GEN

SKETCHES IN CARBERY,

COUNTY CORK.

ITS ANTIQUITIES, HISTORY, LEGENDS, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

BY

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PREFACE.

THERE are many interesting places within the confines of Carbery, which supply the antiquarian, historian, naturalist, and artist with abundant inducements for examining into the records and curiosities of antiquity; studying through authentic sources the warlike achievements, the social customs and manners of past ages and of more recent times, and investigating the natural phenomena, and admiring the beauties of scenery displayed in so charming a manner where'er we turn our gaze.

Both visitor and tourist are well repaid for their toil and trouble whilst wandering through its hills and valleys, by observing views, marine and landscape, at once picturesque, stern, beautiful, and diversified in the highest degree—bold, rocky headlands, precipitous cliffs, rugged mountains, and gently winding and romantic harbours and bays.

The more sublime and imposing scenery of Killarney and Glengarriff, Bantry and Gougane Barra, has been already fully dilated on by the eloquent

pens of clever writers, or transferred to canvas with artistic skill by the magic brushes of skilful painters. Though Carbery may be comparatively barren of interest, when placed in contrast with such sparkling gems of the Emerald Isle, still, however, it possesses sufficient attractions along its picturesque sea-coast to entitle it to more than a passing notice either in poetry or prose.

The "Sketches in Carbery," written from time to time at irregular intervals, during leisure hours, have already partly appeared in the columns of the *West Cork Eagle*. I have now collected them together for publication in the form of a small volume.

They are more or less of a superficial character, skimming over the surface, and wanting perhaps in the statistics and practical details which characterize the hand-books of a country or locality. They treat in a rambling manner, as the name would imply (a sort of Olla Podrida), of the local history, legendary lore, antiquities, and topography of various interesting places throughout the extensive baronies of Carbery, county Cork.

They do not embrace or give in consecutive order a complete account of the various towns, and it is more than probable that some topics of interest have been either forgotten by the writer or only casually referred to. I have endeavoured, however, as far as my limited information and knowledge of the subject

could lead me, to condense, and arrange together, all the leading facts and prominent occurrences, whether historical or otherwise, which I thought might interest and engage the reader's attention. I am fully aware that many imperfections of style, and perhaps some errors, both historical and archæological, will be discovered, and which are inseparable from the labours of one who is comparatively a tyro in the domains of literature: for such I must only solicit the reader's lenient criticism and pardon. I have ventured on the publication of the present little work more in the hope that it may stimulate and induce others better qualified for tasks of a similar nature, to rescue from oblivion the fading memories of by-gone days, and bring to light some of the arcana of Irish local history and antiquarian lore, than under the impression that I could contribute anything stamped with the impress of originality or worthy of permanent record.

Unfortunately the "manuscript materials" relating to ancient Carbery are few and far between, and very difficult of access. In the compilation and completion of the following pages, information relating to the subjects discussed has been principally obtained from Dr. Smith's "History of Cork," written a century ago, a work displaying great talent and indefatigable research, and generally correct in description; "Corca Laidhe" (Miscellany of the Celtic Society), by the

late John O'Donovan, LL. D., M. R. I. A., one of the greatest Irish scholars of any age; Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary;" and the manuscript writings of John Collins, of Myross. The remainder has been supplied from personal research and observation, so far as the striking natural features of the country, and its stories and legends are concerned.

All the scattered fragments, which could be collected have been linked together, and arranged into somewhat of a uniform shape, and though the result must be looked on more as a compilation, than as an original production, I entertain the hope that the matters referred to will prove of some interest, though they may not supply much information to those who desire to be acquainted with the antiquities of the country, sketches of the surrounding scenery, and the social movements of the inhabitants during the lapse of centuries.

During the present century the language of ancient Erin, her ethnology, her laws, and her social customs and manners, have received considerable attention at the hands of scholars in various countries, who have devoted much time to deciphering the mouldy and decaying, but important manuscripts, many of which were lying neglected in the State Paper Offices, repositories, and archives throughout Great Britain and continental Europe. They have traced up to the fountain head the primitive Celtic

stock, and the ancient language of this branch of the Aryan, or Indo-European races—the progenitors of progress and colonization throughout Europe.

Zeuss and Max Müller in Germany, Professor Blackie and Mr. Skene in Great Britain, and Lanigan, O'Curry, Drs. O'Donovan and Petrie, &c., in Ireland, and a host of other distinguished writers, some of whom have passed off the world's stage, and others who are still busily engaged in learned researches, have all, by their united efforts, rescued from chaos and destruction the language and literature of Ireland.

A great amount of interest must be naturally attached to the antiquarian relics, and literary remains of a country, the remote history of which is wrapt up in so much mystery, which was styled by Phœnicians and Milesians Inisfail (the Isle of Destiny), Ogygia (the most ancient land), and Ierne (the Sacred Isle), and in more recent times *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum.* The latter appellation it inherited during the three centuries which preceded the invasion of the fierce and hardy Norsemen. This was a sort of golden age, when Ireland shone forth as a bright star in the world of learning, "domi militiæque."

Celebrated seats of art and science flourished then both in the north and south. Bangor, Armagh,

Cork, Lismore, Rosscarbery, &c., were celebrated for the learning of the teachers and professors who taught and lectured in their academic halls.

In the Royal Irish Academy are still preserved many rare and costly reliques of remote ages, and invaluable manuscripts, which prove a considerable advance in the arts and sciences amongst our ancestors. The writer of the Prospectus to the Celtic Society (1847) remarks truly and eloquently:—"Ireland has yet Celtic scholars, of ripe and accurate learning, profound and erudite antiquarians, and was never more rich in that wise and public spirit, which is alive to the honour, and athirst for a true knowledge of the country."

Unfortunately, to one engaged in writing an ephemeral work, such as the present, several obstacles are thrown in the way, as no doubt many valuable manuscripts treasured up within the ancient domiciles and ecclesiastical edifices, like Sherkin and Timoleague Abbeys, were destroyed or lost during the conflicts and civil strife of former times; so that it is only through more general and remote sources, information pertaining to the subject matter can be obtained.

In the arrangement and completion of this little volume, I have been deeply indebted to my learned friends, Dr. P. W. Joyce, M. R. I. A., whose valuable services have been so kindly bestowed, and gladly accepted of by me in the correction of the proof sheets

whilst going through the press; and also to Richard Adams, Esq., B. L., of the editorial staff of the *Freeman*, for many useful suggestions.

I shall now, without any further preface, request of my readers to accompany me through the following chapters, whilst I introduce them to some of the remarkable places in Carbery and its Hundred Isles, entertaining at the same time the hope that they may be interested and pleased with the contents of this little "Sketch Book."

Skibbereen, 1st March, 1876.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

PAGE

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

SKETCHES IN CARBERY.

CHAPTER I.

Carbery, its ancient History—The Old Milesian Families who settled there—Mac Carthy Reagh, and Kilbrittan Castle—Scenery along the Sea-coast—A Geological Legend—Physical Aspect of the barony; its Mineral Wealth, Climate, Picturesque Towns and Villages near the Sea—Skibbereen, Dunmanway, Clonakilty, &c. —Ecclesiastical Ruins and Castles, &c.

THE ancient name of Carbery was *Corca Laidhe*, which, translated, means the marshy territory belonging to the tribe of Laidhe or Lug Ith (the lesser Ith), who was son of Ith, the paternal uncle of Milesius. (See "Miscellany of the Celtic Society"). It is said in the "Annals of the Four Masters" that Lug Ith acompanied the sons of Milesius to Ireland, about fourteen centuries before the Christian Era He was ancestor to the O'Driscolls, whom we must rightly consider as the aboriginal Milesian or Gadelian settlers in Carbery. Moore, in one of his melodies, alludes to the generally accepted opinion of the Milesians having come originally from Spain to Ireland as colonists:

"They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main,
Set sail in their good ships gallantly
From the sunny land of Spain."

Corca Laidhe territory extended formerly from Kenmare river on the west to the Bandon river on the east. Its northern boundaries were not so well defined, and, the country being mountainous and barren in that direction, in all probability the Bantry (Meallach) and Bandon rivers and the mountain range between Dunmanway and Bantry formed the limits of this territory, which was reduced considerably in extent shortly after the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland. It comprised within its area 39 parishes, including a large tract of country at present situated in the baronies of Bear, Bantry, Kinalea, Kinalmeaky, Ibane and Barryroe. In fact this ancient territory formerly exceeded in size several of the present Irish counties.

The surface of the land during the 12th and 13th centuries presented a very different aspect from what it now exhibits. Large tracts were covered with marshes, bogs, and moorlands, which at present produce rich crops and form good pasture land. Forests of oak, birch, alder, fir, and yew were also thickly scattered over the country. The fir trees must have grown in greater abundance than the other varieties, as their remains are more abundant in the bogs than the relics of all the rest combined. In the far distant past Corca Laidhe must have been a very wild country in the interior, thinly populated, a large portion covered with marshes and primeval forests, watered by numerous streams, and having a very damp climate. Nevertheless, along the sea-coast there were traces of cultivation and advancement, where it presented the same picturesque and romantic aspect which it displays at present.

So far back as the reign of the Roman Emperor Adrian, in the 2nd century, Ptolemy, the celebrated

geographer and astronomer of that period, was familiar with the coast of Carbery. In one of his maps he prominently marks out the Mizen Head (*Notium Promontorium*), and, also, describes the territory as being inhabited by the "Iberi," which points significantly to the origin of the inhabitants from a Spanish source—Iberia being the old name of Spain. Considerable traffic formerly prevailed between Spain and the inhabitants residing between Baltimore and Berehaven. Spanish colonists settled down along the coast, and intermarried with the original settlers. The Spanish type of feature amongst many of their descendants is evident to the most casual observer even at present.

Corca Laidhe was originally co-extensive with the diocese of Ross, founded by St. Fachna, one of the O'Driscoll race, in the 6th century. Long before the English invasion the O'Mahonys, whose stronghold formerly was in the neighbourhood of Bandon (Drohid Mahon), made a raid upon the O'Driscoll territory and possessed themselves of the western portion of Corca Laidhe, bordering the sea, called Ivahah or Evagh (the western land), which comprised the parishes of Kilmoe, Skull (Scoole), Kilcrohane, Durrus, Kilmaconogue, and Caheragh. Along the coast they erected the castles of Rossbrin, Ardintenant, Leamcon, and the three castles at Three Castle Head; also, Dunbeacon and Dunmanus castles. The O'Mahony, of Rossbrin, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was a celebrated pirate. Sir George Carew attacked his castle, and battered down the western side of it. A very valuable old manuscript is still extant, entitled the "Psalter of Rossbrin." It gives a detailed account of the family history, and exploits of the O'Mahonys. After the Anglo-Norman inva-

sion of 1170 further encroachments were made on this territory by the English, and also by the Irish septs, who were driven out of their original seats in the counties of Limerick and Tipperary. A sort of triangular duel took place, the Barrys, the Butlers, and the Fitzgeralds attacking the Mac Carthys, the O'Mahonys, the O'Sullivans, and the O'Donovans, who in their turn fell back in no amiable mood however on the O'Driscolls, who came off third best, the greater part of their territory being swallowed up.

In the year 1192 the O'Sullivans, who had been originally located about Cnoc-Raffon and Clonmel (Cluain-Meala), in the present county Tipperary, were forced to migrate to the south, and wrested from the O'Driscolls that portion of Corca Laidhe now known as the baronies of Bear and Bantry. The Barrys and O'Cowhigs seized on the eastern portion of the principality, now Ibane and Barryroe. Along the coast in this vicinity the latter erected the castles of Dundeide, Dunworley, and Doneen, whilst the Barrys erected near Ross the castle of Rath-Barry, the modern name of which is Castle Freke. The O'Donovans, about the same period, viz. the close of the 12th century, retreated to the south from their ancestral domains on the banks of the river Maigue, county Limerick, where they occupied a territory called Cairbre Aebha (beautiful), situated in the barony of Coshma, near Kilmallock (the Baalbec of Ireland). They were expelled by the Fitzgeralds, who then took up their abode in Limerick. The O'Donovans settled down finally in the mountainous district of Corca Laidhe, known at present as the parish of Drimoleague, after defeating the original proprietors; to their newly-acquired possessions they transferred the tribe name of the family Cairbre. It

was also called Clancahill, and the former name, as O'Donovan tells us in "The Annals of the Four Masters," by a strange whim of custom was extended during the 13th century to the entire tract of country, known at present as the Baronies of Carbery, superseding the old name of Corca Laidhe. In the beginning of the 13th century the chief Irish septs inhabiting Carbery were the Mac Carthys, O'Driscolls, O'Sullivans, O'Donovans, O'Mahonys, O'Heas, O'Learys, O'Cowhigs (Coffey), O'Flynns, O'Hennigans, &c.

Smith says of the eight families of royal extraction of this period in the county of Cork, four belonged to Carbery, viz.:—The Mac Carthys, O'Mahonys, O'Driscolls, and O'Donovans. A. D. 1232 Cormac Gott, third son of M'Carthy Mor, invaded and acquired supreme power over this territory, and his descendants established a sort of dynasty, the head of the family Mac Carthy Reagh (swarthy) was styled Prince of Carbery, his chief residence being Kilbrittain Castle, near Timoleague, the original seat of the De Courceys, Lords of Kinsale, who came to Ireland first in the reign of Henry II. According to good authority the date of its erection was 1035, which has been plainly deciphered on the walls of the castle. A strange story is related how one of the M'Carthy Reaghs became possessed of Kilbrittain. One of the De Courceys borrowed a white ferret from M'Carthy, and allowed the latter to hold the castle *pro tem.* as a security for the loan of the ferret. The animal died whilst in De Courcey's possession, and Mac Carthy, according to stipulation, became Lord of Kilbrittain Manor. Such is the story or tradition.

In the beginning of the 17th century the O'Dris-

coll territory had been reduced within a narrow compass by the various encroachments of surrounding foes. It constituted a territory (a rural deanery) styled Colleymore and Colleybeg, including the parishes of Myross, Glanbarahane (now Castlehaven), Tullagh, Creagh, Aghadoune and Cleere. The names Colleymore and Colleybeg are still retained, being two townlands on the banks of the Ilen, near Innisbeg, and Ringarogue islands. In 1636, according to O'Donovan, "the entire of O'Driscoll's County, as well as these of O'Donovans, and O'Mahonys, and several septs of the Mac Carthys, paid tribute to Mac Carthy Reagh." The Barony of Carbery, though at present reduced in size, is of very considerable extent, being 40 miles in length, containing 46 parishes, comprising 360,933 acres, equal in area to some Irish counties.

The sea coast, as I have already remarked, presents scenery of the most picturesque character, and is intersected in a remarkable degree by numerous bays, harbours, and narrow winding inlets of the sea. They form beautiful summer resorts, and afford safe shelter to shipping, and splendid centres for prosperous fisheries, which latter languish at present through want of capital, enterprise, and encouragement—without which they cannot, of course, be developed. What strikes the eye of the tourist, especially when travelling through the west of the barony, is the almost endless profusion of huge boulders of rock cropping up out of the soil, or detached and distinct from the bed on which they lie. In some places they overhang the rude mountain pathway, merely poised upon the pinnacle of some projecting mound, and seeming to threaten immediate destruction to the passer-by. The summits and sides

of many are covered with moss and lichens, and draped in folds of holly and ivy; they look like

"Giants of old turned to stone by some magic spell."

There is a very large one of these detached masses on the road between Glengarriff and Berehaven, to which some fanciful resemblance to a judge has been made out; it has a grave and dignified appearance, the wig is represented by a thick covering of grey lichens, the body being draped in robes of ancient moss and red berried holly. Near the Priest's Leap is another with a cup-shaped depression, and tradition affirms that this cup never runs dry, containing even during the driest season some water, which is supposed to well up continually from a secret spring within the rock.

There is a geological legend connected with the history of those rocks, for geology as well as history can dwell in the region of romance. Some thousands of years ago, as geologists tell us, in the antediluvian and pre-historic age of the world, a number of icebergs from the frozen deep of the Arctic regions went on an excursion to more southern climes. As companions of their voyage they were accompanied by large massive blocks of stone, which had been safely imbedded within their crystal walls. Whilst travelling to the south some of the icebergs paid a visit to Carbery, and under the influence of its warm and genial climate, they fell into a melting mood, and gradually dissolved away, allowing their more durable and solid companions to be quietly deposited on the hills and valleys of the Emerald Isle. Here they secured for themselves fixity of tenure, and some of them became rooted in the soil, taking up a position and obtaining a holding from

which they cannot be easily disturbed, and this is the origin and true version, according to *literati*, of the most remarkable of the "Rupes Carberiæ."

The Baronies of Carbery occupy a very large area, about 600 square miles, with a population, according to the census of 1871, of 88,241, and a valuation of houses and land for 1874, of £146,389, exceeding considerably in all these figures, when taken conjointly, any other barony in the county Cork. They contain forty-six parishes, and the land—though rough, rocky, marshy, and mountainous to some extent—is fertile and arable in a great degree, especially the east barony.

The best land in West Carbery is said to be the parish of Myross, called, owing to its fertility, in the Irish language, Garry or The Garden. The patches between the rocks and hillocks, when properly reclaimed, are most productive. In olden times the land was covered with extensive forests, which have been hewn down long ago; and the country is now very destitute of trees, a more extensive planting of which would not only increase the picturesque aspect of the scenery, but also improve the climate, and afford more shelter and protection in stormy weather. Owing to the nature of the subsoil, and the earth being retentive of moisture, a very complete system of drainage is necessary, and also a careful process of tillage, ploughing and subsoiling at short intervals, and greater attention should be given to the eradication of weeds. The soil is not particularly well adapted for being laid out in pasture land, as, when allowed to remain in *statu quo* for a period of about five years, it is sure to revert into a wild, pristine state of nature, and present a most uncultivated appearance—covered and overrun with furze and

ferns, rushes and moss, thereby converting into a mere useless waste what might, under a better system of agriculture, be fertile and useful land. Such a condition of things throughout the west of the barony is still, in some instances, familiar to the eye of the most careless observer. The aspect of the land has, however, improved much of late years, and numerous acres, formerly occupied by bogs and morasses, have been thoroughly reclaimed by drainage, &c. A complete reclamation of the waste lands of Carbery, which supply a more than fair proportion to the grand total for Ireland, would add materially to the prosperity of the country, but cannot possibly be accomplished for many years to come by private capital and enterprise unless supplemented by state aid.

The geological formation of the barony is slate, or shale, and old red sandstone, the latter predominating along the coast. There is a complete absence of limestone, necessitating the importation of lime from the north of the county, and also the carriage of the rich and fertilising sand from Bantry, Clonakilty, &c., into the interior. This sand is very rich in carbonate of lime, and is indispensable as a manure for wet and boggy land. The sea-coast also supplies in abundance the sea-weed which is so extensively used by the farmers for top-dressing the land, being in universal request for the potato crops near the sea-shore.

Although West Carbery has more rugged features and less arable land than the last barony—the scenery is more diversified, and of a wilder and more romantic character. It possesses two sources of wealth, which we might truly assert are in a stagnant and semi-latent condition—the fisheries along the coast and the mineral wealth buried within deep re-

cesses of mountains. Mr. Guy, of Cork, in his recently printed "Directory for the City and County of Cork," which contains a great deal of useful information, enumerates the numerous metallic lodes and veins in the county, the majority of which are in Carbery, viz.: "(1) *Copper* in Bantry, Rossbrin, Ballydehob, Dunmanway, Skull, Crookhaven (with silver bearing lead). The Cappagh Mine, Ballydehob, was first opened early in the present century by Colonel Hall, a Devonshire gentleman. Castletownsend, with lead and antimony; Ross, with manganese; Clonakilty, with lead; (2) *Sulphate of Barytes*, Skull, Roscarbery, Bantry, Clonakilty; (3) *Lead*, Leap, with iron; (4) *Iron* was extensively worked in former times at Aghadown and Roaring Water. The working of the mines was suspended in a great measure owing to the failure of the supply of wood, requisite for the smelting of the ore. (5) *Manganese*, Ross, Leap; (6) *Slates*, Carrigbuy, Sherkin, Drimoleague, Curragalickey, Glandore, Ross, Gally Head, Clonakilty, Timoleague." The quarry at Benduff is worked on a most extensive scale, the slates being, in the opinion of many, equal to those of Bangor. The works are conducted by steam, on the most scientific principles, under the management of James Swanton, Esq., A.M., and large quantities are exported to various parts of the United Kingdom. Here is evidence of great mineral resources, which only require additional labour and investment of capital in order to extract out of the bowels of the earth the hidden treasures concealed beneath the surface.

The climate of Carbery, though humid, is remarkably mild and equable, no great alternations of heat and cold. The temperature in the winter is even 2 deg. higher than that of many places on the conti-

nent, ten degrees of latitude farther south. The flora give evidence of the genial nature of our climate. The laurustinum, myrtle, fuschia, hydrangea, &c., growing and thriving in the open air, whilst many rare shrubs, indigenous to the shores of the Mediterranean and the tropical regions of South America, flourish along the sea-coast and come to maturity in the open air. There are many beautiful inlets of the sea, pleasant places of retreat in summer for invalids or pleasure seekers; picturesque localities, which impress visitors much with the beauty of our scenery, and the mildness and salubrity of our climate, as, for instance, Rosscarbery, Glandore, Castletownshend, Baltimore, and Skull. Most desirable localities can here be found for a seaside residence, possessing more natural attractions, and decidedly more sanitary advantages, than many of the more fashionable marine resorts and vaunted sanitoria of other countries.

Wherever we turn we enjoy the bracing effects of the sea-breeze—balmy, fresh, and pure from the waters of the wide Atlantic. The summer months are delightful, the climate being so temperate and wholesome, and during the winter months, though many complain of the great rainfall, scarcely any frost or snow occurs to produce a severity of season. This climatic tendency is accounted for by the fact that a branch of the great gulf-stream impinging on the south-west coast of Ireland tends, by its benign influence, to equalize and temper the climate in a remarkable degree. It also accounts, more or less, for the moisture of the atmosphere, and the growth in some places of tropical plants. Places so remote, owing to the want of proper facility of access, have been more or less cut off from the stirring events

which agitate the busy world outside. It only requires railway communication, which will be soon established; enterprise in the building of rural villas; careful cultivation and judicious planting of trees in the surrounding country, so that art may lend her influence to add an additional charm to the beauties of nature. Then, indeed, the places alluded to will gain a widespread and well-deserved reputation with visitors and tourists, and Carbery will no longer be in the future, as it has been in the past, a sort of "Terra Incognita."

The name of Carbery is not exclusively confined to Munster, as there is a barony of the same name in the county Kildare, on the verge of the Bog of Allen, and another Carbery, an extensive barony divided into Upper and Lower, in the county Sligo, in which the town of Sligo is situated. However, it is to the Carbery of Cork, by far the most important of the three, that I must direct attention. The most ancient town or village in Carbery was, undoubtedly, Baltimore at the mouth of the Ilen. It was the central point of the O'Driscoll territory, the seat of civil power, where subsequently an important town sprung up, near the walls of Dun-na-Sead Castle. Its early origin dates back from time immemorial, and at a former period it was considered the nucleus of the fisheries along the coast, and carried on an extensive trade. Rosscarbery was also a town of great antiquity, the seat of ecclesiastical authority, and a place to which, as Camden says, "resorted all the South West of Ireland for learning's sake," founded in the 6th century by St. Fachtnan; but to the history of Ross I will refer at more extended length on a future occasion.

After the invasion and destruction of Baltimore

by the Algerine pirates, A. D. 1631, that ancient town fell to decay, and some of the wealthiest inhabitants, who escaped being captured, deserted the locality, and settled in the neighbourhood of Skibbereen, and from this period, viz. the middle of the 17th century, we must date the enrolling of Skibbereen upon the list of notable and rising towns in the south of the county. Previous to the date referred to Skibbereen was a puny village, like Rome in its infancy. The name Skibbereen, or Skubbareen, is of doubtful origin, a puzzle to philologists and antiquarians, and still *sub judice*.

Dr. Joyce seems to think Skibbereen meant a place of skiffs, which used to ply across the river before the erection of the bridges at the Steam Mill and Abbey. Skibbereen and the adjacent country were formerly a portion of the domain surfounding Gortnaclohy castle (Castleisland) and belonged to M'Carthy Reagh, of Kilbrittain. There is scarcely a vestige of the old castle remaining—the site of the "baun," however, and traces of the foundations, are still visible. In the time of Cromwell, in the middle of the 17th century, the M'Carthy estate was forfeited, and Skibbereen and the lands of Gortnaclohy, Smorane, and Coronea were granted to William Prigg (an appropriate name) and Samuel Hall, who changed the name of Skibbereen or Skubbareen to New Stapletown; this latter name however was soon replaced by the former euphonious appellation. The eastern and greater part of the town is at present situated in the parish of Creagh, being the Beecher property, whilst that portion, the south and west, known as Bridgetown and Townshend-street, belong to the Townshend estate.

In the year 1691 a battle took place in the vicinity

of the town, between a detachment of James the Second's forces and Colonel Beecher, who received a commission under William the Third. Three years afterwards a party of rapparees entered the town, attacked the custom-house, which they plundered, and killed the two revenue officers. Dr. Dive Downes, who was Protestant bishop of Cork during the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century, made a tour of his diocese on horseback; the roads were narrow, and impassable for carriages in those days. He visited Skibbereen in 1699, and left a record of what he observed there. He stopped at Lady Catherine Barclay's house, Bridgetown. The illustrious Thackeray, in his rambles through Ireland, paid a visit to Skibbereen. In his work entitled "The Irish Sketch Book," he has given some humorous and interesting sketches of the town, and his visit to the "Beecher Arms" Hotel. Lewis, who compiled his "Topographical Dictionary" in 1837, mentions how Skibbereen had formerly "a very considerable trade in the manufacture of woollen cloth, linen checks, and handkerchiefs, which has altogether declined." The same applies to most of the towns in Carbery. The appearance of King Cotton on the stage was most destructive to the welfare of the linen weavers, whom he put to flight. Of late years there has been a flax revival, the growth of which ought to be more encouraged.

The population of Skibbereen has decreased considerably within the last thirty years; it was previously nearly 5,000, and it is now only 3,700, a decrease to be attributed to famine and emigration. The appearance of the town has improved much of late years, and it is steadily advancing in the path of progress —extensive gas-works, water-works, and telegraphic

communication established; handsome public buildings have also been erected. Being a busy centre of trade, occupied by an intelligent, enterprising, and industrious population, it promises to advance in prosperity. A very extensive trade is carried out on Saturdays, and very large quantities of butter and other provisions, and live stock are exported continually. When railway communication with Dunmanway, Bandon, and Cork has been completed —the work is at present in active progress—Skibbereen will be the terminus of the line, and ought to advance considerably in a commercial point of view, as the town will be *ipso facto* the metropolis of the West Riding, and very probably an assize town also eventually.

Want of space prevents me at present from taking more than a mere cursory glance at the other towns of the West Riding, a full description of which is given by Lewis and Bennett, and also in the *Parliamentary Gazeteer*, by Fullarton, a very rare work. Smith also, in his "History of Cork," gives a detailed interesting account of their history, and other important features. In East Carbery the chief town is Clonakilty, the derivation of the word is considered to be the stone of the woods (Clough-na-kilte), from the fact of the country around being formerly extensively wooded, and some remarkable pillar stones existing near the town. The country in the neighbourhood of Clonakilty is fertile and productive. In 1613—in the time of James I.—Sir Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, obtained a charter of incorporation for the town about the same time that Baltimore was granted a sovereign, free burgesses and commonalty. In 1641, 1691, and 1798, engagements and skirmishes took place at Clonakilty, between Royalists,

Parliamentarians, &c. About a mile to the north of the town a very perfect druidical temple, some of the stones equalling in size those of Stonehenge, is to be seen—a great antiquarian curiosity. The population, according to the census in 1871, was about 3,600. The cotton and linen manufactures of this town formerly were most extensive, the latter affording employment to 400 looms, and 1,000 persons, and the former to 40 looms. The weekly sales sometimes attained to the large sum of £1,000. These manufactures, it is much to be regretted, have fallen to decay. There is a considerable export from Clonakilty in the corn trade. The late Dr. Collins, R. C. Bishop of Cloyne and Ross, a man of distinguished talents, was born in Clonakilty. Lewis refers to this circumstance in his work. He says: "The late Michael Collins, D. D., R. C. Bishop of Cloyne and Ross, who was author of several tracts on the state of Ireland, and was examined before a select committee of the House of Commons in 1825," was a native of this place. Dr. Collins subsequently resided in Skibbereen, and it was owing to his active exertions that the spacious and handsome R. C. Cathedral and the National Schools were erected.

Dunmanway, another important town in Carbery, has many interesting associations connected with it, formerly the seat of a branch of the M'Carthys, who settled down in the valley of Gleanachroim, where they exercised a semi-regal sway, and built for themselves famed Togher and Dunmanway Castles, which latter means the fort with the yellow gables or pinnacles. Dunmanway owed its rise to importance as a manufacturing centre, chiefly linen, to the exertions of Sir Richard Cox, who was Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the time of William III. He was Lord of the

manor, and erected a handsome mansion for himself near the town. He was drowned accidentally in a small lake near Dunmanway.

I would fain linger at more length, and dwell on details of interest about Clonakilty, Dunmanway, Skull, with its wild and charming scenery; Crookhaven, that famous port of call for distressed merchant ships, and the other rising towns and picturesque villages in Carbery. However, it would be impossible to bring all their striking features before the public in a proper light within such a limited space, and I must, therefore, unwillingly, for the present, commit them to a temporary and unmerited silence and oblivion.

Of ecclesiastical ruins and castles, Carbery possesses an ample store. The most remarkable and handsome of the Abbeys was that of Timoleague, called after St. Molaga, Tigh-Molaga (house of Molaga.) It was built in A. D. 1320, by Donald M'Carthy Reagh, Prince of Carbery. In 1400 the Franciscan monks occupied it. In the reign of Henry VII. Edmund De Courcey, (brother to Lord Kinsale), who had been a Franciscan, and was subsequently Bishop of Ross (1494) re-edified the Abbey, built the beautiful Gothic tower, which still preserves its graceful proportions, and also some of the dormitories, infirmary, and library. He died in 1518, and was buried in a small mortuary chapel in one of the transepts of the Abbey. Timoleague Abbey was the final resting place of the M'Carthys, Barrys, De Courceys, O'Donovans, and O'Heas. The most ancient Abbey in Carbery was the one called Abbey de Sancto Mauro at Carrigillihy in the parish of Myross, built in 1170 by Dermot M'Carthy, king of Cork; it was of the Cistercian Order, and richly endowed; all traces of the building have dis-

appeared. Abbeystrowry, near Skibbereen, was a sub-branch of this institution. Sherkin Abbey, built after the model of Kilcrea, belonged to the Franciscan order; it was erected in 1460 by the O'Driscolls, and is still in tolerably good preservation. The architecture, both as regards strength and beauty of design, still gives evidence of a high perfection in that art, at the period in which these buildings flourished. Their occupants were men of refined culture, and studious, peaceful, and gentle habits, who rescued from destruction the lamp of learning, and exercised a civilizing and benign influence over the rude manners and fierce passions of the dark and feudal ages.

Everywhere we perceive relics of the olden times —the raths, tumuli, cromlechs, and pillar-stones, the works of a pagan age. Whilst guarding the mountain passes, like grim sentinels on the watch, or in the centre of secluded valleys, or, perhaps, perched upon the pinnacle of some rocky peninsula which projects into the sea, and whose beetling cliffs frown upon the raging surf beneath, we observe the imposing castles, feudal fortresses of former days. There they stand erect, as monuments of the past—landmarks of history, "foot-prints in the sands of time"—

> "Still braving the tempest's shock,
> Like Cormack's fane o'er the golden plain,
> Crowning the crested rock."

As we wander round these interesting relics of the olden time, a flood of ideas rushes on the mind, associations of the past are re-called. In the words of a distinguished poet, a native of Cork, J. J. Callanan, who died in Lisbon, 1829, I may add—

> "We glean the grey legend, that long had been sleeping,
> Where the mist and the rain o'er its beauty was creeping."

From out the castles' massive portals, some centuries ago, oft issued the warlike and chivalrous chieftain at the head of his gallowglasses and kernes, with their saffron robes and bright battle-axes, armed for a foray on some obnoxious neighbour, or to wage unequal war with the trained and disciplined troops of the Anglo-Norman invaders, who were shielded in armour *cap-a-pie*, and mounted on high-mettled steeds. Within the walls, where now solitude reigns supreme, and the ivy clambers around the deserted chambers undisturbed, the only sound that breaks upon the air is the beating of the waves upon the rock-bound coast, or the scream of the wild bird, disturbed from its repose. What a change from the time when the warrior knights and leaders of the clan, around the gay and festive board, recorded their brave and warlike deeds, their hair-breadth 'scapes through flood and field, the Scanachie recited the legends and family traditions of the olden time, and the poetic minstrel tuned his harp, and poured forth his soul in song: "*Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.*" However, it would be well if those who venerate the past, and have some regard for the picturesque, beautiful, and sublime, would endeavour, if they have the power, to rescue from destruction, though they might not restore, to prevent from crumbling into the soil on which they rest, these ancient ornaments of the Emerald Isle—

> "Before decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

CHAPTER II.

Baltimore, derivation of name, antiquity—Expedition against this place in 1537 by Waterford—Charter of incorporation in 1613 from James I.—Colonised by Sir Thomas Crook—Celebrated Algerine invasion of Baltimore, 20th June, 1631—Returned two M.P.s from A. D. 1613 to 1800, when it was disfranchised—List of M.P.s—Lord Baltimore, colonizer of Maryland, derived his title from the place—Migration of the O'Driscolls to Spain, the original country of their ancestors—Battle of Rath.

THE first place I intend describing is Baltimore, anciently called *Dunashad* (the fortress of the jewels), which is a place of great interest, when we take into account its antiquity and former importance. It was called Baltimore from the words *Baile-an-Ti-Mor*, which signify in the Irish language "The town of the Great House." It was in olden times a celebrated sanctuary of the Druids, who carried on their idolatrous worship of the pagan god, Baal, in this place. Not far from the present village are the remains of a Druidical altar or Cromlech, evidently of great antiquity, where the Druids were wont to celebrate the mysterious rites of their religion, and often sought to propitiate the favour of the bloodthirsty Baal by the immolation of victims to this ideal monster. A Druidical circle can be also observed in the same locality.

As far back as the beginning of the 16th century, Baltimore was a town of considerable importance, and a great resort for fishermen from the coasts of France and Spain. In 1537 the merchants of Waterford fitted

out an armed expedition against this place. Some ships, laden with wine from Portugal and consigned to Waterford, were driven ashore in a tempest on the neighbouring coast. These ships were plundered by Fineen O'Driscoll and his sons, who were the chieftains of Baltimore at the time. When intelligence of this outrage reached Waterford, great indignation prevailed, and the mayor of that city immediately sent a force of 300 men under the command of a Captain Woodlock to resent the injury. They landed in Sherkin, ravaged the island, destroyed the villages and a Franciscan friary which had been established there, and also besieged a fortress called the Castle of Dunalong, which they took by storm. They burnt all the galleys and pinnaces belonging to O'Driscoll, set fire to Baltimore, and attacked the ancient Castle of Dunashad, the ruins of which may be observed at the present day, commanding a fine view of the harbour.

Smith in his "History of Cork" describes a curious incident connected with the attack on this old castle. "A William Grant, one of the seamen, was on the top of the castle, which, being all on fire under him, he stood upon a pinnacle and cried out for assistance. One Butler tied a small cord to an arrow, and shot it up to Grant, by means of which cord he drew up a rope, which he fastened to the pinnacle, and slid down safe to his companions, after which the army arrived safe in Waterford."

Baltimore soon again regained its former prosperity, and the next important news we learn is that it received a Charter of Incorporation as a borough from James I., March 25th, 1613, the government being vested in a sovereign, twelve burgesses, and a commonalty and was represented in Parliament by

two members. An English colony had been planted here a short time previously by Sir Thomas Crook, prior to which event the town of Baltimore and the adjacent country had been a great stronghold of the O'Driscolls, who also possessed the islands of Sherkin and Cape Clear, of which latter place they were styled kings. The O'Driscolls forfeited all their possessions, both on the mainland and in the islands, during the insurrection of 1601, when the Spaniards landed in Baltimore. The Spaniards surrendered to Captain Harvey, who was in command of the English forces. Most of the O'Driscolls emigrated to Spain, leaving behind them their followers and dependents, who gradually became mixed up with the rest of the peasantry

Baltimore was not destined to remain for any length of time in a state of repose. Sir Walter Coppinger reduced the place to great distress in 1629, and took possession of the town and castle; but the greatest calamity which had yet occurred befel this ill-fated locality on the 20th June, 1631, when two Algerine galleys, manned with pirates, landed in the dead of night, plundered the town, massacred the greater portion of the inhabitants, and took the remainder into a captivity almost worse than death. Of those captured (200 in number) most were English settlers. The Algerines were piloted into Baltimore by a man named Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, who, about two years after this occurrence, was taken prisoner, carried to Baltimore, and hung on a high cliff, facing the sea, and looking down on the very channel through which the miscreant had but a short time before so treacherously and cruelly conducted the galleys of the bloodthirsty and marauding pirates.

The description of this eventful narrative would be incomplete without referring to the poem of Thomas Davis on the "Sack of Baltimore," which tells in more thrilling and graphic accents of the terrible descent of these fierce Algerines than could be compassed by the tamer recital of prose :—

"The summer's sun is falling soft on Carb'ry's hundred isles—
The summer's sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Innisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird ;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard :
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play ;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray:—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore," &c.

We refer the reader for the remainder to the poems of the author.

Baltimore never recovered from the shock of the Algerine invasion—its energies became paralysed, its wealth and prosperity vanished, and it gradually dwindled down into an insignificant village. It however continued to send two members to Parliament until the year 1800, when it was disfranchised, and the sum of £15,000 awarded by Government to Sir John Evans Freke, Bart., by way of compensation, for the abolition of its franchise. This final blow completely ruined Baltimore, and deprived it of all chances of attaining to anything like its former position. Anyone visiting the Baltimore of the present day, and contrasting its quiet, unpretending, and unbusiness-like appearance with what it must have been in the 16th century, if we are to believe historians—viz. a thriving and opulent town, carrying on an extensive trade by means of its fisheries with the coasts of France and Spain, and the seaports along the neighbouring coast—will have his ideas

carried back immediately to those troubled and lawless days when bloodshed and strife were almost daily occurrences, and when the ancient chieftains and the English settlers decided their differences by appeals to arms. When he ascends the rocky eminence within the village, on which stand the ruined walls and battlements of the ancient castle of Dunashad, which was the chief stronghold of the O'Driscolls, and looks out upon the picturesque harbour, with Sherkin, Cape Clear, and the numerous islands fading away in the distance, what a crowd of ideas rushes on his memory when he recalls the sanguinary scenes of strife and contention which were enacted almost beneath his feet. He pictures to himself the feelings of dismay and horror that must have filled the minds of its inhabitants when the fierce and warlike Algerines carried fire and sword into its ancient halls, and fancies with what sorrowful and heavy hearts the old proprietors and chieftains of the soil must have turned their longing eyes to take a last glance at the seats of their ancestors before their final departure, in exile, for the coasts of Spain.

After the reduction of Dunboy Castle, by Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster, in 1602, we find that during his return to Cork, several other fortresses of inferior note throughout the country were stormed and captured by his victorious army—amongst others, that of Clogan, near Baltimore. The following particulars regarding its capture are recorded in the "*Pacata Hibernia*," a work written by Sir George Carew himself:—"Sir Charles Wilmot took Macroom Castle in September, 1602, and about the same time that of Clogan, near Baltimore, was summoned by Captain Flower, who had in his posses-

sion Mac Donough Durrow, brother of the Governor, and sent him word he would hang him, if he (the Governor) did not surrender immediately, but there being in the castle a priest lately come from Rome, whom the Governor would not give up, he suffered his brother to be hanged. Nevertheless, having found means to procure the priest's escape, he sued for a protection four days after, which being granted he gave up the castle."

Before finishing my remarks on Baltimore, I must refer to one of the only incidents of any importance connected with the modern history of the place—viz. the Rath Riots, or, as they are sometimes magniloquently styled, "The Battle of Rath," which is familiar to the memories of many of my readers. When the poor laws were first established, about thirty years ago, a spirit of great dissatisfaction was evinced by the farming and labouring classes of this locality, and a determined opposition organized to resist the collection of the rates. A large force of police, under the command of a Mr. Gore Jones, stipendiary magistrate, and a Mr. Richard Brew, sub-inspector, was sent to protect the rate collector. An attempt was made to distrain a few head of cattle from some of the resisting parties near Rath chapel; opposition was offered on the part of the people, a collision took place, the police fired, and two men were killed and two severely wounded. After this unfortunate occurrence, all opposition to the poor laws ceased, and the poor rates have ever since been collected without any show of resistance.

