crowds of people in the decorated streets to the Western Heights, and the Breden Stone, the site where many of his predecessors have been installed in past centuries. Here the ancient ceremony, the Grand Court of Shepway, was held, and Earl Beauchamp took the oath "to preserve the liberties of the Cinque Ports." After the Court lunch was served in the Town Hall. The fleet in the naval harbour dressed ship, and a salute was fired from Dover Castle.—*News of the World*, 18th July, 1914.

CHRISTMAS MUMMING IN IRELAND.

While I was at home in the neighbourhood of Dundalk for a few days' leave in December last the house was visited one evening by a party of 'small boys mumming'. We saw them play, and copied down the rhymes which follow. I consulted our gardener, an elderly Meath man, who has often supplied me with scraps of folklore, and found that he had no experience of Christmas mummers, but he interested himself in the subject and took down a version of the play from one Matthews, a labourer who works under him. Matthews, who is about forty years of age and a Louth man, says that when he was a "chap" (*i.e.* about fifteen) the ballad singers used to hawk broadsheets of mumming rhymes at Christmas time. He was rather vague about the whole thing, perhaps because he was shy with me. I have not been able to make as full enquiries as I should like, but it seems worth noting that small as the County Louth is Christmas mumming seems to be unknown in Ardee and Carlingford (Matthews comes from Braganstown near Castle Bellingham). The boys, who have disappeared from my ken, said something about a schoolmaster, so that possibly their version may have a literary origin. So may Matthews's for that matter. Perhaps (*a*) is mainly Patrick Kennedy's County Wicklow play,¹ and (*b*) a blend of Kennedy and some English version.

Matthews seemed to have no idea about dress, but most of the boys wore pointed masks and more or less distinctive costumes.

¹ *Dublin University Magazine*, 1863, page 584.

Rim Rhu had a long cut-away coat of blue flowered chintz and trousers of similar red material; the Doctor, a coat and a black bowler; and Diddle Doubt, a shovel hat. Beelzebub explained that he had started with a Tail but must have dropped it on the road.

(a) BOYS' VERSION.

*Rim Rhu.*²

Rim Rhu, gallant boys, give us room to rhyme :
We are going to show some activity coming on to Christmas time.
The night is young and an act is old.
And an act that was never acted on a stage before,
And if you don't believe me and give in to what I say,
Enter in Prince George and he'll clear the way.

Prince George.

From England I have sprung.
I have conquered many nations,
And many victories won.

Rim Rhu.

What are you but an old stable lad ?
You fed your horse on oats and hay,
And ran away.

Prince George.

You're a liar, sir !

Rim Rhu.

Take out your pot and pay.

Prince George.

Take out your sword and play.

[Fight. Prince George falls.]

Rim Rhu.

A doctor ! a doctor ! Any doctor to be found
To cure this man of his deep and deadly wound ?

Doctor.

Here comes I, a doctor, doctor true and good.
I have travelled France and Germany.

² I can make nothing of this name, and am inclined to think it merely a corruption of "room ! room !" though "rhu" may be *ruad*, "red."

Rim Rhu.

What can you cure, Doctor?

Doctor.

The plague was in, and the plague was out.

Rim Rhu.

What else can you cure, Doctor?

Doctor.

Get me an old woman threescore and ten,
The knucklebone of her big toe hanging out, and I will set it in
again.

Compogus, compogus, Paddy come play.
Get up, dead man, and fight your battle again.

Prince George.

I have been half puffed and huddled in the sky :
These moons and stars have caused me to die,
And if you don't believe me and give in to what I say,
Enter in Beelzebub and he'll clear the way.

Beelzebub.

Here comes I, Beelzebub,
And on my shoulder I carry my club,
And in my hand a dripping pan,
I call myself a jolly old man,
And if you don't believe me and give in to what I say,
Enter in Oliver Cromwell and he'll clear the way.

Oliver Cromwell.

Here comes I, Sir Oliver Cromwell,
With my large and copper nose.
I made the Frenchman for to tremble, and the Germans for to
quake,
I bet the jolly Dutchman coming home from the wake.
And if you don't believe me and give in to what I say,
Enter in Diddle Doubt and he'll clear the way.

Diddle Doubt.

Here comes I, Diddle Doubt,
With the tail of my shirt hanging out.

I was in hell, I was kicked out,
 Fried in a pot of stirabout.
 And money we want, and money we crave,
 And if we don't get money we'll sweep yees all to the grave.

