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whilst the author of *Knapp's Almanac*, Dublin, 1718, John Knapp, "the Father and Founder of Irish Rebus Writings," was a native of Cork, where he is said to have been originally "a clock cobbler and mender."

Pierse FitzGerald, the Cork Celtic Poet.—Since the publication of the recent imperfect sketch of this poetic worthy in our *Journal*, I have learned with much pleasure that our Council Member, Mr. M. J. Fitzgerald, B.L., Ballykenally, is his great grandson, in whose possession is a collection of some twenty of the poet's Irish songs, carefully written out by Mr. Stanton, one of the leading Irish scholars now in Cork. I am furthermore enabled to state that the original of *The Geraldine's Daughter*, published in the December number, was really written by Pierse Fitzgerald, who, it appears, got his herdsman, Mad Donald, or Dan, to learn it off by heart and recite it for a party of the poet's friends, who were thus led to believe that he also composed it, an error of which his master, the real author, did not trouble to disabuse their minds. In the November portion of the *Cork Celtic Poetry*, Thomas *Dermody* has, owing to a slip of the pen, been printed for Thomas *Furlong*.

Letter from General Vallancey, dated Cove, January 25, 1794.—(See *Journal* for last September).—This century-old letter from General Vallancey to J. C. Walker, author of *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, which is published in the recently-issued Part ii. of the *Charlemont Correspondence*, will be read with interest on account of its local allusions:—"Often do I reflect on the happy days passed in my study on the history and antiquities of ancient nations, and as often wipe the silent tear for the loss of a most excellent library, now dispersed amongst hundreds, some of whom are probably arranging my marginal notes to deck out a bastard they will legitimate in future. As Peter Pindar says—

> 'And then upon each old acquaintance think,
> And with a sigh recall those Attic days,
> When wit and wisdom poured the mingled blaze.'

My newly-acquired military honours fall far short in the balance. I feel myself shrunk from a steeple to an extinguisher. Here I sit viewing at anchor one of the richest fleets ever sailed from England, hourly expecting to be attacked, when I can give them little or no assistance. To sixty cannon, dispersed in four different batteries (Cove, Camden, Spike, and Carlisle?) I have one artillery officer and twelve gunners. But Government have taken compassion on me, and this day two militia officers and sixty privates are to arrive to be instructed in the gun exercise! Do you think I sleep sound? To the point. The enclosed contains an imperfect account of a desideratum in the natural history of this country. I think the Academy (the Royal Irish, Dublin), would be glad to possess a complete skeleton of the meuse (moose?) deer, in the possession of Counsellor Rice, who is probably a member. I have seen what Mr. Pennant has not seen—the small white crane of Asia and Africa. It is a most beautiful bird, about the size of a turkey-pullet of three months. In Asia it is called the paddy-bird, from its eating the green paddy or rice; its plumage is milk-white, its bill and legs yellow. This bird, one of a couple, was seen by Mr. Daunt in a bog near Roberts' Cove, half way between this and Kinsale Harbour. He shot one, and sent it to Mr. Daunt, apothecary in Cork. It is about a month killed; the legs and beak begin to turn black. Dr. Longfield has asked it to send to Mr. Pennant. I claim it for the Academy or College Museum, and if refused the whole bird, half of it cut longitudinally, and each half glued to a board would satisfy both parties. If not half, I claim the liberty of making a drawing. I am afraid I shall succeed in neither, unless Mr. Daunt, apothecary, is written to, in the name of the Academy. Favour me with a line."

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