Appended is a list of some of the most prominent M. P.s, who represented Baltimore from the seventeenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth;—

1613. April 20th, Sir Thomas Crook, Bart., Baltimore. Henry Pierce, Esq., Dublin (James I.)

1661. Richard Townsend, Esq., Castletownshend.

1692. Colonel Thomas Beecher, sen., of Sherkey, Edward Richardson, gent., Moerestown.

1703. Pierce Freke, Esq., Rathbarry (present Castle Freke). Thomas Beecher, Esq., Sherkey.

1713. Hon. Richard Barry. Michael Beecher, Esq.

1721. Sir Percy Freke, Bart., Castle Freke. Richard Tonson, Esq., Dunkettle.

1768. Sir John Freke, Bart. Richard Tonson, Esq., Baltimore.

1778. William Evans, Esq.

1783. Lord Sudley. Richard Longfield, Esq.

1797. George Evans, Esq.

In 1703 Edmund Galway, Esq. forfeited Baltimore, which had been for some time previously his property, for his adherence to King James II. It was purchased soon after at the sale of the confiscated estates (temp. Queen Anne) by Percy Freke, Esq., of Rathbarry, ancestor of the present Lord Carbery, for £1,809, the title of whose family to the peerage dates back to 1815.

The ancient title of Lord Baltimore, time of James I., was conferred on George Calvert, a native of Yorkshire, but of Flemish extraction; he was Secretary of State, but in 1624 was compelled to resign, having become a Roman Catholic. His second son, Cecil, obtained a grant from Charles I., 1632, of a large tract of country in America, known at present as the State of Maryland (called after Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.).

This state he colonized with a number of respectable families, chiefly from Ireland. The capital of the State, Baltimore, at present one of the finest cities in the United States (pop. 170,000), was called after the place of the same name in Ireland. The title, Lord Baltimore, has been extinct for some time.

CHAPTER III.

A trip down the Ilen river—Scenery along the banks—Relics and ruins of the past—Abbey de Sancto Mauro, founded 1172—Abbey-strowry—View of the adjoining country—Innishbeg island in the river, where Book of Dues was presented to St. Fachtnan, first Bishop of Rosscarbery, by the chieftain of Corca Laidhe—Ringa Roga island, and castle—Innisherkin (Inis Arcain), its Franciscan Abbey (A. D. 1460), subterranean chambers—General description of these curiosities of the Pagan age.

"The summer's sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles."
Davis.

If one illustrious bard has immortalized in song "The Isles of Greece," "where Phœbus rose and Delos sprung;" another, whose name is also familiar, has brought into notice and raised to fame the Hundred Isles of Carbery, which, if they fail to outrival the Grecian Archipelago, still present points of attraction and interest to engage the attention and call forth the ability of the poet and artist. The great Dean of St. Patrick's, who lived for a year in the neighbourhood of Glandore, has left us a Latin poem, which he esteemed beyond all his writings, entitled "Carberiæ Rupes," in which he briefly, with much graphic force, describes some of the striking features of the coast scenery between Baltimore and Glandore, so deeply impressed and delighted was he with what he saw during his numerous excursions along the coast. Certainly when writers and observers, whose names are chronicled in history, have selected for their themes "The Sack of Baltimore," and the

picturesque, if comparatively barren, rocks of Carbery, it proves beyond a doubt that there is something attractive and pleasing, after all, to be discovered amongst the western wilds, and that the nearest parish to America is worthy of more than a passing notice, either in poetry or prose. It is my intention to give a detailed account of only the two most important islands—viz. Sherkin and Cape Clear, referring briefly to the others which are comparatively of diminutive size.

A trip down the river Ilen, as it pursues its winding and picturesque course from Mount Owen (the hill of streams) to the harbour of Baltimore, a distance of about fifteen miles, is a most pleasant and interesting excursion during the summer months. Starting from Skibbereen, we can either steam or row, according to our pleasure, or rather as the tide suits, to Baltimore and Sherkin, a distance of eight or nine miles, and then cut the harbour's mouth, and cruise about the group of islands I have selected as the subject of the present sketch.

Let us now, *en passant*, gaze on either side, and examine minutely any relics or ruins of the past, which may possess either local interest, or whose former history, however microscopic, may have handed down some fact worthy of record. Not far from the metropolis of West Carbery we pass by the ruins of Abbeystrowry Church (the abbey of the stream). The fragmentary remains are by no means imposing; however, the gray crumbling walls, covered with moss and lichens, and the overhanging, leafless trees, tottering to their fall, proclaim a venerable antiquity. Here, during the 12th century, on the site of the present ruin, flourished a branch of the celebrated Cistercian Abbey, founded at Corrigillihy, in the

parish of Myross, A. D. 1172, by Dermot M'Cormac M'Carthy, who was king of Cork at that period; hence the parish derives its name. Smith, in his "History of Cork," writing about a hundred years ago, states that in his time, although even then the traces above ground of both Abbeys had disappeared, "upon digging beneath the soil, the foundations of the Abbey de Sancto Mauro, or the Fonte Vivo, at Myross, and also a large cemetery with quantities of human bones were discovered." A visit was made to Abbeystrowry during the famine years by the celebrated John Bright, to which he refers in one of his speeches at Dublin, in the year 1866; and he describes, with emotion, how he stood on that ground, where countless numbers lay buried around him, the victims of that fearful famine, which swept like a desolating hurricane over the country.

We must leave, however, these melancholy traditions of the past behind us, "familiar in our mouths as household words," and pursue our voyage onwards, noting each matter of interest as we pass along. Occasionally we catch a glimpse, at New Court and Creagh, of bright patches of green verdure, which show a proof of careful cultivation, and rich verdant spots, in the hollows of the rocks here and there, which contrast favourably with the brown, heathy moorland, the dingy-looking bogs, and the unreclaimed margins, where furze and rushes, weeds and stagnant water assert their unproductive sway. It realizes at once, to the inquisitive gaze, the rightful title to the term "Emerald Isle," which Ireland claims as specially her own, and also clearly and conclusively proves how completely the reclamation of the waste land by draining, &c., can metamorphose rocks and bogs, and acres, covered with moss and

rushes, and sedgy pools, into smiling pasture and corn lands, and countless ridges of luxuriant green crops. We must only hope the exodus from the old country will not deprive us beyond measure of the stalwart arms so necessary to turn up the soil and prevent the land from degenerating into a wilderness.

The view down the river from near Creagh, on a fine day, is quite attractive. The Ilen, winding in a serpentine course towards Baltimore harbour, shining and sparkling in the sunlight like a silver thread, and dotted over with a multitude of rocky islets, whose recesses form a safe retreat and favorite feeding ground for flocks of sea fowl during the winter months. Looking backwards, the country presents no very striking features to engage our attention. We are chiefly struck by the almost complete absence of wood, and the sombre-looking patchwork of irregular fields, enclosed by earthen banks, and the prominent position wherever we turn of the "Carberiæ Rupes," so much admired by tourists and strangers, most probably on account of the novelty and singularity of the scene. Farther inland, the view is intercepted by the dark chains of hills, which stretch along in a south-westerly direction, from the neighbourhood of Dunmanway and Drimoleague towards the bays of Dunmanus and Bantry. From one of these hills near Drimoleague, where "rain clouds perpetually hover about," named Knuck Owen (the hill of streams), three rivers derive their source—the Bandon river, the Ilen, and the Bantry river (the Meallagh). Far away, towards the west, we descry the mountains culminating to their highest points in Gabriel, the Sugar Loaf, and Hungry Hill (2,251 feet high), from which latter descends in the winter months a

cataract unsurpassed in height by any in either Great Britain or Ireland.

The first island worthy of notice is Inishbeg; here the river separates into two distinct channels—the western one being navigable for vessels about 250 tons as far as Old Court. One memorable circumstance connected with this little island is the following, mentioned in "The Genealogy of Corca Laidhe." At Ard-na-bPartan, in Inisbeg—i. e., Crab Fish Hill, on the Little Island, Conall, chieftain of Corca Laidhe (the ancient name of Carbery), presented the Book of Dues, about the latter end of the 6th century, to St. Fachtnan, the first Bishop of Rosscarbery. On each bank of the river is a small townland, called in the Ordnance Map Collatrum Beg and More: the ancient name is still the one used by the peasantry of Carbery. We will refer to this subject again, as we proceed further. Separated by a narrow channel from Inishbeg, and occupying a position between the two river channels, is the next island, Ringa Roga or Donegal, as it is styled in the charts. The latter name is derived from the words Dun-na-n Gall, which means the castle or stronghold of the foreigners. The same derivation applies to the county of Donegal, the ancient name of which was Tyrconnell. It was called Donegal in more recent times, owing to the erection of a remarkable fort by the Danes near the town of Donegal.

At the north end of Ringa Roga * we observe the remains of an ancient castle, erected A.D. 1215, by the Barrets of Munster. At the same period were built the castles of Dun-na-sead at Baltimore, Glandore Castle,

* *Ringa Roga.* Point of the Rout (Joyce), most probably owing to the rout of some hostile attacking party, who laid siege to the castle.

and those of Timoleague and Dundeady. In fact the majority of the feudal fortresses, the ruins of which to-day are so thickly scattered over the face of the country, were constructed in the early portion of the 13th century. The disturbed state of society, and the perpetual petty warfare and mutually hostile reprisals which constantly prevailed, required that every large dwelling-house should not only shelter its inmates from the weather, but also be utilized as a garrison in times of danger. Ringa Roga is connected with the mainland, on the eastern side, by an excellent causeway, erected by Sir W. Becher. The island is three miles in length, and one in breadth, comprising 986 acres. Previous to 1847, it contained a population of 786, but now there is not a tenth of the number, and this great reduction is to be generally observed in most places along the coast, owing to the constant drain by emigration. "Time and tide wait for no one," and we must accordingly hurry on to Sherkin.

The island of Sherkin forms the western boundary of Baltimore harbour, protecting it most effectually, by its interposition, from the fury of the south-western gales and the wild waves of the Atlantic. It is separated at the north end, by a very narrow channel, from the mainland, which, as the extreme end of Aghadown parish, projects in the form of a promontory (Turk Head) between Baltimore on the east side and Roaring Water (Lough Trasnagh) on the west. The correct name of the island is Inis-Arcain—meaning the island of Arcan—the name of a person. Smith incorrectly says that the proper name was Inis Kieran; but this could not possibly be the case, as St. Kieran was born in Cape Clear, and had no communication with

Sherkin; at least we have no such account given in the history of his life.

Smith, though a clever writer, and possessed of much general information regarding the county Cork, was evidently not well acquainted with the Irish language. Dr. Joyce, in his instructive work, "Irish Names of Places," has thrown a great amount of additional light on the topography and antiquities of Ireland, as regards the correct derivation of the names of the various townlands, &c., which have mostly an Irish orthography, and gives us, at once, a clear insight into their former history, and identifies many interesting local circumstances which, otherwise, would be buried in oblivion. Sherkin extends in length, from north to south, three miles, and is about a mile wide. Towards the south, the land (where it faces the sea) is bold and elevated, and terminates in Slea More (great hill) Point—it forms the western boundary of the narrow channel—the entrance to Baltimore Harbour.

On the east side of the channel, about a cable's length from the shore, is a rock called The Loo, which is exposed at low water, surmounted by a buoy. On the 30th April, 1697, an important wreck took place here during a heavy gale. A man-of-war, H. M. S. "Loo," struck on the rock, and was shipwrecked. No buoy marked the spot at that time, and from this occurrence it derives its present name. There is a good depth of water in the channel, and excellent holding ground for ships near the Abbey Strand, in thirty feet of water. In former times, near the south end of the island, some valuable slate quarries were extensively worked, the slate being of a good description, and large quantities were exported to England. The object of greatest interest

on the island is the Franciscan Abbey, which flourished here during the 15th century. It was built, and at the same time also (A. D. 1460) the adjoining castle of Dunnalong (the ship castle) by Florence O'Driscoll, who, according to the historian Ware, was lord of the town of Ross, of Baltimore, and of the island of Sherkin.

The Abbey is distinctly visible from Baltimore; it is close to the water's edge, near the Abbey Strand. The adjoining ground is fertile, and the situation selected was both picturesque and convenient. It was built after the model of Kilcrea Abbey. The ruins (which are well worthy of a visit) consist of the nave, choir, tower, and south transept, the intervening wall being arcaded in a finished style with hewn free-stone, procured from a quarry on the island. In addition, we observe remains of the cloisters, refectory and dormitories, all in tolerably good preservation, but the destroying hand of time is slowly but surely crumbling into dust the relics of what formerly must have been a very graceful and ornamental building. When we enter within the precincts of the surrounding walls, the traditions of the past are immediately recalled; the cloisters and dormitories and the choir of the church, which has been occupied as a cemetery for the last two centuries, present a desolate and solemn appearance. On either side, in cells hollowed in the walls, are heaped up piles of human bones; and around on the floor in every direction are rude slabs and head-stones, sad mementoes of a past generation that sleeps beneath the ferns, and tangled weeds, and long, coarse grass, which spring up in rank and wild luxuriance wherever we turn. A corner-stone near the east end of the building commemorates

by an inscription the original date of erection—1460.

The Abbey Tower is in good preservation, and, having entered by a narrow, dark orifice, arched over with cut-stone, we can ascend at our leisure the spiral staircase which conducts us in safety to the summit of the tower or belfry. This staircase is what is commonly described as a geometrical one. Each step is of free-stone, about two and a-half to three feet long, pyramidal in shape, the base or outer end of the pyramid being implanted in the surrounding wall, and the inner detached and narrow end supporting the step above, and being supported by the one beneath; and so on to the top. In one or two places the steps have been destroyed. There is a small loop-hole in the walls, about every twelve steps, to admit light. At last we reach the ledge which surmounts the entire structure, and carefully steal along around the entire circumference, until we reach the Wishing Chair, from which airy eminence we obtain a most charming view. We observe the Ilen winding picturesquely through the clusters of rocky islets which stud its mouth; the high land of Cape, and the broad blue ocean to the south; the romantic harbour of Baltimore, and the rugged sea-coast in the background; and, turning our gaze westward, we espy Roaring Water Bay (Lough Trasnagh), with some of Carbery's Hundred Isles stretched out before us as on a map; and the bleak, bold, and barren Mount Gabriel looming out in the distance, clearly and well defined.

Before concluding our notice of Sherkin it may be interesting to describe the subterranean caves or chambers, which were explored a few years ago. Starting from the Abbey and Dunelong Castle, which

formed the subject of the last sketch, a narrow, rugged path leads us through the centre of the island—to its wild western shore—where we observe a completely land-locked harbour—*Kinish* or *Cooney* harbour—which communicates with Roaring Water Bay by means of a narrow strait, where there is a good depth of water. This little harbour, which has more the appearance of a salt-water lake, is shallow throughout, with an average depth of about 12 feet; it formerly, owing to its sheltered position, afforded, when the fisheries were more flourishing than they are now, a safe anchorage to fishing smacks, of which as many as thirty at a time often took refuge here during the prevalence of bad weather. At present a solitary boat or two may be observed reclining idly on the beach. It is only to be hoped a revival of an important and lucrative branch of industry will again enable the fishermen to seek the shelter, when the occasion requires it, of this secluded but safe retreat from the storms of the Atlantic.

Standing on a rocky summit near the beach, on a fine day in summer, a sea view opens before us of rare beauty. The bold bluff headlands of Cape Clear are near at hand, and the rushing tide, which sweeps so hurriedly through the Gasconane Sound, the whole expanse of Roaring Water Bay, and its numerous Islands, and in the far distance—the most southerly point of Ireland—the Mizen Head is visible, terminating the long sweep of rocky, mountainous coast line, stretching away in the direction of Skull and Crookhaven.

Between Cooney Harbour and the north-western shore several underground chambers were accidentally discovered in the month of October, 1869 Whilst some labourers were engaged at work, digging

in the corner of a stubble field, one of the spades suddenly penetrated a hole in the ground, and, the opening having been enlarged, it was observed that it communicated with a dark underground cavern, hollowed out of the stiff clayey subsoil. Descending, we entered a vaulted chamber, shaped like a bee-hive, and, having the following dimensions—length, 10 feet—breadth, 6 feet—height, in centre, about 5 feet. The sides and roof were composed of stiff white clay, intermixed with gravel. No rubble masonry, stones, or plaster had been used in the construction. The floor was also gravel and clay. The chamber communicated with a second of the same dimensions, by means of a narrow circular opening about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and 2 feet wide. Having forced our way through the aperture on all fours, in company with a lantern, we entered the second chamber, and in the same manner four more, making six altogether, answering nearly in all particulars to the description given above. The last chamber was more difficult of entrance, the orifice leading into it being very narrow; it was also of somewhat smaller dimensions. Here, after having crept a distance of sixty feet under ground, after the manner of the ancient Troglodytes, we were brought to a full stop, as at the extreme end of the sixth chamber the place was blocked up with large, irregular stones. On removing one or two of these, a narrow dark chimney or ventilating shaft was discovered, which, even the most experienced sweep would not venture to explore, and whose direction and final mode of exit we were obliged to remain ignorant of. The entire floor of this cell was covered thickly with a layer of dark soot, and the surrounding walls were blackened as if by smoke. No ancient relics were observed, or Ogham

inscriptions. There was no difficulty in breathing, as a current of pure air rushed through the chimney, and a candle burned brightly when introduced through the aperture. The field in which the underground chambers were discovered was similar in appearance and on a level with the surrounding land, and no tumulus or vestiges of a rath could be observed in the neighbourhood. An ancient islander, who was present, stated that they had been opened accidentally about twenty years previously, and that a human skeleton was found buried near the entrance, and that it crumbled into dust when handled, proving its antiquity; he also stated that a narrow stream of water, at that time, flowed through the centre of each crypt. No tradition exists in the island of their having been used at any period by poteen distillers, smugglers, or pirates, as receptacles for contraband goods or "mountain dew."

As we are discussing now a very interesting subject, it may be not amiss to diverge somewhat from the beaten track, and leaving Sherkin to take care of itself, enlarge a little on these curious artificial caverns in the soil, which still exist, almost untouched by the hand of time, so extensively throughout the south of Ireland, and which, if we are to believe some antiquarians, were formerly the abodes of Ireland's aborigines, over a thousand years before the Christian era. In the neighbourhood of Skibbereen, on the lands of Lurriga (ridge or shin), the property of M'Carthy Downing, M.P., in a large field adjoining Clover Hill House, an opening was accidentally discovered in the soil in November, 1869, which, on being enlarged, enabled a person to descend into an underground chamber, about four feet beneath the surface, of the usual oven or bee-hive shape, and

hollowed out of the stiff clay subsoil. Human bones, evidently very ancient, were discovered near the entrance. The dimensions and appearance were the same as those already alluded to on the island of Sherkin. Three other chambers, taking a spiral direction, were also entered, a narrow circular passage leading from one to the other. No. 3 was blocked up by large stones, so firmly impacted that further progress was completely checked. Over head on the surface of the soil was a large horizontal flat stone or lintel, which seemed from its position, overlying an opening into one of the caves, to have answered the purpose of a rude door. With regard to the conformation of the land where these cells were explored, it is worthy of remark, that it appeared to be artificial—a raised oblong mound, probably one of the ancient tooms or tumuli, referred to in works on Archæology, and supposed to have been used in pagan times as cemeteries. About a quarter of a mile to the east on the same land is a small rath or fort. The site of Lurriga House, which forms the extreme western limit of this mound, bears also a general resemblance to an ancient rath; although no traces of rampart or fosse remain, the subsoil in some places has been tunnelled out; and this confirms the belief that such was the case, and it is not unlikely that the entire series of cells were closely connected together along the entire length, from one fort to the other by a continuous passage, allowing a free communication.

It is evident that in the country around Skibbereen, the raths or lisses or forts, which are more or less synonymous terms, and underground caverns, were very abundant, as the present names would indicate: for instance, Lissard, Lissangle, Lissalohorig, Letter,

formerly called Letteranlis, &c. The fort at Lakelands appears to have been a very important one, and is in perfect preservation; the concentric high earthen ramparts, with the deep intervening fosse, (which was capable of being artificially flooded with water when danger threatened) are on an extensive scale, and a surrounding circle of stunted oak trees at present occupies the fosse, imparting a venerable appearance to the entire structure.

Smith refers to subterranean caverns, which were casually discovered in his time, in the vicinity of Rosscarbery, and which obtained so much notoriety that he has taken the trouble of making some drawings of them in his "History of Cork;" he has also alluded to some very interesting ones in the parish of Aghabologue, near Macroom. With regard to those near Ross, which were opened about the year 1760, he states:—"As some people were lately digging for clay near the Cathedral Church, Rosscarbery, a deep subterraneous cavity appeared, which seemed to lead to some caverns that were discovered about thirty years before at the west end of the town, which were two hundred yards from the hole now opened. By descending, several oval chambers were discovered, being mostly twelve feet long and six broad, having long narrow passages leading from one to the other. These passages were but eighteen inches broad and three feet high, so that it was necessary to creep from cell to cell. At one end of each chamber stood a broad flag-stone, resembling the back-stone of a fire place. The roof of each cell consisted of a Gothic arch, formed of a stiff clay, from the centre of which to the ground it was no more than five feet two inches high. The walls were made of stone, smoothly plastered, and the whole lined with soot, so that fires had been

made in them. The common tradition concerning them is that they were made by the Danes; but the more intelligent Irish antiquarians say they were inhabited by the Firbolges, a people of whom there is much mention in their MSS. Homer's description of the Cimmerians (Odys. Lib. xi.) answers very well to the inhabitants of these gloomy places." The foregoing abstract has been given at full length, the description answering, in most particulars, to that already given of the Sherkin caves, and, besides, it goes to prove that the belief as to these extraordinary chambers having been places of residence was very strong amongst antiquarians even a hundred years ago. Extract of a letter from Peake, in the parish of Aghahologue, and county of Cork, written by the Reverend Marmaduke Cox, March, 1755 (Smith)—"Last Thursday, as some labourers were making a ditch, to enclose a potato garden, one of them dropped his spade into a deep hole, which obliged him to open the earth to get out his spade, where he found a passage into fifteen, some say seventeen, very large subterraneous rooms or caverns, in one of which, by estimation, were above five hundred skeletons, all entire, and laid at a distance of about a foot from each other. All these bones were so fragile and destitute of animal matter, from the length of time they had been immured, that they crumbled into dust on being handled, or even exposed to a current of air. 'Tis imagined there must be another passage to those subterraneous chambers from a Danish fort, about one hundred and fifty yards from the present entrance, this being very narrow. The rooms are about five feet high. There are other chambers that are not got into, the entrance being defended by very large stones, laid in the doors, which cannot be easily

removed. Whether they were habitations of the aboriginal Irish or contrived by the Danes the curious may judge. There was a beautiful carved wood comb and comb-case, but the air mouldered it into dust. 'Tis supposed if an entrance can be made into these chambers, defended by these stones, that some curiosities will be found that will give further light into this affair, for one part of these caverns was their dwelling, and the other part the repository of their dead."

The preceding account has been given in extenso, as it confirms the generally accepted opinion prevailing now-a-days, that, where these peculiar artificial cells existed beneath a mound or tumulus, or under the surface of the soil where no traces of a rampart and fosse belonging to a lis or rath could be detected, they were undoubtedly used in the old pagan times, for centuries before the Christian era, as repositories or catacombs. It seems that cremation was also had recourse to, but interment was the general custom amongst the Irish, in the days of paganism, as the cinerary urns are of more or less rare occurrence, discovered sometimes imbedded in the soil beneath the ancient cromlechs, some of them of very choice and finished workmanship. It seems strange that a custom peculiar to a pre-Christian era, and even then only partially adopted in this country, viz. cremation, should be sought to be re-established in a Christian land and a civilized age, but such is the fact. "History repeats itself," and modern customs are more than closely allied to those which prevailed some thousands of years ago. Before concluding the present sketch, it may be well to give a *resumé* and some general remarks on the ancient forms of habitations, and also a brief account

of the peculiar Ogham inscriptions—the Chinese puzzle of Irish antiquarians, still as involved in obscurity and mystery for want of a complete key to their solution, owing to the rust of ages, as the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the cuneiform inscriptions of Persia and Assyria. On referring to the most ancient authorities, whose works are looked on as authentic, we are informed that the earliest habitations used by mankind were either subterranean caverns or temporary huts of a rude construction, composed of laths or wattles, closely interwoven together and plastered over. In Ireland, the latter were erected on the circular area, enclosed within the concentric ramparts which surrounded the rath.

The subterranean chambers, it must be presumed, owing to their narrow dimensions, could hardly have been used as regular dwelling-places; it seems more probable, weighing carefully the evidence we derive from the most trustworthy sources, that in Ireland, which abounds so plentifully in these curious relics of a remote age, the tumuli and barrows were hollow beneath the surface, with the object of using them as sepulchral repositories, as evidenced by the frequent discovery of human remains, and of Ogham inscriptions recording the burial of some illustrious personage. The cavities, immediately connected with the rath or fort, were intended as places of refuge or modes of escape in times of pressing danger, or storehouses for the reception of supplies of food, to meet the requirements and necessities of the inhabitants, when obliged to retreat within the friendly protection of their fortress from an external invasion. It is quite certain that the raths, familiarly called "Danish Forts," were not erected by the ruthless Norsemen to any great extent, as a rule, as they

abound mostly in those inland parts of the south of Ireland where the Danes never penetrated; and the most reliable Irish historians state that the Danes seized upon the original raths, and occupied them, as, being of a roving disposition and having a plundering and destructive tendency, they in rare instances took the trouble to erect dwellings for themselves, except along the sea-shore:—

Their trade was war, with sword and flame
They swept the land where'er they came;
Nor mercy knew, nor cared for right,
Their only law, the warrior's might;
No peaceful omen could they bring,
When waved aloft the raven's* wing.

* A spread raven was the Danish coat of arms

CHAPTER IV.

Sherkin continued—Castle surrendered to Captain Harvey, A D. 1601, after battle of Kinsale—The O'Driscolls during the 15th century —Full account of the invasion from Waterford—Digression upon the ancient Celtic writing known as the Ogham—Cromlechs, their history—The various forms of habitation in ancient times—Raths, Duns, Cahirs, Crannogues, &c.

SHERKIN CASTLE was surrendered to Captain Harvey on the 23rd February, 1601, by O'Driscoll. The latter had only just defeated the Spaniards, who refused to restore the castle to him after the battle of Kinsale. A commission was granted to Captain Harvey by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy for the government of Carbery. Smith informs us that the barony of Carbery gave title to the family of Vaughan, one of whom was made Earl of Carbery by King Charles I. The last earl died in 1712—aged 74. The earldom then became extinct, there being no male heirs, and his daughter and sole heiress, the Lady Anne Vaughan, was married to the Duke of Bolton. The first baron holding the present title was created Baron of Carbery, May 9th, 1715, on the visit of George I. The Algerines, who sacked Baltimore on the 20th June, 1631, did not interfere with Sherkin or its inhabitants; most probably they were in too great a hurry to escape with their ill-gotten booty. A regular fortification was erected on Sherkin, which was garrisoned in Queen Anne's time; near it were barracks, nearly all traces of

which have disappeared, but at low water one or two of the guns which formerly defended the fortress can be observed lying underneath the water near the beach. About a hundred years ago, a good house existed within the walls of the fort, which was occupied by Captain Lionel Becher.

Innisherkin was destined to undergo, notwithstanding its remote position, the terrors of a hostile invasion. At various periods during the 15th century, the O'Driscolls, who were of a roving disposition, had sailed round to Waterford, and allied themselves with the Powers of that county in attacks upon the city with the object of plunder—the fortune of war sometimes being favourable, and at other times adverse to their cause. "In the year 1450, stat. 28, Hen. IV., No. 10, it was enacted, as divers of the King's subjects had been slain by Fineen O'Hedriescoll, chieftain of the nation, that no person of the ports of Waterford, Wexford, &c., shall go within the country of the said O'Hedriescoll, under heavy penalties of forfeiture," &c. Matters reached a climax in the year 1537, owing to the following occurrence:—

"On the 20th February, 1537, four ships from Lisbon, with a cargo of wine on board, consigned to the Waterford merchants, were driven by stress of weather to Cape Clear, Baltimore, and the Old Head of Kinsale. One of the ships, the "Santa Maria De Soci," laden with 100 tuns of wine, took refuge in a bay near the entrance of Baltimore harbour, was boarded by Conoghar O'Driscoll, chieftain of Sherkin, and his sons, and piloted safely into Baltimore harbour, the stipulated reward for the pilotage being three pipes of wine." Such is the account given and recorded by Smith and others, who add that, the

vintage was so enticing and stimulating in its nature, that it led to a flagrant breach of trust on the part of the local magnates, for they are said to have invited the merchants and officers to an entertainment in Baltimore Castle, seized on their persons, loaded them with manacles, and afterwards attacked the ship in their galleys, and took possession of the wine, which was freely distributed amongst all their neighbours.

It is more than probable that a spirit of reprisal upon the citizens of Waterford—with whom it seems that a sort of chronic petty warfare had been established—was more influential in leading them into such a decided breach of the peace than the actual and deliberate desire of plundering a solitary ship; however, that cause may have had its influence too, as, during the period we allude to, the rights of property, and the legal claims of individuals to the fruits of the soil and their industry and enterprise were not as jealously guarded by Parliamentary statutes as they are at the present day. When news arrived in Waterford of the ship's seizure by O'Driscoll, an armed expedition was fitted out, under the command of Captain Dobbyn, and reached Baltimore on the 5th March. As they boarded the "St. Maria" on one side, O'Driscoll's sons and his followers took flight, and escaped at the other side. Dobbyn immediately set the crew at liberty, and weighing anchor, proceeded back to Waterford. Of the 100 tuns of wine, twenty-five only remained unconsumed. On the 27th of same month, a more formidable expedition of 400 men, thoroughly equipped for action, set sail from Waterford in two large vessels, and the great galley of the city, under command of Bailiff Woodlock and Captains Dobbyn, Woodlock, Walsh,

and Butler. They anchored off Dunelong Castle (Sherkin) near the Abbey, and besieged and captured the castle, which they held for five days. They overran the island with fire and sword, destroyed all the villages, and almost reduced to ruins the Franciscan Abbey, and a large mill which adjoined that building. The fortress of Dunelong (the ship's castle), which was then a very strong and extensive structure, and surrounded by high imposing walls and barbicans enclosing a goodly bawn, the enclosure where the outer buildings were usually erected, was nearly levelled to the ground. Large stores of malt, barley, and salt were taken possession of, and Fineen's chief galley of thirty oars, with about eighty pinnaces. Forty of the latter were burnt, and the remainder, with the great galley, were taken back to Waterford as trophies of war. The invading troops from Waterford were not satisfied, however, with the destruction of property in Sherkin. They also landed on some of the neighbouring islands, which they treated in a similar manner, and to wind up the entire programme, they burnt and destroyed the town of Baltimore, establishing the precedent for the Algerine, and broke down Teigh O'Driscoll's goodly castle and baun (probably Dunashad).

Within the antriles or crypts of the ancient raths, in the subterranean chambers of the barrows or artificial tumuli, and inscribed on the edges of those peculiar pillar stones (*gallaunς*) and cromlechs (ancient tombs), antiquarians have discovered occasionally traces of the Ogham ("oum") characters, supposed to have been the occult mode of writing, known to the Druids, and the knowledge of which mysterious possession was carefully concealed from the mass of the people. It is believed that the art

of writing in the Ogham language was originally, in all probability, introduced by the Milesians or Scotic colonies, who reached Ireland from Gallicia, in the north of Spain (about 1308, A. C.—according to Cormac MacCuillenan, "The Book of Conquests," and "The Polychronicon"), after migrating to the latter place from Asia Minor.

Many suppose that it originated with the Tuatha de Danaans, who colonized Ireland some centuries before the Milesians. The fact of their Oriental origin, and the close affinity prevailing between the relics of the Ogham and the ancient inscriptions of Phœnicia and Persia, would strengthen our belief that the Druids acquired their knowledge of writing in secret characters from the East, the cradle of the arts and sciences, and the main source from which the stream of early colonization flowed towards the shores of Ireland. The date of its first adoption must have been extremely remote, and goes far to justify the assertions of many learned philologists that the use of symbolic letters was known to the Druids in Ireland for a considerable time before they were introduced into the other countries of Western Europe. It is well-known that the Phœnicians carried on an extensive trade, and had frequent intercourse with the southern and south-western coasts of Ireland, and it is significant that the relics of the Ogham inscriptions should be almost exclusively confined to that section of Ireland. We know that Cadmus, king of Phœnicia, 1490 years before the Christian Era, was the first to introduce the art of letters into Greece, and the same number, viz., 16 letters, the original Cadmeian number, was subsequently adopted in the Irish alphabet.

The Ogham* writing is classed under the head of cryptographic or stenographic, and, as far as the inscriptions can be deciphered at the present, it appears they were chiefly used to commemorate the burials of illustrious persons, and chronicle their feats of war, or their deeds of goodness, as well as the peculiar circumstances of their death. The very sites on which they are discovered corroborate this opinion, as beneath the barrows, pillar-stones, and cromlechs, we frequently discover the cinerary urns and mortal remains of those who lived in the remote pre-Christian times. Wright says "That it is, indeed, most probable that all the Druidical monuments, circles, cromlechs, &c., whatever other uses they may have served, such, I dare say, as important boundaries or places of solemn assembly, were originally connected with interment."

Moore, in his "History of Ireland," introduces the following interesting passage, which enlightens us on the subject of the Ogham. Quoting from the tale of the children of Usneach, "One of the Three Tragic Stories of Erin," in which the interment of the young lovers is thus pathetically represented: "After this song Deirdie flung herself upon Naisi, in the grave, and died forthwith, and stones were laid over their monumental heap; their Ogham name was inscribed, and their dirge of lamentation was sung." The same celebrated writer, of whom we might well say, "*Nil tetigit quod non ornavit*," in his beautifully classic and poetic style, introduces the following eloquent passage, when describing the antiquity of the Irish language ("History of Ireland):" "Abundant and various as are the monuments to

* *Ogham* (Collins). "*O*" offspring of, and "*gnaim*" wisdom.

which Ireland can point as mute evidences of her antiquity, she boasts a yet more striking proof in the living language of her people, in that most genuine, if not only, existing dialect of the oldest of all European tongues—the tongue which, whatever name it may be called by, according to the various and vague theories respecting it—whether Japethan, Cimmerian, Pelasgic, or Celtic, is accounted most generally to have been the earliest brought from the East by the Noachidae, and, accordingly, to have been the vehicle of the first knowledge that dawned upon Europe. In the still written and spoken dialect of this primæval language, we possess a monument of the highest antiquity of the people to whom it belongs, which no cavil can reach nor any doubts disturb."

Every day the accumulating knowledge of ancient history as regards Ireland, is adding additional proofs that a comparatively high state of civilization prevailed in remote times. Ptolemy, the celebrated geographer, who flourished in the 3rd century, was familiar, by repute, with the coast of Ireland, and even mapped out the most remarkable promontories and estuaries; as, for instance, the Mizen Head, which he called (*Notium Promontorium*), and the Kenmare River, &c. He also enumerated a number of Irish cities, to which he gives the title of illustrious or distinguished, whilst in Germany, about the same period, as we learn from Tacitus, no other habitations were known than detached huts and caves. We can, accordingly, realize the truth of the titles—Ogygia (the Ancient Isle), Ierne (the Sacred Isle), and in the early period of the Christian era, the name of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum* applied by various authors, to the Emerald Isle. The correct reading of the

Ogham inscriptions would certainly add much to our information regarding pagan times, but so conflicting have been occasionally the different versions by acknowledged authorities, that we feel inclined to hesitate before we accede our credence to all the theories enunciated, which remind us forcibly at times of Professors Huxley and Tyndall in their erratic evolutions, and their fanciful flights to the philosophic regions of Laputa after primordial organisms, microscopic dust, and the ultimate atoms of molecular matter.

The popular idea among the peasantry regarding the pillar-stones and cromlechs, although of a ludicrous character, still shows respect for their antiquity—fully believing that they were finger-stones used by Finn MacCumhaill, and the other giants of the past, when they wanted to amuse their leisure hours.

I have already referred to the quaint and humorous ideas entertained at one time by the peasantry regarding the origin of the Druidical antiquities—the belief that prevails as to the gallaums or pillar-stones having been used as finger-stones by the giants of old. Near the banks of the river Ilen, on the lands of Lissangle, is a remarkable pillar-stone, and an adjoining cromlech (tomb), the upper stone of which is of a globular form; and the current belief in the neighbourhood is that the upright pillar-stone was Finn MacCumhaill's hurly, and the round reclining one the ball with which he used to play the national game (hurly), which promises soon to become as fully a traditionary relic of the past as the adventures and exploits of Finn MacCumhaill or Labraid Linseach. Great giants and men of herculean strength they must have been in those remote ages.

How far surpassing their diminutive descendants of the present day, who do not even equal in height the venerable pillar-stones which the giants could not only carry in their hands, but even wield between their fingers!

For full information regarding the Ogham inscriptions, we must refer our readers to the writings of Samuel Ferguson, and Dr. Graves, Bishop of Limerick; and also of Messrs. Abell, Windele, Brash, and Rev. M. Horgan, all of the county Cork, who have by their laborious and learned researches developed the subject fully, and given a valuable amount of information regarding the construction and proper reading of those strange hierograms, which reveal in some degree the hidden sources of the history of former times. According to Windele, there exist but seventeen cromlechs in the county of Cork as yet discovered; this being so, West Carbery can make a strong presentment in priority claims, as within that barony the following can be named, which amount to nearly half the entire number, viz.:—Altoir, near Tourmore; another on the road to Four-Mile-Water, Castlehaven; one near Rosscarbery, Coomattollin, in parish of Drinagh; Kilnegross (near Clonakilty), and Baltimore, though the last, the most important. We might also add the cromlech at Lisangle.

The word "cromlech," when translated, means the sloping stone, or stone of Crom, who was the chief divinity of Pagan times; and on this stone, which formed the Druidical altar, the religious rites of the Pagans were celebrated, and the accompanying sacrifices were offered, either of human victims, or of sheep and cattle; the latter custom was peculiar to the Irish Druids, who, it seems, from all accounts, were averse to human sacrifices. They were also used as

places of interment. Frequently, whilst digging beneath the enclosed area, cinerary urns and human bones belonging to a distant age have been discovered by the explorers. The ancient habitations and fortresses were known under various names besides the rath or lis, already described, and within whose circular ramparts wooden houses used to be erected, where the inhabitants resided, and which, being of a frail nature, could not last for any time; accordingly we find no traces of them at the present day.

The other forms of habitations and fortresses were known as duns, cahirs, caseals, aileachs, crannogues, &c., and were all circular in shape, and continued to be raised, and occupied as dwellings and fortresses as late as the end of the 12th century, when they were finally abandoned and superseded by the massive quadrangular caisleans or castles, with their frowning parapets and rough ponderous-looking side walls, which still outlive the storm, though fast tottering to decay. It is conjectured that the Firbolgs, the aboriginal race, who are said to have come originally from Belgium, and were so called from the bolag or leathern bag they were accustomed to carry over their shoulders, like a modern pedlar, were the constructors of the subterranean caverns, to which allusion has been already made If they really occupied the caverns as dwelling places, they must have been men of very small stature. Relics of stone implements and weapons, and layers of soot have been frequently discovered within these gloomy, uncomfortable abodes; and ancient historical records inform us that the primitive habitations of mankind consisted of rude, underground chambers—Homer and Virgil, amongst other writers, mention this fact.

The date of their occupation must have been so very remote, that our imperfect knowledge on this subject is not to be wondered at. The Dun, which means a stronghold or citadel, was occupied by the kings and chieftains, and was of grander and more imposing appearance than the Rath or Lis, which was inhabited by the population at large. The Dun had a prominent mound in the centre, and was surrounded by three earthen ramparts. The Rath had usually only two ramparts, while the tumulus had but one. Upon the site of these ancient Duns, many castles were subsequently erected, the former name being in part retained, and the locality deriving its name from this circumstance, as, for instance, Dunmore, Dundeide, Dooneen, Dunelong (ship castle), Dun-a-sead (castle of the jewels), now Baltimore, &c.

The circular stone fortresses were named cahirs and caiseals. They were constructed principally in places where large boulders of stone projected through the soil, so as to form rocky eminences, the masonry was styled Cyclopean, and they were surrounded by a circular enclosure of large rugged unhewn stones, the temporary buildings being raised in the enclosed area. The parish of Cahara derives its name from having abounded formerly in these cahirs or stone forts, and the Rock of Cashel from having been the site of a caiseal in the olden times. Dr. Joyce, in his interesting and original work, alludes to the strong objections which has always prevailed among the peasantry, against the tilling or occupying of those ancient places, no matter whether the remains of former human abodes, or the monumental mounds of a bye-gone age. He says—"Long after the lisses and raths had been abandoned as dwellings, many

of them were turned to different uses, and we see some of the high duns and mounds crowned with modern buildings, such as Drogheda, Naas, and Castletown, near Dundalk. The peasantry have always felt the greatest reluctance to putting them under tillage, and in every part of Ireland you will hear stories of the calamities that befell the families of the foolhardy farmers who outraged the fairies' dwellings by removing the earth or tilling the enclosure."

