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## Notes and Queries.

(Queries referred to readers of *C. H. & A. Journal for Answers.*)

*Colonel Agmondesham Muschamp.* I shall feel much obliged if you could give me any information about a certain Colonel Agmondesham Muschamp, who appears to have lived at Cork, and who died in 1648. He belonged to a family settled at East Hoosely, in Surrey. One of his daughters married Joseph Cuffe, ancestor to Lord Desart, and another one married, about 1662, my ancestor, John Vesey, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, when he was Dean of Cork. I am anxious to know whom the colonel married. I fancy it was a Denny, of Tralee, and I also wish to know what he did, and on whose side he fought—whether for King Charles or for Cromwell; also, I should like to know when he died. He left a son Denny, who was Muster Master-General for Ireland, and who died 1699. I hope you will excuse the trouble I am giving you, but I shall be very grateful for any information.

Oct. 7th, 1891.

DOMINICK BROWN,  
(Christ Church, New Zealand).

*An Old Irish Song.* I should feel much obliged to any of your readers who would be able to give me the words of the old Munster song of "Youghal Harbour." Unfortunately, I only remember a line or two of it myself, though the plaintive old air to which it used to be sung is still quite familiar to me. It is the same air, I think, to which Byron composed some well-known stanzas, the metre of which follows the ruder Irish verse to which I allude, and the tone of which, too, has a strange echo of Ireland.

"Could love for ever  
Run like a river,  
And Time's endeavour be tried in vain,  
No other pleasure  
But this we'd treasure,  
And without measure we'd hug the chain :  
But since our sighing  
Ends not in dying,  
And formed for plying Love plumes his wing,  
Then for that reason  
Let's love a season,  
But let that season be only spring."

"Youghal Harbour" was a song at one time pretty popular all over Ireland, I should imagine. Indeed there is one famous piece of testimony to the fact that it was heard outside of Ireland, and that it had at any rate been welcomed in Scotland. Carlyle, in the journal of his tour in Ireland, edited by Mr. Froude, in referring to the historic town of the Blackwater, has an affecting mention of "Youghal Harbour" as a ditty to which he had often listened in his early years, and which was a favourite with his brother

"Alick." Let me guard against the possibility of being sneered at as an anxious inquirer after what, if it should be printed in your pages, may doubtless seem rather indifferent poetry. I am well aware that it is none of the best, but, to quote a phrase of the celebrated man of whom I have just spoken, I may say that the song is chiefly interesting to me from its associations with persons and things which are only to be contemplated now through "the moonlight of memory." Yet the homely Irish lyric may, perhaps, be read with pleasure by many besides

AVON DHU.

*Mac Carty More, and Milesian Families.* In the *Dublin Penny Journal* for 1834 (p. 216), is the following paragraph:—"A descendant of Mac Carty More, king of Munster, had in his possession the crown, sceptre, and other regalia appertaining to his ancient dignity and family. He had also a cup, said to have been made from the cranium of an ancestor of Brian Boromhe, whom the Mac Carty had slain in battle. It was highly polished, and had a lid of silver. Another descendant of the great Mac Carty More is now living, in very humble circumstances, in the county of Cork, and had in his possession the title deeds of the vast estates of that family in that county." What has become of these interesting relics of former days? Perhaps some reader may be able to give information on the subject. As it is with no small degree of pride many south of Ireland families speak of the blood of the "old stock" flowing through their veins, it is not surprising that they should feel desirous of obtaining some information on the subject of Milesian family history. For want of a faithful chronicler the information is, however, at present involved in much obscurity. I think it would be a very suitable subject to take up in the pages of your new journal.

M.R.S.A.

*The Province of Munster.* This name, anciently spelt *Mounster*, and pronounced *Moonster*, is, according to Dr. Joyce, from the old Irish name *Mumhan* (pronounced *Moon*), which with *ster* added forms *Mughan-ster* or *Munster*. The termination *ster*, which has been added to three of the Irish provinces, is the Danish *stadr*, a place or district. *Mumhan* is the genitive case of *Mogha*, a king. Munster, therefore, according to this interpretation, means the "district of Mogha," or a king. But what of the poetic *Momonía*?—the ancient designation of the south of Ireland.

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave,  
Though the days of that hero are o'er;  
Though lost to *Momonía*, and cold in the grave,  
He returns to Kinkora no more."

Was this name superseded by the Norse invaders? or is Munster merely a corruption of the name *Momonía*?

SAXON.