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Kilnagarna,
Athlone.

20th Nov 1895

My dear Willie

The subject of the painting was born 1746 and died 1827. I found the following sentence in a diary of his, written towards the end of last century. "Ebrius fui apud Bellair, si Deus det veniam retro non quam peccare confitebor".

He was fond of the social conviviality of that period, as appears from one of his

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poetical effusions while I endure; I send also a sample of his amorous verses to my grandmother who was Miss Frances Judge of Ballyshiel.

Ever Yours

Thos. Meagher

P.S.

I enclose cheque £10 my annual subs.n to sustentation fund.

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Kilnagarna,

"The Bottle" Athlone.

Song, by Mr Mulock (Councillor)
written 1793

Would you view the fair Nymph that enslaved me
Whose Absence can cause the deep Sigh,
Would you view the kind Fair who has saved me
From Grief & the tear-shedding Eye.

2

Her Charms & her Image I'll paint you,
Describe you her Person & Air
And should the fair Vision enchant you,
With my Friends all her Beauties I'll share.

3

Her neck is smooth lovely & slender,
Its graces no Heart can withstand
Should you seize it she'll quickly surrender,
And yield up her charms to your hand.

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4

Though dark yet she wakens desire,
By modest simplicity graced,
But the Beauty I chiefly admire
Is the lovely round swell of her waist.

5

No mean jealous love she'll inspire,
Whose flame blazes forth to destroy,
But kindles the heart-felt fire
Where rivalship heightens the joy.

6

What tho' in my closet I place her,
In private I ne'er steal a kiss,
But bring her where friends may embrace her
And social joy gives us true bliss.

7

With Rapture each fond lover filling,
All true to my Charmer must prove,
From her mouth the sweet nectar distilling,
Her fountain of Wit, Mirth & Love.

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8

Not the God of the musical Lyre
Like that could lead Poets to fame,
Nor the soft Paphian Queen of Desire,
Like her could the Lover inflame.

9

To all whom her Beauty thus warms,
She kindly imparts some new Grace,
As the Heart she transports with her charms
With ruby she flushes each face.

10

With her name let me finish this strain,
No giggling young female I woo;
"The Bottle" the Nymph that I mean,
So I'll kiss her & push her to you.