This reluctance had its origin, not alone from the belief that the precincts were haunted by the pookas, leprecauns, and sheevras, who might resent, in a mysterious manner, any rude intrusion on their venerable domains, but also from the fact of their having been, according to tradition, used as cemeteries in a distant age, and the natural disinclination and instinctive dislike to disturb the remains of the departed through worldly motives. Amongst the many writers of the present century who have contributed most to the knowledge of Irish archæology, language, and general history, the names of Petrie, O'Curry, and O'Donovan are most prominent. Their labours have been supplemented by a host of other writers, and by their united efforts, deep research, and untiring energy in the field of literature, many important facts have been brought to light, which were previously buried in darkness and oblivion, and an interest created amongst the general public regarding the remarkable antiquities and valuable records of Ireland's early history and ancient fame.

A complete and wonderful change has been effected during the last half-century in all the social habits and customs of the people. The duellings, fox-huntings, and cock-fightings of the good old times,

the patterns and hurlings, the rollicking fun and humour, the merry-makings at May, the Christmas and Easter games and festivities, the fairy legends, the stories of the Seanachies, and the lilts of the pipers, have passed off the scene with the last generation, and will, probably, only exist in the remembrance of the next. Many of them, even now, merely flit across our thoughts, and haunt our memories like shadows of the past. The present go-ahead, mechanical, and money-making age cannot afford, or is disinclined, to waste much time on sentiment, romance, or sportive pastimes; but "such is life," as Mr. Billings sagely remarks.

Sir William Wilde, in his charming little work on "Irish Popular Superstitions," written in 1849, remarks:—"The wild strain of aerial music which floated round the ancient raths, and sung the matin and vespers of the shepherd boy are heard no more, and the romance of elfin life is no longer recited to amuse or warn the rising peasant generation. To the log-house, by the broad waters of the Ohio and Mississippi; to the wild mountain, Australian prairie, or even to the golden soil of California, the emigrant has carried the fairy lore of the mother country; so that to the charming descriptions of our countrywoman, Mrs. Hall—to the traits and stories of William Carleton, the happy illustration of Irish manners by Banim and Gerald Griffin, the pencillings of Lady Chatterton, or the graphic sketches of Cæsar Otway and Samuel Lover, but, above all, to the Munster legends embalmed by Crofton Croker—must the inquirer after fairy lore refer, who would seek for information on subjects in Ireland twenty years to come."

And now, having wandered so far from Carbery's

Hundred Isles, exploring the underground dwellings of the Firbolgs, the raths and duns of the ancient chieftains, and examining into their history in a very superficial manner; it is time at length to return to the subject of our discourse, and carry out the original programme. It is necessary, in order to elucidate the various topics of interest which may start up as we travel along, to branch off at times, and dilate somewhat on collateral matters, which pertain more or less to the "sketches," and which latter, as the name denotes, are necessarily of a rambling and unrestricted character. So now we will bid a last adieu to Sherkin, and crossing the stormy waters of the Gasconane Sound, land on Cape Clear, and study some of the interesting features, historic and otherwise, connected with that island. Cape Clear, the *Insula Sancta Clarae* of a former period, is the most remarkable island on the whole Irish coast, and the most prominent landmark of Western Europe for the mariner, as he steers his course to and fro across the wide expanse of that ocean which rolls in mighty and majestic waves between the two hemispheres, and which is familiarly known, in the peculiar parlance of Brother Jonathan at the present time, as "The Great American Ferry."

CHAPTER V.

Cape Clear (Insula Sanctæ Clarae)—The Gasconane Sound—Captain Boyton's daring swim through the Gasconane (1875) from the American packet—Lands at Trafraska Bay, near Baltimore—General view of the island, size, population, scenery—Carbery's Hundred Isles surround us—Curious separation of Inisfadda (Long Island near Skull) into three distinct portions by a thunderstorm in the 9th century—Sherkin and Cape Clear most probably united to the mainland as a promontory in remote ages—The Fisheries of Cape, climate, longevity, great physical strength and endurance of the inhabitants—Smith and Lewis's favourable opinion of them—Distress in Cape during 1862—Father Leader's noble exertions on behalf of the poor people—Review of Father O'Rourke's work on the Irish Famine of 1847—Benevolence of Baroness Burdett Coutts towards the islanders.

SHERKIN and Cape Clear are divided by a strait about two miles wide. A short distance from the southern extremity of Sherkin a rocky islet projects above the water, styled Carrigmore; between both is the Eastern Sound, in which there are eighteen fathoms of water. Ships seldom venture to steer through the channel owing to the difficulty, especially with a south-east wind, of weathering in safety Sleamore Point; however during the terrible gale, amounting almost to a hurricane, which occurred on the 11th February, 1874, a Greek barque, driven near the shore by stress of weather, dashed at headlong speed through this narrow and dangerous passage, and, after a hair-breadth escape from total destruction, reached the friendly anchorage of Whitehall Sound in safety.

About two-thirds across the strait is the well-known Gasconane Rock, between which and Carrigmore is the Middle Sound, and between the Gasconane and Cape Clear is the Gasconane Sound, through which coasting vessels are sometimes piloted, though as a rule they avoid this dangerous place, and keep well to the south of the Fastnett. In both channels there are twenty fathoms of water. The name of the Gasconane is familiar to us with stormy weather and agitated waves; the very translation of the name clearly indicates this fact, as it means petulant or saucy. In the neighbourhood of the rock, which is nearly covered at all times by water, the counter currents, and the rapid sweeping tide rushing fiercely through a narrow channel, and the strong gales, which blow often in opposition to the direction of the tidal waters, combine to stir up an angry sea with crested billows and heavy swells, where few boats or hookers could row or sail with any safety.

A short time ago the celebrated Captain Paul Boyton, the American, whose daring feats with the life apparatus have been chronicled in all the daily papers, equipped in his extraordinary costume, during a stormy night, swam ashore from one of the American mail packets, close to the Gasconane, a distance of about twenty miles, and landed safely at Trafraska bay, in the neighbourhood of Baltimore. This is one of the most remarkable feats of personal daring achieved during the present century; the sea running mountains high at the time, and so rough that no boat could possibly escape being swamped; however the gallant captain, with "his boat upon his back, and paddling his own canoe," as he quaintly and forcibly described his own position, when about six miles off the Fastnett, launched himself into the treacherous

deep, and, after seven hours' most adventurous and sensational paddling, not only reached *terra-firma*, but lived to have his name recorded amongst the wonderful men of the age.

Having crossed the Gasconane, we can land at Cape Clear, either at the east end, which is most convenient in fine weather, or at the north or south harbour, according to the state of the wind. Many points of interest immediately engage our attention. The scenery of the island, the beautiful sea views, the physique, customs, and manners of the natives, and their former history, the account of the celebrated St. Kieran, and the ancient relics which still present themselves so prominently before us, all these, collectively and individually, are worthy of record and entitled to a place in our narrative.

Cape Clear, the *Insula Sancta Clarœ* of Ecclesiastical Records, and also styled by Keating, and in old Irish MSS., *Inis Damhly*, has always been regarded, as its name would denote, one of the most remarkable islands upon the whole Irish coast. Its importance, in a geographical point of view, is evident from the fact that in all the large maps of the world, where Ireland appears as a comparatively small spot, the three prominent points of the island named are Dublin, the Shannon, and Cape Clear. It runs in a direction nearly east and west about three miles, and is a mile and a half in breadth at the widest part. Between the north and south harbours, however, a very narrow neck of land intervenes, and, at a distance, it would almost seem as if there were two distinct islands separated by a narrow strait. There are 17 townlands and 1400 acres, of which from two to three hundred are arable, the remainder being devoted to pasture. The soil is shallow, and on the south side

of the island, which is exposed to the Atlantic gales, the cliffs attain their highest altitude, and the surface here is rocky and unproductive. Previous to the year 1848 the island was divided into 137 small farms of five acres each. The population was formerly large, but has sensibly decreased, as is evident from the fact, that a century ago, according to Smith, there were up to 2,000 inhabitants. The census of 1831, according to Lewis, showed about the same number. Living exclusively to themselves, and having little intercourse with the mainland, it seems strange, however, that the population should not have increased to such an extent as to necessitate emigration from the island, especially the climate being so healthy. We must leave the explanation of this fact to ethnologists and political economists.

Since the famine years a marked decrease in the population has occurred. The north side of the island, which looks inland, slopes somewhat gradually towards the sea. As we ramble along, observing the various points of interest, we obtain some fine views of the adjoining coast. The hundred isles of Carbery are seen, the entire cluster dotting the surface of Roaring Water Bay (Lough Trasnagh), a very turbulent expanse of water, too, during the prevalence of a south-east or southerly gale. The names of the islands are familiar to our readers, such as the Skeames, (St. Keam's), Hare Island, (Inish O'Driscoll), the Three Calves, so called on the *lucus a non-lucendo* principle, because they raise no cattle there, whilst there are no hares on Hare Island. M'Carthy's Island, in the distance, celebrated for a peculiar growth of grass, which, owing to some special virtue in the soil, and the enriching powers of the salt water spray, is said to be almost capable of curing and fattening

a broken winded coach-horse. Adjoining the coast in the neighbourhood of Skull, we observe Horse Island, Castle Island, and Long Island, in the same line, and separated from each other by a narrow interval.

Smith, in his "History of Cork," when describing the remarkable events which have occurred from time to time, gives us the following strange account connected with these three islands:—"In the latter end of March, A. D. 830, Hugh Domdighe, being monarch of Ireland, there happened such terrible shocks of thunder and lightning, that above 1,000 persons were destroyed by it between Corca Bascoine (a part of this country then so called) and the sea-side. At the same time the sea broke through the banks in a most violent manner, and overflowed a considerable tract of land. The island, then called Innisfadda (Long Island), on the west coast of this county (Keating p. 52, also an old Irish MS.), was forced asunder, and divided into three parts. This island lies contiguous to two others—namely, Horse Island and Castle Island, which, lying in a range and being low ground, might have been very probably then rent by the ocean."

Such strange natural phenomena, as the separation of portions of the mainland, which then become islands, by the action of the waves, and the gradual or sudden elevation and depression of the bed of the sea, by the agency of subterranean causes, are recorded in most works on physical geography. According to tradition, the present channel between the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth, where line of battle ships can at present pass in safety, was in remote times so shallow as to allow of being safely forded at low tide. The Scilly islands, off Cornwall,

when known to the Phœnicians under the name of the Cassiterides (tin islands), were almost entirely united. In the Welsh Triads an account is given of the separation of Anglesea from the mainland by natural causes. It is not improbable, reasoning from analogy, and taking into account the peculiar conformation of Sherkin and Cape Clear, the great elevation of the land, the similar direction of the coast line, and the very narrow intervals which separate them from each other and the mainland, that they may have originally projected into the sea as an unbroken promontory, in the same manner as the Mizen Head, and been gradually converted into islands by the constant action of the waves, or some violent convulsion of nature.* In ancient manuscripts it is a noteworthy fact that Cape Clear is always referred to as a promontory of Corca Laidhe.

The elevated portions of Cape Clear are of the schistose or slate formation (Cambrian system). In fact throughout the entire of Carbery such is the character of the geological strata. On the lower ground, near the sea-shore, good freestone abounds, which was much used at one time in ornamental building. Between south harbour and the western extremity of the island the scenery is very wild and romantic, and the cliffs steep and inaccessible, presenting a bold front to the furies of the wild Atlantic, which, in the winter months, is often lashed into mountain waves by the violent storms, which are prevalent at such periods on the exposed part of the

* The theory brought forward here has been dwelt upon, and argued as a very probable occurrence, in the article on Geology by Mr. Close, M. R. I. A., in Miss Cusack's recent work, "History of the County of Cork."

coast. And in this we observe one of those wonderful and beautiful provisions of nature: for here, where the waves roll in from the ocean in such colossal proportions, and beat with redoubled force and fiercest energy against the shore, the rugged cliffs tower high aloft, and prove an effectual barrier against the encroachment of the sea, which would otherwise sweep unrestrained over the island, and destroy nearly all traces of animal and vegetable existence.

North Harbour or Tra-Kieran, its more ancient name, will first engage our attention. It faces Roaring Water Bay, and is a small open space of water, sheltered well on the land side from the east by high cliffs, which protect it effectually from the S. E. wind. Here upon the beach we observe the boats and hookers of the islanders hauled up beyond the reach of the tide. There is an inner basin, which has been enclosed by a pier, but as the water is very shoal in this little basin, only three or four feet at low tide, the hookers and pilot boats cannot be moored there with any safety. Accordingly the fishermen are compelled during the winter months, whilst the fishing operations are suspended, either to sink their craft, or haul them high up on the beach. This is a work of great labour, and one also attended with much inconvenience, difficulty, and loss of time, requiring the work of many hands for its accomplishment.

Within the last year, Mr. Blake, Commissioner of Fisheries, visited Cape Clear to investigate the state of the fisheries, and to determine the necessity of deepening the inner basin; and it is very probable that in a short time the necessary steps will be taken to increase the depth of water, so as to allow of small

vessels floating there in safety. How great a boon this would prove to the islanders can be well imagined; For when returning from their fishing expeditions, instead of being compelled to seek the shelter during stormy weather of the neighbouring harbours along the main shore, a proceeding attended with considerable loss of time and money, they would be in future able to steer at once towards the island, and anchor with safety in the immediate vicinity of their own homes. It is needless to dwell, therefore, on the wonderfully good effects which would result; and who is there that does not sympathise with, and take an interest in the welfare of these industrious and brave hardy "toilers of the deep," who, tossed about in all weathers upon the wild waters far out to sea, exposed to cold and hardship, and often even to great danger of death, struggle manfully against all odds to support themselves, and their numerous families, dependent on them for their very existence.

The cause of the islanders has been ably advocated by the Rev. D. M'Cartie, C. C., and J. O'Leary, C. C., and it is chiefly owing to their philanthropic and praiseworthy exertions that the present movement has been originated, one which, if successful, as it promises to be, will confer incalculable advantages on the inhabitants of Cape Clear. We have been informed, on good authority, that the landlord, Sir Henry W. Becher, has kindly volunteered to pay the local contribution himself which is required to supplement the Government allowance from the Board of Works, in order to complete this most useful project, so that the people of Cape will not be obliged to defray any of the expenses. As the prosperity and comfort of the islanders depend almost entirely on the success of the fisheries, from which they derive their chief

support, it is to be hoped that this indispensable measure, the deepening of the inner basin in North Harbour, will be soon accomplished; by such means this important branch of industry would revive again, and emerge rapidly from its present stagnant condition. We can well imagine its depressed state and decadence at Cape (the same remark applies, in a great measure, to all the coast fisheries), when we consider that, in former years, about a quarter of a century ago, eighteen island hookers were daily employed at fishing, the number is now reduced to five or six.

In ancient times, when Spain was more flourishing than she is at present, the Spanish fishermen frequented the vicinity of Cape and Baltimore in great numbers, and used to reside upon the island occasionally. A neighbouring portion of the mainland, near Baltimore, owing to this circumstance, still retains the name of Spain. During the last century the Kinsale fishermen also were in the habit of building huts in Cape, during the fishing season, where they cured the fish. During the summer months the native fishermen man their hookers and boats, and nearly all the adult population weigh anchor every Monday or Tuesday morning, and proceed far out to sea—the hookers steering for the Durseys, and the open boats for the neighbourhood of the Fastnett. Sometimes, in pursuit of their calling, they go thirty leagues off the land; they remain out during the week, and return on Friday or Saturday with their cargoes of hake, ling, cod-fish, congers, and other deep sea-fish on board, then they anchor near St. Kieran's strand, and soon the beach is covered with the captured spoil of the finny tribe.

The scene which ensues is most interesting and exciting; all the female population rush to the beach, attended by the "gorsoons," and soon the fish are packed in baskets, which they swing upon their shoulders with the greatest ease, and carry away up the steep and slippery pathways of the island. The women are engaged then in curing the fish, a process which is accomplished with great skill; and the men rest for a couple of days to recruit themselves for further expeditions out to sea. As the agricultural produce of the island is comparatively small, chiefly oats and potatoes, and as all fuel must be brought from the mainland, there being no trees or turf on the soil, it is evident that not alone their welfare but also their principal means of procuring a livelihood depend on the success of the fisheries. The chief time of the year for disposing of the cured fish is at Christmas, when very large quantities are sold, especially in the town of Skibbereen.

Owing to the active and industrious life which the Capers lead, their steady and temperate habits, the sanitary influence of a mild and wholesome climate, and an almost constant residence on the ocean wave, they are exceptionally free from disease, and seldom die except from the effects of old age. In the summer months the air is balmy and refreshing, largely impregnated with the ozone, which has such a purifying influence on the atmosphere. We may therefore consider Cape at this season as a regular sanatorium. We may safely say that it should be therefore rightly outside the pale of the Sanitary Act. Some of the inhabitants attain to a very old age; they are generally of large stature, robust, capable of enduring great fatigue, and very muscular and strong; they certainly as a rule are

built in a larger mould than the inhabitants of the mainland.

Formerly one or two families in the island (O'Driscolls) were celebrated for their gigantic stature, one celebrated specimen in particular, who flourished about a hundred years ago, named Cruathir (Cornelius) O'Cadogan, sobriquet for O'Driscoll. He was a man of immense proportions, and his celebrated feats of strength are still recited at times upon the island. We will refer to this giant again in connection with Tra-Kieran. Dr. Smith, who visited Cape, a little over a century ago, pays a very high compliment to the Capers. He says: "The natives pay their rent by fish; when a bad season comes they fall in arrears, but very honestly clear them off when fish returns; they are strong and healthy, die chiefly of old age, owing to temperate habits; brandy drinking being the only debauch (I suppose he must mean when a stray keg of brandy drifts in from a wreck near the island, a rare event); they are kind to each other, courteous to strangers, and excellent pilots."

Lewis remarks that "the men are expert and resolute seamen, and the best pilots on the coast; they are remarkable for discerning land at a distance in snowy or foggy weather, possess an uncommon sagacity in discovering the approach of bad weather, and are exceedingly skilful in the management of their vessels."

At the eastern end of Cape Clear there is a shelving strand called File-Cooagh,* which, from being the most adjacent point of debarkation from the mainland, has been used by the inhabitants as a convenient site where they may haul up their boats.

* The Cliff of the Cuckoo.

A deep cutting has been made in the side of the cliff, near the strand, and up this precipitous incline the stalwart boatmen pull their heavy six-oared boats, displaying wonderful strength in its accomplishment. Occasionally, however, during very heavy weather, the sea has on one or two occasions encroached, and swept away some of the boats. Here the post-boat, presented by Sir Robert Peel, used to land, but, unfortunately, during a severe gale some years ago, it was washed away, and since that time its place has not been supplied, a cause of great inconvenience in the postal arrangements of the island. By means of some additional labour, and with very little cost, it would be possible to complete the useful work begun, but not accomplished, of lowering the level and increasing the breadth of the present cutting, which would then be a convenient and safe dry-dock for the open boats, so indispensable to the islanders.

My allusion to the post-boat, called after Lady Peel, awakes at once the memory of the name of the respected and much lamented pastor, whose untiring energies and deep devotion to the interests of the inhabitants of Cape Clear, during a most eventful period in the history of that island, ought to be recorded with honourable and well-deserved mention. In the year 1862, Cape Clear suffered severely from destitution. Failure in the potato crop, a bad harvest, a scarcity of fish, and a general depression of trade throughout the country—all combined to weigh heavily upon the poor fishermen, and in spite of their best efforts to struggle against the tide of adversity, they would have been borne down, and swamped by the accumulation of misfortune and misery which threatened them, and which they were

quite unable, under the circumstances, to contend against.

Happily for themselves, at this desperate crisis, they had as their parish-priest the late Rev. H. Leader, a gentleman whose generous and noble exertions in the cause of suffering humanity were rewarded in a great measure by success, and whose kind philanthropy and active advocacy of their cause helped to ward off famine, misery, and death from many a homestead, which would otherwise be desolate and deserted. Influenced by the necessity of the moment, he determined on proceeding at once to England to lay the real state of the case before the Government, and contrived to have a personal interview with Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston, who were then in power, and who were so impressed with the truth of his statements, and so convinced of the fact—that a famine was impending over the island—that they not only gave an audience to the reverend petitioner, but also contributed personally by charitable subscriptions to relieve the distress. They also drew the attention of Sir Robert Peel, then Secretary for Ireland, to the matter.

Sir Robert Peel, in company with Father Leader, visited Cape. The former presented a donation of his own accord, and also established a postal communication between the island and the main shore. At the same time a plan was originated for securing South Harbour by means of a break-water against the S. E. gale. This necessary work was not however completed, as the cost of its construction, £5,000, was considered too expensive by the Commissioners of Fisheries. At the same time it would have been a great advantage by giving employment to the

inhabitants, and thereby relieving their immediate wants by the wages which would have accrued, and also a permanent benefit by securing for them a sheltered and commodious harbour, where they could safely anchor their pilot boats and hookers.

Nevertheless, the Rev. H. Leader no way abated in his praiseworthy ardour. Several families, assisted by sums of money which he collected from charitable sources, emigrated to Canada and the United States. The most munificent patroness at the time was Lady Coutts, who has been always so distinguished by her liberal and benevolent contributions to charitable undertakings. This lady subscribed a large sum of money to relieve the wants of the islanders, and has always, at subsequent periods, been most prominent in her response to everything connected with the material welfare of the poor people of Cape. It is unnecessary to dilate at further length on the good works of the Rev. H. Leader, and his many amiable and genial traits of character; they are embalmed in the memory, and deeply engraved in the hearts of the present generation of Carbery. His was a character deservedly admired, not alone for his frank, manly bearing, kindness of heart, and social, hospitable disposition of the highest order, but chiefly for the heroic and unselfish manner in which, on the eve of a great public calamity in Cape Clear, he boldly anticipated the evil, and helped to mitigate the sufferings of the poor people entrusted to his pastoral care. Such conduct won for him the lasting respect, still shown to his memory, of all creeds and classes of the community—

> "This passing tribute we must offer to his name,
> Which speaks but feebly of his worth and fame."

About two years ago the Rev. J. O'Rourke, P.P., M.R.I.A., paid a visit to Cape Clear, whilst on a tour through Ireland in search of information concerning the great Irish Famine of 1847, and in the work which has recently issued from his pen upon that subject, he has alluded at full length to this part of the country in connection with the narrative of what he truly describes as "one of the most terrible episodes in the chequered history of our native land." However melancholy the subject may be, it is one which must engage the attention and sad interest of the historian, statesman, and political economist, whilst studying and investigating into the causes of that terrible catastrophe, its desolating effects, and the remedies suggested, adopted, and neglected in grappling with a climax of misery and misfortune amongst a suffering people, perhaps unparalleled in the history of any country.

The author's work, which has been recently published by Messrs. M'Glashan and Gill, and J. Duffy and Sons, of Dublin, in a handsome volume of 550 pages, reflects much credit on the writer. It is the production of several years' study and laborious research, necessitating the closest reading, and an accurate intimacy with the all-important documents, state-papers, &c., of the period. Moreover, he has supplied a fund of information, the result of personal interviews with prominent persons, who had been actively engaged on relief-committees, and as correspondents for the press during that disastrous period. All the subject matter is skilfully arranged, and the various important extracts ably commented upon. We might add that it is the first complete work which has yet been written upon "The Irish Famine," and one which records, in truthful and impressive

language, every circumstance connected with that terrible event. The style is graphic, lucid, and concise; the arguments logical and forcible, whilst some of the passages are marked by an elegance of diction and a simple unaffected eloquence which immediately command our attention and appeal strongly to the noblest emotions of the mind.

A large portion of the work is devoted to an account of the sufferings from want in Skibbereen and the surrounding country, more especially as it was in our own neighbourhood the vortex of the storm prevailed that swept over the land, which it wrapped in the shadow of death, leaving more wrecks of humanity in its wake than the typhoons of China or the hurricanes of the West Indies. The "History of the Famine of 1847," by the Rev. J. O'Rourke, is a work which is well worthy of perusal, and the writer has condensed his extensive information, and arranged all his sentences and paragraphs in so complete, intelligible, and interesting a manner that the most inattentive reader cannot fail to be convinced of the ability, erudition, and patient research of the writer, who seems to have adopted the following motto throughout—"Nothing shall I extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." The earlier portions of the volume are devoted to a brief history of previous famines in Ireland, and an account of the ravages of the potato blight of 1845. Allusion is made to the plan proposed by the great O'Connell for dealing with the impending famine, which plan was, in reality—had it been adopted—the only far-seeing, wise, precautionary, and statesmanlike measure which could have warded off famine and death from thousands of the people.

The Liberator's proposal, brought forward on the

28th October, 1845, at a meeting of the Dublin Corporation, was: "1st, The immediate stoppage of distillation and brewing; the prohibition of exports of all kind of provisions to foreign countries; and the free opening of our own ports for provisions from other countries. In addition, the immediate purchase of provisions by Government for the starving poor, by a sum of one million, raised by necessary taxation, &c. Unfortunately, no heed was given to the proposal. Time, more precious than money, was heedlessly wasted in useless committees and superfluous scientific investigations. In countless instances the relief came afterwards when it was too late. The vital spark was extinct, and could not be fanned back into a flame. The disease might have been anticipated, but could not be cured, and the gaunt spectres of famine and disease were allowed to stalk over the land, mowing down with relentless scythe their hecatombs of victims; sparing no age nor sex, neither the robust and stalwart peasant in the prime of manhood, the babe at the mother's breast, nor the old man tottering to the grave.* We select the following very beautiful passage from Father O'Rourke's book, which refers to his visit to Abbeystrowry. It is one of fine descriptive power, written in a strain of unaffected and truly pathetic eloquence, and a graceful simplicity of style, which must at once engage the attention of the reader, and satisfy the most critical observer. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that the rest of the work is sustained with equal ability.

* Many very noble examples of private benevolence, generosity, and of self-sacrificing zeal were displayed by persons of all creeds and classes throughout Great Britain, Ireland, and America during this terrible catastrophe.

EXTRACTS FROM O'ROURKE ON THE IRISH FAMINE.

"Some twenty years after the famine-scourge had passed away, and over two millions of the Irish people with it, I visited Skibbereen. Approaching the town from the Cork side it looks rather an important place. It is the seat of the Catholic Bishop of Ross, and attention is immediately arrested by a group of fine ecclesiastical buildings on an elevated plateau to the left, just beside the road, or street I should rather say, for those buildings are the beginning of the town; they consist of a cathedral and a convent, with very commodious schools, and a pretty Gothic chapel. On the other side of the way is the schoolhouse, in shade of which the military were concealed on the day the Caharagh labourers invaded Skibbereen. A short distance beyond the town, the wooded hill of Knockomagh, rising to a considerable height, overhangs Lough Hyne, one of the most beautiful spots in Ireland. Some miles to the westward lies the pretty island of Sherkin, which, with Tuliagh to the east, makes the charming little bay of Baltimore completely land-locked. Out in front of all, like a giant sentinel, stands the island of Cape Clear, breasting with its defiant strength that vast ocean whose waves foam around it, lashing its shores and rushing up its crannied bluffs, still and for ever to be flung back in shattered spray by those bold and rocky headlands.

"My informant was right about my going to Abbeystrewry. I had already inquired the way to it, and had learned that it was half a mile or so beyond Bridgetown. I wished my interesting informant good evening, and pursued my walk. Coming to the highest point of the road, beyond Bridgetown, a very charming landscape opened before me, made up of the Valley of the Ilen and the agreeably undulating country beyond it. The river at this place is wide and shallow, and, judging from the noble bridge by which it is spanned, it must be sometimes greatly swollen. The evening was bright and pleasant, the sun had gone far westward, and the effect of his light, as it played on the scarcely rippled water, and shone through the high empty arches of the bridge, standing like open gateways in the shallow stream, made me pause for a moment to take in the whole scene.

"It was during this time that I discovered, immediately beyond the river, the object of greatest interest to me—the object, in fact, of my journey—the churchyard of Abbeystrewry. There was the spot in which a generation of the people of Skibbereen was buried in a year and a half. Those places where poor humanity is laid to rest, when life's work is done, have been always regarded as holy ground: cities of the dead, solemn and suggestive. But this was more; in its lonely seclusion, in its dark and terrible history, it was

exciting in its impressiveness. In the still sunlight evening, wooed to rest one could imagine by the gentle murmur of the Ilen, its little clump of gnarled trees, grouped around its scanty ruin, was a picture of such complete repose as to make the most thoughtless reflective. I entered. Immediately inside the gate, a little to the right, are those monster graves, called by the people "the pits," into which the bodies were thrown coffinless in hundreds, without mourning or ceremony—hurried away by stealth, frequently at the dead of night, to elude observation, and to enable the survivors to attend the public works next day, and thus prolong for a while their unequal conquest with all-conquering Famine.

"A difficulty arose in my mind with regard to the manner of interment in those pits. Great numbers I knew were interred in each of them, for which reason they must have been kept open a considerable time. Yet surely, I reflected, something resembling interment must have taken place on the arrival of each corpse, especially as it was coffinless. The contrivance, as I afterwards learned, was simple enough. A little sawdust was sprinkled over each corpse on being laid in the pit, which was thus kept open until it had received its full complement of tenants. To trace one's steps slowly and respectfully among the graves of those who have reached the goal of life in the ordinary course fills one with holy warnings! To stand beside the monument raised on the battle-field to the brave men who fell there calls up heroic echoes in the heart; but here there is no room for sentiment; here, in humiliation and sorrow, not unmixed with indignation, one is driven to exclaim—

> 'Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
> And human flesh so cheap.'

"Although thus cast down by earthly feelings, Divine Faith raises one up again! Divine Faith! the noblest and brightest and holiest gift of God to man, always teaching us to look heavenward! Excelsior in its theme for ever! And who can doubt but the God of all consolation and mercy received the souls of his famine-slain poor into that kingdom of glory where He dwells, and which He had purchased for them at so great a price. Even in their imperfections and sins they were like to Him in many ways; they were poor, they were despised, they had not whereon to lay their head; they were long suffering, too; in the deepest pangs which they had suffered from hunger and burning thirst (the last and most terrible effects of hunger), they cursed not, they reviled not; they only yearned for the consolations of their holy religion, and looked hopefully to Him for a better world. It is one of the sweetest consolations taught us by holy Faith that the bones now withered and nameless in those famine pits, where they were laid in their shroudless misery, shall one day, touched by His Almighty power, be reunited to those happy souls in a union that can know no end and feel no sorrow."

Referring to the graveyard near Roaring Water, the author says:—

"This graveyard, looking out upon the restless waters from its quiet elevation, must remain for ages the most historic spot in the locality, although Skull is not without a history and historic remains. Many a castle and stronghold have the O'Mahonys and O'Donovans built among the crags of the rocky islands, which are grouped in such variety to seaward, the ruins of which are to-day full of beauty and interest for the tourist. But surely the day will come when those crumbling ruins shall be once again a portion of the common soil, nameless and forgotten; but distant though the day may be, Skull and Skibbereen, those two famine-slain Sisters of the South, must still be found on the page of Irish history, illustrating the great famine of 1847."

CHAPTER VI.

Cape Clear continued—History of St. Kieran, patron saint of the island—Description of a severe storm in Cape during February, 1874—Dunanore Castle, and the legend connected with it—General description of the ancient feudal castles, their architecture, and internal economy—Beautiful view from Dun-an-Ore—A glance at Irish history during the close of the 16th century.

The most interesting circumstance connected with the history of Cape Clear, and from which it has derived the name of *Insula Sancta Clarœ*, is the fact of its having been the birth-place of St. Kieran, who preceded St. Patrick by thirty years. According to the "Annals of Innisfallen" and "Ussher's Chronological Index," St. Kieran was born in Cape Clear, A. D. 352. In the "Annals" the following notice is given (Transl.): "A. D. 352, St. Ciaran, Bishop of Saighir, and patron saint of the people of Ossoraidhe (Ossory), was born in the island called Cape (Cleire) Clear, a promontory of Corca Laidhe, in the county Cork." "A. D. 402. Ciaran and Declan, two bishops, came from Rome to preach the Gospel in Ireland. Ciaran, after having preached the Gospel in Inis-Cleire and all over Corca Laidhe (Carbery), founded a bishop's see at Saighir in Ossory, and Declan also another bishop's see at Ardmore in the Desies." The limited extent of his mission as a Christian preacher, and the greater renown of St. Patrick, the brilliancy of whose fame threw all minor luminaries in the shade, have combined to obscure more or less the history of the patron saint of Cape, whose name is sometimes also mistaken for St. Ciaran of Clonmacnois,* another

distinguished divine, but entirely distinct. The latter flourished in the beginning of the 6th century, and founded the celebrated abbey at Clonmacnoise, on the eastern bank of the Shannon, in the King's County.

That St. Kieran of Cape Clear must have been a man distinguished by rare perfection of mind and holiness of life, great energy of character, and deep devotion to his calling, is evident from the account, brief and meagre though it be, we are able to obtain from reliable sources. His birth-place was in the immediate vicinity of Fintracht (White-strand), called since that remarkable event Trakieran, immediately within sight of the dwelling-house, where afterwards a chapel dedicated to his name was erected, called St. Kieran's chapel. The ruins may still be observed, of a more modern edifice, however; occupying the same position near the sea, and including within the aisle and choir an ancient burial-place. In the centre of Tra-Kieran, deeply imbedded in the sand, we observe a remarkable pillar-stone, said to be the work of St. Kieran's own hands, and fixed in this locality in order to commemorate his name, and to be pointed out as a memorial of his Christian mission. The tradition regarding this circumstance has been handed down from generation to generation in an unbroken line, and is as fresh to-day in the minds of the inhabitants of Cape Clear, as when, fourteen centuries and a half ago (a long space of time), St. Kieran converted their pagan ancestors to Christianity, thus gaining for himself the title of "Primarius Hiberniæ Sanctorum" (first in order of time of the saints in Ireland).

The pillar-stone referred to is a prominent object on the strand of North Harbour; it is firmly fixed

in the sand, of an oblong shape, about three feet high, and eighteen inches in circumference. We can still, on close examination, discover towards the summit, traces of two sculptured crosses, slightly raised above the surface of the stone. In the genealogies of Hi-Fiacrach, reference is made to a similar cross, sculptured on a pillar-stone, by St. Patrick, at Ballina, Tirawley. Close to the pillar-stone at Tra-Kieran, a miniature well—a mere hollow in the sand—exists. Over this the tide encroaches at high water; however, on its receding, the water in the well is perfectly fresh, being fed by a spring which comes up from a deep source. This is called St. Kieran's Well. The 5th March, the anniversary of St. Kieran's birth, is still observed as a holiday on the island of Cape Clear; this custom has survived from time immemorial. The name of the saint is also commonly adopted as a Christian name, Kieran Driscoll being a not unusual title.

Smith, who visited Cape about a century ago, has made the following allusion in the "History of Cork" to Cape Clear, and also to St. Kieran:—"Cape Clear island is the most southern part of Ireland, and contains twelve ploughlands; on the north-west point stands a castle, built on a rock in the sea, called Dunanore, to the east of which is the cove of Tra-Kieran, or St. Kieran's Strand, where we find a pillar of stone, with a cross rudely cut towards the top, supposed to have been the work of that saint; this stone is held in great veneration by an incredible number of pilgrims, who assemble round it every 5th March, on which day his festival is celebrated; a church in ruins under the invocation of St. Kieran adjoins this pillar."

In the year 402, St. Kieran, after convert-

ing the people of Cape Clear and Corca Laidhe (Carbery), proceeded to Ossory, where he founded a bishop's see at Saigher, called after him Serkieran, a townland in the parish of same name in the barony of Ballybritain, King's County. The ruins of an ancient church point out where he settled. The episcopal throne, or chair, of St. Kieran, is still preserved in the beautiful and ancient church of St. Canice, Kilkenny; it is made of stone, of graceful proportions, and stands in the north transept. As additional evidence and authority, besides Ussher and the "Annals of Innisfallen," we find the following remarks by Wright:—"This patriarch (St. Ciaran) is believed to have preceded St. Patrick by thirty years in his holy mission, and to have been the first to preach Christianity in Ireland." Wills also mentions the following:—"At the coming of St. Patrick, four Christian preachers are mentioned by old Irish testimonies to have been before him and still living in his time—these were Ailbe, afterwards first bishop of Emly; Declan of Ardmore; Kieran of Saigre (by successive translation removed to Kilkenny); and Ibar of Beg Iri, a small island off the Wexford coast."

Of all these St. Kieran was the most prominent and distinguished, and the truth of his claims to antecedence can hardly be disputed when written history and tradition proclaim the fact so unmistakably. It is a subject of much interest, especially, when we reflect that, if this be so, the pillar-stone at Cape Clear is at present the oldest Christian relic of the past to be seen in Great Britain and Ireland, and that the island of Cape Clear and ancient Carbery were the first bright spots in the pagan wilderness where the lights of Christianity shone under the guidance of St. Kieran, thirty years

before the apostle, St. Patrick, converted all Ireland to the Christian faith. In "Corca Laidhe" reference is made to the life of St. Kieran, the most interesting being that of the "Scholiast of Aengus," who has minutely recorded the following particulars, translated into Latin by the celebrated Colgan (Acta, s. s. p. 471.) I give a literal translation of the latter. "Kieran was son of Brandubius, son of Bressaluis, son of Bran, son of Fianboth, &c.; Liedania of the Stock of Laidhe, son of Ith (paternal uncle of Milesius), was mother of St. Kieran, and Fintracht is the name of the place in which he was born, and the inhabitants of Corca Laidhe (Carbery) were the first who believed in Christianity in Ireland. But Kieran inhabited Saighir (Ossory) thirty years before the arrival of St. Patrick. . . . . Kieran was Primarius (first in order of time) of the Saints of Ireland. He was also a man rich in the possession of herds. His herd-house, or 'Bovile,' had ten gates, and ten special stalls; in each were ten heifers, &c. (This must refer to the time when he was Bishop of Saighir.) Kieran appropriated nothing of the produce or milk during his lifetime, but distributed the entire amongst the poor and distressed Christians. He also had fifty yoke-horses for the plough and agricultural purposes; neither, however, did he partake of anything of their produce, nor did he eat wheaten bread in his entire life. His daily food, which he took only in the evening, was a mouthful of barley bread, with a dessert of raw herbs, and a draught of cold water. His garment was made of deer-skins, bound round with a girdle of untanned hide, and when he rested for a while, his couch was a rock."

Such is the account we obtain regarding the

manner of life pursued by the first Christian saint of Ireland, as self-denying, simple, and abstemious as that of the most rigid hermit, with the difference that it was attended by more practical and beneficial results to mankind. The foregoing is but a very brief and imperfect sketch, compiled from trustworthy sources, of the life of the renowned saint of Cape Clear, Carbery, and Ossory. However, it will, perhaps, tend to develop additional facts regarding the history of one whose name is identified with everything that is distinguished, noble, and truly Christian.

In the "Monasticon Hibernicon" we learn that during the years 820, '24, and '25, Cape Clear suffered many devastations by the Danes. Cork city was also pillaged at the same time by these unrelenting pirates who visited Cape so unceremoniously on their first arrival in Ireland. "St. Comgall, a disciple of St. Finbarr (6th century), was Abbott of Cape Clear, and also Saint Cillian. A. D. 953 died the Abbot, Dunalang, who was son of O'Donagan. A. D. 960 the island was again despoiled by the Danes." Thus it will appear that during the very earliest era of Christianity, Cape Clear had attained a remarkable notoriety—a fact which must be attributed not alone to its prominent geographical position, but also to the fame it had attained as the Insula Sancta Claræ—being the birth-place of the good St. Kieran.

Dr. Joyce, in his admirable work entitled "Irish Names of Places," refers at some length to the history of St. Kieran; he is adverse to the opinion that St. Kieran preceded St. Patrick, and his ideas on the subject are in accordance with those of some other authorities; still the evidence adduced in the

foregoing paragraph, which includes names of high repute, goes to strengthen the popular tradition and belief as to St. Kieran having been the earliest of the Irish saints. As the remarks of Dr. Joyce on the subject I am discussing are most interesting, and as it is only right when an important event is being recorded that the statements *pro* and *con* should be thoroughly discussed, I submit the following extract from the work of that learned antiquarian and philologist:—

"There were many saints named Ciaran or Kieran, but two of them were distinguished beyond the others, St. Ciaran of Clonmacnoise, of whom I shall not speak here, and St. Ciaran of Ossory. Regarding the exact period when the latter flourished there is much uncertainty; but according to the most reliable accounts he became a bishop about the year 538. He was born in the island of Cape Clear; but his father Ligneus was a native of Ossory, and of kingly descent. Ciaran was one of the numerous band of saints who attended St. Finian's school at Clonard; and having retired to a solitary place called Saighir (Sair) in the territory of Eile in Munster, he after some time erected a monastery there, which gradually grew, and became the nucleus of a town. He subsequently employed himself partly in the care of his monastery and partly in preaching the gospel to the Ossorians and others, of whom he collected great numbers. According to a gloss in the "Felire of Aengus" at the 5th of March (Ciaran's festival day), Saighir was the name of a fountain; after the saint's time it was called Saighir-Ciaran, which is now contracted to Seirkieran, the name of a parish near Parsonstown; Ciaran is also the patron of Rathkieran in Kilkenny, where he probably built his church near a pagan rath, which took his name. On the island of Cape Clear traditions of St. Ciaran still flit among the peasantry. An ancient little church retains the name of Kilkieran, and a strand in one part of the island is called Trakieran (Ciaran's strand) on which stands a primitive stone cross, said to have been made by the saint's own hands. St. Ciaran established a nunnery near Seirkieran for his mother Liadhan (Leean) or Liedaniu; and from her the place has since borne the name of Killyon (Liedhan's church). It is highly probable that it is from her also that the parish of Killyon in Meath, and the townland of Killyon in the parish of Dunflerth, Kildare, received their names."

