pure divilment or divarsion," as an old Irishman explained to the Historian of Newfoundland.

JAMES COLEMAN, M.R.S.A.I.

Southampton.

QUEBEC.

I see you have trotted me out before your readers. To punish you, I am going to inflict another communication on you. You say—"But do you think that this somewhat aerial and irresponsible little paper is worth an index?"

Yes, decidedly, yes. As to your qualification of the "A. I. R.," when a man mounts his "Pegasus" to hover around high Parnassus, perhaps his flight may be called "aerial;" in fact, I suppose, that is just about what one can call it, but about the irresponsibility I think I often see you held to a severe account. In the fervour of my Celtic heart, I have even at times, felt like flying to your rescue. I notice, however, that you generally come out of each bout with a whole skin. Not by any means do I consider you perfect—far from it—but I do believe you honestly mean to get as near perfection as you can. If I have gone adrift a bit, don't mind me. It only comes from a benighted colonist! Best wishes for the success of the "A. I. R." (with or without the index, with it preferred) and its doughty Editor.
FELIX CARBRAY.

Dear Felix, your "doughty Editor," smitten, no doubt, too, like the rest of us, by "the Great Enchantment," feels very often weaker than Jacob's eldest son, Reuben, and is very thankful for a little praise, especially when it comes like yours from a great distance and from across the roaring Atlantic.
—Ed.

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