(b) MATTHEWS'S VERSION.

Room, room, gallant boys,
 Give us room to rhyme.
 We'll show you some activity
 Coming on to Christmas time.
 Active young and active age,
 Such activity was never acted on a stage.
 And if you don't believe me
 And give in to what I say,
 Enter in Prince George
 And he'll show you play.

Prince George.

Here come I, Prince George,
 From England I have sprung,
 Some of those noble deeds and valour to begin,
 And the same I will avow,
 And if we don't get cash this night
 We'll raise a blooming row.
 English rights and Ireland a nation.
 Here I draw my shining weapon.
 Show me the man that dare me stand,
 I'll cut him down with sword in hand.

Turkish Champion.

Yes, here I am, the man who dare you stand,
 My courage is so great.
 I fought lords, dukes, and earls,
 And made their hearts to quake.

Prince George.

What are you but a poor silly lad.

² Matthews could not put a name to the first speaker.

Turkish Champion.

I am the Turkish Champion.
From Turkey land I came
To fight and cut and slash,
As Prince George it is your name.
To cut and fight and slash,
And make man's poison of your bones,
And after that beat any man in Christendom.
[Cross swords and fight.]

Prince George.

Doctor! doctor! Any doctor to be found
To cure this man of his deep and mortal wound?

Doctor.

Yes, here comes a doctor
Most pure and good,
And with my broadsword
I will staunch this man's blood.

Prince George.

What can you cure, Doctor?

Doctor.

I can cure the plague within and the plague without,
The hurdy gurdy and the gout.
Get me an old lady fourscore and ten,
With the knucklebone of her big toe out,
And I'll set in right again.

Prince George.

Where do you carry your medicine, Doctor?

Doctor.

I've a little bottle in the waistband of my pants
Called hocus pocus pic and pin.
Arise, dead man, and fight again.

Turkish Champion.

Aloft, aloft, where have I been?
And oh! what strange and foreign lands I've seen t

I once was dead, but now I am alive :
Blessed be the doctor who did me survive.
And if you don't believe me and list to what I say,
Enter in Prince Patrick and he'll show you play.

Prince Patrick.

Here come I, Prince Patrick,
With my armour shining bright,
A famous old champion
And a worthy old knight.

Prince George.

What are you, Prince Patrick, but Prince George's stable boy.
Who fed his horse with oats and hay,
And after that you let him run away?

Prince Patrick.

That story's a lie, sir.

Prince George.

Draw forth your sword and try, sir.

Prince Patrick.

Pull out your purse and pay, sir.

Prince George.

I'll put my sword through you, and make you run away, sir.
And if you don't believe me and give in to what I say,
Enter in Oliver Cromwell and he'll show you play.

Oliver Cromwell.

Here come I, Oliver Cromwell,
As you all may suppose,
I have conquered many nations
With my large copper nose.
I've made the Spanish tremble,
And Frenchmen for to quake,
And beat the jolly Dutchman
Coming home from the wake.
And if you don't believe me and give in to what I say,
Enter in Beelzebub and he'll show you play.

Beelzebub.

Here come I, Beelzebub,
 And on my shoulder I carry my club,
 And in my hand an old dripping pan,
 And I prove myself a jolly old man.
 And if you don't believe me and give in to what I say,
 Enter in Bighead and he'll show you play.

Bighead.

Here come I that didn't come yet,
 With my big head and my little wit;
 My head is big and my wit is small,
 I'll do my endeavour to please you all.
 And if you don't believe me and give in to what I say,
 Enter in Dilly Doubt and he'll show you play.

Dilly Doubt.

Here come I, Dilly Doubt,
 With the tail of my shirt protruding out.
 Money I want and money I crave,
 But if you refuse, prepare for the grave.
 And if you don't believe me and give in to what I say,
 Enter in Johnnie Funny and he'll show you play.

Johnnie Funny.

Here come I, Johnnie Funny,
 And in my hands I take the money;
 The cellar is locked and we can't get in,
 And we feel rather thirsty, so sing, boys, sing.

BRYAN JONES.

NOTES ON FOLK-LORE.

Beesands, S. Devon.—*Colour of Piskies.* In 1910 I said to a fisherman's daughter, who had been telling me about the piskies, "What colour are piskies?" "Why, they'm like you, in that green dress!" She said a green dress was an object of much criticism in the village. I was told that "if you wear green, you will soon after wear mourning."