Opposite Tra-Kieran, on the south side of the

island, is South Harbour, which is separated from the former by a narrow rocky isthmus. In the vicinity is a collection of cabins of most unpretending appearance, forming a sort of fishing hamlet. The priest's residence is near the beach, and the climate here, owing to the southerly aspect, is so mild and warm during the summer that potatoes are quite ripe towards the end of May. Of late an improvement is being effected in the residences of the inhabitants, who also suffer less from destitution than in former times. South Harbour possesses a good depth of water, but, owing to its exposure to the S. E. gales, which blow at times so violently, the anchorage is unsafe. It would require a large expenditure of money to construct a breakwater or pier, which would give sufficient shelter to vessels. The present miniature breakwater is of no practical utility.

The following strange story is related by Smith in connection with South Harbour. "About 120 years ago a large vessel, with a valuable cargo on board, homeward bound from the West Indies, was overtaken by a storm near Cape Clear. She was in great danger, having several feet of water in her hold, and the captain, fearing that she would not remain afloat until morning—whether by good luck or good management it is impossible to say—steered her during the night into the harbour by the light of a candle from a cabin on the island. Great was his amazement the following morning to find himself safely deposited in a snug basin, though quite ignorant of the locality, as he had lost his reckoning during the gale." This was certainly a hair-breadth escape, as, had he deviated in the slightest degree from the narrow channel leading in,

the ship would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks.

On the eastern side of the harbour the cliffs attain to a considerable height, having to confront the fierce onset of wind and wave; they are also hollowed out by the continual undermining action of the sea at their base into numerous caves, many of which run in to a considerable length, and form natural archways, some with two openings externally. These caves abound with sea-birds and pigeons, and here we also observe, during the summer months, puffins in great numbers. Tranquil as the scene may appear in fine weather, when everything is hushed into silence, and no sound heard save the rippling of the tide on the beach, or the scream of the sea-birds, or the measured sound of oars in a solitary fishing boat or two—at such a time a sensation steals over the visitor to this *Ultima Thule*, as if he had been banished far away into the ocean from the busy haunts of men into some remote spot where solitude reigns supreme—how different is the aspect of Nature in the winter months, when fierce, angry, waves roll in from the ocean, and storms cut off all communication with the mainland.

One of the severest gales which has happened for the last thirty years, and one which has proved most disastrous to shipping and destructive to human life, occurred on the 10th and 11th February, 1874. The writer happened to be on the island during the time it prevailed, and witnessed, to some extent, the storm, which almost attained the proportions of a hurricane, *Experientia docet*. Embarking at Baltimore in a fine six-oared boat, manned by six stalwart Capers, we made a rapid passage across the Gasconane, and landed at the eastern extremity of the

island. A walk of about two miles along a narrow hilly pathway, which runs through the centre of the island, brought us to our destination, South Harbour. Towards the evening of the 9th February the sky assumed an appearance ominous of bad weather, and a gale sprung up from the S. E. (the most dangerous point of the compass along the coast) which, gradually increasing in force, became a regular storm towards the morning of the 10th. The sky became covered with dingy, murky-looking clouds—

> Flitting o'erhead in fierce array,
> Like dark squadrons marshalling for the fray

—the wind sighed and shrieked and roared alternately, with a dismal, wailing sound, blowing in angry squalls and fitful gusts, which almost stopped one's locomotion. No boat could possibly be launched in such weather. The view of the sea during the height of the gale was grand and imposing in the highest degree.

Perhaps in few places can the ocean during a storm be seen in more sublime grandeur, with such towering waves and foam-crested billows, than off the precipitous headlands of St. Kieran's isle. There are no promontories or rocky barriers in the immediate vicinity to check the roll of the Atlantic tide, as it sweeps majestically along, and when a winter gale from the S. E. prevails, the waves near the island are literally mountain-high. The gale of the 10th and 11th February has not been equalled in severity, the islanders say, within the last forty years. Quantities of driftwood, sad emblems of shipwreck, floated into the harbour, and dead fish—ling, whiting, pollock, &c.—strewed the beach, proving the terrible violence of the sea. The destruction of fish during

a severe storm arises not so much from their being dashed against the rocks as from their being choked by the sand and mud raised from the bottom in the shallow water, and which block up the gills, preventing the proper exercise, necessary for life, of the function of respiration. The gills are generally found clogged and matted together with sand and mud.

At the entrance of South Harbour, which faces the S E., the sea assumed quite a terrible appearance. Each mighty wave, as it rolled in from the ocean, broke with a noise like thunder against the steep cliffs on the bold headlands which bound the harbour's mouth on either side. Huge, lofty columns of fleecy-looking foam, and long lines of undulating feathery spray enveloped like snow-flakes the jutting rocks, burst over the summits of the cliffs in white clouds, gradually melting away and becoming lost to view, to be succeeded by others similar in appearance, as each advancing wave came on. The following day, when the wind had subsided, and the sea became somewhat calm, told its sorrowful tale of the disasters of the deep, as along the coast several wrecks had occurred, and many ships—after hairbreadth and most extraordinary escapes from the perils of the ocean, with damaged rigging and battered hulls—were obliged to seek the friendly shelter of Crookhaven and Baltimore.

In a cabin close to South Harbour, during the month of December, 1869, a most disastrous accident occurred, owing to the explosion of a quantity of petroleum (rock oil), a most explosive compound. The cask containing the fluid was picked up not far from the beach, a portion of wreck cargo. The captors proceeded to divide the spoil, but unfortu-

nately one heedlessly approached the cask with a lighted candle, when the petroleum ignited, and a terrible explosion resulted, causing the loss of five lives. It was even strange how any of the inmates of the house escaped destruction. So intense was the heat, that the delf ware and the glass bottles became fused into one mass.

A short distance to the west of Tra-Kieran, on a projecting rocky headland on the south-west side of the island, we observe the ruins of Dunanore Castle —The O'Driscoll's fortress. This castle formed a safe retreat to the occupants in times of danger, i. e., before artillery came into use. A more impregnable site cannot be well imagined. The building occupied the entire of the solitary rock, on which it was built, and was connected with the mainland by means of a narrow isthmus or causeway, which must originally have been tunnelled through the centre. On every other side it was inaccessible, a barrier of steep cliffs surrounding the castle walls, and resisting not alone the fury of the elements but also defying the aggressive attacks of human foes. The causeway, when Smith visited the island in 1770, was a narrow and dangerous pathway from the mainland to the castle. He speaks of it in the following terms:—"There is a very narrow passage, about a yard broad and ten yards in length, to this castle. This path is high and steep on both sides, the sea on either side being so very deep, that few but persons well used to it will venture to walk it over. When I got to the top of this castle, and saw the ocean rolling on all sides of the rock, I wished heartily to be again on the mainland."

This description would not apply to the place at present. By the continual action of the waves the

narrow passage has been nearly washed away, and the height above the water level is only a few feet; in fact, sometimes at high water the castle plateau becomes completely insulated. Dunanore (the Golden Fort) is supposed to have been first erected about the beginning of the 13th century; the ruins at present consist of a portion of the side walls of the central tower or donjon, the eastern wall has fallen to the ground, but so firmly united together are the stones, by the grouting process used in the masonry, that the greater part of the fallen structure remains in one solid mass. Nearly all traces of the outer buildings which surrounded the tower, viz., bastions, curtains, &c., and the dwellings which were occupied by the chieftain's retainers, have disappeared—these were built of more fragile materials, and hence it is that at the present day, although we observe the various central towers of the ancient castles thickly scattered over the face of the country, and their massive walls standing as monuments of the feudal ages, we fail to discover the relics of the subordinate structures which used to surround the Bawn or enclosures.

Most of the old castles, whose picturesque ruins strike our attention, and add an additional charm to the beautiful scenery of our native isle, were constructed in the beginning of the 13th century. The style of architecture was principally introduced by the feudal barons from Normandy into England and Ireland. However, according to a distinguished Corkman, Windele, in his charming work entitled "South of Ireland," "of 106 castles erected within the county of Cork, 56 alone were built by Irish chieftains (twenty-six of these belonging to the Mac Carthys), and fifty-nine by the Anglo-Irish

families of Barry, Fitzgerald, Barret, &c. In Kerry of thirty-nine castles enumerated, twenty-nine were built by the Milesian Irish." The massive walls of the tower, sometimes twelve feet thick, were built of rough, unhewn stones, and the wonderful stability they still possess bears evidence of the skill used in their construction. The lower chambers had vaulted roofs of stone, and were dark, gloomy apartments, used by the retainers and menials, and lighted by narrow loopholes in the walls, which served as windows. Circular winding stone staircases, which never rejoiced in the luxury of a carpet, wound along the angles of the tower from the basement to the upper story, surmounting which at the top the battlemented walls projected in crenelated or machicolated parapets, resting on corbels, and permitting of a passage at the summit between the parapet and the roof, which was a very necessary "point d'appui" when an attacking force approached the castle. From here the garrison discharged their arrows or guns as the case might be, or hurled down stones on the heads of their enemies. About midway up we observe, inside the walls, the stone corbels on which the wooden floors of the upper story used to rest. These floors have long ago decayed and disappeared from the influence of the weather, and hence it is that the castles are such complete shells. The upper stories were the state apartments, where the chief and his family resided, and some of them, where an advance had been made in the refinements of life, were hung with tapestry, and ornamented with curious weapons and implements of the chase Windele says "chimneys were but little known before the fourteenth century."

The following remarks by the same author are

very interesting regarding the internal household arrangements of those substantial dwellings. "Of the interior economy of these structures, M. De Le Boullaye Le Gouz in 1664 gives no very tempting description. The castles or houses of the nobility, he says, consist of four walls, extremely high, thatched with straw, but to tell the truth they are nothing but square towers without windows, or at least having such small apertures as to give no more light than there is in a prison. They have little furniture, and cover their rooms with rushes, of which they make their beds in summer, and of straw in winter. They put the rushes a foot deep on their floors, and on their windows, and many of them ornament their ceilings with branches. Much elegance was certainly not the characteristic of the time, even in some of the great English mansions. We are informed that the great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk perches, hounds and other dogs. The walls were hung with armour, and weapons of war as well as the chase, and some of the principal chambers with rich tapestry in England as well as in Ireland. Stools were the substitutes for chairs. A modern citizen, of small income, on the whole, seems to enjoy much more real comfort and convenience than the highest baron in the palmy days of feudalism."

O'Driscoll's castle of Dunanore was of small dimensions. The ivied walls and quaint, picturesque ruins, independent of the wildness of the surrounding scenery, recall at once the traditions of the neighbourhood, and the interesting records of the historic past. The chambers overhanging the stormy Atlantic are tenantless and deserted, except by the birds of the air; the ancient tapestry and the orna-

ments which decked the walls are replaced by a luxuriant covering of the ivy green; and the only music now which re-echoes round this crumbling pile is the mournful wail of the winter wind, the sighing of the summer breeze, and the constant cadence of the Atlantic roar.

From the vicinity of Dunanore, we obtain a view of the coast and the surrounding ocean, which is one of surpassing beauty, when the summer sun is setting in the far west. Towards the south, as far as the eye can reach, the broad expanse of the Atlantic is stretched before our gaze, the distant horizon dotted here and there by some white sail, or the dark hull of one of those leviathan steamers which ply their busy trade between the Old World and the New. Cape Clear is the first land which greets the American tourist or the returning emigrant on his approach to the old country, and the last cherished spot of his "own dear isle" which bids adieu to the Irish peasant, when he parts, perhaps for ever, from his native country

> "The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
> And all its less'ning turrets bluely fade;
> He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
> And busy fancy fondly lends her aid."

From here we can observe those beautiful sunsets which no pen can properly describe nor pencil delineate, nor painter's skill pourtray: dissolving views and transformation scenes, how far surpassing in magnificence the feeble artistic efforts of man, sketched by the hand of nature on an etherial canvas of azure blue; clouds banked together in an endless variety of form, and with a richness of colouring which defies description, all the varied hues of the rainbow blended together with matchless perfection, and so brilliant and brightly tinted. In the

background the dark purple masses of the rugged mountains, capes, and promontories, which, by their sombre colours, only serve the more to display and set off the brilliancy and splendour of the sky overhead.

We cannot delay, however, over such æsthetic pursuits, and must return again to the castle of Dunanore and the fortunes of Sir Fineen O'Driscoll. Dunanore Castle was captured, together with the rest of the island, on the 22nd of March, 1601, by Captain Roger Harvey. For these, and other services, he was granted a commission at the time by Lord Deputy Mountjoy as Governor of Carbery. By means of artillery, which Harvey planted on the high ground adjoining the castle, he compelled the garrison to surrender, and battered down the eastern wall of the castle. A tradition prevailed for a long time that Dunanore, as its name would imply, was a place where a golden treasure had been buried, and a story is current that, many years ago, in the reign of Queen Anne, when a garrison of soldiers was stationed in Cape Clear, one of the soldiers—whose greed for wealth was excited by the stories he had heard of large treasures being secreted beneath the foundations of the Golden Fort—proceeded to work with might and main to discover the hidden treasure; however, his labours were unrequited. Although he excavated the soil to the level of the sea, no hidden treasure ever met his anxious gaze, except the sand and shells of the sea. The opening in the ground is still pointed out where the disappointed red-coat commenced his fruitless labours.

The islanders recount the following supernatural stories regarding Dunanore, which they firmly believe to be haunted. On more than one occasion a

mysterious vessel of beautiful proportions, and with gauze-like sails of snowy whiteness, has been observed approaching the castle, and the crew have been actually seen at the hour of midnight conveying into the castle a large cargo of golden treasure. They have been even heard singing and carousing during the night, yet no one ever had the hardihood to intrude upon their nocturnal revels. But the moment daylight has stolen o'er the scene, the phantom ship has vanished into the air, like the

> "Baseless fabric of a vision,
> And left not a rack behind,"

the crew have disappeared as if by magic, and not a vestige of golden store, or a relic of the banquet has ever remained behind to greet the anxious gaze of the astonished observer.

The upper story, which these supernatural visitors were wont to frequent, has already fallen to decay: no matter what used to be left there by ordinary mortals during the day was sure to be removed by the fairies during the night, and the floor afterwards swept by the same "good people" with scrupulous neatness and care.

Close to the castle walls was a large ring-bolt imbedded in the solid rock, to which the O'Driscolls used to moor their galleys. The castle promises before long to follow the example of the one in Lough Hyne, and become a fragmentary ruin. Indeed it seems strange how, left to its own unaided powers of resistance against the elements, it could have so long escaped destruction.

The close of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century furnish us with historical details of a most exciting nature. The tumult of war with its disas-

trous train of consequences extended, as we observed, even to the extreme end of Cape Clear, which had enjoyed comparative repose since it was invaded by the Danes. In the south of Ireland the immense territories of the great Earl of Desmond, in Kerry, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, &c., amounting to 574,628 acres, had been confiscated to the Crown. A crowd of restless adventurers and greedy undertakers had settled on the ancient patrimony of the Fitzgeralds, who up to this period had exercised an almost regal sway in the south of Ireland.

A lull had taken place in the storm, which, however, was destined to break forth with renewed violence, when the Spaniards landed in Kinsale, on the 23rd September, 1601. Then followed the final effort of the two great northern chieftains, O'Donnell and O'Neill, whom M'Gee describes as the Achilles and Ulysses of the fight. The memorable and important battle of Kinsale occurred shortly afterwards—December, 1601—resulting in the final overthrow of the Spanish and Irish forces by Mountjoy and Carew. The overweening confidence and incapacity of Don Juan D'Aguila, the Spanish leader, and the impetuous ardour of O'Donnell, whose counsel outweighed the more prudent tactics of the great O'Neill, led in a great measure to this disastrous defeat. At this period amongst the southern chieftains, who had joined the Spaniards and O'Neill and O'Donnell, the most prominent names were those of O'Sullivan, of Dunboy, and Sir Fineen O'Driscoll More, a sketch of whose career and antecedents we must reserve for a future chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

The O'Driscoll pedigree—The aboriginal Milesian colonists of Carbery—Sir Walter Coppinger—Petition against his encroachments by the Mayor and Burgesses of Baltimore—The Telegraph Station on Cape very important during the American war—The old Lighthouse, and magnificent sea view from there—The Signal Tower—Fir breogach—Lough Errul; habits and manners of the people—Cape Clear, a miniature kingdom, an "Imperium in Imperio" down to A. D. 1700—Cruathan O'Karevaun (O'Driscoll), the celebrated giant—Agriculture of the island, &c., &c.

THE celebrated chieftain, Sir Fineen (Florence) O'Driscoll, who furnishes the subject of the present sketch, occupied a very prominent position in Irish affairs during the close of the 16th century. Descended in a direct line from Ith—paternal uncle of Milidh, or Milesius of Spain—his ancestors had possessed, from a very remote period until the 12th century, all the extensive tract of country stretching along the sea coast from Kinsale harbour to the Kenmare river. Encroachments of hostile tribes and the Anglo-Norman invasion had absorbed, in the time of Sir Fineen, the greater portion of the ancestral domains; still, however, he possessed rich territories in Baltimore, Cape Clear, and Sherkin, from which he derived a considerable income, and also the adjoining lands in Kilcoe, Creagh, Aughadown, &c. Sir Fineen had been always considered a most loyal subject until the time of the Spanish Invasion, when, in conjunction with O'Neill, O'Donnell, and O'Sullivan, he revolted and delivered up

his castles of Dunashead and Dunnalong to the Spaniards. The result proved disastrous to his worldly interest, as not alone did he suffer severe reverses himself, but with him terminated the long and ancient pedigree of the O'Driscoll chieftains of Corca Laidhe.

Sir Fineen was of royal descent, and one of his ancestors, in the 3rd century, before the Christian Era (A. C. 222), Lughaid Mac Con, was monarch of all Ireland, and—if we are to believe history—a man of great renown and ability. From Mac-Con, according to Collins, were descended O'Driscoll, O'Flynn of "Arda,"* O'Cobthaig, O'Leary, &c., the Mac Allens of Scotland, and the Campbells, who are still called in the "Erse Clana" Mhic Cuin or the posterity of Mac Con. Strange to say, even after such a lapse of time—almost two thousand years—Mac Con is still retained in Cape Clear as the Christian name of some of the inhabitants, who also adopt the name of Kieran as a prefix to O'Driscoll, a fact which proves the historical connection of both names with the locality, and the traditionary renown of the two great stars of the O'Driscoll tribe—the one a powerful monarch, the Achilles of the race, and the other the patron saint of the island, *Primarius Hiberniæ Sanctorum.*

In the "Annals of the Four Masters," and those of "Innisfallen," notices of the O'Driscolls (O'Eidrisceoil, which means Interpreter) are very frequent. Mac Con and Fineen appear to be the favorite names amongst the chieftains, who seem to have been continually engaged in petty warfare from the earliest times, especially with the Waterford people, a rivalry which

* *The Castle of Arda,* situated midway between Lough Hyne and Baltimore was inhabited formerly by the chief of this family (O'Donovan).

must have sprung up principally owing to the fisheries along the coast, and the important trade with Spain, which gave rise to conflicting interests. A. D. 1585, Sir Florence (Fineen) O'Driscoll attended a Parliament assembled in Dublin, and there so far conformed to English customs as to take his land by letter patent from Queen Elizabeth. The former custom was that the chieftain of Corca Laidhe, when inaugurated into the chieftaincy in solemn conclave of the tribe, received as an emblem of authority and unbiassed rectitude a white rod from Mac Carthy Reagh, Prince of Carbery, and was afterwards obeyed and styled as The O'Driscoll, Lord of the Countie of Collymore.

Sir Fineen was the first to yield allegiance, and remained as already stated true to his professions until the Spanish Invasion in 1601, when he admitted Spaniards into his castles of Dunashead, Baltimore, and Dunelong, Sherkin, and received money and ammunition from the same source. Sir Fineen, notwithstanding his having joined the Spaniards, was shortly after pardoned, and received into favour by the Government, as in the "*Pacata Hibernia*," by Carew, is mentioned in the instructions to the Earl of Thomond, from the Lord Deputy: "The former is desired to afford all kind and mild usage to those that are in subjection, or lately protected," including O'Driscoll amongst the number.

Smith relates that, in order to ingratiate himself with Queen Elizabeth, O'Driscoll supplied an English fleet, which was becalmed off Baltimore for a considerable time, with fresh provisions, and entertained all the captains and other officers at his castles with princely hospitality. So lavish was his munificence on this occasion that he actually flooded the town-well with wine, and threw handfuls of money into

it, to divert the company, and enrich the crew. From this circumstance this particular well in Baltimore still retains the name of Tobar-an-arigid (the well of the money.) Indeed, it seems from all accounts, that Sir Fineen and his ancestors were very wealthy, deriving a very large income from the various royalties, duties, and other customs, besides the fisheries along the coast, an occasional raid on the Waterford merchants, and a fair share of smuggling with Spain, a practice not uncommon in the days gone by.

In a copy of the inquisition taken in Rosscarbery, in the year 1608, all the various lordships, royalties, rents, and dues are detailed, and the boundaries strictly defined of the country or cantred of Collymore, *alias* called O'Driscoll's country. It contained 65 ploughlands—39½ on the mainland, and 25½ in the islands, which shows how much reduced in size were the territories of the O'Driscolls at this period. The names of their castles would also indicate the flourishing and prosperous condition of the occupants, viz.—Dun-na-Sead, where the English fleet was entertained, which means the castle of the jewels, and Dun-an-ore, in Cape Clear, the golden fort.

The Queen, on being informed of O'Driscoll's liberality to the fleet, pardoned his joining the Spaniards, and sent for him to Court; but, before his arrival, her Majesty died, and during his absence in England, Smith tells us "the great part of his possessions were intruded into by Sir Walter Coppinger, which caused this ancient family to fall into decay." Walter Coppinger, of Cloughane, gent., had, on previous occasions, been an arbitrator in deciding a dispute regarding landed property between Sir Fineen and a near relative of his, named Fynine Karragh. Ac-

cording to O'Donovan, Sir Fineen let Baltimore and the entire of the Collymore territory to Sir Thomas Crooke (one of the undertakers, who planted a colony in Baltimore) for twenty-one years, for a fine of £2,000 sterling, and he thus probably laid the foundation of a forfeiture." Crooke procured a charter of incorporation from James I., A. D. 1613, and was the first M. P. for Baltimore, in which capacity he took a prominent position in the Parliamentary debates in Dublin at that period.

After his death, and before the lease had expired, Coppinger prosecuted his title, a very doubtful one it must have been, and got, by reference, an order out of Chancery against the heirs of O'Driscoll. The Sovereign, or Mayor of Baltimore, the Burgesses, and the inhabitants, with the heir of Sir Fineen, petitioned Government, and stated their grievances at full length. Coppinger, in the meantime, after the justices had issued a commission to Sir William Hull, Mr. Henry Becher, and Mr. Barham to examine into the case, made a private contract with Becher, and granted him a lease of the whole. Another complaint followed from the Baltimore Sovereign. Coppinger was summoned, and confined to Dublin Castle for contempt of court, and Becher, although one of the commissioners, was considered equally culpable. Fortunately for Becher, however, he had as a particular friend, the celebrated Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, who gave him salutary advice, and also fixity of tenure, regarding the fisheries, with the admonition that they might all go peacably home and abide by the decision.—(See Smith.)

Other claimants appeared soon after in the wake of the Sovereign of Baltimore, Coppinger, and

Becher, on the 20th of June, 1631—and much more unscrupulous in their dealings were they than either Sir Fineen's ancestors, or even the undertakers of the 16th century—these were the Algerine pirates, whose famous sack of Baltimore is so familiar to all. The well-known lines of Moore, slightly altered, will apply well to this occurrence:—

> "The colonists kicked up a deuce of a clatter,
> And quarrelled and fought about meum and tuum,
> The Algerines came and decided the matter,
> By kindly converting it all into suum."

Sir Fineen, as we mentioned already, died in England early in the 17th century. His wife was Eileen (Ellen), daughter of Sir Owen Mac Carthy Reagh, Prince of Carbery. Ellen, her mother, was daughter of Dermott O'Callaghan; her grandmother was Eleanor Fitzgerald, daughter of Gerald, 8th Earl of Kildare. His son, Cornelius, was a captain in the Archduke's country, and his grandson, who was an ensign in the Spanish navy, was killed during an engagement with the Turks in the Mediterranean. Shortly after Sir Fineen's death the senior branch of the O'Driscolls became extinct in Ireland, and the majority of his relatives emigrated to Spain, the *solum natale* of their ancestors.

Another distinguished branch of the family were the O'Driscolls of Castlehaven. Donogh O'Driscoll, who resided there, delivered up his castle to the Spaniards in 1601, previous to the naval engagement in the harbour. One of this family was colonel of a regiment in the army of James II., and Governor of Ringroan Castle, Kinsale, which he bravely defended against the renowned Earl of Marlborough. During the attack on the castle three barrels of

powder accidentally took fire at the gate, and blew it up with about forty soldiers, and finally, after a most heroic resistance, O'Driscoll and 200 of the garrison being killed, the rest surrendered upon quarter. Abroad many scions of the race distinguished themselves in a military capacity. The Sieur Corneille O'Driscoll during the war of the succession was a distinguished officer in Spain, in 1707 and 1708, and Lieut-colonel to the dragoon regiment of the famous Count Daniel O'Mahoni.

A very interesting account, written specially for the late Dr. O'Donovan, by Rickard O'Donovan, Esq., Cork, Clerk of the Crown, is included in the appendix to a work by the former, styled the "Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," to which we refer those who are anxious to learn all minute particulars concerning the O'Driscoll history and pedigree. It appears that the substantial though ugly-looking square building near the river at Oldcourt, which latter place derives its name from this structure, was formerly called Creagh Court, and occupied by Denis O'Driscoll in the beginning of the 18th century. One of his descendants living in Charlestown, America, is supposed to be the senior representative of this family. William Hy O'Driscoll, of Stoke, Plymouth, is said to be really the last lineal descendant of the senior branch of the O'Driscolls in the British Isles. The Mount Musick branch of the O'Driscolls, to whom the late Captain Alexander O'Driscoll belonged, so celebrated in Carbery forty years ago, were descended from Florence O'Driscoll of Ballyisland (son of Colonel Cornelius, son of Donoogh), who was born in 1677, and married in 1706 the daughter of O'Donovan, &c.

Close to South Harbour on the eastern side, the

telegraph station, at present a complete ruin, is a prominent object. During the American war between the North and South it was a place of considerable importance and a centre of attraction, the first spot in the Old World from which the news of the stormy events in America was telegraphed for the information of millions. A small steamer chartered by Government was placed at the disposal of the telegraph officials, and her occasional presence in South Harbour was an interesting novelty never witnessed on previous occasions.

When the transatlantic steamers from New York approached the island, freighted with news and despatches of such momentous importance, a scene of a most exciting nature could be witnessed near the beach; rival crews of hardy islanders launching their boats, with incredible speed and a keen eye to business, and stimulated to great exertions, as a golden prize was in view—a sovereign being the reward on each occasion for the boat's crew who were first to reach the packet. The mails were thrown overboard in a buoyant waterproof case, picked up quickly, conveyed on shore, and all important telegrams without further delay, sent with lightning speed to London.

A submarine cable connected the telegraph station with the wires on the mainland passing from Cape to Sherkin, and from the Abbey Strand on the latter island across the harbour to Baltimore and so on to Skibbereen, Cork, Dublin, and London. But now-a-days the shrill whistle of the steam pipe is no longer heard in the South Harbour—the Telegraph House is crumbling to decay, the submarine cable is a broken link of the past, and no busy official, seated at his solitary desk near the melancholy ocean in this remote little office—not much larger

than the tub of Diogenes—electrifies the world with his telegrams about the battles, sieges, victories, and defeats which were being enacted in the Great Republic of the West. "Othello's occupation's gone."

A short distance westward along the coast brings us to the summit of the highest cliff in the island (Foile Cahill), and here, at an elevation of 480 feet above the sea, a lighthouse was formerly erected by the Corporation for Improving the Port of Dublin. It exhibited a bright revolving light of 21 lamps, of which seven became visible every two minutes. In clear weather the light was seen from all points out to sea at a distance of 28 nautical miles. Unfortunately, however, in foggy weather, owing to the high elevation, the light was greatly obscured by cloud and mist, rendering this very indispensable lighthouse for the time being comparatively useless to ships approaching the land. Consequently the place was condemned, the lantern removed, and the present lighthouse—the most important on the Irish coast—erected, about five miles from Cape, on the celebrated Fastnett Rock, which looks in the distance like the culminating point of a submerged mountain, and on which rock, in former times, many a shipwreck took place.

The old lighthouse was constructed with great care, and no expense appears to have been spared: the building materials were solely stone and iron. The floors and spiral staircase are composed of granite brought specially from Dublin. The pyramidal and circular blocks of granite in each floor are so carefully and evenly adjusted, as to resemble a Mosaic pavement. Iron girders, and stanchions support, and give wonderful strength to the walls and lofts. On

the lower story are rents visible in the walls caused by lightning.

Having reached the upper end of the staircase, we ascend through a trap-door to the flat roof or platform, which formerly supported the lantern, before it was removed to the Fastnett Lighthouse. Here, elevated at a height of nearly 500 feet above the sea level, we obtain a panoramic view of land and ocean which is truly magnificent and sublime, when there is no haze on the sea or clouds in the sky to mar the beauty of the scene.

I have observed it on a beautiful day in the autumn: not a sound could be heard, but the rippling of the tide against the base of the cliffs; the ocean, far as the eye could reach, calm, without a wave, and shining like a mirror; the bright azure of the sky overhead undimmed by a single cloud. To the south the Fastnett (Carrigeena), a solitary-looking rock, jutting above the surface of the sea, crowned on its pinnacle by the lighthouse, which in the distance resembles a "round tower of other days;" the sombre colours of the rock relieved by the reflected light of the sun, playing around its circumference like a silver circle in the waters, a dark picture in a beauteous frame.

Inland the scenery is wild and picturesque. In the far west we descry the Kerry mountains—the famous Mangerton, and the serried outlines of Magillicuddy's Reeks, and the bold, bluff promontories which, stretching far away to the south-west, brave the furies of the Atlantic. To the east we observe the Galley Head, with its nearly-finished lighthouse, a welcome object in the future will it prove to the "toilers of the deep." When the sun is setting behind the mountains the beauteous tints

of the sky "varium et mutabile semper," rivalling those of the rainbow—

> "Brought forth in purple,
> Cradled in vermillion,"

produce an effect rarely surpassed by any region of the earth.

A Signal Tower was erected close to where the lighthouse stands immediately after the arrival of the French in Bantry Bay. In appearance it presents the character of a fortress, and was evidently intended, judging from its architecture, to serve for military purposes, as well as for signalling. Shortly after its erection a violent storm occurred, and owing to its exposed situation, the tower was rocked and shaken so much by the wind, that the lieutenant in command and his little garrison were tempted strongly to desert the building for fear of being buried under the ruins. In connection with the Signal Tower I must refer to the Fir Bregach (False men, *Anglicé*). These were long, upright stones, which were firmly imbedded in the ground, and occupied a prominent position at the south-west end of the island, close to the high cliffs which overhang the sea. In order to scare away any hostile force, which might have been tempted to invade the island, the very ingenious "ruse de guerre" was adopted of clothing these inanimate bodies, each with a suit of scarlet uniform, so that when observed from the sea they might be mistaken for a company of soldiers on the alert. They were placed in a position which they have maintained undisturbed for the last eighty years, having been planted about the same time the Signal Tower was erected. There can be no doubt but the "Fir Bregach," although they

might not be very active in repelling an invasion, have proved most faithful sentries, so far as not abandoning their post.

There are some fresh-water lakes in the south-west end of the island, and one of them, in particular, is deserving of notice; it is called Lough Erral, and is nearly a mile in circumference. Its surrounding shores are barren, and as devoid of vegetation as its waters are of fish, reminding us somewhat of—

> "That lake whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never warbles o'er."

The water possesses cleansing properties to a remarkable degree; this is owing to the very large quantity of subcarbonate of soda which it holds in solution, as proved by analysis made as far back as 1775, by Dr. Rutty, of Dublin, an eminent chemist of that period. The saponaceous qualities of the water are so strong that if a cask, in which oil has been kept, is placed in the lake for a few days, the cask, when taken out, is perfectly clean, and free from all traces of oil. The islanders formerly, when flax used to be grown on the island, extensively utilized the water of Lough Erral for purifying and whitening their linen yarns, which thereby acquired a very perfect quality and superior character. The coarse friezes which they also manufactured were submitted to a similar cleansing process. Townsend, in his "Statistical Survey of the County Cork," describing the rude process of tucking, which the female portion of the community were obliged to adopt, there being no tucking-mill on the island, as there is no stream capable of turning a wheel, says:—"The business of the field or the fishery engrossing the attention of the men, the operation of tucking

has devolved on their fair associates, who perform it in the following manner: Upon a square hurdle, to keep the cloth from the dirt of the ground, eight women take their seats, four opposed to four, at such a distance as that the extended legs of one set just reach the drawn up feet of the other. The frieze placed between is pushed alternately by each party with as much force as they can exert against the feet of the other until, by frequent repetition of this laborious process, the piece is sufficiently tucked."

The sheep on Cape were formerly a peculiar variety, small in size, the flesh very delicate in flavour; they had long, depending, twisted horns; the wool was exceedingly fine, a fact attributed to the nature of the pasturage near the sea. The houses, or rather cabins, have the straw thatching, which is roughly laid on, covered with an interwoven network of straw ropes (soogauns), tightly drawn across. To the free ends which hang over the eaves, either large stones are attached, or they are twisted securely around bolts, firmly imbedded in the walls. This contrivance is absolutely necessary to prevent the roofs being blown away by the fierce gales which prevail during the winter months.

As the soil, except on the north side of the island, is poor, shallow, and unproductive, covered with heath and furze and stone walls in abundance, the hardy natives, in order to procure a livelihood, must depend in a great measure on the prosperity of the fisheries and the success of their pilotage. They cannot now, as in the good old times, supplement their ordinary mode of subsistence by a little smuggling on the sly, the landing of an occasional contraband cargo, and the appropriation of the stray waifs of the ocean, the Flotsam and Jetsam of the

deep, which either attracted their attention out to sea or were cast up on the beach from some ship-wrecked vessel. However, if such was the general custom in former times, no men ought to be better excused for having followed the example of their neighbours than the poor islanders, so little blessed with the gifts of fortune. The soil on the north side of the island is fertile and productive, and good crops of potatoes, oats, and barley are raised annually, the land being well manured with seaweed and sand, and even sometimes, as a substitute for guano, they top-dress the potato gardens with layers of mussels—a shell-fish abundant along the coast.

On the south side, except the little patches between the rocks, the land, owing to its exposed position, is barren in its nature, and raises little except crops of stones, acres of heath and furze, &c. The inhabitants are very industrious, and are so attached to their island home, that Lawson remarks, "they consider it the first gem of the sea," notwithstanding, as he says in another place, "the surveillance of coastguards and revenue officers, who neither allow them to traffic with homeward bound vessels, as in the days of their forefathers, nor to hold intercourse with contraband traders from the coasts of France and Holland, nor to manufacture their own whiskey." He also naively states: "On the island is a Roman Catholic chapel, having a resident incumbent, and, certainly, this worthy man must be the most extraordinary of mortals if he is content with his lot."

Amongst the fauna of the island, rabbits are the most abundant, as they literally swarm over the south-west side. The peculiar horned sheep, now almost extinct, and a small breed of cattle, were formerly numerous on the island. There are no

hares to be seen, or even frogs. Near the north end of the island, a pillar-stone (Gallaun) may be observed, standing as a prominent object, about four feet high. In the centre there is a circular aperture; there is an ancient tradition connected with it. In former times this was a trysting-stone where lovers met to plight their troth, and as no jeweller flourished on the island, and engagement rings were not to be obtained, they adopted the custom of plighting their troth by shaking hands through the aperture. The mutual vows of fidelity made on such occasions were scrupulously observed. A certain odour of sanctity was attached to the Gallaun as being a venerable relic connected in some way or another with the worship of the Druids. The custom, like many others, such as bonfires, &c, was tinged with a colouring of a pagan age. The inhabitants at present, however, are too enlightened to follow in the footsteps of their ancestors so far as the pillar-stone and the ancient rite attached are concerned.

The natives of Cape Clear are distinct in a great measure from the inhabitants of the mainland; they have remained from time immemorial as a separate colony, always intermarrying amongst themselves; so that we must regard them as amongst the most typical specimens at the present day of the old Milesian race. The name of nearly all the islanders is O'Driscoll or Cadogan, the latter being only a sobriquet for the former. Baltimore and Cape were originally the stronghold of this family, the principal chieftain, O'Driscoll More, residing in Baltimore. There can be no doubt but that they were the aboriginal race residing along the sea-coast of Carbery. The isolated position of the island, and its difficulty of approach, have kept the population in a comparatively antique

state and distinct condition during the lapse of centuries, so far as nationality and descent. Irish is still the language spoken by nearly all. In features and complexion they bear a strong resemblance to the Spanish race in the Basque provinces and Gallicia in the north of Spain, from which provinces, their progenitors migrated to Carbery, and with which country they always preserved a close communication down to the 17th century.

Until the year 1710 Cape was a sort of established monarchy, an "*Imperium in Imperio,*" and an O'Driscoll—the head of the clan—was always styled "King of the Island." They had a code of laws handed down by tradition from father to son, and as strictly obeyed and rigorously administered as if they had been drawn up by a Solon or Justinian. The majority have now become obsolete, not only in practice, but even in name. The general punishment was by fine, unless some grave offence was committed, and then the delinquent was banished for ever to the mainland, which was looked upon as a sentence worse even than death.

The climate is remarkably healthy, not more so in the world, as evidenced by the longevity of the inhabitants, their stalwart frames, healthy appearance, trivial mortality, and freedom from disease. They are a quiet, peaceable, and industrious people, and possess greater gravity of manner, more ponderous bodies, and are built in a larger mould than the more vivacious and excitable race residing on the mainland. Some of the O'Driscolls were men of wonderful stature.

A celebrated giant lived here about a century ago. He was named Cruathur O'Careavaun (Cornelius O'Driscoll). He was eight feet high, stout in

proportion, and a man of incredible strength. Many strange stories are related about him, amongst others, on an occasion when a whole ship's company in Cork harbour failed to weigh a ship's anchor, even with the assistance of a windlass, the giant, unaided, by the strength of his arms, raised it easily, to the great amazement of the spectators. (*Credat Judaeus Appella!*) A short time before his death, he retired, in hermit style, to Dunanore Castle, where he died. His shin bone used to be exhibited as a curiosity, but is bone-dust now. Some of his grandchildren still live on the island; and many of the natives, even at present, by their large stature and great strength of body, uphold the credit and tradition of their ancestors having been a race of giants such as we never witness in this degenerate age.

The grave where the giant was buried is still pointed out near Trakeiran, within the precincts of Kilkieran burial ground. It is about $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, with a rude uninscribed headstone. Popular tradition, and the exceptionally large dimensions of the grave identify the locality.

A coastguard station was formerly established close to South Harbour, but it has not been occupied for many years.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Skeams, Lough Hyne—The rapids, lake, surrounding mountains, said by geologists to be the result of volcanic action—Scenery in the neighbourhood—Poem on Lough Hyne—Legend about the old castle—Labhra Longseach—Bill Barrett's midnight visit in search of the golden treasure, hidden beneath the castle—Saint Bridget's chapel and well—Pillar stone and sculptured cross—Story connected with them—View from the adjoining eminence.

To the west of Hare Island, formerly called Innisdriscoll, lie the Skeams (islands of St. Keam), which are close to the entrance of Whitehall or Rincolisky bay. There are two islands of this name, the western one being the smaller of the two. Situated upon it were the ruins of an ancient chapel, erected in honour and to the memory of St. Keam, who is said to have lived in the 5th century. This St. Keam was related to St. Kieran, the patron saint of Cape. Here, in former times, numerous interments used to be made, persons on the mainland bringing the remains of their deceased relatives to the island that they might be buried in the sacred precincts of the old chapel, over which the memory of St. Keam had thrown so great a halo. A few years ago, by the undermining action of the sea, a portion of the cliff, near the site of the old chapel, was detached from the mainland, and the soil being broken up to a considerable depth at the same time, exposed to view numerous skulls and other bones of persons, the period of whose interment is unknown.

