

A N  
E L E G Y  
O N

The much lamented Death of those excellent *Patriots* and Lovers of their Country the Family of the POTATOES in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, who fell by a general Massacre, being confined and starved alive by Cold and Hunger (cruellest of Deaths!) between the 26th Day of *December*, and the 18th of *January* in the Year 1739, to the inexpressible Loss and Grief of their weeping, bleeding Country.

**I**F ever Grief was great without Disguise,  
If Tears sincere e'er flow'd from Mourners Eyes,  
Now is the Time——! now Tyrant-Sorrow reigns,  
And from our Eyes the briny Ocean drain!  
HIBERNIA——! well dost Thou refuse to raise  
Thy Head, to see the Sorrows of these Days,  
Grave was thy *Harp* before, and half unstrung,  
Slow mov'd the Finger, plaintive went the Tongue:  
Now to deep Mourning tune thy future Lays,  
With Frost-nip *Shanree's* crown'd instead of *Bays*.  
POTATOES——! a kindly Root, most cordial Friend,  
That ever Nature to this Isle did send!  
Potatoes, oh hard Fate! all dead and gone?  
And with them thousands of our selves anon!  
'Twas you, deceas'd dear Friends, left us alive,  
Vain, vain are all our Hopes long to survive!  
Incense to living Benefactors paid  
Uncertain is, till low their Heads are laid:  
Low are the Heads of dear Potatoes laid,  
Then Incense certain to them shall be paid.  
*Virgil*, thy *Georgicks*, and thy *Muse* here bring,  
While I the Praise of dead Potatoes sing.  
With grateful Sense (blest Root!) I must relate  
Cheap was thy Culture, but thy Profit great,  
Of Plough or Harrow, barne's'd Ox or Steed,  
Thy Cultivation did not stand in need:  
Into poor Earth a Parcel of You flung  
Thin-bedded with a Lock of half-made Dung,  
Cover'd with one poor Shoovel and a Spade  
With small Expence of Time and Labour laid,  
Nay, cut in Pieces (that, which kills most *Grain*,  
Potatoes multiplies, and mends the Strain)  
Did with the next approaching Summer's Sun  
High with luxuriant Leaves, and Branches run,  
Whereon thick Tufts of *Musk* Blossoms shoor,  
Delicious in Smell, as strengthening is the Root.  
The Blossoms wither'd, *Apples* next succeed,  
Whose viscid Balsam hecick Patients need:  
Or, if regard to Luxury be paid,  
Of them are beaucous rich Confections made.  
The Apples ripe, the *Leaves*, as *Trefail* Sweet,  
The Cattle us'd with loving Joys to meet.  
Even in Corruption Sweet the *Stalks* exhale  
An aromatique Flavour thro' the Vale.  
Useless no Part, the bleached *Haulm* provides  
White-Satin-Litter for pet-Heifers Sides.  
The *Rest*, the hidden Treasure, is behind,  
Prop of the Poor, *Delight* of all Mankind!  
A Tract of Ground, so planted, look'd with Scorn  
On thrice the Quantity of any Corn.  
Surprizing Root——! wherein Food has but *Share*,  
Which does at once both *Food* and *Medicine* bear.  
Prolifick Juices from it swell the Veins,  
It multiplies, and Human Kind maintains.  
Bruis'd, and to burn'd, or scalded Parts apply'd,  
To cool and heal them, is a Topick try'd.  
In Leprous Ails Potatoc-broth takes Place,  
Absterive, healing, soveraign as *Lough Leichs*.  
Corn many Operations undergoes,  
Before it can a single Loaf compose:  
Potatoes no such Cost, Pains, Care demand,  
Each being a Loaf horn ready to the Hand:

One single Operation they require,  
Bare Transplantation from their Beds to Fire,  
Where soon they *braden*, cracking Skins ditclose  
Rich mealy Hulps, such as rost Chestnut shews.  
No Salt, or Sugar, or a Grain of Spice  
They need to cook them delicate and nice:  
*Tau* ready done, Milk from the Cow is said,  
Potatoc justly roasted is *French* Bread,  
And equally a *Pauding* of it made  
Before the King (God bless him!) might be laid.  
The *Liquors* did our thrifless People know,  
That from them in their native *India* flow,  
Which here by Art superior drawn might prove,  
Such as the Poor, or higher Tastes might love.  
Thus, might they, from the same Potatoc heap  
Variety of Life's best Comforts reap,  
*Bread*, to enable them Labour to endure,  
*Drink*, to forget that ever they were poor,  
*Starch* for their Linnen (such as *Linnen* wear!)  
And for the spruce Ones *Powder* for the Hair.  
Let it suffice thus far with Grief to tell  
In what Potatoes *living* did excel!  
Here stop and sigh——! kind *Elegiac* Muse  
A Mourners *last* Request do not refuse,  
Now something like *last* Speech and *Bying* Words  
(For little better now our State affords!)  
Nay, for us now some *Elegy* contrive,  
We are not dead, but who can say *alive*?  
Our Hearts are with Potatoes dying dead,  
Of half-dead Creatures try what may be said.  
Potatoes fed us, while the *Corn* we sow'd  
Was to the Payment of the Rent bestow'd.  
What must we feed on now, when *best* are spent?  
Oh could our *Fleets* be now like old *black* *Leut*!  
I must——! I will to sad Remembrance bring  
Our wonted *Irish* *Olio* of the Spring,  
Crown'd with a Herring; *Herring* King of Fish!  
Potatoes Queen of Roots in wooden Dish!  
*Herrings*, tho' gone this Year, we may regain,  
Potatoes dead will never come again!  
By angry Clergy will it now be said,  
This comes a Judgment for the Tithe unpaid:  
Those who detain it timely shou'd repent,  
Poor Tenants, don't they pay it in their Rent.  
Oh blest'd Saint *PATRICK*, Guardian of this Isle,  
Commiserate our Case, and on us smile!  
Propitious Nature, may our Schemes succeed,  
Inspire a Method to preserve some *Seed*!  
With Care we must the thawing Clois explore,  
Increase by small Plantations, as before:  
If that shou'd fail——! in Swarms we must repair  
To *India* strait, make up our Losses there,  
There bidding to our Rent-rack'd Lands add,  
Potatoes eat, taste Flesh, Bread, Butter too.

E P I T A P H.

**B**ENEATH this frozen Sod, dead may be found,  
Half of the real Wealth of *Irish* Ground!  
Much might, but much, alas! need not be said  
Here lie two Thirds of Ireland's *daily* Bread.