Between Baltimore and Castlehaven, about four

miles to the west of the latter place, is situated one of the most beautiful inlets of the sea along our coast, Lough Hyne, which, from the singularity of its formation, and the isolated picturesqueness of its scenery, has always excited the admiration and wonder of visitors and tourists. Approaching Lough Hyne from the sea, we first of all pass through a narrow creek, hemmed in on either side by craggy cliffs, whose barren sides are almost totally destitute of vegetation. This creek expands slightly close to its entrance into the Lough, so as to form a small bay called Barlogue, at the west side, near which on the rising ground is situated the pretty, snug, and neat little coastguard station of Barlogue.* The sandy bottom of this creek, which is covered with different specimens of seaweed, in former years produced beds of diminutive oysters, with semi-transparent shells, and fish within, so delicate and insinuating in its flavour as to delight the palates of the greatest epicures that ever lived since the days of Lucullus. I am sorry to say that these welcome tenants have almost entirely deserted their former abodes, for reasons best known to themselves, and are rarely seen now-a-days.

To observe the narrow strait which joins Lough Hyne to the sea to advantage, the visitor should pass through it in a boat on a fine moonlight evening, when he may imagine that he is rowing through a chain of small lakes, the channel alternately widening and contracting, and the high, rocky, and desolate-looking cliffs on either side being reflected in the water—the whole producing a much more agreeable

* This coastguard station was removed a few years ago to a neighbouring bay called Ballyally, or Trá le Mo, close to Lough Hyne—a solitary and secluded spot.

effect than when seen by daylight. Where the waters of the creek join those of the lake, is a narrow entrance, through which, at the ebb-tide, the waters of the lake rush at considerable speed, boiling, bounding, and bubbling, against a stony, shelving bottom, and forming a sort of waterfall, familiarly known as "the Rapids," over which, at full tide, the water is comparatively still, being then on a level with that of the lake. One of the chief amusements for the visitors to Lough Hyne is the shooting of the Rapids at the ebb tide. This is accomplished in a strong boat, steered by an oar. Having approached the mouth of the lake, the boat is suddenly whisked into the rushing tide, and makes its descent into the smoother waters of the creek at railway speed, causing the occupants much the same sensation as a novice in horse-riding experiences when going over a high jump on a spirited steed. Woe betide the unlucky sight-seers, especially if they be of the fairer sex, should the boat come "broadside on," as sailors term it, during her trip down the Rapids, as she would be, most probably, capsized, or swamped, and all her valuable cargo left floundering in the waves. There is no fear for them, however, as long as they trust the guidance of their boat to the steady hand and keen eye of the illustrious Bill Barrett, the most trustworthy and experienced boatman along the coast.

We must now enter the Lough itself, and make a few remarks on that most interesting locality. If we are to believe geologists, the planet we now inhabit, before it was fitted for the abode of mankind and assumed its present condition, was subjected, on a grand and extensive scale, to subterranean convulsions and volcanic eruptions, such as we witness in a minor degree at the present time in the vol-

canoes of Vesuvius and those along the western coast of South America. Earthquakes have also been, at all periods, prevalent along the American coast, especially within the last three years, when an earthquake unparalleled in modern or even ancient times devastated the greater part of Peru and Ecuador, destroying thousands of lives, annihilating millions of property, levelling to the dust ancient and extensive cities. More recently still, San Francisco has been visited by some severe shocks of earthquake, and even our own Emerald Isle has been reported to have vibrated slightly under the effects of one.

However, to return to our subject, after this wandering excursion: it is supposed by geologists that Lough Hyne owed its existence to one of these subterranean commotions, or volcanic eruptions, and the reasons assigned are the following, viz.—that it would first of all be highly improbable so deep a bed (25 to 30 fathoms in some places) could be excavated by the streams which enter the lake, or that the action of the sea in so completely land-locked a place, would be sufficient to accomplish such a state of things. The narrow communication with the sea, and the high, precipitous land surrounding the Lough, some of which land is of a volcanic formation, are all in favour of this theory, viz., that in former ages, some antediluvian period or other, I dare say; what now forms the bottom of the lake was elevated ground, and that this suddenly subsided during an earthquake, the sea at the same time running in through a narrow chasm, which opened out between the rocks towards the coast, filled up the vacuum so formed, and called into existence a lake which we now call Lough Hyne (Irish "*Loch-dhoimhin*," deep lake).—*Joyce.*

One of the most striking features in the scenery about Lough Hyne is the high and solitary mountain, which rises close to the water's edge at the west side of the lake. This mountain is called in Irish "Knock Camach," pronounced *couma* (the crooked hill), or, more familiarly, The Soldier's Hill. It is related that, a good many years ago, an adventurous soldier endeavoured to rob a hawk's nest, situated on a high, projecting rock on the summit of the mountain, and that, having missed his footing, he fell down the precipice and was killed, and thus originated the name of The Soldier's Hill. The best view of Lough Hyne may be obtained from Knock Caima at its south side. The visitor passes along a winding path, the mountains at either side being thickly wooded, and after a short and easy ascent comes to a place called "The Look-out," which consists of a projecting mound from the hill side, covered with a verdant sod, on which a person can recline at leisure.

From this "Look-out" the lover of scenery obtains a view, which even though limited in extent, is unsurpassed in the opinions of many by any portion of the far-famed Lakes of Killarney. Beneath lies the Lough, which is circular in shape, and about two miles in circumference. Near its mouth is situated a small island, close to the eastern shore, on which, until recently, the ruined walls of an old castle stood. It belonged to the O'Driscolls, and was intended to command and protect the entrance into the lake from the sea. It is about six years ago since the walls fell down, and at present only the foundation of this old castle is to be seen. Between the island and the western shore the lake in some places has been ascertained to be 30 fathoms in depth. Smith

says that seals breed in the lake, but I believe this is not an established fact.

To a person observing the lake from "The Look-out" there does not appear to be any communication with the sea, as the island intercepts the view of the entrance. A neck of land stretching across from Barlogue towards the mainland at the opposite side, bounds Lough Ine on the south, and separates it from the sea, which can be observed distinctly to a considerable extent from Knock Caima. It is this circumstance which makes the scenery so picturesquely beautiful and singular, for whilst we gaze upon the placid waters of the quiet Lough, scarcely rippled by a breeze, and admire the surrounding hills and rocks, which seem fashioned by nature to please the eye, we at the same time get a view of the wide Atlantic in the foreground, which perhaps is covered with crested waves, roaring and dashing themselves into mist and spray against the neighbouring cliffs.

It is well worth the toil to ascend Knock Caima to its summit, for there we get a very extensive view of the sea coast stretching away towards the Mizen Head, which well repays our trouble in climbing the mountain's side. We see "Carbery's Hundred Isles" scattered along the coast, and in the distance, if the weather be fine and the atmosphere clear, we can observe—indistinctly, of course—the mountains of Kerry. The real beauty of the entire view should be seen and not described, in order to appreciate it as it deserves.

Intimately connected with the name of Lough Ine is the memory of a much-esteemed and deservedly-respected inhabitant of Skibbereen, the late D. M'Carthy, Esq., of Glencurragh, who built a most picturesquely-situated and graceful-looking villa

near the lake, where he lived for many years, and contributed greatly—so far as the art of man can contribute by planting, building, &c.—to increase the beauties of this charming spot. I cannot better conclude the present article, than by introducing a poem, written about twenty years ago, anonymously, by a visitor to Lough Ine,* who, in the choicest and most expressive language, paid the following very graceful tribute to the romantic beauty of this most interesting locality:—

LOUGH INE.

(A beautiful salt-water lake in the county of Cork, near Baltimore.)

I know a lake where the cool waves break,
And softly fall on the silver sand;
And no steps intrude on that solitude,
And no voice, save mine, disturbs the strand.

And a mountain bold, like a giant of old,
Turned to stone by some magic spell,
Uprears in might his misty height,
And his craggy sides are wooded well.

In the midst doth smile a little isle,
And its verdure shames the emerald's green;
On its grassy side, in ruined pride,
A castle of old is darkling seen.

On its lofty crest the wild bird's nest,
In its halls the sheep good shelter find;
And the ivy shades where a hundred blades
Were hung when the owner in sleep reclined.

That chieftain of old, could he now behold
His lordly tower a shepherd's pen,
His corse, long dead, from its narrow bed
With shame and anger would rise again.

'Tis sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays
Are cooling themselves in the trembling wave—
But 'tis sweeter far when the evening star
Shines like a tear at friendship's grave.

* The real name of the writer was FitzJames O'Brien, a solicitor, and native of the city of Cork.

There the hollow shells, through their wreathed cells,
Make music on the lonely shore,
As the summer breeze, through the distant trees,
Murmurs in fragrant breathings o'er.

And the sea-weed shines like the hidden mines
Of the fairy cities beneath the sea;
And the wave-washed stones are bright as the thrones
Of the ancient kings of Araby.

If it were my lot in that fairy spot
To live for ever and dream 'twere mine,
Courts might woo and kings pursue,
Ere I would leave thee, loved Lough Ine.

The following interesting legend is related concerning Lough Hyne, which I daresay has been often told in connection with other castles throughout Ireland. The narrator, Bill Barrett, the "genius loci" of Lough Hyne, boldly, however, asserts that this is the true and original seat where the hero of the tale resided, and I will accordingly relate as literally as possible his account of that famous hero of romance in Irish history, known as "Labhra Loingseach."

In the olden times a celebrated king, named Labhra Loingseach lived in Lough Hyne Castle, or some other building occupying the same site; he was a man of incredible strength, and ruled the surrounding country with despotic sway. He possessed some of the attributes which pagan writers confer upon Pan, and to complete his character, he had two ears of an ass on his head, like the celebrated Midas, king of Phrygia, which blemish the wicked old tyrant carefully concealed from the knowledge of his subjects, as he was very vain of his personal appearance, and greatly devoted to the fair sex.

It was Labhra's custom to have himself shaved once a week, and he compensated the barber on each

occasion by hanging him to a tree outside the castle, for fear he might, at an unguarded moment, divulge the secret about the ass's ears. On one occasion, however, the last of the barbers requested as a dying favour, before he was executed, that he might have a final interview with his mother. The request being granted, by way of revenge he whispered *sotto voce* to the ground (and very probably to his mother also) that Labhra had the ears of an ass.

The barber was hanged, but in due course of time a reed grew over the spot where the mysterious whisper was uttered. A passer-by on some occasion or other, one who had a musical taste, happened to cut the reed, and made a "jocaun" (a sort of penny whistle) of it: he essayed a tune upon the jocaun, but the only tune that it could play was—

"Dha cluais assail ar Labhra Loinseach."
"Two ears of an ass on Labhra Loinseach."

Immediately all the reeds in the lake, the trees in the woods, and even the stones in the fields, joined in one and the same universal chorus, and the lampooned Labhra was so overwhelmed with shame and confusion that he was obliged to fly the country, and was last observed driving a splendid carriage and four horses, with golden shoes and gold mounted harness, over the surface of the water near Barlogue; hence the name of the latter place (the top of the weeds).

In a remote corner of the castle, under a flagstone, a crock of gold is supposed to have been buried deep in the ground at some remote period: such is the tradition amongst the peasantry. Our informant, Bill Barrett, touchingly describes how, influenced by the desire of suddenly amassing a fortune, and with

full belief in the stories handed down from the old times, he approached the spot at midnight upon a certain occasion, armed with a spade and shovel.

It was a fine moonlight night. As he came near the exact locality where the golden store lay hidden, he observed sitting quietly on the flagstone a large black cat, with a very sinister expression of countenance, mewing and spitting in a most spiteful manner. Suddenly, to his surprise and horror, the cat was metamorphsed into a black dog as big as a cow, and every bark he gave made the waters of the lake terribly agitated and the surrounding mountains re-echo with a dismal sound, while at the same time Bill's body shook with terror, and, horror-stricken, he was riveted to the spot. Out of the dog's mouth and eyes issued long streams of unearthly fire, and the very walls of the castle vibrated and tottered as if they would bury poor adventurous Bill under the ruins. Like Æneas, in the "Æneid," he might have said, "Obstupui steteruntque comae et vox faucibus hæsit."

Suddenly the dog bounded at one jump from the castle into the lake, and the waves he raised were so high that they almost reached the sky, and nearly drowned the treasure-seeker.

Bill, as soon as he recovered from the "wakeness" that came over him, immediately cut his stick, and returned home "a wiser but a sadder man," almost dead with fright: he fell sick, and did not recover from the effects of his midnight rambles for three months; and all the wealth of the world, he says, would not induce him to revisit the castle at midnight. He still verily believes that the black cat was the departed spirit of Labhra Longseach, guarding the hidden treasure, and that the same cat can only be

shot by a steel bullet of some undiscovered shape; on which occasion there will be free access to the crock of gold. He also asserts (a strange coincidence) that shortly after the above-mentioned adventure the castle walls fell down, owing to the severe shaking they got from the jump of the dog into the lake.

In the foregoing legend we can clearly trace the great similarity between the stories related of Labhra Longseagh, by Keating and others, including Bill Barrett, and that of Midas, king of Phrygia, in works on heathen mythology, both as regards the golden treasures, and the ass's ears. It would seem as if the fabulous anecdote about Midas had been engrafted on the stock of Irish legendary lore, so close is the affinity between both; the name of the Irish hero of romance, Labhra, being merely substituted for the Asiatic king; all the other circumstances being nearly similar in their details—

"Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur."

It is not at all improbable that the Milesians or Phœnicians originally brought the legend with them from Asia Minor into Ireland, where it became adopted and naturalised—hence the permanence of the tradition related by the peasantry of the south, very few of whom were acquainted with the story of Midas and the ass's ears.

The readers of ancient classics are familiar with the amusing and interesting fable about Midas, king of Phrygia, in Asia Minor, how Bacchus for his hospitality to Silenus granted him his wish that everything he touched should be converted into gold. How afterwards his imprudent avarice was nearly the cause of starving him to death, and Bac-

chus, taking pity on him, allowed Midas to wash himself in the river Pactolus, whose sands were turned into gold, and the spell was broken. Subsequently the foolish Midas adjudged Pan to be a superior musician to Apollo, whereupon the latter was so indignant, that he changed his ears into those of an ass, to show his stupidity and ignorance of true melody. The story further relates how one of Midas's domestics, who used to cut his hair, whispered to a hole in the ground which he had dug that the king had the ears of an ass. At the completion of a year a number of reeds grew over the spot where the whisper had been made, "Sylvæ habent aures." The reeds when agitated by the wind revealed the secret, and uttered the same sounds as that which had been buried, "sub auras," viz., that Midas most undoubtedly had the ears of an ass. In "Ovid's Metamorphoses," Fab. v., Book xi., the story of Midas is very graphically and beautifully told.

On the south-west side of the lake, close to the Rapids, and in a secluded and sequestered nook, are the ruins of a small chapel called (Teampleen Breeda) dedicated to St. Brigid. It has all the appearances of being very ancient; the walls are of rough, unhewn stone, placed together without the use of mortar, whilst the miniature window of the chancel is a mere loophole. The dimensions are not more than 15 to 20 feet long, by 8 feet wide, and the enclosed area of the aisle is covered with rude headstones and flags, under which the mortal remains of a past generation lie interred. There is no road or pathway leading to the chapel, and the tradition is that the congregation came or stole to their devotions in boats up the creek from the neighbouring places, perhaps at times with fear and trembling.

We must presume that not a tithe of them could be accommodated within the walls.

Close to the little chapel, on a verdant knoll, may be seen a broken pillar-stone, supported between two headstones, with an ancient cross sculptured on it near the base. The tradition is that this pillar-stone was always looked upon by the people as a relic of sanctity, some saintly person being buried near the spot, or having engraved the cross upon the stone. However, on some distant occasion, an adventurous and fool-hardy coastguardsman determined to put the matter to the test; so he had the Gothic audacity to remove the relic to his own house during the night; next morning, however, it was in its original site again. Nothing daunted he again removed it, and dropped it into the centre of the lake; the following day the stone again resumed its former situation near the chapel. Enraged beyond measure, he vowed its destruction, and taking a sledge-hammer with him he made a most savage attack upon the unoffending object of his wrath; but, as "Bill Barrett" asserts in the most positive terms, although he broke the pillar stone in two, if he was hammering away until the day of judgment he could not injure that portion of the stone on which the cross was sculptured. The coastguardman immediately left the country, and was shortly after this occurrence drowned. Such is the popular version of the story in the neighbourhood of Lough Hyne.

A short but steep ascent from Teampleen-Breeda brings us to Tobar-Breeda, St. Brigid's Well—a small hollow in the solid rock—at the margin of which may be observed an impression in the rock said to be caused by St. Brigid's knees; which impression was kept up by the fact of nume-

rous devotees selecting the place as a suitable locality for prayer. This well in former times was much frequented on May Eve by pilgrims. From a neighbouring elevation we obtain a very charming view of Lough Hyne, calmly reposing in its sheltered bed, at the foot of the bold and picturesque Knock-Couma, and the solitary nook, where the ruins of the chapel are almost concealed from view by tangled briars and waving ferns; the creek, winding its undulating course to the sea, is on our right hand, whilst over the summit of an adjoining cliff we can get a bird's-eye view of the quaint-looking "Stags," surrounded by the deep and dark blue ocean.

CHAPTER IX.

Coast line from Lough Hyne to Castlehaven—Tithe riots—Naval engagement in Castletownsend Harbour, between the Spanish forces under Don Pedro de Zuibar and the English under Admiral Levison, on the 6th December, 1601—Battle of Kinsale—Departure of O'Donnell from Castlehaven for Spain—Mr. Froude's discovery about the real cause of O'Donnell's death—Interesting relic of the O'Donnells in the Royal Irish Academy—Remarkable Cathair and ruins of Clochan on Knockdromma Hill, near Castletownsend—Beautiful view from it, &c.

From Lough Hyne to Castlehaven the coast line presents a great variety of scenery, and a ride along the coast between both places affords some very fine sea views. The land is chiefly rocky and barren, interspersed here and there with verdant cultivated patches, the most prominent object being the promontory of Toe-head. Numerous small bays indent the land, and give a picturesque character to scenery which would be otherwise extremely wild. We notice the following inlets starting from Lough Hyne:—Tralispeen (the smooth strand), Tragomina (the strand of the oak tree), formerly called Fenniscove, Toe-head Bay, which runs in and forms Tralegoch. Here occurred the celebrated "Tithe Riots" in 1823, in which a Mr. Morrit prominently figured, and which were greatly instrumental in causing the abolition of that system of taxation throughout Ireland. The immediate cause of "The Riots" was the distraining of five sheep for a tithe of five shillings, which were bought afterwards by Mr Morrit under the distress for a shilling each. (See Moore's

"Memoirs of Captain Rock.") A collision took place between the police and people, attended with loss of life on both sides. After passing the bold, rocky, and precipitous promontory of Toe-head, we come to Sandycove, formerly called Torbay, near which is Traghcarta, and finally we enter the harbour of Castlehaven, which next commands our particular attention.

Castlehaven was anciently called Glanbarrahane, after St. Barrahane,* who was the patron saint of the place, and the ruins of the chapel, which was dedicated to him, may still be observed not far from the ancient castle, on the west side of the harbour, and situated near a deep, rocky glen, which, in conjunction with the name of the saint, has given origin to the name Glenbarrahane. As far back as the beginning of the 17th century we find it was styled Cuan-an-Chaislean by the Irish, Castlehaven by the English, and Porto Costello by the Spanish, all which terms have the same signification. We will imagine ourselves for a moment carried back to the early years of the 17th century, a period when the usually quiet waters of Castlehaven were the scene of busy strife and contention, and we will at once proceed to discuss the interesting and stirring events which made Castlehaven a memorable and important place even at that remote time.

Those who are conversant with Irish History will remember that in the year 1601, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when Tyrone and O'Donnell in the north, and the Earl of Desmond in the south, had raised the standard of revolt, a large force of

* In some ancient Irish manuscripts St. Barrahane is mentioned as a prophet, one of his prophecies being that the Danes or Esterlings would invade Ireland.

Spaniards, amounting to 5,000 men, landed in Kinsale, on the 23rd September, under the command of Don Juan d'Aquila, in order to assist the Irish chieftains, who had been anxiously awaiting for some months back this welcome addition to their forces. The Spaniards seized on Kinsale and Rincorran, a castle on the opposite side of the harbour, but were soon closely besieged by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy and the Lord President Sir George Carew.

On the 28th November, 1601, a reinforcement of six Spanish ships, with 2,000 men on board, and stores, ordnance, and ammunition in abundance, arrived in Castlehaven, under the command of Don Pedro de Zuibar, upon which occurrence all the country from Kinsale westward declared for the Spaniards. Donough O'Driscoll, who was Lord of Castlehaven at the time, delivered up his castle to them, and his example was followed by the chieftains in Baltimore, Bearhaven, &c., to whom presents and munitions of war were sent by the Spanish commander, and titles and posts of command bestowed upon them. When news reached Kinsale that the Spaniards had landed in Castlehaven, Admiral Levison, who was in command of the naval squadron in the former place, immediately sailed out of the harbour, and proceeded to Castlehaven, where he arrived on the 6th December, 1601, and attacked the Spanish Admiral. During the engagement he drove the ships of the Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and two others on shore, but having gone aground himself, owing to contrary winds, he lay exposed for twenty-four hours, to a battery, which had been erected by the Spaniards, on shore. During this time he received 300 shot in his masts, hull and rigging, but, the wind taking a favourable change, he warped

his vessel out of the harbour, and returned to Kinsale in a very shattered condition.

In the meantime O'Donnell, who was on his way from the north to relieve the Spaniards, by a series of rapid marches and counter-marches, managed to evade the Lord President's army, and taking a circuitous route joined the Spaniards at Castlehaven, and then marched towards Kinsale, and combined his forces with those of Tyrone and Tyrrell, with whom he held a council of war. On the 23rd December, 1601, the battle of Kinsale took place, between the English forces, under Lord Mountjoy, on the one side, and the Spanish and Irish army, under Tyrone, O'Donnell, and Tyrrell on the other, ending in the total defeat of the latter, who left 1,200 dead on the field. A day or two after this, fresh supplies arrived at Castlehaven from Spain, but, having heard the news of the fall of Kinsale, they returned to Spain on the 6th January, 1602, taking with them O'Donnell, Redmund, Burke, &c.

On the 2nd January, 1602, Don Juan d'Aquila, the Spanish commander, surrendered Kinsale to the English. The terms of capitulation were as follows:—"That the Spaniards should evacuate Kinsale, Baltimore, Castlehaven, and Bearhaven, that they should have liberty to carry into Spain all their arms, ammunition, treasure, &c., and that they should be provided with shipping and victuals to transport them if they paid for the same."

Of the Irish chieftains who accompanied the Spaniards on their departure from Castlehaven, by far the most illustrious was Hugh Roe O'Donnell (Red Hugh O'Donnell), Lord of Tyrconnell. We refer those who would wish to study the early life, adventures, exploits, and checkered career of this

renowned chieftain, to the "Annals of the Four Masters," and the "Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen," by James Wills, A. M., M. R. I. A.; at the same time we feel inclined to diverge somewhat from the direct line of narrative, whilst following the fortunes of O'Donnell into Spain, and take a glance at the closing scenes in the life of this indomitable warrior. In the words of the historian: "On the 6th day of the month of January, 1602, O'Donnell, with his heroes, took shipping at Cuan-an-Caslain (Castlehaven), and the breath of the first wind that rose wafted them over the boisterous ocean." They landed on the 14th of the same month in the harbour near Corunna, a celebrated city in the province of Gallicia, in Spain. This city has been made more memorable still in modern times by the battle fought in its neighbourhood, between the French and English, in January, 1809, when the renowned general Sir John Moore was mortally wounded.

Near Corunna was situated the tower of Breogan, built in former times by Breogan, the grandfather of Milesius. It was from this place the Milesians had set out, according to tradition, on their expedition to Ireland, where they conquered the Tuatha de Danaans, 1300 years before the Christian era. O'Donnell looked upon this as an omen of success, having landed in the country of his ancestors. He was received with great honour by the Earl of Caraceno, a powerful Spanish nobleman, who presented him with a thousand ducats (a very respectable present at the time), and conducted him with great state to Zamora, in Castile, where the king of Spain, Philip III., was then residing. O'Donnell was well received by Philip, who granted

him all the requests he made, and promised to fit out another expedition for Ireland in his favour. The king desired him to return to Corunna, and await there until the expedition was ready for departure. In the meantime news reached Spain of the capture of Dunboy, and the overthrow of the Irish leaders in Munster.

For eight or nine months O'Donnell remained at Corunna, daily expecting to hear from the king, but Philip had either forgotten his promise, or failed to fulfil it, thinking the chances of success remote and improbable. The restless and energetic soul of O'Donnell could no longer brook delay; he set out for Vallodolid, where the king was holding court at the time, but he did not live to reach the end of his journey; he fell ill at Simancas, about two miles from Vallodolid, and died there on the 20th September, 1602, in the 29th year of his age, nine months after his arrival in Spain. His body was conveyed to the king's palace, in Vallodolid, in a four-wheeled hearse, surrounded by all the great officers of state, and he was interred in the monastery of St. Francis, in the Chapter, with great pomp and ceremony.

One of the most interesting relics in the Royal Irish Academy is the ancient casket which contains a fragment of a copy of the Psalms written by St. Columbkille. The casket consists of three cases, the outer one of which is of solid silver, beautifully designed, and studded over with precious gems. The enclosed manuscript, which is thirteen centuries old, was styled, "The Cathach or Battle Book of the O'Donnells," and was carried in the van by them when going into battle. There was a prophecy current that as long as "The Cathach" remained uncaptured the O'Donnells could not sustain defeat.

O'Donnell's biographer, who was also his secretary and constant companion, gives the following quaint description of his character:—

"Hugh Roe O'Donnell, on the very first year of his government, was popular, familiar, joyous, progressive, attentive, devastating, invasive, and destructive; and in these qualities he continued to increase every year to the end of his days." In the "Annals of the Four Masters," the writer, when referring to his death, breaks forth in a most mournful strain, and passes a warm and eloquent eulogium on the virtues and warlike qualities of the renowned Hugh. Father Mooney, the Franciscan, who was contemporary with O'Donnell, thus describes his personal appearance: "He was of middle height, ruddy, of comely grace, and beautiful to behold. His voice was like the clarion of a silver trumpet," &c.

Mr. Froude, that acute discoverer of the missing links of history, whilst poring over the ancient documents in the State Paper Office, detected an interesting manuscript, one of the "lettres de cachet" which formerly passed between Carew and Mountjoy, two leading actors in some of the tragedies of a bygone age. This historical skeleton, which had been lying concealed from the public gaze up to the present, beneath the accumulated dust of centuries, wrapt in mystery and buried in oblivion, Mr. Froude has brought to light and exposed in all its grim and unseemly proportions in his work entitled "The English in Ireland," from which I beg leave to quote the following extracts regarding the real truth of the sad, untimely, and tragic fate of the fearless Red Hugh.

Preliminary Discourse, page 63:—"Hugh O'Don-

nell, who had gone to Spain for help, died at the castle of Simancas, possibly by poison." Foot note—"On October 9th, 1602, Sir George Carew writes to Lord Mountjoy: 'O'Donnell is dead; the merchant that bringeth me the news I do trust, and I do think it will fall out he is poisoned by James Blake, of whom your lordship hath been formerly acquainted. At his coming into Spain he was suspected by O'Donnell, because he had embarked at Cork, but afterwards he insinuated his access, and O'Donnell is dead. He never told the President in what manner he would kill him, but did assure him it should be effected'" ("Calendar, 1602," pp. 350, 51, Froude). The foregoing story too truly verifies the old Latin aphorism: "Inter arma leges silent."

To return to Castlehaven. After the departure of the Spaniards and O'Donnell in 1602, Captain Roger Harvey, to whom a commission had been granted for the government of Carbery, by Lord Deputy Mountjoy, entered the harbour in command of the Royal forces, and took possession of Castlehaven on the 12th February, 1602. When the Spaniards had evacuated the castle, according to the treaty made at the capitulation of Kinsale, the O'Driscolls (the original owners), who looked upon themselves as the rightful heirs, took possession of the place, and when Harvey arrived the Spaniards were assaulting and undermining the castle in order to get it into their own hands again. The appearance of the English forces on the stage, however, altered the state of affairs; the O'Driscolls evacuated the castle immediately, delivering it up to the Spaniards, who had lost two soldiers during the assault, and they in their turn surrendered to Harvey, who took quiet possession of the castle. Never per-

haps was the old axiom so forcibly illustrated, that "Fortune is a fickle goddess," more especially in warlike affairs.

Castlehaven, after the departure of the O'Driscolls, became the property of the Audley family. George Touchet, Lord Audley, Governor of Utrecht, who had a command in the English army during the siege of Kinsale, and who was severely wounded during the battle which took place in its vicinity, was created first Earl of Castlehaven, in 1616, by letters patent in the time of James I. The title was enjoyed by this family until the year 1777, when it was abolished. In 1645 the castle was occupied by the Parliamentary forces, under the command of Captain William Salmon. At this period one of the most prominent men in the country was the Earl of Castlehaven, who was appointed by general consent commander-in-chief of the Irish Royalist forces.

Castletownsend, the original seat of the Townsend family in Ireland, was anciently called Sleugleigh (Smith), which was built originally by and belonged to the M'Carthys. The old castle, the ruins of which can be observed within the demesne, was attacked in the year 1690 by some of James the Second's troops, under the command of O'Driscoll. They were repulsed, and their commander slain; but shortly afterwards Mac Fineen O'Driscoll, with a force of 400 men, attacked the place, and compelled the garrison to surrender; subsequently Colonel Colliford attacked O'Driscoll, and retook the castle.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Castlehaven is picturesque and diversified in its character. It can be seen to most advantage in the autumn of the year, when the foliage of the trees has assumed a varying tint from green to russet brown, and when

all nature has put on a soft, rich, and mellow appearance. From the eminence on which Rahine Castle stands we obtain a charming panoramic view of Castlehaven harbour and the surrounding scenery. In the distance out to sea, facing the entrance of the harbour, those quaint, peculiar-looking rocks, "The Stags," open on our view, reminding one forcibly of the extensive ruins of an ancient tower or castle, or calling to mind at times the description we read in legendary tales of the "phantom ships at sea." The coast line on the west side of the harbour is broken in its continuity by several points of land, which jut out into the sea. Toe-head Point forms the extremity of the land lying some distance outside the harbour's mouth, which is bounded on the west by the next point, called Traghcarta. Between Toe-head and Traghcarta the sea runs in, and forms a small open bay called Sandycove or Torbay. The cliffs in this bay are high, and furnished with numerous caves, the entrance to which is generally low and circular; internally, however, they are excavated to a considerable height, and run in for some distance. When a boat enters within the gloomy recesses of the cavern, if there be a "swell on" outside, the sea rising up closes the orifice almost entirely, at the same time raising the boat up towards the roof, and leaving the visitors for awhile in nearly complete darkness. All these caves are frequented by pigeons and sea fowl in great numbers.

Off Traghcarta, near the harbour's mouth, lies Horse Island, which divides the entrance into two channels, the eastern one of which is used by vessels drawing ten feet of water and upwards. This island is the property of Thomas Somerville, Esq., D. L. The

herbage on it, according to Smith, was considered to have great virtue, in restoring to condition diseased and impoverished horses. The Squince Island, in the parish of Myross, was also celebrated for producing a similar kind of herbage. Between Traghcarta and the Drishane Point the sea takes a gradual sweep, forming Castlehaven, or Glenbarrahane Bay, as it was anciently called.

The historical associations connected with this place have been discussed, and it may not be amiss now to give a descriptive account of the locality. Close to the sea beach are the ruins of Glenbarrahane Castle, built by the O'Driscolls. Although it has braved the "battle and the breeze" for nearly three centuries, the walls are still in good preservation; the east, north, and south walls are standing, the western one has fallen down. At the south-west corner some years ago a spacious and handsome hall-door of nicely cut freestone was standing, but this has also disappeared. The western wall is in a tottering condition at present, and shakes and rocks most ominously with every strong blast of wind. A long chimney runs through the whole length of the wall from top to bottom, and in the summer affords a sheltered retreat to a large colony of bees. Adjoining this wall is a portion of a side building, which was formerly attached to the castle. At some distance from the foundation an arched floor of stone stretches across from one side of the castle to the other, dividing it into two stories, which are now bare and lonely, tenanted only by the fern, moss, and lichen. A short distance from the castle, and close to the beach, are situated the graveyard and the remains of the chapel of St. Barrahane, consisting of a small, triangular wall, the eastern end of

the chapel, which must have been of diminutive proportions, and not of much architectural beauty: there is a low, narrow archway in the centre and at the bottom of the wall. The graveyard is small in size: it is the original burying-place of the Townsend, Atteridge, and Somerville families.

An air of solemn silence and quiet repose hangs over this lonely and sequestered glen, with its ruined castle and solitary graveyard, filled with crumbling monuments and grass-grown graves. How different must have been the scene in ages past, when the clamour of war and shout of battle which rang round O'Driscoll's fortress, made Glenbarrahane re-echo again; or, when in calmer and less troubled times, the congregation knelt in prayer within the walls of the ancient chapel, so picturesquely situated near the sea; but these days are gone, and we can now look with interest and advantage on the relics and ruins of the past.

The deep, rocky glen, which runs inland from the sea about a quarter of a mile towards the rectory of Castlehaven, is a miniature Dargle in appearance; it is wooded on both sides, and there is a pathway on the north side leading to the rector's house. A narrow, shallow, murmuring stream runs through the bosom of the glen, hollowing out for itself a rocky bed and tortuous course, and forming here and there clear limpid pools and tiny cascades; having passed close to the graveyard, it finally sinks into the sand on the beach, and disappears from view. Close to the stream on the south side, and but a short distance from the graveyard, is situated the Holy Well, sacred to the memory of St. Barrahane: whatever may have been its former condition, it is insignificant-looking and neglected at present.

An old holly tree overshadows the well, its branches being thickly covered with creeping ivy, and gaily festooned with white and parti-coloured rags in profusion, which chronicle the numerous visits of local pilgrims to this secluded spot; and certainly a more appropriate place of prayer for saint or sinner cannot well be imagined. The memory of the patron, St. Barrahane, the holy well, the murmuring stream, the solitary glen, the ancient graveyard, the ruined chapel, and the sea breaking gently on the beach, all lend their combined influence—

> To form a scene where nature loves to dwell,
> And breathe her spirit o'er the lonely dell.

In ancient times, when smuggling was an every-day occurrence, the hamlet of Glenbarrahane carried on a flourishing trade in the contraband line with the coast of Spain. In those days also (that is about a century ago) a linen manufactory was established at Killehangill. However, like many others of a similar nature throughout the country, it has fallen to decay for many years. The eastern boundary of Castlehaven harbour is formed by Reen Point, or Galleon Point, as it is sometimes called, which forms a bluff, rocky promontory. It was here, during the wars of 1601, that the Spaniards intrenched themselves upon the high ground commanding the harbour, and from this they bombarded Admiral Levison's ship when she went aground. The Spanish intrenchment, resembling an ancient rath, is still to be seen; and quite close to it are pointed out numerous little mounds of earth, the head-stones almost covered by the soil, where lie the remains of the Spaniards who had fallen in action or died of disease. The country people are under the impression that it is the resting-

place of the Danes. At the extremity of Reen Point are situated the remains of one of the ovens used by the Spaniards: they consist at present of a pit in the ground, surrounded by fragments of a circular wall. The view from Reen Point up the harbour and out to sea is extensive and well worth seeing. The harbour of Castlehaven, from its entrance, which is about half a mile across, runs inland a distance of three miles. The channel is bold and deep, the average depth of water in the harbour being from fourteen to thirty feet, and suited for vessels drawing ten feet.

About midway up the harbour are situated on the western shore, on the declivity of a hill, the village and seat of Castletownsend. Adjoining the latter are the ruins of the castle, the original seat of the Townsend family, to which allusion has already been made. Facing Castletownsend at the opposite side stand the ruins of Rahine Castle, built by the O'Donovans. Close to the castle a narrow sand spit projects out into the water from the beach, and this separates the lower half, called The Harbour proper, from the upper part, which is called the Rineen River, and which, taking a winding course about one mile and a half long, terminates near Rineen Mills in a *cul de sac* at Pekeen na Mara Bridge (the extremity of the sea), on the Skibbereen and Myross road; it is properly an estuary of the sea, being salt water, but is styled a river owing to its winding course and narrow channel. On the west side, at the head of this estuary, is situated Rineen House, the seat of J. H. Swanton, Esq., of modern construction, but one of the most picturesquely situated houses in Carbery; the grounds are laid out with great taste and skill, and the view, when the tide is

in, from Pekeen na Mara Bridge, is extremely pretty.

Townsend, in his work on the "County of Cork," gives the following very graphic description of the scenery along the upper harbour from Castletownsend to Rineen :—

"The demesne of Castletownsend, which embraces both sides of the upper Harbour, or, as it is commonly called, the River, possesses a diversified richness of scenery, of which the pencil, not the pen, can give an adequate idea. The river, alternately contracting and expanding its winding channel, now collects into a narrow strait, now spreads into an expansive lake. The hills, which rise from its shores at either side—sometimes rocky and abrupt, and sometimes with more gradual acclivity—are for the most part thickly wooded; the form of their summits, differing in character, corresponds in variety with the lower grounds—some of them bold, rocky, and majestic; others of an interesting appearance, though less strongly marked. The harbour of Castletownsend, with its venerable castle, a large island at its mouth, many bold projections of rocky coast, and the ocean, immeasurably extended beyond them all, present themselves in different points of view from parts of the grounds. Indeed, one of the most singular beauties of the place is the perpetual change of prospect which almost every change of situation presents."

The upper harbour serves as a sort of reservoir, which carries off into the sea the drainage from the adjacent country; numerous brooks and rivulets—some of which during the winter rains become swollen into pigmy torrents, and which drain the superfluous water of the surrounding land—run down the

declivities of the hill sides, and discharge their waters into this estuary. On the west side of the harbour, on a high eminence, wooded to the top and overlooking the demesne and harbour, a rude heap and archway of stones, called the Nelson Monument, may be observed. It was erected shortly after the battle of Trafalgar, to commemorate that event, by the sailors of a sloop of war stationed in Castlehaven at the time. An inscription, detailing the cause and date of its erection, was engraved on a slab at the base of the monument; but time and exposure to the weather have managed to efface the letters most effectually.

Since the visit of the Spaniards in the commencement of the 17th century, perhaps no event down to the present time has created more excitement amongst the inhabitants than the visit of a large herd of whales, which ran into Castlehaven during the winter of 1855, one of the severest winters on record in this country. They forced their way up the Rineen river, but the tide receding left the greater number floundering on the mud-banks. The leader of the flock was harpooned near the harbour's mouth by the late T. Atteridge, Esq., of Castletownsend, but, instead of forcing his way out to sea, he steered his course up the river towards Rineen (almost the entire herd following in his wake to the number of about fifty), towing the boat after him at railway speed. The leader measured twenty-five feet in length. The whales were of a species, small in size, called the round-headed Porpoise or Caaing whale (Phocaena Melas). The people from the country round assembled in large numbers, and with hatchets, harpoons, pikes, and any weapons they could seize on, soon despatched their captives: how-

ever, the amount of oil obtained proved inconsiderable, as the blubber was not very abundant, and the people were not well versed in the mode of extracting the oil.

Townsend, in his work, alludes in very flattering terms to the proprietor of Castletownsend in his time —Richard Townsend, Esq., who represented the county Cork in Parliament during the early years of the present century. It appears that he was instrumental in organizing improvements, and endeavoured to develop the trade, and to add to the importance of Castletownsend in many ways.

The present village of Castletownsend occupies the declivity of a hill, which slopes down to the harbour at an angle of about 25 degrees, the ascent of which is no easy task, unless for a person in robust health: it is a veritable Sleepy Hollow, and some of the houses present a venerable and moss-grown appearance which entitle them to a place in a work on antiquities. The surrounding scenery needs no comment: it is the *ne plus ultra* of the charming and picturesque—there are a few nice villas and well-cultivated gardens in the neighbourhood. The Domain House ("The Big House"), the seat of the Townsends, is a modern building; the previous structure was nearly burnt to the ground accidentally in 1858. The present mansion is a plain-looking structure outside, comfortable and commodious within; of a mixed style of architecture; the architect had an eye more to the useful than the ornamental, or picturesque; as the view from the house is on a rather limited scale—viz., a circumscribed portion of the domain, and a bird's-eye peep at the Harbour.

Close to the village of Castletownsend, a short

distance from the high road, on a hill called Knockdromma, we observe a very perfect specimen of the stone fort or "cathair," which presents some very interesting features, and is well worthy of a visit. Ascending to the summit of the hill, after a short walk, we reach an elevated circumscribed plateau, completely isolated and distinct from the surrounding hillocks, and occupied by the remains and underground chambers of the "cathair." A circular wall of uncemented flat stones is seen erected around the edge of the plateau; this wall is about 320 feet in circumference, 10 feet thick, and about 8 feet high. The present proprietor of the land, T. Somerville, Esq., D.L., Drishane, has endeavoured to preserve the structure in as complete a manner as possible. The outer wall, which had nearly fallen down, he has built up again with the original materials, so as to restore it more or less to its pristine proportions.

At the eastern side of the enclosure there is a gap through the wall flanked on the south by a pillar-stone, on the surface of which an ancient-looking cross is engraved. On the adjoining side of this entrance there is a hollow recess in the thickness of the wall: for what purpose it was intended is doubtful. Lying on the ground, close to the entrance, is a large stone of irregular shape, covered with about twenty cup-shaped depressions, evidently of an artificial character. It seems strange what they were intended to represent—a sort of antiquarian puzzle. Another stone discovered formerly in the vicinity had the cup-shaped hollows joined to each other by narrow grooves so as to resemble dumb-bells in shape. In the centre of the area within the circular outer wall a confused heap of stones was formerly

piled together. On removing these the foundations of four side walls were brought to view, enclosing a portion of ground about 20 feet square, which seems to have been roughly flagged. The debris must evidently have been part and parcel of some ancient stone building ("clochan") with the usual bee-hive shaped stone roof.

At the south-west angle of this enclosed central space there is a square-headed doorway with a lintel on the top, a flag beneath, and rough walls at either side: this leads by a narrow passage sloping downwards and inwards (and just sufficiently capacious to admit an adult in the recumbent posture) into a dark, gloomy chamber, excavated out of the solid rock. The latter is of an irregular oval shape, 12 feet long, 4 feet wide, and about 3½ feet high; the walls approximate overhead, and it is roofed over by large flat stones, close to the surface of the soil.

Near the entrance leading into chamber No. 1, and communicating with the latter, is a circular aperture, barely sufficient to admit of a forcible passage on all fours, through which we gain admission into chamber No. 2; this chamber is also excavated out of the solid rock: it is 7 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 9 inches wide, and 3 to 4 feet high, and somewhat oven-shaped. We observe a flag-stone in the roof, through which is a circular opening, a sort of air hole or ventilator, that would lead us to believe the chambers were intended as places of retreat for living beings. No. 3 chamber, which is of an irregular oval shape, is joined to No. 2 by a circular opening through the rock; it is 11 feet 6 inches long, and 4 feet wide. Near the western end is a ventilating shaft or chimney, the entrance to which is blocked up by rough stones: this circumstance

would also strengthen our belief as to these strange subterranean dens having been utilized as human habitations in some remote age, more especially when the remains of the stone house or clochan, which we have already alluded to, are discovered in such close proximity and intimate union with the subterranean passages. One seems to have been the ante-room, and the other the basement story. The date of their construction must be of very remote origin, belonging to a pre-Christian era most probably. Certainly the inhabitants of these gloomy chambers on Knockdromma, whether Firbolgs, Tuatha de Danaans, or Milesians, had no very advanced or elevated ideas about either domestic comforts or architectural progress; in this respect, however, I dare say they were on a level, if not superior, to the majority of the Celtic and Teutonic tribes of the time in which they flourished.

The visitor to Knockdromma, no matter how actively his antiquarian tastes may be engaged, cannot fail, however, to be greatly impressed with the very beautiful and charming view he obtains of the surrounding scenery. Between the eminence on which we stand and the sea, the landscape presents a most picturesque appearance, diversified and enlivened by bright-looking verdant nooks, and sheltered spots, sparkling in the sunshine—oases in the wilderness of rocks, projecting so prominently above the surface—alluvial deposits washed down into their present position from the hill sides, which they have deserted, and well repaying a careful cultivation. The dull, monotonous brown colour of the rocks is relieved in a great degree also by the purple heather, the golden tufted furze, and the white spray-like blossoms of the fragrant hawthorn, and the breeze

blowing in from the ocean is exhilarating and refreshing, laden as it is with the perfume of thousands of wild flowers.

The coast line is singularly beautiful. A wide expanse of ocean is before us to the south, limited by the distant horizon, bounded on the east by the projecting peninsula of the Galley Head (Dundeide). Towards the west the most prominent object is the hill above Toe Head, named Beann Hill, whose sullen lowering brow is generally surmounted by a canopy of light, fleecy clouds, its sombre-looking sides enveloped in graceful folds of white vapoury mist, through which we can faintly descry each dark and rugged feature of the promontory. Away far inland, towards the west, we observe the extensive chains of mountains which stretch as a gigantic barrier between the adjoining confines of Cork and Kerry. At sunset the scene is one which can never be forgotten—the sun sinking to rest in a flood of aureate light—a monarch decked in all the regalia of royalty, encircled by golden-fringed clouds, brilliantly-coloured, outrivalling in lustre the Tyrian purple or the sparkle of the precious gem—

> "And as I watch the line of light that plays
> Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
> I long to tread that golden path of rays,
> And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest."

I have selected some passages from a poem entitled, "Lines descriptive of Castlehaven," with the permission of the writer, and I regret that want of space prevents my including all the verses, which display both taste and talent.

> "There's many a fair enchanting scene on Erin's rock-bound coast,
> And 'mong the loveliest, I ween, this tranquil spot can boast

A touching beauty all its own, a magic grace so rare,
So calm, so silent, and so lone, and oh! so passing fair.

"Embosom'd deep amid high hills, verdant and foliage crown'd;
Adown which ripple sparkling rills with soft and murmuring sound."

* * * * * * *

"On either side a little bay,
Majestic cliffs, bare, bold, and grey,
Their tall, fantastic forms display,
Pierced deep with many arched caves,
Worn by the ocean's lashing waves."

"An ancient graveyard lies beside, all filled with grass-grown graves,
Near to the ever-murmuring tide. With cadence sweet the waves,
In their low, soothing monotone a peaceful requiem sing,
Which seems half-music and half-moan, so weird and sad a thing.

"Close to a white and pebbly strand, a ruined castle old,
In mournful majesty doth stand—O'Driscoll's lordly hold."

* * * * * * *

"'Mong all the keeps which owned their sway on shore or sea-girt isle,
And many castles proud had they, this wears the saddest smile.
What old, historic mem'ries cling, like ivy, round the walls;
And o'er the days a halo flings, when chieftains trod those halls;
And listened to the harp's sweet sound, while banquets rich were spread;
The ruby wine passed freely round, both guest and poor were fed.
And fair forms flitted here and there, and eyes shone full of glee,
And gallant chiefs led ladies forth in dance right joyously.
While Irish music, wit and song,
Made time fly speedily along,
And gladdened all the merry throng."

* * * *

"Those days have vanished like a dream, long dreamed in the shadowy past,
Its music now 's the sea bird's scream, or the wild and moaning blast
Which nightly whistles thro' the doors, with ghostly, elfin sound,
A plaintive elegy, that soars its winding stairs around.
The wild bird is the only guest
Which now within those walls doth rest,
And safely builds her airy nest
Upon the turret's lofty crest.

"Nature has shed with lavish hand her varied beauties round
O'er this enchanting fairy land. On every side abound
The softest charms of sea and shore, of sylvan glade and dell,
The song of birds, the billow's roar; both hill, and dale, and fell,
And cliff, and cove, and bay as well,
And giant trees that stoop to lave
Their branches in the clear, blue wave.
* * * *

K. C.

CHAPTER X.

Myross—The O'Donovans—Baunlaghan—Smith's account of the Dadagh Scene at Blarney Castle—History of the Clancahill or senior branch of the O'Donovans—The Mealagh river—Castle Donovan—A condensed account of the O'Donovans' genealogy down to the beginning of the present century—Castle Ivor—Lough Cluhir and the legend about Ivor—John Collins of Myross, a brief account of his life—Myross continued—The Cistercian Abbey of Carrigilehy—The old fishing hamlet, and the wreck of the smuggled cargo of brandy—Squince House, seat of the Clanloughlin O'Donovans—Shipwreck at Blind Harbour—Dean Swift and the "Carberiæ Rupes"—"Harrington's Lights," 1832—Mysterious appearance at Union Hall—Letters on this wonderful occurrence from a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and Doctor Donovan, senior, of Skibbereen.

The parish of Myross forms an elevated obtuse peninsula, bounded on the east by Glandore harbour, on the west by Castletownsend harbour, on the south by the sea, and on the north by a line drawn from Shepperton to Leap. Its ancient name was Garry, the Irish for garden. It was so called, as the soil was more fertile in its qualities than any other part of West Carbery. Myross is a place replete with interest, as several relics of antiquity may be observed there, and as no less a personage than Dean Swift himself took up his residence there for six months, and commemorated his sojourn by a poem ("Rupes Carberiæ"), to which we will refer further on.

Mrs. and Mr. S. C. Hall, in their charming work entitled "Ireland: its Scenery, Character, &c." inform us "A tower near Castletownsend is pointed out as

the place where the Dean composed this poem. It is now a complete ruin, being merely a shell of a turret overgrown with ivy, but commanding a beautiful prospect of the harbour, and over the sea." The tower which flanked the old castle on its eastern side still exists; the walls are thickly enveloped in ancient ivy; it stands as a solitary relic of the ancient fortalice within the Castletownsend demesne. Rock Cottage at Union Hall, near Glandore, and Squince House in Myross, are also mentioned as being the places where Swift wrote his "Rupes Carberiæ."

At the north-west corner of the parish, near Rineen, is situated Bawnlahan, which formerly was the principal seat of the O'Donovan family in Carbery, after Castledonovan. Its original name was Bánleathan, which means in Irish a broad field or enclosure, where cattle were generally confined. Portions of the old walls which enclosed this place are standing still; the greater part, however, have fallen down. In the old feudal times, when castles and fortified dwellings studded the surface of the country, and when the various tribes and families adopted what is often styled:

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they may take who had the power,
> And they may keep who can,"

predatory incursions by one chieftain into another's territories were frequent occurrences, leading in most cases to retaliation, and nearly always to fighting and bloodshed, so that a chronic state of internecine strife and rivalry was kept up. Neighbouring chieftains preyed on each other's resources, acknowledging no law but that which they maintained by the sword and the right of conquest.

Smith gives the following account of one of those forays, which I introduce, as it refers particularly to one of the ancient chieftains, an ancestor to the O'Donovan of Bawnlahan:—"Clancarthy, Mac Carthy Reagh, and O'Donovan, having joined their forces, went into the county of Limerick to plunder, as was the custom of former times. They brought a considerable prey to the castle of Blarney, the seat of Clancarthy, who was for having all the cattle drove into his own bawn, without sharing the spoil, and in this manner he had served Mac Carthy Reagh before, who then lived at the castle of Kilbrittain, and who, on this occasion, called upon O'Donovan to join him, that he might assist him if Clancarthy did not share the booty. O'Donovan immediately opposed the driving in of the cattle without dividing them, whereupon a contest ensued. Clancarthy, being thrown down by O'Donovan, had his weapon drawn intending to kill his antagonist; but O'Donovan, perceiving his design, wrenched it from him, and with it slew Clancarthy on the spot, and divided the spoil with Mac Carthy Reagh. It is not certainly known when this event happened, but the instrument, with this tradition relating to it, is time out of mind in the family. It was a class of weapon of ancient Irish origin, called the dadagh, and was somewhat similar to the Highland dirk. This weapon is supposed to come originally from the Spanish Miquelets, from whom, according to antiquarians, the Milesian Irish derived them, and afterwards handed them over to the Scots."

We find that the title of O'Donovan of Castledonovan and Bawnlahan, was adopted by the chiefs of Clancahill (O'Donovans) about A. D. 1640, when Donnell III., O'Donovan tenth in descent from Crom, adopted the title. He had two manors attached

to his territories, that of Castledonovan in Drimoleague, comprising 67 ploughlands, and the manor of Rahine, in Myross. Here it will be necessary to make a digression, and go back to the 12th and 13th centuries, and offer some brief remarks on the Carbery of that period, in order to obtain a clue to the distribution of this family, and properly understand the history of after events.

The ancestor of all the septs of the O'Donovan family in the baronies of Carbery, and of several others in Leinster, was Crom O'Donovan, who built the celebrated castle of Crom, or Croom, on the banks of the river Maigue, in the county Limerick, where he occupied a territory called Ui-Cairbre-Aebhdha, which comprised the barony of Coshma, and the district around Kilmallock. After the English invasion this castle was seized on by the Fitzgeralds (the Kildare branch), and it afterwards gave origin to the famous motto "Crom Aboo," used still by the Earls of Kildare. This Crom was killed, A. D. 1254, at Inispheale, near Iniskeen, during an engagement with the O'Mahonys. According to Dr. J. O'Donovan, he gave name to Gleam-a-Chroim, in the parish of Fanlobus, which afterwards became the property of a branch of the M'Carthys, who had their principal seat at Dunmanway.

Cathal or Cahill O'Donovan was the first son of Crom. The fortune of war proving adverse to him, he was obliged to desert the *solum natale*, being forced out of his territories by the Fitzgeralds, and following an example which was very prevalent at the time, he seized on a territory in West Carbery which is known at present as the parish of Drimoleague, and having defeated in battle the O'Driscolls, the original proprietors, he compelled them to migrate

towards the coast. To this newly-acquired possession he transferred the tribe name of his family—Cairbrie, and this by a strange whim of custom was extended during the 13th century to the entire tract of country, now known as the baronies of Carbery, and formerly styled Corca Laidhe. The name of Clancahil, after Cahil O'Donovan, was given to a large extent of country in the county of Cork, comprising, besides the parish of Drimoleague, several other tracts towards the south coast, in the parishes of Caharagh, Drinagh, Myross, Castlehaven, &c., embracing altogether 67 ploughlands.

The northern boundary was the river Mealagh—formerly Myalagh—which rises in Mount Owen (the hill of streams) in the parish of Fanlobus, and taking a north-westerly direction, between Drimoleage, Fanlobus and Kilmocomogue, falls into Bantry Bay at Dunamark.

From its fountain head to its termination, the Mealagh, though its course is short, has some points of interest. Not far from its source, it is a diminutive mountain stream near the foot of Mount Owen, dashing down in one place as a foaming cascade, over the sheer side of a rocky boulder which projects from the hill-side. Gathering size and importance, as it goes along, from all the numerous mountain rills which add their tributary waters, it winds along, a murmuring stream, as the Irish name denotes, through the centre of the valley of Barnagowlans, which is a cup-shaped hollow in the heart of the mountain, most remote, secluded, and difficult of access, about equi-distant from Dunmanway, Drimoleague, and Bantry.

The latter is so completely encircled by mountains on every side, and the mode of exit appears so diffi-

cult, as to recall somewhat to our memory the story of Rasselas in the Abyssinian Valley, which must have presented however a more enjoyable prospect than Barnagowlanes. The names of some of the adjacent mountains, viz., Mullaghmeisa, Derreena-crenig, Knock-na-Cnauv-Ullig, &c. (euphonious words), would be a puzzle and source of dismay in pronunciation to a Cockney tourist. At Dunamark, near Bantry, the river terminates its career by precipitating itself as a deep, resounding cataract over a bare rocky cliff, into Bantry Bay. Dunamark is a memorable spot in two ways. Here, according to Dr. O'Donovan, translator of the "Four Masters," landed Ceasair (not Julius Cæsar) and her companions forty days before the deluge—the first mortals that ever set foot on Erin's Isle, if we are to believe the antediluvian tradition; and here also was formerly the original seat of the Carews, one of whom, the celebrated Sir George Carew, halted at Dunamark on his way to the siege of Dunboy.

The chief residence of the O'Donovans was Castledonovan, in Drimoleague, attached to which was O'Donovan's seat in the same parish. The walls of Castledonovan are standing still. O'Donovan says: "Great rents are visible still from the effects of lightning of gunpowder, as it is said to have been blown up with gunpowder by the Cromwellians. It stands upon a rock, and a spiral staircase runs up to the top. It is 42 feet long, 26 feet broad, and about 60 feet high." According to Collins, Castledonovan was built by Donnell I. O'Donovan, commonly called Domhnall na-g-Croiceann, who was chief of Clancahill, A. D. 1560. Others think that part of this castle was older than his time.

The walls of the castle are about six feet thick; the

principal entrance is in the western gable, the doorway consisting of a gothic arch of limestone, skilfully cut and fashioned. At one time there was a massive door protecting this entrance, swinging on stout hinges, and secured in front by large iron bolts. This door, it is said, was discovered some years ago by a neighbouring farmer, who carried it home, and broke it up for domestic purposes. The staircase, which was a spiral one, consists of 91 steps, and the parapets, which were machicolated, supported a broad balcony, on which guns could be mounted. There were also redoubts, breast works, and a bakehouse, the ruins of which can still be observed close to the walls of the central tower.

The castle derived its power and importance, as an impregnable stronghold, not so much from the firmness of its architecture and the strength of its garrison as from the situation it occupied—protected on the east, north, and north-west by a regular amphitheatre of hills, and built on a rock at the head of a remote mountain valley; before the adjacent land was cultivated, it was formerly surrounded by a circle of bogs, and marshes, a safe passage through which presented no small difficulty to an invading force.

There is a tradition that O'Donovan and his followers on one occasion went on a foraging expedition to the baronies of Bear and Bantry; they seized on some cattle belonging to Dhonal Coum O'Sullivan: the latter, however, went in pursuit, accompanied by a large force, and overtook O'Donovan at a pass between Derreenacrenig and Mullaghmeisa mountains, close to Castle Donovan, where a battle ensued, attended with much bloodshed, each side claiming the victory. Ever since this occurred the mountain

pass has been known under the name of Barnafulla (the gap of blood).

In 1650 the castle was attacked, it is said, by one of Cromwell's generals; the garrison having exhausted their ammunition, and being called on to surrender, escaped during the night, and fled to Limerick. We have no accurate record since that period of the castle having been regularly inhabited. There is a report current that the White Boys used its gloomy chambers as a place of retreat at one time. A square boulder of rock near the brink of the little mountain stream which passes close by the castle walls is still known as Carrig-na-Mart (Rock of the beef), for here, according to tradition, the owners of the castle were accustomed to have the cattle killed which were destined as food for themselves, their followers, and attendants.

The territory of Clancahill, as was mentioned already, included two manors, that of Castledonovan and the manor of Rahine in Myross, the seat attached to which was Banlaghan.

Donnell III. O'Donovan, who flourished during the middle of the 17th century, was a man distinguished both in war and peace, admired by his friends and respected by his enemies. He died in the year 1660. He was a strict loyalist, and joined during the Cromwellian wars the Earl of Castlehaven, who was commander-in-chief of the royalists in Ireland at that period. His principal castle in Myross was Rahine, which was head of a manor in 1607. According to Collins, this castle was built by Donnell II. O'Donovan, who succeeded his father, Donnell I., in 1584. Rahine castle is situated close to the water's edge, on the east side of the harbour, facing Castletownsend. It is of very solid construction, and

built after the same model as Castledonovan Castle. The east wall has fallen down. The western wall, looking out to the harbour's mouth, is fissured with rents, and presents quite a battered appearance. Several holes are visible where cannon balls penetrated, some of which are still imbedded in the solid masonry of the wall. During 1649, after the landing of Cromwell in Dublin, the lands about Rahine were ravaged with fire and sword by the Cromwellians. It was, most probably, at this period the castle was attacked and bombarded by some ships in the harbour, as we learn from historians that two castles belonging to O'Donovan were besieged then and blown up with gunpowder.

In ancient times a system of masonry called grouting, was adopted in the building of castles and fortified places. Instead of laying alternate layers of mortar between the stones, a fluid mortar of sand and lime, mixed with blood, chopped horse hair, and sometimes fine gravel, was poured into holes in the wall, and this fluid mortar finding its way into every crevice, when it cooled bound the parts together in as complete and solid a manner as if the building was hewn out of a rock. In this way we can account why it is that the buildings of olden times can resist the effects of time and exposure to weather better than the more elaborate, but also more lath-and-plaster edifices of modern construction.

John O'Donovan, the eminent Irish scholar, genealogist, and historian, who died in 1864, has entered very minutely, and with great research, into the genealogy and history of the senior branch of the O'Donovan family, who formerly occupied the parish of Myross as already mentioned. As we are at present engaged in studying the different points of

interest connected with that parish, I have been tempted to present, in a condensed form and in consecutive order, some of the leading particulars which he refers to, as a description of Myross would be incomplete without them.

On the death of Donnell III., O'Donovan, of Castledonovan and Rahine, his son, Daniel IV., who was left without any property, petitioned King Charles II. to restore to him his father's estates, which were forfeited during the Cromwellian wars. The king wrote to the Irish Government, directing their attention to the matter, the result being that a portion of the Manor of Rahine was restored to him, but no part of the Manor of Castledonovan, which the king, by patent, in the 18th year of his reign, granted to Lieutenant Nathaniel Evanson.

A copy of the king's letter was preserved at Bawnlaghan House, and lay in the possession of the late Edward Powell, Esq.

In 1684, O'Donovan was put on his trial for high treason, but was honourably acquitted. He afterwards became colonel of a foot regiment in the service of James II., and was deputy governor of Charles Fort, in 1690, when it was attacked by Lord Marlborough and forced to surrender, the garrison being allowed to march out with their arms and baggage.

Daniel IV. O'Donovan was succeeded, about 1703, by Captain Richard O'Donovan, who married Eleanor Fitzgerald, daughter of the Knight of Kerry. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Daniel V., who married, in his 18th year, Anne Kearney, daughter of James Kearney, Esq., of Garrettstown, and secondly, in 1763, in the 60th year of his age, Jane Becher, daughter of John Becher, Esq., of Holly-

brook, then 15 years old, by whom he had four children. He died in 1778. Smith, in his "History of Cork," in noticing Bawnlaghan, makes the following remark:—

"In this parish (Myross) is Bawnlaghan, the seat of O'Donovan, chief of that ancient family, a worthy, courteous gentleman."

His children were (1) Richard, a general in the English service; (2) John, a captain in the English service, who was killed in the year 1796; (3) Ellen or Helena, who married John Warren, Esq., Codrum, and died without issue, 1840; and (4) Jane, who died unmarried in 1833. In his will, dated December, 1778, in case of failure of issue male and female in his sons, he leaves the reversion of his estates to Morgan O'Donovan, Esq., then living in the city of Cork, and grandfather of O'Donovan, of Montpelier, and of The O'Donovan of Lissard, Skibbereen. He was buried in the church of Myross, where he was followed by his second wife, Jane Becher, who died in 1812.

Bawnlaghan is also styled Castlejane, a name conferred on it, I daresay, by O'Donovan, in honour of his wife.

Richard II. Donovan, eldest son of the last mentioned, succeeded his father. He was born about 1764, and in 1800 married Emma Anne Powell, a Welsh lady. He had no children; he was a colonel in the Enniskillen Dragoons, and afterwards a general in the English service; he was an intimate acquaintance of the Prince Regent, and saved the life of his Highness the Duke of York during the retreat of the English army from Holland. O'Donovan died in 1829, and with him became extinct the senior branch of the O'Donovan family, viz., "The

O'Donovan of Castledonovan and Bawnlaghan." According to his father's will, the property should have reverted to O'Donovan, Montpelier; however, he managed to upset the will some time before his own death by "levying fines and suffering a recovery" of the property, which he then willed to his wife, Emma Anne Powell, who died in 1832, after having willed the remnant of the ancient estate to her brother, Major Powell, one of whose sons now enjoys its possession.

The following are the names of the lands belonging to General O'Donovan at the time of his death, in 1829; they constitute a very small portion of the original territory of Clancahill: 1, Bawnlaghan; 2, Coolebin; 3, Islands; 4, Clontaff; 5, Kilgleeny; 6, Curraghalicky; 7, Curryglass; 8, The Pike; 9, Coomatollin.

About a mile to the south of Bawnlaghan, when we reach the summit of the hill on the Myross road, we observe a small fragment of an ancient castle in an adjoining field on our left hand side; it is all that is left of Castle Ire, or as it was originally styled Ivor. The fragment which remains is formed by a small portion of the north and west walls of the castle tower, the rest having fallen down long ago. It forms a prominent object when viewed from near Lough Cluhir, reminding a person of one of these ancient pillar-stones which are still abundant in some parts of Ireland. Portions of the foundation built on the solid rock may also be observed. This castle occupied a very commanding position, overhanging a narrow gorge, overlooking the entire peninsula between itself and the coast, and embracing within the range of vision an extensive sweep of horizon out to sea. It must evidently have served

the purpose of a watch-tower, as we learn that the builder of Castle Ivor was an extensive trader.

According to John Collins, Castle Ivor was built in the year 1251, by Ivor Donovan (a Dano-Celtic name), second son of Cathal, who was son of Crom, the progenitor of the O'Donovan family. It remained in the possession of his descendants until the middle of the 16th century, when they were dispossessed by Donnell Na-Gcroiceann, the chieftain of the senior branch. Collins tells us the following legend:—

"Ivor was a celebrated trader, and is now regarded as a magician in the wild traditions of the peasantry of the district, who believe he is enchanted in a lake called Lough Cluhir, situated near Castle Ivor, in the townland of Listarkin, and that his magical ship is seen every seventh year, with all her courses set and colours flying, majestically floating on the surface of that lake. I have seen one person, in particular, testify by oath that he had seen this extraordinary phenomenon in the year 1778."

"He should have added," says O'Donovan, "that this ship was said to have appeared immediately after the death of Daniel O'Donovan, of Bawnlahan, Esq., the representative of Donell Na-Gcroiceann, the extirpator of the race of Ivor."

The ruins of Castle Ivor, insignificant-looking as they are, must be viewed with the greatest interest, when we consider that the lengthened period of six centuries has elapsed since the foundations of a castle so venerable by its age were first laid by Ivor. What changes in the fortunes of the world have occurred since then!—conquests, sieges, battles, by land and sea. How many generations of mankind have passed away after filling up the niche in time

allotted to them by destiny, and still that little ruined fragment remains, outliving the storm, like the *debris* of a shipwrecked vessel, to prove that something tangible, and tenanted by human beings, had once existed.

John Collins, of Myross, whose name we have often quoted already, was a man gifted with natural qualities of a high poetical character, which, had they been matured by art, or had he lived under more favourable circumstances, might probably have placed his name high on the roll of poets. However, as we learn from the records of his life, he had to devote the greater part of his days to the drudgery inseparable from the office of a village schoolmaster, in order to support a wife and large family. The opportunities which university education, spare time, and command of money, give to others to cultivate the mind were wanting in his case, as, being thrown upon his own resources, he had to educate himself in a great measure, and at the same time procure a livelihood.

O'Donovan styles him the last Irish scholar, historiographer, and poet of Carbery, and the name by which he was popularly known through the South of Ireland was "The Silver Tongue of Munster." Collins was born about the year 1754, at Kilmeen, to the north of Clonakilty; his parents were of the farming class; he was descended from the O'Cullanes (Anglicised into Collins), an Irish sept, who formerly occupied Castle Lyons, and the district around it. The only property he inherited, like the majority of his countrymen, lay in the gifts which nature had bestowed on him—a fluent tongue, a ready wit, and a sound constitution. He was destined at first for the priesthood, but did not long pursue his studies

in that line, having no vocation for a clerical life. He ultimately during his rambles took up his residence in Myross, where he taught school for a considerable period, and in which place he composed several beautiful poems in the Irish language, amongst others—"The Buachaill Bawn," "An Ode on Timoleague Abbey," very much admired (translated by Ferguson), and a translation in Irish of that charming poem of Campbell's, "The Exile of Erin," which Irish scholars say excels the original.

The following is a translation of a portion of the "Buachaill Bawn," by Erionnache. One verse only is given, merely to convey some idea, although a faint one, of Collins's poetry. Irish poems do not admit well as a rule of being translated into English, both languages being so dissimilar in sound, mode of expression, &c.:—

"BUACHAILL BAWN (THE FAIR BOY).

"With crimson gleaming the dawn rose, beaming
On branching oaks nigh the golden shore,
Above me rustled their leaves, and dreaming,
Methought a nymph rose the blue waves o'er;
Her brow was brighter than stars that light our
Dim, dewy earth ere the summer dawn,
But she spoke in mourning: 'My heart of sorrow
Ne'er brings a morrow, Mo Buachaill Bawn!'"

* * * * *

Some of Collins's manuscripts fell into the possession of a Mr. O'Grady, of Dublin. They were written about 1774, and beside his poems contained a history of Ireland, which was left in an unfinished state. Collins died at Skibbereen, in the year 1816, at the age of 64 years.

Daniel Mac Carthy (Glas), author of "The Life and Letters of Florence Mac Carthy Mor," and "The

Mac Carthys of Gleana Croim," has written a brief account of John Collins in the latter work. He also possesses the original manuscript of Collins relating to the genealogy of the Mac Carthys. The original manuscript copy by Collins, consisting of a brief condensed "History of Ancient Ireland," and "The Pedigree of the O'Donovans of Clancahill" is possessed by Mr. Philip O'Donovan, of Union Hall, Myross.

At the south-east corner of Myross, close to the mouth of Glandore Harbour, is situated the townland of Carigilihy. Previous to 1846 a thriving hamlet of the same name existed here, containing a population of about 700 persons, who gained a livelihood chiefly by fishing and trading along the coast. When the gaunt and grim spectre of famine passed over the land, carrying death and desolation on its blighting track into many a prosperous and happy homestead, the ravages of disease and hunger extended themselves to this remote hamlet too. Most of those who weathered the storm emigrated to America, and at present we only observe ruined habitations and a scanty population, where in former times a numerous colony of people resided.

About forty years ago, when the duties on imported goods were very heavy, smuggling was extensively practised along the south-western coast of Ireland, which, from its geographical position and the many inlets of the sea it contains, was most accessible to vessels sailing from the coasts of France, Portugal and Spain, with contraband cargo on board. In the year 1830 a cargo of brandy was run across from France to Carrigilihy. Intimation, however, had been given to the custom-house officers and coastguards beforehand, and they were continually

on the alert in order to intercept the smugglers, who, coming off the place and being afraid to land, sank their brandy casks near the coast, and buoyed them up so that they might raise them again at the first favourable opportunity. One night, however, a violent storm came on, the lashings of the casks were rent asunder, and the casks themselves floating to the surface were driven ashore by the wind and waves. When morning broke the whole population of Carigilihy turned out, and rushing down to the strand made a brisk attack on the casks, whose sides they soon broached, and whose contents they quickly demolished. The old Cognac, however, proved a formidable foe, and long before evening came on the majority of the brandy-drinkers were stretched senseless on the sand, and two unfortunate men died from taking an over-dose of the brandy.

A rich and ancient monastery at one time flourished in Carrigilihy; it was called the Abbey *De Sancto Mauro*, or *De Fonte Vivo* (of the Clear Spring). The latter name it derived from a clear, limpid spring which welled up out of the rock near the site of the old abbey.

I have already alluded in one of the opening chapters in brief terms to this ancient and important abbey. "In the year 1519 the abbot, John Imurily, was made Bishop of Ross." (*Monast. Hibernic.*) It was occupied by monks of the Cistercian Order, who came there from the more ancient and celebrated Abbey of Baltinglass in the county Wicklow.

Some authorities say that *De Sancto Mauro* was situated at Abbey Mahon, near Timoleague, but Smith and others contradict this assertion, and fix the locality as at Carrigilihy, and apparently on better grounds. Smith states that in his time, that is about 100 years

ago, "The foundations of extensive ruins, together with a large cemetery, with great quantities of human bones, were discovered in Carrigilihy. It was most probably, he says, the site of the Abbey *De Sancto Mauro.*"

The "*Monasticon Hibernicon,*" which gives very reliable information on the ancient Ecclesiastical records of Ireland, alluding to the abbeys of the Order of Cistercian Monks, says:—

"This Order had no great number of houses, yet it had the advantage of being one of the richest and most renowned in the island, not only because all its houses had the title of Abbeys, but also because this alone had more abbots, who were lords spiritual, and as such sat in Parliament, than all the other Orders together, for, of fifteen abbots, who had this prerogative throughout the country, thirteen were of the Cistercian Order.

"In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this monastery and its appurtenances were granted for ever to Nicholas Walshe, at the annual rent of £28 6*s.* 6*d.*"

The remaining points of interest connected with Myross are few. Squince Island is deserving of note, as it has long enjoyed a reputation for producing herbage which has special capacities for the fattening of horses. The island is connected with the mainland by means of a causeway. Near Squince Strand a neat and trim-looking coastguard station was situated some years ago. A little to the south-west of this place, and built on an elevated position near the sea, stand the ruins of the old parish chapel. The four side walls of the aisle are standing in good preservation. Within the walls and in the surrounding graveyard may be seen several diminutive fonts of very rude and primitive

workmanship. Here also is a peculiar-looking tomb, built of large stone slabs in the form of a truncated pyramid; it was the burying-place of the O'Donovans of Bawnlahane. From this spot we get a good view out to sea and along the coast. Immediately facing us, at a short distance, we perceive High and Low Island; the latter was formerly called Arahas Island, and was occupied by a small chapel, near the site of which persons from the mainland were buried. On Rabbit's Island, near Squince, a holy well dedicated to St. Bridget at one time flourished. The country people used to congregate there on the eve of St. Bridget to offer up their devotions. However, some years ago a boat was capsized, returning late one evening from the island, and some people drowned. Since then the well has been neglected, and another well on the mainland, in a little sequestered nook near Squince coastguard station, fulfils the office of its predecessor. The sea near Squince runs inland for a short distance, forming a peculiar inlet, which ends in a *cul-de-sac*. It is called in Irish, Cuan-caech, and in English, Blind Harbour.

Close to the beach we observe Squince House, formerly the seat of the O'Donovans of Squince, of the Clanloughlin branch, celebrated for their hospitality.

At the mouth of Blind Harbour, in February, 1874, an Italian barque, the "Pulcinello" was shipwrecked during a terrible gale. Driven in near the shore by the fury of the gale, she foundered in the harbour. All hands were lost, with the exception of a young Italian boy, who had a miraculous escape. He was flung ashore by a wave which washed over the ship's deck, and before the succeeding wave could overtake him he contrived to scramble beyond the reach of the tide, holding on by the grass and ferns. He was picked up next morning in an ex-

hausted state, but was quickly restored by the kindness and care of the inhabitants of the place.

One of the most interesting facts connected with Myross is the residence there for about six months of the celebrated Dean Swift, during which time he dwelt at Rock Cottage, it is said (the residence of J. French, Esq.), being on a visit with a clergyman of the district, the Rev. Thomas Somerville. The Dean was in the habit of making excursions along the coast, between Glandore and Baltimore, and the impressions produced on his mind by the scenery he observed found expression in a Latin poem, written in hexameter verse, and styled "Carberiae Rupes," which he wrote in June, 1723. It is a curious fact that Swift should have preferred this poem and an epistle in Latin verse to Dr. Sheridan to any of his other writings, for although the metre is perfect, and the style classical, still there is nothing particularly brilliant in the subject matter of the poem. In the same way Milton preferred "Paradise Regained" to "Paradise Lost," and Byron "A Paraphrase on Horace's Art of Poetry," a production of mediocre ability, to his magnificent poem "Childe Harold" (before the publication of the latter), the manuscript of which lay neglected in his trunk until his friend Hobhouse awaked the poet's consciousness to some idea of its great merits.

The reader can judge from these facts how a person may be a great poet or prose writer, and still a very poor critic of his own works; like the medical man, who can never prescribe well for himself when he gets sick, but requires the friendly aid of another to diagnose and treat his disease skilfully.

Every incident and particular connected with the life of so illustrious and distinguished an Irishman as Dean Swift are worthy of note and fraught with

interest. We transcribe his poem in part, with the translation of it by Dr. Dunkin:—

"CARBERIAE RUPES.

"Ecce! ingens fragmens scopuli, quod vertice summo,
Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum,
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa
Horrisono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque; suis Neptunus in undis.
Nam longâ venti rabie, atque; aspergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas
Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculasse gigantum.
Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exesa é scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo."

* * * * *

(Translated by Dunkin.)

"Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amid the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; destitute of props,
Prone on the waves, the rocky ruin drops!
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound,
From shore to shore the rocks return the sound:
The dreadful murmur heav'ns high convex cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves;
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scooped a hole into its nether sides.
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge.
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To crush earth's rebel sons beneath the load.
Oft too with hideous yawn the caverns wide
Present an orifice on either side,
A dismal orifice* from sea to sea,
Extended, pervious to the god of day."

* * * * *

* This refers to a cave, near Carrigilihy Strand, where Dean Swift used to embark. It forms a natural archway, hollowed out of the rock, and communicating with the sea by two separate orifices, some distance apart. When the tide is favourable a boat can be rowed through from one mouth to the other.

There is one matter of particular interest connected with Myross which is so well worthy of record that we cannot pass it by casually, but must enter at some length into its description. About half-a-mile up Glandore Harbour the sea takes a bend westward, at the Myross side, forming a small creek, at the extremity of which is situated the village of Union Hall, in a snug, secluded nook. Forty-six years ago Union Hall was a great centre of attraction to sightseers and scientific persons from various parts of the South of Ireland, it being the habitat of what many regarded as a supernatural phenomenon, and what were familiarly known as the "Glandore Lights" (*Mirabilia Glandoriana*), or Harrington's Lights.

It appears that in the year 1832, a poor labouring man named Thomas Harrington, residing in the parish of Myross, occupied a small cabin close to the sea-side, at the foot of a hill called Ardagh, which is in the immediate vicinity of Union Hall. He was a man of a delicate constitution; exposure to hardship, cold, and damp brought on an attack of consumption, and for six years, from 1832 to 1838, he lingered in a dying state, his health being gradually undermined by the slow, insidious, but certainly fatal ravages of that most incurable disease.

During this period strange lights of a ghastly hue, and assuming the most varied forms, were observed from time to time within the walls of the cabin and over the body of the sick man. The report of this strange occurrence soon travelled far and wide, and from various parts of the county persons of all ranks of society, male and female, assembled to witness Harrington's Lights. Some observed nothing, some saw faint glimmerings,

whilst others discovered brilliant stars, meteors flitting about from wall to wall, balls of fire, &c. The hands of persons raised over the body of the sick man sometimes presented a luminous appearance to lookers on in the surrounding darkness. Sceptical observers, who distinguished nothing, believed they were the result of chicanery and legerdemain (which however were never detected), which misled the judgment and excited the imagination of speculative philosophers and nervous old ladies, as *ignes-fatui* in the wastes are said to beguile the steps of unwary travellers. Those with a strong religious tendency ascribed the lights to superhuman agency, and looked on them as miraculous and nothing less.

Persons of a very scientific turn were confident that all could be explained by chemical or electrical causes, and that the *fons et origo* were situated in the atmosphere, or in the soil on which the cabin was built. It is a well-known fact that *ignes-fatui* (Will-o'-the-wisps) are seen at times in boggy, marshy ground, and in the vicinity of graveyards; they are supposed to be caused by phosphureted hydrogen escaping from the soil, the result of animal and vegetable decay. Opposed to this theory in Harrington's case was the fact that, though both soil and atmosphere in the neighbourhood of the cabin were closely examined and explored, nothing of a similar nature to what took place in the sick chamber could be observed.

We now come to the final explanation of these strange lights, which is generally received as the most correct one. Physiologists and pathologists are aware from experiments and actual observations that in certain diseased states of the system, engen-

dered by hereditary taint or other causes, such as consumption and allied diseases, great wasting of the fatty tissues and loss of the phosphates take place. At the same time the supply of oxygen being deficient, owing to the imperfect manner in which the lungs perform their functions, the phosphorus escapes from the body under peculiar circumstances without being oxidized, in the form of phosphureted hydrogen, through the lungs and skin. Now phosphureted hydrogen has the peculiar property of instantly inflaming when it comes in contact with the air, and it is in this way we can explain how, in exceptional cases, luminous exhalations are sometimes (but very rarely) emitted from the human body during life.

It is strange, nevertheless, that such phenomena are not more frequently observed, as the conditions for their existence must prevail in a great number of cases, according to the theory which has been just alluded to. Cases like Harrington's, however, are extremely rare, and only casually taken notice of in most works on physiology. We give the following extracts from the large work on human physiology, by Dr. Carpenter, one of the most eminent English physiologists of modern times. It refers to the subject we are now discussing, viz., the emanation of light under exceptional conditions from the human body during life:—

"Three cases are recorded by Sir H. Marsh in which an evolution of lights took place from the living body; all the subjects of these cases, however, were in the last stage of phthisis, and it can scarcely be doubted that here, as in other diseases of exhaustion, incipient disintegration was taking place during the latter periods of life. The light in each case is described as playing around the face, but not as directly proceeding from the surface,

and in one of those instances, which was recorded by Dr. D. Donovan (*Dublin Medical Press*, January 15th, 1840), not only was the luminous appearance perceptible over the head of the patient's bed, but luminous vapours passed in streams through the apartment. It can scarcely be doubted that it was here the breath which contained the luminous compound, more especially as it was observed in one of those cases to have a very peculiar smell, and the probability that the luminosity was due to the presence of phosphorus, in progress of slow oxidation, is greatly increased by the fact already referred to, that the injection of phosphureted oil into the blood-vessels gives rise to a similar appearance. . . . . On the whole, then, we may conclude; the occasional evolution of light from the human subject to be the consequence (when not an electrical phenonemon) of the production of a phosphorescent compound, at the expense of the disintegrating tissues, which compound passes off through one of the ordinary channels of excretion."

I transcribe the following two letters, which were written on Harrington's Lights, one by a personal observer, the other by a literary writer of the period, and which must, therefore, possess more direct interest, than any descriptive account, which is the result of hearsay evidence and report, after a lengthened space of time. The first is from the pen of a writer for the *New Monthly Magazine*, a periodical in existence thirty years ago:—

"It was our wish to have gone from Bantry to Skibbereen to investigate the marvellous appearances in its neighbourhood, about which people were talking through the whole south of Ireland, but circumstances would not permit it. Many well-informed people who had visited the scene had spoken of it in terms that kindled curiosity. All allowed—the ladies in particular—that there was a mystery about it; many were persuaded there was something supernatural. In a cottage, about two miles from Skibbereen, lived a man of the name of Harrington, poor, yet intelligent, and believed to be very pious; the situation of his home was singularly desolate, on a low, dreary beach, the sea in front, and a marshy swamp behind; its interior was poor, and, like other Irish cabins, without win-

dows; two rooms, with a damp, earthen floor, a cheerless home even in health and strength, but in disease and helplessness the cloud of the valley would be sweeter, and the head would ache no more.

"Three years since Harrington felt very ill, and was confined wholly to his bed, yet able to read and converse; his books wholly religious; his only companion and attendant was his mother. A few months afterwards lights began to be visible in the cottage; the rumour of them soon attracted people from Skibbereen to the spot, whose report induced others from a greater distance, from Bantry, Cork, and the interior, gradually to come and examine for themselves. It seems that all were struck, and none satisfied with what they saw. Their appearance was like a faint moonlight, that fell on the wall of the chamber; at times it was a bright light that covered the whole wall or moved in portions up and down it, and often deepened into a yellow tint.

"Among the numerous visitors were ministers, men of science, families from their country seats, fox-hunters, and devotees, carriages, pedestrians, and horsemen. It was called at last the Skibbereen lights, and baffled every attempt of the clever and credulous to discover fraud or imposture. In the inner room, on a low bed, beside the wall, destitute of every comfort, lay the desolate Harrington, in the calm light of whose eye, and in the composure of whose tone there was evidently no pain of conscience or depravity of heart. He said he was happy night and day though his suffering was great. He never solicited help or charity. The little he possessed seemed to be sufficient for his wants, and he did not seem to care for more. A few of his visitors sometimes left a trifle behind them, but the greater part gave nothing. He was so emaciated that it seemed as if life could not long remain in such a frame; the arm was but skin and bone, and after nearly a year had passed, those who saw him again were surprised to perceive the same emaciation. He was about thirty-five, and passed his time in reading and prayer, chiefly, it was said, in the latter. . . . . .

"A lady, of literary powers and success, related to us while at her house, a visit of some days which she had paid to this scene. 'To the cottage she went often, and saw again and again the lights, and observed them keenly and coolly, but could not trace or imagine the cause of their startling appearance; they fell suddenly on the wall always of the sick man's room, they flashed brightly before the eye, and moved slowly, or mantled the side

of the wall in a steady light, remaining for some minutes, or passing away as suddenly as they came; there was no crevice or aperture in the chamber through which light could enter; there was a fireplace and chimney, but no fire was ever lighted whilst the visitors were there, and clothes were hung over the door, and one or two places in the wall, at the wish of those who came, that no gleam could enter, so that on these occasions the dark chamber was darkened yet more; the confined floor was often covered with visitors, handsomely-dressed women, and the gay, the serious, and the wealthy were there, and many a face was pale, as if touched by the unearthly light, and every voice was hushed; the dying man, as he seemed to all, was before them, in whose skeleton hand was the mystery, true or false, of this extraordinary appearance. They waited on some occasions long in suspense, at others expectation was quickly gratified.'

"A gentleman, whom we know, and who was several times on the spot, said that he saw them once at noon. The day is not the usual time of their appearance, but the evening and night. There is no noise or confusion about the house; no Irish sounds of wonder, wail or alarm; there is a quietness and decency about the manners and demeanour of the people; their conduct is closely observed, and at these times, when the mother is generally in the chamber, with an inquisitorial exactness.

"There is a cabin at no great distance from the home of Harrington, where it was suspected at first that some collusion might be carried on; in this cabin, therefore, a person was stationed to detect any suspicious signs, but there were none. The roof also of the sick man's cottage was carefully examined, and no clue to artifice or hypocrisy was found. So many intelligent, educated, and watchful observers could not thus be deceived; such, at least, was their own opinion. It was conjectured that from the desolate and marshy places behind the house some vapour or miasma might be the cause. On examination this did not appear to be possible.

"Among the visitors was one of considerable eminence in the scientific world, whose calm and philosophic spirit of investigation could not discover the cause of the celebrated 'Skibbereen Lights,' which we saw more than once. It was a fit situation for the wonderful and wild: the lone cottage of the friendless man on a dreary shore, on which is the ceaseless moan of the sea, and half the year, of the wild winds, and behind is a sullen marsh. Many who have come here in the winter season, or

even on a dull cloudy day have felt the influence of the scene. If there be deception so long and still kept up, there must be exquisite art and management in the actors: rarely has a spot so desolate and reft of human agency been chosen wherein to deceive mankind.

"The delusion is then as masterly as that of Mesmer, and if the feebleness of the agents be considered it is more successfully maintained. The simplicity of the machinery, which requires no aid from the imaginations, or sympathies of the observers, gives this marvellous appearance on the desert shore the advantage over each German pretension. Seeing is believing. One sense only is exercised, and that the most difficult to be mistaken, in so confined a space—the waves in front—the marsh behind—no fire or light within—the only shadow that falls is that of the passing cloud."

The next letter is from Dr. Donovan, senior, who was medical attendant upon Harrington:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN MEDICAL PRESS.

"*Skibbereen, November 9th,* 1839.

"In the description of Harrington's Lights by the writer for the *New Monthly Magazine*, there are many inaccuracies. Harrington's house was not situated in a lonely and desolate spot, but in a populous and neat village, on the harbour of Glandore, one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots on the southern coast of Ireland, and instead of the dreary marsh to the rere, there was a dry, precipitous, and lofty hill. I will not notice any more of the errors of the writer, but shall proceed to detail the real circumstances.

"*Quarum pars Magna Fui.*

"I was sent for in December, 1828, to see the subject of this sketch. He had been under the care of my predecessor, and had been entered in the dispensary book as a phthisical patient. . . . . He was under my care for about five years, during which time, strange to say, his symptoms continued stationary, and I had discontinued my attendance for about two years, when the report became general that mysterious lights were seen in his cabin.

"The subject attracted a great deal of attention, some attri

buting the lights to the miraculous interposition of Heaven, others to the practice of the black art. To myself they were represented by one gentleman as a beacon that would guide me securely into the harbour of truth, by another as an *ignis fatuus* that would lead me into the regions of demonism and necromancy. Not regarding these views as offering any explanation of the mystery, I determined to subject the matter to the ordeal of my own senses, and for this purpose visited the cabin for fourteen nights, and for three nights only did I witness anything unusual; once I perceived a luminous fog resembling the aurora borealis; twice I saw scintillations like the sparkling phosphorescence sometimes exhibited by the sea *in fusoria.* At the time the appearances were so faint as not to enable me to say with any degree of certainty whether they proceeded from luminous bodies, or were the mere freaks of fancy, others declared that they saw brilliant stars, blazing suns, pillars of fire, &c. &c.

"This discrepancy led many to attribute these igneous wonders to supernatural agency, and the splendour with which they were seen was regarded as a test of the worthiness of the beholder. I would not consider this opinion deserving of a serious refutation, were it not that it was entertained by many well-educated and otherwise intelligent individuals, and under these circumstances I beg to be excused for digressing into the province of the divine to discuss the question of their miraculous origin.

"To constitute a miracle there must be an interruption of the ordinary laws of nature, but the lights in question were obedient to the laws by which luminous bodies are governed, viz., that the fainter are eclipsed by the more brilliant, as to render them visible it was necessary to extinguish candles, &c. . . . . .

"I at first thought some legerdemain had been practised, but upon reflection found that I was wrong. In the first place it is improbable that this dying man, who had neither hopes of living, nor any wish to live, would be guilty of fraud. Secondly, the respectability and integrity of those in immediate communication with him removed all idea of collusion. Lastly, from the close scrutiny I have made I can with certainty say no jugglery was either employed or attempted. Having met the foregoing reasons with a direct negative, I come now to consider those causes, among which an explanation of the phenomenon in question is, I believe, to be found, and these I shall arrange under the following heads;—

"*Excitement of the Imagination—Luminous Exhalations from the Soil—Phosphorescence of the Retina—Evolution of Light from the Body of the Patient.*

"*Excitement of the Imagination.*—There was certainly on some occasions at the scene of these lights everything calculated to work upon the imagination. The darkness of the cabin, the hollow, sepulchral voice of the dying man, and the enthusiastic manner of the devotees who sat at his bedside, were likely to make a deep impression on the mind, and had, I have no doubt, the effect of magnifying the matter to the minds of some, but these excitants were not sufficiently strong to make me believe that I saw light where it was not, and, moreover, on two of the nights when I saw these appearances, there was an absence of the causes that I have enumerated as likely to excite the imagination.

"*Luminous Exhalations from the Soil* are out of the question. In the same locality there were several other houses, and yet in none of them was a similar phenomenon ever seen, nor in this was it ever witnessed since or before.

"*Phosphorescence of the Retina.*—This property of the optic nerve, to which Sir David Brewster particularly refers (optical illusions) is not sufficient to account for the phenomenon in question. He states that it is produced by pressure on the eyeball. I have frequently since forcibly compressed my eyes with the muscles as strong as I could, and yet have not been able to create such appearances as those that I have witnessed at Harrington's; and if they were attributable to this cause they should seem more vivid immediately after the candles were extinguished than in some time after which was not the case.

"*Evolution of Light from the Body of the Sick Man.*—In this I believe we have an explanation of the mystery. I am of opinion that the appearances which I witnessed were dependent on the presence of phosphorescent matter in the expiratory and perspiratory secretions. The property which phosphuretted-hydrogen has of undergoing spontaneous combustion when brought in contact with atmospheric air is well known, and as the components of which this is made up exist in abundance in the human body, it is not outstretching the bounds of probability to suppose that it is sometimes generated in the living system. Dr. Apjohn believes that it is sometimes the product of diseased action. Fodere states that he has witnessed in the living body the morbid secretion of a gas, similar in its properties

to that which covers cemeteries, and which, by the spontaneous production of flame, forms the *ignis fatuus*, so frequently observed in those localities. The spontaneous combustion of the human body is now generally admitted, and this constitutes a much more remarkable phenomenon than the one we have been considering, as the morbid secretions in this case must consist of much more inflammable materials than are merely necessary for the production of light.

"Tiedman attributes the phosphorescence of decayed wood to an eminently combustible combination of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and as all these simple substances exist in abundance in the human body their combination may, under peculiar circumstances, take place, and produce phosphorescent emanations. To one or two of these causes I attribute the evolution of light from the body of my patient. But it may be argued, if luminous exhalations really took place from the body of this man, as proceeding from fixed causes, that their operation would be constant and their effect uniform. I do not think that their operation would be constant, as they would be modified by the state of the atmosphere, as to electricity, moisture, &c., and as to the uniformity of their action we must take into consideration the differences in the mental constitutions of those who saw them. The faint appearances which were really seen by men of dispassionate minds were regarded as mere freaks of fancy, whilst they were magnified into brilliant orbs and resplendent meteors by the ardent and enthusiastic, who embodied in phantasms their own hopes and fears, and beheld, in the creations of their imaginations, all the realities of direct vision."

CHAPTER XI.

Glandore, origin of the name—Fairy legend about the Princess Cleena—Carraic Cleena—Remarks on both by Drs. Todd and Joyce, M. R. I. A.—Glandore Castle—The Fisheries—Spirited exertions of James Redmond Barry, Esq.—Poem on Glandore—Capture of a whale—Myross House—The Leap—Smith's account of the dangerous passage across the ravine—Ballinlough—Lis-an-Earla and the legend of Tir-na-nOgue—Loughdrine, and the floating islands—Fairs, faction fights, and festivities—Philosopher Thompson and the co-operative communities—Scenery between Ross and Glandore—Pouladav, curious formation—Ballyverine House, or Coppinger's Court, and a short sketch of Sir Walter Coppinger—Benduff Castle, its history—The Morrises—Penn, &c.

GLANDORE Harbour is decidedly one of the most picturesque inlets of the sea along our southern coast. We do not observe there scenery upon a magnificent or imposing scale, such as we witness in Killarney's far-famed lakes, or amidst the Highlands of Scotland, or along the wild coasts of Norway; we have no rich valleys or fertile plains in the neighbourhood; nevertheless, we perceive a charming variety and harmonious arrangement of rock and water, of hill and dale, which bestow upon this favoured locality some secret spell wherewith to bind the observer to the spot, and create feelings of pleasure and delight in the most careless spectator, as well as in the most ardent lover of nature.

The ancient name of Glandore was Cuan Dor, or more properly, according to the local Irish pronunciation, "Cuan Dair," which would signify The Harbour of the Oak, which tree was in former times

so abundant throughout Ireland, and no doubt flourished luxuriantly in the immediate neighbourhood of Glandore, where it still remains partly rooted to the soil. Cuan Dór, according to Dr. Todd, who is a great authority, means the golden harbour: the pronunciation by the resident population does not confirm this meaning.

A FAIRY LEGEND.

To pass from fact to fiction, from everyday life to the misty regions of romance and legendary lore, I beg to introduce to the reader's notice one of the many fairy legends which, although of an unreal nature, has, however, imparted a considerable share of notoriety and fame to the name of Glandore. Cliodhna (Cleena), the queen of the fairies of South Munster, is said to have been chained to a rock near Glandore harbour. Her deeds of supernatural power and the fairy spells she exercised over mortals have been celebrated from time immemorial in the ancient manuscripts of the county, and in the traditionary stories of the peasantry. In a work of the late Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, entitled "The War of the Gaedhill against the Gaill; or, Invasions of Ireland by the Danes and other Norsemen," is the following passage:—"During Brian Boru's administration he banished and enslaved the foreigners, and rescued the country from oppression. A lone woman might have walked in safety from Torach, now Tory Island, off the north coast of Donegal, to Cliodhna, a rock in the harbour of Glandore, *i. e.*, through the whole length of Ireland, carrying a ring of gold on a horse rod." Referring to Cuan Dor, he remarks:—"In this bay is the rock called Cliodhna's, upon which

beats a wave called Tonn Cliodhna (Tun Cleena). Cliodhna's wave is said to utter a plaintive sound when a monarch of the south of Ireland dies." Cliodhna was the name of a princess in an ancient Irish legend—

> "'Twas said whene'er a monarch dropped
> Off Munster's roll of fame,
> From the wave which Carraic Cleena stopped,
> A wail of sorrow came."

In another part of the work is the following translation from an ancient Irish manuscript:—"After the banishment of the foreigners out of Erinn, and after Erinn was reduced to a state of peace, a lone woman came from Torach, in the north of Erinn, carrying a ring of gold on a horse-rod, and she was neither robbed nor insulted, whereupon the poet sung:

> "From Torach to pleasant Cliodhna,
> And carrying with her a ring of gold,
> In the time of Brian, of the bright side, fearless,
> A lone woman made the circuit of Erin."

This was the original poem, which roused the magic power of song in the soul of Ireland's most illustrious poet, and suggested to him the idea of that most beautiful Irish melody:

> "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

Warner, in his "History of Ireland," Vol. i., Book x., alluding to this subject, tells us the anecdote as follows:—

"The people were inspired with such a sense of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brian, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady,

of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to another, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value, and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people that no attempt was made on her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."

In Corca Laidhe the following remarks are made regarding Carraic Cliodhna:—

"Between Ross Bay and the Galley Head, a strand is situated called Traigh Claine (the sloping strand), off which standing in the water at a short distance from the beach is a rock called Carraic Cliodhna." Such being the case, it is about four miles to the east of Glandore Harbour.

It was also called the "Rock," *par excellence*, to distinguish it from other rocks in the vicinity, which were of less note and importance. The veritable Carraic Cliodhna, answering to the above description, is pointed out by the peasantry to any person who chooses to make inquiries. It is immediately underneath Castle Freke, near the water's edge, off the sloping strand, and resembles in the distance the dark-looking hull of an iron-clad man of war.

When the surf breaks on this rock, the contrast is very marked between the dark hue of Carraic Cliodhna, and the white-crested waves, and produces a striking effect.

Before bringing to a close my remarks on the renowned fairy queen, or banshee, and her sea-girt prison, it will prove interesting to introduce the

following extract from Dr. Joyce's work, "Irish Names of Places":—

"Besides the celebrated fairy haunts mentioned at page 170, there are several other places in different parts of Ireland, presided over, each by its own guardian spirit, and among them several female fairies or banshees. Some of these are very famous, and though belonging to particular places, are celebrated by the bards over the whole of Ireland. Cloidhna (Cleena) is the potent banshee that rules as queen over the fairies of south Munster; and you will hear innumerable stories among the peasantry of the exercise of her powerful spells. Edward Walsh makes his lover of 'O'Donovan's Daughter' thus express himself:—

> "'God grant 'tis no fay from Knockfierna that woos me,
> God grant 'tis not Cleena the queen that pursues me,
> That my soul, lost and lone, has no witchery wrought her,
> While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's daughter.'

"In the 'Dinnsenchus' there is an ancient poetical love story, of which Cleena is the heroine, wherein it is related that she was a foreigner, and that she was drowned in the harbour of Glandore, near Skibbereen, in Cork. In this harbour the sea at certain times utters a very peculiar, deep, hollow, and melancholy roar among the caverns of the cliffs, and this surge has been from time immemorial called Tonn-Cleena (Cleena's wave). Cleena had her palace in the heart of a great rock, situated about five miles south south-west from Mallow. It is still well known by the name of Carrig-Cleena, and it has given name to two townlands."

Two castles formerly flourished at Glandore. They have been replaced now to a great extent by

buildings of a more modern date. The one near the harbour's mouth was called Kilfinnan. The other situated near the village of Glandore, and at present styled Glandore Castle, the property of James Redmond Barry, was formerly called Cloghatrabally, meaning the "stone-fortress of the strand town." It was built by the chief of the Barretts of Munster, A. D. 1215. Timoleague and Dundeide Castle were built about the same time by Nicholas Boy De Barry. In A. D. 1260, Glandore Castle was broken down by Finghin Reanna Roin, son of Domhnall Got M'Carthy. It was rebuilt soon again, and then after a long lapse of time came into the possession of Domhnall Na Caston O'Donovan, the chief of Clanloughlin, a district lying between Glandore and Ross. This chieftain died in 1580 (see "Annals of Innisfallen"). Like many other old castles, that of Glandore is said to have had underground cells or chambers, from which subterranean passages led down towards the sea-side. These were used as places of retreat and modes of escape in times of pressing danger.

In former years, not long past either, regattas were annual occurrences in Glandore, and all the arrangements connected with them were perfect and on a most advanced scale. Yachts came round from Queenstown to compete for prizes, and crews of stalwart peasants from the surrounding country displayed their prowess as oarsmen in friendly rivalry. The entire performance wound up with a ball at the Castle. On these occasions the village and the adjacent positions of advantage for sightseers were thronged with a gay and cheerful crowd, in holiday costume, enjoying the amusements of the day, and no more charming *tout ensemble* could be observed

than that which Glandore presented on a fine regatta-day.

Glandore, as a fishing station, ought to attain to some importance if capital were expended, and enterprise and energy awakened to carry out a more complete and extensive system of deep-sea fishing than exists at present. The sea off Glandore, and, in fact off all the harbours along the coast, abounds in edible fish of all varieties. The native fishermen, owing to want of scientific training and capital, have neither boats, luggers, nor smacks, as a rule, sufficiently seaworthy and capacious, nor fishing gear of proper efficiency to enable them to take larger hauls of fish in the deep waters. The consequence is that during the summer months fleets of luggers and smacks come across from Cornwall, the Isle of Man, Boulogne, and Dieppe to the Irish coast, where the mackerel, pilchards, and herrings swarm in immense shoals, and make a rich harvest. A single take of fish is sometimes valued at £200. During the year 1868 it appears that over £100,000 worth of fish was exported by the foreign fishermen who frequent Kinsale Harbour, and this is probably now on the increase. These facts show a great want of employed capital, local enterprise, and development of industrial resources in this part of the country, when French and English luggers come from such a distance, and almost monopolize the deep-sea fisheries along the coast, which should be, if things were managed properly, an abundant source of employment to the labouring classes of the community, and which constitute a very important branch of commerce and industry in every country.

Lewis, in his topographical dictionary, referring to Glandore, says:—"This seems to have been a

place of some importance at an early period, as appears from the erection of the castles of Glandore and Kilfinnan. For many years it continued in an impoverished state, but it has again become a place of considerable note through the spirited exertions of its present proprietor, J. Redmond Barry, Esq., who has, within the last few years, expended upwards of £10,000 in various improvements." The result of this benevolence and praiseworthy exertion in developing the resources of the place has been to secure for him the warm esteem and deep respect of the gentry and people in the barony of Carbery.

The charms of Glandore have been celebrated in verse by Dr. Murray, whose graphic and descriptive lines are, I am sure, familiar to the generality of my readers. I have ventured to introduce the following lines, written during a leisure hour, while sojourning at Glandore and admiring the beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood, so favoured by nature, and so interesting in every feature.

GLANDORE.

Of all the gems which deck our isle,
And stud our native shore,
None wears for me a sunny smile
So bright as sweet Glandore.

Though other views may far excel,
In wooded mount and lake,
In sparkling stream and lonely dell,
Thee I can ne'er forsake.

Glandore's romantic harbour, glen,
A tribute well may claim
From far a worthier writer's pen,
To celebrate thy fame.

Killarney's lakes and changing skies,
Her mountains bold and grand,
May bear away the highest prize
For beauty in our land.

Glengariff, too, with varied scene,
And charms that never tire,
With fairy nooks of emerald green,
I love so, and admire.

Where some bright spell for ever wakes,
To chain us to the spot;
Such impress on the mind it makes,
Once seen 'tis ne'er forgot.

Behold the broad and sparkling Lee,
With verdant banks so fair,
No river runs into the sea
That with thee can compare.

But oh! there is some magic power
Which holds a greater sway,
And still it grows with every hour
In Glandoré's placid bay.

For here the thoughts of youth's gay time,
Of boyhood's pleasant days,
Will make it seem to us sublime,
Whilst wandering through life's maze.

The gentle zephyr from the south
Comes stealing o'er the sea,
And wafted in the harbour's mouth,
Blows o'er the fertile lea.

It whispers softly to the groves,
Which bud forth in the spring,
And through the beautous flowers it roves,
Which summer time doth bring.

Close to a white and shelving strand
An ancient castle 's seen,
Where chieftains held a high command
In olden times I ween.

A verdant sward around is spread,
And ivy-clad the walls;
Alas! its glories all have fled,
Deserted are its halls.

Yes! it is not so much the soft,
And fragrant balmy air,
That bids us linger here so oft
Enjoy each scene so fair.

'Tis musing o'er the happy past
We spent with friends of yore;
Such memories I cherish fast,
And link them with Glandore.

Though clouds may dim the sky at times,
And storms may hover round,
I love thee more than other climes,
Where azure skies abound.

When twilight steals from out the west,
At eve of summer day,
And nature tired inclines to rest,
I glance out on the bay.

And often linger on the beach,
Past times to ponder o'er,
Each merry laugh and pleasant speech
I heard in dear Glandore.

Farewell, thou charming, treasured spot
On Carb'ry's sea-girt shore,
Thy beauty ne'er will be forgot
By one who loves Glandore.

About twenty-five years ago, a whale of very large proportions paid a visit to Glandore Harbour. It belonged to a species called the "Rorqual, or Razor Backed," the largest of the whale tribe, some of which attain to the length of 110 feet. This speci-

men was about seventy-five feet long, the other measurements being in proportion. Whilst in the eager pursuit of a shoal of fish, he approached the harbour's mouth, and ran aground near The Stack of Beans, a rock near the east end of Rabbit Island. He contrived to get jammed between two small rocks, during the ebb of the tide, and remained so perfectly motionless at the time that he was supposed by lookers-on to be dead. On the return of the tide, when placed in his native element, he flapped about violently with his tail, making desperate efforts to extricate himself (all to no purpose, however) from the constrained position he was in, and caused considerable commotion amongst many persons present, who were unprepared for such an event. A novel plan was adopted in order to secure the whale in the position he had taken up; a large hole was dug in the blubber, and the fluke of a heavy anchor imbedded firmly in this hole. The whale was claimed as Royalty, but after some time, in consequence of its rapid decomposition and the offensive smell generated, it had to be towed into deep water and sunk.

As we follow the windings of the harbour towards Leap, we cannot fail being impressed with the picturesque nature of the scenery, which only requires a more general distribution of wood to render it perfect. Near Leap is situated the demesne of Myross Wood, which has a very pleasing effect when seen from the opposite side, the green slopes and rising grounds being thickly wooded down to the water's edge. Myross House is a plain, substantial, and commodious-looking house; it formerly was the residence of the third Earl of Kingston, before he built Mitchelstown Castle, one of the finest private residences in the south of Ireland. Myross House after-

wards belonged to a Mr. Coppinger, and finally came into the possession of its present proprietor, J. H. Townsend, Esq.

On the west side of Glandore Harbour, near the Leap, underneath Myross House, a small island existed formerly, which, according to Smith, was formed in a very peculiar manner. He says:—

"That, by the working of the sea previous to his own time, a large part of the hill fell down, on which grew some trees. This piece formed an island of about twenty yards in circumference, and the trees continued to grow, but it is now almost completely washed away."

At the extreme end of Glandore Harbour stands the little village of Leap, anciently called Ceann Mara (the Head of the Sea).

O'Donovan, in "The Genealogy of Corca Laidhe," makes the following annotation: "Ceann Mara (Head of the Sea): this was the ancient name of the head of Cuan Dor, or Glandore Harbour, at O'Donovan's Leap." The latter appellation it derived from a person of that name having formerly accomplished a wonderful jump across the deep ravine near the little village.

This place formed part of the route through which Sir George Carew's army marched on their way to the siege of Dunboy, as we learn from the "Pacata Hibernia" that, after leaving Rosscarbery on the 25th April, 1602, Carew passed over The Leap, thence to Castlehaven and Baltimore, and so on. Before the present main road was laid down across Leap, the passage over the ravine must have been difficult and dangerous. Smith says:—

"At the upper end of Glandore Harbour is a deep and dangerous glen, called 'The Leap,' on both

sides of which is the high road from Ross to the other parts of West Carbery. The road crosses this glen, which is here as steep as a flight of stairs, so that few horses but those that are well used to it would attempt it with courage."

Close to Leap is Brede House, formerly the seat of the Jervois family in Carbery. About the beginning of the present century the Rev. Arthur Herbert, Rector of Myross, purchased a portion of the Jervis estate, and erected there, on the west side of Glandore Harbour, Myross House, already noticed in a recent paragraph.

At one place, a short distance above the bridge, near Leap, though the breadth across is only a few feet, there is a clear descent to the bottom on either side of about fifty feet, the surface of the rock at the same time being as smooth as if it were cut with a saw.

The small stream which runs through the ravine and into Glandore Harbour, comes from a lake called Ballinlough, situated about two miles to the north of Leap, in the parish of Kilmacabea. This diminutive stream has the honour of forming the boundary line between the Baronies of East and West Carbery. In the olden times all that part of Carbery which lay to the west of Leap was in a very unreclaimed state, and its fastnesses and bogs afforded such facility for escape and concealment to persons dreading criminal prosecutions for acts of violence, or to persons fearing political persecution, that the following saying passed into a sort of proverb:—

"Beyond the Leap, beyond the law."

From the high land to the north of Leap, called Keamore, may be obtained a good view of Glandore

and Castletownsend Harbours, and the adjacent coast.

Ballinlough Lake was formerly celebrated for its large red trout. It was also called Aghill Lough, aghill being a species of fresh water eel which abounded in the lake. It is a curious fact that shell-fish are found in its waters, especially wrinkles, exactly similar to those which exist on the sea-beach. On the north side of Ballinlough, near the road, on the summit of a steep hill, we observe a very fine lis, popularly called a Danish fort, styled Lis an Earla (the Earl's Fort). In the enclosure within the inner rampart are numerous pits leading to subterranean passages, most of which are nearly closed up at present by the sinking in of the soil. One of these passages is said to have led down to the lake.

Mrs. and Mr. Hall, in their work on Ireland, refer to a strange legend connected with this old lis—the tradition being that the subterranean passage imagined to connect it with the lake was carefully guarded by the fairies both day and night. It was also believed to lead to some bright and happy elysium beneath the waters of the lake called Tir-na-noge (the land of youth), whose inhabitants never suffered from the infirmities of old age, but always basked in the sunlight of perennial youth.

About two miles east of Ballinlough, and a mile east of Conanagh, we observe a small lake called Lough Adereen, very insignificant in appearance, but still worthy of notice. The lake is bounded on one side by a bog, which has encroached upon its surface, making it much smaller now than it formerly was. Small floating islands, at one time in considerable numbers, existed on the lake—a few are only to be seen now. These islands were supposed by the

country people to change places, and shift from one side to the other upon one particular day in the year, and hence they believed that there was something miraculous about the matter.

The islands themselves are formed in a peculiar manner—portions of coarse grass, blown by strong winds upon the surface of the water during the autumn, occasionally become matted together by their tenacious roots, and whilst floating round the sides of the lake collect particles of earth and seeds of plants. In this way a small island is formed in course of time, which is enabled to float on the surface by reason of the light and turfy nature of its component parts. Sometimes also portions of the bog, by the undermining action of the water, become detached from the mainland, and also form small floating islands, on which grow shrubs and weeds.

We observe a small island of the same formation on one of the Shepperton Lakes. They are very numerous in Carnarvonshire, but the place most celebrated for its floating islands was the lake near the city of Mexico, where Prescott says that they existed in large numbers, and some of them so extensive that they formed residences for colonies of the people, who gained a livelihood by the cultivation of vegetables and flowers on these peculiar dwelling-places. Whenever the residents wanted to change from one locality to another they moved the islands about the edge of the lake by the use of long poles.

To return, however, to the subject we are discussing, we find that formerly great numbers of people collected together in the neighbourhood of Lough Adereen, and that the same observances were carried on many years ago which exist in a minor degree

at the present day. Close to the lake is pointed out a spot where once was an altar. It was also the custom to tie pieces of cloth to a neighbouring bush, and bring portions of bread and meal with which to feed the fish of the lake. Patterns and fairs were also held here on the east side of the lake, on a townland called Gortroe, and on these occasions, music, dancing, and feastings were the order of the day, which generally wound up with faction-fights or a general scrimmage.

The various septs, and families in the parish of Kilmacabea made use of the fairs and patterns as opportunities for testing their comparative merits in the handling of the shillelagh. The place was very convenient, too, for such engagements, as blackthorns and oak-sticks grew abundantly in the neighbourhood. However, from use of the stick, when long-continued disputes had fired their blood, and roused a sanguinary spirit, they proceeded to the adoption of deadlier weapons—guns, swords, bayonets, and pikes.

About fifty years ago a terrible fight occurred, in which a man named Callaghan was shot down and bayoneted. After this occurrence the patterns and fairs died out, chiefly through the influence of Dr. Collins, who was Bishop of Ross at the time. Although we must hail with satisfaction the dying out of the faction-fights of olden times, we must admit that with them have become extinct, in a great degree, the rollicking fun and jovial merriment which characterised the Irishmen of a former era.

In the neighbourhood of Lough Adereen, referred to in the last sketch, is a townland called Carhoogariff (the rough quarter). This land belonged, about forty years ago, to a very remarkable and eccentric

personage, a philosopher (Thompson), whose peculiar habits, strange creed, and extraordinary theories created a great sensation in Glandore, and the immediate vicinity at the period alluded to.

The philosopher was the son of a Cork merchant. He spent a considerable portion of his time in France and Belgium previous to 1830, where he imbibed the revolutionary doctrines prevalent in France at the time. He was in the habit of visiting Glandore occasionally, and settled down there a short time before his death, which took place in 1832.

He soon became a man of local celebrity on account of the eccentricity of his character. Thompson belonged to a society called Communists, or Socialists, which made itself prominent in his time; they existed in France under the name of St. Simonians, and also in the United States. These men derived their political and moral ideas from the writings of Voltaire, and other sceptical philosophers of his stamp. In Scotland and England, Owen, Hamilton, and Combe were the chief supporters of the system.

It appears that, in the year 1830, 300 of these co-operative trading fund associations, as they were called, were associated together in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The central one was situated in London, at Red Lion Square, and called the London Association for the Promotion of Co-operative Knowledge. The government of the body was deputed to central and local boards, chosen annually by a congress of delegates from all the branches of the association. At a co-operative congress, held in London, during the year 1869, it was proved that in 1867, 171,807 members existed, with a capital of £5,001,153, but it was fully admitted that the

acquisition of wealth alone was their main object.

Thompson being in possession of Carhoogariff, and having a considerable amount of money at his command, determined on gratifying his hobby and carrying into practical effect his favourite idea, viz., "The establishment of a community on the principles of mutual co-operation, united possessions, and equality of exertions and the means of enjoyment." The philosopher wrote a work, indicating in its title the principles referred to. Under the system which he wished to establish, a number of persons were to settle on a spot of ground, which was to be divided into equal lots of, say one acre to each person, every individual at the same time, bringing in a capital of from £20 to £100, as the case might be. Each person was to pursue the avocation in life which pleased him most, or for which he was best suited. He was to have an interest, and share in the general property of the community whilst he contributed by his personal exertions to the welfare of all, exchanging when he wished the products of his own industry for any articles belonging to other members which he might require, and so forth.

Thompson laid the foundations of a row of buildings at Carhoogariff, where the co-operative community should reside. Not content with building castles in the air, he determined to build on a more solid foundation, and accordingly he erected a sort of modern round tower or turret at Carhoogariff, and furnished it as a private residence. The ruins of the turret are to be seen at present. The philosopher, however, did not live to carry into execution his Utopian views, as death cut him off in the midst of his speculations. He died in 1832.

All ideas of establishing the community were abandoned on his death. He left the bulk of his property to some co-operative society to carry out the formation of a socialist community. His will was upset at law, being declared invalid, as it was maintained that the property was willed for immoral purposes, one of his peculiar principles being that there should be no necessity for marriage ceremonies in the society, but that there should be a community of wives as well as of property. Thompson, though a visionary and a theorist, was a man of acute intellect, and considerable information. He was a strict vegetarian, and very temperate in his habits. His political opinions were those of a Red Republican, having spent a portion of his life in France. He adopted as his political code the revolutionary ideas which prevailed there at the time, and which reached their climax in 1830. He used to walk about Glandore, carrying a tri-coloured flag at the end of his walking-stick. The country people looked upon him as a sort of magician, as he was in the habit of publicly exhibiting experiments of a chemical nature. The philosopher was considered a man of ability by his own peculiar fraternity.

One of Thompson's more practicable and reasonable speculations was the establishment of a Deep Sea Fishery Company to superintend and develop the fisheries along the south coast, making Glandore the chief depot and centre of action, but this, like the other projects, fell to the ground. In his will he bequeathed his body to his medical attendant, giving most minute particulars as to the preparation of the skeleton, and how the ribs were to be tipped with silver, that it might present a fashionable appearance. A phrenologist named Monsieur Baume came

across from London to claim the cranium, in order to lecture on its phrenological development. The property of Thompson descended to his sisters, but being very heavily mortgaged it had to be sold in the Incumbered Estates Court. His turret has tumbled down. The co-operative buildings have been razed to the ground, but the eccentricities of the philosopher, his extraordinary will, and strange career will long furnish subjects for story-telling and gossip in Glandore and its neighbourhood.

The country along the sea-coast, between Glandore and Ross, was originally called Fidh Ruis, meaning the rough, wooded country. Though it retains the former character at the present time, its title to being wooded no longer exists, in fact it is rather bare of trees. Like many other parts of Carbery, it is probable that nearly all the primeval woods which once existed there have been from time to time either burnt down, or levelled by the axe. The surface of the land is rugged and broken up into rocky peaks. The coast line is indented by small coves, which are situated between bare, bold-looking cliffs, and from these narrow ravines run inland between the hill-sides and form the beds of small streams, which pursue their course to the sea. The scenery is said to resemble (on a miniature scale of course) Norwegian scenery.

Inglis, in his travels through Ireland in 1834, speaking of the country to the west of Ross, including, I dare say, Glandore and Castletownsend, says:—

"After leaving this town, i. e. Ross, the country became extremely picturesque. We passed along and round the heads of deep wooded inlets of the sea, reminding me in some degree of Norwegian

scenery on a small scale, and soon after reached Skibbereen, a small ugly town, but a busy and thriving one, enjoying an excellent retail trade, owing to the demand of an extensive surrounding district."

The land which lay between Glandore and Ross originally belonged to a chieftain called Lochlainn, who was ancestor of the second most important sept of the O'Donovans. This territory consisted of thirty-six ploughlands, at present comprised in the parish of Kilfaughnabeg, and accordingly could not have been very extensive. It was this sept which obtained possession of Cloghatrabally, or Glandore Castle, as previously mentioned. In the time of James I. Donell Oge Na Caston O'Donovan, the chieftain of that period, surrendered his possessions to the king and obtained a re-grant of the same. From this grant it appears that the head of the Clanloughlin had at this time a territory, nearly as extensive as that of the head of the O'Donovans, of whom the former was independent, many of their lands being situated in Kilmacabea, Myross, &c. Jeremy Donovan, chieftain of Clanloughlin, was M.P. for Baltimore in 1689.

The south-western point of this district, which bounds Glandore Harbour on the east, is called Reenogrena (O'Greny's Point). Here we observe a very steep cliff, one of the highest along the coast, called File na Shouk (the hawk's cliff), which, generally in the breeding season, is selected as a retreat by falcons and hawks. On the summit of this cliff we observe the ruins of an old signal tower, a relic of the troubled times when piracy and smuggling prevailed along the coast. The authorities in former times had a very decisive and summary manner of

dealing with offenders of the buccaneering class, as we learn from Smith :—

"In the reign of Charles II., A. D. 1675, April 20th, Peter Fox, and five more pretending to be passengers in a rich ship belonging to Holland, called the St. Peter, of Hamburgh, bound to France, murdered the master and three of his crew, and brought the ship into the west of this county, but by the vigilance of Robert Southwell, Vice-Admiral of Munster, five of the malefactors were taken, and executed—viz., Edward Fox (brother to the above Peter, who ran away), John Fitzgerald, John Hood, John Crouch, and John Morris. Their heads were set up along the sea-coast—viz., at Waterford, Youghal, Cork, Kinsale, and Glandore."

A short distance to the east of Glandore we come to the strand of Traighlong, which also gives name to a small cove, sometimes called Cow-cove. This strand is formed in a peculiar manner A small lake called Lough an Bhricin (the lake of the little trout) is situated in the bed of a narrow ravine, about half a mile to the north of Traighlong. From the lake a stream runs down to the strand and spreads out into a marsh, over which the sea flows at full tide.

Beneath the white shingle on the beach a bog has been formed, which stretches out some distance into the sea, colouring the water almost black as the tide comes in. Turf can be cut from this bog below high water mark. The strand is passable to cars at low tide, but the journey across is sometimes dangerous, as the passage is apt to shift its position like a quicksand. There are other strands more extensive in size along the Irish coast, which are formed in the same manner as Traighlong, as, for instance, the large

strand at Youghal, which is simply a turf-bog covered over with sand and pebbles.

The next small inlet we observe before coming to Ross is Mill Cove, into which the Roury stream falls. This stream is said to derive its name from O'Ruaidhre, a follower of a chieftain named O'Leary, who lived formerly in this place, but after the English invasion removed to Iveleary, near Macroom.

Between Mill Cove and Dooneen Point, on the land of Galatrahig, may be seen a large chasm in the soil called Pouladav (the Hole of the Ox), from the fact of cattle having occasionally fallen down into this chasm, whilst browsing near the edge of the precipice, which is well worthy of notice, as it is one of the most interesting and peculiar objects along the coast. It would seem that this hole had been formed by some sudden convulsion, as it appears improbable that the undermining force of the sea alone could effect such a strange and extensive looking excavation. This is a mere matter of conjecture however.

Pouladav communicates with the sea by three separate openings, the south is the short and direct one. Its entrance from the sea is guarded on either side by high precipitous cliffs, which stand guarding the passage to the dark retreat within, like the huge portals of a gateway. The sea rushing in between these cliffs passes through a narrow crevice, which has been worn in the solid rock, and opens into the chasm within, forming a small deep pool. This entrance is bridged over at the top by the overlying rock and soil, which project across, forming the superstructure of the arch. Between the edge of Pouladav and the top of the cliff, near the sea, the distance is about 250 yards. A boat can be rowed

through the south passage in fine weather. The western opening into Pouladav forms a subterranean passage, which joins the sea at Mill Cove, after pursuing a course of a quarter of a mile. The east entrance is said to run underground for nearly a mile, and open into the sea near Downeen Point. Pouladav itself is a huge chasm, open at the top. Its east and west sides are formed by abruptly precipitous cliffs, 220 feet high, the continuity of whose surface is unbroken from top to bottom by a single ledge of rock. At the north side a steep and winding pathway leads to the bottom, where a person can stand, on a small strand covered with large flat stones, and observe the sea rushing in through the south entrance. The descent and ascent along this path are not easily accomplished, especially in rainy weather. At the top Pouladav measures about 60 to 80 yards across, and it is about 160 yards long. There is another Black Hole on the land of Traghlong, called West Pouladav, whose proportions are on a somewhat smaller scale than those of the one we have been describing.

At the head of the valley through which the Rowry river runs, and about half-a-mile from Milcove, stand the ruins of Ballyverine House, or Coppinger's Court as it is more familiarly called, which, according to Smith, during the 18th century was the largest house in Carbery, and which, according to popular tradition, had a chimney for every month, a door for every week, and a window for every day in the year.

Whether we are to give credence to the latter statement or not must be a matter for consideration, but still there is strong evidence from observing the ruins as they exist at present that the house must

have been originally one of large proportions, and that the proprietor must have been a man of considerable wealth and influence.

Coppinger's Court was built in the early part of the 17th century; its architecture, as we can discover at a glance, was of the Elizabethan style. We still perceive the pointed gables, numerous prominent octagonal chimney shafts, and the various windows, which formerly it is to be presumed were richly mullioned. The walls which enclose the courtyard still remain—the yard itself has been converted into a corn-field. Within the building all the floors have disappeared; the outer walls of the edifice alone remain—the ruin, however, showing through the trees as we descend Rowry Hill, has a quaint and romantic appearance, which awakens immediately our interest in historic and legendary lore.

Sir Walter Coppinger, who erected this building, was a man, if we are to believe tradition, of rather obscure origin, and during his early years is said to have acted in the capacity of valet to Sir Fineen (Florence) O'Driscoll, the chieftain of Baltimore and Cape Clear. It will be necessary here to deviate a little from the direct line of narrative, in order to explain how Coppinger, from being a comparatively poor and humble man, became a rich and powerful individual.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, A.D. 1601, as was previously mentioned, the Spaniards landed in Kinsale, upon which all the western chieftains joined them, amongst others Sir Fineen O'Driscoll. After the overthrow of the Spaniards Sir Fineen's territories were forfeited to the Crown, but before this event took place, being a clever diplomatist, he contrived to recover the good

graces of the Queen (as already related) by entertaining the English fleet at Baltimore.

"When the Queen, being informed of it," says Smith, "pardoned his joining the Spaniards, and sent for him to Court, but before he arrived the Queen died, and during his absence the greater part of his possessions were intruded into by Sir Walter Coppinger, which caused this ancient family (the O'Driscolls) to fall to decay."

Sir Fineen is said to have died in England just as he was about to start for home. His death is however shrouded in mystery.

To recapitulate somewhat, in order to explain matters thoroughly.

After O'Driscoll's death Coppinger prosecuted his title to the estate, and by clever management and the production of legal documents of a very questionable value, however, he contrived, by reference, to get an order out of Chancery against the heirs of Sir Fineen O'Driscoll. O'Driscoll, some years before his death, had granted a lease of Baltimore for twenty-one years to Sir Thomas Crook, who planted an English colony there, and procured a charter of incorporation from King James I. Coppinger was not allowed to remain quietly in possession.

The sovereign of Baltimore applied to the government for relief. The Lords Justices issued a commission, and Coppinger, in spite of his diplomatic skill and legal documents, had to deliver up possession, and was subsequently confined in Dublin Castle for contempt of orders. It is to be presumed, however, that during his short tenure, he managed to amass a considerable fortune. Coppinger had luck, nevertheless, in leaving at that particular crisis, as in a few years afterwards (1631) Baltimore was

sacked by the Algerines and all the inhabitants taken into captivity.

We will now follow Sir Walter to his handsome residence at Ballyverine, where he spent the remainder of his days. He intended building a market town in the vicinity of the court, and another intention of his was to convert the Rowry stream into a canal, which would be navigable for vessels from Millcove to the town, which by that means would become a place of some mercantile importance.

All his plans were upset by the wars of 1641, when the house was attacked by an armed force, ransacked, and partially burnt down. After this event we lose sight of Coppinger, so far as being unable to learn from recorded history any further particulars connected with his life.

From tradition the following information referring to his acts has been handed down to us. During his residence at Rowry he was chiefly distinguished by his tyrannical qualities. No Russian nobleman of former times lorded it over his serfs with such despotic sway as Coppinger over the surrounding peasantry.

At the time when the events we are now describing were being enacted, the spirit of feudalism, which was on the decline in England, flourished as strongly in Ireland as it did in England and France during the 12th and 13th centuries. All authority, and the enjoyment of the luxuries and goods of life were centred in a favoured few whom hereditary title, the right of conquest, or fortuitous circumstances, as in Coppinger's case, had raised to an exalted position. In England at this period the bulk of the people were emerging slowly but steadily, from the ignoble

vassalage and degeneracy which feudalism had stamped on them during the Dark Ages. In Ireland, however, where surrounding circumstances were of a different character, the people either groaned in silence beneath the heavy chains which held them "in durance vile," or rushed at times, wildly and ineffectually, into conflicts with superior force and skill.

Stories are related of Coppinger which seem incredible at the present day, and which, no doubt, are somewhat exaggerated. He is said to have possessed in the district, which he ruled as a local despot, the power of life and death over the people. It is related how he had a yard-arm extended from one of the gable-ends of his mansion, which served the purpose of a gallows, wherewith to hang the victims of his unlicensed power. Stories are also told of a dark dungeon beneath the basement story of the court, where prisoners pined for years in wretchedness and chains.

The way in which he closed his career is said to have been the following:—On one occasion Coppinger, in a rage, made a vow that he would execute some obnoxious individual as soon as he returned from prayers. The day happened to be Sunday. He did not wish to carry out the sentence without first attending to his devotions, so religious a character was he. Report goes on to say that Coppinger, when leaving the church, suddenly dropped dead in a fit, brought on by violence of passion, and the people believed at the time that it was a visitation of Providence which cut him off in the midst of his designs.

After his death the estate passed in fragments into the hands of several new owners. The Kil-

finane and Rowry portion was purchased by Mr. Thomas Becher, of Sherkin, in 1698, and now belongs, in fee, to Sir Henry Becher; another portion was held by a Mr. James Somerville, in right of his wife.

An air of romantic interest has been attached to Coppinger's Court, by means of a story published some years ago in the *Eagle*, and written by a gentleman of considerable literary and scientific acquirements, living in the neighbourhood of Skibbereen.

Having completed our notice of Coppinger's Court, and the records and traditions connected with it, the next place in the neighbourhood of Ross which is entitled to description, owing to its antiquity and the interesting facts relating thereto, is the ancient Castle of Benduff (black peak or gable), or, as it is now called Castle Salem, situated about a mile to the north-west of Ross, in the bosom of a secluded valley, shut in by hills, and at one time encompassed by a dense and wide plantation of trees. Benduff differed, to a certain extent, from the generality of the feudal strongholds of former times, which, as a rule, were either perched upon some rocky eminence, or surmounted the summit of some rising ground. The sheltered and isolated nature of its situation very probably protected it, in a great measure, from external danger.

This castle, according to Smith, was built by the O'Donovans, whilst other authorities assert that it was erected by Catherine, daughter of Thomas, 8th Earl of Desmond. This would give us for the date of its building about the year 1470, or thereabouts. Thomas, 8th Earl of Desmond, one of the most powerful of his race, and who was viceroy of Ireland in the time of Edward IV., was executed at Drogheda

in 1466, having fallen a victim to the malice of Lady Jane Grey, Edward's Queen, for some disrespectful speech he made about her to the king. His daughter, Catherine, who is said to have founded Benduff, is most probably the personage who has come down to us under the sobriquet of "the black lady," and about whom various legends are told in connection with Benduff.

The castle was originally a strong romantic structure, built in the style of the Norman fortresses, which studded the surface of the country during the middle ages, and which were distinguished by the square central keep or tower, with thick massive walls, loopholed for the use of arms, and to admit light, to which were generally attached side buildings, furnished with bastions, strong outer walls enclosing the entire, which were sometimes furnished with covered ways.

Benduff Castle had three arches; the walls were eleven feet thick, with passages and recesses, and the usual stone stairway; it was originally about seventy feet high. One of its former proprietors, old William Morris, took off the top and put on a slated roof. The modern house was built with its rere against the olden one. You step from the first landing of the stairs into the castle by the ancient doorway about twelve feet from the ground.

The grounds at the base of the castle at one time were laid out in the old Dutch style with ponds, and little islands full of shrubs, and yew trees, and so sheltered and warm is the situation that fig trees grow there and flourish in the open air. Until about fifty years ago the castle was surrounded by a very handsome oak plantation, which at one time occupied an area of three hundred acres. Almost

the entire of this wood was cut down and sold by the last Morris, who lived at Benduff.

Formerly also an extensive deer park existed here. The old ivy-clad walls which enclosed it are still standing in part; we perceive them about half a mile to the west of the slate quarry. The park extended eastward towards Derry, embracing the present main road leading to Ross, which intersects what was once called the park. On the south side of the main road a portion of the wall bounds on one side the old coach road, the principal means of traffic and conveyance from Skibbereen to Cork about seventy years ago, and which, to judge from appearances, must have been a very rocky and disagreeable road to travel.

Benduff, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, belonged to the Morris family, the first of that name who became owner being Major Apollo Morris, an officer in Cromwell's army. He obtained a grant of this estate from Cromwell, and, on the restoration of Charles II. the grant was confirmed through the interest of a relative of the major's, who was private secretary to the king. The successor to Major Morris was William Morris, who was an intimate friend and correspondent of the celebrated William Penn, both before and after the latter went to colonize Pennsylvania. All the family papers, deeds, &c., among which was the grant from Charles II., of the estate, were preserved in the castle until about twenty-five years ago. The late William Morris placed them in the hands of a bookseller in Cork, named O'Dell, with the intention of publication. The bookseller failed, and all the papers were either lost or mislaid.

There was a small half-length portrait (in oil) of

Cromwell, by one of the old painters, which represented him clad in armour, his head bare, and locks flowing, with a stern and sombre aspect.

As we enter the gateway of the avenue, on our right hand, may be seen an ancient Quaker burial-place, which old William Morris, Penn's friend, established here. The place is small, and full of the simple graves which the Quakers used, with plain head and foot stones facing north and south, no monuments or tombs being allowed by this sect. So well known was the graveyard that the remains of deceased Quakers were brought from the city of Cork and various parts of the country to be interred there. Around the graveyard was a remarkable grove of laurel trees, which grew to such a height that the crows established a rookery in them. A very large and handsome yew tree also grew near the spot. Old William married a daughter of Colonel Bryan Townsend, and thus became connected with the Townsend and Hungerford families. Upon his death a tomb of very plain and rude construction, was erected to him at Benduff, and so shocked were the Quakers with this breach of their religious observances that they ceased from that time out to make any further interments in the place. The old tomb is still to be seen in the centre of the burial-place. The last proprietor of Benduff, or Castle Salem, was the late much-respected Dr. Fitzgibbon.

CHAPTER XII.

Rosscarbery, of ancient origin—Great seat of sanctity and learning in former times—Professor Spalding on the antiquity of Irish Histories—Ross Ailithir (wood of the pilgrims: *Joyce*)—Scenery in the neighbourhood—St. Fachnan, patron saint of Ross, founds an ancient abbey here—Dr. Lynch, Killala, on derivation of Ross—Former extent of diocese—Legend about St. Fachnan—Toumpleen na Fachna—Hanmer and Camden on Ross—St. Brendan—Retrospective view of the distinguished bishops of this venerable See—Ross Cathedral, general account—Curious case of trance, or suspended animation—Modern pilgrimage to the tomb of the Rev. John Power, P. P.—Ross graveyard, &c.—Conclusion.

During the early part of the Dark Ages, when the fierce tide of pagan barbarism and ignorance swept like a deluge throughout continental Europe, overwhelming in its progress the landmarks of civilization, erected in previous eras by Egypt, Greece, and Rome, Ireland was the ark where the Christian Faith, and the literary and scientific knowledge, which were to shed a light over modern times, and regenerate mankind, found a safe retreat and hospitable abode to reside and flourish in. At the period we allude to many seats of learning, and numerous religious edifices were established in this country, and Ireland became so famed throughout Europe by the wisdom of her professors and the piety of the inhabitants, that such titles were conferred upon her as "The Island of Saints" and "The Island of Scholars," and numbers of students flocked there from various parts of Europe, in order to drink deep from the

springs of knowledge, and become perfected in their studies.

Camden, a writer of some authority, observes that the Saxons flocked to Ireland as to a great mart of learning, which is the reason, says he, we so often find this in our authors: "Such a one sent his son over to Ireland to be educated." The Venerable Bede confirms this statement in his "Ecclesiastical History," and Camden himself relates this passage in the life of Sulgenius, who lived six hundred years before his time:—

> "Exemplo patrum commotus amore legendi,
> Juvit ad Hibernos sophia mirabile claros."
>
> "With love of learning and examples fir'd,
> To Ireland, fam'd for wisdom, he retired."

Many other distinguished authorities could be cited to prove that the inhabitants of Ireland, during the early portion of the Christian era, and even previous to that time, were considerably advanced in learning, and, consequently, in civilization. So famous was Ireland for learning in ancient times, it may not be amiss, says Smith, to mention that it was an Irish professor who first opened the public schools in Oxford; and the first acknowledged British author of distinction, whose name is mentioned in English literature, was St. Columbanus, a native of Ireland, a man of vigorous ability, who contributed greatly to the advancement of Christianity in various parts of Europe, and died A. D. 615.

Professor Spalding of the Aberdeen University, in his standard work, "History of English Literature," remarks (page 31): "It does not appear rash to say that the Irish possess contemporary histories of their country, written in the language of

the people, and authentic though meagre, from the fifth century or a little later. No other nation of modern Europe is able to make a similar boast."

The town of Rosscarbery, though to the ordinary observer it may seem a place comparatively unimportant, was, nevertheless, one of the most ancient and celebrated places in Ireland, and as far back as the 6th century, was renowned at home and abroad as a great seat of learning and sanctity. Hither flocked students, both lay and clerical, from all parts of Ireland, to complete their studies under the most eminent professors.

Dr. Joyce, alluding to it, says:—"Rosscarbery, in Cork, was formerly a place of great ecclesiastical eminence, and it was 'so famous for the crowds of students and monks, flocking to it, that it was distinguished by the name of "Ros-ailithir" (Allihir), the wood of the pilgrims.'"

The present town, which has improved of late, is picturesquely situated near the sea. The scenery in the vicinity is beautiful in the highest degree, and every verdant spot—rocky eminence, or crumbling ruin is hallowed by the memory of some historical event, legendary story, or fragment of antiquarian lore, which can awaken curiosity, and set us thinking over the reminiscences of days gone by.

Rosscarbery, or Allithir, its ancient name—(it was called Rosscarbery to distinguish it from Ross in Wexford)—was founded by St. Fachtnan about the year 590, according to Colgan. Other authorities say that, in the early part of the sixth century, he came from the Abbey of Molana, near Youghal, and founded an abbey here for regular canons. The ruins of a chapel erected at some dis-

tant period near the site of the old abbey, within the ancient cemetery of Ross, are still to be seen: it must have been of very small dimensions. The north and south walls still remain, built of rough, unhewn stones, and bear strong evidence of antiquity. No relic of the abbey established by St. Fachtnan can be observed; for though the renown of the saint is still as fresh as ever, the monastery he established has long ago crumbled into dust.

This monastery formed a nucleus, around which sprung up a walled town in the same manner (though on a minor scale) as Cork originated around the monastery of St. Finbar.

St. Fachnan, the founder (Fachtna), was also called "Fachtna facundus," or "the eloquent," and Mac Mongach, because he was born having his head covered with hair, He was a disciple of St. Finbar's, who founded Cork, and was also abbot of a monastery at Molana, near Youghal, before he settled down at Rosscarbery.

Dr. Lynch, born according to Hardiman in the beginning of the 17th century, in his "MS. History of the Irish Sees" (see New Edition of "*Monasticon Hibernicum*" in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*), tells us that "Ross in Irish has three distinct meanings, being used to designate a meadowy plain, a grove, and more frequently a promontory." This last meaning would well correspond with the territory of which we speak, which jutting out into the sea presents quite the appearance of a promontory, whilst the smiling fields, which adorn the surrounding country, would justify the application of the name in its first meaning.

The diocese of Ross, founded by St. Fachnan in the sixth century, was originally coextensive with the

territory of Corca Laidhe, but in Lynch's time it was only eighteen miles in length, and four or five in breadth, and contained 24 parishes, besides three detached parishes in the neighbourhood of Bearhaven. The festival in commemoration of the patron saint of Ross was formerly kept on the 14th of August.

The following legend is related of the saint:—"He was in the habit of praying daily on the side of a hill, about half-a-mile east of Ross. One evening he forgot his prayer-book, and the next morning, strange to say (the night had been rainy), a small chapel had sprung into existence immediately over the spot where the saint had prayed the day before. However that may be, the ruins of this little oratory, Toumpleen-a-Fachtna, are still extant. Its proportions are on a limited scale, being only twelve feet long by eight feet broad. O'Donovan says that it is the only building of St. Fachtna's time now remaining. He differs in opinion also from Harris and others, who assert that the old cathedral was erected by St. Fachtnan, and not by Mac Craith, in the tenth century, as O'Donovan states, quoting from the "Book of Ballymote." Toumpleen-a-Fachtna was rebuilt about the year 1664 by a devotee who, in a fit of sickness, had made a vow to the saint that if he recovered he would build a chapel in his honour. There is a rough corner-stone in one of the walls commemorating this event as follows—"*Ad gloriam Dei, et hominum salvationem*,", *&c.*—not easily deciphered. In former times, on the 16th August, the patron day of the saint, great numbers of pilgrims frequented this spot, and removed a small portion of earth from the immediate neighbourhood of the oratory, which, as a sort of amulet, was supposed by some to possess

the virtue, when stitched in the clothes, of saving a shipwrecked person.

The "Book of Dues," as mentioned already, belonging to the church of Ross-Allithri, was presented to St. Fachtnan by Conall, chieftain of Corca Laidhe, at Ardnabportan (Crab-Fish Hill), on Inisbeg, an island in the river Ilen, near Skibbereen. We find the following notice in the "Annals of Innisfallen:" "A. D. 600. Died Fachtnan, first Bishop of Ross-Allithir, in Corca Laidhe." According to Hanmer, "Ross was formerly walled round, but by the wars of the Irish septs the walls were broken down, and, at the present day, the foundations of this ancient place cannot even be traced." The same writer says—"A famous university also flourished here, where resorted all the south-west of Ireland for learning sake." St. Brendan, patron saint of Kerry, is also said to have visited Ross, and taught "lessons of wisdom" there. Camden, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, states that the harbour, previous to his time, was navigable for ships, but in his own day it had become choked up with sand, and in this condition it has remained down to the present date. After St. Fachtnan's death, St. Finchad, a disciple of St. Finbar, of Cork, succeeded. No account of any of his successors down to the year 1170 is given, except of Dougal Mac Folact, the 27th bishop. According to O'Flaherty, and he gives as his authority a distich out of the "Book of Lecan":—

"Dougalus a Fachtna ter nonus Episcopus extat,
Lugadia de gente dedit cui Rossa mitram."

"Hail! happy Ross! thou couldst produce thrice nine,
All mitred sages of Lugadia's line,
From Fachtnan, crowned with everlasting praise,
Down to the date of Dougall's pious days."

In the reign of King John, the cantred of Ross-Allithri, with its appurtenances, excluding the demesnes of the bishop, was granted by the king to Adam De Rupe (or Roche), by his supplying the service of six knights. A long line of bishops is mentioned by Smith, from Benedict, in 1172, to Thomas O'Herlihy, who sat from 1563 to 1570. The latter was present at the Council of Trent (one out of the three Irish bishops who attended that great Council), and died in 1579, and is buried in Kilcrea Abbey. Dr. O'Herlihy was a native of the parish of Kilmacabea, near Leap.

In the previous century a very distinguished prelate was Bishop of Ross, viz., Dr. Edmund Courcy, who was translated from Clogher to the See of Ross in 1494. He was originally a Franciscan monk in Timoleague Abbey, which, as already referred to, he enriched and re-edified. His mortuary chapel is still in existence, though in ruins, within the ancient walls of Timoleague Abbey. He was succeeded by O'Murrily, abbot of the Monastery at Carigilihy, in Myross (*De Fonte Vivo*).

In 1601 the renowned Owen M'Egan was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Ross by Pope Clement VIII. In the "Pacata Hibernia" (Carew) he is mentioned as a priest of the diocese of Ross, Bachelor in Theology, Master of Arts, "and most commendable for his learning, moral conduct, and manifold virtues." After the battle of Kinsale, Captain Taaffe led some troops into Carbery, in order to wage war on the chieftains who had joined the Spaniards and O'Neil. Whilst driving before him the captured spoil (cattle and horses) he was attacked on the banks of the river Bandon by the MacCarthys and O'Sullivans, who, when on the point of giving way,

were rallied and led on by Bishop Mac Egan. The issue of the battle was doubtful for a long time, and was fiercely contested until the brave Vicar was slain, after which occurrence the Irish forces were disheartened and retreated. The Bishop's remains were borne off the field of battle by O'Sullivan: he was buried at Timoleague Abbey, and a small cross indented in the wall near the north-western angle of the cloister commemorates the exact spot where rest the remains of the illustrious Mac Egan.

The first Protestant Bishop of Ross was William Lyons, who was appointed to this see in 1582, and died 1617: he annexed it to the diocese of Cork, both of which since that period have formed conjointly a combined diocese.

In the year 1650, when Cromwell was besieging Clonmel the titular Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross was named Boetius Mac Egan: he collected a force of 4,000 foot and 300 horse in order to raise the siege, or assist the beleaguered garrison. Cromwell despatched Lord Broghill with a large force to attack the bishop's army. Broghill marched in hot haste to Kilcrea, and then to Carrigadrohid, which was garrisoned by a detachment of the bishop's forces. Leaving his infantry to keep watch over the castle at Carrigadrohid, he marched with the cavalry to Macroom.

At Broghill's approach the Irish troops set fire to Macroom Castle, and joined their main army, which was encamped in the park. Broghill making a sudden attack, defeated the forces opposed to him, and captured Bishop Mac Egan, whom he promised to pardon, if he advised the garrison at Carrigadrohid to surrender. The bishop, however, with the courage of an ancient Roman, and a contempt for death

worthy of a Regulus, advised them to hold out to the last, fearing lest Broghill might put them to the sword. The reward of his unflinching courage was instant execution. Broghill subsequently captured the castle by a stratagem, viz., by drawing large pieces of timber towards the walls by means of a team of oxen. The garrison supposed them to be cannon, and after a parley surrendered. The date of the battle was 10th May, 1650, according to Smith.

In the Consistorial Acts, A. D. 1517, some interesting information is given regarding the ancient cathedral of Ross, said to have been first erected by St. Fachnan, and which, in the beginning of the 16th century, was, according to the "*Monast. Hibernic.*," "one of the most remarkable structures of the kingdom." At the date referred to, John O'Murrily (formerly abbot of the Abbey de Fonte Vivo) was bishop of Ross, having succeeded Dr. De Couroy, who resigned, owing to the infirmities of age.

The minute of the Consistorial Inquiry states "how the city of Ross was situated in the Ecclesiastical Province of Cashel, in the midst of a vast plain, which stretched along the sea-shore." It contained 200 houses, and was walled round; the land was fertile, and yielded abundant crops. The cathedral church, dedicated under the invocation of St. Faohnan, was in the centre of the city. The walls of the church were of cut stone; there were two entrances, one at the side, the other in front, and a descent by three steps to the level of the church floor, which was unpaved. The roof was of wood, and covered with slates. It was cruciform in shape, and equalled in size the church of S. Maria del Popolo in Rome. The central nave was separated by stone pillars from

the aisles. All the vestments and sacred ornaments belonging to the cathedral were of an elaborate and costly description. In the cemetery outside there was a bell-tower furnished with one large bell. The Church dignitaries consisted of a dean, archdeacon, chancellor. There were also twelve canons, and four vicars. The canons resided in different parts of the diocese, which was about twenty miles in length. The bishop's residence was about half a mile from the city, and pleasantly situated on the sea shore.

According to local tradition the site of the episcopal palace was Cregane, near Ross, at present the property of W. Starkie, Esq., R. M.

The episcopal revenue was derived from corn, tithes, and pasturage, and amounted annually to sixty marks, which would only make it £40 per annum. We must consider, however, that three centuries and a half ago the intrinsic value of money was perhaps nearly twenty times greater than it is at present, so that it might be correct to say the income in 1517 was equivalent to at least £800 at the present day.

In the reign of Elizabeth, when Lyons was appointed (first Protestant bishop), all the plate, bells, &c., which were of solid silver, and belonged to the cathedral and monastery, were secreted, and have remained concealed and undiscovered up to the present day: they were valued at £7,000. Tradition says that they were buried deep somewhere in the strand. If not washed away by the tide, some fortunate explorer (who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth) might yet discover the hidden treasure.

The present Protestant church in Ross is built on

the foundations of the old cathedral; it dates from 1612. Within the walls, and fixed in the arch beneath the tower, is a square stone, with a rudely carved head of St. Fachnan standing out in relief, said to be coeval with the ancient and original building. The well proportioned and graceful-looking spire of cut limestone, which surmounts the tower, contrasts agreeably with the surrounding green foliage, and has a picturesque and pleasing effect when viewed from the distance.

There are some tablets erected in the nave of the Ross Protestant church, of chaste and finished workmanship, which deserve a passing notice, as they give evidence of antiquity, and supply us with some historical information. On the north wall, facing the entrance, is one "In memory of Captain Thomas Hungerford, who died March 2nd, 1680, and was interred in the cathedral. The third in descent from Lord Walter De Hungerford, of the county of Worcester, who took the Duke of Orleans prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and was Lord High Chamberlain in the court of Edward III." Immediately over the door, as we enter, is another tablet with the following inscription—"Here lyeth interred the body of Sir William Moore, Bart., of Rosscarbery, who departed this life the 28th day of August, in the year of our Lord, 1693, and in the one and thirtieth year of his age. He was killed accidentally by a heavy stone, which fell from aloft whilst the tower was being built." There is also a monument to an English gentleman named Arthur Steele, who was a high official in the old East Indian Service. He was staying on a visit in Ross, and was drowned accidentally in the year 1831, whilst bathing in the harbour. Handsome tablets erected

to the Townsend and Starkie families are also to be observed.

Besides Teampleen-Fachna, the parish of Kilfaughnabeg (the little church of Fachna), situated between Ross and Glandore, and formerly called "Fidh Ruis," also retains at the present day the name of the patron saint.

In the year 1131 a hostile force from Connaught under the command of Donogh Mac Carthy made an attack on Ross, and plundered it: they were shortly afterwards defeated.

At the time of the English invasion all the lands connected with Ross, exclusive of what belonged to the bishop (Benedict was bishop in 1172), were granted to Fitz Stephen.

At one time the ancient abbey belonged to the monks of the Benedictine Order, and was subject to the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of St. James, without the walls of the city of Wurtzburgh, in the province of Mentz, Germany.

As far back as the beginning of the 13th century, in the reign of King John of England, a charter of incorporation with privileges was granted to Ross, but no municipal records of that period are now extant regarding this place.

In the time of Henry VIII., Rosscarbery belonged to Mac Carthy Reagh. A. D. 1600 a detachment from the garrison at Kinsale commanded by Sir Richard Percy, marched into Carbery with the intention of attacking Ross, but finding the place too strongly fortified, they made a detour to Leap, and a sudden raid on Kilcoe (Aughadown), one of the M'Carthy castles, a few miles to the west of Skibbereen; they seized on 300 head of cattle, and desolated the country as much as they could.

In 1642 MacCarthy of Benduff captured the town of Ross and laid siege to Rathbarry Castle (the ancient seat of the Barrys in Carbery), now Castle Freke, which was bravely defended for some months by Arthur Freke, the proprietor; he was on the point of surrendering, when he was relieved by Sir Charles Vavasour and Captain Jephson, who escorted Freke and his garrison safely to Bandon, having first set fire to the castle and its offices.

Smith tells us that "On the 12th May, 1652, the garrison of Rosscarbery surrendered to the Parliament's forces, after which everything remained quiet in the country for some time" (and not for a very long time either). It is a curious coincidence that nearly about the same time Ross Castle, Killarney, was surrendered to General Ludlow, one of Cromwell's generals, by Lord Muskerry; both of which events were the closing scenes in the sanguinary and prolonged strife of the Cromwellian wars in Ireland.

The forfeited lands of Rathbarry and the vicinity, formerly the property of the Barrys and O'Heas, were granted to William Penn, Philip Perceval, and the Duke of York, and the town of Rosscarbery to Captain Robert Gookin.

In "Carbriæ Notitia" the writer states that the O'Heas possessed a tract of land in Barryroe, called "Pobble O'Hea." Rathbarry he describes as a large stately pile belonging to the Barrys Ahamilly Castle (ford of the hornless cows), near Clonakilty, belonged to the O'Heas, whilst the seven castles of Dundeedy, Dunowen, Dunore, Doneen, Duno-Cowig, Dunworley, and Dungorley, built on the bold headlands of Ibaune and Barryroe, belonged to the O'Cowhigs (victorious), but now nearly extinct.

Ross was garrisoned in the time of James II. by the Irish forces under General MacCarthy, and was reconnoitred by a detachment of William III.'s army; the latter considered the place impregnable, and bidding it a hasty adieu, marched off to Tralee.

Large military barracks were formerly erected at Ross in close proximity to the site of St. Fachnan's Monastery. These barracks where so many warlike garrisons had been stationed from time to time during the stirring events of the last two centuries, and which changed masters as often as the fortunes of war veered from one side to the other, are now in a semi-ruinous condition. Here lived formerly, after the military had evacuated the place, a branch of the O'Donovan (the Island branch), to whom the town of Rosscarbery belonged, under a lease, from the end of the 18th century up to within the last ten years; and here also was born in December, 1807, Dr. Donovan, senior, of Skibbereen.

Ross, like many other ancient towns in Ireland, gradually diminished in size, and declined in prosperity, not keeping pace with the times, owing to the constantly disturbed state of the country, which interfered with the proper development of industrial resources. About sixty-five years ago it was the busy centre of a colony of linen weavers, and a considerable trade flourished in that line. After the decline of the linen manufactures, the prosperity of the town was also on the wane. Latterly, however, there has been some advance in improvement.

It is an often told and trite but true saying that "Fact is stranger than fiction." The following story, founded not only on tradition but also on

written testimony, bears out the adage in its fullest sense, and certainly it is of so startling a character as at first not only to excite doubt but also disbelief in the minds of the most imaginative and credulous persons.

There lived in Bandon during the years 1692–1738 a clergyman named Richard Goodman, who was vicar of Ballymodan, and whose father, the Rev. Thomas Goodman, was Precentor of Rosscarbery. The wife of the former was attacked by a low fever, and fell into a state of suspended animation, or "trance," as it is commonly called. She was supposed at the time to be dead, and was accordingly coffined and conveyed to Ross cathedral, where she was interred in the family vault. Mr. Goodman's butler, who observed a valuable diamond ring on one of the fingers, had his avaricious propensities excited, and concealing himself in the cathedral whilst the funeral service was going on, he proceeded stealthily, when night approached, to secure the coveted prize. Upon opening the coffin the body presented a swollen appearance, and the ring being tightly fastened on the finger, the butler was compelled to use his penknife in order to get possession of the ring. To his amazement and horror, when the blood flowed from the first incision, the supposed corpse, reanimated into life by the sudden violence and the current of fresh air, raised herself into a sitting posture, and immediately put to flight the covetous midnight marauder, who must have imagined his last earthly moments had arrived.

Mrs. Goodman became gradually resuscitated, and when morning broke she was removed from the vault, and was in a short time restored to her former health by nourishment and care. She lived for

several years after this strange occurrence, and even had an addition to her family—a son named John Goodman, of whom Smith gives the following notice in "The History of Cork:"—

"Mr. John Goodman, of Cork, died in January, 1747, but what is remarkable of him, his mother was interred, whilst she lay in a trance; having been buried in a vault, which she found means to open, she walked home, and this Mr. Goodman was born some time after."

A large oil painting of Mrs. Goodman is still in existence. On the back is a short manuscript account of the strange story we have been describing.

As the question of Trance is an interesting study, it may be well to furnish some information from trustworthy sources on this unusual condition of animal existence. In Carpenter's work on "Human Physiology" are supplied some remarks on the subject which we copy in detail:—

"Another form of apparent death, the existence of which appears to be well authenticated, is that sometimes desiguated as Trance or Catalepsy, in which there is a reduction of all the organic functions to an extremely low ebb, but in which consciousness is still preserved, whilst the power of voluntary movement is suspended; so that the patient, although fully aware of all that is being said and done around, is unable to make the least visible or audible sound of life, &c. The surest test by which real is certainly distinguishable from apparent death, is by the condition of the muscular substance, for this gradually loses its irritability after real death, so that it can no longer be excited to contraction by electricity or any other kind of stimulation, and the loss of irritability is succeeded by cadaveric rigidity. So long, then, as the muscle retains its irritability, and remains free from rigidity, so long we may say with certainty that it is not dead, and the persistence of its vitality for an unusual period affords a presumption in favour of the con-

tinuance of some degree of vital action in the body generally; whilst, on the other hand, the entire loss of irritability, and the supervention of rigidity afford conclusive evidence that death has occurred, &c. The most satisfactory proof, however, is putrefaction. The supposed suspension of heart's action and of respiration are fallacious.

"Collection of cases from Mr. Braid, obtained from British officers in India, who have been eye witnesses (observations on Trance or Human Hybernation, 1850).

"In one of these, vouched for by Sir Blande M. Wade (formerly political agent at the court of Rungeet Singh), the Fakeer was buried in an underground cell, under strict guardianship for six weeks; the body had been thrice dug up by Rungeet Singh during the period of interment, and had been found in the same position as when first buried.

"In another case stated by Lieut. Boileau in his 'Narrative of a Journey in Jagwarra in 1835,' the man had been buried for ten days in a grave lined with masonry, and covered with large slabs of stone, and strictly guarded, and he assured Lieut. B. that he was ready to submit to an interment of twelve months' duration if desired. In a third case narrated by Mr. Braid, the trial was made under the direct superintendence of a British officer, a period of nine days having been stipulated for on the part of the devotee, but this was shortened to three, at the desire of the officer, who feared lest he should incur blame if the result was fatal. The appearance of the body when first disinterred is described, in all instances, as having been quite corpse-like, and no pulsation could be detected in the heart or in the arteries. The means of restoration employed were chiefly warmth to the vortex, and friction to the body or limbs. It may be remarked that the possibility of the protraction of such a state (supposing that no deception vitiates the authenticity of the narrative referred to) can be much better comprehended as occurring in India, than having taken place in this country, since the warmth of the tropical atmosphere would prevent any serious loss of heat, such as must sooner occur in a colder climate, when the processes whereby it is generated are brought to a stand."

Many other cases of Trance might be referred to to prove that Mrs. Goodman's was neither impossible or even exceptional in its nature. We will merely

select one more, which, strange to say, partakes somewhat of a humorous character. The description is taken from an ancient magazine:—

"In connection with the subject of unxpected reanimation, the case of Sir Hugh Ackland, of Kellerton, Devonshire, may be mentioned as most extraordinary. This gentleman was seized with a violent fever, and having apparently expired had been laid out as dead. The nurse and two footmen were appointed to sit up through the night to watch the corpse. Lady Ackland, to cheer them, had sent them a bottle of brandy, whereupon one of the footmen, 'being an arch rogue,' said to the other, 'master dearly loved brandy when he was alive, and now, though he is dead, I am determined he shall have a glass with us!' Accordingly he poured out a bumper, and forced it down Sir Hugh's throat. A gurgling noise immediately ensued, accompanied with a violent motion of the neck and upper part of the chest. A terrible consternation seized the watchers, who rushed violently down stairs, 'the brandy genius' with such speed that he fell, and rolled head-over-heels, bumping down from step to step till he reached the bottom; while the nurse screamed with terror. The noise having roused a young gentleman, who was sleeping in the house, he immediately got up and went to the room where the noise had first begun. There to his astonishment he saw Sir Hugh sitting upright in the bed. He summoned the servants, and ordering them to place their master in a warm bed, sent off for his medical attendants. In a few weeks Sir Hugh was restored to perfect health, and lived many years afterwards. He often used to relate this strange story of his own resuscitation by his footman's facetious conceit, for which he is said to have bequeathed him a handsome annuity."

Up to the year 1748 Ross remained as a separate and distinct Roman Catholic diocese: it was then joined to Cloyne, and remained so until the Synod of Thurles, 1851, when it was restored to its original independent position. The late amiable and accomplished Right Rev. Dr. Keane was the first bishop under the new *regime*, and he was suc-

ceeded by the present esteemed bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea (1858), who is a worthy and distinguished successor to the long line of illustrious prelates who have preceded him in the See of Ross.

That ancient See, indeed, is both venerable and renowned; venerable by reason of the lengthened period (thirteen centuries) which has elapsed since it was first established by St. Fachnan, and renowned for the sanctity, learning, and philanthropy of those great and pious prelates, like St. Fachnan, De Courcey, O'Herlihy, and Mac Egan, the lustre of whose names, and the memory of whose bright deeds, are neither obscured nor dimmed by age but shine forth even now with more than redoubled splendour.

The present Roman Catholic church, a handsome, commodious building, was erected by the Rev. Jeremiah Molony, P. P., who also was instrumental in building schools for the education of children. He was uncle to the present respected P.P. of Rosscarbery, the Rev. J. Molony, V. G. of Ross.

Within the ancient graveyard of Ross what interesting, though sad, associations of the past are recalled to our minds! What memories are awakened, when we reflect that we stand on holy ground, where many centuries ago an ancient monastery flourished, whose occupants were men of distinguished piety and learning; and that here rest the honoured remains of many of our countrymen, whose noble aspirations and good acts are deserving of more than a passing tribute of affectionate remembrance and praise.

The old term, Ross Alithir (the Field or Wood of Pilgrimage), may still be applied with some truth to the Rosscarbery of the present day. On the 24th June (St. John's eve) every year, may be observed

crowds of devotees, from various parts of the south of Ireland, and even sometimes from England, wending their way to the tomb of the Rev. John Power, P. P., who died in 1831, and was buried here.

He was a man of very amiable character, and said to have possessed some knowledge of the healing art, and, being greatly loved and respected by the people whilst he lived, his memory has been honoured by them since his death in a proportionate degree. On each anniversary of his birthday a large congregation assembles in the vicinity of the graveyard and around the tomb—the lame, the blind, the old and young, the healthy and sick, and destitute people soliciting alms.

Whilst some are praying and begging, others, who have come for amusement sake, or as sight-seers, are wandering about the town, laughing, eating, drinking, gossiping, and match-making.

Of late years the numbers visiting the tomb on St. John's eve have fallen off somewhat. On St. John's night all the hills in the neighbourhood of Ross, and, in fact, throughout the country, present a sight most interesting to the student of the picturesque and antique; bonfires blaze in every direction. It shows how some of the old customs are still observed even in the nineteenth century, and that the practice, whose origin carries us back into the shadowy past of over two thousand years ago, still lingers on at the present day.

It is said by historians that St. Patrick, when converting the people of Ireland, engrafted several of the pagan rites on Christian observance so as to gradually smooth the way to a complete reform. One of the most ancient pagan superstitions was the

lighting of the Bel-teine Fires on the 1st May, and also at the summer solstice. Very few of the many thousands who kindled the bonfire on the hill-side, and leaped for merriment sake through the flickering blaze, are aware that similar customs were observed by their pagan ancestors. It is consoling, however, to reflect that whereas the Druids lit their fires to propitiate the fierce Baal, whose good graces they believed were only to be obtained by strange orgies, our modern fires were lit with the opposite intent, viz.: As so many beacons of joy and happiness to commemorate the advent of a saintly man, and not to inaugurate the unholy rites of a pagan deity.

Deeper research, and perhaps more careful observation will yet bring to light many interesting details connected with the local history and antiquities of Carbery. However, I am reminded that I have already carried to a sufficient length the series of sketches I have been engaged in writing. Many interesting circumstances, and perhaps some important facts have been either glossed over, or forgotten.

I trust, however, that I have contrived in some degree to awaken the curiosity and satisfy the discriminating taste of those who take an interest in the ancient records and legendary lore of our native land.

The student of history and the admirer of scenery will always find in every direction portrayed on the face of the country striking features, both natural and artistic, which are well deserving of notice, and worthy of being described, and the records of which can only be elucidated by close study and patient investigation.

If I have been instrumental in affording either

amusement or instruction to my readers, whilst avoiding the introduction of any subject which could produce hostile criticism; and if, moreover, I have in the foregoing chapters supplied any matters of interest which might help them to "while away a leisure hour;" any time, or trouble, I may have devoted to the completion of "The Sketches in Carbery" will not pass away unrewarded.

THE END.

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